

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

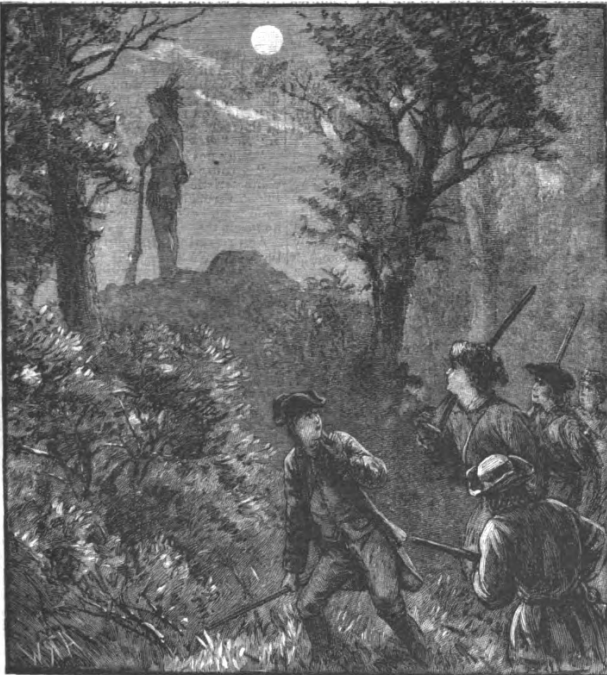
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AS THE BORDERERS HALTED AT THE EDGE OF THE FOREST THEY SAW BEFORE THEM, STANDING ON A GREAT ROCK, THE FIGURE OF A MAGNIFICENT IROQUOIS WARRIOR IN FULL HUNTING COSTUME.

THE YOUNG RANGER; OR, PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Camp in the Mountains," "The Hunted Engine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SIGNAL LIGHTS.

THE night was clear, with a full moon in the sky. Looking out from the block house, the smallest objects were visible in the clearing, and it would have been as impossible for an Indian scout to steal up to the stockades without detection as to do so at midday.

How, in view of these circumstances, was Colonel Nick Hawley to get twenty men from within the fort into the deep shadow of the woods, undiscovered by the vigilant Indians and Tories?

The incident of the two messengers could not have failed to arouse the suspicion of Kit Wilton and the Iroquois, and they were certain, as I have said, to be unusually watchful.

And yet, all the same, Colonel Hawley was hopeful of success.

He had fixed upon midnight as the hour for making the start, provided the outlook was in the least encouraging; but as the night advanced he told his friends that the time for leaving would have to be later.

It was almost midnight, and the full, round moon was directly overhead, when from the upper story of the cabin furthest removed from stockades, a point of light flashed out in such a way that it could be plainly seen along the whole eastern side of the clearing.

The upper window of this cabin was in reality little more than a loop hole, for, although it admitted plenty of sunshine, it was too small for most diminutive man to force his body through.

The light which appeared at this window, instead of remaining stationary, moved rapidly around in a circle. This was continued for only a minute or two, when the light was extinguished as suddenly as if it had been plunged into a vessel of water.

Two—three—five minutes passed, and then the light again flashed out of the narrow window observed precisely the same kind of light at the angle of the wood, almost directly in front of the cabin.

It moved swiftly around in a small circle, so that it looked like the rim of a fiery wheel. Then it vanished, like the first.

It was enough. The signal had been answered, just as in the afternoon poor Talbot Frost, on the crest of Storm Mountain, replied to the signal of young Elmer Roslyn.

So cunningly was this exchange managed, that only two persons knew or suspected the strange telegraphing that was going on, and they were the telegraphists themselves.

An understanding having been effected, there was little delay in what followed.

The individual who had flashed out his inquiry as to whether the coast was clear, emerged as silently as a shadow from the front door of the clearing, which was noiselessly opened and closed. He hesitated only a minute or so, as if to make sure of his bearings, when he crouched and ran rapidly across the clearing, straight toward the point where the answering circle of fire had shown itself.

Not a shot was fired at him, nor did any one seem to notice his flight.

Where were the Iroquois, that they did not meet him with the crash of the tomahawk? Was Colonel Hawley asleep, that he did not observe this daring proceeding, which might mean treachery against the block house itself? Did the sentinels who were on duty fail to note the strange proceeding?

The body of the Iroquois who had dashed out into the clearing to destroy Elmer Roslyn, when he was making his desperate run to the block house, still lay in the open space, with his face upward to the moon. It sky, none of his companions daring to venture forth to withdraw it from sight.

At the angle of the wood where the answering circle of light was shown, the border who stole so noiselessly from the outermost cabin met another person, who evidently was expecting him. There was a low, hurried greeting between them, and they engaged in an earnest conversation, which could not have been overheard by any one standing a dozen feet distant.

They had been but a few minutes together, when, with the same stealthy tread as before, he who had stolen from the house ran back to it again. Instead, however, of reentering the building, he picked his way to the block house, into which he whisked as deftly as if he was expected, as indeed must have been the case, else how could he have obtained such ready admission?

There are a couple of Iroquois in front trying to steal up to the body to take it away.

This was the report of one of the guards, as made to Colonel Hawley.

"Don't molest them," was the cry of the commandant, "for the sight is not a pleasant one."

After some cautious maneuvering, the two warriors seemed to understand the situation. Without any attempt to conceal themselves—an impossible task—they walked rapidly to the body, stooped over, and, lifting it from the ground, bore it to the shelter of the surrounding forest.

Less than fifteen minutes had passed after this, when Colonel Hawley said in his low, decisive way:

"The time has come, boys, to make a move."

"Elmer," the colonel continued, taking the hand of the sturdy youth, to whom General Washington had intrusted such an

important duty, "I have decided to place these twenty men who are to go to Haunted Gulch under your leadership."

"But—but," replied the astonished lad, who could not think he had heard aright, "they are all, older than I, and—I really don't do."

"You are not the judge of that; I have talked it over with the boys, and they all agree with me that it is the best thing."

Several of those that had been selected nodded their heads, signifying that they were in full accord with the commandant.

"Let me explain," added the latter; "you are but a boy, and many of these fellows are old enough to be your father. To place them under your direction looks like a piece of imprudence without justification, but I assure you that I have the best of reasons for doing so. In the first place, I have decided not to send thither any men whose homes are at Haunted Gulch, because their anxiety for the safety of their loved ones will lead them to act rashly, and against their better judgment. Every one of the score of soldiers is a stranger to the place, and no one knows the route thither, while it is as familiar to you as were the different rooms in your home before the Indians and Tories burned it down."

"Then I am to be the guide," said young Roslyn, with a sigh of relief; "I can do that."

"You are more than a guide. All that is to be under your direction, and they will obey you as implicitly as if I were leading them."

"But what do you wish me to do?" asked Elmer, blushing, and half disposed to believe the officer was jesting.

"You are to take the shortest and safest route to the Gulch, and if nothing unexpected occurs, you ought to reach there soon after sun up tomorrow morning. When that is done, the orders of General Washington should be carried out."

"And we are to stay there as a guard against the attack soon to be made?"

"Not at all. No one knows my discretion, or rather where you will do so. There is no block house or fort at the Gulch—nothing but the dozen cabins. They may make them as secure as they can, but they are unsafe against such an assault as has been arranged, for every one of them can be burned to the ground. I wish you to gather the members of the six loyal families together, as quickly as you can, and make your way back to this place. Here we have a block house, and there is room for all the new arrivals in the cabins out there. Our garrison will be strong enough to hold the place against all the Iroquois and Tories that Kit Wilton can muster. You will understand," added the colonel, retaining the hand of the youth, "how much confidence I place in you, when you remember that I have a mother, a wife and a little child, and that they will be in the company of refugees that must travel through the ten miles of wilderness to reach this shelter."

The commandant added, in justification of his appointment of the youth to the important position, that he had proven his ability not alone by his exploit in coming safely so many miles through the wilderness, encompassed by perils at every step, and succeeding where the veteran Talbot Frost had failed, but by many achievements of the preceding few months.

Finally, Colonel Hawley clinched the matter by saying that General Washington had spoken in complimentary terms of the ability and patriotism of the son of his trusted officer, Captain Roslyn.

This statement sent a thrill of delight through the youth, who felt that no greater compliment could be paid him than the commendation of the great Washington.

All the ambition of his nature roused, and he longed to risk his life to earn the continuance of the confidence of the illustrious leader of the patriot armies.

"I am ready!" he said, compressing his lips, while his eyes flashed; "I will win or die; what do you say, my men?"

"We're with you," was the hearty response, and the brave fellows were as pleased as the commandant himself with the pluck and daring of the handsome lad, who had indeed been honored beyond his years.

Each was furnished with twenty rounds of ammunition, an excellent rifle having been given the youthful leader, and it was hardly an hour past midnight when the party filed out of the rear of the block house, moved across the open space included between the stockades, passed through the further gate, which was quickly secured behind them, and entered in quietness between the few silent cabins, and then, taking precisely the course that had been followed by the mysterious indi-

vidual with the signal some time before, headed toward the forest, which had been and was to be the scene of many more dark tragedies between the white and red men.

It need not be said that during those brief minutes the heart of Elmer Roslyn throbbed painfully, as did that of Colonel Hawley and those within the block house, who watched with bated breath the progress of the shadowy figures.

"You are not likely to be attacked while in the clearing," was the parting warning of the colonel, "for there you will be somewhat under our protection, and we can rush out to your help; but after you get into the woods and out of sight—look out!"

Knowing under what close surveillance the block house was held by their treacherous enemies, it seemed to young Roslyn, as it did to all his companions, that it was absolutely impossible to reach the shelter of the forest without discovery.

But should exceptional good fortune allow them to do so, he set it down as one of the certainties that a most sanguinary and desperate fight must take place before they could pass the ten miles to Haunted Gulch.

The reliance of the juvenile leader, under Heaven, lay in the fact that every one of the twenty men with him was an expert in woodcraft. They had met and conquered the red man in the gloomy depths of the wilderness, where the contest was not alone one of muscle, energy and skill, but rather of brain and cunning against brain and cunning.

Elmer took the leadership from the moment he emerged from the rear of the block house. Having been honored beyond any one of his years, he was determined to prove himself worthy of it. Holding his gun in trailing position, he walked several steps in advance of the soldier immediately behind him.

He had reached a point half way between the last cabin and the wood, when he observed something that caused him no little uneasiness, though it did not incline him to turn back.

A point of light, as if made by a firefly, though much larger, appeared among the trees in front. It glowed steadily and without motion for a brief space, and then vanished.

But as he looked behind him, he noticed from one of the upper port holes of the block house a similar point of light, that was extinguished at the moment he caught sight of it.

It did not occur to the young leader that there was any possible connection between the two star-like twinkles, and yet after events proved that there was—that, as in the instance already named, one was an answer to the other.

"Could it be that the garrison of Fort Defiance contained a traitor?"

CHAPTER X.

THROUGH THE FOREST.

ELMER ROSLYN was mistaken. His companions nerved themselves for the expected assault, but none was made. They gathered for a minute or two under the trees, where the vegetation was so dense that it shut out the rays of the moon, and they were barely able to see one another's forms.

So far as possible every contingency that could be foreseen had been provided against before leaving the block house, otherwise invaluable time would have been lost by the necessity for frequent consultation.

"I tell you," whispered one of the men, "there's somebody following us."

"Did you not notice that point of light, a little off to the left, a few minutes ago?" asked Elmer.

Several replied that they had seen it.

"What did it mean?"

But this was a question which none could answer.

"Of course we have been seen," added the leader, "and we shall hear from Kit Wilton and his Tories and Indians before we can reach the Gulch. They will expect us to take the shortest way there, so I think I will move off toward Storm Mountain."

And without any further conference he began threading his way through the wilderness, the men following in Indian file. No band of Iroquois stealing through an enemy's camp could have shown greater caution and skill. One might have been standing within a couple of yards, and caught sight of the shadowy procession through the help of some of the moon's light, but he would have heard no sound from the score of feet that pressed the leaves in their march.

Here and there were slight openings, where the moonbeams allowed the friends to gain a passing glimpse of each other, and enabled Elmer Roslyn to keep his bearings; but such glimpses were few, and most of them were avoided, for they were likely to prove too tempting to their enemies.

Suddenly the leader, who maintained his place several steps in advance of the others, approaching a small opening, stopped with a suppressed exclamation, that quickly brought the others about him.

"What is it?" was the inquiry of more than one.

"Look!" and he pointed at the open moonlit space in front of him.

There, stretched out at full length, was the figure of a man, whose face, like that of the Iroquois in the clearing, was upturned to the bright moon. He lay flat on his back with limbs extended, stiff and cold in death.

His gun, his knife, and even his scalp had been torn from him. He had fallen a victim to Indian ferocity in its most fearful form.

"Poor Frost," muttered young Roslyn, looking sorrowfully down on him; "we left camp at the same time, and I never saw him in better spirits. He wanted to wager me that he would reach Fort Defiance six hours ahead of me."

"Did you make the wager?" asked one of the men.

"Why not?"

"Because I knew he would lose," was the characteristic response. "I was resolved to get through as soon as he. He was a good man," added Elmer with a sigh, "but he needs no help from us now."

And regretfully the party pushed on into the wood.

Three separate times did members of the company hear the tread of some person, who, less cautious than they, betrayed himself in walking over the dry leaves; but, strive as much as they might, they could not catch a glimpse of him.

Nevertheless, all, including the leader, held their guns ready to fire whenever they could gain a shot.

The whites were too skilled in woodcraft to commit the fatal mistake of believing that any chivalry on their part would be appreciated by the foe against whom they were arrayed. To refrain from taking advantage of every possible opportunity would be accepted as timidity or cowardice.

It was not the purpose of young Roslyn to lead the men over Storm Mountain, for that would have involved a detour that would have prevented them from reaching Haunted Gulch before the next day was well advanced, and without any commensurate advantage to their party.

His theory was that by going aside from the direct course, he would throw their enemies as much off the trail as if he and his men took a circuit of many miles.

About half way up the slope of Storm Mountain, a turn was made to the eastward, and a direct course taken toward their destination. The leader's intention was, after following this for two or three miles, to descend into the valley once more, and then to proceed forward with all haste.

It will be perceived that the reasonable theory of young Roslyn was that if any body of Indians or Tories were gathered in the hope of checking them, they were likely to be close to Fort Defiance, and, if this were so, he had taken the right course to flank them.

Only a brief distance was passed, after making the turn, when a singular experience befell the party. The stealthy pursuer that seemed to be hovering on all sides had not been heard for some minutes, and more than one of the party were speculating as to what it all meant, when they reached an open place, which young Roslyn instantly recognized, because it was one of the chief landmarks of the neighborhood.

A vast rock several rods in length and breadth towered so far above the ground that any one standing on its surface was able to look over an expanse of many square miles.

As the border men silently halted on the edge of the wood, they saw that a person was standing on the highest point of the immense rock, as though he had climbed to the spot to take an observation in the strong moonlight.

He turned a striking figure, with his side turned toward the spectators, one hand loosely closed around the barrel of his rifle, whose stock rested on the rock at his feet. His whole pose was that of a person sunk in deep meditation.

It was a magnificent Iroquois warrior, in full war paint and hunting costume. He stood on his right foot, the left being extended a few inches in front of the other, the attitude being remarkably graceful and impressive.

The light of the moon was so clear that his fine profile was plainly seen against the clear sky beyond, the beaded moccasins, the fringed leggings, the hunting shirt with its broad girle holding tomahawk and knife, the double row of beads around the neck and the stained eagle feathers twisted in the coarse hair of the scalp lock, all showing as plainly as if under the glare of the noonday sun.

"It is Red Thunder," whispered young Roslyn, who had seen the famous chief many times before the breaking out of hostilities.

"And we don't want any better game," replied the man nearest him, softly raising the hammer of his rifle and bringing it to his shoulder.

But Elmer reached out his hand and pushed down the weapon. "No," he said in the same low, guarded tones; "it would be murder."

And there were more than one of the frontiersmen among them he who had been checked, that in his heart commended the honorable emotion which led the youth to save the chieftain's life.

CHAPTER XI.

DANGER AHEAD.

It is not to be believed for a minute that the Iroquois had been reversed, the consideration for the youth who had spared his life, Elmer Roslyn had no such thought, and, as I have stated, he was not governed by any weak chivalry toward the race which is one of the most treacherous on the face of the earth.

But there was something in the time, place and surroundings which caused him to revolt at the thought of shooting down the chieftain who was known to be one of the most ferocious leaders of the Senecas. With the same silent stealth that had marked their approach to the spot, the border men turned away, and stole through the forest, leaving Red Thunder still in the attitude of meditation and with never a suspicion of the forbearance that had been shown him.

In all probability it would have made no abatement in the intensity of his hatred toward the white men had he known it.

The course of the frontiersmen continued along the side of the mountain ridge, where, as will be understood, the traveling was more difficult than in the level valley. The rocks, boulders and deep fissures worn in the ground by the heavy rains caused many detours and turnings, which interfered so greatly with their progress that when a mile was passed, the night was far along, and it was clear that under the most favorable circumstances they could not reach the Gulch before the forenoon was well advanced.

But at the end of the mile, young Roslyn, much to the relief of his companions, changed the course so as to descend into the valley, where progress was much more easy.

A well beaten trail connected the Gulch with Fort Defence, but this continually broke into side paths, some of which deviated far from the main track. A person passing that way for the first time would find it almost impossible to keep to the true course.

Nothing proved more strikingly Elmer Roslyn's familiarity with the right route than the fact that he never hesitated more than a minute or two to settle upon it.

Although fully a third of the distance had been traversed, none of the company believed that the rest would be unmarked by molestation from their enemies. In fact they had gone but a little way after striking the main trail, when they were startled by the footprints of the eavesdropper, who seemed to have followed them all the way from the fort.

