

GOLDEN ARGOSSY

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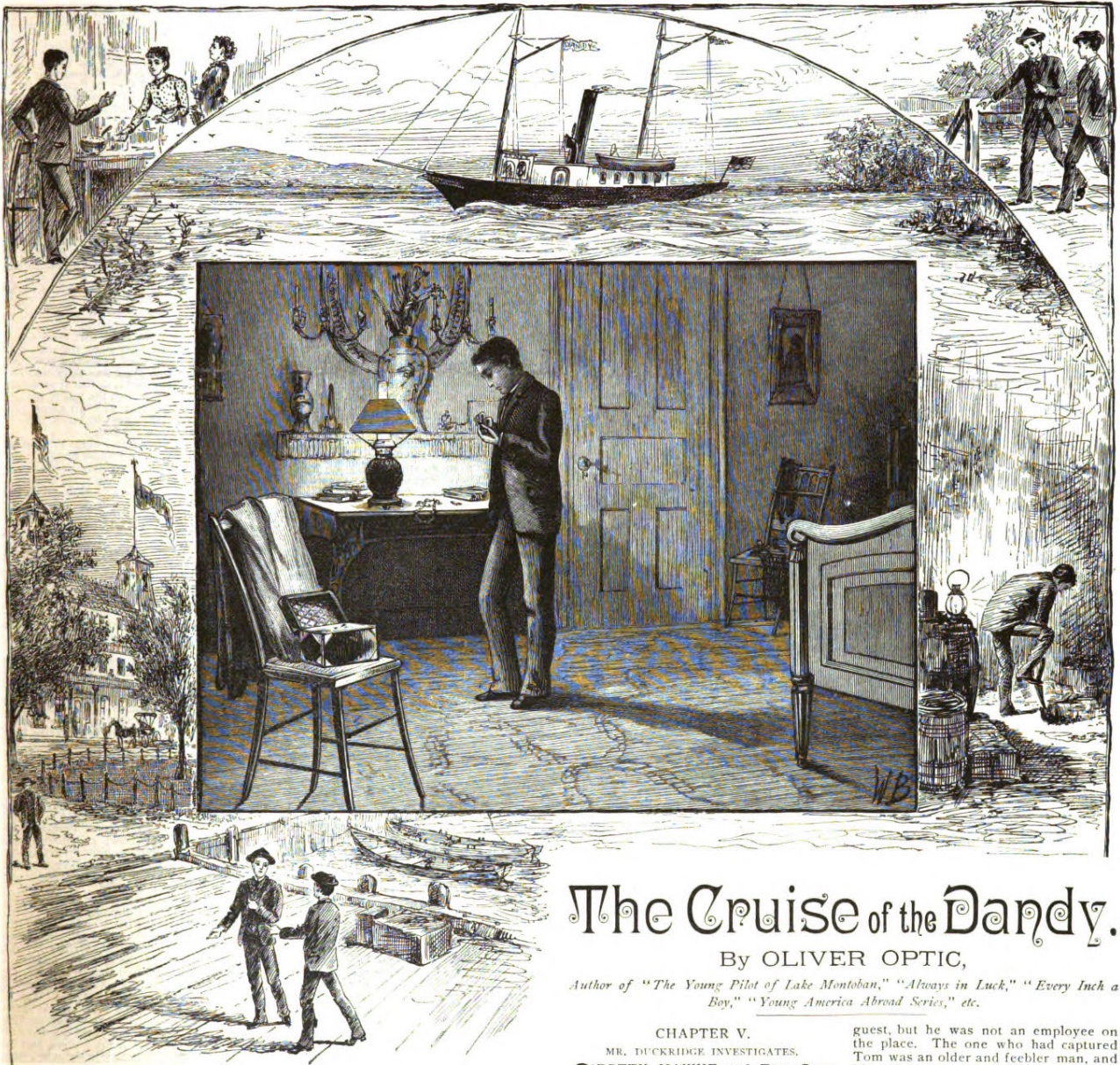
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The Cruise of the Dandy.

By OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "The Young Pilot of Lake Montoban," "Always in Luck," "Every Inch a Boy," "Young America Abroad Series," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DUCKRIDGE INVESTIGATES.

SPOTTY HAWKE and Tom Gates were not a little astonished when, instead of catching anybody, they found themselves caught. The man who held Spotty was a short, stout man, and was well, though not fashionably dressed. He might be the owner of the estate or a

guest, but he was not an employee on the place. The one who had captured Tom was an older and feebler man, and his prisoner could easily have shaken him off if he had been so disposed. But both of the boys were too much astonished to think of doing anything in self defense.

Three other men were still at work beating out the fire. Two of them were

SPOTTY HAWKE OPENED THE JEWEL BOX WHICH THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBER HAD LEFT BEHIND HIM. IN IT HE FOUND A DIAMOND RING, WHICH HAD SOME LETTERS ENGRAVED UPON IT.

evidently laboring men, while the third was a gentleman not over twenty-five, if he was as old as that. They all had rakes in their hands, with which they were drawing away from the house a heap of half-burned litter and dead grass.

The sudden flashing up of the fire had called the party from their places at the supper table. It appeared that the gardener and his assistant had been raking the dead grass from the banks around the mansion, and had piled it up at the side of the building. How it had taken fire no one could tell.

"So you want to burn the house, you young villain!" repeated the short, stout man.

"No, I didn't want to burn the house," replied Spotty. "I didn't do it!"

"Don't tell me, you young rascal! You thought it was great fun to set that stubble afire, even if it did burn the house!" continued Spotty's captor.

Spotty had been too much astonished at the sudden onslaught upon him to think of resistance at first. He regarded it as a mistake which he could readily rectify. But when he found his captor was intent upon abusing him, without taking the trouble to ascertain whether he was guilty or innocent, his resentment was waked up. He was not of the kind to stand such treatment without an energetic protest, not only with his tongue, but with his fists and his boots.

"Let go of me!" he cried, in a peremptory tone.

"I'll let go of you, you rascal! But it won't be till I have shaken some of the villainy out of you," replied the short, stout man, as he proceeded to give Spotty the benefit of some more of his discipline.

"Let go of me!" repeated the prisoner, more warmly than ever.

The stout man suddenly observed that Spotty had a revolver in his hand, though he had not attempted to use it. The captor dropped his victim as he would have dropped a hot potato. Doubtless he believed the boy was mad enough to fire the revolver if it was loaded.

"So you carry deadly weapons with you, do you?" demanded the disciplinarian, as he stepped back a pace.

"I happen to have a revolver in my hand, though it was not brought here for your benefit," answered Spotty.

"I say, Paul, this young cub has got a loaded revolver in his hand."

The last remark was addressed to the gentleman who held Tom. As Tom made no resistance, his captor used no violence towards him.

"You needn't hold me, sir; I won't run away," said Tom. "If you think either of us set that fire, you are mistaken."

"What are you doing in my grounds, then?" asked the gentleman.

"We chased a thief across the lake and into this place," answered Spotty.

"A thief!" exclaimed Mr. Paul, if that was his name.

"That's all a cock and bull story!" sneered the short man.

"How did you get over here, Mr. Thiefaker?"

"We came over in the steam yacht Dandy and she is at the pier now," replied Spotty. "I found the thief at my father's house. He pulled across the lake in a boat, and landed here. This is why I happen to have a revolver in my hand."

"That's all a cock and bull story!" sneered the short man.

"Be reasonable, Amos Duckridge," added Mr. Paul. "We can easily determine whether they are telling the truth or not. We will walk down to the wharf."

"What is the matter here, Uncle Paul?" said the young gentleman who had been at work on the burning grass.

"Are you here, Luke?" asked Mr. Paul, apparently startled by the sound of his voice.

"I am here. I was just coming in at the front gate when I saw the fire; and if I hadn't come as I did, your house would have been burnt down," replied the young man called Luke.

"Then you were the first to see the fire, were you, Luke?" inquired Mr. Paul; and there was something very sad in his tones and manner.

"I don't know that I was the first to see it; but I was the first to haul the burning litter away from the house. In half a minute more the boards would have been in a blaze," replied Luke.

"We will go down to the wharf," continued Mr. Paul. "I don't think anybody would come here in a steam yacht to set my buildings on fire. That is not the way incendiaries usually work."

"Don't let the young villains make a fool of you, Paul," interposed Mr. Duckridge. "You are old enough to take care of yourself; but you seem to be willing to believe anything that is told you by these young miscreants."

"Peace, Amos," added the owner of the place. "Is there anybody on board of the steam yacht now, young man?"

"Yes, sir; the engineer is on board of her," replied Spotty. "The boat the thief crossed the lake in is at my wharf; and I should like to know whose it is and where it belongs."

"You shall have the boat, if it is there, for it may aid you in discovering the thief," replied Mr. Paul.

On the way to the wharf Spotty told the story of the attempted robbery of his father's house. He had followed the robber up to the house of Mr. Paul, and had lost sight of him in the grounds. He was looking for him when the fire blazed up.

"There is a steam yacht at the wharf, Amos," said the old gentleman, as the party came out of the grove.

"I see there is," replied Mr. Duckridge.

"You may go on board of her, Amos, and ask the engineer how he happens to be at the wharf of my place. If he tells the same story as these young men, I shall believe their story is true," continued Mr. Paul, in his mild and gentle tones.

Amos Duckridge seemed to be pleased with the mission given him, and hastened to the pier as fast as his fat legs would carry him. He was evidently intent upon proving the visitors to be impostors and prowling thieves, for the fact of the steamer's presence at the wharf appeared to make no impression on him.

"The engineer doesn't know anything about the attempted robbery, for he only came to the yacht at the moment we started," said Spotty, who had some doubts about the result of the interview with the engineer.

"I told him all about it," added Tom; "and he knew as well as any one of us what came over here for. He saw the robber land here, for he was out on deck by the side of the engine room."

"Amos Duckridge is a rough, uncouth, and rather violent man, but he is the most honest man I ever knew," added Mr. Paul. "He will find out the truth, and he will be candid enough to own it, if he is in the wrong."

"If you please, Mr. Paul, I should like to look for the boat the robber came over in," said Spotty. "He landed on the north side of the pier."

"We will attend to that while Amos is questioning the engineer," replied Mr. Paul, though he did not feel his name was applied to him, as he led the way to that part of the wharf.

"There is only one boat here," said Tom.

"And that one is mine," added Mr. Paul.

It was a Whitehall boat, and looked like the one in which the robber had pulled across the lake. Both Spotty and Tom were satisfied it was the boat the robber had used. It was simply impossible that it could have been any other.

"I never need a boat myself; and I suppose that one is not used once a month," continued Mr. Paul.

"But that must have been the boat used by the robber," replied Spotty.

"It is not unlikely. Some one may have taken the boat; I don't think any one about my place would have known it if it had been away all day," added the owner of the estate.

"Here comes Mr. Duckridge," said Tom, who was a little nervous about the result of the inquiry for he had not much confidence in the judicial fairness of the investigator.

"Young man, I beg your pardon for handling you so roughly," said Mr. Duckridge, walking straight up to Spotty. "I am satisfied that your story is true to the letter. Shake!" he added, as he handed his fat hand to Spotty.

"With all my heart," replied Spotty, taking the offered hand. "I don't know that we can blame you very much for treating us as you did, for that fire broke out just as we came in sight of the house."

"I am inclined to believe it was the robber that started the fire so that he could run away in the confusion," suggested Tom.

"That is not unlikely, my young friend," replied Mr. Paul.

"I suppose it is no use for us to look any further for the thief," said Spotty.

"Possibly Luke, my nephew, may have met the thief as he came into the grounds at the very instant the fire broke out," said Mr. Paul.

The party went back to the house, and Luke was found in the dining room with the housekeeper. His uncle questioned him as to whether he had seen any one come out of the grounds when he entered.

"I don't think of it before, but I did meet a man near the front gate. I thought he was intoxicated, for he seemed to be very unsteady in his movements, and was breathing hard."

"That's the man!" exclaimed Tom. "He was all used up pulling the boat across the lake. I noticed that he staggered when he went into the grove."

"What sort of a looking man was he?" asked Mr. Duckridge.

"I didn't take particular notice of him, but he was about my size. He had black hair and a black beard," replied Luke.

"Our cook and housemaid saw him; and they would know him," added Spotty.

Mr. Paul promised to put some officers upon the track of the robbers, and the boys returned to Gildwell in the yacht.

CHAPTER VII.

A MIDDNIGHT ROBBER.

IT was long after supper time when the Dandy arrived at her wharf; and both of the boys were beginning to feel the want of the meal. As he often did, Tom Gates went with Spotty to the cottage.

Betty, what sort of a looking man was the robber you saw?" asked Spotty, when the boys had taken off the rough edge of their hunger.

"He was middling tall, and had red hair and a red beard," replied the housemaid.

"Red hair and beard!" exclaimed Spotty.

"Are you sure it was red hair?"

"Just as sure as I am that I am living at this minute. You can ask cook if you like," replied Betty.

Spotty was so much interested in this question that he went to see the cook before he finished his supper. Mrs. Bambridge was as sure as the housemaid had been that the man had red hair and a red beard. He wore good clothes, and had easy movements. He was about five feet ten inches high, she thought,

which corresponded to the description given by Luke. They differed as to the hair and beard. Possibly it was a singular fact that Luke himself had red hair and a red beard.

It was evident that the proposed excursion around the lake could not be begun the next morning, as arranged, for Spotty and Tom would be needed to assist in identifying the robber, if suspicion rested upon any one on the other side of the lake. They agreed to notify those who were going of the postponement.

"I think you ought to look after Mrs. Hawke's room before you go, Mr. Spottwood," said Betty. "I shall not dare to put a foot in that room again."

"What are you afraid of? The robber isn't there now," laughed Spotty.

"He might be; how do I know? No one saw him leave the room," argued the housemaid. "But didn't he chase him across the lake?" demanded Spotty.

"You don't know if that was the man at all. I don't believe it was the one. How could he get out of the house and none of us see him?"

"Well, we will go up and put things to rights in the room," added Spotty, taking a light from the table.

"If you would look the house all over, Mr. Spottwood, for it's my belief he is hid away in some corner, and will come again in the night, and finish what he has begun," persisted Betty. "If you go out of the house cook and I will go too, for we aren't stay in the house alone."

"I will notify the fellows that we shan't go tomorrow, and you stay at home, Spotty," suggested Tom.

"All right; I don't object," replied the head of the family.

Tom left the house to do the duty assigned to him, and Spotty went up to his mother's chamber.

"I wish you would look the house all over, Mr. Spottwood, for it's my belief he is hid away in some corner, and will come again in the night, and finish what he has begun," persisted Betty. "If you go out of the house cook and I will go too, for we aren't stay in the house alone."

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It was with a feeling of awe and reverence that Spotty opened the box. He could remember but little of his mother, but people spoke of her as an angel. The minister mentioned her with enthusiasm. His father did not care to stay at Gildwell because she was no longer there. He could not help shedding a few tears himself, though he thought it was babyish to do so, as a rule.

He took up a chain, and then several other of the articles. These had been given to his mother by his father. A diamond glittered in the box. It was in the ring of which he had heard. He examined it very carefully. He found some letters on the inside of it. Taking the ring to the light, he succeeded in deciphering them—"P. S. to M. C.," in just this form. But he could not tell for whose names the initials stood. He had forgotten, if he ever knew, his mother's maiden name. It was fifty years since she died, and there had been no one about the house to keep the sacred memories of the past in his mind.

There was the locket and chain. He could not recollect that he had ever worn it, and he concluded that it must have been when he was a very small child. He looked it over very attentively, and soon discovered a spring, which he pressed. The top opened like a watch, and he found it contained a miniature, painted on ivory. It was the face of a gentleman, not old, nor yet very young. It was not his father, and Spotty wondered who it could be. It was a face he had never seen.

It was no use to reason over the question when he had no facts to reason with. He might be his mother's father, or it might be somebody else. He closed the case, and then he thought what a calamity it would be to have these articles stolen. Fortunately the robber had been an idiot, and everything was safe.

Spotty would not ask their safety again. They would be safer on board of the Dandy than in the empty house, for the cook and the housemaid were going to see their friends during his absence.

The ring and the locket had each its own case, and Spotty transferred them to his pocket, intending to put them in the pocket of his coat with the revolver, when he went to bed. He had more interest in these two articles than in the others, but the rest were too valuable to be stolen. The house might be burned during his absence, as well as broken into.

He could think of no place in the vicinity where they would be safe. He could conceal them where they would not be found by a thief, or destroyed by a fire. The bottom of the cellar seemed to be the safest place that came to his mind; and in half an hour more, the box was a foot under ground, inclosed in another box. All the earth taken out of the hole was carried off, and the spot smoothed over, but he could not see any different appearance from the rest of the cellar bottom. Not content with all these precautions, he covered the place with boxes, barrels, and whatever else he could find.

When he had finished this work he went to bed, tired enough to sleep without rocking. But he had not been asleep long before a noise at the door of his room awoke him. He was soon convinced that some one was at work on the lock. Had the robber come to the house again for the box? Not finding it in the front room, was he seeking it in the other apartments?

The moon was shining through the uncurtained window, and the light was light enough for Spotty to see about him. He saw his revolver from under the pillow, and crept out into the room. He could see a glimmer of light through the keyhole of the door. His heart was in his mouth, for he had had no experience with robbers, and he was very like other boys of his age. He was not a coward, but he had no taste for facing a midnight burglar.

Spotty did not care to have the robber get into his chamber. He was sure that he had the pluck to face him. The man was still at work on the lock. The handle of the key moved in the door, and the fellow had doubtless applied his nippers to the other end, and was trying to turn it. Spotty put the muzzle of his revolver to the keyhole and fired.

CHAPTER VII.

FOLLOWING UP THE BURGLAR.

SPOTTY heard something like an exclamation outside of the door as soon as he had discharged the revolver. The robber, the robber was alarmed; certainly Spotty was. He had not been brought up to this sort of thing, and he could not have been expected to fire a pistol in the direction of a human being without being greatly agitated.

He realized that discretion was the better part of valor, and he had no intention of leaving his room, and ascertain the effect of his shot. But he immediately heard the sounds of footsteps in the long entry, and it was thus made evident that he had not killed the midnight marauder. Very likely he was pleased that he had not, for it is an awful thing to take a human life, even if that life belongs to a criminal.

On the other hand, the sound of the footsteps admonished him that it was not safe for him to leave his citadel in his chamber. He had succeeded in defending himself there, and he might not be equally fortunate in the entry, with the villain in front of him.

He expected that someone from the cook and housemaid would follow his shot; but no sound came to vary the monotony that followed the discharge. Probably Betty had gone to sleep in spite of her predilection to the contrary; and as her chamber was some distance from the seat of

war, she could hardly have heard the report of the pistol.

Spotty was very nervous, but all he could do was to "watch and wait." Perhaps it was fortunate that Tom Gates was not present, for then he would have been compelled to prove that he was not afraid. Bravado would have been a boyish necessity; and it was not in demand just then. Not another sound could be heard, and Spotty soon got used to the situation, though he did not get hardened enough to open the door of his chamber.

No other demonstration was made against his door, and nothing came to disturb the silence. Spotty became familiar enough with the situation, and then he lay down on his bed, with his head on the ring and locket in his coat pocket. Before he knew it, and without intending it, he dropped asleep. He was completely exhausted, and tired nature simply gobbled him up.

The day broke, the sun rose bright and clear, shining into the east window of his room, but Spotty slept like a log. Six, seven, eight o'clock, and he had not roused from the heavy slumber into which he had fallen. Tom Gates came over to see him, and ascertain what was the order of the day. He had not come down. He was still asleep.

Tom had eaten his breakfast at home at six o'clock, and he could hardly conceive of such a thing as one being in bed at that hour, any more than at noon. He told Betty that Spotty must be sick, and that he ought to be called. The housemaid suggested that Tom should call him; but he objected. Betty went upstairs to do her work. She visited Mrs. Hawke's room, which she had not dared to enter before. When she discovered that the window was open, she indulged in an unusually vigorous scream. She knew that Spotty had closed the window the night before, and carefully secured it.

Betty was positively sure that the robber was in the room at that very moment, and she only wondered that he did not attack her. But her scream was not vigorous enough to wake Spotty, though the door of his room was on the other side of the entry. The robber did not pounce on the housemaid, as expected, and she screamed again.

Tom Gates was in the hall below, and he heard her both times. He was a rather bashful young man, and he did not feel quite at home in the elegant mansion of the banker; but at the second scream he took the liberty to rush upstairs to the room where Betty was preparing to scream again.

"What's the matter, miss?" asked Tom, afraid the young woman had been murdered by this time.

"Don't you see that window?" demanded Betty, trembling with fear.

"I see it; but it doesn't look very terrible," replied Tom.

"The robber has broken in again, and he is in the room at this very minute!" screamed Betty. "Where is he? I don't see him," replied Tom, looking about him.

"I don't know where he is, but he is here somewhere, and he will kill us both!" gasped Betty.

"Where is Spotty? Perhaps he will know something about the window. He may have opened it. His room is on the other side of the entry, I believe, and I will call him," added Tom. "It is nine o'clock, and I should say it was time for him to turn out, if he is ever going to get up."

"That's the door of his room," said the housemaid, pointing to it. "Perhaps he has been killed by the robber, and that's the reason why he didn't get up. He is generally always up by six o'clock."

