

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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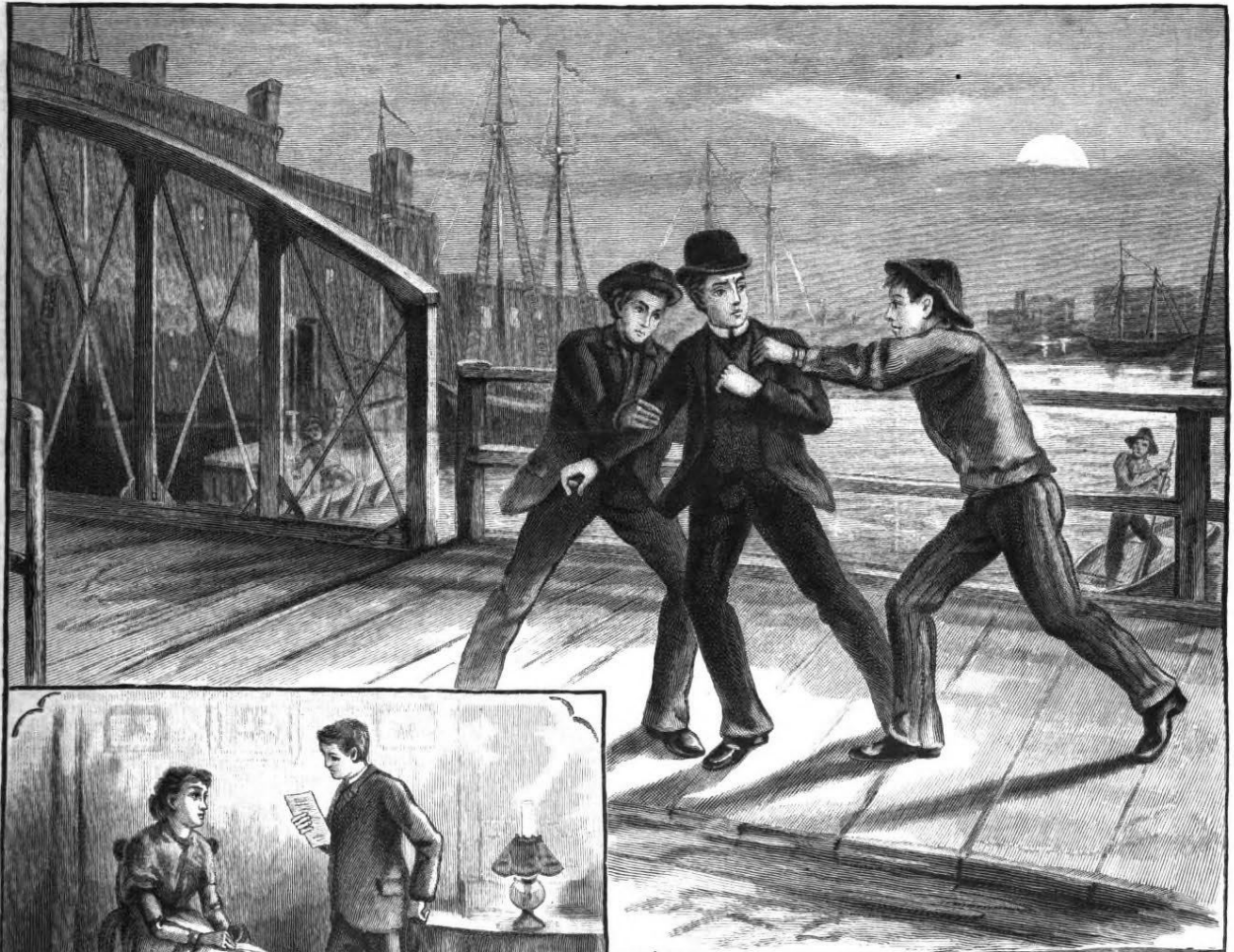
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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1887.

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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; OR, THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of "The Young Acrobat," "Bob Burton," "Kaggod Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER I.
A CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

"NEWS and Mail, one cent each!"
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-

"Not more than I can help." Luke took his hat and went downstairs into the street. In the hall he met Nancy. She layid him with an eager look on her face. "Who was the letter from, Luke?" she asked. "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 year."

CHAPTER IV. AN ATTACK IN THE DARK.

LUKE 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?" "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 cigarette in his life."

"Don't be? All the better for him. I don't 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?" "Yes." "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 different."

From a small inner room came the sound of a loud 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." "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. "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. My 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 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 well 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."