Roslyn secretly sent back two of his men with the request (rather than the order) to capture or shoot the man, whose presence was a constant menace to them. But the skilled woodmen came back with the word that though the Indian or Tory, as the case might be, was unable to suppress the sound of his footsteps, yet he was cunning enough to keep out of their reach.

Just then a sound like the faint hooting of an owl came from some point in the woods behind them. The dismal call was repeated, and then a similar one issued from a point a short way in advance.

It was enough; that told the story. Sig-

nals were passing back and forth between their enemies, who were doubtless perfecting some plan for the destruction of the rescue party.

The youthful leader came to a stop in the densest portion of the wood for a consultation.

All agreed that there was nothing to do but to press on, holding themselves ready for an attack, whenever their foes chose to make it. They had been on the alert from the beginning, and expected to continue so to the end.

"I can form no idea of the point of danger," added Elmer, resuming the lead, "for you can't see these things; no telling what notion may govern them."

It was not a hundred yards beyond this spot that the white men were astonished by the glimmer of a camp fire from among the trees in front.

This astonishment was caused by the fact that the fire should have been kindled at such a time by their enemies, for it was a direct notification of their whereabouts, and must place the whites on their guard.

Such, I say, was not seem to be the result, but the majority of the red men may have led them to start the flames with a deeper purpose, which it was necessary to penetrate.

"That's powerful queer," remarked Elmer's right hand man.

"Yes," replied the youth, "it may be they have kindled it on purpose to lead us to turn aside and walk into some other pit that they have dug for us."

"Wal, I rather reckon we ain't going to do it with our eyes shet, eh, Captain Roslyn?"

Elmer agreed with him, and quickly fixed upon his plan of action. The party led the main trail which it had been following, and, pausing at a point far enough removed to be safe from discovery, two men were sent to the right, two to the left, and another was instructed to move around so as to strike the path at a point considerably beyond the camp fire. These were gradually to approach the latter, and learn all that could be learned.

While thus engaged, young Roslyn would steal forward from the main body, and reconnoiter the camp from that side. Since the approach, therefore, would be made from four different directions, it was reasonable to hope that more than one important discovery would be effected.

It was unsafe to attempt to arrange any signals, since the watchful Indians would be certain to detect them, with a fatal computation as the result.

Each man was to do his best, and return to those in waiting at the earliest practicable moment.

After the others had been absent some fifteen minutes, Elmer ventured upon his self appointed task, which was none the less dangerous because it involved a slighter distance over which to make his way. It was not at all impossible that the very peril which they were seeking to circumvent awaited them in front.

But with the same grim heroism that he had shown from the first, he entered upon his work, little dreaming of the turn his investigation was to take when, as may be said, he was on its threshold.

The youth had approached the camp fire near enough to catch a glimpse of moving figures, when he was brought to an abrupt halt by a most unexpected occurrence.

(To be continued.)

AN IDLE PLEA.

"I DIDN'T think."

How often do we hear this given as an excuse for a promise broken, a duty neglected, an imprudent act committed—as a palliation, in short, for almost every minor sin in the catalogue. And what a sorry sort of apology it is!

Not think! Why, during our waking hours we are bound to be thinking of something. Try the experiment some day, and see if you ever catch your mind entirely unoccupied. How purile then seems the excuse, "I didn't think," when the real difficulty lies in the fact that it was "no thinking," but wrong thinking, that brought about all the trouble.

LAWYERS GALORE.

The boy who has made up his mind to become a lawyer and practice in New York City, must needs live up to the theory that there is "plenty of room at the top." For surely there would seem to be not much space for him elsewhere. According to computations made from this year's issue of a business directory, the lawyers—4788 of them—in this city are numbered thus: the followers of any other pursuit, exceeding the liquor dealers, the next in number, by 222.



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our capabilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. We will endeavor to file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

J. S. Natick, Mass. Your Cullinan coin is not a premium on us.

J. M., Philadelphia, Pa. A leader dollar is utterly worthless.

A. M. A., Boston, Mass. No premium on the half dollar of 1827.

M. I. L., Arcola, Miss. The 26th of March, 1862, fell on Wednesday.

C. C., New York City. No premium on the half dollar of 1825 or 1830.

F. J. T., South Brooklyn, N. Y. No premium on the half dollar of 1828.

Walter Garrett, Findlay, O. No premium on the half dollar of 1829.

B. F. W., West Bay City, Mich. Ask your bookseller for Appleton's "Dictionary of New York."

Vas., Troy, N. Y. The English shilling of 1867 is worth nearly twenty five cents. There is no premium on it.

Correspondent, Cambridgeport, Mass. Nos. 209 to 225 of the Argosy, inclusive, will cost you 99 cents.

J. R. K., Cincinnati, O. Yes, "Ned Newton" will be added to Murray's Popular Names in due course.

Jay Jay, Island Grove, Fla. We cannot supply you with the meaning of the phrase, "an duften course."

XX., New York City. The new stamped envelopes advertised on the same varieties of paper as the old ones.

W. B., Columbia, Tenn. No premium on the half dime of 1806 or on the issues without the word "Cents" on the subject.

Captain W. M. H., New York City. Why not call your organization the Metropolitan or the Manhattan Cadets?

Miss L. D. M. B. 1. The average height of a girl of sixteen is 5 ft. 2 1/2 in.; weight 106 pounds. 2. Certainly not. It would be highly improper.

C. R. P., Chicago, Ill. Write to W. H. Head, 3811 Ellis Ave., whose notice respecting the formation of a military company in Chicago was printed in No. 240.

Boys between 15 and 18, desirous of joining Company D of the Hamilton Cadets, may address Captain W. J. Cato, 174 and 176 Pearl St., New York City.

Wm. J. Buckley, 125 Greenwich St., New York City, would be glad to hear from boys between 15 and 18 who wish to join a company of the Hamilton Cadets.

M. M. Newark, N. J. 1. The Latin word "salve" means "hail," in the sense of greeting. 2. Try chalk for the removal of warts; if that fails, apply caustic.

G. A. L., New York City. For information concerning the boys' military companies in New York write to Lieutenant James Dalgligh, 174 and 176 Pearl St.

Thomas F. Cooney, 628 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to hear from 17 to 19 who would be willing to join him in forming a military company.

J. M., Owosso, Mich. For information concerning the cadet services in the United States Revenue write the Secretary of the Treasury at Washington.

L. L. T., Philadelphia, Pa. O. S. Haeger, 312 Callowhill St., published a notice for you desire to join, in No. 238.

W. H. C. M. For information pertaining to the public lands of the United States and the manner of taking up claims, write to the Interior Department at Washington.

W. C. P., Lawrence, Kan. The value of silver fluctuates, but the latest quotations give the price as 95 1/2 cents per ounce Troy. The silver dollar is nine tenths pure.

Arthur H. Morrison, 3 Park St., Boston, Mass., would like to hear from boys of 15 to 17, and over five feet in height, with reference to the formation of a military company.

M., Jacksonville, Ill. Your foreign coins are worth very little if anything above their face value. Your cent of 1801, if in good condition, will bring from five to fifty cents.

F. W., Boston, Mass. We may publish an article on the construction of model yachts in the next volume. We could not treat of the subject in the narrow confines of this department.

Francis Keller, 436 Gold St., Brooklyn, N. Y., will be glad to have applications in person from boys between 15 and 18 and not under 5 feet in height, desirous of joining the Hamilton Light Guards.

B. R., Hawthorne, Nev. It has never been positively known where Wilkes' foot, the assassin of President Lincoln, is buried, although it is reported that he was interred in the jail at Washington.

The Lexington Cadets extend an invitation to boys from 5 feet to 5 feet 4 inches in height to become members of that organization. For further particulars address Captain R. A. Smet, 242 West 20th St., New York City.

Frank, Fountain City, Wis. 1. Yes, an index for Vol. V of the Argosy is now ready, and will be sent to any reader desiring it on receipt of a one cent stamp. 2. See answer to third question.

F. B. & Co., New York City. 1. MSS. is an abbreviation for manuscripts. 2. We hope to do so. 3. Oliver Optic's latest book is "Ready About."

Harry Castlemon's "The Young Hildewalders," and Horatio Alger, Jr.'s, "Helping Himself."

E. H. M., Philadelphia, Pa. We think the wholesale grocery business a very good one. Whether or not there would be "money in it" for any particular person depends upon the amount of competence around him and his own pluck, perseverance and abilities.

Lieutenant Westley Southward, 64 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to hear from boys between 16 and 20, and over 5 ft. 2 in. tall, desirous of joining a company of the United States Army. Rolls will be open on Wednesday and Saturday evenings between 8 and 10.

WELL WIN, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Your question regarding the influence of phosphorus on telegraphic communication is quite intelligible. 2. Very probably he will. 3. The new book by the late E. B. Washburne, "Reminiscences of the Siege of Paris," gives a graphic account of the Commune.

V. A. N. 1. About 700 different U. S. postage stamps have been issued. 2. The silver three cent piece was issued from 1851 to 1873. The three cent nickel was first struck in 1865, the five cent nickel in 1866; both these coins are still issued. The dime and half dime were authorized by the act of 1792; the latter was discontinued in 1837.

L. B., New York City. The commissioned officers in the United States Army rank as follows: General, colonel, major, captain, first lieutenant, and second lieutenant; then come the privates, or rank and file. The regular line officers of the navy are admiral, captain, lieutenant, past midshipman and ensign. The United States Army are sergeant, gunner, quartermaster, and to each of these a mate.

Strom King, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. You will find a full account of the Dutch in the "History of the Dutch Republic." 2. A fine pen, jet black drawing ink and Bristol board are the best materials with which to make a pen and the accuracy of the drawing depends on the pen and the accuracy of the drawing depends on the pen and the accuracy of the drawing depends on the pen.

1. Yes, 2. and 3. Judging from the extent of our circulation, our readers seem abundantly satisfied with the paper in its present shape. Nevertheless we are glad to receive suggestions. No. 5. Possibly. 6. The serials that appeared in Vol. II of the Argosy were "The Store Boy" and "Work and Win," by Horatio Alger, Jr., "The Frenchman's Word," by William G. Truitt, "The Guardian's Trust," by Mary A. Denison, "The Lost Trail" and "Campfire and Wigwag," by Edward S. Ellis, "Eve's Singing Boy" by Oliver Optic are awaiting a sequel to "Van." 8. Two and a half shillings, English money, are worth about 62 cents.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of the Hamilton Cadets. We cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain new specimens of the Argosy. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should do so before our office, and furnish to the address given.

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

Fred Lewis, Moodus, Conn. A waterbury watch, for a pair of 3 lb. Indian clubs, or a scroll saw.

Robert Thomann, 240 East 22d St., New York City. "Out of the Way," by H. L. Taylor, for a book of poems.

James Garrett, 1762 Juniata Ave., Nicetown, Philadelphia, Pa. Ninety five different tin tags, for rare stamps or relics.

Charles Thompson, 119 Church St., New Brunswick, N. J. Four thousand foreign stamps, 75 cents, and 100 tin tags, for books.

Rubey Park, Louisiana, Mo. A pair of No. 4 runner tires, Henley roller skates, for Vol. I, II, or IV of The Golden Argosy.

Fred W. Hazard, Room 14, 11 Pine St., New York City. Two pairs of ice skates, for the hull of a model yacht, about 30 inches by 6.

Thomas Sendall, 70 Front St., Brooklyn, N. Y. An electric battery, with carbon and switch board, for a mandolin or a complete photo outfit.

E. P. Bartlett, 107 East 73d St., New York City. "The Life of Kit Carson," and 2 other books, for "Boddwell's Navigator," or any other good book on Navigation.

Harry Burnell, 208 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. A Zimmerman's autoharp, 21 bars, 3 strings, with instructions, valued at \$5, for a pair of American club ice skates.

William Nimmo, 78 Second Ave., New York City. A pair of all clamp nickel plated extension roller skates, and a set of boxing gloves, for a set of drawing instructions.

Frank Stevens, 402 North 2d St., Harrisburg, Pa. A 14 foot vulcanized canvas, with sail, mast and paddle, for a photo camera and instructions. Receiver to pay charges.

Max A. Arnold, No. 82, McKeesport, Pa. A No. 2 hot air vulcanizer for making a 4 by 8 rubber stamp, never used, for a self inking press, with or without outfit, or a bicycle.

Edwin C. Harvey, Box 23, Camden, N. Y. "The Parisian Detective," by Ed. Boisgenou, or "King Solomon's Mines," by Haggard, for "The Mountain Cave," by George H. Coomer.

G. E. Smith, Eustis, Fla. The "Great Western Series," and "The River," and the "Lake Shore Series," for "Up to the Mountains," by Oliver Optic, or Florida curiosities, for books.

Wallace L. Hale, Box 151, Glasgowbury, Conn. Books by Optic, Alger and Galt, or books by Trowbridge, Castlemon, or Mark Twain.

E. P. Lang, Box 444, Parkersburg, W. Va. A waterbury watch, valued at \$2, and a pair of 3 lb. Indian clubs, valued at \$1.50, for a pair of field or opera glasses in good order.

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

BY G. L. DE MEDINA.



At the earliest of this brief series of articles, in a list of the most essential gymnastic appliances, ladders of wood and rope were mentioned. Let us now

devote a few words to the subject of climbing

THE WOODEN LADDER.

This is another good exercise for the muscles of the arms. Grasp each side of the ladder, and ascend by raising the hands alternately. To climb the ladder round by round, the bearer must bring the elbow of the arm which happens to be the lower, down to the ribs, before he pulls himself up with the other.

To climb the ladder by one side, grasp it with both hands, and raise them alternately, keeping the legs close together and as motionless as possible.

CLIMBING THE ROPE.

In ascending the rope, the hands must be moved alternately, one above the other. The feet should be drawn up between every movement of the hands, and the rope grasped firmly between them. In descending, move the hands downward one after the other; if you slide down, and go a little too rapidly, you are liable to blister the hands, or even tear the skin.

In some gymnasia the ropes are knotted, or provided at intervals with short cross pieces. The true athlete, however, will despise such aids, and prefer the far more laborious task of ascending an unknotted rope.

Boys who have a taste for the sea should be sure to practice rope climbing, as it is directly in the line of nautical duty. The sailor's method is to pass the rope from his hands directly between his thighs, and then

you leaped from. As the body passes over the bar, give the pole a slight push backward, and relinquish your hold, so that it will fall away from the bar; for if it strikes the bar, the leap is spoiled.

The champion pole vaulter of the world is just now Thomas Ray, who hails from Ulverston, England, and New Yorkers had a chance of seeing him perform at the recent amateur championship games held in this city. His method is a very taking and somewhat amusing one.

He is tall and rather heavily built, and has had eleven years' experience at pole vaulting. He starts by walking up to the bar, and gauging its height with his hands on the pole. Then he moves away to the starting point of his run. He holds the pole about the middle with his right hand, and a foot lower down with his left, the pole pointing forward and down. He carries it before him in this position in his strong run, the right arm moving up and down like a pump handle, while the left is kept perfectly stiff.

As he reaches the bar he drives the pointed iron of the pole firmly into the ground, springs and levers himself up, and then—over? Well, not just yet. He actually swarms up the pole a few inches with his hands, boosts his body up to a good height diagonally by sheer stress of arm muscle, and then projects himself over the rod.

His pole vault is partially pole climbing, with acrobatic work at the top. His cool mastery of equilibrium at the pole's extremity could be seen on the occasion mentioned, when on two or three attempts he hoisted himself to the midair station, took an observation, saw he hadn't hit it right for a record breaking trip over the bar, and calmly let himself down on the hither side. It was a novelty, clever and tricky. The athletes on this side may catch on to it and go him one better after practice.

FREE EXERCISES.

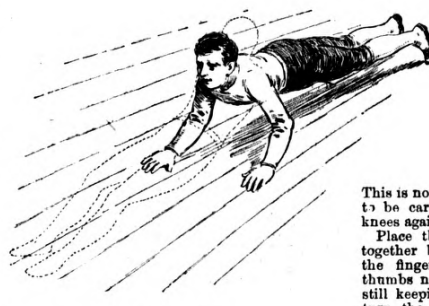
Besides all the movements with the bars, ladders or other appliances of the gymnastium, there is a class of valuable and most beneficial exercises, which are called "free" because performed by the athlete's

Another good exercise is this: Stand firmly on one leg, raise the other from the ground, and, without bending the leg on which you stand, move the body slowly forward, and touch the ground with the tips of your fingers.

Here is a third exercise, which is quite difficult: Hold your body at the arm's length from the ground, resting on your hands and on the tips of your toes. Then pass the legs through the arms, and reach the position shown by the dotted lines in the accompanying illustration, afterwards reversing the motion.

A fourth is as follows: Place the hands upon the hips, and sink down upon the heel of the right foot. Slowly advance the left foot before you, keeping it a few inches above the ground.

Or again: Lie extended on the floor,



A FREE EXERCISE.

with the face turned downward, supporting the body by the toes and the hands. The latter must be turned inward, with the fingers pointing toward each other. Then let the body sink slowly, gently bending the arms, till the lips touch the fingers. Still keep the body raised from the floor. Now slowly lift yourself back to the first position, and repeat the exercise several times.

Another free exercise. Stand upright, with the feet together and the arms extended horizontally. Raise the left foot, and throw the body over to the right side as far as you can, if possible until the right hand nearly touches the floor. Recover yourself, and throw the body over to the left side, raising the right foot. Continue throwing the body in this way on alternate sides.

Then there are the "extension" movements for the arms. There are no better exercises of this class than those prescribed for recruits in the army. These most beneficial movements were fully described and explained in the second of Lieutenant Hamilton's admirable articles on the formation of a cadet corps, published in Number 231 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and we will not take up space by repeating them here. There are, however, several amplifications or variations of these exercises, which it would perhaps be well to mention.

