

# GOLDEN ARGOSSY

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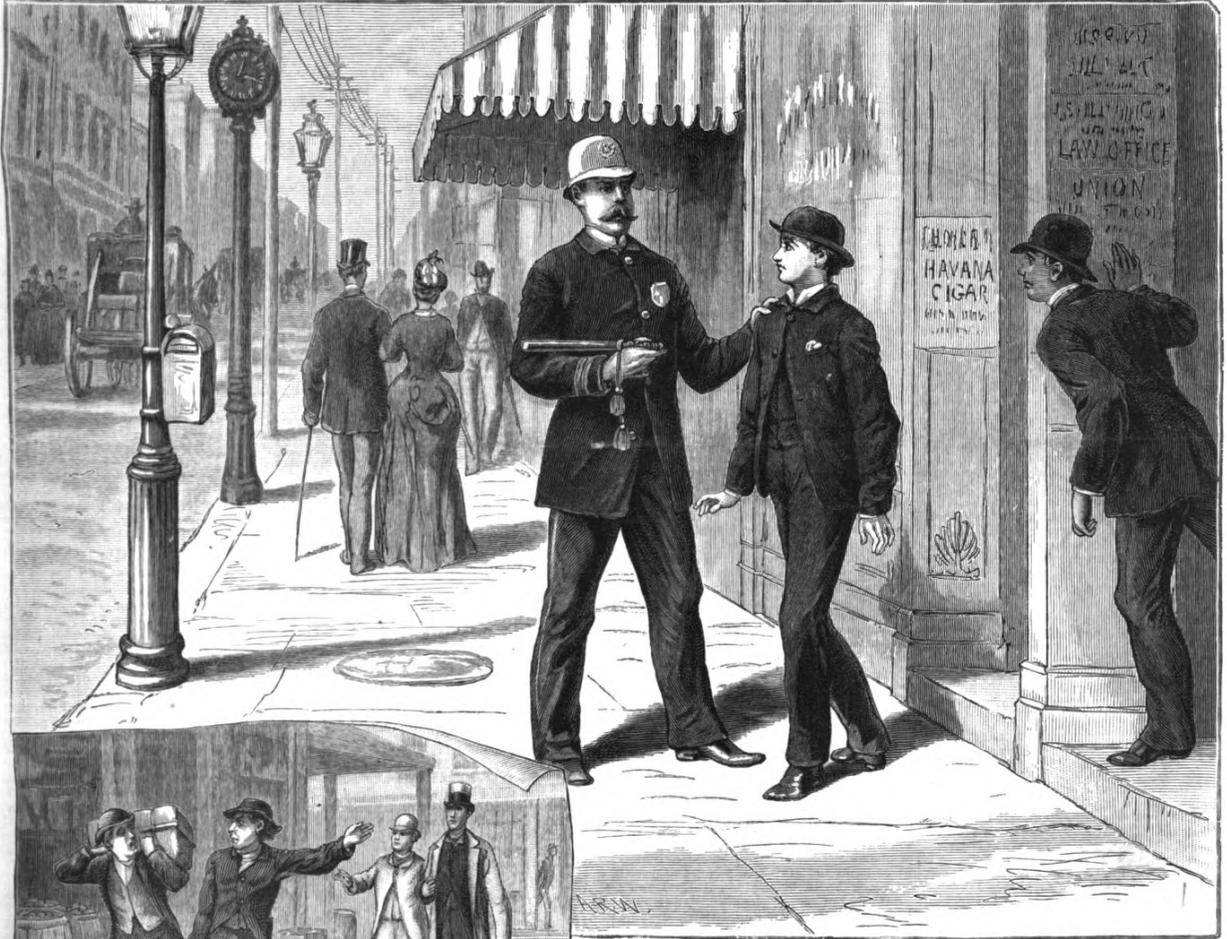
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WALTER GRIFFITH FELT A HEAVY HAND ON HIS SHOULDER, AND, LOOKING UP, HE SAW TO HIS DISMAY THAT HE WAS IN THE GRASP OF A POLICEMAN.

## WALTER GRIFFITH;

OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET SALESMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

### CHAPTER I.

WALTER IN BROOKLYN.

A BOY of fifteen, with a healthy brown upon his face, walked down Fulton Street, in Brooklyn, with a small bundle of clothes tied up in a red silk handkerchief. He looked about him with a curious eye, for he had never before been in a city. He was very much impressed by

the large and showy stores which line this—the chief business street of New York's sister city.

"I wonder if New York is any bigger than Brooklyn," he said, almost unconsciously giving utterance to the thought.

"Well, I should smile if it wasn't," responded another voice.

Turning his head, Walter Griffith's eyes fell upon a boy dressed in a blue uniform,

with a cap of the same color, on which were inscribed the letters "A. D. T. 103."

"Say, you're from the country, ain't you?" asked the telegraph boy.

"Yes, I am," answered Walter, rather surprised at the ease with which this fact had become known.

"I knew it. I'd bet a hundred dollars to a cent that you was raised in the woods."

"But I wasn't," said Walter, rather offended. "Birehville is quite a village. There's two stores and a tavern in the center, and as many as a dozen houses."

"Two stores!" shouted the telegraph boy, with a derisive laugh. "Why, there's twenty thousand stores in New York!"

"Twenty thousand!" repeated Walter, awe-stricken. "Are you sure?"

"Maybe there's more; I never counted 'em."

"And is New York really much larger than Brooklyn?"

"New York could swallow Brooklyn," answered Number 103. "Are you goin' to New York?"

"Yes."

"What are you goin' to do?"

"I don't know. I'm willing to do anything to make a living. What are you doing? You ain't a soldier?"

"A soldier! What put that into your head?"

"That blue uniform, and the letters on the cap."

"Well, that's a good one!" laughed the telegraph boy. "I'm a telegraph messenger. 'A. D. T.' stands for American District Telegraph."

"I understand now. I've heard of telegraph boys. Is it a good business?"

"Well, so so."

"Can you make good pay?"

"I get about four dollars a week from the company, and sometimes I pick up a dollar or two outside."

"Pick up?" said Walter, inquiringly.

"Yes; get it from customers. One lady gave me a dollar yesterday."

"What for?"

"You see I was sent for to go shopping with her."

"That's funny!"

"To carry her bundles, in course. Well, just as we was comin' out of Macy's, her little dog got away, and started to run across Sixth Avenue. Came near gettin' run over by a horse car. The lady was awful scared. She clasped her hands just so, and cried, 'Oh! my poor Fido! he's been killed! Save his life, boy, and I'll reward you.' I ran after him, and caught him just in time, and brung him back to the lady. She made as much of him as if he was a baby, and kissed and hugged him like all possessed. Then she took out a silver dollar, and gave it to me 'tillin' me I was a young hero."

"That was pretty good," said Walter.

"It wasn't much like a city gentleman that boarded at the tavern at our place last summer. He was upset in the river, and would have been drowned if I hadn't gone to his help. How much do you think he gave me?"

"If he was a rich man, he ought to have given you at least a hundred dollars."

"He gave me a quarter," said Walter, "and told me I mustn't spend it foolishly."

"Maybe he thought that was all his life was worth. I guess the dog was worth more than he."

"Do you think I could get a chance to be a telegraph boy?"

"No; you've got to know all about the streets of New York. Which way are you going to New York—by the bridge or ferry? Here's where you go on the bridge."

"Which is the best way?"

"Oh, it don't make much difference."

"I guess I like the ferry best. I like to go in a boat."

"All right, then! Keep straight down to the foot of the street. There you'll find the boat."

"What sort of a boat is it?"

"A steamboat, in course."

"I never went on a steamboat."

"I see, young feller, you've got a sight to learn. What's your name?"

"Walter Griffith."

"Mine's Jack Mead. I own the house next to Vanderbilts on Fifth Avenue. I'll send you an invite to my next party. So long!"

"What a strange boy!" thought Walter, as he gazed after the departing telegraph messenger. "He seems to be fond of joking. I like him, though, and I hope we'll meet again."

Walter kept on till he reached Fulton Ferry. He was surprised at the large number of horse cars which seemed to have their starting point in the streets

radiating from the ferry house. Following the crowd he passed the ticket seller, and entered the reading room.

Here he had to wait only two or three minutes when the gate was thrown open, and with a crowd of others he got on the boat, and looked about him curiously. After the boat started he went through the gentlemen's cabin and took his position on the front deck.

"That must be New York," he decided, as he looked across the river to the wharves, shipping, and the thousands of buildings a mile away. "There must be plenty of work to be done in so big a place. I am sure I can make a living in some way. There wasn't anything to do in Birehville, except working on a farm, and I don't like that. Perhaps Deacon Tower's cousin will help me to a place. I'll go right up and see him as soon as I get to the city."

A few words here about our hero will give the reader a clear idea of his position and prospects as can be given at present.

Six months previous he had been left an orphan by the deaths in rapid succession of his parents, and since then he had lived with Deacon Tower, a farmer, paying for his keep by doing chores of various kinds. But he did not like farming, and decided to try his luck in the city. The deacon tried to dissuade him, but in vain. Finally he gave the boy five dollars, the balance left over at the settlement of his father's estate, a letter of introduction to Luke Norcross, a second cousin of the deacon's first wife, who ten years before kept a furnishing store on Sixth Avenue.

"I ain't heard from Luke in a number of years," said the deacon; "but he'll know my name as soon as he sees it, and like as not he'll give you a place in his store. I expect Luke's a pretty prominent man. You can ask any one you meet to direct you to his place."

All this Walter accepted with unhesitating credence. He had no doubt the deacon knew all about New York, as the old man was in the habit of talking familiarly of Broadway, the Astor House, and the Battery, though, truth to tell, he had never visited the great city but once, and that thirty years ago. Even then he stayed only three days, but this brief visit gave him an unfailing store of reminiscences, and once or twice a week at least he had occasion to refer to the time "when I was in York."

So among those who had never visited the metropolis he passed for a great traveler.

Walter gladly accepted a letter from the deacon to Luke Norcross. With this and his small stock of money he set out on his adventurous journey, with but a faint idea of the trials that awaited him. He had traveled over the Long Island railroad a distance of seventy five miles, at an expense of two dollars and a quarter.

The ferry boat reached its destination. Walter stepped on the dock, and realized with pleasant excitement that he was in "York."

## CHAPTER II.

### IN SEARCH OF LUKE NORCROSS.

AS Walter stepped off the boat, and stood in front of the ferry house, he felt that a new life had begun for him. He was in the wonderful city of which he had heard so much. What was to be his luck?

There was one thing that encouraged him. He could see a number of boys, some younger than himself, selling papers, or blacking boots. They made a living, why should not he? He was not prepared to black boots, having a natural love of neatness, but thought he might sell papers, if he could find nothing better. But he didn't mean to decide on anything till he should see Luke Norcross. He had better call on him as soon as possible, he thought.

He opened the deacon's letter, which had been handed to him unsealed, and read it carefully. This was the way it read:

LUKE NORCROSS—

DEAR NICK—This comes hoping you are in good health as it leaves me. Though I haven't heard from you for a number of years, I presume you haven't forgot that your cousin Doty Saunders was my first wife, which once visited us in Birehville, and I've often thought I would go to York and see you. I remember all about the Battery and Broadway, and I'd like to see 'em once more and find out whether they look us they did when I was in York. I got pretty well acquainted with you, I can tell you."

These few lines will be handed you by Walter Griffith, a boy that has lived with me for six months, and he is a good boy, though he don't like workin' on a farm, and I hope he'll be able to

hoe his row in the city. I've told him about it, so he'll be able to get along till he finds you, and I do hope you'll be willing to give him a helping hand. I would send you a new pair of boots by him, but it might bother him if he don't find you right off.

Yours to command,  
DEACON NATHAN TOWER.

P.S.—I wasn't a deacon when you was here, but I was app'nted five years ago some sprin'g. If you write to me direct to Deacon Tower, Birehville, Long Island.

Walter thought this was a very good letter, and he had hopes that it would secure him the friendship and assistance of Luke Norcross.

But first he must find out where his store was situated.

He looked about for some one to ask the question. He saw a newsboy standing at the corner, and went up to him.

"Have a paper?" asked the boy. "First edition of the *Telegram*—two cents."

"No, thank you," answered Walter.

"Please tell me where I will find Mr. Luke Norcross."

"Luke Norcross."

"Never heard of him. What does he do?"

"Keeps a store on Sixth Avenue."

"What kind of a store?"

"Furnishing goods."

"There's a slew of stores of that kind on Sixth Avenue. What made you think I'd know Luke Gnowcrust?"

"Norcross."

"No, it's all the same."

"Deacon Tower told me he was a prominent man, and everybody'd know him."

"The old man was off his base. There's some folks everybody's heard of—P. T. Barnum, John L. Sullivan and Mickey Welch, but that man you're after ain't one of 'em. Say, where do you come from?"

"Birehville, Long Island."

"Some one hoss place, I reckon. Ain't you been in the city before?"

"No."

"Just what I thought."

"Is Sixth Avenue far off?"

"Bont three miles."

Walter looked astonished. He had not imagined New York extended so far.

"How do I get there?"

"The Sixth Avenue cars start from the Astor House."

"I've heard of the Astor House," said Walter, brightening up. "Deacon Tower told me all about it. Which way is it?"

"Go up Fulton Street to Broadway, then go up a block or two, and there you are."

Walter looked a little bewildered. It did not seem so easy as he expected to find his way around.

"Do they charge much on the cars?"

"Five cents."

"Is Sixth Avenue a long street?"

"About three miles long, more or less."

"I suppose there's a lot of stores on it."

"You've hit it the first time. It runs out to Central Park."

"The deacon didn't say anything about Central Park."

"If he didn't see the Park he didn't see nothin'."

"I'm afraid it'll be hard to find Mr. Norcross' store."

"He might look into the directory."

"What's that?"

The newsboy whistled.

"Say, Johnny, you need a guardeen. You're about as green as they make 'em."

"Perhaps you'd be green if you came to Birehville," retorted Walter with spirit.

"Likely I would. If I could afford it I'd go along with you and help you. I haven't got but one paper left."

"I'll buy that and pay you a quarter to go with me."

"It's a bargain. Come right along, Johnny."

"My name isn't Johnny; it's Walter."

"All the same. I'd just as lieve call you Walter. Follow me, and you'll fetch right side up with care."

They made their way by the route already indicated to Broadway, and the newsboy got Walter across with some difficulty.

"That's the Astor House," he said a little later.

Walter regarded the massive hotel with interest.

"Mr. Astor must be a rich man," he said after a pause, "to keep such a big hotel."

"He don't keep it. It's only named after him. But he is a rich man. I wish I was as rich as him. I'd have roast turkey and fixin's every day, and buy a horse and buggy, and have no end of fun. But here's a directory. I'll look for the man you want to find."

But the newsboy's education was somewhat deficient, and Walter undertook this task. He found a number bearing the

name of Norcross, among them "Luke Norcross, 409 Sixth Avenue."

"That's the name," said Walter joyfully. "No. 409!" repeated the newsboy. "That must be somewhere near Twenty Third Street. We'll take the cars and get out there."

The two boys got into a Sixth Avenue car in Vesey Street, and commenced their ride up town. The newsboy answered Walter's numerous questions as well as he could. He told Walter that his name was Jim Morris, and he had a mother and sister whom he was helping to support.

"Have you been a newsboy long?" asked Walter.

"Ever since I was eight."

"Do boys go to work so young as that?" inquired the country boy in surprise.

"Some little kids go to work when they're five. When I was eight I used to earn three dollars a week."

"How much do you earn now?"

"Not more'n a four or five. You see people like to buy little kids to help 'em along, and sometimes they do better than the big boys."

"Are you going to sell papers when you get older?"

"I don't know. Maybe Jay Gould'll want me for his private secretary. If he does I'll retire from the newspaper business. I'll sell out to you if you'll pay me a fair price."

"I think I've heard of Jay Gould."

"If you ain't you'd ought to. Jay is an awful smart man, though he ain't any bigger'n I am."

"What does he do? Does he keep a store?"

"Not much. He owns lots of railroads, and they pay him a sight of money. Do you see that building?"

"Yes."

"It's Jefferson Market Police Court. There was a friend of mine hauled up a little while ago, and sent to the Island for three months. Poor Mick! I hope he'll be out soon. But here we are at Twenty Third Street. Let's get out."

The car came to a stop, and the two boys descended. They only had to walk a block or two, when they came to the number indicated, and on the sign read

LUKE NORCROSS,  
FURNISHING GOODS.

It was a good sized store with a full display of shirts, neckties, socks, etc., in the window. But there was an ominous sign there also: "Sheriff's Sale."

"I guess old Gnowcrust has bust up," said the newsboy.

CHAPTER III.

AT THE BRIDGE STATION OF THE ELEVATED ROAD.

WALTER'S heart sank. If Mr. Norcross had "bust up," as the newsboy expressed it, the only man likely to help him would be unable to do so.

"Let's go in! We'll find out inside," suggested Jim, the newsboy.

In the store there was a plentiful supply of placards representing the reduced prices at which the different articles were sold. A middle aged man came forward, and inquired, "What shall I show you?"

"We don't want to buy," answered the newsboy. "We want to see Mr. Norcross."

"Mr. Norcross has left the city. You can't see him."

"Where's he gone?"

"That's what his creditors would like to know. Are you friends of his?"

"I ain't. This boy's got a letter for him."

"A letter from whom?" asked the man with a show of interest.