"I don't want 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 he will help you."

New York City, will be glad to hear from boys between 12 and 15 wishing to join a military company.

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 of 1834 or 1837. 2. You are considerably above the average of boys of your age in both weight and height.

C. C. S., Norwalk, Conn. We can have your numbers both for \$1.00 for \$1. the express charges both ways to be paid by yourself. It will take about three weeks.

NED MARSH, New York City. No premium on any of the coins named except the eagle cent of 1856. No. 1, if in good condition, is worth from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

THE LINCOLN CADETS extend an invitation to boys over 15 who would like to join their organization to communicate with David Ford, 252 West 34th St., New York City.

G. S. J., New York City. 1. 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.

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. A 46 American Challenge bicycle, a watch, and 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 pair of ice skates, a typewriter, 10 books, etc., for 1 year.

Harry P. Sebring, Box 223, Somerville, N. J. Scott's International album, with 200 stamps, valued at \$5, for old U. S. and foreign coins, or Indian relics.

John S. Kinkaid, 521 West Jackson St., Bloomington, Ill. A watch, of the series of Castles and a book which follows or precedes "The Red and Gun Club."



WE are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities. But in justice to only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. The number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

DECLINED with thanks: "A Plucky Sam," "A Noble 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. ISOSYNTON, Utica, O. The Anarchists, not being a regular political party, have no definite platform. H. K., Holland, Mich. Write to the large athletic goods houses, like Spalding's or Peck and Snyder's, in this city. M. E., New York City. Yes, we intend to print a map and sketch of a Catholic priest at an early date. K. A. McC., Pittsburgh, Pa. Seek to cultivate a proper self respect, and your bashfulness will gradually wear off. G. W. L. and T. B., Newark, N. J. The Olympic Club should be an appropriate name for your social and gymnastic society. A BAKING BOY. We expect to publish a special article on artists and their methods of work in the course of the coming 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. H. P. H., Philadelphia, Pa. 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, Conn. CAPTAIN ROLAND FORTESQUE, 339 West 34th St.,

There is no special value attached to the reverse family coat of arms. The simple signature of Paul Revere is valued by collectors at \$2; if attached to a letter, \$6; if to a document of particular importance, perhaps it will bring as high as \$20.

THE TIO, 204 North Front St., Philadelphia, Pa., will be glad to receive applications in person from boys between 15 and 18, and not under 5 feet in height, desirous of joining them in forming a military company. Rules will be open on Monday and Wednesday evenings from 8 to 10.

A YANKEE BOY, Malden, Mass. 1. Yes, you are correct. 2. The last census, taken in 1880, fixed the population of the United States at 50,125, 783. Estimates of subsequent increase place it at present in the neighborhood of 60,000,000. 3. The figures of 1880 place the population of Boston at 362, 839, of New York at 1,206, 299, of Chicago at 503,485 and of Pennsylvania at 4,389,881.

ARGOSY READER. 1. For \$500 you could perhaps get a full rigged twenty four and mainsail boat. 2. The nominations to West Point are controlled by members of Congress, who select their candidate by a competitive examination or whatever they please to increase place it presents. You have for the nomination, write to the Congressional office of your district. A. T., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. We cannot supply you with Vol. II of the ARGOSY; the price of Vols. I and II, complete, is \$2.00, express to be paid by the purchaser. 2. The numbers preceding Vol. I had eight pages each. 3. The serials in Vol. I were "Do and Dare" and "Hector's Inheritance," by Henry H. Nichols; "Nick and Nellie," by Arthur Geoffrey and Geoffrey in Africa," by Edward S. Ellis; "Don Gordon's Shooting Box," by Harry Castleman; "Her Mother's King," by Mary A. Denison; "A Voyage to the Gold Coast," by Frank H. Converse; "Up the Tapajos," and "Lost in the Wilds," by Rollo Robbins, Jr.; and "The Boys in the Forests," by George H. Coomer. 4. These cannot now readily be recalled. 5. Slightly longer than the present page. 6. The copper cent of 1817, with 15 stars, is worth, if in good condition, from 5 to 25 cents. 7. An English shilling of 1883 will bring simply its face value, 25 cents. 8. No premium on the half cent of 1825.

