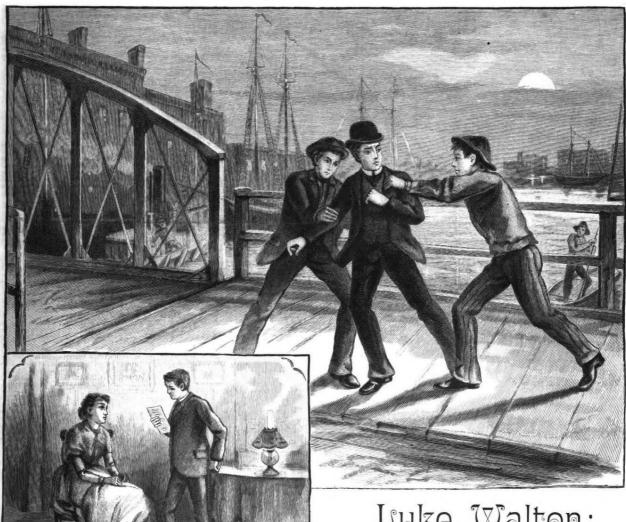
s, in the year 1887, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Libr

Vol. VI. No. 4.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, SI WARREN ST., NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM,

Whole No. 264.



LUKE WALTON WAS CROSSING ONE OF THE BRIDGES THAT SPAN THE CHICAGO RIVER, WITHOUT NOTICING THAT TWO BOYS WERE FOLLOWING

HIM. SUDDENLY THEY SPRANG UPON HIM, AND ONE OF

THEM WHISPERED, "HAND OVER YOUR MONEY!"

Luke Walton;

THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR., Author of " The Young Acrebat," " Bob Burton," " Ragged Dick," " Luck and Plack," etc.

CHAPTER I.

A CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

A CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

Half a dozen Chicago newsboys, varying in age from ten to sixteen years, with piles of papers in their hands, joined in the chorus.

They were standing in front and at the sides of the Sherman House, on the cor-

ner of Clark and Randolph Streets, one of the noted buildings in the Lake City. On the opposite side of Randolph Street stands a massive but somewhat gloomy stone structure, the Court House and City Hall. In the shadow of these buildings, at the corner, Luke Walton, one of the largest newsboys, had posted himself. There was something about his bearing and appearance which dis-

'inguished him in a noticeable way from his

companions.

To begin with, he looked out of place. He was well grown, with a frank, handsome face, and was better dressed than the average newsand was better dressed than the average news-boy. That was one reason, perhaps, why he preferred to be by himself rather than to engage in the scramble for customers which was the habit of the boys around him. It was about half past five. The numerous cars that passed were full of business men,

nabit of the boys around him.

It was about half past five. The numerous cars that passed were full of business men, clerks, and boys returning to their homes after a busy day.

Luke had but two papers left, and he was anxious to dispose of them so that he, too, might go home. But these two for some unaccountable reason remained on his hands an unusual length of time. But at length a comfortable looking gentleman of middle age, coming from the direction of La Salle Street, paused and said, "You may give me a Naves, my boy."

Luke gladly compiled with his request.

"Here you are, sir," he said, briskly.

The gentleman took the paper, and thrusting his hand into his pocket, began to feel for a penny, but apparently without success.

"I declare," he said, smiling, "I believe I am penniless. I have nothing but a five dollar bill."

"Never mind, sir! Take the paper and pay

ie tomorrow."
"But I may not see you."
"I am generally here about this time."
"And if I shouldn't see you, you will lose the

penny."
"I will risk it, sir," said Luke, smiling.

"You appear to have confidence in r

"Yes, sir."
"Then it is only fair that I should have con-

"Then it is only fair that I should have confidence in you."

Luke looked puzzled, for he didn't quite understand what was in the gentleman's mind,

"I will take both of your papers. Here is a five dollar bill. Yes may bring me the change tomorrow, at my office, No. 155 La Salle Street. My name is Benjamin Apton."

"But, sir," objected Luke, "there is no occasion for this. It is much better that I should trust you for two cents than that you should trust me with five dollars."

"Probably the two cents are as important to you as five dollars to me. At any rate it is a

you as five dollars to me. At any rate it is a matter of confidence, and I am quite willing to

"Thank you sir, but—"
"I shall have to leave you, or I shall be home

late to dinner."

Before Luke had a chance to protest farther,

Before Luke had a chance to protest farther, he found himself alone, his stock of papers exhausted, and a five dollar bill in his hand. While he stood on the corner in some perplexity, a newsboy crossed Randolph Street, and accosted him. "My eyes, if you ain't in luck, Luke Walton," he said. "Where'd you get that bill? Is it a one?"

one?"

No, it's a five."

No, it's a five."

Where'd you get it?"

A gentleman just bought two papers of me,"

And gave you five dollars! You don't expect me to swaller all that, do you?"

"I'm to bring him the change tomorrow,"

cottinued Luke.

The other boy nearly doubled up with merri-

ment.
"Wasn't he jolly green, though?" he ejacu-

lated.
"Why was he?" asked Luke, who by this "Why was he?" asked Luke, who by this time felt considerably annoyed.
"He'll have to whistle for his money."
"Why will he?"
"Cause he will."
"He won't do anything of the sort. I shall

ke him his change tomorrow morning,"
"What?" ejaculated Tom Brooks in a shrill

crescendo.

"I shall carry him his change in the morning
—four dollars and ninety eight cents. Can't
you understand that?"

"You ain't goin' to be such a fool, Luke
Walton?"

Walton?"

"If it's being a fool to be honest, then I'm going to be that kind of a fool. Wouldn't you do the same?"

"No, I wouldn't. I'd just invite all the boys round the comer to go with me to the theayter. Come, Luke, be a good feiler, and give us all a blow out. We'll go to the theayter, and afterwards we'll have an oyster stew. I know a bully stress of Circle Street. I an Monroe!

round the corner to go with me to the theayter. Come, Luke, be a good feiler, and give us all a blow out. We'll go to the theayter, and afterwards we'll have an oyster stew. I know a bully place on Clark Street, n ar Monroe."
"Do you take me for a thief, Tom Brooks?" exclaimed Luke, indignantly.
"The gentleman meant you to have the money. Of course he knew you wouldn't bring it back. Lemme see, there's a good play on to Hooley's. Six of us will cost a dollar and a half, and the oyster stews will be fitteen cents apiece. That!! Only take half,"
"I am ashamed of you, Tom Brooks. You want me to become a thief, and it is very evident what you would do if you were in my place. What would the gentleman think of me?"
"He don't know you. You can go on State Street to sell papers so he won't see you:"
"Suppose he should see me?"
"You can tell him you lost the money. You ann't smart, Luke Walton, or you'd know how to manage."
"No, I am not smart in that way, I confess.

I am not smart in that way, I confess.

"No, I am not smart in that way, I confess, I shan't waste any more time talking with you. I'm going home."
"I know what you're goin't o do. You're goin' to spend all the money on yourself."
"Don't you believe that I mean to return the change?"

"No, I don't."
"I ought not to complain of that. You merely credit me with acting as you would act yourself. How many papers have you got

yourself. left?" Eight." "Eight,"
"Here, give me half, and I will sell them for you, that is, if I can do it in fifteen minutes."
"I'd rather you'd take me to the theayter," grumbled Tom.

grumbled Tom.

"I have already told you I won't do it."

In ten minutes Luke had sold his extra supply of papers, and handed the money to Tom. Tom thanked him in an ungracious sort of way, and Luke started for home.

nanked him in an ungracious sort of way, and Luke started for home.

It was a long walk, for the poor cannot afford to pick and choose their localities. Luke took his way through Clark Street to the river, and then, turning in a northwesterly direction, reached Milwaukee Avenue. This is not a fashionable locality, and the side streets are tenanted by those who are poor or of limited means, Luke paused in front of a three story frame house in Green Street, which might have been improved by a coat of paint. He ascended the steps and opened the door, for this was the newsboy's home.

CHAPTER II.

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

N the entry Luke met a girl of fourteen with fiery red hair, which apparently was a stranger to the comb and brush. She was the landlady's daughter, and, though of rather fiftul and uncertain temper, always had a smile and pleasant word for Luke, who was a favorite of hers.

"Well, Nancy, how's mother?" asked the newsboy, as he began to ascend the front stairs. "She seems rather upset like, Luke," answered Nancy.

"What has happened to upset her?" asked Luke, answords.

who writ it.'
"Well?"

"Well?"
"As soon as your ma opened it, she turned as pale as ashes, and I thought she'd faint away. She put her hand on her heart just so," and Nancy placed a rather dirty hand of her own, on which glittered a five cent brass ring, over that portion of her anatomy where she supposed her heart her. heart lay. She didn't faint away?" asked Luke, quickly.

"She didn't faintaway?" asked Luke, quickly.
"No, not quite,"
"Did she say who the letter was from?"
"No; I asked her, but she said, 'From no one that you ever saw, Nancy. I say, Luke, if you find out who it's from, let me know. I shan't sleep a wink if I dou't find out."
"I won't promise, Nancy. Perhaps mether would prefer to keep it a secret."
"Oh, well, keep your old secrets, if you want to," said Nancy, pettish!," "Don't be angry, Nancy; I will tell you if I can," and Luke hurried upstairs to the third story, which contained the three rooms occupied by his mother, his little brother and himself.
Opening the door he saw his mother sitting in a rocking chair, apparently in deep thought, for

a rocking chair, apparently in deep thought, for the work had fallen from her hands and lay in her lap. There was an expression of sadness in her face, as if she had been thinking of the painful past, when the little family was prosperous, and undisturbed by poverty or priva-

What's the matter, mother?" asked Luke,

"What's the matter, mother?" asked Luke, with solicitude.

Mrs. Walton looked up quickly.
"I have been longing to have you come back, Luke," she said. "Something strange has happened today."
"You received a letter, did you not?"
"Who told you, Luke?"
"Nancy. I met her as I came in. She said she brought up the letter, and that you appeared very much agitated when you opened it."
"It is true."

It is true."
From whom was the letter, then, mother?

"From your father."
"What!" exclaimed Luke, with a start. "Is he not dead?"

not dead?"
"The letter was written a year ago."
"Why, then, has it arrived so late?"
"Your father on his death bed intrusted it to

"Your father on his death bed intrusted it to some one who mislaid it, and has only just discovered and mailed it. On the envelope he explains this, and expresses his regret. It was at first mailed to our old home, and has been forwarded from there. But that is not all, Luke. I learn from the letter that we have been cruelly wronged. Your father, when he knew he could not live, intrusted to a man in whom he had confidense, ten thousand dollars to be conveyed to us. This wicked man could not resist the temptation, but kept it, thinking we should never know anything about it. You will find it all explained in the letter."

"Let me read it, mother," said Luke, in excitement.

citement.

Mrs. Walton opened a drawer of the bureau, Mrs. Walton opened a drawer of the bureau, and placed in her son's hands an envelope, brown and soiled by contact with tobacco. It was directed to her in a shaky hand. Across one end were written these words, "This letter was mislaid. I have just discovered it, and mail it, hoping it will reach you without further delay, Many apologies and regrets. J. HANSHAW," Luke did not spend much time upon the envelope, but opened the letter.

The sight of his father's familiar handwriting brought the tears to his eyes, moving him, though not in the same degree, as it had moved

s mother.
This was the letter:
Gold Gulch, California.

though not in the same degree, as it had moved his mother.

This was the letter:

Gold Gulch, Califorsha.

My Dear Wire:

It is a solem:

It is a solem the deard as sole is a sole is a sole in the gaze of my dear children.

Last week I contracted a severe cold when mining, partly through imprudent exposure; and have grown steadily worse, till the doctor, whom I summoned from Sacramento, informs me that there is no hope, and that

This is a sad end to my dreams of future happiness with my little family gathered around me. It is all the harder, because I have been successful in the errand that, brought me out here. I have "struck it rich" as they say out here, and have been able to lay by ten thousand dollars. I in me. It would have enabled me to start in some business which would have yielded us a liberal living, and provided a comfortable home for you and the children. But all this is over—for me at least. For you I hope the money will bring what antelpated. I wish I could have long enough to a least. For you I hope the money will bring what antelpated. I wish I could have long enough to a lance of the solem have intrusted it to a friend who has been connected with me here, Thomas Butler, of Chicago. He has solemnly promised to seek you out, and put the money into your hands. I think he will be true to his trust. Indeed I have no doubt being base enough to belie the confidence placed in him by a dying man, and despoil a widow and her fatherless children. No, I will not permit my-self to doubt the integrity of my friend. If I should, it would make my last sickness exceedingly bitter.

Yet as something might happe, to Butler on his it would make my last sickness exceedingly bitter.

Yet as something

P. S. Butler left today for the East. This letter have given to another friend to mail after my

CHAPTER III.

LUKE FORMS A RESOLUTION.

LUKE FORMS A RESOLUTION.

S Luke read this letter his pleasant face became stern in its expression. They had indeed been cruelly wronged. The large sum of which they had been defrauded would have insured them comfort and saved them from many an anxiety. His mother frauded would have insured them comitor and saved them from many an anxiety. His mother would not have been obliged to take in sewing, and he himself could have carried out his cher-ished design of obtaining a college education. This man in whom his father had reposed the

the had kept in his own hands the money which should have gone to the widow and children of rie nad kept in his own hands the money which should have gone to the widow and children of his dying friend. Could anything be more base?

"Mother," said Luke, "this man Thomas Butler must be a villain"

"Mother." said Luke, "this man Thomas Butler must be a villain."
"Yes, Luke; he has done us a great wrong."
"He thought, no doubt, that we should never hear of this money."
"I almost wish I had not, Luke. It is very tantalizing to think how it would have improved our condition."
"Then you are sorry to receive the letter, mother?"

mother?"
"No, Luke. It seems like a message from the dead, and shows me how good and thoughtful your poor father was to the last. He meant to be not up comfortable." to leave us comfortable.

"But his plans were defeated by a rascal. Mother, I should like to meet and punish this Thomas Butler.

Thomas Butler."
"Even if you should meet him, Luke, you must be prudent. He is probably a rich man."
"Made so at our expense," added Luke, bit-

terly.
"And he would deny having received anything

"And he would deny having received anything from your father."

"Mother," said Luke, sternly and deliberately, "I feel sure that I shall some day meet this man face to face, and if I do it will go hard if I don't force him to give up this money which he has falsely converted to his own use.

The boy spoke with c Im and resolute dignity, hardly to be expected in one so young, and with a deep conviction that surprised his mother.

"Luke," she said, "I hardly know you tonight. You don't seem like a boy. You speak like a man."

"Luke," she said, "I hardly know you tonight. You don't seem like a boy. You speak like a man."
"I feel so, mother. It is the thought of this man, triumphant is his crime, that makes me feel older than I am. Now, mother, I feel that I have a purpose in life. It is to find this man, and punish him for what he has done, unless he will make reparation."

Mrs. Walton shook her head. It was not from her that Luke had inherited his independent spirit. She was a fond mother, of great

amiability, but of a timid, shrinking disposition, which led her to deprecate any aggressive steps.
"Promise me not to get yourself into any trouble, Luke," she said, "even if you do meet

I can't promise that, mother, for I may not be able to help it. Besides, I haven't met him yet, and as President Lincoln said, it isn't nec-

yet, and as President Lincoln said, it isn't nec-essary to cross a bridge till you get to it. Now let us talk of something else,"
"How much did you make today, Luke?" asked Bennie, his young brother, seven years old, "I didn't make my fortune, Bennie. In-cluding the morning papers I only made sixty cents," cluding the morning papers 1 only made sixty cents."

"That seems a good deal to me, Luke," said his mother. "I only made twenty five. They pay such small prices for making shirts."

"I should think they did. And yet you worked harder and more steadily than I cid, I have no doubt."

"I have worked since morning, probably about eight hours."

"Then you have made only three cents an hour. What a shame!"

"If I had a sewing machine, I could do more, but that is beyond our means."

"Then you have made only three cents an hour. What a shame!"
"If I had a sewing machine, I could do more, but that is beyond our means."
"I hope soon to be able to get you one, mother. I can pay something down and the rest on installments."
"That would be quite a relief, Luke."
"If you had a sewing machine, perhaps I could help you," suggested Bennie.
"I should hardly dare to let you try, Bennie. Suppose you spoiled a shirt. It would take off two days' earnings. But I'll tell you what you can do. You can set the table, and wash the dishes, and relieve me in that way."
"Or you might take in washing," said Luke, with a laugh, "That pays better than sewing. Just imagine how nice it would look in an advertisement in the daily papers. 'A boy of seven is prepared to wash and iron for responsible parties. Address Bennie Walton, No, 161-12, Green Street, near Milwauke Avenue,"
"Now you are laughing at me, Luke," said Bennie, pointing, "Why won't you let me go out with you and sell papers? I have seen newsboys no bigger than I am."
"I hope, Bennie," said Luke gravely, "you will never have to go into the street with papers. I know what it is, and how poor boys fare. One night last week, at the corner of Monroe and Clark Streets, I saw a poor little chap, no older than you, selling papers at eleven o'clock. He had a dozen papers which he was likely to have left on his hands, for there are not many who will buy papers at that hour."
"Did you speak to him, Luke?" asked Bennie, interested.
"Yes; I told him he ought to go home. But he said that if he went home with all those papers unsold, his stepfather would whip him. There were tears in the poor boy's eyes as he spoke."
"Ult tell you what I did. Bennie. I thought

Spoke. And did you do, Luke?"
"I'll tell you what I did, Bennie. I thought
"I'll tell you what I did, Bennie. I thought
papers. Il wasn't much, for they were all penny
papers, but the poor little fellow seemed so relieved."

Did you sell them yourself, Luke?"

"Did you se'l them yourself, Luke?"
"I sold four of them. I went over to Madisen Street, and stood in front of McVicker's Theater just as the people were coming out. It so happened that four persons bought papers, so I was only two cents out, after all. You remember, mother, that was the evening I got home so late."

member, mother, that was the evening I got home so late."

"Yes, Luke, I felt worried about you. But you did right. I am always glad to have you help those who are worse off than we are. How terribly I should feel if Benny had to be out late in the streets like that!"

"There are many newsboys as young, or at any rate not much older. I have sometimes seen gentlemen, handsomely dressed, and evidently with plenty of money, speak roughly to these young boys. It always makes me indignant. Why should they have so easy a time, while there are so many who don't know where their next meal is coming from? Why, what such a man spends for his meals in a single day would support a poor newsboy in comfort for a week."

"My dear Luke, this is a problem which has puzzled older and wiser heads than yours. There must always be poor people, but those who are more fortunate ought at least to give them sympathy. It is the least acknowledgment they can make for their own more favored

I am going out a little while this evening, mother. Very well, Luke. Don't be late.

"Very well, Luke. Don't be late."
"No, mother, I won't. I want to call on a friend of nine who is sick."
"Who is it, Luke?"
"It is Jim Norman. The poor boy took cold one day, his shoes were so far gone. He has a bad cough, and I am afraid it will go hard with him."

him."
"Is he a newsboy, too, Luke?" asked Bennie Wal

"Is he a newsboy, too, Luke?" asked Bennie Walton.
"No; he is a bootblack."
"I shouldn't like to black boots."
"Nor I Bennie; but if a boy is lucky there is more money to be made in that business."
"Where does Sam live?" asked Mrs. Walton.
"On Ohio Street, not very far from here. There's another boy I know lives on that street—Tom Brooks; but he isn't a friend of mine. He wanted me to keep the five dollars, and treat him and some other boys to an evening at the theater, and a supper afterwards."
"I hope you won't associate with him, Luke."

"Not more than I can help." Luke took his hat and went downstairs into

Luke took his had.

In the hall he met Nancy. She waylaid him with an eager look on her face.

"Who was the letter from, Luke?" she

From a friend of the family who is now

"From a friend of the family, who is now dead," answered Luke, gravely.
"Good gracious! How could he write it after he was dead?" ejaculated Nancy. "And how did it come to smell so of tobacco?"
"It was given to a person to mail who forgot all about it, and carried it in his pocket for a war?"

year."
"My sakes alive! If I got a letter from a dead man it would make me creep all over. No wonder your ma came near faintin."

CHAPTER IV.

AN ATTACK IN THE DARK.

AN ATTACK IN THE DARK.

UKE turned into Milwaukee Avenue, and a few steps took him to West Ohio Street, where his friend lived. On the way he met Tom Brooks, who was lounging in front of a cigar store, smoking a cigarette.

"Good evening, Tom," said Luke, politely, "Evenin' !" responded Tom, briefly. "Where you goin' ?"

"The West Office of the Dark." Where you goin' ?"

ou goin'?"
"To see Jim Norman. He's sick."
"What's the matter of him?"
"He's got a bad cold, and is confined to the

house."

Tom shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't go much on Jim Norman," he said.

"He'd ought to be a girl. He never smoked a
sjiersetta in his lifa".

cigarette in his life."
"Didn't he? All the better for him. I don't smoke myself."

"Didn't her A in the better to a small smoke myself."
"You have smoked."
"Yes, I used to, but it troubled my mother, and I promised her I wouldn't do it again."
"So you broke off?"
"Ves"

"I wouldn't be tied to a woman's apron string," said Tom, in a derisive tone.
"Wouldn't you try to oblige your mother?"
"No, I wouldn't. What does a woman know about boys? If I was a gal it would be differ-

ent."
"Then we don't agree, that is all."
"I say, Luke, won't you take me to the theater?"
"I can't afford it."
"That's all bosh! Haven't you got five dollars? I'deel rich on five dollars."
"Perhaps I might, if it were mine, but it ion!"

isn't."
"You can use it all the same," said Tom, in

an insinuating voice.
"Yes, I can be dishonest if I choose, but I

don't choose."
"What Sunday School do you go to?" asked

Tom, with a sneer.
"None at present."
"I thought you did by your talk. It makes me sick!"

me sick!"
"Then," said Luke, good naturedly, "there is no need to listen to it. I am afraid you are not likely to enjoy my company, so I will walk

along."

Luke kept on his way, leaving Tom smoking

sullenly.
"That feller's a fool!" he muttered, in a disgusted tone.
"What feller?"

"What feller?"

Tom turned, and saw his friend and chum,
Pat O'Connor, who had just come up.

"What feller? Why, Luke Walton, of

course,"
"What's the matter of him?"
"He's got five dollars, and he won't pay me into the theater."

Where'd he get such a pile of money?"

Where'd he get such a pile of money?" asked Pat, in surprise.

"A gentleman gave it to him for a paper, tellin' him to bring him the change tomorrer."

"Is he goin' to do it?"

"Yes; that's why I call him a fool."

"I wish you and I had his chance," said Pat, enviously. "We'd paint the town red, I guess."
Tom nodded. He and Pat were quite agreed on that point.

"Where's Luke goin'?" asked Pat.

"To see Jim Norman. Jim's sick with a cold."

cold."
"What time's he comin' home?"
"I don't know. Why?"
"Do you think he's got the money with him—the five dollar bill?"
"What are you up to?" asked Tom, with a quick glance at his companion.
"I was thinkin' we might borrer the money,"

"I was thinkin' we might borrer the money," answered Pat, with a grin.

To Tom this was a new suggestion, but it was avorably received. He conferred with Pat in a low tone, and then the two sauntered down the street in the direction of Jim Norman's home. Meanwhile we will follow Luke.

He kept on till he reached a shabby brick house, which had once seen better days, but so far back that there was no trace of them left. Jim and his mother, with two smaller chilling and his mother with two smaller chill.

in one; that there was no trace of them left. Jim and his mother, with two smaller children, occupied two small rooms on the top floor. Luke had been there before, and did not stop to impuire directions, but ascended the stairs till he came to Jim's room. The door was partly open, and he walked in.

came to Jim's room. The door was parts; op-m, and he walked in.

"How's Jim, Mrs. Norman?" he asked.
Mrs. Norman, a worn and weary woman, was washing dishes at the sink. She answered, turning round, and recognizing the visitor, "Do you hear him cough?"

From a small inner room came the sound of

From a small inner room came the sound of a hard and rasping cough.

"How are you feeling, Jim?" inquired Luke, entering and taking a chair at the bedside.

"I don't feel any better, Luke," answered the sick boy, his face lighting up with pleasure as he recognized his friend. "I'm glad you've come to see me.

You've got a hard cough."

. "You've got a hard cough."

"Yes; it hurts my throat when I cough, and I can't get a wink of sleep."

"I've brought you a little cough medicine. It was some we happened to have in the house."

"Thank you, Luke. You're a good friend to me. Give me some, please."

"If your mother'll give me a spoon, I'll pour some out."

When the medicine was taken, the boys began to talk.

to talk.
"I ought to be at work," said Jim, sighing,
"I don't know how we'll get along if I don't
get out soon. Mother has some washing to do,
but it isn't enough to pay all our expenses. I
used to bring in seventy five cents a day, and
that, with what mother could earn, kept us
alone."

that, with what mother could earn, kept us along."
"I wish I were rich enough to help you, Jim, but you know how it is. All I can earn I have to carry home. My mother sews for a house on State Street, but sewing doesn't pay as

house on State Street, but sewing uoesu i pay acwell as washing."

"I know you'd help me if you could, Luke. You have helped me by bringing in the medicine, and it does me good to have you call."

"But I would like to do more. I'll tell you what I will do. I know a rich gentleman, one of my customers. I am to call upon him tomorrow. I'll tell him about you, and perhaps of my customers. I am to call upon him tomorrow. I'll tell him about you, and perhaps
he will help you."
"Any help would be acceptable, Luke, if you
don't nind asking him."
"I wouldn't like to ask for myself, but I don't
mind asking for you."
Luke stayed an hour, and left Jim much
brighter and more cheerful for his visit.
When he went out into the street it was quite

When he went out into the success was squared ark, although the moon now and then peeped out from behind the clouds that a brisk breeze sent scurrying across the sky. Having a slight

out from behind the clouds that a brisk breeze sent scurrying across the sky. Having a slight headache, he thought he would walk it off, so he sauntered slowly in the direction of the business portion of the city.

