GOLDEN ARGOSY

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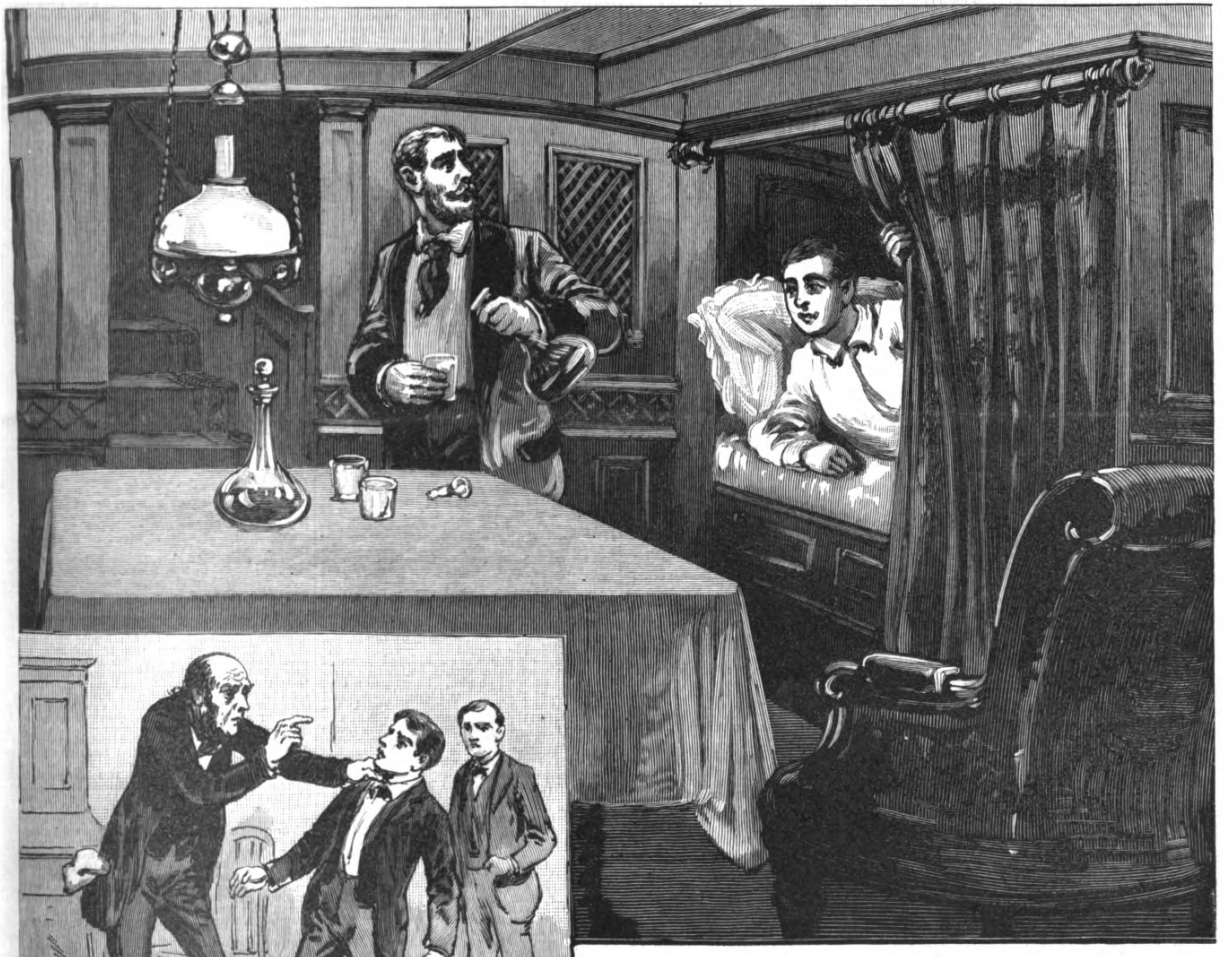
Vol. V.—No. 46. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER. 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1887. TERMS $3.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Whole No. 254.



THE STRANGE GENTLEMAN STARTED AS IF HE HAD BEEN SHOT, WHEN SANDY MUMPLETON DREW ASIDE THE CURTAINS OF THE BERTH AND THRUST OUT HIS HEAD.

HOW HE WON;

OR, THE ISLAND HOME.

By BROOKS McCORMICK,

Author of "Nature's Young Noblemen," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A NORTHEAST STORM, AND A YACHT ADRIFT.

"WHAT'S your hurry, Sandy?" demanded Tom Boynray, of his companion in a dory, while they were fishing just outside of Gloster harbor. "The fish are just beginning to bite, and we haven't got but four yet."

"Don't you see that it's going to blow great guns in about seven minutes, more or less?" replied Sandy, as he pulled up the killock, and prepared to return. "I don't mean to be caught out here in a dory if I can help it."

"You don't mean to say you are afraid, do you?" asked Tom, with an obvious sneer on his face.

"I mean to say I'm going home, that's all," returned Sandy, without even noticing the expression on the face of his companion.

He finished hauling up the killock, and then took the oars. The wind was beginning to come very fresh, and in squalls. The sea was rising, and the dory was knocked about on the waves as though it had been a feather.

The wind was from the northeast, and the boat was exposed to its full force.

"I don't want to go in yet," persisted Tom Boynray. "I haven't caught a single fish yet, and I am going to have some if I stay all night."

"No more fishing in this dory today," replied Sandy decidedly, as he dropped his oars into the water, and began to pull for home.

"I didn't think you were such a chicken, Sandy Mumpleton," retorted Tom contemptuously. "I wouldn't have come with you if I supposed you were such a scary pullet."

"I am just such a pullet, and I know enough to go into the house when it rains."

"I don't mean to give it up so, just because you happen to feel a little puff of breeze. Will you put me ashore at the Point?" asked Tom, utterly disgusted at the conduct of the other.

"I will if you say so; but I can tell you it is going to blow the teeth out of your head," replied Sandy, as he headed the dory for the place indicated.

"All right; I'm not afraid of it. Put me ashore on the Point, and I will get Jake Brown's dory," added Tom.

For half an hour not a word was said, and Sandy, in that time, brought the boat to the shore. Tom Boynray jumped out, and made his way towards a small house some distance from the place where he had landed.

Sandy plied his oars again as soon as he had landed his companion. The water was comparatively quiet off the Point, where the land sheltered it; but less than half a mile away, in either direction, the sea was angry and threatening.

On one side of him the wind swept down the bay, and on the other it came from the open sea. Sandy pulled a strong stroke, intending to keep under the lee of the rocks on the east shore of the bay. As he looked ahead to obtain his course, he discovered a very handsome schooner yacht drifting down the bay towards the open sea. Her mainsail was set, but she carried no other canvas.

Sandy looked at her a moment, and was satisfied that there was no person on board of her, and that she must have broken away from her moorings. She was still half a mile up the bay, and he pulled with all his might to a point ahead of the craft, where he could intercept her. This pull brought him into the rough water, but he held on to his work, and soon reached the derelict schooner.

With the painter of the dory in his hand he leaped upon the deck of the yacht. She was a craft about forty feet long, with a trunk cabin; and everything about her was fitted up in the most elegant and substantial manner.

Sandy made fast the painter of the dory at the taffrail of the schooner, and then rushed forward to hoist the jib. He was a stout boy of seventeen, and he had no difficulty in doing so.

When he had overhauled the jib sheets, which led aft to the standing room, he hastened to the helm. His family included three generations of boatmen and sailors, and Sandy knew all about a boat. The steering apparatus was a horizontal wheel, and this was a new thing to him. For a few minutes it bothered him.

Not a quarter of a mile ahead of the yacht when Sandy picked her up, was a long and dangerous reef of rocks. In ten minutes more the craft would have been upon it; and in that sea the sharp rocks would have knocked a hole in her in a short time. Letting off the main sheet, the new skipper of the yacht headed her on a course which would take her clear of the reef.

In a few minutes he had the hang of the wheel, and the schooner dashed ahead at a furious rate. Her course was directly out to sea, for Sandy did not consider it safe to come about, and attempt to beat up the bay before he felt a little more at home in his new position. A failure to handle her properly would have resulted in casting her on the reef. With the wheel it was easy to steer her after he had got the hang of the apparatus.

Over the companionway Sandy saw in gilded letters the name of the yacht, the "Stella;" and what he could see of the cabin through the open door looked very inviting to him. But he had no time to examine it for it required all of his head and both of his hands to manage the lively craft.

Before the wind the Stella rolled and yawed fearfully in the heavy sea. In spite of the imputations cast by Tom Boynray upon him Sandy was full of pluck. The sea was lashed into foam all around him, and it was plain that a savage northeaster had settled down on the ocean. Not a vessel was coming out of Gloster, and in the offing quite a fleet of coasters were making for the shelter of the bay.

Sandy considered the situation a few moments, and then decided to come about and beat up the bay. The fierce gale as it met by this time, and the swift tide, were both against him. After clearing away the coils of the jib sheets, he put the helm hard down. The Stella came up into the wind promptly, but she pitched and rolled in doing so to such a degree that Sandy could hardly keep his standing.

The young skipper caught the jib sheet on the cleat, and made it fast at the right time. The yacht seemed to brace herself up to the new line of work before her, and began to stagger on her course. She heeled over till her rail was under water, and the sea broke over her weather bow by the barrel at every pitch she made.

It was intensely exciting sailing for the new skipper, even under jib and mainsail only. Most of the vessels approaching the bay were carrying reefed mainsails, and had taken the bonnets off their jibs. Sandy would have reduced sail to this extent if he had felt able to accomplish the work in that heavy sea. It was too much for him, and he was obliged to run for luck.

It was necessary to "touch her up" frequently, and Sandy soon found that he was making very little progress towards the entrance of the bay. He tried to hold her to the sea, and he had pluck enough to do so till nearly half the deck was under water.

The sun had gone down in the clouds some time before, and it was getting to be quite dark. The night would increase the tribulations of the skipper, and whatever he did, he must do it at once. When he looked to see how the coasters were getting on, he found that nearly all of them had changed their course, and headed for Donchester, whose harbor could be more easily reached in that wind.

Sandy was inclined to do the same thing, but he did not know the way into that port. But it was clear to him that he could never reach Gloster against the wind and tide.

Letting off the sheet a little, he observed the effect. The Stella now made some progress, and he held to this course.

The yacht was headed directly towards the Point, and she soon came into the comparatively still water. The high rocks on the shore sheltered her. The tide was rising, and as long as the wind came from the northwest, the schooner would be safe there.

Passing a line over one of the spokes of the wheel, the skipper went forward to get the anchor ready.

There was no anchor in position for use, and Sandy concluded that the cable had run out when she went adrift. But there was a spare one in the waist, with a heavy cable near it. The anchor was a heavy one, but he succeeded, by resorting to expedients, in working it to the bow. Bending on the cable, he lowered the jib, after putting the helm down, and then let go the anchor. The Stella brought up to her cable to his satisfaction, and Sandy began to breathe more easily.

Lowering the mainsail, he secured it carefully, and put everything in order for the coming gale. When this work was done, Sandy proceeded to explore the yacht. But it was as dark as a cellar, and he could see nothing. He went down three steps into the cabin, and taking a match from his pocket, he lighted it. There was a lamp on the mainmast, and by its means the apartment was soon illuminated.

The cabin was as elegant and luxurious as the boudoir of a princess. It contained four berths, and Sandy discovered that one of them was occupied by a man.

The new skipper was a little startled when he found that he was not alone on board. He looked over the person in the berth. He was well dressed, but he had doubled and twisted himself, or the violent motion of the yacht had done it for him, so that he hardly looked like a human being.

Sandy looked at him for a while, and then attempted to wake him; but he might as well have tried to wake the dead. A strong odor of whisky assailed the nostrils of the examiner, and after he had shaken the man vigorously for a while, he realized that the person was drunk, shockingly drunk. Possibly this fact accounted for the situation of the Stella when he found her adrift.

The new skipper was a philosopher in a mild way. He looked about the cabin and cook room, for he remembered that he had not been to supper. Cold chickens, ham, tongues, bread, cake, and other luxuries were abundant, and Sandy made a hearty meal.

Then he went on deck to look at the weather. It was as black and nasty as ever, though the yacht lay easy at her anchorage.

Sandy gaped a few times, and then turned in, using one of the berths.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRE IN THE CLOSET AND ANOTHER MATTER.

WHEN Sandy awoke in the morning it was broad daylight, and the man in the cabin was standing at the table, helping himself from a bottle. He was a gentlemanly person in outward appearances, though his hand shook so that he could hardly hold the glass he raised to his lips.

He drank off his dram, and it seemed to steady his nerves.

"Jarvis!" he called, as he seated himself on a locker in front of his berth.

No one responded to the call.

"Morgan!" added the gentleman, in a louder tone than before.

Morgan did not appear. The gentleman looked about him, and then filled his glass again from the bottle on the table. His hands were steadier this time. Then he repeated both names, but with no better result than before.

"Good morning, sir," said Sandy, thrusting his head out of the berth on the other side of the cabin, and drawing aside the curtains with which it was provided.

The gentleman looked as though he had been shot. The voice was strange to him, and he was alarmed. He looked at the new skipper's head, as he thrust it from the berth.

"Who are you?" demanded the other occupant of the cabin.

"I am yours truly. How do you find yourself this fine morning?" asked Sandy, as good naturedly as though he had been at home.

"Who are you? You did not answer me," added the gentleman.

"We are even then, for you did not answer me. But if it will comfort you to know who I am, my name is Alexander Mumpleton, and I live in Gloster when I am at home," replied Sandy.

"What are you doing here? How came you on board of this yacht?"

"To answer one question at a time, I'm not doing anything just now; but I guess I'll turn out," added Sandy, suiting the action to the word.

"Can you tell me where Jarvis and Morgan are?" continued the gentleman, looking about him uneasily.

"I can't tell you the first thing about them. Excuse me, sir, but I think if you took less whisky, you would know more about things in general, and on board of this yacht in particular," said Sandy, who thought it was time to bring matters to a head.

"Do you mean to insult me?" demanded the sufferer from the bottle.

"Not a bit of it, sir. I tried to wake you last night, mister, but I could not. Don't you think you had better go on deck and get a little fresh air?" added the new skipper, going to the companionway.

The tippler concluded not to get angry, and followed Sandy to the standing room. He looked at the shore, and then all around him. He was bewildered, and did not comprehend the situation. Then he fixed his gaze on his unknown companion, and tried to collect his thoughts.

"When did you come on board, boy?" he asked, when he found he could remember nothing to account for the present locality of the Stella.

"About six o'clock yesterday afternoon. I guess you don't know how near you came to having a berth in Davy Jones's locker," said Sandy, seating himself on the cushioned seat.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that this schooner was adrift in a northeast gale, and in ten minutes more she would have gone to pieces on the reef!" replied Sandy, delivering himself impressively and in a loud tone.

Then he explained the situation in which he had found the Stella, and enlarged upon it. The gentleman was shocked and startled at the peril he had escaped.

"I anchored off Maplegrove at three o'clock. I had been drinking, and I made fast the cable to the bitts. Then I sent my two men for certain stores. One went to Gloster and the other to Salem, and I did not expect them back till late in the evening. I drank more whisky, I am ashamed to say, and it overcame me."

"It does sometimes," said Sandy, dryly.

"I never drink anything at home. I am a secret drinker. It is time for me to stop," added the gentleman, covering his face as if for shame.

"I should say that it was time for you to stop," added Sandy.

The tippler took his pocketbook out and selected from it nearly all the bills it contained. It was quite a pile, and he tendered them to Sandy.

"It appears that you have saved my life, young man. Here is about all the money I have with me, and it is a small reward for what you have done," said the gentleman, as Sandy took the bills, for he felt that he was entitled to some of his services. "When I see you again I will do more and better for you, on one condition."

"What is that, sir?"

"That you will not mention the state in which you found me last night."

"I will agree to that," promptly replied Sandy.

"Now, if you will help me sail the yacht over to Maplegrove, I shall find my two men there," added the owner of the Stella.

Sandy thrust the bank bills into his pocket without stopping to count them, and proceeded to take the stops off the mainsail. The storm was over and the sun was shining brightly. With the aid of the windlass the anchor was weighed, and the yacht stood over to her destination. She was anchored there, and the owner gave his assistant a hint that he might go, and he got into his dory again.

He had a three miles' pull before him; but as soon as he was out of the sight of the gentleman he drew the bills from his pocket and counted them.

He was absolutely astounded when he found that he had one hundred and fifty dollars. It was a fortune to him. His own father or mother; he lived with an uncle, and his lot was not on a bed of roses. His first thought was that he would not go to his home again, but would seek his own fortune in the world.

But he changed his mind, for he had a suit of better clothes than those he wore, and he wanted to get them. The money in his pocket made him feel more independent than usual, and he had less fear of his uncle, who was certain to take him to task for being out all night. He landed, and walked up the street, thinking what he should do.

As he approached the dilapidated house of his uncle in a narrow street, he heard an unusual noise ahead of him. There was a deal of senseless yelling, but above it he could make out the cry of "Fire." He quickened his pace, for the cry excited him. When he came in sight of his home he saw the flame leaping from one of the second story windows.

Sandy rushed into the house, and up the stairs to the room from which the fire issued. He met his cousin Hugh coming down the stairs, and he seemed to be utterly beside himself. He had never seen him so moved by anything before, not even by the death of his mother, three months previous.

"What are you about, Sandy? Why don't you bring up water?" shouted Hugh, as he seized his cousin by the collar and dragged him down the stairs.

"Let me alone and I will do what I can!" cried Sandy, shaking Hugh off, for the boys had never been on good terms. "What do you mean by grabbing me in that way?"

"Stir your stumps, then! Don't you know the house is on fire, you lazy vagabond?" yelled Hugh, as he rushed into the kitchen.

Sandy said no more, but as soon as the other had gone upstairs with two buckets of water, he filled a large tin pan and followed Hugh. The fire was in the closet over the front entry. The water brought by the two boys was enough to check the fire, and it was readily extinguished by the removal of a barrel of waste paper which had been standing near the window.

Increase Mumpleton, Sandy's uncle, occupied the room with which the closet was connected. The old man saved everything, and not even a bit of paper was wasted. He kept the barrel in the closet to receive all the pieces he could find, and he sold them when it was full. He had an old bureau in this closet, in the drawers of which he kept all his valuables. This closet was always locked, and Increase carried the key of it in his pocket.

The fire had been put out so quickly that not much of a crowd had gathered in the street. One of the last to come was the proprietor of the dilapidated mansion. He was rather tall, very slim, with bent shoulders and with a "lean and hungry look." No one could have looked at him without seeing that he was a mean man.

He was terribly agitated when he was told that his house had been on fire; and it did not seem to comfort him much when he was informed that the fire was all out. He rushed up the steps and met Hugh, his son, at the door. The young man gave him all the particulars. The fire had been seen from the window, and the dutiful son had torn the door open and put it out.

"How did it catch?" asked Increase, as he hastened upstairs, followed by Hugh.

"That's more than I know, father."

"But there has been no fire in that room," persisted the old man, as he led the way into the closet.

"I don't know anything about that, father," added Hugh.

Mr. Mumpleton hardly looked at the effects of the fire around the window, but gave his whole attention to the old bureau. He took a key from his pocket and opened the upper drawer. He picked up an old wallet that lay in one corner and opened it.

"I have been robbed!" exclaimed the old man, as he staggered out of the closet and dropped into a chair in the chamber.

He seemed to be in utter despair, and the great tears rolled down his wan cheeks as he looked at the empty space in the wallet. If all he had in the world had been contained in that wallet, he could not have been more utterly cast down.

"I know who did it!" exclaimed he, rising from his chair. "One hundred and fifty dollars gone! Where is Sandy? He was out all night."

"Here I am, uncle;" and Sandy presented himself.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE REEF OFF DOOM ISLAND.

SANDY had been in his uncle's chamber when the latter discovered that his bureau had been robbed; and when the boy heard that the sum was just the amount the tipsy yachtsman had paid him, he was not a little startled. He had moved as far as the entry on his way to his room, for he thought, under the circumstances, it would be prudent to put his money in a more safe place than his pocket.

But the late temporary skipper of the Stella was conscious of his innocence, and he thought it was better to face the music than to dodge. He felt independent still, and he did not believe he should much longer submit to the petty tyranny of his uncle.

"Sandy, you was gone all night, and I know you have got into bad company," said Mr. Mumpleton, looking as savage as though he intended to swallow his unworthy nephew.

"I have not been in any worse company than I have at home," replied Sandy, who felt that he was correct in his morals all the way through, if he was not in his manners.

"What do you mean by that, you rascal?" demanded Hugh, whose reputation in Gloster was not first class.

"I mean that I haven't been in any worse company than you are, Hugh Mumpleton!" exclaimed Sandy, who thought that two tyrants were one too many.

"Don't you meddle, Hugh," interposed his father. "I'll take care of him. Where did you stop last night, Sandy?"

"I picked up a yacht adrift last night, and it blowed so I couldn't get up, and I slept on board of her, at anchor off the Point," replied Sandy, rather doggedly, for which the treatment he usually received at home was responsible.

"That's a likely story!" replied his uncle, twisting his thin lips into an expression of contempt. "You stole my money, and you went off frolicking with it! Don't tell me you didn't, for I know better!"

Thus warned, Sandy did not deny the grave charge, for he knew it would do no good. He did not even know that his uncle kept his money in that closet; and if he had, he would not have stolen it, for his character was head and shoulders above that of Hugh. In fact he believed that Hugh was the thief, for his conduct at the fire indicated that something more than common excited him.

"Why don't you speak, you vagabond?" growled his uncle.

"You told me not to deny it, and it would do no good if I did," replied Sandy, with a great deal of native dignity.

"I'm going to know what you have got in your pockets, anyhow," continued Mr. Mumpleton, fiercely, as he seized the boy by the throat, and before Sandy had any suspicion of violence, threw him on the floor.

The young man believed he was an American citizen, and had certain inalienable rights upon which even his uncle could not trespass with impunity, and he began to kick and struggle with all his might.

The old man groaned several times as well merited tributes to the prowess of his nephew, who was in a fair way to vanquish his oppressor, when his uncle called on Hugh to assist him.

The son was only too glad to do so, and he handled the poor boy very roughly. He kicked and choked him till Sandy's strength was all gone, and he lay at the mercy of his conquerors. Mr. Mumpleton proceeded with the search as soon as the victim was quiet enough to permit him to do so. From the breast pocket of his coat he took the roll of bank bills which the tipsy yachtsman had given him.