EXCHANGES. Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly publishers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but not to those who exchange of poems, jokes, etc., dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "others," nor any exchange of any kind, unless arranged by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must decline all applications for transfers made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the office of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits. O. F. Lewis, 139 K St., South Boston, Mass. "Schulboy Honor," for a Weeden steam engine. Robert A. Worstall, Zanesville, O. Two thousand seven hundred postmarks, for old coins. Edward Doonan, 217 Rivering St., New York City. "Ahn's German Method," second course, for the same, first course. J. H. Monroe, 55 Farmington Ave., Hartford, Conn. A 32 inch wooden bicycle, 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.,

George Young, 49 Concord St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Five books by Castleman, Converse, and others, for Vol. I, II, III or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. City and Brooklyn letters preferred. J. V. Arrighi, 170 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A metalophone, and a set, with instructions, for a pair of opera glasses, or an imitation stone ring; also a gold pen for a scarf pin. L. S. Woodward, 202 West Grant St., Minneapolis, Minn. A self inking press with 6 fonts of type and outfit, for a 44 inch cylinder, a cornet, or books by Alger, Castleman, or Optic. P. A. Lee, 508 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Six different foreign stamps, for every stamp from Ireland, Costa Rica, Nova Scotia, Transvaal, Tuscany, or Cape de Verde Island. F. W. Dickinson, 1195 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill. A telegraphic outfit, with key, sounder, and battery, for 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 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. Thomas C. Wambach, 225 1-2 Wyckoff St., Brooklyn, N. Y. One hundred and twenty five different U. S. and foreign stamps, for Nos. 219 and 221 to 225 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Henry Gordon, Guelph, Ontario. A violin and bow, and a concertina, all valued at \$11, for a photo camera, with outfit and directions, a magic lantern with slides, or a model steam engine. Henry I. Titcomb, 11 Bartlett St., Haverhill, Mass. A pair of 9-1/2 Acme club skates, nearly new, for a font of 14 line type, not less than 5 A 8 A, in good order. Send specimen impressions to C. H. Voorhis, 100 Academy St., Jersey City, N. J. Three books, 12 picture cards, 200 postmarks, and a newspaper of 1824, for an Anthony double Detective dry plate holder, for a 4 by 5 plate. George P. Brown, Jr., 9 Clifton St., Worcester, Mass. "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," "The Mysterious Island," by Jules Verne, for a book by Alger, Castleman or Optic. A. E. Agazzi, Pittsburgh, Pa. A 5 by 7-1/2 press, with 2 fonts of type, ornaments, 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. George Donley, 1219 Aetna St., Hartford, Conn. A postage stamp from India, 4 U. S. envelopes, Turkey, Finland or Norway, for 12 different postmarks; and 25 different foreign stamps, for a U. S. 9c stamp. F. D. Crosby, South Ohio, Yarmouth, N. S. Books, stamps and postcards, for U. S. envelopes, entire or square cut. Correspondents invited with collectors of stamps and postcards residing in foreign countries. James S. Bolan, Black Horse Tavern, Sing Sing, N. Y. A tarbourine, a pair of lawn tennis ice skates, 2 Confederate bills, a book on lawn tennis and other articles, for a football and a 3 lb. pair of Indian clubs. Graff Clarke, Box 4, Princeton, Kan. A gold watch and a German silver watch, for a complete Punch and Judy outfit; or the watches, with skates, books, and other articles, for a violin, or a bicycle, not less than 42 inches. O. E. Fox, 326 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Fossils, relics of Chicago shells from Lorain, Michigan, pieces of a meteor, minerals, stamps, coins, etc., for marine or Indian curiosities, stuffed birds, insects, or other cabinet objects. Thomas L. Guild, 264 East 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 aquarium, for a 46 inch rubber tired bicycle.

THE FESTAL DAY.

HANG up the vine and the holly,
SIGH 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.

AFTER 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 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 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.

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), 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 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 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 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 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.

Group D shows the plater (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

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 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 Yale, 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 independently. 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.

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 see.

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 diagram was lining up, the 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 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 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 a touch down from it, shows how these concerted 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 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 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, who has kept even with him, has a clear field. A quick pass, accordingly, to 4 does the business, and a touch down is scored.

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 render mutual relief.

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

The football is an uncertain and elusive implement to the novice. A grip

can nowhere be obtained upon its hard, smooth surface, and there is but one way to pick it up with one hand—by a scoop.

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 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, to catch the ball on the tip of the toe, and to catch the toe on the tip of the ball.

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 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:

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 row his thirteen clocks, which the old man had brought down to save himself the trouble of going all over the house every day.

