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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.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY Christmas is here, with a smile and a

cheer,
Let all your old troubles and quarrels be ended;
For the friend that is near have a greeting most

dear.
And breathe a good wish for the foe who's of-

And breathe a good wash for ded.

Though with him was the spite,
And with you was the right,
In kindness of spirit forgive him tonight.
For who ever makes plea 'neath the evergreen tree
A prince of good fellows, and welcome is he.

Tom Granger's Christmas, AND HOW HE NEARLY MISSED IT.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"A Ny news from the fleet, father?" asked Mrs. Granger, glancing up from her knitting at the folded copy of the Cape Ann Advertiser, lying untouched on her husband's knee.

But Skipper Granger, sitting beside the big, old fashioned kitchen fireplace, was listening to the December wind roaring in the wide mouthed chimney and to the distant thunder of the surf on the rocky shore.

"I hope this blow won't reach the Rattler," he was saying to himself. For not only did the skipper own a third of the schooner in question, but his sixteen year old Tom was one of the crew. A badly sprained ankle had kept the skipper from making his usual winter fishing trip to "George's" with the Gloucester fleet, and Tom had insisted upon going in his father's stead. Not as skipper, of course, but as fisherman in ordinary under Captain Greer, who had taken command for the trip.

"If the Rattler has any kind of luck, she'll be home time for Christmas," said the skipper aloud, unconsciously following out his train of thought. Aud then in response to his wife's query he opened the damp sheet and turned to the column of marine intelligence.
"Lord help us!"

As the words involuntarily escaped her husband's lips, Mrs. Granger's knitting fell from her fingers and her care worn face turned paler than its wont. But the women of Gloucester town have been schooled to sad news by terrible experiences. So her voice, if low, was quite

her fingers and her care worn face turned paler than its wont. But the women of Gloucester town have been schooled to sad news by terrible experiences. So her voice, if low, was quite steady, as she said: "Is it—about our Tom?" Without replying directly. Skipper Granger brushed his hands roughly across his eyes. Then in a trembling voice he read:

in a trembling voice he read:

Poersmotth, Dec. 24. Schr. Atwood, just arrived, reports as follows: Spoke schr. Rattler of Gloucester. Data become using its search of a missing dary containing Thomas Granger of Gloucester, and Joseph Rosso, residence unknown. The two probably lost their reckoning in the fog, which shut down while they were out at the trawl. Captain Green of the Rattler fears the dory was swamped in the blow of Dec. 22, and that both are lost.

Skipper Granger dropped the paper. Then he threw his arms before him on the table and without speaking, bowed his face upon them. Mrs. Granger, who could not trust her voice, rose, with tears streaming down her cheeks, and silently laid her trembling fingers on her husband's head. After which she entered the little bedroom and dropped on her knees by the bedside. And the burden of the two sorrowing hearts was: "Oh, God—be merciful!"

"Now then, boys, if you want your Christmas in Glo'ster turn out lively—there's lots to be got through with today."

It was Captain Green's voice echoing through the Rattler's cabin which woke Tom Granger and his watch mates from four hours of such heavy, dreamless sleep as is only known to the exhausted seafrer.

heavy, dreamless sleep as is only known to me exhausted seafarer.

Twice the day before Tom and his dory mate had "underrun" their trawls and pulled the fish laden dory two or more miles back to the vessel against such a wind and sea as a landsman would shiver to contemplate. Then, they had dressed fish on the slippery, reeling deck in a bitter northeaster till almost midnight.

So it is not surprising that Tom, aching in every bone of his body, muttered something uncomplimentary to the fishing interests as he reluctantly turned out of his warm blankets and pulled on his beavy boots with one hand while the other, clutching the bunk, kept him from being pitched bodily across the damp, ill smelling cabin.

ing cabin.

But custom becomes second nature after a

But custom becomes second nature after a time, so, having struggled with his boots and oil clothes while the rest of the sleepy watch were turning out, Tom made his way on deck. It was not an inspiriting scene. The early dawn gave just light enough to show a cold gray sea, running in great foaming ridges under a cold gray sky. The deck, which was now a steep inclined plane and now an ascending angle, was slippery with half melted sleet. The triangular riding sail at the mainmast was stiff with frezero stoay.

with frozen spray.

Yet what did it matter after all. The hold was full of fish. Today the trawls were to be was full of fish. Today the trawls were to be underrun for the last time and taken aboard. One more deck of fish to clean and then:

"Cheer up, my boys, we're homeward bound So get up, Jack, let John sit down."

Tom, full of Christmas anticipations, trolled this stave of an old sailor shanty so lustily that the cook down in the fore peak, growled:
"Singin' before bre'kfus means cryin' before

upper-tell him to dry up some of you fellers

supper—tell him to dry up some of you fellers that's goin' on deck."

But no one did. For all hands were fond of the bright faced, cheery young fellow, who seldom grumbled and never shirked. So Tom finished his song and shortly afterward, his breakfast. Then he went on deck where Portuguese Joe was helping hoist out the dories.

Generally speaking, a Portuguese seafarer is not an agrecable shipmate. He is apt to be profane, ignorant, and as unclean in speech as in person. And he has a weakness for using a knife in a quarrel.

But Portuguese Joe was an exception. He was clean mouthed, intelligent, quiet spoken and a capital sailor. And he was fonder of Tom Granger than of all the crew put together.

Watching their chance between the tremendous plunges and upheavels of the pitching vessel, the two mates sprang into their dory and shipped the oars.

"Look out for yourself, Tom," called Captain Green, as they began pulling away, "there won't be any Chris'mus to Skipper Granger's, if Tom ain't there to hang up his stockin'."

Tom nodded gayly. Up slid the dory on a tremendous sea from whose crest the two for a brief moment looked down on the deck of the rolling Rattler. Then the schooner was lost to view as they descended the water's lose which

brief moment looked down on the deck of the rolling Rattler. Then the schooner was lost to view as they descended the watery slope which succeeded. And in another moment she was

solveeded. An in another moment as was invisible.

For it was bitterly cold, and the vapor rose from the sea like smoke. But the exercise of rowing kept them warm. And the trawl was only a half a mile or so to windward.

Now, to the eye of the average landsman, the bowl in which the three wise men of Gotham put to sea, would seem almost as safe as a flat bottom, fourteen foot, coffin suggesting dory. Let him watch one a hundred miles or so from land, and he would declare it was impossible for so frail a craft to live amidst the great seas which toss it hither and thither like a champagne cork, Yet handled by an expert; i.e., a Go'ster ork. Yet handled by an expert; i.e., a Glo'ster or Cape Cod fisherman, the dory will outweather a gale which would swamp a ship's long

boat.

Having thus spoken of the dory, let me for the benefit of the unintitated, briefly describe the trawl in the direction of which Tom and Portuguese Joe are steadily pulling. Imagine a tremendously long codline anchored and buoyed in such a way that its two or three thousand baited hooks attached by "snoods" at proper intervals shall hang along for almost a mile within a few feet of bottom. That is a trawl. To "underrun it," is to take off the fish, and bait the empty hooks at the same time.

run it," is to take off the fish, and bait the empty hooks at the same time.

Joe drew in his oars and stood erect.

"Can no see the trawl buoy anywheres," he said.

"Mus' p'raps struck adrif," an accident which often happens on George's by reason of the strong tides and currents.

They pulled in various directions, but the colored "waif" surmounting the painted boat key which indicates one buoyed end of the trawl was nowhere in sight. Still this was not surprising.

For since morning the biting air had grown softer. The keen northwest breeze had given place to heavy puffs of a damp, penetrating wind. And these atmospheric conditions had gradually changed the cold vaporous breath of the sea into a foggy mist. or since morning the biting air had grown

gradually changed the cold vaporous breath of the sea into a foggy mist.

"Look here, Joe," said Tom, as he began to note these signs, "we'd better be getting back to the schooner. It's thickneed up tremendously since morning."

"Ol' man be hoppin' mad s'pose we come back without sixty dollar trawl," dubiously returned Joe.

Tom said frankly he didn't care. It wasn't their fault anyway. The Rattler was "high line" of the fleet and could stand the loss of one trawl, he guessed. He was glad on the whole line" of the fleet and could stand the loss of one trawl, he guessed. He was glad on the whole that they hadn't it to haul in and coil down in the tub. Then there wouldn't be another deck of fish to dress, either. He never wanted to see another cod or nalibut. When he got home he should refuse to eat fish balls even. And so

on.

All this time the two were pulling in the presumed direction of the anchored schooner. Every moment they expected to hear the dull report of Captain Green's old army musket, or the hoarse toot of the fog horn by which those on board indicated the schooner's position in this work.

thick weather.

But though, resting on their oars from time to time, they listened intently, there was only the never ceasing his and onrush of the gray, mist covered seas, which alternately swept their dory upward to cockling crests and down into black abysses.

"The wind have shift—you notice, Tom?"

Yes, Tom had noticed. And with inward uneasiness, for the direction of the wind is an all important guide to the bank fisherman. And there was no comnass in the dory. thick weather.

"Bad job, Joe," said Tom, briefly. How bad he would not admit, even to himself. Portugues be for knew though. So from the would not admit, even to himself. Portugues Joe knew, though. Seldom a season passes without the loss of two or more men who have strayed from the fleet and are never again heard from.

heard from.
"Badder for you than me," was the quiet answer. "You mebbe not come home Christmas, you' people feel bad. Port'gee Joe not comeno one care," he added, half sadly; "no home, no one care," he added, ha only sailor boardin' house.

"Oh, bother!" was the energetic response, "we'll come out all right, never fear. And look here, Joe,"—suddenly—"you're going home with me to eat Christmas turkey—don't you forget it."

Joe only smiled and nodded his thanks. He had his own thoughts. And so the leaden hours dragged by. Darkness settled upon the face of the deep. And then Tom knew but too well that the chances of being saved were as one in ten thousand. Yet being a young fellow of pluck, he cluing manfully to that one chance. The dory was in the track of passing vessels and steamers. Beside that, the folks at home were praying for him—at least he felt pretty sure that they were.

Meanwhile the dory must be kept head on to the sea. Once let it swing broadside to in the Joe only smiled and nodded his thanks.

the sea. Once let it swing broadside to in the trough, it was over with the dory and all over with its occupants. So through the long and weary night they took turns at the oars.

The day before Christmas could not be said to

weary night they took turns at the oars.

The day before Christmas could not be said to dawn. It was only a gradual change from impenetrable darkness to impenetrable fog. Once, in a half stupor from cold, hunger, thirst and exhaustion, they heard the distant beating of a steamer's propeller in the distance. And once again the creaking of a ship's yards and rattle of blocks, as she wore round on the other track, came echoing faintly through the dense vapors. It blew a tremendous gale nearly all day; but by Heaven's mercy the dory still swam. When toward night it began moderating somewhat, Joe drew in his oars. Then all at once he slipped to the bottom of the dory with one hand pressed against his breast.

"Doctor always say my heart have trouble,"

ped to the bottom of the dory with one man-pressed against his breast.

"Doctor always say my heart have trouble," he gasped, as Tom threw himself on his knees beside his companion with a startled cry; "guess my time come, Tom."

But Tom was too weak to make response—too weak to wipe away the half frozen tears coursing down his pallid cheeks. Indeed, it all seemed unreal and visionary—like something he was reading about, rather than anything of which he was a part.

Joe feebly tugged at a string about his neck. Tom knew what it meant. Like one in a dream

Joe feebly tugged at a string about its neck. Tom knew what it meant. Like one in a dream he drew from the bosom of Joe's rough shirt a little lead crucifix. Joe pressed it to his livid lips, and Tom saw them move as in prayer. "Good by, Tom—wish you happy Christman".

mas.

That was all. And then Tom Granger was alone with the dead.

Curiously enough, though this was his first experience of death, Tom felt no sense of dread or repulsion. Perhaps because he was numbed both physically and mentally; or perhaps because of the peaceful smile on the still upturned face, showing that Portugese Joe now knew the secret hidden from seer and sage.

It began snowing at nightfall. Not the dry, biting snow of the northwest, but great feathery flakes from the southeast.

It began snowing at nightfall. Not the dry, biting snow of the northwest, but great feathery flakes from the southeast.

Tom had managed to lash the oars together and throw them out attached to the end of the painter as a drag to keep the dory's head to the wind. Then, crouched in the stern of the tossing skiff, he relapsed into a half insensibility, vaguely conscious only that the snow was weaving a shroud for the living and the dead alike.

"T-o-o-o-t! T-o-o-o-t!"
Thus on Christmas Eve the revenue steamer I mus on Christmas Five the revenue steaner Stockton brought tidings of cheer to any possible vessels in distress, as with the lead kept constantly going she felt her way through a blinding snowstorm across the southern extremity of George's shoals. The electric masthead light sent a broad shaft of violet tinted flame into the

George's shoals. The electric masthead light sent a broad shaft of violet tinted flame into the darkness and storm.

"Boat right ahead!" yelled the lookout from the bows, and Captain Boltrope, whose weather leaten face was at the open pilot house window, quickly signaled the engineer—but too late.

Plunging heavily downward, the steamer crashed through the drifting dory as though it were pasteboard. But before the Stockton rose to her bearings, Tom, with a sudden strength born of desperation, sprang upward and convulsively clutched the loop of chain cable between the hawsepipe and the ring of the anchor. Almost simultaneously the lookout leaning over the rail seized the collar of Tom's thick reefer and dragged him bodily in over the bow.

When Tom Granger came to life—as he expresses it—he found himself stripped and between that kindly official stood at his side, forcing spoonfuls of hot wine and water down his throat. Behind him was a colored gentleman, with a bowl of smoking beef tea. And between them both, Tom Granger became himself again in much less time than a person unacquainted with the latent visor of a Glolset box mich.

in much less time than a person unacquainted with the latent vigor of a Glo'ster boy might

Suppose.

On board the Stockton were nearly two score On board the Stockton were nearly two score persons who only the day before had been with their effects transferred to the revenue boat from an inbound ocean steamer that had broken her shaft three hundred miles from the port of Boston. And when on Christmas morning Captain Boltrope told them Tom's simple story, every one was interested.

Generosity is contagious, Already half the steamer's nasenerses had made up a purse for

Generosity is contagious. Already half the steamer's passengers had made up a purse for two castaways picked up by their ship shortly before she met with her accident, and now the other half were anxious to emulate them.
"He didn't feel much like hangin' up his stockin' last night," said jolly Captain Boltrope, producing the article, with a fat laugh, "so I did it for him, and some of the men has been fillin' it. But there's considerable room in the leg yet."

leg yet."
"Let's make a Christmas thank offerin when a consumas thank offering," suggested an ex governor, and set the example with a bill containing two figures in one corner. Whereupon the stocking was speedily stuffed. hereupon the stocking was speedily stuffed. Tom's fisherman's attire had mysteriously dis-

appeared. In its place was a neat fitting tweed suit donated by one of the passengers, together with everything needful.

