

GOLDEN ARGOSSY

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TOM GRANGER, RESCUED AS IF BY MIRACLE FROM THE LOST BOAT DRIFTING ON THE OCEAN, BRINGS HOME A GLAD SURPRISE ON CHRISTMAS DAY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

ducked and leaped behind a convenient tree, where for the time he was safe.

"The rest of 'em ain't fur off," was the comment of Benny Hurst, and its truth was verified the next moment.

As suddenly as if they had been thrown up by the earth, five other Iroquois were discerned dodging among the trees and pushing their advance at an alarming rate. Every one gave utterance to a ringing whoop, which the rangers knew were meant as signals to the others, for twice as many arrows came from the depths of the woods beyond, and more and more Indians continued to appear, until it seemed as if the forest was alive with them.

All this was proof that not only had the flight of the fugitives been discovered by Kit Wilton and his dusky trailers, but that they were pressing the pursuit with the utmost diligence. Several miles yet intervened between the camp of Captain Roslyn's party and Fort Defence, and nothing short of a miracle could prevent them from being overtaken before reaching Oakland.

It must not be supposed that Benny Hurst and his companions were idle during these exciting moments. The vigilant scouts came within a hair's breadth of the leader of the Iroquois before he could leap behind shelter; a second later and the active Seneca could not have saved himself.

But those who came immediately behind him were a fraction of a minute slower in grasping the situation, and they received a reminder of the fact in the shape of a volley which whistled about their ears, fired so quickly that the reports were almost the same as if made by one gun.

Not only that, but the shots were not thrown away. Each ranger aimed at a warrior, one of whom sprang into the air with his resounding screech, a second limped back with a howl, while the third was meting the twig which turned the well directed bullet aside.

"Load quick, boys!" cried Benny Hurst; "the fight is on!"

You know that the firearms of a hundred years ago were clumsy affairs compared with those of today. They were muzzle loaded and flintlocks, and they were the strongest of the men were glad to have a rest when firing, while the feat of loading and discharging one a dozen times a minute was almost impossible of accomplishment.

But there were no greater experts than Hurst and his friends, and the rapidity with which they rammed the bullets home and doused the powder into the pans would have roused the admiration of the most famous marksman of the border.

There was no motion looking like retreat while thus engaged, though the Indians in front continued increasing in numbers with alarming rapidity.

"We must give ground," added Benny, running quickly back a dozen paces and whisking behind another tree. His companions did the same, checking themselves with equal suddenness.

Several exultant whoops escaped the Iroquois, who followed them up firing at random, though a number of their bullets came uncomfortably near the heads of the white men.

The latter had run a great risk in emptying their guns simultaneously, for they would have been powerless to withstand a rush, and they took care that a similar situation did not occur again.

CHAPTER XXV.
A LOST BATTLE.

THE shots now became of a dropping character, the Iroquois firing as the chance presented, while the rangers did the same. The fugitives were not permitted to rest themselves so well that for a time little execution was done. The object of Hurst and his comrades was to hold the red men in check while they slowly fell toward the main body, which they hoped was pressing in the direction of Fort Defence with the utmost haste at their command.

This would have been admirable strategy could it have been carried out, but, unfortunately for our friends, the Iroquois were not accustomed to imitate the civilized methods of warfare, and, instead of advancing in a compact body upon the retreating party, the watchful scouts saw the Iroquois, of whom there seemed fully a score, dodging from tree to tree, spreading out in fan like shape with a view of surrounding them. Had this succeeded, even to half a circle, it would have been fatal, and the only way to prevent it was by falling back at a faster rate than that of their pursuers.

Even this could not be done without great danger, for the chief, as he saw the danger, pressed continually to the shots of the Iroquois, who were so numerous that the fusillade for a time was without cessation. The rangers returned the firing as best they could, but they were at such disadvantage that they could hope for little more success than that of putting a brake on, so to speak, to the steady advance of the Indians.

And then, too the tree trunks of which the rangers availed themselves were not always located as they wished them to be. They were numerous as a matter of course, but the run to reach them was sometimes perilously long, and more than once when reached, the diameter was found to be too small to give the protection; in such cases, a dash had to be made to a better one.

It was the purpose of Benny Hurst to mislead the Iroquois, if possible, by leaving the main

trail of the fugitives. If the pursuers could be drawn off from the direct pursuit, the main party would be given much more grace in which to reach safety.

But the attempt was made to carry out this scheme, for the reason that it was impossible: the Senecas pressed the rangers too hard.

Unable at all times to control their direct line of retreat, the rangers found themselves considerably scattered, and in such imminent danger of capture that it was clear that their only hope of escape was in simple flight, though that was delayed longer than it should have been.

The three had had more than one narrow escape. Their clothing was pierced, blood had been drawn, and more than once Benny Hurst asked himself how much longer the fight could last. "Certainly the end must be near."

"Bars and buffaloes!" exclaimed the scout on the left of Hurst, "this is gettin' a little to hot for me; I'm off!"

And, without waiting for the action of the others, he whirled about and plunged into the wood.

He had been stirred to this course by sight of a brave Iroquois, who, despite all the rangers' efforts, was steadily working around to the side, and had indeed gone so far that in a minute more he was pretty sure to have him at his mercy.

To leave the shelter altogether and make a run for it, was taking desperate chances indeed but it was all that was left to the imperiled scout, for so he goes.

But quick as he was, he was too late to escape a collision with the savage, who, snatching his tomahawk from his girdle, ran diagonally so as to intercept him. The pursuer held his rifle in his other hand, but he chose to finish the poor fellow with the more cruel weapon.

At the moment the charge began, the Iroquois uttered a whoop meaning that triumph was assured, and when no more than twenty feet separated them, he threw back his arm, and, without checking his speed in the least, let fly with power enough to split the skull of the white man as though it were a rotten apple.

The ranger saw the sweep of the upraised arm, and, as if he had been struck, he followed the implement to whizz over his head, striking the ground beyond, where it chipped the leaves and dart and turned end over end several times before it settled to rest.

"Conspire you for a fool!" called out the fugitive; "if you'd fired your gun I couldn't have dodged *fast*, so here goes."

Up went the rifle which was discharged so quickly that the sulphurous powder flashed in the face of the warrior, who ceased all interest in earthly matters with a quickness that could not have been exceeded.

The ranger resumed his flight with scarcely a perceptible pause, but, brief as it was, it had allowed two other Senecas to reach him, one of whom threw himself so directly across his line of flight that the white men were compelled to stand at bay.

Since his rifle was empty, the scout clubbed it, and, with the stock dipping over his shoulder, he waited for his foe to come within reach.

But the Iroquois knew better than to advance when striking distance of the terrible missile. He, too, drew his tomahawk, and was poised himself to hurl it, when he likewise departed for his happy hunting grounds with startling suddenness.

This time the friendly shot came from Benny Hurst, who could not but to see his companion cut down without putting forth one effort to save him.

But, after all, it only postponed the fate of the brave fellow for a brief space. Other Iroquois ran up, and it was fortunate indeed for the scout that he was not made a prisoner, to suffer the fate of the first man to be taken. He shrunk in terror. In the rush of events his death was so sudden that it may be said to have been merciful.

The flurry at this part of the battle ground, if it may be called such, caused a momentary diversion that was favorable to Benny Hurst and the other rangers. Benny lingered long enough to send in the shot already referred to, and then, seeing that nothing more could be done, he made a fierce effort to extricate himself from his perilous situation.

"Run!" he called to his surviving friend; "it's no use trying to do anything else."

His companion needed no urging, for he comprehended the desperate peril too well. He and Benny Hurst were separated by three or four rods, with the seeming advantage on the side of the former.

But in such crises there is no calculating one's chances. The fugitives were utterly powerless to help each other, matters having now gone so far that a desperate effort on the part of each to save his own life.

In that trying moment, Benny Hurst paused to select what seemed the most favorable point for escape, when he made a dash toward it, running as fast as he could, and you have been told that he was noted for his fleetness of foot.

As he did so, a peculiar commotion in the direction of his companion caused him to glance that way. What he saw convinced him that the same scene that had taken place but a minute before was about to be repeated.

But only to a partial degree. The Iroquois who closed in upon the scout could have slain him without any difficulty, but they were determined to make him a prisoner, while the poor fellow fought with might and main to prevent it.

All in vain. He was literally overwhelmed and borne to the earth by the weight of the warriors who closed in around him,

Transfixed by the sight, Benny Hurst forgot his own peril for the moment, and stood still until he could learn the result. He suspected the purpose of the Iroquois from their actions, and he saw that with him and his friends, now seemed to relent for a time, so far as he was concerned. Calling into his feeblest, and taking advantage of the second diversion in his favor, he was able, after a prolonged struggle, to place himself beyond the reach of his enemies.

CHAPTER XXVI.
HASTING TO A REFUGE.

IN her joy and gratitude over the escape of little Eva, the mother forgot everything else. Running to meet her child as she came toward her, the parent caught up her arms, pressed her to her heart and uttered her thanks to God who had rescued the beloved one from a frightful fate.