Walking farther than he intended, he found himself, almost before he was aware, crossing one of the numerous bridges that span the river. He was busy with thoughts of Jim, and how he could help him, and did not notice that two boys were following him steathily. It was a complete surprise to him therefore when they rushed upon him, and, each seizing an arm, rendered upon him, and, each seizing an arm, rendered

Luke was not long left in doubt as to their in-

"Hand over what money you've got, and be quick about it!" demanded one of the boys in a ick about it: Generalise ick about it: General



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are alway splid to oblice our readers to the extent four abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as read general increast can receive attention the wered in their turn as soon as space permits. Decreases with their Decreases with thanks: "Plucky Sam," "A foble Boy," "A Winter's Night," "Fencing."

M. B., Richmond, Va. Consult our advertising

columns.

H. W. A., Marlboro, N. Y. No premium on the half dollar of 1817.

J. L. H., Franklin, Pa. The silver half dollar of 1807, if in good condition, is worth 65 cents.

M. P., Denver, Col. The longest verse in the Bible is the 9th of the 8th chapter of Esther.

OLD READER, New York City. 1. Consult our advertising columns. 2. We cannot say at present. Isousstrive, Utica, O. The Anarchists, not being a regular political party, have no definite platform. H. K., Holland, Mich. Write to the large athletic oods houses, like Spalding's or Peck and Snyder's,

M. E., New York City. Yes, we intend to print portrait and sketch of a Catholic priest at an

K. A. McC., Pittsburgh, Pa. Seek to cultivate proper self respect, and your bashfulness w gradually wear off.

G. W. L. and T. B., Newark, N. J. The Olympic Club would be an appropriate name for your social and gymnastic society.

and gymnastic society.

A Brookuy Boy. We expect to publish a special article on artists and their methods of work in the course of the soming winter.

A. B. C., and Eric, Brooklyn, N. Y. You might call your sight seeing club the Brooklyn Observers, or the Wanderers' Quartette.

S. H. J., New York City. Using the hands freely in work or athletic exercise is the only way we know of in which to toughen them.

of in which to toughen them.

H. P. H., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. G. A. Dunning has the best record for a 25 mile run. 2. There has never been a six day running match.

E. W., Providence, R. I. We believe that Mr. Case, the inventor of the miniature engine, resides in Meriden, Connecticut.

CAPTAIN ROLAND FORTESQUE, 339 West 34th St.,

New York City, will be glad to hear from boys be-tween 12 and 15 wishing to join a military com-

pany.

L. M., New York City. Apply to the British consul in this city for the information you desire. His office is on State Street, near the Battery.

B. G. W., Igo, Cal. 1. No premium on the dime f 1834 or 1837. 2. You are considerably above the verage of boys of your age in both weight and

eight.

C. C. S., Norwalk, Conn. We can have your numbers bound for you for \$1, the express charges oth ways to be paid by yourself. It will take about iree weeks.

NED MASSH, New York City. No premium on yof the coins named except the cage cent of 366, which, if in good condition, is worth from 1,50 to \$2.50.

6.50 to \$2.50.
THE LINCOLN CADETS extend an invitation to boys cer 15 who would like to join their organization communicate with David Ford, 252 West 34th St.,

to communicate with David Ford, 252 West 34th St., New York City.

G. S. J., New York City.

7. The fare to Denver is quoted just now at \$49.90, and the time occupied in the journey about four days. 2. These matters are not yet fixed upon.

nt the journey about four days. 2. These matters are not yet fixed upon.

REGULAR READER, Philadelphia, Pa. "No. 9: " ran from 19 to 100, which numbers will cost 90 cents. Or you can procure the story in Musser's Popular Senies for 25 cents.

Pusu, Brooklyn, N. Y. To join Typographical Union No. 6 you must have your name proposed by Union No. 6 you must have your name proposed to 18 to 19 cents at month. The initiation fee is \$2, the dues 50 cents a month. The initiation fee compared to the property of th

of Lieutenant Hamilton's new Book on the subject.

F. E. C., Rochester, N. H. 1. There will be no sequel to "Eric Dane." 2. A description of the method of making a miniature oak tree will be found on page 564 of No. 244, under the title, "The Big Made Little."

Big Made Little."

R. C. H., Westerly, R. I. 1. Station L of the New York post office is in Harlem, at 110 East 125th St. 2. Apply to some firm dealing in church furniture for imitation stained glass. We cannot give business addresses,

give business addresses.

A Subschieß writes from St. Louis asking for information regarding an advertisement that appeared in the Assosy. All such questions should be accompanied by the correspondent's full name and address to insure an answer.

and address to insure an answer.

BARRY BASH, Brooklyn, N. V. Russia has the largest standing army in the world, 719,770 men. The French army is a trifle larger than the German, the former being rated at 523,833 and the latter at 445,392. These figures are all based on the peace

forting.

O. S. B., Newark, N. J. There is no especial value attached to a picture of the Revere family coat of arms. The simple signature of Paul Revere is valued by collectors at \$\pi\$; if to a document \(\pi\$ particular importance, perhaps it will bring as high as \$\pi\$.

naps it will oring as night as \$20.

The Taio, 2041 North Front St., Philadelphia,
Pa., will be glad to receive applications in
person from boys between 13 and 18, and not under
5 feet in height, desirous of joining them in forming
a military company. Rolls will be open on Monday
and Wednesday evenings from 8 to 10.

and Wednesday evenings from 8 to 1.8.

A YAKKEE BOY, Malden, Mass. r. Yes, you are correct. 2. The last census, taken in 1880, fixed the population of the United States at 50,155,783. Estimates on subsequent increase place it at present in the neighbor has population of Boston Expurers of New York at 1.00, 90, of Chicago at 50,188 and of Pennsylvania at 4,282,891. 4. We cannot criticise either the handwriting or the spelling of our correspondents.

ABGON FRANDE.

of Penhsyvania at 4,323,301, 4. We cannot criticise either the handwriting or the spelling of our correspondents.

Argook Readers, 1. For \$500 you could perhaps get a fully rigged, twenty foot jib and mainsailten to the profest of a secretain what chance you have for the nomination, write to the Congressman of your district.

A. T., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. We cannot supply you with Vol. 1 or II of the Argook the profest of Vols. III and IV, bound, is \$1 each, expressage to be paid by the purchaser. 2. The numbers preceding Vel. V had eight pages each. 3. The serials in Vol. 1 were "Do and Dare" and "Hector's Inheritance," by and Gooffrey in Africa "by Edward S. Ellis, "Don Gordon's Shooting Box," by Harry Castlemon, "Her Mother's Ring," by Mary A. Denison, "A Voyage to the Gold Coaxt," by Frank H. Converse, "Up the Tapajos" and "Lost in the Wilds," by Rollo Robbins, Jr., and "The Boys in the Forecaste," by George H. Coomer. 4. These cannot now readily be recalled, S. Slightly longer than the present page. 6. The capper cent of 1617, with cents, "A. R. English Shilling of 1883 will bring simply its face value, 25 cents. 8. No premium on the half cent of 1825. ***

EXCHANGES.

Gur exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of The Golonic Astorsy, but we cannot publish exchanges of fiverams, blut's eage, articles, not exchanges for "offers," but a region of papers, except those sent by rodges, who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of This Golonic Astorsy, and the transfer of the property of the pro

Robert A. Worstall, Zanesville, O. Two thousand seven hundred postmarks, for old coins. Edward Doonan, 217 Rivington St., New York City. "Ahn's German Method," second course, for the same, first course.

J. H. Monroe, 55 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn. A 36 inch wooden bjeyele, in good order, cost \$15, for a photo camera.

J. M. Kraft, 24 Golden St, Newburg, N. Y. A book, and 12 stamps, valued at \$1.75, for Nos. 214 to 231 of The Golden Argosy.

Thomas Bernhard, Jr, 138 Springfield Ave.,

Newark, N. J. A three jointed fishing rod, with boxwood reel and 150 ft. of silk line, valued at \$5, for a photo camera and outfit.

E. W. Tierney, Box N, Albany, N. Y. A pair of Acme nickel plated No. 10 skates, for any bound volume of The Golden Argosy.

Austin Winslow, Vineland, N. J. A 24 bracket nickel rimmed banjo, and a rosewood fife, for a pair of 3 lb Indian clubs and a set of boxing gloves.

A. E. Branagan, 194 Clerk St., Jersey City, N. J. 46 inch American Challenge bicycle, a watch od a tennis racket, for a 46 or 48 inch Star bicycle. R. A. Burbank, 24 North 2nd St., Pittsfield, Mass, a parlor bagatelle board, a pair of roller skates, a air of ice skates, a typewriter, 10 books, etc., for

type,
Harry P. Sebring, Box 213, Somerville, N. J.
Scott's International album, with 300 stamps, valued at \$5, for old U. S. and foreign coins, or Indian relics.

renes.

John S, Kinkead, 521 West Jackson St., Bloomington, Ill. A watch, for the series of Castlemon's books which follows or precedes "The Rod and Gun Club."

W. H. Brayley, Portland, St. John, N. B. A 5 by 5 press, a banjo, a pair of No. 11 Acme club skates, and a carnival costume, for a 52 or 54 inch rubber tired bicycle.

trea bicycle.

Charles A. Zillmer, Jr., 625 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Two thousand postmarks and 100 stamps, nearly all different, for a magic lantern with sides.

Mortimer W. Norden, 156 East 66th St., New York City. A Prize Holly scroll saw, and a 2 1-2 by 3 1-2 press, for a foot power scroll saw with lathe attachment.

L. H. Wray, Niles, Mich. A 52 inch rubber tire bicycle, with alarm bell and headlight, in good order, for a power printing press, chase not less than 12 by 18.

nan 12 by 18.

E. H. Smith, z446 Q St., N. W., Washington, D.

A canvas canoe, 25 books, and Department tamps, all valued at \$12, for a printing outfit or a magic lantern.

Albert Dod.e., 334 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.
"Ragged Dick," by Alger, 2 Indian arrow heads, a trick wine glass, etc., for a pair of opera glasses or a field glass.

Harry A. Decker, 407 Main St., Elmira, N. Y. A air of all clamp nickel plated roller skates, nearly cost \$5, for a bicycle lantern, or a cyclometer a good condition.

W. Comstock, Box 154, Warsaw, Ind. An \$8 pair of roller skates, with extra wheels, about 10,000 tin tags, a hand bracket saw, and an electric battery and bell, for job type.

and bell, for job type.

George Young, ao Concord St., Brooklyn,
Five books by Castlemon, Converse, and othe
Vol. I, II, III or IV of The Golden Argosy.
and Brooklyn offers preferred.

vol. 1, 11, 111 of IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. City and Brooklyin offers preferred.

J. V. Arrighi, 170 Madison St., Brooklyin, N. Y. A metallophone, and: 1 te, with instructions, for a pair of opera glasses, 1 an imitation stone ring; also a gold pen for a sear pion.

L. S. Woodward, 202 West Grant St., Minneapolis, Minn. A self inking press with 6 fonts of type for the self-grant for the sel

F. W. Dickinson, 1159 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill. A telegraphic outfit, with key, sounder, and battery, 'or a field glass, opera glasses, or a small engine or boiler of equal value.

George Bush, Bellefonte, Pa. A 2 1-2 by 3 1-2 George Bush, Bellefonte, Pa. A 2 1-2 by 3 1-2 self inking press, with 2 fonts of type, a penograph, a scroll saw, minerals, etc., for a press not less than 5 by 7, or a collection of stamps.

a scroin saw, inincras, etc., for a press not sest than 5 by 7, or a collection of stamps.

Brooklyn, N. Y. One hundred and twenty five different U.S. The foreign stamps, for Nos. 213 and 250 ft. Brooklyn, N. Y. One hundred and twenty five heart of the foreign stamps, for Nos. 213 and 250 ft. Brooklyn, Stamps, for Nos. 213 and 250 ft. Brooklyn, Stamps, for Nos. 213 and bow, and a concertina, all valued at \$11, for a photo camera, with outfit and directions, a magic lantern with slides, or a madel steam engine.

Henry I. Titcomb, 11 Barrlett St., Haverbill, Mass. A pair of 9 1-2 Acme club skates, nearly new, for a tent 61 ing type, not less than 5 A8 a, in good order. Send specimen impressions.

C. H. Voorbils, 126. Academy St. Lervy City, N.

C. H. Voorhis, 192 Academy St., Jersey City, N. J. Three books, 100 picture cards, 200 postmarks, and a newspaper of 1824, for an Anthony double Detective dry plate holder, for a 4 by 5 plate.

Detective dry plate holder, for a 4 by 5 plate.

George P, Brown, Jr., 9 Clifton St., Worcester,
Mass. "Tw.:ty Thousand Leagues under the
Sea," and "The Mysterious Island," by Jules
Verne, for a b. ok by Alger, Castlemon or Optic.

A. E. Aggas, Ptt: burgh, Pa. A. 5 by 7:-2 press,
with 2 fonts of typ... rnaments, and cuts, all valued
at \$5, for a Fairbank & Cole's banjo, with 12 inch
head, box, instructor, ivory keys, and at least 30
brackets.

rackets.

Brackets.
George Donley, 1219 Actna St., Hartford, Conn. A postage tamp from India, New South Wales, Turkey, Finland, or Norway, for 15 different postmarks; and 25 different foreign stamps, for a U. S. 90 cent stamp.

F. D. Crosby, South Ohio, Varmouth, N. S. Books, stamps and postcards, for U. S. envelopes, entire or square cut. Correspondence invited with collectors of stamps and postcards residing in foreign countries.

eign countries.

James S. Bolan, Black Horse Tavern, Sing Sing, N. Y. A tambourine, a pair of half clamp ice skates, a Confederate bills, a book on lawn tennis and other articles, for a football and a 3 lb. pair of the confederate bills, a book on lawn tennis and other articles, for a football and a 3 lb. pair of confederate bills, a book on the confederate bills, a book of the pair of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a book of lawn tennis of the confederate bills, a boo

O. E. Fox, 3236 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Fossils, relics of Chicago fire, shells from Lake Michigan, pieces of a meteor, minerals, stamps, coins, etc., for marine or Indian curiosities, stuffed coins, etc., for marine or minan curios birds, insects, or other cabinet objects.

Thomas L, Guild, 56 West 128th St., New York City, A solid gold hunting case watch, a pair of all clamp nickel plated roller skates, a Weeden upright engine, with a blacksmith's shop, and an aquarum, for a 46 inch rubber tired bicycle.

THE FESTAL DAY.

HANG up the vine and the holly, Sign the cross over the door, That joy, coming in with the Christmas, May go from our home nevermore. Gather love gifts for the children,
Guard well the mystical way,
That the Christ child comes at the midnight
To bless with bright favors the day.

THE GAME OF FOOTBALL.

BY AN EX TEAM CAPTAIN.

PART III.

FTER a safety touchdown has been made, the ball is not in a fellow. FTER a safety touchdown has been made, the ball is put in play in the following manner, known as a kick out. The ball is carried out from goal near to the twenty five yard line, where the opposing rushers line up, and, by a drop or a place kick, the ball is sent as far as possible into the enemy's territory, and followed up swiftly by the rushers. Referring to the accompanying diagram, a more perfect idea of some of the plays already described can be gained. Beginning with group A, we have the opening scrimmage. The course of the ball from the snap back (1) to the quarter back (2), then to the half course of the Bail from the shap back (1) to the quarter back (2), then to the half back (3) and his pass to the second half back (4) is indicated. The Red rush line in this case has blocked well, otherwise the ball could never have reached the second half back or by him been carried. second half back or by him been carried to 5 undisputed. The point 8 is where the ball was put down for a scrimmage after being brought in from touch. Group B represents positions of both rush lines when the Red was about to make his free kick. The crescent mark stands for the mark he made when he caught the ball fairly.

caught the ball fairly.

An attempt to make a fair catch can never be interfered with by the other side. It is frequently the case in a game that the ball is high in air and a player is carefully gauging its fall with a half dozen of the other side close in front of him and alongside; but if he moves forward they must make way; they dare not lay a hand on him, nor balk him in any manner whatever. But they are ready for a simultaneous spring upon the ball if it slips from his grasp or if he fails to make his mark the instant the ball is caught.

Group C represents the last scrimmage near the Blues' goal line. Had the ball gone from snap back to quarter back (1), gone from snap back to quarter back (1), to half (2), to second half back (4), the last would have had a fair chance to kick a goal from the field. But the probability of there being time for the ball to get to him when the Blues were one and all bent on making straight for him was slight. The Reds therefore had recourse to the other method, one very often adopted when the opposing rushers are very quick in getting through at the half backs.

The first half back (2) darts straight in

acks. The first half back (2) darts straight in against the rush line. His own rushers of course know how the play is going to be made, and those in the immediate vicinity throw their weight full on the Blue rushers, and try to open a passage for the half back.

It may have been wondered at that the quarter back has not been described as sometimes running or charging with the ball on receiving it from the snap back. A rule prohibits this from being done. The first player touching the ball after it leaves the snap back conserved. leaves the snap back cannot run with it. This player is of course the one known as the quarter.

But very often, to give this quarter back a chance to dash right in between the rushers' legs, a trick is used. The rusher rushers legs, a trick is used. Incrusher next the snap back touches the ball as it leaves the latter's foot and before it is grasped by the quarter. Then, practically, the quarter back is not quarter back. He can charge, or run or crawl between the

legs of struggling rushers. In such a case, however, he usually hurls himself full on the rush line.

Returning to the diagram, it will be seen that the half back (2) is stopped just inside the goal line. It had been his inside the goal line. It had been his hope to continue onward and plant the ball down beside, or at worst near, the goal posts, for the nearer to these he makes his touch down the better the chance for a goal, as the ball is brought straight out from the spot of touching down.

While yet behind the goal line, the player who is to place the ball takes it in hand; and if any other player or his side

touches it, or if the ball itself touches the ground, it becomes at once fair game for opponents.

opponents.
Group D shows the placer (5) and the kicker (6), with the Red rushers lined up even with the ball preparing to charge in, while the Blues are massed in their own goal.

Another process of putting the ball in play after the touchdown, and a substitute for the try at goal when the chances for a goal are unfavorable is known as a "punt out," and is illustrated by the lowest group on the diagram presented

herewith.

The touchdown being made, a player of the scoring team brings the ball to the goal line and makes his mark. His rushers are lined up fifteen feet away, while the other team remains behind their own goal line.

The punter (1) suddenly punts the ball

to one of his own side (2), who endeavors to run in with it again for another

Blue ? Red

THE BALL IN PLAY.

touchdown, or if thwarted, to pass it to

touchdown, or if thwarted, to pass it to another who can do so.

A rule not easily understood by the novice is that about "off side " playing. A player is put off side, if, during a scrimmage he gets in front of the ball, or if the ball has been last touched by one of his own side behind him. No player, when off side, shall touch the ball or interrupt or obstruct an openent we player, when oil side, shall touch the ball or interrupt or obstruct an opponent un-til again on side. A player being off side is put on side when the ball has touched an opponent, or when one of his own side has run in front of him either with the ball or having touched it when hehind him."

off side during a scrimmage can be explained with the aid of diagram, group A. The ball is supposed to be on a line where the feet and chest of the two rush lines must be seen to the supposed to be on the two rush. lines meet in contention. If any Blue rusher—say one on the end where the line is more weakly kept—should "inch" up toward the Red half backs, or in any way cross this imaginary line before the ball is in motion, he is off side, and is respected by the property of the state of quested by the umpire to get on side. Or, suppose the mass of the Reds are down near the Blues' twenty five yard line, and a Blue suddenly kicks the ball over their heads to a Red half back near the center of the field. The mass of

Reds are off side, and when their half back kicks the ball forward again to their neighborhood, not one of them can touch it or interfere with an opponent their neignborhood, not one of the control touch it or interfere with an opponent until some Blue has touched it, because, being in front of the ball when kicked by one of their own side, they were off

side.

Such teams as those of Vale, Harvard and Princeton have developed team playing to a wonderful degree; by team playing is meant the working of a number of players in unison and not indpendently. While team playing is the backbone of football, it is the last thing an eleven learns, relying entirely during their earlier experiences upon brilliant individual plays.

their earlier experiences upon individual plays.

But team playing in perfection is a most mysterious thing, concerted operations of considerable intricacy being carried out by several members of a side without any previous chance of laying heads together, or of receiving instructions from the captain, as far as a spectator can

Each team has a code Each team has a code of secret signals in use on the field. These signals may be made by gesture or by word of mouth.

As group C in the dia-gram was lining up, the captain of the Reds may captain of the Reds may have exclaimed to his half back impatiently "Come there, be lively, Jones!" and those innocent words may have informed the half back that he was to breast the rushers, and the rushers that they were to help Jones bore a hole through the a ho Blues.

When a player picks up the ball and starts down the field with it he is always followed or accompanied by several of his own side. Just as an opponent lays a as an opponent lays a hand on him, out shoots the ball from his grasp to one or another of these friends in need, who, in turn, takes up the running.

The lowest diagram, which represents a punt out and the making of

out and the making of a touch down from it, shows how these con-certed operations are certed operations are performed. Player 2 stands ready to receive the ball when punted. It is not probable that he can plunge through all the Reds who will hurl themselves upon him, even though he does have his own layers helping him. does have his own players helping him. So a signal is given, and player 3 holds himself ready to take

a hand. As player 2 starts off to the right the Reds all converge toward him, and when he suddenly shoots the ball to player 3, who has run straight in, the latter finds an open field.

A clearer illustration of this team play-A clearer illustration of this team playing is found in group E. Players 1, 2, 3 and 4 are together when 1 captures the ball. Just as he is confronted with three opponents he shoots the pigskin over to 2, who is right where he should be. Player 2 in turn makes a clean little run, and soon finding himself in a nest of Reds, passes the ball like a flash to 3. But he has no chance to run, while 4. But he has no chance to run, while 4, who has kept even with him, has a clear field. A quick pass, accordingly, to 4 does the business, and a touch down is

A play like that is not the result of any A play like that is not the result of any preconcerted plan, nor does it call for any secret signaling. It is merely an exposition of four players trained to team tactics, keeping together so as to be at the right moment just where they can reconcerted services as the call. render mutual relief.

So often has passing been mentioned that it is evidently quite a feature of the

The football is an uncertain and elu-sive implement to the novice. A grip

can nowhere be obtained upon its hard smooth surface, and there is but one way

It is so light, and so very large in proportion to its weight that one's previous knowledge of balancing is but an added source of confusion. To hold the foot-ball steadily even on the palm of the

hand is no easy thing for the beginner.

Taking all this into consideration, how is the player to secure the backward swing necessary to all throwing, and then to sweep the arm forward and send then to sweep the arm forward and send the ball like the wind to the objective point? Practice will make one perfect in passing which is done thus: Let the ball lie up the forearm, the longer axis along the arm; curve the hand and fingers around the lower point, and practice slowly swinging the arm behind one and forward again. Practice will perfect one in this balancing feat until a rapid backward swing can be made with confidence. A great forward horizontal sweep at arm's length, the ball not higher than the shoulder, will enable you to shoot it with the accuracy of a baseball.

Kicking is a fine art. This, also, rather muddles the novice. He may fetch a great kick at the ball, thinking to send it several rods, yet find it fly gently over his head and fall behind him. The points to master in this branch of the game are. the ball like the wind to the objective

to master in this branch of the game are, to catch the ball on the tip of the toe, and to catch the toe on the tip of the

In a game where expertness, accuracy In a game where expertness, accuracy, and sound judgment are to be exercised instantly and in the face of exciting circumstances, where an error may have dangerous consequences; where one smaller of stature is required to meet a larger antagonist physically, as if an equality of strength existed between them, it is safe to say the finished player has developed to a certain degree many. has developed to a certain degree many excellent sterling qualities, that will stand him in good stead in after life.

JUDSON NEWMAN SMITH.

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

THE adage that "two can play at the same game" is pointedly illustrated in a story told by the Boston Gazette, which we here reproduce:

game" is pointedly illustrated in a story told by the Boston Gazette, which we here reproduce:

A gentleman about to close his summer house at Nahant, conceived what he considered a brilliant idea to insure the daily personal inspection of every room in his villa during the winter by the old man in whose charge the establishment was to be left. Accordingly he said to the old man that he should leave all his clocks, one in each room, during the winter, and he desired that every one should be wound up at a regular hour each day. The old man concurred in the plan, and promised he would not fail.

The house was closed. The owner bragged a good deal about his scheme for having every room guarded against leaks, etc., and came to Boston. A week or two afterward the gentleman thought he would take a run down to Nahant, and see how things were going.

When he arrived there he found his man, who was very glad to see him, and told him that he had wound each clock faithfully as he had directed. On entering the house the two proceeded to the rear drawing room, and the astonishment of the owner may be better imagined than described when he saw ranged along in a roow his thirteen clocks, which the old man had brought down to save himself the trouble of going all over the house every day.

SOME SYLLABLE SLIPS.

Now and then we see or hear something in "real life" that is funnier than a whole half column of manufactured "comics." One of the former class was recently sent to the New York World by a lady in Washington. She

A lady of this city was riding in an avenue A lady of this city was riding in an avenue car. Among the passengers was a young colored man, quite "swell." A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred, and said: "I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat." "Oh, no depravity, miss," was his reply; "no depravity at all; I prefer to stand." You can imagine the effect upon the passengers.

This reminds us of the laundress who, in alluding to the efficiency of a sister toiler in the suds, declared that she was a very culpable

A MIXED MEMORY.

Counsel. (to witness)—"So you can't swear whether you paid fifteen or sixteen dollars for the coat, Uncle Rastus (**) has been badgered a good deal)—"N-no, sah, I kaint sw'ar to it. I think de price wah sixteen dollahs, an' I offered fifteen fer it, or it moight be dat de price wah fifteen an' I offered sixteen fer it. I knows dere wah some hagglin'."

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY L. M. FOLLETTE. The swift gray clouds wreaths o'er the lea Come sweeping inland from the sea, Borne by the east wind's breath, The rustling leaves are eddying down, Leaving the shorn trees bare and brown— The year is near its death.

A SOUTH AFRICAN REMINISCENCE.

BY CAPT. HENRY F. HARRISON.

ET me make for you a pen picture from memory. A sandy undulating expanse of country with the dry, parched appearance peculiar to the interior of South Africa, and with a background of purplish green hills.