Betty trembled with terror as she spoke, and she was careful not to be left in the chamber after Tom went out. She was actually afraid that Spotty had been the victim of the robber. Tom tried the door, and found it locked.

"He is in here, or his door would not be locked," said Tom, greatly relieved by the discovery.

"Perhaps his murderer locked him in," suggested Betty.

"But the key is in the door on the inside."

"The murderer may be in there too!" cried the housemaid.

"Spotty's Spotty!" called Tom, as she shook the door by the knob.

"Who's there?" asked Spotty.

"He can talk, if he has been murdered," said Tom, laughing. "I think he must be all right."

"Who's wanted?" demanded Spotty, who was fully awake by this time.

"Nothing; only it's nine o'clock, and it is time to get up, unless you mean to stay in bed all day," replied Tom. "He's all right, Spotty, and there isn't any robber in the house."

"I shall never dare to go into that room again as long as I live; and I don't mean to stay in this house much longer, any way. It's all going to the bad, sure enough."

"I don't see how the house is all right," said Tom, pleasantly. "I suppose you forgot to shut that window last night, and that is the parolous reason why it happened to be open this morning."

"Didn't Mr. Spottwood shut it? Didn't he tell me himself that he shut and fastened it? It was robbers or ghosts or evil spirits that opened it, and it isn't myself that will stay in this house another night if you would give me Haxke in his place, and all the money that Mr. Haxke has in his bank!"

By this time, Spotty had partially dressed himself, and he opened the door. He had some

difficulty in unlocking it, for the ball which passed through the keyhole had deranged it somewhat.

"What's the matter now?" asked Spotty, who was as brave as a lion, for he had slept seven hours on a stretch.

Tom explained the situation, and commented on the fears of the housemaid. He spoke very lightly of the robber, and laughed at the terror of Betty, as much to reassure her, as to show that he was a brave young man himself.

"She isn't so far out of the way as she might be, and as she is sometimes," said Spotty, seriously, as he examined the door and the floor near it. "What let you say those spots were?" he asked, pointing to the carpet in front of his door.

"They look like blood," replied Tom, stooping down, and scrutinizing the marks.

"Blood!" screamed Betty. "I knew it!"

Spotty did his best to maintain his dignity and self-possession, for he was now in the presence of others. There were three or four small spots of blood on the light colored carpet.

"Whose blood is it, Spotty? Is it yours?" asked Tom, considerably impressed by the red spots.

"No, not mine, Tom," replied Spotty, quietly, for his face were strong enough without any demonstration. "I fired a shot from my revolver through the keyhole of the door."

Betty screamed again, and declared that she wouldn't stay in the house another minute; but she did.

"What did you fire at, Spotty?" asked Tom, filled with wonder, for he began to look very much like a "fired" man.

"I heard some one at work on the lock of my door; and I fired at whoever might be on the other side. I didn't expect to hurt anybody, for I couldn't see. But I should judge from those spots that I did hit the fellow."

"I should think you did, Spotty. How about the window?"

"I shut that window last night, and fastened it," replied Spotty.

"Didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Betty, triumphantly. "There is queer doings in this house."

"What man must have had some very strong motive for coming here at seven o'clock. He was after the jewel box; but he didn't get it," added Spotty, with a smile, when he thought of his midnight labors, and saw the excellent result which had come of them.

"But let's follow this thing up a little further," continued Tom. "What's the reason you didn't kill that man?"

"The reason is plain enough," replied Spotty. "When he was at work on the door he would naturally stand a little on one side; and that's the reason the little bullet did not go through him. I have no doubt the ball struck him in one of his hands, and the blood on the floor came from his wound."

"Let us look into it a little more; we may find out something of use," added Tom, as he began to examine the carpet in other places. "If we can find any more blood spots, we may be able to tell which way he went. Probably he went out of the house the way he came in."

The boys examined the floor all the way to the window, which had been found open. There were no more spots on the floor, but there were drops of blood on the window sill. The robber had probably held his wounded hand in the other while walking to the window.

"The ladder was found where the boys had left it, but they were careful not to put it back where they had been careless in putting it back in the stable. They could find no spots on the ground to indicate which way the robber had gone. It was probable that he had come in a boat, as on the former occasion, for they could find none of his tracks on the shore of the lake. Gaynor was on board of the Dandy, and he was directed to get up steam while Spotty ate his breakfast. Before noon they had explored the shore of the lake for miles above and below Gidwell, and searched every row boat they saw for blood spots, but without success.

After dinner they crossed the lake, and went to the pier of Mr. Paul, where they had landed the night before. They found the boat they had followed across the lake just where they had seen it on their former visit. But there were some red spots on the hand rail of the stairs at the landing place.

"The fellow was shot in the right hand," said Spotty. "I should like to see the oars that belong to that boat."

As they were going up the pier they met Mr. Duckridge coming down.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPOTTY OVERHEARS ASTOUNDING NEWS.

"GOOD morning, boys! Glad to see you! But we can't find anything of the man you chased over here last night," said Mr. Duckridge. "The officer over at Windport has looked all about, and can't find anybody."

"Has this boat been used since we were over here, sir?" asked Spotty.

"Not that I know of. None of our folks have used it. I was down here this morning, and saw it where it is now."

"Where are the oars that go with it?"

"They are up in that boat house," replied Mr. Duckridge, pointing to a building on the shore. "At least that's where they keep all the boat stuff."

"We should like to look at the oars," added Spotty.

"You can look at them all you want to," replied Mr. Duckridge, his good nature in striking contrast with his temper the night before.

He led the way to the boat house. The building was not locked. It contained all sorts of odds and ends, which looked like the accumulation of many years. Standing against the partition was a pair of oars, the only complete set to be seen. Spotty eagerly examined them. But there was not a spot upon the handles, though they looked as though they had been recently washed, and scraped in places.

"Well, my lads, what does it all mean?" asked Mr. Duckridge, who had bottled up his curiosity so don't!

"Nothing, sir; only we are looking up the matter upon which we came over here last night," replied Spotty, who did not deem it wise to tell any more of the "blood and thunder story."

"Will you tell me, if you please, who the gentleman you called Luke is?"

"Luke? Luke is Paul's nephew. Looks like his father, is a little unsteady. He gets into one of three thousand dollars a year, like Luke by his grandfather, and he wastes it as fast as he gets it. He isn't much of a fellow."

"And he lives here with his uncle, Mr. Paul?"

Spotty decided to go to Windport at once, and see Mr. Luke Paul, for he concluded this must be his name, if he was there, or if not, to ascertain where he could be found. Mr. Duckridge manifested a great deal of curiosity to know what the boys were driving at, but Spotty contrived to keep his own counsels. He had an opinion of his own; but he wished to determine whether or not it was a correct one before he asserted it.

The captain and the deck hand of the Dandy returned on board.

"What are you trying to do, Spotty?" asked Tom, as they entered the pilot house of the yacht.

"I am trying to find the fellow that broke into my father's house; and I hope we shall find him at Windport," replied Spotty, as he rang to back the boat, for they had cast off the fasts when they came on board.

"Do you think it is the fellow they call Luke?" asked Tom.

"I don't know; I don't want to say anything about the matter till I know more about it."

"It's easy enough to guess what you are driving at; and I think Mr. Duckridge understood you as well as though you had told him what you were thinking about," added Tom.

"He can't think what he likes, and so can I," replied Spotty.

"You want to see Luke, and you expect to find him shot in the hand," continued Tom.

"That's just what I expect, Tom; but you needn't blow it all about," answered Spotty, confidentially, as he was afraid the engineer might hear him. "If I should say a word about it, and then find that Luke's hands were both in good condition, I should feel rather cheap about it."

"I won't say anything about it to any one; but I think Mr. Duckridge knew what you meant. He is as thick in his head as he is in his body if he didn't see through it."

"They don't think much of Luke at his uncle's."

"That may be; but they may not want him taken up for housebreaking. But you are quite right to keep still about it, Spotty, till we know more."

It was about eight miles to Windport, and in forty minutes the Dandy was fast by her bow at the steambot wharf. The boys went on shore, leaving Gaynor in charge of the steamer.

The Champlain House was but a short distance from the landing, and they reached it in a few minutes.

"Does Mr. Luke Paul board here, sir?" asked Spotty of the landlord, who was in the office.

"Luke Paul? No, there is no such person boards here," he replied, promptly.

It was told that he boarded here by a gentleman who ought to know," added Spotty. "He has an uncle that lives seven or eight miles up the lake."

"I ought to know something about the matter; and I am sure that no such man boards at this house, or ever did," added the landlord, laughing.

"I think there must be a mistake somewhere," continued Spotty, perplexed at the situation, though the landlord must know who boarded at his hotel. "I may not have the name right. The gentleman I want to find has an uncle that lives on the lake, and his name is Mr. Paul."

"I won't know any one of the name of Paul, excepting Paul Fry, and I am not personally

acquainted with him," laughed the landlord. "What is the name of the man you want to find?"

"Luke Paul," replied Spotty, who did not see how he could be mistaken in the name.

"I don't know him; never heard the name before. Luke Paul is a gospel name, and I ought to know him if there is any such man about here. Hold on a minute! Luke Spottwood boards here."

"Luke Spottwood!" exclaimed Spotty. "He has an uncle up the lake, at a place he calls Tomnington; but his name is Paul Spottwood," explained the landlord, who began to see through the mistake of the inquirer. "I guess Luke Spottwood is the man you want to see. He is a young fellow, twenty three years old, with red hair and red beard."

"That's the man!" exclaimed Spotty. "And his name is Spottwood?"

"That's his name, and that's his uncle's name. He had fifty thousand dollars left him by his grandfather, but he gets only the income of it; and he doesn't have to work very hard to spend it, either."

"Is he at the house now?" asked Spotty.

"No, he left word that he was going to Plattsburg for two or three weeks."

"Have you seen him today?" asked the inquirer, rather abruptly, as he was unwilling to manifest all the interest he felt in the answer.

"No, I haven't. Luke's off and on, and no one can keep track of him. He has a room in the house, but he doesn't sleep in it half the time."

"Has any one about your hotel seen him today?"

"I don't know of any one. When I came down this morning at five o'clock, I found a piece of paper on the counter, signed by Luke, who wrote that he was going to Plattsburg to stay two or three weeks, and that is all I know about him," answered the landlord.

"Do you know whether he slept in his bed last night?"

"I don't know; but if it makes any difference, I can ask the chambermaid."

"It will make a very great difference to me, and perhaps to Luke Spottwood," replied Spotty.

The landlord left the office to make the inquiry. There were several persons in the office, one of whom had a copy of the New York *Sun* in his hand, in which there was some news that appeared to be exciting the attention of the company.

"He lives over on the other side of the lake about ten miles further up," said the man with the paper in his hand, from which he had been reading.

"I never heard of any such man in these parts," added one of the party. "But then, we don't know much about people that live on the other side of the lake, unless we have business with them."

"I don't know that I ever saw the man, but I have heard that he lived on the lake, and had a fine place there. He keeps lots of boats, and the finest steam yacht on the lake," continued the first speaker.

"Well, it is bad business for him," added another of the group. "You say he has run away?"

"He has forged notes and indorsements for hundreds of thousands of dollars, and now he has run away. The writer of the article in the paper thinks he has gone to Europe in the steamer that sailed yesterday. But that won't do him any good, for they will catch the account of his crimes over, and he will be arrested as soon as he arrives."

"But if he lives up in these parts, isn't it strange that none of us know him?" said another.

"I don't suppose we are likely to know every rich man that lives on the Vermont side of the lake; but I have heard of him, as I said before. The creditors have taken possession of his banking rooms," continued the first speaker, reading from the paper in his hand.

"The chambermaid says Luke's bed was tumbled this morning," said the landlord, returning at this moment. "Luke was not about last night, and he must have come in late and gone to bed."

This was an interesting piece of news for Spotty, but at that moment his attention was diverted to the conversation of the group of persons in the office.

"What did you say the forger's name was?" one of them asked the man who had the newspaper.

Spotty awaited the answer with a good deal of curiosity, for that was just what he had been wondering himself. When it came, it dealt him a crushing blow.

"The man's name is Richard Hawke," was the reply, and poor Spotty nearly fainted when he heard that his father was branded as a criminal.

(To be continued.)

CHURNING THAT IS FUN.

COUNTRY boys who lament their lot in life because they are sometimes required to assist in the churning would doubtless like to live in Uruguay.

In that land, according to a recent article in *Harpur's Magazine*, the dairymen pour the milk swam from the cow into an inflated pig or goat skin, hitches it to his saddle by a long lasso, and gallops five or six miles into town with the milk sack pounding along on the road behind him. When he reaches the other side of the town, the butter is made, and he peddles it from door to door, dipping out the quantity desired by each family with a long wooden spoon.

THE GAME OF FOOTBALL.

BY AN EX TEAM CAPTAIN.



PEEP down in a trunk where things are stowed that have long outlived their usefulness, the writer keeps a soiled and creased canvas jacket. Once a year or so he pulls it out from among its fellow stowaways, examines again its brown stains of mud well rubbed in, and other stains of a deeper dye—grim mementos!—and recalls, with a retrospective smile, the glorious days on the football field.

Football is often derided by votaries of lighter sports as unscientific; by the timid, as brutal and dangerous. It is neither.

A football match is a continuous exhibition of most accurate kicking, unerring "passing" or throwing, dodging that is sometimes quite marvelous, the most disciplined and strategic "team playing," exercised instantaneously and in the midst of the most exciting circumstances—all of which have been developed to the most scientific accuracy by months of careful practice.

As for roughness, it certainly is a heavy game; but as for danger, that is reduced to a minimum by physical training, and by the skill that comes from familiarity.

The seasoned player is as tough as steel and as lithe as willow; hard knocks he scarcely feels; in violent collision he rebounds, as it were; when he is thrown he employs some such knack as does the base slider of our national game; when he tackles a heavy rusher, charging down on him like the wind, he brings the other to the ground like a thousand of brick—but in a way that injures neither himself nor his foe.

Lack of physical development and practiced skill will always be a source of danger; timidity is another—indeed, the timid fellow can never be a football player, for his fear will always stand in the way of the acquirement of the strength and skill necessary for the game. In football and similar sports, where undaunted courage and hardihood are absolute requisites, these qualities are at the same time safeguards.

Aside from the liability of accident that enters into even the lightest games, the only real element of danger for the well trained player is the opportunity offered to the "slugger." This person is one who usually dresses in the clothes of a gentleman and has the instincts of a ruffian. The less said of him, the better.

Good temper you must have. Hard knocks are among the fortunes of this game, as of war, and instead of resenting them, the equanimity with which you receive them is a test of your fitness for the game.

Whether football originated in Rome or in England, or whether both countries can equally claim the distinction of having "set the ball a rolling," is not known. But certain it is that the game, in a primitive form, was played centuries ago in both of those countries, and in England has survived the blight of time and the express prohibitions of kings and queens at different periods. It has been developed in several diverse forms, has crossed the ocean to this country, and become the scientific Rugby game as played at all our colleges—one of the most popular and healthful of winter sports.

These articles are designed to acquaint the uninitiated with the general features of the game and some of the most important regulations. The official rules can be purchased from any sporting goods house for about ten cents.

The accompanying diagram illustrates the field proper—330 feet long, 160 feet wide, and its outlying territory, "touch," "touch in goal," and "goal." The field must be level, free from holes and stones, and elastic with its grassy surface.

At either end, in the middle of the goal line, rise the two goal posts, eighteen feet six inches apart and exceeding twenty feet in height, supporting a cross bar ten feet from the ground.

Twenty five yards out from each goal line is another, known as the twenty five yard line. A few other markings on the field are of minor importance, and are not given here.

All lines on the field are usually made with whitewash; or they may be indicated by flags at the points of intersection.

The players are eleven to a side, with a sufficient number of substitutes. Their costume is usually made up of knit trunks, stockings and cap; a canvas jacket usually covers the body. This is tight fitting, and is always laced up the front. Canvas is used because that material is hard and slippery, affording little chance for a grip by an opponent. The shoes must be without spikes or plates; no gutta percha is allowed either on sole or toe, and no rubber tips, though rubber soles are not forbidden.

The ball is of pigskin, as light as possible, and ovoid or egg shaped. Through an opening in one of the seams a rubber bladder is forced and blown up until the pigskin is as tight as a drumhead. The bladder tube is then doubled up, tied with a string, and thrust inside, and the opening in the leather is laced tight.

The objects of the game are simple. The ball being put in play, both elevens strive for the following points:

I. To carry the ball behind the adversary's goal line, and touch it down there. This is a TOUCHDOWN, and counts four, entitling the scoring side to a "try at goal."

II. To kick the ball between the adversary's goal posts over the cross bar. This is a GOAL, and, when made from the above mentioned try, it adds two points to the four scored on the touchdown, making six in all. When a goal is made without a preceding touchdown, six points are scored.

III. To force the opposing side to carry the ball back behind their own goal line,

field with its white markings, from which the snow has been swept, disclosing the turf still green.

Suddenly a great roar goes up! The Reds are coming on the field. Over the ropes they jump, giants almost, some of them seem, though there is one little thin fellow, or perhaps more than one, among them—doubtless the most agile of the lot.

Then another roar! The Blues have appeared. They seem much slighter men than the Reds. But then they are the better runners and dodgers, perhaps.

For a while the teams bandy the ball about, kicking it, passing it, catching it—just warming up.

Then the referee gives the word. The players pull their heavy worsted sweaters off over their heads, and scurry into position. The ball is placed in the center of the field. They are about to begin.

Then over the crowd there falls a hush. All is expectation and excitement.

The Reds have won the "kick off."

Eight Reds line up across the field, even with the ball. These are the "rushers," the heavy men of the team. One of them stands a little way behind the ball for a short run and a tremendous kick when the word is given.

Some distance back of the rushers stand the "half backs," fine runners and dodgers and kickers. Half way between these and the goal stands a solitary player, the "back" or "full back." He is the Reds' last resort, a heavy man, a prime "tackler" and one whom his team can rely upon in an extremity. For though his services will but seldom be needed, yet when some Blue, carrying the ball, has broken through the Red rushers and dodged the half backs, this full back will be the only obstacle between him and goal.

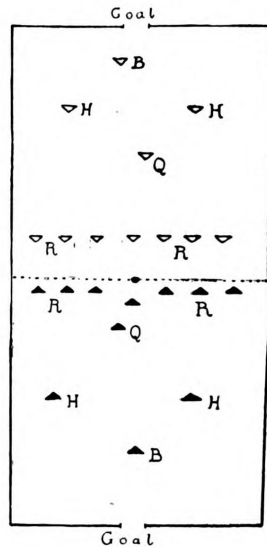
The Blue rushers line across the field, facing the Reds and ten feet from the ball. Their half backs and back are in their respective positions.

"Play!" calls the referee. Up goes the ball, away down the field, nearly to the Blues' goal. The Red rushers are following it like the wind, but see! A Blue half back has secured it, and, with a mighty kick, back it comes into the territory of the Reds.

A Red half back waits for it. He catches the ball as it bounds. But the enemy's rushers are nearly upon him! Down goes his head as he ducks between the first two. Three more try to seize him; one catches his arm; he breaks away; one just misses him; the third attempts to seize him, and is knocked flying. His comrades are too far away to

cess known as a "scrimmage" is employed.

The heaviest rusher of the Reds steps up and places a foot on the ball, facing his opponents' goal. Even with him, and on both sides of him, his rushers line up close together parallel with the goal lines, and facing the enemy's goal. Opposite each of these line up the Blue rushers.



POSITION OF PLAYERS AT THE KICK OFF.

R,R, Rushers; Q,Q, Quarter backs; H,H, Half backs; B,B, Backs.

But seven of the Red rushers are lined up; the eighth, known as the "quarter back," is stooping down close behind the Red, who has his foot on the ball. When the latter player (called the "snap back") is ready, he will suddenly snap the ball backward toward his own goal to the quarter back, who will in turn throw it like a flash to his half back a few yards away and a little nearer the goal.

The Blue rushers, meanwhile, will try to break through the opposing Reds and snatch the ball, or tackle the half back who is to receive it.

The two rush lines are all in motion, dancing from side to side, the Blues trying to find an opening, the Reds to "cover" each his man.

Suddenly, back goes the ball to the quarter back—now the half back has it—like a shot he "passes" it straight across the field to the second Red half back, forty feet away.

He starts to run with the ball—the Blues are on him—the ball flies from his grasp. A Blue has it—no, he's dropped it, but he gives it a wild kick toward the boundary. Both teams are after it pell mell.

Some one tries to drop on it—it is kicked from under him. On it goes, rolling toward "touch." Again they're after it, and again a kick sends it flying, this time away out into "touch." A Red and a Blue are each tearing after the ball. The Blue gets it by throwing himself on the top of it; he also gets 180 pounds of Red on top of him. No matter! He has the ball.

Being in "touch," or out of bounds, it is a dead ball, and must be put in play again. The rules give these methods:

"If a ball goes into touch, a player on the side which touches it down must bring it to the spot where the line was crossed, and there either (I) bound the ball into the field at right angles to the touch line and then run with it, kick or throw it back—"back" meaning toward his own goal—or (II) throw it out at right angles to the touch line." In either of these cases the rushers line up as in the scrimmage, the side holding the ball preventing opponents from getting possession of it. "Or (II) the player may walk out with it at right angles to the touch line, any distance not less than five nor more than fifteen yards, and there put it down." In this case a scrimmage ensues.