As the Stockton steamed up Boston bay on Christmas afternoon, Captain Boltrope called Tom to the cabin, and in a jooses speech presented him with the well filled stocking, which he was not to investigate till he got home, explaining to him the passengers' share in the matter.

planning to him the passengers' share in the matter.

Tom never made a speech in his life, but blushing furiously he said:

"Ladies and gentleman, I.—I.—wish you all a —a.—Happy Christmas," unconsciously echoing the last words of poor Joe, whose body was lying fathoms deep under the sea. And the renembrance of Joe's said fate was the only shadow that clouded his joyful anticipations when after nightfall, he reached his native town and made his way to the home cottage, as a glad Christmas surprise for the sad group assembled there. The contents of Tom's stocking figured up two hundred and forty dollars.

"But," said Tom after the first bursts of rapture were exhausted, "for the money twice over I'd never go winter fishing on George's again. I came too near missing my Christmas."

This story commenced in No. 258 1

THE Young Ranger;

PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS, or of "The Camp in the Mountains."
"The Haunted Engine," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

A BRUSH WITH THE ENEMY.

ENNY HURST and his two brother scouts were in the unfortunate situation of those who were uncertain of the best course to follow to help their friends.

Leaving the main trail, they ascended the dry bed of the little stream until they reached its exhausted source. Here they paused, undecided whether to advance or wait a little longer. Their duty, it will be remembered, was to apprise young Captain Rosly nof the approach of the Iroquois, under the tory Kit Wilton, and in order to do so, they wished to be so near that, while each party was invisible to the other, yet they could readily fall back and add their defensive strength to the rest; but the difficulty lay in the fact that they had no means of learning whether the fugitives were within a hundred yards of them, or were a quarter of a mile away.

If the former was the case they could easily

and whether the inglates were within a numerical yards of them, or were a quarter of a mile away.

If the former was the case, they could easily effect a junction; but if the space separating them was much greater, the subtle red men were almost certain to interpose themselves and cut them off from each other.

It was this phase of the situation which brought Hurst and the others to a pause, and led to a discussion which lasted several minutes.

"I think we ought to stay here awhile," said Benny; "no doubt Captain Elmer will push ahead as fast as he can, but he is cimbing the mountain side, and he can't go very fast with the women under his charge,"

"For that reason," remarked one of his companions, "we oughter keep as near'em as we can. The fact is, as I look at it, the Injuns are sartin to follow us up this trail, and we oughter hold 'em as long as we can."

"But we can' hold them back, "was the truthful response of Hurst; "there are so many of them that it will be hard work to take care of ourselves, though that an't the reason why I'm we record organisms."

them that it will be hard work to take care of ourselves, though that ain't the reason why I'm in favor of pushing on."
While this conference was under way, the three were standing near the dry spring, loaded guns in hand, peering in every direction on the alert for danger. Since Benny Hurst was the responsible member of the trio, it was clear that he was under no obligations to regard the views of the others; but there was little resemblance to military discipline among the rangers of the frontier, whose lives being spent in combating the cunning red men, were insensibly attuned to the same methods. the same methods.

so it came about that the leader of a company

So it came about that the leader of a company often consulted with his followers, and allowed his judgment to be governed entirely by those who were directly under his orders.

While Benny Hurst listened to what his companions had to say, he did not change their position, though more than once he was so impressed by their arguments that he was on the point of doing so.

"Wal," finally remarked one of the others. "Captain Elmer and the rest, if they've used their time as they oughter, are pretty well over the ridge. I'm sartin that the best thing we can do is to foller 'em."

The words were in his mouth, when all three caught sight of an Iroquois advancing directly

The words were in his mouth, when all three caught sight of an Iroquois advancing directly up the flinty bed of the brook. He was walking slowly, with his head down, as though examining the almost invisible footprints; but at every step or two he stopped and looked ahead with that searching glance that showed his fear of running into some trap.

The scouts were sitting on the ground in such a position that they cample sich to the warrior appoint of the search of the warrior than the cample sicht of the warrior than the scout of the warrior than the scout of the warrior than the scale of the scale of the warrior than the scale of the warrior than the scale of the scale of the warrior than the scale of the s

a position that they caught sight of the warrior an instant before he saw them.

But it was only for an instant. Before any one of the three could draw a bead on him, he

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

ment 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 answers 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

and his disky trailers, but that they were pressing the pursuit with the utmost diligence. Several miles yet intervened between young Captain Roslyn's party and Fort Defiance, 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 rigilant scouts came within a hair of dropping the leader of the Iroquois before he could leap behind shelter; a second later and the active Seneca could not have saved himself.

saved himself.

But those who came immediately behind him 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 three rifle bullets that whistled about them, fired so quickly that the reports were almost the same as if made by one

ports were aimost the shots were not thrown 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 saved by a twig which turned the well directed bullet aside.

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

"You how that the firearms of a hundred

"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 loaders and fintlocks, and so heavy that the strongest of 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 pow-der into the pans would have roused the admi-ration of the most famous marksman of the

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

continued increasing ... 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 sudden-

ness.
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

CHAPTER XXV.

A LOST BATTLE. HE shots now became of a dropping character, the Iroquois firing as the chance presented, while the rangers did the same. The combatants took care to protect 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 the compared with the utmost haste at their

which they hoped was pressing in the direction of Fort Defiance 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 whites, perforce exposed themselves continually to the shots of the Iroquois, who were so numerous that the fusilade 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

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 slight to give full protection: in such cases, a dash had to be made to a better

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 softer.

party would be given much more grace in which to reach safety.

But no 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.

erably 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.

"B'ars 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

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 brawny Iroquois, who, despite all the ranger
could do, was steadily working around to one
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

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 imperited scout, who strained every nerve.

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 chose to finish the poor fellow with the more cruel weapon.

At the moment the chose to finish the poor fellow with the more cruel weapon.

At the moment the chose to finish the poor fellow with the more cruel weapon.

At the moment the chose to finish the poor fellow with the though the takes the sassured, 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 a lightning-like duck of his head allowed the implement to whiz 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.

"Consarn you for a fool!" called out the fugitive; "if you'd fired your gun I couldn't have dodged that, 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 inter-

Googed Ind., So nere 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 her.

stand at bay.
Since his rifle was empty, the scout clubbed

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 within striking distance of the terrible missile. He, too, drew his tomahawk, and was poising himself to hurl it, when he likewise departed for his happy hunting grounds with startling suddenness. suddenness This time the friendly shot came from Benny

Hurst, who could not bear 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 torture from which the bravest man might
shrink in terror. In the rush of events his death
was so sudden that it may be said to have been
preciful. 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 diversion that was favorable to Benny Hurst and the other ranger. 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.

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 it was simply a wild 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 neted for his fleetness of foot.

As he did so, a peculiar commotion in the

that he was neted 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 prisoner, while the poor
fellow fought with might and main to prevent it.

All in vain. He was literally overwhelmed

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 when he saw them withdraw from the prostrate figure, which then staggered to its feet, he was satisfied that the man had suffered no series. ous harm.

is narm. But what of the fate in store for him? But what of the fate in store for him? Nothing remained for Benny Hurst to do but to struggle to save himself. Fortune, which had been so hard with him and his friends, now seemed to relent for a time, so far as he was concerned. Calling into play his fleetness, 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.

N her joy and gratitude over the escape of little Eva, 4he mother forgot everything else. Running to meet her child as she came toward her, the parent caught her in her arms, pressed her to her heart and uttered her thanks to God who had rescued the beloved one from a

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 en-folding 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 par-

as well as for that of the mother, he and his par-ent 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.

"It is sure death to 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.

ward 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

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 in mind

rst. But, desirable as was the second, it would not to undertake to reach it. Thankful would he do to undertake to reach it. Thankful would he be if the first could be attained before the Ir-oquois assailed them.

be it the first could be attained before the froquois assailed them.

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.

gradually.

His 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 fol-

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 cleared the way, 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

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 he 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 Senecas 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 riequently 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 with the weaker to the proper in the rest of the production of the

We haven't far to go," he called out in a

"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 was 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

wn. I believe we shall make it," he said to Mrs. "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 sort you have

Is it secure when we reach the spot you have

"Is it secure when we reach the spot you have in mind 2"

"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 let the braw ewoman 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 alhead.

more desirable one was to be found a compara-tively short distance ahead.

The former may be described as simply an ir-regular 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 num-

difficult for them to hold hive 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 tithe as much as the men about the best methods of meeting a cunning and mercilles for 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 so-ciety 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:

recounted in the New York Tribune:

A Mrs. Loe 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 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 Regi-ment armory in this city, and its duties consist in ment 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 tall buildings.

The men wear the regular State uniform, blue, with orange facings; they are to be armed with revolvers, and will appear mounted 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 beetles 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 par-rots or pugs, but pigs! It is quite common in that country to meet a woman leading by a string a pig that is as black as he can be, with which she ap-pears to be on chumny terms; and long after the beast has ceased to deserve: juvenile title he lit-erally shares her bed and board.

A GIRLS' MILITARY ENTERTAINMEN'T.

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



tary Science at a Western college, and had charge of four 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 which!

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

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—not 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 excluded from the drill hall during the hours of the girls'

dreat was true astonishment of the object at finding they were excluded 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

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.

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 previous only conveyed the information that a novel entertainment would be given by the young ladies of the Nameless College Military

would be given by the young ladies alone, unaided by any male persons.

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 audi-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 door-

programmes, while two others were door-tender 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 Mili-TARY COMPANY.

PROGRAMME.-PART I.

- OVERTURE, Female Orchestra.

 DRILL, By the entire Company.

 SONG (in costume), "Corporal Kate."

 BAYONET EXERCISE, Select Squad.

 BROOM DRILL, By Broom Brigade.

 Orchestra.
- PART II. MUSIC, Orchestra,
 FAN DRILL, By the Fan Brigade,
 SONG, North Carolina Jubilee Singers,
 MODERN WAX WORKS, Special Artists,
 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.

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 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."

nd a bonny sight they were to look at

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 possesed 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. 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 anycaptain, and was far better than any-thing the boys had ever done. As the guns were very light—four pounds—the bayonets I had had made were light also, 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 preced-

ing, there was nothing could approach the broom drill. I had picked out for this twenty six girls, one to be captain, 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

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., etc. In addition they had 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 immensly 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 negresses. 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 Molkes 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, a

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, but the honorable senators, the President of the Senate, even the foreign ambassadors on the floor, were all—www. The husbands were at home taking care of thusbands were at home taking care of the babies or getting dinner, as was learned from the speeches of those en-

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 senatoresses 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 until it was finally brought to an end by

a-monse.

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 in the performance rushed out with two
or three dolls representing babies in his
arms, a dishcloth over his shoulder, 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.

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.

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

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 sweet remembrance on thy bre And though its colors fade, its crumbling heart A perfume pure doth on us all impart.

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

The Gruise of the Dandy. BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

To New Readers.—We gave a synopsis of the preceding chapters of this b'ory in our special free edition. Those who read hat synopsis can now continue understandingly the story as it appears here.—ED.

CHAPTER XV.

A REFRACTORY PASSENGER.

A REFRACTORY PASSENGER.

HE 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 bay was clear 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

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 genternan 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

deal of trouble, or he might not make any.

Spotty could form no idea how his passenger would take it. Pogsibly 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 his proceeding.

Down in the fire room, Tom had opened the furnace doors to

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 Dande was half

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, if there was to be any battle, as to persons it. any battle, as to postpone it. Taking his place at the wheel,

any battle, as to postpone it Taking his place at the wheel, he rang the gong to go ahead.

Tom was at his post he steam hissed, and he propeller began to turn. Throwing the wheel ower, he was a steam hissed, and he propeller began to turn. Throwing the wheel ower, but he had the propeller began to turn. Throwing the wheel ower, but he was a steam his end of the bay. The boat had hardly come about before Luke's steam that hardly come about before Luke's steam of the deck. He spot cook the precaution to boit both of the document of the place of the place of the precaution to boit both of the document of the place of the document of the place of the

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

wharf, and with me on board? Faves the passenger.

"Positively, no admittance to the pilot house," replied Spotty, repeating the traditional label 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

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 left 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 threaths cent."

other one had been, and did not break down 'worth a cent."

The irate passenger went down upon the deck again. He walked out on 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.

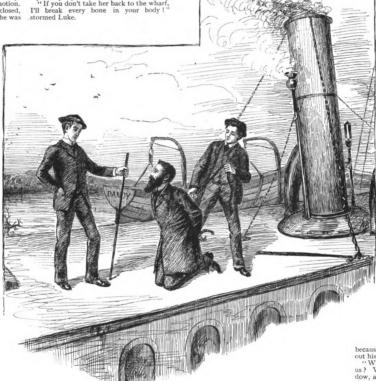
"You are carrying me off! I didn't tell you
to leave the wharf," shouted Luke.

"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?" seeverd Luke.

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

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



"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 glowes. 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 been mecessity. It seemed to Spotty to be a necessity on the

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?"

by that ? Luke is Luke!"

"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

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 locked as before; but when Spotty saw that it was his father, and that Luke was not near him, he unboiled 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 darkened staterom had not realized the full extent of the alleration.

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

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

CHAPTER XVI.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN ATTACK FROM AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

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

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 my chamber door, and it hit him in the ball of the thumb." troubled

chamber door, and it in 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 strake him there; but he was trying to force his way into the pilot house."

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

"Why did not choose to be harmed by him. He was mad because I started by him. He was mad out his permission."

out his permission." Why did you start her unknown to both of us? When Spottwood looked out of the window, after we found the steamer was in motion, she was a mile from the land," said Mr. Hawke,

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 furtifive

lake than we wan many 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 that is the very thing I mean he 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."

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

the locket yet, tather?

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.

- "I know you meant to give them to him!" replied Spotty, decidedly.
 "Don't be too positive, my son."
 "I know it!" persisted Spotty.
- "How can you know it, Spotty?" inquired the banker, casting a furtive glance at the face of the box

the banker, casting a furtive glance at the face of the boy.

"I had it from your own mouth, father!"
"Impossible!"
"Bu! I did! That villain has compelled you to procure the ring and locket from me; and he was full of enthusiasm when he found he was to get them. He called you a jolly duffer, "said Spotty, with disgust. "You told him you would not give him the articles until you were out of the United States, or something to that effect."

"Spotty, you have been listening to what was not intended for your ears," said the banker,

oachfully. I heard what was not intended for my ears, "I heard what was not intended for my ears, but I was not seeking to hear anything. I stood at the door of the engine room, thinking of what had passed in the cabin, when I heard what was said in the stateroom, just before you and Luke went into the main cabin. But I should feel quite justified in getting at the villainy of that man in any way that I could."
"What have you heard, Spotty? You may be the ruin of me yet, my son," groaned the banker.

her. There is no ruin about it, father, except the "inere is no ruin about it, father, except the ruin that comes from New York," replied Spotty, warmly. "It seems a little hard that I could not have the articles that belonged to my mother, if you intend to give them to that villain." "I had to give them to him! I was afraid of him!"

him!"
"Then you have given them to him, father?"