The grandparent was hardly less agitated. She, too, claimed the blessed happiness of enfolding the sweet girl to her bosom and mingling her tears of thankfulness with those of the mother.

The moisture filled the eyes of young Roslyn, whose heart was almost broken over the recollection of that other child, and for whose death, as well as for that of the mother, he and his parent must mourn forever.

But in the excitement of the moment, the youthful leader of the rangers could not forget the fearful meaning of the rifle reports and Indian shouts which sounded in the direction of the main trail, and alas! at no great distance from where they had halted.

These significant warnings acted like an electric shock on the others.

"You had better stay here five minutes longer!" cried Elmer, who hardly needed to do so, since all realized their peril. Old men, weak women and children sprang to their feet, while the rangers, who had been impatiently waiting throughout the brief resting spell, could with difficulty be restrained from hurrying them forward beyond their strength.

"I will take the lead," said Captain Roslyn, "and half of you will keep close behind me, while the others guard the rear. Push the folks hard, but remember they are not as strong as we."

There were two points which the leader had in mind; one was quite near, while the other was a short distance beyond. Both were on the other side of the ridge, and the second was much stronger, and therefore preferable to the first.

But, desirable as was the second, it would do to undertake to reach it. Thankful would he be if the first could be attained before the Iroquois were upon him.

Instead of pressing straight up the slope, Elmer led the party along its side, gradually working toward the crest. He did this through fear that some of the fugitives were unequal to the task of hurrying up the steep ascent; it was safer, as it seemed to him, to reach it more gradually.

The familiarity with the ground enabled him to recognize his location, and he was sure of arriving (provided he was not interrupted), by the shortest route.

It must be borne in mind that they were following nothing in the nature of a path or trail, so that, although the leaders in a certain sense were the rangers, it was hard work for the fugitives who found the gradual rise exceedingly trying. But no persons could have had a more urgent spur to haste, and their exertions were touching to see.

The appearance of the single Iroquois who had come so near making off with little Eva Hawley was a cause of perplexity and alarm to Elmer Roslyn and his friends. No one was expecting anything of the kind, and whether his coming was purely accidental, was beyond the power of any of them to determine.

That which Captain Roslyn dreaded was that the Iroquois, suspecting the purpose of the rescue party, had thrown themselves in front with the intention of cutting them off from their refuge.

In a few minutes, however, that matter was settled to the relief of the leader. When a hundred yards or more had been passed without any other Seneca showing themselves, he was convinced (in which opinion the firing in the rear confirmed him), that the main body of the Indians was behind them.

Captain Roslyn now began bearing to the right, that is toward the top of the ridge. He frequently glanced behind him and saw that the weaker fugitives were pressed to the utmost verge of endurance, but the crisis demanded this; if the haven could be reached there would be abundance of opportunity to rest their wearied bodies.

"We haven't far to go," he called out in a guarded voice, for their encouragement; "keep it up a little while longer, and we shall be there! Here we are at the top of the ridge!"

Sure enough the most exhausting part of the journey had been over. The top of the mountain was so narrow that it might be compared to a jagged saw. The portion attained by our friends was only a few yards in width, which, being passed, the descent on the other side immediately began and the relief was great.

Captain Roslyn's ears were continually strained to catch the firing from the rear guard, as it may be called. They were so close to the panting fugitives that they were continually in sight of the leader, who would have wished them to keep further back, so as to be able to make a stand and cover the flight of the rest; but the distance to be passed was so brief that he could not afford the time in which to make his desire known.

"I believe we shall make it," he said to Mrs. Hawley, who, holding the hand of Eva, was so close behind him that he could readily exchange words with her.

"How much further is it?" she asked.

"Almost in sight; if the Indians are not in front, we shall be there within five minutes."

"Suppose they attack in the rear?"

"They can be held in check until all are safe."

"Is it secure when we reach the spot you have in mind?"

"Yes, but two hundred yards in front is one that is much better in every way."

"Why not hurry on to that?"

"I am afraid we shall not have the time. Between the two places the ground is so unfavorable that there would be no chance to make any kind of a stand at all."

"Then stop at the first and wait until you find whether it is safe to go further."

This was a sensible suggestion and Elmer Roslyn had already determined to follow it.

"That's what I mean to do," he replied, glad to see the brave woman know he agreed with her. Bringing his attention once more to the front, he was inexpressibly relieved to catch sight of the refuge which he had in mind from the moment of his departure from Haunted Gulch, though, as I have already informed you, a much more desirable one was to be found a comparatively short distance ahead.

The horizon was described as simply an irregular circle of boulders and rocks, inclosing a space of about twenty yards in diameter. It was without any covering, except the overhanging limbs of the trees and there were many openings between the blocks of stone which varied in weight from half a hundred pounds to several tons.

But it must be remembered that something like a score of men composed the rescue party, and to such it was one of the strongest means of defence conceivable. They could crouch behind the boulders and take deadly aim at their enemies, who were not accustomed to fight a foe behind such protection. Indeed, it would not be difficult for them to hold five times their number at bay.

But on the other hand, the fugitives were imperfectly screened. The treacherous redskins would be able to reach with their bullets many of the women and children, who could not be expected to know a title as much as the men about the means of meeting a cunning and merciless foe.

(To be continued.)

A DRAWING ROOM VICTORY.

PUBLIC speakers and singers occupy a rather unfortunate position in society, as it is very often difficult to draw the line between business and pleasure. And some members of fashionable society are not above taking advantage of this narrow margin in an attempt to turn it to their own aggrandizement.

An incident of this nature, which resulted in a merited discomfiture for the ambitious amateur is recounted in the *New York Tribune*:

"A Mrs. Leo Hunter, of Paris, recently invited M. Saint-Saens, the famous pianist, to her dinner party, and then, having received his acceptance, announced in the invitations to her other guests that M. Saint-Saens would play for her heart of it, but nevertheless went. As soon as he arrived, Mrs. Hunter asked him to play.

"Oh, madame, I cannot before dinner," he said; "I am too hungry. Accordingly, after dinner she renewed the request. 'Ah, but madame,' said he, 'it is impossible. I have eaten too much at your hospitable board!'"

A NEW BRANCH OF THE MILITARY SERVICE.

ON Tuesday, November 22, there was regularly mustered into the service of the National Guard of the State of New York a new organization, known as the First Brigade Signal Corps. Its headquarters will probably be at the 71st Regiment armory in this city, and its duties consist in drilling the members in the art of conveying information between distant points by means of flags and lanterns in case of war or riots, when communication both by street and wire is apt to be cut off. This can be done by means of flags and lanterns, displayed by the corps from hilltops and the roofs of the buildings.

The men wear the regular State uniform, blue, with orange facings; they are to be armed with revolvers, and will appear marching, on parade, all of which details we are sure will interest our grand army of young cadets.

A PIG'S PARADISE.

Now that ladies have taken to wearing bugs and bowles on their arms and necks, we should scarcely be surprised to hear of any eccentricity in the tastes of the sex. Still, it is somewhat of a shock to learn, as we do from the *Philadelphia Record*, that Mexican women choose for pets, not cats or parrots or pugs, but pigs! It is quite common in that country to see a woman leading by a string a pig that, as black as he can be, with which she appears to be on chummy terms; and long after the beast has ceased to deserve his juvenile title he literally shares her bed and board.

A GIRLS' MILITARY ENTERTAINMENT.

BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON,
Author of "Popular Military Instructions," etc.



SOME years ago I was on duty as Professor of Military Science at a Western college, and had charge of four companies of cadets. The girls of the college were the equals and in many things the superiors of the boys in every department except the military. In that they had no place, so that after awhile I consented to organize them into a military company. They had a very pretty jaunty uniform, and wooden guns of exactly the same size as the boys, but lighter in weight.

After the girls had fairly started their company and every day were winning laurels, it was found that they must raise money in some way. The college was poor and could not appropriate any, the girls had spent a great deal themselves on their uniforms, and a subscription was out of the question. So it was determined that they should get up an entertainment, and in order to make the boys the more anxious and hence insure the success of it, the exact nature of the affair was zealously kept a secret.

Now I wonder how many of my girl readers will believe me when I state that this company of forty girls actually did keep the secret for four weeks. Yet it was so, no one but myself outside of the company knowing anything about it—even the faculty till a week before the entertainment came off, when it had to be divulged in order to obtain consent to use the hall for that evening.

The idea was broached by the girls themselves after one of the regular drills, and feeling, after their success in the military line, that they were quite capable of performing anything they undertook to do, I fell in with the plan at once. So we appointed a committee of four besides myself to draw up a scheme for the entertainment, and we all agreed that we would not disclose a hint of it to any one, and for the next four weeks we worked hard to perfect ourselves in the programme laid out.