(To be continued.)

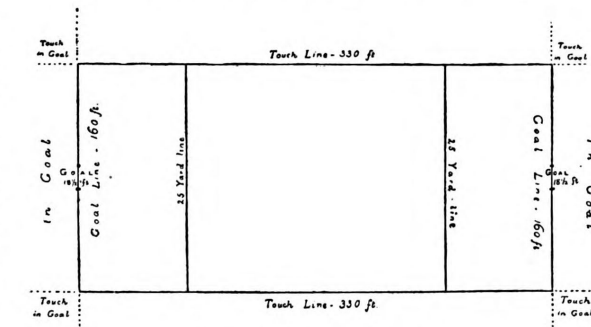


DIAGRAM OF THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

and there touch it down for safety. This is a SAFETY TOUCHDOWN, and counts two points against the side making it.

Now let us fancy ourselves transported to the scene of some great intercollegiate football match.

Around the great fence thousands of spectators are packed—mostly young college men—each one carrying his college colors in one form or another.

Some are on foot, some on coaches, and all belonging to the two colleges about to contest are having an uproarious time, as is their wont, crying their college cries, or hooting and howling, or blowing on tin horns—usually all these things at once. This strengthens their lungs, and amuses the ladies who fill the grand stand.

There in the center lies the empty

be effective—the Red has the ball and a clear field—but no! there are the half backs and behind them the reliable full back of the Blues, waiting for this runner as he dashes toward their goal.

The two Blue half backs are near together. If the first misses, the second will stop this Red. On he flies, and crash! he meets the half backs. Down they go, over and over. "Held!" cries the Blue. "Down!" responds the Red. The Blue has tackled the Red and held him. "Down" is Red's admission of the fact.

The ball is now "dead" on the spot where it was downed, and it is still in possession of the Reds, because, though tackled, that Red half back was sure not to let the ball escape from his grasp.

To put the ball in play again, the pro-

POETRY OF PUMPKIN PIE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Ah, on Thanksgiving day, when from east and from west,
From north and from south, come the pilgrim and guest,
When the gray haired New Englander sees round
his board
The old broken links of affection restored,
When the care wearied man seeks his mother once more,
And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before,
What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye,
What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

A THREE MAN BREEZE.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

DURING my thirty odd years of a seafaring life I have sailed in some very slow and some very fast vessels. In the former category I place a Dutch galliot in which I once sailed up the North Sea, a Chinese junk on board which I took passage from Canton to Ningpo, an English collier, whose crew took me off the wrecked ship Mary D. Shields, and an old bluff bowed bark called the Agnes, built in 1801, of which I was once second mate.

Conversely I remember as a boy my first passage across the western ocean in the packet ship Independence, fourteen days from New York to Liverpool. And later in the Sovereign of the Seas, when we were only eighty two days from Honolulu to New York. I have also been in a whale boat, towed by an infuriated ninety barrel sperm, whose speed, it seemed to my excited imagination, was almost equal to that of a lively locomotive. And I remember vividly how we tried to log the Great Republic, when under three topsails she was sdudding off Cape Horn before a heavy blow as I ever saw a ship run in. Captain Limeburner always declared that during the ten hours of the gale's continuance the noble clipper averaged nineteen knots. And I do not believe he made a large overestimate.

But I think of all the swift sailing craft in which I ever took passage, a certain proa in the southern seas will bear off the palm. And though as a story there is not very much to tell, perhaps the readers of the ARGOSY may be interested to know what a proa is, as also how I came on board of her.

Well, the way of it was this. More years ago than I care to remember, I was mate of a Salem brig called the Arethusa. We were on a trading voyage in the South Pacific, and one morning I came on deck to find the brig totally becalmed about two hundred miles to the eastward of the Pearl Islands.

Now generally speaking it is seldom so calm even in tropic seas but that the underswell, which is really the ocean's heart throbs, is not felt to a greater or less extent. And as seafarers will tell you, the dead calm suddenly following a heavy gale is of far more discomfort than the gale itself for this reason. Without a breath of wind to steady her, the vessel is rolled and pitched and tossed by the long smooth swells in the most exasperating manner.

But on this occasion no mill pond could have been smoother than was the surface of the sea. As I stood staring over the taffrail my sunburned, bearded face looked upward at me as though reflected with most unflattering fidelity from a great mirror.

Hot? I could not bear my hand on the wood work, much less on the brass guard rail. The pitchy deck planks were like

hot iron; the sun blazed down from an unclouded sky till the stifling air seemed to quiver like the rising heat from a blast furnace. Even the five Lascars composing our crew lay about the deck gasping for breath. Curiously, the one least affected by the heat was our second officer, a young fellow from the uncertain climate of New England, Joe Raymond by name.

But Raymond's was one of those happy go lucky natures that can adapt themselves to almost any circumstances. Though a comparatively young man, his life had been a strange one, he having been a wanderer all over the navigable globe, since at the tender age of twelve he ran away to sea. "There's nothing so bad that it mightn't be worse" was his favorite saying under the most adverse circumstances.

awe struck, a strange phenomenon suddenly presented itself to our astonished gaze. Against the horizon line, which a moment before had been an unbroken level, appeared a lofty elevation, as though a high island of great length had suddenly risen from the bottom of the sea. But a second look showed only too plainly that this remarkable appearance was a vast bulk of water coming down upon us with terrific speed!

"A tidal wave, set in motion by the submarine earthquake!" exclaimed Captain Parks, as, fully alive to the threatened danger, which no human skill or power could avert, we stared blankly in each other's faces. For the brig, not be-

surface, which was strewn with broken debris from the vessel's deck.

This I noticed first, and then I saw for a brief moment what I felt sure was the keel of the capsized brig, dotted with four or five black specks that I knew were men clinging to it, on the crest of the receding wave, which was sweeping steadily on to the westward.

"Bad job, Mr. Harrison," said a voice not far distant, and turning my head as I struck out I saw Raymond sitting astride the brig's foretop-sail yard, which, with part of the sail and gear attached, had been torn from the shattered mast by the terrible force of the sea.

"I should say it was bad," I responded, as, having myself reached the spar, I freed my eyes and mouth of salt water and looked wonderingly at the speaker, hardly knowing whether to admire or be vexed at his coolness.

"Well, it might be worse," he replied, but I could by no means take the same philosophical view. A hundred and fifty miles at least from land, in danger from starvation, thirst and sharks, and out of the track of sailing vessels, it occurred to me that we were about as badly off as we could be.

But I said nothing, and so for the rest of the scorching day we clung to the spar, conversing at brief intervals and straining our eyes across the smooth waste of waters in vain search of the sail which neither of us was hopeful of seeing.

A little after noon a coming breeze was indicated by a faint black line close down against the edge of the eastern horizon. And against the dark line was a white object, which, seeming to keep pace with the approaching breath of the northeast monsoon, took the definite shape of a single small sail heading almost directly for us.

"A flying proa!" I exclaimed as it came onward with inconceivable velocity. And this indeed it was, though differing from those peculiar to the Ladrone and Friendly Islands. These latter, I may say in passing, are double enders, with the mast and lateen sail amidships. Instead of "wearing ship," the helmsman simply moves to the opposite side of the proa with his long paddle, retrims the sail, and is already headed in the opposite direction.

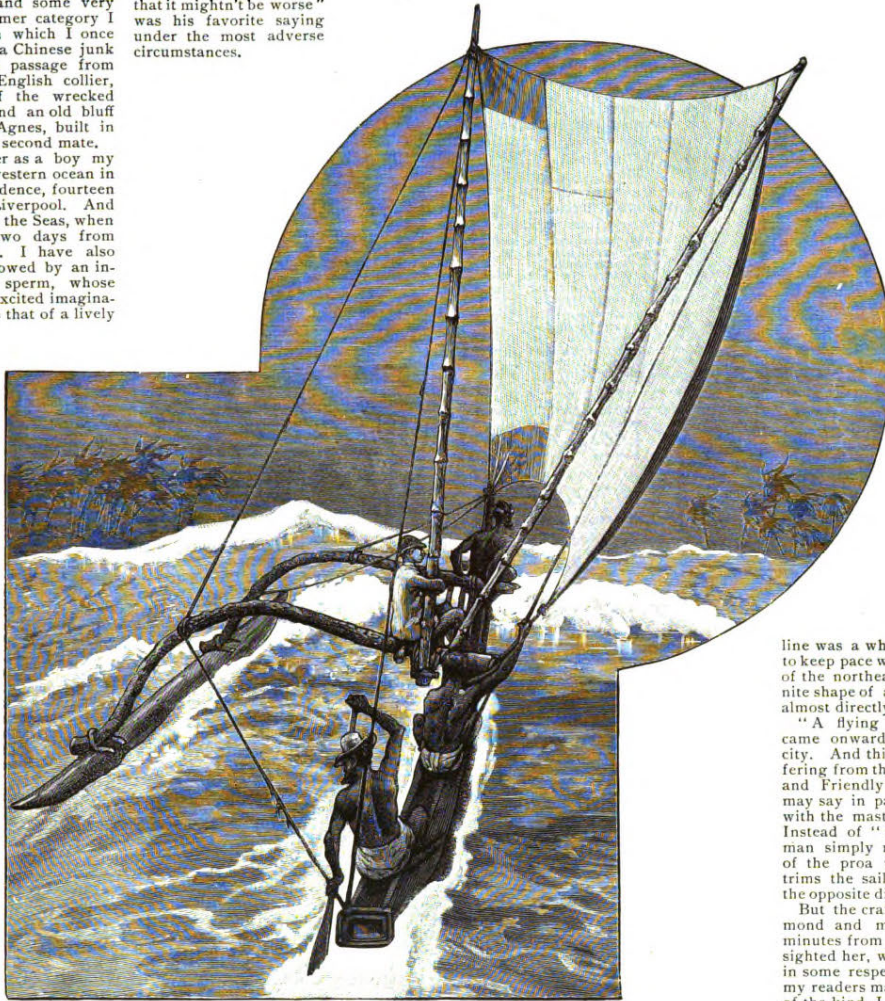
But the craft on board of which Raymond and myself were taken twenty minutes from the time when we had first sighted her, was of different construction in some respects. And as few if any of my readers may have chanced to see one of the kind, I may be pardoned if I give the description somewhat in detail.

From measurements afterward made I should say that the proa was twenty three feet long, and had exactly fourteen inches of beam, with a depth of six inches when loaded.

Hollowed from a log of *tamassi* wood, itself almost as buoyant as cork, this proa had a wedge-like bow and a square stern, with a long slanting overhang.

The mast and a sprit, which really combined the sprit and boom, were both of stout bamboo, while the "lug" sail, rather wider on the head than its foot, was woven of a stout fibrous grass.

But the peculiar feature—the one in which lay the principal secret of the proa's speed—was the outrigger, a heavy ironwood log, sharpened at both ends to offer as little resistance as possible to the water, hung at right angles with the hull, as you can see in the woodcut. When we first took our places in the proa, whose master was a lithe, olive hued native, wearing a "billycock" hat, a waist cloth and a pair of faded red silk stockings, the breeze was comparatively



THE FLYING PROA OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

"Pretty warm, Mr. Harrison; but I've seen it warmer by at least ten degrees, on the equator," he said cheerfully, as stepping up on the quarter he glanced about the horizon as if in search of a breath of air.

I growled something to the effect that I didn't want to see it any hotter. Captain Parks, who had been down for a look at the barometer, said likewise.

"Hark! Is that thunder?" he suddenly exclaimed. A low, inarticulate rumble echoed sullenly over the oily expanse, yet there was not the sign of a cloud in the steely sky. No, it could not be thunder.

Again came the mysterious rumble, louder and nearer. It was attended by a strange quivering or vibration of the oily surface, which, communicating itself to the brig's hull, caused her to tremble in every timber.

"A submarine earthquake," said Captain Parks, concisely. As we stood half

ing under steerage way, was slowly drifting round in a sort of irregular circle. Should the wave strike her broadside to—

On came the watery mountain wall, impelled by an awful and irresistible force, towering quite as high as the mainmast head.

"Into the starboard rigging, and hang on for your lives!" roared the captain, as the Lascar crew, with wild yells, ran to the rail as though to throw themselves over the side.

I saw Captain Parks spring for the main rigging, even as he gave the command. Raymond and I, who were on the leeward side of the quarter, made a simultaneous rush in the same direction.

But we were too late. The sea was a great upheaval, and the doomed brig, caught broadside to, was swept upward and rolled over like a cork in an instant. I remember being submerged under tons of green seas, and rising gasping to the

light, and the weight of the outrigger alone served to keep the craft on a tolerably even keel while the wind was well on the quarter.

The motion was most exhilarating. I could compare it to nothing but an ice boat, so smooth and evenly did the quaint craft slip over the sea, which was beginning to run in short even swells.

The port watch, who stood well forward on the lookout, took no part whatever in the conversation. His eyes were steadfastly fixed on the horizon ahead, where I fancied I could see a faint hazy loom indicative of land.

The breeze grew steadily stronger, and as the proa's rate of sailing increased I climbed up on the foot of the after arm of the outrigger, where, clasping the mast with one arm, I began enjoying the novelty of the situation to the utmost.

"Sails like a yacht now, eh Harrison?" called Raymond, leaning involuntarily to windward as the frail craft, whose gunwale was not a foot from the frothing seas, kept "heeling" more and more, despite the counterbalance of the heavy outrigger.

"Spose bime by soon we hab 'three man' breeze you see 'em sail," again remarked the starboard watch, and I began to think he might after all be a colored man of truth and veracity.

"Wonder what a 'three man' breeze is?" asked Raymond, as he glanced over his shoulder at the narrow ribbon of foam streaming after the broad bladed paddle wielded by the muscular helmsman.

"Perhaps when it blows so hard that it takes three to steer," I suggested rather foolishly. But it was not long before I saw my mistake.

For presently the port watch sang out something in his native tongue that I knew by his accompanying gestures meant "Land ho!" And obedient to a rapid order from the helmsman, the starboard watch flattened in the main sheet, thereby causing the proa to lie over at an alarming angle. Then at another order from the man at the oar, the port watch ran out on one arm of the outrigger like a monkey, and to my great astonishment dropped down in a squatting position on the pointed log, where he clung with both hands to some wibes of twisted bark.

"Sails like a steamer now!" shouted Raymond, who had witnessed this procedure with quite as much surprise as myself.

"This only 'one man' breeze," said the starboard watch—"you wait lilly bit more." And then the full significance of the expression broke in on my mind.

A "two man breeze" would in all probability send the starboard watch out on the outrigger. And what if it blew a "three man breeze?"

I glanced at Raymond, who, evidently having the same thought in his mind, returned the look with one of quizzical drillery.

"Wonder if we'll have to draw lots to see which of us is to act as shifting ballast?" he bawled, as a stronger puff of wind nearly sent the proa on her beam ends.

Before I had a chance to reply, the tall helmsman called out something to the starboard watch, which I naturally interpreted as an order for him to join the port watch. But it wasn't. Touching Raymond on the shoulder he pointed to the outrigger, and said in tones of unmistakable import:

"You go 'long of oder man—dat you work your passage!"

I was mean enough to laugh at the expression on poor Raymond's face, as, after vainly expostulating, he cautiously crawled out and took his place at the end of the outrigger, which was oftener under than on top of the water, as the proa sped toward the distant island shores now fully in sight.

My mirth was short lived. The buoyant craft was now fairly flying, and as a stronger puff of wind nearly capsized us, the starboard watch imperatively ordered me to take my place beside the other two. Entreaty to be excused was as useless as resistance could have been, and a moment or two later found me hanging for dear life to the after end of the outrigger, which I am positive was dashing through the seas at the rate of full twenty knots an hour.

Raymond almost forgot his own deplorable situation in grim enjoyment of mine. At every forward jump of the proa we were nearly submerged, and a dozen times I was nearly swept away. But I tried to appear quite unconcerned, though with very poor success.

"How do you like this for a new sensation?" I shouted to Raymond just before we reached a tremendous line of breakers at the mouth of the river which empties into a little bay on the east side of the island.

"It might be worse—and I'm afraid it's going to be!" he roared, pointing to the great combers directly ahead. But luckily for us the breeze lessened as we drew under the island's lee, and the drenched and shivering ballast was allowed to shift itself inboard.

We found shelter with a Scotch carpenter who had been wrecked on the island ten years before, and made it his home, till we were taken off by a native trading vessel and transferred to the American schooner Jane Adams. But I have it to remember that under very unpleasant circumstances I have sailed at the rate of twenty knots an hour in a "three man breeze."

BEFORE THE SNOW.

BY ROBERT KELLEY WEEKS.

A soft gray sky, marked here and there
With tangled tracery of bare boughs,
A little far off fading house,
A blurred, blank mass of hills that wear
A thickening view of lifeless air,
Which no wind comes to rouse.
Insipid silence everywhere:
The waveless waters hardly flow,
In silent laboring flies the crow,
Without a shadow, over the bare
Deserted meadows that prepare
To sleep beneath the snow.

[This story commenced in No. 254.]

How He Won;

OR,

THE ISLAND HOME.

By BROOKS MCCORMICK,

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

CHAPTER XXV.

HILLBURG IN A TRAP.

"TOM BOLLES, ahoy!" shouted Aleck, when he saw the agitation on the surface of the ocean approaching the Stella.

"What's the matter? I believe I have been asleep," said the seaman, springing to his feet.

"I know you have; and I hope you have had a good nap," laughed Aleck.

"Captain Hillburg kept me at the wheel about all night, and I am sleepy when I have nothing to do. I was dreaming, Aleck; and what do you suppose I dreamed?" added Tom.

"I don't know; but I guess you dreamed that you had the bull by the horns, and he pitched you over the fence," replied Aleck.

"I dreamed that we had another fight, and that we took Hillburg a prisoner," laughed Tom.

"Dreams go by contraries, Mrs. Increase Mumbleton used to say, and he may take us prisoners," said Aleck, as he looked at the captain of the Barnegat, who evidently saw the breeze coming, and was getting to be very uneasy, and fast losing his reputation for patience.

Suddenly Hillburg sprang forward, and placed himself on the after thwart. Then he placed the two rowlocks abreast of him and took the oars. Aleck and Tom both went to the waist, and stationed themselves at the guns.

"Don't fire, Aleck!" said Tom, as he took the revolver from his pocket. "It looks too much like murder, and we ought together to be able to handle that one man."

"I was just thinking of that myself," added the skipper, as he produced his weapon. "Livergood doesn't seem to be in condition to do anything to assist his friend."

Tom picked up the end of the fore sheet, and worked over it for some time. The wind was coming, but it had not come, and the skipper turned his attention to the boat, if he had taken it from it a moment.

"What have you done with those two men that deserted from this boat?"

asked Hillburg; and it was plain that his patience was all gone.

"We are making them as comfortable as circumstances will permit," replied Aleck.

"One of them has the key to my medicine chest, and I want to get something for this man who is wounded," said Hillburg, as he began to row very gently towards the Stella.

Aleck made no reply to the absurd statement of the villain. He came alongside, and made haste to climb the side. The moment he showed his head above the rail, Tom Bolles threw a lasso around his neck and held him tight.

If Hillburg had exhausted his patience, his strength and vigor were impaired, for he began to struggle in the most violent manner. Probably he had expected to be supported by the two men he had sent, as soon as he showed his head above the rail of the Stella.

"Don't let him come any farther till we have fixed things," said Aleck, while Hillburg had his elbows over the rail, and was supporting his body by his two arms resting upon it.

He could not use his hands without losing his hold and falling back into the boat. Tom held him by the neck, but as soon as he could use his hands he would be able to remove the rope, or at least to prevent it from bearing hard on his neck. The seaman could not handle him alone, and Aleck doubted if both of them could do so. It looked very much like catching a boa constrictor, and the prisoner was likely to be more than they could take care of.

Aleck thought for a moment that he had better tumble him back into the boat, when his eye rested on the halyard rove for a staysail. He cast it off, made a noose in one end, and then slipped it over the head of the captain of the Barnegat. Tom removed the sheet, for they were likely to need that soon. Aleck hauled taut on the halyard, and then handed the line to his companion.

"Now we can haul him up in the air if he don't hold still," said Aleck, as Tom took the rope.

"Do you mean to hang me?" demanded the victim, with a string of oaths which startled the younger of the operators.

"That will depend entirely upon yourself, Captain Hillburg," replied Tom Bolles, as politely as a dancing master. "The fact of it is, captain, you are a powerful man; I know I can't handle you, for I have tried it; and Aleck and I both are really afraid of you, or we should not subject you to this unpleasant and degrading operation."

"I will be the death of both of you before I am done with you," roared the captain.

"That's just what we are afraid of; and we mean to do our work as thoroughly as the occasion may require," replied Tom, as blandly as before. "But you will let me say that the more you kick and bang round, the tighter we shall haul the lines. If we find we can't handle you with the rigging we are using, why, we shall just pass this staysail halyard over the windlass, and string you up about ten feet above the deck."

Hillburg again indulged in a volley of profanity, and began to struggle to lift his body over the rail; but Tom hauled the halyard so tight that he was glad to desist. By this time Aleck, who had not been idle, had prepared a couple of lines to put a further check on the movements of the victim.

The choking Tom had given him had a quieting influence upon Hillburg, for its tendency was to take away his strength and impair his pluck. While he was thus at rest, Aleck passed a slip noose around the right wrist of the prisoner. Hauling it taut, he made the line fast in the main rigging.