A few miles from the base of the highest elevation is an immense pit nearly

A few miles from the base of the high-est elevation is an immense pit, nearly two hundred feet deep, large enough to contain a good sized opera house. It narrows toward the bottom, which is honeycombed with partly filled excava-tions and miniature tunnels. For this is "Clymer's Pan," which only two years before the opening of my story was swarming with black and white diamond seekers.

seekers.

The hum of voices and continuous clat-

ter of iron buckets rushing along small steel ca-bles to the upper edge of the pit rose on the dusty air from morning till night. But the dia-mond bearing reef was unusually shallow and soon exhausted. Then ter of iron buckets rushthe little colony left Cly-mer's for fresh fields and mer stor fresh netus and pastures comparatively new. And the "pan" lay silent and deserted till English Ned, Brophy, Jim Vance and myself struck it in a sort of des-

peration. We had exhausted our resources at Kimberly in the purchase of a claim which proved to have been "salted" by a sharp practitioner, and yielded no returns whatyielded no returns what-ever. So, as fortunes are not unfrequently made by sheer luck and chance in working over abandoned claims, we had migrated to Cly-mer's, two hundred miles further inland, where we had taken in-formal possession of the formal possession of the most habitable of the few tumble down shanties and gone to work.

Hot is no name for it, even though the westering sun no longer pours its scorching rays over the edge of the reef. Not a breath of air from above reaches us in our walled in inclosure, and the fine dust from the

the fine dust from the pulverized blue clay on the sorting tables is stifling.

Brophy and English Ned, who are a separate firm by themselves, are at one side of the pan—
Jim Vance and I, who have been partners since we left the bark Royal Prince at Cape Town almost a year before, are stationed nearly opposite. Each couple Each couple stationed nearly opposite. Each couple has a Kaffir, who stolidly wields pick and shovel. The Africans are under the inshovel. The Africans are under the in-spection of myself at one side and Bro-phy at the other. For the Kaffir, thanks to his intercourse

with civilization, is an adept in shaft. Gumbo and Shakespeare have chosen to follow our little party for what they hope to steal—whether stray gems or articles of our personal outfit.

"Time to knock off," says Jim with a sigh of relief, as he lays down his sort-ing knife on the table and glances rue-

ing knife on the table and glances rue-fully at the half dozen small bits of "cleavage" or fragments from imperfect diamonds which represent the day's find. A glance of satisfaction is apparent on Gumbo's stolid face. He is a stalwart Kaffir, naked with the exception of a waist cloth, and the look of child-like in-nocence with which he submits to the usual examination after the day's work is finished, would do credit to Bret Harte's Heathen Chinee.

It is not agreeable to run one's fingers through the kinky wool of a perspiring African in search of possible gems there-in concealed; to explore with one's finger his cavernous mouth, or to see that the aist cloth is taken off and thoroughly

But all these are among the many un-pleasantnesses in the diamond fields. Indeed in the more productive mines a far more unpleasantly rigid search is made by men employed for this special service; and yet despite all precautions the wily Kaffirs manage to steal annually gems estimated to be worth nearly half a million dollars.

a million dollars.

Gumbo spreads apart his fingers and toes to show that there is only native soil between them, and to my relief the

soil between them, and to my relief the examination is over.

A similar operation having been gone through with on the other side of the pan, our little party strike work for the

trying his old trick of unearthing a stone that he's found and hid away while he was digging today," he exclaims wrath-

Looking down, I plainly see the form of the black in a half stooping posture in the middle of the claim we have been working. Something else I see a mo-ment later, to which I call Jim's attention. A man stealing cautiously in the direction of the unconscious Kaffir, un-der cover of the scattered clay heaps left

der cover of the scattered clay heaps left by the miner's picks.
"Humph!"
Thus Jim, who involuntarily glances toward the distant shanty tenanted by Brophy and his partner. No light shines from the solitary window, nor are there signs of life in its vicinity.
We both rise, and, as we do so, Gumbo beneath erects his tall black figure, strangely silhouetted against the back-ground of silver light. His gaze is bent

claim. A glance is sufficient to show that an assassin's knife has done its

deadly work.
"There isn't a moment to lose," gasps Jim, who is in a state of almost delirious excitement. "That villain Brophy has done for poor Gumbo and got away with a diamond, which, if half the Kaffir managed to tell me is true, hasn't its match in South Africa!"

Of course we know that flight will be the next move on the part of Brophy and his associate-the former of whom had probably seen Gumbo stealing back into the shaft, and, suspecting his errand, followed him with the tragic result we had witnessed.

Before we have unpicketed and sad-

Before we have unpicketed and saddled our tough Boer ponies, the clatter of flying hoof beats breaks the calm stillness of the night, in the direction of the wagon trail leading toward the nearest settlement—some fifty miles distant.

Jim has to stop to splice a broken saddle girth, and, leaving him to follow as soon as possible, I pull on my waterproof riding coat, sling my rifle across my shoulders, and in another moment am off in hot pursuit of the two horsemen. They are visible in the strong moonlight, first entering the wagon

first entering the wagon road roughly cut through the belt of blue gwm trees bordering the undulating plain.

Pressing my pony to the utmost, I gallop on after them—only one thought being upper-most in mind—to regain at any cost, at any risk, the dazzling stone of which Jim and I have been despoiled, even while I perfectly realize the dangerous character of the two villains of whom I am in pursuit. From time to time I

turn my head, hoping to hear the welcome sound of the following hoof beats of Jim's pony; but, as I know afterward, Jim in his excitement has taken an abandoned agon road leading in a different direction, and

different direction, and I listen in vain.
On and still on, till the moon slowly sinks from sight behind the purpling crest of the Moliraji range. The faint clatter of the feet of unshod ponies, ridden by the two men I a by the two men I am

pursuing, has suddenly
The shadows of the gum trees ceased.

ceased. The shadows of the gum trees and overarching eucalyptus loom ghostly in the waning light, and I am half tempted to give up the chase till daydawn. Suddenly my steed gives a startled snort, and stops so abruptly as nearly to pitch me over his head. Is it at the sight of a blasted black wattle which stretches one leafless limb as though pointing warningly to the ruined kraal I am passing? Or is it—
Two jets of fire suddenly leaving forth

ing? Or is it—
Two jets of fire, suddenly leaping forth

Two jets of fire, suddenly leaping forth from the walls of the dilapidated kraal, effectually end my soliloquy.

Simultaneously my faded blue cap is knocked from my head by a pistol ball, and my tough little pony, with a half human cry of pain, staggers and falls, giving me barely time to clear myself from the saddle.

Almost beside myself with anger, I unsling my rifle and return the fire—of

Almost beside myself with anger, I unsling my rifle and return the fire—of course at random. Yet following it I hear a smothered exclamation and a heavy fall. And as I hastily reload, the form of a mounted horseman, holding the bridle of another steed which dashes along at his side, skurries through the underbrush and is swallowed up in the

Scaling the dilapidated wall, I stumble Scaling the dilapidated wall, I stumble over the lifeless body of Brophy. His pockets have been hastily rifled by his rascally companion previous to his flight, and of course the diamond is missing. I take possession of his rifle and side arms, and with a heartfelt wish that he might have met his merited fate at other hands than mine, retrace my steps. Three hours later, I reach Clymer's and tell my story to Jim, who himself has returned but a little before.



SUDDENLY MY HORSE STOPS WITH A SNORT OF TERROR

day, and clamber up to terra firma. Broday, and clamber up to terra from a. Bro-phy and English Ned pair off together to their own shanty. Jim Vance and I en-ter ours, which is on the very verge over-hanging the excavation, and proceed to get supper. That is to say, we bake an Australian "damper," warm over the tough mutton stew left over from dinner, and make tea at the rude stone fireplace

Leaving the remnants for Gumbo, who has mysteriously disappeared, Jim and light our pipes and seat ourselves just outside the shanty door. Brophy and his party keep to themselves, rather to our relief. We know nothing of them further than our casual meeting on the way to Clymer's, but both feel a sort of instinctive distrust of the two men whose personal appearance is by no means in their favor

Meanwhile the great white moon is not only flooding veldt and plain with silver, only nooding veidt and plain with silver, but is pouring its light, with almost noon-day splendor, down to the very bottom of the great shaft yawning beneath us. Taking his pipe from his mouth, Jim suddenly points downward with the stem. "There's that rascally Kaffir of ours

on his outstretched palm, from which a sudden ray of almost dazzling splendor is flashed in the refracting moonbeams.

"By Jove!" exclaims Jim under his breath, for only a stone of extraordinary size and luster could thus manifest its presence. But as we stand half hesitating, the skulking form we had noticed springs forward with a tiger's leap and greate the outstretched hand.

grasps the outstretched hand.
Uttering a half suppressed oath, Jim
draws his revolver and rushes toward the steep pathway leading downward to the bottom of the pan, while I, being un-armed, rush into the shanty for my rifle. Then I hurry down into the excavation, at the imminent danger of breaking my

neck, but an instant too late.

Up the steep ascent on the other side I see a man clambering, followed by five see a man clambering, followed by five revolver bullets as fast as Jim can cock and fire. But his aim is ineffectual, and before I can bring my own weapon to bear, the living target disappears over the edge of the shaft with a hoarse shout of triumph.

Poor Gumbo lies in the agonies of death on the loose clay at the foot of our

Two days afterward, Jim, the Kaffir Shakespeare and myself enter the little Dutch settlement of Wakestrom, leading our remaining pony, on which are packed our mining tools and other traps.

In answer to our inquiries we learn that English Ned, or a person answering his description, sold two horses to a Boer trader a couple of days previous, and took the stage wagon for Cape Town. There is no telegraph nor steam com-munication, and of course pursuit is uterly fruitless. Before we leave Wakestrom for Du-

toit's, where we have decided to make one more effort at retrieving our fortunes, a copy of the Cape Town Advocate falls into my hands. And it is with a somewhat excited voice that I read the following paragraph aloud to Jim;

Yesterday we were favored with a view of the largest diamond which has ever been shown in Cape Town since the Light of Africa, once in possession of Kotz and Braham, the well known lapitaries.

The stone to which we have reference weighed

lapi Jaries.

The stone to which we have reference weighed in its uncut state 377 carats—60 carats less than the Light of Africa. We are assured by experts that it is not only flawless but of unusual brilliancy and whiteness, having been thoroughly tested in every light. As nearly as we can learn, it was first discovered by a Kaffir employed by an adventurous miner known as English Ned, who has been working the deserted claims in Clymer's Pan. The Kaffir concealed the stone after the manner of his kind, but his employer was too sharp for him and forced him literally to disgorge the prize. The miner, while intoxicated—and as he asserts drugged—was induced to sell the stone to a shrewd Cape Town dealer for the paltry sum of £1000. The dealer himself received in the neighborhood of £3500 from the syndicate now owning it, who value their possession at upward of £60000, provided the cutting, which is to be done in London, proves a success.

"Pleasant little item for us—eh, Jim?"

" Pleasant little item for us-eh, Jim I remark, calling up what philosophy I can summon for the occasion.

For obvious reasons I forbear giving

Jim's reply. There are some occasions in life when graceful grammatical language seems inadequate in expressing one's feelings.

WELL WEARING COURTESY.

Some people have a fashion of keeping their politeness for state occasions, or for use when it doesn't cost them anything to exercise it. A re freshing instance of the way a man can act the gentleman under the most discouraging circumstances is narrated by a writer of the Boston Post

stances is narrated by a writer of the Boston Post.
A young fellow of my acquaintance tells me th
a friend of his always practices, however tryin
the circumstances or whatever his physical codition, that unselfish civility which distinguish
the true gentleman. And he related the followin
incident: "Last September we took a cance tri
upset and found ourselves the dute raily see we
of bay where the river widened. As the weath
was cold, we were pretty thickly dressed, and or
boots were heavy, so that the situation was rath
precarious.

boots were neavy, so that the situation was rather "We were struggling toward shore, and he had his paddle, but I had lost mine. Seeing that I was in difficulties, although he was just as badly off himself, he said: 'Take my paddle, old fellow, I don't want it; do oblige me. I believe! I should have laughed, if I had not been afraid of drowning, at the contrast between his statement that he may be a shore and in the said i

THE FATE OF THE CHECK.

CERTAIN parents have of late been amazed, not to say terrified, by the propensity formed by their boys for eating sand and dirt. Is it possible we are all acquiring the stomachs of ostriches? For now comes the Boston Gazette with an account of a young lady who has a great fondness for eating

Every clean speck of this article that comes in her way is immediately put into her mouth. She hap-pened to be in a counting room the other day, and after she had departed the gentleman missed a check that he had made out that morning and laid type his deel.

check that he had made out that morning and morning and upon his desk.

It was sought for high and low, but could not be found, and, finally, as a last resort, a messenger was sent to the fair caller to ask if she had seen it. She returned answer as follows: "Dear Mr. Blank: She returned answer as follows: "Dear Mr. Blank: She returned answer as follows: "Dear Mr. Blank: There was a nice, smooth, shiny piece of paper in frent of me in your office and I ate it. Could it have been that?"

The pariment of the check was stopped, though this proceeding was deemed unnecessary.

LOOKING A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH.

DOUBTFUL PARTY (to gentleman). "Can you assist me, sir, to a trifle? I'm a stranger in a strange land ten thousand miles from home."

Gentleman. "My conscience! Where is your

home? "Outsteller: Where is your Doubtful Party. "Australia." Gentleman (handing him a cent). "How do you ever expect to get back there?" Doubtful Party bahacing the penny). "Well, if I don't do better than this, sir, I s'pose I'll have to walk."

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Not in the halls of regal splendor, Not to princes of the earth, Did the herald angels render Tidings of their Monarch's birth; Tidings of their Monarch's birth Not to statesmen, priest, or sage, They proclaimed the golden age, Twas the poor man's heritage— For on shepherds lowly Burst the anthem holy—

[This story commenced in No. 255.]

WALTER GRIFFITH:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET SALESMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER XXX.

WALTER IN HARRISHURG.

ALTER'S railroad acquaintance, Edward Colson, at once assumed the leadership. "I'll see about rooms," he said. "Just

enter your name in the hotel register, and I'll speak to the clerk." The travelers advanced to the hotel

erk's desk.
"My friend and I would like adjoining

ms," said Colson. Very well, we can accommodate you.

"Are 74 and 75 vacant?"
"Yes, I believe so."
"I think they will suit us."

A bell boy was summoned, and taking the travelers' luggage preceded them up-He paused before 71, and applying the key unlocked it.

"Suppose you take this room, Mr.
Griffith," said the drummer.

"All right. It makes no difference to me," responded Walter. "I'll go in next door. After washing

and fixing up we'll meet at the supper table. If you get downstairs first, wait in the office for me."

the office for me.
To this Walter agreed.
He examined his room. There was nothing peculiar about it. It was provided with the absolute necessaries required by a traveler, a bed, a bureau, washstand and two chairs. But one circumstance did attract Walter's There was a door communicating

with the next room—No. 75.

"So that is why Colson selected 74 and 75," thought Walter. "I begin to think

Walter proceeded with his toilet, but his mind was full of anxious doubts. He

his mind was full of anxious doubts. He felt almost certain that Colson intended to rob him. How could he prevent it? He could of course request the clerk to assign him another room, but Colson would find this out, and it would set him to devising some new scheme.

"He must have seen my big wallet," thought Walter. "If he should take that it would be no great loss to me, and would hardly pay him. I think I will leave it out in a conspicuous place.

Still it was not very pleasant to antici-pate a night visit from a thief in search of plunder. Besides, should Colson take the wallet, and discover how he had been fooled he might repeat his visit.

wonder if that door is locked?"

thought Walter. He approached it; but as Colson was now in the next room he did not venture

to try it.
"If I had a key that would lock it, I

could sleep easily," he thought.

He could hear Colson moving about in the next room. Walter concluded that he would let his companion descend first, and therefore, after his toilet was com-pleted, he sat down at the window till he heard the door of 75 open and close, and the steps of Colson receding in the direc-

tion of the staircase.

Then he rose and tried the door. It appeared to be locked, but looking through the keyhole Walter thought he through the keyhole Walter thought he could see the key inside. It was locked on the other side. Probably Colson could at any time unlock it and pass into his room. This was his reason, no doubt, for requesting Walter to occupy

appears that I am in his power thought our hero. "It is due to Mr. Spencer that I should take some measures for the protection of his money.'

Walter strove to assume an easy, indifferent manner as he descended to the

"I have been waiting for you," said the latter. "I'm rather sharp set and am

"I have a good appetite myself," responded Walter.

"By the way, how do you like your room?" inquired Colson, in an indifferent tone, but eying Walter keenly as he

ent tone, but eying """.

put the question.

It'll do well enough," answered

Walter. "The bed seems comfortable.

"The bed seems

Walter. "The bed seems

That's the main thing."

"To be sure it is. You're certain of a good night's sleep. I presume I shan't have up all night. As I told you, I am good night's sleep. I presume I shan't wake up all night. As I told you, I am a sound sleeper. I hope you don't snore, by the way, Griffith?"
"No; I believe not."
They sat down to the table, and, though

Iney sat down to the table, and, though the supper was plain, both seemed to enjoy it. As they rose, Colson asked: "Well, how are you going to spend the evening, Griffith?"
"I have a little business to attend to,"
"How is that? You are not a drum-

"No; I am not a drummer. Still I have a business call to make."

'Collecting money, perhaps?"

" Perhaps so. Colson laughed. "I see you are close mouthed," he said. "It's all right. I'm not, unfortunately. I'm always blurting out my business to parties I don't know I suppose the reason is, because I have great confidence in human nature. Do you know, I've been traveling for five years, and never in all that time have been robbed. The fact is, traveling men been robbed. The fact is, trave are generally men of integrity. believe in regarding everybody with suspicion, for my part."
"No doubt you are right, Mr. Colson,"

replied his companion.
"He doesn't want me to suspect him," Walter decided.

"I'll take a turn round the town,"
went on the other. "I have a few acquaintances here, and will-look them up. Shall you probably go to bed early?
"Yes, I think so—"

"Yes, I think so—
"A very good plan! You will feel nore like traveling tomorrow."
Colson went out, and Walter going up

to the clerk asked the address of Abram Kent, the party he was to see in behalf Mr. Spencer.

He was told where Mr Kent lived but not being familiar with the streets of the city inquired whether he could not engage a guide. "Yes," sai

said the clerk, "there young newsboy outside, who will be glad to pilot you for a quarter."
"I shall be glad to engage him," said

Here, Sam," called the clerk, "this 11ere, Sam, "called the clerk, "this young gentleman wants a guide to No. 135 Blank Street. You know the place, don't you?"
"Yes, sir."
"Thus Labelly to the clerk, "this place, the clerk "this place, the cl

"Yes, sir."
"Then I shall be glad of your company," said Walter, "I will make it worth your while."
The two boys left the hotel together.
"I wonder what Sam would say," thought Walter, "if he knew the 'young gentleman' he was guiding was a newsboy like himself. He probably thinks I awar rich."

am rich.
"Do you do pretty well selling papers?" he asked.
"Middlin'," answered Sam. "Do you come from York?"
"Yes"

"How do the boys make out there? I guess there's more money in the business than there is here."

I don't know about that. How much

do you make a day?"
"Sixty cents, more or less."
"You couldn't do much better in New

There's a good many people in

Yes, and there are a good many boys to supply them with papers."
"I wish I was rich like you," said
Sam, with a glance at his neatly dressed

young employer. What makes you think I am rich "Because you're travelin'. You couldn't travel 'thout you was rich."

"I am traveling for a gentleman who pays my expenses. I am not rich."
"You're enough sight richer than I. I wish I could go to York."

"I am afraid you would be disappointed. Sometimes country boys earn

or money than city boys."

It was not easy to convince Sam of his, however. He felt the desire natu-It was not easy to convince sam of this, however. He felt the desire natu-ral to boys of his age to see the world, and there was no place in the world about which he felt more curiosity than

New York.

After walking from ten to fifteen minutes Sam paused in front of a comfortlooking house.

That's where you want to go," he

"Very well, Sam, I'll ring the bell. Please wait here for me. I shan't be long."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WALTER SHOWS THAT HIS HEAD IS LEVEL, ALTER was fortunate in finding the gentleman he desired to the gentleman he desired to see at home.

He presented Mr. Spencer's letter.

The gentleman read it, and looked at Walter in some surprise.
"I suppose you know what this letter

calls for? he said. "Yes, sir; the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars."

hity dollars."
"And you are authorized to receive
this sum for Mr. Spencer?"
"Yes, sir. Doesn't the letter say so?"
"Yes, I suppose you are the party
mentioned in the letter?"
"Yes eir"

Yes, sir. "It seems to me Mr. Spencer has se-

lected a young agent.'
Walter smiled.

I thought so myself when he asked

me to come out here for him."

"And he actually sent a messenger so

"No, sir. I have other business to do for him farther West. As Harrisburg is on my way it was very little trouble to

or my way was very fitte trouble to combine this errand with the other."
"I am perfectly willing to pay you the money, but my check book is at my office."

office."
"I suppose I could wait till after office
"Kent."

hours tomorrow, Mr. Kent."

"It won't be necessary, if you are willing to take the money in bills."

"I will do that sir."

ing to take the money in bills."
"I will do that, sir."
"You know you will incur a risk of being robbed. The check would not be of any use unless indorsed."
"I already have a considerable sum of money to take care of. Of course I am a little anxious about it, but I shall try to be careful."
"Are you staying at a hotel?"

Are you staying at a hotel?"

"Yes, sir."
"Then let me recommend you to denen let me recommend you to de-posit all your money in the safe at the office over night. Otherwise your room is liable to be entered, if you are sus-pected of having money."
"I am suspected by a traveling com-panion, who I think is planning to rob

me."
"Is this really true? I hope this per-

son is not your room mate "No, sir; though he desired to be. It is almost as bad, however, as there is a door between our rooms through which

he can pass."
"This is serious. What precautions

are you going to take?"

"I think I shall let him rob me of a wallet I have—one which has already at-tracted his attention."

"Is there anything in it?"
"Yes, sir."

"Yes, sir."
"What can you be thinking of, young
"Why should be crazy. Why should man ? man? You must be crazy. Why should you allow this adventurer to take any-

don't think it will do him much "said Walter, smiling. "The con-

good, said waiter, smiling. "The contents of the wallet are only pieces of paper cut in the form of bills."
"I see—a dummy wallet. It will serve him right. You seem to have a good head on your shoulders, and to know what you are about. I will go and get the money, and you can write me a receipt. Then if you will tell me about the location and arrangements of your room, I may be able to give you some advice. Don't you think it would be well for you have a price of the received to have a price of the second of the

for you to have a pistol?"
"No, sir; I think it will not be necessary. I shall follow your advice about depositing the money with the clerk, and then I shall run no risk."

"I will give you a large envelope and let you seal it up here."

When Mr. Kent saw the large sum which Walter had in addition to the amount he had just paid him he shook his head

Mr. Spencer is a rash man," he said. "Mr. Spencer is a rash man, in said that if I don't at all impugn your honesty, but the danger of a boy being robbed is very great on account of his inexperi-

You are right, sir. I shall be relieved when I have accomplished my business and got rid of the money."
"Why didn't Mr. Spencer send a

check?

Walter explained.

"Well, my lad, I wish you a safe deliverance from peril, and in particular
from your knavish companion. Don't
you think you had better ask the clerk to

you think you had better ask the clerk to assign you a different room?"
"No, sir. It would only lead Colson to form some new plot against me. I would rather have him try once and

"Well, perhaps you may be right. I shall really feel interested to learn how you come out. If it isn't too much trouyou come out. If i ble, drop me a line.

Walter promised to do so, and took a friendly leave of his new acquaintance.

'Are you tired of waiting, Sam?" he ted, as he came out into the street, and found his young companion smok-ing a eigarette, as he leaned against the

"No," answered Sam. "Waiting isn't hard work."

Sometimes it is."

"Have a cigarette?" asked Sam hospitably.
"No, thank you, Sam."

"No, thank you, sam.
"Don't the boys in New York smoke?"
asked Sam, surrised.
"Most of them do, when they get to

your age, but it doesn't do a boy any good. How long have you smoked?" Ever since I was eight.

"You'd better drop it. It will hurt you sooner or later. "Don't you smoke at all?" asked Sam, looking incredulous.

Not at all. Sam evidently regarded Walter as a curiosity, and did not pursue the subject.
"Did you'tend to your business?" he

"Yes, Sam, and now I can take an early train tomorrow, without losing any

"Are you comin' back through Har-risburg?"

"Yes, but I don't expect to stop.
"I thought you might be willin' to
take me on to York with you."
"I couldn't do that, Sam, but if you
ever do come to New York, and I can

ever go come to New York, and I can be you a good turn, I will."
"Thank you! You're the right sort."
"How much shall I pay you for your services?" asked Walter when they reached the hotel.

reached the hotel.
"A quarter will do, I guess."
"Here is half a dollar, Sam. It was worth that to me to have you as guide."
The two boys parted on the best of terms, and Walter entering the office sat down beside the stove.

down beside the slove.

He seized the opportunity when the clerk was alone to hand him the package of money, and requested him to lock it up in the safe. Walter wrote his name up in the safe. Walter wrote hon the envelope in a bold hand.

If there's enough here," said the rk jocosely, "I may skip to Canada."
I don't think it would pay you to do that

Not even if there were a thousand dollars.

There was more in the package, but Walter thought it hardly prudent to say

"By the way," he added, "don't let

"By the way," he added, "don't let the man who came here with me know that I have deposited anything with you."
"Why not?" asked the clerk curiously.
"I only met him today, and I have noticed some things which make me suspicious of him. He was anxious to take a room with me."
"His room does communicate mind."

'His room does communicate with

'I know it. I should not be surprised had a visit from him tonight."

If you do, touch the bell, and you

will soon have assistance.

"Thank you, but I am not afraid of losing anything now."

About half past nine Walter decided to retire to his room. He was sleepy, and felt that a good night's rest would pre-

pare him for his journey of the morrow. Half an hour later Colson entered the hotel

"Have you seen anything of my boy

friend?" he asked.