Great was the astonishment of the boys at finding they were excused from the drill hall during the hours of the girls' drill, and greater yet was their eagerness to find out what it all meant. This curiosity kept growing, but that was just what we all wanted, for we knew when the time was ripe not only the boys of the college but everybody in town would want to go to the entertainment.

And every day at drill we had many laughs at incidents which the girls would relate of how the boys tried in a hundred artful ways to find out what was going on. It was great fun to watch their mystification, and the stories that spread about in consequence only enhanced the desire to know what was in the wind.

After a month of practicing, we concluded that we were about ready, so at the next faculty meeting I stated the case to the learned doctors and asked for the big hall on a certain night. After the professors had recovered from their astonishment and surprise, I gave the reasons for our wishing to give the entertainment. They plied me with many questions, and after I had submitted the programme to them they gave me the desired permission.

The order of exercises was kept a secret till the evening set, and the big posters which I had distributed around town a couple of days previously only conveyed the information that a novel entertainment would be given by the young ladies of the Nameless College Military

Company, purely military in its character. It also stated that the entertainment would be given by the young ladies alone, unaided by any male persons.

All this, of course, only whetted curiosity the more, and when the tickets were placed on sale two thirds of the seats were taken the first day. A good round price was charged,—namely 50 cents admission and 75 cents for a reserved seat.

The hall was one of the largest audience halls in the State, and was capable of seating 1200 people. The rostrum or stage ran clear across one end, and was about 20 feet deep. By stretching a wire at the proper height in front we easily contrived a curtain, in front of which we placed footlights.

When the designated night arrived, six of the girls, dressed in their military uniforms, acted as ushers and distributed programmes, while two others were doortender and ticket seller respectively. The house was soon packed, and great was the curiosity felt and shown for the curtain to rise and the entertainment to commence. Here is the programme:

ENTERTAINMENT EXTRAORDINARY

BY THE
YOUNG LADIES OF THE NAMELESS MILITARY COMPANY.

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

1. OVERTURE, Female Orchestra.
2. DRILL, By the entire Company.
3. SONG (in costume), "Corporal Kate."
4. BAYONET EXERCISE, Select Squad.
5. BROOM DRILL, By Broom Brigade.
6. MUSIC, Orchestra.

PART II.

1. MUSIC, Orchestra.
2. FAN DRILL, By the Fan Brigade.
3. SONG, North Carolina Jubilee Singers.
4. MODERN WAX WORKS, Special Artists.
5. SCENE IN U. S. SENATE, By the Company.



"ORDER BROOMS."

When at last the curtain was drawn aside, revealing a prettily ornamented and tastily dressed stage, and a squad of seven girls in uniform marched out with musical instruments, how the people applauded! At one side of the stage was a piano, and one of the girls placed her-

self at this and the other six ranged themselves around her, but so as to face the audience. Two played the violin, one a bass viol, another the flute, the fifth a cornet, the sixth a guitar, and the seventh the banjo.

They played, without notes, a medley of college airs which quite brought the house down. They were encored several times, and finally had to leave the stage abruptly to prevent their using up too much of the time set for the rest of the programme.

No. 2 was a drill, both marching and in the manual of arms, by the company. The orchestra first went on and played a march, to which the company came out in a column of twos. As they were on exhibition, of course they were all doing their best, and the drill in its precision of movement was a marvel to the audience. As the pretty girls, with good health showing in their rosy cheeks and bright eyes, kept all the alignments perfect, and went through every motion as correctly as though they had been machines, the excitement knew no bounds. They were called out again and again,



"PREPARE FOR ACTION."

and a bonny sight they were to look at in their natty uniforms.

The song "Corporal Kate" was written and set to music by one of the young ladies of the company, who possessed a great deal of musical talent. The song treated of the trials of poor Corporal Kate in being unable to drill her squad well, which made her angry, so that she used a number of feminine ejaculations to enforce her orders.

The bayonet exercise was gone through with by a squad of eight girls under the captain, and was far better than anything the boys had ever done. As the guns were very light—four pounds—the bayonets I had had made were light also, and fitted over the muzzle of the gun by a simple ring. The consequence was that one girl in making a particularly ferocious lunge sent the bayonet off the gun and flying down among some of the senior students in the first row of seats amid universal mirth.

But good as had all been the preceding, there was nothing could approach the broom drill. I had picked out for this twenty six girls, one to be captain, one color sergeant, and the rest privates. Their costume was made of cheese cloth, and consisted of a short skirt reaching to the ankles, or just below the tops of the boots, kilt made, and a blouse waist with perfectly tight sleeves. Around the neck and drawn over the bosom was a pink fichu. All wore pink stockings and high heeled slippers, and on their heads a pretty cap, half turban and half sweeping cap. At the point and falling over to the side was a tiny silver bell, which jingled sweetly at every motion made.

Their brooms were the German broom, round instead of flat, and the handles were trimmed prettily with colored ribbons. The color sergeant carried an immense feather duster of peacock feathers instead of a gun, and the captain had a

pretty wand trimmed with ribbons. She also had a great quantity of gold lace about her costume to distinguish her from the rest. Each number of the brigade had around her a canvas belt to which was fastened, over the left hip, a pretty little dust pan and brush.

They went through a manual of arms, as "present brooms," "inspection brooms," "charge brooms," "prepare for action," "Fire," etc., etc. In addition they had various marching movements by which various figures were formed as a star, a cross, a triangle, a large cross which wheeled at the same time, a labyrinth, a pyramid, and others.

The fan drill was performed by eight young ladies under a captain. Their costume consisted of dresses of flowered calico made up according to the style prevailing in the time of Queen Anne, with long flowing sleeves and a sweeping train. The neck was open with a high collar. The hair was powdered, and done up high in front and on top of the head.

Their fans were immensely large ones, all of same size but of different colors, and the drill consisted of a number of military motions, such as the "advance," the "retreat," the "charge," the "surrender," etc., etc. In this and the broom drill every movement was made to music, but with the fans the captain gave no command, only made the motion, and the others at once followed her.

The North Carolina Jubilee Singers were four brave girls who had dared to blacken their faces and dress up as negroes. One of them, by the aid of pillows stuffed in her dress, presented the appearance of Aunt Dinah, fat and more than forty, while another got herself up as a veritable Topsy, with one low shoe full of holes, and one high one not laced, and looking even worse than the other. During the chorus of the songs Topsy danced as pretty a little "clog" as you would wish to see. The modern wax works showed us the future Grants and Shermans of our own country, the future Von Moltkes of Germany and Wolseys of England, and all young ladies, of course. One of their number discoursed in very ludicrous terms on the various figures, and would then wind up each one in turn, and show how it would destroy millions of the enemy at "one fell swoop." It was very laughable, and many of the jokes she made are repeated to this day in the academy.

Perhaps in many ways the last number was the best and richest. It of course represented the progress of woman's rights. As the curtain drew back there was revealed the Senate Chamber, and the honorable senators, the President of the Senate, even the foreign ambassadors on the floor, were all—*women*. The husbands were at home taking care of the babies or getting dinner, as was learned from the speeches of those engaged in debate.

And what do you think was the subject under discussion? "The propriety of granting to the male sex the right of suffrage!"

Of course the arguments made were very funny, and quite brought the house down, and the honorable senators entered into debate with all the earnestness of the present masculine holders of the position. They gesticulated and called each other names, and were summoned to order, and broke out again, and the debate waxed hotter and hotter, until it was finally brought to an end by a—*mouse*.

I had had a little mouse stuffed, and by tying a fine black thread to it could draw it across the stage. Hidden in the wing and holding the end of the thread, at the proper time I pulled on it. It came right across the very front, so that the audience could all see it. It at once broke up the debate, and the honorable senators, with screams and yells, all hopped up quickly on their chairs and desks, calling for the poor husbands to come in and rescue them. Finally the only man who took any part in the performance rushed out with two or three dolls representing babies in his arms, a dishcloth caught the mouse, and an apron on, and caught the mouse and held it up. The curtain then went down on this tragic tableau, amidst a perfect roar of applause.

The affair was a great success. After paying all our expenses we found ourselves several hundred dollars ahead.

BETWEEN THE YEARS.

To rest, thou royal Old Year; though the New We welcome in with loyal hearts and true, Still art thou dear to all. Rest Old Year, rest, I lay the rose of thy remembrance on thy breast, And though its colors fade, its crumbling heart, A perfume pure doth on us all impart.

[This story commenced in No. 56.]

The Cruise 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.

To New Readers.—We gave a synopsis of the preceding chapters of this story in our special free edition. Those who read that synopsis can now continue understanding the story as it appears here.—Ed.

CHAPTER XV.

A REFRACTORY PASSENGER.

THE Dandy drifted slowly away from the wharf. Spotty was in the wheel house, and could see where the steamer was going. There was no jarring, or anything else to indicate that she was in motion. The blinds of all the cabin windows were closed, and the passengers could not know that she was changing her position.

The boat was drifting towards Cumberland Head; but it was a couple of miles across the water to the land, so that there was no need of starting the propeller for the present. The only vessels in sight were of vessels, and there was no one on the wharf to criticise the movements of the yacht.