With the other line he secured his left wrist, and carried it to the fore rigging. In this manner they made a "spread eagle" of him, and it was impossible for him to do anything for himself.

"Now we had better get him on deck, for we have him where the hair is short," said Tom, as he approached the victim with the halyard in his hand.

"All right; he can't hold on much longer in that way," replied Aleck. Both of them took hold of him under the arms, and succeeded in dragging him over the rail. They placed him on his feet, and the seaman hauled the hal-

yard taut. The prisoner stood on the deck, held erect by the rope around his neck, and his arms outstretched at their full length, looking like a cross. He had been so exhausted by the choking he had received that he did not struggle, or even swear.

"He will stay quiet for a while," chuckled Tom Bolles, who seemed to enjoy the utter discomfiture of his savage enemy. "Now we will attend to the wounded man in the boat."

"How do you find yourself, Mr. Livergood?" asked Aleck, as he went to the rail, and looked into the boat, which was hugging the yacht.

"I am about used up," replied he. "I am badly wounded in the thigh. This has been a bad day for me."

"I should say so; and you will think still worse of it after you have spent a year or two in the State prison," added Aleck.

"The State prison!" exclaimed Livergood, who did not seem to realize that he had committed any crime.

"First, for robbing the house of Jason Mumbleton,—"

"That was Hugh's affair," feebly protested the wounded man.

"You had a hand in it; I can swear that I saw you put the chloroform to the old man's nose. Then you stole this yacht, and you have a cargo of smuggled goods on board of the Comet. I should say that you would have enough to think of for the next ten years of your life."

"The breeze is coming, Captain Aleck," interposed Tom. "How shall we get this man on board?"

Tom got into the boat, and rigged the end of the fore sheet under his arms; and after a hard pull they succeeded in getting him on the deck. He could not walk, or even stand up, and they carried him to the cabin. He was placed in one of the forward berths, and Tom examined his wound. The flesh was badly torn by a splinter, but though it was very painful, it was not likely to prove serious.

After looking about the cabin for some time, Aleck found the medicine chest, and pried it open. The seaman put a piece of sticking plaster on the wound, and they left him to himself, though Flora was directed to watch him, in addition to the two other prisoners in the cabin.

"By the mighty town pump!" exclaimed Tom, when they returned to the standing room, satisfied that all the prisoners would keep still for a while at least. "We have done a big business, and my dream did not go by contraries. Jerusalem afloat! We have actually captured a whole boat load of them!"

"Exactly so! And I can't believe that I am Alexander Mumbleton, called Aleck for short," returned the skipper, as he gave the wheel a turn to bring the yacht up to the gentle breeze that began to stir the water around her.

Tom carried the painter of the Barnegat's boat to the stern, and made it fast, as the Stella filled away. The wind was square east by the compass, which was fair for the schooner to return to Riverhaven. But Aleck headed the yacht to the north.

"Is this the course?" asked Tom, after he had looked at the compass.

"This is the course, Tom," replied the skipper. "We might as well finish up this business, and make a clean sweep of it, while we are about it."

"What do you mean, Aleck?"

"Don't you see that I am heading her for the Barnegat and Comet? We may as well take those two vessels in with us," replied Aleck.

"I see!" exclaimed Tom; and then he dropped down on the cushions, and laughed with all his might. "You are going to capture those two vessels and take them into port as prizes. Well, that will be a good one!"

"Don't you think we can do it, Tom?" asked Aleck, who felt quite as jolly as his companion.

"I think we can if Captain Hillburg and the rest of these fellows are willing," chuckled Tom.

"Perhaps you had better go and ask Hillburg if he is willing," suggested the skipper. "I propose to take all three vessels in whether he and the rest of them are willing or not."

"I don't believe Hillburg would con-

sent if I asked him, and I will save him the pain of refusing by not consulting him. But let us figure the thing up before we invest in the enterprise," said Tom, seriously.

"Good! It is better to figure it up now than it would be after we got beaten out of the plan," added Aleck. "We have four prisoners on board of the Stella, with only two hands, not counting Flora, to handle them."

"You are not very complimentary, Aleck, to leave me out of the count when I can steer, and keep watch," interposed the girl. "Perhaps I could fire a revolver, if you showed me how."

"I was only counting the fighting men, Flora; and you are just as good as any hand, and I will not count you out. We have three to look out for the prisoners," said the skipper. "Hugh will make one more, but he is wounded."

"Mungo will be on our side, and that will make four to work the vessels and guard the prisoners," added Tom. "It is rather a small force to sail three vessels, and take care of five prisoners."

"Is Mungo a sailor? Can he handle the Comet?"

"He is not much of a sailor, but he took his trick at the wheel on board of the Barnegat in the daytime. He can take the Comet in without any trouble. Now, how shall we divide our forces?"

"You shall sail the Barnegat, keeping Hugh on board of her. I think he is wounded in the right hand. Mungo will sail in the Comet. The Stella can go as she is, for we shall have two on board of her," answered the skipper.

In half an hour the yacht was alongside the Barnegat.

CHAPTER XXVI.

IMPRESSIVE WARNINGS TO THE PRISONERS.

IT had been a very long day to Aleck, though it was now only half past two in the afternoon. The skipper and his assistant went the rounds among the prisoners, to assure themselves that they were all right. Livergood said he felt a little better, but Aleck hoped he did not feel too well, for he might organize a new conspiracy.

Tom took the precaution to examine his pockets, to make sure that he was not armed; but no dangerous weapon was found about him. He was admonished that he would be shot without mercy if he was discovered out of the berth.

"I might as well be shot as to be sent to the State prison," he responded, in desponding tones.

"You can take your choice, and it won't make a bit of difference to us," replied Tom. "We might make sure of you by tying your arms behind you."

"You know that I can't get out of the berth if I try," moaned the wounded man.

"I have seen the wound, and I don't think you can. But there will be a pair of eyes on you every moment of the time till we get to Riverhaven, and one of the hands that goes with that pair of eyes will hold a revolver; and you are sure to get the worst of it."

"I am in too much pain to do anything, and I shall not stir," added Livergood.

They left him, and Tom overhauled the lines with which the two men on the lockers were secured. They were not wounded, and Aleck was more concerned about them than any of the other prisoners. If one of them got loose, he could free his companion, and relieve Hillburg from his fetters.

"That rope is taking the skin off my wrist," said one of them.

"Then you have been pulling on it, and it is your own fault," replied Tom, who was a poor comforter under present circumstances.

"I have not pulled on it at all. If you will unfasten me, I will promise not to do anything against you," pleaded the man.

"I won't trust you, or take your promise, for I don't mean to run any risks," replied Aleck. "But I think we might put them in the berths, and then I shall know better where to find them, Tom."

"All right," and they were assisted into the bunks next to the lockers on which they had been lying.

They were charged, as Livergood had been, that if they left their berths, they

would be shot without any hesitation. The skipper and Tom visited Hillburg on deck, while Flora was directed to watch the men below. The chief sinner of the party had completely cooled off. At any rate he could not help realizing that he was entirely powerless, and at the mercy of his captors. Tom examined the nooses at his neck and wrists, and parceled the ends around the standing part, so that there was no possibility of their giving way.

Hillburg was warned more emphatically than the others had been, that he would be shot if he got loose, and not a particle of risk would be taken on his account.

"Do you know who I am?" demanded he, after he had listened to the warnings given to him.

"You are Captain Hillburg; that's all I know about you, and that's all I want to know," answered Aleck.

"I am a gentleman of wealth and standing in New York! Do you suppose such an outrage as this can go unpunished?" continued he, as haughtily as though he had been free on the deck of his own yacht.

"Do gentlemen of wealth and standing in New York make a business of smuggling?" inquired the skipper.

"I am not engaged in anything of the sort," protested Hillburg.

"Then you lied to me when you told me what the voyage was for," said Tom. "I say you are a pirate, for you gave me the order to run into the Stella when I was at the wheel of the Barnegat. But what's the use of arguing the question?"

"None at all; he can argue it in the court room," remarked Aleck.

The Barnegat and the Comet had been lashed together, and the Stella had made fast alongside the former. Leaving Flora on the watch, the skipper and his companion went on board of the Barnegat. Mungo and Hugh were seated in the standing room. The latter had a spy glass in his hand, and had been observing all that had transpired on board of the Stella. He had a handkerchief around his right arm, but the member seemed not to be entirely disabled.

"You have done a big business, Sandy," said his cousin, as the latter went on board.

"I have done the best I could, at any rate; and you made a bad investment last night, Hugh, when you stole the Stella," replied Aleck.

"We did not mean to steal her, and should have taken her back where we found her, if you hadn't made such a row," returned Hugh.

"You didn't take her by accident, and it is stealing all the same. I think the court will say so in a few days, and will not take your explanation of the affair."

"What do you mean by the court, Sandy? Do you intend to hand me over to the officers?" asked Hugh, who seemed to be appalled at the idea.

"That is precisely what I intend to do."

"But you forget that I am your own cousin, Sandy."

"Didn't you forget that I was your own cousin when you chloroformed me, and stole that box, Hugh? Answer me that, when you want to say anything about cousins."

Tom could not help laughing heartily at the plea of the prisoner.

"We are not in the courtesying business just now, my hearty," said he. "Now, let me see your arm where it was wounded. I want to know whether to tie you up or not."

Hugh objected to showing his wound, but Tom tore off the handkerchief, and made him take off his coat. There was a black and blue spot on the fore arm, but the skin was not broken.

"Sodjering!" exclaimed Tom. "That wound wouldn't make a spring chicken hold up his foot. Put on your coat, and put your handkerchief into your pocket. You howled about that because you wanted to get out of the fight."

"But it is very sore, and it pains me," insisted Hugh.

"All right, and you can nurse it as much as you please. You and I will be alone on the Barnegat, and if you want a hole made through that empty skull of yours, you cut up a little, and you'll get it. I won't tie you, for I may want you to steer," said Tom.

Mungo declared that he could handle

the Comet, and Aleck went on board of her with him. She was not a yacht, and she had a regular hold, which was filled full of boxes. Even the cabin was improved for the storage of cargo. The skipper of the Stella found, by opening one of them, that these boxes were filled with brandy in bottles. This satisfied him in regard to the nature of the Comet's voyage; but it was not so clear to him that the Barnegat could be held, for she had not taken in her cargo.

Aleck assisted Mungo in getting under way, and then returned to the Barnegat. Tom was all ready to fill away, and the force of the wind was increasing. It was not likely to blow hard from present appearances, and there was nothing to be feared, though not one of the three vessels had hands enough to work her if a storm came up.

Aleck took the wheel, and filled away on board of the Stella. He had looked over the chart, and obtained the course for Riverhaven, and ascertained that the run was seventy miles. He could hardly expect to make it in less than twelve hours, unless the wind freshened more than he thought it would. The three vessels had the wind on the port quarter, and they went off at a very fair speed.

"Now we shall get home, Flora," said Aleck, when everything was working well. "I don't think we shall have any more fighting to do."

"I hope not; for I have been terribly afraid you would be hurt," replied she. "What should I have done if you had been killed?"

"You would have had to do without me," answered he, lightly.

"I should have been taken back to Livergood's house, or sent to some place that is no better. They were taking me away from Riverhaven because Livergood had seen some one at a hotel."

"And the man seen by him was Dornwood, you said," Aleck continued.

"I had forgotten the name, for I had never heard it before; but the moment Hillburg mentioned it, I recognized it."

"Then Dornwood, whoever he may be, is the man they are afraid of."

"I am sure I have no idea who he is," added Flora.

"Hillburg asked me if this Dornwood was on board of this yacht," continued the skipper, greatly puzzled by the facts, which he could not put together. "Why did he suppose Dornwood was on board of the Stella, when she is owned and run by Gerald Bloom?"

"I don't understand it any better than you do."

"That man with the rope around his neck could tell us all about it, if he would," added Aleck; and he wondered if there was any way to make him do so.

"Perhaps he would tell you all about it if you would let him escape," suggested Flora.

"I doubt if he can be punished, or his vessel condemned for smuggling, for he had not taken his cargo on board of the Barnegat, and we can't prove what we know to be true. He may get off," said the skipper, who was considering the suggestion of the girl to let him escape.

He decided not to do so; at least not till he had consulted Tom Bolles on the subject. Hillburg was in some way connected with the affairs of Flora, and it might turn out that Livergood was only his agent removing her from Riverhaven. "Steamer, dead ahead!" shouted Tom, from the Barnegat.

But as yet the steamer was so far off she could hardly be seen.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE COMET GETS OUT OF HER ORBIT.

IT was soon evident that the Comet was no match in sailing for the other yachts, for she had begun to fall astern. About an hour after the start, Aleck noticed that she was steering very wildly, and began to think that Mungo was less of a sailor than Tom had represented him to be. After he had watched her movements for half an hour, he saw her come up into the wind, and hang there.

Even Flora could steer vastly better than the negro, and it was evident that something must be done. The Comet would never get to Riverhaven or anywhere else at the present rate. Tom Bolles had discovered the erratic movements of the schooner astern, and he

had come about. In a few moments he was within hailing distance of the Stella.

"What is the matter with Mungo, Tom?" called Aleck.

"I don't know, and we must go back and see. The fellow has certainly lost his head," replied the new skipper of the Barnegat.

"Must we both go back?" asked Aleck. "Yes; for we may have to make a new deal. Mungo steered the Barnegat by the hour, and I don't see what has got into him."

The Stella came about, and followed her consort back to the place where the Comet had come up into the wind, and was floundering about wherever the breeze took her. It was not prudent to go alongside with the present wind, and Tom gave the helm to Hugh, after he had run the bow of the yacht up to the lee quarter of the Comet. Taking a rope in his hand which he had made fast to the windlass, he leaped on board of the wayward vessel.

When Aleck saw how he had done it, he repeated the maneuver with the Stella, and leaped on the quarter rail of the Barnegat. He ran with all speed to the bow of the yacht, and found Tom on the quarter deck of the Comet. He had already righted the helm, so that the vessel filled away again.

"Mungo is drunk!" exclaimed Tom, as soon as he saw Aleck.

"That's bad."

"He has opened one of the boxes of liquor, and he is good for nothing," added Tom.

"What shall we do? I don't want to return to Riverhaven without the Comet," said Aleck.

"Mungo can't have drunk a great deal, and we must wait till he gets over it. Then I will put him aboard of the Barnegat, where he can get no liquor," replied Tom.

At that moment there was a scream from Flora on the Stella, and Aleck ran as though he had been fired out of a gun to the standing room of the Barnegat. As he grasped the line to haul her up to the Stella, he saw one of the two men who had been put into the berths with their arms tied behind them, rushing to the fore-castle, evidently to cast off the line.

The skipper realized the peril of the situation at once. This man had in some manner freed himself from his bonds. He must have heard what passed between Aleck and Tom, and had then gone on deck. Flora must have screamed as soon as she saw him, and he could not have crossed the cabin before the open door without her seeing him.

She had given the alarm, and the man's first effort was to secure possession of the vessel, when he saw that Aleck had left her. He did not even stop to release Hillburg, for he saw how the Stella was made fast to the Barnegat. Before the man could reach the windlass, the skipper was in the standing room of the Barnegat.

Aleck drew his revolver. Flora was on board of the yacht; so was the box which contained the fortune his father had left for him; the principal prisoners were on board of his vessel, and to lose her would be to lose everything. Without an instant's hesitation he mounted the rail, and fired.

The man dropped to the deck. Aleck, with his heart in his mouth, hauled in on the line, and leaped to the bow of the Stella. With only a glance at the fallen foe, he hastened aft.

"I am so glad you have come, Aleck!" exclaimed Flora, with a long gasp.

"How many of them came out of the cabin, Flora?" asked the skipper.

"Only that one. Oh, how frightened I was!" replied the poor girl.

Aleck stopped only long enough at her side to load the empty barrel of his revolver. He darted into the cabin, after he had looked at Hillburg, and assured himself that the chief was safe, and glanced at the other prisoner.

He pulled him over, and looked at the line with which he was tied. He could not see that it had been disturbed, though it had been a good deal strained. Livergood was still in his place, and did not appear to have moved. It was all right in the cabin, and the skipper hastened on deck.

(To be continued.)



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The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Rev. Morgan Dix, of Trinity Church, New York City.

AN UNFAIR DIVISION OF PROFITS.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children should be requested to add to itself a branch with some such name as "Special Protector of Youthful Prodigies."

Here is young Hofmann, the wonderful boy pianist, who is to receive \$25,000 for his approaching tour of America—that is to say, that enormous sum has been demanded by the father for the son's services. And what does the boy himself receive? One penny for each piece, or two cents when it is an extra hard one.

Surely here is cause for the working force of the establishment to strike as one man. There is but a single obstacle in the way—young Hofmann himself appears to be perfectly contented with his lot.

A LESSON OF THE DAY.

MAKING undue haste to be rich is one of the cardinal sins of the age. Men that are scrupulously correct in their habits, keeping their lips free from oaths, liquor and tobacco, and living otherwise exemplary lives, are continually succumbing to this nineteenth century temptation.

A young New York business man, barely twenty eight years old, is now in jail, with indictments for larceny and forgery hanging over his head. He was an opponent of the "plodding" system by which our present millionaires won their fortunes, and boldly announced, when he started in business, that he was not going to succeed in that slow coach fashion, but by the fast express method.

The inevitable derailment did not long delay its coming, and another lesson for the youth of our land has been thrown in bold letters on the screen of contemporary history. Shall it not be heeded?

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR OUR CADETS.

IN Adjutant General Drum's annual report, recently rendered to the War Department at Washington, he states that a vastly increased interest has been manifested by the militia of the various States in the drills and other military duties.

At its last session Congress increased the appropriation for the benefit of the volunteer army, so that the outlook for the future is most promising.

General Drum suggests that it would be well to establish during the yearly encampment an officers' school for practice in battalion drill and other soldierly requirements. He adds, moreover, that it would be an excellent thing during the winter to hold weekly classes for instruction in the duties of guards and sentinels, and the general management of a company.

From the foregoing it would seem that the hundreds of boys who during the past season have formed themselves into military organizations according to the rules outlined in the series of articles published in the ARGOSY, have anticipated, in great measure, the desires of those who have the efficiency of our military system most at heart.

ONLY ONE YOUTH.

WHENEVER a boy hears an older person say "If I were young again I would do this or that, or conduct myself thus or so," what a thrill it must give him to reflect that he is young and

has open to him the opportunity for which the other may sigh in vain.

James Parton, the eminent biographer, in touching on this theme, states that should he be miraculously endowed with the faculty of transplanting himself back to his teens again, he would most sedulously endeavor to practice the simple, commonplace virtues.

"Out of all the countless myriads of people who have lived on the earth," he says, "not one individual has ever succeeded in increasing his sum total of happiness by doing wrong."

To prove the truth of this assertion our readers have only to compare their feelings when they have done their duty with the same when they have shirked it. And let them think often of the time when they may wish that they could go back and live differently the days of their youth.

What a man sows at twenty he will reap at forty. Hence the nature of the seed sown becomes of paramount importance at the former age.

THE daily papers some time since contained accounts of a shaving match in London. One expert, it seems, shaved seventy seven persons in fifty nine minutes and fifty three seconds. While not wishing to detract from the fame of this meritorious knight of the razor, we insist that the seventy seven persons shaved are entitled to an equal share of the honors for the heroism they evinced in lending their aid to the experiment.

It will doubtless surprise many people to learn that a good laugh is a marketable article. Yet the *New York Tribune* is authority for the statement that a metropolitan manager recently offered a gentleman, who chanced to be in the audience one night, a liberal salary if he would become a regular attendant on his performances, and punctuate them with his resonant and sonorous laugh.

The offer was declined, but the fact that it was made suggests that a new industry may be opened up in the near future.

The subscription price of *The Golden Argosy* is \$3 a year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1 for four months. For \$5 we will send two copies, to different addresses if desired. For \$5 we will send *The Golden Argosy* and *Munsey's Popular Series*, each for one year.

SOME of our statesmen have complained of the scanty salaries attached to their offices. If they will only manage to make themselves sufficiently famous they may add to their exchequer and their health at one and the same time by following the example of Mr. Gladstone. So many applications have been made for the chips from the trees cut down by the British ex premier on his estate in Wales, that a printed rate of charges has been issued. The tariff averages twenty five cents a cubic foot. A small block brings thirty six cents, postage to be paid by purchaser.

In justice to Mr. Gladstone, we should add that in his case the revenue thus accruing is handed over to charity.

WHAT HARVARD STUDENTS SPEND.

SOME months ago the ARGOSY touched upon the question of college expenses. The recent issue of an address on the subject by a Harvard professor has aroused fresh interest in the matter.

The writer, Professor Palmer, sent a circular to two hundred and thirty five members of the graduating class, asking them to give him, in confidence, the amount of money each spent in a year.

From the answers received he learned that about a quarter of the class managed to get along on from \$450 to \$650, but a greater number spent more than \$1200 each. The lowest amount reported was \$400, the highest \$4000.

After reading various opinions and comments on the essay, we conclude that if a boy is inclined to be extravagant, he will spend his money recklessly, no matter where he is, and that the influence of college life is no greater temptation to him to be prodigal than is that exerted by the set with which he mingles at home.

Professor Palmer expresses a personal conviction on the subject when he says that every dollar over \$1200 given by his parents to a student is a dollar of danger.

WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.,
 Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City.

PROBABLY no church in the metropolis is open more frequently for religious services than is the Broadway Tabernacle, and temperance societies, devotional and social meetings, Bible classes and anniversary occasions on the part of various denominations keep its sexton always busy. It is, in fact, a sort of religious exchange building, and hence is familiar to many who on Sundays worship elsewhere.

Similarly its pastor is known and honored far beyond the bounds of his own congregation, extensive as the latter is. No man is more sought after to preside at important religious convocations, to address the graduating students of medical and divinity schools, or to lend the stamp of his approval to new and important ventures in the field of Christian work, than is Dr. William Mackergo Taylor. We feel confident that the readers of the ARGOSY will be glad to know something of the personality of a man of whom they are sure to have heard so often, for Dr. Taylor's books are as popular as his addresses.

He was born October 23, 1829, at Kilmarnock, in the county of Ayr, Scotland. His first teachers were his pious parents, descendants of the Covenanters, and from them he received that thorough grounding in Bible history that today enables him to present to his hearers with such vividness the biographies of Scripture heroes.

In due time he attended the Kilmarnock academy, which fitted him to enter the University of Glasgow at sixteen. Graduating here in 1849, he went to Edinburgh and began to study for the ministry at Divinity Hall, the theological seminary of the United Presbyterian Church. During this period he found time to teach the classics and to assist in editing a paper published in his native town.

Not far from here also was his first pastorate, that of a little Presbyterian church in the village of Kilmours.

The two years of his stay were fruitful of such good results that news of it spread to Liverpool. A new congregation was just forming in Bootle, a suburb of the great seaport, of which the talented young pastor was asked to take charge.

He accepted, and beginning his work in 1855 with a membership of only forty, carried it on with such dauntless energy and unflinching determination that in 1871 there were six hundred members on the rolls, and the church had gained a reputation second to none of its denomination in England.

Then in Liverpool, as now in New York, Dr. Taylor worked untiringly as pastor as well as preacher, and was active in the temperance and other causes that arose to claim the attention of all who had the good of the community at heart.

He received calls to the pulpits of large churches in London and Glasgow, none of which, however, would he accept.

The transfer of his ministrations to America came about in this wise:
 Dr. Storrs, pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn, took occasion, in the summer of 1871, to pay a vacation visit to Europe. Dr. Taylor was invited to cross the Atlantic and assume charge during his absence.

As he had also been appointed a delegate of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, to convene at Chicago, Dr. Taylor expressed his willingness to combine the duties.

The impression created by his preaching in Brooklyn was but a repetition of the interest aroused by the same means on the other side of the water. His fame spread rapidly, and before the year was out a unanimous call was extended to the popular Scotch preacher by the Broadway Tabernacle Church in New York, which had just been left shepherdless by the resignation of Dr. Joseph P. Thompson.

This call, presented to him in Liverpool by Dr. Thompson himself, Dr. Taylor accepted, and entered upon his American pastorate in March, 1872. As may be imagined, his congregation in Liverpool were loath to give him up, and their gifts at parting were touching tokens of the love and esteem with which he had been cherished in their hearts.

His ministry in New York places a fitting capstone to the grand results achieved in his former pastorates. The well known church edifice at the corner of Sixth Avenue and Thirty Fourth Street, large structure as it is, with a seating capacity of 1680, is filled to overflowing twice each Sunday, while the growth of the organization in membership and usefulness has been correspondingly great. The congregation is eminently a working one, and in the establishment and maintenance of missions in the outlying districts of the city has been especially successful.

For be it said, that with all the countless cares and duties resting on his shoulders, Dr. Taylor finds time to mingle freely with his parishioners, thus contriving to unite with the eloquence of public exhortation, the magnetism of his personality thrown out in social intercourse.

His sermons engage the hearer's steadfast attention from the very beginning. Starting quietly, the speaker puts what he has to say into such simple yet effective phrases that the vast congregation sits in rapt attention, like children listening to the begged for story at a mother's knee. And yet there is not a trace of sensationalism or straining after effect. The matter is all Scriptural, the words mostly so, and with but little effort the listener can imagine himself an eye witness of David's overthrow of Goliath or a participator with the children of Israel in their miraculous passage of the Red Sea.

The listener's attention having been thus closely riveted, the ground is prepared for the application of the text, which the preacher proceeds to make with consummate skill and an eloquence that is all the more powerful owing to the gradual stages by which it has been reached.

As already noted, Dr. Taylor's published works have been both numerous and popular. Indeed, one of them, "David, King of Israel," has achieved the unusual distinction for a volume of sermons of being issued for twenty five cents in the "Franklin Square Library."

Nearly all his books are in the style of sermons, delivered on successive Sunday evenings, and dealing with some one of the famous Bible characters, as "Joseph, the Prime Minister," "Paul, the Missionary," "Daniel, the Beloved," and so on.

In figure Dr. Taylor is stoutly built, with a strong physique, and a noble, lion-like head. He lives in Thirty Fifth Street, just west of Fifth Avenue, where he works in a fully equipped and thoroughly comfortable study in the north room on the second floor. He has six children, and his wife and daughters ably assist him in the social side of his pastoral work.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.



WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D.
 From a photograph by Anderson.



THE STAGE COACH WENT RAPIDLY DOWN THE STEEP AND SANDY ROAD AMONG THE LONELY MOUNTAINS.

OTHO'S PRISONERS.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

IT was an exhilarating ride that Otho Grayson was taking on his chestnut pony. The locality was in the northern part of California, in the midst of rugged hills, deep canyons, and a heavy growth of timber.

Otho had often before made excursions of the kind, ranging the country for miles, with his good Winchester rifle slung at his back, and a hunting knife in his belt. Between his pony and himself there was a mutual affection and a mutual understanding.

Although the young Nimrod of fifteen was strictly forbidden by his parents to remain out in the wilds by night, he would often in the daytime encamp in the manner of a veteran hunter, picketing the pony by a long lariat, and building a fire under the trees, when he would broil his game in the most approved woodland fashion. It was pleasant, he thought, to lie on the soft earth and watch his four footed companion enjoying the rich green grass after a long gallop among the hills.

But though his years were so few, the stout lad already had a very fair claim to the title of hunter. His exploits had, in a number of instances, been something more than mere play.

He had even on one occasion shot a grizzly bear. When first discovered, the animal would have escaped if it could—as, indeed, all bears will under like circumstances, whatever stories may be told to the contrary. But Otho fired at the creature, wounding it badly, which caused it to turn and rush straight towards him. It took seven more shots from his Winchester to bring the ferocious brute to the ground—the pony all the while swerving hither and thither to keep clear of those ugly paws.

A wildcat and several deer had also yielded their skins as trophies to be hung up about the outbuildings of the Grayson home. And so, altogether, Otho felt that he had no mean record as a slayer of wild game.

Upon the present occasion he had set out for the home of an uncle of his, who lived in a thriving village on a branch of the Sacramento River, where he was quite well to do. It was a long ride, but this was just what Otho desired; for he would hunt by the way, and make all manner of explorations among the hills and valleys.

It was quite possible, he thought, that he might be able to take along some trophy from the wilds, to be shown to Uncle John, Aunt Clara and Cousin Annabel, at the end of his journey.

But somehow, he had no luck. Game of all kinds seemed to be unusually scarce that day; and the few deer he saw avoided him in spite of all he could do. He wished that some huge grizzly

would come shuffling across his path; but, explore as he might, he could not start a single one of the big footed fellows. No sharp muzzle peered from any of the numerous thickets by the way, and no unwieldy bulk of bone and sinew, hair and claws, was to be seen scrambling up bank or hillside.

Once, indeed, a number of loose stones came rattling down a declivity, startling the pony, and causing the young hunter to look up with a thrill of excitement as he cocked his rifle. But here again was disappointment. A puma, which had probably been sunning itself just under the brow of the bank, had sprung up and disappeared in an instant.

"Too bad!" said Otho to himself. "I never killed a mountain lion; but if I had only known that fellow was here I would have had him! I wonder where he has gone!"

He searched all about the place, but could find no sign of the big cat-like creature.

Presently his attention was attracted by the appearance of a stage coach on the scene—a sight which told him that he was nearer the traveled road than he had supposed.

It was a pleasant and suggestive object, in a spot almost as lonely as Crusoe's island, for it proved that human life and human enterprise reached out even here with its every day thoughts, hopes and projects.

He could see it very plainly from his position. It was going down a slope where the sand was so deep that the wheel rims and the horses' hoofs were buried in it; yet the descent was so steep that human life and human enterprise reached out even here with its every day thoughts, hopes and projects.

The driver was in his place, whip in hand, and behind him, on the stage top, sat two rough looking passengers—probably miners—one of whom was just in the act of lighting his pipe.

Otho rode a case at the side of the coach, and close to the driver's left hand, was a gun, the breech of which protruded in plain sight. It had an ominous look, for it seemed to tell of dark, lonely nights, when the owner would feel more at his ease for having it within his reach.

And so—a sort of epitome of California life—the stage went on down the sandy hill.

Otho rode away in the general direction in which the vehicle was going, but he soon lost sight of it, as he made detours around the hills in search of game.

At length he reached a singular spot, as wild as one could wish; where, between the high rocks of a canyon, lay a still, dark stream, very narrow, and apparently very deep.

Tying the pony under some huge trees, our young friend climbed the rocks, thinking he might possibly start a mountain lion, or at least a wildcat, in a place so secret and difficult of access.

At a little distance he perceived that the stream made an abrupt turn, and he was surprised to see at this spot four men just getting out of a canoe. They were not more than twelve rods from him, so that he could hear their voices, although they did not speak very loud.

He could distinguish, however, only a single sentence, and this was uttered by one of them as they stepped out upon the rocks. The man who spoke had stopped abruptly.

"There," he said—"it's coming now!" and then he added a few words which the boy failed to catch.

Otho heard the sound of wheels at this moment, and he guessed that what the man said had reference to the stage coach. The fellows evidently were not hunters, as they had no guns; but they took a bag or two out of the canoe as they landed.

"I should think they meant to rob the stage," muttered Otho, "if it wasn't broad daylight, but perhaps they are hurrying to take passage in it."

They were on the opposite side of the stream, so that he could not follow them. The sharp angle which it made shut him in on two sides, and he could only wait and listen.

"I shall hear them hail the stage," he thought, "if they want a ride."

A few minutes elapsed, and then, "crack, crack, crack" went a number of shots.

It is needless to say that Otho was exceedingly startled.

"Heavens!" he thought, "they are robbers, sure enough!"

In vain he clambered along the rocks, looking for a place to cross the chasm. There were sharp stones under the water, and he was thirty feet above it—though on the other side, where the villains had landed, there was a break in the cliff which had allowed them to ascend.

The boy's suspense was intense, but at length he saw them coming. It was plain that they had secured a quantity of booty, for one of them tugged along a bag which appeared to be quite heavy.

Otho had been thinking rapidly during their absence. He had glanced along the cliffs, and had seen how completely they commanded the stream. Now, as they entered the canoe, his resolution was taken.

"I think we done for that driver," he heard one of the men say. "I'm sorry for that; I don't like to have anybody killed; but we've got a good ten thousand in gold, at all events!"

The young hunter hurried along to the most advantageous point he could attain.

"I could shoot them every one," he thought, "and they couldn't help themselves; but I'll do that only if I am obliged to. It would seem too much like murder."

The top of the cliff abounded in loose stones of all shapes and sizes; and with these such a bombardment could be opened as would make it utterly impossible for the canoe to escape destruction in passing beneath.

"If I kill the scoundrels in this way," thought Otho, "so be it! That can't be helped—it won't be like shooting them in cold blood."

Down went the first stone—a jagged block weighing more than a hundred pounds—but it missed its mark, and plunged into the water within arm's length of one of the robbers.

There were loud exclamations from below, accompanied with a hurried splashing of paddles. The thieves were in consternation. The chasm here was not more than twenty feet wide, and their helpless situation must suddenly have become apparent to them.

Down, in quick succession, went four or five other stones as big as water buckets, and "crash! crash! crash!" right into the canoe they went, till she was utterly demolished.

Otho looked over the cliff to see the four robbers clinging desperately to the ragged wall on the other side, but unable to get out of the water. They had succeeded in dodging the stones, but they were fast prisoners.

After the first stone, they had fired their pistols wildly; but their enemy above had soon given them enough else to do, and they had scrambled for their lives, leaving pistols, booty and all, at the bottom of the stream.

Our young friend's position was now an embarrassing one. Should he leave the place, the robbers might find some means of escape—though, from their actions, he judged that they did not know how to swim—while should he remain to guard them, it might be a long time before a force would arrive to relieve him.

He decided, however, to maintain his post and yield nothing of his advantage.

His prisoners begged him to come over and help them, and they this he could not have done even had he so desired.

Weary enough he grew with his watching; but still, with a grim determination, he clung to his self imposed task.

Three hours passed, and then he was gladdened by the sound of approaching voices. They proceeded from a party of three miners, whom the stage had met, and who felt a curiosity to examine the spot where this daylight robbery had taken place.

Otho called to them, and they were soon standing upon the brink of the chasm, directly over the heads of the four highwaymen. Hurriedly the boy told them of the part he had acted; and they at once set about devising some means of getting the villains out of their strange trap.

"You will have to go about a quarter of a

mile to get around here, my lad," said one of the newcomers; "the rocks fall off younder, so that you can cross there."

Running to his pony, Otto mounted him, and at length, at the end of the cliff, he succeeded in getting across.

The men then cut a tall birch tree, and, making notches in it with their hatchets, slid it endwise into the chasm. Otto now lowered his lariat till the end trailed in the water; and with the assistance of this, the robbers, one after another, climbed the pole, till all of them stood upon the rock, where their arms were quickly pinned behind them.

By this time three other persons had reached the place, one of whom was the deputy sheriff of the county, who, on learning of the affair, had ridden in haste to examine the locality of the crime, in hopes of getting some clew to the direction the robbers had taken.

He was greatly surprised to find them already prisoners; and now, in his presence, the booty they had stolen, amounting to ten thousand dollars in gold, was recovered from the bottom of the stream.

Otto, after having seen the prisoners marched off, pursued his way to his destination, which he reached about sunset; and his satisfaction may well be guessed when he learned that of the ten thousand dollars which he had been the means of saving, one half was the property of his Uncle John.

"Yes," said the latter, "I am five thousand dollars better off than I should have been but for your ride today."

He then attempted to force upon his young nephew a check for a thousand dollars; but Otto firmly declined to receive it, saying: "No, Uncle John," he said; "I feel very grateful for the offer; but if I were to take that check, it would spoil all the pleasure I have in thinking of my adventure."

So Uncle John had to acquiesce; but the reader may well believe that he found other means of manifesting his sense of indebtedness.

The wounded stage driver recovered, and, fortunately, no other person had been much injured.

Otto is now twenty years old, and has an excellent position in a commercial house of which his uncle is the head.

A MISTAKE IN MONKEYS.

A MISTAKE may be very small in itself, but the consequences to which it leads are not infrequently of appalling dimensions, and are never laughable as in the following instance:

A merchant at Madagascar once wrote to a correspondent on the coast of Africa, asking him to send him at his convenience two or three monkeys of the rarest and most valuable species. As chance would have it, our merchant, in stating the number, wrote the French *deux* (two) between the figures *and* *and* with a very distinct *u* and a diminutive *u*.

A few months passed over, when at last a messenger was sent from the coast to inform the merchant that his menagerie had landed.

"My menagerie!" was the astonished reply.

"Yes, a menagerie; in fact, a whole cargo of monkeys has come for you."

The merchant could not believe the man until a letter was delivered to him from his friend in Africa, a person of the most scrupulous exactness, in which he gravely apologized for his having been unable, notwithstanding all his efforts, to procure more than 160 monkeys instead of 202, as ordered, but promising to forward the remainder as soon as possible. Imagine the feelings of the merchant on going down to the port to convince himself with his own eyes of the existence of his 160 monkeys, which were all comfortably housed, and which grinned at him through the bars of their cages!

ARTISTIC AMENITIES.

FROM the recently published autobiography of Mr. Frith, the well known English painter, we call a couple of amusing anecdotes of some celebrated personages.

Mr. Ruskin, after publishing a very sharp criticism on a picture which a friend of his was exhibiting at the Royal Academy in London, wrote a private note to the painter, saying that he trusted his remarks, being a duty he owed to the public, would not interfere with the sincere feeling he hoped would always exist between two friends. The artist replied that the first time he met Ruskin he would give him a sound thrashing, hoping that a broken head would not interfere with the sincere feeling of friendship which he trusted would always exist between two friends.

The other story is an amusing episode in the life of Landseer. When the great animal painter was introduced to the King of Portugal, the latter, whose knowledge of English was strictly limited, welcomed him with, "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Landseer—I am so fond of beasts!"

A PIE OF PIES.

ERBONS of Queen Victoria's jubilee still come straggling in over the "big pond." The Argosy has duly recorded the wonders of the jubilee cake, but it seems that this was not the only gigantic production of the baker's art prepared in commemoration of the great event.

The *Manchester Times* gives an account of the mammoth pie with which the citizens of Denby Dale expressed their loyalty to their sovereign lady. Its weight was so great—over two tons—that a cart was required to transport it to the park where the feast was to be held.

It was eight feet in diameter and two feet deep, and among the ingredients entering into its composition we may mention 34 couples of rabbits, 3 hares, 44 fowls, 40 pigeons, 12 grouse, 21 ducks, 4 plovers, 1 turkey, 5 geese, and 100 small birds. Its weight was so great that it broke through the barriers which had been erected around it, and almost a riot ensued.

THE WOODS IN WINTER.

BY W. F. BARNARD.

There is a silence in these woods today
That seems not silence, but clear speech and song
In subtle numbers; voice of things to be,
I hear the rustle of the summer leaves,
And drowsy murmurs of the bees that fit
From flower to flower. I catch the odor sent
From withered swayed blossoms. And the song of
birds
In distant meadows falls upon my ear.
All things are prophetic of change—they seem
To wait impatiently till change shall come;
And all their voice is like that subtle speech
Cast through love's silences when all the heart
Is mirrored in the eye.

[This story commenced in No. 255.]

WALTER GRIFFITH;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET SALESMAN.

By ALTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER XXV.

WALTER DEFEATS A THIEF.

SCARCELY had the boy reached the top of the first flight of stairs when the young man began to move slowly away with the bundle. This is a game that is often played by unprincipled swindlers, and in the majority of cases it is successful. Fortunately for the boy, there was a watchful eye on the man who had so obligingly assumed charge of the bundle.

Walter at once left his stand, and running after the thief caught him by the arm.

"You had better bring that bundle back," said Walter, significantly.

"You'd better mind your own business!" said the thief furiously. "Let go or I'll knock you down!"

"Then bring back the bundle!"

This scene could not take place in a street as crowded as Broadway without attracting attention.

"What's the matter?" asked a substantial looking citizen, coming to a stop. Several other gentlemen also paused in their walk and looked on.

"This boy seems to be drunk!" said the swindler, harshly. "He has just attacked me though I never saw him before. I believe he is a thief."

Suspicious glances were cast at our hero, for the man who brought this charge against him was well dressed, and appeared to be respectable.

"Is this true?" asked the first citizen, addressing Walter.

"No, it isn't."

"Take the boy away!" said the thief, hurriedly, for he was afraid to have Walter give an explanation.

"This man is a thief himself," said Walter, boldly. "He got a boy to run upstairs with a note, and agreed to take charge of the bundle while he was gone. No sooner was the boy on his way upstairs than—but here is the boy himself."

The boy who had had original charge of the bundle came running up with the note in his hand.

"I can't find the man," he said. "There is no such number as you mentioned."

The thief said that the trick would not work, and that Walter's story would be confirmed. He dropped the bundle, and tearing himself away from Walter's grasp ran swiftly down a side street.

"What's the matter? He's run off without the letter," said the boy, perplexed.

"My lad," said the citizen already referred to, "the man is a thief. But for this brave boy, pointing to Walter, "your bundle would have been stolen. You had no right to surrender it to a stranger."

The boy looked alarmed.

"I thought he was all right," he stammered. "He looked like a gentleman."

"You must not judge altogether by appearances. He is a gentlemanly thief. What is in the bundle?"

"It is a dress suit, worth sixty dollars. If I had lost it, I should have had to pay for it."

"Let this be a lesson to you. What could have induced you to be so imprudent?"

"He promised me a quarter for carrying the note."

"Your time was not your own. He would have got away with the bundle but for that boy."

"I am very much obliged to you," said the boy, turning to Walter.

"You are quite welcome. But I must be getting back to my stand."

The substantial citizen accompanied Walter back to his stand.

"You have saved that boy from a good deal of trouble and loss," he said. "You are sharper than he, for suspecting the man. You deserve encouragement."

"Thank you, sir."

The citizen purchased a dollar's worth of wallets, the profits of which to Walter were twenty five cents.

"Well, there is more than one way of drumming up business!" thought Walter.

A week passed, during which no incident of importance broke the monotony of Walter's usual routine. Every evening he rendered his

account to Mr. Chambers, who continued to express satisfaction with the management of the business by his agent.

But things were not to continue long thus. One evening Chambers said to him: "I think I shall be able to resume the charge of my business tomorrow. It has done me a great deal of good to rest, and I should not have dared to indulge myself in that way if I had not met you."

"I am very glad you feel well enough to get to work again," said Walter.