For instance: Stand upright, raise the arms, and bend the body forward, as in the second of the regular military exercises. Keep the knees straight, and touch the ground with the fingers; and practice this until you can easily pick up a five cent piece from the ground at each heel.

Then take a wooden staff, three or four feet long, and grasp one end of it with each hand, the fingers being underneath the stick and pointing toward the body. Raise the staff over the head, keeping the elbows straight, and bring it down behind you, until it touches the back of the thighs. This is by no means an easy exercise.

Stretch out the right arm, and try to kick the hand with the right foot. This is a trick that can soon be learned, and others of the same kind are to kick the back of the thighs with the heels, to strike the chest with the hands, and lastly, more difficult still, to make a slight spring from the floor, and kick both thighs with both heels at once.

Place the hands on the hips, with the feet together, and, bending the knees slowly, kneel on the floor. Then rise gradually, without moving the toes or the hands.

Or, with the hands still on the hips, and the feet together, rise on the toes, bend the knees, and gradually lower the body until the thighs touch the heels. Extend your arms, and fall forward upon your hands and toes, with the knees straight and the body stiff. Now take a piece of chalk in the right hand, and, reaching as far in

front of you as you can, make a mark on the floor. Then let any of your friends go through the same movements and see if they can mark further than you can.

Here is another good exercise: Stand up, and extend your arms in front of you. Raise the right leg, and stretch it also horizontally forward. Gradually bend the left knee, and sit down without moving the arms and the right leg from their extended position. Rise, and repeat the motions, this time extending the left leg. This is difficult at first, but after a little practice it can be done rapidly and somewhat easily, and it brings into play no less than three hundred muscles of the body for which doctors have separate names.

Take a stick, and grasp it with the two hands about three feet apart. Stoop down till the knuckles of the closed hands rest on the floor in front of you, and then try to step over the stick without losing your hold of it or raising the hands from the floor.

Another feat is to hold the hands in front of the body, with the tips of the fingers touching each other, and jump through them.

This is not easy, and you will have to be careful not to strike your knees against your chin.

Place the palms of the hands together behind the back, with the fingers downward, and the thumbs nearest the back. Then, still keeping the palms together, turn the hands, the tips of the fingers moving upward along the back, until they meet between the shoulders, with the thumbs outward, and the fingers pointing toward the head. This movement is sometimes called the "triumph."

These exercises may be prolonged and varied indefinitely, but we have mentioned enough to occupy the young athlete for a long time, and when he has mastered all of them he will be a pretty good gymnast. Some of them are difficult, but he need never despair of learning movements that seem at first extremely hard. Indeed, many of the most apparently impossible feats are really easy to acquire.

For instance, some of the tricks performed by professional athletes and circus men can be imitated without difficulty when you have learned their secret.

It looks like a tremendous thing when a man lies with the back of his head on one support and his heels on another, making a bridge of himself, holds a block of stone on his chest, and lets another man crack the stone with the blow of a sledgehammer.

One would suppose that the blow of the hammer would break the man in two. The fact is, however, that if he is strong enough to support the stone he actually does not feel the blow. If the stone were about the same weight as the hammer the blow would kill the man. The heavier the stone the less the blow is felt. Indeed, when the hammer strikes there is a reaction that actually seems to lift the stone up and relieve the pressure. If the stone were not there, a much lighter blow would break the man down.

Another of the easy "impossible" feats is to pull against a team of horses, incredibly as that may sound at first. The performer lies at full length, face downward, on a heavy and solid plank, the latter placed horizontally, and fixed so that it cannot be moved endwise. He has a harness that draws over his shoulders, and is attached to a rope running through a ring in the back of his belt, and through some kind of a grinding hole or pulley near his feet or in a line with them.

To the other end of the rope the horses are attached. The feat is to resist their efforts to pull him from the ladder, the man bracing with his feet against one round and holding with his hands to another.

Another way of holding a team is to sit on a platform with the feet braced against a board in front, and the harness around the loins, the rope passing through a hole in the plank just between the feet.

Because a man does this it does not follow that he is stronger than a team of horses, although that is what the former pretends to demonstrate. The secret lies in keeping the body and limbs in the line of the pull, just the same as if lifting great weights in harness. A very strongly built man can hold that way on a ladder considerably more than he can lift.



POLE VAULTING.

to twist it round one leg just below the knee and over the instep. The other foot presses on the rope, and gives a firm hold.

POLE VAULTING.

This is one of the prettiest of athletic feats. The learner should hold the pole with the right hand at about the height of his head, the left hand about two feet lower. Take a short, springy run, plant the pole upon the ground just in front of the bar that you have to clear, and spring up with the right foot. Pass the body over the bar to the left of the pole, and turn round as you alight, so as to front toward the spot

limbs alone, without the aid of any apparatus. Some gymnasts practice them upon a mattress, but the plain floor is the best after all.

One exercise is to lie down on the back, keeping the body stiff and the arms close to the side, the legs and heels in a line. Without moving the lower limbs, raise the upper part of the body to an upright position. When you can do this, cross your arms upon your chest, and try it again. Then do it with the hands clasped over the head. Next endeavor to raise the lower extremities so as to touch the floor with your feet, behind your head.

A BRAVE MAN'S DIRGE.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

A DIRGE for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where,
Nor lines his deeds describe.
They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name—
An empire is his sepulcher,
His epitaph is Fame.

[This story commenced in No. 255.]

WALTER GRIFFITH;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET SALESMAN.

By ARTHUR LEK PUTNAM.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

TWO ROGUES FALL OUT.

WALTER stepped backward, apprehending violence. In his quiet country home he had never met a social outlaw like the man before him. He felt now that he had perhaps been imprudent in accepting the mission offered him by Mr. Burgess. But it was too late to repent. He must face the danger.

"Did you write the letter shown me by Mr. Burgess?" asked Walter, as he stepped back.

"What's the odds whether I did or didn't?" asked the ruffian.

"A good deal. In that letter you offer to give back the articles in return for a hundred dollars."

"I didn't write the letter."

"Then you authorized it to be written. Who did write it?"

"I wrote it," said the hunchback, calmly.

"Then I call upon you to make good your promise."

"You crow pretty loud for a young one," said the ruffian, with a sneer.

"I am not crowing at all. I ask you to stand by your bargain."

"And I order you to give me that money," growled the other.

"Will you give me the articles afterwards?"

"No, I won't."

"Then I won't give you the money. You are able to take it from me by force, but I have no authority to give it up."

"Hold him, Nicholas," said the ruffian, "while I take the money."

"Hold him yourself, Ben, and I'll go through his pockets."

"Perhaps that would be better."

Walter was seized in a tight grip that rendered him powerless. Swiftly the dwarf thrust his long slender fingers into his pocket, and drew out the wallet, which he handed to the man he called Ben.

The latter opened it, and his brutal face lighted up with satisfaction as he counted out the ten ten dollar bills.

"It's all right!" he said.

"Old Burgess has kept his word."

Pale and indignant, Walter eyed the pair as they gloated over the treasure by which they had come so dishonorably.

"Give me my share, Ben," croaked the hunchback.

"Who said you were to have a share?" said Ben, eying the dwarf with an unfriendly look.

"You said so. You wouldn't have got the money but for me."

"Wouldn't I?"

"No. It was I who met the boy and led him up here."

"I could have met him myself as far as that goes."

"Do you think he would have come with you?"

"Why not?"

"Why, the fact is, Ben," said the hunchback, with a significant smile, "you are not exactly a man to inspire confidence in a boy."

"And you are, humph?"

"I did. The boy believed what I said and followed me."

"On account of your good looks and

handsome figure, eh, Nick?" and the larger man laughed boisterously.

It was well for the dwarf, perhaps that his brother in law, for that was the relationship, did not see the look of furious anger that overspread the face of the man whose physical deformity made him painfully sensitive to ridicule.

"Am I to work for nothing?" he asked, after a pause.

"No; here's something for you. It was my last dollar till I got this windfall."

He took a silver dollar from his vest pocket and threw it on the floor at the hunchback's feet.

Nick stooped and picked it up without a word.

"There, now you are paid. Don't bother me any more."

keep the change. If you do it will be the worse for you."

"You are very suspicious tonight, Ben." "Perhaps I have reason to be. Though when I come to think of it, what can a miserable apology for a map like you do to harm me? Come, start! I am in a hurry for the brandy."

Walter caught the look that only for an instant darkened the face of the hunchback, and he was led to doubt whether Ben was altogether prudent in incurring the hostility of even such a man.

The hunchback was replaced over his eyes, and he was led out of the house to where he had first met his small conductor. "Here you are!" said Nick, removing the bandage.

"Yes, but I have lost the money that was

"Yes, but you don't understand me. Listen! If I succeed in getting possession of them, and bring them to you, would he be willing to give say fifty dollars more?"

"I think so, but I shall have to ask him."

"When can you do so?"

"Tomorrow morning, I think."

"Meet me, then, in Jersey City, in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Take the Cortlandt Street boat, and you will have no difficulty."

"At what hour shall I be there?"

"At nine o'clock. Promise me that you will make no effort to have me arrested."

"I promise."

"One thing more! I cannot tell you where you have been, but you are at liberty to follow me if you will agree not to make any use of the information till tomorrow."

Walter nodded his assent to this condition.

CHAPTER XIX.

NICK'S REVENGE.

THE hunchback turned and retraced his steps, followed at a little distance by Walter. Here was a new incident in the strange adventures of this night. He had not succeeded in recovering the articles which he was sent to redeem, but he had been the means of sowing dissension between two confederates. It began to look as if through him punishment would fall upon the chief offender.

Presently Nick, the dwarf, entered a corner saloon. Knowing his errand Walter waited outside. In about five minutes Walter saw him come out with a bottle in his hand.

The dwarf gave a swift backward glance to see if he were followed, and kept on his way. His next stopping place was at a drug store. This call Walter did not understand. He might have understood better if he had seen the druggist prepare a small parcel containing a white powder. This Nick thrust

into his vest pocket, and then hurried out of the store.

There was no other stop till he reached a shabby tenement house. As he entered the main doorway he turned swiftly once more to see if the boy had noted the place. He saw Walter but a rod or two in the rear. He smiled to himself and ascended the stairs.

"You have overreached yourself this time, Brother Ben. Before you trod upon the worm you should have made sure it would not turn."

He paused in the dark hallway, removed the cork from the bottle, and dropped a part of the powder into it. It was not a poison, but was a sleeping potion of a powerful character.

"Brother Ben is not likely to pass a sleepless night," he said to himself, with a grin.

As he entered the room which he had left but a few minutes before, he was greeted with a growl of dissatisfaction.

"I thought you were going to stay all night," said Ben, in a hoarse, angry tone.

"I was as quick as I could," answered the dwarf meekly.

"Those ugly legs of yours are a good while getting over the ground, then. Do you know what I thought?"

"What did you think?"

"That you had run away with the ten dollars."

"Well, you see I didn't."

"It would have been a bad job for you if you had," growled Ben. "Do you know what I would have done to you when I caught you?"

"No," replied Nick, looking him straight in the eye, "what would you have done?"

"I would have beaten you till I had raised another lump to watch the one you've got now."

"Do you think there's any call to threaten me like this, Ben?" asked Nick, calmly, but his face was pale, not from fear but from suppressed anger.

"You may as well know what you are to expect when you treat me amiss."

"Do you think I am likely to do so?"

"No; you are too much of a coward," answered Ben, with brutal frankness.

Nick said nothing, but there was a look of calm resolution on his face which might have given Ben cause for thought, and perhaps for apprehension, if he had not so



NICK MEETS AN ACQUAINTANCE AT THE ELEVATED RAILROAD STATION.

Ben resumed his seat, and a smile of satisfaction lighted up his face.

"What are we to do with the boy?" asked Nick.

"Does he know where he is? Is he dangerous?"

"I blindfolded him according to directions."

"That is well. You think, then, he cannot interfere with us?"

"Not if he is conducted back with the same precautions."

"Take him away, then," said the ruffian, indifferently. "We have got all we can out of him."

"Just as you say, Ben!" answered the dwarf, submissively.

"That's right. You're taking things as you should."

"Am I to come back here?"

"Yes, and you may bring me a pint bottle of brandy."

"Where is the money?"

"Here. Get me that bill changed."

And Ben threw his confederate a ten dollar bill.

"Mind," he continued, "that you don't

intrusted to me, said Walter, in a disturbed tone.

"It isn't in my pocket," said the hunchback, in a tone of bitterness. "He promised me twenty five dollars."

"I think you were badly treated," Walter admitted.

"Was I not?" said the dwarf, appearing pleased with this expression of sympathy.

"He has made me a cat's

"Is he your friend?"

"He is my sister's husband, and a bad husband he is to her. I think she would be better off without him."

"He looks brutal."

"He is."

The dwarf seemed immersed in thought. He appeared to be meditating some important step. Walter was shrewd enough to see this, and he made no motion to leave, although he felt tired and in need of rest.

"Mr. Burgess valued those articles which were taken from his house?" said Nick, after a pause.

"Yes."

"They were old fashioned—of no great value."

"True, but they belonged to his mother. He valued them on that account."

"I see. He is a rich man, is he not?"

"I should think him a very rich man."

"Then, if necessary, he would be willing to pay more than the hundred dollars which he sent by you."

"I think he would, but I cannot promise for him. After the experience of tonight, I would not advise him to risk any more."

thoroughly despised his small, misshapen brother in law.

"Perhaps I am," said the dwarf. "I know of course that I am no match for you. I should think so. Why, I could twist your round my little finger."

"I should like to twist your big bull neck," thought Nick, but in his calm impassive face no thought like this could have been read.

"Well, where is the brandy?" asked Ben, who appeared fatigued with the discussion.

"Here it is!"

"And where is the money?"

Nick drew out three or four bills and a balance of silver, and handed them to Ben. Among the silver coins was a dime.

"Here, take this for your trouble!" said he, magnanimously, offering it to the dwarf.

"No, thank you!" answered Nick, with dignity. "I do not care for pay."

Ben stared at him in amazement.

"What's come over you?" he asked.

"As you get going proud?"

"Call it that if you like. I don't fetch and carry for a dime."

"Too small, is it? Well, I'm good natured tonight. Here's a quarter."

The dwarf took it, and walking over to where his sister still sat in the rocking chair with the child in her arms, he said, "Take this, Jane. You may need it."

Wearily the woman extended her hand and took the money.

"Thank you, Nick," she said.

"I can't take his money tonight with what is in my mind," the dwarf said to himself.

"Well, suit yourself," said Ben. "If you choose to give the money to my wife, I have no objection."

"Your wife is my sister," said Nick, briefly.

"I know it, but I'm not proud of it, you miserable abortion!"

Again the dwarf paled.

"He seems determined to insult me," he said to himself. "I am glad of it. I might otherwise regret what I am going to do. As it is, I shall have no compunctions."

"Get a glass and pour me out some of this brandy, Nick!" said Ben, in a tone of command.

"Very well, Ben!"

Ben eyed his diminutive brother in law bustling about in obedience to his command with a lazing feeling of satisfaction.

"I've got him well broken in!" he thought, with satisfaction. "The little fool don't dare to say his soul's his own."

Nick withdrew the cork, and poured out a stiff draught into a tumbler.

"Is this too much for you?" he asked.

"No, I'm thirsty. Here goes!"

He swallowed it down nearly at a gulp, and smacked his lips afterwards.

"Have a glass yourself, Nick!" said his brother in law, with unwonted good nature.

"Well, I'll take a trifle."

He made a feint of pouring some out, and then drinking it, but it was only a feint. Not a drop passed between his lips.

This, however, Ben did not observe, for he was already getting drowsy, and did not notice the movements of his companion worth noticing.

"Shall I give some to Jane?"

"No, certainly not. Brandy isn't for women. Didn't you know that?"

"I don't care for any, Nick," said the woman in a depressed tone.

"Did you take back the boy to the place where you met him?" inquired Ben, gapping.

"Yes, Ben."

"You are sure he did not notice the route?"

"I don't see how he could, through the handkerchief."

"It's all right," said Ben, with a yawn.

"Do you know I'm getting very sleepy?"

"I feel sleepy myself. It's very late."

"So it is. I think I'll lie down."

Ben went into a neighboring chamber and threw himself on the bed. Soon his deep, noisy breathing could be heard. He was evidently asleep.

"You had better go to bed, too, Jane. It is getting late. You must be sleepy."

"I am very tired," said Jane; "but he doesn't like me to retire before he does."

"You can go now. The brandy has made him sleepy. He will sleep all night."

"Shall you go to bed, too?"

"Yes."

So the poor woman lay down, and weariness overcame her. In less than twenty minutes the only one awake in the place was Nick, the dwarf.

This he inserted into a small wooden box beside the bed, a miniature chest, and lifting the lid revealed in the tray a small, old-fashioned gold watch and chain, a necklace of gold beads, and a locket.

These he took out and put in his pocket. Then he unlocked the box, put back the key into the pocket of his brother in law, and paused a moment to look at him as he lay on the bed drugged and helpless.

CHAPTER XX.

ON THE ELEVATED TRAIN.

"I HOPE I may never look upon your face again, Ben Brody," said the hunchback, with a glance of dislike at the recumbent form of the sleeper. "It is a pity poor Jane is bound to you. I wonder if it would do to put in her pocket the money you received tonight. That would save her from want after your arrest."

But after a moment's thought Nick shook his head.

"He might find out before he was taken care of, and then your life might not be safe. No! the best way is for me to take the money, or most of it, and send to you by express when he is out of the way."

Nick thrust his fingers into the pocket of his brother in law, removed all the money except twenty dollars, and then hastily left the room.