"I knew he stole the money all the time!" exclaimed Mr. Mumpleton. "You just hold on to him while I count it, Hugh."

But Sandy was so much exhausted by the hard battle which had ended in his defeat, that he was not in condition to need much holding. The old man was greatly excited when he sat down at a table to count the money, and he had to go over the bills three times before he was satisfied as to the amount.

"One hundred and fifty dollars; no more, and no less!" exclaimed Mr. Mumpleton triumphantly. "I knew he took that money."

"Do you want a constable, father?" asked Hugh significantly.

"Well, no; not now, Hugh. This is my nephew; my brother's son. I've done what I

could to bring him up right since he lived *with me. I've* done all I could for him; but you see, it's no use," replied Mr. Mumpleton, trying to assume a virtuous look, which was a sad failure. "The boy bears my name, and I *don't want* to do anything to disgrace the family. We don't want a constable this time, but something else must be done."

Sandy got up from the floor and went to his room. He had lost his money, on which he had built great hopes. He was about as sure as he could be that Hugh had stolen his father's money. In the absence of the old man he had found the key of the closet, taken the bills from the wallet, and thrown a match into the paper barrel to cover the deed. This was Sandy's theory.

While he was recovering from his battle, he heard Hugh go into his own room, which was next to Sandy's. A door which led into it had so many cracks that he could easily obtain a view of all parts of his cousin's chamber. He watched him with the most intense interest through the interstices of the door. Hugh went to a closet and got down on the floor. He appeared to be reaching as far as he could to the left. That was enough for Sandy.

When he had made this discovery, Sandy crept softly out of his chamber, and down the stairs. He had been there but a few minutes before his uncle came in.

"Sandy, I don't think it is right for me to have to support you, and I can't do it any longer, especially if you are going to steal all my money," said Mr. Mumpleton. "I am a poor man, and I can't afford to do it any longer."

"I have given you all the money I have been able to earn," replied Sandy.

"I don't know whether you have or not. When your father went off the last time, he promised to pay your board; but he was lost at sea, and I don't get anything for taking care of you. Your uncle Jason, down at Riverhaven, is a good deal better off than I am; and your father left some money with him to take care of till you are twenty one. It is no more than right that Jason should take care of you, as he has the money, for he can pay himself out of it."

"I think I can take care of myself, Uncle Increase," added Sandy.

"Perhaps you can, but you don't. Besides, I want to see your Uncle Jason, and talk over the matter about the money your father left for you. I have made up my mind to take you down there, and we will start in the whale boat tomorrow morning."

"In the whale boat? Why, it is all of fifty miles to Riverhaven," added Sandy.

"What if it is? We can go in eight or ten hours, and I'm not going to pay three or four dollars to go by railroad," said Mr. Mumpleton. "Be ready to start by six o'clock, Sandy."

"All right," replied Sandy.

Sandy was thinking of something else nearly all the time that his uncle was speaking. If Increase Mumpleton was mean and stingy, Jason was a miser in the fullest sense of the word. But the change could hardly be for the worse, and he decided to try the other uncle for a short time. It would be as easy to leave one as the other when he could stand it no longer; although, indeed, he had no wish to live with either of these uncles.

While he was thinking of it, Hugh came into the kitchen, strolled about the room for a few minutes, and then left the house. Sandy, feeling that his opportunity had come, left the kitchen, and hastened upstairs.

He went to Hugh's chamber, and began the search upon the floor of the closet. He felt about for nearly half an hour, and had begun to think he had made a mistake, when his fingers rested on a soft substance in a hole in the floor.

He drew it out, and was delighted to find that it was the roll of bills. It had been tucked between the two floors, in an aperture left there when the house was built.

Retreating to his own room, he examined the roll. The amount was exactly the same as that which he and his uncle had each lost. He wrapped the roll in a piece of paper, and concealed it in the very middle of the straw bed on which he slept.

At six o'clock the next morning he appeared in the kitchen, with the bundle containing his other suit. He had taken the money from its hiding place, and sewed it into the waistband of his best trousers. The meager breakfast was ready, and the lunch of doughnuts and brown bread was put up in a box. The wind was southeast, blowing fresh, and it looked like bad weather.

The whale boat was a large one, and it was very old and very rotten. Sandy had very little faith in the craft, but if his uncle would risk his life in it, he felt that he could not object.

Uncle Increase was not a very agreeable companion for anybody, and especially not for a bright boy. He had been a sailor in his early years, and a boatman all his life.

As soon as the boat was clear of the land, the old man was sleepy, and giving the helm to Sandy, he turned in on the bottom of the boat, and was presently snoring like a man with troubled dreams.

At noon they lunched—the old man on the doughnuts, and the boy on the brown bread. After this Mr. Mumpleton turned in again, and did not wake till Sandy called him, for he did not know where he was, and had an idea that the boat had gone beyond the mouth of the inlet upon which Riverhaven was located.

"You stupid blockhead!" cried the old man, when he saw where the boat was. "You have gone six miles beyond! Here we are abreast of Doom Island. Don't you know any better?" And he put the boat about.

"Breakers ahead!" shouted Sandy, a little later.

"Hold your tongue, you blockhead! Do you suppose I don't know what I'm about?" snapped Uncle Increase.

The next moment the whale boat went down on a rock, and broke in two in the middle. The wind was blowing a full gale, with the sea running very high.

(*To be continued.*)

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

REMEMBER.

BY M. WHITNEY

GUARD well your tongue; how easily there slips
An angry voice between ill guarded lips;
And one sharp word, as surely as a blow,
May alter love to hate, a friend to foe.

How hard it is that friendship to renew
Which one brief burst of causeless anger slew;
And harder still to stifle your regret,
And yet more hard the quarrel to forget.

Remember, then, *he* has the right to boast
Who bears—not he who seeks revenge—the most;
Remember, words of hate as well as love
Are registered indelibly above.

A FRENCH LION TAMER.

IN an article which appeared not long ago in the ARGOSY, something was said of the famous French lion tamer Bidel. We append a few interesting particulars of his great rival, Pezon, taken from the *Daily Telegraph* of London:

A man whose name is a household word in France is about to make his bow and exit so far as his relations with an applauding public are concerned. Pezon, the lion tamer, has made his fortune, and sees no just cause or impediment why he should not take his ease and retire into private life. So Bidel, his confrere and rival, will have the field all to himself; yet Bidel in his line has been more knocked about than Pezon, and not very long ago only escaped a fearful and ghastly death by the skin of his teeth.

Pezon, whose menagerie has long been the admiration and delight of the gay and festive people who go a fairing, is rather below the middle height and thin but muscular. His power is in his eye. He certainly does not belong to the school of tamers which imagines that the whip, and nothing but the whip, is the Alpha and Omega of the training process; and his animals like him.

What excitement there was one fine day at St. Cloud when he took an early constitutional in company with a full grown lion, which trotted at his heels like a poodle! The inhabitants complained, and a hint was given that Pezon had better enjoy his walks alone if he could not find other society to his taste. Pezon was greatly surprised. "It is very strange," he remarked, nor could he understand why on another occasion people objected to his strolling about with an elephant by his side.

He speaks to his beasts as if they were children, and a few words of remonstrance uttered in the kindest and most tender of tones seldom fail to work their effect; but one animal—the tiger—still checkmates him. The tiger is never to be trusted. "I keep my eyes on them," says Pezon, "and I am always glad to get out of their cage." This is a candid confession, especially from so old a hand, but its frankness is in harmony with the character of the man.

Now Pezon is about to enjoy his well earned rest; but his menagerie will continue to flourish. He, like Bidel, belongs to a perfect dynasty of lion tamers, exempt from all revolution, beloved of the public, and destined, for all that we can see to the contrary, to perpetuate its traditions through many generations. Can all dynasties say as much?

A STRANGE JURY.

THE following bit of humor from the London *Standard* reminds us of a gray haired farmer who always got one of his neighbors to sow his grain for him, because he had never done such a thing himself:

There is a tale of somebody who refused to enter the water until he could swim, and this personage is generally cited as an example of the muddled head. No one could suppose for an instant that twelve householders of England could possibly be victims of that complaint; but the coincidence is odd. A jury, assembled recently at Barnes, in returning a verdict of "accidental death," formally requested the coroner to appeal to the Thames Conservancy for a by law "making it an offense punishable by fine for a boatman to let a boat on hire to inexperienced persons." The unfortunate man is to put each applicant under examination to assure himself that he knows the stern from the bow—and pronounces it "starn"—distinguishes between shipping and feathering oars, and can tell a boathook from a punt pole.

THE DERIVATION OF WORDS.

WORDS are often little bundles of history, and history of a most interesting nature. *All the Year Round* gives some curious facts regarding some exclamations in common use:

"Halloo!" and "Hurrah!" have curious origins attributed to them. It is said by the author of the "Queen's English," that the people of Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire, when they desire to hail a person at a distance, call out not "halloo!" but "halloup!" This he imagines is a survival of the times when one cried to another, "a loup! a loup!" or as we would now say, "wolf! wolf!"

"Hurrah," again, according to M. Littre, the great French lexicographer, is derived from the Slavonic *huraj*, "to Paradise," which signified that all soldiers who fell fighting valiantly went straight to heaven.

"Prithee" is obviously a corruption of "I pray thee;" while "marry" was originally in Popish times a method of swearing by the Virgin Mary.

A PUN AND A PROPHECY.

OFTEN a jest is taken in earnest, and sometimes people are credited with witticisms that exist only in the mind of the person addressed. Perhaps the following pun, mentioned by *Notes and Queries*, was unintentional:

An instance of a dying man punning upon his own name is furnished in the case of John Huss, the Bohemian reformer. Huss was burned at the stake on July 6, 1415, the anniversary of his birth. Shortly before being overcome by the heat of the flames he said: "It is thus that you silence the goose," [*huss* signifying a goose in the Bohemian dialect]; "but a hundred years hence there will arise a swan whose singing you will not be able to silence."

On November 10, 1483, was born Martin Luther, who is generally regarded, and rightly so, as having fulfilled this remarkable prophecy to the letter.

CORRESPONDENTS & EXCHANGES

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention.

We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

M. C., New York City. The 10th of July, 1871, fell on Monday.

L. B., Columbia, Tenn. No premium on the half dollar of 1813.

L. L., New York City. No premium on the half dollar of 1835.

W. R., Elgin, Ill. Unless your eagle cent is dated 1856 there is no premium on it.

J. H. A., Charleston, S. C. No premium on the silver dollar of 1799 bearing 13 stars.

J. F. S., Prairie du Chien, Wis. Your coins are worth no more than their face value.

T. C. B., Middletown, Conn. You are referred to editorial, "An Unparalleled Growth," in No. 227.

J. W. F., Pottsville, Pa. No premium on the half dollar of 1853 with arrow heads, nor on that of 1854.

T. A. T., Chicago, Ill. Courtesy toward our contributors forbids that their addresses should be published in these columns.

CURIOS, Baltimore, Md. No, we cannot give you the "flirtation of stamps." We have no time to waste upon such foolishness.

HARLEM, New York City. The evening high school opened for applications September 19. Work began on the first Monday in October.

F. F. H. 1. The process of making modeling wax is too complicated to be described here. 2. We are not acquainted with the poem mentioned.

E. A. BROOKS, 283 Sibley St., Cleveland, O., would like to hear from boys between the ages of 14 and 17 desirous of forming a military company.

WEEKLY READER, New York City. The evening high school is held in public school No. 35, West 13th St., near Sixth Ave. See answer to "Harlem."

REDNEY, Watertown, N. Y. Write to the art firms of Goupil or William Schaus, Fifth Ave., this city. They may be able to supply you with what you desire.

W. W., Newark, N. J. You can obtain back numbers of the ARGOSY from the beginning of Vol. III. We do not criticise spelling or penmanship in this column.

D. H. BEHEN, 134 41st St., Pittsburgh, Pa., would like to hear from boys between 15 and 17 who will join him in forming a military company in Pittsburgh.

REPORTER, Providence, R. I. The price paid for stories depends entirely upon their merit. We cannot undertake to decide upon the availability of MSS. until we have examined them.

J. S., New York City. There is no book giving the dates of departure of sailing vessels, although you can find much information concerning this branch of commerce in daily papers like the *New York Herald.*

D. G. M., J. E., B. M., E. M., T. P. M., M. S. K., A. W. O., and B. P., all of New York City, are referred for information concerning the Hamilton Cadet Corps to Lieutenant James Dalglich, 174 and 176 Pearl St., New York.

C. F. T, Hendersonville, N. C. 1. If we were to visit your place, we could, no doubt, suggest a more appropriate name. Perhaps the name "Summit Grove" or "Grove Heights" would do. 2. We do not know of any such book.

HENRY R. BACKER, 207 West 67th St., New York City, desires to hear from boys from 16 to 17 years of age and over 5 ft. in height, who wish to join the Hamilton Light Guards, a military company organized on Lieutenant Hamilton's instructions.

H. H. T., Norfolk, Va. The letters in the corners of the British postage stamps vary according to the position of the stamp in the sheet in which it is printed. The object is to make counterfeiting more difficult. A complete set of dies would be needed to print a sheet.

C. M. S., Pittsburgh, Pa. 1. Grapes are very digestible. 2. We hope soon to publish another story by the author of "Who Shall Be The Heir?" 3. Particulars of forthcoming serials will be found on the eighth page of No. 251, and on the editorial page of this number.

J. M., New York City, who would like to join the Hamilton Cadets, but is not quite five feet high, must ask the officers of that organization to make an exception in his favor, applying to Lieutenant James Dalglich, 174 Pearl St., City. If they are obdurate, he will to have to grow a little taller.

SUBSCRIBER, Nettleton, Ark., requests us to inform him "if there is in your city an old man by the name of George Bates." "Subscriber" must know very little of large cities if he supposes it possible for us to answer such a question. The New York directory mentions five gentlemen named George Bates.

SUBSCRIBER, Mendon, Mich. 1. We may publish an article on railroading and the duties of train men. 2. We can send you Kirkman's "Railway Service," which describes the manner of operating trains and the duties of train and station officials, post paid, for $2.15. 3. A height of 5 ft. 5 in. and a weight of 122 lbs. is considerably above the average for a boy of 14.

CADET, Philadelphia, Pa. In No. 238 we published a notice that O. S. Haegler, 312 Callowhill St., in your city, wished to form a military company. A similar notice from W. J. Hoster, 1431 Wood St., appeared in No. 242, and one from John Davis, 825 Neclaune St., whose organization is called the Crescent Cadets, in No. 249. Apply to one of the gentlemen mentioned.

G., Elmira, N. Y. 1. Pen and ink drawing, as a general thing, is in greater demand by periodicals than any other class of illustrative work. Submit your sketches to some editor, and if he approves of them he will very probably give you an order. The requirements, however, are very exacting. The figure drawing especially must be well done. 2. The pay for illustrative work varies with different publishers, although the best artists can always command high prices.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column 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 objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend 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.

A. Duncan, care Detroit News Co., Detroit, Mich. Five books, for other books.

L. Lucken, Crookston, Minn. An advertising card for every 2 square cut postmarks.

J. W. Fox, 407 West Market St., Pottsville, Pa. Square cut postmarks, for the same.

W. L. Phillips, 44 Astor St., Newark, N. J. A printing press and outfit, for a base ball mask.

Percival Parrish, 53 Washington St., Newport, R. I. V nickels without "cents," for rare stamps, etc.

C. D. Shipman, Union Mills, Ind. "Dykes and Ditches," by Optic, for "Palace and Cottage," by Optic.

W. Binkert, 614 Carman St., Camden, N. J. Two hundred and twenty two tin tags, for minerals or Indian relics.

Frank Idema, 288 Lyon St., Grand Rapids, Mich. A vibrating telephone, with 300 feet of wire, for a book on sailing.

William Kerr, 2110 Tower St., Philadelphia, Pa. Stamps, postmarks, and tin tags, for minerals, Indian relics, etc.

William C. Milligan, Box 585, Faribault, Minn. A hundred and fifty different tin tags, and 20 different coins, for stamps.

C. N. Chamberlin, corner of Main and 3rd Sts., Lafayette, Ind. About 3,500 tin tags, for Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Charles Tann, 139 5th Ave., Lansingburgh, N. Y. A pair of Star club ice skates, 10½, good as new, for an Indian axe or other relics.

A. C. Walker, 3212 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. A telephone, a battery, and a hektograph, all valued at $5, for an amateur camera.

J. Elston Woodland, Plainfield, N. J. Three games, and a pair of No. 10½ Acme club skates, for Vol. I, II or III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

T. H. Templeton, Room 107, 206 Broadway, New York City. Books, for books, especially "The Young America Abroad" series, by Optic.

G. D. Krafft, Shawmont, Pa. A single shell, 28 ft. long, with slide and oars, and a violin valued at $20, for a sail boat, or a 52 or 54 inch rubber tired bicycle.

William Dewey, 39 Madison St., New York City. A large banjo, in good order, for a foot power lathe, or a magic lantern, and a history of the war, in good order.

Theo. C. Bacon, Middletown, Conn. Foreign stamps, 4 arrow heads, or Nos. 199 to 203 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for Nos. 209 to 212 of the same paper.

Albert Zerbone, New Bedford, Mass. "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon" and "Cast up by the Sea," bound in cloth, for Nos. 209 to 240 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

N. Ottinger, Jr., 110 East 61st St., New York City. A hand inking press, chase 3½ by 4, and outfit, valued at $4, for a photo outfit and directions, or a scroll saw.

A. J. Hendrickson, 214 West Market St., York, Pa. A gold pen and holder, good as new, a brass fishing reel, 300 tin tags, and 150 postmarks, for minerals, curiosities, etc.

W. C. Booth, Box 153, Wakeman, O. Articles valued at $18, for a photo outfit, a B flat cornet, a guitar, or a steam engine capable of running a sewing machine.

Frank L. Sill, 7 Wall St., New York City. Books by Alger, Castlemon, Optic, and Reid, and a New Rogers scroll saw with drill attachment, in fair condition, for stamps.

Ralph Cormany, Beloit, Wis. A postage stamp from India, Chili, Mexico, or St. Christopher, for 20 different tin tags. Twenty five different post marks, for 10 different tin tags.

R. E. Golden, 316 East Leight St., Richmond, Va. "The Crusoe Boys of Treasure Island," "Rifle and Canoe," and a book by Dickens, for Nos. 209 to 220 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

W. R. Barbee, Luray, Va. A new solid silver stem winding watch, with gold chain and charm, and a set of drawing instruments, in case, for a 42 inch bicycle in good condition.

J. B. Holbrook, 19 West 37th St., New York City. "The Soldier Boy Series," by Optic, and "Five Weeks in a Balloon," by Verne, for an electric bell outfit, including push button and battery.

Clarence Eshelman, Suspension Bridge, N. Y. A Star press and a Bijou magic lantern, with outfits, a nickel plated flageolet, with music, and 75 different tin tags, for a photo camera and outfit.

B. B. McAvoy, 203 Calhoun St., Trenton, N. J. A number of books by Optic, Alger, Reid, Castlemon, and Kingston, for "The Great Western Series," by Optic, or "The Gunboat Series" and "Boy Trapper Series," by Castlemon. Send for list.

A. L. Sanderson, 13 Dana St., Boston, Mass. A printing press, with 2 fonts of type, cabinet, ink and roller, a pair of all clamp roller skates, a chest of tools, a silver watch, 400 minerals, and other articles, for a rubber tired steel spoked bicycle.

Henry Coleman, Jr., 13 Harrison St., Syracuse, N. Y. A rubber type press, a miniature steam engine, a magic lantern with 12 slides, a hand bracket saw, 18 books by Verne, Converse, and others, a flute, a pair of ice skates, and other articles, for a self inking press, not less than 6 by 9.

B. Henry Phillips, 52 West 37th St., New York City. A Challenge self inking press, with outfit, valued at $13, a new stamp album, with stamps, and a pair of half clamp Raymond nickel plated extension skates, for a 5 by 8 photo camera in good order, with plate holder, tripod, etc., Anthony or Scovill preferred.

THE VALUE OF MILITARY STUDIES.

BY LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON, U. S. ARMY.

SOME boys, who read the GOLDEN ARGOSY, called on me not long ago, and we were talking about military matters, when one of them spoke up and said: "Well, as long as I don't ever expect to be a soldier, there is no need of my wasting my time in studying such subjects."

And I have often heard that same remark made by other boys, and by grown up people as well. They cannot see of what possible use or benefit it is to study the art or science of war, if they expect always to be lawyers, or doctors, or merchants, or enter some other of the many learned or commercial professions.

But, boys, it is worth while to know something of the art of war, in more ways than one. It is worth while in a practical sense. Wisdom is knowledge and power, and the more you know of science the better adapted you become to meet and conquer any issue in life. And it is just those qualities that make a good soldier that are needed to conquer success in any undertaking.

We all learn by the experience of others, and there is no department of knowledge that has not been built up by the research and the invention of those who have studied it generations before our time. There is no profession that requires so much general acquaintance with all sciences and arts as that of the soldier.

And even if you do not wish to be a soldier, it is necessary that you should know something that the soldier has to study. We are all interested in the history of our country, and of all countries, and whether we study law or medicine, engineering, the ministry, or how to become merchants or mechanics, history must form a part of our education.

Now most boys think that the most interesting parts of all histories are those relating to wars, to battles on sea and land, to deeds of daring and bravery. Yet how many there are, who, in studying the battles of their own country, cannot understand how one army can defeat two, each of equal size with itself. We are often puzzled to know why it is that great wars are sometimes brought to a close, and entire armies captured, without a gun being fired. If a boy meets two boys of equal size, who are going to thrash him, we say he cannot whip them. Yet an army of men can and often has defeated two or three armies, each of equal size to itself, and as well armed and disciplined and brave.

If we only know a little of military art, —only the rudiments, —all these things will be made clear. The military terms, "bases and lines of operations," "strategic points," "plan of campaign," "right or left wing," "center," "advance guard," and so forth, will have a far different and weightier meaning to us. If we read the history of the great Napoleon, we are lost in admiration at the great results he achieved; but if we only knew the ways and means by which he accomplished them, our history becomes an enchanting tale of wonder and delight.