"Here it is, sir," said Walter, passing it over.

The salesman ran his eye over it, smiling as he did so. Then he folded up the letter and handed it back.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I don't think you'll be able to give it to Mr. Norcross. He left the city in haste, leaving his affairs in a great state of confusion. He isn't likely to come back. If you want any collars or cuffs, or neckties, you will find it to your advantage to look over our stock."

"I don't care to buy anything this morning," answered Walter, in a disappointed tone.

"Nor I," said Jim. "I might buy out the store if you'd give me time enough to pay for it."

"How long would you want?" asked the salesman, amused by the boy's humor.

"Five years would suit me."

"But it wouldn't suit us."

"Just as you say. If you change your

mind, drop a line to me, care of Jay Gould. Come along, Walter.

The two boys emerged from the store. The newsboy could not help noticing the sober look of his new friend.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Walter!" he said. "Don't be down hearted."

"I can't help it. I thought Mr. Norcross would give me a place."

"He ain't the only man in New York."

"I don't know what to do."

"How much money have you got?"

"About two dollars and a half."

"Why, you're rich. Lots of things may happen before that's gone. I say, you needn't give me no quarter, you promised."

"You're a good fellow," said Walter, moved by this friendly proposal from a boy who no doubt needed all he could earn.

"I like to help a feller along. I'll see if I can't find something for you to do. You might help me sell papers this afternoon."

"I'm willing to do anything. Is there any place where we can get something to eat? I haven't had anything since early this morning."

"Yes, there's a place in the next block. I'll wait till I get home."

"No, come in with me. I don't want to part with my only friend so soon. I want to talk with you."

"All right, then! I'll dine with you, and you can come and sleep at my house to-night."

"I should like to," returned Walter, who was already beginning to think with anxious misgivings of where he was to pass the night.

The restaurant which they entered had a list of prices outside. Meats of all kinds were ten cents a plate, tea and coffee five cents, pie and pudding five cents. There were no cloths on the tables, and the customers—all males—who were already seated, generally wore their hats. Plates of butter for common use, from which each guest took what he wished with his own knife, were on each table. Walter could not help thinking there was a lack of neatness, but he was very hungry, and followed Jim's example in ordering a plate of roast beef and a cup of coffee. He was glad to find that a fair allowance of bread accompanied the order.

The boys finished up with apple pie, and Walter rose in better spirits. A boy or man with a full stomach is apt to take more cheerful views of life than one who is suffering the pangs of hunger.

"That was a bully dinner," said Jim, picking his teeth with a wooden toothpick obtained at the restaurant.

"I relished it," said Walter, "but they don't keep things very neat there."

"Oh well, it ain't as stylish as Delmonico's, but it'll do for the price," answered Jim, who was not as fastidious as his companion.

The two boys went down town together, and Jim bought an extra supply of *Telegrams*, part of which he committed to Walter, with proper directions.

"You'll just holler out 'Evening Telegram'—last edition," he said. "You can't sell any if you just stand still and hold your tongue."

Walter tried to do as he was told, but not being accustomed to use his voice in public felt rather bashful about raising it. The result was that he could not be heard, his louder voiced rivals quite distancing him in the competition.

Two hours later Jim came to him.

"How many papers have you sold?" he asked.

"Ten," answered Walter.

"Why, I've sold forty. You don't holler loud enough."

"I'm not used to it."

"Well, it'll do for a beginning. Now we'll go home."

Jim Morris lived with his mother and a little brother in a tenement house in the lower part of the city. She received Walter kindly and made no objection to his sharing Jim's bed.

Two or three days passed. Walter still did a little at selling papers, but could not make enough to pay expenses. Besides, he met with more or less hostility from other newsboys, who looked upon him as an interloper. In particular, one boy, Pat Rafferty, took every opportunity to interfere with his trade.

Walter felt that he must do something else, and consulted his steadfast friend, Jim Morris.

"You might make something smashin' baggins," said Jim, reflectively.

"What's that?"

"Why, standin' near the steamboat landin' and railroad stations, and offerin' to carry bags and bundles for passengers."

"Is the pay good?"

"Sometimes it is, and then again it isn't. It depends on the passengers. Some is liberal and some is mean. But all that you get is clear profit. That's one good thing."

This proposal struck Walter favorably, and he took his stand one afternoon near the bridge station of the Third Avenue elevated railroad. There is a great tide of traffic over this road, as it connects Harlem with the lower part of the city, and runs through a densely peopled portion of New York.

Walter did not find himself even here without competition. There were three other boys waiting for a job, one of them being his enemy, Pat Rafferty.

"Say," scowled Pat, "what are you putting in your or her for?"

"I have just as much right to be here as you have," retorted Walter, with spirit.

"No, you ain't. I've lived here all my life, and you've only just come in from the country. You'd better make tracks."

"No, I won't."

Walter had plenty of courage, and Pat contented himself with a few surly looks and unpleasant words.

Presently two passengers came down the steps. One of them had a valise in his hand.

"Carry your valise?" asked Pat and Walter, simultaneously.

The gentleman looked at the two boys, undecided which to take.

"Take this boy, doctor," said his companion, pointing to Walter.

You may carry my valise to the Fall River boat," said the gentleman.

"He don't know where the Fall River boat is," said Pat, contemptuously. "He's a country greenhorn."

"Then I'll show him," said the taller of the two gentlemen. "I was born in the country myself, and I have a sympathy for country boys."

"Say, country, I'll help you," said Pat, thinking half a loaf better than no bread.

"No; I can carry it alone," said Walter, who didn't want to divide the pay.

"I'll get even with you!" said Pat, with a scowl.

"Look here, boy," said the doctor's companion, who was the editor of a weekly paper, "you'd better let him alone. Look sharp and you'll get a job for yourself."

This by no means appeased Pat, who followed the party with a sullen air of resentment.

"Here, my boy," said the editor, "I'll help you to put the valise on your shoulder, then you can carry it more easily."

Walter found this a more comfortable arrangement. Supporting the valise in place with both hands, he followed the two gentlemen across the street and into City Hall Park. Pat Rafferty walked close behind, importuning Walter to share the job with him. Finally, giving up the attempt, he decided upon vengeance.

"Runnin' round in front of Walter, he struck him violently in the face with his fist, causing the blood to flow."

At Walter's involuntary cry of pain the editor turned and took in the situation at a glance.

"Give me the valise," he said, "and follow up that boy."

"No," answered Walter, "I'll do my work first. I know who he is."

"I would like to see him well punished," Walter realized that he had an enemy, and it troubled him. But he kept on till he reached Pier Twenty Eight, where the Fall River boat was waiting. He received his usual fee from both gentlemen, which partly compensated him for the blow he had received.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### WALTER STEPS INTO A TRAP.

WALTER took up his quarters temporarily at the Newsboys' Lodging House, and picked up a living as he could. He hoped the time would soon come when he could have a separate room of his own somewhere, but at present it was out of the question.

He felt lonely, but occasionally went round in the evening to call on Jim Morris and his mother. They were obliged to live with extreme economy, but there was always a cup of tea and a slice of bread for Walter when he came, and Mrs. Morris offered to do whatever mending he might need. He was getting less bashful, and already showed signs of becoming a good salesman.

One day, being unoccupied, Walter wandered down to the neighborhood of Wall Street, and sauntered about with his eyes open for any job that might offer.

He was passing a small cigar store on a

side street when a boy of about his own age came up to him.

"Say, will you do me a favor?" he asked. "What is it?"

"I want you to go into that cigar store and sell these stamps for me."

As he spoke he produced three large sheets of two cent stamps, probably a hundred in each.

"Why don't you take them in yourself?" asked Walter, naturally surprised.

"Because the man is mad at me for something. I'll give you ten cents if you'll do it."

Now it happened that Walter was unusually short of money, and ten cents, though a small sum, was a consideration to him.

"I'll do it," he said. "Will he pay me full price?"

"No; if he did he wouldn't make any money. Take whatever he offers you and it'll be all right."

"I don't see how you can afford to sell stamps below cost," said Walter.

"Our firm had to take a lot of stamps in payment of an old debt," said the boy, "so we need the money."

"Then I am not to ask any price?" said Walter.

"No; take whatever the man pays you, and I will wait for you at the corner."

Walter could not help thinking that the firm for which the boy worked must be very much in want of money, but he did not suspect that there was anything wrong. He accordingly took the stamps, and confidently entered the store.

"Do you buy stamps?" he asked of the man behind the counter.

The man glanced at him sharply, paused a minute, and then said: "Well, I buy them sometimes to oblige. How many have you got?"

Walter displayed the three sheets.

"Humph! there's a good many," said the man. "I'll give you three dollars for the lot."

"Isn't that a very little?" asked Walter, surprised.

"Oh, well! you can take 'em somewhere else if you're not satisfied," said the cigar dealer in a surly tone.

"I was told to take whatever you offered," said Walter.

"Then here's your money."

Walter, with three one dollar bills in his hand, went out of the store, and looked round for the boy whose agent he had been. He was destined to an unpleasant surprise.

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man an eminent lawyer who had an office on Wall Street.

"You do the boy an injustice," said the lawyer. "He is only an innocent agent of the real thief. I saw another boy hand him the stamps, and hold a conversation with him, about selling them, doubtless."

"That's what the boy says. I thought it was a make up."

"It is true."

"Yes, sir," said Walter. "I had no idea they were stolen," and he repeated what the boy had told him.

"Then I suppose I must let him go," said the policeman doubtfully.

"Of course, unless you doubt my testimony."

"Oh, no, sir, of course not."

As the policeman released his hold, the lawyer said to Walter kindly, "Be careful how you let any one employ you in any doubtful enterprise, my boy. I shall remember you, and may be able to help you some time. I wish you good luck. Here's a little gift to show you I am in earnest."

As he spoke he drew a silver dollar from his pocket and gave it to Walter, who thanked him gratefully.

The policeman took charge of the three dollars taken from Walter, and handed them in at police headquarters.

Walter breathed a deep sigh of relief at his narrow escape. Help had come to him when he needed it most. He felt that he was under the care of Providence, and the thought gave him courage.

The next morning he was selling papers as usual when a boy unknown to him thrust a letter into his hand and walked rapidly away. It was a coarse sheet of paper which appeared to be a leaf torn from an old account book. Opening it in some curiosity, Walter read as follows:

Notis.

This is to let you know that we don't want no country blokes takin' the bread out of our mouths by sellin' papers and smashin' baggins, and what's more we won't have it. Take notis or somethin' will happen!

Per order of the Kommitty.

No name was signed, but Walter guessed that Pat Rafferty had something to do with it.

Walter was not a coward, and he did not allow himself to be frightened.

"I've got as much right to sell papers and earn a living as a boy born in the city," he said to himself, "and I mean to keep on doing it."

The "notis" was surmounted by a rude drawing of a skull and bones, and looked decidedly threatening.

Walter could not help wondering who this mysterious "kommitty" might be, and what was likely to happen.

(To be continued.)

#### BRIGHT DOGS.

ANECDOTES of the wonderful intelligence manifested by dogs are common, but the following, given on the authority of the *Telegraph*, of Brunswick, Maine, will perhaps bear repeating.

Mr. J. K. Estabrook, who lives at the head of Maquoit Bay, owns a fine dog, a cross between a collie and a St. Bernard. The animal inherits much of the sturdiness of the former as tender to care for the cows and to drive them up from pasture; he is also an excellent watch dog.

For the present there is at the farm house a pure blooded English pug, a bright little fellow, but having a horror of water. A brook runs through the meadow near the house.

Not long since the pug and "Tiger" were on the meadow, and the latter crossed the brook. The pug came to the brink but refused to take to the water. Old "Tiger" took in the situation in a moment, returned and persuaded the little fellow to get upon his back, and then began to wade across, the one slid off into the water and yelled with fright, but he got out all right.

Whether before or after this occurrence we forget to ask, the pug was fed most plentifully. Eating only a portion of what was given to him, he hunted up "Fido," who was on the meadow, and brought him to the house, sat down and complacently watched the big dog eat up the rest of his dinner. Do dogs converse?

STRANGE IDEAS OF PROPRIETY.

THERE are a few studies more curious and interesting than that of the customs of various nations.

The Persians, according to a writer in the *St. James's Gazette*, of London, are a very punctilious race; and it is the sensible custom of the country on making a call to announce beforehand that you are coming. A thousand and one little points of punctilio have to be observed.

A certain number of cups of tea are *de rigueur*; three pipes at least have to be smoked, a few whiffs from each; the rank and precedence of every guest is minutely called to attention before the intruders for, and generally receives a little more than her due. To omit to return a visit is an unpardonable offense. The particular place in the apartment of each guest is regulated to a nicety, and many and bitter are the feuds on this subject.

## HINTS ON LAWN TENNIS.

BY E. T. SACHS.

**D**URING the past five years, very great strides have been made in the development of lawn tennis as a scientific game, and those who are anxious to play really well at some time or other are beginning to realize the fact that a certain degree of "form" is necessary to enable a young player to develop into a good one.

The player of the future will unquestionably be one who, in his youth, from either example or precept, learned to play in good style, and by dint of hard practice, made himself perfect. But the player of the future will not be the man who, as a boy, began playing in poor form.

The first thing every boy who is earnestly learning to play well should get out of his head is the idea that cutting the ball, so as to make it screw back a tremendous distance, is the correct thing. It looks very



FIG. 1.—THE UNDERHAND SERVICE.

clever, I dare say; but the other boy on the opposite side of the net is not going to be so silly (after he has read what I have to say) as to stand at the end of the court watching the ball bound from a distance. Not he; he will do as I tell him, and, directly he sees that the ball is being cut, run towards the spot where it seems likely that it will fall and patiently wait until it screws back. The more it screws back the better it will be for him, for the easier will it be for him to bang it back again with all his might.

Screwers should remember that the more a ball is screwed the slower it will travel through the air and the higher it will come from the ground when it drops; and he who persistently screws will not win a stroke, except by accident, if he has a good player against him. The more a ball is screwed the better the good player on the other side likes it, as it gives him an easy stroke, for the ball hangs for an instant dead in the air when it has done rising from the ground, and can be put where the opponent pleases.

What I want all boys who play lawn tennis to learn is to "drive" properly. The thing to do is to hit the ball just as it is falling to the ground with an underhand swing straight from behind. The racket must be swung as far back as possible, perfectly square, and brought forward with a swish, finishing high in the air in front, having performed nearly three quarters of a circle. This is the plain drive, which, simple as it looks, is the secret of success with very many.

At first the force applied should not be very great. The object of the player must be to skim the net as nearly as possible, but the art of doing this can only be acquired by practice; and if the ball is hit very hard and passes more than a foot over the net it will go "out," over the base line. The perfection of the drive is one which just skims the net and is made with the player's full force. Actual experiment has proved that if the ball be struck from the base line and passes not more than nine inches over the net, it is impossible to send it out of court. It is well to know this; but I fancy very few will be found who are aware of the fact.

I do not counsel the young player by any means to try and hit his hardest at first; he should begin by attaining accuracy, and if he does this he will be able to give the boy on the other side of the net plenty of work to do. Besides, it is not always the game

to hit with full force; for there is one other very important branch of base line play to be learned.

Every one who has played half a dozen games as lawn tennis knows how much easier it is to "place" a ball across an opponent's court when the ball is struck from a position near the net; when the ball drops near the base line the player has little else to do but send it straight back.

It must therefore be the better game to return the ball as far back as possible, if the opponent be standing on or behind the base line. When once you have got him there, keep him there. For this purpose you do not want a particularly hard stroke, nor need the ball skim the net; what is wanted is a fair pace but good length. The ball should drop not more than four or five feet from the base line, when it will have to be returned from some distance beyond. No one can give you a difficult return from there; and you may quite as well peg away at the base line until your opponent sends one short, when of course you run into it and get an easy stroke.

You can then do one of two things: You can send him a very hard one into one of the corners of the court (if you can, select the one farthest from where he is standing), or you can, if you are near enough to the net, and the ball rises high enough, place it across the country out of his reach, if possible, but at any rate far enough to cause him to get out of position, and, if he is lucky enough to return the ball at all, give you an easy stroke.

Avoid, to the utmost of your ability, returning the ball short—i. e., in the neighborhood of your opponent's service line, as you are then giving him what you are so desirous of making him give you—an easy one.

A leading player describes his own game as simply this: Pound away at your opponent with the plain hard drive until you get him into difficulties, and he gives you a weak return. A weak return may be one which drops somewhere about the service line, or it may be a high ball dropping much nearer the net. I have told the player what to do in the former case; in the latter he should run up and volley the ball overhanded, as much out of the opponent's way as he can. I shall speak of the volley presently.

When you are sufficiently near the net to warrant the hope that you can return the ball so that the opponent cannot reach it, by no means wait until it has dropped far. A ball dropping near the net cannot be re-



FIG. 2.—THE BACK HAND STROKE.

turned at any pace and kept in court if it be allowed to approach the earth. If you are tall enough, take it before it descends to the level of the net cord. This will give you a perfectly straight, or even slightly downward stroke, into which you can fearlessly put your whole force. In raising the racket for the purpose of taking the ball high do not hold the racket out horizontally and "mow," but raise the elbow, keeping the forearm and racket always perpendicular.