"One thing troubles me; it will be throwing you out of employment."

"O no; you remember I have my papers."

"But your income will be diminished."

"What is true; I must find something else to take the place of the stand."

"I wish I could afford to employ you all the time."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, Mr. Chambers. I am a good deal better off than when I went into your employ."

"Have you saved any money?"

Walter had not told Mr. Chambers of the handsome gift received from Mr. Burgess, but he decided to do so now.

"I have saved over a hundred dollars," said Walter calmly.

"WHAT!" ejaculated John Chambers in surprise.

For an instant suspicion entered his mind. Walter might have retained a part of the money received from purchasers. But even then it would have been impossible for him to lay by a hundred dollars. Besides he had taken account of stock every evening, and would at once have known if he had.

"You are not in earnest?" he said.

"Certainly I am."

"How could you possibly save up a hundred dollars?"

"I don't wonder you are puzzled, sir," said Walter, with a smile. "Do you remember my sending you a list of business for a gentleman on Madison Avenue?"

"Yes."

"I didn't tell you much about it. He had lost some jewelry which he valued because it belonged to his mother, and he had received from the thief an offer to return it if he would send a messenger to communicate with him. Well, I won't go into details, but I undertook the job, ran some risks in doing so, but recovered the jewelry. He was so much pleased that he made me a present of a hundred dollars."

"What did you do with the money?"

"I left it in his hands to invest for me."

"You are a lucky boy, Walter, but you are something more than lucky. How long have you been in the city?"

"Not quite three months."

"You came to the city a raw country boy, yet you have outdone boys who have lived here all their lives. Only keep on as you have commenced, and you will make a success some day."

"I hope your words will prove true, Mr. Chambers."

The next day John Chambers resumed the charge of his stand, and Walter returned to selling papers.

He felt that it was a comedown for him. Moreover there was a decided falling off in his income. Usually when in charge of the stand, he had made from both kinds of business as much as a dollar and a quarter a day on an average. Now his receipts, or rather profits, sank to sixty cents daily.

Walter began to feel serious.

"If my income does not improve," he said to himself, "I shall be unable to retain my room. I must go back to the Newsboys' Lodge, or else I must break in upon my little fund of savings."

This, however, Walter was very reluctant to do. Heretofore he had been making steady progress upward. He did not like to feel that he must go down hill. But there seemed no help for it unless he found another source of income.

CHAPTER XXV.

WALTER ENGAGES IN A NEW BUSINESS.

ONE morning Walter, having sold his papers, was looking in at a shop window when a boy called him by name.

Looking round he recognized a boy who was employed in a down town office, where the hours were easy—from nine to five.

"How do you happen to be away from your stand?" asked Eddie Egan.

"It wasn't my stand—I was tending it for a man who was sick. Now he is well, and I have lost my job."

"Did it pay you well?"

"It paid me about as well as selling papers, and I sold papers besides. Now I have only one string to my bow."

"Then I have the advantage of you—I have two."

"You are in Coleman Brothers' office still, are you not?"

"Yes, but I get through at five in the afternoon."

"Do you work in the evening?"

"Yes."

"What do you do?"

"Sell opera books at the Standard Theater. There's an opera troupe there, you know, and many of those who attend buy opera books."

"There's much profit in it?"

"Yes, I sell them for twenty five cents. They cost us fourteen cents each by the dozen."

"How much can you make in an evening?" asked Walter, with interest.

"I sell from six to ten. One Saturday evening I sold fifteen."

"That would make a profit of one dollar and sixty five cents."

"Yes."

"Do you think there's a chance for me there?" asked Walter, eagerly. "I've got to do some extra work, or else give up my room and go to the Newsboys' Lodge."

"Yes, I think I can get you a chance. Have you got money enough to buy a dozen books?"

Walter took out three dollars in bills and a handful of loose silver.

"I always keep a stock of money on hand," he said. "There won't be any difficulty about that."

"Very well; meet me at six o'clock, on the corner of Broadway and Astor Place, and I'll go with you to get the opera books. I've got to get a supper for myself."

It is needless to say that Walter kept the appointment, and at seven o'clock he repaired to the Standard Theater, on Sixth Avenue, between Thirty Second and Thirty Third Streets.

There were two other boys besides Eddie and himself, with piles of opera books in their hands. These young merchants were continually on the alert, and were by no means bashful about crying their wares. When Walter had just arrived from the country he would have felt modest about doing this, but his experience as a newsboy had removed his timidity, and he entered with spirit into the competition for public patronage.

The first to make a purchase was a young lady, with a pleasant, good humored face.

"You . . . are sure this is the correct book?" she said.

"Yes, miss. It is the one we all have—the authorized edition."

"I ask because I was once imposed upon, not at this theater, however; a boy sold me the wrong book."

"I shouldn't be willing to do that," said Walter. "If there is anything wrong I will refund the money after the performance or between the acts."

"Yes, I think you would. You look honest."

Walter was pleased with this compliment, which he felt to be deserved.

While he was standing in the entrance a boy called the name of Eddie Egan entered, and addressed the young salesman. Then he passed in.

"Did you notice that boy?" asked Eddie.

"Yes. Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes; he is about my age. He is the call boy."

"What does he have to do?"

"To call the actors when it is their turn to go on the stage. When off the stage they usually go to their rooms. His name is John Sheehan. He lives in the same block with me."

"Does he work only evenings?"

"No; he is employed in a large clothing house in the day time."

Walter sold three more books in rapid succession, and then a surprise awaited him.

"You here, Walter?" said a familiar voice.

Looking up, Walter recognized Mr. Joseph Burgess, of Madison Avenue.

"Yes, sir; I am in a new business."

"That makes three, does it not?"

"No, sir; I no longer have the stand. Mr. Chambers is well enough to be at work himself."

"Does this business pay you?"

"I can't tell yet, sir. This is my first evening. I think it will pay me better than my paper business during the day."

"You may give me an opera book. How much do you charge?"

"Twenty five cents."

"Here is a dollar."

"Wait a minute, sir, and I will give you the change."

"You may keep the change. We are friends, you know."

Eddie Egan listened to this conversation, not without a little feeling of envy.

"That's a customer worth having, Walter," he said.

"Yes, it's a friend of mine. That is why he was so liberal."

"Mr. Joseph Burgess."

"What! the rich Burgess?"

"I suppose so. I know he lives in a fine house, and I have heard that he is rich."

"Have you many such friends?" asked Eddie.

"No; I wish I had."

"So do I. Opera book, sir."

Walter's next customer was one of a different kind. It was a stout, fashionably dressed lady, who was of a very gruff disposition.

"Boy," she said, in an important tone, "what do you charge for your opera books?"

Walter mentioned the price.

"Twenty five cents. It is too much, Maria."

"This to a younger customer, her daughter—"

"don't you think twenty five cents an outrageous charge for a thin little book like that?"

"Yes, ma, I do."

"It's the regular price, madam," said Walter, who felt that he was blamed for the charge.

"You ought to sell it for fifteen cents. Fifteen cents is enough for a book of that size."

"If we sold at that price we should have to give up the business."

"I won't pay twenty five cents, I can tell you that. I don't care to be imposed upon. I'll give you twenty."

"I couldn't take less than twenty five," said Walter, thinking the gayly dressed lady about the meanest person he had ever encountered.

Evidently she was abundantly able to pay the price, but was seized with a fit of economy. It

is such persons who plume themselves upon beating down seamstresses, and who will go a mile out of their way to save five cents.

Walter moved away from this lady, and another of the boys, after a prolonged wrangle, succeeded in selling her an opera book for twenty three cents, which she declared to be all the change she had.

When eight o'clock came, the sale of books was nearly at an end. Not wholly, however, for some persons will always come late to an evening entertainment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN EVENING ADVENTURE.

WALTER was quite exhilarated by his success in his new business. He felt that now he would be quite justified in keeping his room, or rather in taking another farther up town, in a more convenient location.

His first week's earnings at his new business amounted to seven dollars, which, added to the sales of papers, gave him a little over ten dollars.

He felt justified now in buying some new clothes, of which he stood in need. At a Broadway clothing house he bought ready made a neat and well fitting plaid suit, and completed his outfit with a new pair of shoes and a hat.

"Have you come into a fortune, Walter?" asked Eddie Egan.

"Why do you ask me?" "You look like it. It makes you look nobby."

"I am glad to hear that," said Walter, smiling. "But I haven't come into a fortune yet."

"The next evening Walter had a new experience. As he stood in the lobby selling opera books, about ten minutes of eight, a gentleman, evidently a Western man, entered with his daughter on his arm.

"Is this Mr. Spencer?" "Yes."

"Staying at the Gilsley House?" "Yes. Have you a telegram for me?"

"I have. The clerk at the Gilsley told you were coming here. He described you, and I followed."

"You're a smart boy. Wait a minute, Julia, while I open the telegram."

"No, it is good news. It is a dispatch from my partner in San Francisco. But it requires immediate attention. What troubles me is, that it may cost you your evening's amusement."

"Never mind, papa!" said Julia, but she was clearly disappointed.

"Of course you cannot enter the theater without an escort. But stay, I have an idea."

"Walter, let me introduce you to my daughter, Miss Julia Spencer, of San Francisco."

"I shall be glad to have you call on me, Mr. Griffith," said the young lady, with a coquettish smile.

"Thank you, I shall be pleased to do so."

"I shall be very happy to serve her and you," said Walter.

"Ain't he a lucky kid?" said one. "Why didn't the old gentleman pick out me?"

"You're out at elbows, and Walter has a nice new suit. If I'd known what was comin' I'd have worn my velvet coat and diamond pin. If good looks counted, I'd be goin' in instead of Walter."

"I have only been in the city three months. I came from the country."

"I am very fond of the theater. I was afraid I should have to lose that pleasure when papa got his telegram. I didn't expect to find an escort so easily."

"I shouldn't think you would ever be in want of an escort," said Walter, gallantly.

"I see you are not too young to pay compliments. But you must remember what papa said. We'll just imagine that you are my younger brother—you know I'm quite an old lady compared with you. Have you ever seen this opera before?"

"No; this is the first time."

"Then it will be new to both of us. Is that an opera book in your hand?"

"Yes, will you look at it?" "Have you read it?"

"I read last evening after I went home."

"Then you can tell me about it as we go on. That will suit me better than reading it myself."

Here the curtain rose, and the conversation was suspended.

Walter was much pleased with his companion. Her manners were easy and unaffected, and marked by a Western frankness, which made him feel at home with her.

There were two persons present to whom Walter was an enigma. These were Frank Lady, already referred to as having been a summer visitor to the town where Walter had been born and brought up, and his mother.

"What about him?" "It is Walter Griffith, whom we met in the country. The one, you know, who was keeping a stand on Broadway."

"Do you really mean it? Why, he is with an elegantly dressed young lady, and occupying one of the best seats in the house."

"It is certainly strange. They are chatting as if well acquainted."

"It is queer how that fellow gets on."

"Frank Victor spoke in a disappointed tone, for he had an envious, selfish disposition, and he did not enjoy seeing others succeed. He would like better to have seen his old acquaintance out of money and out of luck."

"I have enjoyed the evening very much," said the young lady. "I feel that we were fortunate in meeting you."

"As you say the same," said Walter.

"Good evening!" said Frank, in a tone unusually gracious. "I was quite surprised to see you in the audience."

"I didn't see you, or I should have bowed," said Walter. "Did you enjoy the opera?"

"Frank looked very hard at Miss Spencer, hoping that Walter would introduce him, but in this hope he was disappointed.

"I hope he wasn't too attentive," said Mr. Spencer, with a smile.

"I am much obliged to you, young man," said Mr. Spencer, as he pressed something into Walter's hand.

"I shall be glad to have you call on me, Mr. Griffith," said the young lady, with a coquettish smile.

"Thank you, I shall be pleased to do so."

"It strikes me that you young people are pretty well acquainted already," said Mr. Spencer.

(To be continued.)

ANARCHY IN THE CZAR'S FAMILY.

The Russian Czar has, it seems, to contend with other rebels than the would be king killers and Nihilists. The New York World quotes the subjoined anecdote from a St. Petersburg letter:



CORRESPONDENCE.

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

R. K. Olean, N. Y. No premium on the half cent of 1889.

Brooklyn Bridge. No premium on the five cent piece of 1890.

Andy Lamb, Washington, D. C. The stories named were not published in the Argosy.

M. E. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. Cadets are admitted to West Point between the ages of 17 and 22.

S. K., Hot Springs, Ark. 1. No premium on any of the coins mentioned. 2. Consult our advertising columns.

J. M. A., Augusta, Ga. The instruments for a string band of seven performers would be four violins, two violoncellos, and one bass violin.

R. W. H., Fall River, Mass. We will pay fifty cents cash commission for each new yearly three dollar subscription obtained for the Argosy.

G. M. P., Somerville, Mass. Write to the Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, West Point, N. Y., for a catalogue of the institution.

Mystic, Atlanta, Ga. 1. Mahogany grows in South America, but the other woods mentioned do not. 2. You can get an ordinary sail boat about 18 feet long and 6 feet wide for \$150.

Andy, Erie, Pa. 1. We know of no book devoted exclusively to club swinging. 2. We will send you a binder free if you will send us one three dollar subscription, and add 15 cents for postage.

E. H. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. Your master or clerk can easily make a sack for you, which you can then fill with sand. It should weigh about fifty pounds, although you do not state the purpose for which you wish the bag.

Author, San Francisco, Cal. Certainly, meritorious manuscripts are accepted and paid for by the Argosy from strangers as well as those whose names are known. It is the quality of the work that chiefly is considered.

W. A. S., Council Grove, Kan. "Afloat in a Great City" ran from No. 121 to 188 inclusive, which will cost you 75 cents; "The Boy Broker," from No. 218 to 233, costing 93 cents; "Nature's Young Noblemen," from No. 217 to 235, costing 87 cents.

J. F., Jersey City, N. J. There are three sets of silver dollars of 1793 which a premium value is paid, provided they are in good condition: the one with thirteen stars, small eagle, is worth from \$2 to \$3; fifteen stars, large eagle, is worth from \$4 to \$5; and one with thirteen stars, spread eagle, \$1.05 to \$1.10.

W. M. L., McKeesport, Pa. The existence of the Northwest Passage was first completely established by Franklin in 1846. He did not live, however, to carry back the report of his discoveries, which was done by McClintock in 1859. Both expeditions were British.

H. F. C., Athens, Ga. You do not make it quite clear what you mean by a German interpreter. Write to Harpers or the Appletons, this city, for their catalogue of educational works. We should say \$2 would be about the price for a dictionary or grammar of the language.

J. R., New York City. 1. The half cent of 1797, thick die, in good condition, is worth from 25 cents to \$1.50; thin die, 15 cents to 50 cents. 2. No premium on the cent of 1862, 3c. There are ten stamps of the cent of the English jubilee issue—1841, 1c, 1d, 2d, 2 1/2d, 3d, 4d, 5d, 6d, 9d, 1s.

C. E. C., Philadelphia, Pa. To become an architect you must first be possessed of a talent for designing, and then apply for a position in an architectural office. "Encouragement for Our Cadets," in this number. The youngest age at which a boy can enter the Naval Academy at Annapolis is fourteen.

T. M. M. 1. There is no premium on your George III coin; probably none on the George II one, but you do not state its denomination. 2. Perhaps you did not wait until the month was old enough before deciding that the sheep were not going to pass through the street this year; or, more probably, the slaughter house to which they were driven has been removed elsewhere.

H. L. Y., Pawtucket, R. I. The salary of an acrobat ranges from \$10 a week upwards. It is a profession which requires long and arduous preliminary gymnastic practice to master, and even then is beset with constant menace to life and limb. Not a few performers are disabled every season by falls, for want of a good net, which is an advisable career for a young man to adopt.

Edwin Hammond and Peter Becker. 1. As we have already stated several times, we will send a title page and index to Vol. V on receipt of a one cent stamp. 2. We will not enter a stamp, and even then we will comply with this request. 3. Very probably he will. 4. Perhaps. 5. No. 6. Write to the Chief of United States Engineers at Washington for information concerning the map.

G. M. F., New York City. A second hand cart rig boat fifteen feet long would cost in the neighborhood of \$100. 2. Great Neck, reached by the North Shore Railroad, is a good locality on Long Island for building a house, and even then a bookseller or some boat building establishment in the vicinity of Peck Slip, on South Street, for the chart. We cannot print business addresses.

A. M., La Fayette, Ind. The bill you describe is that of the United States Continental currency, and may possibly be worth from \$1 to \$1.50. 2. A "ticker" is an instrument attached to a wire running from the stock exchange to the vari-

ous brokers' offices, to convey the latest quotations of values. These latter are printed automatically on long strips of paper, which the ticker rolls off into a basket.

Two Young Book Dealers, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. No, the Argosy will not be issued in monthly parts. 2. The nine numbers of Vol. V you want will be mailed you on receipt of 54 cents, which may be sent in five cent stamps if you like. 3. The full list of articles for the first volume of Messrs. Young's Popular Series has not yet been decided on. 4. You can obtain a title page and index for Vol. V by sending a one cent stamp to pay the postage.

C. L., East Liverpool, O. 1. If in good condition, the nickel cent, with eagle of 1865, is worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50. 2. Jay Gould is fifty one years old. 3. As you will have already noted, the new volume of the ARGOSY began with the first number for December. The average height of a boy of fifteen is 5 ft. 1 in.; weight, 66 1/2 pounds. 5. St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, was restored in 1856 at a cost of \$750,000. 6. The bicycle in its present shape was evolved gradually from the French velocipede.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange editor, on receipt of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, minerals, curiosities, or articles of doubtful worth. 2. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should be careful to write for particulars to the address given.

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

R. F. Miller, Mount Glead, O. A self inking press, chase 4 1/2 by 7, for type.

M. E. Parry, 825 Webster St., East Saginaw, Mich. Postmarks, for the same.

James Northway, 77, 2d Peck St., Zanesville, O. Fifty tin tags, for an equal number.

Charles A. Leach, Plattsmouth, Neb. A combination microscope, for a telescope.

Chas. Haller, 142 1/2 St., Wheeling, W. Va. Four books, valued at \$3.50, for a set of 30 boxing gloves.

T. A. Patton, Patton, W. Va. A 5 by 8 box camera, with lens, tripod, case, etc., for a 34 inch bicycle.

C. S. Beale, 1093 North 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Fifteen foreign stamps, for 2 half cents between 1850 and 1851.

Clifton Sears, Delaware, O. Two pieces of Indian pottery, for every perfect arrow head. Must give locality.

Henry E. Williams, Central Falls, R. I. A pair of nicked plated all clamp roller skates, for a snare drum and sticks.

E. F. Gamble, Tecumseh, Mich. For 2,000 square cut postmarks, for natural history specimens or Indian relics.

Louis Epstein, Ogdensburg, N. Y. Two books, 50 different tin tags, and 30 stamps, for a pair of dumb bells or Indian relics.

A. L. Wallace, 130 South Main St., Cortland, N. Y. An electric bell outfit, for a small horizontal steam engine with boiler.

N. E. Weeks, 206 South Academy St., Galesburg, Ill. A 18 inch rubber tire bicycle, cost when new \$35, for a steam engine and boiler.

Woodbridge Brothers, 2816 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo. A No. 2 Official and a No. 3 Baltimorean self inking press, for a foot power press.

Louis A. Bacon, Box 377, Bridgeton, N. J. A pair of 1 1/2 lb. dumb bells (a pair of ladies' ice skates, for a pair of lever ice skates).

Harry D. Masterson, West Elmira, N. Y. A telescope, or six novels by popular authors, for Nos. 156 to 175 inclusive of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

C. H. Dunham, care Cumner Jones & Co., 8 and 10 Summer St., Boston. A sea anchor, 14 ft. long, for stamps and coins. Boston offers only.

Guy S. McCabe, 38 Monroe Ave., Columbus, O. A telegraph key and sounder, valued at \$8, for a good small telescope, or a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

George C. Hill, 458 Harrison Ave., Boston, Mass. A banjo, a fife, 6 books, a pair of roller skates, and a pair of opera glasses, for a silver watch or printing press.

Charlie O. Lane, 4th Ave., Long Branch, N. J. A press with 7 fonts of type and outfit, valued at \$20, for a photo outfit or a musical instrument of equal value.

Gustave Voss, Jr., 12 Twomey St., Chicago, Ill. Twenty autographs and autograph letters, a number of stamps, and 3 books by Optic, for a self inking press or a telescope.

Otis Temple, Box 145, St. Charles, Mo. Two hundred different tin tags and 300 duplicates, and "A Voyage to the Gold Coast," for Nos. 29 to 49 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Charles H. Tann, 139 Fifth Ave., Lansingburgh, N. Y. A pair of new Star club 10 1/2 ice skates, for an Indian axe; also 15 S. S. smelt and foreign postage stamps, for arrow heads or fossil fish.

Charles Turner, Box 103, Keyport, N. J. A set of compasses, valued at \$10, for a sail boat 3 ft. long, a canvas canoe with paddles and sail, a steamboat with boiler, or 2 bound volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

D. K. Dana, 15 Baldwin St., Newark, N. J. A Scott International stamp album, containing about 725 stamps, and a catalogue, for a steam engine with boiler capable of running a sewing machine or an induction coil.