Thus in 1805 we know that Russia, Austria, and parts of what is now Germany formed a great coalition or combination to overthrow him and his power, yet in three months he destroyed their arrangements completely, although his forces were scarcely equal to any of them alone. We learn how he silently and quickly marched 40,000 men from Northern France to Wurtemburg, and, making the Austrians think he was coming straight for them through the Black Forest, where they were strongly entrenched at Ulm 80,000 strong, waiting for the Russians to join them, he forced his way in between them and the Russians, cut off all their lines of retreat, and surrounded them so thoroughly that had they attempted to fight they would all have been swept away. In this way the Austrian General Mack was obliged to surrender his 80,000 men, without one gun being fired in battle.

And in the history of our own country we can soon see why Washington was a great general, when he so coolly led the English troops in New York to believe that he meant to attack them. And before they found it out he was on his way, beyond their reach, to Yorktown, where, by the aid of the French fleet, he captured Cornwallis and all his army, and ended the war, and brought peace to the country and liberty to millions of people.

Or coming to later times, we soon understand why it was that Lee, with rebel armies so much inferior in numbers to Hooker's, changed a terrible defeat which would have ended the Confederacy to a victory that prolonged it for years, and caused the death of many soldiers, and the loss of millions of property.

History becomes clear to us when we read it understandingly, and the effects resulting from clear causes and sources are revealed in a fascinating manner. We can, by reading the history of those gone before, know how to fashion our own lives to avoid disaster; and in reading the history of nations, as well as individuals, we must profit from the past.

And when we are interested in the great machine as a whole, we desire to know more of the details, and the source of the power which makes it work so easily and harmoniously. We get into tactics and discipline, the secret of military success; we go still further, and inquire into the particulars of organization; we study the geography and topography of the country and of the scenes of action; we inquire into the habits and qualities and characteristics of the people and of the troops in particular, and then all history becomes a vast treasure house to us.

THE SURVEYOR AND HIS LABORERS.

We understand then why Napoleon, with 40,000 French, crushed 80,000 Austrians, how Frederick the Great won the battle of Leuthen, and defeated 90,000 Austrians with only 30,000 Prussians. We see that men of all nations are equally brave. We learn how Lee, with 70,000 men, defeated Hooker, with 120,000, at Chancellorsville. And by these keys of military science, all the great mysteries of the rise and downfall of nations are unlocked.

Now, this science, as far as is necessary for the boys of the country to know, is not hard. It is easy—more easy than one might think; and, as boys, we are all really practicing it, in some way or other, when we play football, or prison gaol. We select our leaders, and unconsciously to ourselves we choose them because we believe them to be the best men for the position; and the boy who develops an unexpected aggressiveness, and a facility for outwitting his opponents, is the one who becomes captain.

But we must not try to learn the advanced studies first. Commence at the beginning; learn the organization of a company, its officers, their duties, and the reasons why of every detail connected with it. Then study the same things in relation to the battalion and the regiment. Learn the respective uses of infantry, artillery, cavalry, engineers, staff, etc., etc., the meaning of military terms, and so on, step by step.

Thus we can learn just what war is, and what should be done in all its perplexities. We learn to despise the trashy books that picture war of today and bravery of today the same as war or bravery of a thousand years ago. We know that it is braver to obey orders when given by superior authority, even if we cannot see an enemy, but must remain exposed to his fire, and be shot down, than it was where we fought hand to hand with him.

We find that there is no such thing as "infantry standing like a rock" nowadays. Infantry stands best (to make a bull) when it lies down, and when it does advance it is in long, thin, waving lines of skirmishers, who take advantage of the ground, the bushes, the trees, even the small stones, for shelter purposes, and grope their way forward by alternate rushes and rests.

DISCIPLINE IN THE OFFICE.

And so in reading we become the more deeply interested because we understand, and every boy in America takes an American boy's pride in the belief that his country is the most wonderful, and her government the best on the earth. He becomes a military boy, and, taking a deeper interest in his country and her history, he takes a greater pride in her affairs. He becomes, in short, a better citizen.

But individually, the study of military art must be advantageous. The boy who joins the military company learns there the habits of obedience, of promptness, of self denial, and of discipline, that are the corner stones to success in any undertaking in life. And he who obeys well can command well; and the boy who is able to command fifty boys at drill, will be able, as he grows up, to command fifty or a thousand men, in the counting house, or as a foreman in the machine shop, or of the gang of laborers.

But outside of all these reasons, boys, there is yet a stronger one why you should all study military art. As present citizens of the great republic you all owe to her whatever service she may in her hour of need demand of you.

A great many people will tell you that the time of wars is past. But don't believe that, for just so long as human nature breeds discontent and arrogance, so long will might make right. War is as sure to come, and even to come in our generation, as the day to follow the night.

It was not so many years prior to the Rebellion that Henry Ward Beecher said the time of war was past, and Charles Sumner made his great Fourth of July oration condemning war and soldiers. Yet it was war and not talk that liberated four million slaves. And look at the terrible wars in Europe that have taken place since that time. Why, boys, no great good ever came to the human race except through the agency of war. The peaceful reigns of England were the seasons of the greatest hardships, while on the other hand England's greatness and power come of her almost incessant wars with other lands and peoples.

And we shall have war here too, and when it does come, every American boy, I am sure, will be glad to have the chance to strike a blow in defense of those rights and liberties that have made us a nation so prosperous and powerful.

Be sure, also, that the country will demand service of all its youth in the next generation, and he who knows something, be it ever so little, of the great science, will be chosen by the country for important commands. So study now, and study will become a fascinating entertainment to you. Instead of devoting all your time to stories of shipwrecks, and wonderful hunters, and fabulous wealth, read the popular histories of your own country and her great generals, and then the history of other countries and their great men. You will be helping yourself in that you help your country by making yourself a better citizen.

Now in conclusion, remember that the surest way of keeping war away is to be thoroughly prepared for it, and in thoroughly preparing for it we but do our whole duty to our country. So therefore the study of military art and science is, after all, a noble and peace making one.

THE LATEST WONDER IN WHEELS.

A RECENT London despatch to the New York *World* describes a bicycle which seems to possess certain of the properties of the seven league boots of fairy lore.

A number of gentlemen interested in the adaptation of cycles to military purposes assembled at Hanwell on a recent afternoon to witness some trials and experiments with a bicycle which had been constructed by a London firm. The bicycle, which in its general outward appearance resembles the machine of the familiar safety type, was put through a series of most extraordinary tests, with results which greatly astonished and amused the onlookers.

Starting from the center of the town, a man rode the machine over half a mile or so of road to the bank of the River Brent, where, dismounting, he proceeded to blow into a couple of small bags attached to the handles. This inflation occupied about a minute, and then the rider, having thrown his bicycle into the water, dived after it, swam across and landed on the other side.

He then rode over three or four miles of very rough and varied country, including plowed fields and swampy meadows, and, having recrossed the river, regained Hanwell by some very rough lanes, lifting his machine over closed gates. Altogether he covered a distance of about five miles, and his time was little more than forty one minutes.

Subsequently a few well known cyclists who were among the visitors tried the machine and rode over the most uneven ground, up and down short and sharp hills and over bricks and other obstructions in a manner that greatly surprised the military men and others who were present.

REGIMENTS OF CYCLISTS.

THE introduction of the bicycle into the armies of Europe was noticed in a recent article in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and the idea seems to be making further progress. The British authorities have been slower to recognize the value of cycling scouts than their continental neighbors, France and Germany, but they now officially recommend that cyclist sections should be attached to each battalion of volunteer troops.

They suggest that each section should consist of one officer, two non-commissioned officers, one bugler, and from twelve to twenty privates. The officers must be specially qualified, while the rank and file ought to be marksmen, and to possess some knowledge of telegraphy or army signaling, and of surveying or drawing. Further, they should be from nineteen to twenty five years of age, and between 5 feet 4 inches and 5 feet 9 inches in height. Officers may carry revolvers, privates rifles and bayonets; all must use the same type of bicycle, and be able to repair their machines. Their duties would lie in scouting and reconnaissances of various kinds.

CANINE ANATOMY.

HUMORIST—"Can you tell me what is the funniest part of a dog?"

Farmer—"His tail, I guess. It's such a wag."

"No. The funniest part of a dog is his lungs."

"How do you make that out?"

"They are the seat of his pants."

WATCH PRESENT—MIND ABSENT.

THE worst case of absence of mind we ever read of was that described in an exchange the other day, when a man hurrying for a train thought he had left his watch at home, and took it out to see if he had time to go back for it.

[This story commenced in No. 251.]

GILBERT THE TRAPPER;

OR,

THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN;

By CAPAIN C. B. ASHLEY,

Author of "Luke Bennett's Hide Out," etc.

CHAPTER X.

THE LETTER FROM SWEETWATER CANYON.

"THEY'RE wrapped up mighty careful, ain't they?" said Uncle Jack, when he was ready to speak. "I hope, when I get to the inside, I shall find two papers there. They were written thirteen years ago, and I don't suppose that we could make head or tail of 'em, even if they were both written in English; for, as you say, the characters must be almost obliterated by this time. They were written in the midst of a fight, by a man who had a little boy and lots of money with him—at least that was what Buckskin Bob told me. He's the wounded renegade whom the soldiers brought back to the fort, you know. Well, sir, here they are, sure's you're born. Now, if one part of that villain's story is true, maybe it will turn out that the whole of it is."

As Uncle Jack said this, he took off the last roll of buckskin and brought to light two pieces of wrinkled and soiled note paper, which looked as though they were almost ready to fall into fragments. He smoothed them out very carefully and was delighted to see that the writing could be readily deciphered. The ink was almost as bright as it was on the day it was spread upon the paper.

Uncle Jack was not an excitable man, but he looked like one just now. He hoped and believed that he was on the eve of an important discovery. He took a hasty glance at the papers and then passed them over to Gus.

"You read 'em," said he, as he settled himself in his comfortable chair. "Your eyes are younger than mine. Read the English one first."

"How provoking!" exclaimed Jerry, who was looking over his brother's shoulder. "There's only half of it here. Of course it breaks off in the most interesting part, just like the stories in the papers."

"*Of* course," said Uncle Jack, with suppressed impatience. "But then I knew it wasn't all there, for Buckskin Bob told me so. Read what there is of it, Gus."

After tenderly smoothing one of the papers on his knee, and getting all the wrinkles he could out of it, Gus began.

"Sweet wa— That's all there is of that word," said he. "The rest is cut off."

"It means Sweetwater Canyon, probably," said the ranchman. "Is there any date to it? Well, go ahead."

Gus complied, and read as follows:

"I started from the mines six
my little boy, Gilbert Hubbard Nev
thought to be my friends, to cross
My wife died almost a year ago, an
my friends any longer. I live in
hard, and saved nearly a hundred
and nuggets, and brought it with
started I have grown suspicious
are none too good to knock me on
possession of my hard earned treas
I shall never see the States aliv
worked upon me of late, that I dec
and have done so tonight while
companions being asleep. If I fal
scoutes, the inclosed cryptogram
whose possession it may fall. If
where my wealth may be found. I
into the hands of some honest man
boy gets his rights."

"That is all," said Gus, while an expression of annoyance and disappointment settled on his face. "Who cut this paper in two? Has anybody got the rest of it?"

"Pete Axley, Buckskin Bob's partner, did it," answered Uncle Jack, "and he's got the rest. It doesn't say anything about a fight them miners had with the Cheyennes, does it?"

"Not a word," replied Gus, looking at the paper on both sides. "Not a single, solitary word."

"Then that's one flaw in Bob's story," said Uncle Jack, reflectively. "He tried hard to make me think he was telling me the truth, but I was suspicious of him all the time. Well, he gave me a clew to something, 'cause he thought he was going to die, and I shall not rest easy till I know the whole secret. What idea do you get from reading that, boys?"

IN THE RANCH KITCHEN—COOKING PANCAKES AND DISCUSSING THE MYSTERIOUS PAPERS.

"Why, it is plain enough to me that the one who wrote it was afraid his companions would kill him to get possession of his money, or dust or nuggets, or whatever it was, and that he hoped this note would fall into the hands of some honest man so that his boy might get his rights," said Gus.

"That's my way of looking at it, too," said the ranchman. "But that's where that miner was disappointed. The letter fell into the hands of one who never was known to do an honest act since he has been on the reservation."

"I know that we've a hard task before us, but we can go through with it," said Uncle Jack. "That boy has been kept out of his rights long enough, and now they must be restored to him. You hear me?"

"But how are you going to give him his rights when you don't know where to find him? We don't even know what his name is. There's only part of it here—Gilbert Hubbard Nev— Jerry, what word begins with N e v?"

The latter looked bewildered, ran his eyes around the room as if he hoped to see something in it that would suggest an idea to him, and finally answered:

"Never—Neversink."

"Ah, pshaw!" exclaimed Gus. "I want a surname. Pete Axley was sharp enough to keep the parts that had the names on them, and it is my opinion that if we could put our hands into his haversack we should bring out something that would astonish everybody. It looks to me as if those two scoundrels, Axley and Buckskin Bob, have laid their plans to hunt that money up and keep it."

"That's the way it looks to me, too," said Uncle Jack.

"Well, then, why haven't they been about it? Thirteen years is a long time to waste in doing nothing, when there is a fortune to be had for the taking."

"But, you see, they don't know where that fortune is concealed," said the ranchman. "The Dutch part of the business bothered 'em, just as I am afraid it is going to bother you."

"This other paper isn't written in Dutch," said Gus, with a laugh. "Doesn't the miner himself speak of it as a cryptogram? That means anything that is written in secret characters. This one is founded on the alphabet, and consequently it can be solved by anybody who has the patience to stick to it long enough."

"Do you mean to say that you can work it out?" exclaimed Uncle Jack, in delighted accents.

"I have not the least doubt of it; but it will take time. It is about the worst looking cipher I ever saw, but I will take a copy of it, and see what I can do. Of course I can't get at the full secret of the matter, because there's only half the paper here."

"Well, you read what you've got, and I'll see that you get the rest," said Uncle Jack; and the boys noticed that he set his lips firmly together, as he always did after saying anything emphatic. "We are going clear to the bottom of this thing, now that we've got started."

"Why, look here," cried Jerry, as if the idea had just occurred to him. "The soldiers said that the fellow who worked so hard to save Aleck's life, called himself Gilbert, and who knows but he may be that miner's little boy?"

"It's the strangest thing in the world that I didn't think of that myself," exclaimed Gus. "I'll bet they are one and the same," he added, after he had taken another look at his relative's face.

"It has been as plain as daylight to me from the very first," answered the latter; "and I wonder that you were so long in finding it out."

CHAPTER XI.

THE CRYPTOGRAM.

"DID you speak to the scout in buckskin after the fight in the canyon?" inquired Jerry. "Did he tell you his history?"

"Never spoke a word to him in my life; and after the fight no one had a chance to speak to him, for he skipped out, and we never saw him afterward. What I know about him I heard from scout Robinson, and from Buckskin Bob, whom I found among the rocks."

The ranchman did not tell the boys that the renegade had been brought down by a shot from his own rifle, for somehow he never could bring himself to talk to them about such things.

"I kept the Pawnees from raising Bob's hair when he wasn't dead," continued Uncle Jack, "and maybe he felt sorter thankful to me for it. Besides, he thought he was going to die, and that's what made him give me them papers."

The ranchman then went on to tell of the many remarkable things that had been brought about by his long shot at the squaw man, who had taunted him and his companions with cowardice, because they would not expose themselves to certain death in the effort to rescue the wounded cowboy. When he was fairly started, he found that there were several interesting incidents to describe; so many, in fact, that the day was far spent before he got through with his story. He grew eloquent when he told of the young scout's bravery, and angry when he described how that same young scout, when a little boy only three or four years old, had confidingly placed his hands in the blood stained paws of the squaw men, and tried to lead them to the place where his dead father had buried his money.

"I think I see Gilbert doing that now," said Uncle Jack, jumping to his feet, and pacing the floor with long, nervous strides. "When Buckskin Bob told me about it, I had the best notion in the world to finish him where he lay; and why I did not do it I don't know."

"Have you any assurance that those two squaw men were not responsible for the death of Gilbert's father?" asked Gus.

"None whatever, except Bob's word, and that's a mighty poor thing to depend on, I tell you. He told me that the Cheyennes attacked the miner and his party, and that he and Pete and a lot of Utes came up and drove them away, after they had killed everybody but this little boy. But as the miner's letter does not say a word about the Cheyennes or a fight, I am inclined to believe that his companions killed him, as he feared they would, and left the boy to starve on the prairie rather than be bothered with him. Oh, we've got some nice people out here, I tell you," added Uncle Jack, smiling grimly at the look of horror that overspread the countenances of his nephews. "Those squaw men are capable of doing just such things as that."

"Why, they ought to be hanged," said Jerry.

"I believe you; but how are you going to prove anything against them? How Gilbert escaped death, and how those two men came into possession of the papers, of course I don't know. That's a mystery."

And he might have added that it was destined to remain a mystery for a long time to come.

When Gus Warren retired to his room that night, he pulled out his copy of the cryptogram, and gave it a good looking over.

"It is no wonder that Buckskin Bob thought it was Dutch," was his mental reflection. "It is about the worst problem I ever tackled, but here goes for the solution. Who knows but the mystery of a life is depending on it?"

Gus brought out his pencil and paper, and in less than an hour he had found the key — not by accident, but by downright hard work. You can find it in the same length of time, and in the same way, if you choose to set about it. Here is his copy of the cryptogram :

Az ftq xqrf tmzp eupq ar ftq
xqmzuzs eodgn amw fdqq mf qzfdmzo
rqqf nqxai egdrmoq. Dqyahq xqmhqe
ar sqmde ar fuux luxx nq dqhqmxqp.
kag; uf nqxazse fa tuy.

Gus wrote out his translation, and tumbled into bed with a light heart. If his uncle would only manage to get the rest of the paper for him, he was sure he could tell him where Gilbert's money was hidden.

The next morning when Gus and Jerry Warren joined Uncle Jack at the breakfast table, the former handed out his copy of the cryptogram, together with his translation of it, while his brother stood upon the hearth and "hugged the fire."

"I told you that I couldn't go to the bottom of the matter, because we've got only half the paper," said Gus. "With the exception of the last word in the second line, the words are all there ; that is to say, there are none of them cut in two, as they were in the letter. According to my way of looking at it, there is one letter of that word gone, and that is 'q.' If I am right, the word is 'entrance.'"

"Now, this bangs me," exclaimed Uncle Jack. "How in the world did you manage it?"

Without waiting for a reply he turned his attention to the translation, and read as follows :

"On the left hand side of the—leaning scrub oak tree at entrance —feet below surface. Remove leaves—of years of toil will be revealed —you; it belongs to him."

Uncle Jack could hardly believe his eyes. It was certain that Gus had made sense out of something that was altogether too deep for him, and he could only say that it banged him, and asked again how his nephew had managed it.

"I did as second rate carpenters do when they want to fit a rafter," replied Gus. "I 'cut and tried.' I first wrote all the letters of the alphabet under one another, from A to Z. Then I placed first one letter and then another opposite to them until I made them spell something. At last I found that by beginning with the fifteenth letter and writing the alphabet all over again, placing a opposite o, b opposite p, c opposite q, and so on, I could make sense out of the cryptogram. There's the key," he added, handing over a third paper. "Don't lose it, for I may need it when you get the rest of the cryptogram. That is what troubles me now. If Pete Axley has it, he may not want to give it up on demand."

"I don't reckon he will," answered Uncle Jack. "If he's willing, it ain't at all likely that the trader will be."

"The trader?" repeated Gus.

"Yes ; the one who cheats the Indians at the lower agency. Didn't I tell you that Pete had taken him into his confidence, in the hope that he would be able to read the strange writing that you have worked out with so little trouble?"

"Worse and worse!" exclaimed Gus. "We *have* got a job on our hands, that's a fact. No, you didn't tell me that. How long have Pete and the trader been partners in this business?"

"I don't believe Buckskin Bob told me that," replied Uncle Jack. "All I know is, that the trader is, or has been, working at this cryptogram, as you call it, and that he and Pete intend to divide the money, when they get it."

"I wonder if the trader has ever had any experience in solving cryptograms of this sort," said Jerry, from his place in front of the fire.

"Now, that's an idea," said Gus. "If this is the first one he ever tackled, he'll not make anything out of it ; I can tell him that much. How long has he been working on it?"

Uncle Jack was obliged to confess that he could not answer either one of these questions. He knew that the trader had a copy of the strange writing, that Pete Axley had the original, and that was all he did know.

"Isn't there any law in this country to compel that squaw man to surrender things that do not belong to him?" inquired Jerry.

"Oh, yes ; there's law enough," replied Uncle Jack. "I can walk up to him and tell him that if he don't hand out them papers before I wink twice, I will send him to the happy land ; but you see——"

"I don't mean that kind of law," interrupted Gus. "I mean such law as that which is recognized among civilized people."

"No ; I don't reckon that there's any of that sort that will touch him," said the ranchman. "And I don't say that my way would have the desired effect, either. I don't know that Pete carries his part of the papers around in his haversack, as Buckskin Bob did. He may have 'em hidden somewhere ; and if he found out that we wanted them, he would keep 'em hidden. The only way to get hold of 'em is by strategy. Gus, s'pose you make out a copy of that cryptogram for me ; the Dutch part of it, I mean."

"I will, as soon as I finish my breakfast ; but what are you going to do with it?"

"I don't know that I shall do anything with it," answered Uncle Jack, who had not had time to ponder upon the plan that had suddenly come into his mind. "I've got an idea that it may be sorter handy for me to have it in my pocket. Jerry, you'd better be paying some attention to them pancakes before they get cold. And that reminds me of something that I want to say to you boys. We're going to have a blizzard in a day or two, and you don't want to get caught out in it. If you are, good by to all your hopes of ever seeing home again."

CHAPTER XII.

STORMS ON THE PLAINS.

INSTEAD of coming to the table, Jerry walked over to the window and looked out. It is true that the weather was cold, but it was bracing, the sun was shining brightly, and there was not a single cloud in the sky. But his uncle's last words made him tremble.

He and Gus had already received convincing proof that the "atmospheric phenomena of the plains are on the most stupendous scale." During the month of July, they had witnessed a wind storm which was so terrific that it made even the experienced inmates of the ranch look a trifle anxious. For fury and destructiveness it far exceeded anything it had ever been their luck to see. The hailstones, some of which were five or six inches in circumference, and ragged, shapeless masses of ice, did great damage, splitting the boards on the roof, breaking down fences and killing wild birds and domestic fowls by scores. Uncle Jack lost more than a hundred calves that were killed by these stones.