Spotty was exceedingly well satisfied with the manner in which he had got away from the wharf; but he was in momentary expectation of a storm, not from the elements, but from Luke Spottwood. If that gentleman should happen to discover that the boat had left the wharf, he might make a great deal of trouble, or he might not make any.

Spotty could form no idea how his passenger would take it. Possibly it depended upon the circumstances of the moment. If he had succeeded in obtaining possession of the relics of Mrs. Hawke, he would not care to take a trip up to St. John's. If he had not, and did not expect to do so till he reached that place, he would be satisfied with this proceeding.

Down in the fire room, Tom had opened the furnace doors to ease off the fires, so that it should not be necessary to let off steam which could not be used. He was sorry he could not be on deck, for he realized that there might be some unpleasantness when Luke discovered that the boat was half a mile or a mile from the shore.

When the Dandy was half way between the two shores, Spotty thought it would be losing time to let her drift any farther. He might as well bring on the battle at once, and there would be any battle, as to postpone it. Taking his place at the wheel, he rang the gong to go ahead.

Tom was at his post. The steam hissed, and the propeller began to turn. Throwing the wheel over, Spotty soon brought her up to her course, and then headed her out of the bay. The boat had hardly come about before Luke's step was heard on the deck. He was coming forward on the starboard side, and Spotty took the precaution to both of the doors of the pilot house.

The sails on the sides were closed, but those on the front were dropped down. The pilot was therefore intrenched, as it were, in his citadel. The only part where he could be approached was in front, and the bottom of the window was full six feet above the forecastle. He could not even be spoken with, unless the passenger talked through the closed shutters on the sides, withers going to the forward deck.

Luke rushed up the steps to the pilot house on the starboard side, seized the handle of the door, and shook it furiously. The bolt was made to keep intruders out, and it was too strong to be trifled with. Luke kicked the door then; but that did not appear to hurt the door, and the pilot let him kick.

"Open the door, you young villain! What are you about? Who told you to leave the wharf, and with me on board?" raved the passenger.

"Positively, no admittance to the pilot house," replied Spotty, repeating the traditional lull often placed upon the door.

"If you don't open the door, I will break it down!" cried Luke.

Spotty did not think he would, but he did not say anything.

It was not an easy thing to break down a door that opened outward, and Luke did not carry out his threat. In fact, he soon got discouraged with his attempts to do so. He went to the starboard side, and went around to the port side. But that door was just as secure as the other one had been, and did not break down "worth a cent."

The irate passenger went down upon the deck again. He walked out to the forecastle far enough to see the young captain, and then shot a savage glance at him. Spotty was of course satisfied that he had done what Luke did not wish him to do. The latter had decided not to go St. John's, or not to go yet awhile.

"What are you about, you young rascal?" demanded Luke, in a little more reasonable tone.

"You can see what I am about, Mr. Spottwood," replied Spotty, calmly, for he could see no reason why he should not be a gentleman, even if his assailant was not.

"You are carrying me off! I didn't tell you to leave the wharf," shouted Luke.

"And I did not invite you on board," replied the pilot. "If you did not want to go in the boat, you should have left her before."

"Do you own this boat, or does your father?" sneered Luke.

"I am afraid neither of us own her," replied Spotty.

"If you don't take her back to the wharf, I'll break every bone in your body!" stormed Luke.

place on the desk. Luke was struggling to lift his body from the deck up to the window; but so far, he had done so with indifferent success. His sore hand interfered with his effort. But at last he got his wounded hand over the sill, and rested his arm at the elbow where the hand had been.

Spotty thought it was time something was done to defend his citadel from assault. He lifted the ruler, and brought down a sharp blow upon the wounded hand of Luke.

Luke groaned with pain. He released himself from his painful position and dropped down on the forward deck again. In his agony and rage Spotty expected another attack. He looked about on the deck to see what weapons or missiles were available for the use of his infuriated passenger. But Luke had apparently had enough of it for the present, and retreated to the after part of the boat to repair damages.

Spotty saw that after all this was the man who had attempted to rob his father's house. He had seen the wound inflicted by the ball from his pistol. Betty was sure that the man she saw had red hair and a red beard. There was only

make you stop the engine," said Spotty, when he had finished his narrative.

"All right! I will get a jet of steam ready for him!"

"Don't hurt him if you can help it; but don't let him stop the engine."

"Never fear; it won't stop until I stop it," replied Tom, confidently. "I don't believe he knows enough to stop it."

Probably the engineer judged by the nature of the questions Luke had put to him in regard to the boiler.

The boat rounded Cumberland Head, and Spotty headed to the northward. It was nine o'clock by the timepiece in the pilot house, and it was not more than fifty miles to the destination of the Dandy. She would arrive there shortly after twelve, if her voyage was not interrupted by her refractory passenger. Luke's hand was sorer than it was in the morning, on account of the blow given with the ruler, and he might be content to nurse it for a while.

It was half an hour before there was any further change in the situation on board, and then Mr. Hawke appeared at the door of the pilot house.

It was not near him, he unbolled the door and admitted him. He was careful to secure the door as soon as his visitor was inside, for he did not know but his father had been sent to secure admission for his companion in the cabin.

Spotty looked at his father in the full light of the sun, and he was shocked at the change that had taken place in him. In the gloom of the kitchen state room he had not realized the full extent of the alteration.

No better type of crime could be found than the fallen banker.

CHAPTER XVI.
AN ATTACK FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

"MY son, that man has sent me to reduce you to proper subjection. He says you have severely wounded him," said Mr. Hawke, in a tone that indicated how deeply he was troubled.

"I did wound him, father; but it was not today, and on this boat. It was the night before last that I wounded him," replied Spotty. "I fired a pistol ball through the keyhole of the chamber door, and it hit him in the ball of the thumb."

"That is surely where he is wounded on his right hand. He says you struck him there with a club; and he came into the cabin with his hand bleeding. It is very painful, and he seems to be almost distracted with it," continued the banker.

"I did strike him there; but he was trying to force his way into the pilot house."

"Why didn't you let him into the pilot house?"

"Because he meant to do me harm, and I did not choose to be harmed by him. He was mad because I started the boat from Plattsburg without his permission."

"Why did you start her unknown to both of us?" When Spottwood looked out of the window, after he found the steamer was in motion, she was a mile from the land," said Mr. Hawke, who had but little heart in arguing a bad cause.

"I let her drift away from the wharf so that we might not have a fuss at Plattsburg. That man is up to some wickedness, and I was not willing that he should get the upper hand of you. We can manage him better out on the lake than we can in a place like Plattsburg," replied Spotty, candidly.

"I am afraid of this man, Spotty," groaned the fugitive.

"You are afraid he will deliver you over to the officers, and then do a very thing I mean I shall not do, father. Won't you trust yourself to me, rather than to a stranger and a villain like Luke Spottwood?"

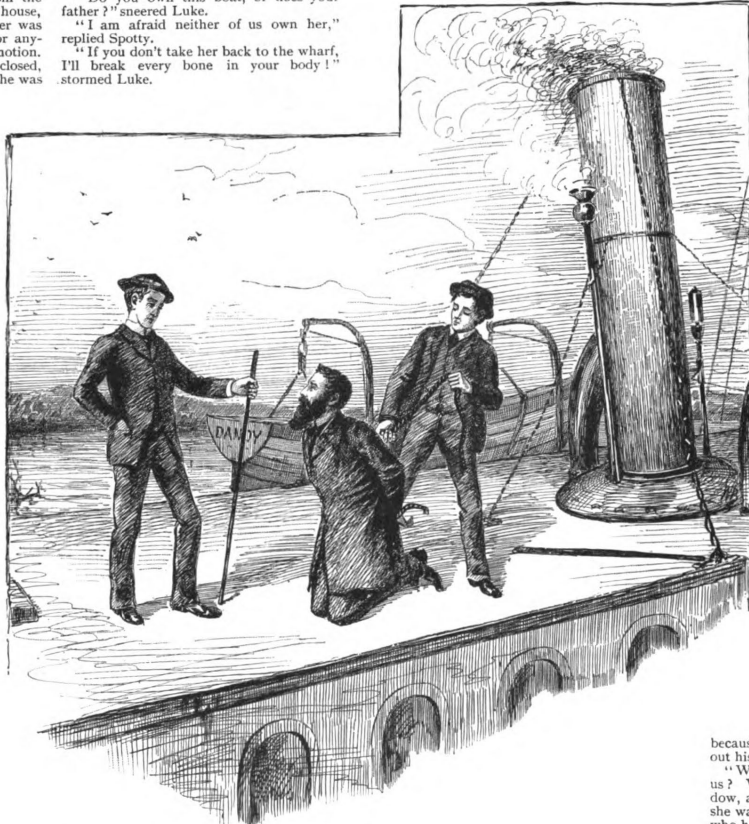
"I can trust you, my son, and I cannot trust him."