"Then you have given them to him, father?" said the son, his heart sinking within him.
"I have promised to give them to him. I have not given them to him yet. I dare not do so, lest he should betray me after he got them. He has used every effort to get them from me, even by force, since you gave them to me."

"You are not safe while he has them, and you are not safe while you have them yourself, for he will yet get them from you. He will not go to St. John's with you. That was his fight with me to prevent the boat from carrying him there. That is the whole of it. You had better give the articles to me, even if I am only to keep them until we get to St. John's. I will give them back to you then, if you wish me to do so."

The fallen man bowed his head in deep

The fallen man bowed his head in deep

The fallen man bowed his head in deep thought. He evidently desired to get rid of the jewels, but was afraid to do as his son suggested. "That would only transfer the batte from me to you. Spotty," said he, at last. "I may as well fight it out now that I have begun." "I do not think you are armed for such a fight as the state of the state of

'I never saw him till night before last; and I

"I never saw him till night before last; and I am not intimate with him. I know nothing about him," added Mr. Hawke.

Spotty felt greatly relieved by this statement, for it assured him that Luke was not a confederate of his father. But it was very strange that they had become so well acquainted in so short a time. Spotty told his father all that had occurred at Gildwell, since he landed from the steamer on that eventful Tuesday night, when he heard the screams of the cook and the house-maid.

Mr. Hawke listened with the deepest interest. He professed to be as much puzzled as to the motives of Luke as his son was. When Spotty had finished his narrative, the banker rose from the stool by the wheel, where he had been sitting, and looked out upon the deck. He feared that Luke was at hand, and he wished to be sure he was not within hearing before he said anything more.

"You are in mortal terror of that man, father," said Spotty, as he observed the movements of his father.
"I am; I confess it. He is terrible to me. A word from him would send me to the State prison for a long term of years," added Mr. Hawke, shuddering as he thought of his possible doom. Mr. Hawke listened with the deepest interest.

ble doom.
"If you give me those articles you will cease to fear him; at least you can refer him to me. I do not fear him; and you shall have nothing to fear from him," or outlined Spotty, persuasively, "In less than four hours we shall be at St. John's; and I am sure that he cannot harm you then. We will not allow him to I and anywhere until you have had time to get out of the way." Suddenly as though his resolution had given

until you have had time to get out of the way."

Suddenly, as though his resolution had given way all at once, the banker took from an inner pocket of his west the ring and the locket, still in their cases, as when Spotty had given them to him. The pilot restored them to the place from which he had taken them a few hours before.

"What can this man want of those trinkers?"

"What can the man want of those trinkers?"

"What can the man want of the able to explain the reason to me." replied Spotty. "He has some very strong motive, or he would not break into a house and run the risk of being shot or sent to the State prison if detected,"

"His manner convinced me of that. I put myself under your protection, my son, and now I will do just as you tell me until we part forever, though I have something very important to tell you before that event occurs;" and again the miserable man looked out the window to see

ever, though I have something very important to tell you before that event occurs;" and again the miserable man looked out the window to see if his enemy was near.

"Tom," called Spotty, through the speaking

tube.
"In the pilot house," replied the engineer.
"My father is with me here. Luke is in the cabin, taking care of his sore hand. We don't want to be disturbed. Keep a lookout for Luke, and whistle through the tube if he comes out of

want to be disturbed. Keep a lookout for Luke, and whistle through the tube if he comes out of the cabin," continued Spotty.
"All right!" responded Tom.
"You need not be alarmed about Luke now. We shall have ample notice of his coming," added the pilot.
"I want to tell you all I know about this man before we part," said Mr. Hawke. "What I tell you may be of use to you after I am gone. I told you how I got to Gildwell on Tuesday. I staid in the grove until I saw you come in with the steamer. Then I went on board of her, and locked myself into one of the staterooms. I was faint for the want of food, and, lighting a lamp, I found something to eat in the forward cabin." Seeing no light in the house, I thought you must be away. I went to the cottage, but found all the doors locked. I knew I could get into the window of my room and obtain what valuables I had there. I climbed to the roof of the piazza on a lackler I found standing there. I was hardly on the roof before I was startled at finding another man there."

finding another man there."
"That was Luke," added Spotty, deeply in-

terested.

"It was. He called me by name. He knew why I had fled from the city, for his uncle on the other side of the lake was a loser by my failure, and had received a telegram in the afternoon. He told me he was after the jewel box, and must have it. He had been in your mother's room; and it was gone. He thought I had taken it. We went down, and walked away from the house. He said he would denounce me if I betrayed him. He was not there for the purpose of robbery, but to obtain evidence—of what he would not say—and he must have the ring and locket he described. I promised to get them and give them to him. What else could I do? It was. He called me by name. He knew

When we came back to the house, we found

do?

"When we came back to the house, we found you at work in the cellar, and understood what you were doing. After you had gone to bed, we dug up the box. The ring and the locket were no longer in it. We put everything as we found it, at his desire. I went to the boat again, and worn out I slept most of the night.

"It was while I slept that you shot him in the hand. I was in the boat the next day when you landed at the place opposite, and then went to Windport. Vesterday he came to me again on board of the steamer, dressed and colored as you see him today. He told me how you had wounded him, and compelled him to return to the other side of the lake. He had left Windport early in the morning, gone to Burlington, where he had had hair and beard colored, and then came down by railroad, joining me at dark.

"We saw you bring the box on board. I was to get the ring and locket, and give them to him. To our astonishment and his chagrin, you started off in the boat, and conveyed us to Plattsburg. Luke landed after you had gone on shore and went to the hotel where you met him. You know the rest."

You know the rest.

You know the rest."

A sharr, whistle sounded through the tube before Spotty had time to ask several questions that were in his mind.

"He's on the hurricane deck!" called Tom.
A moment later Spotty saw Luke standing on the hurricane deck, looking in at an open window in the upper part of the pilot house, which was raised two feet above the house on deck. The villain was about to make his way into the night house.

pilot house.
"Stop where you are!" shouted Spotty, pointing his revolver at the wretch. Luke stopped where he was.

CHAPTER XVII.

A PRISONER ON BOARD OF THE DANDY.

TNBOURTEDLY Luke had suspected treachery on the part of his victim. He did not care to fight over again the battle in which he had been beaten, and knew it was useless to attempt to get into the pilot house by the doors or by the front windows. He had noticed the back windows, by which the

He had noticed the back windows, by which the pilot could see astern when required, and had noticed that they were open. It was a warm day, and these windows afforded a good circulation of air through the pilot house.

If Luke had come to the window without any warning, he might have got into the room, for Spotty had to keep a sharp lookout ahead. Tom had felt the responsibility of his position as a sentinel, and he heard the passenger when he climbed the husricane deck. The timely notice had probably saved a disaster to the young captain and his father.

captain and his father.

Luke did not like the looks of the revolver,

captain and instatter.

Luke did not like the looks of the revolver, for he knew by experience that it would shoot; and from what he had seen of Spotty he realized that he had the pluck to fire it if occasion required. The only thing that the plot feared was that the assailant had a revolver, for such characters usually carry these playthings.

"Are you going to shoot me?" demanded Luke, as though he had lost sight of the fact that he was the aggressor.

"That will depend upon yourself. We have had fuss enough with you for one day," replied Spotty, who was astonished at his own pluck. "You have had one ball from this revolver put into your hand. The next one may go into your red head colored black. Lie down on the deck where you are!"

Spotty did not suppose he would do it, but he d. He rang the gong to stop the engine. "Let off steam and come up!" shouted the

pilot through the tube.

"Let off steam and come up!" shouted the pilot through the tube.

Tom had already set off steam as soon as he stood the engine. He left it escaping, and respect the engine. He left it escaping, and respect the engine. He left it escaping and respect to the engine. He left it escaping and respect to the engine of the engine to hand encounter; but the appearance of Spotty with the revolver still in his hand, and soon pointed at him again, caused him to refrain from further resistance. The ball might come without the warning word if he tackled the

gineer.

Luke was lying quietly on the deck when Spotty reached the scene of action. It is not probable that he gave up his expectations of a successful resistance at a little later period, for he could not quite believe that the two boys would prove to be a match for him in the end. It was prudent not to resist just at that moment, but his time would soon come.
"Turn over!" said Spotty, demonstrating

with his weapon.

with his weapon.
"I can't turn over," growled Luke. "I have a sore hand, and it is very painful.
"But you will turn over on your stomach, or we shall turn you over," added Spotty, though he did not yet exhibit the ropes he had in his left hand.
Luke obeyed, for he felt that he was in the rower of his young converse for the moment.

Luke obeyed, for he felt that he was in the power of his young conquerors for the moment. He would soon find his opportunity, and then the retribution would be terrible. The victim lay in the position required by the young captain. He had turned his face from his captors, and could not now see the dangerous weapon that menaced him. Perhaps he did not wish to

in the position required by the young captain. He had turned his face from his captors, and could not now see the dangerous weapon that menaced him. Perhaps he did not wish to see it any longer.

Spotty handed the cords to the engineer, who required no explanation in regard to their use. The captain walked over to the other side of the conspirator, where the latter could see the pistol, and Tom proceeded to do the part of the work which had been silently assigned to him. The instant Luke realized what Tom was about, he changed his attitude, and showed a disposition to resist. He could not help seeing that if he permitted his hands to be tied behind had been silently assigned to him. The constant of the thought maddened him, and he wrenched he thought maddened him, and he wrenched he work was warden from the thought maddened him, and he wrenched he made to the thought maddened him, and he wrenched he made to the fallen man into a slip noses, and drew it into the position where he wanted it.

"If you show fight, you will get the worst of it, Mr. Spottwood," said the captain.

"But you are murdering my sore hand! The pain of that will drive me mad, and I can't be responsible for what I do," howled Luke.

"Don't hurt him any more than you can help, Tom. I shall take it upon myself to be responsible for what you do, Mr. Spottwood, when you give it up.," added Spotty, who was becoming quite familiar with the difficult situation in which he found himself placed.

"I can't help hurting him some," said Tom, "for he keeps twisting and wrenching to get away from me. But I have him now, and he can't get away."

The engineer had brought the two hands together, and got a turn around both with the line, and it was no longer a matter of main strength. He proceeded to secure the hine to his own satisfaction, which was soon done.

"You might as well murder me as tear my wounded hand all to pieces," moaned Luke.
"Am I to lie here all day writhing in pain? I would not treat a dog as you are treating me."
"You will not lie there an

hands made fast behind him; but it was accom-plished with he aid of the captain and engineer. It was no longer necessary to cover the pris-oner's head with the revolver, and Spotty led him to the ladder by which the main deck could be reached. It was a question whether Luke could descend the ladder without the use of his hands.

could descend the ladder without the use of his hands.
Luke strongly objected to making the attempt, but Spotty insisted; and the boys were to keep him from falling with a rope passed under his arms. The captain declared that he would lash him to one of the stays of the smokestack, and leave him there in the hot sun if he did not go down. This threat caused the prisoner to change his mind, and he reached the deck in safety. He began to walk towards the after cabin when Spotty forcibly checked him.
"Go forward, if you please, Mr. Spottwood," said he.

"What are you going to do with me?" demanded Luke.

"I have a nice place for you, where you can go to bed for the rest of the day, if you like,"

go to bed for the rest of the day, if you like," replied Spotty.

This place was the forecastle, which had been fitted up for the use of the firemen and deck hands, when any were employed, as they seldom had been. It was a plain apartment, very low, and finished with pine boards. It contained several bunks, a table, and a few other common articles. It was reached by a short staircase, under the pilot house.

Without any further resistance on the part of the prisoner, he was conducted to the forecastle. At the entrance was a heavy door provided with a strong lock, for the place was used in the win-

a strong lock, for the place was used in the winter as a store room for the more valuable articles on board.

s on board.
'Am I to stay in this den?" asked Luke, en he reached his prison, as he glanced when

when he reached his prison, as he glanced around him.
"I hope you will not be obliged to stay here many hours," replied Spotty.

"I hope you will not be obliged to stay here many hours," replied Spotty.
"It is nothing but a dog kennel!" "Then it's just the place for you!" added Tom, who thought the prisoner was unnecessarily particular, under the circumstances.
"Why can't I remain in the cabin where I was?" asked Luke, with a scowl on his brow.
"We might not find you there when we wanted you, and we might find you in some other place when we did not want you," replied Spotty. "I think you can lie down in one of those bunks and be as comfortable as you could anywhere."

anywhere."
"I can't be comfortable anywhere with a hand so painful as mine is; and the rope on my wrist makes it ten times worse," growled the

prisoner.

"It is all of your own choosing. You got the "It is all of your own choosing. You got the wound in trying to break into my room the night before last. You got into your present fix by not behaving yourself properly on board of this boat," returned Spotty. "You ought not to expect much sympathy from me; but I will not keep you a prisoner any longer than I am obliged to do so in order to secure my own and my father's safety."

"Your father is a fugitive from justice, and you are an accessory after the crime!" said Luke, spitefully. "It will send you to Auburn for a term of years,"

"We won't discuss that question," replied Spotty, leading the way out of the forecastle.
The door was closed and securely locked. The

Spotty, leading the way out of the forecastle.

The door was closed and securely locked. The place was strong enough to have kept the prisoner without securing his hands behind him; but Spotty was afraid he would set the boat on fire, or do some other desperate deed. It was best to make sure of him now that he was in the captain's power. Tom went back to the engine room, and Spotty to the pilot house. He did not lock the door when he went in this time.

"I don't think you need fear him now, father," said he, as he rang for the Dandy to go ahead.

"I never knew you had half so much courage before, Spotty. "Can't he get out of the fore-castle?"

castle?"
"No, sir. Since the boat was broken into, you had a heavy door put in the forecastle, and I am sure he can't get out of the place."
"I would give a good deal to know what that man means, and what he desires to accomplish," added Mr. Hawke. "But, Spotty, though I am not hungry, I am faint for the want of food."
"If you will take the wheel, I will get you a meal."

The banker took the wheel, and half an hour later he had eaten his breakfast.

(To be continued.)

LINCOLN'S LOOKS.

THE unreliability of first impressions, as well as the power of a fine mind to illuminate and beautify a homely face, are both well illustrated in the following anecdote, recently printed by the New York Tribune :

Jowing anecdote, recently printed by the New York Tribune:

Seymour Curtis is the name of a man now living near Bridgeport, Connecticut, and who went to the war as a fifer. In recalling incidents that came under his personal observation in early life, he related the following story:

During the Presidential campaign of 1856, when John C. Fremont was the Republican nominee, Mr. Curtis, in company with James Booth, came to Bridgeport to hear Lincoln speak. As Lincoln Story and Company of the New York of the

"SWEET ENOUGH TO EAT."

"I could eat you" is an expression sometimes uttered by young ladies in rhapsodizing over a par-ticularly attractive baby. This odd manner of expressing ardent affection came very near being literally carried into effect by a fond mother the

literally carried into enect of the day.