These remarks bring us naturally to the important question of

## THE SERVICE.

Youthful players are very apt to think that it is a great advantage to have the service, but it has been proved by results that the server is, if anything, at a disadvantage. If it were possible for him to make sure of

servicing the ball at seventy miles an hour (when I say seventy miles I "speak by the book," and do not use a mere comparative figure) into the opponent's service court, then the advantage of the service would be so great that the rules would have to be altered to meet the case, or the game would be very one sided. In the old times, when the service lines were much farther from the net than they now are, the service had by far too much advantage; but, at its present distance (21 feet), it is by no means easy to bring about a service which shall altogether beat the opponent.

One reason why the service is less advantageous than it otherwise might be, is because players do not study the stroke sufficiently. Take even the very best players we have. Their first service, when it "comes off," is often unreturnable; but it does not always "come off," the ball being served either into the net or somewhere outside the limits of the service court. The second service is then the easiest of the easy, the ball being delivered with the sole view of making it drop into the service court to a certainty, all ideas of placing being discarded. The opponent thus gets a very easy return, and, as often as not, wins the stroke directly from it.

Two courses are open to the learner. He can study to deliver a first service which is sufficiently severe and low to prevent the opponent from doing much with the ball, and yet drops all right in the service court five times out of six. A very little slackening of pace will then make the second service a certainty, whilst it will not be very much more easy than the first.

Or the player can practice delivering a very swift service, with the object of winning the stroke now and again by it, as some of the best players now and again do, and then learn a second service which keeps the ball low.

If the service is to be a hard one, the higher in the air the ball is when it is struck, the better chance it has of getting over. Consequently tall men have a very decided advantage in the service, and there is therefore more reason for a tall boy taking up a hard service than a short one, as he is less likely to serve into the net than the less favored player.

For the first service, if it is to be a swift one, the racket you can give as a rule hit the ball as high as you can, as hard as you can, and as close over the net as you can. For the second service, if it is to be of the gentle order, I consider the overhand stroke unsuited, as it must entail the high bounding of the ball on the other side of the net. I am not sure that the round arm service, which puts a slight side spin on the ball, causing it to keep low, is not as good as any. It is not difficult to return; but, as it keeps low, no one can make a hammering return off it down the side line or across the court, as can be done off an easy or underhand service, which can be compared to nothing better than the giving of slow, easy balls to a first rate batsman in a game of base ball.

## THE BACK HAND STROKE

It is what always proves a great stumbling block to beginners, and even amongst the better class of players the possession of a good "back hand" is sufficiently noteworthy to be the subject of comment. The necessity of the back hand stroke would not exist if we were all trained from childhood, as some maintain we should be, to use either hand with equal facility.

In the case of true ambidexterous players (I know of only two such) there is no back hand necessary, the racket being changed from hand to hand as the ball comes to the right or the left. Such players make their stroke from either side in what is to them a natural way.

But there is no reason whatsoever why the back hand stroke should be difficult of execution. Beginners make it difficult by setting about it in the wrong way. The easiest way to learn is to watch a master of the art closely, and follow his actions on the spot. If this be done the learner will find that the reason the ordinary player fails to make a good back hand stroke is because he does not present the body properly to the ball. In the case of the fore hand stroke the left leg is in front, but in the case of the back hand stroke the reverse is the case, the right leg being in front. (See Fig. 2). As in the case of the fore hand stroke, a full swing must be given to the racket, and this cannot possibly be done unless the body be turned with the right side facing the ball as it advances. The body comes in the way of the racket under every other condition.

If the reader looks at Fig. 2 he will see

that the hand in making the back hand stroke is turned over, the back of the hand being presented to the ball.

## THE VOLLEY.

Although regarded as an offensive stroke, it is quite as often a defensive one. But the proper light in which to view the volley, is in that of a return wherewith to finish the stroke. A player is supposed never to go up to the net unless he sees a good chance of winning the stroke by volleying the next return. Thus when, by a hard drive, the ball is placed well to the opponent's fore or



FIG. 3.—THE HALF VOLLEY.

back hand, it is reasonable to assume that his return will be a weak one, which means that the ball will probably be returned high in the air somewhere near the net. When this proves to be the case it is decidedly the game to run up and volley the ball into that portion of the court where the opponent is not.

The volley can be made all round the circle, from the high over head "smash" to the low underhand volley near the ground, fore and back handed. When it is a case of winning a stroke as just supposed, the overhand stroke will be employed. Except in rare cases of delicate skill the underhand volley is more defensive than offensive, and will only be used in case of necessity. The same may be said of the half volley, the attitude for which is shown in Fig. 3.

It is an excellent and much adopted plan to hold the racket in the two hands just previous to making a backhanded volley. The fingers of the left hand lightly hold the frame of the racket for the sole purpose of ensuring that the face meets the ball dead square, which is an indispensable necessity if the ball is to rebound truly.

The least deviation causes the ball to go to one side or the other, and this fact is turned to great advantage by skillful players, who place the ball merely by turning the wrist slightly in the desired direction. Also by striking the ball more on the right or the left side it may be made to deviate from a straight course, and so defeat the adversary.

Given a ball coming at shoulder height over the left shoulder. The adversary, seeing your racket raised backhanded to strike, anticipates a direct return. But you do that which he cannot possibly anticipate from your action—viz., strike the ball, not full, but half pace, on the (your) left side, thus causing it to fly off at a tangent to the (your) right.

A few words of parting advice will be of use, if the learner will only take them to heart.

Never play on a bad court if you can get a good one.

Gravel and asphalt (in winter) or similar prepared courts are far better than grass, which can never be quite true.

Use a plain racket with a moderate sized head, strung with medium sized gut as tightly as it is possible to get it.

Keep your racket in a press and in a dry place.

Play with the best balls only. They are the cheapest, and a good game is possible with them only.

Never hurry to pick up a ball, or to serve. By doing both things slowly you have time to think out what you will do next.

When you mean going for a distant ball take long bounds and not short strides.

[This story continued in No. 251.]

GILBERT THE TRAPPER;  
OR,  
THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN;

By CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY,  
Author of "Luke Bennett's Hide Out," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.  
OUT FOR A RIDE.

"I SHOULD think," said Gus, as he arose from the table and brought his uncle's heavy boots out of the chimney corner, "that when you came to ride around after the blizzard had spent its force, you would find some Indians as well as cowboys and cattle laid out."

"Never heard of such a thing in my life," answered Uncle Jack, "although I don't mean to say that it never happened. As a general thing the reds ain't such fools. They can always tell when there's a storm coming, and of course they make all haste to get under cover. Besides, the most of them are content to stay on their reservations. You never heard of an outbreak in winter, did you?"

"I don't know that I ever did; but I have heard of Indian fights during the winter." So have I, and I have been in 'em, too. That was when Crook and Custer undertook winter campaigns against the hostiles. I tell you, that was rough on the Indians. You see, they can't do much in winter, 'cause they can't use their ponies; and a plains Indian without his horse isn't a thing to be very much afraid of."

"Why can't they use them?" asked Jerry.

"'Cause the grass is covered up with snow, and it is all the ponies can do to sustain life by browsing on the cottonwoods that the squaws cut down for them. They ain't fit for hard work. I don't know that I ever saw a lot of Indians so well supplied with every necessary thing as Black Kettle's. They came here on the morning that Custer struck them with the Seventh Cavalry," said Uncle Jack, musingly. "According to 'Little Phil's' General Field Order No. 6, we killed a hundred and three of them Indians, including Black Kettle himself, captured fifty three squaws and children" (here Uncle Jack began checking off the different things of which he spoke on his fingers), "eight hundred and seventy five ponies, every one of which we shot, except those that the prisoners needed to ride."

"What did you do that for?" exclaimed Gus. "The ponies were not hostile."

"Wasn't, eh? Well, if you want to find out just how friendly an Indian pony is to a white man, get behind one of them the first good chance you get, and see how quick he will kick you over into the next range. Even if they were not hostile we didn't want to leave 'em for the Indians to use against us, and we couldn't take 'em away with us, for as soon as we got through with Black Kettle and his band, we found ourselves surrounded by the rest of the Cheyennes, and all the hostile tribes with whom we were then at loggerheads, including the Arapahoes, Comanches, Kiowas, and a part of the Apaches. That's why we had to shoot the ponies. Let's see; where was I? Eight hundred and seventy five ponies, twelve hundred buffalo robes and skins, five hundred pounds of powder, twice as much lead, arrows and tobacco till you couldn't rest, besides a lot of other plunder like rifles, pistols, bows, lariats, and more dried meat and winter stores of every sort than any one wagon train that I ever saw could haul away. We burned it all up, and that left the hostiles in a pretty fix, I bet you."

"It is a wonder to me that they didn't all freeze to death," observed Jerry.

"Oh, laws! It takes a heap to fill an Indian, and you don't suppose that everybody who gets caught in the mountains in winter freezes to death, do you? I'll bet there's lots of hunters and trappers out there now, calculating to stay all winter. If a fellow can find a canyon, or a thicket of evergreens, and has a blanket and a little grub with him, and the means of making a fire, he needn't freeze, even during a bliz-

zard, unless he wants to. I passed two weeks that way once, and didn't feel the cold at all, although the pocket thermometer, that I happened to have with me, seldom registered higher than twelve degrees below zero. The storm continued sixty hours without a lull, and when it was over the mercury was frozen solid. Hold it to the fire long enough to thaw out, and it would get hard again in less than five minutes after you took it away. The snow was twenty feet deep in the canyon, and I couldn't get out till there was a crust on it that would bear my weight. I left my horse behind me, and when I sent one of my men after him, about six weeks later, he found him as frisky as a colt, and wild as a deer. He had to lasso him before he could touch him. Well, good by."

"Why can't we go with you?" inquired Jerry. "It's going to be awful slow staying around the house two or three days, doing nothing, and we have learned a good deal about rounding up."

"I know you have, but not enough for me to trust you in this instance," was the reply. "If there's a thing on top the ground



GUS AND JERRY WARREN ARE CAUGHT IN A SAND STORM ON THE PLAINS.

that is mighty easy stompeded, it is a steer, when you are trying to make him do something he don't want to do. He will get frightened at just nothing at all, and it takes the best kind of handling to make him stay anywhere. Some other time I shall call upon you to help me round up; but today I shall have to leave you behind. If you get tired of staying around the house, saddle up and go some where else. There ain't any Indians to bother you now, and if you don't let the blizzard catch you, you will be all right. Well, good by; I must be going."

Uncle Jack mounted his horse and rode away, and the boys went into the office, where Gus sat down to write a letter to his mother, telling of their uncle's safe return from his scout after the hostiles, while Jerry tried to find amusement in an old magazine which he had read so often that he knew some portions of it by heart.

They passed the time in this way until Sam called them to lunch; and when that was over, they saddled their ponies and set out for a short ride.

It was just the day for a brisk gallop; or, at least, that was what the boys told each other when they drew rein for a short rest on the summit of a high swell about five miles from Uncle Jack's ranch. The air was still cold enough to be bracing, but there was something peculiar about the wind, which the boys noticed as soon as they brought their horses to a stand still. It was so warm that it was almost oppres-

sive. "It feels as if it came off a blast furnace, doesn't it?" said Jerry. "I wonder if it is one of the signs of an approaching blizzard!"

"I never heard of that," replied Gus, "but if we were in Texas, I should say that we were going to have a norther. I have read that they sometimes begin with a warm wind, which, without an instant's warning, changes to one of icy coldness. The mercury has been known to fall sixty degrees in less than five minutes; and, what looks very strange to me, the sudden change in the temperature was never known to produce any bad effects upon those who happened to be caught out. But I don't suppose that they have any northers up here."

"I should think it would be hard work to follow a trail over such ground as this," observed Jerry, changing the subject, "and harder still for so many herds of cattle to find pasture here. There doesn't seem to be any soil for the grass to grow in. It is all dust, and two or three inches deep at that."

"It isn't dust," answered Gus; "it is sand. I wonder if it is a part of the Great American Desert that the old geographers tell about."

of such a thing before, but he thought of it now.

He remembered that his uncle had once given him and his brother a lengthy description of these storms, which are exceedingly disagreeable, but very rare, owing to the fact that it takes a peculiar kind of wind to raise one. It is not necessary that it should blow very strong, but that it should have an inclination to the surface. Such a wind fills the air so full of loose grass, sand, dust, and small stones, and drives them along with such fury, that it is often impossible to see twenty feet in any direction, and dangerous to attempt to face it.

"It is a sand storm, as sure as you live," said Gus, as soon as he could speak, "and if we don't get somewhere pretty soon we shall lose our bearings; and you know there's a blizzard only two or three days off."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Jerry. "You go ahead, and I'll follow, provided you don't go toward the wind. My eyes are nearly blinded already."

"We don't want to go toward the wind," answered his brother, "for that would take us off toward Mr. Wilson's. Pull your hat down over your eyes, keep the wind blowing on your left cheek, and come on."

So saying, Gus put his pony into a lope, and rode away in the direction in which he supposed his uncle's house to be.

It was all guess work on his part, for, as he afterwards declared, he could not see the length of his nose in front of him, the air was so full of sand and stubble, and there were two things that he forgot to take into consideration. One was, that his pony's desire to get a breath of fresh air might lead him to make for the nearest cover, and the other was the possibility that the wind might not continue to blow from the same quarter.

In fact it was shifting from one quarter to another almost every instant, gradually veering around to the north, from which point it would soon blow with the greatest fury, bringing with it blinding sheets of snow, and cold so intense that no living thing could long stand up against it; and of course as often as the wind changed its direction, the boys changed theirs, in order to "keep it blowing upon the left cheek," and in less than ten minutes after they set out for their uncle's house, they were entirely turned around, and riding furiously away from it.

On they went, for an hour or more, without once drawing rein, and then there was a change in the character of the wind, and in the appearance of things around them.

The breeze, and only increased to a gale, which, blowing more on a level with the ground, speedily cleared the air of sticks, sand, and pebbles, and then the boys stopped their ponies, raised the brims of their hats and looked about them.

There was not a single familiar landmark within the range of their vision. They were lost. Gus Warren had had a faint suspicion of it before, but he was sure of it now. They had been riding quite long enough to reach the ranch, which was not more than seven or eight miles from the swell on which their ponies stood when the sand storm first struck them, and it was plain to him that they had not held the right course.

More than that, he had noticed for a mile or so back, the ground over which his pony carried him, and only increased was not at all familiar to him. His tireless little steed was continually running up one swell and down another, or jumping over the gullies that lay in his course, and his rider more than once told himself that he had never been that way before. But he trusted to his pony's instinct, and to the wind, rather than to his knowledge of the country, and the consequence was he had lost his bearings.

"Now, then, where is the house?" demanded Jerry, as soon as he had cleared his eyes of the dust that had been blown into them. "Do you suppose it is behind that cloud of sand and stones?" he added, pointing to the storm, whose course could be plainly traced in the distance.

"No, I don't," replied Gus, promptly. "I don't know where it is. We have lost our way."

"Oh, that can't be," protested Jerry. "Didn't you feel the wind blowing on your left cheek all the while? I did."

"So did I; and I am positive that if we had continued to follow the course we had when we first started, we should have

I wish it wouldn't fly around quite so much," he added, pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his eyes with it. "If I am as dirty as you are, I am a pretty dirty fellow."

"Well, you are; every bit," said Jerry. "You look as though you had been making a summer journey on a railroad train."

CHAPTER XIV.  
THE SAND STORM.

WHILE the boys were talking, they noticed, on the plain below them, several little whirlwinds of sand and loose grass scudding along before the breeze, like those that are sometimes seen on a dusty street. And these little whirlwinds kept company with them, as they galloped across the intervening lowland to another hill, two miles farther on, to see if they could catch a glimpse of any of the cowboys.

"Let's get out of this," said Gus, holding his bent forearm over his eyes, and looking under it in the hope of discovering some of his uncle's herdsmen. "There's no one in sight, so we might as well start for home before these dust gets thick enough to choke us. Why, Jerry, one of those stones left a mark on your cheek!"

"Say," gasped the latter, who was already so nearly choked that he could hardly catch his breath long enough to speak. "Did it ever occur to you that this may be a sand-storm?"

This simple question almost frightened Gus out of his wits. He had never thought

found the ranch before this time. But the wind must have changed, when we thought it was holding steady all the time, and we're lost.

"Lost!" exclaimed Jerry, turning white with alarm. "Lost!" he repeated, as if he did not quite grasp the meaning of the word, at the same time raising himself in his saddle in the vain effort to increase the range of his vision. "Why, the house can't be very far from here. What's that over there?"

"It is the timber that lines the base of the foothills," answered Gus. "You never saw it from the house, did you? It's only twenty miles from here, if it is an inch. Probably it is much farther than that. Come on."

"Where are you going?" asked Jerry, as his brother once more put his pony in motion and rode toward the timber of which he had spoken. "The house doesn't lie off in that direction. You must be completely turned around." "Not more so than you are, if you imagine we can reach Uncle Jack's roof to-night. We have barely two hours of daylight left, and instead of wasting that to no purpose I suggest that we make the best of our way to the shelter of those trees and go into camp."

CHAPTER XV.

A DASH FOR SHELTER.

JERRY WARREN'S fears increased every minute.

There was no word in the language that had so many terrors for him as that little word "lost." To his mind it comprehended all there was of hopeless, helpless misery. While he was thinking about it, the eloquent words of one of his favorite authors came into his mind, and he repeated them aloud without being conscious of what he was doing:

"There are those, who, on finding themselves alone in a pathless forest, become appalled, almost panic-stricken, by the sight of an unbroken wilderness. It subdues them, and they quail before the relentless, untamed forces of nature. They know that she is stern, hard, immovable and terrible in unrelenting cruelty. When winter winds are out and the mercury far below zero, she will allow her most ardent lover to freeze to death on her snowy breast without waving a leaf in sympathy, or offering him a match; and scores of her devotees may starve to death in as many different languages, before she will give them a loaf of bread."