"Yes; he has gone to bed."
Colson's face showed his satisfaction.
"The boy is probably asleep by this time," he said to himself. "However, I won't be in too much of a hurry. When that wallet is in my possession I will get out of Harrisburg in short order.

CHAPTER XXXII

COLSON'S THEFT.

ALTER entered his chamber and once more looked. ALTER entered his chamber and once more looked at the door communicating with the other apartment. He might move the bureau to the space in front of the door and thus interpose an obstacle to the entrance of

But after all, as he reflected, it would only postpone the attempt. Colson would manage to follow him and make it neces-sary for him to take continued precausary for him to take continued precau-tions. It would be better to give him his way and let him take the wallet, since it was this that had excited his cupidity.

Walter undressed himself and got into Walter undressed himself and got into bed. He was tired, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have gone to sleep at once. But he was somewhat excited by the anticipation of Colson's visit.

He had placed the wallet on the bureau in plain sight, and left the shade up so that the moonlight flooded the room.

"I will make everything as convenient possible for my friend Colson," he id to himself with a smile.

He was glad now that he had deposited everything of value in the safe in the office, as he felt free from anxiety. When Colson found that the wallet was worthless it was possible that he might make the room a second visit and look for the genuine article.

Presently Colson came up to his room. Walter heard him entering No. 75. He was feeling a little drowsy, but this thoroughly awakened him, and he lay in silent expectation.

It was less than four months since Walter had left his country home. He could not help thinking what a change his city experience had made in him. At home he had known little of the

world, and his knowledge of human na-ture had been confined to the types with which he had been brought in contact in

his narrow circle of acquaintances.
"What would Deacon Tower say if he knew how I was situated?" he said to himself. "Here am I in a city hotel awaiting a visit from a thief, and rather looking forward to it as an interesting adventure. However, I must not boast too much till I find how it turns out."

Meanwhile Colson had lighted the gas his own room, and was waiting till he should consider it prudent to carry out

his dishonest plan.
"It would have been much simpler if I had occupied the same room with the boy," he muttered. "In that case, howboy," he muttered. "In that case, how-ever, I should have been more likely to fall under suspicion. I wonder if he is

asleep."

Colson went to the door of communication and bent his ear to the keyhole to see if he could distinguish any sound. This he was unable to do. He went into

This ne was unable to do. He went into the hall and crept to the door of No. 74. The transom over the door was open, and through this he could hear the deep, regular breathing of his boy traveling companion. Walter heard him at the door, and he counterfeited the breathing of one who was sleeping so successfully that Colson no longer had any doubt on

that Colors the subject.

"All is propitious!" he said to himself
the tope of satisfaction. "There is no need of delaying my enterprise. The sooner I get the wallet into my possession the better."

He crept away from the door and re-entered his own room. Walter heard him, and rightly judged that he would

Presently he heard the key gently turn in the lock, and next the door softly turn in the lock, and next the door softly opened. Colson's face appeared in the aperture and he looked cautiously in the direction of the bod

To all appearance Walter lay fast

asleep.
"It's all safe!" the rascal said to him-

The door was opened wider and he slid cautiously into the room.

Next, a scrutinizing glance in search of the wallet. It was not long before he discovered it on the bureau. His eyes

lighted up with pleasure.

"It really looks as if he were making everything easy for me," he said, with a chuckle. In this he hit the truth more closely than he anticipated.

Two quick steps and his hand grasped the coveted wallet. Walter saw him through half closed eyes and an impulse seized him to give Colson a fright. He moved in bed, and uttered in a drowsy tone: "What time does the train go?" Colson started as if he were shot, and

stood motionless and panic stricken, thinking himself detected.

But Walter said nothing more, and resumed his pretended slumber.

"He was talking in his sleep," thought Colson. "My heart was in my mouth, for I thought he was waking up. I'd

for I thought he was waking up. 1d better be getting out of this as soon as possible."

Colson made his way back to the door, glided through it, and fastened it after him. He then sat down to consider the situation. If Walter in the morning should discover his loss, the fact that there was a door of communication between the two rooms would fasten suspicion upon him, and in case of a search this suspicion would become certainty upon the discovery of the wallet. Colson was a careful man, and did not care to run any unnecessary risks. He did not even stop to examine the con-tents of the wallet, though he felt a natural desire to ascertain how much plunder he had succeeded in securing

He was still dressed. Acting upon a sudden determination he took his hat and went downstairs. First, however, he opened his grip sack, and stuffed a part of the contents into the pockets of his overcoat which he carried on his arm.
"The hay I'll leave" he decided.

Colson laughed to himself with an en-joyment he would scarcely have felt had he known the worthlessness of the article he had purloined, and made his way

ownstairs.

He entered the office, where he found the clerk still on duty. He felt it necesthe clerk still on duty. He felt it nece sary to explain his present appearance.

"I have a headache," he said, putting his hand to his forehead. "I think I will take a little walk."

"Do you often have the headache?" asked the clerk.

"Quite frequently. There is nothing so good for it as a walk in the fresh air." At this moment a bell was heard.

"Go up to No. 74," said the clerk to a bell box

bell boy.
Colson started and turned pale.

"No. 74 is your friend's room," said the clerk. "Is it not?"
"Yes," stammered Colson. "I forgot

to tell you that he wants some ice water A pitcher of ice water to 74," said the

clerk.
"He's found out already," thought
Colson, in a panic. "I must get away
as soon as possible."
He left the office and walked rapidly

up the street in the direction of the depot. He had already ascertained that a train left at eleven o'clock—he was not d not matter. The main thing was to did not matter. get out of Harrisburg and as far away from it as possible.

When the boy reached Walter's room with the ice water our hero was rather surprised.

Your friend said you wanted it," said the bell boy.
"Where is my friend, as you call

"In the office. He is just going out for a walk.

Walter smiled "I wish him a pleasant stroll," he said.

Colson arrived at the station. Even now he did not dare to open the wallet lest some one should see him do so. It would be time enough to do it when he was on the train.

At last he found himself in the cars, the latter were in motion.

Now for my prize!" he said, in ex-

citement, and opened the well filled wal-

What he saw made him feel sick.
"Fooled! Duped, and by a green
boy!" he ejaculated, in dire mortification. "Colson, you'll never be able to hold up your head again!"

(To be continued.)

THE SONGS OF PATRIOTS.

ENGLAND is the only nation that has a national poet laureate, but many rejoice in the possession of national songs.

The origin of some of these is chronicled in a London journal from which we quote.

The Russian national anthem, "God Protect the Czar," was first performed at the Grand Theater, Moscow, in December, 1833. Previous to this there had been no national hymn in Russia, and the czars usually contented themselves with the English "God Save the King." The with the English "God Save the King." The composer was Colonel M. Lwoff, and in return composer was Colonel M. Lwoff, and in return for the composition the Czar Nicholas presented him with a gold snuff box, set with diamonds. The music is distinctly national, but the words, as every one knows, are anything but the actual prayer of the Russian people; "God Save the Czarl Mighty autocrat! Reign for our glory," etc.

The Austrian National Anthem is well known in England and America from its use as a hymn tune. It was composed by Haydn, and performed for the first time at the celebration of the birthday of the Emperor Franz at Vienna in 1797. The lovely air is thoroughly German, and found therefore a ready acceptance in the hearts of the people. Haydn himself was very fond of it. He used it in the variations in one of his quartets, and when he was dying he in-sisted on being taken from bed to the piano, when he played the air three times over very solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

solemnly in the presence of his weeping servants.

The Danish National Anthem is not unlike
the "Rule Britannia." It was composed by a
German maned Hartmann, about the year 1770.
The "Sicilian Mariner's Hymn," though it can
have becalled a national song, is a favorite
and the source of uninerruped vexation for
many years past.

The origin fundoilers of Venice.

The origin fundoilers of Venice,
and the source of uninerruped vexation for
many years past.

The origin fundoilers of the used to be about
attributes it to Dr. Bulk, King James Vaccount
the sources of the Nile. The used to be about
attributes it to Dr. Bulk, King James Vaccount
the sources of the Nile. The case of the second
the sources of the Nile. The case of the content of "Sally in Cur Alley." Extween
these two the authorship and composition almost
certainly rest, but it has been found impossible
to decide definitely for the one or the other.
The music of "God Save the Queen." is tame
and uninteresting, but it agrees well with the
comparatively peaceful, regular course of events
which has marked public affairs in England for
over two hundred years past.

Not so is the national anthem of France.
There never was a more rousing composition
than "La Marseillaise." "The sound of it,"
says Carlyle, "will make the blood trigle in
men's veins, and whole armies and assemblages
will sing it with eyes veceping and burning, with
hearts defiant of death and cespot," It had a
great share in the first French revolution, for in
a few months after it was first made known
every one was singing it and the words "To

great share in the first French revolution, for in a few months after it was first made known every one was singing it and the words "To arms! March!" were resounding in all parts of France. At every season of disorder since its strains have excited the passions of the people, and if immortality cas be predicted for any tune known to man this is beyond a question the one. And yet, as the story goes, both words and music were the production of one night. They were composed in 1790 by a person whom Carlyle calls "an inspired Tyrtaean colonel," Rouget de Lisle, who was still living when Carlyle's "French Revolution" was first published. The scene of its birth was Strasburg, and not Marseilles, but it was a force of Marseillasses which first marched to it, and hence the title.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR GREENHORNS.

DID our readers ever find themselves wonder-ing what their sensations were when they first saw a railroad train? Here is an anecdote from The Railroader describing how a countryman acted when he took his first trip on one .

One morning just before the war, as my train drew up at Brandy Station, Virginia, a ckap in a butternut suit and a home made wool hat rushed up and addressed me as I stepped to the ground:

"Is you th'r clerk er this ye'r kyar?"
"I'm the conductor: what do you w

"I'm the conductor; what do you want?"
"I wanter go to Washington on this ye'r

"I wanter go to Washington on this yer kyar."

"Well, get aboard," I said,
He climbed up the steps and rapped on the door. When he rapped the second time some wag inside called out, "Come it!" There were at least fifty passengers in the car. He began at the front seat, shaking hands with every one to the back end, and asking each "How dye do?" and then "How's yer folks?" Of course it was a regular circus for the other passengers. He lived forty miles back in the country, and had never seen a train before.

He lived forty miles back in the country, and had never seen a train before.

When he stepped off the car in Washington I felt sorry for him; but, will you believe it, that greenhorn is today one of the first merchants in Washington, and is reported to be worth over \$200,000.



ayable in advance.

rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one
separate addresses.

communications for the ARGOSY should be adto the multiples.

All communications for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some time. As rule we start them with the beginning of some time. The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed ally with the name. Renewals.—Two weeks are required, after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the Expiration of his subscription, and, if the does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for. In ordering back numbers enclose 5 cents for each copy. The ARGOST of the purpose.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, PURLISHER.

SI WARREN STEERT, NEW YORK,

The subject of next week's biographical will be Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

WE were about to say that the habit of praising people was a lost virtue, but on second thought it occurs to us that it would be nearer the truth of the case to lament it as a virtue never extensively cultivated. Of course there is enough, and sometimes a portion to spare, of the public adulation meted out to great men and women, who by pen, brush or voice have inscribed their names high on the world's roll of fame. But in private life, how much more common it is to hear a man commented on for a slip of the tongue, an error of judgment or a display of temper, than for a helpful word, a generous deed or a self denying act.

Try the latter course for a day, a week, a month, and see if it does not broaden your sympathies and help you greatly in the difficult task of keeping your own record spotless.

A FOLLY OF FASHION

UP to within a recent period the fair sex were as apt to scream at, and run from an insect as a mouse, and to have predicted that the time would come when many of their number would actually wear the insects as ornaments for their evening toilets, would have betokened a hazard-

We have already alluded in the Argosy to the craze that has recently broken out among society bells for Brazilian beetles, but the idea has been carried still further.

The gorgeous colors of the beetles themselves are not enough. The latter must be set in diamonds, or other precious stones, which is actually done without injury to the bugs, their backs being very hard.

These strange pets cost, unmounted of course, seven dollars apiece, but their "keep" is by no means expensive, as all the subsistence they require is the odor from a banana placed near

THE NAVAL ACADEMY.

THE naval academy at Annapolis is a subject which interests many boys, and we have received a great many questions about the method of entering it, the conditions imposed, and prospects open to its graduates. Many of our friends will find their questions answered in this brief article.

Appointments to Annapolis, as to West Point, are made through the members of Congress. Some congressmen, when a vacancy occurs, hold a competitive examination, open to all boys who reside in their district, and the one that stands highest gets the nomination. But in any case, the applicant is subjected to a rigid physical and mental examination at Annapolis before he is admitted to the academy.

One correspondent inquires whether an ex senator has the right to appoint his grandson to Annapolis. No, an ex senator has not the right; but he has the right, in common with any other good citizen, of using such influence as he may possess to secure the nomination from the congressman of his district.

A candidate who is admitted to the academy must pay for a uniform and outfit, costing about seventy five dollars. This is the only expense of the course, as the cadets receive a salary, which, though small, is sufficient for the actual

The course lasts four years—years of steady

hard work. No boy who cannot make up his mind to this can hold his position in his class or the school. Those who pass through successfully receive commissions as fast as vacancies occur.

THE HOLIDAYS

What Shall the Presents Be? MR. MUNSEY'S NEW BOOK, "AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY."

So many good things are now prepared specially for holiday presents, that the giver finds himself bewildered with the various novelties, useful and ornamental articles and instructive or entertaining works spread out before him when he tries to fix upon his Christmas pre-

"Afloat in a Great City," by Mr. Munsey, will add one more volume to the many handsome books for the holiday trade. Realizing how difficult it is to choose a book without first reading many of those that would seem to possess equal merit, we print below a few brief extracts from some of the leading papers of the country, which will show what is thought of "Afloat in a Great City" by experienced readers, whose business it is to criticise books for the publications upon which they are engaged.

These various expressions of opinion may, and we trust will, help many to solve for themselves the question what book they will select for their young friends.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.
The story is spiritedly told and will interest young

From the Eastern Argus, Portland, Maine.
It is a most romantic narrative and is pure in

From the Newark, N. J., Daily Advertiser.
The general lesson of the book is wholesome and the moral is good.

the moral is good.

From the New York Daily Sun.

"Afloat in a Great City" recounts the strange and the strange and the strange and the strange and the story is sound.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

"Aftoat in a Great City" is an excellent book for boys. ** * * It is well and simply told and cannot fail to interest those for whom it was writ-

ten."
From the Brooklyn Standard-Union.
"Afloat in a Great City" is a stirring story of
the life of a boy cast upon his own resources in
New York. His adventures are told with much
spirit and are worth the telling.
From the Beaton Beacon.
"Afloat in a Great City" seems healthy and
pleasant reading for a boy who does not care particularly about being a pirate or a cowboy, but
likes to have his blood gently stirred.

likes to have his blood gently stirred.

From the Chicago Times.
The material is cleverly worked up, and although the material is cleverly worked up, and although the distribution of the tale is obvious to the tale specified of the tale is obvious to experience the author still has in store for him some interesting surprises of detail.

From the New York Daily Graphic.

"Afloat in a Great City" recites the history and thrilling adventures of a brave lad whose earliest recollections of life find him an orphaned waif in the streets of New York. He has the right sort of blood and grit in him. * * * It is a strong, wholesome and dramatic bit of fiction. There are no wearisome homilies in it, yet everywhere it incites to truthfulness and mannliness. It is well and copiously illustrated.

From the Evening Telegram, New York.

cites to truthfulness and manliness. It is well and copiously illustrated.

From the Evening Telegram, New York.
It is not specifically stated upon the title page that this is a book for boys, but it is evident from subject and treatment that it is intended to be so. There has been a great variety in the stories published for a 'lienticle of this nature, and the space left for evolution between the stories published for a 'lienticle of this nature, and the space left for evolution between the stories published for a 'lienticle of the nature, and the space left for evolution between the stories of the deced. It has been well traversed and greatly improved upon. Mr. Munsey, author of "Adloat in a Great City," understands that boys like to read of adventure, whether it takes place upon the high sea or in the heart of Africa, or whether it is limited by the boundaries of the American metropotation and the stories of the stories of the deciration of the deciration of the stories of the storie

Among the great army of readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY we imagine there are not a few who would be pleased to receive as one of their Christmas presents a handsome book by the publisher of the paper that with them outranks all others.

If the bookseller has sold his supply of "Afloat in a Great City" he can easily get any number of copies from the publishers, Messrs. Cassell & Co., New York, or we shall be glad to forward the book postpaid to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of the price, The volume contains almost four hundred pages, is handsomely bound in cloth and gilt, and is beautifully and liberally illustrated.

MARVIN R. VINCENT, D. D., Pastor of the Church of the Covenant, New York City.

FOR scholarly thought and keen insight into the meaning of Biblical writers, few men in his profession excel the subject of the present sketch. As a preacher he stands pre-eminent in the power he possesses of instructing his hearers in the interpretation of Scripture, and the Union Theological Seminary of this city was fully alive to its own interests when it recently elected him to fill the Baldwin Chair of Sacred Literature.

Marvin R. Vincent was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, September 11, 1834, and is consequently fifty three years of age. That his thoughts should have been early turned in the direction of ministerial work is in no way sur-

prising considering the fact that his early education was received at the hands of his father and grandfather, both clergymen of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

After his graduation at Columbia College in 1854, he ac-cepted the offer of a teacher's position in the Collegiate Grammar School, New This in-York. stitution was then under the charge of the renowned Dr. Charles Anthon. whose text books on the Latin language have made his name a schoolroom word all over the land.



MARVIN R. VINCENT. D.D. From a photograph by Rockwood

Young Vincent's ability as an instructor of youth was so pronounced that within a brief period he was appointed principal of the classical department. But nothing succeeds like success, and he had acted but a short time in his new capacity when the Troy University called him to a Latin professorship.

It was during his sojourn in this upper Hudson town that he first made his appearance in the pulpit. One or other of the city ministers being absent, Professor Vincent was called upon to supply his place, and his happy faculty of conveying to his hearers in simple, yet compresive language the results of his own deep thinking and patient research speedily won him a high reputation as a preacher. As another has recently said of him at this period, "his lively and suggestive thoughtfulness, his aptness in illustration, his precision and grace in expression, and his power in simple language to link the results of scholarly research with facts of common life and rules of daily duty, made his discourses peculiarly acceptable to men of literary training." He now became a licensed minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and after preaching occasionally under these auspices, was ordained, in 1863, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church

During his ten years' ministry over this con-Vincent's independence of gregation, Dr. thought made a marked impression on those who came within its influence. For example, he created quite a stir in church circles by upholding the playing of billiards in the home, against which practice there existed in those days as deep rooted a prejudice as in the preceding generation arrayed itself against the reading of

Dr. Vincent contended that there was no more harm in knocking balls about on a green cloth with a billiard cue, than in doing the same thing on the green grass with a croquet mallet. If boys can play billiards at home they need not go to the bar room to do it, and thus in so much does a home billiard table lend its aid to keeping young feet from straying into forbidden

In 1873 Dr. Vincent was called to his present

charge in this city. Situated at the corner of Avenue and Thirty Fifth Street, this church has been the spiritual home of such well known men as Benjamin F. Butler, William E. Dodge, and others noted in the business circles of the metropolis.

The same peculiar gifts that imprinted the stamp of success on his Troy ministrations, have marked Dr. Vincent's career in New York. And yet, notwithstanding the unremitting duties of pastor, he has found time to prepare several books for the press, all of which have found a warm welcome awaiting them. Especially helpful and popular have been his small volumes, scarcely larger than pamphlets, dealing with the mysterious relationship subsisting between man and his Maker. Of the latter, "Stranger and Guest" is perhaps the most noteworthy, while

the newest of his more ambitious works is the first of a series suggestively entitled "Word Studies in the New Testiment."

Dr. Vincent lives in a pleasant parsonage adjoining the church from which two of his daughters have married. In appearance he is tall and has a good carriage. while his full head of dark hair belies his age.

Such men as Dr. Vincent are of incalculable value not only to the generation in which their lot has been cast, but to posterity as well. For not

only is the work that they do in thinking out perplexing problems and reconciling apparent contradictions, enduring in itself, but its influence is spread widely abroad in the nature of the stimulus it gives to other minds delving deep in the same untiring search after truth.

MATTHEW WHITE, IR.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS. BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings; Our meddling intellect Misshapes the beauteous forms of things: We murder to dissect.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.— Sir Henry Taylor.

HE that lives alone, lives in danger; society avoids many dangers.—Marcus Aurelius.

A CRAVING for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow.—Phelp.

A PROPENSITY to hope and joy is real riches; one of fear and sorrow real poverty.—Hume.

ERORS Such as are but acorns in our younger brows grow oaks in our older heads, and become inflexible.—Sir Thomas Browne,
Government mitigates the inequality of power, and makes an innocent man, though of the lowest rank, a match for the mightiest of his fellow subjects.—Addison.

The great duty of life is not to give pain; and the most acute reasoner cannot find an excuse for one who voluntarily wounds the heart of a fellow creature.—Frederika Bremer.

Few of our errors, national or individual, come from the design to be unjust—most of them from sloth, or incapacity to grapple with the difficulties of being just.—Lord Bulwer Lytton.

Such only can enjoy the country who are capable of thinking when they are there; then they are prepared for solitude, and iff that case solitude is prepared for them.—*Dryden*

He that would be healed of his spiritual infirmities must be sequestered from the throng of the world: that soul never can enjoy God that is not sometimes retired.—Bishop Hall.

REPOSE and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect.—*Emerson.*

actions engaged, retain a serene aspect.—Emerson. You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone gentlike, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, alone. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.—Coleridge...

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

The Gruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

CHAPTER XII.

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.

POTTY HAWKE was perplexed.

AN ASTONISHINO DISCOVERY.

POTTY HAWKE was perplexed. Luke Spottwood was closely attending him on his way to the steamboat wharf; and there seemed to be something plausible in his reasoning. But he was not prepared to tell the elegant gentleman at his side that he was suspected of being a housebreaker. It was hardly prudent to do that. But Luke was very persistent.

"I have not used your name offensively; and it was not my intention to speak to you. I wished only to see you, in order to satisfy myself whether you were or were not the person I had in my mind. You are not the person, and it seems to me this ought to be enough for me, pleaded Spotty.

"This is not enough," protested Luke.
"I am sorry it is not; but I cannot state my business to one who is no way interested in it," persisted Spotty.
"If we were looking for a cow, and found a horse, would the horse have any cause to complain?" demanded Tom, impatiently.

the horse have any cause to com-plain?" demanded Tom, impatiently.

tiently.

"Yes, if you asked for a horse when you wanted a cow," replied Luke, laughing, and thus showing that he was not taking and the matter very deeply to heart.

"You do not make a parallel case. You used my name."

"But we didn't say whether Luke Spottwood was a cow or a

"But we didn't say whether Luke Spottwood was a cow or a horse," argued Tom, "If we had asked for Luke Spottwood the cow, Luke Spottwood the horse had no cause of com-plaint."

plaint."
"I will give it up!" exclaimed
Luke, good naturedly, as they
came to the steamboat wharf.
"That is the steam yacht, I
take it."

"That is the steam yacht, I take it."
"Yes, sir; that is the Dandy,"
replied Tom.
"And a Dandy she is too. She is the most beautiful craft on the lake. I have seen her from Windport several times. Do you object to my going on board of her? I have often desired to see the inside of her," continued Luke.

see the inside of her," continued Luke.

"Not at all, sir; we shall be very happy to show you all over her," replied Spotty, wishing to conciliate the gentleman whom he had offended.
"I believe your father has

"I believe your father has gone to Europe," added Luke, returning to the disagreeable subject subject

"I have not seen him for six weeks, and I don't know where he is," answered Spotty, as he led the way on board of the

led the way on Doarts of the Dandy.

"I suppose your mother is over at your father's place?" continued the visitor, who seemed to have little idea of propriety and fitness in making his inquiries. He utterly failed to discover that he was torturing his companion, or took pleasure in doiner so.

doing so.
"I have no mother," replied
Spotty. "She died eight years
ago, when I was only eight
years old."
"Ah, indeed! I was not awar

ago, when I was only eight years old."

"Ah, indeed! I was not aware of the fact. Probably you don't remember much about her, then." added Luke, who seemed to be talking for the sake of talking, and not because he felt any interest in the subject.

"I hardly remember her; at least, what I remember is very indistinct. This is the engine room," answered Spotty, trying to change the subject of the conversation.

"It is a very lice engine room. I suppose you make the steam to move the boat in here?"

"No, sir; the boiler is down below. This is the fire room," said Spotty, pointing to the steps which led down to it.

"Precisely so; this is the engine room, and that is the boiler room. I suppose you have some memorials of your mother, for it is a very sad thing to lose one's mother at such an early sage."

age. "This is the engine room, but we don't call that the boiler room," replied Spotty, determined to make no reply to the other remark.
"And I suppose you make a fire under the boiler, don't you?" drawled Luke.
"Sometimes the engineer makes a fire under

the boiler; but he never does it unless he wants to get up steam. Tom Gates is the engineer."
"And who is the captain?"
"I am the captain. The captain blows up the engineer. The engineer can blow up the steamer. But he don't."

"I suppose your mother often sailed in the Dandy?" added Luke, not at all disturbed by the

Dandy 2th added Luke, not at all disturbed by the humor of Spotty.

"No, sir; she never sailed in her. The Dandy was not built until after she died."

"That's a great pity, for she would have enjoyed it very much," added Luke.

"Now I will show you the forward cabin," continued the captain of the Dandy, as he led the way to that apartment. "You notice that there are four berths in that cabin. We generally sleep here when we are on a cruise; and we take our meals in this cabin too."

the key in the door of the cabin. "What is the matter with this lock?" asked he, after several ineffectual attempts to throw the bolt. "I left it all right when I went ashore. Has some one been on board trying to get in?"

"I really could not say," politely replied Luke.

Luke

Luke.

Spotty took hold of the handle of the door, and shook it. The door opened, thus showing that it had not been locked, and that he had been trying to throw the bolt when it was already thrown.