The incident occurred at Rarnum's winter headquarters at Bridgeport, before the fire, where, says
the Harnford Conront, a leopard recently gave birth
to a cub. It was taken away a few days, and then
to a cub. It was taken away a few days, and then
apparent affection, and a few minutes after undertook to eat it up, beginning with the tail, which
she devoured before the keepers realized what was
going on. The process stopped there for the time,
and the future fate of the cub is in doubt.

71

CHRISTMAS MESSENGERS. It is Christmas time; And up and down twixt 'heaven and earth, On day of joy and hallowed mirth, The shining angels climb.

[This story commenced in No. 255.]

WALTER GRIFFITH:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET SALESMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

Author of "Ned Newton," "Tom Tracy," "Num-ber 91," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ELMER SHATTUCK.

DWARD COLSON did not return to room No. 75 at the Harrisburg ho-tel; though, as we have seen, he regretted having left it. But the regret came too late. He was provoked with came too late. He was provoked with himself for not having examined the contents of the pocketbook before he en-tered the train. He might in that case have gone back to the hotel and managed to replace the wallet in No. 74. But he had taken passage on an express train. and was compelled to travel twenty miles

without a stop.

When Walter went downstairs he inquired at the office: "Has Mr. Colson been down yet?"

No; I have not seen him." "I think he has left the hotel. I heard him go out last evening, and have not heard him return."

I remember now he went out for a

walk about eleven o'clock. He said he had a headache."
"His head ached worse after he left the hotel, I imagine," said Walter, with

a smile. "Why?"

"Why?"
"From disappointment. He entered
my room and took a wallet, which he
supposed to be full of money. The bills
were all strips of brown paper."
"Served the fellow right. By the way,
he hear! naid for his supper or lodging.

he hasn't paid for his supper or lodging. I wouldn't mind that so much, but he has carried off the key of No. 75."
"Did he have his traveling bag with

No; that may pay us the amount of our bill. James, go up to No. 75. Open it with the pass key, and bring down whatever baggage you find."

The bell boy brought down the small bag used by Colson. On being opened it proved to contain a couple of shirts and me minor articles.

We will keep this for the gentleman for a limited time," said the clerk. "If he doesn't call for it it will be confiscated." cated

Walter took breakfast and resumed his

Walter took breaklast and resumed his journey at ten o'clock.
Greenville, his point of destination, was not on the line of the railway, but five miles distant from the nearest station.
This station Walter reached about two o'clock. Half an hour earlier a boy of his own age entered the car and sat down his own age entered the car and sat down beside him. Walter felt socially inclined, and inquired, after awhile: "Are you acquainted with the places on this road?" "Not very well. I have never traveled much. Do you live 'round here?" "No; I came from New York." "New York!" repeated the boy, with interest. "I should like to see New York."

York

"It is worth seeing."
"Where are you going?" the country boy asked with pardonable curiosity.
"To Greenville."

"To Greenville."
"To Greenville? Why, I am going to Greenville," he said.
"Are you really? I am glad of that. You can tell me just where to go."

"We get out at Huntington, and then take a stage five miles. Do you know any one in Greenville?"
"No. I am going there on a little business. I suppose there is a hotel there where I can stop?"
The houst back him to a suppose the suppo

The boy shook his head.
"No; there is no hotel," he answered. "Greenville is a small place, and people don't come there much—that is, strangers. There isn't enough travel there to support a hotel."

This was decidedly embarassing. It was a contingency which had not occured

Then I don't know where I can pass

"I supthe night," he said, perplexed.

posed, of course, there was a hotel."
"I'll tell you what you can do," said the other boy. "You can come with me "In tell you what you can uo, saw the other boy. "You can come with me to my grandfather's. You won't mind sleeping with me, will you?" "Not at all. I should like to be in your company," said Walter, promptly. The country boy seemed pleased with

what he regarded as a compliment.
"Then there won't be any trouble," he said. "You can go right over to grand-father's with me."

'What is your grandfather's name?'

asked Walter.

asked Walter.

"Virgil Shattuck," answered the boy.

"Shattuck!" repeated Walter, eagerly.

"Can it be the man I have come to help?" he asked himself.

"Yes. His first name is a funny one, isn't it? You see, grandfather used to be a teacher. He prepared for college, but didn't go. His father was a minister, and a very learned man, I've heard, and gave him the name of Virgil."

Things could not have happened better

and gave him the name of Virgil."
Things could not have happened better to suit Walter. He was going to the very house where he wished to go, and, himself and his errand unknown, he would be able to look about and judge for himself how best to carry out his instructions.

Does your grandfather teach now?" he asked.

he asked.
"No; he hasn't for some years. He has been farming. But he is in trouble now, poor grandfather—"
"How is he in trouble, if you don't mind telling me?"

"No; I don't mind. I'm afraid he will lose the farm." How is that?"

"How is that?"
"There's a mortgage of a thousand dollars on it." But it must be worth more than

that "Certainly it is; it's worth four times that, but the man that holds the mortgage that, but the man that holds the mortgage—Squire Jones—is a hard man, and he will compel grandfather to sell the farm for what it will bring to pay him. You see, he wants it for his son."

"How much will the farm bring at a

forced sale?

Not over half price, I am afraid. Th squire will, no doubt, bid it in. He wants it himself."
"Hasn't your grandfather some friend who will come to his assistance?"

who will come to his assistance?"
"He has plenty of friends — more friends than Squire Jones—but none of them have money enough to help him. There's Mr. Mumford, the postmaster, who keeps one of the stores, he would who keeps one of the stores, he would gladly help grandfather if he could. I believe he has written to some old scholar of grandfather's, but it won't probably do any good. He wrote to father, and he has been trying to interest somebody in our town, but without success. I've got twenty dollars in my pocket, which I am to give grandfather to help him

"How soon is this mortgage to be forclosed?" asked Walter, who had be-come quite interested.

"Grandfather's got to pay it to-mor-row, or Mr. Squire will turn him out, or at any rate give him warning to leave as soon as he can find another place."

"That is very hard."
"So it is. I think it's disgraceful, for

my part."
"Is the squire a rich man?

"Yes. I don't know how rich, but he has more money than any one else in Greenville. You must excuse my talking so much about the matter; but I feel so sorry for grandfather and grandmother. They feel terribly about leaving their old

'I don't wonder at all. As they are in so much trouble, perhaps your grand-parents wouldn't like to have you bring

a stranger home with you."
"O, they won't mind. It may cheer
them up. Grandfather was once in New York, and he may want to ask you some-

thing about it."
"One thing I shall insist on, I will pay

"One thing I shall insist on I will pay as much as I would at a hotel."
"I won't say no to that. For grand-father needs money badly enough."
"You haven't told me your name.
Mine is Walter Griffith."

Mine is Elmer Shattuck."

"Then, Elmer, I hope we shall be friends.

I hope so, too, Walter. I'm glad you're coming to the house.

"I hope you will have reason to be glad," returned Walter.
There was a significance in his tone

which escaped the attention of Elmer.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE TWO BOYS OVERHEAR A CONVER-SATION.

WO passengers got out of another car, and prepared to enter the Greenville stage with the boys. Elmer touched Walter on the arm.

"That stout man is Squire Jones," he said, in a low voice.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Walter looked with interest at the per-

Water looked with interest at the person indicated.

He was a stout, tall man, with a wrinkled face and double chin. He looked to Walter, but then, perhaps, he was prejudiced by what he had heard of the man, like a cold, selfish, grasping person, whose heart it would be difficult to touch by the recital of other's mis-fortunes. With him was a smaller and more slender man of average appear-

Who is the other ?" whispered Walter. "Who is the other?" whispered Walter.
"I don't know. I think he is a
stranger in the place."
"Does the squire know you?"
"I don't think he does. I have not
been here for five years."
The two men looked carelessly at the

boys who sat on the seat opposite. Apparently Squire Jones considered them as of very slight importance.

Is your son at home, squire?" asked

"Yes. He has recently married."
"Is he living at home?"
"Yes; but I shall soon make a different arrangement for him. Indeed?"

"Do you remember Shattuck's place—the old schoolmaster?"

"I expect to come into possession of

his place in a few days."

"How is that? I didn't suppose the old man would be willing to sell."

old man would be willing to sell.

Squire Jones gave a short laugh.

"He isn't," he replied; "but he can't kelp himself. The fact is, I hold a mortgage on his place, and intend to foreclose."

How large is the mortgage?

"A thousand dollars."
"It must be worth a good deal more."

Squire Jones coughed.
"I shall have to pay a thousand dol-lars over and above the face of the mortgage, I expect."

"Isn't that a very low price for the farm and buildings? How many acres are there?'

"Pretty good arable land, isn't it?"

"Really, squire, if I had the money to spare, I would outbid you for the farm. It will be dirt cheap at two thousand dol-Squire Iones frowned at the sugges-

tion of competition, but his brow cleared when his companion acknowledged that

he had not the necessary money.
"Ahem!" he said. "There are two "Ahem!" he said. "There are two sides to a question. A thing is worth what it will bring. If there is any one wants it more than I do, he can pay more

if he chooses."
"Probably Mr. Shattuck will borrow

"Probably Mr. Shattuck will borrow money and lift the mortgage."
"Where will be get it? A thousand dollars is hard to borrow, especially when a man is in Shattuck's condition."

So your son will live there? "Yes. We shall renovate the house, and put on a piazza. It will make a nice dwelling with the outlay of five thousand dellars." dollars.

And what will become of the old

I don't know," answered the squire, shrugging his shoulders. "That isn't my lookout. Perhaps he may go and live with his son. He has one married, and living forty or fifty miles away—I can't remember the name of the place."

Elmer and Walter listened with great

interest to the conversation just detailed, but their feelings were different. Elmer felt sad and downcast, while Walter inwardly rejoiced that he had it in his power to checkmate the squire and defeat his selfish schemes.

"He is just the sort of looking man I should anticipate from what I have heard of his character," he thought.

He felt more kindly towards the squire's companion who had expressed sympathy for the poor old man whom it was proposed to eject from his home of forty years.

By a sort of silent agreement the two by a sort of shell agreement the two boys said not a word that would betray to the squire their identity, or rather El-mer's. For of course the village magnate knew nothing of Walter.

The conversation which succeeded related to other matters and did not interest the two boys.
"I think I will get out at the post office," said Elmer. "There might be a

"I think I will get out at the post office," said Elmer. "There might be a letter for grandfather. It's only a quarter of a mile to the house."
"All right!" said Walter. "I shall be glad to stretch my legs."

There was no letter in the office Hav-

Incre was no letter in the office. Having ascertained this the boys started for the Shattuck farm.

"I should enjoy seeing the old folks if I had good news to bring," said Elmer.

"How do you account for it that a hard, "How do you account for it that a hard, selfish man like Squire Jones flourishes and enjoys all that money can bring, while a man like grandfather is thrown upon the world in his old age?"
"And how do you know but a friend may be raised up for him just in the nick of time?"

of time? The friend will have to appear pretty soon, then," said Elmer, shaking his

I think he will appear in time," said

Walter, quietly.
"What do you mean, Walter?" asked Elmer, who could not fail now to detect the significance in the tone of his new friend.

friend.
"Will you keep it secret if I tell you?"
"Yes; but I don't understand what
you, a chance acquaintance, can do to
stave off ruin from my grandfather."
"Suppose I represent a friend and an
old pupil of your grandfather's."
"Do you?" asked Elmer, eagerly.
"Yes; I do."
"And you can save the farm?"
"I can."

"I can. "But it will take a thousand dollars,"

said Elmer, increduously.
"I have more than that with me."
Elmer's face showed his delight. He
seized Walter by both hands, and shook them so vigorously that two girls whom they were passing stood still and stared at the two boys in amazement.

"I suppose they think I am crazy," said Elmer, laughing, "but I don't care what they think, I am so glad. How strange that we happened to meet as we did!"

did!"
"I don't know about that. We were

both bound to the same place."
"You haven't told me who is the kind

"You haven't told me who is the kind friend who has sent the money by you."

"A gentleman named Spencer. I met him in New York. He has made a fortune in California, and regrets that he had to send a messenger instead of coming himself."

ing himself."
"Weren't you afraid to carry so much money with you?"

"It made me cautious. As it was I came near being robbed."
"You did?" said Elmer, breathless with surprise. "Tell me about it."

surprise. "Tell me about it."
Walter upon this told the story of his encounter with Edward Colson, and the manner in which he had tricked him.

The story was thoroughly appreciated

by Elmer.
"I wish I could have seen him when he opened the wallet. But it makes me tremble to think that you might have lost the money you brought to help grand-

father 'If I had I should hardly have dared

to show my face in Greenville."
"Mr. Spencer must be a nice man." "Mr. Spencer must be a nice man."
"I think he is. At any rate he has been very kind to me. You may not think it, Elmer, but I am a poor boy, obliged to earn my living in any way I can. I have neither father nor mother."
"I thought you were rich."
"I may be some time. I will be if 4 can, for I have learned that money is very convenient to have."

very convenient to have. "Your friend Colson thought so."
"He wanted to pay too high a price for it. If I can't get money honorably, I

for it. If I can t get mondon't want it at all."
"That's where I agree with you," said
"boar heartily. "But here is the house, and there is grandmother looking out of the window.

(To be continued.)



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per ear, payable in advance.

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FRANK A. MUNSEY, Perulasher,

81 WARRER 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 meeb me 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

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 seasonable 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 es, to different addresses if desired. e 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 meddlesome 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 paspassenger 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 him-

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 newsdealers 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 pub-lished. 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 entertertainment 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 : higety and ecnmiahc. 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 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 pied 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 occu-

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 chairssprings 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. Sing-

ing 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 In the 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, IR.

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 potted wisdom .- Charles Buxton. Life is a short day, but it is a working day.—

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

ducted.

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.—Eard 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.—Have.

A WISH.

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

Take Walton:

OR.

THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

E CHICAGO NE VYSBOT.
BY HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,
or of "The Young Acrobat," "Bob Burton," "Ragged Dick," "Luck and
Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER V.

HOW LUKE ESCAPED.

HE attack was so sudden and unexpected that Luke was for the moment incapable of resistance, though in general quite that Luke was for the moment incapable of resistance, though in general quite 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, "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.

per.
"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

The name was a happy invention of Pat's to throw Luke off the seent. He was not himself acquainted with our hero, and did not fear identification.
"One of you two is Tom Brooks," said Luke, firnly, "You'd better give up this attempt at highway robbery. If I summon an officer you're liable to a bery. 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.

now.
"I left it at home with my mother. It's lncky
I did, though you would have found it hard to

get it from me."
"I don't believe it," said Tom, in a tone be-

traying disappointment.

"You may search me if you like; but, if a policeman comes by you'd better take to your heels."

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 sham'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,"

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

"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."

"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 friends.