"Well, we don't ask nature for a loaf of bread, or for a match, either," said Gus, as he headed his pony toward the woods and urged him into a gallop. "We've got both, and she can't starve or freeze us in one night, that's certain. No; I don't think our case is desperate, but it is serious. That blizzard is coming—"

"There, now; I thought it was growing colder," said Jerry, dropping his reins, and pulling his collar up around his ears. "It frightens me to think of it. If it comes before morning—then what?"

"Why, then, we shall be weather bound; that's all," and he was so indifferent to the dangers of their situation as he pretended to be. "We've got sixteen cartridges apiece in our Winchester, a camp axe and plenty of grub in our saddle bags, and our blankets are strapped in their usual places. I hope we know enough about woodcraft to make ourselves comfortable for a few hours."

"A few hours," repeated Jerry. "Don't you know that these blizzards sometimes last three or four days?"

Gus believed he had heard Uncle Jack say so.

"And that it is no uncommon thing for them to leave drifts more than twenty feet deep?" continued Jerry.

"Gus knew that also, but did not see how they were going to help themselves. If the blizzard came, they would have to stand it; that was all. It certainly would not be prudent for them to try to reach home that night, for the dark would catch them sure. "Then why not trust to our ponies?" inquired Jerry. "I believe they could find their way to the house."

"I know they could, and I should be in favor of giving them their heads, if I were not afraid of that storm. You had better do as I say for once. You will be sorry for it if you don't."

Jerry wasn't so sure of that, yet he yielded the point. It was well for him that he did, for before they had accomplished half the fifteen miles that lay between them and the willows that fringed the base of the foothills the blizzard burst upon them with all its fury.

The gale roared like an express train, and in an instant the forest shut the timber out from their view; but their ponies were

their salvation. These intelligent animals knew what a storm of this kind meant better than their riders did, and without any word from the boys, they increased their pace to a dead run, holding a straight course for the hills.

The cold was far ahead of anything Gus had ever experienced before, or even dreamed of, but he bore up under it manfully; while Jerry whined visibly at every breath of the cutting blast.

"I can't stand it," he panted, as his brother reined alongside of him, and began unfastening the blanket that was strapped behind his brother's saddle. "I'm freezing."

"Oh, no, you're not," replied Gus, whose lips were so benumbed that he could scarcely frame the words. "You hold fast to your horse; that's all you've got to do. He'll take you through all right. We're all most here."

Having wrapped his brother up head and ears, Gus strapped his own blanket and covered himself with it; but the only good it did him was to afford his face protection from the sheets of thin, cutting ice with which the air was filled.

It did not seem to shut out the wind at all. He began to think he was freezing himself, but he would not have told Jerry so for the world.

He remembered reading somewhere that one should often encourage their companions, when on a difficult march, by singing songs; so Gus caught his breath, moved his blanket out of the way so that his disheartened brother could hear him, and struck up:

"Och, I wish I was on butter-milk-leek hill, And there I'd sit and cry me fill; And that every year might turn a mill— Och, why did I go for a cowboy?"

"Brace up!" he added, catching Jerry by the arm as the latter reeled in his saddle. "The woods are right ahead of us. Now, pick up your reins and be ready to catch your pony. If you don't, he may dash into the bushes and knock you off."

These words aroused the half frozen boy, who after a few efforts managed to get hold of his reins, and pull his blanket aside so that he could look out. The snow was so thick and blinding that he could not see anything, but a moment later his pony stopped, his headlong gallop, and stood dancing up and down in his tracks. The cold and the cutting ice together made him so nearly frantic that he could not stand still.

"Raise yourself in your stirrups so that I can pull off your saddle bags," said a voice, close at his elbow. "That's all right. No trouble at all and I will catch you; but be sure and keep a fast hold of your bridle, for if you give him the least chance, your pony—whoo, there! That's what I was afraid of."

Jerry was too cold to care for anything but a good fire and a safe shelter from the storm. He tumbled limp and almost lifeless into his brother's outstretched arm, at the same time allowing the reins to fall from his grasp. That left his pony at liberty, and the suffering animal was quick to appreciate the fact, as well as to take advantage of it. Giving an angry snort he wheeled about, bowed his head to the storm and set off at full speed. In his efforts to stop him and to keep his brother from falling heavily to the ground, Gus released his grasp upon his own bridle, and his pony leaped away to keep company with Jerry's. They were out of sight in less time than it takes to tell it.

"They're stampeded easy enough," said Gus, as he dragged rather than led his brother deeper into the shelter afforded by the friendly bushes and evergreens, "and we've seen the last of them for one while."

"Do you think they will go home?" Jerry managed to ask. "I wish we had a fire."

At almost any other time the loss of his horse would have frightened Jerry; but now he did not seem to care much about it. His brain was benumbed as well as his body.

"No, I don't think they will go home," replied Gus. "They will turn their heads away from the wind and run till they drop. It is a wonder to me how we controlled away as long as we did. We were so cold that they could have pitched over their heads at any time, if they had taken a notion to do it."

"I don't see why they didn't stay with us, now that we have reached shelter," observed Jerry. "These trees completely shut off the storm, don't they?"

"Yes; but they don't shut off the cold, and we shall freeze if we don't get deeper into them and make a camp. Uncle Jack

says that the safest place during a blizzard is a canyon. Come on, and we'll see if we can find one."

It was only by the greatest exercise of will that Jerry could bring himself to act upon this suggestion.

He lifted his saddle bags from the ground and plodded wearily through the timber along with his brother, but he left him to do all the prospecting. Jerry was so nearly "done up," as he expressed it, that he would not have recognized a canyon if he had stumbled into one.

In this desperate situation we must leave him and his brother to take care of themselves, while we take up the history of some other characters whose names have been incidentally mentioned in this narrative.

Let us go in search of Gilbert the trapper, who is really the hero of my story.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC LOVING ANIMALS.

The love that animals have for music is as old as the days when Orpheus called them to his feet by the magic power of his lyre, yet the following facts may be new to some of our readers.

Flocks of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. There is a story of a sportsman who one day in the woods very still and began whistling to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"A twinkling," said he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side and listened. A moment after he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards of me he listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an effort to look at me, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped."

QUICK WORK.

In times of great danger women are often more cool headed than men. In one instance, related in *Our Dumb Animals*, they received the credit due them.

Three sisters of St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum at New York were awakened one night last summer to find the building in flames, with over a hundred children in peril. They got the children out without telling them the house was on fire.

They chose three lads, each under fourteen, to help. Those boys sent thirty smaller boys down the fire escapes, and the still younger ones came down and it was all done without accident or panic.

Another boy, John Hanley, unbidden, helped twenty-five small boys down an escape on the front of the building.

He saved fifty little girls out without accident, and it was all done in less than ten minutes.

THE SAHARA'S FRUIT GARDENS.

The Congo district is not the only part of Africa that is being conquered by civilization. Many are known, says *the Mail Gazette*, that the Sahara is not everywhere synonymous with desert, and that that region, despite the dryness of its climate and the general aridity of its surface, possesses many a cultivated and fertile spot. The mere combination of the two elements of sun and water has produced marvels in the way of vegetation.

The Sahara is an immense basin of artesian waters, and at times there is a superabundance; but the number of cultivated tracts are few. The number of fruit trees is no fewer than forty three oases in the Wady Rir, which, after a period of thirty years, has 13,000 inhabitants, 520 palm trees in full bearing—that is, which have been planted in more than seven years—120,000 trees between one and seven years old, and 100,000 fruit trees. There are a number of similar factories in other averages \$500,000.

BUTTONS MADE OF BLOOD.

EVERY day the world casts aside as useless many things which might be turned to account. The *Philadelphia Bulletin* tells us how animal blood is beginning to be utilized.

There is a large factory in Bridgeport, near Chicago, employing about one hundred men, which has been converted into a button factory. The same firm has another large factory elsewhere.

Dr. Hirsch has introduced to introduce the business in this country some years ago. He lost \$16,000 the first six months, but stuck to it, and now he is immensely wealthy. There are a number of similar factories in England. From 8,000 to 10,000 gallons of blood are used in the Bridgeport factory every day.

Nothing but fresh beef blood is used, and considerable of the blood evaporates during the process of drying, but what remains is pure albumen. The color of the blood is changed to a dark, according to the chemical treatment given it. These thin sheets of dried blood are then broken up, and are ready to be worked into various shapes and sizes.

Large quantities of the blood sheets are used in the manufacture of buttons. The color in calico goods. Not only are buttons made from blood in this way, but tons of earrings, breast pins, and clasps, are made up of the same annually there from blood. It is a queer, odiferous business, but a paying one.

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

BY J. P. KITTER, JR.

Who hath an eye to find me? Who hath a chain to bind me? My hand is on the fair green fields and seas. I blur the pictured dreams of sleeping fountains. Or send my voice along her piny mountains. Higher and higher going to the top of them. Men see not, but they hear me. They love me, yet they fear me. For me'er a spirit had such changing moods. From waving heavenward the white winged ships. Or waters calm as lakes, I seize my whips And drive the tempests from their solitudes.

Who hath an eye to find me? Who hath a chain to bind me? The vagrant roamer of the homeless sky. Before the hoary mountains were, I lived. For ages unnumbered through their pines have I grieved. That I alone of all things me'er shall die.

(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 XXXVI.

THE BATTLE ON BUNKEL ISLAND.

GETTING under the rocks which formed a cliff abreast of the grotto on Bunkel Island, the steamer could not be seen from the shore. It was early in the morning, and the occupants were not stirring at that hour.

Andy had called the attention of the other crew where he had made such a tremendous haul the day before.

He had not decided upon his operations for the day, for it was necessary for him to ascertain the situation on the island before he attempted to do anything. Duph and Phil knew where the tin was, but they would see him, and he sent himself in the boat to await their coming.

He looked into the "oven," as he called the space at the foot of the shaft, into which the traveling bag had been lowered by its owner. The rock had had a careful preparation as a substitute for his treasure, but he was sure it was not in just the place where he had left it. Paddy had no doubt tried the line many times, and the weight of the rock had satisfied him that the bag was in its proper situation.

Andy had eaten a hearty breakfast on board of the Lily, and he never felt in better condition for active operations. Exhilarated by his former success in obtaining possession of the treasure, he viewed the rest of the work as comparatively easy. He had not proposed to himself to arrest the robbers, or to get into a battle with them. All he wanted now was the tin, and he thought he would go and he could take them over to the Bay of Islands, where the steamer was waiting for him.

Possibly his former success had made Andy impatient, and he found that waiting for something to occur was the most trying duty he had ever performed.

He listened with all his ears for any sound from the grotto above him; but neither voice nor movement was to be heard until ten o'clock, and it was time they were stirring.

He was sure that the prisoners would be on the look-out for him; but he concluded that if they would not stir, he would leave the cave till the robbers were in condition to keep watch of them.

He had backed to the northwest, and it was chilly doing nothing in the water cave. Andy hauled the tender up to the shelf when the water was raised, and he stepped on the landing on the rocks, he walked toward the plain.

Near the savings where he had concealed himself the day before, he halted and looked about him.

He could see no one near the entrance to the cave; and he stopped to think. It occurred to him that the situation had essentially changed since he had been on the island before. He had never seen the tin, and he had remained a full hour off the landing rock, and he knew she was somewhere on the lake.

It was plain enough to Andy that the robbers would allow the prisoners to take care of themselves on the island, as he had done before. The Lily was liable to appear at any minute. If Paddy and Tom Sawyer were in the cave that morning, they must have seen the steamer go in among the islands on the other side of the lake.

Duph and Phil could not know that Andy had been on board of the Lily, and the robbers were not aware that he had been on the island.

Andy was rather uneasy after he had waited another half hour. He walked very cautiously towards the mine of tin, and he concluded to obtain some information that would guide his future movements. He went as near the entrance of the cave as he dared, without seeing any of the occupants.

Keeping behind the trees as much as he could, he made his way to the north side of the grotto, and he was sure that he had seen the tin, or not the Lily could be seen from any part of the shore. He had intended to conceal her, but he was not sure that he had done so.

He could find no place which commanded even a glimpse of her.

This was what Andy called dull music, and he started on his return to the other side of the island. But he had not taken ten steps before he heard something moving in the distance. He stopped, and he heard a sound and waited; and it seemed to him just as though the music was going to be livelier.

He seated himself on a rock behind the





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### COMIC PAPERS IN POLITICS.

The artists of comic periodicals in Europe are not allowed to give so free a rein to their fancies as are the publishers of similar journals in this country. The editors of several such papers in Vienna were lately called to the office of the public prosecutor, and gravely informed that they would have to stop caricaturing the Sultan of Turkey. His majesty had officially complained to the Austrian foreign office that his feelings had been deeply injured by the cartoons in the Vienna papers, and serious political consequences might ensue, if the editors would not promise to restrain their artists.

How curious it would seem to hear that some American politician felt himself outraged by the funny drawings of our sprightly humorous contemporaries! It is fortunate that our statesmen are not so sensitive as the Sultan.

### ANOTHER ISTHMUS PIERCED.

The nineteenth century has proved destructive to isthmuses. That of Panama may outlive the century, but Suez has been pierced, and another—that of Corinth—will be overcome before long.

Like the joining of the Red and Mediterranean Seas, the Corinth canal is a very old project reviewed. At the very time when Pharaoh Necho's myriads of slaves were toiling to cut a channel through the sands of Suez, Periander, tyrant of Corinth, planned to hew out the rocks that separate the gulfs of Lepanto and Egina. He failed, and so did the Roman emperor Nero, who renewed the attempt six hundred years later.

When the scheme was abandoned for more than eighteen centuries, till in 1881 a French company undertook the work, and in spite of its difficulties, the task has almost been accomplished. Though the isthmus is only four miles wide, it is rocky, and rises two hundred and fifty feet above the sea; but rock cutting machinery has been so much improved since the days of Periander and Nero, that where they failed, the French engineers, with their Greek and Italian laborers, are now within sight of success.

When opened, the new canal will shorten by over a hundred miles the distance between Russia and Turkey on the one side and Italy on the other, and enable vessels to avoid the storms and dangerous rocks of Cape Mattapan.

### HOW TO TRAIN THE MEMORY.

The erroneous idea that persons are not in great measure responsible for the power of their memories is so often heard from the lips of both young and old that we turn the editorial pen to a brief consideration of this subject.

The justice of rating men's original endowments in a direct ratio to the various degrees of success attained by them in life, is too self evident to call for demonstration. One improves the gifts that are in him; another neglects them. So it is with memory. One subjects his retentive faculty to a severe training, and it gathers strength in the same way that the arm of the athlete develops muscle. Another devotes no attention to cultivating the memory, and it soon becomes weak and untrustworthy.

What many call the use of the memory is not its use but its abuse.

Few persons indeed, after reading a newspaper or magazine article, can give another a connected and intelligent abstract of it.

If we would recall what we read, we must

read with this object distinctly in view. If we would remember what we hear, we must make special effort to retain. Webster, when a boy, is said to have held the points of the preacher's sermon in mind by counting them on the rafters of the unfinished church in which he worshipped.

The method of Thurlow Weed may be found useful, when one is so situated as to be able to put it in operation.

He says: "Every night, the last thing before retiring, I told my wife everything I could remember that had happened to me, or about me, during the day. I generally recalled the very dishes I had had for breakfast, dinner, and tea; the people I had seen and what they had said; the editorials I had written for my paper, giving her brief abstracts of them; I mentioned all the letters I had sent and received, and the very language used, as nearly as possible, when I had walked or ridden. I told her everything that had come within my observation. I found I could say my lessons better and better every year, and instead of the practice growing irksome, it became a pleasure to go over again the events of the day.

"I am indebted to this discipline for a memory of somewhat unusual tenacity, and I recommend the practice to all who wish to store up facts, or expect to do with influencing men."

A good memory is of inestimable value, and is well worth the efforts needed to develop it.

A CONTEMPORARY notes the curious fact that the difference in cost to railroads between a thousand signs reading "Look out for the locomotive" and the same number reading "Danger!" is six hundred dollars, and it has been found that the latter are more effective.

A good deal of effort, as we have remarked before, is wasted because it is misdirected. Do what you have to do, not only with all your might, but also in the best and shortest way.

FOR \$5 we will send THE GOLDEN ARGOSY and MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, to any address, for one year.

### A NEW REPUBLIC.

A NEW country has been formed in South America. Between Brazil and French Guiana lies a thinly peopled district which has long been a no man's land, although Brazil nominally claims it as a part of her dominions. Its twenty four thousand square miles contain only seven hundred inhabitants, who recently met together and declared the country independent, under the title of the Republic of Couann.

A French journalist was elected president, and the infant republic already possesses a cabinet, an official newspaper, and an order of the Star of Couann. If the example of other governments in that part of the world is followed, we shall probably soon hear of an elaborate series of postage stamps, an army consisting of ten brigadier generals and one drummer boy, and two or three political revolutions.

But this new candidate for a place in the sisterhood of nations has trouble ahead of her, for the selfish authorities at Rio Janeiro have declared that Couann belongs to Brazil and will not be allowed to secede.