"The door appears to have been unlocked, What does this mean, Tom?" continued the captain.

captain.
"I don't know; I tried the door when we
"ent ashore, as I did all the others, and I am
sure it was locked," replied Tom, positively.
"I don't understand it. It won't do for both

it was very delightful. Then he thought he must go back to the hotel. Very abruptly indeed he left the cabin, forgetting to thank the captain for his courtesy, and then left the boat. "What do you make of him, Tom?" asked Spotty, when the visitor was out of hearing. "He is a conundrum; I can't guess him. But don't you think it is about breakfast time?" asked Tom, gaping. "All right; if you will get breakfast, I will see what is the matter with these locks. I could not get into one of the staterooms last night."
Tom left the cabin, and went to the galley. The provisions for the trip around the lake had been put on board, and she was amply supplied for a six months' voyage with her present crew. Spotty went to work on the door of the stateroom he had been unable to open. He got a skeleton key from the engine room, and soon opened it. The room was occupied.
"Good Heaven!" screamed Spotty.

The occupant was his father!

Spotty.

The occupant was his father!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE UNREPENTANT FORGER.

THE UNKEFENTANT FORCER.

FOTTY could hardly believe the evidence of hissenses. He gazed at the
occupant of the stateroom
till there could be no doubt in
his mind that it was indeed his
father. But oh, how pale, and
thin, and wan he was! The
poor boy trembled with emotion
when he realized that it was his
guilty parent.

guilty parent.
"Oh, father!" groaned

"Oh, father!" groaned Spotty.
"Hush, Spotty! Don't say a word! If you betray my pres-ence here I am lost!" said the fugitive from justice, in trem-bling tones.
"I thought you had gone to Europe," added the son, in a lower tone. "It said so in the paper."

paper."

I have not gone to Europe, as you can see for yourself, my

son."

"But how came you here, father? Everybody is talking about you, and everybody is reading about you. What have you done?" asked Spoty, trying to control his feelings.
"It is useless for me to attempt to conceal what I have done. You have read it all in the newspapers," replied Mr. Hawke.

the newspapers, repued ...
Hawke.
"But is it all true, father?
I could not believe it. It was too terrible to be true."
"I don't know what the papers say about me; but I am afraid that all they say is too true, Spotty. I am a ruined man, my son, and henceforth, in this world, I shall not have a place to lay my head." to lay my head."
"Don't say that, father! Don't

"Don't say that, father! Don't say that you are guilty of a srine!" pleaded Spotty.
"Don't speak so loud, Spotty.
There is some other person on board of the yacht. If you betay me I shall spend the rest of my life in a prison; or better, I shall end the life I have dishonored, and sink out of sight into a suicide's grave. Do not let any one see me, or know that I am here, Spotty, if you have a particle of affection left for me," pleaded the ruined banker.
"There is no one on board but

"There is no one on board but Tom Gates; and he will not be-tray you any more than I would."

"I dare not trust any one. Send him away," urged Mr.

FATHER.

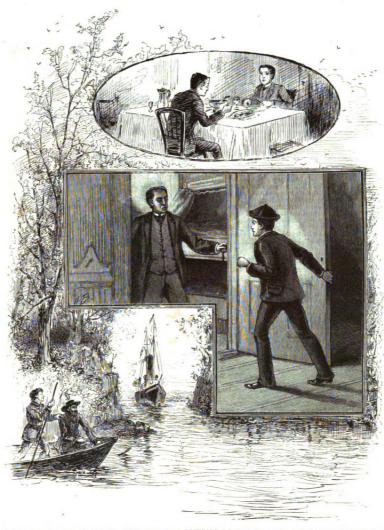
FAT

the United States. And you must help me, Spotty,"

"I will do all I can, father," replied Spotty.
"By and by I will tell you something that will comfort you, and make you happy in the years that are to come; but not now, not till I am in a safer place than this. Don't let Tom Gates betray me! Don't let any one come on board of the steamer."
"Tom Gates will never betray you, father; and I will not let any one come on board if I can help it. How long have you been on board of this boat?"
"Since the night before last. I fled from the

his boat?"

"Since the night before last. I fled from the city when it was no longer safe for me to remain there. Two years ago I lost a large amount in Wall Street. It had nearly ruined me. I struggled honestly against disaster for a year; and it was only when I saw that I must go under that I wrote the name of a wealthy friend on the back of a note. I took it up in season to avoid



SPOTTY HAWKE WAS AMAZED TO FIND THAT THE OCCUPANT OF THE STATEROOM WAS HIS GUILTY FATHER,

"It must be very delightful to take your meals in such a cozy place. I dare say you often think of your mother when you are making these delightful excursions." said Luke.

"The galley is between the forward cabin and the engine room, which makes this a very convenient dining room."

"I see that it must be very convenient. But what sort of a machine is a galley? I sit a part of the engine?" inquired the visitor.

"It is the nautical appellation for the kitchen, though the term is often applied to the cook stove." answered Spotty, gravely.

"Precisely so; the nautical appellation for the kitchen, "drawled Luke; "and also the nautical appellation of the cook?"

"The cook is the 'Doctor.' Now we will look at the after cabin, which is the apartment in which we stow our passengers, when we have any," said Spotty, as he conducted the visitor aft.

"Exactly so! I suppose that 'stow' is the

in winds.

any, "said Spotty, as he conquested
aft.

"Exactly so! I suppose that 'stow' is the
nautical synonym of 'bestow.' Am I right?"

"Quite right," replied Spotty, as he inserted

of us to leave the boat at the same time, at this rate," continued Spotty, trying the lock again, and finding it worked all right. "This is the after cabin, Mr. Spottwood." It has four berths in the cabin proper, and eight more in the four

in the cabin proper, and eight more in the four staterooms,"
"This is the cabin proper, is it? And a very proper cabin it is," added Luke. "Your mother would have enjoyed this apartment very much indeed. By the way, Captain Hawke, what was your mother's name?"
"I don't know, sir. If I ever knew, I have forgotten it," replied Spotty, who wondered what these frequent allusions to his mother could mean.

what these frequent allusions to his mother could mean.

"You don't know your mother's name, young man?" demanded Luke, knitting his brow, and looking very sternly at Spotty.

"I do not; I have had no one to talk to me about my mother. I looked in the family Bible, but her name was not there. It only gives the date when my father was married. This is one of the staterooms, and they are all alike."

Luke looked into the room, and declared that

exposure; but I had to forge another name to save myself. In a word, three days ago I had lost heavily in my struggle to redeem my credit, and I could no longer raise the money to take up the forged notes. I fled then."

the forged notes. I fled then."
"Why didn't you fail years ago, father?
Anything but dishonor and crime!" groaned

Anything but dissioned and Spotty,
"It was dishoner to fail. It would have made a beggar of me. I should have lost my reputation with my credit; and what is a man in New
York without money or credit?" replied the

banker.
"He may be an honest man, even if he is a beggar," added Spotty, reflecting the morality of his teachers, whose good lessons had taken root

in his soul.
"As well be a criminal as a beggar!" added

"As well be a criminal as a beggar!" added Mr. Hawke, vigorously.
"No, father! Do not say that! It is a thousand times better to be a beggar than to do a wicked deed; a thousand times better to be hungry every day one lives, to sleep in the cold, and to shiver in rags, than to be dishonest!" cried Spotty, with the warmth of ingenuous youth, whose theories are all as real as life it—elf.

youth, whose theories are at a world in self.
"You have seen but little of the great world in which you live," said the ruined banker, whose present abject situation seemed to the boy to be the best refutation of his specious argument. "When you have lived forty years in a great when you have seen how men of power and be a fixed to win." "When you have lived forty years in a great city, when you have lived forty years in a great city, when you have seen how men of power and influence regard those who have failed to win wealth and position; when you have felt the contempt of the great for the bankrupt and the ruined merchant, you will understand why men are tempted from the path of honesty. I have seen it all; and for your sake I tried to save myself that I might save you."

"You never talked like this to me before, father, and your pale thin face is the evidence that you are wrong."

"I should be paler and thinner than I am now, if I had simply been a beggar. But I did not manage well; and now I am both a beggar and a criminal," groaned the ruined man. "I blame myself for not saving something from the wreck. It came so suddenly that I had no time to snatch anything but my poor body from the

to snatch anything but my poor body from the hands of the officers."

hands of the officers."

Spotty felt that his father's impenitence was almost, if not quite as bad as the crimes he had committed. He had never known his father before, and the moral wreck was worse than the physical one. The thin, pale face was but a type of the shriveled soul, over whose fall the

son wept.
"Where have you been since you left the city?" asked Spotty, wondering that his father had not been captured by the officers, when the crime had been spread all over the country in the

rime had been spread allover the country in the papers.

"I have grown so thin and pale that even many of my old friends fail to recognize me. I changed my appearance as much as I could; and went on board of the first steamer I could find that was going up the river. It took me only to Newburgh, and there I kept out of sight till the night boat came along, and went to Albany in that. I did not stop even to get a meal, but took the first train for the north. I got off at the nearest station to Gildwell, and walked ten miles in the afternoon."

"When was this, father?"

"The day before vesterday. I concealed my-

"The day before yesterday. I concealed my-self about the house and went on board of the steamer after dark. I left New York on Monday noon, and I was at Gildwell on Tuesday after-

noon, and I was at Giuwen on standy moon,"

"Then you were on board when we went across the lake, and down to Windport?"

"I was; I found plenty to eat in the forward cabin; and I was only waiting for a chance to make myself known to you. You know it all now. You must convey me out of the United States, You have been to St. John's on the Sorel Fiver and you can run the steamer to that now. You must convey me out of the United States. You have been to St. John's on the Sorel River, and you can run the steamer to that place; and then I shall be within a short distance of Montreal. From there I can go far back into the country. But, Spotty, I have very little money, only a few dollars in fact. Have you any left of what I sent you?

"I have over a hundred dollars left; and you shall have the whole of it," replied Spotty, taking out his wallet.

"I will not take the whole of it, and leave you a beggar," replied Mr. Hawke. "I went into the house and took all the valuable trinkets I had: but they are not worth a hundred dollars, and I shall have to end my days in obscurity."

"I will give you all I have, father; and I will earn money and send it to you, if you will let me know where you are," said the devoted son.

"No, you will not!" replied the ruined banker, in a cynical tone, which grated harshly on the son's feelings.

banker, in a cynical tone, which grated harshly on the son's feelings.

"I will work like a dog, and I will send you all I earn," added Spotty.

"You will not! You will hate and despise me, with all the rest of the world in a few days or weeks," replied Mr. Hawke, bitterly,
"I, father?" gasped Spotty. "I will go with you wherever you go, and take care of you till the end of your life. I am strong; I can work on a farm; I can dig in a gravel pit," replied the son, warmly.

warmly. You don't know what you are talking about, "You don't know what you are talking about, boy. In a few days my creditors will be in Gildwell, and everything there will be sold to help pay my debts. You will be turned out of the house; and you will wish you had a thousand dollars, even if you had stolen it," continued the banker, very bitterly.

"Never, father! I would beg or starve rather than steal, or do any dishonest act."

"We won't talk about it, my boy," added Mr. Hawke, in a gentler tone, and in a changed manner, as though he feared that he had been letting his son too far into the secrets of his soul, which he had never revealed before. What are you doing at this place?

"What are you doing at this possession you come up here?"

He told his father about the jewel box, and He told his father about the jewel box, and the attempted robbery of the house, to all of which Mr. Hawke listened apparently impatiently and without interest. "Then you have your mother's jewelry on board?" asked Mr. Hawke. "I have the box locked up in the pilot house," replied Spotty

"Go and get it at once! Don't lose a minute about it!" added the banker, eagerly. "These things may save me from starvation in my

"But don't these articles belong to the creditors, father?" asked Spotty.

"Pshaw! But go and get the box this instant!" added the fugitive.

"I brought them up here to deposit in a bank where they would be safe. Some one was trying to steal them from the house," pleaded the son.

"You have done arm."

ou have done quite right to bring them

"You have done quite right to bring them here; but get the box without losing another instant!" said the banker, sharply.

Spotty could not disobey his father, even in his present fallen estate, for he had never done so in his better days. He went to the pilot house, and obtained the box. He took it into the stateroom where his father was, and then at his command unlocked it. The fugitive looked at the contents of the box for a moment, as though he was seeking some particular article.

"The diamond ring worn by your mother and the locket you wore when you were a child are not here," added he, fixing his gaze upon his son.

No, father; I took them out. I want to "No, father; I took them out. I want to keep them as long as I live, in memory of my mother," said Spotty, in a subdued tone, when he began to realize that he was not to be allowed to retain these precious mementos.
"My case is too desperate for sentiment, Spotty. Give them to me, and take something from the box in place of them."

Spotty gave them up, though it cost him a mental struggle to do so.

At that instant Luke Spottwood pushed open the door of the stateroom. Spotty was ap-

the door of the stateroom. Spotty was appalled, but his father did not seem to be concerned at the coming of the visitor.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BANKER AND HIS CONFEDERATE.

POTTY was amazed to find that his father was not at all alarmed at the appearance of Luke in the stateroom. The fugitive dreaded discovery more than death, but he plainly had no fear of Luke Spottwood. At this convert the cavitain heard, but forward this moment the captain heard a bell forward, which was Tom's call to breakfast.

mis moment the captain neard a bell forward, which was Tom's call to breakfast.

"Go and eat yeur breakfast, Captain Hawke, and I will take care of this passenger," said Luke, who was apparently as much at home in the cabin as his father was.

Spotty looked at the visitor, and hesitated. Luke was as elegant as before, and still wore his black gloves. In fact, he looked more like a minister than like the dissolute young man he had the reputation of being.
"Do you know this gentleman, father?" he asked, in doubt as to how he should act.
"I do, Spotty; it is all right; the will not betty me," replied Mr. Hawke. "I wish I could feel as secure in regard to that boy who is with you."

"You need have no fear of him. His lips will be sealed," replied Spotty, as he left the

cabin.

He heard the snap of the bolt in the lock, as he went out of the stateroom, indicating that the door was immediately fastened. He went forward, but he did not feel much interest in his breakfast. He was not only grieved and appalled at the conduct of his father, but he was mysti-fied and perplexed at his relations with Luke Spottwood. There seemed to be an under-

Spottwood: There seemed to be an understanding between them.
Spotty had never even heard of Luke or his unde till the evening he had followed the robber across the lake. He could not remember any mention of the name of Spottwood, except as it had been applied to himself as a Christian name. He had no knowledge whatever of the people who lived at Tonnington.

"Breakfast is all ready, Spotty," called Tom to him, as he halted near the door of the engine recent to consider the situation.

"Breaktast is all ready, spotty," called Tom to him, as he halted near the door of the engine room to consider the situation.
"You sit down and eat yours, Tom, and I will be with you in a few minutes," replied the bewildered boy.

Tom was a matter of fact fellow, and he was thinking of his stomach at that moment. He seated himself at the table, and helped himself to a liberal portion of the ham he had fried, with a large potato and a cup of coffee. It was evident to Spotty that his companion had not seen Luke when he came the second time, and was not aware of his presence on board.

Spotty stood at the door of the engine room, thinking of the situation. What business could Luke have with his father? It was possible they had been acquainted in the city, and that Luke was assisting his father in making his escape to a safe place.

Spotty moved a few paces aft, for he was anxious to discover the nature of the relation of Luke to his father. Possibly there was some reason why he had the name of Spottwood,

which was the family appellation of the people on the other side of the lake. It certainly looked as though his father and the dissolute young man, for he was not over twenty four, had known each other for a long time. If so, why had Luke never been over to Gildwell? Why were the

ach other for a long time. If so, why had Luke never been over to Gildwell? Why were the two families as great strangers to each other as though they had lived on different sides of the Atlantic Ocean?

"And you have the ring and the locket?" said Luke, with a voice full of enthusiasm.

"Hush, sir!" interposed Mr. Hawke. "Don't you know that the boy and another boy are on board of the boat! There may be visitors, for aught I know. Why will you not be cautious?"

"Excuse me, my jolly duffer," replied Luke, in an easy and impudent tone. "I fergot that you were running away from your peccadilloes. But give me the articles, and then I won't speak another loud word while I remain on board."

"Not yet, young man," added the fallen banker. "I should be at your mercy then. I will give them to you when I leave this boat at St. John's. But I will not speak another word if you talk louder than a whisper."

Spotty found it impossible to hear another word, and it was evident from the sound of footseps that the occupants of the cabin had changed their position. Presently he heard the great doors of the cabin opened and closed, as though the fugitive was satisfying himself in regard to the security of the hidding place.

The stateroom occupied by Mr. Hawke was the one he always used when he sailed in the steamer, and was in the forward part of the haid gone out of it, and he and his visitor were in the main cabin, having locked the door to keep out all intruders.

cabin, next to the engine room. He had gone out of it, and he and his visitor were in the main cabin, having locked the door to keep out all intruders.

But spotty felt that he had heard enough for the present, though he was far from a solution of the relations between the two persons who had so strangely met in the cabin.

Luke wanted the two articles of jewelry that had belonged to Spotty's mother. He had manifested much enthusiasm at the prospect of obtaining them. This circumstance aneerard to fested much enthusiasm at the prospect of obtaining them. This circumstance appeared to be very remarkable. Why should he want these things? What possible value could they have to him? If Spotty had known that his father intended to give them to Luke, he could not so readily have parted with them.

"I say, Spotty, your breakfast is ready," called Tom, putting his head out at the door of the forward cabin.

"All rigkt," replied Spotty, as he went forward.

d. Luke wanted the ring and the locket, did not this fact explain why the robber had at-tempted to get into his room? He did not find the jewel box in Mrs. Hawke's chamber, and probably he had searched the house for it. He

probably he had searched the house for it. He could not know that it was buried in the cellar at the time, and he must have concluded that it was in the boy's chamber.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Spotty?" demanded Tom, as the captain entered the cabin, lost in thought.

"Nothing, Tom; I am all right," replied Scotte.

"Nothing, 10m; 1 am an 195m, 1870-Spotty.
"You seem to have lost your head, and forgotten all about your breakfast, which is no more like you than it is like me. What is the matter?" asked Tom, in a lively and rallying

matter?" asked 10m, in a many amount one.

"Tom, you have read the story about my father in the paper?" replied Spotty, as he seated himself at the table.

"Of course I have! Didn't I read it to you, Spotty? I believe this affair is breaking up your mind, and I think—"
"Hold on, Tom! My father is on board of the Dandy at this moment," interposed Spotty, as he took a slice of ham from the platter, and added a potato, which looked as though he expected to develop an appetite, however it might be with his mind. ected to develop an appetite, however it might with his mind. "On board of this boat!" cried Tom, spring-

ing out of his chair in his astonishment

ing out of his chair in his astonishment.

"You are losing your mind, Tom. Sit down, and finish your breakfast as quick as you can, for we have business," added Spotty.

"You don't mean to say that your father is on board of the Dandy?" gasped the engineer, "Upon my word, I believe you have gone crazy."

"Upon my word, I believe you nave gone cray,"

"I only wonder I have not. My father is in the after cabin at this moment; and that isn't the worst of it, either. Luke Spottwood is with him. There is a conspiracy, or a plot, or a plan, to do something, and I never was so mixed in all my life," rattled Spotty, as he proceeded to eat his breakfast with great vigor and determination.

"How can your father be in the cabin of this

"How can your father be in the cabin of this boat when he has gone to Europe?" demanded Tom, who was unable to resume his meal.
"The answer to that conundrum is that the story in the paper was not true. But the Sun only said that he was supposed to have sailed for Liverpool. He is in the cabin, and while you are eating your breakfast I will tell you all I know; and that isn't much. We may not see each other for some hours after this," continued Spotty, eating with all his might, as though he was in a hurry to discharge this duty to his body. "Not see each other!" Not see each other!

"Not see each other!"
"We did not see much of each other while we
were coming over here last night. We shall
not today," said Spotty, as he commenced on the
narrative of what had occurred in the cabin
while Tom was cooking breakfast.
The captain of the Dandy made the story as
short as he could, and in ten minutes Tom knew
as much about the fugitive and Luke's mission
on board of the boat as Spotty did.

"But what are you going to do?" asked the

engineer.

"Get up steam as fast as you can, and I will take care of the dishes," added Spotty.

"We are going down the lake as far as we can go. Don't make any noise if you can help it, Tom, for I should like to get out into the lake as soon as I can, and before Luke knows what I am

as I can, and before Luke knows what I am doing."

"I see," replied Tom, with a glance of intelligence, as he made his way to the fire room.
Spotty busied himself for half an hour in washing and putting away the tishes, and making things tidy in the cabin. The Dandy never carried a cook unless she had hare party or board, and both the captain and the party or board, and both the captain and the engineer had learned to discharge the duties of cook and steward. But this work absorbed but little if any of his thought.

He studied in vain to solve the problem of the relations of his father and Luke Spottwood. Neither of them seemed to act under any compulsion, or to be afraid of the other. What Spotty had heard and what he had overheard shed but Intel light upon the situation. If the two passengers understood each other, there

two passengers understood each other, was not entire trust between them. Mr. I Mr Hawke

was not entire trust between them. Mr. Hawke declared that he would not give up the ring and the locket until he arrived at St. John's.

This implied that Luke was to go in the Dandy to the northern limits of navigation. It also implied that there was some sort of a bargain between them to be carried out. It was plain to Spotty that his father did not willingly give up the two articles. He would be at Luke's mercy if he delivered them at once.

Though Luke was elegantly dressed, and wore black kid gloves, Spotty believed he was a villain. What did he want of the ring and the locket? In what manner could the possession of them benefit him?

them benefit him?

was no use to ask or to reason over such It

It was no use to ask or to reason over such questions, for Spotty had no means of answering them. His father wanted to go to St. John's; but the young captain doubted if Luke wanted to go there.

The suggestion that his father might be at the mercy of such a miscreant as his present companion in the cabin decided Spotty to get under way as quickly and as quietly as he could. If Luke could get the ring and the locket, he would not care to go down the lake.

By the time Spotty had attended to the dishes, Tom came into the cabin and whispered that he had steam enough to start with. Cautions! the cast off the fasts, and the west wind

tiously they cast off the fasts, and the west wind drove the Dandy away from the wharf, and out into the lake.

(To be continued)

+++ [This story commenced in No. 251.]

Gilbert the Trapper;

THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN By CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY.

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

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DAWSON SAYS GOOD BY TO THE FORT.

AWSON, fully realizing the danger of the AWSON, fully realizing the danger of the electropies he had undertaken, could not be hurried. He believed in making haste slowly. They could not move a step in any direction, he said, until the regular rotation of guards brought two of their number on post on the same night and at the same hour, one at the gate and the other at the stables. Until that time came, they must possess their souls in patience, and take particular pains to keep out of the guard house. If one of them was so unfortunate as to be shut up there when the time for action arrived, why he would lose twenty five thousand dollars; that was all, for of course the others could not wait until he was released.

This looked like a hard condition, and Pilkins

released.

This looked like a hard condition, and Pilkins tried to induce Dawson to give each of them a copy of the cryptogram, so that in case anything happened to himself, the others might not be cheated out of their share of the treasure.

But Dawson wasn't quite so green. They never would have known about the dust and nuggets if it hadn't been for him, and he wasn't going to spend his time in poking among private papers and solving cryptograms for nothing. If that cache was ever found, he would not be far away; they might rest assured of that.

Although Pilkins and the other two grumbled over this arrangement, they submitted to it; but they were not obliged to wait long. The time for action came sooner than they looked for it, and each one of the deserters knew just what he was expected to do. Dawson was on guard at the principal gate, and Pilkins was supposed to be watching over the safety of the horses that were snugly sheltered in the stables. Inside there were two more guards, who slept in a little room adjoining the stables; but they were not in the plot.

Shortly after the call "One o'clock of a cold, starlight night, and all's xcell." had gone the rounds of the sentires, two dark figures crept

Shortly after the call "One o'clock of a cold, starlight night, and all's well!" had gone the rounds of the sentries, two dark figures crept along the side of the stables, close in the shadows, and held a short consultation with Pilkins, who resigned his carbine to one of them, and cautiously opened the door. Then he and the other deserter disappeared in the stable, from whose dark interior there presently issued the sounds of fierce struggle, mingled with smothered cries of alarm, and stern orders to "Lie still and

make no noise if you want to see the sun rise again" and a few minutes afterward Pilkins came to the door leading a couple of horses.

Hear any noise?" he cautiously asked.

"They made a fight of it, didn't they? Did you tie them?"

"Hard and fast, and gagged them to boot,"
"Hard and fast, and gagged them to boot,"

"Not enough to nort any may be a fight of it, didn't they? Did you tie them?"
"Hard and fast, and gagged them to boot," answered Pilkins. "I have brought your horse and Dawson's. Take "em and clear yourself with as little noise as possible.
That was easier said than dihough they were well trained, had never been taught to walk on tip toe, and they made ensiderable noise in moving across the graveled roadway to the parade ground; but are rethey struck the grass plot their process is silent enough, and the sentry succeeded the graveled roadway to the parade ground; but are rethey struck the grass plot their process in getting them to the gate without alarming anybody. Dawson was surprised to eastern that the guards inside the stable clear that the guards inside the stable deladed that he and his friends were about to grade for the stable and the grade of the stable deladed that he and his friends were about to grade for this had been forgotten.

"There hasn't been such a thing as this done since that Comanche warrior sawed through the stockade and stole the colonel's favorite riding nag," whispered Dawson, as Pilkins and his comrade came up leading two more horses.

"But I hope we shall have better luck in getting any hispered Dawson, as Pilkins and his comrade came up leading two more horses.

"But I hope we shall have better luck in getting any whispered Dawson, as Pilkins and his comrade came up leading two more horses.

"But I hope we shall have better luck in getting any what that Comanche warrior sawed through the south of the stable gone ten miles. Are we all ready now? Everybody got his weapons and blanket?"

"If there is anybody who has been foolish enough to forget them, he will have to do without them, or stay behind," said Dawson. "Mount. Walk your horses slowly until we are well out of hearing, and then give them the spur."

As silently as so many specter soldiers the four deserters swung themselves into their saddles and moved away into the darkness. Having got out of the fort without alarming any o

Perhaps the reason was because they resorted Perhaps the reason was because they resorted to every trick and device they had ever heard of to throw the soldiers off their trail. At any rate they escaped, and when the bitzard came—the one that overtook Gus and Jerry Warren, and drove them into the hills for shelter—they were within sight of the cache; but they did not know it.