After the storm was over, one of the herdsmen came in bleeding from more than a dozen wounds. He related that the storm came upon him with a suddenness and rapidity that were startling.

Instead of trying to run away from it, as a tenderfoot would have done, and thereby putting himself in the way of certain destruction, he turned his horse loose, sat down under a bush and covered his head with his saddle, which in some measure protected him. But his hands and one of his legs, which he incautiously exposed, were severely cut, and in several places the leather was knocked off the saddle by the frozen missiles.

"Oh, this ain't nothing," said the cowboy, when Gus insisted that he should have his cuts bandaged. "What I'm worrying about is my horse. Of course the pelting of the stones made him so frantic that he wouldn't think of running for cover, and if he wasn't killed, he may have run fifty miles away. My chances of seeing him again are mighty slim."

"I have heard of stock being stampeded, but I never thought they covered as much ground as that," said Gus.

"Well, it depends on what kind of stock it is," replied the cowboy. "If they drop dead, of course they can't run any further ; but if they've got the endurance to stand up under it, they'll run a hundred miles before they stop."

Jerry thought of all these things while he stood at the window making his observations of the weather, and then he drew a chair to the table and devoted himself to the pancakes.

"I have some curiosity to see a blizzard," said he, at length, "but I hope none of our people will be so unfortunate as to be caught out in it. What's it like, uncle?"

"Well," said the latter, slowly, "I'll say to you as the old Quaker said to his son, when the boy asked him what a toothache was like : 'When thee has had a little experience with it, then thee'll know.' You will know all you want to of a blizzard in less than a week."

Uncle Jack did not suspect how close he was shooting to the mark when he said this. What he meant was, that his nephews would see the storm through the window, without feeling any of the effects of it ; but they didn't. They were much closer to it ; in fact, they were out in it.

"You boys thought that the hailstorm we had last summer was as terrific a convulsion of nature as you cared to look at," continued Uncle Jack. "Well, it was pretty rough, and you saw the damage it did ; but an ordinary blizzard beats it all hollow. It will come upon you out of a clear sky on a warm day like this, and when you get up in the morning, you will find the mercury frozen solid in the bulb of the thermometer."

"Forty degrees below zero?" exclaimed Jerry. "Does it ever get as cold as that out here?"

"I reckon. The wind blows as it blows nowhere else on earth, and it seems to drive every particle of heat out of you. The air is filled with ice—not snow, mind you, but sharp ice; and you run the risk of losing your eyesight if you attempt to face it. During the first winter I spent here, two of my best men got lost in a blizzard, and froze to death in less than a hundred yards of the room in which we are now sitting. That same winter the post surgeon at Fort Lewis performed more than two hundred capital operations on buffalo hunters and railroad men who were caught out in some of the storms."

"And is that the kind of a thing that is threatening us now?" said Gus. "I should think you would take some steps looking to the protection of your cattle."

"Sho!" exclaimed Uncle Jack. "Well, I took some steps this morning, long before you thought of crawling out of your beds, and I am going out directly to help the boys round up the stock, and drive it toward the foothills. If I can get 'em into the timber before the storm breaks, they will be all right ; but if it catches them on the open plain, they'll put out, and that will be the last I'll ever see of the most of them."

"There are a good many things to contend with in this business, are there not?" said Jerry, thoughtfully. "Between the Indians and the storms, I don't see how you manage to keep any cattle on the range. What does a fellow do if he happens to get caught in a blizzard? Does he wait until it is over?"

"Sometimes he does. He has to, for he's dead."

"But some must escape with their lives, or else that surgeon could not have performed so many operations."

"Of course ; but they were lucky enough to reach shelter before they and their animals became so benumbed with cold that they could not move. It sometimes happens that scouting parties are caught out where there is no possible chance for them to go into camp, and they always suffer terribly.

"Major Mix was once caught that way, in a terrific gale and blinding snow storm, and some of his men, after incredible hardships, threw themselves into the snow, and declared that they would die there, sooner than make any more exertions. Orders, backed up with a cocked revolver, wouldn't start 'em, so the major drew his sword and thrashed them with the flat of it, till they were glad to get up and go on. He saved the life of every one of his men by his pluck and determination, but some of the poor fellows were badly frost bitten."

So saying, Uncle Jack pushed back his chair and made ready to go out and help his men round up the cattle.

(*To be continued.*)

HOW HE HEARD OF IT.

THE blue coated guardians of the public peace are not always so well informed, even on subjects connected with their own vocation, as are the keen representatives of the press. Here is an illustration, which we quote from *Life:*

Early citizen—"Horrible murder across the street during the night, wasn't it?"

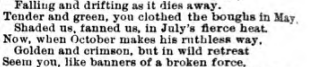
Policeman (who is supposed to have been on duty all night)—"Don't know anything about it; I haven't seen the morning papers yet."

THE SEASON'S LESSON.

BY J. M. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF.

Sad autumn leaves, whirling before the blast,
Eddying and hastening in your fitful play,
Sighing a requiem o'er the summer past,
Falling and drifting as it dies away.
Tender and green, you clothed the boughs in May,
Shaded us, fanned us, in July's fierce heat.
Now, when October nips his ruthless way,
Golden and crimson, but in wild retreat
Seem you, like banners of a broken force,
Like spray crests scattered from a plunging wave;
Faded, you flutter on your downward course,
Withered and carried to a woodland grave.
Yet now, as then, to me good hope you bring,
Life after death, after long winter, spring.

[*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 XXXIII.

RELIEF FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

ANDY LAMB was more excited than he had ever been before in his life. Dolph had told him during the interview at the foot of the hill that the money was contained in a traveling bag. He felt it all over with the greatest care ; and he could hear his heart thump against his ribs as he did so. Was it possible that the money stolen from the banks was within his grasp? It seemed to be altogether incredible.

At the bottom of the bag he could feel some hard and unyielding substances. These must be the instruments used in Poddy's villainous trade. All the rest of the bag was soft and pliable, and he was sure that the remaining space was stuffed full of bank bills.

As he continued to listen Andy heard other sounds in the upper grotto, like the slam of boards on a rock. He concluded that the robber was covering the opening with the boards which Tom Sawder had contributed to the enterprise. After he had waited some time, he was confident that the villain had left the bag for the time, and he thought he would venture to light another match.

By the aid of this light he saw the bag. A cord was attached to it, not simply to the handles, but several half hitches were passed around it, and rigged so that the bearing came on one end. This was doubtless done so that the bag should descend endwise, and thus encounter fewer impediments in its downward passage.

It had come down safely, and rested on the platform. The other end of the line must have been concealed near the top of the shaft.

Andy had only the privilege of guessing why Poddy had made this disposition of the booty. Probably he distrusted his companions, and thought it advisable to put the money out of their reach. He had taken pains to send Tom Sawder out of the grotto, as Andy had heard for himself, and this proved that the hoodlum had not secured the confidence of his employer.

Suddenly Andy's blood was chilled, and he started up from his seat in the boat. What if the robber should change his mind and suspect that his treasure was not safe where he had deposited it? What if he should conclude to bury it? What if any unexpected movement in Montoban, or any other event should compel him to recover the bag?

Andy was appalled at the thought, and he decided to put it out of the power of Poddy to reclaim the bag. But it was hardly safe to do so. The possessor of so vast a sum of money was likely to pull the cord a dozen times a day to assure himself that the bag was still where he had placed it.

Yet at any risk Andy felt that he could not leave the treasure subject to the caprice of the robber. He worked for half an hour untying the fastenings of the bag, for Poddy had done his work in the most thorough manner, though his knots were not nautically correct. But the cord was removed, and the bag placed in the bottom of the boat.

Poddy was sure to handle that line many times, and at the first pull he would realize that the treasure was gone. Then he would descend the shaft himself, if there was space enough to permit him to do so. He was sure to work for a month till he discovered what had become of the bag.

Andy saw that he could not perfectly protect himself in the face of such a contingency, but he could do something to remove the peril farther away from him.

He lifted the bag several times, and obtained the best idea he could of its weight. Then from the loose rocks on the platform he selected one of about the same number of pounds. To this he attached the cord securely, and left it where the bag had been. This would answer for Poddy to experiment upon quite as well as the bag full of bank notes.

Having done all that he could do to fortify his position as custodian of the entire funds of two banks, Andy dropped into the seat in the stern of the tender. He was perfectly satisfied with himself and everybody else. He did not even find any mental fault with Poddy, who had certainly played into his hands in the most accommodating manner, though he had done it without being conscious of what he was doing, and was not, therefore, entitled to any credit.

The only thing that troubled the machinist's son was the consciousness that his usual dinner time had passed without the observation of the customary ceremonies at this hour. More vulgarly, his stomach was grumbling for the want of his rations. He had eaten his breakfast at six o'clock, and it must be two by this time. But there was no restaurant at hand, and there was not the remotest possibility, so far as he had been able

to reason it out, for him to get anything to eat before the gale subsided.

There was plenty of provisions in the upper grotto; and so there was in Montoban; and the food was as available in one place as in the other. With a hundred and fifty thousand dollars within his grasp, he was feeling the early pangs of hunger.

While he was lamenting the necessity of submitting to the growlings of his empty stomach for an indefinite period, his attention was attracted by a series of strange, unfamiliar sounds. But they did not come from the cave above, and they did not excite his fears, only his curiosity. The noises entered the cave through the main entrance, and came from the lake.

Andy listened to the sounds for some time without being able to define them. They were like the puffings of a steam engine; anywhere else he would have said that a steamer was approaching Bunkel Island, for the sound came nearer every moment. There was no steamer on Lake Montoban, and of course the noise could not come from one. This point was settled decisively in the mind of the listener.

He felt that he was then in charge of mighty interests, and that he ought to know what was coming, if anything.

Moved by this reflection he cast off the line at the side, and with it tied the treasure to the bottom of the boat, so that by any unforeseen accident the tender was upset, the bag would not be carried to the bottom by the weight of the tools in it. Drawing the boat to the mouth of the cave, he obtained a view of the lake in the direction of the channel.

It certainly was a day of surprises, and there seemed to be no end of them. In spite of his faith in the fact that there was no steamer on Lake Montoban, one was coming up the channel. She was a craft of considerable size, with a saloon deck and cabin above the main deck.

Andy was quite as thoroughly surprised and confounded as he had been at any time before that day, except when the treasure of the two banks dropped within his grasp.

When he came to look the strange craft over in detail, after a general view which did not take in particulars, he saw the word "Lily" in large gilt letters on the front of the pilot house.

The name explained to him that it was the steamer from Lake Modogo, which the owner was trying to sell. Some said she could not get over the shoal at the foot of the lake, where it flowed into the Bondego River. There she was, and in some way she had come into Lake Montoban.

The gale had been increasing in force all the time since Andy retired to the cave, and the lake was in a state of terrible commotion. The Lily was pitching on the crests of the waves, though she seemed to Andy to be going only at half speed, even with the wind astern of her. She was a screw vessel, and she rolled a good deal, as well as pitched.

Andy shook his handkerchief at her, and at the risk of being hailed by the robbers, he shouted for her to take him on board. To his great satisfaction she headed towards the cave, and soon stopped her propeller.

"Is there water enough there?" called the man in the pilot house.

"Twenty feet and more," replied Andy.

The steamer came near enough to the rocks to smooth the water between the tender and her hull, and Andy pulled out to her. When he came alongside he untied the bag and passed it to the engineer, who had come to his assistance. Together they hauled the tender on deck.

"Do you know Lake Montoban, young man?" asked the engineer when they had secured the boat.

"Every foot of it," replied Andy, confidently.

"Captain Boscook wants a pilot, for he don't know this lake," said the engineer.

Andy, with the bag in his hand, went up to see the captain.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CAPTAIN BOSCOOK IN A BAD SCRAPE.

THE captain of the steamer rang the bell to go ahead as soon as Andy was on deck, as she had begun to drift rather too near the rocks for the repose of his nerves. The water was deep enough for her close to the shore, as she was in no danger.

"Who in creation's name are you?" demanded Captain Boscook, as the bearer of the big bag entered the pilot house.

"My name is Andy Lamb. I could not get off the island in the little craft I have with me, for it would have been swamped in the first big wave that struck it," replied Andy, as he looked squarely into the face of the commander of the Lily, who was also her sole owner.

Andy had seen him before in Montoban, though the owner had not applied to him to purchase the steamer. His gaze was not returned, and the captain had hardly looked at him when he came into the pilot house. The passenger saw that he was very nervous and uneasy. The engineer had told Andy that the captain wanted a pilot; and he might have put it in much stronger terms, and said that Captain Boscook was well nigh scared out of his wits by the storm and the unknown perils of the navigation.

He looked as though he expected his beautiful steamer would be split in twain the next moment by some hidden rock. He had fixed his gaze upon the white-capped waves ahead of him, and he seemed to be afraid to remove it even for an instant.

"Do you know anything about this lake?" asked the captain, in very shaky tones.

"I know all about it," replied Andy.

"Do you know where the rocks are?"

"Every one of them; I have sailed over every foot of water in Lake Montoban a great many times. I know how far it is from the bottom to the top wherever you put me on this pond," replied Andy, rather exaggerating his knowledge, and going considerably beyond the literal truth, though he was really the most competent pilot on the lake.

"Then you are just the fellow for me!" exclaimed Captain Boscook, looking at his passenger almost for the first time. "I thought you might know something about the lake or I should not have dared to stop for you."

"I have been sailing on Lake Montoban for the last two years, and I ought to know something about it."

"At any rate, I guess you know more about it than I do," added the captain, with evident relief.

"Where are you bound?" asked Andy, though he had no doubt the boat was going to Montoban, as she was headed in that direction.

"What did you say your last name was?" asked the captain, with a sudden stroke of energy, as though something had come to his mind.

"Lamb; Andrew Lamb; but everybody calls me Andy."

"Lamb! That's it! Then you are the son of the engineer of the Onongo Mill?" continued the captain.

"My father was the engineer of the Onongo; but he is now at work for the Montoban."

"Singerlay's son spoke to me about you, and said you could run the Lily if his father would let him buy her. I'm glad to see you, for I reckon I'm in a bad scrape," said Captain Boscook very anxiously.

"What sort of a scrape are you in?" inquired Andy, as he deposited the heavy traveling bag under the seat behind the wheel.

"I wouldn't think you would ask that question," said the captain, with a glance at the passenger, apparently to see if he was not making game of him.

"I don't know that I should be expected to know the scrape you might happen to be," replied Andy, as he looked at the bag to make sure that it had not dropped through the bottom of the steamer into the deep water of the lake.

"Can't you see for yourself?" demanded Captain Boscook.

"I really don't see anything that looks like a scrape, and I think I can see all there is to be seen on board," answered Andy, looking all about him to ascertain if any part of the boat was stove or missing; but he could discover nothing.

"Don't you see the lake?" asked the captain, impatiently, as though he thought his new companion must be very stupid.

"Of course I see it; and I think it is a remarkably fine sheet of water," said Andy, laughing in spite of himself. "I have never been on Lake Modogo, and it may be finer than Montoban for aught I know."

"I guess you are trying to make fun of me," added the owner.

"Not at all, Captain Boscook!" protested Andy.

"I guess you never went on a steamer any," answered the captain.

"That's the case, sir; my father used to be the engineer of a steamer on the Hudson. I used to go with him a good deal, and I have steered the boat a great many miles, and had charge of the machine for hours at a time. Between trips the steamer sometimes made excursions out to sea, and I have steered when the water was decidedly rough. I think I know something about a steamer."

"I guess the boot is on t'other leg then," added Captain Boscook, with the nearest approach to a smile that Andy had seen on his face. "I don't know more about one than I do."

"I don't say that, sir."

"I guess you had better take this wheel, Andy Lamb," continued the captain.

"I will take the wheel if you say so," replied Andy, as the owner stepped aside for him to do so.

"You did not tell me where you were bound when I asked you," said the new pilot.

"I was going up to the south side of that island, and I meant to turn round there."

"Then you are not going to Montoban?" asked Andy, greatly disappointed; and he looked behind at the bag under the seat.

"I guess not!" exclaimed the owner. "Of course I'm not going to Montoban today!"

His tones were very decided on a very simple question, in which no great issue seemed to be involved; and the pilot could not see why the owner was so earnest about it. Of course he had a reason, for he had just said he was in a bad scrape.

"I am sure I don't understand you, Captain Boscook," said Andy, puzzled as much by the manner as by the words of his companion in the pilot house. "You said you were in a bad scrape; but you did not explain the nature of it."

"I should think you might see for yourself."

"I really can't see anything."

"Can't you see that I am caught out here in a bad storm?" demanded the owner, almost angrily, and as though it had required a desperate effort for him to admit that he was frightened. "I was a fool to start when I did."

Andy wanted to laugh, as he looked at the bag; but he did not care to jar the feelings of his companion who had been kind enough to take him on board, though he had done so in the hope of obtaining a pilot.

"Sparks, the engineer, said he wouldn't go with me at first; and I am sorry he did not stick to it," continued Captain Boscook. "He is a good deal more scared than I am; but both of us have got it bad."

"Why didn't you come about and return if you thought the weather was too bad for you?" asked Andy.

"I couldn't do it!" protested the timid owner.

"Why not?"

"Because I couldn't turn round. You see I didn't know how bad it was till we got about three miles this side of Bushrod; and the waves were bigger there than they are here."

"I don't see why you couldn't come about, though I am glad you didn't."

"It wasn't safe to turn round in those big waves. When I got the steamer all ready to sail after she was built, I hired a sailor from New York who had been in such boats, to show me how to manage her. He told me it wasn't safe to come around in a very heavy sea."

"Where were you going in the steamer?"

"I was going to Montoban; I want to sell the boat, for half I'm worth is in her and she don't pay on Lake Modogo. I guess I can get Singerlay to buy her for his boy."

Andy did his best to persuade Captain Boscook to do as he intended, and go to Montoban; but he refused.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE GALE ON LAKE MONTOBAN.

ANDY could not and did not deny that Lake Montoban was violently agitated by the fierce gale that was blowing from the northeast; but he insisted that the Lily ought to weather the sea without any great difficulty. He had seen the lake in a worse condition in the spring and fall, though never in the present season.

"Is there anything weak about the boat or her engine?" asked the pilot.

"She is as strong as she was the day she was finished," replied Captain Boscook. "But I should as soon think of jumping into the lake and trying to swim to Montoban as of going in any boat."

"If I had the Dragon here, Dolph Singerlay's sloop, I should put two reefs in her mainsail, and sail for Montoban without thinking that I was running any great risk," remarked Andy, with one eye on the treasure bag all the time, for the Lily was now under the lee of Bunkel Island, on the south side, where the water was comparatively smooth, and the pilot had rung to stop her.

"You wouldn't catch me in any boat such a day as this," the owner insisted; and Andy realized that it was useless to battle with the fears of the timid voyager.

"If you want to sell your steamer, Captain Boscook, you must prove that she is stiff, weatherly and safe when there is a little wind on the lake," added Andy, as a last argument.

"If you are afraid of her, Mr. Singerlay will not want to buy her."

"I guess I won't risk the boat and my life to show him that she can stand a hurricane. I never went out in her on our lake when the wind blew hard."

"Here we are; and what are you going to do?" asked Andy, terribly disappointed at the result of the conference.

The machinist's son had a lively imagination, practical as he was in the business of life; and he had considered from the first the scene when the Lily arrived at Montoban.

Thousands of people would gather on the shore to see the steamer, for such a sight had never been seen on these waters before. The storm, and even the rain, which had just begun to fall, would not keep them in the house with such a spectacle within reach.

The boat could not make a landing in the rough sea in front of the town, and he should pilot her to the boathouse of Singerlay, where she would be perfectly sheltered from the storm. The mighty magnate of the lower town would meet him on the deck or on the shore, and then he should have the supreme felicity of handing over to him the bag containing the funds of the two banks, informing him at the same time that his son was on Bunkel Island.

His heart leaped when he thought of it. But the owner of the Lily would not go to Montoban that day, and it was a grievous check to the enthusiasm of the pilot.

"What are you going to do?" asked Andy, repeating the question which the owner did not answer.

"I hardly know what to do," replied Captain Boscook.

"If you will run up to Montoban, I will do the best I can to persuade Mr. Singerlay to buy the Lily; and on account of some circumstances, I think I should succeed," continued Andy, when he found the owner was undecided.

"I wouldn't go across that wide place ahead if he would give me double the price I ask for the boat," protested the captain. "I don't know what to do. The water is smooth here."

"All right; we will anchor here," suggested the pilot.

"Anchor? We haven't got any anchor. Two of them belong to her, but I put them more to lighten her in going over the shoal."

"Then we can't remain here, for most likely we should have to stay all night, and I shouldn't want to drift about in the dark," said the pilot. "We had better go down the lake and get the anchors."

It required some eloquence to convince Captain Boscook that it was safe to do this, for he had been terribly frightened off Pink Point, where the sea was heaviest. But the pilot carried the point at last. Then Andy asked if there was anything to eat on board, and was told where he might find all he wanted.

On the lower deck he found a regular galley, or kitchen. The engineer, who was even more scared than the captain, made a meal with him, and helped him to the meal he wanted. The pilot assured him there was not a particle of danger to the boat as long as the engine held out, and was properly cared for.

Sparks had never even seen any other steamer, and the Lily had never left her pier before when it blew as hard as at the present time. But he was reassured by the talk of the pilot.

When Andy had finished his hearty meal, he returned to the pilot house with the bag in his hand, for he would not leave it for a moment. The captain wanted to know why he lugged that heavy bag about with him when it would be as safe as anything could be on the steamer. Andy knew that he did it because he did not believe what he said about the safety of the boat.

Andy rang the bell, and Sparks started the engine. Andy had not lost all interest in the island, and he decided to go through the strait on the return, though he knew it was the roughest place on the lake. The captain did not know it, and he said nothing.

The pilot knew all about the depth of the water, and he ran the Lily as near to it as it was prudent to go, for he wanted to see if there was any one stirring on Bunkel.

He wondered if Poddy had yet discovered what he had on the end of his line in the shaft. Of course the occupants of the cave had seen the steamer before this time, for she had been at the south of the island for over an hour.

Andy watched the shore, and carried his gaze all over the island; but no one was to be seen, though he had no doubt that Poddy and Tom were observing the movements of the Lily. They did not show themselves.