"Have you given him the diamond ring and the locket yet, father?" The banker trembled and fixed his gaze upon his son.

"What makes you think he expects me to give him those articles, Spotty?" asked Mr. Hawke, with quivering lip. "Didn't I tell you that my situation was too desperate for me to indulge in any sentiment, and that I must sell them to keep me from starving in a foreign country?"

"You said it, or left me to infer it from what you did say. But, father, have you given Luke the ring and locket?" continued Spotty returning to the question his father had but just now evaded.

"Do you think I intended to give those memorials of your mother to him, when it was only bitter necessity that compelled me to think of selling them?" asked Mr. Hawke, fixing his gaze upon the floor.



"IF YOU SHOW FIGHT YOU WILL GET THE WORST OF IT, MR. SPOTTWOOD," SAID THE CAPTAIN.

"Let me know when you are ready to begin to break," retorted Spotty.

Luke rushed down to the front of the pilot house. He could reach the sill of the window, and he laid hold of it with both hands. Spotty noticed that he had taken off his black gloves. In his excitement, when he found the boat was in motion, he had probably neglected to put them on again. Disturbed as Spotty was by the anticipation of a struggle of some kind with Luke, he could not help observing those hands.

The assailant had to favor one of his hands. It was the right, and he raised his thumb, so that the fleshy part under it should not press upon the wood. It was plain that it hurt. The fleshy part was covered with sticking plaster, and it was certain that he had been wounded there.

Spotty was willing now to believe that this was the Luke Spottwood he had met at Tonnington, notwithstanding the change in the hair, if there had been any change.

The Dandy was fitted out with everything that a well ordered steam yacht ought to have. She was provided with a desk in the pilot house, on which lay the log slate, though it had not often been used of late. In this desk were papers and all materials for writing, and there were an inkstand, a pen rack, and a round ruler on the desk. In the earlier days of the Dandy the pilot used to rule off the log slate, and the ruler had become a necessity.

It seemed to Spotty to be a necessity on the present occasion, too, and he took it from its

one explanation for the change that had come over Luke: he had had his hair and beard colored for the present occasion.

Spotty was absolutely delighted when he reached the solution of this mystery. Luke had three thousand dollars a year, and he had no occasion to become a common burglar; and the pilot was satisfied that he was not a common burglar. He had not gone over to Gildwell merely for the plunder, but for the purpose of obtaining the diamond ring and the locket.

"Tom," said Spotty, through the speaking tube that led to the engine room.

"In the pilot house! What is it, Spotty?" replied the engineer.

"I have spotted him," added Spotty, with great enthusiasm.

"Spotted him, Spotty? What do you mean by that?"

"Luke is Luke!"

"Is that so?"

"Fact! I have found out why Luke wears black gloves."

"Why is it?"

"Because he has a sore hand."

"Which hand is it?"

"The right."

Spotty proceeded to give the details of his late encounter with Luke as well as he could through the speaking tube, which was not a suitable medium for long and elaborate conversations.

"I am afraid he will be after you next, to



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

TWO MORE SERIALS.

Although the present number of the ARGOSY is overflowing with good things, we have in store still greater attractions for the future.

The countless friends "VAN" has made for himself during the past few months will have their sorrow at parting with him atoned for by the announcement that next week we shall start a new serial by Mr. Converse, bearing the alluring title of

The Lost Gold Mine.

While cast in a widely different mould from "VAN," the new story will be found equally fascinating. No one can help liking the hero with his musical name, Robin Dare, while harum scarum Chip is certain to prove most excellent company. The story is full of life and movement, with scenes shifting from flat boat life on the Mississippi to the mining regions of the far West.

The week following we shall begin a dramatic serial by Mr. Munsey, full particulars of which will be given in our next number.

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS the ARGOSY comes to you this week with no previous flourish of trumpets, but laden with a cargo of good things for the gladsome anniversary that will, we are sure, be all the more appreciated for the element of surprise that enters into their presentation.

Mr. Converse's Christmas story will be found to have a pathetic, as well as a seasonable interest, while in the illustration Mr. Waud has made for it we can almost feel the dash of the wintry spray in our faces, and hear the heartfelt Christmas greetings of the Grangers as they welcome back the lost one.

Lieutenant Hamilton's article is both entertaining and suggestive in this era of holiday entertainments, while Mr. Titherington's tuneful verses deftly put into words the Christmas cheer and joyousness of Mr. Hooper's spirited picture.

For the rest, while our usual number of serials is not curtailed, we have managed to get in an extra short story or two, which, with our reasonable comic and generous supply of Christmas poetry, complete the contents of a specially attractive issue.

Again we wish all our readers a very merry Christmas and the brightest of new years.

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

SENDING HOUSES C. O. D.

FOR many years past America has supplied England with a large proportion of the beef that imparts to the sturdy Briton his portly frame and ruddy complexion. But our enterprising countrymen have not stopped here. Not content with shipping furnishings for the inner man across three thousand miles of water, they have now undertaken to supply dwellings for the whole family, and transport the same to any part of the world.

There is a firm on Long Island that makes a business of constructing houses, hospitals, railroad stations, etc., out of wood, put together in such fashion that they can be taken apart for convenience in shipping, and erected with very

little trouble and expense on reaching their destination.

This company has sent a handsome villa to Paraguay, a hospital to Valparaiso, and a beautiful residence to France.

It recently received an order for three hundred houses for the workmen who are to construct a Mexican railroad, with the proviso that they should be tarantula proof.

It is a pity that the canons of the truest courtesy cannot always be definitely established.

For instance, is it real politeness or meddling interference to tell another of some mishap to his toilet? Such a question arises when in traveling by rail one sees a belated passenger at a way station spring out from his carriage in reckless haste and barely succeed in swinging himself on to the rear platform at the expense of a crushed in derby. Now shall a fellow passenger call the newcomer's attention to the latter fact, of which, of course, he is blissfully ignorant, as he takes a seat in panting triumph, or shall he leave it for him to find out for himself?

We are glad to notice that the era of misapplied foreign names to everyday, commonplace objects is fast passing away. We can remember the time, some ten years ago, when on first arriving in France we congratulated ourselves on knowing at least one word of the language—*depot*. But alas, we speedily discovered that such a term in connection with the railway system was utterly incomprehensible to the French, who invariably say "*gare*."

The last stronghold of "*depot*" in this country is in our large cities, and now that the New York Central people have taken to printing Grand Central Station on their time tables, we may hope that the absurdity of using a word that means "*warehouse*" to indicate the departing place of trains will soon be a bit of forgotten history of our American tongue.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We make space this week for quotations from three letters recently received from readers, the originals of which are on file at this office.

One, writing from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, under date of November 19, says:

"I need not write of the praises showered down on your paper, but simply say that they are many. As soon as the new dealers in our neighborhood get them they are nearly all sold."

The second, a Brooklyn boy, compliments us thus:

"Your paper is getting better and better. I like it better than any other story paper published. My father says it contains stories by the most popular juvenile authors on this side of the Atlantic. This year I have succeeded in getting eleven school chums of mine to take it."

A teacher in a boys' school in New Orleans sends the following encouraging words:

"I take this occasion to express the high opinion I hold of your valuable paper. By the high tone and character of the ARGOSY you are doing an untold good as offset to the vicious cheap literature that is demoralizing our boys. I take every occasion to recommend your paper."

BUILDING WITH LETTERS.

THE season of long evenings is now at its height, and fresh suggestions for indoor entertainment are especially welcome.

We wonder how many of our readers have tried their hand—or rather their mind—at word building. We do not refer to that species of the pastime recently popularized in England by the offer of valuable prizes to the person who should succeed in making the greatest number of words out of some proper noun, but to another branch of the process which is an offshoot of the game called Logomachy, or War of Words.

The latter is played with cards especially made for the purpose, but a good deal of fun can be extracted from simply giving a friend the letters composing a certain word in an assorted condition and asking him to rearrange them so as to form the word you have in mind. This can be done in his head, or better yet, write the letters on little scraps of paper which can be shifted until the proper sequence is hit upon.

It is surprising how long it sometimes takes even a particularly bright man or woman to "guess the combination."

We give herewith the jumbled letters of two words in ordinary use, on which our readers may test their skill: h i g e t y and e c n m i a h c.

ROBERT S. MACARTHUR, D.D.,
Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, New York City.

Fifty Seventh Street is one of the extra wide, cross town thoroughfares, which at every ten blocks; or so provide upper New York with much appreciated opportunities for the erection of unusually large and magnificent edifices. Fifty Seventh Street is famous for the number and beauty of the latter, and without doubt the handsomest building to be found throughout its length is the Calvary Baptist Church, situated between Sixth and Seventh Avenues.