They went as straight to Sweetwater Canyon

They went as straight to Sweetwater Canyon as any government scout could have led them, and then they paused to take their bearings.

The first thing they noticed was that for about the distance mentioned in the cryptogram, three miles, the canyon was as straight as though it had been laid off with a transit; but the first object they looked for they could not find anywhere. There was no leaning scrub oak tree to be seen.

"The man who wrote that cipher ought to have known that a tree wasn't going to stand here for sixteen or seventeen years, exposed to such storms as this one that is coming up now," said Pilkins, spitefully. "How did he think anybody could find that cache of his with nothing to go by?"

"It won't do a bit of good to rail at him now," replied Dawson. "Let's scater out and see if we can find any tree that has recently failen, or one that hasn't been down long enough to rot entirely away."

This suggestion was complied with, and the deserters were looking for such a tree when the blizzard burst upon them. The man who wrote that cipher ought to

CHAPTER XL.

CAUGHT IN THE BLIZZARD.

CAUGHT IS SHE BLIZZARD.

"ACCOUNT IS SHE BLIZZARD.

With all the force of a shrieking hurricane. "We ought to have been in camp an hour ago, and now it's ten to one if we ever get out of this. Stick together," he yelled, in the vain effort to make himself heard and understood. "Kally on me. If we become separated we are lost."

But the wind caught up his voice and bore it far down the canyon, and away from the ears of his bevildered and terrified companions. One instant Dawson saw their horses prancing about a short datance from him, and the next the storm came down in all its fury and shut everything out from his view.

We will diff him from his saddle in spite of all his forces to prevent it; and while he was holding fast to the pommel with one hand and to his losse's mane with the other, the animal suddenly wheeled and tore down the canyon at the lop of his speed.

His rider did not try to check his headlong

top of his speed.

His rider did not try to check his headlong

flight. What obstacles there might be in his path, the deserter did not think to ask himself. His steed might at any moment dash upon the almost perpendicular walls of the gorge, or bring up all standing against a tree or bowleier that lay in his course, but these were small dangers, in Dawson's estimation, compared with the imminent peril he was in of freezing to death.

On, on went the frightened horse, without an instant's check from his rider, and at last, after what seemed an interminable run, he made another sudden turn and came to a stand still.

what seemed an interminable run, he made another sudden turn and came to a stand still. Then Dawson removed the heavy cape he had wrapped about his head, and looked out.

He could see a short distance on three sides of him, and on his right hand was the dense thicket of trees and bushes behind which the horse had stopped for shelter. It broke the force of the wind, but, as Gus Warren had once remarked on a similar occasion, it did not shut out the cold, and the half benumbed deserter at once dismounted and made preparations to go into camp.

mp. He kept fast hold of the bridle until he had He kept fast hold of the bridle until he had taken off the saddle, to which his weapons, blanket and small supply of provisions were fastened, for feer that the almost frantic beast might take to his heels and leave him afoot; but the horse seerned to think he had run far enough. He moved deeper into the bushes, when Dawson slipped the bridle over his head, and neighed shrijft if trying to call his companions to the place of refuge he had found. Dawson listened intently, but there was no response.

sponse.
"I am all right, but where are Pilkins and the sponse.

"I am all right, but where are Pilkins and the rest?" said Dawson, beating his hands together to start the blood in circulation again. "If we had thought less about the money and more about our personal comfort and safety, we might have been together at this moment. I wish I had been shot the instant I opened the trader's desk. And now comes a thing that we never thought to talk over," added Dawson, drawing a heavy knife from his boot leg, and working his way into the bushes in search of dry wood with which to start a fire. "We have found the canyon where the cache is located, but which way does our trail lead from here? Great Meses I am lost ! What will become of me when my grup gives out?" Dawson had as much courage as most men, but the hand that held the knife trembled violently as these thoughts passed through his

Dawson had as much courage as most men, but the hand that held the knife trembled violently as these thoughts passed through his mind. They were enough to frighten anybody, for being lost means something out West, I assure you. It has driven more than one poor fellow out of his senses.

It began to have its effect upon the deserter immediately, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he restrained the almost uncontrollable desire that seized upon him to mount his horse and go in search of his missing friends. He did not realize that such a proceeding would bring destruction upon himself, but fully believed that it was in his power to find them and lead them to a place of safety.

"I guess I had better wait until I get the fire going, so that they can warm themselves when I bring them in," said he; but by the time that was done, darkness had settled over the canyon, and Dawson concluded that he would wait till morning. But he did not neglect to shout and fire his carbine at short intervals, in the hope that his comrades would hear it and come to his camp.

But if Dawson had had his usually cool head

camp.

But if Dawson had had his usually cool head on his shoulders, he would have known that he was wasting his cartridges to no purpose. The discharge of a section of artillery could not have been heard above the storm that roared down

been heard above the solin has roses a con-the canyon. A night's refreshing sleep (for weariness over-came his fears, and made him sleep in spite of his efforts to keep awake), quieted his nerves in some measure, infused a little courage into him, and put a different aspect upon the situation. He was able to reason with himself and to think

and put a different aspect upon the situation. He was able to reason with himself and to think calmly.

"I believe I was on the point of losing my head last night when I thought so seriously of star-ing out in search of those fellows," said he. "It would have been the death of me sure. Of course they had sense enough to go into camp as soon as they could get there, and what reason have I to think that they are not quite as well protected as I am at this moment? I am in for a two or three days' siege, that's plain; but as soon as the blizzard quits, I will see if I can do anything for Pilkins and the rest of them. In the meantime I will keep busy."

This was the best course that Dawson could have followed under the circumstances. He had not neglected to bring a hatchet with him, and with its aid he cut down a cottonwood for his horse to browse upon, talking familiarly to the animal all the while, as if he could understand every word that was said to him. Then he cut down to broil a slice of bacon for his breakfast. While thus engaged he noticed that the air around him did not appear to be quite as full of snow as it was an hour or so before. The storm raged with the utmost fury, but the wind was changing, and now and then the camper was able to catch a momentary glimpse of the rocks on the other side of the canyon, which, at this point, was not more than ten or fifteen yards in width.

Dawson allowed his gaze to wander along the face of the rocks simply because it was a relief of the care of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are of the rocks simply because it was a relief are round.

width. on allowed his gaze to wander along the yards in width.

Dawson allowed his gaze to wander along the face of the rocks simply because it was a relief to his eyes to look at something a little distance from him; but he did not see anything peculiar about them until the bacon had been cooked to his satisfaction, and he was on the point of beginning his breakfast. Then he jumped to his

feet with an exclamation of surprise and tri-umph, thrusting his hand into his pecket as he did so. He pulled out a paper, fastened his eyes upon it and read, in excited tones: "On the left side of the canyon, three miles

from leaning scrub oak tree at entrance, under hanging rock.' Now there is the hanging rock. hanging rock. Now there is the hanging rock, but is that the left side of the canyon over there? It certainly would be to a person coming into the canyon past the spot where that leaning scrub oak tree used to stand. Who-whoop! I've struck it."

I've struck it."

As there must have been a good many hanging rocks along the sides of the canyon, one would think that Dawson's conclusions were rather hasty, to say the least; but ke did not seem to think so, and neither was he as highly excited as most men would. have been under the same eigenmustances, and with the same hopes to animate them. He did not go on with his break-fast—that could wait; but he did halter his horse and tie him to the fallen cottonwood on which he was howsing. Then he three his

fast—that could wait; but he did halter his horse and tie him to the fallen cottonwood on which he was browsing. Then he threw his blanket over his head, picked up the hatchet and started for the other side of the canyon.

"Two feet 'selow the surface,' said he, quoting from memory, as he waded through the little drifts which the wind had piled up in the gorge. "Remove leaves and stones, and the fruits of years of toil will be revealed," he murmured, looking up at the rock, and then in the direction he supposed the entrance to the canyon to be. "Give it to my boy, I pray you; it belongs to him." Sorry I can't do it, but he is as well fixed already as he has any business to be, if there is any faith to be placed in appearances—rides a splendid horse, sports a saddle and bridle worth more than a year's wages, and slings on a heap of style with his fine buckskin suit and silver mounted shooting irons. I'm poor, and he isn't; and besides, he is never likely to know anything about this cache."

CHAPTER XLL

HILE the deserter talked to himself in this heartless fashion, he was serantial away the leaves with the deserter talked to himself in this heartless fashion, he was scraping away the leaves with his foot, and presently, to his unbounded surprise and delight, he unearthed a layer of flat stones which were so regularly placed that they could not have come there by accident. The sight of them seemed to drive Dawson to the verge of insanity. He set up a yell, as long and loud as any that ever came from an Indian's throat; and sinking upon his knees under the rock, he tried, with almost powerless fingers, to remove the stones from the beds in which they had so long rested.

It took him half an hour to accomplish this

took him half an hour to accomplish this It took him half an hour to accomplish this task, for he stopped every now and then to send up a triumphant whoop, hoping that it might reach the ears of at least one of his comrades, and guide him to the spot where he was at work. But suddenly he ceased to call, and went on with his labor in silence.

When he looked up, it was to cast furtive and frightened glances around, as if he were afraid that some one might approach and demand a share in the wealth he was about to bring to light.

ht.
'No, no!" said Dawson to himself. "I will

light.

"No, no!" said Dawson to himself. "I will share with nobody. I have worked too hard and endured too much to think of that. I have found it without help from friends, they are not in sight, and I say it is all mine; all mine."

About that time there was a gleam in Dawson's eyes that would have made the bravest of his comrades hesitate to approach him.

Having at last removed all the flat stones that covered the cache, the deserter took his kinfe in one hand and the hatchet in the other, and began digging his way down to the treasure below. His mind dis not once revert to the unhappy miner who, long years ago, had worked in that very spot and in much the same way to conceal his savings, in the hope that if he fell by the hands of his companions, as he expected to fall, the little boy slumbering peacefully a short distance away might some day, and in some mysterious manner, come into possession of them. How rapidly that miner's heart must have throbbed, how hard he must have tried to check his labored breathing and how often turned his

the triplet of the triplet of triplet of the triplet of the triplet of triplet

"Here it is!" he cried, over and over again.
"After all my weary striving and scheming I am rich at last, and there is no one to lay claim to a cent's worth of it. Hail Columbia, Happy Land!"
With eager haste the deserter threw the earth out of the excavation, after loosening it with his knife, and in ten minutes more he fifted out its contents, and laid them on the ground beside him.

him.

He was surprised as well as disappointed at He was surprised as well as disappointed at the weight of the bundle; he thought it ought to have been much heavier than it was to contain a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold dust and nuggets, but that was because he did not know much about money. A hundred thousand dollars in gold eagles would have weighed about

forty pounds, reckoning eleven pennyweights and six grains to each eagle; but of course the nuggets contained a good deal of dross and alloy—enough to make the bundle weigh about two hundred pounds.

"Shaw!" exclaimed Dawson, as he threw off the cord with which the blanket was fastened.

"I thought it would take all our horses to carry this find away, but I could tote it myself, easy." A suspicion that he had been cheated began to creep into the deserter's mind, and he felt training the trader for it, just as Pikindandarak the leaning srub oak tree that all been blown down by a some of the deserter and he held training the training that the leaning structure of the training that the leaning structure of the lean

could see it every time he turned his head, brushed the ashes and leaves from his bacon, which he found where he had dropped it, and sat down to eat his breakfast; but he did not waste any more breath in whooping and yelling. He had secured the treasure, but he had not yet taken it out of the hills. What was the use of having a thing if lee could not enjoy it? He had found, as a good many of us have, that there is more pleasure in looking forward to the consummation itself.

How was he going to spend any of his money until he reached the nearest settlement, and which way and how far would he have to go to get there? Beyond a doubt he had a journey of a hundred and fifty miles before him, and he knew he could not sleep soundly until he had covered the distance, and placed his treasure in the hands of the express agent. He stood a good many chances of losing it, and Dawson finally made up his mind that he would earn the contents of the bundle twice over before he could get it to a place of safety.

The deserter no longer thought of going in search of his comrades. If they were well fixed in camp, they had better stay there, he thought, for he could not leave his find long enough to hunt them up.

During the three days of mactivity that fol-

hunt them up.

During the three days of mactivity that fol-

for he could not leave his find long enough to hont them as a career and the count of the count has been as a count of the count of t

HOW HE WON;

Or, THE ISLAND HOME.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

FLORA BROWN FINDS A NEAR RELATION.



owner of the Stella. Mr. Bloom was very much affected, in his nervous state, at the discovery he had made. But when the skipper thought of it, he felt that the owner could not blame him for what he had done. Hillburg had attacked him, and insisted upon taking Flora out of the yacht. The poor girl had been wronged and kept out of her brithright in some way, and he could not balieve that Mr. Bloom would ask such a thing of him. Of course he could feel no interest in Flora, but common humanity would lead him to take part with the weak against the strong.

Aleck went into the cabin, where the officers had gone to look out for the prisoners. Both of them had been at work on the wounded man, and they had more effectually staunched the dow of blood than Tom had been able to do. Hugh was seated on the locker, but he complained no more of his wound, which Darling said was an insignificant matter. Wilkins declared he could take care of the prisoners, and barling went on deck with Aleck.

Aleck went to the main rigging, and cast off the line that was attached to one of the prisoner's wrists, while Tom went to the fore rigging and did the same with the other. The latter slacked off the staysail halyard that was passed around his neck.

"Captain Hillburg, this is a Riyerhaven po-

around his neck.
"Captain Hillburg, this is a Riverhaven po-liceman," said Aleck. "We have force enough to handle you if you make any trouble, and it is not necessary to keep you in this position any

not necessary to keep you in this position and longer."
"Shall I put the handcuffs on your wrists, captain?" asked Darling.
"I am all used up by the barbarous treatment I have received, and I could not help myself if I tried," replied Hillburg, in a suppressed tone.
"I am beaten out, and ruined for this world, and the pluck has all gone out of me. Where is Livergood?" is Livergood?"
"He is in the cabin, lying in a berth," replied

Aleck

"He is in the cabin, lying in a berth." replied Aleck.

"He isn't dead yet, then?"
"No; and isn't likely to die at present. He will live long enough to serve his term in the State prison."
The prisoner could hardly walk, and he found it difficult at first to get his arms down to his side. But he worked his limbs for a time, and gradually recovered the use of them. Darling informed him that he would be taken into the cabin, so that he should be near the other prisoners. He could have a berth if he wished.
"Aleck, who is the man that came on board from the steamer, and who came up and looked at me?" asked Hillburg, as they began to escort him to the cabin.

at me?" asked Hillourg, as tney organ to e-cort him to the cabin.
"That was Mr. Bloom, the owner of the Stella," answered the skipper.
"Was it, indeed? I thought it was another man," added the prisoner, as he moved towards

"Was it, indeed? I thought it was anouge man," added the prisoner, as he moved towards the standing room. His movements were very slow and difficult, and Darling and Tom had to assist him when he came to step down into the standing room. As soon as he was on the floor of the latter, he raised his head, and looked at the owner, who removed his handkerchief for an instant when he heard the approach of the party.

"Mr. Dornwood!" exclaimed Hillburg, as he turned his head away. "I am ruined now! It is all up with me!"

"I should say that it was; but that won't prevent you from going into the cabin," said Tom, as he showed the prisoner towards the companionway, for he saw that the gentleman did not want anything of him.

Aleck was astonished to hear Hillburg call the owner Mr. Dornwood, and matters were be-

duced it.

"Aleck!" called Flora, from the cabin door.

He hastened to answer the call, for he was afraid something had happened. But the look of the girl reassured him as soon as he saw her

of the girl reassured him as soon as he saw her face.

"The gentleman in the standing room wants to see you," said she. "He has been looking at me with all his might for the last five minutes," she added, in a whisper.

She retreated from her position then, and Aleck joined Mr. Bloom, as he chose still to call him, for that was the name the owner had given him, and he ought to know what it was.

"Aleck, who is that young lady?" asked Mr. Bloom, looking earnestly at him; and he seemed to be still laboring under some emotion.

"Her name is Flora Brown."

"Flora Brown," receated the owner, looking

"Flora Brown," repeated the owner, looking

"Her name is Flora Brown,"
"Flora Brown," repeated the owner, looking about him.
"That is the name she gave me, sir."
"Stella, ahoy!" shouted some one from the steamer. "Major Filibank wants to know if you are going to the island."
"Come alongside!" replied Mr. Bloom. "I am going to look at that island, for I talk of buying it for a summer home. You may go with me, Aleck."
The skipper, after committing the yacht to the care of Tom, went on board of the steamer, and they explored the cove. Aleck told his story on the way, and pointed out the locality where he had been aground.
Major Fillbank closed the bargain which they had discussed before, and the steamer returned to the fleet outside. There was no wind, and the three vessels were taken in tow, one of the yachts on each side, and the Comet astern.
Major Fillbank found a berth and went to sleep, while Tom Boiles did the same thing on the cushions of the standing room of the Stella.
Mr. Bloom called Aleck into the cabin of the steamer as soon as the homeward voyage was begun. The skipper had related to him all the incidents of the battles with his captors, and with Hillburg. He included all he knew in regard to Flora, and then the gentleman sent for her, for she still remained in the standing room of the yacht.
As she came into the cabin, conducted by Aleck, Mr. Bloom fixed a very earnest gaze upon

her. He called her to him, and then examined her features with the most careful scrutiny. He did not seem to be satisfied, and gave her a seat near him. But he had scarcely done so before he rushed to her, and, pulling her hair aside, he found what he was looking for.

"My daughter!" exclaimed he, folding her in

his arms.

CHAPTER XXX.

AS HE WAS TO WIN, HOW HE WON.

AS HE WAS TO WIN, HOW HE WON.

LECK had not expected the revelation which had just come. He did not know that Mr. Bloom had a daughter, and he was his child.

"I hope there is no mistake about it, Mr. Bloom," said Aleck, after he had waited a long time for the rhapsody of the father and daughter to subside.

to subside.
"There is no mistake about it, Aleck," replied "There is no mistake about it, Aleck," replied Mr. Bloom, with a start, as though he was afraid something might intervene between him and his newly found daughter. "How can there be any mistake, when she has the scar over her right ear, made when her stupid nurse dropped her on the rocks? Do you know of any reason to suppose she is not my child?" "No, sir; I do not. In fact, I know nothing at all about the matter, Mr. Bloom," replied Aleck.

at all about the matter, Mr. Bloom," replied Aleck.
"Why do you call me Mr. Bloom?" demanded the owner of the Stella, as he placed Flora by his side, and took her hand in his own.
"Because that is your name, sir," replied Aleck, laughing.
"I did tell you so, Aleck; but I was hardly myself when I gave you that name; and I do not even remember why I did so. My name is Frederick Dornwood."
"Then I suppose this young lady, who

"Then I suppose this young lady, who steered the Stella, and fired the guns this morn-ing on board of the Stella, is not Flora Brown," added Aleck.

added Aleck.

"Her name is Marion Dornwood, and it never was Flora Brown, Aleck. Will you ask your friend and one of the officers to bring Hilburg to this cabin?"

The skipper hastened on board of the Stella, and delivered the message to Tom, though he was sorry to wake him. The officer insisted upon putting the irons on Hilburg before he would trust him out of the cabin.

Without telling him what he was wanted for, Tom and Darling conducted him to the cabin of the steamer.

the steamer.

"George, this is my daughter Marion!" exclaimed Mr. Dornwood.

"I know it is," replied Hillburg.
"But you told me she was dead!"
"I did; and I thought so myself."
"How could you think so?" demanded Mr. Dornwood, beginning to be very much excited.
"This day has ruined me and all my prospects, and I may as well speak the truth," replied Hillburg. "You see me in irons, and I am likely to be the inmate of a prison for some years to come."

"This day has ruined me and all my prospects, and I may as well speak the truth," replied Hillburg. "You see me in irons, and I am likely to be the inmate of a prison for some years to come."
"Officer, oblige me by taking off those handcuffs. He is my nephew, and I will answer for his safety," said the uncle.

Darling complied with the request, as neither Aleck nor Tom objected.

"I thank you, Uncle Fred; and I give you my word that I will not attempt to injure any one, or to escape. Those irons galled my soul more than my body," added Hillburg, as he stretched out his arms, as if to enjoy the freedom which had just been given to them.

"For my daughter's information, and I don't object to satisfying the curiosity of Aleck, who has done so much for her, I will give her history up to the time she was separated from me." You then the my dear the same and the same an

and manner. "On my way to Gloster, it came to my mind that I should be my uncle's heir it he had no' children, and I got it into my head that I was to inherit a million or more. It was that which sent me astray. I saw that my dreamhad dissolved into thin air when I reached Gloster, and found that the little one was recovering. "I stayed at Gloster till Livergood came hinger, and it ended in an agreement between him, his wife and me to stick to the story that the child was dead. To carry out this plan they moved to Riverhaven, and we changed the name of Marion to Flora Brown."

"I went to Gloster oud made inquiries for myself after my return from China," interpexed Mr. Dornwood. "I could obtain no satisfactory information, and I could not ascertan where the child was buried. Two or three child dren had died of the disease; people were afraid of it, and all who died had been hastily disposed of. I could find no record.

"I went back to New York. My nervous trouble made life a burden to me. The doctors told me to try yachting; and I had the Stella built in Boston, naming her after my wife. Possibly I was partially insane; but all my thoughts were upon my lost wife and child. I decided to visit Gloster again."

"And I telegraphed to Livergood that you were going there," added Hillburg.

"I paid you five hundred dollars a mount to live on, George, and paid for your yacht besides. It seems that you were using my money to pay for concealing my child from me," said Mr. Dornwood, bitterly. "No matter, now; that treachery has come to an end. I knew that the woman who took care of the child was a Mrs. Livergood. I thought my child must be alive, and I searched for weeks in Gloster to find her. No such person lived there; but a family of that name had moved to Riverhaven ten years before.

"I was discouraged, and I believe I was insane. I took to drinking in an end and the my and the my and the mane and moved to Riverhaven ten years before."

anty, and I searched for weeks in Gloster to find her. No such person lived there; but a family of that name had moved to Riverhaven ten years before.

"I was discouraged, and I believe I was insane. I took to drinking; and that made me worse. I resolved to die in my misery. With a fifty six pound weight in my hand I jumped overboard. Aleck saved me; he performed a miracle in doing it. I sent my men ashore, gave them a hundred dollars apiece, and told them to return to New York, though my yacht hailed from Boston, for I lived there when I built her. I sailed off in her then, fully determined never to go on shore again. I got on a reef in the night. As death did not come, I fired signal guns for help. Aleck came to me. "I went to Riverhaven, and I renewed my search for the woman. I got track of her, and intended to see her in the morning. Then the yacht was gone. I heard of Hugh in connection with the robbery of a house, and I was satisfied that he had stolen my yacht."

"What made you come in this direction to look for the Stella?" asked Aleck.

"I was born in Riverhaven, and knew many people there. I met Major Fillbank, and he told me Livergood was suspected of being connected with the robbery. He was believed to be in the contraband trade, and this island was mentioned. He owned it, and wanted to sell it to me. I liked the idea, for I wanted to get out of the world entirely. He was sure, if Livergood was in the yacht, that he had gone to this island. That is why we took this course; and the major was right."

That is why we took this course; and the major was right."

It was midnight when the steamer and her tow arrived at Riverhaven.

The next morning the two burglars were committed. Jason, who had improved in health, swore positively to the identity of Hugh, and Aleck to that of Livergood. The box was returned to the miser; but Mr. Dornwood induced him to open it, exchange the gold, and invest it. The burglars were sent to the State prison for three years.

him to open it, exchange the gold, and invest it. The burglars were sent to the State prison for three years.

The custom house officers took possession of the Comet and her cargo, and Aleck and Tom Bolles shared the moiety awarded to them for the capture. As Aleck had feared, there was not evidence enough to convict Hillburg, and he escaped. But his uncle reduced his allowance to one thousand dollars a year. He did not seem to be able to earn his own living.

Three weeks later, a cottage had been erected on Island Home, as its owner chose to call the place, and Mr. Dornwood and his daughter lived there the next two months. Tom Bolles and Aleck took charge of the Stella, and she was out every pleasant day, went to New York. In the autumn the family went to New York and Tom went with them. The former attended school, and the latter was a sort of steward, and did most of the millionaire's business for him. Three years later, when Uncle Jason died, it was found that he had made a will, leaving Aleck all he had, except one hundred dollars to Hugh, and two hundred to Jethro Knight, who took care of him when he was sick.

was sick.

The miser was worth over fifty thousand dol-The miser was worth over hity thousand dollars, and Aleck realized the same amount from the thirty thousand dollars in gold with the interest, which he had recovered from the grasp of

terest, which he had recovered from the grasp of terest, which he had recovered from the grasp of the robbers.

Mr. Dornwood is very much attached to our hero, for he owed his own life and Marion's recovery to him. It is more than probable that Aleck will be his son in law at no distant day, and Marion has not the slightest objection to such an arrangement.

Aleck had a tremendous fund of energy and good sense, and he was bound to succeed in the end. He was sure to win; and our story had only to tell HOW HE WON.

THE END.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SONG.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY J. G. WHITTHER.

In vain shall waves of incense drift
The vaulted nave around;
In vain the minister turret lift.
Its brazen weights of sound.
The heart must ring thy Christmas bells,
Thy inward altars raise;
Its faith and hope thy canticles,
And its obedience praise!

[This story commenced in No. 258.]

THE

Young Ranger;

PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

PERILS OF THE FINANCIAL BY ENGLANCE BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXI.

THE SENECA TRAILER.

THE SENECA TRAILER.

THE Seneca was coming along the trail from the direction of the Iroquois camp, his gait a loping trot, and his manner that of an Indian whose senses were on the alert. He was one of the most sagacious members of his tribe, who had left the camp without the knowledge of Kit Wilton, Red Thunder, The Mink, or indeed any of the rest. Having heard and seen enough to believe that a serious mistake was made in detaining the war party so long, he had set out to investigate for himself.

himself.