"It won't do for me to be seen in this neighborhood for a long time," he soliloquized. "When Ben is safe within prison walls I shall feel better."

He left the gloomy building, and walked rapidly to the Bleeker Street station of the Sixth Avenue elevated road. He ascended the stairs to the platform, bought a ticket, and put it into the box.

It was now two o'clock. He did not expect to see any one he knew, and was not very well pleased to meet on the platform one of Ben's friends—a well known bunco steerer.

"Hallo, Nick!" said the latter, laying a hand on the dwarf's shoulder. "What brings you out at this late hour of the night?"

"A headache, Tom!" answered Nick, evasively. "I might ask the same question of you."

"Oh, I am an owl. I thrive in the night hours," answered Tom, with a laugh.

"Yes, I know. How is business?"

"Rightfully dull till tonight. I ran across a drover from the country, and tried my little game on him. Do you see that?"

He drew out a roll of bills from his pocket.

"How much is there?"

"Fifty dollars."

"Did you make it all out of your country acquaintance?"

"Yes; I'm flush, and I feel generous. Come and take supper with me."

"Thank you, but it wouldn't agree with me to eat so late at night."

"I suppose you have to take care of yourself. I am as tough as an ox. Come, take a drink, then."

"Where?"

"I'll get out at the next station if you say so."

"Thank you, Tom, you're very kind; but I have a headache, as I told you."

"Where do you get off?"

"At—the Battery," answered Nick, with hesitation.

"All right! I am with you."

"Can't I get rid of the fellow?" thought Nick, with vexation. "I don't want him to track me. He might report me to Ben in case my plans miscarry, or the boy doesn't set the police on his track. In that case there might be an inquest," he added, with a shudder. "The fellow is brutal, and he would act like a wild beast."

"Oh, by the way, where's Ben? Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes, I saw him this evening."

"Where does he hang out?"

"In Bleeker Street."

"What number?"

"I can't say exactly—about No. —, naming a number quite different from the correct one."

"He's your brother in law, is he?"

"Yes, he married my sister."

"Does she—ha, ha!—look like you?"

The hunchback flushed with anger.

"She hasn't a lump on her back, if that is what you mean."

"No offense, old fellow!"

"Just as you say!" said the dwarf, sulkily.

Just then a train came thundering along. "South Ferry!" called out the fare taker.

"Come, get aboard, Nick."

Tom led the way, and the dwarf reluctantly entered the same car. They sat down together on the right hand side.

"You won't mind if I close my eyes," said Nick. "It will ease the pain in my head."

"Go ahead! I'll do the same. I've been up every night for a week."

"Heaven grant that he will fall asleep," thought Nick.

His prayer was granted. Tom was really worn out with late hours, and before five minutes had passed—about the time they reached Chambers Street—he was in profound slumber.

Two stations more and they reached Cortland Street from his seat and as noiselessly as possible made his way to the platform.

"Where does your friend get out?" inquired the brakeman, who had seen the two come into the car together.

"At South Ferry. Please wake him up there."

Congratulating himself on his escape, Nick walked rapidly towards Cortland Street Ferry, and caught the boat just as it was going out. Landing on the other side, he went to a small hotel not far from the river and engaged a bed for the night.

He left directions that he should be called at eight o'clock, and then, undressing himself, with a sigh of relief deposited himself in bed.

"All has gone well so far," he soliloquized. "Now if the boy only keeps his promise, I shall be all right."

Meanwhile Tom slept on till the train reached South Ferry.

The conductor came up, and taking him by the shoulder gave him a gentle shake.

"What's the matter?" he asked, opening his eyes, and gazing vacantly at the conductor.

"We are at South Ferry—far as we go!" said the official.

Tom remembered himself and looked round in search of Nick.

"Where is my friend?" he asked.

"The little lump backed man?"

"Yes."

"He told me not to wake you up till we reached South Ferry."

"He did, eh? Why did he do that?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Where did he get out?"

"I don't remember what station. I think it was Park Place—or Chambers Street."

"He wanted to shake me," muttered Tom. "A strange little chap, that Nick. Well, he's no great loss."

At nine o'clock a small man with a hunch back sat on one of the settees in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Railroad. His eyes were fixed anxiously upon the entrance as if he were waiting for some one.

Presently his face lighted up with a look of relief, as a neat looking boy of manly appearance came in with a brick step.

"You are in time," said the hunchback, rising to meet Walter.

"Yes," answered Walter, "but I had to hurry. I called at the house of Mr. Burgess at seven, had to wait half an hour for him to rise, but I arranged the business satisfactorily. He agreed to your terms."

"Have you the money with you?"

"Yes, for sale."

"Then we will exchange."

Nick produced the articles of jewelry, and delivered them one by one to the boy, who handed him a roll of bills.

"Cars for Philadelphia!" called out the man at the gate.

"Have you notified the police?" asked Nick.

"I shall do so as soon as I return to New York."

"Better do so. When Ben wakes it may be too late. Write me a line to Philadelphia, letting me know if he is arrested."

"How shall I direct?"

"Nicholas Ogle, Philadelphia."

"I will do so."

(To be continued.)

A JOKE WITH A MORAL.

"THERE'S many a true word spoken in jest," and even a newspaper joke can sometimes contain a moral. We fear that it is not the "Way back Native" alone who puts himself at considerable trouble to seek out excuses for his favorite sins. But here is the story which illustrates the point we wish to make:

Zealous Prohibitionist—"My friend, I hope we will have your help in our Prohibition League."

Way back Native—"No, s'ree. There ain't no antidote for rattlesnake bites except whisky, an' I ain't got to vote whisky out of our midst for fear of emerald." It told you."

But, sir, there are no rattlesnakes in your section, and you're going to import some right off."

NOVEMBER.

BY MARIE BAYDEN.

A CRIMSON glow has fallen beneath the hill,
Within the beauty of the autumn wood.
And thro' the infinite solitude,
The world lies in silence, hushed and still.
Beyond, resplendent glories of the sky
Gleam weirdly thro' the trees of dusky pine
The first few stars in shadowy distance shine,
Like messengers far from the east.

The forest leaves have turned from brown to gold,
Across the bleak and desolated way.
And eddying winds in whirl of saddened lay
Beseech the sun to rise, and chase the gloom.
Magnificent in grandeur, there, sublime,
Brave Nature reverts over waning days,
Beyond the ebb tide, thro' the somber haze,
Into the years of tender hope divine.

(This story continued in No. 252.)

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 XXV.

VAN HEARS SOME NEWS.

CAPTAIN MCGHATH'S announcement that Ninada had left Para was for a overwhelming blow to Van, and for a moment he sat motionless, as if stunned.

"But how happens it to me?" he was ruminating from the blow, so to speak? "I inquired of the Scotchman with lively curiosity, after his questioner's identity had begun to dawn upon his mind."

Van briefly explained.

"Hoop, mon, said Captain McGrath, in a tone of astonishment, 'but that were a braw story indeed. The young leddy 'll be fit to doe w' joy when she ken's her betrothed, she went on, casting a shrewd glance at Van as they stood together under the awning, 'for the fair lassie greeted sorrowly the passage. But the hansom chap w' the deevil in his e'e-'ell na' be sa' pleased, I'm thinkin', add Captain McGrath with a short dry chuckle."

For it seems that Captain McGrath had received a hint from Tom as to the true state of affairs, after Flores himself had intimated very strongly that sooner or later he purposed wedding the young girl whose father had been his guardian.

"But if she liked him na' better than she showed the wiles they were aboard the Carita, it'll be a cauld day before they be wedded, I'm thinkin' the captain with another chuckle—a remark, I need scarcely say, which gave Van almost as much secret satisfaction as to learn that Tom had accompanied Ninada and her to the depot in previous days in the capacity of a personal attendant."

From Captain McGrath Van obtained the address of a respectable dealer in precious stones in the Calle da Presidio, one of the business streets of Para.

"I'm not an inquisitive man," he observed dryly, "but I wouldn't mind givin' a good deal to find out what section of the Brazils ye all came fra', for the young leddy 'll be good to see her, and I'll be glad to see the address of a diamond broker where they could sell some stones."

But Van languidly evaded a direct reply, and after a little more conversation took his departure up town, leaving the Scotch captain in a state of quite unusual excitement at this episode in his prosaic life.

Mr. Isaacs the diamond broker of the Calle da Presidio—a keen eyed merchant of the Jewish persuasion—spoke without the intonation peculiar to his race—of Van's rusty and battered pith helmet and travel stained garb with something like disfavor as the latter entered his place.

"But his features relaxed as Van mentioned his errand and produced the stones, two of which he offered to purchase."

"The finest Brazilian stones I ever saw," he said, for the moment allowing his professional skill to forget his business caution.

"Though diamonds are greatly depreciated in value since the market has become so flooded with South African stones," he added, hastily, and with a solemn shake of the head.

But Van, who had received a "pointer" or two from Tom McGrath, heard this assertion very tranquilly. When the merchant saw that his visitor knew something as to the value of a clear white stone, he became more plausible and, after some chaffing, a bargain was concluded.

The only diamonds I have seen like these," frankly owned Mr. Isaacs, "were sold me by a remarkably beautiful young girl, accompanied by a female attendant and a colored servant, some three or four weeks ago, and shortly afterward I purchased three more of unusual size and brilliancy from a young man about your own age."

Van had of course expected something of the kind, yet it was not pleasant to know that Flores was disposing of Van's property as though it were his own; and that, unless he could overturn him in time, Van's entire stock of diamonds might be disposed of in the same way. Flores could easily represent to Ninada that they were some of the property left in his guardian's hands by his deceased parents, by way of accounting for his means.

For Van felt perfectly sure that Flores would closely follow Ninada up and use every possible means to gain his former friendly footing. And who could blame him? It was not more than that the young girl, a stranger in a strange land, might gradually lay aside her distrust of her erstwhile companion.

This was rendered all the more probable by the fact that she looked upon her cousin Van as no longer living. And if Tom had communicated the terrible news of her father's prob-



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VOLUME SIXTH.

ADDED ATTRACTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

A Foretaste of the Good Things the Argosy will provide for its Readers in 1888.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is now five years old, and with the next number a new volume will be begun. Although, to judge from the hundreds of complimentary letters that have rained down upon us during the past twelve months, it will be a difficult matter to improve on a paper which our readers insist is at present "perfect," we are resolved upon doing so.

In the first place, then, beginning with next week, the ARGOSY will have an

ENTIRE NEW DRESS OF TYPE, while the column rules will be removed, thus lending to the paper an openness and beauty of appearance far ahead of any journal of its class in the world. But not only will the manner of presenting the letterpress be perfected, but the reputation the ARGOSY has already won for its

SPIRITED AND ARTISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS will be maintained, and even enhanced, in the immediate future.

Some of the best artists and engravers in New York are now engaged upon our staff, men whose magazine work has gained for them far reaching reputations.

So much for the outward dress of the new volume; now for the contents themselves.

We are sure that all our readers are awaiting with eager anticipation the announcement of the name of

OLIVER OPTIC'S NEW SERIAL, to begin next week. Here it is,

"THE CRUISE OF THE DANDY," and a brighter, breezier, more interesting story to lead off the new volume it would be difficult to select. Spottwood Hawke, the hero and young captain of the steam yacht Dandy, is just such a good hearted but impulsive boy as will cause nine readers out of ten to exclaim that he is wonderfully like somebody they know. Tom Gates is bound to be a prime favorite with every one of his honest convictions, fearlessly expressed, his sturdy independence and manliness of character.

The incidents of the story are of cumulative interest, and the narrative is told in the easy, attractive style for which this famous writer is so justly celebrated.

In No. 364 will be commenced our

GREAT CHICAGO STORY, from the pen of another of America's favorite juvenile authors.

HORATIO ALGER, JR.
The title, "Luke Walton; or, The Chicago Newbery," has been already announced, and the story itself is sure to captivate all readers, whether they live East or West.

Later will follow other serials by ANNIE ASHMORE, author of "Who shall be the Hero?"; MATTHEW WHITE, JR., author of "Eric Deane"; and others, while ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM, FRANK H. CONVERSE, EDWARD S. ELLIS, CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY and BROOKS MCCORMICK will continue to keep their pens employed for the benefit of

our readers. And we will add here that Mr. Munsey is now writing a new story, the name of which will be duly announced. The hundreds of boys who have formed

MILITARY COMPANIES

all over the land, according to the suggestions embodied in "Popular Military Instructions," published last spring, will be delighted to learn that very possibly the new volume will contain a serial story on the subject by

LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON.

No other publication can print in its prospectus such a famous corps of contributors as the foregoing.

In its other departments also the ARGOSY will still lead the van. The articles on dumb bell practice and gymnastic exercises will be followed by others on *Football, Skating, Ice Boating, Bobbing, Tobogganing,* and similar seasonal sports, while interspersed with these we shall print papers of a practical and helpful nature, leading off with one in the next number, entitled "*How Poor Boys Rise.*"

The series of biographies and portraits of prominent men will be continued. The next class to be presented will be

EMINENT CLERGYMEN.

The subject of the first sketch, to appear next week, will be *John R. Paxton, D. D.*, of the West Presbyterian Church, New York City.

The other unique features of the ARGOSY will be maintained—a correspondence column in which questions of inquiring readers are answered in a brief, crisp fashion, so as to make this department interesting to all, and an editorial page where topics of the time serve as subjects for brief and pithy comment.

As in the past, so in the future, will the strictest supervision be exercised over the moral tone of the paper. Courage, honor and true manliness will be inculcated throughout, so that the reputation the ARGOSY has acquired of being

A SAFE PAPER FOR THE FAMILY will be fully sustained.

REMEMBER

that THE GOLDEN ARGOSY contains more serial stories, finer illustrations, is printed with more attractive type on better paper, and is more pure and manly in tone than any other publication of its class in the world.

As a result, its success has been something unexampled. But great as the circulation now is, there is no reason why it should not be doubled within the next four months.

Let each of our readers show this number, with its programme of good things for the future, to his neighbor, schoolmate or friend, and so gain for us another annual subscriber, or weekly purchaser, as the case may be. The more readers we have, the better paper we can make.

A Titlpage and Index for Volume V are now ready, and will be sent free to any reader of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY on receipt of a one cent stamp for postage.

GREAT was the variety of titles with which, during his tour around the world, General Grant was addressed by foreigners who cannot understand why American magnates never affix "Lord" or "Sir" to their names. None of these appellations, however, was so bewildering as that not inappropriately bestowed upon a well known New York capitalist, who recently received a telegram addressed to "Jay Gould & Son, Proprietors of the Earth, 195 Broadway."

THANKSGIVING.

The holiday which we shall all observe on Thursday next is one of the most distinctly American in our calendar, ranking next to the Fourth of July in that respect. It perpetuates the memory of the early settlers of the country, who by their unceasing toil, undimmed hearts and unflinching trust in the God of nations, laid the foundations, broad and deep, on which it has been possible for their descendants to build a superstructure which is the wonder of the world.

We are all proud of our glorious native land, and if Independence Day in July is the occasion for the manifesting of that pride with unfurled flags, resounding cannon and flashing fireworks, so the Thanksgiving Day of November should be universally utilized in expressing gratitude for those favors and privileges which all, as citizens of this golden republic, have enjoyed.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

President of the New York Central Railroad.

No citizen of New York is more often spoken of, more heartily respected, or more deservedly popular, than Chauncey Mitchell Depew. His position at the head of one of the greatest railroad corporations in the country, his high reputation as a lawyer and orator, his experience in public affairs, and the frequent mention of his name in connection with the highest political office in the land, render him the object of a good deal of attention at the present time.

Among young men especially is Mr. Depew admired. He never refuses an invitation to address a gathering of them, and by words and deeds he has abundantly shown his interest in their welfare. We feel sure that our readers will be glad to have added to our roster of contributors a gentleman of his features, which are doubtless familiar to many, and a brief outline of his career.

Chauncey Mitchell Depew was born at Peekskill, New York, on April 23, 1834. His ancestors were French Huguenots, who came to America early in the seventeenth century, while what is now New York was the Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam. The house in which Mr. Depew first saw the light has been the family homestead for more than two hundred years.

His boyhood was spent in Peekskill, where he was prepared for college. At eighteen he entered Yale, and graduated four years later. Then for two years he studied law, being called to the bar in 1858.

Those were stirring times, when the burning questions of the day aroused every thinking man and made him an ardent politician. Chauncey Depew's father was a Democrat, but the son, exercising the undoubted right of private judgment, joined the new Republican party, and, while he practiced his profession diligently, he soon became prominent in the political field.

In 1861 and again in 1862 he was elected to the State Assembly from his native county of Westchester. He served with some distinction, acting as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and, during part of the session, as speaker. In 1863 he was nominated by the Republicans for Secretary of State. New York had gone Democratic the year before, and the campaign was an uphill one for Mr. Depew. He stamped the State, and won over so many voters that he was elected by a majority of thirty thousand.

The new secretary was so young a man that some of his friends, it is said, advised him to simulate age by wearing very long coats and expansive collars. To this, however, he demurred, characteristically remarking that he had been elected Secretary, and not Deacon, of State.

His term of office lasted two years, under Governors Seymour and Fenton; and when it expired, he was urged to accept a renomination. This he steadfastly declined. The following year William Henry Seward tendered him the post of United States minister to Japan. Mr. Depew accepted the offer; but before the time came for starting to undertake it, he shrank from the sentence of exile that it involved, and resigned.

Events proved that he was wise in holding to his profession, and preferring its prospects to any political promotion. A few months later he was appointed attorney for the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, and entered on his career as a railway lawyer, a branch of his profession in which he stands at the head.