### NOT A "SOFT PLACE."

A RAILROAD presidency is generally supposed to be synonymous with light duties and a colossal salary. Some of our readers may be surprised to hear that this idea is a complete mistake. In these days of great corporations and keen competition, the head of a railroad has by no means a bed of roses. The responsibility and anxiety of his position are tremendous, to say nothing of the actual hard labor it entails.

There are many who believe that the late William H. Vanderbilt's death was caused by the wear and tear of the presidency of the New York Central, and they point to the fact that his two predecessors in the office broke down from overwork. Nearly every other president of a great railroad, it is said, shows traces of the strain he continually has to undergo.

We recommend these facts to the consideration of any boy who is looking out for a place where he will have easy work and high wages. Such positions are not so numerous as some people imagine. Large salaries are generally the most thoroughly earned, and our readers had better make up their minds to earn theirs.

### ROBERT T. LINCOLN, Abraham Lincoln's Son—Late Secretary of War.

LIKE Judge Gresham, of whom we published a sketch two weeks ago in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Robert T. Lincoln is frequently mentioned as one whom his party may next year nominate for the presidency. His prominence is not solely due to the fact that his father was perhaps the greatest man in American history. That is indeed a just ground for honor and respect; but he has given ample proof of qualities and abilities that would have won these for him if he had not been the son of the martyred President.

Abraham Lincoln was practicing law at Springfield, Illinois, when his eldest son was born, on the 1st of August, 1848. The boy was named Robert Todd, after his mother's father. His parents at that time were boarding at the Grove Tavern, but a year later they took a house, which remained their home till they moved to Washington.

Young Lincoln was educated first in the common schools of Springfield, and then in a Lutheran seminary which was called the Illinois State University. In 1869 he went to Phillips Academy, at Exeter, New Hampshire, and entered Harvard in the following year. Passing through the regular college course, he graduated in 1874. During his years at school, Robert Lincoln had witnessed the election of his father to be President of the United States, and the outbreak and progress of the civil war. The end of the struggle still seemed to be distant when he left college, and it was his wish to enter the Union army.

His father dissuaded him, fearing the possible complications that might ensue should the President's son fall into the hands of the secessionists. Robert returned to Harvard to study law, but during the winter recess he gained his father's consent to his purpose, and was appointed to General Grant's staff, with a captain's commission—this comparatively low rank being due to his modest desire not to outrank any of his fellow officers.

Reaching Grant's army while it was before Petersburg, Robert Lincoln took part in the operations which led to the fall of that city on April 2, 1865. One of his duties was to escort his father from City Point, Virginia, to the seat of hostilities. He was with Grant at Appomattox, and the next day after Lee's surrender he started in company with his commander for Washington. The railroads were destroyed, the traveling was bad, and they did not reach the capital till Friday morning, April 14, 1865.

Robert Lincoln hastened to the White House, where he found his father at a late breakfast. The President had not yet received definite information of the surrender of the Confederate army, and father and son had much to talk over. They dined together that evening, and for the last time—for a few hours later Robert Lincoln stood beside the dying President in the little house opposite Ford's Theater.

The murder of his father threw upon his shoulders the management of the family. He resigned his commission in the army, and, with his widowed mother, hurried to Chicago, determining to enter the legal profession. Through the friendly offices of Judge David Davis, he found a place in the office of Scammon, McCagg, and Fuller, a leading Chicago law firm, and here he continued his studies till he was admitted to the bar in 1867.

He now joined with a son of Mr. Scammon to form the firm of Scammon and Lincoln. This connection was dissolved at the time of the great fire, in 1871, and Robert Lincoln spent some months in Europe, with his

mother. He returned to Chicago in December, 1872, and resumed his law practice in partnership with E. S. Isham.

Mr. Lincoln devoted himself diligently to his profession, and rather avoided than sought participation in politics. Yet he could not entirely abstain from public affairs. In 1876 he was elected supervisor of South Chicago, and was expressly intrusted by his fellow citizens with the task of reforming the local administration. In the same year he made a short speech to a large political meeting at Tippecanoe, Indiana, and a few elsewhere, all of which were well received. He was appointed a trustee of the Illinois Central Railroad by the governor of the State. He served as a delegate to the Republican national convention of 1876, and as an elector on the State ticket of his party.

When Garfield was elected to the presidency, Mr. Lincoln rather expected nor desired political preferment. He was at Springfield, in the office of Governor Cullom of Illinois, when he first obtained the information that he had been selected to fill a cabinet position. He received a letter from the President, which read simply thus: "I propose, if you consent, to nominate you for Secretary of War."

ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

Mr. Lincoln's first thought was to decline the proffered honor, with the new labors and responsibilities it would bring upon him. At the same time, he was unwilling to shrink from a public duty, or to disarrange the President's "slate," which would have to be announced within two or three days.

He took one night to consider the proposition, and on the following morning telegraphed his acceptance to Washington. And the duties of the secretaryship, which he retained under General Arthur's presidency, were never more efficiently performed than during Mr. Lincoln's term of office. While few noteworthy events occurred within that time, the department was managed in an efficient and businesslike manner that was satisfactory to the country.

Mr. Lincoln is now again steadily at work in Chicago. He is an indefatigable worker, and one who does quietly and well all that he undertakes.

In person, he shows little resemblance to his illustrious father. He has the lofty forehead of Abraham Lincoln, but his figure is of medium height, broad and compact. He has blue eyes, and wears a heavy brown beard and mustache. He reads much, and is well informed on historical and literary subjects. In society he is popular, but he is very fond of home life. He lives on Massachusetts Avenue, Chicago. His wife, whose maiden name was Mary Harlan, is a daughter of Ex-Senator Harlan of Iowa, and they have three children, a boy and two girls.

RICHARD H. TITHEBINGTON.

### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THERE is never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

THEY are more important than when we claim against the want of it.—Zimmernann.

THE wise man expects everything from himself; the fool looks to others.—Jean Paul Richter.

IN matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.—Robert Hall.

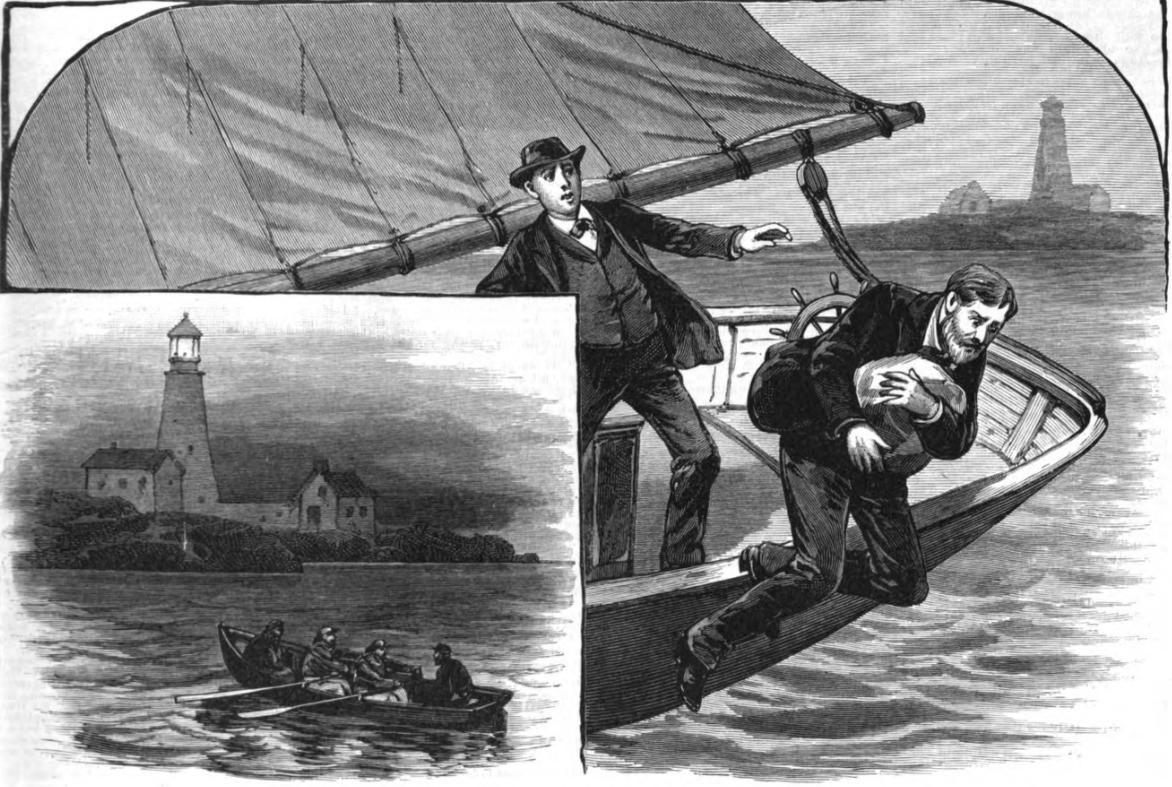
A HORSE is not known by his trappings, but qualities; so men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth.—Seneca.

GREAT men begin enterprises because they think them great, and fools, because they think them easy.—Vauvenargues.

IF you live according to what nature requires, you will never be poor; if according to the notions of men, you will never be rich.—Seneca.

REASON requires culture to expand it. It resembles the fire concealed in the flint, which only shows itself when struck with the steel.—Gordell.





THE OWNER OF THE YACHT PICKED UP A HEAVY WEIGHT THAT LAY ON THE DECK, AND SPRANG INTO THE DEEP WATER.

[This story commenced in No. 257.]  
**HOW HE WON;**  
 OR,  
**THE ISLAND HOME.**

By **BROOKS McCORMICK,**  
*Author of "Nature's Young Noblemen," etc.*

**CHAPTER IV.**  
**AFLOAT ON THE ANGRY BILLOWS.**

THE whale boat in which Increase Mumbleton had embarked with his nephew was totally unfit for navigation. Her skipper knew the coast very well, but perhaps he had not got his bearings after he waked from his sleep. The boat had gone too near the reef; in fact, she was over a part of it, when the heavy sea lifted her, and then dropped her down on the sharp rocks.

The craft had several large stones for ballast, which were placed on the bottom, well aft. Sandy had gone forward when his uncle took the helm from him. He had seen the breakers on the rocks ahead, and had given an energetic warning. The whale boat was snapped in two when it struck a sharp ridge of the rock, just as a man breaks a stick in halves over his knee.

The after part of the boat, containing the ballast, went to the bottom in the deep water at the side of the ridge, carrying the old man down with it, while the forward part, in which were Sandy and the mast, was carried by the big sea beyond the shoal water.

This part of the wreck upset at once, or went over so that the mast, with the sail still hanging to it, floated on the water. It was lifted high in the air, surged, swayed, swept hither and thither by the savage waves, Sandy clinging to the mast with all his might, although as each billow dashed it ahead, he was nearly wrenched from his place.

To the storm tossed boy on the foaming billows there seemed to be not a particle of hope in the future. He could see the lighthouse on Doom Island, two miles distant, but it was a terrible waste of waters, lashed into fury by the increasing gale, which lay between him and the shore.

But Sandy had both brains and pluck; if he had only a minute or an hour to live, it was best to be as comfortable as possible. He studied the position of the wreck in the water, and observed how it was affected by the waves.

It was a useful study to him, for he would certainly have perished within ten minutes after the wreck if he had given up or lost and done nothing to better his condition. The mast was a large and clumsy one, for it had been made by Increase himself. Its size added to its power of flotation. Sandy seated himself on the mast, at the point where it passed through the thwart, so that his right

arm rested on the gunwale of the upper side of the boat.

In this position he found himself, if not comfortable, at least in a situation to hold on and make the most of his slender chance of life. The mast was provided with a couple of stays, or shrouds, which prevented it from coming out, and afforded Sandy a support for his back. He had, for the first time, an opportunity to consider what had just happened. He could see the waves break upon the ridge of the reef, where the whale boat had been snapped in two in the twinkling of an eye.

He had not seen his uncle since the instant the boat had snapped in twain. In looking out for his own safety, he had turned his gaze away from the stern of the boat; when he looked again, the old man and the other half of the boat had been swallowed up in the angry waves. He shuddered when he thought of his uncle perishing in an instant, almost before his very eyes, while he was powerless to save him.

He fixed his gaze upon the spot where the stern of the boat had gone down, to see if his uncle was not still struggling in the furious sea. He could see nothing but the water, lashed into foam, as it beat upon the treacherous rock. He had looked for the last time upon one who had been his tyrant for years.

The wind was now from the southeast, and it drove the wreck directly towards Doom Island, and clear of the most dangerous part of the reef. For three hours Sandy was buffeted about by the waves, holding on so desperately that his hands were nearly paralyzed by the effort. By this time he was within half a mile of the light. It was about sundown, and he thought there must be some one in the tower, preparing for the night.

He had a red silk handkerchief in the coat pocket of his other suit, and he thought it might possibly be seen if he waved it in the air. Then, for the first time since the disaster, he thought of his bundle. It contained his money, for he had not dared to put it in the pocket of the suit he wore, as Hugh might miss his stolen treasure, and search him, as his uncle had done. He had put the bundle in the fore sheets of the boat, forward of the mast, so that it should not work aft.

Reaching under him, he felt about in the water for the bundle. It was with a thrill of delight that he placed his hand upon it. If he ever got ashore, the money would at least enable him to obtain food till he could get help, and be able to support himself. Even in that hour of supreme peril, he could not help thinking of the manner in which he had obtained this large sum.

Hugh had taken it from his father, who had taken the same amount from Sandy. He had secured Hugh's treasure, and his uncle had obtained what he pleased. It looked to him just as though the accounts had been properly balanced. He had what was his own, and his uncle had recovered what he had lost.

Hugh, who had stolen the money, was the only one who was out of a hundred and fifty dollars, and he had no claim whatever. It looked all right to Sandy as it was, though he was not a trained moralist, and did not see where there was a screw loose in the argument.

When he had secured the bundle, Sandy did not feel like opening it in such an unsafe place, and he waved his handkerchief with all his might. If the people at the lighthouse were looking that way, they might see it. He continued these tactics for half an hour, and then he heard a fog horn, which he interpreted as a reply to his signal. Things began to look hopeful, and in a few minutes more he saw a boat rising and falling on the big waves.

"Help! help!" shouted Sandy, more to guide the approaching boat than to convey the idea that he needed assistance, for that was known already. He repeated the call at intervals, till the boat came within half of him. It was a canoe, pulled by two men.

The stout men on the boat were rowing against wind and tide, and their progress was slow. It was another half hour before the boat came up under the lee of the wreck. Sandy had his bundle in his hand, and when one of the men drew him in—for he was too stiff to do much for himself—his treasure went with him.

Sandy dropped into the stern sheets of the boat, which was jumping on the waves like a fractious horse, and lay there in the water, which had filled the craft. But it was an iron life boat, and would have floated if it had been full.

The oarsmen made haste to get the boat out of the way of the wreck, and gave no attention to their unfortunate passenger till this was done. A few strokes to windward carried it away from the danger of being stove by the remnant of the whale boat, and then they headed for the island.

He rubbed his hands and arms, and as the weather was warm, he soon restored them to their proper condition. The oarsmen, seeing that he was exhausted by his long exposure, refrained from talking to him; and, indeed, they had enough to do to look out for the boat. One of them was a man of fifty, and the other a young man. The rescued sufferer soon recovered from the fatigues of the day, and he was the first to speak.

"He's rough off here," said he, looking at the stroke oarsman, who was the older of the two.

"Pretty rough, but not as bad as we have sometimes," replied the man addressed. "But what were you doing out there in an open boat in such a gale?"

"We were going to Riverhaven," answered Sandy.

"Then you were a long way off your course," Sandy explained how they happened to be six miles too far to the northward.

"You talk as though there was some one with you, my boy," added the older man.

"I told you, I thought there were two in the boat, Captain Longburn," said the younger man. "I was looking at the boat when she was on the reef, with the glass."

"Who was with you, my lad?" asked Captain Longburn, who was the light keeper.

"My uncle was with me," replied Sandy; and he had another thrill of horror as he thought of his late companion.

"Then he may be floating about in this rough sea on some part of the wreck," said the light keeper, with a start of apprehension, as he looked back at the terrible reef.

"No, sir," replied Sandy, shaking his head mournfully; for however he and his uncle had disagreed, he was sadly impressed by his sudden death in that awful manner.

"Perhaps he is on the other half of your boat," suggested Captain Longburn.

"No, sir, he is not; the ballast was all in the after part of the whale boat, and it went to the bottom like a piece of lead, and my uncle went down with it," Sandy explained.

"What was your uncle's name?"

"Increase Mumbleton; and he lived in Gloucester."

"Then he was a brother of Jason Mumbleton, of Riverhaven. I know Jason very well, and I have met Increase," added Captain Longburn. "If Increase was your uncle, are you the son of Calvin Mumbleton, who went to Valparaiso?"

"Yes, sir; I was born in Valparaiso," replied Sandy, glad to find himself with one who knew the family.

"I knew Calvin very well; he and I went to school together. To speak out loud in meeting, Calvin was the best one in the family, for he died after his mother, and not his father, like the rest of them."

"With the wind and tide to aid them, the rowers had only to keep the boat right side up, and she soon reached the island."

**CHAPTER V.**  
**SOMETHING ABOUT THE MUMBLETON FAMILY.**

"WHAT is your name, my lad?" asked the Captain Longburn, when the boat had brought up to the landing place on the lee side of the island.