The warrior was tall and sinewy, no doubt possessing great strength and activity. Like all his companions, he was fully armed, now that he was on the war path. He carried his rifle in a trailing position in his right hand, the left hanging loosely at his thigh, while his glances were continually cast from side to side. Like all his race, moreover, he did not forget to take a peep among the tree branches now and then, for there are times when danger is in the air itself.

Benny Hurst had taken his position behind Benny Hurst had taken his position behind the trunk of a large beech tree, where his body was fully sheltered, and from which he could watch every movement of the Seneca. It was a short distance up the dry bed of the stream, along which young Captain Roslyn had passed with the fugitive on their way to Fort Dehance. "Plague on him!" muttered the ranger, carefully peering out from his hiding place; "he looks at the ground too much." If he scrutinized the earth closely he was likely to detect the footprints of the large party that had passed that way, for the trained eye of the American Indian sees clearly things that are hidden from the ordinary gaze.

things that are hidden from the ordinary gaze.

Benny Hurst noticed that his keen glances were thrown to the ground oftener than anywhere else. Indeed, it looked as if the dusky trailer had a strong suspicion of the true state of things.

"I'll have to send him under," was the conclusion of Benny, glancing at his flint and powder pan to see that everything was in order. "Some folks be so cur'us that that's the only way you can teach 'em to do better."

Evidently it would cause Benny

teach 'em to do better."
Evidently it would cause Benny
Hurst no twinges of conscience to
wing this painted foe, just as he
would have brought down the antlered buck as he dashed before him.

would have brought down the antlered buck as he dashed before him.

The Seneca approached with a
loping trot, whose speed was little
greater than a walk. As he drew
near the bed of the dry brook the
interest of Benny Hurst deepened.
He was sure that through some
perversity of fate he was led to examine the ground at his feet with
closer scrutiny than anywhere else.

"He'll be sure to see it," added Benny, almost forgetting his own danger in the eagerness
with which he watched his foe. "Perhaps he
won't, after all," was the next thought, as the
lroquois, with his head bent, moved past the
spot without the least hesitation of manner.

The back of the warrior was now turned toward the ranger, who could tell, from the nodding of the scalp lock, and an occasional sight of
his profile, that he was glancing in all directions
just as when first seen by the white man.

Only one consideration prevented Benny
Hurst from bringing his rifle to his shoulder and
letting fly at the Seneca. The report of the gun
would be likely to cause a panic among the
fugitives, and bring about serious complications,
inasmuch as it would be accepted as a signal of
the approach of the Iroquois.

Not only that, but it could hardly fail to bring
the latter to the place, since the time was so
critical that the report must of necessity be full
of meaning.

The body of the Iroquois assumed a strange,

critical that the report must of necessity be full of meaning.

The body of the Iroquois assumed a strange, flickering appearance, as more and more trees came between it and Hurst, because of the steady advance of the savage. There was a moment when he seemed to be dancing up and down, without advancing at all, just as the saw in the old fashioned mill appears to do. Then, like the saw when the log is cleft to the end, it seemed to be dancing backward, as the rest of the log slid to its place in front, to have another slice sawn from its side.

At the very instant the figure of the Iroquois should have been lost from sight, it did not dis-appear. It continued visible, and, to the disma-of the watcher, he saw that it was coming back

appear. It continued visible, and, to the dismay of the watcher, he saw that it was coming back over the trail.

"1es' what I feared," he growled.

The Iroquois had changed his lope to a deliberate walk, and his quick flitting glances in every direction left no doubt that he had discovered something which aroused his suspicion.

"1f's the trail," was the correct conclusion of Benny, who noted that the Indian often bent his head forward with a marked stoop of the shoulders, when he fixed his eyes on the ground, as if resolved that not the slightest sign should escape him.

There could be no doubt of it. He had discovered the footprints of the fugitives, and was hunting for the spot where they left the main trail, since it was self evident that they must do so at no distant point.

The warrior proved his skill in this delicate business by coming to a full stop on reaching the dry bed of the brook. Here, as you will recall, the surface *as composed of a layer of stones, so that the faintest imaginable trail was left.

Vou and I might hunt long and carefully, and

You and I might hunt long and carefully, and yet we should have discovered nothing unusual,

with the result of seeing nothing to justify the good opinion he had formed of the pale faces.

Crouching behind the beech, Benny Hurst waited two or three minutes, during which his straining ears caught no sound at all. Then another hurried glance showed the Seneca moving up the dry bed of the stream with the noiselessness of a shadow. His pace was deliberate, but it had already carried him past the point where Hurst was in waiting, and was certain to take him in sight of the fugitives themselves, if continued only a short time longer.

The scout expected that the redskin, now that he had learned the fact of the flight of the fugitives, would make it known by a signal to the camp which was within easy hail, and he was surprised that he did not do so, instead of pushing on alone.

There seemed but the one thing to do, and every second of waiting was so much thrown

every second of waiting was so much thrown away. Benny brought his gun to his shoulder and carefully sighted at the warrior, meaning to fire before the intervening trees could make his aim uncertainty. aim uncertain.

aim uncertain,

It is wonderful how the slightest of causes will sometimes sound the warning cry in the nick of time. What it was that conveyed to the red man the fact that his life was in imminent peril, Benny Hurst was never able to under-

were hable to arrive on the spot and effect anything but a pleasant complication. With one Iroquois in front and another in the rear, it would require impossible dodging on the part of Hurst to defeat the aim of both.

While holding himself ready to attend to the one in front, he kept every other portion of the visible wood under his surveillance, determined, if it were possible, to prevent a march being stolen upon him.

It was perhaps ten minutes later when the ranger was astonished to observe an Indian dodging among the trees, so far away that it was useless to fire at him. He was hardly seen when he vanished. The peculiarity about this was that the Indian was on the other side of the main trail, and following a course parallel with main trail, and following a course parallel with the main trail and in the direction of Haunted

Guich.

His situation was precisely as if he had fol-lowed the dry bed of the stream several rods be-yond its intersection of the main path, and then, turning to the left, pushed on in the direction

turning to the lett, pushed on in the direction named.

"Where the mischief did he come from?" the puzzled Benny Hurst asked himself; "and what does he mean by going off in that fashion, instead of staying to help this fellow? It can't be that he is trying to get to the rear of me. I wonder—

The ranger instantly concentrated his interest upon the tree behind which he had seen the Iroquois take shelter. He attempted by every artifice of which he could think, to draw his fire, and, failing in that, finally ventured forth, where he would be sure to receive a shot in case the warrior was still there.

in that, innally ventured forth, where he would be sure to receive a shot in case the warrior was still there.

But no gun was discharged, nor was anything seen of the red man who had passed up the brook but a short time before.

Within a minute the truth became clear. The Indian whom Benny Hurst had seen stealing his way through the wood in the direction of Haunted Gulch was the one whom he had confronted.

Having grown tired of doing nothing, he had sunk down to the ground as though he were a turtle or serpent, and, availing himself of the slight depression made by the bed of the brook, reached the main trail without detection. He had passed beyond the point of interestion with the main trail, until, feeling secure, he rose to his feet and turned in the direction of Haunted Gulch. He probably had the intention of making a short observation, and then, circling around and back to camp again, he meant to tell Kit Wilton of the danger of losing the prize that had brought them so far into the woods.

Benny Hurst was chagrined, for although he had suffered no personal molestation, he had been completely outwitted by the Iroquois.

"I don't see that there is any-

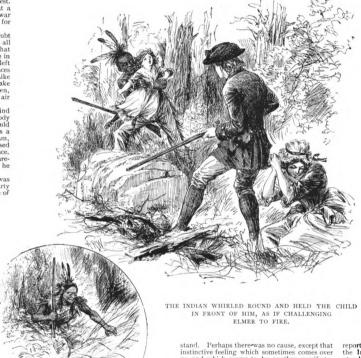
although he had suffered no personal molestation, he had been completely outwitted by the Iroquois.

"I don't see that there is anything left for me to do," he muttered, peering about him; "if the varmints don't know the route took by young Captain Roslyn and the rest of 'em, they soon will know, and I've no doubt the folks are makin' the best time they kin — helloa!"
There was good cause for this remark, for it was caused by the remark, for it was caused by the remark, for it was caused by the remark as the seed of the remark as the remark as the remark as the seed of the remark as the seed of the remark as the

Accordingly, the three moved up the dry bed of the stream, on the alert for danger from any

of the stream, on the alert for danger from any quarter.

Few mortals realize the number of times they narrowly escape death before yielding at last to the conqueror of us all, but this action saved Kit Wilton by the closest conceivable chance. The three scouts were only just out of sight when the Tory and The Mink came along the trail on their way to Haunted Gulch, as has already been told the reader. Had they arrived the fraction of a minute sooner they would have



even though we had known that our friends had

even though we had known that our friends had turned aside somewhere near.

But not so with the Iroquois. Those glittering, serpent-like eyes that were fastened on the ground read the story truly. He saw that the patriot families of Haunted Gulch, hurrying from their dread fate, had turned at that point into the pathless woods.

Benny Hurst instantly became the cautious, subtile, alert scout, now that he was brought face to face with the wily Iroquois. Every part of his body was carefully screened except the corner of his forehead, which projected far enough from behind the beech to allow him to observe his enemy.

enough from behind the beech to allow him to observe his enemy.

Standing where the dry bed crossed the trail, the latter traced the footprints several rods without stirring a limb. This was indicated by the gradual elevation of his chin, as his eyes ranged up the channel of the brook, until, reaching the furthest range of vision, he uttered the proverbial "Oogh!" which was an exclamation of exultation over the important discovery.

Benny Hurst drew back his head, so as to shut off his own view, for he knew instinctively what the next movement of the Iroquois would be.

What more natural than that the fugitives should leave some of their number behind to watch for the very danger that now threatened them? Without taking a step in advance, the warrior made a sweeping visual search through every portion of the wood that was in sight

stand. Perhaps there-was no cause, except that instinctive feeling which sometimes comes over us, and which seems to be another manifestation of the little understood faculty of our nature which is sometimes vaguely referred to as the sixth sense.

Be that as it may, before the ranger could make his aim sure the dusky scout uttered a slight whoop, ducked his head, and with one tremendous bound vanished from sight.

There was no difficulty, however, in telling whither he had gone. He, too, had taken shelter behind a friendly tree trunk, so that the two combatants stood on equal terms, barely a hundred yards from each other.

And now, provided there was no outside interference, the contest was between the dusky trailer and the pale face backwoodsman. Who would win?

CHAPTER XXII.

KIT WILTON ORDERS A PURSUIT.

KIT WILTON ORDERS A PURSUIT.

AM sorry to tell you that the Iroquois outwitted the white man. He did not do it by projecting his scalp lock beyond the trunk, nor did Benny Hurst deceive his foe by hanging his hat on the end of his ramrod and doing the same thing; for that device is so transparent, that, as I have said in another place, I don't believe that any white man or Indian was ever deceived by it.

The method which Benny Hurst followed to keep track of his foe was to dart his head forward and back again with all the quickness of which he was capable, and it was easy to do this with a celerity that prevented the Iroquois from drawing a bead on him. The same defenses on the part of the red man would have baffled the aim of Benny Hurst.

The experience of the ranger warned him not to forget at any moment that other enemies

been seen by Benny Hurst and his companions,

ho would not have spared them.

And so the detested Tory escaped for the

Having completed his reconnaissance of the Having completed his reconnaissance of the little settlement, Kit Wilton made the astounding announcement to The Mink that the patriots had departed several hours before. Possibly it occurred to the Seneca that it took the pale face a long time to make the discovery, but there could be no mistaking the frightful passion pictured upon the face of the disappointed renegate.

He seemed beside himself with rage, pacing

He seemed beside himself with rage, pacing back and forth along the trail, gesticulating savagely, and uttering imprecations which I would not care to repeat.

Possibly, too, the Seneca may have wondered why, if the pale faces had fled, the enemy of their own race did not make haste to pursue them; but, whatever the thoughts within the bronzed skul, The Mink was an Indian, and gave no expression to them. The Tory's authority was not to be gainsaid.

All at once Kit Wilton seemed to arouse himself to the fact that time was passing. He stopped short in his face.

self to the fact that time was passing. He stopped short in his fierce promenade, glared around him, then demanded:

around him, then demanded:
"Why are we losing time by waiting he:?
Come on, Seneca!"
Taking the lead, the Tory passed along the trail for a quarter of a mile. He was still walking furiously when the Indian directly behind him uttered the simple expression:
"Hooget"

"What's up?" demanded Wilton, whirling

The Iroquois was in a half stooping position, The froquois was in a hair stooping position, with his gaze fixed on a point a short distance to the right, and the Tory saw that his companion had made a discovery of some importance. A couple of rods away, partly hidden by the undergrowth, was something which looked like an In-

growth, was something which looked like an Indian warrior asleep.

Without waiting for any conjecture, Kit Wilton hurried thither and found what he suspected. The red man was slumbering in his last eternal sleep.

There could be no mistake as to the manner this characteristic feet where the state of the

last eternal sleep.

There could be no mistake as to the manner of his taking off, for the track of the bullet was too plainly marked to give room for any specu-

of his taking off, for the track of the bullet was too plainly marked to give room for any speculation.

"I don't pity him much," growled Wilton, resuming kis walk in the direction of the Iroquois camp; "he started out to look into matter on his own hook, instead of waiting for orders, and there's the end of it."

And with no further thought of stark and stiff on the dry yellow leaves, the Tory strode back to the path and hastened toward the camp. Behind him came the Seneca, who paused an instant to look at the inanimate form. Perhaps a pang of regret and sympathy stirred his heart for the stricken warrior. Perhaps, too, he was debating whether it was feasible to raise his scalp and claim that it had been torn from the head of an enemy.

When the crossing of the dry brook was again reached, The Mink uttered another expression, which together hoofiteed to the ground. He had discoved the point where the fugitives turned off, and, indicating it with his forefinger, uttered a few words which told the story without questioning on the part of his master.

"I thought so. Seneza" he said: "we haven't

questioning on the part of his master.
"I thought so, Seneca," he said; "we haven't
any minutes to spare, and it's time we war at

any minutes to spare, and it's time we war at camp long ago."

The pace at which they were traveling soon brought them to the rendezvous. There, as may be supposed, the news told by the Tory added to the excitement already existing.

The forenoon was well along, and nearly all the Indians expected were on the ground. Wilton glanced over the gathering, all eager to receive the word to assail the helpless families, and be saw there were close must fifty of them.

Serve the word to assait the neipless tamines, and he saw there were close upon fifty of them. Had the patriots still been at Haunted Gulch, there would have been no excuse for delay, even though the hour was fixed considerably later; for the force with which to effect the shocking

assacre was overwhelming.

But now that the fugitives had fled, and were But now that the fugitives had fled, and were using every possible means of reaching Fort Defiance, where they would be safe, the call for instant pursuit was so imperative, that, pausing only long enough to make his decision known, the Tory, closely followed by Red Thunder and The Mink, led the tigers along the trail.

CHAPTER XXIII. THE STRUGGLE AT MAND.

HE dry bed of the brook, along which young Captain Roslyn led the rescue party and the fugitives, rapidly narrowed, until, at a distance from the main srail of some two hundred yards, it disappeared altogether. The exhausted source of the stream was found, and beyond that was the unbroken forest itself.

rest itself. This was choked in many places with under-This was choked in many places with undergrowth and running vines, which retarded the progress of the company; but the most trying difficulty was the slope of the ground itself. The youthful leader was pushing directly up the mountain side, which was so steep in some places that even he and his sturdy followers were forced to breath faster than usual.

Inevitably this was harder work for the females, children, and elderly members of the party. Mrs. Hawley reminded Elmer that all were not as rugged and strong as he.

"I cannot forget that," said he, slackening his pace with a sigh, and looking back at the stragglers, "and I keep more with them than I

did before, but I am in such distress that I can't pear to lose a minute on the road.

"You are pressing them beyond their power.
There could be no doubt of that, since sever. of the elderly ones had sat down on the group

of the elderly ones had sat down on the ground exhausted, though none knew better than they the dreadful need of haste.

Elmer gave the order for a brief halt, casting his eyes at the same time in every direction, and dreading to see some of their enemies burst from among the trees upon them. The men were called in so as to inclose the helpless ones, while the captain, having warned all to be on their guard, and to avoid loud talking, stood apart from the rest, conversing with Mrs. Hawley, upon whose judgment he had come to rely to a greater degree than even he suspected him to a greater degree than even he suspected himself

'There can be no doubt of pursuit?" she

"There can be no doubt of pursuit?" she remarked, inquiringly.

"I wish there was," he replied; "but there is little possibility of our reaching the fort without trouble. I cannot understand how it is we have been able to make such a start as we have."

"I am in doubt over one matter," added the lady, glancing here and there much after the manner of Eimer himself, "and that is whether they will follow us up the bed of the stream and through the wood, or whether they will child wood, or whether they will try to head us off."

head us off.

head us off."

Elmer looked at the lady in surprise.

"How can they head us off? How will they learn which course we take?"

"They will be quick to see where we left the main trail," explained the lady, "and they will not have to follow us far, before they will read our intentions. They will know that we mean to pass over the mountain ridge and move along the reader wide returning to the valley at some the other side, returning to the valley at some point not far from Oakland. What will prevent them from dividing, or sending all their force to meet instead of to follow us?"

meet instead of to follow us?"

The posibility of such a catastrophe had hardly occurred to the young leader, and even now that it was presented, he could not see cause for the alarm of Colonel Hawley's wife.

"If we were following any distinct or even faintly marked route, they might do it, but I intend to tramp among the trees where no one else has trodden before. They can follow, but they cannot head us off, for they won't know where we are except from the footprints we leave." leave

True, they cannot locate the exact line, unless we betray it by the firing of a gun; but they will know the general course we have in mind, and a half dozen of their scouts will be quick to find where we are and to notify the others."

others."

Captain Roslyn grew more and more uneasy.

The halt had lasted no more than a minute or two, and he was eager to push on; but a glance at some of the panting figures on the ground showed all too clearly that a little more grace

showed all too clearly that a little more grace must be given them.

Elmer stood only a few paces in advance of the main party, but of necessity several feet higher up the slope, so that he could overlook all of those under his charge. He did so continually, fretting with impatience because he was compelled to lag when the lives of every one of the company might hang on the passing of a few minutes.

minutes.

That portion of the wood where they had halted was quite open, though there was such an abundance of running vines that several of the children had tripped, and more than one of the rangers had given utterance to angry ex-

ressions. In this anxious frame of mind, young Roslyn In this anxious frame of mind, young Rosiyn became conscious of something soft touching his fingers. Looking down, he saw that bright eyed, sweet little Eva Hawley had placed her hand within his own, while she looked smilingly

up at him.
"You'll take care of me and of mamma and gran'ma, won't you?" she asked, with the touching faith of childhood.

touching faith of childhood.

Elmer swallowed a lump in his throat, as he recalled that darling sister, whose golden curls were cloven through by the fierce sweep of the tomahawk, and he replied in a tremulous voice, "I will do all I can, even to the giving up of my life to save you and the rest."

He returned the warm pressure, and held his gave on the wellth of upon heir debuils about

gaze on the wealth of sunny hair flowing about her shoulders, until he could master his emotions. The mother, understanding the pathetic situation, held her peace until the mastery was

Oh there! isn't that a pretty flower!" said little one the next instant, with that quick

regained.

"Oh there! isn't that a pretty flower!" said the little one the next instant, with that quick transition of emotion peculiar to childhood; the time get it."

And she was off before any one could interpose, the action being so natural that its imprudence did not occur to any one.

A dazzling wild flower, glowing like a point of fire among the bright green leaves, had caught her eye. It was only a few yards distant, and her mother and Elmer followed her movements, smiling and pleased with the innocence of the child.

They saw her flit among the leaves, herself the most beauteous flower of them all, until she stooped over to pluck the brilliant cup of crimson. At the moment her delicate fingers closed about the rose, Eva gave utterance to a wild scream. Had not her friends been looking at her, they would have believed she was bitten by some poisonous serpent, but it was worse. e poisonous serpent, but it was worse.

Apparently from the very round, but in reality from behind the trunk of a massive oak. an Iroquois warrior bounded lightly forward. Closing his brawny arm around the waist of the terrified little one, he dashed off in the woods.

"Omamma! mamma! O Elmer! Don't let this bad Indian take me off! Save me!" The appeal of the little one as she held out her arms would have melted the heart of a wild beast. With a shrick of anguish, Mrs. Hawley dashed forward, forgetful of her own danger, and indeed of everything except the peril of her lowed child.

loved child.

Elmer took a single step, and then, checking himself, brought his rifle to his shoulder. The Indian, who must have expected something of the kind, glanced backward, and, observing the

the kind, glanced backward, and, observing the threatening action of the youth, whirled about, and held the child in front of him, while he walked backward quite rapidly.

Of course this could not be continued long, nor was it necessary that it should be. The dusky abductor was already so far from the main company that it was impossible for any one to make his aim effective, because of the intervening trees avert youry. Cartin Rose. intervening trees, except young Captain Ros-lyn himself.

lyn himself.

The finger of the youth was pressing the trigger when the Seneca deliberately interposed the precious body between his head and chest and the young officer. Elmer was infuriated, but he dare not fire, through dread of striking the

The frantic mother stopped, and, looking around, observed the young captain with his gun leveled.

"Shoot! shoot!" she called; "no matter if

you kill Eva; I will forgive you; it is better than that he should take her away."
Thrilled by the appeal of the stricken parent, Captain Roslyn let fly without waiting to take

Captain Roslyn let fly without waiting to take more than a superficial aim.

But Providence directed the rifle, and the bullet, grazing the chubby arm of Eva Hawley, bored its way through the bronzed skull of the ferce red man, who, with an ear splitting screech, flung his arms aloft, releasing the young captive, who did not understand what it all meant.

Eva landed lightly as here for the second control of the sec

Eva landed lightly on her feet, partly falling: Eva landed lightly on her teet, partry taining; but quickly recovering, she stared wonderingly at the Seneca, who, in his dying moments, strove to draw his tomahawk and strike her; but life departed with the weapon only partly released, and he perished, as may be said, in the midst of his own venom.

Comprehending at last that she was saved, little Eva ran iovously toward her parent, who,

little Eva ran joyously toward her parent, who, in her excess of gratitude, failed to notice that which reached the startled ears of all the rest

From the rear, and at no great distance From the rear, and at no great distance, came the sound of guns and shouts, which told unmistakably that the Iroquois had overtaken the rear guard, who were fighting them desperately while falling back upon the main body.

(To be continued.)



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 XXXV.

CAPTAIN VAN BRISCOE.

CAPTAIN VAN BRISCOE.

HE cause of the sudden commotion on the Rattler's deck was soon apparent.

"Handspikes, boys! those black fiends have got loose!" hoarsely shouted Captain Bates, but the sound of a dull crashing blow, a groan, and then another chorus of yells told all too plainly of the terrible tragedy that was being enacted on deck.

As well attempt to oppose one's unaided strength to the fury of a cyclone as to restrain a dozen infuriated savages from vengeance upon those who had dragged them from their island home to destine them to a life of captivity and suffering.

home to destine them to a measure suffering.

It was the knowledge of this fact, and not any lack of courage on Van Briscoe's part, which made him thrust his fingers in his ears and bury his head in the folds of the canvas to shut out as far as possible the sounds of the contest above him.

Thus he remained till a comparative quiet ensued. Resuming his former position, Van lissued, and the contest of the con

Thus he remained till a comparative quiet ensued. Resuming his former position, Van listened with a sort of sickening dread, but only the occasional monotone of a voice speaking in native dialect reached his ears. Above him was the blue sky flecked with clouds, and with every easy windward roll of the schooner, the warm sunrays flashed into the damp interior of the

sunrays flashed into the damp interior of the hold.

Summoning his fortitude to meet some terrible spectacle, Van caught the hatch combings with his hands and swung himself on deck.

But his fears were groundless. The only signs of what had taken place were a few splashes of blood on the insides of the bulwarks, which the Kroo was industriously scrubbing with a deck broom, while the natives, squatted in the brilliant sunshine, were chattering volubly with every evident appearance of estatic joy.

As Van knew later, they had slipped through the hatch in the cabin floor while all hands were gathered about the forehatch.

Then, arming themselves with clubs and heavers, they had made a sudden rush forward. How many fell before them Van could never find out. But that the captain and Smith were the first yictims he had good reason to believe.

Two, and possibly three, were suffered to cul loose the boat from the stern davits and make good their escape

Van could see the distant boat rising and falling on the waves, but too far away to tell how many had escaped.
"We make waddy some," was the only infor-

"We make waddy some," was the only infor-mation he could obtain from the grinning crew, and as the boat itself was never heard from, the true facts of the tragedy will probably never be known till the sea gives up its dead.

That the Bellingham was nowhere in sight did not surprise Van very much, as he knew that she had probably been put before the gale on the previous night.

And what then?

"S'pose white fellow palaver."

"S'pose white fellow palaver." Gently touching Van's shoulder as he thus spoke, the Kroo, with a grin of significance in the direction of the distant boat, took a seat beside him on the house.

"We make waddy some white fellow," he repeated, with a significant gesture, but he either would or could not understand Van's questioning and pantomine by which he tried to find out how many or who had been the victims.

And now followed a long "palaver," to use the word by which the Kroo managed to express so many different meanings. Of course Van knew very well that the intent and purpose of the blacks would be to return to their own island of New Hebrides.

knew very well that the intent and purpose of the blacks would be to return to their own island of New Hebrides.

Yet there were many obvious reasons why this plan could not be carried out. In the first place, Van knew that his duty was to take the schooner to San Francisco if possible, at all hazards, in order that his guardian might not only receive his long lost property, but also be relieved from additional anxiety as to the fate of Van himself.

Then again he did not feel himself by any means competent to navigate the vessel among the intricacies of the South Sea Islands, and even had he been competent, how could he ever get away from New Hebrides without a proper crew, which he could not of course find there?

These, with other obstacles to such a course of action, which will readily occur to the reader, presented themselves to Van's mind as he listened to the jargon of the Kroo, who interpreted his own clumsy answers to the natives.