"It blows harder than ever," said Captain Boscook, as soon as the Lily reached the western point of the island, where she was exposed to the full rake of the blast. The waves certainly mounted higher here than at any other point of the lake. The wind was dead ahead, and the course of the steamer was directly against the sweep of the billows. The owner declared that he had never seen anything like it before.

The waves broke against the bow, and deluged the forward deck with water. Sparks shouted through the speaking tube that the waist was all afloat. But the Lily did not roll in this sea, and her motion was not so disagreeable as it had been when she was going before it.

"Put on your hatches, if any are off, and give her full steam!" shouted the pilot through the tube.

The owner went to the main deck to see that everything was secure. He returned soon, and said that no water could get into the hold.

Under the direction of the pilot, the Lily behaved exceedingly well, and in a few minutes she had passed through the strait. The captain began to grow again his confidence, and Andy declared that the steamer was a first rate sea boat. She was as stiff as a rock, and could stand five times as much sea as she was getting. The captain was cheerful, and became a different man.

In three quarters of an hour, in spite of the head sea and the strong wind, the Lily reached the foot of the lake.

Andy considered the question of landing at Bushrod, and for two reasons decided not to do so. First, he would have to ride fifteen miles to get home, a part of the way in the night, and he would not risk it. Second, Captain Boscook wanted him to remain on board and pilot the boat to Montoban as soon as the weather would permit.

The boat went to the point where her anchors had been left, or as near it as the water would permit, and brought them on board in her tender. There were four staterooms on board, and one of them was assigned to the pilot. He conveyed the treasure to it, and slept with it under his head that night.

He was very tired, and he slept as soundly as though he had been in his own bed. At the first peep of day, Captain Boscook came to his door and said that it had cleared off, and he was ready to start for Montoban as soon as he had steam enough. Andy had arranged his plan, and he too was ready to start.

The Lily went first to the Bay of Islands, and Andy showed the captain where he could lie in safety. The owner wanted to go to Montoban. Andy said he was doing a job for Mr. Singerlay, and he might sell the gentleman to purchase the Lily. He could not explain it yet, but the owner would know all about it soon. If the steamer took part in the enterprise, the magnate would be likely to buy her.

Captain Boscook did not like to wait, but he had learned to place a great deal of confidence in Andy, and he concluded to trust him. The boat was run over to Bunkel; and the captain was to take the steamer over to the Bay of Islands when Andy left her, as he intended to do.

Andy had carried his bag to the pilot house. The captain wanted to know what he had in it.

"It does not belong to me, and I have not opened it," replied the pilot of Lake Montoban. "But I know this: if you should take this bag to Mr. Singerlay, he would buy your steamer as soon as he looked into it."

"What is in it?" asked Captain Boscook.

"I have not the key, and cannot open it. I must leave it in your care, and if you keep it safely, your boat is sold."

The owner promised to do so; but he did not even know that the banks had been robbed, for he had not been on shore for three days.

Andy kept out of sight, as the Lily approached the island; and at the place where he had boarded her, he launched the tender without being seen by either the robbers or their prisoners.

(To be continued.)

QUICK WORK.

IT has been left for the demand for the latest news from the base ball field to achieve the honor of obtaining a device for supplying it in next to no time.

From the *Island Printer* we learn that Mr. Wilkins, pressman of the Chicago *Mail*, has recently patented an invention, the employment of which has enormously increased the circulation of that journal.

About half past five one afternoon a visit was paid to the press room by the *Printer's* reporter. The plates were already on the cylinder, containing a detailed description of the match up to the sixth inning.

In these plates were inserted a number of square black blocks, with the names of the contesting clubs preceding them. At the telephone, near the presses, was seated a teller who announced the results of each inning, received directly from the ground, to the pressman standing ready, die in hand, to impress on the respective blocks the required figures.

As soon as the result of the ninth inning was received and the totals inserted, the machines were set in motion, and in twenty two seconds from the announcement of the result, a paper containing an account of the game was placed in the visitor's hands; in less than a minute the newsboys were selling them on the street, and before the crowds at the grounds had dispersed the *Mail* wagon was on hand to supply the demand for the "Extra."

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

A NEW STORY BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

Another unusually interesting story will be commenced in next week's number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, *No. 255. It bears the title of*

WALTER GRIFFITH;

—OR—

The Adventures of a Young Street Salesman.

It is the latest work of Arthur Lee Putnam, author of "Ned Newton," "Tom Tracy," and "Number Ninety One." Mr. Putnam's previous stories have proved him to be one of the best writers for young people of the present day, and "Walter Griffith" is fully as dramatic and interesting as anything he has yet produced. The hero is an orphan who comes to New York from the country, determined to make his way in the world. His manliness and courage will make him a favorite with all our readers, and enlist their sympathies with him in the many trials that fall to his lot.

Four new serials, each of surpassing merit and by a noted author, have now been commenced in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY *within five weeks, and stories by Edward S. Ellis and Horatio Alger, Jr., will follow very shortly. Such a magnificent array of serials as this was never before presented by any paper. Tell all your friends of the wonderful feast of good things which is now being provided by* THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

OUR YOUNG SOLDIERS.

THE articles on the formation of a cadet corps recently published in the ARGOSY are destined, we hope, to be instrumental in securing permanent good results for young America. The military companies which several of our readers have been successful in forming will undoubtedly prove not only pleasant but instructive and beneficial to hundreds of the boys of this country.

If any one questions the value of the training given by such organizations, we recommend him to read the interesting article by Lieutenant Hamilton published on the fourth page of this number. The soldier author states forcibly the high claims and the vital importance of his profession, as well as the excellent physical and intellectual culture it bestows.

A boy can get a great deal of useful information by a little military training, while it will deepen his chest and strengthen his muscles as few other kinds of exercise can. And at the same time it will make him a better citizen—one better able to help his country when the hour of need comes.

AMERICAN NAMES.

AN article in a contemporary magazine recurs to the subject, briefly treated some months ago by the GOLDEN ARGOSY, of the inappropriate or unmelodious character of a large proportion of American geographical names. An inspection of a map of the United States suggests this very forcibly. Why should an American city be called after Troy, Syracuse, or Rome? Why do we find a Cicero, an Ovid, or a Manlius in this country? Why does the most original nation on the earth borrow its names from the Old World, with or without the prefix "New?" Why is any one permitted to saddle a town which might otherwise have prospered with such a cognomen as Billingsville or Simpkinsville, or again such as Jingo, Truly or Ubet?

If we go through the list even of our great towns, we shall find few names to which one of these objections does not apply; New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans—nearly all are classical or foreign. Chicago, Milwaukee, and Buffalo are almost the only appropriate ones among our leading cities.

The best and most truly American names are those that come to us from the Indian aborigines. Where these could not be obtained, a little judgment would generally suggest an appropriate Anglo Saxon title. But unfortunately the invention of the pioneers, surveyors, or post office clerks who christened new settlements did not keep pace with the rate at which fresh names were called for, and they were compelled to fall back on their school books. Hence the present state of things, which we fear it is too late to remedy.

A CONTEMPORARY remarks that the cost of graduating at Yale or Harvard would buy five hundred acres of good land in New York State. Without depreciating the value of a collegiate education, which to many is priceless, we recommend the fact to the consideration of any who may be considering whether it is wiser for them to take a course at college or enter some business.

WHILE the ARGOSY is a warm supporter of all manly exercises, it holds that the line should be strictly drawn between sport and brutality. There can be little doubt on which side of this line the custom known as the "cane rush" stands. The recent death of a Brooklyn clergyman's son from injuries received last winter in the cane rush at Columbia College seems to show that such a relic of barbarism should be abolished at once.

MR. MUNSEY'S NEW BOOK.

"AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY," which was so kindly received when it appeared in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY two years ago, has just been issued in book form by Cassell and Company, New York. It is a narrative of a boy who finds himself adrift in New York, homeless and friendless, knowing neither whence he came nor whither he is going. It tells of the wonderful series of adventures that befel him, and of his brave struggle to discover his parentage and reach the position which he believed to be rightfully his.

"Afloat in a Great City" is a handsome and fully illustrated volume of 385 pages, beautifully bound in cloth and gilt. We mention its publication here, because many of our readers have asked us where they could obtain the book. It costs $1.25, and can be ordered at any book store; or we will send it from this office, 81 Warren St., New York, on receipt of the price.

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

WHAT ARE THEY?

NEW YORK recently rejoiced in the possession of a pair of babies about which there was more talk than was awakened by the birth of Jay Gould's first grandchild with all the prospective millions he is to inherit. And yet these two infants had neither fortune nor family, and were considered by their relations as worth something less than the price of two tomato cans, for it was with these homely articles that they were purchased in Africa, their sister being included in the bargain.

The three were named He, She, and It, but She died before reaching New York, and It soon followed her. They were the offspring of a female member of a tribe of natives living beyond Victoria Falls on the Zambezi River, Central Africa, a region scarcely ever trodden by the foot of other white men than those figuring in the stories of Rider Haggard and Mr. Barnum. But last winter a trader did penetrate so far and thereby discovered the three extraordinary children under discussion.

The mother, it appears, was stolen away when a young girl and carried off among a strange race, where she was kept a prisoner and where He, She and It were born to her.

She finally managed to escape, carrying her babies with her, but was so exhausted when she reached her friends, that she died before she was able to throw any more light on the mystery.

The little creatures thus cast upon the charity of the world had no tails, but the greater part of their body was thinly covered with hair of a reddish color. In shape they were entirely human, and the sole survivor of the interesting family has been intrusted by his owner to the care of a colored nurse, to whom he has taken most kindly.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

The Greatest Living Poet.

THERE are very few who will dispute the claim of Alfred Tennyson to rank as the foremost of living poets. Browning, Whittier, and Swinburne have their circle of devoted admirers; but there can be little doubt that the literary historian of the future will single out Tennyson as the representative singer of the latter part of the nineteenth century.

And his renown is a thing in which Americans may glory no less than his immediate countrymen. In the realm of poetry, if in nothing else, the two great branches of the Anglo Saxon race are one; and the works of the author of "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King" are, to use the familiar phrase, household words wherever the English tongue is spoken.

To pass Tennyson's poems in review, and point out the qualities that stamp them with immortality, is impossible within the limits of this brief sketch. We can give only the outline of the poet's life and a few of his personal characteristics.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

He was born in the year 1809, at the little town of Somersby, Lincolnshire, of which his father, the Reverend Clayton Tennyson, was rector. Born to moderate wealth, the future laureate received the usual education of the English country gentleman's son, and graduated at Trinity, the foremost college in the university of Cambridge.

His poetical gift had already begun to develop. A medal is offered every year for the best English verses written by a Cambridge student, and this was carried off by Tennyson with a poem named "Timbuctoo," which, unlike the successful pieces of most years, showed real merit.

In 1827 appeared the earliest of his published verses, when he joined with an elder brother in issuing a little volume entitled "Poems by Two Brothers." This was a collection of short lyrics, few of which are included in the later editions of his works. Yet they showed great promise, and attracted much attention, which was increased by a second volume from Alfred Tennyson's pen, published in 1830.

At that time the wonderful group of English poets who adorned the first quarter of the nineteenth century was passing away. Byron, Shelley, and Keats had died; the muse of Scott and Coleridge was dumb; Wordsworth and Southey had grown old among their northern mountains. Where should a worthy successor be found to these giants of song?

Tennyson soon rose above all other new aspirants. His fame grew as his genius matured. Another volume of short poems appeared in 1832, and in 1842 "English Idyls," which contained some of his very best work, such as "Dora," "The Lord of Burleigh," "Morte d'Arthur," as well as "Locksley Hall" and other noteworthy poems.

Five years later appeared the first of his more sustained efforts, "The Princess," and in 1850 "In Memoriam" was published, though it had been written some years earlier. The last named, which is to many minds the finest of Tennyson's works, was a tribute to the memory of his intimate friend Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the well known historian, who was his fellow student at Cambridge, and whose brilliant career was closed by an early death.

The year 1850 was marked by two other events in the poet's life: his marriage to Miss Emily Selwood, and his appointment as poet laureate, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Wordsworth. Although there are no duties attached to this office, it was, nevertheless, as the spokesman of the English nation that Tennyson produced his "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" in 1852. "Maud" was published in 1855, during the Crimean war; and then "The Idyls of the King" appeared at intervals from 1859 to 1872. This series of Arthurian legends, uniting to form a noble epic, of which "Morte d'Arthur," already mentioned, was a fragment, is perhaps Tennyson's greatest work.

Meanwhile "Enoch Arden" and other shorter poems had been given to the public, but the poet now began to turn in a new direction. His later years have been mainly devoted to writing dramas. "Queen Mary" (1875) and "Harold" (1877) were of the kind known as cabinet dramas, but latterly their author has made experiments in writing for the stage. His success, however, has been only partial. "The Cup," produced by Henry Irving at the Lyceum Theater, London, was well received by the critics, but "The Promise of May" proved a decided failure.

Tennyson's later works have been by no means equal to those of his prime, but they amply show that in his old age he retains his faculties to a wonderful degree. As our readers are doubtless aware, he was not long ago created a peer, with the title of Baron Tennyson. If such distinctions are to be maintained at all, they could not be better bestowed than in recognition of such merits as those of England's greatest poet.

Tennyson's private life has been singularly happy and uneventful. His home is near Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, one of the fairest spots in England. Hence he emerges but seldom in answer to the many pressing invitations that he receives from the outside world. In London society, where he is much sought for, he appears very rarely.

Some four years ago he went so far as to rent a house in the metropolis, but he found the restraints of society intolerable. He drove about in a somewhat ancient carriage, and in the warmest weather still wore his poetic cloak. Once, it is said, he lit his long "church warden" pipe in the park, thereby suggesting to Edmund Yates the following parody of "The Lord of Burleigh":

> "Through the park and gardens going,
> Piccadilly and the Strand,
> All day long his 'bacca blowing.
> All agape the people stand."

But though he is somewhat unconventional, Tennyson is far from being a misanthrope, without friendships and sympathy with his fellowmen. No poet was ever more admired by those who knew him, or more free from jealousy of his brother singers. Take, for instance, his graceful allusion to Longfellow as

> "him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones;"

and his tribute to Wordsworth, when he speaks of himself as having received the laureate's

> "laurel greener from the brows
> Of him who uttered nothing base."

Tennyson's home life is extremely simple and regular. He breakfasts early, and then gives an hour to correspondence, with which one of his sons assists him. Then he composes, smokes, or saunters in his garden, often doing all three at once. He lunches with his family, and generally goes out again in the afternoon, sometimes returning to his writing if an inspiration seizes him. He works slowly, and sometimes spends a whole day in polishing two or three verses.

To sum up our criticism on his poems in a few words, it may be said that while their matter is generally beautiful and sometimes grand, their form is almost perfect. No writer except Shakespeare has produced so many lines whose epigrammatic neatness has made them rank as proverbs. All in all, Tennyson is undoubtedly the representative poet of the present era.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

[*This story commenced in No.* 253.]

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.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FLIGHT AND THE PURSUIT.

IT was simply a matter of life and death with Van Briscoe, and self preservation is a law of nature.

Launching the spear at his would be assailant—with a very marked result, to judge by the cry of pain that followed—Van wheeled in his tracks and fled in an opposite direction.

By this time the entire village was in commotion. Torches flashed hither and thither—loud and excited voices were heard, and for once at least the usually apathetic Mumurus, disappointed of another white man's head to add to their collection, were in a high state of excitement.

Van, who had completely lost his bearings, sped on through the darkness, once or twice running into a recently roused Indian. Without stopping to apologize, he kept on in his flight.

But the Indians against whom he stumbled quickly gave the alarm, and in a moment or two the hue and cry was turned in the direction he had taken. A dozen torches, waving wildly in the air, moved swiftly toward him. As his eyes became a little accustomed to the darkness, Van saw that his aimless flight had brought him to the bank of the wide stream where the raft was moored.

Suddenly the remembrance of the little canoe came to his mind.

Springing upon the raft, Van ran swiftly over the logs to the further end, just as a howling mob came rushing down to the beach.

Luckily for Van, he had several times adventured himself in a canvas canoe owned by one of the St. Mary's boys. So, despite the urgent need of haste, he took time to place himself in the bottom of the frail craft with due caution. Then, casting loose the rawhide painter, he pushed off.

And not a second too soon. A wild eyed, half naked Mumuru, waving a flaming torch above his head, dashed out on the raft. He was closely followed by another, who, dropping on one knee, fitted an arrow to the bowstring.

The glaring light of the torch clearly revealed the dark savage faces and gleaming white teeth of his enemies. As the eye of the kneeling Indian glittered along the slender shaft, Van, who had no other resource, drew the revolver and fired. A yell of terror attested to the result of the hasty aim, and seizing the paddle Van sent the light canoe spinning out into the darkness. He had gained at least temporary safety, for the deep gloom that overhung the wooded banks of the river concealed him from his enemies.

He heard the whizzing of arrows and the soft "plash" as they fell on the water about the canoe, but in another moment he had shot round the bend in the stream.

Van suffered his boat to drift downward with the current, keeping as nearly as possible in the middle of the stream, whose densely wooded shores, indistinctly seen through the gloom, swept past with considerable rapidity.

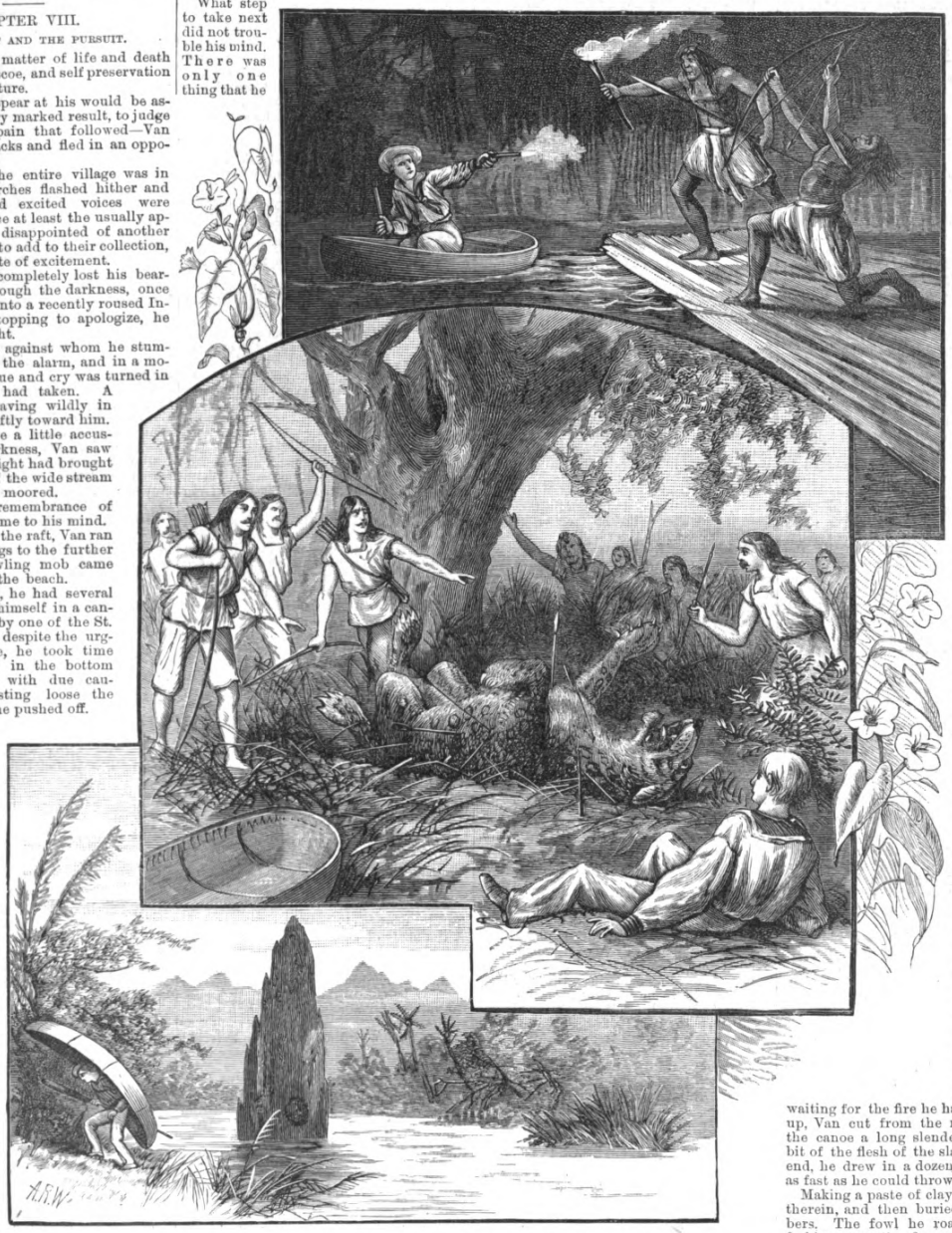
In less than half an hour he had reached the junction of the smaller creek with the Canuma. Drawing the canoe under the overhanging branches of an immense cluster of tree ferns, he "tied up" till morning—it being impossible to get further in the darkness.

Laying himself at uneasy length in the canoe bottom, Van drew a long breath. For the first time since his escape he had leisure for connected thought.

What step to take next did not trouble his mind. There was only one thing that he *could* do—that being to go forward. He could not hope to overtake Bob Martin and Tom unless they had been delayed in some way, yet he could reach Canuma Lake with ordinary good fortune. Once there, unless the whole thing was a myth, he would find those who would help him—or in the words of his uncle Richard's message—"*whoever shall reach Canuma Lake, bringing this letter, which has the imprint of the royal seal, has no further difficulty. His or their responsibility ceases, and such person or persons are taken in charge by others.*"

Revolving these thoughts, together with confused memories of the startling events of the past twenty four hours, in his mind, Van fell fast asleep.

He had resolved to wake with the first gleam of day. But into his leafy, shaded retreat, neither the glimmer of dawn nor the rays of sunrise could penetrate, and the sun itself was two hours high before Van opened his eyes with a drowsily vague idea that he was stretched in a coffin.



VAN SEES THE GREAT JAGUAR BROUGHT DOWN BY THE ARROWS OF THE STRANGE DWARFISH HUNTERS.

Leaving the leafy covert, with a heart full of thankfulness, Van took the opposite direction, and, after two hours of steady paddling, ran the canoe ashore in a little cove, with a view of hunting up breakfast.