In 1869 the New York and Harlem was incorporated with the New York Central, and Mr. Depew became attorney for the consoli-

dated company. He gained the entire confidence of Commodore Vanderbilt, and of his son, the late William H. Vanderbilt, and was appointed successively a director of the New York Central, general counsel to the company, a director of the Lake Shore, Chicago and Northwestern, and other "Vanderbilt" roads, and in 1882 second vice president of the Central.

Meanwhile he had not abandoned politics. In 1872 he was one of the Independent Republicans who supported Horace Greeley for the Presidency, and was the nominee of that party for Lieutenant Governor. He was not successful. Two years later he was elected by the Legislature to the life office of regent of the State University, and was a member of the commission which erected the magnificent Capitol at Albany.

In 1881, when Conkling and Platt resigned their seats in the Senate, Mr. Depew's friends brought him forward as a candidate, and he narrowly escaped election. On the death of the late President Rutter of the New York Central, Chauncey Depew was chosen by the stockholders to succeed him. In this high position of trust and responsibility he still sits, and the admirable financial and material condition of his railroad bears evidence to his energy

and ability. He is not a mere figurehead. He knows the New York Central and every detail of its management, and devotes himself to duties which are neither light nor easy. He receives a salary equal to that of the President of the United States, and earns it.

Mr. Depew's special fame is as a public speaker. He took a prize for declamation at Yale, and has since won many rhetorical laurels. He shines most in after dinner speeches, and indeed in this branch of oratory he has hardly a rival. He is always ready, even on the most sudden calls, to delight his audience. His humor is especially brilliant and never falling. A thousand and one laughable illustrations might be given, such as the following:

At a St. Andrew's festival Mr. Depew jokingly remarked that whenever he went among Scotchmen he heard them laughing at jokes which he had heard at other dinners a year before. When he sat down, his neighbor, who felt somewhat aggrieved, said to him: "Weel, Mr. Depew, I dinna see onything very funny in your observations about the old jokes o' last year." "Of course, my friend," was the reply, "that's just what I was saying. The time has not come for you yet. Wait till this time next year, and you will see the fun of it as clear as day."

A short address which he delivered at a meeting of the Nineteenth Century club has been quoted and reprinted all over the English speaking world. Some one had made an attack upon the Christian religion, and Mr. Depew, though he had not prepared a speech, rose and made a brief, simple and telling reply. "The Bible that was good enough for my mother is good enough for me," was his opening sentence.

Mr. Depew was married in 1871 to Miss Elise Hegeman, and has one son about eight years old. His handsome and hospitable home is on East Forty Fifth Street. He rises early, attends to his private mail and numerous callers, and walks over about ten o'clock each morning to his office at the Grand Central Station, a couple of blocks away. There his time is fully occupied till late in the afternoon with varied and important matters of business.

His active life is varied by an occasional summer trip to Europe, where he finds health and enjoyment, and whence he returns more than ever a patriotic American.

RICHARD H. TITHEMINGTON.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.



SUDDENLY, WITH A FEARFUL CRASH, THE ICE GAVE WAY BENEATH OUR FEET, AND THERE WAS A WILD RUSH FOR THE SHORE.

A RAMBLER'S STORY.

BY JOHN V. CONDIT.

YES, I am Canadian French. Good English I speak? Why not? It is years I have journeyed through the different English speaking countries. I talk the Spanish quite as well—this I learned in the West Indies and South America, where in winters I convey myself with my wheel for grinding the knife and scissor. A scissor grinder? Nay, it is but an easy diversion I take up occasional. For they call me the Jack of many trade, as well as a wandering Bohemian. I have travel in youth with the dancing bear. I drive the wagon of monkeys for a menagerie. I teach the language of French in an academy. I set type for newspaper. I learn to steer the steamboat on the St. Lawrence. A hundred other things I have turned to my hand that I shall not weary you to speak.

The cold I like not at all. As I say, mostly of winters I go to the land of warm weather. But the year of which I speak, wages to sailors on the great lakes were of an amount uncommon, and I remain in one large schooner—the Alice—till far into the autumn.

It was curious that I—Pierre Fleury, who have almost forty years—should cherish an affection for a boy of age about sixteen, who was with us before the mast.

His name was on the vessel's papers as John Smit, and we call him Jack, which it was not his name. This much we know, that he have left his home in Boston to follow the sea, and in some way had drifted up to the lakes.

"First I will try the water fresh, and if I like then I sail on the salt sea by and by," so he tells me after we became friendly by reason that I show him to learn the ropes and steer, with the other duties.

He had much ability, and soon is ordinary seaman. And let me say for all the pay for the sailor upon the great lakes is high, if he be ordinary or able seaman he must have much of strength and courage. Though the timber schooners have tonnage equal to the largest ship (the Alice was two thousand ton), the men in number are but half those which the ship carry. And the big fore and aft sail have so much of weight—

in especial when wet or icy—that to reef or furl with but five and six men is almost to break the heart with fatigue. So it is the sailor call the big three and four master, "a man killer."

But Jack complained not. He attend to his duty like a man, and we all grow to like him. He will not swear nor join in the vile language one sometime hears in the forecastle. And though one or two laugh and sneer, Jack read in a small Bible not unfrequently.

"I promise the mother who is dead that so I would do," he say, and we have respect for him still more.

It was the last trip before the schooner shall lay up at Erie for the winter. It blow up thick and fast, with snow from the north and west, coming continually colder, so that the gear of the head and bows are soop heavy with ice.

The mate command two of our watch to go out to the flying jib, which have come from the gasket drift. On the lakes sailors have more of independence than in ships, and both refuse, for fear they be washed off.

It was as I come from the wheel that I shall see Jack himself go to the jib boom end. Then the schooner give one plunge terrific—and he is gone!

There comes the cry of "man overboard," and the schooner is brought quick to the wind. I have one look as Jack drift astern, and over I go. Not that I claim to courage more than another. But I have the affection for Jack, as to a younger brother.

Ah, but it was bitterly cold, and before I reach the side of Jack, who kick off his shoes as he swim, I almost perished! But some one have thrown from the deckload a plank, to which we both cling. Then comes down the snow squall with thick darkness, and we know the boat from the schooner will not find us.

It was a big smack for fishing that pick us both up after two hours, and in a little we are both stripped and between blankets, with coffee hot as much as each could drink. Then in the morning we are taken ashore to the house of old Richeau on the lake shore. In the summer, he with his sons fish with the smack. In winter, they go upon the ice for the fishes.

Jack does not at once recover as I who am of strong nature. So long he lay in bed that the winter come. I pray him to let me write to his father in Boston, but he refuse.

"He cares not for me, Pierre," he would only say. "I wish not now for any but yourself, who risk his life for mine." And I could not move him, though I say very much more.

When Jack grow better I make my way through the snows to Erie, where the schooner lay up. The captain receive me as one from the dead, and after I tell the story he pay my wages with Jack's in the fall, so that we are able to recompense old Richeau, and I myself send money to my parents, who are aged, in Montreal. Then Jack and I talk over what we shall do.

"Why shall you not earn good monies for this remaining winter by capturing the fish upon the ice of the lake as ourselves, my friend?" Thus old Richeau, who was the same countryman as myself.

And when he offered to fit us with the equipments of his son, who was drowned but the year previous, and to give us board, we—Jack and I—decide to try it for a time, as the winter was now gone so far.

Well, it was not so bad after all, and the fish, that were plenty, brought good prices. We send them frozen to the markets of Cleveland and Erie, and even to the distance of Buffalo.

Those who can, have huts of wood, which they convey from the shore upon the ice when it first freeze with solidity.

In these are a small stove, while there are those containing a berth for sleeping. A hole is cut through the ice and the fish taken with the hand line, with the small set net, and by the Indian speared oftentimes. With plentiful clothes of great warmth we can exist in comfort, and in a day catch many pounds of the white fish and others of the lake.

It was while we fish together thus that Jack tell me how it is he escape from his home. There is nothing of romance or that which is of excitement to the story. His mother was with himself left alone by the death of the father. Then the widow marry a man of great wealth, whose name

I may not give, for he had not the feeling of love for this wife. It is not long before she find, as does Jack, that the husband is but a wealthy brute. He intoxicates himself daily at the club or his home. And as one evening the wife remonstrates, the coward strike her, and Jack himself, who hears her fall, rushes to the room.

"Pierre," he said, with eyes that glittered like the sparks of our fire, "I now thank God that I had not a weapon—so terrible was my rage I would have killed the monster. As it was, I had the strength of fury, and for days he had the marks of the beating I gave him, which he never forgave. But the blow my mother received brought on a malady internal, from which she died in less than a year. And the day after she is laid away I am turned from the door."

That he had nothing in life now, since the mother had left him alone, was his continual saying.

"Courage, my friend," often I tell him. "Heaven has some things for each life. In the springtime we will unite our fortunes, and see what we shall see."

But he smile with sadness and shake his head.

So pass the months of winter, till in March many begin to leave the ice. Continually of nights we hear it in the cabin as we sit about the fire—"c-r-r-r-rack"—with the explosion of a gun. But old Richeau only laugh.

"There as yet has been no wind of the southeast to rot the ice; when that comes there is time to give up the fishing," he say, and his boys likewise, as well as many of the fishermen along the shore near us.

It was the night of unlucky Friday we all go out for the last occasion. All the day had been mild, with a mist like fine rain. There was water in pools upon the ice that had melted. But the moon was at the largest, and we hoped for a big catch to finish the season.

With Jack and me was Richeau's big St. Bernard dog, who dragged the box of fish upon a sledge. He had much knowledge, this brave animal, and on this night made great show of uneasiness, which we did not understand until later.

I think the hour was of midnight. Jack

and I had taken fish in plenty. We were winding our lines for return to the shore.

Jack had been absent in mind, and not given to talk. "I feel as if something would happen," he said, very quiet, and we stood a moment with a look around the great ocean of ice, where were many fishers. There was a breeze soft, and all at once it occurred that it was of the south and east.

Suddenly—and I can give no expression to the terror of the sound—there was cracking in volleys like musketry. The ice under our feet had the surge and sway as an earthquake I have the memory of in Yucatan. There is a great cry on every side. We see the dark forms of men rush with madness toward the shore more than a mile away.

"It has come," Jack cried, but without fear. "Run, Pierre, for your life!"

I shall not forget ever the feeling as the ice here I sprang over with crashes terrible. I sprung over the chasm, but my foot slipped. In a moment I am submerged, but rise to the surface to see Jack run toward me, calling for the dog, which he had cut loose from the sledge.

I had struck my head against the block of ice which would not let me swim. I remember to clutch at the ice as one who is mad. I remember to hear Jack try to force the St. Bernard to my rescue, but the big dog had the frenzy of fear, and would not obey.

Then it was that I saw Jack's face close to my own, white, yet with the look on it I cannot forget ever. He had given the sledge with the box emptied of the fishes to me, and placed my hands upon it.

"For the love of thy mother and father at home cling to this good, dear old fellow," he said, but with a blow and the chill of my frame I realize not what it all meant, though I know enough to keep my hold. I recall as in a dream that the black chasm made itself wider, and I cried: "Jack, where art thou?"

Then the voice of Richeau came to my ears, and I heard them force the dog to my aid. It was after that a blank, till I awoke as one from the dead in the cabin ashore.

"Where is my Jack?" was first on my lips, as I looked around at the faces of sadness and saw no Jack.

There was no one who spoke for a minute. I heard Mother Richeau in the corner sob with hysteric. And then Father Patrick of the little mission chapel on the shore knelt beside me.

"Calm thyself, my son," he said, "and listen to these words from the lips of our Blessed Lord, who once said:

"Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friend."

And then I knew, and turned my face from the light. That is all. Receive my thanks, monsieur, for the patience of your listening. *Adieu.*

HIS OWN PROSECUTOR.

BISMARCK, at present the most powerful man in the German Empire, set the subjects of the kaiser an excellent example the other day, for the next best thing to not breaking the law is to manfully own up and abide the consequences.

From the *Court Journal* we learn that during his recent stay at Marburg, Prince Bismarck was in the habit of taking long walks unattended; and one day, finding himself somewhat far from the town, took the shortest cut back. His way led him across some fields, and the prince marched vigorously forward, forgetful of the fact that he was trespassing. Suddenly he was arrested by a stout countrywoman pursuing him.

The indignant proprietress of the fields declared him to be in the wrong, and he declared that she would follow him and give him in charge. She proved as good as her word, and trapped after the chancellor until the high road was reached and a police officer came in view. The worthy woman formally made her complaint, and the police officer was about to arrest the offender.

Struck by the resemblance of the trespasser to a certain high functionary, however, he cautiously doubted whether it was he, and the policeman was simply paralyzed with fear, and the countrywoman, gathering up her skirts, fled precipitately.

Naturally the officer was reluctant to take the charge, but Prince Bismarck insisted upon going to the station house. Arrived there he charged himself with the offense of trespass, and paid the customary fine. In addition to this, he sent a present by way of consolation to the woman whose land he had invaded.

HE HAD PROVIDED FOR THE EMERGENCY.

BANK CASHEER—I don't know that you're the man whose name is on the check. You'll have to be identified before I can give you the money. Pat—Oidentified, is it? Sure, then, cast your eye on this bit of a forty-an' will see it's meself entirely.

THANKSGIVING CHEER.

BY LUCY LARSON.

OH, what can make November dear
The merriest month in all the year?
A day so full of warmth and glow,
His glances can but overtake
And color all the season bleak
With joy that dashes every cheek!
Thanksgiving Day, that brings the dear
Home folks together with good cheer.
Thanksgiving Day is like a face
That peeps out from some gloomy place,
All twilight shadowed with a smile,
Which can the blackest hour beguile
Out of its darkness, till we say
That night is pleasanter than day.
Oh! more than stars or sunshine clear
Are radiant souls, that bring good cheer.

[This story commenced in No. 254.]

HOW HE WON;

OR,

THE ISLAND HOME.

BY BROOKS MCCORMICK,

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

CHAPTER XIX.

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE CONSPIRACY.

"OH! HO is Mr. Hillburg, Flora?" asked Aleck, before he replied to the skipper.

"I don't know who he is; but I have seen him at Mr. Livergood's house, and heard him called by that name," replied Flora. "He looked at me so much while I was in the room, that I thought he knew more about me than I know about myself."

"So there, ahoy!" shouted the man whom Flora called Mr. Hillburg, for the second time.

"The last time he was at the house, I got behind the door, and tried to hear what he said, for I thought he must be talking about me, he looked at me so sharply," continued Flora. She seemed to think that the presence of this man near the island meant something.

"On board the schooner!" replied Aleck to the hail. "Well, what did you hear, Flora?" he added, turning to the maiden.

"Nothing about myself; they were talking in a whisper about a cargo of something," replied Flora.

"A cargo of something!" exclaimed Aleck, to whom the words meant more than they did to her. "Don't let that man see you, Flora, if he has not already done so."

"He has seen me; he looked me full in the face at the moment I saw him," answered Flora.

"What yacht is that?" demanded the man on the deck of the stranger.

"The Stella, of Boston," replied Aleck, giving the name of the city he had seen on the stern of the schooner: "What yacht is that?"

"The Barnegat, Captain Flushington, of New York," replied the man whom Flora had pointed out as Mr. Hillburg. "Who is the owner of the Stella?"

"Mr. Gerald Bloom," replied Aleck. "Who?" demanded the stranger.

"Gerald Bloom," repeated Aleck. "Is Captain Flushington on board?"

"That is my name," answered he who had done all the talking.

"There is some devilry about that craft," added Aleck, in a low tone, "for the captain has two names."

"I am sure the man that called himself Captain Flushington is Mr. Hillburg," said Flora.

"Is your owner on board?" demanded the captain of the Barnegat, whatever his name might be.

"He is not," answered Hillburg, and his tones indicated that he was not a little irritated about something.

"I am!" replied the skipper of the Stella, as he put the helm up, and allowed the yacht to fall away.

"Is there no one but a boy on board?" shouted the captain of the Barnegat.

"That's all!" shouted Aleck, as the breeze carried him out of hailing distance of the other vessel.

"Hold on! Who is that girl on board?" yelled the captain of the Barnegat, as he ordered the man at the wheel to fall away.

Aleck made no reply to this question; but the other schooner, which was carrying gaff topsails, and was somewhat larger than the Stella, braced up her sails, and soon showed that she could sail the faster of the two, with her greater press of sail. In less than half an hour she had lapped her bow over the stern of the Stella, on the weather side, and had begun to take the wind out of her sails.

"Stella, ahoy!" shouted Hillburg again.

"On board the Barnegat!" replied Aleck, when he saw that he could not easily get away from his pursuer, for he could not leave the wheel to set the gaff topsails or the job topsail.

"You had better answer me when I ask you a question, young man," continued Hillburg. Aleck was confident this was his right to demand, or at least the one under which he sometimes passed.

"I have answered all your questions," "No, you haven't! I asked you who that girl was."

"Susan Green," replied Aleck, with a smile, as he looked at his companion.

"That is not her name!" protested the skipper of the Barnegat, with no little wrath in his tones.

"It's as much her name as yours is Flushington," retorted Aleck, as he looked over the deck of the other schooner to ascertain, if he could, how many hands she carried, for it began to look as though he had got out of one scrape only to tumble, almost in the twinkling of an eye, into another, and possibly a worse one.

"I don't want any of your impudence, young man!" growled Hillburg.

"And I can get along without any of yours," retorted Aleck, as he looked at the skipper of the other schooner to ascertain, if he could, how many hands she carried, for it began to look as though he had got out of one scrape only to tumble, almost in the twinkling of an eye, into another, and possibly a worse one.

"I'm not afraid of him, and I mean to keep my end up," replied the skipper. "I tried to get away from him, and he is sticking his nose into my pie."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, or I will board you, and teach you better manners!" returned Hillburg. "I asked you for your girl's name."