SOME STILLABLE 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 says:

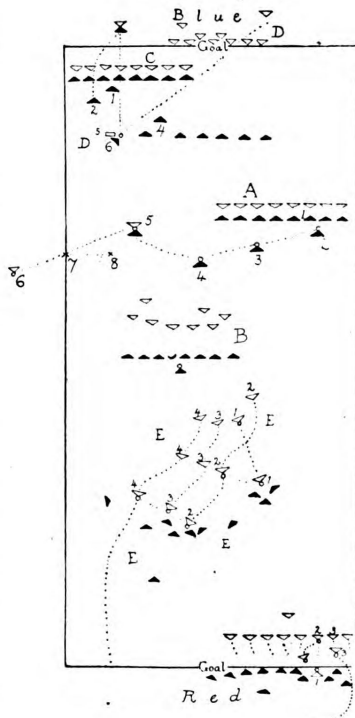
"A lady of this city was riding in an avenue car. Among the passengers was a young colored man, quite 'swell.' A young woman of his own color entered, and he immediately rose and offered her his seat. She gracefully demurred, and said: 'I do not like to deprive you, sir, of your seat.' 'Oh, no depravity,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

A MIXED MEMORY.

COUNSEL (to witness)—"So you can't swear whether you paid fifteen or sixteen dollars for the coat, Uncle Rastus?"

Uncle Rastus (who has been badgered a good deal)—"N-no, sah, I kaint swar to it. I think de price wah sixteen dollahs, an' I offered fifteen fer it, or it might be dat de price wah fifteen an' I offered sixteen fer it. I knows dere wah some hagglin'."



THE BALL IN PLAY.

THE DYING YEAR.

BY L. M. FOLLETT.

The swift gray clouds wreaths o'er the sea,
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.

LET 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 two hundred feet deep, large enough to contain a good sized opera house. It narrows toward the bottom, which is honeycombed with partly filled excavations 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.

The hum of voices and continuous clatter of iron buckets rushing along small steel cables to the upper edge of the pit rose on the dusty air from morning till night. But the diamond bearing reef was unusually shallow and soon exhausted. Then the little colony left Clymer's for fresh fields 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 desperation.

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 whatever. So, as fortunes are not unfrequently made by sheer luck and chance in working over abandoned claims, we had migrated to Clymer's, two hundred miles further inland, where we had taken informal 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 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 has a Kaffir, who stolidly wields pick and shovel. The Africans are under the inspection of myself at one side and Brophy 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 sorting knife on the table and glances ruefully 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 innocence 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 waist cloth is taken off and thoroughly shaken.

But all these are among the many unpleasantnesses 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.

Gumbo spreads apart his fingers and toes to show that there is only native 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 wrathfully.

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 moment later, to which I call Jim's attention. A man stealing cautiously in the direction of the unconscious Kaffir, under 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 background 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 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 horse-

men. They are visible in the strong moonlight, first entering the wagon road roughly cut through the belt of blue gum trees bordering the undulating plain.

Pressing my pony to the utmost, I gallop on after them—only one thought being uppermost 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 wagon road leading in a 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 am pursuing, has suddenly

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 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 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 shadows.

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. Brophy and English Ned pair off together to their own shanty. Jim Vance and I enter ours, which is on the very verge overhanging 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 I 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 yeldt and plain with silver, but is pouring its light, with almost noonday 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 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 unarmed, 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 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



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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch 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 hazardous prophet.

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 them.

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 needs.

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

AND

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 presents.

"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 criticize 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 readers.

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

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

From the *New York Daily Sun*.
"Afloat in a Great City" recounts the strange adventures on land and sea of a kidnaped boy. The moral of the story is sound.

From the *Boston Daily Advertiser*.
"Afloat 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 written.

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 *Boston 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.

From the *Chicago Times*.
The material is cleverly worked up, and although the general drift of the tale is obvious to the experienced novel reader before he has gone interestingly far, the author still has in store for him some very far-reaching 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 is clothed in 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 *clientele* of this nature, and the space left for evadion between "Sandford and Merton" and "Tom Brown's School Days" is very wide indeed. It has been well traversed and greatly improved upon. Mr. Munsey, author of "Afloat 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 metropolis. He has chosen to condense a good many strange and unusual incidents as happening to a good and stout-hearted though poor boy within the circumference of New York City. Mr. Munsey is a heavy expert at this sort of business. He does not work upon morbid sympathies, or seek to become interesting by appealing to emotions which had better be left in the background so far as the class for whom he writes is concerned.

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, \$1.25. 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 surprising 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 accepted the offer of a teacher's position in the Collegiate Grammar School, New York. This institution 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.

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 Ministry 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 compressive 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 of Troy.