'Tom's goin' to try another place," said the

"Tom's goin' to try another place," said the boy, "He say's there's too many newshoys round this corner. He thinks he can do better somewhere's else."
"Where is he? Do you know?"
"I seed 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.

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.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. AFTON'S OFFICE.

R. AFTON'S OFFICE.

R. AFTON'S Office was of unusual size, and fronted on La Salle Street. As Luke entered he observed that it was business office. Indeed, it seemed to the occupant the part of wisdom to make he wisdom 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 i?" Luke asked in a respectful tone.

up to see who may confice.

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

The bookkeeper raised his eyes for a moment, glaned at Luke with a superclious air, and said cutly, "No!"

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

"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 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

the liberty to wait in ne 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 news-

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

but he knew that it was too early for the offices

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.

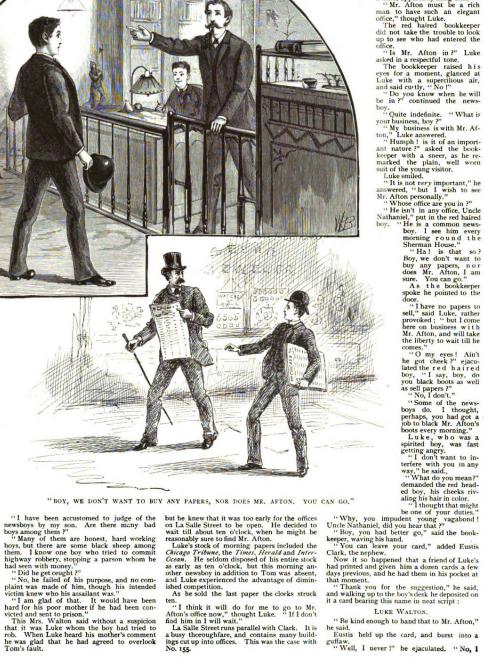
Luke's stock of morning papers included the Chicago Tribune, the Times. Herald and Inter-Ocean. He seldom disposed of his entire stock as early as ten o'clock, but this morning another newsboy in addition to Tom was absent, and Luke experienced the advantage of diminished competition.

As he sold the last paper the clocks struck ten.

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."

I Sale Street runs parallel with Clark. It is

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



never did. Mr. Walton, your most obedient," he concluded, with a ceremonious bow. "The same to you!" said Luke, with a

he concluded, with a ceremonious bow.

"The same to you!" said Luke, with a smile.

"I never saw a newsboy put on such airs before," he said, as Luke left the office. "Did you, Uncle Nathanie! P Do you think he really had any business with the boss?"

"Probably he wanted to supply the office with papers. Now stop fooling, and go to work."

"They didn't seem very glad to see me," thought Luke. "I want to see Mr. Afton this morning, or he may think that I have not kept my word about the money."

Luke stationed himself in the doorway at the entrance to the building, meaning to intercept Mr. Afton as he entered from the street. He had to wait less than ten minutes. Mr. Afton smiled in instant recognition as he saw Luke, and seemed glad to see him.

"I am glad the boy justified my idea of him," he said to himself. "I would have staked a thousand dollars on his honesty. Such a face as that doesn't belong to a rogue."

"I am rather late," he said. "Have you been here long?"

"Not very long, sir; I have been up in your office."

"Why didn't you sit down and wait for me?"

"Why didn't you sit down and wait for me?"

"Not very 100-16, "...";
"Why didn't you sit down and wait for me?"
"I don't think the red haired gentleman cared
to have me. The boy asked me to leave my

card."

Mr. Afton looked amused.

"And did you?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you generally carry visiting cards?"

asked Mr. Afton, in some surprise.

"Well, I happened to have some with me this morning."

"Yes, sir; office corner Clark and Randolph

will keep the card and bear it in mind.

"I will keep the card and bear it in mind."

"I have brought your change, sir," said Luke, putting his hand in his pocket.

"You can come upstairs, and pay it to me in the office. It will be more business-like."

Luke was glad to accept the invitation, for it would prove to the skeptical office clerks that he really had business with their employer.

Eustis Clark and his uncle could not conceal their surprise when they saw Luke following Mr. Afton into the office.

There was a smaller room inclosed at one corner, which was specially reserved for Mr. Afton.

corner, which was specific.

"Come here, Luke," said he, pleasantly. Luke followed him inside.

He drew from his pocket four dollars and ninety eight cents, and laid them on the table behind which his patron had taken a seat.

"Won't you please count it, and see if it is right?" he asked.

'I can see that it is, Luke. I am afraid I

have put you to more trouble than the profit on the two papers I bought would pay for."
"Not at all, sir. Besides, its all in the way of business. I thank you for putting confidence

"I thought I was not mistaken in you, and the result shows that I was right. My boy, I saw that you had an honest face. I am sure that the thought of keeping back the money never entered your head."
"No, sir, it did not, though one of the newsboys advised me to keep it."
"It would have been very short sighted as a matter of policy. I will take this money, but I want to encourage you in the way of well doing."

ing."

He drew from his vest pocket a bill, and

are orew from his vest pocket a bill, and extended it to Luke.

"It isn't meant as a reward for honesty, but only as a mark of the interest I have begun to feel in you."

"Thank you, sir," said Luke; and as he took the bill, he started in surprise, for it was ten

Did you mean to give me as much as this? he asked, doubtfull

"How much is it?"
"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars,"
"I thought it was five, but I am glad it is more. Yes, Luke, you are very welcome to it. Have you any one dependent upon you?"
"My mother. She will be very much pleased,"
"That's right, my lad, Always look out for your mother. You owe her a debt which you can never repay."
"That is true, sir, But I would like to use a part of this money for some one else."

can never repay."

"That is true, sir. But I would like to use a part of this money for some one else."

"For, yourself?"

"No; but for a friend."

Then he told in simple language of Jim Norman, and how seriously his family was affected by his sickness and enforced illness.

"Jim has no money to buy medicines," he concluded. "If you don't object, Mr. Afton, I will give Jim's mother half this money, after buying some cough medicine out of it."

The merchant listened with approval.

I am glad, Luke, you can feet for others," he fam glad, Luke, you can feet had better afford to help your friend than you. I also say a five of the boy it is from a friend, and if he should need more let me know,"

"Thank you, sir," said Luke, fairly radiant as he thought of Jim's delight. "I won't take up any more of your time, but will bid you good morning."

Probably Mr. Afton wished to give his clerk.

morning."
Probably Mr. Afton wished to give his clerk a lesson, for he followed Luke to the door of the outer office, and shook hands cordially with him, saying: "I shall be glad to have you

call, when you wish to see me, Luke: "adding, "I may possibly have some occasional work for you to do. If so, I know where to find you."
"Thank you, sir."
"What's got into the old man?" thought Gustis Clark. "He treats that young raganuffin as if he were the president of the bank. No wonder the boy puts on airs, and carries visiting cards."

As Mr. Afton returned to his sanctum, Gustis

As Mr. Afton returned to his sanctum, Gustis said with a grin, holding up the card:
"Mr. Walton left his card for you, thinking you might not be in in time to see him."
"Give it to me, if you please," and the rich man took the card without a smile, and put it into his vest pocket, not seeming in the least sur-

into his vest pocket, not seeming prised,
"Mr. Walton called to pay me some money," he said, gravely. "Whenever he calls invite him to wait till my return."
"Well I never did!" ejaculated Gustis, rubbing an imaginary mustache in his perplexity. "To treat a common newsboy that way! I wonder if the old man's losing his intellect."

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER.

When the weeping in high spirits. The gift he had received from Mr. Afton enabled him to carry out a plan he had long desired to realize, but had been prevented from so doing by poverty. It was to secure a sewing machine for his mother, and thus increase her earnings while diminishing her labors. He stopped at an establishment not far from Clark Street, and entering the show room, asked: "What is the price of your sewing machines?"

"One in a plain case will cost you twenty-five dollars."

dollars.

dollars."
"Please show me one."
"Please show me one."
"Do you want it for your wife?" asked the salesman, smiling.
"She may use it sometime. My mother will

use it first

use it first."

The salesman pointed out an instrument with which Luke was well pleased.

"Would you like to see how it works?"

"Yes Places."

"Yes, please."
"Miss Morris, please show this young man by to operate the machine."

ow to operate the machine."

In the course of ten minutes Luke got a fair

idea of the method of operating.
"Do you require the whole amount down?" asked Luke.

sked Luke.
"No; we sell by instalments, if preferred,"
"What are your terms?"
"Five dollars first payment, and then a dollar
week, with interest on the balance till paid,
f course a customer is at liberty to shorten the
me of payment if he prefers,"
"Then I think I will engage one," Luke dede-

cided.
"Very well! Come up to the desk, and give me your name and address. On payment of five dollars, we will give you a receipt on ac-count, specifying the terms of paying the balance,

Luke transacted his business, and made ar-rangements to have the machine delivered any time after six o'clock when he knew he would be

at home.
"That's a good job," he said to himself.
"And the best of it is, I've got five dollars left,
to fall back upon in case of bad luck. It will
pay five weeks' instalments, if I don't succeed in

pay five weeks' instalments, if I don't succeed in saving enough in any other way."

As Luke was coming out of the sewing machine office he saw Tom Brooks just passing. Tom looked a little uneasy, not feeling certain whether Luke had recognized him as one of his assailants or not the evening previous.

Luke felt that he had a right to be angry. Indeed he had it in his power to have Tom arrested, and charged with a very serious crime—that of highway robbery. But his good luck made him good natured.

"Good evening, Tom," he said. "I didn't see you selling papers today."

"Good evening, Tom," he said. "I didn't see you selling papers today."
"No; I was on Dearborn Street."
"He doesn't know it was me," thought Tom, congratulating himself. "Have you been buying a sewing machine?"
This was said in joke.
"Yes," answered Luke considerably to Tom's surprise. "I have bought one."
"How much?"

surprise. "I ha "How much?

"How much?"
"Twenty five dollars."
"Where did you raise twenty five dollars?
You're foolin."
"I bought it on the instalment plan. I paid

"I bought it on the instalment plan. I paud five dollars down."
"Oho!" said Tom, nodding significantly.
"I know where you got that money."
"Where did I?"
"Where did I?"
"You've hit it right the first time."
"I thought you ween't no better than the rest

"You've hit it right the first time."
"I thought you weren't no better than the rest
of us—you that pretended to be so extra honest."
"What do you mean by that, Tom Brooks?"
"You pretended that you were going to give
back the man's change, and spent it after all. I
thought you weren't such a saint as you pretended to be."

"I see you keep on judging me by yourself, Tom Brooks. I took round the money this morning, and he gave it to me."
"Is that true?"

"Is that true?"
"Yes; I generally tell the truth."
"Then you're lucky. If I'd returned it, he wouldn't have given me a cent."
"It's best to be honest on all occasions," said

Luke, looking significantly at Tom, who colored

up, for he now saw that he had been recognized the night before.

Tom sneaked off on some pretext, and Luke kept on his way home.

"Did you do well today, Luke?" asked

Bennie.
"Yes, Bennie, very well."
"How much did you make?"
"How and by. Mo

"Yes, Bennie, very wen."
"How much did you make?"
"Pil tell you by and by. Mother, can I help you about the supper?"
"You may toast the bread, Luke. I am going to have your favorite dish—milk toast."
"All right, mother. Have you been sewing

today?"
"Yes, Luke. I sat so long in one position

"Yes, Luke. I sat so long in one position that I got cramped."
"I wish you had a sewing machine."
"So do I, Luke; but I must be patient. A sewing machine costs more money than we can afford."

attord."
"One can be got for twenty five dollars, I have heard."

have heard."
"That is a good deal of money to people in our position."
"We may as well hope for one. I shouldn't be surpfised if we were able to buy a sewing machine very soon."
Meanwhile Luke finished toasting the bread,

Meanwhile Luke finished toasting the bread, and his mother was dipping it in milk when a rapid step was heard on the stairway, the door was unceremoniously opened, and Nancy's red head was thrust into the room.

"Please, Mrs. Walton," said Nancy, breathless, "there's a man down stairs with a sewing machine which he says is for you."

"There must be some mistake, Nancy. I haven't ordered any sewing machine."

"Shall I send him off, ma'am?"

"No, Nancy, "said Luke; "it's all right. I'll go down stairs and help him bring it up,"

"How is this, Luke?" asked Mrs. Walton, bewildered.

"I'll explain afterwards, mother."

bewildered.
"I'll explain afterwards, mother."
Up the stairway and into the room came the sewing machine, and was set down near the window. Bennie surveyed it with wonder and

admiration.

When the man who brought it was gone, Luke explained to his mother how it had all come about.

"You see, mother, you didn't have to wait

long, long," he concluded.
"I feel deeply thankful, Luke," said Mrs.
Walton. "I can do three times the work I have been accustomed to do, and in much less time. This Mr. Afton must be a kind and charitable man." charitable man.

charitable man,"

"I like him better than his clerks," said
Luke. "There is a red headed bookkeeper
and boy there who tried to snub me, and keep
me out of the office. I try to think well of red
headed people on account of Nancy, but I can't
say I admire them."

After supper Walter gave his mother a lesson
in correction the mesher. Both found that if

After supper Walter gave his mother a lesson in operating the machine. Both found that it required a little practice, but Mrs. Walton felt sure that in a day or two she would become familiar with its use.

The next morning as Luke was standing at his usual corner, he had a surprise.

A gentleman came out of the Sherman House and walked slowly up Clark Street. As he passed Luke, he stopped and asked, "Boy, have you got the Inter Occan?"

Luke naturally looked up in his customer's face while he was picking out the paper. He

face while he was picking out the paper.

paused in the greatest excitement.

The man was on the shady side of fifty, nearly six feet in height, with a dark complex-ion, hair tinged with gray, and a wart on the upper part of his right cheek! (To be continued.)



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblize our readers to the extent four abilities, but in justice to all only such questions are of general interest can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be an-wered in their turn as soon as space permits.

swered in their turn as soon as space permits.

E. T., Willimantic, Conn. No premium on the half dime of 1831.

E. O., Brooklyn, N. Y. We will bind your volume for \$\$\$\$ and express charges.

No. 4t, Keyport, N. J. The name of the State of Arkansas is pronounced "Arkansaw."

A. W. J., Mattapan, Mass. All the numbers of both Vol. I and Vol. II are out of print.

New Subscriber, Cameron, Mo. No premium on the half dollar of 1821, nor on that of 1834. G. L., New York City. The average height of a oy of fourteen is 4 ft. 11 in.; weight, 86 pounds. W. C. T., New York City. There is a premium from three to five cents on the gold dollar of in.

is 7.3.

W. K., Brooklyn, N. Y. The average weight of a young man of 20 is 133 pounds; height, 5 ft.

W. H. T., Providence, R. I. You must give a fuller description of your ten cent bill before we can decide as to its value.

C. T. S., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. The vanilla bean grows on a bush. 2. The United States consumes a greater amount of coffee than does England.

Iowa, Boston, Mass. 1. The old Scottish flag was a red lion rampant on a yellow ground. 2. William Wallace and Robert Bruce were Catholics.