"I don't give you the name of Susan Green," replied Aleck, promptly.

"That is not her name!" "All right! If you know her name, why do you ask me what it is?" said Aleck, as he started his sheets a little.

He kept her away as he did so, and the distance between the two vessels began to widen. Aleck had taken the measure of the crew of the Barnegat, and he was confident he had only a negro, who was in the waist, and the man at the wheel, besides Hillburg himself. This was a very small ship's company for a yacht, though quite large enough to manage her in any weather. Hillburg ordered the negro to start the fore sheet.

The skipper of the Barnegat was evidently mad all the way through him, and it began to look as though he intended to discipline the bold skipper of the Stella. He snatched off the main sheet himself, and gave an order to the man at the wheel, which Aleck could not hear. In a few minutes the other yacht had resumed her former position.

"Stella, ahoy! Now, young man, if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, and answer my questions, I will give you a lesson that you will remember as long as you live," said Hillburg, in an imperious tone.

"I don't know of any reason why I should answer your questions if I don't choose to do so," replied Aleck.

"If you don't answer me, I will give you a reason for doing so!" returned Hillburg, in the most overbearing manner. "Is Mr. Dornwood on board of the Stella?"

"I don't know Mr. Dornwood," replied Aleck, sharply. "Whoever he is, he is not on board of the Stella."

"Dornwood!" exclaimed Flora. "That is the name!"

"What of it, Flora? I never heard the name before in my life," added Aleck.

"That's the name that Livergood used when he said somebody was at the hotel in Riverhaven. I forgot it, but I told you it began with D," she explained. "It must be some one who is connected with me in some way."

"Where did you find that girl?" demanded Hillburg.

"I didn't find her; she found herself," answered Aleck.

"You are saucy again. Have you been up that cove, astern of us?"

"I have been up there a little way. Do you own that cove, as well as the Atlantic Ocean?" asked Aleck, who thought he had answered questions enough.

After all Hillburg had said, and the information Flora had given him, he was satisfied that the skipper of the Barnegat was connected in some way with Livergood, and that both of them were in the same conspiracy against the well being of Flora. Whatever the owner of the Comet had done, or was still doing, to deprive the girl of her birthright, he acted as the agent of the man at the deck of the Barnegat.

He was satisfied that they had other re-

lations than those concerning Flora, and he even thought he could give a tolerably correct description of their joint operations. He was strongly of the opinion that a revenue cutter could attend to their case better than any other craft that floated.

"Is there a schooner up that cove?" asked Hillburg, who seemed to be really in want of information, for he changed his tone very decidedly.

"Yes; the Comet went into the cove this morning, and she is there now," returned Aleck, hoping this news would satisfy Hillburg, and induce him to leave the Stella to pursue her voyage to Riverhaven.

"All right! Now I want that girl sent on board of the Barnegat, for I am satisfied you have stolen that yacht, and run away with Flora Livergood!" said the skipper of the Barnegat.

"The yacht was left in my care by the owner, and I did not run away with the girl. That is all I have to say about it," answered Aleck.

"I shall return the girl to her father. I am going to run up alongside of you, and unless you will deliver the girl peacefully when I send a boat for her, I will get her out of the vessel! Do you hear me?"

"I hear you; and I will not give up the girl," replied Aleck, decidedly.

"Then if your vessel is smashed, you may charge it to your own folly," added Hillburg.

"If you attempt to come alongside this vessel, I will shoot the man at the helm!" said Aleck.

"Two can play at that game," added the skipper of the Barnegat, as he ran down into his cabin.

Of course he had gone for his revolver; but the moment he was out of sight Aleck let off his sheets, and brought the Stella about so that she was headed almost at right angles with his former course, and to that of the other yacht. The man at the helm took no notice of this change, and when Hillburg came on deck again the two vessels were half a mile apart. He was gone so long that he must have stopped to load his weapon, or had not easily found it.

CHAPTER XX.

A SEA FIGHT OFF SPLITTOO ISLAND.

"YOU can help me again, Flora," said Aleck, as soon as he had changed the course of the Stella, and while Hillburg was still in the cabin of the Barnegat.

"I should be very glad to do anything I can," replied she, rising from her seat.

"I want you to steer the yacht while I set the gaff topsails on her, for the other schooner carries more sail, and beats us all the time," added the skipper, as he moved the binnacle to a convenient place on the floor of the standing room.

"But I never steered a boat in my life, and I don't know how any more than a baby," said Flora, with a smile.

"I think you are strong enough to turn the wheel, and I will show you how to do it. If you make any mistakes I shall not be far off," continued Aleck, as he gave his seat on the weather side of the wheel to her.

Placing himself on the other side, he showed her just how it was done. Then he explained the compass to her, and told her to keep the arrow marked "North" on the notch in the rim of the instrument. With the standard direction to beginners to "steer small," he asked her to try it for herself. Of course she made mistakes, but she was able to turn the wheel without any great exertion. She soon knew how to do all that was required of her.

Aleck got some of the gaff topsails, and bent on the halyards, sheets and tacks, though he kept an eye on the steering all the time. Before he had one of the light sails in position, Hillburg came on deck again, but the two vessels were half a mile apart by this time. The Barnegat started her sheets at once, and changed her course to that taken by the Stella.

The skipper of the latter could easily imagine that there had been some strong expressions used when the captain of the former returned to the deck, and found his intended victim so far from him. Very likely the man at the wheel did not relish the idea of a fight with revolvers, and he had not reported the movement of the Stella to his superior.

"The more haste the less speed" in setting gaff topsails, for the rigging will get snarled up in spite of the best efforts; but Aleck kept cool, and in the shortest possible time he had them drawing, and could

perceive their effect on the sailing of the yacht. He hastened to the wheel to relieve Flora, for he realized that the schooner was not doing her best.

"The Barnegat is putting on more sail," said Flora, as she looked astern.

"Yes; she is setting her jib topsail; but we will see what we can do as we are," added Aleck.

The wind was quite fresh, and the Stella had all the sail she could carry while she was short handed. In coming out of the cove, as Hillburg called it, Aleck had headed the yacht well to the southward, so that Splittoo Island was now far to the northward of him. He had not had time to examine his chart and determine where he was, and it was of little consequence to do so under present circumstances.

"Can you tell which vessel is going the faster," Aleck? asked Flora, who was watching the Barnegat with the most intense interest.

"She is somewhat larger than the Stella, and I am afraid she is beating us," replied Aleck, sadly.

"Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed she. "It would be terrible if that man should get me into his power."

"Don't be alarmed, Flora, for I think I can keep him at a proper distance even if he does overhaul us," replied Aleck.

"But you said he went into the cabin for his revolver, and he is as likely to hit you as you are to hit him," suggested she.

"But you forget that I have the two yacht guns; and I shall not wait for him to come alongside of the Stella again," answered Aleck. "I can give him a few shots before he comes near enough to use his pistol."

"Perhaps he has yacht guns as well as you."

"Probably he has at least one of them; but it will be of no use to him without ammunition; and it took me some time to get mine ready."

Aleck watched the progress of the Barnegat with the deepest interest. He was satisfied that she was gaining on him, though it would take a good while for her to overhaul the Stella. Something might happen to favor him. There were three vessels in sight, though they were a long way off, and he was well acquainted with the Gloster fishermen, he might obtain assistance from one of them.

"Oh, Aleck!" suddenly exclaimed Flora, springing to her feet in her excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked the skipper, who saw nothing to alarm him.

"There is the Comet coming out from the island!" added Flora, pointing to the northeast, where the island lay.

"That's bad, for she can head us off, and we shall have to fight two of them."

"We are certainly lost, Aleck!" cried she, covering her face with her hands.

"Not a bit of it, Flora. Don't give up yet. The odds are against us, but we may come out all right yet," replied he, putting the helm down a little, and giving a pull to each of the sheets.

"One of them will be sure to catch us."

"I have no doubt we can outail the Comet, for she is not a yacht, and doesn't carry as much sail as the Stella. Keep up your courage, Flora. I feel as though we could beat off both of them."

"It looks as though we were almost sure to be caught," added she.

It looked so to Aleck, but he would not give up. His fortune of thirty thousand dollars, more or less, was on the deck of the yacht, and he was bound to win in the conflict before him. The chances were against him since the Comet appeared, for she had driven him from his course, and given the Barnegat a better opportunity to come up with him. He asked Flora to take the wheel again, and she was glad to have something to do.

She had been observing Aleck as he steered the yacht, and she felt as though she could do it better than before. The skipper went to the waist, where he had left the guns, and both of them were loaded ready for use. He moved them both to the port side, and adjusted the breechings. The Barnegat was on the port quarter, maneuvering to come up with the Stella at some point ahead, while the Comet was not yet in a position to be considered at all.

At the end of an hour, the Barnegat was within halting distance of the Stella, and the time for action had come. The Comet was at least half mile off on the starboard quarter. Flora still had the helm, and by this time she had greatly improved in steering. She hardly removed her gaze from the compass, and practice enabled her to keep the vessel quite steady on her course.

"Stella, ahoy!" shouted Hillburg, when the pursuer had come still nearer.

Aleck decided at once to make no reply to the hail, for nothing could be gained by any more talk, when each party perfectly understood the other.

"If you don't give up that girl, I will run into you, and sink you!" shouted Hillburg.

Aleck took no notice of this threat, for he was pointing the gun which contained the solid shot. In relation to each other the two vessels were in nearly the same position as though they had been at anchor, and the skipper had no allowances to make for motion, or anything else.

However it might be with the captain of the Barnegat, Aleck did not believe that the man at the helm and the negro would stand fire. They had been engaged for a peaceful occupation, even if it was in handling contraband goods, and they would not be willing to have their heads shot off by remaining at their posts on board.

Aleck did not consider himself a skillful gunner, and the most he could trust himself to do was to point the gun at the hull of the vessel, and not attempt to come down to the fine points of art. But he took the utmost care in training the piece. Hillburg did not seem to understand what he was about, or he regarded the yacht guns as harmless, as they certainly were under ordinary circumstances.

Aleck did not expect to kill or even wound anyone with the shot he was about to fire; but after the experience of the morning in the cove, he was sure he could hit the vessel, and that was all he desired. He aimed at the trunk of the cabin, hoping to make them fly, and merely let the captain of the Barnegat know what he could do.

"I am going to fire now, Flora. Don't be alarmed," said he to his companion, to avoid giving her a sudden start.

"I am not afraid, Aleck," she answered, with her eyes still on the compass.

The skipper took one more sight along the gun, and then pulled the lock string. The report was quite as noisy as ever, but they were getting used to the noise, and neither of them minded it. This time the object fired at was to windward of the Stella, and the smoke all went over to leeward at once.

A tremendous shout from the standing room of the Barnegat was heard, and the vessel broached to at the same moment. It was the man at the helm who uttered the yell, as he fled from his position to the cabin. At the same moment the negro was seen in the act of disappearing through the fore scuttle into the cook room. Hillburg alone was left on the deck of the vessel, and he was standing on the trunk.

Aleck had not hit where he had intended; in fact he came very near not hitting the Barnegat at all. The solid lump of lead had struck the after corner of the trunk, six feet from the point at which the gun had aimed. But perhaps the shot had done more execution than it would had it struck in any other place, for the entire corner was ripped off, and the pieces were scattered over the standing room.

Hillburg was yelling like a madman, and calling to the helmsman.

CHAPTER XXI.

A RECRUIT FROM THE OTHER SIDE.

FLORA kept her gaze fixed on the compass still, and she had not bestowed more than a glance or two at the wreck on board of the Barnegat. The Stella, therefore, kept on her course without any deviation whatever. In five minutes more Hillburg could have executed his threat to run into her, though, coming to the quarter, she could hardly have sunk her.

The Barnegat had come up into the wind and spilled all her sails. The Stella was getting away from her, for instead of taking the wheel himself, Hillburg was berating the man who had fled from it. He continued to rave at the man till Aleck and Flora could no longer hear him. Then the skipper of the Stella saw him come down from the top of the trunk, and go into the cabin.

A moment later he appeared again, dragging the unwilling sailor into the standing room. It looked as though they were engaged in a scuffle, but Aleck could not make out the result of it. The negro did not show himself again, though his duty seemed to be to attend to the sheets forward.

They are fighting it out among themselves, and that is the same as fighting for us," said Aleck. "The man at the wheel doesn't seem to be willing to be shot down,

and that is half of what I expected the gun to do for us."

"Don't you think we can get away from them now, Aleck?" asked Flora.

"I can't tell yet; things look better than they did a while ago, but Hillburg doesn't mean to give it up yet. I have no doubt he will try it again," replied Aleck, as he went to the waist to load the piece which had done such good service.

When he had done so, he took the glass from the cabin and made a survey of the condition of things on board of the enemy. Hillburg was at the wheel himself, but the man who had run into the cabin was seated on the shattered trunk, and he judged that they were engaged in a heated discussion.

Both of them were making violent gestures, and the seaman appeared to have refused to work as he was doing nothing. Half an hour later the Barnegat had recovered her former position. Hillburg, who was still at the wheel, this time said nothing. It was evidently his purpose to run down the Stella, for he kept her a little farther off than before.

As she approached, Aleck took his place at the gun, ready for another shot, though he hardly expected to do so well as the last time. When he made this movement, the sailor leaped down from his seat, and seemed to be going into the cabin. The captain put the helm up so that the vessel should not bronch to again, and seized the man by the nape of the neck.

Another scuffle ensued; but the sailor was a person of small stature compared with Hillburg, and he appeared to be having the worst of it.

Aleck at once decided to make a diversion in his favor, and after warning Flora, he let drive the gun loaded with canister. He did not think it necessary to kill or wound either of the men engaged in the scuffle, and especially not the sailor, who was doing good work on the Stella's side in the conflict. He aimed at the mainsail, for he thought a good sized hole in it would help the situation.

It was a good shot, though the gunner could hardly have excused himself if he had failed to hit so large a mark as the sail. The distance was short, and the bullets in the tin box began to scatter when they reached the mark. They tore out the canvas, and made a hole about a foot in diameter.

At the very moment when the shot was fired the sailor had been thrown down in the standing room; but he instantly rose with a club in his hand, which seemed to be a piece torn off the trunk. Hillburg came down upon him again, but the man struck him with his club. The weapon was not a heavy one, but it gave a momentary check to the captain, and the sailor got away from him.

But the vessel was in the act of coming to, and Hillburg could not pursue him. Aleck was putting another charge of canister into the gun, and as soon as it was ready he fired again. He made another hole like the first one, though somewhat larger, for the mark was farther off.

The effect of the two holes in the principal sail of the Barnegat was soon perceptible, for she began to fall astern of the Stella.

Aleck loaded up again, but he kept one eye on the enemy all the time. Hillburg could not leave the wheel, and the sailor was standing on the rail by the fore rigging. He was making gestures to the Stella, and seemed to be beckoning to her. The skipper could not understand what he meant, but suddenly he explained his movements by jumping overboard.

Aleck was astonished at this movement, and did not know what to make of it. Hillburg bestirred himself in a lively manner for a moment, and then fired his revolver at the man in the water. In order to do so he had to leave the wheel and mount the rail. The vessel swept past the man, and he continued to swim with a vigorous stroke, proving that he had not been hit by the shot.

But the effect of leaving the wheel was to permit the Barnegat to broach to. While his sails were shaking Aleck rushed to the helm of the Stella and brought her about. She fled away instantly, and went so near the other vessel that Hillburg discharged his revolver at him, instead of attending to the navigation of his craft.

Aleck was not hit, and before the Barnegat could come about he had left her well astern of him. He understood that the sailor meant to ask him to look out for him, and he tried to do so. He saw him in the water, and came to close by him. Giving the wheel to Flora, he rushed to the waist, and threw over a line. The man got

hold of it, and easily climbed to the deck. The skipper hastened to the wheel, and filled away, heading to the southeast. The Barnegat also came about, but she lost a good deal of time, and was about a quarter of a mile astern.

The sailor from the Barnegat took off his coat, drained the water from it, and hung it up to dry. He seemed to take things very coolly, and did not go aft till he had arranged his wet clothes to his satisfaction. At last he went to the standing room, and there was a smile on his face when he saw Flora at the wheel, for the skipper had just given it to her again.

"You are making it hot for Captain Hillburg," said he, as he stepped down from the main deck.

"But he has been trying to make it hot for me," replied Aleck.

"And for the young lady too, I guess," added the man. "But you have got ahead of him, and my best wishes are on your side of the fight."

"Thank you, Mr. —"

"No mister about it; I am only Tom Bolles, before the mast, and don't put on any airs," replied the sailor, laughing. "But I have been to school some, and Tom Bolles is an honest man, not a pirate or a smuggler; and that is why I happen to be on board of this vessel at this moment instead of that one."

"I am glad to have you on board of the Stella, at any rate, for you came with your eyes wide open, and know we are in a row with the skipper of the Barnegat," said Aleck, much pleased with the recruit, for so he regarded him.

"I suppose you look on me as a coward, if not a traitor," next vessel Aleck Tom Bolles, as he seated himself opposite Aleck. "But I am nothing of that sort."

"I did not suppose you were," answered Aleck.

"I guess you thought I was scared when I left the wheel and went into the cabin. Skipper, what did you say your name was?"

"I didn't say; but it is Alexander Mumpleton, commonly Aleck, for short. I didn't blame you for leaving the helm, for it was none of your fight."

"I have stood up before bigger guns than those four pounders, and never deserted my ship in an honest fight," added Tom.

"I shipped as a hand before the mast, for yacht service, but when that villain told me and Mungo that he was coming to some island to take on board a cargo of smuggled goods, we both told him we wouldn't have anything to do with the business."

"There another vessel engaged in the same business," said Aleck, pointing to the Comet, which had also come about, and was still chasing the Stella.