During his ten years' ministry over this congregation, Dr. Vincent's independence of 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 novels.

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 paths.

In 1873 Dr. Vincent was called to his present

charge in this city. Situated at the corner of Park 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 imparted 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 Testament."

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 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, JR.

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.—*Thelp.*

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

Errors such as are but accurs 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 Balfour Lytton.*

Such only can enjoy the country who are capable of thinking when they are there; then they are prepared for solitude, and in 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.*

You may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will alone, gentlize, 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.*



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

[This story commenced in No. 261.]
The Cruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

CHAPTER XII.

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.

SPOTTY 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.

"Yes, if you asked for a horse when you wanted a cow," replied Luke, laughing, and thus showing that he was not taking 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 horse," argued Tom. "If we had asked for Luke Spottwood the cow, Luke Spottwood the horse had no cause of complaint."

"I will give it up!" exclaimed Luke, good naturedly, as they came to the steamboat wharf. "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.

"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 gone to Europe," added Luke, returning to the disagreeable 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 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 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 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 nice 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 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 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.

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.

"I don't know; I tried the door when we went 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, yawning.

"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!

CHAPTER XIII.

THE UNREPENTANT FORGER.

SPOTTY could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. 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.

"Oh, father!" groaned Spotty.

"Hush, Spotty! Don't say a word! If you betray my presence here I am lost!" said the fugitive from justice, in trembling tones.

"I thought you had gone to Europe," added the son, in a lower tone. "It said so in the 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 Spotty, 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.

"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."

"Don't say that, father! Don't say that you are guilty of a crime!" pleaded Spotty.

"Don't speak so loud, Spotty. There is some other person on board of the yacht. If you betray 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 Tom Gates; and he will not betray you any more than I would."

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

"But I cannot run the steamer without him; he is the engineer."

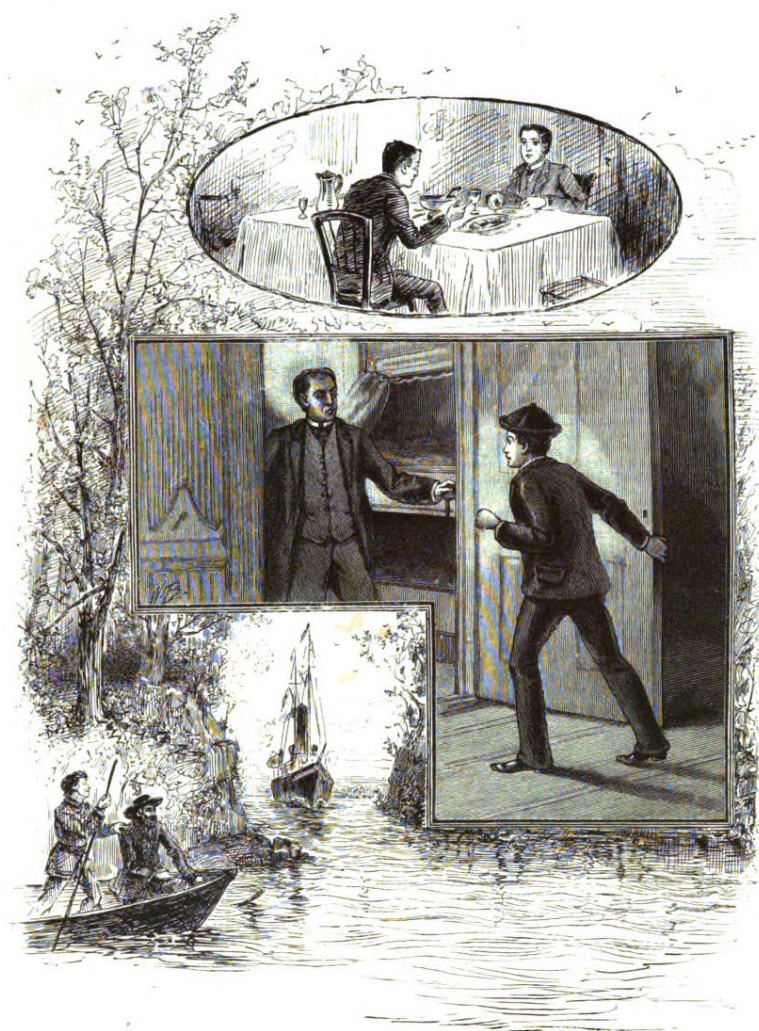
"Then we must spare him. You must take me to Canada, Spotty. You must bear me

away from the officers who are pursuing me all over the world. There is no safe place for me hereafter. I shall bury myself in the cold woods of Canada, and never more show my face in 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 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? Is it 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 for a cook stove. Can you give me 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 nautical synonym of 'bestow.' Am I right?"