"Alexander Mumbleton," replied Sandy.

"That's a long name, and we shall have to call you Aleck," said the light keeper, with a smile.

The owner of the name did not object, for he did not like the name of Sandy, which had been given to him by his Uncle Increase. The new name suited him better, and he had once made an effort to have himself called by it.

The life boat was hoisted up to its place, and the party went to the quarters of the lighthouse-keeper. It was dark, and the light was burning brightly in the lofty tower.

Three men lived on the island, and the new name suited him better, and he had once made an effort to have himself called by it. In half an hour he had supper on the table, and Aleck, as we must call him hereafter, ate like a famished tiger.

His uncle had given him nothing but hard, dry brown bread for his dinner, while he ate the doughnuts himself, and he was hungry. As he recalled the scene, he felt the corners of the well supplied table, he did not feel much like going into mourning for the departed, though he had been shocked at his uncle's sudden striking of him.

There was no home in the future for Aleck in Gloster. But his uncle had been conveying him to a new home, and he had to go, and it looked as though the house of Jason Mumpleton was the only abiding place open to him. He had to go, and Uncle Jason, who was a confirmed miser, and even starved himself more effectually than Increase had done.

Aleck was not inclined to go to such a home. He would not be welcome there, in the first place, and he was sure to be starved, in the second. Then and there he noticed a spot that he would not live with Uncle Jason. All that Aleck knew about his father was that he had lived in Valparaiso; that he was his only child, and had been born there. At the death of his mother his father had brought him to Riverhaven, the original home of all the family, intending to stay there, but he had stayed a few years, and had then been seized with the desire to make money faster, and had started on his return.

As the steamer in which the lost passage foundered in a terrible storm, and Calvin had perished in the disaster. As Jason had no wife, and "did not care to follow her," his father expressed it, he took his son to the home of his brother Increase. He lived hardly more "like folks," though his wife was a good woman, and she was buried in a grave by the hard life she led in the house of her husband.

Aleck had been a nephew in his stinging way for three years. But he went to see Jason before he would consent to retain him after the death of his father. Then his brother had told him that he had no money in trust for the boy when he should be of age. But Jason would not tell him how much he held, and he would not tell him, and in the box in which Calvin had brought it from South America.

Increase had been in with Hugh about the gold of unknown amount that Jason held in trust for the boy. It excited their cupidity, and they wanted to know more about it. Hugh had had a conversation with Riverhaven for the sole purpose of obtaining information in regard to the treasure. If he obtained any knowledge, he would not be kept, he never told his father anything about it. He was twenty years old, and he had views of his own.

Aleck thought it likely that his father had left a few hundred dollars for him with Jason; and this was all he could gather from what his uncle said before they left home. The treasure had been a constant source of uneasiness to Increase, and he had really started with his nephew for the purpose of obtaining further information in regard to the treasure, but the boy should die, he reasoned, Jason would be able to put the gold into his own coffers, better filed already than were Increase Mumpleton's.

His nephew was on the water in storm and sunshine nearly every day, and was liable to meet at any time, and he was not an anxious matter to him, as one of his heirs. He was determined to bring the matter to a head with his brother, and he would not give up the money he had inherited from him as the actual guardian of the minor.

After supper the wind howled more fiercely than before, and Aleck was not engaged in the Highthouse smoked their pipes in a cozy room. They kept regular watches during the night, but had a comfortable time of it in the summer.

"What sort of a man is my Uncle Jason, Captain Longburn?" asked Aleck, when he said that the light keeper was not engaged.

"He's your uncle, but if I say anything about him, I shall have to speak the truth as I understand it," replied the captain with a smile.

"I don't like to say anything against the dead, but I don't believe he can be much worse than Uncle Increase was," added Aleck, by way of encouragement, for the truth was what he wanted.

"I don't know that he is, but they say he is more of a miser, and starves himself nearly to death because he is too mean to buy anything fit to eat," continued Captain Longburn. "He is all alone, and he has no one to help him when he has any to do. When I was in Riverhaven last, I saw him in the street with a piece of fish in his hand, that looked as though it had been eaten once."

Jenks, the cook, laughed heartily at this expression, and Aleck could not help joining him.

"I should say that he was rather worse than Increase, for he had an old woman to cook for him and she had to do the work of the poor house at a dollar a week by doing it for him," said Aleck.

"But there is one thing to be said of Jason, which can't be said of other misers; he is as honest as the day, or the year, is long," the light keeper proceeded. "I don't believe there is a more honest man in the State, or the United States, than Jason Mumpleton."

"That's one good thing of him," replied Aleck, who realized that this virtue had a bearing on the money held in trust for him. "If Jason owed a man a cent, he would walk ten miles to pay it. That is the way it is, and there is not a stinger one in the whole country."

"When I don't think I shall live with him,"

"Live with him!" exclaimed Captain Longburn. "You could no more live with him than you could live with a snake. You would starve to death in six months or less."

"Then I have no home on the face of the earth," added Aleck.

sympathy. "Jenks wants to go home to stay some time, and perhaps you will be able to take his place while he is gone."

"Thinker you sir, but I am very kind, and perhaps I should like the place; but I want to go to Riverhaven and see Uncle Jason, for I have a little business with him," replied Aleck.

"I hope you don't expect to get any money out of him," said the light keeper, laughing.

"I don't know, but I want to see him."

"Then he will give it to you, if it were a thousand dollars."

"I beg your pardon, but I want to see him, and it will be of no use for you to see him."

"I don't know, but I want to see him now, but I want him to tell me something about the money."

"Perhaps he will and perhaps he won't, for he has a will of his own; and this was all the comfort Aleck could obtain from the light keeper. "Walker, my assistant, is going over to Riverhaven tomorrow. If you don't mind, you and you can go with him, Aleck."

"Thank you, sir; I shall be glad to go."

As the steamer started, Aleck felt as though he did sleep till daylight in the morning, when he was called by Jenks. He was told that Captain Longburn wished to see him.

"I am sorry to call you, but I know you must be tired," said the light keeper, when he found him in the tower. "There is a great mass on the rocks, and it is very dark and dark to make out what she is; but I want you to go off to her with Jenks."

"I am all ready, captain," replied Aleck.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LUNATIC ON BOARD OF THE STELLA.

The lifeboat in which Aleck Mumpleton and Jenks embarked was a heavy affair, and for the uncertain weather sea, but proved in the region of Doom Island.

It was too thick on the surface of the water for the crew, who took to their oars, and the tiller, to see anything in the distance, and he wondered how the captain had learned that the boat was in the region of Doom Island.

The boat had a cat rig, with nothing but the mainsail to handle, and Aleck soon got the hang of her.

"Send that man away, and we shall have time to talk the matter over," said the stranger, without heeding the surprise of his visitor.

Aleck hauled in the lighthouse boat, and as he did so, he said to the stranger, "At the same time he explained that he had met the owner of the Stella before, and that he was alone, and wished him to remain with him."

"I don't see how Captain Longburn knows that there is a vessel in distress on the reef," said the stranger, who took to his oars, and the compass, for even the lighthouse had disappeared in the morning mist.

"What sort of guns," replied Jenks. "Cannons, I suppose, though I haven't heard any."

"Then it must be a man of war, a steamer, or at least a yacht. Coasters don't carry cannon."

"If you don't mind, you and you can go with him, Aleck."

"I can steer a boat, but I don't take much interest in sailing."

"The breeze was fresh, and the cat rig made good progress through the water. Aleck took the direction from the boat was headed. The skipper waited in silence for another, but it did not come."

"How do you know?" asked Jenks. "I don't know, but I want to see him now, but I want him to tell me something about the money."

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Stella, with his sail shaking. He had placed Jenks at the haliards, and, leaping forward, he sprang upon the taffrail of the yacht, with the cry, "Haul down the sail, Jenks!" he shouted sharply to the cook.

The order was promptly obeyed, and the cat boom fell off to leeward, and the painter would permit. Then, for the first time, Aleck had a chance to look about him, and ascertain the position of the vessel.

"The yacht seemed to have a mortgage on all sorts of misfortune; and he wondered that Jarvis and Morgan had not been able to keep the vessel off the rocks, and if the owner was too tipsy to attend to that duty."

"As he leaped on the stern of the yacht, he saw the gentleman he had met on board of her before, coming aft."

"That was handsomely done, my boy," said he, with a faint smile on his pale face.

"I am sorry to call you, but I know you must be tired," said the light keeper, when he found him in the tower.

"I don't know, but I want to see him."

"Then he will give it to you, if it were a thousand dollars."

"I beg your pardon, but I want to see him, and it will be of no use for you to see him."

"I don't know, but I want to see him now, but I want him to tell me something about the money."

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WORTH TRYING.  
BY ISRAEL JORDAN.  
It is worth trying, boys,  
To be pleasant and kind  
Unto all that you meet,  
For they care not to offend,  
True, the voice may be gruff,  
And the heart still be good,  
But this isn't enough,  
In a conflict of rights,  
It is worth trying, boys,  
To make the world feel  
That men may be brave,  
Though they are not so;  
For glory asks naught,  
Of our weapons of fight,  
But how we have fought,  
And the conflict for right.  
It is worth trying, boys,  
To keep the thoughts pure  
And to treasure all truth,  
For truth shall endure,  
Think the truth, speak the truth,  
Live the truth, and thy heart  
Shall see its own youth,  
And its gladness depart.

[This story was commenced in No. 248.]



By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.  
Author of "The Hair to Whitecap," "Frank Hau," "The Knights of Steel," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FINDING FRIENDS.

"WHY, if it isn't the fellow that carried me off to sea!" cried the man in the name of Eric, who was doing you doing here?"

"This was Mr. Manners's exclamation when he had flung up the lid of the trunk and beheld Eric crouching inside.

"Strangely enough, because of the purity of his motives, your hero rose to his full height and confronting his discoverer, looked straight in his eyes as he replied:

"I know it has, but I—before Eric could proceed further Mrs. Hornway's voice was heard in the hall.

"Come in, Aunt Priscilla," replied Mr. Manners, in trying out to open the door for her.

"I have no further to say for her, and it is better to have no noise enough to make her break up on the rocks, answered the strange man."

"You meant to do me a good turn night before last, and I am grateful to you for it; but I am sorry for you, and I am only that the reef that would have certainly destroyed her and me."

"I assure you, Mrs. Hornway," interposed Eric, stepping forward, "that nothing is more true than what you say, and I am sure and two or three of the dresses, and was very careful with the others."

"Why, you appear to be all right," exclaimed the doctor's wife, after regarding him attentively for a second or two. "Then, turning to her nephew, she added: 'I have always thought Paul carried his hobbies too far, and I think he has done so now in the case of this young man. He doesn't seem to be any more of a bookworm than I am.'"

"A lunatic!" repeated Robert Manners in astonishment.

"Yes," said Eric, with a smile, "that explains a great deal here. Did you know, when I fell in with by accident not long after I left you this morning, Mr. Manners?"

"I have no further to say for her, and it is better to have no noise enough to make her break up on the rocks, answered the strange man."

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## HOW BOBBY SAVED THE YACHT.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

**B**OBBY BRIXTON, who had lived the fifteen years of his short life on Monhegan Island, twenty miles off the coast of Maine, wanted to follow a different calling from that which his father had pursued—that of a fisherman.

That is a perfectly honorable calling, but Bobby had set his mind on becoming a lawyer; not on Monhegan, either. Had not his chum and schoolfellow, Charley Aldrich, gone to Boston and found a chance with one of the best doctors in the city? What was possible for Charley was possible for Bobby.

And the former, understanding his friend's feelings, soon interested good Dr. Andrew, who himself mentioned Bobby's ambitions to his brother, a wealthy lawyer. Finally the latter agreed to take Bobby on trial; which fact was duly communicated to the delighted youth by letter.

Mrs. Brixton, a widow in indifferent circumstances, was sad and glad. Sad to part with her only boy—glad that his prospect was so good. And as though Bobby's luck was in the ascendant, the steam yacht *Frigate Bird*, on its way from Bar Harbor to Boston, touched at Monhegan for a spare hand.

She was in charge of a temporary sailing master, an engineer, a fireman, and two men, shipped at Mount Desert in place of the original ship's company, who had been ordered away by an offer of higher wages. The owner, a wealthy Bostonian, having been summoned suddenly home, had gone by rail, leaving the yacht to follow.

Five dollars was offered the spare hand "by the run," and passage paid back to Portland. Bobby Brixton, seeing an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone, and get pay for the birds beside—if I may so express it—offered himself at once. Like most boys reared on the seaboard, he was sturdy and self-reliant above his years. He could steer a good trick, and that was the main thing required. So Captain Patrick, the sailing master, paid him in advance. Bobby turned the money over to his mother, kissed her good by, and half an hour later was steaming away from the "sea girt isle" with hopeful anticipations for his future.

In point of fact his duties on board the steam yacht consisted almost entirely in steering. He speedily discovered that sailing master, crew, engineer, and fireman were all leagued together to do as little as possible, and have a good time into the bargain. Moreover, all had been together before in an English yacht, from which they had been summarily discharged at Mount Desert.

Ned Doane, a bright, active boy a year older than Bobby, was the only one of the original yacht's company. He had been in the *Frigate Bird* since she was launched, officiating as cabin boy, steward, or cook, as occasion might call for. But he had a love for and some knowledge of mechanics, and the former engineer had given him considerable instruction in working the engine, often allowing Ned to relieve him a couple of hours at a time in the short trips from port to port along the coast.

All this Ned explained, having very soon made Bobby's acquaintance. "They're a shabby lot, and I don't like the look of 'em," he explained, with reference to the sailing master and the rest; "but 'ee" (Ned always identified himself with his employer, the yacht's owner) "couldn't do any better."

"They don't need me any more than they do the fifth wheel of a coach," said Bobby bluntly, as he made great havoc among the potted ham, sardines, and other delicacies, which to his unaccustomed palate were luxuries fit for a king's table.

"Cap'n Pat only hired you so the others could laze around all they wanted to," was Ned's shrewd reply.

Captain Patrick laid out the course for

Bobby, and then, leaving the miniature bridge, lounged about the deck, smoking and yarning with his crew. Ned was summoned from his pantry to run the engine, while Casey, the engineer, with the others, took dinner.

And not content with the spread Ned had left out, the wine locker was invaded, and when Captain Patrick again appeared in the little wheel house, his speech was thick, his eye dull, and he himself in a state of high good nature.

"It's blowin' up from the west'ard," said Captain Patrick, with a hazy glance at the dull murk of cloud which had long since obscured the sun. "I shouldn't wonder if the equinoctial was brewin'." I think we'll put into Portsmouth tonight."

Bobby secretly thought that it would be the very wisest thing that Captain Patrick could do, but of course he said nothing. The sailing master was not so intoxicated

"We're goin' up to town to theater—be back long to'ards midnight," briefly announced Captain Pat. Had he or the engineer been in their sober senses, neither would have left the yacht, even though safely moored in the harbor, with every prospect of a gale coming on.

Ned ventured a protest, but was "shut up" with unpleasant promptness.

"I'm runnin' this craft," said Captain Pat, getting into the boat with more awkwardness than dignity; "and I ain't takin' any orders from cabin boys." With which remark the party pulled off, leaving Bobby, Ned, and the fireman, who had gone to sleep immediately after supper, in charge of a twenty thousand dollar steam yacht.

Now the port anchor had not even been unlashed from its stanchion, much less put on the bow, in readiness for letting go in case of emergency, while the chain itself was not even hauled up out of the locker.

among whom his life had been passed. Moreover, it was not so much the question of saving the yacht as saving the lives on board her, and his own in particular.

"Rouse the fireman up quick, Ned!" he sang out, as he rushed back to his companion; "get the fire unbanked, or whatever you call it; we must do something quick, for the yacht is dragging!"

Ned was tolerably cool. "I can start the engine slow, and kind of hold her up to the anchor," he suggested. But in the pitchy darkness, with the shore not a quarter of a mile ahead, this was not safe. They knew nothing of the channel; the yacht was steadily drifting nearer the rocks, and if the anchor did not take ground in ten minutes

The fireman was awakened and hurried to his post. Bobby learned from Ned where the tool chest was kept, and from it he got a hammer and cold chisel.

There was but one thing to do. Standing by the shackle on the windlass, Bobby watched the beam of light from the great red eye of the lighthouse grow more and more lurid as it glared on deck, while little white flecks, astern, showed through the pitchy darkness where the booming breakers were waiting their prey.

"No use!" yelled Bobby, now wrought to the highest pitch of excitement. "Into the engine room, Ned, and start ahead slow!"

Ned disappeared, and in another moment the throbbing propeller told that he was at his station. Then Bobby cut the pin of the shackle bolt with the chisel, and with one blow backed out the pin itself.

"Ping!" flew the severed anchor chain through the hawse pipe, and with a bound Bobby was in the wheel house.

To get the yacht further up the harbor, out of the force of the gale, was, of course, the first thing that suggested itself. Yet without a working anchor, and with the other practically useless, how was he to tie up? Then he remembered that the tide was running out, and opposite the navy yard was a mud shoal known as the "clam ridges." If he could run the yacht into this she would come to no harm.

All this flashed through Bobby's mind as he grasped the wheel and headed the *Frigate Bird* away from the dangerous locality. He was not a moment too soon, for she was within forty feet of a sunken ledge near the shore. Had she struck, this story would have had a tragic ending.