Here he began to notice an entire change in the landscape and surrounding scenery. The palms, cacaos, and white trunked rubber trees were replaced by an entirely new and strange growth.

There was an entire lack of underbrush, and from the river banks long reaches of grass covered plains stretched out for countless miles—an immense unfenced pasture for thousands upon thousands of wild cattle.

Another thing that Van noticed as he stepped ashore was the seeming absence of fear on the part of the bird and animal kingdom.

Humming birds of every conceivably brilliant hue flashed past him within reach and poised themselves above the gaudy passion vines and strangely shaped orchid blossoms. A large white cockatoo with a yellow crest eyed Van with thoughtful contemplation from a mimosa tree a couple of yards away. And a troop of diminutive monkeys with ludicrous baby faces perched themselves in a row on a fallen tree trunk, like the "ten little Injuns sitting in a line," and watched him in silent curiosity.

A few moments later Van knocked over a wild peacock with a shot from his revolver. At the report the birds took flight, while the monkeys fled shrieking with affright, and he experienced a half guilty feeling at having thus disturbed the peace of this primitive solitude.

While he was waiting for the fire he had kindled to burn up, Van cut from the rawhide painter of the canoe a long slender strip. Tying a bit of the flesh of the slain peacock to one end, he drew in a dozen or more large fish as fast as he could throw them ashore.

Making a paste of clay he rolled each one therein, and then buried them in the embers. The fowl he roasted after a rude fashion over the fire, and only for lack of that simple yet almost indispensable seasoning—salt—Van would have made a most enjoyable breakfast.

As it was, his hunger was satisfied, and having wrapped the fragments left over in a banana leaf, which he placed in the canoe, he made a brief reference to his chart.

At a rough estimate, he judged Canuma Lake not to be over a hundred miles, or less than three days' journey, distant. Greatly encouraged, he started on again.

But row began by far the most difficult part of the voyage. The river had narrowed from nearly a mile in width to less than half that distance, and the current increased in strength, while at short intervals

Remembering where he was, he was carefully standing upright in the bottom of the little craft, and looking around him, when a long double end canoe, manned by more than a dozen Mumurus, swept swiftly past his hiding place.

Pausing for a moment at the mouth of the stream, they held a brief consultation—some pointing up the Canuma, others down, or in the direction from which Van and his companions had previously come.

To Van's great delight, the latter course was finally decided upon, and in another moment his enemies were hidden from view by a bend in the river.

it was broken by dangerous rapids and waterfalls.

Luckily for Van his canoe did not weigh much more than twenty five pounds, so that when he reached places where navigation was an impossibility, he ran the little craft ashore. Then, shouldering it, he made his way as best he could around the fall or rapid to the smoother water above.

But the difficulties thus encountered seemed insurmountable at times, and only that turning back meant almost certain death in one form or another, Van would more than once have given up in despair.

His clothing was nearly reduced to rags —his stout walking shoes were full of holes, and though the mosquito districts were left behind the bites of tiny red ants and other tormenting insects almost drove him frantic.

He had to force his way through nearly impenetrable ravines into which the light of day apparently had never shone, and over marshes where the atmosphere reeked with foul miasmas from the rotting vegetation and slimy pools on every hand.

Van knew that his late companions must be worse off than himself. Their boat was far too heavy for a portage or "carry," and they must have abandoned her, to pursue their journey entirely by land on one side of the river or the other, encumbered by the weight of their guns and such necessaries as they felt obliged to take.

But he listened in vain for the distant report of firearms, and equally in vain did he strain his gaze hoping to see some far away column of smoke indicating their camp fire.

The long stretches he was enabled to make in his canoe, in the slack or comparatively smooth water between the irregular occurrence of rapids and falls, served to give his blistered and aching feet a little rest. But though he fought desperately against the feeling, Van could not but know that he was growing weaker every day from fatigue and lack of proper food.

He had grown to fairly loathe the scorched flesh of the wild fowl which he shot with his revolver from time to time, and even preferred the rather rancid taste of the turtles' eggs that he found in abundance in the sandy patches along the shore.

Occasionally Van was lucky enough to discover an anthill whose original occupants had been evicted by a swarm of small stingless black bees. The honey, instead of being stored in comb cells, was enclosed in perfectly round balls of black wax one and two inches in diameter. This Van found very delicious.

But three and even four days had passed, yet he could see no signs of an approach to the looked for lake. On the morning of the fifth day Van woke from an unrestful night's slumber in his canoe, with every bone in his body aching terribly, and a sensation as though a band of red hot iron were welded about his forehead. Cold chills ran over him from time to time, succeeded by intervals of heat in which he seemed to be burning up.

But the will power is a wonderful factor in sickness. Had Van been differently circumstanced, he would have dosed himself with quinine, and given himself up to the fever of the Brazilian interior.

As it was, grimly telling himself that he couldn't afford to be sick, he swallowed a mouthful or two of turtle meat crisped over the coals, washed it down with a draught of river water, and paddled out into the stream.

Fortunately he had reached a comparatively easy stretch with a sluggish current, and weak as were the strokes of his paddles, Van was enabled to make considerable headway. Then, too, the sun was partly veiled in a soft misty haze not unlike that of a New England October, and a cooling breeze blew up the river, tempering the intense heat.

At some little distance ahead Van saw in the very middle of the stream a tall basaltic rock or column, which at a nearer approach he discovered to be of a dull reddish color not unlike porphyry. Around its base the river ran with considerable force, yet so hard was the formation that there was not the least appearance of its having been worn by the action of the water.

CHAPTER IX.

DRAWING NEARER TO ITAMBEZ.

WHEN nearly opposite the column, Van noticed with surprise that the surface was graven in places by the hand of man.

There were strange hieroglyphics in regular rotation, and not entirely unlike the pictures he had seen of those found among the ruins in Yucatan and Mexico.

But conceive his wondering amazement when a nearer approach showed on the front of the column the device or insignia of the serpent encircling the hand holding a lighted torch, deeply cut on the front of the rock, in such heroic size that it could be seen from either bank of the river.

For the moment Van forgot his privation, hunger, aches and pains.

Here was at last a convincing proof that admitted of no question as to the reality of the province he was seeking—a mark, perhaps, of the beginning of the boundaries of Itambezi the treasure land!

Above the sculptured pillar the river bent abruptly to the west, and the tall forests on either hand gave place to a lower growth. And as Van's canoe rounded the green curve, his heart gave another great throb of joy.

Outlined against the distant horizon were the irregular snow crested summits of a far reaching mountain range, whose dimly seen slopes were veiled in misty tints of purple and blue. And Van did not need to refer to the letter chart to know that these were the mighty Cordilleras which encircled the sought for province and city of Itambez. They were the mountains among which was the canyon through which flowed the very river whose course he was following.

As nearly as he could judge they were from forty to fifty miles distant, though in reality—as he afterward knew—they were much further.

The roar of a waterfall beyond a turn in the river warned Van that another portage was before him. With anything but cheerful anticipations of a two or three hours' tramp through marsh and morass, entangling creepers and forests strewn with rolling tree trunks, Van paddled ashore at a convenient landing place, and lifting the canoe, which seemed to weigh far more than it had ever done, he took up his line of march along the river bank.

With aching head and dizzy brain, Van staggered on, thankful to find that it was comparatively easy walking owing to the sudden absence of underbrush.

Lofty trees different in size and shape from any he had seen, giving cooling shade, and soft rich grass, grateful to his tired feet, invited him to rest.

Putting down the canoe with a sigh of relief, he dropped beside it, and languidly wiped the streaming perspiration from his face with a handful of leaves.

The breeze died away as suddenly as it sprang up, and the hot, suffocating sultriness was almost unendurable.

Thicker and thicker grew the hazy atmosphere, yet there were no gathering storm clouds, neither the distant signal of thunder.

A strange and unearthly stillness was brooding over the face of nature. The parrots and lories had ceased their perpetual chatter of love or warfare in the tree tops. The distant bellowing of howling monkeys, which can be heard almost any hour of the twenty four, had died into silence. Even the roar of the far off waterfall had a curiously subdued sound—or so at least it seemed to Van's overwrought and excited nerves.

"If there is going to be a thunder tempest I ought to be looking for a place of shelter," he told himself. Yet he could see no chance of cover excepting the trees themselves, and a tall tree is hardly a safe refuge in a tropic thunder shower.

A deep yet distant rumble, which, strangely enough, seemed to come from beneath rather than overhead, reached Van's ears. Still there was no heavy gloom, such as generally presages the thunder storm.

Again and again he heard the sound, sometimes protracted, sometimes in volleys like distant artillery.

If he had been almost anywhere excepting in the heart of an unexplored tropical country, Van might have thought a battle was going on miles away. As it was, he hardly knew *what* to think.

Suddenly, a sullen roar, that came from the very bowels of the earth, almost caused his closely cut hair to erect itself like the often quoted quills of the fretful porcupine.

According to the brief record I find in Van's notebook, there is no such terrifying sound in nature as that which he then heard. And when, a second later, he felt the solid ground shaken to and fro, and rolling him from side to side as though he were the merest atom, a sickening sensation of fear took possession of him.

Again that awful rumble, a thousandfold louder and deeper! As he reeled to his feet to fly -whither, he did not know—Van was thrown violently down.

Before he could rise, there was a different motion—a direct upheaval—and Van mechanically clutched at the short grass as though to hold himself down.

Then a third rumble came, but died away in an indistinct muttering. The ground jarred slightly, as though shuddering at the previous throes, and gradually Van began to realize that the earthquake had spent its force.

Whether it was the cause or not of the obscuring of the sun, Van noticed that, as the face of nature regained its wonted composure, the air was filled with a fine, almost impalpable, grayish white dust, which slowly settled down and completely hid the green of grass and foliage, producing a most singular effect on the surrounding landscape.

And this it was which suggested to him that a volcanic eruption had taken place not many miles away. And what more natural to suppose than that the volcano itself was one of the mighty peaks which overtopped the province and city of Itambez?

In the tropics the recovery from almost every convulsion of nature is strangely sudden.

Ten minutes after the last shock, the birds and animals had resumed their wonted ways.

Bright colored lizards from an inch to a foot in length scuttled through the grass at Van's feet; squirrels chattered in the trees, and a pure white monkey made impudent grimaces in his very face. Feeling sick and faint, he dragged himself to the shelter of a mimosa bush, and tried to collect his scattered senses.

A rustling in the underbrush, and the sharp rattle of claws against a neighboring tree trunk, arrested his attention. With an effort, Van languidly raised his head from the green sward.

A thrill of fear, partly due to his strained nerves, passed over him as a pair of glittering yellowish green eyeballs met his own; and he saw crouching on the limb of a wide spreading tree, not fifteen feet away, a spotted jaguar, or tiger cat, as large as a half grown leopard, and fully as dangerous.

As though fixed in his place by that strange fascination with which the serpent charms the bird, Van's faculties seemed for the moment to be perfectly benumbed, and he sat spell bound and motionless.

He forgot that in his pocket was a loaded weapon. Indeed, as he has since said, he thinks his brain was temporarily paralyzed —if such a thing be possible.

The lithe, long limbed animal seemed drawing itself together for the expected spring. Its tail moved gently from side to side, as you may have seen a cat preparing to pounce upon a luckless mouse.

A sound, which Van instinctively knew to be the twang of a bowstring, broke the stillness of the drowsy atmosphere.

Simultaneous with the sound, something whistled through the air from behind the thicket, near which Van was reclining.

The jaguar, snarling fiercely, threw its graceful head backwards, and bit savagely at the shaft of an arrow imbedded in its shoulder.

"Twang" went another bowstring, and a feathered shaft buried itself between the animal's ribs.

Another and another followed in quick succession. The snarls of the savage animal, whose attention was now diverted from its prey, were changed to moans of pain.

All at once its claws began slipping from the smooth bark. Catching convulsively at leaves and twigs in its descent, the jaguar fell to the ground—a convulsive quiver ran through its frame, and the limbs dropped limply on one side—the tiger cat was dead!

And now occurred a strange thing. A bare headed boy of eight or ten years of age —or thus it seemed to Van—wearing a sleeveless, short skirted shirt over loose white breeches reaching to the knee, came running swiftly over the green sward in the direction of the fallen animal. He was followed by another and another, till more than twenty had clustered about it.

None of them seemed to notice Van, who himself was not quite sure but the whole thing was part of a sort of temporary delirium. He lay reclining on one elbow, half hidden by a mimosa bush, feeling his former symptoms of lassitude and pain coming on.

As nearly as he could tell from where he lay, there was hardly an inch of difference in the hunter's height, which at most was little more than four feet.

"What next?" muttered Van, rubbing his eyes; "do the people in this part of the world send children out hunting tiger cats?"

For all were armed—some with bows and arrows as long as themselves, and others with feathered lances.

Van could hear their voices—proportioned to their tiny frames—in animated discussion over the dead jaguar. And then an involuntary exclamation, suddenly forced from his lips by the strange darting pains through his back and loins, drew all eyes toward himself.

That the fiend of fever had him in his clutches Van was fully assured. For as he dropped back on the grass, he was no longer Van Briscoe, but by some strange metamorphosis he had been changed into one Gulliver among the people of Lilliput!

These were not boys, but tiny bearded and mustached men of diminutive though perfect proportions, who quickly surrounded him. Thus much he made sure, before his heavy eyes fell, and the terrible stupor crept slowly but surely over his brain.

He even felt that they were binding him hand and foot, and then was conscious that his revolver, the pocket compass, matchsafe and his knife were taken from different parts of his person.

But when Van's shirt was rudely torn open in front, and small hands explored the compartments of the money belt about his waist, he made one tremendous effort, and, opening his eyes, vainly struggled with his bonds.

Whether it was part of his delirium or not, Van has never been perfectly sure. But as nearly as he can remember, he was conscious that a sudden silence had fallen upon the Lilliputian throng.

One of their number held in his small hands the letter he had taken from Van's money belt. Raising it above his head, he seemed to point to the imprint of the seal.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, his bonds were severed. Gentle hands raised his head, and questions in an unknown tongue were uttered in his ear, but all in vain. The deathlike torpor he had first felt began to return—he shivered convulsively—there was a sound as of something like the discharges from a galvanic jar snapping in his head, and then Van Briscoe became mercifully unconscious.

CHAPTER X.

CANUMA LAKE.

WHEN Van Briscoe woke to consciousness his head was not very clear regarding what had happened to him, or how it was that he found himself lying in a very comfortable grass hammock, which was swinging easily to and fro through no volition on his own part.

He recalled the sensations of the earthquake shock, and his subsequent escape from the threatened attack of the jaguar. Then in immediate connection came his singular vision of the Lilliputian men.

Raising his head, which felt light and dizzy, Van looked curiously about him.

The hammock was swung from the opposite posts in a large airy structure. One side of this was open, admitting air and light, and affording an uninterrupted view of a number of unusually small, neatly built huts, with conical tops skillfully thatched with rushes, held in place by cords of twisted grass.

The walls, like those of the larger structure in which he was domiciled, were of stout upright canes, wattled with willow withes and coarse grass. And sitting under the shade of broad leafed trees, whose foliage hardly admitted the sun's rays, were groups of the little men and women whom he had thought of as part of his delirium.

And as little by little the mists cleared away from his mind, Van called up certain things he had read in books of travel regarding races of small people which have been mentioned by various explorers.

As, for example, the inhabitants of the Andaman Islands, whose stature seldom exceeds four feet five, while the average is but little over four feet; and the pigmy people known to exist in the far interior of Central Africa, as also another distinct race in the unexplored regions of India.

So as he watched the movements of those under his own observation, Van's first bewilderment gave place to a sort of languid interest, particularly as he noticed that both males and females, as well as the tiny children playing about the grass, had pleasant, regular features, not unlike those of the true creole, with jetty black hair and eyes.

Instinctively, as the motion of his hammock suddenly ceased, he turned his eyes inward.

And as they fell upon the motive power which had been swinging his hammock, he laughed outright.

A large white monkey, of the Albino tribe peculiar to Brazil, was squatted on the cane flooring of the hut, holding one end of a cord attached to Van's hammock between its paws. Overcome by the warmth, Jocko had dropped into a short drowse, and was nodding like a Chinese mandarin.

Suddenly a new comer appeared—whether woman or young girl Van could not at first determine. She was not more than four feet high, but admirably proportioned, with the tiniest hands and feet imaginable, and a profusion of straight silky black hair flowing unconfined over the back of her simple attire, which consisted of a sort of waist and short skirt of native cloth.

The small female's first and essentially feminine act was to box the monkey's ears, thereby awaking him to a sense of neglected duties.

And then, as her bright eyes met Van's, a pleasant smile crossed her infantile features, saying as plainly as words could speak :

"Ah, you're better—that's well!"

In another moment she had disappeared through the door frame, (door there was none) returning almost instantly, holding a small jar of porous clay in her tiny hands.

Standing on tiptoe beside the hammock, she held the jar to Van's lips, signing him to drink the contents. It was palm wine in which had been stirred bruised leaves of some herb. Though slightly bitter, the draught was delightfully cool and refreshing and Van swallowed it to the last drop.

"Why, I feel better already," he exclaimed, forgetting that he was speaking in an unknown tongue. But his voice, smile, and accompanying action of sitting upright in the hammock, made his meaning plain to the quick witted little woman. She smiled approvingly, and in a clear, bird-like voice called out something intended for some one outside of the dwelling.

Immediately one of the small masculines entered, who, as Van judged from something in his simple attire a trifle superior to that of his fellows, might be a sort of head man among them.

In his hands he held the letter taken from Van's belt. This he pressed to his forehead, making a sort of obeisance. Then, giving it back to Van, he pointed with one finger in the direction which from the position of the sun Van judged to be the south, at the same time glancing with a look of intelligent inquiry into the young fellow's face.

Returning the letter to its receptacle, Van nodded emphatically. Then, not without effort, he rose from the hammock, and, in obedience to a deferential gesture from the little man, followed him into the open air.

The Pocotas, as this strange race is called by the Brazilians, seemed remarkably free from the unpleasant inquisitiveness characterizing semi civilized peoples. True, Van was regarded with very evident curiosity, yet all held themselves at a respectful distance, as, seating himself under a wide spreading tree, he awaited with considerable interest the result of a prolonged conference between the head man of the Pocotas and a number who had gathered about him.

All Van's unpleasant sensations of the previous day had passed away. He no longer alternately shivered and burned, while the pain had entirely left his head. And this he attributed to the effect of some sort of potent medicine, which, he dimly remembered, had been forced between his lips at intervals during the night.

A curiously carved calabash, containing fowl prepared with rice and highly seasoned with red pepper, was placed before him, together with a spoon neatly fashioned from tortoise shell. And when Van handed the bowl back to the little attendant it was empty.

Meanwhile the consultation had ended. At a sign from the diminutive chief, one of the men returned to Van the compass, match box, cup, revolver, pistol and cartridges taken from him the afternoon before, but it was very evident that the Pocotas, who eyed them with a sort of respectful awe, had no conception of their use.

Then, followed at a little distance by almost the entire population, Van was guided to the river banks but a pistol shot distant.

Here he found his canoe. In the bow was a wicker basket full of food, while beside it was a large jar of porous clay containing a preparation not unlike lemonade.

That the Pocotas were aware of Van's destination was very evident from what had passed. How much more they knew of the province on the very outskirts of which their own little tribe were suffered to dwell, Van could form no idea further than to judge by certain indications that they held the people of Itambezi in great awe.

Pointing up the river, the Pocota chief waved his hand in a circular sweep which Van understood to mean Canuma Lake. Next he held up two fingers, and this, Van felt quite sure, indicated two days' journey, as the stock of provisions which had been provided were sufficient to last about that time.

His canoe was carefully deposited in the water, and Van shook hands with a number of the friendly little people who pressed forward to bid him farewell.

And then, taking his place in the bottom of the Mumuru canoe which had done him such good service, Van resumed his paddle and his journey, quickly losing sight of his kindly entertainers around one of the frequent bends in the river.

And now neither rapids or waterfalls were encountered. Again the river widened, and the sluggish current was easily stemmed. Feeling better, stronger, and even light hearted, Van sent his little craft skimming around with a strange thrill of exultation at the thought that he, a New England boy, was probably the first white man who had ever penetrated so far into these mysterious wilds.

Nearer and with increasing grandeur loomed up the mighty mountain ranges, which with the exception of the Andes are perhaps the highest on the continent.

Their crests and summits, covered with perpetual snows, were hidden among the clouds. Lower down began lines of green, deepening into stronger tints of olive, with here and there vast slopes and granite peaks rising in a thousand irregular and fantastic shapes.

Along the river banks from time to time Van caught glimpses of massive ruins, which were perhaps the remains of cities built by the people of whom the most ancient history has no record; a race who ruled and reigned several thousands of years—so antiquarians assert—before the era of the Incas or the time of the Aztecs.

Still on through the long day, which was followed by a night of refreshing slumber on the soft grass a little back from the river's edge, undisturbed by fears of the dampness and miasmatic vapors of the lower lands.

Another day and another night, and then as the green river banks began to crimson in the rays of a morning sun, which turned the drops of dew on fern and flower into precious gems, Van saw before him the longed for Lake Canuma.

No wonder that involuntarily suspending his paddle, he sat for one brief moment almost holding his breath with delight.

Spreading far and wide on either hand, the smooth surface had the dull luster of gold in the sunbeams. It was flecked here and there by little patches of mist, that drifting asunder disclosed small islands thickly covered with foliage. Herons and ibis, curlews and kingfishers skimmed across the crystal expanse in every direction, while the air around was resonant with the chatter of parrakeets and the twittering of smaller birds of gorgeous plumage.

On every side grew clusters of strange aquatic plants, and wonderful pinkish white water lilies with a leaf six and even eight feet in diameter, which floating on the surface afforded a resting place to innumerable small water-fowl.

As the mists rose and dispersed, Van saw, a little distance ahead, an island of considerable size, rising to some height from the water's edge. Its top was crowned by the white walls of what seemed to be a ruined temple, and all at once Van's heart gave a great throb of expectancy!

For clustered on the summit of the ruin, as though it were a watch tower, he made out a group of men. He intuitively felt that these were they who should guide him to the province and city of Itambez.

(To be continued.)

A DOG THAT WON A MEDAL.

An English captain was recently presented with a silver medal for saving life under rather curious circumstances.