XXX, Milford, N. J. Your coin is a British half penny of the reign of William and Mary, and retails for from 75 cents to \$1, according to condi-tion.

F. M. H., Hingham, Mass. We have already re-printed in MUNSEV'S POPULAR SERIES stories from early volumes of the Argosy, and are continually adding to the list.

adding to the list.

A READER, New York City. On all business connected with the New York post office apply to the auditor in his room, second floor of the main office, Park Row side.

M. H. T. K. New York City. The words post paid name postage prepaid mean that the post paid name postage prepaid mean that the frayed by the advertiser.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM INVIDENCE, care of Herald, Braddock, Pa., will be glad to hear from boys between 13 and 16 and over 5 feet in height, desirous of joining the Duquesne Cadets.

LEEK WALTON, New Haven Comp. Warmen!

LUKE WALTON, New Haven, Conn. 1, We would recommend frequent and generous application of soap and water. 2. You are getting very fair pay indeed for a beginner in the printing business.

X. V. Z. Q., Washington, D. C. Yes, a gold pen and holder would be a very handsome Christmas present for a young man to make a young lady. Or a silver pen holder would also, we do not doubt, be very acceptable.

very acceptable.

K. McK., Irving Park, Ill. 1. "Jack Wheeler" will be No. 6 in MUSSEY'S POPULAR SERIES. We can say whether or not the other story named will the form. 2. Not yet decided. 3. Possibly. 4. The gentleman lives in New Jersey, and is not a minister.

and is not a minister.

D. P. B., New York City, a Massachusetts man himself, informs us that it was the Massachusetts 6th Regiment, and not the 8th, (as stated in reply to "A Politician" in No. 36t) that was attacked by a mob, during the war, in Baltimore. We herewith make the correction, with thanks to D. P. B.

with make the correction, with thanks to D. P. B. C. H. P., South Rehoboth, Mass. r. We should think a 20 inch velocipede would be rather awkward for a 5 foot boy to ride. 2. You will have already noticed that stories by Arthur Lee Putnam are to be included in Mussey's Porclaw Skeies. The other author named may also be represented, although this is not certain.

The other author named may also be represented, although this is not certain.

C. E. W. R., West Troy, N. Y. The stories forming the 'Ragged Dick Series' were originally published over twenty years ago in the Student and Schodmarts, a magazine that long since went out of existence. The only way in which we can supply you with the vol is in book form. We can supply you with the volumes, postpaid, at the regular price, \$1.25 cach.

E. G. T., Allegheny City, Pa. 1. No premium on the half dollar of 1821, 2. The first story of the Deerfoot Series, "Hunters of the Ozark'," did nor run through the Akroosy. The first of our serials in which the character appeared was in "The Camp in the Mountains," which began in No. 212, last volume, 3. "The Lost Whale Boat," which was published in Vol. III, treated of an Arctic expedition. The numbers containing it can be obtained only in bound volume form

EXCHANGES.

S. McCartney, 1950 Magazine St., New Orleans, La. Books, for books. John S. Tyrie, Methuen, Mass. A telescope, valued at \$10, for a scroll saw.

F. F. Philipson, Box 932 Woburn, Mass. Books on insects, botany, etc., for other books or maga-

F. Fuller, 13 Spring St., Danbury, Conn. As trombone or mandolin, for a B flat cornet clarionet.

James Osgood, Box 24, Peabody, Mass. A new Howman's photo outfit, for a scroll saw worth from

Harry Smith, Smith's Station, Ala. The Universal printing outfit, valued at \$1, for a 24 inch football of equal value. H. L. Price, 3341 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo. Baltimore No. 1 self inking press, with our valued at \$8, for stamps.

valued at \$8, for stamps.

Steve C, Huntington, Water Works, Aurora, Ill.
A pair of No. 10 patent lever skates, cost \$2, for a
hand scroll saw and patterns.

G. Winkler, Box 5207, Boston, Mass. Five
photos of professional ball players, for a photo of
Anson, of the Chicago team.

George D. Morris, Gambier, O. Long primer toman type, 71-2 lbs., in good condition, for a Veeden engine in good order.

H. S. Clark, Mount Union, O. Natural history specimens, or a scroll saw, for an electric bell, or a volume of The Golden Argosy. E. Lambert, Jamesport, Mo. Books, fossils, moss agate, silver and copper ore, tin tags, postmarks, etc., for minerals, arrow heads, or curiosities.

George R. Perry, 29 Lincoln Place, South Brooklyn, N. V. Three books, and a piece of the Genesta's broken bowsprit, for a football in good condition.

Joseph Malcolm, Jr., 195 Water St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A 17 ft. row boat, with rudder, nearly new, for a self inking press, not less than 5 by 2, and 2 fonts of type.

A. L. Dorsey, 270 Main St., Scranton, Pa. A magic lantern with 12 slides, 50 views, and a fancy cur-tain, for a pair of patent lever or all clamp ice skates worth \$1,25.

skates worth \$1.25.*

Charles H. Kessler, \$105 Maple St., De Moines, Ioa, The Uster County Gazette, of Kingston, N. Y., of Jan. 4, 150c, containing notice of Washington's death, for books,
J. C. Worley, Odessa, Mo. A marje lanternand is slides, a pair of all clamp. No. Toice skates, and the "Camping Out Series," by C. A. Stephens, for Vol. III or IV of The Goldes Arrows.

THE CHRISTMAS KISS.

BY FOSTER COATE

CLOSE to the hearth hung two little socks,
Of two chubby boys, with curly brown locks,
Who had just crept into their beds,
They rolled, and tossed, and prattled like boys,
Of tops, and sleds, and childish toys,
And then they covered their heads.
One hastened on to the City of Nod,
Where old Father Time, with his magical rod,
Sits on his kingly throne,
Tke other one waited, with wide open eyes,
Then slipped out of bed, in glad surprise,
To find he was all alone.
Two little bare feet crept over the floor,

To find he was all alone.

Two little bare feet crept over the floor,
And their owner glanced at the half open door,
Then a tiny sock pinned to the wall:

"This one is for mamma"—the clock struck eleven,
And give her this kiss; you'll find her in heaven
No matter how late you call.

If old St. Peter would tell all he knew,
He would say that an angel his gates passed
through the sock of t

This story commenced in No. 251.

Gilbert the Trapper;

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

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

CHAPTER XLII. THE DESERTER'S FATE.

THE DESERTER'S FATE.

AWSON took possession of the canvas bag that contained his dead comrade's rations, laid the cape of his overcoat tenderly upon his white face, and said "good by" in a suppressed whisper, and hastened from the spot. Much as he needed a fresh supply of provisions, and certain as he would have been to starve to death without them, Dawson wished from the bottom of his heart that he had never seen his comrade again. He could not cet the remembrance of that hade He could not get the remembrance of that pale face out of his mind, and he knew that those fixed, staring eyes would go with him to his

heart that he had never seen his comrate again. He could not get the remembrance of that pale face out of his mind, and he knew that those fixed, staring eyes would go with him to his grave.

Dawson's objective point was the Durango stage road, and is order to reach it he was obliged to take his back trail for about, fifty miles, after which his course lay at right oblique for a good hundred miles farther. If he could only accomplish the first part of his journey without getting into any trouble, Dawson was certain that he would be safe; for the last hundred miles lay through a country that was settled by stockmen, who would do all in their power to help him along.

"But it is winter," the deserter kept saying to himself, "and there is no telling what the weather will be. Is it possible that I alone am left of the party which set out from the fort six teen days ago with such high hopes? It seems as though I had had time to grow gray since I last saw the stockade that was worse than a prison to me; and whether or not I have made anything by deserting it remains to be seen."

As long as pleasant weather continued, Dawson got on well enough; but before he had left Sweetwater Canyon twenty five miles behind, the very thing he was most afraid of—a blizzard—burst upon him, and drove him into a gully for shelter.

After that storms came thick and fast; and although they did not wholly stop his progress, they delayed him so much that, in spite of the most pinching economy in the expenditure of food, his supplies were all gone before he saw the first sign of a human habitation.

For ten days the sun never showed himself, there was not a single landmark to guide him, and when at last, after struggling hopelessly, almost aimlessly forward, until he was ready to drop from fatigue, he stumbled into the cample had occupied two nights before; when this horse, cook as much of the flesh as his haver-sack would hold, and make a fresh start without his packs. He had held fast to it as long as he could, but toud himself obliged to

We must now return to Gus and Jerry Warren, whom we left standing on their uncle's porch, watching him and Gilbert the trapper as they started for Sweetwater Canyon. "There is one thing about this business, "said Gus; "we have not been sent to the fort for safe keeping, as we were when Uncle Jack went off after the Indians, and consequently we are our own masters. We had no orders to stay about the house all the time, and I shall go and come as I please."

And it pleased Gus, and Jerry as well, to stay about the house very little of the time, and to be in their saddles from daylight until dark. Their principal place of resort was a fertile val-

ley among the hills, into which Uncle Jack and Mr. Wilson had driven their cattle at the very first sign of bad weather.

There they hunted and raced their ponies to their hearts' content, perfectly sheltered from the storms that beat so pitilessly upon Uncle Jack and his party, and there they often passed their nights in camp with the cowboys, listening to their stories, and acquiring much lore of the plains.

their nights in camp with the cowboys, listening to their stories, and acquiring much lore of the plains.

It was on a cold, bright morning, about three weeks after Gilbert and the rest set out for the cache, that the remarkable thing happened of which I spoke awhile back. The boys had spent the night in the valley with their uncle's herdsmen, and were on their way to the ranch, when Jerry, who was riding a little in advance of his brother, suddenly drew rein, and after raising his hand to altract Gus's attention, pointed steadily and silently before him. Gus looked, and saw a thin cloud of smoke rising toward the sky. Beyond a doubt there was a camp fire where that smoke came from, but they could not see it.

"Looks as though it came out of the ground, don't it?" whispered Jerry.

"Yes; but of course it doesn't," answered his brother. "There must be a gully about there. See any signs of it? Well, let's ride up and see what we can find."

When he first came to the plains Gus Warren would not have been reckless enough to make a proposition like that, and even if he had, Jerry

When he first came to the plains Gus Warren would not have been reckless enough to make a proposition like that, and even if he had, Jerry would not have been so prompt to agree to it as he was now. They would have turned their horses with one accord, and made all. haste to ride back to the cowboys and report the matter to them; or else they would have given the invisible camp a wide berth, and started for the house with increased speed. Uncle Jack had tried to impress upon them the fact that it was oult as dangerous to make promiscuous accuite as dangerous to make promiscuous accuite. quite as dangerous to make promiscuous ac-quaintances on an Indian reservation as it was in the city, and advised them not to be too familiar

quint as tangetous to make promistoria act quaintances on an Indian reservation as it was in the city, and advised them not to be too familiar with every stranger they might encounter during the lenely drives among the cowboys long the lenely drives among the cowboys long grough to insible some of their reckless spirit, and they never thought of going home without first taking a peep into that camp. They expected to find it deserted, but still they did not neglect to prepare for emergencies. They laid their Winchesters across their saddles in front of hem, and kept their thumbs on their hammers. Riding side by side the boys urged their ponies forward, and in a few minutes came within sight of the gully, and stopped on the bank above the smouldering bed of coals from which the smoke arose.

There was a camp there, sure enough, but it was not deserted. A figure, the ghost of a man, lay in front of the fire. He was clad in a suit of army blue which was badly tattered and torn, his brogans were so full of holes that they afforded his feet but little protection from the cold, his hands were white and bloodless, and his whole frame was emaciated to the last degree. His head was pillowed upon a bundle tied up with a rope, and near him lay a blanket and a carbine. There was a keen wind blowing up the gully, and Jerry wondered why he had not wrapped the blanket around him before he went to sleep.

"It's one of the deserters," said he, in a low tone.

"I believe you're right," replied Gus.

tone.
"I believe you're right," replied Gus. "But is he asleep or dead? Hallo, there!" he shouted, without waiting for his brother to

CHAPTER XLIII.

GUS WARREN'S DISCOVERY.

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GUS WARREN'S DISCOVERY.

THE man raised his head, gazed about him with a bewildered air, and when he saw the boys standing on the bank above him, stretched a trembling hand out toward his carbine.

"None of that," said Gus, promptly. "We are friends, and if ever a man needed friends I guess you do."

"That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice. "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice. "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice. "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice. "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice. "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice of the soldier, in a faint voice of the soldier, in a faint voice. "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice, "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice, "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice, "That's so," answered the soldier, in a faint voice, "As much as a million dollars' worth, or else a thousand, I don't know which. Seems as if my brain was frozen, for I don't know how I came by it or where I got it, or anything about it."

"Ah! He's cracked," said Jerry.

"But whatever it is, it is all mine, all mine, and I will share with nobody," continued the man, once more thrusting his hand out toward his carbine, but instantly drawing it back again when he saw the black muzzle of Gus's Winchester rising up toward his head. "Go away and let me alone. I shan't go halves with you or anybody. Do you happen to have a bite to eat about you? I am starving."

"We haven't a thing," replied Jerry, "but we can soon take you where you can get plenty. Come out of that, and we will give you a horse."

"You must be a trifier cracked yourself if you think he can climb out of that gully and get upon a horse," Gus interposed. "Can't you see that he is too far gone to sit up?"

As if to confirm his words, the deserter, for it was Dawson and nobody else, made a feeble effort to get upon his feet, but his strength failed him, and he fell heavily back upon the ground again.
"Don't

again.
"Don't try it," exclaimed Gus. "Wait till

you get something to eat. Now then," he added, in a lower tone, "it would be barbarous for us both to go off and leave this poor fellow to suffer alone, so if you will go to the house after help, I will stay with him. I can at least build up his fire and throw a blanket over him. Do you think you can find the trail without any trouble?"

Of course I can "

you think you can find the trail without any trouble?"

"Of course I can."

"Well, stay here and keep him covered till I find some way to get down to him. He seems possessed with a desire to use that carbine of his, and I don't want him to shoot me. He doesn't know what he is about."

"Do you suppose the loon has anything of value in that bundle?"

"No, I don't. When you get home tell Sam to ring some tea with him, and anything he has to eat that's nourishing. He had better fix up some sort of a litter, also, for that man never could stay on a horse. Now look sharp, and warn me if he picks up that carbine."

Gus rode away, looking everywhere for a place to descend into the ravine, and shortly disappeared from the view of his brother, who sat on his horse, keeping a close watch over the deserter. But the latter made no move after he fell back upon his bundle, until he heard Gus coming down the gully, and then he merely turned his horse, Jerry galloped toward the ranch, while Gus went to work to make the deserter a little more comfortable. His first care was to place the carbine and his own Winchester safely out of reach, and his second to draw the man's clothing snugly about him previous to wrapping him up in his blanket. Although the latter seemed conscious of what he was doing he made no remark, not even when Gus picked up and examined a letter that dropped from his pocket, while he was buttoning the deserter's overcoat.