Built of an attractive, light colored stone, and its perspective pleasingly diversified by spire, tower, and gable, it is certain to claim the attention of a passer by and inspire him with a desire to learn something of its history and uses. On inquiring he will ascertain that it was built in 1883 at a cost of some \$500,000,

and is the property of the congregation that formerly owned the church that stood in Twenty Third Street, on the site now occupied by the spacious store of Le Boutillier Brothers. This latter property, originally purchased for a few thousand dollars, was sold by the trustees early in the present decade for a quarter of a million. Of course this splendid realization on the increase in value of real estate that luckily happened to be so situated as to lie in the path of the onward march of retail trade—this windfall went a great way towards providing the society with their present beautiful edifice.

But of what avail is a handsome, commodious house unless there be a preacher capable of filling it? Indeed, it was rather the result of the preacher's earnestness, magnetism and adaptability to his office that swelled the congregation in the old house, and thus made the new one a necessity.

Nor is that all. After the latter had been completed and dedicated, and although it had been provided with a seating capacity of 1300, some odd hundred additional sittings had to be added to accommodate the constantly increasing attendance. Of the pastor who has been thus successful we this week present our readers a portrait and sketch.

Robert Stuart MacArthur is still a comparatively young man, having been born in 1842. He is a native of Dalesville, Canada, and, as may be imagined from his name, comes of Scottish stock. Both his father and mother, originally residents of those Highlands immortalized in the Waverley Novels, were staunch Presbyterians, but before departing for their new home across the sea, Mrs. MacArthur became a convert to the Baptist faith.

In this branch of Christian belief young Robert was trained, and became himself a member of the church when thirteen years old. His early education was obtained in Woodstock, Ontario, at the Canadian Literary Institute, where he was fitted for the University of Rochester. Graduating here in 1867, he at once entered the Theological Seminary in the same city, from which he passed at once, at the age of twenty eight, to the pulpit he still occupies.

Although Dr. MacArthur's career, reckoned by multiplicity of changes, has been singularly uneventful, his life has been not a whit the less active and fruitful.

As a preacher he is a particularly impressive orator. He speaks slowly, in a remarkably distinct, resonant voice, and there is that depth of

solemn earnestness about his utterances that forcibly enchains the attention of even the most careless listener. His pulpit is but a simple reading desk, and while preaching, he steps from side to side of the unencumbered rostrum, sometimes holding a small Bible in his hand. Even to the chance attendant it is evident that very close and mutually helpful relations bind the pastor and his people together.

The interior of the church is not only tasteful and commodious, but cheerful in the extreme. Large, cathedral-like windows let in the light from all four sides, the one at the rear, directly behind the pulpit, serving as a memorial to Dr. Gillette, the former pastor.

The gallery—comfortably seated with chairs—springs from either side of this window, running clear around the church. The large, chorus choir, divided into two sections, is at the extreme end, on the right and left of the preacher. Singing is a prominent feature in the services.

Three languages are spoken in the church every Sunday—English, Chinese and Armenian, the two latter being taught to members of Bible classes made up of these nationalities. In the line of home mission work carried on within her own walls Calvary Church takes high rank, and interest in the good cause is not confined to a hard working few, but is widespread throughout the entire membership.

ROBERT S. MACARTHUR, D.D.
From a photograph by Bogardus.

Dr. MacArthur regularly visits every family of his congregation once each year, and is deeply beloved by his people. He is married, has an interesting family of five children, and resides on Fifty Seventh Street, one block west of the church. His study, however, is in the latter building, being a very completely fitted up apartment situated on the south side of the auditorium, with stained glass windows overlooking the street.

It may especially interest our Western readers to learn that the New York letters in the *Chicago Standard* signed "Stuart" are written by Dr. MacArthur. He is also one of the editors of the *Baptist Quarterly Review*, a "reader" for the publishing firm of Funk and Wagnalls, and was associated with Dr. Robinson in preparing a hymn book for use in the Baptist churches.

From the foregoing a dim idea may be obtained of the amount of work he accomplishes in the course of a year.

Dr. MacArthur is, in fact, a living exemplification of the truth of the adage that a busy man is always the ready man when a good cause needs an able supporter.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

ERRATUM.—By an unfortunate slip of the pen or the types, discovered too late for rectification, Dr. Dix's age was ambiguously stated in our biographical sketch in No. 263. He was born in 1837, not 1827.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

PROVERBS are dotted wisdom.—Charles Buxton.
LIFE is a short day, but it is a working day.—Hannah More.

THE perfection of the most complicated business is the perfection of the system with which it is conducted.

TIME is the measure of business, as money is of wares; and business is bought at a dear hand when there is small dispatch.—Bacon.

THEY who are most weary of life, and yet are most unwilling to die, are such as have lived to no purpose, who have rather breathed than lived.—Earl of Clarendon.

NOTHING good bursts all at once. The lightning may dart out of a black cloud; but the day sends his bright heralds before him to prepare the world for his coming.—Hare.

A WISH.
 A WOULDN'T be bothered with wealth,
 And care that its keeping attends;
 But I want what is richer—good health,
 And a bevy of bonny good friends.

[This story commenced in No. 254.]

Luke Walton:

OR,
THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.
 BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER V.

HOW LUKE ESCAPED.

THE attack was so sudden and unexpected that Luke was for the moment incapable of resistance, though in general quite ready to defend himself. It was not till he felt a hand in his pocket that he "pulled himself together," as the English express it, and began to make things lively for his assailants.

"What are you after?" he demanded.
 "Do you want to rob me?"

"Give us the money, and be quick about it."
 "How do you know I have any money?" asked Luke, beginning to suspect in whose hands he was.

"Never mind how! Hand over that five dollar bill," was the reply, in the same hoarse whisper.

"I know you now, You're Tom Brooks," said Luke, "You're in bad business."
 "No, I'm not Tom Brooks." It was Pat who spoke now. "Come, we have no time to lose. Stephen, give me your knife."

The name was a happy invention of Pat's to throw Luke off the scent. He was not himself acquainted with our hero, and did not fear identification.

"One of you two is Tom Brooks," said Luke, firmly. "You'd better give up this attempt at highway robbery. If I summon an officer you're liable to a long term of imprisonment. I'll save you trouble by telling you that I haven't any money with me, except a few pennies."

"Where's the five dollar bill?"
 It was Tom who spoke now.

"I left it at home with my mother. It's lucky I did, though you would have found it hard to get it from me."

"I don't believe it," said Tom, in a tone betraying disappointment.
 "You may search me if you like; but, if a policeman comes by you'd better take to your heels."

The boys appeared disconcerted.
 "Is he lying?" asked Pat.
 "No," responded Tom. "He'd own up if he had the money."

"Thank you for believing me. It is very evident that one of you knows me. Good night. You'd better find some other way of getting hold of money."

"Wait a minute! Are you goin' to tell on us? It wouldn't be fair to Tom Brooks. He ain't here, but you might get him into trouble."

"I shan't get you into trouble, Tom, but I'm afraid you bring trouble on yourself."
 Apparently satisfied with this promise, the two boys slunk away in the darkness, and Luke was left to proceed on his way unmolested.

"I wouldn't have believed that of Tom," thought Luke. "I'm sorry it happened. If it had been any one but me, and a cop had come by, it would have gone hard with him. It's lucky I left the money with mother, though I don't think they'd have got it at any rate."

Luke did not acquaint his mother with the attempt that had been made to rob him. He well knew that it would have made her very anxious for him whenever he left the house. He merely told of his visit, and of the sad plight of the little bootblack.

"I would like to have helped him, mother," Luke concluded. "If we hadn't been robbed of that money that father sent us—"

"We could afford the luxury of doing good," said his mother, finishing the sentence for him. Luke's face darkened with justifiable anger.

"I know it is wrong to hate any one, mother," he said; "but I am afraid I hate that man Thomas Butler whom I have never seen."

"It is sometimes hard to feel like a Christian, Luke," said his mother.

"This man must be one of the meanest of men. No doubt he is living in luxury while we are living from hand to mouth. Suppose you or I should fall sick! What would become of us?"

"We won't borrow trouble, Luke. Let us rather thank God for our present good health. If I should be sick it would not be as serious, as if you were to become so, for you earn more than twice as much as I do."

"It ought not to be so, mother, for you work harder than I do."

"When I get a sewing machine I shall be able to contribute more to the common fund."

"I hope that will be soon. Has Bennie gone to bed?"

"Yes, he is fast asleep."
 "I hope fortune will smile on us before he is much older than I. I can't bear the idea of sending him into the street among bad boys."

The next morning Luke went as usual to the vicinity of the Sherman House, and began to sell papers. He looked in vain for Tom Brooks, who did not show up.

"Where is Tom Brooks?" he asked of one of Tom's friends.
 "Tom's goin' to try another place," said the boy. "He says there's too many newshoys round this corner. He thinks he can do better somewhere else."

"Where is he? Do you know?"
 "I see him near the corner of Dearborn, in front of 'The Saratoga.'"

"The Saratoga" is a well known restaurant on Dearborn Street, which is the financial street of Chicago, and given up largely to bankers, brokers, and trust companies.

"Well, I hope he'll make out well," said Luke.