The Steamer Muley Hassan was passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, when the captain's retriever showed great signs of restlessness, and eventually jumped overboard. A boat was lowered, and the dog was discovered holding the collar of the coat of a drowning man lying across two oars.

We hope the captain will hang the medal round the neck of the retriever whose sagacity certainly earned it for him.

SUCCESS.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Success sways with the breath of heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know,
For we are like swimmers in the sea,
Pois'd on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall,
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the high desert waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know:
Only the event will teach us in its hour.

THE "QUEER FELLOW" AT SEA.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

On board every British ocean going ship carrying a small community of from ten to twenty souls, isolated for from three to four months from intercourse or communication with the rest of mankind, there is to be found a character known among all his shipmates as "the queer fellow." The subject's claim to the title varies in degree from a slight amount of queerness occasioning him to become the mere jocular butt of the crowd, to an intensity of it such as exposes him to a terrible fate.

I will first give data by which my facts can be had. My opinion, which I freely expressed to them, was, it would only serve them all right if he opened some of them up. The mate asked what I thought of the affair, and I told him that if they would only leave the man alone he would do no harm.

The captain was a cool old gentleman, and I think he saw through the affair, for he ordered the man not to be touched or meddled with at all. The man was left very much alone. From that day out he lived in his lair, undisturbed and avoided like some dangerous wild animal. Twice a day he would come out and sharpen his long sheath knife on the grindstone. His appearance came to be looked forward to as a thrilling event; all hands would scatter and leave the vicinity in a way that did one real good to see. For several days I enjoyed the terrified trembling of some of the man's worst persecutors when forced while at work to go near the little fastness their victim had barricaded himself behind.

I carried food to him regularly, as he would not take the food sent him by the steward from the captain. I also washed his clothes from him once. At this time had the captain shown a moment's weakness or given a look of encouragement the hunt would have been up and the poor creature killed like a rat in a hole. As it was, he was not harmed and did not harm any one. As soon as the ship came near the bank of the river at Bassein he took to the jungle. Six days after he was taken by the police, living peaceably among some hospitable Burmese villagers. Before the commissioner he was treated as a deserter, and on account of his conduct on board was given by a witness in court. The commissioner sentenced him to three months' hard labor, and we left him in prison. I have not the slightest doubt but that the imprisonment was good for him. The impartial treatment he would meet with would soon restore his temper, while I hope three months' intercourse with Europeans so improved his English that he never figured again on board an English ship as "queer fellow."

STRANGE FISH IN A STRANGE POND.

Of the numerous new "strikes" of oil that have been reported recently, the most complete story is one that comes from Oregon. It includes a bottomless cavity in the earth, a fountain of pure petroleum, and an original feature in the shape of a race of oleaginous fish.

A man named George Brooks, according to the *Gazette*, of Heppner, Oregon, was prospecting for gold last spring in the wild Big Horn Mountains. He didn't find much mineral, but claims that he did make a good oil strike.

He says that his prospect is in a pool in a hidden and wild gully of the Big Horn Mountains. The pool is sunk in solid rock, is circular in form, about a hundred feet in circumference, with waters of an unfathomable depth, and is covered with a sheet of oil, unbroken and nearly pure, to a thickness of nearly six inches. The oil is rapidly generated from the pool depths, the quantity rising above the six inch level being carried off through numerous orifices in the pool's rocky sides in constantly fed rivulets. These rivulets fall into an enormous cavity in the earth which yawns apparently bottomless.

But this oil pool has also oil fish. These fish are in shape not unlike the eel family, and have a decided advantage over their fresh water prototypes in slippery characteristics.

This singular fish is very active in movement, and darts to and fro in its native oil with an almost inconceivable velocity. As the fish moves it leaves a luminous wake, and after nightfall the surface of the pool presents the brilliant appearance of a never ending flame wave.

The fish is easily caught with a hook and line, and never tires of biting a piece of fat pork and fragments of candle. It fails to tempt the appetite to any great extent, as the frying pan reduces its flesh to a pan of oil. It is good for purposes of illumination. Placed head downward in a receptacle prepared for the purpose, the tail end is ignited, and the oil torch thus obtained illuminates the cabin or dugout with a glow as brilliant as it is cheap, convenient and unique.

The water of the pool is rather cold immediately below the oil surface, but grows hot as greater depths are penetrated. An egg placed in a small, water tight tin vessel, and lowered to a depth of a hundred and fifty feet is boiled hard in four minutes. But eggs are too scarce around there to experiment with.

AN OUT DOOR CIRCUS;

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY G. K. WHITMORE.

"GEORGE, do you think it is safe for you to attempt to ride that horse over to Brightwoods? Hadn't you better get one of the men from the stable to do it, and give him his fare to come back on the cars?"

"Nonsense, Grace," I replied. I've ridden horses before, so you needn't bother to hunt up bandages and arnica while I'm gone."

In this confident humor I left my sister, and betook myself to the livery stable where my cousin Leila had kept her saddle horse while visiting at our house. She had been called home unexpectedly on a rainy day, and had left word that I could ride Fleet to Brightwoods—some eight miles distant—when I returned from college for my usual Sunday with the family.

But of this I knew nothing until I arrived early Friday afternoon, when my sister informed me of Leila's suggestion, supplementing it with the foregoing proposal of her own.

Candor compels me to add that Grace was not wholly without ground for her distrust of my abilities as an equestrian. I am an enthusiastic wheelman, and, in descanting on the joys and benefits of bicycling as contrasted with horseback riding, had often taken occasion to remark that a bicycle was entirely under the control of the rider, and could have no will but his, while a horse was possessed both of inclinations, habits, and temper of his own.

At the same time I had always taken pains to emphasize the fact that the man who could ride a bicycle could also ride a horse, while the reverse was by no means the case.

But as it happened I had never ridden Leila's, which she had not owned very long, for whenever we had gone out together, I had always been mounted on my steed of steel.

On reaching the stable I arranged to have the side saddle sent on to Brightwoods by train, procured a man's saddle for myself, and at three o'clock was assisted to mount by the hostlers.

It was a glorious autumn afternoon, and as I cantered through the town I promised myself a most enjoyable ride, even if it was to be accomplished on four legs instead of two wheels.

Fleet went beautifully, and I was glad Grace was at the window as I passed the house.

"She can see for herself that I'm as much at home in one kind of a saddle as I am in another, even if I am not quite as comfortable," I reflected.

I rode on at an easy gait for about half an hour, when I began to grow very thirsty.

"I'll stop at the first drug store in Brightwoods, and get a glass of Vichy," I resolved, and encouraged Fleet to move a little faster.

In due course the houses on either side became more numerous, and shortly afterwards I drew rein in front of Music Hall, the ground floor of which was occupied by the handsome pharmacy of Phizz and Sizzler.

Having doubts as to my ability to remount without assistance, I decided to stick to Fleet's back, and have the Vichy brought out to me.

So after a short series of gesticulations directed at the clerks inside, and much enjoyed by two or three lounging small boys without, I succeeded in attracting the attention of one of the former, and made known my desire.

The fellow looked as if he wanted to scowl at me for making him come to the curbstone with the glass, but I was determined not to run the risk of creating a circus on Main Street, aside from which I feared to intrust Fleet to the care of a hitching post.

It seemed to take a long while to draw that Vichy, but finally the young man appeared with it. I put out my hand to take the glass, and had just clasped my fingers about it when that horse wheeled around as if suddenly placed on a pivot and given a twirl.

Every drop of the Vichy was sent over the dudishly attired drug clerk, but I still hung on to the glass.

Round and round waltzed Fleet, taking a diagonal course to the other side of Main Street.

"Give him the whip!"

"Jerk his head!"

"Drop the glass!"

These and various other suggestions were shouted to me by members of the two crowds that had rapidly collected on both sidewalks.

But I was so thoroughly amazed, not to say dazed, by that horse's unaccountable performance that I could do nothing but hold on like grim death, to Fleet with my knees, to the reins with my right hand and to that empty glass with my left.

Still round and round I was whirled until my head began to grow dizzy and both sides of the street seemed run into one and to be rushing past me like a quickstep panorama.

I hallooed "Whoa" incessantly, and tugged at the reins in a helpless sort of fashion without producing any visible result.

By this time we were on the opposite side of the street, and I remember dimly wondering whether Fleet would keep on turning till he brought up against a store window. But I was saved the expense this would have entailed by the presence of mind of an old lady with an enormous yellow covered sun umbrella.

Seeing that the corkscrew course we were taking would bring us into her immediate neighborhood, and evidently being too far transfixed with terror to flee, the old lady stood her ground and began opening and shutting that umbrella as if her life depended on it—as she doubtless thought it did.

This frightful vision acted like a charm on Fleet, as indeed it did on me, for at his first glimpse of it he ceased his circular movement and darted off down the street like an arrow, while I was surprised into dropping the Vichy glass, thus giving myself a chance to pull on the reins with both hands.

But I might as well have hoped for results from pulling on the anchor of the Great Eastern. Fleet's mouth appeared to have turned to iron, and instead of slacking his pace he broke into a gallop that soon carried me out of the business part of the town.

On and on, faster and faster he dashed. If I live to be a hundred and three, I don't believe I shall ever get the sound his hoof beats made on the hard road, out of my head.

I knew I was on a runaway horse, and yet, although I am free to confess that I was in mortal terror and didn't feel in the least brave, my brain was quite clear and I even caught myself thinking: "Well, George Marsten, you've often wondered what a person's sensations must be when he's being run away with. Now you've had a chance to find out at first hand."

Then I noticed, too, particular points along the road, such as the little bush stuck on the top of banker. Pulver's new house, showing that the mason's work was finished; and that a curb had been placed at the end of the sidewalk on Willow Street, of which I made a mental note to be remembered the next time I came that way on my bicycle.

And yet all the while I knew that I might never mount my wheel again; indeed, I even went so far as to surmise how many more minutes I would be in a condition to know anything.

Of course I saw the men who came running out from the sidewalk or from the gardens to throw their arms wildly above their heads (why is it people will invariably make use of this horse frightening gesture whenever they come within thirty yards of a runaway?) and shouting out something I couldn't understand. I found myself wondering whether they could understand it themselves.

Once I think I should have laughed if the muscles of my face had not been drawn so tense as to render it physically impossible.

A young fellow suddenly turned into the street on his bicycle, and when he caught sight of me and Fleet, bearing down on him like a limited express, he was so terrified that he couldn't seem to do anything but pedal straight forward as fast as ever he could. And as he was headed for the opposite side of the road, this finally brought him plumb against the fence, over which he was dumped into a rose bush and left standing on his head with his legs kicking out like a bull frog's, and the bicycle tilted up against the palings as though it was looking for its rider.

These and other incidents stamped themselves on my brain in turn, with the rapidity of lightning.

My cap had fallen off some distance back, and I certainly must have cut a wild figure, flying through the town like a nineteenth century Paul Revere.

Suddenly off to the right I heard music. It was a band, and they were playing the "Erminie" waltz. At the same instant Fleet swerved around, almost throwing me from his back, and dashed up the street from which the sound came.

The next moment I realized where we were going. The Brightwoods tennis grounds were situated at the head of this street, on the outskirts of a patch of woods, and the band of music meant that a tournament was going on there that afternoon.

Some two or three hundred ladies and gentlemen were gathered about a court in the center, on which a final in doubles was being played. The band was stationed in the ladies' club house, on the other side of the grounds, and towards this Fleet appeared to be shaping his course.

The gate keeper saw me coming and ingloriously deserted his post, and sought refuge by climbing to a seat on the turnstile, at the same instant giving voice to a cry that fairly made me shiver.

Before anybody had a chance to even turn to find out the cause of the shriek (the music had prevented them from hearing the thud of hoofs,) Fleet had struck the lawn and was almost upon the outskirts of the crowd.

I won't try to describe my thoughts at that instant. I will only say that I saw in imagination five, ten, twenty or more mangled forms out of that happy assemblage lying around me on the velvet lawn, while groans took the place of music, and lamentations succeeded to applause. There seemed no possible escape for them.

Half a second more and—but what was this? Fleet had given a sudden lurch and was now tearing off to the left as madly as he had just been rushing ahead. Round and round Fleet kept whirling, till I realized that we were going around in a circle, of which the crowd and the tennis players formed the center.

Two or three times somebody made a dash at Fleet's head, but they might as well have expected to catch a locomotive. Around and around we flew, till on a sudden the music stopped, and presto! Fleet slowed down to a lamb-like trot in half a minute.

Then I slid off, or tumbled off, or was helped off—it isn't quite clear to me which—and everybody began talking at once. Next some man was talking louder than anybody else, and saying that he was sure he had seen Fleet in a circus, which accounted for his behavior while the band was playing.

I apologized for breaking up the game, but the champions said it was all right, and invited me to stay and see them play out the match.

But I was anxious to get that horse off my hands before the music began again, so I declined with thanks, and soon afterwards rode Fleet, who had become as meek as you please, into his mistress's stable.

Leila, I may add, did not remain his mistress very long after that. She sold him to a riding school, where he may enjoy his band of music on state occasions without making a ring of his own to do it in.

THE RUNAWAY HORSE DASHED OFF AT FULL SPEED TOWARD THE TENNIS GROUNDS.

[*This story commenced in No.* 248.]

ERIC DANE
The Football of Fortune

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

ERIC had no sooner announced his name than Doctor Hornway rushed across the room, seized him by the arm, and began to look steadily at his eyes.

"Hold up your head, my boy," he said in a voice strangely altered from its recent gruffness, although there was still discernible in its tones a strong undercurrent of suppressed excitement.

Our hero wonderingly obeyed, while the landlord and Mr. Brookfield looked on in undisguised astonishment.

"Strange," the old man muttered; "the visual organ seems steady and the general demeanor is quiet, too. An interesting case to study—very," and relaxing his hold on Eric's arm for an instant, the doctor rubbed his hands together in evident enjoyment over some anticipated pleasure.

But the landlord's curiosity could be held in leash no longer.

"Um, ahem!" he began; "do you think the young man is ill? I am sure I did not notice anything of the sort before you arrived. He may be merely pretending, you know——"

"Tut, man, no more of that," sharply interrupted the doctor. Then, glancing out of the window, and perceiving that the storm still raged furiously, he added: "Can you accommodate us with dinner? I must wait here a while longer to see if that Forrester does not turn up."

"Certainly, with pleasure. The table will be ready for you in five minutes," and the gratified host bustled off to the kitchen.

"Are you going to detain this young man, Doctor Hornway?" asked Mr. Brookfield.

"Detain him!" exclaimed the other. "Most certainly I am. Why, he is a——"

The rest of the sentence was whispered in Mr. Brookfield's ear, so Eric could not catch it. But he saw the start that the younger man gave, and heard him say: "No, it can't be possible. I see no indications of anything of the sort."

"But didn't you just now hear him call himself Eric Dane?" broke out the old man. "And have you so soon forgotten that that was the name of the poor young fellow who was killed three days ago in that terrible railroad accident?"

"True; that is strange;" and Mr. Brookfield favored our hero with a mingled look of fear and pity that caused Eric more disquietude than all the doctor's wild invectives had done.

"But I really am Eric Dane," he exclaimed, starting up from his chair. "It's all a mistake. I was not killed in that accident. It is a plot to rob me of my inheritance on the part of my cousin John Tilbert at Cedarbrook."

"There, hear!" triumphantly ejaculated the doctor at this point. "He mentions Tilbert and Cedarbrook, so it cannot be a mere coincidence of name. No, I cannot be mistaken, I think. The lad who strayed away from Morris Meadows was under the delusion that he existed in the name of some one else, and always a person deceased."

What did it all mean? Eric was completely mystified. It was evident that neither of the gentlemen placed any credence in his story, but why had the doctor's manner altered so suddenly? And who was this person who had strayed away from home, and with whom the old gentleman seemed determined to connect him?

"I give it up," he said to himself, "but as the old man doesn't look upon me as such a villainous character as he did half an hour ago, I suppose it can do no harm to remain passive and see the adventure through. Besides, I don't care to go away till I learn what has become of that young chap with the bicycle."

At that moment the landlord appeared to announce that dinner was ready.

"Come, Eric," said the doctor, rising and taking him by the hand—"as if I was a little boy," our hero muttered to himself.

"But why should he call me Eric?" he further reflected, "if he believes me to be an impostor? And, greatest mystery of all, why should he invite me to dine with him?"

However, this last was a proceeding to which Eric was not at all inclined to object. Indeed, he was so hungry that he paid but little heed to his companions at table, and hence did not observe the frequency and attentiveness with which they looked at him.

"I think I've earned this meal honestly," he told himself, recalling to mind the services he had rendered young Weldon in the matter of recovering his bicycle.

As they rose from the table a carriage drove up to the door.

"Did you see anything of a young fellow waiting around here with a buggy and a speckled white horse?" Eric heard a familiar voice inquire of the landlord.

"It's Forrester!" exclaimed Doctor Hornway, and he hurried out to the porch, not forgetting, however, to take Eric by the hand in that same peculiar fashion.

"I owe you a thousand apologies," exclaimed the young man with the glasses, hurrying forward as soon as he caught sight of our hero. "You see when I get going for a good spin over first class roads I usually forget everything else, and besides, I was eager to tell my sister how lucky I had been in getting my machine back. So I ran straight past the spot where I had agreed to wait for you, and never thought of you or the horse and buggy till my sister asked me if I didn't meet her husband and Doctor Hornway."

"And why didn't we meet you, I should like to know?" here interposed Mr. Brookfield.

"Because I turned off just above here to take a coast down Bobber's Hill," replied young Weldon, adding, as if inspired by a sudden recollection, "and that reminds me, there's Lucy out in the carriage now, Larry. She insisted on coming along for fear I'd forget to report if I found you."

"Well, now that everything has been straightened out," began Eric, "I'll go——"

"Yes, yes," quickly put in Doctor Hornway. "I'll take you right along with me. Landlord, please have my bill made out and send that buggy of mine around to the door."

"Are you going in the direction of Cedarbrook?" inquired our hero, in some surprise, for as yet he had not the faintest conception of the fate that was in store for him.

"Certainly I am, and will be glad to have your company."

Doctor Hornway spoke hurriedly as he dropped Eric's hand and turned to whisper a few words to young Weldon.

ERIC HASTILY KNOTTED ONE END OF THE SPREAD ROUND THE LEG OF THE BEDSTEAD.

Eric noticed the start the latter gave, and then the odd look he cast towards himself. The next instant, with a hasty "Good by," he started towards the stables.

In a very few minutes the doctor's buggy was at the door, and presently Eric was seated beside him on his way toward Cedarbrook. At least, so he fondly imagined. During the drive the old gentleman by a few questions drew from our hero the story of his treatment at the hands of John Tilbert, although the only comments elicited were sundry ejaculations of surprise, incredulity or compassion. Then, "I am ever so much obliged to you for giving me such a good lift on my journey," said Eric, some twenty minutes later, as the white horse's head was turned in at the gateway of a brown cottage, set in the midst of a colony of towering poplars. "I will get out here," he added, as the doctor gave no sign of stopping.

"Oh, I want you to come in with me," was the reply; and then the old gentleman called out in ringing tones: "Jim, oh Jim!"

A tall, powerfully built negro came hurrying from the stables in answer to the summons. He took the horse by the bridle as the doctor brought him to a standstill in front of a white block at the side of the house.

"Now then," said the doctor, stepping out, and extending his hand to Eric.

"But this is surely not Cedarbrook," objected the latter.

"No, I cannot say that it is," was the reply. "This is where I live, and I want you to pay me a little visit."

"You are very kind," returned Eric, scarcely able to believe that he had heard aright. He added eagerly, as a sudden possibility struck him: "You do believe that I am Eric Dane, then?"

"We will talk of that later," responded the other evasively, as he led the way into the house.

Eric followed wonderingly, and presently found himself in a neatly furnished apartment on the second floor.

"Make yourself at home here," said the doctor, waving his hands from bed to wash bowl in hospitable fashion.

Then he hurried off, *locking the door behind him.*

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TRUNK IN THE CLOSET.

"WELL, that's a nice way to treat a guest," said Eric to himself, going to the door and trying the knob to make sure he had heard aright.

There was no mistake about it. He was a prisoner. What could be the meaning of it all?

Eric dropped into a chair near the window, and tried to think of a solution to the problem. The only conclusion to which he could arrive was the rather unsatisfactory one that Doctor Hornway must be in the employ of John Tilbert.

"But then that is so very unlikely," he reasoned. "It was by the merest chance I fell in with him. Still, it was just at the time I told my name that the old man's manner to me changed so suddenly."

At this moment he became conscious of voices in the next room.

"Eavesdropping under the circumstances is perfectly justifiable, I take it," he murmured, as he rose from his seat, tiptoed softly across the carpet and placed his ear against the flowered wall paper.

"But, Paul," a woman's voice was saying, "is it safe to have such a person in the house? My nerves have been all of a tremble since you told me."

"Nonsense, Priscilla," he heard the doctor reply in a lowered tone, "he is perfectly harmless; besides, I have turned the key on him and you need not see him at all. I shall take him his supper and breakfast, and the first thing in the morning I'll drive him over to the asylum. It's too far to take Zenobia now after the drive that Weldon gave her this morning. Besides, there are several patients I must see this afternoon, which reminds me that I must be off at once. Don't give yourself any uneasiness. He can't get out, and as an additional precaution I'll put Jim on his guard."

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed Eric, under his breath. "They're taking me for an escaped lunatic!"

Everything was made clear to him now. The doctor's abrupt alteration of manner, his desire to look at Eric's eyes, young Weldon's strange glance at him after that whispered communication at the Silver Cup, his present imprisonment!

All our hero's other trials and misfortunes seemed dwarfed to nothingness beside the fate that now hung over him.

"But they'll surely know at the asylum that I have never been there before," he reflected after an instant, with a ray of hope. The next moment he was plunged in gloom again by the recollection of Doctor Hornway's expressed wish to study his case.

"I believe he'd only be too glad to confine me at his own expense. Then the next thing Mr. John Tilbert will hear of the affair, which will just about finish all my chances of getting my rights. If I can only get away now, before the thing goes any further!"

Getting up from the sofa he proceeded to make a thorough examination of the room.

It was a good sized one, and was evidently the guest chamber. There were two windows and two doors in it. Of the latter, one was that which Eric knew was already fastened from the outside, while the other opened into a large closet used as a clothes press.