Gus started as if he had been shot when his overcoat.

Gus started as if he had been shot when his Gus starred as I he had been shot when his eye fell upon some words that were written on the outside of that letter, and instead of putting it back into the soldier's pocket, he put it into his own; and Dawson, if he saw the movement and had sense to understand it, never objected

and had sense to understand it, never objected to it.

The boy's face was white with excitement as he picked up the hatchet and left the camp to cut some wood for the fire. As soon as he could do so without being observed, he drew the letter from his pocket and read—

For my beloved boy, Gilbert Hubbard Nevins. A short history of his life, together with instructions how to proceed to find his friends, if any are living at the time this paper falls into his hand, couple of blockheads." Said Gus, to himself, putting the letter carefully away again, and sinking the latchet deep into the first sapling within reach. "Why didn't we suspect something like this the minute that soldier told us he had nuggets and dust in his bundle? Well, Gilbert Nevins, you can thank our family for your good fortune."

Gus made a roaring fire, and then sat down and saw it burn. He never spoke to the deserter except to assure him, in response to his piteous appeals for a bite to eat, that he would soon have more food placed before him than he could possibly get away with. He was thinking of Gilbert the trapper, and tried to picture to himself the intense and bitter disappointment he would experience when he reached his father's cache, and found that some one had been there before him.

"He might have stayed right here, and his cache, and found that some one made before him.
"He might have stayed right here, and his the might have stayed him without effort."

"He might have stayed right here, and his fortune would have come to him without effort on his part to find it," said Gus to himself. "Why don't he come home? But hold on! What if this man has been deceiving us, and this sin't the bundle that came from the cache? He is plainly crazy, and one of his comrades could have given him a blanket full of rocks, in exchange for the one that contained the nuggets, and he never would have known a thing about it?"

This reflection put Gus Warren on nettles

CHAPTER XLIV.

DAWSON IS TAKEN IN CHARGE.

DAWSON IS TAKEN IN CHARGE.

The end of three hours the rattle of approaching hoofs and the sound of voices in conversation awoke Gus Warren from a put an end to his suspense. They also aroused the deserter, who turned his head and looked at the boy with eyes full of apprehension.
"You will have something to eat in a few minutes," said Gus, encouragingly. "Some of my uncle's cowboys are coming, and they will take you to the house, where you will be sure of good treatment."

od treatment."

I don't want to be sent back to Fort Shaw,"

Ouerulous tone. "They'll

good treatment."
"I don't want to be sent back to Fort Shaw," said Dawson, in a querulous tone, "They'll court martial me and send me to prison."
Before Gus left the camp, he took the precaution to secure his rifle and Dawson's carbine. He did not consider it safe to leave such dangerousthings where the half demented man could get his hands upon them. He hastened up the gully to meet the approaching horsemen, and was glad to see that Sam had complied with his suggestions in regard to the litter. One of the ponies had a surcingle buckled around his body, and to the sides of it were fastened a couple of stout, springy poles, whose ends trailed behind on the ground. Between these poles a blanket had been suspended in readiness to receive the helpless form of the deserter.

"What's the matter with you?" exclaimed Jerry, who was surprised at the look he saw on his brother's face. "Has that man—eh?"

"Don't talk so loud," cautioned Gus, at the same time pulling from his pocket the letter of which I have spoken. "That man has robbed Gilbert's cache, and I believe he's got the nuggets and dust in his bundle.
"Why, how does it come that he knew any thing about that cache?" demanded Jerry, as soon as he could speak, while Sam took the letter and read the words that were written upon the outside of it.
"I don't know," replied Gus. "Perhaps he will tell us all we want to know after he has recovered strength enough to talk about it. That's pretty good evidence, isn't it, Sam?" continued Gus, who then went on to tell how he had happened to find the letter.
"I should say so," answered the herdsman. "Now keep perfectly quiet about it. Don't act as though you suspected him of doing anything out of the way.
"Will you give him up to the officers of the post?" asked Jerry.
"That depends. We'll wait till your uncle and his party get back before we decide upon anything?"
There was something in the ring of the herdsman's yoice when he uttered these words that

anything?

There was something in the ring of the herdsman's voice when he uttered these words that made Gus and Jerry look wild. A terrible suspicion seized upon them at once.

"Do you think—do you suspect," began

picion seized upon them at once.

"Do you think—do you suspect," began Gus.

"I don't think or suspect nothing," answered Sam. "But a fellow who will steal will do worse, and not one step outside the house does this man go, after we get him there, till Uncle Jack and his company return. If they show up in due time all right; it will rest with old Jack to say what shall be done with the deserter. But if they don't show up, and we can find no trace of them. this man won't never be tried by no court martial, I bet you."

The herdsman said no more, but motioned Gus to lead the way to Dawson's camp. Could it be possible, the boy asked himself, that the deserter had fallen in with Uncle Jack and his party and killed them to get possession of these valuables? The idea was preposterous. They were all brave men and good shots, and it was not to be supposed that they could be easily overpowered or outwitted and robbed. But still Gus approved of Sam's determination to hold fast to the man until Uncle Jack returned.

While he was thinking about it he and the

hold fast to the man until Uncle Jack returned.

While he was thinking about it he and the cowboys came within sight of the camp.

"Hallo, pardner," exclaimed Sam, as he walked past the fire and leaned over the prostrate man. "Well, if it aim't Bud Dawson I'm a sinner. You always said you would desert the first good chance you got, but what made you take winter for it? Your uncle is all right," he whispered to Gus. "At least this man never harmed him. He hasn't pluck enough to harm a chicken."

Dawson started a little at the sound of his name, and looked closely at the face that was bending over his own, but he did not seem to recognize it.

"Yes, it's me," he managed to reply. "But I never saw you before. I have nothing for you. I said I wouldn't go snucks with anybody, and I meant it."

meant it."

As he said this he raised himself to a sitting posture, and tried with all his remaining strength to move his bundle to the other side of him, out of the herdsman's reach; but he could not stir it

Jerry said there wasn't anything of value in

"Jerry said there wasn't anything of value in that bundle," soliloquized Sam, "but I think different. All right, pard," he added, aloud. "Hold fast to your plunder, and we will give you something to eat."

"You might have done it long ago, instead of standing there doing nothing."

The herdsman, who was above saying anything to anger an irresponsible being, issued some rapid commands, and in a few minutes the fire was roaring merrily again, and savory odors filled the air. Dawson begged for a crust of bread, but Sam would not give it to him, for fear that his stomach would not retain it. He kept him waiting until the broth he had ordered prepared was ready, and then stubbornly resisting the man's efforts to take the dish from his hands, fed it to him by the spoonful. Of course ing the man's efforts to take the dish from his hands, fed it to him by the spoonful. Of course it was a tedious process to feed him in this way, and to San's disappointment he could not get enough down him to loosen his tongue.

"Now," said Sam, at last, "you have had enough for the present. Put him on my back, a couple of you, and I will carry him out of the gully. The litter would jolt him too much going over these rocks."

"Who will look out for my bundle?" asked Dawson.

ing over these rocks."
"Who will look out for my bundle?" asked Dawson.
"Jerry and I will attend to that," replied Gus. "When you get to the house you will find it close at your heels."
"What's in it?" asked one of the cowboys.
"Oh, there's dust and nuggets enough to make me rich if I ever live to reach home. But it's all mine, every bit of it."
"Where did you get so much plunder?" said Sam. "You were a high private in the rear rank the last time I saw you."
But Dawson was not yet ready to say any thing on that point. He simply shook his head and looked wise, and that led the cowboys to suspect that he had more sense than they had given him credit for. It also aroused the ire of the chief herdsmen, who found opportunity to say to Gus that Dawson would have to tell a pretty straight story before he and the cowboys would let him go scot free.

[To be concluded.]



→GHRISTMAS+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. Bring 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.

OR a full year Arthur Brown and myself had sailed in the brig Quadroon as have before by

myself had sailed in the original room as boys before the During this time the vessel had entered and cleared at a number of ports on the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexsea and the Gulf of Mex-ico, getting freight wherever she could; but at length, at Tampico, on the Mexican coast, the captain sold her for a good price, and we re-ceived 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.

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 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

We hoped to find deer and wild cattle—and though our apprehen-sions of jaguars and pumas were a little startling, there was still a kind of fascination in the thought of hav ing to encounter such animals. A ferocious beast a hundred miles off does not seem so terrible as when

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

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

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

parture.

"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, hand-

"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 belo it." 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 The fellow in the cage rubbed his ferce, 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 muscu-

Bidding our countryman good by for 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 empites. 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 Near daybreak we were awakened by the long drawn mawls of some wild ani-mal, 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

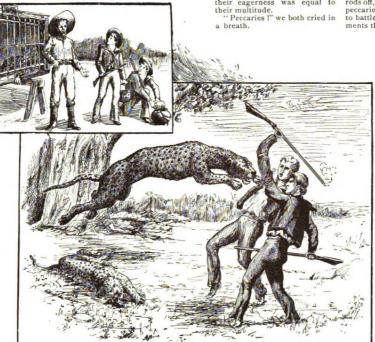
So we kept on along the pampa, hoping or better luck. Presently Arthur came

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 gust 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



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 ng, we were soon in the river, up 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.

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 willing have carried us, but, under the circumstances, we preferred to walk.

Our recention at the plantation, which

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 log-wood 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

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 near-

est.

The distance was at least a hundred 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 fitteen

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 the short dead branches we selves 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

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.

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 edge of and trading in plain giver. The

rods off, and standing in plain view. The peccaries saw them, and the temptation to battle was irresistable. In a few mo-ments the whole herd had gone rushing off to attack this new ene-my. The bear and her

my. The bear and her cub retreated into the hollow with all possible speed, and their pursuers fol-lowed. As the last of them disappeared, we came down from our perch and made all haste towards a line of heavy timber which bor-dered 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. "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

light in the morning, when we were awakened in a singular manner. Some singular manner, some small animal had run di-sectly over us, and we rectly 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! had evidently been in

suit of the smaller animal, and had come

suit of the similar animai, 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 to the supple tawny body was drawn to the supple tawny body was drawn to the supple tawny body.

one supple, tawny body was drawn to-gether, and the stout legs worked nerv-ously 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.

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 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 be-fore 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 outsterched; just as he fell.

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

seemed as if we should never grow tired of admiring them. They were, indeed, very beautiful—almost exactly like leop-

very beautiful—almost exactly like leop-ard skins, and equally handsome.

As the excitement of the adventure subsided, the pain from our injuries, which were really quite serious, began to be felt more keenly, and we looked out anxiously for an opportunity of getting down the river. Fortunately, in the afternoon, a bungo hove in sight up stream, and on her approach we hailed

The Mexicans willingly accepted us as passengers, for a consideration, and seemed to feel much interest in our adventure, of which our deep scratches, as well as the jaguar skins, told an eloquent

Upon getting down to Tampico, we felt great pride in showing our trophies to Mr. Talbot, who was both surprised and

You see we brought back the guns,"

you see we brough to ack the guis, said Arthur, laughing,
"Yes," was the reply: "and it's well for my pockets that I didn't offer you a thousand dollars for s jaguar skin!"

AN OLDEN TIME CHRISTMAS.

AN OLDEN TIME CHRISTMAS.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.
ON Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
That only right in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Then opened wide the baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all.
The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
Then was brought in the lusty brawn, by old, blue coated serving man;
Then came the merty maskers in,
And carols roared with blithesome din.
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.



IN SEARCH OF AN UNKNOWN RACE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE, Author of "In Southern Seas," "That Treasure," "A Voyage to the Gold Coast," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

VERY person excepting Flores himself started to his feet. But all eyes were turned from the newcomer to the giver of the entertainment whose face was of ashy hue, as falling back in his chair, he stared in horrified selience at Van Briscoe. The latter, with folded arms, regarded him steadfastly, "Who the doose are you, intrudin' into a private room?" demanded young Goldwin, who prided himself on his muscle. Bristling up like a bantam cockerel, he stepped forward with outstretched hand to grasp the collar of the rash intruder.

arasi; intruder.

A moment later, the gilded youth was sent spinning half way across the room by what may be called a reverse action. Van having seized his collar, before the other could accomplish his own

collar, before the other could accomplish his own intended purpose.

"Will you send away your visitors? I want to speak to you alone, Flores," calmly remarked Van, as young Goldwin picked himself up and ruefully regarded his dress coat which was rent from the neck to the waist.

Flores, whose white lips had moved once or twice though no sound had escaped them, pulled himself toether.

twice though no sound had escaped them, pulled himself together. "I'm—I'm sorry," he said, helplessly, as he looked around at his astonished guests, "but this gentleman and I have private business—I'm he hint was acted upon. One by one the company nurmured "good night," and filed out. As the last one disappeared, Van locked the door behind him.

Indignant as he felt, Van was not without a feeling akin top ity for the discomfited young man before him, who, with a trembling hand, drained a glass of the strong compound still remaining in the bowl, as though to give him a fictitious courage for the coming interview.

"We—I—thought you were dead, Van," hoarsely began Flores, breaking the silence as he set down the empty glass.

noarsery began riores, oreasing the stience as he set down the empty glass.

"So I supposed," was the deliberate reply, "when after you had paid the Indian for killing me—as you thought—with a poisoned arrow, you robbed me of my money belt containing my

you roobed new or and diamonds."

This was coming to the point with a vengeance. Protestation, pretended anger, excusions and lies died away on the young Brazilian's

"You—you can prove nothing," he hoarsely whispered.

"I do not wish to," coolly replied Van, who had never removed his eves from the blanched face before him. "That is," he went on in a significant tone, "unless you refuse to do what

is right.
"Repent and make restitution while yet there

** Kepent and make restitution while yet there is one more opportunity."

Was the warning actually whispered in his cience, repeating the words he had heard in his reaming?

Flores electrically the second of the

ear? Or was it but the ecro of a guity conscience, repeating the words he had heard in his dreaming?

Flores glanced fearfully about him, and Van felt an involuntary thrill as he became conscious that a faint breath of cool air had fanned his cheek. This was perhaps a passing zephyr from one of the long open windows, yet the night air without lay heavy and still.

"What do you want?" finally asked Flores in a constrained voice.

"Only what is my due—or at least as much of it as I can hope for after your spendthrift career that I have heard of from a dozen different quarters since arriving in town," answered Van, shrugging his shoulders as he looked about the luxurious apartment.

Well, there was no help for it. With a sullen, lowering face, Flores unlocked an elaborately carved desk, and produced a small steel strong box. From this he took the missing money belt, in which a goodly number of Van's diamonds still remained, also some United Statesbonds, a thick roll of bills and a bank book representing a considerable sum.

Flores could of course only make a very rough estimate of his expenditures, the amount of which in the short space of eight months, astonishing of his own means, but a few of Van's largest diamonds were missing, and the value of these were made good as far as it was possible to estimate it, by the money which Flores landed over.

over.