"I thought it likely when I first saw her, from what Captain Hillburg said. It seems that he wants this young lady, too," added Tom, glancing at Flora. "Well, you made an awful fight for a boy and girl."

"We did the best we could, and Flora did her share," said Aleck.

"I see she steers like an old quartermaster," added the recruit; and he laughed at the earnestness of Flora, as she kept her gaze fixed on the compass.

"She does very well indeed, and I couldn't have done anything without her," said Aleck.

"I did not leave the wheel of the Barnegat because I was scared, but because I belong on this side in the fight," continued Tom. "I told Hillburg I was not a pirate, and would not help him take the girl out of this vessel. He is heavier than I am, and was too much for me; but I did the next best thing to thrashing him; I got away from him. Hillburg is as big a rascal as ever went unhum."

"That's just my opinion of him. But this wind is going to die out," said Aleck, as he saw a smooth sea in the distance.

"That's so; and it will soon be a dead calm. Those two schooners are coming together, and if they get becalmed, they will send out their boats; and they have two of them," added Tom.

"Only one, for I smashed one of them, the Comet's, with a shot, this morning," replied Aleck.

"So much the better, and we shall have to stand up before only one boat," said Tom cheerfully. "You will find that I shall fight like a man on this side, and not run away."

As both of them agreed, the Stella was becalmed in less than an hour, and the Barnegat and the Comet had come together a mile distant.

(To be continued.)

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

ERIC DANE

The Football of Fortune

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FACE TO FACE AT LAST.



ERIC was feverishly impatient as they left the cars and was for plunging at once into the woods in search of the camp and "Hoddy."

"Let's go over to the hotel first,"

and inquire for the Tilbert party," suggested Manners. "I dare say they go there for their meals. Perhaps we'll find them at dinner now."

After a short ride in the omnibus along the shores of a lake prettily fringed with a forest of pine trees, and dotted here and there with the gay craft of pleasure parties, they alighted at the Monmouth House and secured rooms, and then inquired if the clerk happened to know of a party consisting of the two Tilbert boys, their tutor, and a friend, who had come down on Saturday to camp out in the woods adjoining the hotel.

"Why yes," was the reply. "They didn't bring anything but a tent and bedding, and come over here to eat. I dare say you'll find them on the beach now."

"Come on, Eric," exclaimed Manners, on hearing this. "The sandy borders of the Atlantic will be quite a romantic spot on which to have the recognition take place, besides providing a harmless surface on which Mr. McQuillan may drop when he sees you."

Leaving the satchel to be taken upstairs by a hall boy, Eric and his champion hurried off in the direction of the booming breakers.

"Aha, this is fine, isn't it?" murmured Manners, sniffing in the salt air with unconcealed satisfaction. "Now do you see any of your friends or enemies, I scarcely know which to call them?"

"Oh, Percy Tilbert is a boy I'm very fond of, and we were fast friends before his father forbade him to have anything to do with me. By George, there he is now!"

"And is McQuillan with him?" cried Manners, nearly as much excited as was Eric himself.

"I can't make out yet. See that group sitting on the sand just in front of the last bath house in the row, and the boy standing beside them, with his hands wide apart, as if he was showing how big a fish he has caught? Well, that's Percy, and I hope one of the fellows he's talking to is the chap I'm after."

Hastening over the sands, the two soon drew near enough to the group for Eric to distinguish the reddish hair and stocky figure of the young butcher. He was sitting with his back to the newcomers, looking up at Percy.

"Let's walk around to the other side and stand where he can see me," whispered Eric.

Accordingly the two skirted the group, then took up their station close by, and pretended to be gazing with great intencness on some object out at sea.

No notice was taken of them for the moment, everybody being absorbed in the story Percy was telling. But when this was ended, McQuillan turned his head and his eyes fell on Eric.

With a half shriek, half groan, he sprang to his feet, staggered back a few paces, then dropped in a heap on the sand.

With an irrepressible cry of joy, Eric rushed forward.

"You thought it was my ghost, didn't you?" he cried, stooping over his late seat mate. "But here, give me your hand and I'll pull you on your legs again, and show that there is some substance to me."

"Then you are—you weren't killed!" ejaculated Hoddy, regarding our hero with a stare of incredulous amazement.

"Not a bit of it," rejoined the latter, heartily.

"Why, I've told Mr. Tilbert that you were burnt up in that car, and—"

"I know you did, and that's the reason I've been chasing you all over the State. I want you to come back with me and tell him you are mistaken."

"Who is it? Tell me who it is."

Percy was clamoring to have the mystery explained to him.

"Why, it is your cousin, Eric Dane," replied Hoddy.

"But papa told me not—not to have anything to do with him," went on Percy, lowering his voice as Rob Manners joined Eric.

"He did!" exclaimed Hoddy, looking puzzled.

"I think I can explain the reason of that," interposed the young lawyer, who had overheard the words. "Mr. Tilbert, believing his cousin to have been cremated in the railway accident, took my young friend here for an imposter, as he was left without any means of proving his identity."

"You found my pocketbook, you know," added Eric, turning to Hoddy. "That had all my papers, letters and the check to my trunk in it, so I've had a hard time of it for a week, and have been knocked about like a football. At last I found out you were here, and I came down to get you to go back with me to Cedarbrook tomorrow morning. How long were you to stay here?"

"As long as we wanted to," answered Percy. "But I'm tired of it now. It's cold sleeping in a tent these nights. Let's all go back tomorrow. Mr. Fox, can't we?"

Mr. Fox, who was evidently the tutor, was a bright looking young fellow of twenty two or thereabouts. He, in common with a handsome boy of ten, Everett Tilbert, had listened to the foregoing conversation with amazed intencness.

"Well," he said, "I think the matter is quite important enough to warrant us in breaking up our camping project, at least temporarily."

"Good," cried Percy, "and now let's all go in to supper."

"Second the motion," and Manners walked off in the direction of the hotel with the help of the Tilberts, with whom the mention of Charley Shaw's name was an "open sesame" to a speedy acquaintance.

Eric followed with Hoddy and the others.

"And so you got off with only a damaged arm," said the young butcher, nodding his head towards the sling.

"Oh, I hurt this night before last in a fall," replied Eric. "I got out of the accident with scarcely a scratch. But I thought you had gone to the Maine woods?"

"We were going there first, but Mr. Tilbert thought it was too late in the season to go so far away, so we came down here instead, and I've had a jolly good time."

The six managed to have a "jolly good time" of it at dinner, and afterwards Eric and Manners went over to inspect the "camp." After a half hour's stay there, the latter declared that the "invalid" must go to bed, in order to refresh his nerves for the excitement of the morrow.

"I'll stay and help these fellows pack up," he added.

So our hero went off to his room at the hotel, but it was long before he could compose himself to sleep.

The next day the entire party embarked on an early train for New York, where they arrived just in time to catch another for Cedarbrook.

At Rob Manners's request, no word of their coming had been sent to Mr. Tilbert.

Percy was almost as excited as Eric himself. "Papa will feel terribly about having treated you the way he did," he said. "But he didn't know, and you won't—won't be cross about it, will you?"

Eric thought of the week of anxiety, suspense and perturbation through which he had passed, of the insults and indignities that had been heaped upon him. Could he overlook all this?

Then he glanced down at the wistful face beside him, waiting so eagerly for his answer. He pictured to himself the results in the family of exposure of the father's scheming, then—

"No, Percy," he answered. "I hope your father and I will be friends after this."

On reaching the house, Everett was sent in search of Mr. Tilbert.

"Don't tell him who's here, but just say we've come back with a surprise for him," Percy cautioned. "We'll wait in the library."

"I feel kind of sheepish," remarked Hoddy, breaking a silence that the ticking of the bell shaped clock on the mantel only rendered the more intense. "It seems I've stirred up an awful mess, and nobody's got any good out of it but me. That'll make folks think I did it on purpose, won't it?"

For anybody could assure him on this score, the *portières* of the doorway leading into the dining room were pulled aside, and Mr. Tilbert entered. He took two or three steps towards Mr. Fox, as if to demand of him the meaning of this sudden return, when his eye fell on Eric and Hoddy, seated on the sofa side by side.

"Ha!" This single expression escaped the magnate's lips, then his face grew suddenly pale, and he put one hand on the revolving bookcase, as if to steady himself.

"Here's your cousin, Mr. Tilbert," began Hoddy, abruptly, rising and putting his hand on Eric's shoulder. "He wasn't killed after all, but it seems I've made it pretty rough for him by telling you that I thought he was. You're awfully surprised, aren't you? I don't wonder, for—Great Scott!"

Hoddy rushed forward as he saw the man he was addressing sway and reel, and then lurch forward. Hoddy caught him in his arms, and let him gently down upon the floor.

Of course all was confusion in a moment. Percy flew off to call his mother, Mr. Fox ran to the telephone to summon the doctor, while Eric and Manners chafed the unconscious man's wrists.

While thus engaged, our hero noticed something of which he did not speak until long afterwards, and then only to Fred Marchman.

Mrs. Tilbert, a sweet faced, motherly looking woman, now came hurrying in, accompanied by the butler and two or three terrified maids.

"John, John," she called, softly, kneeling on the carpet, and taking one of her husband's hands in both of hers.

"Eric! Where is Eric?" he murmured faintly.

Percy whispered something in his mother's ear, and then the latter beckoned to our hero. She pressed his hand warmly, and caused him to kneel down beside her.

Mr. Tilbert opened his eyes, fixed them on Eric, and then, stretching out his hand, whispered hoarsely, "Welcome!"

Two months later. The lawns and sidewalks at Cedarbrook were strewn with dry, crisp leaves, while the autumn gales sent scurrying back and forth with angry rustlings. The gates of Elmhurst were closed, the Tilberts having removed to their city home. Eric had spent a very pleasant fortnight there, after that second Tuesday of his arrival in America. Mr. Tilbert had speedily recovered from his shock of surprise, and thereafter nothing could exceed his kindness to our hero, whom he persisted in alluding to as one "restored from the dead."

"You promised to tell me what that was you saw when your Cousin John had that fainting spell," he said. Fred Marchman, as the two were being whirled along in the fast express, on their way home from college for the Thanksgiving holidays. "Come, tell me now, or you'll forget what it was."

"You'll never breath it to a soul, not even your wife—when you get one?"

"Never," laughed Fred in reply. "nor even babble it to my grandchildren in my garrulous old age."

"Well, then, while Manners and I were chafing my cousin's wrists, I happened to look in his face and saw one of his eyes open just the least little bit, and—"

"You think—"

"That that fit business was all a forced affair to bridge over the awkward chasm between Eric the imposter and Eric the heir. It was a very happy thought, too, and was the first good turn John Tilbert ever did me."

THE END.

DRY LAND YACHTING.

EVERYBODY has laughed at the absurdity of "the darling daughter" being expected to learn to swim without going near the water. And yet in England, it seems, they go sailing on land.

The sea coast at Southport, Lancashire, is made up of great stretches of firm, smooth sand, and here it is, according to a London contemporary, that the sand yachts spread their sails.

The sand yacht is simple in construction, consisting essentially of a long, narrow body, with sails at the sides, and passengers mounted on four wooden wheels. The back wheels of a sand yacht serve exactly the same purpose as the rudder of a boat. The wheels are struck in a usual manner. The yachts are of different sizes, some being able to accommodate about twenty people, though they rarely carry so many. The smaller craft are cutter rigged, with large mainsail and jib sail stretched from the top of a bowsprit some six feet long, projecting from the front axle.

The larger yachts have two masts carrying mainsail, foresail and jib. The main rigging and running gear are almost identical with those common on boats and small yachts, the spread of canvas being about the same as on racing boats of equal length. Local fishermen form the crews, the cutters being manned by two, and the schooners by three men.

When a sand yacht is ready for cruise, with all sail set and her complement of passengers aboard, the steersman takes his place at the helm, while the helmsman starts by placing his back to the front axle and pressing against the sand with his feet. When he feels the ship is fairly under way he climbs nimbly on board and seats himself or stands near the mast, his duty being to attend to the jib sheet and keep a sharp lookout ahead of the vessel. The helmsman directs the course and looks after the main sheet.

If there is a good breeze the yacht soon acquires considerably velocity, which is liable, however, to continual variation, according to the force of the wind and the state of the sand. When the wind blows from the sea, a firm, smooth bottom, she may be gliding along at perhaps a rate of twenty miles an hour. If the wind is from the land, the sand is soft or rough sand, may reduce the speed to seven or eight miles. Regarding the maximum speed attained, the fishermen tell some pretty good tales.

We have heard a hundred miles an hour spoken of quite seriously; but there does not seem to be any reliable authority to back up under the most favorable circumstances, a velocity of thirty two or forty miles an hour ever exceeded. Even this is an enormous speed, and it is plain that velocities moving at anything approaching such a rate must be handled in a very careful manner to avoid accident. None of the yachts are at present fitted with these useful devices.

The sand yachts are able to proceed against the wind by "tacking," or making a zigzag course, or by "beating to windward," or close to the wind, and have a great advantage over their sisters of the sea in not making any leeway. The operation of "putting about" must be done quickly, or there will be a chance of "missing stays," and, as a matter of fact, the change from one tack to the other is effected so rapidly that the helmsman is often the apt to find himself left sitting in the sand, as the yacht sails gracefully away on her new course.

Now and then a patch of sand, deeply furrowed by the receding tide, may be crossed, when the motion becomes disagreeably rough. But, on the most part, the riding is pleasant and without doubt sand yachting provides a healthful and interesting means of seaside recreation.

A "shore boat," somewhat similar to the above, has been used on one of the hard beaches near St. Augustine, Florida.

SOLELY FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS READERS.

"WHAT'S the matter here?"

"There is a false alarm of fire in the theatre."

"Who is this man jumping out of the window?"

"He is an editor who wrote a column article for his paper the other day, and is asking his audiences to keep cool and remain in their seats when there is a cry of fire."

THE DIRGE OF AUTUMN.

Drop down in your autumn beauty, Red leaves, from the old oak tree; For the lilies are dead in the valley, The lilies beloved by the bee. The roses are dead by the streamlet, Loved by the sweet summer's dew; The dogwood's blood berries are staining The grass with a crimson hue.

[This story commences 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 XXVIII.

A MEETING IN THE CANYON.

THE close of the fifteenth chapter you and I told each other, reader, that we had perfect confidence in Gus Warren's courage and skill in woodcraft, and that we believed he would take good care of himself and of his brother.

If we had passed along that way two hours later, we would have found them sung in camp.

The cold was intense and the storm was raging furiously; but little snow fell where they were, the gale carrying it across the gorge above their heads. Gus was cutting the night's supply of fire wood with his camp axe, while Jerry was superintending the cooking of their supper.

"I don't call this so very bad after all," said the latter, critically examining the slice of bacon he was broiling over the fire on a three pronged beech stick. "It will be something to talk about when we get back to the States. 'Lost in a Blizzard,' would be a bully subject for a composition, wouldn't it?"

"Yes; and 'Our Experience in the Ute War,' would be another," answered Gus. "Though, to tell the truth, we didn't see much of it, did we? All the experience we had with it was at the fort. How would 'A Thrilling Scene' do for a subject, and then go on and tell of the bravery exhibited by Gilbert the trapper, when he—What's the matter with you?" added Gus, in some alarm, when he saw his brother drop the bacon into the fire and reach rather hurriedly for his Winchester.

By way of reply Jerry pointed down the canyon. Gus looked but could not see anything, for just then the lower end of the gorge was concealed from his view by a gust of snow, which an eddying wind brought down into it. But he heard something—a distinct rustling and crackling among the bushes and evergreens, as some heavy body worked its way rapidly through them.

"It's a grizzly," said Jerry, in a frightened whisper. "Don't you remember what Uncle Jack told us about their ferocity? They never wait to ask any questions when they find an intruder in their domains, but start a fight at once."

"Don't shoot," exclaimed Gus, when he saw his brother raise his Winchester to his shoulder and drop his cheek close to the stock.

To the great astonishment of both the boys, these words brought a response from the bushes. A clear, ringing voice called out:

"No, I wouldn't shoot. I am not a wild animal, and if I was, you couldn't hurt me while I am in the thick bushes."

Gus and Jerry were profoundly astonished. They stood in silence in front of the lean to, holding their rifles in their hands, and waiting for the man in the bushes to show himself.

A few seconds later something that might have passed for a snow man came into view. He was not alone, either. He faced about, pressed the thick bushes down with

his hands and feet, said: "Come along, old fellow," and a sleek horse, with a well filled pack on his back, stepped out.

The man stroked the animal's nose affectionately, shook himself after the manner of a Newfoundland dog when emerging from the water, brushed the snow out of his hair, placed a wide brimmed sombrero upon his head, and came toward the camp, saying, in a cheery voice:

"I hope I don't intrude. The fact of it is, I went down to Captain Barton's store after supplies for myself and partner, and got caught in the blizzard. I was getting ready to make a lonely camp down there in the canyon, but the wind brought the smell of your smoke to me, and I thought—well, I declare!"

While the stranger talked he was picking his way through the logs and rocks with which the bottom of the gorge was filled; but when he came close to the fire he raised his eyes, and discovered for the first time that he was not addressing men, but a couple of boys whom he had never seen before, and who looked altogether out of

place in those mountains while a blizzard was raging.

"Where did you kids come from?" he added, as soon as he recovered from his surprise.

"We are Jerry and Gus Warren, and we came from the States," was the answer.

"That's what I thought; but you haven't come from the States very lately," said the stranger, with a smile.

"Oh, no. We have been on the plains ever since last spring," replied Gus. "We are stopping with our Uncle Waldron, who lives I don't know how many miles from here, for we were caught on the open prairie when the storm came up, our horses ran away and left us, and we don't know just where we are."