After ascertaining thus much, Eric turned his attention to the windows. He had hoped to find a piazza roof running along beneath them, but there was a sheer descent to the ground fifteen feet below. This, being the driveway leading back to the stable, was covered with hard blue stone, not an inviting substance on which to risk a leap.

"Now is the time that haystack from the theater would come in handy," said Eric to himself, with a shadowy kind of smile.

This faded quickly, as he turned away and once more made a careful inspection of every object in the apartment.

"Let me see," he muttered, as he completed his round without finding a single peg on which to hang a hope, "it was nearly three o'clock when we got here. I suppose they have supper at six. I wonder if there's any hope of my persuading that doctor when he comes up to bring me mine that he's making a terrible blunder. But I suppose the more I say the worse muddle I'll make of it, as the very fact of my claiming to be Eric Dane is what put it into his head to capture me. No, my only chance is to get away from here to-night, make the best of my way to Cedarbrook, find out through Percy Tilbert or the coachman where that McQuirl fellow lives, and then push my claim right through."

This course mapped out in his mind, Eric became wildly impatient to put it into execution, and began to pace the floor like a caged wild animal.

Suddenly he stopped in the middle of the room, with the half suppressed exclamation: "I wonder if I can't do it!"

The next instant he was in the closet, excitedly running his eye over all that it contained. There were four or five dresses hanging from hooks along the side, a couple of large pasteboard boxes on one of the shelves at the further end, while the space underneath was occupied by an enormous trunk of the Saratoga pattern.

The key was in the lock of the latter, and with fingers fairly trembling from excitement, Eric dropped on his knees, turned back the hasp and threw up the lid.

At this point in his investigations he heard a step in the hall outside.

With two bounds he reached the room, and, picking up a book from the table in front of one of the windows, he dropped into a chair in the attitude of an absorbed reader.

But the footsteps died away further down the corridor, and in another minute Eric was back in the closet continuing his examination of the trunk.

"Tray's in the lid. That suits me to a T," he murmured. "I needn't bother with that at all."

The body of the trunk was taken up with a man's heavy overcoat, a sealskin sacque and two or three winter dresses, the whole smelling strongly of camphor.

"Better yet," exclaimed our hero under his breath. "I think I can get along by taking only a few things out."

Stooping over, he gathered up the sealskin sacque and two of the dresses, and proceeded to hang them behind the other garments already depending from the hooks on the wall.

"There," he said, after he had adjusted the outer gowns to his satisfaction, "I don't believe anybody would suspect that anything had been changed here unless they came to examine very closely, and I mean to fix matters outside so that they won't think that's necessary. Perhaps they won't even open the closet door, but it's best to be on the safe side. Now to try the fit."

Stepping carefully into the trunk, Eric curled himself up into the space that he would be forced to occupy were the lid down.

The trunk, as has been said, was an unusually large one, and being more than half empty, Eric found his quarters not so cramped as he had anticipated.

"My knife will keep the lid open wide enough to give me all the air I need," he told himself, as he sprang out to the floor again and returned to the outer room.

"Let me see," he mused. "I suppose the bedspread will be the proper thing to knot and hang out of the window here to 'give the semblance of flight,' as the novelists say. It's too soon to hang it out now, but I'll have to decide just how I'm going to rig it."

Ten minutes spent in testing the strength of various articles of furniture in the room convinced him that the leg of the bedstead was what he wanted.

"I can push it up close to the window, take out the mosquito bar, fasten the spread properly, and there'll be my escape all right. Only the spread won't reach very far out of the window. But that won't matter. They'll only wonder the more how I dared risk my neck on it. And besides, if it was any longer I might really be tempted to take my chances that way instead of in the trunk. I'll rest for an hour or so now and then begin to put my scheme into operation."

CHAPTER XXII.

ERIC BETRAYS HIMSELF.

"PRISCILLA, oh Priscilla, will you bring up that key? You'll find it on the left hand corner of the dining room mantel piece."

Eric started to his feet in a tremor of excitement. Having had but half a night's rest, and worn out with the adventures of the day, he had dropped asleep while lying on the lounge waiting for the return of the doctor.

It was the latter's voice in the hall calling to his wife that had fortunately awakened him just in the nick of time. Or was it too late?

Wildly, yet as quietly as possible, he tore the spread from the bed, knotted one end of it around the leg of the bedstead, and, hurriedly throwing aside the mosquito netting, flung the other out of the window.

Half a minute later he was in the closet, and just as he carefully lowered the lid of the trunk on himself, he heard the door of the room open and the doctor's voice exclaim: "I am sorry to have been obliged to leave you so long alone, but——"

Here there was an abrupt pause, and Eric heard the old gentleman hurry across the floor, presumably in the direction of the window.

The next instant again the cry "Priscilla, oh Priscilla," rang through the house. But the doctor, in his excitement, could not wait for his wife to appear. Hastening to the head of the stairway, he called down:

"The fellow's gone! Dropped out of the window, made a rope of the spread! But come up here and I'll show you."

"If she doesn't suspect anything I'm all right," reflected Eric, trying to twist himself into a more comfortable position.

"I told you, Paul, I was nervous about your having that lunatic here," he heard Mrs. Hornway's voice saying presently. "And my best spread too. But mercy on us, he never could have dropped all that distance and not killed himself!"

"Where is he, then, Priscilla? Look about you. He couldn't possibly get under the bed."

"Have you looked in the closet?" and Eric felt himself grow pale as he heard approaching footsteps.

"But what would be the use in his concealing himself in a place and leaving the door open?" (How thankful our hero was that he hadn't had time to close it.)

"Well, he isn't here, and I guess you must be right," was Mrs. Hornway's reply. "What are you going to do about it, Paul?"

"I s'pose I'll have to let him go," the old man responded regretfully. "But it's a great disappointment to me, Priscilla. I don't know when I have come across so interesting a case of mental aberration, and I had it in mind to request the authorities at the asylum to allow me to make a special study of it. I am afraid I made a mistake in locking the fellow in. But I knew you would be nervous otherwise, and I could not take him with me on my rounds very well. But who's that just drove up to the gate?"

An interval of silence and then Eric was horror stricken to hear Mrs. Hornway exclaim: "Why, it's Rob Manners! Don't you remember he wrote us that he was coming out to play in that tennis tournament at Orange, and if the match lasted after six he promised to have his friends drive him over and spend the night with us? You go down and receive him, while I spread this bed over. We'll put him right in here, but I wouldn't say anything about that young man. He might not sleep so well."

Here was a serious predicament indeed. The perspiration broke out in great beads on Eric's forehead, as he crouched there in his confined quarters, wondering how long he would be doomed to occupy them.

He had hoped that when the doctor discovered his supposed flight, the door would be left unlocked, thus giving him the opportunity to slip downstairs and out of the house after the family had retired for the night. But now that some one was to occupy the apartment, the chances of detection increased tenfold.

"I'm in for it, though," he told himself, "and I've got to go through with the business."

The minutes went slowly by, and then, "I wonder if it would be possible for me to slip out now?" he asked himself, as he heard Mrs. Hornway leave the room and go downstairs.

Cautiously he pushed up the trunk lid, rose from his cramped position, and stepped out on the floor of the closet. Oh, how pleasant it felt to stand erect! Eric threw back his shoulders, drew in several long breaths, and put his head out of the doorway to listen.

The house was small, and he heard quite distinctly the greetings on the front piazza. He gathered from them that the new arrival was a nephew of Mrs. Hornway. But the voice was surely a familiar one, and belonged to some one whom he had seen very lately. The sounds were drawing nearer now. They were evidently all coming upstairs.

Hastily Eric returned to his refuge, and just as he placed his knife in position and drew down the trunk lid, he remembered where he had heard the new comer's voice before—from the steps of the elevated railroad station in New York that morning, and on the ferry boat afterwards!

"If he should hear me," replied Eric, he would take me for a burglar if they haven't told him about the scrape, and for a madman if they have. I've one chance left, though. He's got to go down to supper, and then, if I can find out where the dining room is, so as to avoid it, I may be able to get off before he comes up again."

This plan really seemed to be feasible, and Eric began to breathe more freely—figuratively speaking; as a matter of fact, he was almost suffocated, for his knife had slipped, allowing the trunk lid to come all the way down.

He soon succeeded in raising it, however, after undergoing a horrible fear that it might be provided with a spring lock.

He now heard Mr. Manners moving about in the room, where he had evidently been left alone to prepare for tea.

Presently he began to whistle a lively air, and as Eric listened he could not help contrasting his present lot with the future he had pictured to himself when crossing on the steamer.

"I ought to be whistling over my toilet, too, this very minute, at Cedarbrook," he muttered to himself bitterly.

Then, his innate manliness asserting itself, he set his lips together firmly and resolved to bear up bravely, "for it might be worse," he replied sensibly. "I might be a poor beggar in exactly the same box I am in at present, but without the shadow of a prospect of better days ahead of me."

Cheered by thus dwelling on the bright side of his fortunes, Eric seemed to find the air fresher and his quarters not quite so cramped, and he was enabled to wait more patiently for the ringing of the tea bell.

"One would think I was hungry," he even went so far as to laugh to himself, "and expected to go to the table with the rest of the family."

Ker—chee!

Eric's heart sank down to below zero, for it was he who had just sneezed.

Had Manners heard him? With strained ears he listened for some sound that should tell him whether or not he had betrayed his presence.

Yes, some one was hurrying across the floor, and the next instant Eric knew that Robert Manners was in the closet. He could almost imagine the expression of bewilderment that must rest on the young man's features.

"I thought sure I heard some one sneeze in here. It must have been in the next room, though."

Ker—chee!

Eric had tried his best to stifle the sound, but vainly.

"By George!" exclaimed Manners, "there's somebody in the trunk!"

(To be continued.)

A POINTED REBUKE.

ONE day a number of people took shelter in Rowland Hill's chapel during a heavy shower, while he was preaching. Hill remarked: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

THE AUTUMN WOODS.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THERE is a beauteous spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And from a beaker full of richest dyes
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods
And dipping in warm light the pillared clouds.
Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird,
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silvery beech, and maple yellow leaved,
Where Autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside aweary.

THE WRECK OF THE LONDON.

BY GEORGE GORDON MACLEOD.

ONE of the most touching tales of the sea that was ever told is the story of the ship London, foundered in the Bay of Biscay on the 11th of January, 1866. On the 16th of that month there landed at Falmouth from the Italian bark Marianopolis only eighteen survivors out of the two hundred and thirty nine passengers and crew that had left Plymouth eleven days before.

The London was one of the old class of auxiliary screws, fully rigged and sparred as a clipper, though of the longer build of the steamers of today. She had been launched in 1864, and became quite a famous ship, having distinguished herself by a run to Melbourne in fifty nine days. She was of 800 horse power and 1,752 tons register.

She left the London docks on the 28th of December, 1865, and Gravesend on the 30th. The year ended in a storm, and the London started in the thick of it. She had to lie to off the Nore. With difficulty she made her way down Channel, and so threatening grew the weather that Captain Martin ran for shelter into St. Helen's Roads. The gale lulled a little, and the London left Spithead and steamed out to sea again past the Needles.

To take her into Plymouth Sound a pilot was signaled for. The pilot's boat capsized. The ship's boat was launched to the rescue; but though his two companions were picked up the pilot was drowned.

After this ominous commencement the ship anchored inside Plymouth breakwater and completed her passenger list. At midnight on the 5th of January she left for Melbourne. The storm had blown itself out. The sea was calm and there was a light wind ahead. On board of her, amongst others of lesser note, were the Rev. Dr. Woolley, the head of Sydney University; the Rev. Daniel Draper, a Wesleyan minister, who had been representing the Methodist Conference of Australia at the Methodist Conference of Great Britain; his wife, the daughter of one of the first missionaries to Tahiti, who went out in the famous missionary ship the Duff; Mr. G. H. Palmer, the editor of the *Law Review*; and last, though, as it proved, by no means least, a Mr. George "Vaughan," who had taken his passage in that name in order to insure a certain amount of quiet and privacy during the voyage.

Regardless of the sailor's superstition, it was Friday when Captain Martin put to sea. Friday was fine; Saturday was fine; but on the Sunday the wind began to freshen, and on the Monday it had increased to quite a gale.

The London rolled tremendously. She had fifty tons of coal on deck, and twelve hundred tons of railway iron below, and this did not improve her behavior. She would go over, down, down, as if going for good, and then whip up with such a sudden throwing as to throw the passengers nearly off their legs. As the wind increased the seas came dashing over her, and as the hatches were not quite tight the water found its way into the saloons until it was washing about nearly a foot deep.

The gale grew in violence, and at eight o'clock on Tuesday the foretopmast and jib boom were carried away, and during the afternoon the port lifeboat was swept off by the sea. The night was rough, the weather threatened worse to follow, and the ship was headed back to run for shelter to Plymouth. Soon afterwards the starboard lifeboat was lost, and then the starboard cutter broke away.

The jib boom had been saved and was lashed along the engine skylight. It shook loose, and about half past ten at night a tremendous sea swept over the deck, dashed it on to the glass, and poured down the hole it had made. The wind roared through the wrecked rigging, the lights shining up the masts showed the foretopsail, the only sail set, blown to ribbons, with the tatters streaming out straight from the yard, and only one corner standing; and the phosphorescent waves foamed round the ship in hills ten or fifteen feet above her deck.

The seas dashing down into the engine room drowned out the fires. In vain sail after sail was hurried along to place over the hatchway; the wind was so fierce, and the waves were so wild that the canvas was torn away as fast as it could be placed in position.

The hold slowly filled with water in spite of all that the pumps could do. The donkey engine was kept going full speed under charge of Mr. Angel, the third officer; and all hands, passengers included, were called to take their turn at the brakes. The seas broke over so that at times the men were up to their armpits in water, and still they stuck to their work. Each time the pumping slackened, "Keep them going," shouted the third mate; and again the speed would quicken, though the effort was in vain. Cheering on the passengers as the mate did the men, stood Mr. Vaughan, now recognized as G. V. Brooke, a well known tragedian, who, bare headed and bare footed, in only his shirt and trousers, kept at the pumps for hours, and worked to the last like the giant that he was.

At four o'clock on the Thursday morning the sea drove in four of the stern ports and the water poured down in torrents into the saloon. The passengers, women and children,

were gathered there trying to follow Mr. Draper as he read snatches of the service and led them in prayer. But the rolling of the ship, the washing about of the water, the howling of the storm, and the rattling of the pumps, rendered the attention of his audience almost impossible.

When the ports drove in, the captain entered the cabin and confessed that there was no longer any hope of safety. The scene that followed was heartrending. Families clustered together, some in hopeless despair, some cool and resigned to the last, some on their knees praying for deliverance, some nervously twitching over the leaves of their Bibles in search of some well known text they hoped might comfort them.

The ship, however, kept afloat. Angel and Brooke did not let the pumps rest for an instant; the water streamed overboard fast, but not fast enough.

At ten o'clock an attempt was made to launch the starboard pinnace, but the sea smashed her as she floated and five men were thrown into the water struggling for their lives. At the news that a boat was being got ready one of the passengers appeared on deck with his carpet bag. "Fancy a man thinking of his goods at a moment like this!" said the captain, turning away in disgust.

At one o'clock the ship was down to her main chains, and was slowly settling. Still the pumps were going, and still the sea kept heaving in. Two small boats were all that were left. One of these, the port pinnace, was razed to Mr. Greenhill, the chief engineer, and to the captain ordered the crew to launch her.

"There is not much chance for the boat," said he, "but there is none for the ship. Your duty is done, mine is to remain here. Get her out and take command of the few it will hold."

The other boat, a very small one, was provisioned by the boatswain, but she was never launched. The ship went down too quickly to allow of her being got off.

With difficulty the pinnace was lowered, and then came the question who were to go in her. "Fetch a lady," said one, and a man ran in search of a friend of his, but not finding her brought a strange girl to the side to give her a chance of her life. But as she saw the little boat tossing in the raging sea she drew back in terror and refused to move.

Another of the men dashed down into the saloon in search of his friend John Hickman, who was sitting with his wife and children. When asked to leave them, "No," he said, "I promised to stay with them to the last, and I will do so!" On the side where they sat the bunks were covered with water. "Lend us a hand, Jack, to move them over," and the two helped the wife and the children across the saloon, and then, with a "Good by, old fellow," they were left to die.

The captain was asked to come.

"No," he said, "I will go down with the passengers. But I wish you God speed and safe to land."

The wind was so fierce round the boat that the men in her could not hear their own voices. There were fifty people clustered on the poop, but none dare venture into the boat.

She pushed off. As soon as she left the ship a woman rushed to the rail and shrieked, "I will give you a thousand pounds if you will take me!"

The boat had not got eighty yards away before the end came. The London sank stern foremost. As she went down the keel was out of the water as far as the foot of the foremast.

The captain was on the poop; Brooke in his red shirt was leaning on one of the half doors of the companion; Angel was still running the donkey engine, and had his hand on the lever as the waves closed over him.

In the boat were three passengers, the three engineers, a midshipman, a fireman, and ten of the crew. They had not been afloat two hours before a full rigged ship sailed past them. At three o'clock on Friday morning a brig saw them, but lost them as she backed, and went on her way. At daybreak a cutter was sighted and a shirt hoisted on an oar to attract her attention—in vain. Then the bark came by, sighted them, and picked them up, and, after a stormy voyage, brought them safe to Falmouth.

EACH HAD A SISTER.

MR. LAWRENCE JEROME, the well known New Yorker, whose friends call him "Uncle Larry," went to England this summer, to visit Lord Randolph Churchill, who is his son in law. Mr. Jerome is fond of amusing himself at the expense of an obtuse Englishman, when he meets such a character at a dinner party. With the utmost gravity he pumps him full of the most astonishing circumstances of his career as warrior, editor, hunter, fisherman, yachtsman, statesman, guide, philosopher and friend.

"I came of a large family," is his customary *preface*. "There were ten of us boys and *each* of us had a sister."

"Ah, indeed!" the obtuse Englishman remarks, "twenty of you."

"No," says Uncle Larry, scornfully; "eleven."

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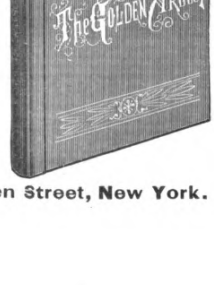

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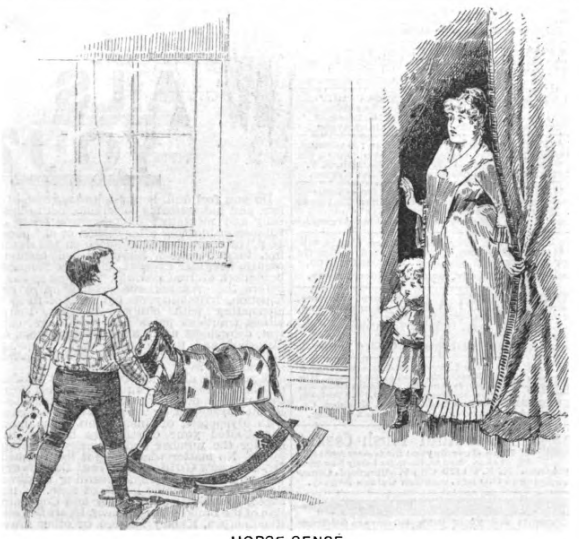


HORSE SENSE.

MOTHER:—"*Why, Charlie! What in the world are you breaking your new horse for?*"
CHARLIE:—"*Look here, mamma, don't you know a horse isn't any good until it is broke?*"

SHALL WE TRAVEL UNDER WATER?

SOME weeks ago the ARGOSY printed a note concerning the plan of sending passengers to Europe in a pneumatic tube laid under the ocean, and herewith we append an interview obtained by a reporter of the *New York Tribune* with the originator of the idea.

When asked how the tube could be laid, the reply was very frankly made: "That is, in fact, the only thing in the whole project that staggers scientific men. In laying our hollow cable or tube we must provide against the breakage of it. I purpose having the outside made of wire, with the interstices filled with gum; then, inside of the wire, iron and a lining of steel. We would need new appliances and machinery specially adapted for weaving the wire. I think the tube or hollow cable should be made as it is laid—that of course will be an elaborate and tedious process. We must lay it from a vessel larger than the Great Eastern. I am afraid the Great Eastern would scarcely do."

"What would be the shape of the conveyance?" pursued the reporter.

"It would be like the projectile of a dynamite gun, and have wheels all round so as to reduce the friction to the smallest possible degree. The seats would be arranged so that the passengers would sit tandem—or they might lie down."

"You say a speed of one thousand miles an hour could be attained!"

"Yes. That is as fast as the rate at which the earth turns on its axis."

"Then would not that result in your projectile coming to a dead stop if it moved in a direction contrary to the earth's revolution?"

"Well—I—ah—yes, certainly it looks like that; but that'll be all right."

"Would this way of traveling be safe?"

"Precautions will be taken to secure its safety. There might be some danger of the conveyance or projectile going off at a tangent when it reached the end of the tube; but it will be shot right up a grooved incline, and slow up and stop. But before any one goes through I'll make trial trips with dogs and such, and if they come out I'll venture the passage myself. No one will make it till I have first done so."

"Well, I hope I may live to go to Europe that way."

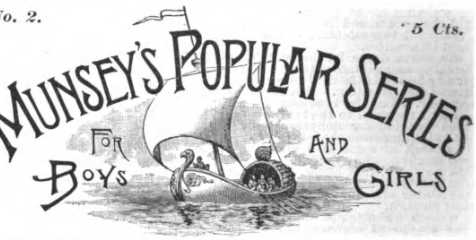
"I'll give you a free pass. Good by."

GREAT MEN IN TROUBLE.

To be at a loss for a word is a trying situation from which few even of the most eloquent speakers are exempt. From an article in the *Boston Budget* we quote some details of the various expedients adopted by great American orators who found themselves in this predicament.

Webster often would hesitate while speaking and then rub his nose with the bent knuckle of his right thumb. Calhoun, when at a loss for a word, would give a petulant twist at his large turned over shirt collar and then run his bony fingers through his long gray hair until it stood up like the hair on an electric toy. Benton would sink his voice and mumble something that no one could understand, and General Cass would "Aw! aw!" in the English style, passing his hand beneath the lower edge of his capacious white waistcoat. Webster was almost invariably "stuck" when he attempted to use a Latin quotation, and when Mr. Everett was in the Senate he used frequently to appeal to him.

Henry Clay alone was never thus interrupted in his flow of eloquence.



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