By how many thousand dollars Van was the loser, neither he, or—to do him justice—Flores himself knew, but it was no inconsiderable amount. Yet even as it was, the former found himself in the possession of what for so young a man might be called a handsome fortune, while Flores himself had a large balance remaining.

maining. Humbled and crest fallen to the last degree, Humbled and crest fallen to the last degree, Flores asked no questions as to Van's strange and unexpected resurrection. All he seemed to desire was to get the business settled and close the door behind his unwelcome visitent. "And now," he said sullenly, without lifting his eyes to Van's face, as the latter secured his restored wealth inside his coat and buttoned it tightly about him, "now! suppose you will make the town too hot for me."
"Do you think so badly of me as that?" was the calm response, and Flores looked up for the first time in astonishment.
"But you will tell—Ninada?" he said in a low tone.

"But you will tell—Ninada?" he said in a low tone.

"I cannot promise as to that, but if I do the secret will be safe with her for the sake of poor Mr. Briscoe, if for no other reason," returned Van, after a little hesitation.

"Poor Mr. Briscoe!" echoed Flores. "Why, didn't you know that he escaped from Itambez after all, and reached the States a couple of months later than the rest of us?"

Van uttered an exclamation of pleasure.

"I did not know it, for I only arrived in Boston this afternoon," he said—and then there was a silence which was only broken by Van rising to his feet.

Boston this afternoon," he said—and then there was a silence which was only broken by Van rising to his feet.

"Flores," he said, gravely, "though you attempted my life and have done me a great wrong. I hold no emitty against you. Indeed I forgive you freely. And I do wish," he said, taking the unresisting hand of the young man, whose crimsoning face and downcast eyes proved that his sense of shame was not altogether lost, "I do wish for your dead mother's sake, Flores, that you would repent of your intended sin and lead a better life hereafter."

Between repentance and being sorry for one's wrong doing there is a considerable difference. Yet however this might have been in the case of Flores, it is certain that his eyes suddenly filled with unaccustomed-tears, and in a rather broken voice he answered:

"You are a thousand times better than I, Van Briscoe. I reill try and do differently."

And these wer the last words Van ever heard him speak. They silently shook hands, and on the following morning it was rumored that Don Carlos had settled his bills and departed from the city without the formality of bidding adieu to his large circle of regretful friends and acquaintances. Beyond the fact that he was known to have bought a ticket to Chicago, his destination remained a mystery as it does to this day. And so passes the misguided young man from my story.

man from my story.

"But somehow I cannot make it all seem true, Cousin Van," said Ninada, who, more beautiful than ever, sat beside Van who held both her hands in his own.

Mr. Richard Briscoe and Patty Peterson, who had listened to Van's story, had stolen from the room to compare notes concerning it, leaving the two young people alone in the old fashioned parlor of the Peterson homestead, a few miles outside of Boston.

"I find myself troubled the same way, Ninada," laughed the young man, but his voice was tremulous with repressed emotion, as his eyes watched every movement of the lovely, blushing face so near his own.

But what was said after this, I have no means of knowing. Van's journal and Van himself

are equally silent on the subject. When Mr. Richard Briscoe came in half an hour later, they were sitting at opposite ends of the room, and as Van at once began talking very fast about his recent interview with Don Carlos Flores and its results, Miss Ninada had opportunity to regain

results, Miss Ninada had opportunity to regain her usual composure.

It seemed that Mr. Briscoe had been enabled to secure a considerable portion of his own wealth before he escaped from his dwelling, which ten minutes later was swallowed up in the general ruin. In company with Bob Martin and a number of others, he hastened on board a gondolifa moored at the embankment, and they were borne out of danger by the swift current of the river, only reaching Para after great peril and hardship.

Tom the negro had been faithful to his trust.

Tom the negro had been faithful to his trust,

the river, only reaching Para after great peril and hardship.

Tom the negro had been faithful to his trust, so that until her father appeared in his own person, Ninada had known nothing of the destruction of Itambez, and was thus spared the agonizing sorrow which the news of his supposed death would have caused her.

Regarding Mr. Briscoe's belief in the singular predictions of the prophets of Itambez, I have no comment whatever to make. It is sufficient to say that I know he was sincere in this belief as in that concerning the danger threatened Nisada at her sixteenth birthday. A great many wiser and better men than Mr. Briscoe, cheerish equally peculiar fancies. In any event, he felt justined in sending his daughter away, and did so, and the events proved that he was wise in thus doing.

As for himself, I am sorry to say Mr. Briscoe is a fatalist, and so had remained behind with the majority of the Itambez people till the destruction of the city was assured. Then, he very prudently got away as fast as possible. Well, my story is drawing to a close. Mr. Briscoe has bought a beautiful home not very far from the old Peterson homestead, and it is currently reported that he has asked Miss Martha Peterson, his former love, to share it; this with the entire concurrence of his daughter Ninada, who never having known a mother's love, naturally reciprocates Miss Peterson's warm affection for herself.

Mr. Briscoe is known simply as a wealthy American who, having spent several years in the far interior of Brazil, has returned to his native country to pass the rest of his life. Ninada is loved and admired by every one, and has become an ost accomplished, but I am happy to say, not a fashionable lady. Manola and Tom are retained in the household, whose affairs, indeed, would hardly run smoothly without them, and Bob Martin is a frequent visitor.

As for Van Briscoe, with whom I nave become quite intimately acquainted, he gives promise of an admirable manhood, and I feel confident will do great you would not freely intere

Ninada Briscoe herself is the presumptive heiress to a large property, to say nothing of riches inherited from her deceased mother which she brought away from Itambez with her.

For as you may have guessed, Ninada and Van are to be married in due time—an open secret known to a large circle of friends and acquaintances, among whom is Captain Josh Peterson, who is expected to arrive home in time for the wedding.

And now having completed my own part of this narrative, it is with considerable satisfaction

this narrative, it is with considerable satisfaction that I write the words—

THE END.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

A TRUE TALE OF THE SEA. BY FRANCES EPPS.

BY FRANCES EPPS.

OME twenty three years ago the British man of war Shearwater steamed out of Plymouth Sound, bound for a long cruise in the Pacific Ocean. The Bay of Biscay and Atlantic Ocean were safely crossed, and then, sooner than face the storny winds and billows off Cape Horn, it was determined to go through the dangerous and rocky Straits of Magellan, which divide Tierra del Fuego (The Land of Fire, so called from the volcances in it) from the rest of South America.

The greater part of the coast in this region is very wild and bleak, with granite and black rock cliffs, very high and bare, and the desolate silence is only broken by the roar of the river cascades dashing into the sea, and the screams of thousands of wild birds.

Soon after the ship entered the straits, where

cascades dashing into the sea, and the screams of thousands of wild birds.

Soon after the ship entered the straits, where the country on each side is not so desolate as it is farther on, some very strange looking boats came out with natives in them. These poor creatures are very savage, and very ugly, with large dark bodies and little legs, dark copper colored skins, very dirty, and smeared with charcoal and having long straight black hair covered with white ashes.

They dress themselves in skins of animals, or any old clothes they can beg from a passing steamer or steal from a shipwrecked crew; for if any poor sailors fall into their hands these cruel people kill them with poisoned spears, and take all their things. Some missionaries are trying to teach them better, but it is hard and slow work.

The Shearwater let down casks of old clothes, beads, looking classes, and knives to the cances as they came alongside, and then went on her way. The coast became wilder and wilder, and at last they reached a little bay, a good place to anchor, especially as there was a fine waterfall close by.

The next morning a party of blue jackets went ashore to get fresh water, and some officers to shoot, as there were plenty of birds good for

At the time fixed two sailors, Davis and Mac-

At the time fixed two sailors, Davis and Macdonald, were sent off in the dingey to fetch the shooting party back to the ship.

As some time passed, and the dingey did not return, the captain's gig was put off, and found the shooting party waiting on the shore with great impatence, for Davis and Macdonald had never appeared.

It was now getting dark, so nothing could be done that night beyond keeping bright lights on the ship and a double watch.

Next day all the boats were dispatched, and search parties hunted every bay and creek in

done that night beyond keeping bright lights on the ship and a double watch.

Next day all the boats were dispatched, and search parties hunted every bay and creek in vain. Another day was also unsuccessfully spent in looking for the missing men, and then the captain unwillingly gave up all hope of finding them, and the ship steamed away to the west with her flag half mast. "Lost at sea" was the report sent home at the first port the ship touched.

But instead of going on with the Shearwater into the bright Pacific, let us stay awhile in the gloomy straits. Five days after the steamer left, the dingey reappeared, not bottom upwards, but in her two haggard and stricken men.

Macdonald's oar had got broken soon after they left the ship, and he boot had drifted, in spite of all their efforts, into a rapid current, which carried them far past the shore where the shooting party were awaiting them; at last (it seemed to them they had traveled miles) they managed to ground the boat on a small island at the mount of a bay.

Poor fellows! their hearts sank as the sun went down; they had nothing with them but their knives, pistols, and pipes, with very little provender for the two latter. Having dragged the boat up to a sheltered spot, they crouched down in it, smoking the little tobacco they had, and talking over their miserable plight.

They knew it was useless to venture into the dangerous channel with only one oar, and where could they find wood for another? And then the natives!

At daybreak, after breakfasting on some mussels they found on the rocks, they left the island, and slowly made their way to the shore of the bay. They then hid the boat, and, after a long search a little way inland, found a tree with a bough suitable for their purpose. It was dark again before, the oar was ready, for their only tools were their knives.

Next day they were just starting, hoping to find their way back to the ship, when, to their horror, they saw a cance full of natives pass in

Next day they were just starting, hoping to find their way back to the ship, when, to their horror, they saw a canoe full of natives pass in the distance.

norror, they saw a canoe full of halives pass in the distance. Three long, weary days they kept themselves and the dingey well hidden, only venturing on the beach in the gray of the dawn and twilight, to get a few shell fish; fortunately there was a stream of pure water at hand for their drink. As the natives now seemed to have left the neighborhood, they at last cautiously made their way back to the bay where the ship had been anchored. Imagine their horror on finding she was gone!

They sat awhile dazed and staring blankly at the sea, the sky, the rocks; the loneliness of it all crushed them, till Macdonald roused and said; "Mate, while there's life there's hope; well go ashore and do our best to keep life together till God is pleased to fetch us, in a steamer, or with a fiery chariot." So these was seen to select the country of the control of the

for same and over the week of the second of

that saved them and kept them from utter despair.

They nearly always dreamed of home, poor fel-lows—Davis of the wife and "little uns "he had left behind at Plymouth, and still hoped to meet again; while Macdonald roved once more over the breezy Dee-side hills, and in the lovely glen which was still "home," though the old cottage was a heap of stones and his mother rested in her grave. He could hear again the click of her knitting needles, and the soft rush of the water of the "Linn" close to the door of the old home, waking to find it was but the crackling of the fire and the sound of the waterfall close by that he heart.

How he blessed hls mother for having taught him so many psalms and hymns when a boy;

him so many psalms and hymns when a boy; somewhat forgotten, perhaps, in the bustle of daily life, they came back to his memory now, and cheered both the captives in their wall-less

and energed both the captives in their wall-less prison.

After four years of this life Davis could not but see with sad anxiety that the poor food, hardships, and sorrow were telling very much on his companion. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." They had tried in vain to attract the attention of the few ships that passed that way. At last they began to make up their minds they would never see "home" again, when one fine sunny day a vessel under full sail hove in sight—it was their own ship, the Shearwater, homeward bound, after a four years' cruise in the Pacific.

PRIVATE

DEFICE

Try to imagine their feelings! In their excitement they cast all thought of the natives to the winds, heaped up their fire, tore off their garments, hoisted them to the signal post they had rigged up, and with all their remaining strength tried to make themselves seen. All in vain. They could hear the noise of the screw, and the wave caused by the ship came even to their feet, but she went steadily on and was soon lost in the distance.

their feet, but she went steadily on and was soon lost in the distance.

It was too much for the poor heart broken fellows. They went back to the tent, and Macdonald lay down to die. "Cover me up with leaves, mate," he said, "and say a prayer over me, I'm gaein' to my lang hame."

Davis sat down beside him, moistening the feverish lips and brow, and praying that he might be taken too.

As the Shearwater had passed them, the captain had rubbed his hands gleefully. "We shall be through the straits before night, without having to stop and lose any time here, I'm thankful to say."

be through the straits before night, without having to say."

But that night a storm came on, and the sea became so rough that the ship was driven back and so knocked about that the captain was glad to find shelter in the very same anchorage ground where they had stopped four years before. "The night is aye darkest before the dawn," and early next morning, when the captain was examining the coast through his glass, the signal post caught his eye, and the hut. "That's not a native's hut." said had to the first lieutenant, showing it to him." "This is the very spot where we lost those two poor fellows," observed the lieutenant, answering his thoughts.

"Take the gig and some men and find out, cartiously," said the captain.

In a very few minutes the boat put off.

The poor men were lying stricken in their hut, when suddenly they heard English voices, not the loud, cracked sounding gibberish they lived in dread of hearing.

"It's only a dream," muttered Macdonald; but Davis, with his heart beating as if it would burst, staggered out of the hut to see the lieutenant and his old mates coming towards him, pistol in hand.
"Don't fire!" he screamed, "it's Davis,"

tenant and his one mates coming towards min, pistol in hand;
"Don't fire!" he screamed, "it's Davis," and fell fainting at their feet.
While some of the party attended to him the rest ran to the hut, and there lay Macdonald-dead. The sudden conviction, on hearing Davis's scream, that help had come at last, was too much for him; he had gone "hame" indeed, and in the fiery chariot of suffering.
Davis greatly improved in health on the voyage home, though all his life long he could never quite forget his four years' sojourn in the Land of Fire.

quite forget his four years' sojourn in the Land of Fire.

The poor widow (as she thought herself) was putting the children to bed, when Jack knocked at the door.

The sight of the familiar dress and name on the hat made the woman turn pale.

"I'm off the Shearwater, mum, a chum of your husband's," he began, dashing into his difficult task; "there, don't take on, there's a good soul," he went on, still faster, as she sank sobbing into a chair, "there's really no need."

She thought this rather an unfeeling remark, and steadied her voice to ask, "Have you brought me any message from him, or any of his things?"

"Oh, yes, mum, plenty, everything, and

brought me any message from him, or any of his things? "Oh, yes," mum, plenty, everything, and more, too," and here he paused, saying to himself, while the perspiration stood on his brow, "whatever shall I say next, what—" when his eye fell on the book the eldest boy was reading. "I say, mum, did you ever read 'Robinson Crusoe'?" ("The poor fellow must have had a sunstroke," thought Mrs, Davis). "It's a fine book, and all true. Now I'm on the right tack," he chuckled, and so he was, for in ten minutes he had worked round from Juan Fernandez to the Straits of Magellan, and from Selkirk to her own husband; "and here he is, mum," said Jack, triumphantly, and then considerately "sheered off."

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ASTRAY WITHIN NARROW LIMITS.

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