Luke had the five dollar bill in his pocket,

Luke entered the building, and scanned the directory on either side of the door. He had no difficulty in finding the name of Benjamin Afton.

He had to go up two flights of stairs, for Mr. Afton's office was on the third floor.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. AFTON'S OFFICE.

MR. AFTON'S office was of unusual size, and fronted on La Salle Street. As Luke entered he observed that it was furnished better than the ordinary business office. Indeed, it seemed to the occupant the part of wisdom to make the room where he spent so many hours of his time as comfortable and even as luxurious as his means would justify. On the floor was a handsome Turkey carpet. The desks were of some rich dark wood, and the chairs were as costly as those in his library. In a closed book case at one end of the room, surmounted by bronze statuettes, was a full library of reference.

At one desk stood a tall man, perhaps thirty-five, with red hair and prominent features. At another desk was a young fellow of eighteen, bearing a marked resemblance to the head bookkeeper. There was besides a young man of perhaps twenty-two, sitting at a table, apparently filing bills.

"Mr. Afton must be a rich man to have such an elegant office," thought Luke.

The red haired bookkeeper did not take the trouble to look up to see who had entered the office.

"Is Mr. Afton in?" Luke asked in a respectful tone.

The bookkeeper raised his eyes for a moment, glanced at Luke with a suspicious air, and said curtly, "No!"

"Do you know when he will be in?" continued the newsboy.

"Quite indefinite. 'What is your business, boy?'"

"My business is with Mr. Afton," Luke answered.
 "Humph! Is it of an important nature?" asked the bookkeeper with a sneer, as he remarked the plain, well worn suit of the young visitor.

Luke smiled.
 "It is not very important," he answered, "but I wish to see Mr. Afton personally."

"Whose office are you in?"
 "He isn't in any office, Uncle Nathaniel," put in the red haired boy. "He is a common newsboy. I see him every morning round the Sherman House."

"Ha! is that so? Boy, we don't want to buy any papers, nor does Mr. Afton, I am sure. You can go."

As the bookkeeper spoke he pointed to the door.

"I have no papers to sell," said Luke, rather provoked; "but I come here on business with Mr. Afton, and will take the liberty to wait till he comes."

"O my eyes! Ain't he got cheek?" ejaculated the red haired boy. "I say, boy, do you black boots as well as sell papers?"

"No, I don't."
 "Some of the newsboys do. I thought, perhaps, you had got a job to black Mr. Afton's boots every morning."

Luke, who was a spirited boy, was fast getting angry.

"I don't want to interfere with you in any way," he said.

"What do you mean?" demanded the red headed boy, his cheeks rivaling his hair in color.

"I thought that might be one of your duties."

"Why, you impudent young vagabond! Uncle Nathaniel, did you hear that?"

"Boy, you had better go," said the bookkeeper, waving his hand.

"You can leave your card," added Eustis Clark, the nephew.

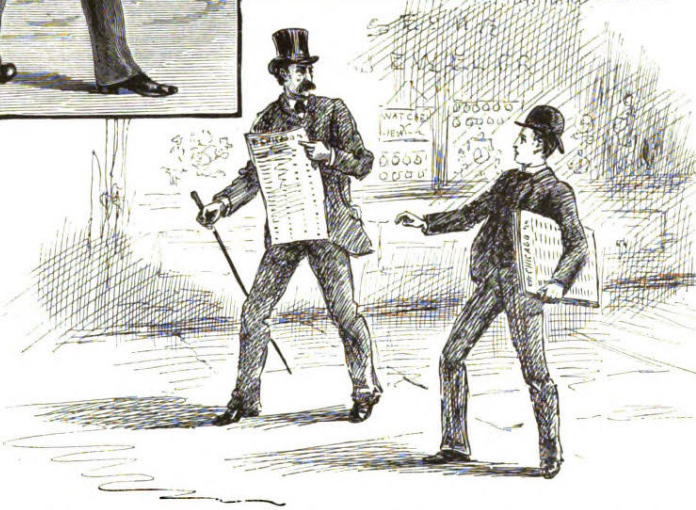
Now it so happened that a friend of Luke's had printed and given him a dozen cards a few days previous, and he had them in his pocket at that moment.

"Thank you for the suggestion," he said, and walking up to the boy's desk he deposited on it a card bearing this name in neat script:

LUKE WALTON.

"Be kind enough to hand that to Mr. Afton," he said. Eustis held up the card, and burst into a guffaw.

"Well, I never!" he ejaculated. "No, I



"BOY, WE DON'T WANT TO BUY ANY PAPERS, NOR DOES MR. AFTON. YOU CAN GO."

"I have been accustomed to judge of the newsboys by my son. Are there many bad boys among them?"

"Many of them are honest, hard working boys, but there are some black sheep among them. I know one boy who tried to commit highway robbery, stopping a parson whom he had seen with money."

"Did he get caught?"
 "No, he failed of his purpose, and no complaint was made of him, though his intended victim knew who his assailant was."

"I am glad of that. It would have been hard for his poor mother if he had been convicted and sent to prison."

This Mrs. Walton said without a suspicion that it was Luke whom the boy had tried to rob. When Luke heard his mother's comment he was glad that he had agreed to overlook Tom's fault.

but he knew that it was too early for the offices on La Salle Street to be open. He decided to wait till about ten o'clock, when he might be reasonably sure to find Mr. Afton.

Luke's stock of morning papers included the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Times Herald* and *Inter-Ocean*. He seldom disposed of his entire stock as early as ten o'clock, but this morning another newsboy in addition to Tom was absent, and Luke experienced the advantage of diminished competition.

As he sold the last paper the clocks struck ten.

"I think it will do for me to go to Mr. Afton's office now," thought Luke. "If I don't find him in I will wait."

La Salle Street runs parallel with Clark. It is a busy thoroughfare, and contains many buildings cut up into offices. This was the case with No. 155.



→CHRISTMAS+1887.←

*CHRISTMAS is here with festal cheer,
With glee and mirthful rout;
Again draws near the glad New Year,
With joy bells pealing out.*

*Let Santa Claus be king today—
A merry monarch he;
And let all hearts beneath his sway
Be filled with revelry.*

*In sports and games the hours employ
That blithely pass away;
Let girl and boy, with pride and joy,
Their Christmas gifts display.*

*At eve beside the Yule log's blaze
Let parted friends make meeting,
Upon this golden day of days—
Such is our Christmas greeting!*

—Richard H. Titherington.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

BEING in good cheer and be merry,
Dance and ring out glad song;
The stars of a Bethlehem desert
Looked down on a Christ happy throng.
Go ye in hovel and highway,
Guests to bring in to the feast;
Angels shall unawares greet ye
In those the world counteth least.
Sound the sweet Christ loving anthem—
Echoes will bear it on high—
To the angels made joyous forever
By Christmas of love in the sky.
Bow down and worship the spirit
Of the feast, the invisible King;
Lo! He cometh in scarlet and purple
To gather a world's offering.

OUR JAGUAR SKINS.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

FOR a full year Arthur Brown and myself had sailed in the brig Quadron as boys before the mast.

During this time the vessel had entered and cleared at a number of ports on the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, getting freight wherever she could; but at length, at Tampico, on the Mexican coast, the captain sold her for a good price, and we received our discharge.

We were not at all sorry for this, as we would now have an opportunity of looking about us, such as we could not otherwise have hoped for.

Having remained in the quaint Mexican seaport till our stay seemed to promise nothing more of novelty, we resolved upon learning something of the region in the interior.

Both of us were accustomed to the use of guns, and as we were now in a country abounding with game, it was natural that our thoughts should turn toward hunting. We had some gold pieces in our pockets for all our necessary expenses, and it would be easy to get a passage up the Tampico River in some one of the numerous *bungos* employed upon it.

We hoped to find deer and wild cattle—and though our apprehensions of jaguars and pumas were a little startling, there was still a kind of fascination in the thought of having to encounter such animals. A ferocious beast a hundred miles off does not seem so terrible as when he is within six rods.

We hired two serviceable double barreled guns of an American named Talbot, who kept a variety shop near the water, and who furnished us also with the few other articles we thought it necessary to carry—such as blankets, hunting knives and a few pounds of flour, together with canteens for water, and, of course, a good stock of ammunition.

Talbot said he hoped we would bring back the guns, and that should we succeed in doing this, we might think ourselves lucky. In a cage on his premises he had a full grown jaguar, which had been captured when a cub.

"How would you like to meet such a fellow in the woods?" asked the shopkeeper, as we paused before the cage after completing our preparations for departure.

"O, we should be one too many for him, I guess," replied Arthur. "If one of us shouldn't happen to fetch him, the other might, you know."

"Yes; and might *not*," said Talbot. "The probability is that you would both get torn to pieces."

"What will you give for a big, handsome jaguar skin when we get back?" I asked, with a laugh.

"Give—what would I give you two foolish boys?" he replied. "Why, I wouldn't be afraid to offer you a thousand dollars. But I won't do it—I don't care to put a premium on suicide. Take my advice and don't stir up a jaguar if you can help it."