"Quite right," replied Spotty, as he insisted

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 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.

"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

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.
 In vain shall waves of incense drip
 The vaulted nave around;
 In vain the minstrel 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 continued in No. 258.]

THE
Young Ranger;

OR,
PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXI.

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.

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 the trunk of a large beech tree, where his body was fully sheltered from such 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 Defiance.

"Plague on him!" muttered the ranger, carefully peering out from his hiding place; "he looks at the ground far 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.

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 better."

Evidently it would cause Benny Hurst no twinges of conscience to wing this party to foe, just as he 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 quickened. 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 Iroquois, 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 he met 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, 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 left to the end, it seemed to be dancing backward, as the rest of the log slid to the end 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 disappear. It continued visible, and, to the dismay of the watcher, he saw that it was coming back over the trail.

"Jes' what I feared," he growled.

The Iroquois had changed his lobe to a deliberate walk, and his quick flitting glances in every direction left no doubt that he had discovered something which aroused his suspicion.

"It'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 was composed of a layer of stones, so that the faintest imaginable trail was left.

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 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 uncertain.

It is wonderful how the slightest of causes will sometimes sound 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-

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.
 I 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 deftness 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 were able 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 feat 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 the main trail and in the direction of Haunted Gulch.

His situation was precisely as if he had followed the dry bed of the stream several rods beyond its intersection of the main path, and then, turning to the left, 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.

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 intersection 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 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—hello!"

There was good cause for this remark, for it was caused by the report of a rifle from the direction taken by the Iroquois who had vanished but a few minutes before. Benny Hurst thought he heard a shriek at the same time, though on that point he was not certain.

The mystery was explained, however, a few minutes later, when the two guards who had been left on the edge of the clearing up in an appearance.

It seemed that while they were pushing their way over the trail after the rescue party and the fugitives, they met the Iroquois hurrying in the opposite direction. One of the scouts caught sight of the dusky face an instant before he saw his danger, and from this simple statement you can guess the Indian's fate.

Benny Hurst and his two friends debated for a minute whether to stay where they were or to push on after the rest. Had nothing unexpected intervened the company must have advanced a considerable distance on their way over the mountain. Prudence urged the three to follow them, since they were not strong enough in numbers to hope to check the pursuit of the Indians, and being so far from the main body they were very liable to be cut off, whereas if they kept near the camp could fall back and join it, thus adding so much to its strength, beside which they would also give ample warning of danger.

Accordingly, the three moved up the dry bed of the stream, on the alert for danger from any quarter.



THE INDIAN WHIRLED ROUND AND HELD THE CHILD IN FRONT OF HIM, AS IF CHALLENGING ELMER TO FIRE.



even though we had known that our friends had turned aside somewhere near.

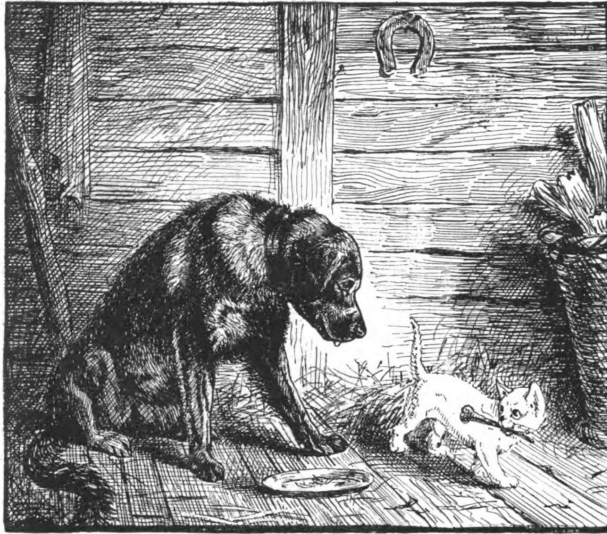
But not so with the Iroquois. Those glittering, serpent-like eyes that were fastened on the ground read the story truly. He saw that the patriot families of Haunted Gulch, hurrying from their dread fate, had turned at that point into the pathless woods.

Benny Hurst instantly became the cautious, subtle, 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.

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



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 anecdote related in the *Commercial Advertiser* it would seem that these dummy instruments are sometimes turned to account in a business way.

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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 treat."

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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 clipper ship William J. Root, 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.

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