The nearest the black could come to the word "island" was "land," Pointing to himself, then to the others, the Kroo finally evolved this rather peculiar proposition: "S'bose you white feller cap'n um vessel,

rather peculiar proposition:
"Spose you white feller cap'n um vessel.
"Supose you white feller for land—we go home."
Well, San Francisco was the nearest port, and from there the kidnaped natives could be sent back to New Hebrides in one of the many trading vessels to the South Seas. But it was not wisdom to go into detail, particularly as it would be impossible to make himself plain.

So Van nodded.
"You make me live captain—I take you to land," he said quietly, and his reoly being inter-

land," he said quietly, and his reply being inter-preted to the others, a universal hand clapping attested to their delight.

attested to their delight.

Like all the inhabitants of New Hebrides, they were tall and powerfully built, with strongly marked African features, that in repose showed no signs of the savage ferocity which characterizes the cannibal race. But what Via thought most of just then was their ability to become good sailors, for a wide expanse of ocean yet remained to be crossed expanse of ocean yet remained to be crossed.

Before anything else was attended to, Van brought Captain Peterson's sextant on deck in brought Captain Peterson's sextant on deck in readiness for taking the sun when its highest altitude should be attained. With it he also brought the chart and log book for an examination. He easily ascertained the schooner's whereabouts at the time she was Lecalmed the evening before—which was about two thirds of the way across the North Pacific.

Van's movements were watched with almost superstitions awe by the ignorant natives, especially when at high noon he took an altitude and figured up his reckoning, finding the schooner had run and drifted about seventy miles south of her supposed position.

had run and drifted about seventy miles south of her supposed position.

Van's principal misgiving had been lest the Kroo, having learned something of practical seamanship on board the American whaler, might possibly question the easterly course which he was directed to steer, when, with considerable awkwardness on the part of his new crew, the schooner's sails had been hoisted and the wheel spoke unbecketed.

But he quickly saw there was no cause for for

spoke unbecketed.

But he quickly saw there was no cause for fear
on this score. Though the Kroo knew the
points of compass to steer by, he knew nothing
further. The chart-was as much a scaled book

further. The chart-was as fuuch a sealed book to him as to the others.

It need hardly be said that the awkwardness of the property of the said that the awkwardness of the signs which ropes to pull or what sails to trim was at first terribly trying.

But they were quick to comprehend, and, with the Kroo's assistance, the principal ropes were pointed out and their names and uses learned before the sun had sunk below the ocean's rim.

Lucklik for all congregate the indications of

Luckily for all concerned, the indications of a, sky and barometer pointed to a season of irly good weather. Van installed the Kroo as chief officer, and divided the natives into

watches. Most of them were still wearing the single garment of tappa cloth in which they were kidnaped, but this was soon remedied. In the little forecastle under deck was all the clothing belonging to the Rattler's crew. One by one the dusky warriors arrayed themselves in patched the dusty warriors arrayed themselves in patched trousers and dingy shirts, invariably worn after the manner of a Chinese blouse, but head or foot covering they did not require.

It was nightfall when Van, leaving the Kroo at the wheel, with one of the younger natives who

was learning to steer, went below for a more thorough examination of the cabin.

Everything seemed to indicate that the spurious captain of the Rattler must have been maken. thorough examination of the cabin.

Everything seemed to indicate that the spurious captain of the Rattler must have been making considerable money, to judge from certain memoranda which Van found in the table drawer with the bills of lading. In the two trips the schooner had made since her capture, she had netted nearly six thousand dollars, and the cargo which she then carried bought, on account of "Captain Charles Bates and others," was valued at nearly as much more.

"It looks to me as though all this money must be on board somewhere," mused Van, after laying aside the memoranda and papers. And he was right. Under the head of the mattress in the captain's berth was Captain Peterson's in trunk. Of the sum originally left by the captain, some two thousand dollars still remained, the balance having been expended in the purchase of the first freight. But with this were the profits I have alluded to, so that Captain Peterson's former property was considerably exceeded by the present gain.

Further examination showed him that the party and store room were well stocked, and that the supply of water, if carefully husbanded, would last till they arrived.

With a very thankful heart, after a couple of hours' much needed sleep, Van relieved his dusky lieutenant at the wheel, and at the same time took one of his own watch with him, to learn the mysteries of the compass.

There were days of comparative calm, and blowy days; there were drenching showers and chilling fogs, thunder tempests and sudden squalls, head winds and fair breezes. But no heavy gales were encountered. The crew grew quite expert, and Van himself picked up a good deal of the native dialect to add to his lingual accomplishments, as the days lengthened into weeks.

But as it drew near the time when the head-ands of the Golden Gate might begin to be vatched for, Van began to feel decidedly ner-

vous.

How would his crew act when they discovered the deception that had been practiced, and found that instead of their native shores, they had reached the haunts of civilization? And finally Van resolved to take the Kroo, who had become very strongly attached to him, into his confidence.

confidence.

Watching his opportunity, Van called the
Kroo down into the cabin for a "palaver," for
the two had not only grown better acquainted
with each other, but with each other's peculiarity of speech.

Now some of the Rattler's original cargo had
been disposed of by her captors, either by exchange or sale—it was never known which.
But in a small store room at the stern were a
couple of boxes of merchandise intended specially for batter with the Indians of the Lower cially for barter with the Indians of the Lower Amazon. Knives and hatchets, glass vases, gilt ornaments, beads, fish hooks, cheap firearms, and a hundred similar articles were included in ortment.

the assortment.

Before bringing up the subject nearest his heart, Van opened one of the boxes, and displayed these treasures to the Kroo's astonished and envious eyes.

Then, as clearly as possible, Van explained how he had deceived them, and why, and without giving the black time to express himself on the subject, Van went on to show him that in the country they were approaching, slavery or bondage such as had threatened them was un-known.

known.

Further Van assured his hearer, who began to listen with something like attention, that the entire party should be sent back to New Hebrides, taking with them the two boxes of wares, part of which the Kroo had seen, if they submitted to the inevitable with a good grace.

And the upshot was, that after another long "palaver," aided by a display of the promised gifts, everything was made satisfactory, greatly to Van's relief.

Thanks to his training on board St Marvie.

gifts, everything was made satisfactory, greatly to Van's relief.

Thanks to his training on board St. Mary's schoolship, Van made his "landfall" with singular accuracy. And on a bright, breezy morning he teok a pilot, who, accustomed as he was to seeing all sorts and conditions of men on shipboard, opened his eyes very wide at the sight of the youthful commander and his curiously appareled crew of six Polynesians.

The Bellingham had arrived full ten days previous. Yes—he—(the pilot) could give him a berth alongside her, as she had not begun loading. Wasn't this white schooner the one suspected of being an opium smuggler—in fact, un-successfully searched for that contraband drug last voyage, when a Captain Bates had her?

This was news to Van, who returned a rather evasive answer, and changed the subject as quickly as possible. A fair wind hurried the Rattler up the beautiful bay, and when the sun rose on the following morning the white painted schooner was swinging at her moorings a pistol shot from the city wharves, and a cable's length from the great four masted American ship Bellingham.

And now Van Briscoe's voyacing is over. All

lingham.

And now Van Briscoe's voyaging is over. All the surprise, amazement and delight felt by Captain Peterson at the recovery of his vessel and his adopted son, can—if I may be allowed to use the old expression—be better imagined than described. The good captain gladly undertook to carry out Van's promise to his dark skinned crew, with all of whom he shook hands heartily before leaving the Rattler's decks.

A few days' stay in San Francisco to rest and recruit, and to provide himself with a suitable wardrobe, and then Van Briscoe, bidding adieu o Captain Peterson till they met again, took his

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DON CARLOS'S BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL.

DON CARLOS'S BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL.

FHAT June, generally speaking, is the one perfect month known to our New England States, will be admitted by the dwellers in that much abused climate.

When Van Briscoe had left Boston nearly fifteen months before, the trees were barren of leaves, the sky of a leaden hue, and the bleak winds swirling clouds of dust from the frozen

When he returned to it, nature was smiling in her new summer dress. The trees were clad with foliage, the sky blue, and the winds, even if they were due east, cooled the atmosphere to just about the right degree of temperature.

Don Carlos Flores was enjoying life to the urmost. The novel experience of a New England winter had had its drawbacks, despite the warmth and luxury of his handsome suite of rooms in an expensive flat, and his long, fur lined coat and similar devices for getting the better of Jack Frost.

But summer, with its manifold pleasures were

similar devices for getting the better of Jack Frost.

But summer, with its manifold pleasures, was at hand, and Don Carlos had blossomed out, so to speak, with the season. It was whispered that his wardrobe excelled that in which Mr. Berry Wall of New York delights his soul and displays his asthetic tastes.

He sported a dog cart, a high stepping horse with silver mounted harness, a brass bound tiger, and a pug dog to keep the tiger company on the back seat. He was negotiating for a yacht, and was thinking over whom he had best invite for a cruise from among his extensive circle of friends. of friends.

For Don Carlos Flores was said to be the youth-

of friends.

For Don Carlos Flores was said to be the youthful heir presumptive of an immensely wealthy Brazilian planter, who had sent his only son to America on a pleasure trip. And when in Boston or elsewhere did ever a young fellow with apparently unlimited means, and perfect willingness to spend them, ever want for real or pretended friends?

It sometimes seems to me as if there are no "boys" in the higher circles of city society nowadays. At fitteen they are full fledged young men—dressing like their older acquisintances, and, alas, too often imitating their vices.

The fame of the "young millionaire," as Flores was often called, had spread among this class of whom I speak. I mean the overdressed youths in their teens, who spend much of their time at pool and billiards, and who affect eigarettes and champagne cocktails.

Unlike the majority of these, Don Carlos was his own master. His lavish expenditures, together with a style of living which was modeled after the manner of young men about town with abundant wealth in their own right, gave Don Carlos a certain prestige with those near his own age, who envied him such freedom of action and purse.

On the evening of June 3, 1887, Don Carlos

his own age, who envied him such freedom of action and purse.

On the evening of June 3, 1887, Don Carlos was giving a little "spread" at his rooms in honor of his nineteenth birthday. The oldest person present was young Goldwin, who had just attained his majority, but one might have thought from the tone of conversation and general bearing of the company, that all were thorough men of the world.

After the several courses had been cleared away, a large bowl of punch was brought in, and the two waiters retired to the entry within sound of call.

and the two waiters retired to the entry within sound of call.

Don Flores, in full evening dress, sat at the head of the table. Large diamond studs glittered in his shirt front, rubies handsomely mounted served as cuff buttons, while on the middle finger of his left hand he wore an opal the size of a Lima bean set in a heavy gold hand.

Yet though his rooms were furnished in the

Vet though his rooms were furnished in the most sumptuous manner, while those present seemed to vie with each other to make the occasion one of gayety and mirth, Don Carlos's handsome face, flushed with wine and excitement, wore a troubled look.

He could not shake off the presentiment of evil. His mother's sad face had appeared to him in his troubled dreams the night before; and her warning words rang in his ears above the laughter and jokes going on about him.

Repeat and make restitution while yet there is one more opportunity.

This had been her warning, and Flores could not drown its remembrance. "One more opportunity." What did it all mean?

"I'm actually growing nervous," muttered Don Carlos, stretching out his hand for his half emptied glass.

"Why, Our opal?" cried a beardless young fellow at his right, touching the ring as he spoke. A sudden pallor crossed Flores's handsome features as he glanced at the valuable gem. For the heart of fire, which had shown out through the milky environment, was no longer visible. Only a dull, opaque stone, without beauty or brilliancy, remained in the setting.

"Sure sign of bad luck, donchuknow," remarked young Coldwin, with tipey gravity, as all eyed to the course of laughter following this Antiol de chorus of laughter following this Antiol de chorus of laughter following this Antiol worrestiment on some neited that the

Amid the chorus of laughter following this Amid the chorus of laughter following this gentlemanly suggestion, no one noticed that the door behind the tall Japanese screen had been opened by a grinning waiter, who, pocketing a shining coin, silently admitted some one, and softly closed the door again.

"Well," returned Flores, nervously recover-

ing himself, as the laughter died away, "we're all friends here, so I don't mind telling you that nothing so bad as my friend Goldwin suggests has happened. In fact," he continued, boastfully, "that my chances in that quarter are as good as they ever were, and the young lady herself is ready to say yes when..."
"Flores, that is false!"

The unexpected internation came from Van

The unexpected interruption came from Van Briscoe, who, as he spoke, stepped quickly from behind the screen and confronted the astonishe company.

(To be concluded.)

HIS GRIEVANCE.

Socialist—Among other things I am opposed to the immigration of the Chinese. Anti-Socialist—As you admit you won't work, in what manner do they conflict with you? "Confound them, they rob me of a living."

How?"
By doing the washing my wife used to get."

Advice to Consumptives.

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations followed by night sweats and cough—promp measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrotulos disease the state of the state o

CATARRH CURED.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress ften results in an ineurable throat or lung trouble Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.—Adv

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Mar velous curse. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

FREE 19 silk and satin neckties. Send 12c. for Agents Snap Box and Outfit. THE TIE CO., Augusta, Me.

390 Sunny Selections, Scrap Pictures, etc., and nice Sample Cards for 2c. Hill Pub. Co., Cadiz, Ohio

250 Scrap Pictures & verses with new samples for 1888, 5c. S. M. FOOTE, Northford, Conn.

FALSE MUSTACHE & 100 FANCY PICTURES BOYS have lots of fun with them. By mail, 12 cents. AETNA CO., Northford, Ct.

14 SILK FRINGED, IMPORTED and EMBOSSED CARDS, 50 LOVELY SCRAP PICTURES, 1 LL BUM of Beautiful Decalcoman's and Large Sam ple Book, all for 10c. Stafford Card Works, Meriden, Conn

NAME on 25 Fringe, Gold, Silver, Colored Edge & White Dove Cards, 200 Embossed Pictures, &c. 1 Stone Ring, Band Ring and Outfit, 10c. King Card Co., No. Haven, Ct.

20 New Hidden Name Cards, 10c 100 Album Verser 100 Popular Songs and Agent's Outfit FREE wit every order. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Con

YOU can now grasp a fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 24.0 fine engravings, seri Free to my person. This is chance of a diffetime, so write at once to J.Lynn & Co., 769 Broadway, New York.



200 Imp'd German Pictures, Puzzles, Songa Transfer Pictures, 16p. Sample Book of Silk Fringe Cards & Soild 18k. Rolled Gold Ring, all for 10c. Bird Card Co., Meriden, Cona

How to Make Your Own By an Experienced Confectioner. Book containing 8 GANDIES pages postmalled on receipt of 10 cts. ITSCHWATZ, Confectioner, 88 Fulton St., N.Y.

STAMP COLLECTORS.

Send name on postal card for a sample copy of large 48-page Magazine devoted to their interests. HISTORY of STAMPS of UNITED STATES, A 281 pp. book. Paper \$1.90. Cloth \$2.00. Morocco \$3.50. The Property of the State of the Sta

\$25 Reward

PERSIAN PUZZLE.

The best in the world. Send \$1.00 for puzzle and particulars. J. R. SLOAN & CO., Hartford, Conn.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A GOLD MINE FOR AGENTS.

Making business ever offered. A GOLDEN
HARVEST for the Next Three Menils. 275
per month Salary and Expenses to active
ever month salary and particulars Free. No Humbug. We mean just what we say. Address, STANDARD SILVER WARE CO., BOSTON, MASS. In replying to this adv. mention total

the knowledge of the person taking it, is absolute a person taking it, is absolute appears of the person taking it, is absolute appears cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. IT NEVER FAILS. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appears that the property of the person tem once impregnated with the Specific, it omes an utter impossibility for the liquor appeto exist. For circular and full particulars adsequently of the second of the sec A GENTS WANTED for my FAST SELLING articles

SIX PENCILS, name & address on in gold letters 20c; 12 for 35c, EUREKA SUPPLY Co. Meriden, Cons

21 New Shapes of Bevel and Dove Floral Scrap Picture

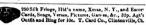
21 New Fancy Shapes of Bevel and White Dove Hidden Name Cards 5c. Franklin Ptr. Co., New Haven, Ct.

110 Hidden Name CARDS, Scrape with Agt's Outfit

Facial Blemishes. Sand stamp for 50 page book. 50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS, 10c. Sample Book 4c. Crewn Ptg. Co., Northford, Ct.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial.
HUMANE REMEDY Co., LaFayette, Ind.

FOREIGN POSTAGE STAMPS, 150 varieties for 25c St., Chicago.



AG'TS Wanted. Ill'd Catalogue of Watches, Rings, Albums and Novelties, beautiful Card Samples, B premium list for 2c stamp. Saunders & Co., New Brits

22 all hidden name and Silk Fringe Cards, with 34 page sample book, 10sts. 40 mixed, and solid Silver Ring, 20cts. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Coan.

1 Scarf or Lace Pin, 1 Stone Ring, 1 Chasee Band Ring, 275 Scrap Pictures & Verses, 4 eleg't samples, 10c. F. Austin, New Haven, Cr.

16 COMPLETE STORIES and Dancing Skeleton 10c.
Catalogue for stamp.
ECHO NOVELTY CO., Oshkosh, Wis.

180 SILK FRINGE, Hidden Name, Chrome, Eacort &
Fun Cardi, Games, Verses, Songs, Scrap Pictures, Act's
Outlit & Ring, 10c. BLAKE & CO., Montowes, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BOYS Send 50c. for sample Self inking Rubber Stamp to print your name on Cards, etc. Latest out. Agents wanted E.S.Miller & Co., Newark, O

1 Stone Ring, 1 Plain Ring, 125 Cards & Pictures, Fringe Hidden Name &c., 155 Games, Songs and Agt's Book of 30 cards, 10c. IVY CARD Co., Clintonville, Conn.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohlo.

Great Reduction!



DON'T YOU WANT THIS?

o introduce our latest styles Knives, and short time, an Ornamented Brass-Han inglish steel blade, your name nicely etc., for 15c. Stamps taken. Send stamp for 2's terms. DAY & CO., Box 990, Meriden g to this adv. mention Golden Argos,

GRAND GIFT. To introduce our wonderful Self-

SIOO EVERY MONTH, we will guarantee with the control of the contro

United the State of the State o worth 4 times 28 Heantiful and Holos Name logue, &c., all free for the 28 g. or 4 pkg, for Dixon Card Works, Meriden, Co. tar replying to this saw, mention to usen Argon

EMPEROR

PIMPLES, BLACK HEADS AND FLESH WORMS.

PIMBICATED CREAM" is the OSLY KNOWN is immless pleasant and alsolutely SURE and iniallilide cure. It and row of the control of



BONING HIS DINNER.

A NEGATIVE INDUSTRY.

Now and then we see "make believe" violins and banjos on the stage, fingered dumbly by actors, while the real sound emanates from the musicians in the orchestra. From an anec-

the musicians in the orchestra. From an anecdote related in the Commercial Advertiser it would seem that these dummy instruments are sometimes turned to account in a business way. One afternoon at the Neuilly fair, in the environs of Paris, a tall Bohemian, emaciated and in rags, went about from table to table before the cafes and restaurants under the trees, with a violin under his arm. The majority of the guests preferred to give him a couple of sous to having their conversations interrupted.

At one table, however, he came upon a stout gentleman, who, being fond of music, signed him to go on and play. The poor fellow did not move. The stout gentleman insisted. At last, the beggar took his violin from under his arm, and showed his would be patron that it had no strings. "What do you carry it about with you for then?" asked the astonished amateur. "Monsieur," replied the beggar, with a philosophical acuteness of definition that would have done credit to an academician, "It is not an instrument; it is only a threat."

SWIFT SAILING.

SWHT SAILING.

SOME of our readers may have a justifiable curiosity to know how long it takes a sailing vessel to go around the world. They will doubtless be surprised to read the following news item from the Brooklyn Standard Union of recent date:

The clippership William J. Rotch, of New Bedford, which arrived in New York yesterday, has sailed twice around the globe in ten months and twenty five days, including stops to discharge cargo.

THE TOY. I the child likes best! This is the tit-le of a descrip-tive Price-list, richly illustra-ted in colour-print, of the ANCHOR STONE
BUILDING BOX,
which should
be found in
c obtained from all Toy obtained from ucational Depôt gratis on applic

F. AD. RICHTER & Co. NEW YORK, 310, BROADWAY or LONDON E.C., 1. RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.

All complete in the JANUARY NUMBER of the Family Library Monthly.
Only 18 Cents. Of all newsdealers, or THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., New York.

Now Ready-the January Part of the YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL,

YOUNG LADIES JUULNYALI,
Containing all the Lattest Paris Fashions.
Price 30 Conta.
Of all Newsdealers; who will also take subscriptions for two or three months, or for any part of a year, at 30 cents, per single monthly part. THE INTERNATIONAL NITS of the property of the price of the price

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

A MERRY CHRISTMAS Pendiswith Merry Christmas or Happy New Yacaro'lour Nameia Gold Letters in 25c., 12 4 de. 6 Elscent orden, 81.00. Heliday Gift. ONN. NOVELTY CO., Meridea, Com. replying to this dev. mention The Golden Argosy

260 Handsome scrap-book pictures (assorted), 10c.; 290 transfer pictures, 10c.; 60 elegant gummed), 10c., or the lot for 25c. H. O. ROWELL & Co., Rutland, Vt. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argest,



SEND TO A.J.Reach&Co. 23 So. Sth St., PHILA., PA. Pocket Manual.

Home Exercise, ALSO Gymnasium Catalogue

THE FAMOUS CUST OM-MADE

Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants

(FULL SUITS AND OVERCOATS.)

Owing to the present depression in Wool Woolen Goods, tog with the tight money mu



開雪

with SA, and 30c. 10r prepare express of present will currentee satisfaction. OUR GOODS HAS THE PRIVILEGE, OF RETURNING THEM FOR ANY CAUSE. AND RECEIVING BACK HIS MONEY, OR A NEW PAIR.

The American Express Co. (capital twenty millions) will cheerfully reply to any inquiry sent to their foston office about us, and the way we treat our customers.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. 18 Summer Street. Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy. 1.0 CA SPLENDID THING CARDS, SAME CARDS, 3 Beautiful Christmas Cards, Great 13 Puzzle, Agr't-Sample Book and Gold Mounted Propelling Pencil, 10c. E. H. Pardee, New Haven, O. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO., LD.
721 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
Complete Stamp and Coin Catalogues, at 25c each.
Albums at small prices from 25c to \$21 Send stamp for 16

page circular. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA its Nature. Causes, being the experience of an actual suffers, by Joan M. McAlvis, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent tree to any address.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OLD COINS AND STAMPS WANTED, Send 12 cents in postage stamps for Coin Book, giving all the mre dates and prices we pay, to C. J. SHAYER, No. East Brookline Street, Boston, Mass.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CARDS Book of HIDDEN NAME Cards, 13 Punny Staries, 560 Yerns, Sooge, Reiden paper, all for a Sestion, HOME AND YOUTH, Cadis, Oblo, in replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE 32 COLUMN ILLUSTRATED PAPER BOOK of LOVELY SAMPLE CARDS, busheds notes and full outil, all for play 2 contains the same and full outil, all for play 2 contains the Sample S

SEND for free Catalogue of Books of Amusemen Spieakers, Dialogues, Gymnastics, Fortune Tellebream Books, Debates, Letter Writers, Etiquetic, Dick & FITZOFRALD, G. Ann St., New Yor replying to this adv. mention Golden Argony.

Pamphlet free. Complete course self teaching less sons, reporting style mailed for single's College, 1431 Chestaut St., Phila. plying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Beautiful Plush Casket

RTS BY MAIL
Fitting White Dress Shirt for
miaundried; or 75c, laundried
d, Send size of collar worn (13 to 1)
Catalogue free, The DEN SHIRT
RY, 147-149 N. 8th St., Philada, Pa.
s adv. mention Golden Argosy,



In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy

Coleman Nat'l Business College of NEWARK, N. J., gives the best shortest, cheapest and most thorough course of business training of any school in America. Write for Catalogue.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

10 CENTS (silver) pays for your address in goes whirling all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, get lots of mail matter and good reading free, and will be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. List containing name sent to each person answering this advertisement. J. II, ROUSH, 37 Boyleston, Ind-In reply lung to this adv. mention Golden Argony.



\$3.75 STEAM COOKER We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cocker and

Outfit free. APPLY AT ONCE FO WILMOT CASTLE & C

\$3 Printing Press!



In replying to this adv



GREATAMERICAN
TO LADIES.

Greatest Bargains in Treas.

Conference Powder and Persimons. Baking Powder and PREMIUMS. For particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEACO., 31 & 33 Vesey St. New York N V

CURE fstDEAF

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING

Awarded Highest Prize and Only Medal.



Paris Exposition, 1878. Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition

me lithograph paper cover, mailed to any address, postpaid, for 30 cents in stamps. This book contains a for Reading, and we guarantee satisfaction or will retund the money. Address J. S. OGILVIE A. S. TROS S. N. N. V.

IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.



All parts of this Skate finely polished and nickeled; runners of welded steel, tempered. Fastening of latest design; can be adjusted quickly and conveniently, and is secure when fastened. This skate is guaranteed in every particular. IF Sitzes—N. 839, 939, 101, 1039, 111, 111, and 12 Inches E GATALOGUE FREE. Barney & Berry's Skates are for sale by all BARNEY & BERRY. The state of the sale by all Barney & Berry's Skates are for sale by all Springfield, Mass.

IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

KIDDER'S

For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

FOR INGIGESTION AND DYSPOPSIA.

A POTENT REMEDY FOR
Indigestion. Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy,
tholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Disease.
It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is painly printed on each bottle
is great DIGESTITE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacturing
is read to the property of the power of the property of the property of the power of the property of the power of the property of the power of the property of the past year from above diseases where the patient had taken Digestylin,
the objects of the property of the past year from above diseases where the patient had taken Digestylin,
sky your Drugsis (not. Price \$1,00). Large bottles. If he does not keep it, send one dollar to us and
we will send you a boom to the patient had taken Digestylin.

W.M. PRIDDER & CO., Manufacturing Chemists, 83 John St., N. Y.

IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION THE GOLDEN ARGOSY