But Bobby's purposes were frustrated in an unexpected manner. The fires were low, and no sooner had the yacht fairly headed up the harbor than the gale struck with renewed fury.

Unable to stem the fierce blasts, the *Frigate Bird* began drifting astern. And now but one course was open.

Pushing over the wheel, Bobby swung the bows for the open sea.

Well, by the time the fires were well under way, and the propeller was dashing and throbbing astern, the *Frigate Bird* was well to leeward of the Isle of Shoals, while the wind, hailing almost due north, was blowing a hurricane.

Only that she was built as strong as iron could make her, the *Frigate Bird* had never lived through the night. But live she did, and pilot boat No. 3 boarded her on the following morning.

The then equinoctial blew itself out, and the pilot, who had heard their story with amazement too deep for words, peremptorily decided that the yacht should be taken to Boston—not back to Portsmouth. And when I tell you that on her arrival in Boston, that afternoon, Bobby Brixton found that the owner of the yacht he had been instrumental in saving was Jabes Andrew, his future employer, his own amazement hardly equalled that of the wealthy lawyer himself, to say nothing of that of Charley Aldrich.

That happened nearly six years ago, and now Bobby Brixton bids fair to be a partner with Mr. Andrew one day.



BOBBY BRIXTON WATCHED THE RISING WIND AND THE HARBOR WHICH THE YACHT WAS ENTERING.

but that he knew his duty in a mechanical sort of way, and as night began to draw near the yacht was headed in toward the Isle of Shoals.

Captain Pat took the wheel, and Bob, glad of the relief, scrambled down to the deck, where, standing under the lee of the house, with his hands plunged deep in his pockets, he stood watching the entrance to the harbor till summoned forward to help overhaul a range of chain.

The yacht did not make a harbor any too soon. It was blowing half a gale by the time the anchor was down, and the thunder of the surf against the outlying islands was growing louder and louder.

"I'd have anchored half a mile further up," said Bobby emphatically, as Ned came on deck while all hands were at supper.

For Bobby, like most Monhegan Island boys, had made coasting trips in the little sailing packet to Boston and Portland, and twice the vessel had put into Portsmouth—once to avoid the fog, and once in a heavy blow. He remembered certain things the skipper had said about anchoring in what is called the lower harbor, where the holding ground is not nearly as good, to say nothing of the greater exposure to westerly gales.

But there was no help for it. The fires were barked, and after supper Captain Pat, with Casey the engineer, and the two men, all wearing their "go ashore" clothes, came on deck.

Unaided, Bobby and Ned of course could not remedy this, and so in anything but a comfortable frame of mind, the two awaited the return of the ship's company.

Hour after hour passed, and the gale continually increased, gradually veering to the north and west. The yacht pitched and rolled, tugging at her galvanized iron chain with increasing violence.

"If she should take to dragging, it's all up with the yacht," bawled Ned in Bobby's ear, with a significant gesture in the direction of the light astern. For the gale was blowing directly on the ledgy shore of the high point on which the lighthouse stands, and no human power would avail to have saved the vessel or crew in the darkness and storm if once they struck.

The speech roused his companion from a reverie in which his Monhegan home and his mother bore the principal part.

Bobby made his way forward, where the sharp bowed yacht was pitching her nose under at every violent plunge. Placing his hand on the tightened chain cable between the windlass and hawse pipe, he stood motionless.

A tremulous jarring tremor of the chain, which once felt is never forgotten, told the story—the anchor was dragging.

Now it goes without saying that Bobby knew little or nothing about steam yachts. But like most bright seaboard boys, he had heard and remembered numberless stories of similar emergencies told by the seafarers

PEACE AT EVEN TIDE.

BY FLORENCE TYLER.

O, WEARY eyes! from which the tears  
Fell many a time like thunder rain—  
O, WEARY heart! that throbs, restless the years  
Beat with such a fier, restless pain.  
Tonight forget the stormy strife  
And know what heaven shall send in best,  
Lay down the tangled web of life;  
'Tis time for rest—'tis time for rest!

[This story commenced in No. 292.]

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 XI.

THE LAST STAGE OF THE JOURNEY.

BEFORE Martin and Tom among them? This, the uppermost thought in Van's mind, was intensified with every stroke of the paddle which sent his little canoe swiftly onward toward the island shores.

He saw that the watchers had suddenly disappeared from the walls of the ruin, and were hurrying down the hill. At the water's edge, to his great astonishment, Van now discerned a massive stone pier, which, though evidently of great antiquity, seemed, excepting for a few broken fractures across its face, to be in perfect preservation.

But he had no time for closer examination. Surely—yes it was! Martin's tall form followed by the negro Tom, pressing on a little in advance of a dozen men, who were walking rapidly toward a broad flight of stone steps at one side of the pier.

Springing from the canoe, Van silently grasped in turn Martin's muscular hand and the big black paw of the negro, whose mouth was expanded into a wide grin of delight.

"Thought you was drowned for sure, Mist' Briscoe," he exclaimed gleefully; "but dem yere pussons"—indicating the group who had halted a little in the rear, "says no sech ting—but you was bou'n to come, anyhow."

"But in the name of all that's wonderful, Mr. Briscoe, tell us where you disappeared so suddenly, and how," said Bob Martin eagerly. Van explained in a few brief words, interrupted now and then by an astonished exclamation from his hearers.

Their own story was soon told. As Van had conjectured, they abandoned the boat at the beginning of the rapids, and made their way along the eastern bank of the river, meeting with hardships and privations similar to those encountered by Van, besides—as Tom expressed it—being scared out of a year's growth by the shock of the earthquake.

A runner from Itambe had met them on their arrival on the lake shore a couple of days before. He had brought a message to the lake dwellers, who were subjects of Itambezi, though an inferior race of people.

In effect this message was that the wise men of the city had announced the coming of strangers—three in number—whose arrival at Canuma Lake was to be watched for, after which they were to be guided safely to the city.

"I knew," said Bob Martin with a simple earnestness contrasting strongly with Van's half incredulous smile, "that if the wise men had said that three strangers were coming, then you, Mr. Briscoe, must be all safe, and would put in an appearance sooner or later. I tell you it took a big weight from my mind."

While they had been talking, the lake dwellers, who were not unlike the Mummur Indians in feature, though of much lighter hue, had brought a large raft to the stone steps, where they stood respectfully waiting instructions.

They were stolid, uninteresting looking

men, wearing only short breeches of linen or low reaching to the knee, without any covering for the upper part of the person. Tattooed on the broad chest of each was the familiar device so often referred to.

Very different in looks and dress was the Itambe runner, even though he by no means represented the higher types of his people. He had regular and expressive features, tanned by contact with sun and wind. His hair, unlike that of the lake dwellers, or Pescados, as they are called, was cut short to a well shaped head, while his dress consisted of a light sleeveless tunic, and sandals of dressed hide, in addition to the short trousers worn by the others.

So attired—as Martin told Van—the runner, who acted as a courier to convey important messages

brush and vines by means of a heavy knife like an elongated cleaver.

The remainder, who were armed with bows and arrows, acted both as escort and burden bearers—provisions for a three days' journey being taken.

Ascending a vast extent of table land, where few trees were growing, they took their way due south, following the course of the river, which flowed below in a deep hollow between the foothills.

Long grass, cactus and tangled lianas impeded the way, and without the knives it would have been an impossibility to have proceeded. But so wonderfully grand was the scenery of the mountains, whose base

It will be remembered that Mr. Richard Briscoe and himself were the only survivors of the shipwreck on the coast of Peru. Making their way inland toward the nearest point of civilization, they had been taken prisoners by a wandering and bloodthirsty tribe of Indians, who, having destined them for slaves, carried them into the interior, beyond the Peruvian boundaries.

Fortunately, they were rescued by some friendly natives belonging within the province of Itambezi, and by them conducted through an apparently insurmountable mountain pass, among the southern ranges of the Cordilleras, to the city itself.

But on the northern boundary there was no sign of break or pass excepting the terrible canyon, through which the Canuma, dividing the city, made its exit, and thence flowed between the table lands to the Canuma lake. The canyon itself was, of course, impassable. How—

The silvery tinkle of a bell interrupted Van's conjectures on this particular point, as, on the morning of the third day after leaving the lake, Quipo, the runner, commanded a halt on a gentle slope leading upward to the base of the mighty range whose sides showed no sign of human presence.

Round a projecting spur came a train of small yellowish brown animals, suggestive of the western burro, or diminutive donkey, yet not in the least resembling them.

That they were Peruvian llamas, Van knew from the pictures he had seen of the gentle beasts. With soft beseeching eyes and timid action, the drove—ten in number—followed their leader, who wore the bell, while a pretty, dark skinned girl walked by his side.

CHAPTER XII.

OVER THE CORDILLERAS.

AT the sight of the three Europeans, with Quipo and the attendant Pescados, the girl waved her hand and uttered a low whistle. The well trained animals came to a sudden stop.

"Everything has been looked out for, you see," remarked Martin quietly, as the remaining provisions were transferred to pack saddles worn by part of the llamas. Then the Pescados silently made their peculiar gesture of adieu, and fled away in the direction from which they had come.

A few words were exchanged between Quipo and the girl leader of the llamas, who signed to the strangers, whom she regarded with considerable curiosity, to mount the three largest of the docile animals. She herself walked on ahead, accompanied by Quipo and followed by the leader and the remaining llamas in single file.

It was all so strange and unreal that none of the trio seemed disposed for conversation. Martin was the most composed of the whole party—the negro Tom the most dazed and astounded.

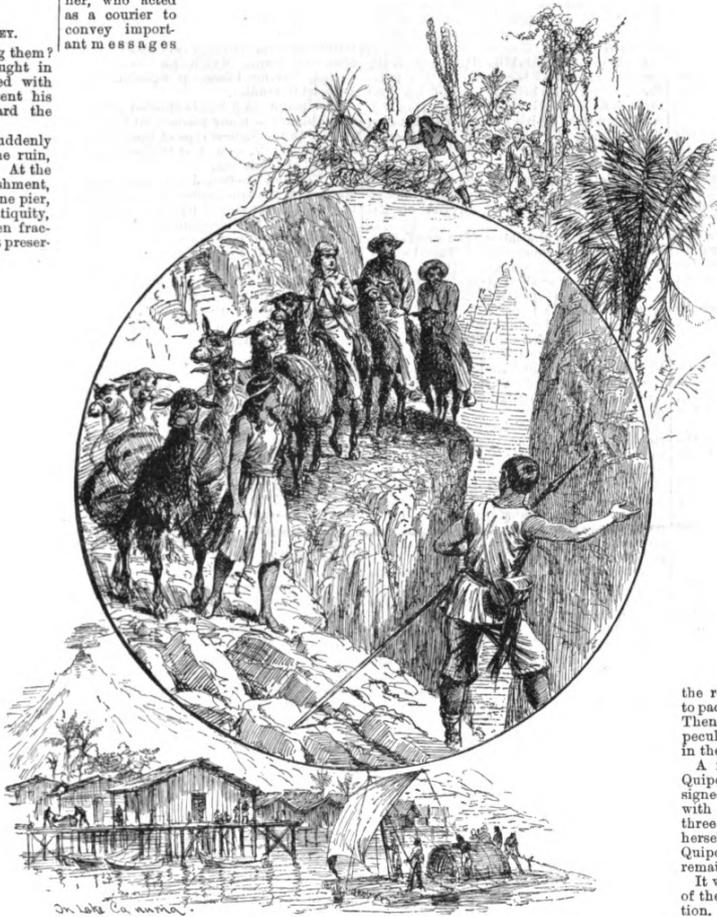
Van did not suffer his own sensations of surprise and bewilderment to come to the surface, and gradually the grandeur of the wonderful mountain scenery swallowed up all other emotions.

At first a mere footpath cut through the thick underbrush which covered the lower slopes, wound in a zigzag direction up the cliffs. As the sides grew steeper, the ascent became more and more difficult. Yet the llamas toiled patiently on—the peculiar construction of their clawlike hoofs enabling them to keep a foothold where nothing else but a chamois or mountain goat could make progress.

As the sun disappeared behind the lofty range, sending an indescribable glory of gold and crimson flashing among the snowy peaks, the air grew visibly colder.

But this, too, had been provided for. From the back of one of the pack animals a heavy bundle was unstrapped and opened. Long warm wraps were drawn from the soft wool of the vicuña. Peruvian goats were produced, and quickly donned by the entire party.

And so on and upward, when lo, a gap or rift in the mountain side revealed itself to



VAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE GREAT MOUNTAINS THAT SURROUND ITAMBEZ.

from one part of the province to another, could cover from forty to fifty miles between sun and sun.

Martin addressed the latter in his own language, and he in turn gave some command to the Pescados. The entire party then embarked on the raft, which was rigged with mast and sail, and an hour later were safely deposited at the opposite end of the lake, near the mouth of the Canuma river, which flowed into it from the canyon of the Cordilleras.

Here was a village of neatly built wooden dwellings, raised some six to ten feet above the surface of the lake on cedar pilings.

Every house had its canoe or raft fastened beneath it, while a platform that could be removed at pleasure connected one dwelling with another, and all with the shore.

At the largest of the houses the three sat down to an appetizing meal of fried fish from the lake. Then began the last part of the journey to Itambez.

Four of the Pescados went ahead, clearing the way through the matted under-

they were slowly nearing, that these minor discomforts were disregarded.

Above the majestic peaks one rose pre-eminent. And unlike its fellows the snow strewn summit was blackened and streaked in great areas, while mingling with the clouds about the truncated cone was a murky thread of smoke, which, like the guide established for the Israelites, was a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night.

For this was the volcanic peak called Escomada—"the cone of flame"—whose internal fires had been for centuries smouldering in the heart of the mountain.

But for the past year slight eruptions had taken place; and the blackening of the snow, which Van had noticed, was produced by the intense heat, though no lava had overflowed the crater.

How this seemingly impassable barrier of mountain was to be surmounted, Van could not conceive, nor was Martin any wiser than himself. His own previous entry into Itambez had been under very different circum-

the astonished eyes of the three new comers, through which extended a military road that was a perfect marvel of engineering. Winding irregularly upward, it had been built across great ravines on solid bridges of stone masonry that had been standing for numbered centuries—were standing when Pizarro led his little handful of adventurers through the wonderful country he had discovered.

Here, an ascent had been cut through solid ledges. There, the road clung, so to speak, to the face of a precipice. And all the way it was constructed from granite blocks and slabs, laid together and all covered with a sort of pitchy asphalt which had hardened into the consistency of the stone itself.

At intervals of ten and fifteen miles small houses of entertainment were placed, at one of which the party stopped for the night. There was nothing out of the ordinary in its surroundings, unless I except the natural boiling springs which had hollowed out for themselves circular chasms in the rocks behind the little inn. Over these a rude road had been cut, together with the three adventurers enjoyed a much needed and refreshing bath.

At the respectful request of Quipo, their ragged, travel stained clothing was left outside the bath house. And when it was time to dress, an agreeable surprise awaited them.

Their rags had disappeared, and in their place were suits of clean, cool linen. If not stylish in cut, the garments were eminently suited to the warmer temperature which they were to encounter the next morning, as the road gradually sloped down to their final destination.

There was no particular mystery about the matter, but simply an illustration of Mr. Richard Briscoe's foresight. Both he and Martin had been permitted to retain their European style of dress, which in effect did not differ so very much from that worn in Iambezi. Similar clothing had been prepared for his nephew and the two others, each differing slightly in quality, but intended for Van to be the best, and forwarded to the mountain house by a runner from the city.

A small, silent man, who in dress and appearance resembled one of the better class Mexicans, officiated as a barber. Though his "kit," carried in a leather bag attached to his sash, was of the most primitive kind, he made a very creditable job of it.

He never spoke throughout the entire procedure of hair cutting and shaving. It seemed quite remarkable, but Martin explained that by an edict of the province of Iambezi only deaf mutes were allowed to practice the tonsorial art.

It was with a strange mixture of sensations that on the following morning Van again took up his journey.

As the women and a party of the snarls, flooding the mountain peaks with intense colorings, failed to draw his attention excepting for the passing moment.

He was hearing a city the description of the road lead like a fair tale. A city built more than a thousand years before by a people acquainted with many arts, and but little removed from a more advanced civilization, whose history was lost to their descendants.

A city where for successive ages powerful gods had ruled and human sacrifices by thousands been offered in the temples. And so on, through successive generations of increasing knowledge, till the descendants of this mysterious race—if half what Martin told him had been true—were a people who stood on a level with European civilization in many things, and far above it in some.

Martin himself betrayed a certain degree of excitement quite unlike his usual composure, though it was mingled with some very pronounced indications of joy at once more returning to the city of his choice. And the negro Tom, whose former familiarity toward his two white comrades had given place to a sort of respectful recognition of their rank, was silent, as if surprised by the side of Quipo the runner, in a state of amazed bewilderment at everything he saw.

Across a terrible chasm a thousand feet deep was a frail looking suspension bridge, whose swaying and rattling languor by which were made fast to immense stone buttresses on either side of the abyss.

Rails of the same material extended entirely across, while the flooring, if I may so term it, was of plank hewn by hand. Long queues were attached to either side, yet their structure was strong and saved as the cavalcade passed over it, and Van felt a

decided sensation of relief when the llamas' feet struck the solid rock on the opposite side of the chasm.

Then the way led through a vast tunnel cut through the granite side of the mountain, and lighted at intervals by apertures overhanging.