J. E. McLaughlin, Box 1281, New York City. A Maryland hand inking press, with roller, 3 books, a xylophone, an abacus, and 10 foreign stamps, for a self inking press and outfit; also a telegraph key, in good condition, for type.

Edgar J. Lowenstein, 42 2d 1/2 St., New York City. Eighteen hundred stamps in album, 150 cabinet sized labeled minerals, 1 sea anchor, 1 sea shells, curiosities, relics, etc., for a 30 or 32 inch rubber tired nickel plated bicycle, or for books.

Frank A. Miller, 274 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A candle power incandescent electric light, with battery, a brass microscope, 1 S. S. smelt photo outfit, a bull's eye lantern, an adding machine, and a horse shoe magnet, for a printing press, chase not less than 6 by 9, with at least 3 fonts of type, etc.

GILBERT THE TRAPPER:

OR,
THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN.

By CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY,
Author of "Luke Bennett's Hide Out; A Story of the War."

CHAPTER XXXIV.
CAPTAIN BARTON DEFEATED.



WELL, sergeant, did you find them fellows?" one of the cowboys shouted, as soon as the soldiers came within hail. By "them fellows" he meant four men who had deserted from the post a few days before.

The non commissioned officer who was in command of the squad drew rein long enough to reply that he had found no traces of the deserters of whom he was in chase. He had no idea which way they had gone, and the storm had effectually covered their trail.

The sergeant added that he wasn't sorry he had missed them, for there were four of them in the party, all well mounted and armed, and they would have made a desperate fight, rather than permit themselves to be captured and taken back to the post.

"What was their object in deserting at this time of year, any way?" asked one of the cowboys.

"I don't know," answered the sergeant. "They've got some plan or other in their heads, but what it is I can't imagine. I will bet a month's pay that they wished themselves back at Fort Shaw about the time that blizzard came upon them."

Waving his hand the sergeant galloped on to overtake his squad, while the cowboys continued on their way toward Uncle Jack's ranch. "What fellows are they?" inquired Gus. "Why do men desert out here on the plains? I thought they did that only in war times."

"They do it any time they get sick of the service, no matter when it is," answered one of the cowboys. "At the close of the war there was a heap of it done. Having enlisted for 'three years or the war,' the soldiers contended that they ought to be sent home instead of being ordered to guard duty on the frontier, and they deserted by hundreds, thereby forfeiting all the pay the government owed them. But they didn't care for that. They were heartily tired of the army and wanted to be free men once more."

"The Black Hills gold excitement was one thing that set them to going," remarked another cowboy. "Yes; the prospect of making money always sets them crazy," said a third. "Let a party of cavalrymen discover signs of gold during a scout, and it's ten to one if the whole of that party ever gets back to the post to which they belong."

"I should think they would be afraid of the Indians," said Jerry.

"Well, as a general thing they go between times. If the Indians are bad, they stay at the post till they get quiet again. They run a quick risk at all times, and more than one party of deserters have left their bones whitening on the plain."

Meanwhile Gilbert and his companion were making rapid headway toward the hills. Knowing that they would be obliged to camp out at least one night on the way to the fort, they decided to halt in the canyon where Gilbert had found the boys. Of course the young trapper had to go all over his story again for Uncle Jack's benefit, and the ranchman showed as deep an interest in the recital as his nephews did.

He perfectly agreed with Gilbert that if the latter could only get hold of the rest of the papers, or secure a copy of them, he would have plain sailing before him. The trader could not read them, that was evident, or else he would not have waited so long before taking possession of the nuggets and dust that were concealed in Sweetwater Canyon. Gus Warren, Uncle Jack declared, was the only person on the reservation who could make sense out of that cryptogram. Perhaps we shall see that the confident old ranchman made a great mistake when he said this.

At four o'clock the next afternoon the stockade was known far and near as Fort Shaw was in plain sight. Uncle Jack and his young associate must have made up their minds just what to do when they got there, for without stopping to exchange a word with each other, they rode at once to the trader's store, and dismounted in front of it. Leaving his horse to the take care of himself, Gilbert pushed open the

door and entered, with Uncle Jack Waldron close at his heels.

Captain Barton was alone in the store—or at least they thought he was; but if there had been a dozen men present, it would not have made the least difference to Gilbert the trapper. He had come there after those papers, and he meant to have them before he went out again.

When Uncle Jack closed the door he turned the key in the lock, while Gilbert kept on and confronted the trader.

"Captain Barton," said he, in his blandest tones, "I understand that you have in your possession copies of certain documents which are of no interest or value to you, but which contain some information that it is important for me to know. Will you be kind enough to hand them over to me? What in the world can be the matter with him, I wonder?" added Gilbert, to himself. "He trembles like a leaf. He must have seen us coming, and known by the way we rode that our errand boded no good to him."

That was the secret of the trader's agitation, and it was also the reason why Pete Axley, who was in the store with him, and who knew that there was no possible chance for him to escape from the building without being seen, dodged under one of the counters and pulled a pile of skins on top of him.

Captain Barton looked at Gilbert, who was apparently as calm as a summer's morning, then at the determined old man who stood with his back against the door and his revolver in his hand, and instantly decided upon his line of defense.

"I am sure I don't know what you mean," he began; and Gilbert's right hand went around to the butt of his own revolver. "I have the copy of a letter here with the name of 'Gilbert' upon it, but whether or not it is anything in which you are interested I do not know. I will gladly show it to you—"

"You mean that you will give it to me," interposed Gilbert. "It belongs to me, and you know it well enough."

While the trader was talking he moved down the store toward his desk, and Gilbert stepped behind the counter and followed him. "You have copies of two papers that belong to me," said the latter, in a quiet, even voice which alarmed his listener not a little. "One is a letter written in plain English, and the other is one that you haven't been able to make out yet. If you had, you would have been after that money in Sweetwater Canyon before this time."

The hand which the trader lifted the lid of his desk trembled visibly, while the concealed listener under the counter was so astounded that he could hardly refrain from giving utterance to the oath that arose to his lips. At that moment Pete Axley would willingly have given his share of the dust and nuggets to any one who would tell him where Gilbert the trapper got all his information.

Captain Barton did not say a word. He dared not trust himself to speak, and besides he knew that Gilbert would not believe a word he said. The boy's eyes had a savage glitter in them, and the trader could not help wondering what he would do when he got the coveted papers in his hands.

Almost overcome with amazement and alarm, Captain Barton laid the lid of his desk against a pile of goods that were stowed upon the counter, raised a package of letters in one corner, took out an envelope and was about to pass it to Gilbert, when he saw, with added astonishment, that it was not the one he wanted.

Hurriedly he tumbled over the letters, and just as Gilbert was expecting to hear him declare that the papers of which he was in search had been abstracted from his desk, he picked up another envelope and handed it over with the remark that that was the one he was looking for, and that it had been mislaid.

Then it was Gilbert's turn to show excitement. He read the letter without the least trouble, but the cryptogram bothered him just as it had bothered the trader.

"Mr. Waldron," said he, "will you be good enough to stop this way a moment. I want to be sure that I have got what I want."

Before Uncle Jack left the door, he took the precaution to put the key into his pocket. Then

he walked up to the counter and placed his pistol upon it within easy reach of his hand. He looked sharply at both the papers, and finally gave it as his opinion that they were true copies of the originals.

"Then we have nothing further to do here," said Gilbert, whose self control was wonderful. "Captain, we will bid you good day. I suppose this is a great surprise to you, and a disappointment as well. Of course I feel very grateful toward you for attempting to defraud me of my rights."

"But I don't," roared Uncle Jack, pounding upon the counter with the butt of his heavy revolver, and leaving a huge dent after each blow. "If I wasn't opposed to all such doings, I would raise such a row about this business that all the blue-coats on the reservation couldn't protect you—you—"

Utterly at a loss for a word strong enough to express his contempt for the cringing man on the other side of the counter, Uncle Jack shook his fist in his face, turned on his heel and started for the door.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE JOURNEY TO SWEETWATER CANYON.

"NEVINS, Nevins!" murmured Gilbert the trapper, as he and Uncle Jack Waldron galloped away from the trader's store. "My name is Gilbert Hubbard Nevins."

"So it seems," replied his companion. "Buckskin Bob could not tell the truth, even when he thought he was going to die, could he? I knew he was deceiving me, and that the Utes were responsible for the death of those miners, well as never heard of such a place as Clayton," answered Uncle Jack. "But Massachusetts must be all of two thousand miles from here in a straight line. How many miles you would have to travel to get there, I don't know."

"How shall I go to work to find out if any of my relatives are still living there?" continued Gilbert.

"Write a letter to the postmaster, telling him that you want to get on the trail of your folks, who used to live in Clayton, and asked him to give the letter into the hands of some honest lawyer of his acquaintance," replied Uncle Jack. "He'll do it—such things are often done. Then the lawyer will write to you, and you can tell him what you want him to do."

"I declare I can hardly hold myself in the saddle," exclaimed Gilbert; but that was no news to Uncle Jack. If he had had as good a prospect of seeing his relatives as Gilbert seemed to have, he would have been excited himself.

But after all, thought Uncle Jack, a good many changes must have taken place in Clayton since Gilbert's father left it to seek his fortune in the gold mines. A multitude of people die or move away in that time, even in a little country town, and who could tell but that all Gilbert's relatives had disappeared?

The old ranchman did not say a word of this, however. His young companion was supremely happy for once in his life, and the future looked very bright to him. Why not let him enjoy himself while he could?

Uncle Jack said at all right, I shall always bless the day I fired that lucky shot up there in the canyon," thought Uncle Jack, allowing his gaze to rest for a moment on Gilbert's glowing face. "But there's many a slip—there's many a slip."

The miles that lay between Fort Shaw and Uncle Jack's ranch seemed to have lengthened out since the last time they passed over them, but in due season they drew rein in front of its hospitable doors, and found Gus and Jerry Warren waiting to welcome them. There was no need for the boys to ask if they had succeeded in getting the papers, for the smile on Gilbert's face and Uncle Jack's answered the question while it was trembling on their lips.

"Were—er—did he hand them over without making any objections?" inquired Jerry, leading the way into the house.

"He was as peaceable and quiet as a lamb," replied Uncle Jack, as he drew a chair up in front of the fire and motioned to Gilbert to occupy it. "I don't know when I have seen a man so willing to accommodate a feller as that trader was. The minute he found out what Gilbert wanted, he went to his desk and got 'em."

Gus noticed that his relative did not say anything about the means that he and Gilbert had used to make the trader so accommodating, and he knew that it would not do any good to pry into the matter.

"Did you see Grizzly Pete?" asked Jerry. "No," he wasn't there. Now, Gus, trot out the papers I gave you 't'other day, and then set yourself down at that table and make sense out of the rest of the cryptogram."

Gus readily replied, for he was quite as impatient to know what the cryptogram said as Gilbert was, even though he did not have as deep an interest in it. The first thing he did was to compare the copies with those portions of the original letter and cryptogram that Uncle Jack had found in Buckskin Bob's tobacco box, and he saw in a moment that Gilbert had not been deceived—that the trader had made correct copies of all the papers which he had surrendered on demand, instead of substituting others,

as Gus was afraid he might have done. The letter and cryptogram both bore the same date and signature.

"It must be a great relief to Gilbert to know what his name is, and where his father's folks live," thought Gus, as he seated himself at the table and began his work upon the cipher. "I never saw him so worked up before. I only hope that things will turn out as he seems to think they will; but what if he should go to that *cache* and find that some one had been there and dug it up? He wouldn't care much for the loss of the dust and nuggets, but he would always live under the belief that if he had got there first, he would have found some more important papers."

Knowing just how to go about it, Gus did not take more than ten minutes to translate the entire cryptogram. At the end of that time he arose from the table and handed Gilbert the following:

On the left hand side of the canyon, three miles from leaning scrub oak tree at entrance, under hanging rock, two feet below surface. Remove leaves and stones, and find one another in the well to be revealed. Give it to my boy, I pray you; it belongs to him.

For a long time Gilbert the trapper, as I shall continue to call him, sat with his eyes fastened upon the paper, and no one spoke to him. What thoughts of the past and hopes for the future crowded and tossed one another in his busy brain, nobody except himself ever knew.

Gilbert had little of the poetic fancy about him, and he could not have put them into words if he had tried. Neither can I. He was very quiet, and had little to say after that; and when he followed Uncle Jack to his room at an early hour, he did not go there to sleep.

Insomnia had never troubled him before, but it sat by his pillow the livelong night, and Gilbert never closed his eyes in slumber. He was so impatient to be off that he would hardly eat any breakfast, or wait until Uncle Jack could get the expedition ready to take the trail. For it was a work of no small magnitude that the good natured ranchman had taken upon himself when he promised to stand by Gilbert and assist him until he had made himself master of the treasure that was concealed in Sweetwater Canyon, although he talked of it with the same indifference that you would talk of taking a walk to the post office.

Winter was fairly upon them (it promised to be a severe one, too, Uncle Jack said), and the canyon was all of two hundred miles away. It was no boy's play to travel that distance at that season of the year, and in order to make the journey with any prospect of success, it was necessary that they should go prepared to face all sorts of weather.

Consequently it took time to get ready, and dinner was served up before Sam reported that all the arrangements had been made.

"Look here," said Gus, who listened attentively to all Uncle Jack's orders, and watched the preparations with a critical eye. "You haven't made any provision for Jerry and me, and neither have you said one word about us."

"Why, yes, we have," replied the ranchman. "You are to stay here, as snug as bugs in a rug, while Gilbert and me get some of the cowboys go into the hills and run the risk of freezing to death or being chewed up by mountain lions in the effort to find the place where those things are hidden. What other provision do you want made for you and Jerry?"

"Why, we want to hear you tell Sam to bring out a horse apiece for us, and some grub put into the pack," replied Gus. "That's what we want."

One would have thought, by the way Uncle Jack opened his eyes, that he was very much surprised at this, but he wasn't. He had been looking for it ever since he announced his determination to go with his nephew and search of the *cache*; but he knew by experience that the foothills were no place for tenderness in winter.

"The idea of such a thing!" he exclaimed. "I don't want to carry you down to the post and watch the doctor patch you up after being frost bitten, and I ain't going to run any risks. If it was summer, we would take you along to pay you for reading that cryptogram for us; but as it is, it ain't to be thought of."

That settled the matter, and Gus and Jerry stood on the porch an hour after dinner, and waved a sorrowful farewell to Uncle Jack and Gilbert as they rode away.

They took four cowboys with them to help find the *cache*, and to look out for the pack mules. There were two of these useful animals, and each one of them carried a huge pack saddle, which was filled to the top with blankets and provisions for the party, together with spades and pick-axes with which to unearth the treasure after they had located it with the aid of the translation that Gilbert had in his pocket.

They were gone a whole month—and came back empty handed.

While on their journey they suffered severely from the cold, and all of them were more or less frost bitten. Old Jerry, who carried his vial of wrath upon them, sent blizzard after blizzard to beat upon their devoted heads, blocked them up in the canyons and pinched their ears and toes in camp, and the nearer they approached to the goal of their hopes, the harder he tried to drive them back.

They kept on in spite of it all, and at last found the *cache*; but it was empty. Somebody had been there before them.

During their absence a most remarkable thing happened within a short distance of Uncle Jack's ranch.

(To be continued.)

THE PINE AND THE PALM.

BY HEINRICH HEINE.
A pine tree's standing lonely,
In the North on the mountain's brow,
Nodding in whitest cover,
Bound up in the ice and snow.
He's dreaming of a palm tree,
Which far in the Southern land
Lonely and silent sorrows,
Mid burning rocks and sand.

[This story commenced in No. 238.]

THE
Young Ranger;

OR,
PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

To New Readers.—We gave a synopsis of the preceding chapters of this story in our special free edition. Those who read that synopsis can now continue understandingly the story as it appears here.—Ed.

CHAPTER XV.

BENNY HURST'S CAPTIVITY.

BENNY HURST'S spiteful action toward the canine nipping at his heels would have resulted ill for him, but for the fact that his two captors, knowing he was a helpless prisoner, felt able to wait until a more cruel punishment could be inflicted.

The arrival of the prisoner in the Iroquois camp caused no little stir. The dog uttered several yelps, as he ran among his masters with his head and tail down, every one of the sleeping warriors springing to his feet, as though an alarm had been sounded.

The ranger had been a prisoner twice before this capture, which was destined to be the most memorable of his life. He conducted himself with something like dignity, when he was marched into the center of the camp, and the Iroquois gathered around him.

Not only that, but, in his varied experience on the frontier, he had picked up an excellent knowledge of the Seneca tongue, so that he was able to express himself intelligently in it.

"The pale face is a prisoner," he remarked in such clear Seneca that more than one grunt greeted it. "He awaits the will of his captors."

"The pale face is a dog," replied the chieftain, who was known as The Mink, and who stood next in authority to the famous Red Thunder. "He steals into the camp of the Senecas like a cur."

"He did not steal into the camp," the scout could not refrain from saying; "the Senecas brought him here."

"The pale face is a dog," repeated The Mink, "and he shall die."

"He is not afraid to die," was the sturdy response of Hurst, who knew that there was no surer way of earning the contempt of his captors than by showing cowardice.

At the same time he spoke the truth, for Benny Hurst, like those brave spirits who formed the advance guard of civilization, carried his life in his hands, and was ready at all times to "go under," in the language of the frontier, whenever the fates of war so willed.

Standing in the midst of the frowning group, Benny Hurst looked them defiantly in the eye, his shoulders thrown back and his face unblanched by the emotion of fear. Had not his wrists been fastened behind his back, he would have dared them to do their worst.

It cannot be said that the captive was entirely without hope, for he knew that a score of brave men were near at hand, every one of whom would risk his life to prevent a hair of his head suffering harm. He hoped that, finding he did not return as they expected, some of them would return to find the cause, and, learning of his plight, would make a dash for his rescue. He had been saved by that means when caught in a similar situation, and he was warranted in believing that something of the kind might take place again.

But it has been shown that, unwittingly on the part of Captain Ross and his comrades, he was abandoned to his fate. They made their detour far to the right, with no knowledge of Hurst's peril, nor was there any possibility of their learning it in time to interpose in his behalf.

It often happens on such occasions as the one I am attempting to describe, that captive and captors indulge in recriminations, in which the passions of both parties are roused to the highest point. It is the purpose of the prisoner to exasperate his enemies to such a degree that, losing their self command, they rush upon him and inflict a death which if painful is speedy. In this way, he saves himself the dreadful torture which is sometimes continued for many long hours.

Nothing of the kind took place in the case of Benny Hurst. While he was fearless and defiant, yet he allowed no word to escape him that

could irritate his enemies. Could he have known that he was abandoned, and that no help could come from his friends, he would have done all he could to hasten his death.

Hurst was led to a sapling near the middle of the camp and bound to it, while the Senecas held a brief consultation as to what was best to do with him.

The small tree was no more than four or five inches through, and was in such a situation that all the Iroquois were grouped around the prisoner. Under such circumstances, there was no need of binding him at all. As it was he was tied very loosely, by means of a thong of deer-skin which was brought around at the waist and knotted in front. This was as effective as if it encircled his body several times, for the prisoner was deprived of the use of his hands, and his strength was unequal to the task of breaking the

prisoner that he possessed any suspicion of the decision of his captors. He was as cool and self possessed as ever, looking defiantly into the painted countenances as though he knew they had decided not to harm him.

As he glanced around, he noticed that the night was drawing to an end, and morning was at hand. A dull gray light was stealing through the woods, and the silvery moonlight was beginning to pale before the rapidly increasing light of dawn.

It was the most ghastly, dismal hour of the twenty-four—a fitting time for the terrible tragedy decided upon by the conclave of painted Iroquois.

The decision reached, there was no delay for further discussion. The Mink was all powerful in the absence of Red Thunder, and he would have permitted no protest from the discontented

by any fancy, and at the moment his glance was turned toward the point, he had no thought of seeing anything unusual.

The striking fact about the sight was that the face which he observed was that of an Indian instead of a white man. Brief as was the glimpse, it revealed his scalp lock and the frightful war paint plainly shown in the light of the rapidly breaking day.

The point at which this sight greeted the straining eyes of Benny Hurst was to the right, in the direction of Haunted Gulch, and close to the trail where he had fallen into the hands of his enemies. As he supposed, he kept his attention fixed there, though he took care that none of his captors should observe his suddenly awakened interest.

Probably a minute more had gone when the scalp lock and the side of the face appeared on the other side of the trunk. Not only that, but there was a movement of the hand, as if the mysterious individual was trying to convey some signal to the prisoner.

The latter was puzzled, for it was beyond his comprehension, but you may be sure that he allowed nothing to escape his vision, though it was beyond his power to give anything in the nature of a response.

During these swift passing minutes the Iroquois were not idle. The fagots having been adjusted around the prisoner, the chieftain was left to open the ceremonies.

Stepping in front of Hurst, he said:

"Is the pale face a papoose that he is afraid to see the fire creep up around him like the serpent that crawls over the mound of earth? Why does he trouble when the faces of the Senecas frown upon him? Why is he so weak that he would fall on his face if the bonds did not hold him fast to the tree?"

"The Seneca speaks with a double tongue; he lies, and there is no truth in him. If The Mink stood where the pale face stands, he would die with fright, for his heart is soft like a child's; he is afraid the brave Long Knives will come and punish him because his warriors kill only captives, and women and children; the Senecas are cowards; it takes many of them to slay a pale face, and they dare not do so until they have tied him to a tree."