"Well, I must say that you are cool kids at city boys," said the stranger, taking in at one comprehensive glance all the complete preparations which had been made for the night. "I should say that you had camped out more than once during your time. But what makes you look at me so steadily, if I may be so bold as to inquire? I never forget a face, and I am quite positive we have never met before."

"No, we never have," answered Gus,

excited, but it was not because there was a blizzard raging and they did not know the way home. They were thinking of the remarkable adventures that had befallen this handsome stranger who had so unexpectedly walked into their camp, and wondering how they should acquaint him with the fact that they knew some things about him that he did not know himself.

"I suppose you have been caught in storms like this so many times, during the thirteen years you have been on the plains, that you think nothing of it," said Gus, at length.

"Well, no," answered Gilbert, with a laugh. "I generally make it my business to get under cover when the signs grow threatening. I knew yesterday that this storm was coming, but I left my partner without any grub to speak of, and was anxious to get back to him before the snow blocked my way. How do you know that I have been on the plains thirteen years?"

"I believe that was what Buckskin Bob told Uncle Waldron," replied Gus; and his words had just the effect upon the visitor that he thought they would. Gilbert was standing beside his horse, unfastening the straps with which the pack was bound to

his saddle; but at the mention of the squaw man's name he dropped everything, and looked at Gus with an expression that no one had ever seen on his face before.

"Buckskin Bob was wounded in that fight," continued Gus, speaking as rapidly as he could, for he knew that Gilbert was as impatient to hear what he had to say as he was to say it. "If you had not been in such a hurry to leave Captain Brent's command on the morning after the battle, you might have had all the papers in your possession now."

"What papers?" asked Gilbert. He uttered the words calmly enough, but he was fairly quivering with suppressed excitement. He left his horse, walked around the fire, and seated himself on a convenient log near it, anxiously awaiting an answer.

"I told you that Buckskin Bob was wounded in the fight, didn't I?" said Gus. "Well, when the troops advanced the next morning, Uncle Jack found him lying among the rocks, too badly hurt to move. The renegade thought he was going to die, and so he told Uncle Jack as much of your history as he knew. He said that about thirteen years ago, your father went to a mines in company with a party of men whom he supposed to be his friends, to cross the plains on his way home."

"Where was his home?" inquired Gilbert, eagerly. "I would give anything to know that."

"I am sorry to say that I can't enlighten you," replied Gus; and the tone in which he said it proved that he meant it. "Perhaps it is on the other part of the papers that Grizzly Pete's got."

"I knew it; I knew it all the time," exclaimed Gilbert, rising to his feet and striding back and forth like some caged wild animal. "Arizona Charley always said so, and Josh and I thought so. Go on, please. I will try not to interrupt you any more. But if you had lived all your life as I have, without knowing who or what you are, or whether or not there is a person on the face of the broad earth who is in any way related to you, you would be impatient too, I guess. Go on."

"When your father and his party reached a place called Sweetwater Canyon," continued Gus, "the Cheyennes attacked and killed the last one of them."

"That's where Buckskin Bob deliberately deceived your uncle," said Gilbert, forgetting that he had promised not to interrupt any more. "The Cheyennes had nothing to do with it. The Utes did it, and most likely Pete and Bob put them up to it. They killed every one in the party except Josh Saunders and myself, and Pete took me and gave me into Colonel Starke's hands for safe keeping. I know all about that (although I do not see why it was necessary that I should have been placed under the protection of the soldiers), but it's the papers I want to hear about. What of them, and how does it come that Bob had part of them and Pete the rest?"

With a great effort Gilbert the trapper curbed his impatience, and sat down on the log again.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GILBERT GETS SOME INFORMATION.

THE papers that Buckskin Bob gave into Uncle Jack's hands were cut into two pieces," continued Gus. "Bob explained that the reason that was done was because he and Pete were suspicious of each other. They were afraid that if the papers were left entire in the hands of one person he might steal a march on the other, and dig up the money that is concealed in Sweetwater Canyon."

"Then my father did have some property," said Gilbert.

"Yes. The letter, which was written in



GILBERT THE TRAPPER SUDDENLY WALKS INTO GUS AND JERRY WARREN'S CAMP.

plain English, states that he had a hundred thousand dollars' worth of dust and nuggets, and that he buried it some where in the canyon while his companions were asleep. You see he found that some of them were no better than they ought to be, and he was afraid they would kill him to get his wealth."

"My partner, Josh Saunders, has always stuck to it that my father had lots of money or something else that was valuable in his pack saddle, for he was very careful of it at night," said Gilbert, reflectively. "You say that there were two papers, and that the letter was written in plain English. Am I to understand that the other was not a letter, and that it was in some other language?"

"That is just what I mean. The smallest paper contained a description of the place in which the money was buried, and—"

"Then I have wasted my time staying here, haven't I?" exclaimed Gilbert, with a sigh. "That *cache* has been found and opened long before this day. I don't care for the nuggets and dust, for I shall never live among civilized people who judge of a man's worth by the size of his pocketbook; but there might have been some other papers in it that would tell me who I am, and where my relatives live, if I have any."

"Well, that *cache* hasn't been found and opened yet, either," said Gus, as soon as Gilbert gave him the two papers, and the smallest paper was a cryptogram; that is, the information it contained was concealed under the most curious jumble of letters you ever saw. The trader has a copy of it—"

"Not Captain Barton!" cried Gilbert, springing to his feet.

"He is the trader at the lower agency, isn't he?" said Gus, in reply. "Then he is the man."

"What a scoundrel he is!" said Gilbert, fiercely. "I sold him my goods when I came up from the Navajo nation. I have been alone with him in his store more than a hundred times since, and he never said a word to me about it."

"Of course he didn't," assented Gus. "Bob told Uncle Jack that he is a bad man, and will do anything for money. I do not know how he came by the papers in the first place, but he's got 'em; and it was his intention to read them and claim a share of that hundred thousand. But you need not worry about that. He can't read the cryptogram."

"How do you know?"

"I just guess at it. If he can, what is the reason he has not dug up the dust before this time? He can't read it, I tell you. It took me a good while to do it, and I know something about cryptograms."

"Do you mean to say that you can read it—that you have read it?" cried the young trapper, the excitement which he had tried so hard to suppress showing itself afresh.

"Certainly. Didn't you understand me to say as much? Buckskin Bob gave his part of the papers to Uncle Jack, who brought them home and gave them to us to read for him. Bob discouraged Uncle Jack by telling him that the papers were written in Dutch; but I knew what it was the minute I looked at it. I found the key after a while, and if you will bring me the rest of the paper, I will tell you right where to look to find your *cache*."

"Look here, partner," said Gilbert, slowly rising to his feet. "What did you say your name is?"

Gus told him, adding that the "other fellow" was his brother Jerry.

"Well, Gus, your brother went on, "you don't know what you have done for me. Ever since I can remember I have carried a load on my shoulders which has grown heavier with every year of my life, until it seemed that I must sink under it. I thank Heaven that I have not got to bear it much longer. Put it there."

Gilbert held out his hand, and Gus placed his own within it.

Now the latter, to quote from Uncle Jack Waldron, was pretty much of a boy himself. There were not many sixteen year old fellows who had any business with him. He was a trained gymnast, an Indian club and dumb bell swinger, a long distance runner and a wheelman besides. His muscles were all well developed, but his brother Jerry would not have been more utterly helpless in his own grasp, than he was when Gilbert, the trapper's hand closed over his palm. If the pressure of his hand was an index to his feelings, they must have been very strong indeed. And yet, if all reports were true, Gilbert could not have been more than a year older than himself.

"It beats the world how things do turn out when you are least expecting it," said Gilbert, as he went back to his horse and resumed his work of unfastening the pack that was strapped to the saddle. "You don't know how I railed at the blizzard when it came up and caught me out there in the open; but if it had held off until I reached my camp, I never would have seen you, and there is no telling whether or not I should ever have found out anything about myself."

"Oh, I think you would," said Gus. "Uncle Jack is a man who knows his own affairs, and I have an idea that he intends to make Grizzly Pete and the trader hand out those papers at the muzzle of a revolver. He told me to give him a copy of them, and I knew by the look on his face that he was up to something."

"That is just about what I should expect of Mr. Waldron," said Gilbert. "I have often heard of him and his doings, and I know that he has the reputation of being around when there's anybody in trouble. I am much obliged to him, I am sure; but I will save him the work of calling upon Pete and Captain Barton. I will attend to them myself."

"But you mustn't rush things," cautioned Gus. "If you give them a chance to destroy the papers, then you will be in a pretty fix."

"Won't I?" said Gilbert, cheerfully. "If you don't get the papers from my first time trying, they will either burn them up, or hide them where you can't find them," added Gus.

"I understand all that. I don't intend to rush things."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, I am going to camp here with you until the storm is over, if you will let me," answered Gilbert, depositing his heavy pack, and then the shelter of the lean to.

"Then I will show you the way home, and ride down to the agency and pay my respects to Captain Barton. I think I can convince him that it would be to his interest to hand over those papers without making any fuss about it."

"But suppose you can't?" said Jerry, who up to this time had been an interested listener. "What if he refuses, point blank? Then what?"

"Oh, I don't think he will refuse, or even hesitate. As soon as I get them, I will call and see you on my way to camp, and ask you to read them for me."

"And I will do it, and be glad to. What's the reason you don't go and get your partner to help you?" said Gus, who knew by the way Gilbert spoke that the latter meant to compel the trader to comply with his demand, whether he wanted to or not.

"Because I don't need any help. The least of all such help as Josh Saunders would be likely to give me. I don't want Josh to go to the agency, for he might stumble upon Grizzly Pete or Buckskin Bob while he was there, and then there would be trouble. He has promised to shoot them on sight."

"Oh, I hope he won't do it," exclaimed Jerry.

He will, you may be sure of that, for Josh is a man who says such things just for the sake of hearing himself talk. He was my guide up from the Navajo country, but I dropped him twenty miles from the agency, telling him to go into the hills and await my return. I hoped to meet Pete and Bob at the post, but I did not want Josh to see them. Josh knows more about my early days than any living man, for he was my father's guide at the time he and his companion were killed by the Utes. He tried hard to save me, but couldn't do it. I told you all about that."

The boys looked surprised, and declared that Gilbert had not said one word about it before.

"Then it was because I had so many other things to tell that I didn't think of it. Yes; Josh was there and saw it all. He was well acquainted with Pete and Bob, and saw them while the fight was going on. I could hardly believe that Bob had any land in it, but I believe it now. On the day I came up with my train, two years ago, I found them in the store, and thanked them before a whole crowd of people for the service they had rendered me, and they never denied it. That proves that they were with the Utes when they pitched upon the miners, does it not? I tell you they were surprised, for they saw that I had it in my power to pronounce them dead."

"Because Charley and Josh stuck to it that there were papers in existence that I ought to have, and I wanted to get them before saying or doing anything to kick up a row. How I wish that Arizona Charley

had lived to see this day! Everything has turned out just as he said it would. Now let's have a bite to eat. Is that all you've got in the way of provisions?"

"That's all," replied Jerry. "It was intended for a lunch. We didn't expect anything of this kind, you know, when we rode out to see Uncle Jack's cowboys round up his cattle."

"No; I suppose not. Well, I've got enough here to last us two or three weeks."

"Must we stay here that long?" exclaimed Jerry.

"I hope not," answered Gilbert. "I should like to have my affairs settled before the end of that time. We may have to remain in camp three or four days; but that's nothing, as long as we have an abundance of fire wood and plenty to eat."

So saying, Gilbert began undoing his pack, while Gus punched up the fire and piled on more fuel.

CHAPTER XXX.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE.

"TURN about is fair play, boys," said Gilbert the trapper, as he drew out of his pack a whole ham, a can of corn, half a peck of potatoes and a small package of tea. "I will provide you with a good supper if you will give my horse something to eat."

"That's fair proposition," replied Gus. "Got anything in the way of oats or corn in there?"

"Nary thing," said Gilbert, laughing at the idea. "He will have to be satisfied with what he can browse from a cotton-wood tonight. That is what the Indians' ponies live on during the winter, you know."

"But this fellow looks as though he were accustomed to better grub than that," answered Jerry, passing his hands admiringly over the horse's sleek coat. "You couldn't keep him in better condition if you were fitting him for a race."

"Oh, he has good care. In the glade where my partner and I have made our permanent camp, we shall have grass all the winter through. Tom will be in as fine trim for hard work in the spring as he is now; and that is not the case with an Indian's pony. He comes out of his winter quarters looking as though he was half starved."

It was plain that Tom knew what a cotton-wood was, for when Gus brought one down with a few strokes of his camp axe, the horse walked up to it and began eating his supper. After the boys had finished theirs, they were ready for the business of the evening, which, in a camp, is invariably story telling.

"You said a few minutes ago that turn about is fair play," said Gus. "We have put you on the track of the papers you wanted to find, and—"

"And you want me to tell you something about myself in return," said Gilbert, finishing the sentence for him. "Well, that is natural, and I will gladly oblige you. It will be a relief to me to talk to you. A good many people seem to think I am some country boy, and last year have tried to start on that subject, but somehow I never could unburden myself to them. I knew that they would fail to appreciate the situation, or else they would laugh at me for being a fool. But I have got the laugh on my side now; or rather I will have in a few days."

A good many have asked me why I didn't hire out for a cowboy, instead of staying at home to the post. The reason was because I could not divest myself of the idea that if I ever desired to know anything about myself, I had better stay where I could keep about half an eye on Pete Axley and Buckskin Bob. I learned, as soon as I was old enough to learn anything, just how I came to be placed in Colonel Starke's hands, and the people living at the fort were open and above board with me. They were very careful not to raise any false hopes in me, and told me from the start that my father was a squaw man, and that he had left the States and come to this wilderness because he had to; but, boy as I was, I could see that they did not believe a word of it."

"Then I don't see why they told you so," said Jerry, angrily.

"They did it because that was the story that Pete Axley told Colonel Starke. You can't imagine how mad I was when Arizona Charley pointed out Grizzly Pete, and told me that he was the man who claimed to be my father. I knew better; something in here told me that that man was no relation to me and had no claim upon me," said Gilbert, laying his hand upon his heart. "I took

pains to keep out of his way, and never exchanged a single word with him until the day I came back from the Navajo country. Then I thanked him for saving my life, and gave him every chance to say in the presence of the soldiers and others who were standing around, that he was my father; but he dared not utter the words. I ruined years of his work in just two minutes' time."

"He industriously spread the report behind your back that he was your father, but he dared not say so to your face," observed Jerry.

"That's the idea that I am trying to convey," said Gilbert. "He told Buckskin Bob, more than once, that he was going to claim me and take me away from the post when he got a good ready, and if I kicked, or refused to acknowledge him as my father, he would shoot me. That was the time for him to speak up; but if he had done so,"

said Gilbert, shaking his fist at Gus, "I could have told him that he was with the Utes when they killed my father and my companions. I should have been sorry to do it so publicly, for I don't want to get Buckskin Bob into any trouble. He is a bad man, and is quite as much to blame for my father's death as Pete is; but he has tried to make amends for it, as far as he can. He has dropped many hints that did much to open my past life to me, and he would have said as much more if he were not afraid of my father. He's a cunning wretch. I should have said to him, 'I could persuade him to tell me everything he knows.'"

"I have often wondered why there was no fuss ever made about that massacre," said Gus.

"Because no one knew of it except those who were engaged in it; that's the reason. I don't suppose there was a man in all this country, between the San Pedro mines and the Mississippi river, who had heard of those miners. There was no one about here to miss them, no one to make inquiries about them, and consequently it was an easy matter for the Utes to annihilate the entire party and escape detection, if they concealed their bodies so that the scouts would not find them. But there's one thing I can't explain, and that is, how the Utes have managed to keep from boasting of it during their dances. The Indian who killed Custer's veterinary surgeon and sutler was discovered in that way, but not until eighteen months after he committed the deed. He might have remained unknown until this day, if he could have curbed his propensity for boasting."

Seeing that he had an appreciative audience, and that Gus Warren and his brother were so deeply interested in everything he said, Gilbert the trapper rearranged his blankets, leaned his elbow upon his saddle which he had placed at the head of his bed to serve as a pillow, and launched out into a story, which was none the less interesting because it was true. I write it just as he told it, for it will give you a fair idea of the way things are done on the plains, and serve to convince you that our government and not the Indian is to blame for many of the wrongs through which we have passed.

"Perhaps you know better than I can tell you," said Gilbert, when he had fixed his bed to his satisfaction, "that according to the terms of the treaty of 1868, the Black Hills, as well as other large sections of country, were declared to be a part of the Indian reservations, and that they were not, under any circumstances, to be trespassed upon by white men. As long as the government stands to its agreement, and the Sioux were permitted to live in peace; but the minute gold was discovered there the treaty was thrown to the winds, and Custer was ordered to fit out a strong expedition and look into the matter."

"Now that is something for which the Indians can blame themselves. Up to this time they had always been very much averse to saying anything about the country and the things that were to be found there, but the few trappers who professed to have visited it, declared it to be a land that was full of wonders. But then you couldn't place a particle of dependence in what they said, for trappers, like sailors, are much given to spinning yarns, and no one believed that any white men had ever been allowed to go near the Hills."

"But one day some of the Indians, who had seen some gaudy articles in the trader's store that he desired to get rid of, were foolish enough to bring in a lot of dust and nuggets, and to admit that they came from the Hills, and then the fun began. Everybody became excited, and, in less time than it takes to tell it, large parties of miners



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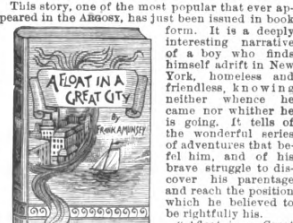
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