And all at once, as the little party half halted by the sudden glare of sunlight, emerged again into the open day, Quipo and the girl guide with a simultaneous gesture commanded a pause.

Turning their faces toward the sun, they reverently bowed their heads, while from their lips each escaped the single word—"Iambezi!"

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE STREETS OF IAMBÉZI.

IT is no matter of wonder that Van Briscoe sat speechless and motionless, as his eyes rested upon the wonderful scene before them!

"There can be nothing else like it on the face of the globe," is written in his notebook, under the brief record of his first sensations on looking down upon Iambezi. And from what he has told me with his own lips, I think the expression is not overdrawn.

I have said that the province of Iambezi is completely surrounded by a mighty ring of mountain ranges, among and above which towers the volcanic peak of Escamada.

At the base of the latter, Van saw far beneath, in the immense bowl shaped valley, laid in perpetual green, a mighty city walled in like those of ancient days— a city whose roof and towers glistened like burnished silver in the sun's rays.

Behind it the mountain sides rose in terraced slopes. The artificial garden enclosures thus formed mounted higher and higher, narrowing in proportion, almost to the line of separation between the last scanty growth of vegetation and the height of perpetual snow.

A thin faintly wavering curl of pale blue smoke rose from the volcanic cone, half hidden in the dense cloud vapors with which the smoke was blended.

As far as the eye could reach, the same wonderful panorama of terraced hill and mountain sides, transforming the bleak rocky slopes into fertile fields and gardens, met their gaze. A huge fortress commanded the entrance to the defile, and below them was the Canama, flowing down from the southern hill sides through the city, and across the valley, till it disappeared in the canyon on the opposite side.

"Nebber so good, like dat—nebber!" emphatically exclaimed Tom, breaking the silence. With outstretched finger the negro pointed to the wonderful scene, and Martin assented with a short nod. Still Van had neither words or signs by which to express his astonishment.

But Quipo was growing impatient, and again the little cavalcade was set in motion. The road now wound directly downward toward the city, through the humbler dwellings and farms of the suburban residents.

Martin, who had laid aside his usual taciturnity, pointed out the various objects of interest as they passed along. He showed Van how in the wide and extensive terrace farms nearer the base of the mountain the crops, which in the tropics flourish best in a tropical temperature. Higher up were the cereals and harder fruits or flowers; thus ascending in narrowing grades to the colder heights, where only the very hardiest could grow.

He called attention to the vast stone granaries and warehouses containing the manufactured products of the country; the great mint, filled to overflowing with gold bricks and blocks from the mines within a pistol shot of the city; and he explained that silver itself was not regarded as a circulating medium, but was used chiefly as are the baser metals with us.

And so the travelers passed, with a successive continuation of novel sights and sounds, along through the outlying suburbs till the cynical eyes—till the city gates were reached.

Dismounting in obedience to a sign from Quipo, the girl, with a graceful obeisance, turned away. She was followed by the docile beasts of burden, while Van, instructed by Quipo, Martin acting as interpreter, presented the letter which served as a passport to one of the half dozen tall, soldierly looking guards who stood before the great archway. Above the gate the royal insignia were displayed in the best position, and recognizing the imprint of the seal, the soldier, who was dressed in a sleeveless

tunic of quilted cotton, and armed with a long copper tipped lance, presented the letter to his forehead. Then he returned it to Van with every visible mark of respect, and the guards were motioned back.

In a maze of bewildered astonishment and excitement, Van passed through the great archway, followed by his companions, and in another moment the three were standing in the well paved street of one of the oldest cities in the world!

Yet after all there was little of the marvelous about it. A sluggish tide of humanity in its various phases, and through their minds crowded thoughtless, not differing particularly as to types from those one might meet in some old Spanish city.

The dress and language were different from those met with by the traveler in foreign countries. Yet the former seemed peculiarly adapted to the tropical but not overpowering heat, while in the latter Van's ear detected very many Spanish sounding words, which he easily interpreted, having taken up Spanish in his childhood studies.

The people as a whole showed a marked resemblance in many respects of form and feature to the highest type of the French or Spanish creole, as met at the present day in parts of Louisiana.

Van had cherished any vague expectations that the appearance of the travelers might create anything like a sensation, he was doomed to disappointment. Curious glances were of course cast in their direction, as guided by Martin, the trio slowly made their way toward the great square of the city. Tom's black face and huge form seemed to attract the principal share of notice. But, as Van soon discovered, the people of Iambezi seem almost entirely devoid of curiosity or inquisitiveness.

From time to time Martin exchanged quiet greetings with one and another, yet as far as any show of effusiveness was concerned, he might have been absent from Iambezi for a day instead of years.

In dress of all kinds, such as Van could see, was a sort of semi European garb, only differing in quality.

Shirts and trousers, with a sort of tunic or blouse of white or cream colored linen, or a thin perfectly waterproof cloth, woven from goats' hair, was the prevailing attire, that woven from some peculiar species of rushes, and sandals, or a sort of low shoe, made of soft dressed leather, completed the easy and graceful costume.

But it must be remembered that the climate of Iambezi lies between the fifth and sixth parallels of southern latitude. The temperature of the city proper seldom rose above 90° or fell below 80° the year round. Yet there was enough humidity in the air to produce warm drenching dews at night. During the winter it was prolonged rainy season met in the regions upon the equator. Occasional brief showers swept down from the mountains during three months of the year, but for the rest it might be said that it was a country bathed in perpetual sunshine.

The women, both young and middle aged, (for Van saw no persons of either sex who might be called old) were without exception strikingly beautiful. A white waist and rather short skirt of the same material, with a shawl of unbleached material, was the quiet, universal garb. The head was uncovered, save for its glossy coils of abundant hair, while a few wore a sort of scarf of crimson silk thrown lightly over their shapely shoulders.

But there was no chance for further observation of the manners and customs of this interesting people. The travelers had reached the great square, bordered on its four sides by massive stone buildings two and three stories high, which, as Martin explained, were set apart for the use of the city. There was a council chamber, another corresponding in certain respects to a house of parliament, another for astrological pursuits, and still another known as the Temple.

And now, Mr. Briscoe," said Martin, suddenly, "pull yourself together for if my eyes don't deceive me, Mr. Richard Briscoe himself is coming to meet you."

(To be continued.)

VERY TRUE.

"PATRICK, DO YOU KNOW THAT YOU TALK TOO MUCH?"

"Oh, do, sor."

"Well, if you'd make it an unvarying rule to keep your mouth shut, don't you think you'd get along better?"

"Faith, sor; Oh'd starve to death, sor."

BOILING THE WEATHERCOCK.

BY R. E. JOHNSTON.

WHEN I was a boy, we lived in a small township two hundred miles or so west of New York. Let, in spite of the difficulty of communication with the world, the people of Talbar Mountain was the most placid and unexcitable of a sleepy set. There was a vast and vigorous public spirit among them. Everybody felt that there was a future before them and their township, and they were prepared to use it to the best advantage.

Now, if there was one thing of which our people were proud, it was our splendid school. It was the pride and the honor of which Jack Hinton was conceited, it was his skill in climbing. Perhaps you would like to know how it has to do with the other; if so, you must just listen.

The church was really in our eyes a noble building. It stood on a knoll a little back from the center street. Behind, and on either flank, the dark, rich verdure of a copse of trees formed a proper background for the graceful pile of white stone surmounted by its dark red tiling. The spire was the pride of the town, and the steeple, if any or so well proportioned in the district, you could see it ten miles off.

But the tower of a spire without a weathercock? Of course ours had one, a very fine old bird with his wings partly spread to catch the wind, and his tail feathers and the whole of his body aglow as if the first golden ray of a distant sun had just begun to remain permanently fixed in that conspicuous position.

It weathered the snow fell heavily, and never thawed for six weeks beyond its usual height; and there, all the while, was that splendid spire covered with a thick coating of a great pillar of Truth, pure and sparkling. Meanwhile the weathercock pointed ever to the north, and it was a common thing to think that spring had gone elsewhere for that year. But at length it came; the snow took to the hills, and the water in the houses were flooded as usual, and nature completed her spring cleaning. Let that weathercock point itself to the land of eternal snows.

The minister said it was frozen, and the first snow had been a knoll a little back from the rooster to his senses; but he was wrong. That bird held on to his trying position through the winter, and he was always to the north, as if he thought that the sun would one day rise up there and he must be careful not to let his coat get too thin in summer, and at last the suspicion, darkly whispered around already by a few, was confirmed, and the weathercock was stuck!

Now what was to be done? Grave conference held, a public meeting was summoned, presided over by the minister, to debate the question. Several very fine orations were made, and the weathercock was the subject of joyful shouts when old General Schot declared his conviction that the only way to bring the weathercock to his senses, was to shoot him.

Two of the best workmen were selected, and the whole population turned out to see it done. Not one of them could hit, and the multitudes were going to see the weathercock strangled, and he was to try. "Try by all means," said the minister, and every man held his breath.

Just a moment he took aim, then the bright flame flashed! Hit! Yes, hit indeed; but what it hit was not the weathercock, but the north, only the crest of his comb is gone, shorn clean off!

"What's up with you, Jack?" I asked. "Oh, nothing. I was only thinking of that weathercock," answered Jack; "but, say, Joe, do you want to come and see my kite of yours with me tomorrow morning?"

"Yes, I will, if you like to bring a new ball of string," I replied.

All right, then, in the field before the church, nine o'clock sharp, it was to be done. Jack, as he had arranged, had made it fly flattered myself that that kite of mine, and setler in the air, was a good one, and I flattered myself that it was the biggest kite in our parts, and I was to be very careful to overhaul it thoroughly before I went to bed, and to improve the tail to exactly the proportions of the weathercock. I set, when at last I laid the big kite carefully down on the floor of our best parlor, I little thought that I was to see a great deal of the erection of cane and canvas was to play in the tragedy of the morrow.

The weathercock of Hinton had formed a scheme of the most daring and foolhardy character, and when I met him next morning I found that he had succeeded in his plan, not only with a fine ball of strong twine, but with two or three other implements, the presence of which I had not suspected.

"What's this for?" I asked, picking up a small coil of can with a long nose.

"It's the 'or' with the weathercock; it's stuck."

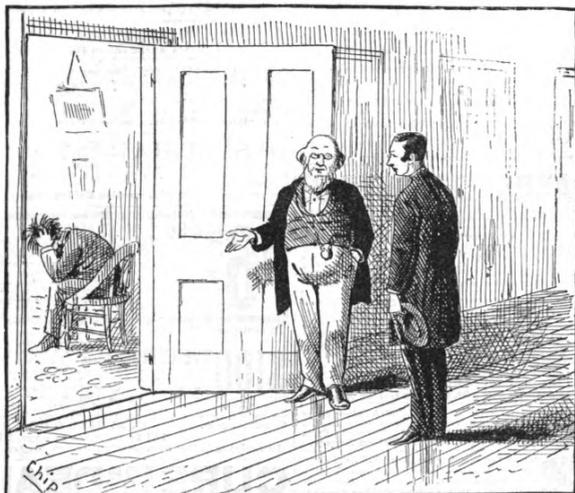
"To all the weathercocks but how you got your 'or' do it? You don't get it at."

"Joe Mason," said Jack, "I'm going to do it, if you like to help me. I'll give you're a chuck of my home, and I'll get some one else."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I'm not going up that steeple, anyhow."

"Nobody asked you. Look here, you've got your kite. Now, I'll give you to do it, you see, that'll let up so that the string falls across the arm of the iron cross that below the weathercock. If you can do that,





A SURE SIGN.

VISITOR TO INSANE ASYLUM:—"And are you certain that he is crazy?" DOCTOR:—"No doubt of it. He returned an umbrella that he had borrowed."

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.

J. H., New York City. No premium on the eagle cent of 1857.

ERIC DANF, New York City. No premium on the dime of 1858.

F. A. T., Evansville, Ind. No premium on the half dollar of 1853.

ERIC DANF, Philadelphia, Pa. No premium on the half cent of 1834.

RUBENAD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. It takes 45 or 50 days to send a letter from New York to Batavia, Java.

RANBOW, Chelsea, Mass. There is no fixed price for relics and curiosities such as Indian arrow heads.

G. O., New York City. No, neither "Ned Newton" nor "In Southern Seas" are published in book form.

C. H. E., Wilmington, Del. You can order the volumes of your newswelder. Three dollars is the retail price.

DESER, St. Louis, Mo. If the author named should offer us a story possessing sufficient merit, we would no doubt publish it.

W. G. H., Boston, Mass. For information concerning the Argosy's prosperity see editorial "An Unparalleled Growth," in No. 227.

ALBERT LUCKY, 1011 Gates Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. would be glad to hear from boys between the ages of 15 and 19 desirous of joining a military company.

J. C. O., Fort Smith, Ark. The names of the stories to be contained in MURSEY'S POPULAR SERIES will be announced from month to month as they appear.

Y. M. P. R. CLUB, Chicago, Ill. For information concerning the getting out of a patent, write to O. D. MUNN & Co., publishers of the Scientific American, this city.

J. B., Elgin, Ill. You can obtain Vols. III and IV of the Argosy, bound, for three dollars each, plus expressage. We will send you Vol. IV, unbound, post paid, for \$2.

RUSSELL A. SHAY, 244 West 20th St., New York City, would like to hear from boys from 5 feet to 5 feet 4 inches in height who would join him in forming a military company.

CUP, Brooklyn, N. Y. A full account of the origin and history of the prize known as the "America's cup," will be found in the article, "Yachts and Yachting," on page 559 of No. 243.

J. W. W., New York City, and J. W. S., Kansas City, Mo. We cannot undertake to say what we will pay for stories or articles, or whether we shall want to use them, until we have examined the MSS.

C. S., Indianapolis, Ind. Questions as to our opinion concerning the height, weight and handwriting of our readers are not of sufficient general interest to admit of being answered in this department.

F. L. B., Chicago, Ill. A contrivance with an external motive power would not solve the problem of perpetual motion. The government has never offered any reward for its solution, and in fact it cannot be solved.

G. W., New York City. You might apply to the Hamilton Cadet Corps, representatives of which are to be found at 174 and 176 Pearl Street, although your height is below that required for admission to its own ranks, which is five feet.

YOUNG PRINTER, San Francisco, Cal. Your newswelder most certainly can obtain the first eight numbers of the present volume from his news company. However, you can procure them by sending 48 cents (in stamps if you like) to this office.

F. S., Waterbury, Conn. I. We have not space in this department to describe the way in which to make a galvanic battery. It is very probable that we shall print an article on the subject before long. 2. Luke Bennett is a fictitious name. No. 261, No. 221, which numbers will be sent you on receipt of 96 cents.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of treatises, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "orders," 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.

Joseph R. Sitterley, 3615 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Tin tags, for the same.

Gordon G. Noble, 735 Brown St., Philadelphia, Pa. A gazetteer, for a violin and bow.

T. A. Rollins, Box 60, Polkton, N. C. A coin silver button case with, for a pair of roller skates.

E. L. Morgan, 3637 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Steel skates, and two books, valued at \$4, for indoor games and puzzles.

John Z. Voris, 217 South Water St., Northumberland, Pa. Books, for books by Alger, Castlemore or Trowbridge. Send for list.

Harry Cairo, 797 Cedar Ave., Cleveland, O. An almost new pair of roller skates, No. 103, and a pair of ice skates, for books.

Robert Stoller, DeLande, O. Five numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY in Vol. IV, and stamps, for foreign stamps, or old coins.

Julius V. De Cremer, Green Bay, Wis. Thirty one rare U. S. stamps, valued at \$20, for the first four volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

C. H. Elliott, Box 814, Marion, O. A "People's Encyclopedia," a B flat cornet, and other articles, for a 54 or 56 inch Columbia bicycle.

Carl H. Stempel, Fort Madison, Iowa. A violin and a 32 inch telescope, both valued at \$7, for a photograph camera or nickel watch.

H. P. Snow, Le Roy, N. Y. A Demas scroll saw with lathes attachment and patterns, valued at \$15, for a photographic camera and outfit.

Harry M. Mead, Bathgate Ave., New York City. A Baltimorean self inking press, with script type, for an artist's box of tube paints, and outfit.

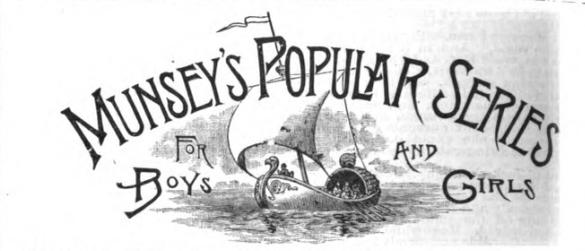
Arthur P. Kenney, Box 1889, Los Angeles, Cal. 500 stamps, valued at \$10, or minerals and curios, for a self inking printing press and outfit.

Arthur Kay, 2250 State St., New York City. 3000 tobacco tin tags, for last year's volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and up to date, bound or unbound.

T. V. Whelan, Corner of Maple Ave. and Lake St., Evanston, Ill. A music box, valued at \$25, for a 48 inch rubber tread machine, a printing press and outfit.

H. B. Zahner, 66 Marion Ave., Mansfield, O. A new B flat orchestra cornet, a pair of nickel ice skates, and a set of 5 automatic pens, for books. Send list.

Daniel A. Stewart, 173 Gay St., Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa. A telegraph instrument and battery, for a Rogers scroll saw. Philadelphia exchanges preferred.



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