These were exasperating words, but they did not accomplish what their speaker intended. The chief did not shoot him, nor ordered his men to do so. Walking a couple of steps, to where the camp fire was burning, he picked up one of the embers, circling it rapidly about his head until it broke into a crackling blaze, when he advanced to the captive and knelt down.

The combustibles had been carefully arranged, so that the task of firing them was easy. The chief had held the torch but a few minutes when the flames were communicated to the dry leaves and twigs, which rapidly carried them in turn to the branches and larger stuff.

True, Benny Hurst was helpless, but his feet were free, and he could not forbear making one last final "kick."

Carefully shoving his right foot among the stuff, he loosened it so as to open the way. Then, when The Mink was in the very act of rising, he delivered him a tremendous blow in the chest which sent him backwards, stunned, senseless, and with the life almost driven from his body.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN INTERRUPTION.

AT that instant, the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness, and, for the moment, consternation reigned in the camp.

The report of the gun being simultaneous with the backward plunge of the chieftain, most of the Senecas believed at first that he had been shot, and that the whites had attacked the camp.

The dismay and confusion were increased by the cry of one of the warriors.

"The Yenghese! The Yenghese! he is running away!"

At the moment when the gun was fired, Benny Hurst was conscious of a peculiar sensation at his waist. He was looking at the tree which so interested him when he caught the puff of a discharged rifle, and knew that some one had fired toward him.

His first thought was that the unknown friend, seeing there was no hope for him, had taken this means of saving him from the agony of the horrible death his enemies had provided for him; but he instantly detected his mistake.

The bullet had not injured or struck him. Aimed by the eye of a master, it had cut the deer thong in front of his waist, doing the work so deftly that it dropped into the burning stuff at his feet.

The smoke from the fire blinded him, but fortunately for Hurst he was quick witted enough to grasp the situation, and to realize what had been done, as well as what remained to be done by him.

One tremendous bound carried him clear of the flames, and, paying no heed to the Iroquois, he made a break for the trail.



BENNY HURST WAS BOUND TO A SAPLING, AND FAGOTS WERE PILED AROUND HIS FEET.

thong, which seemed as tenacious as a strand of woven wire.

Since the prisoner's knowledge of the Seneca tongue enabled him to understand almost everything uttered by his captors, it need not be said that he was interested in the discussion which so closely concerned him.

The first striking fact that reached him has already been made known to the reader. A plan had been perfected for attacking the settlement of Haunted Gulch that evening, and massacring every one of the old men, women and children, belonging to the six patriot families. Kit Wilton the Tory was to send more Iroquois to the rendezvous than were already mustered there, and the force would be a formidable one indeed.

It was remarkable that among the Indians there should be such a variety of opinions as to the disposal of the captive. Some discussion was natural in the case of several prisoners, but it was curious that a single white scout should prove such a bone of contention.

Some advocated riddling him with bullets; some proposed holding him unharmed until the arrival of the reinforcements, so that all might enjoy the happiness of seeing him suffer dreadful agony, while others favored burning him to death as he stood bound to the sapling.

The chieftain known as The Mink favored the latter course, and it was adopted. No one would have suspected from the face of

ones. He gave his orders, and several of the warriors began gathering wood for the awful bonfire.

The prisoner was not insulted by taunts, nor did any of the Iroquois tell him of the fate in store for him. No conversation at all took place between him and his captors. Had they chosen to say anything in the way of taunts, he would have replied in the same spirit, for, having given up all hope of rescue, it would have been wise to goad his enemies into forcing matters to a speedy conclusion.

Benny Hurst was on the point of abusing his enemies in the orthodox fashion, when he made an extraordinary discovery.

Looking here and there through the wood, in his helpless way, he observed a movement among the trees, so slight that it was only the merest accident that revealed it.

Just on the border line of invisibility, as it may be termed, that is at the furthest tree trunk that could be discerned, a man suddenly peered around the tree, as if he were viewing the camp fire and those gathered around it.

It was a mere darting forward of the head, the withdrawal being so sudden that for a moment the prisoner was in doubt whether he had seen anything at all, or whether it was not some fancy born of the occasion.

Second thought convinced him he was not mistaken, for he was too practical to be misled

The hands of the fugitive were not in the best position for speed, but he called into play his utmost fleetness, flying with amazing rapidity along the trail.

The American Indian is so accustomed to violent and unexpected scenes, that the Iroquois almost immediately comprehended what had taken place. The sight of The Mink doubled over on his back, with his hands pressed to his stomach, showed that he had been kicked by the fleeing pale face, who could be loosed only by the cutting of the deer thong, which must have been done by the whistling bullet.

One of the accomplishments of the savage is that of running, and Benny Hurst had not gone a hundred yards before three of the fleetest of the Iroquois burst along the path behind him, at a rate that surpassed even his remarkable swiftness.

It need not be said that the flying ranger bent all his energies to the task, for it was a matter of life and death to him. There were few superiors in fleetness among his own people, but the glance which he threw over his shoulder showed that every one of the three, running close behind in Indian file, were gaining upon him, and that the race could not be continued long without his recapture.

Indeed, the fleetness of one of the pursuers was phenomenal. He was the last one of the three following the scout, and was prevented from overtaking him at once by the hindrance of two in front of him.

Seeing this, he leaped to one side among the trees, where he had to duck and dodge at every one of his tremendous bounds, and immediately left his comrades behind. He circled round to the right, darting among the trunks with a velocity that was sure to place him in advance of the Iroquois if the latter were five minutes longer.

It lasted but a few minutes, when it terminated most unexpectedly. The Iroquois who was making such wonderful speed had reached a point abreast of the fugitive, when he turned abruptly to one side, whirling short about like a skater trying to avoid a fissure in the ice, and within three minutes was running equally fast in the opposite direction.

At the instant of turning he ducked his head and uttered a single whoop, in the nature of a warning to his two comrades speeding along the trail. They understood it instantly, whirling around and speeding toward camp with as much desperation as though they had discovered the presence of their enemies almost upon them.

And that is just what they had discovered. The great runner was on the point of turning in his pursuit, so as to curve in ahead of the fugitive, when he saw something in the trail ahead. The trees interfered with his vision, but he read it aright. There were white men in the path, coming to the relief of their endangered comrade.

Familiar as the pursuer was with the various methods of border warfare, he must have concluded that he was on the verge of an ambush, from which it was almost impossible to withdraw.

But without he did, in the manner described, when if he had advanced a few steps further he would have been shot dead in his tracks. His allies imitated him with such promptness that all three had fled some distance before the two white men understood what had taken place.

When they brought their rifles to their shoulders and let fire, it was too late. The Iroquois were beyond reach of their guns.

CHAPTER XVII.

KIT WILTON'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

YOUNG Captain Roslyn with his rescue party came back to the main trail after passing about a third of a mile beyond the Iroquois camp fire, and when they were only a short distance from Haunted Gulch.

Day was breaking, and the leader recalled that they must be near Benny Hurst, who had been sent in that direction to make his reconnaissance. By this time, too, Elmer began to feel some misgivings about pushing to their destination without learning something of the missing scout.

This feeling led him to send two of his best men along the path in the direction of the camp, with instructions to find out, if they could, what had become of their comrade. It was this measure that saved the fugitive, as has already been made clear to the reader.

Benny received a right royal welcome. His cramped wrists were quickly freed from the cutting thongs that bound them together, and he was congratulated on his escape. But this was not disputed that it was a narrow one indeed.

The story of the scout on his return to his comrades led no doubt of the identity of his friend. He was the half breed that had given Elmer Roslyn his information only a short time before. Among the party were a number who had heard of Drake Colgate, and who were not disposed to say that it was a narrow one indeed.

The story of the scout on his return to his comrades led no doubt of the identity of his friend. He was the half breed that had given Elmer Roslyn his information only a short time before. Among the party were a number who had heard of Drake Colgate, and who were not disposed to say that it was a narrow one indeed. The story of the scout on his return to his comrades led no doubt of the identity of his friend. He was the half breed that had given Elmer Roslyn his information only a short time before. Among the party were a number who had heard of Drake Colgate, and who were not disposed to say that it was a narrow one indeed.

I may as well admit that this belief was right. But for Drake Colgate, the massacre of the people would have taken place just as it had been arranged by their fiendish enemies. When

too late to communicate with Washington, the spy learned that the hour for the butchery had been set forward much more than was supposed at first.

Uncertain of the precise steps taken by Colonel Hawley at Fort Defiance, he set out to communicate with him, and met Elmer Roslyn on the way, as the reader learned ago.

Possibly you may recall some rather curious acts on the part of Drake Colgate, and it is not at all unlikely that I shall have to tell something more about which you will expect an explanation. You shall have it, but please wait a little while.

The flight and escape of the white prisoner caused no little excitement in the camp of the Iroquois, for the circumstances were out of the usual order of things, though the incident of cutting the thongs by means of the bullet was known to the Indians long before. The Mink himself having once been saved in the same manner after his dusky enemies had set fire to the fagots piled around him.

But the presence of at least two white men in the trail between the camp and Haunted Gulch had a significance that caused no little discussion among the followers of Kit Wilton.

By the time the disabled chief had fully recovered, the excitement was over. The sun was above the horizon, and the two warriors who had been so continuously occupied in getting the meat cooked, had the morning meal prepared.

The men, especially the latter, felt to and "ate like horses when you hear them eat."

The meal was scarcely finished, when two important arrivals took place, in the persons of the famous Seneca chieftain, Red Thunder, and the Tory Kit Wilton, whose authority among the Six Nations, or of the Indian tribes, known also as the Iroquois, was hardly second to that of Sir William Johnson himself.

Seating themselves on the fallen tree beside the Mink and several other warriors, the arrivals listened with deep interest to the story told them.

"Why have you men gone from the fort to Haunted Gulch," said Wilton, addressing those that were gathered around.

"Where were Red Thunder and the great chief of the pale faces that they were allowed to depart?" asked the Mink, uttering the question that was in the minds of every one of the hearers. "The Senecas were not asleep. They saw the Yankees trail out among the trees, and they thought our eyes were closed and no one was looking, but we let them go."

"Why have they been permitted to pass the camp of the Senecas who are waiting for their brothers?"

"The Tory now made clear his plan of campaign."

"The pale faces are so many," and with the forefinger of one hand he counted off the fingers of the other, doing it to both twice over, thus indicating the number of the rescue party; "we will let them go to Haunted Gulch, and when they are there in the cabins of the rebels we will have them together."

It was a simple plan of campaign, but therein lay its strength. Colonel Nick Hawley was right when he said that the cabins of the patriots could not be made secure against the enemy, especially in view of the fact that the population was divided against itself. The neighboring settlements were so far quenched by the stirring events of the day that the loyalists would be certain to give aid to the enemy. There was but one plan that promised anything like safety—that was to remove the fugitives without delay to Fort Defiance, ten miles distant.

It will be perceived, therefore, that Kit Wilton had all his wits about him, did not penetrate fully the plans of the rescue party. He seemed to believe that they were intended as a permanent garrison—a conclusion justified by the interpretation of the cipher letter of General Washington.

It is a fact suggested a curious complication of the situation. Would Kit Wilton and his allies wait till night before making any move against the settlement, resting quietly under the belief that the defenders would be found on the spot whenever the assailants chose to attack them?

If they should do this, it will be seen that a golden chance would be given Captain Roslyn to get the refugees back to the fort in time without harm. By making a detour to either side of the mountains he could reach Colonel Hawley before nightfall, provided the march could be kept from the knowledge of their enemies until at least the greater part of the distance was passed.

Such was the situation. While there was ground for hope, there was a great deal more for fear; for a score of perils were likely to arise against which no provision could be made.

Should the start take place in the forenoon, some of the loyalists left behind would be quite sure to get word to the Iroquois camp, of whose presence so near them it was to be supposed they were aware. Knowing also that the whites had flanked the Senecas and reached the settlement, it was not likely that the red men would leave the place entirely without surveillance during the day when the arrangements were making for the attack.

While Kit Wilton and Red Thunder were sitting on the log other Indians continued arriving, coming in singly or by twos, and in one instance four followed on each other's heels. These were those who were to take part in the extermination of the garrison and the patriot families at Haunted Gulch, and it certainly looked as if there would be no lack of numbers.

"We will wait till all the pale faces are in the

cabins," added the Tory leader, whose head was swelled with the glorious plan of wiping at one sweep so many of the hated rebels from the face of the earth; "then we will attack them; if they will not surrender we will burn up their cabins and the pale faces in them."

There was another threatened complication. The patriots, finding themselves hemmed in and threatened with extermination, might seize some of the loyalists and hold them as hostages, threatening to slay them unless mercy were shown to the defenders.

But it was useless to figure and speculate upon the possibilities, since the immediate future alone could determine the result of this desperate effort to save a half dozen families from the fury of so many tigers.

And now let us see the result of the attempt.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced 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 XXXI.

A LETTER FROM MAPLETON.

WITH the voyage around the Cape of Good Hope, across the Indian Ocean, and through the Straits of Sundra to the China Sea, this story has nothing to do. As I have said regarding the cruise of the Rattler, this is not a sea tale, and Van's sea-going experiences are simply the connecting links between more important epochs in his eventful life.

So it is sufficient to say that the Bellingham reached Yokohama in safety one hundred and thirty two days from New York. Here, among other letters awaiting the captain, was one from his sister, Martha, mentioned in the earlier part of this narrative.

Now for good and sufficient reasons, Captain Peterson had never taken his sister into his confidence regarding the strange letter he had received from Richard Briscoe more than a year before, and his own intentions with respect to it.

"Time enough for Patty to know when we see how the thing turns out," he had reasoned; "for she's such a hand to worry that she'd have Van and me dead a dozen times over, if she knew we were undertaking such a venture."

Hence, she had supposed, in common with every one else in their native town, that the Rattler's voyage was simply one of her ordinary sea and land-traveling trips. And when Captain Peterson returned home with his broken shoulder, to tell of his vessel's loss, he had kept from her his own forebodings as to Van's probable fate at the hands of the mutinous crew. Nor did he even then hint at the real purpose of his voyage.

"Van is a smart, able bodied fellow, and can take care of himself—don't fear, Patty, he'll come out of it all right," was her brother's hopeful assurance, and Martha could only wait and watch and pray for the absent boy who was almost as dear to her as if he had been her very own.

And now, having made this necessary explanation, I give Miss Peterson's letter word for word from the original, which lies before me on my desk:

MAPLETON, MASSACHUSETTS,

Sept. 22, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am so frustrated at all that's happened inside of the last five or six weeks, that I don't hardly know where to begin. And what I've got to write in just a few words as possible beats all the stories ever read or heard of. I don't think I can tell you—our poor Van is no more. I can't quite understand all the particulars, but it seems he got away from the schooner, and came near killing you, and went up the Amazon river with two others. Somewhere away back inland (you know I never was great on geography) is a big city. Here—if you'll believe me, Joshua, he fell in with his own uncle that we've always thought was lost in a shipwreck years ago. And Dick Briscoe, who used to be a sweetheart of mine, had been living there all this time, and got married. And when our Van was ready to leave, Mr. Briscoe got him to take charge of his daughter, who he's sent to the States for an education, with a foreign waiting maid, a nurse, a servant, and a young fellow that Mr. Briscoe was guardian of.

On the way back, poor Van was shot by some wild Indians, as nigh as I can find out. It might broke my heart when I heard of it. But if God has seen fit to take away our adopted boy, he's brought some one to take his place, so far as any home-coming is concerned.

And now I'll tell you how it all came about. Six weeks ago tonight a depot carriage stopped at the door. There was a colored man sitting with the driver, dressed as though he was just out of a hand-box. And you might have knocked me down with a feather when he handed out of the carriage—first a foreign looking servant woman, and then the handsomest looking girl I ever set eyes on in all my days.

Well, this was Dick Briscoe's daughter I mentioned in the beginning of the letter. Her mother was dead, and her father wants her to have the best kind of an education, such as it seems there isn't a chance for where she was brought up. Dick sent a long letter to me by Ninada—in it an odd, pretty name? There's lots in it that I don't rightly understand. But he wants me to take Ninada under my wing. She is to live with us and all, as long as is necessary, and the board for her and her maid will be a great help, especially since you have had such hard luck. Richard Briscoe must be tremendously rich. Such a quantity of diamonds as Ninada brought—thousands upon thousands of dollar's

worth! And she says I've only seen a few of them. I went in town with her, and Mr. Lincott, your old lawyer, is making arrangements to dispose of them and invest the money for her.

I have had the two spare rooms fixed up, and you'd think Ninada and Manola—that's her maid—and always been with me, they settle down into our grounds, told me so easy. For all they come from a foreign country, you'd hardly know it by their talk and ways. And I've just fallen in love with the girl herself.

Of course it was Ninada who told me about poor Van—that is, she told me part, and the colored man who is going to stay awhile and fix up the grounds, told me the rest. There's some sort of mystery about the whole thing that I can't understand. Ninada, who has had a quantity of new dresses and everything she needs, wears only black and white, which in her country is deep mourning. She says that her Cousin Van was dearer to her than any living person, excepting her father, and she shall always dress in something the same way.

The young man who came to America with them calls himself Don Carlos Flores. He lives in great style in Boston, so I hear, and comes out to see Ninada very often—often than I like, for there is something I don't fancy about his ways, but so smooth and gentle with Ninada, but I mistrust him all the same. How she feels toward him I don't quite know, for she seldom mentions him. But I notice she will never go to ride or walk with him unless I go with them, though he don't like that at all.

At the conservatory, where she is learning music and the languages, Ninada is called the handsomest girl who ever studied there, and best of all, she is as good as she is lovely.

Then followed a long budget of home news, which has no connection with my story, after which Miss Peterson concluded by saying:

Captain Paul Brooks, who is just home from the Philippine Islands, tells me that he has seen the Rattler under another name, and differently painted—white with black stripe round the bends. She has then bound for Shanghai from San Francisco, but outside of the bark he was in so he could not board her. I think he said the name was changed to Viva.

I hope you can make some inquiries and see whether he is right. Who knows but you may get hold of your vessel again?

Write me in Yokohama, and send her love to Ninada. You will think as much of her as I do when you come to know her.

Affectionately,

PATTY.

It would be impossible to describe Van Briscoe's sensations as he perused this letter after Captain Peterson had written it. He knew that his supposed death had been productive of sorrow in the quiet home, anger against Flores, and above all a deep sense of joy that Ninada kept his memory green, were confusedly blended in his mind.

But what could he do? If he wrote them of his wonderful deliverance, it would be more danger that it might reach the ears of Flores, who would of course lose no time in escaping with his ill gotten booty. To return by steamer was a long and expensive operation.

So, after consultation with Captain Peterson, Van resolved to let things remain as they were until the ship reached San Francisco, when he would leave the ship, return by rail, and confront his enemies and delight his friends after the most approved style.

So the work of discharging the great ship went briskly on, and Van improved his time by seeing something of the Japanese kingdom. Soon the Bellingham was ready for sea again, and sailed for San Francisco.

Now just before sailing, Captain Peterson had written to the American consul in Shanghai inquiring as to the schooner Viva. In reply the consul had advised him that a schooner of that name had arrived in ballast, and sailed again with a cargo of *Arbutus*, *Myrica*, and other birds' nests, and other delicacies intended for consumption by the Chinese colony in San Francisco.

So, after leaving Japan, Captain Peterson got out his chart for a careful perusal.

Having studied the probable course of the schooner after leaving Shanghai, he made certain calculations based on the relative difference of speed between the two vessels, and their respective sailing days. Then he shaped his course accordingly.

"Stranger things have happened, and it wouldn't surprise me very much if we ran across the Viva before we're half way to Frisco," he said to Van. "Then we shall see whether Captain Brooks is mistaken or not."

"What would you do if you should overhaul her and find that the so called Viva was really the Rattler?" curiously asked Van.

"That depends upon circumstances," was the dry response.

So the sea days went by with the usual varying alternations of wind and weather. Sails were "raised" from time to time, but none of them the one sought for. Two were barks standing to the east, one was an English brig, and another a large three-masted schooner. But the Viva did not show up, and Van began to think that the chances of finding her were less than those of finding a needle in a haystack.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

THE Bellingham's main royal was nearly as large as the top sail of an ordinary sized ship.

Comfortably enclosed in the slings of the yard, with his feet dangling over the belling canvas, sat Van Briscoe, a hundred and sixty five feet above the ship's deck, upon which the moving men appeared as pigmies.

The blue and sparkling sea, only bounded by the great circular arch of the ship, stretched out before his vision without a—



A RISING YOUNG FARMER.

This world is so full of ups and downs, that it is a good thing to get a lift once in a while.

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Advertisement for 'Afloat in a Great City' by Frank Munsey. Includes an illustration of a boy on a raft and text: 'This story, one of the most popular that ever appeared in the ARGOSY, has just been issued in book form. It is a deeply interesting narrative of a boy who finds himself adrift in New York, L. and is, indeed, a friendless, knowing neither whence he came nor whether he is being. It tells of the wonderful series of adventures that befell him, and of his brave struggle to discover his parentage and reach the position which he believed to be rightfully his. "Afloat in a Great City" is an exceedingly handsome volume, and every reader of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY should have it for his library. It is beautifully bound in cloth and costs \$1.25. It is published by Cassell & Co., New York, and can be ordered at any book store; or we will send it from this office, 81 Warren St., New York, on receipt of the price.'

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