"But we may have to shoot one in self defense," said Arthur; "and I rather hope we shall. If we could get a few jaguar skins, we should have something to show for our tramp—something worth talking about."

"Look out that you don't get into a jaguar skin yourselves," replied Talbot; "that's all."

The fellow in the cage rubbed his fierce, beautiful head against the bars, as he went pushing to and fro with a strong, catlike motion, and his presence seemed to add emphasis to his owner's words. He was the very embodiment of muscular power.

Bidding our countryman good by for the time, we went on board a clumsy trading craft bound up the lagoon called Lake Tampico, into which the Tampico River empties. The four Mexicans who composed the crew apparently made themselves merry at our expense, but we understood very little of what they said. It was all, however, in perfect good nature, as we could not help seeing, so that it rather amused us than otherwise. We knew that they were calling us *muche*

Near daybreak we were awakened by the long drawn mawls of some wild animal, but the creature, whatever it was, did not approach within sight, and was, perhaps, not aware of our presence, as our fire had burned low.

At sunrise we again set off, and tried hard to get a shot at some deer which we saw feeding at a distance upon a broad plain, but, in spite of all our efforts, they avoided us.

So we kept on along the pampa, hoping for better luck. Presently Arthur came to a full stop.

"Look here!" he said, pointing off to the right; "what are those things?"

I looked and saw the ground fairly alive with some small animals that were just coming over a swell of the plain. They stopped upon seeing us, and stood crowded together for a few moments as if surprised. Then they plunged forward in our direction. There were hundreds of them, and their eagerness was equal to their multitude.

"Peccaries!" we both cried in a breath.

waste no more ammunition; the more quiet we kept, the more likely they would be to go away. It did not seem probable, however, that they would leave us before night, as the peccary is strangely persevering.

As the ugly little creatures surged about beneath the tree, growling, grunting and squealing, we saw that they must be a species of swine. In color they were all exactly alike, their heads and bodies being of a dull black, and their necks white.

For two hours we remained waiting; but the foe had settled down to a regular investment of our fortress, and showed no sign of raising the siege.

In one direction, at a little distance from us, there was a deep hollow running along the pampa, with bushes growing upon its edge; and at length, from this gully, there emerged a cinnamon bear with a cub by her side.

The two were not more than twenty rods off, and standing in plain view. The peccaries saw them, and the temptation to battle was irresistible. In a few moments the whole herd had gone rushing off to attack this new enemy. The bear and her cub retreated into the hollow with all possible speed, and their pursuers followed. As the last of them disappeared, we came down from our perch and made all haste towards a line of heavy timber which bordered the river. We had had enough of hunting, and would have become willing passengers in any *bungo* heading downstream, had it happened to come along.

We passed the following night beside a crackling fire, with the river flowing at our feet.

"I don't wonder," remarked Arthur, as we lay down, "at Talbot's saying that he hoped we would bring back the guns. They're about all that we shall take back, I guess."

It was beginning to grow light in the morning, when we were awakened in a singular manner. Some small animal had run directly over us, and we started up in time to see it scurrying away among the trees. At the same instant, a rushing sound at our back, followed by a fearful growl, caused us to look around.

There, not twenty feet away, was a jaguar! It had evidently been in pursuit of the smaller animal, and had come upon us, much to its own surprise.

But whatever the brute's astonishment, the jaguar nature was still strong in that spotted shape. Almost instantly the lithe form was prepared for a spring. The supple, tawny body was drawn together, and the stout legs worked nervously as the paws clutched the earth.

We aimed carefully and fired, each discharging his right hand barrel. The jaguar leaped straight up and fell upon its back.

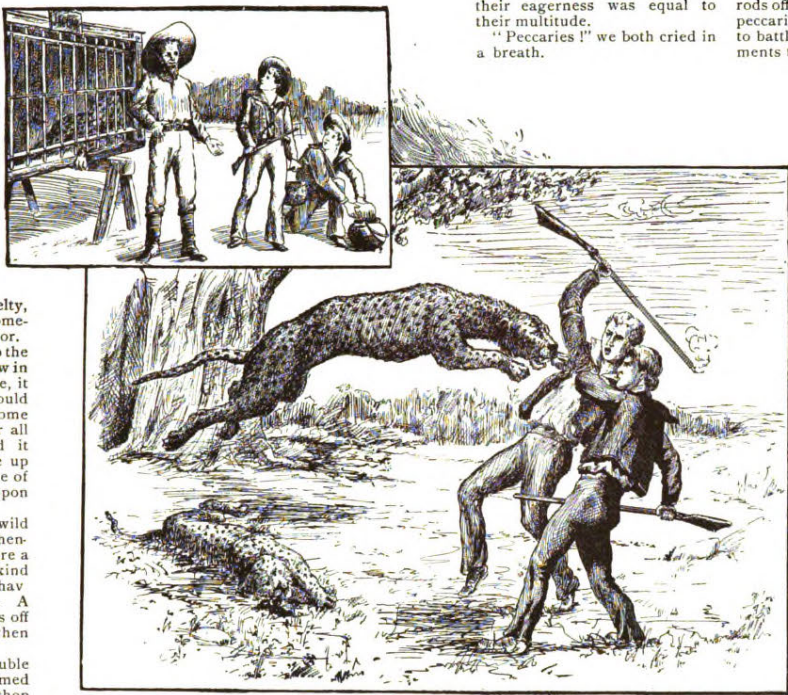
"Hurrah!" I cried; "we've fetched him, Art, we've fetched him!"

But as the words escaped me, a yell, such as we had never heard before, pierced our ears; and looking to our left, we saw a second jaguar just ready to spring upon us. We fired as his feet left the ground, but he struck us both flat to the earth with his crushing weight before we could avoid him. It may well be guessed that we scrambled quickly to get up. But the danger was passed; the jaguar lay stone dead, with his broad claws outstretched, just as he fell.

We had both received severe scratches, which bled profusely, but scarcely a thought was given to the wounds. We had killed two jaguars, and the glory of the exploit permitted little care for a mere scratch.

"Now we'll skin the fellows," said Arthur. "I guess Talbot'll think it lucky he didn't offer the thousand he talked about."

We took off the superb skins, and it



THE SECOND JAGUAR STRUCK US BOTH FLAT TO THE EARTH WITH HIS CRUSHING WEIGHT.

grande hunters, and laughing at our inexperience.

The lagoon being only twenty miles long, we were soon in the river, up which the boat, after anchoring at night, continued her course next morning.

The voyage soon grew very tedious, the current being against us, and the *bungo* occasionally stopping to take in hides and tallow.

At length, on the third day, Arthur and I bade the good natured Mexicans "adios"—parting with them in a very friendly manner at a small plantation where we had hauled in. They were bound farther up, and would willingly have carried us, but, under the circumstances, we preferred to walk.

Our reception at the plantation, which was owned by a full blooded Indian, was very kind; and after remaining all night in the rude dwelling house which made the family home, we set off upon a hunt, first thanking our entertainers in the best Spanish at our command, which, indeed, was poor enough. We remembered that Benito Juarez, one of the best of Mexico's Presidents, was himself a pure Aztec, with a copper skin and coarse, straight hair.

That day we accomplished nothing of consequence, and at night built our fire in a heavy growth of mahogany and logwood trees, where we baked some of our flour on bits of bark, and broiled an opossum. We had kept within a short distance of the river, in order to replenish our canteens when necessary.

The danger was terrible—for, should they reach us, we must be torn in shreds, without the possibility of defense.

"There's no fighting those fellows," cried Arthur, "we must run!"

The woods were so far off that we could have no hope of reaching them, but there were a few scattered trees about the pampa, and we ran for an old dead one that seemed to be the nearest.

The distance was at least a hundred rods, and every moment we could hear the fierce grunts of the peccaries, as the black, hateful herd rushed after us in full pursuit. The race seemed fearfully doubtful to us, and we ran as we had never run till then. Our legs almost flew off from our bodies, and yet the wretched little monsters gained on us till they were close at our heels.

It was only our original start of fifteen or twenty rods that saved us; but we gained the dead tree, which, fortunately, was a low stunted growth—scarcely more, in fact, than a huge pronged stump, with its fork not more than five feet from the ground. Throwing our guns into this fork, and swinging ourselves up by the short, dead branches, we barely escaped the multitude of tusks that came clashing and snapping under our feet.

Through all our terror and speed we had clung to our weapons, and now we opened fire on the besigers. But it was a fruitless effort, and, after stretching out a number of them, we resolved to



THE STOCKING THAT LITTLE HARRY HUNG UP, AND WHAT HE EXPECTED TO FIND IN IT.



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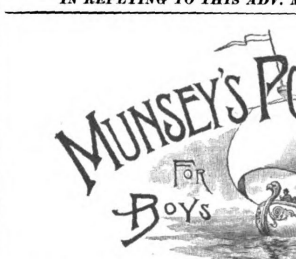
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