

# GOLDEN ALCOSY

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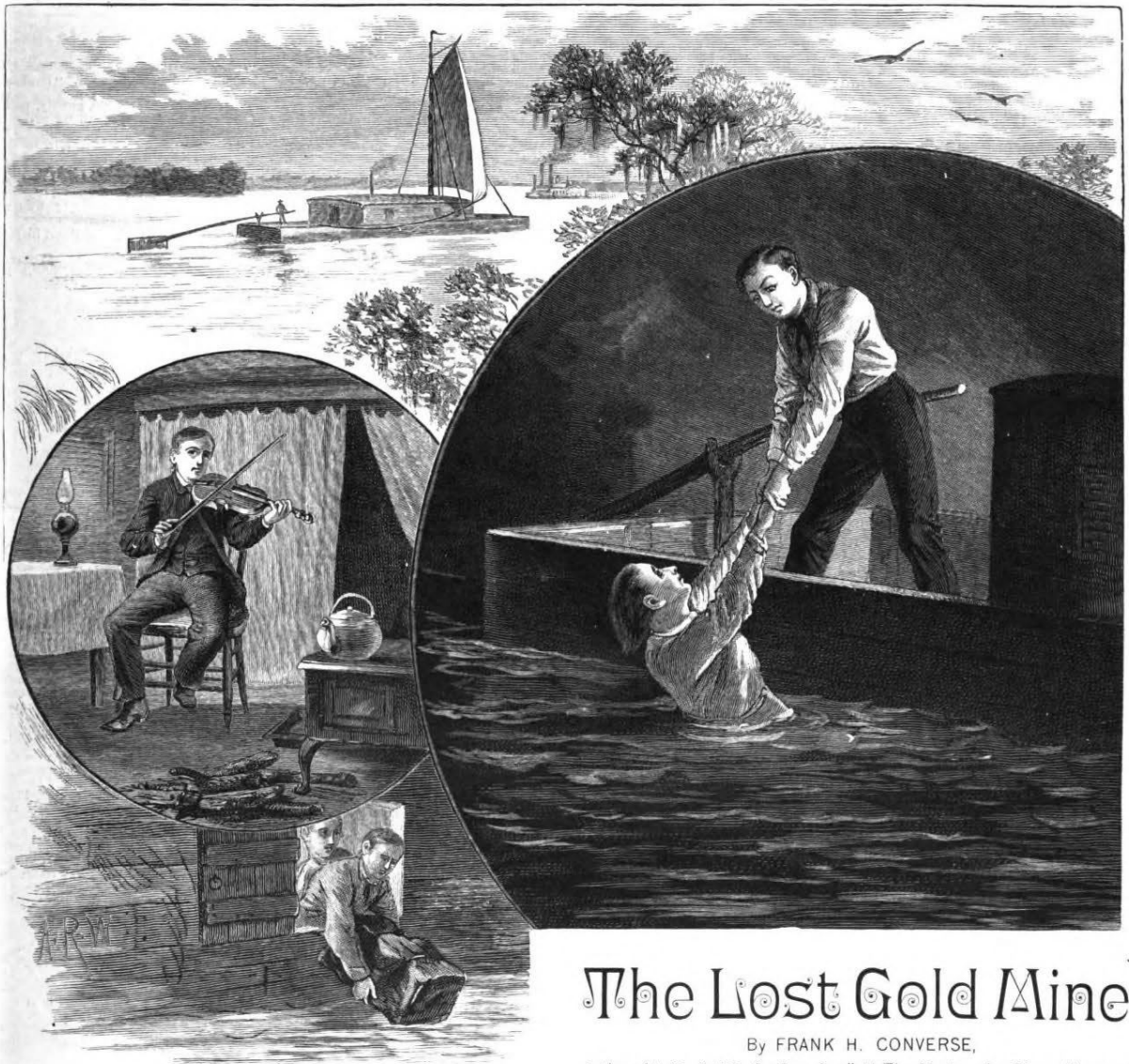
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## The Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "Van," "In Southern Seas," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE MISSISSIPPI FLAT BOAT.

FOR three days and nights it had rained throughout the upper Mississippi, and the great river had risen rapidly.

At Plattston, a small settlement about a hundred miles below Cairo, on the west bank, things were beginning to look serious. The wood yard south of the low

bluff on which the village was built, was completely submerged, and the steamer Empire State was taking in her lading of cotton bales from the top of the bluff, now little higher than the steamer's deck.

Anchored a short distance out in the stream was a clumsy but strongly built flat not unlike a canal boat. A stumpy mast stood well forward, and against it Robin Dare was leaning with folded arms,

"GIVE US A HAND!" CRIED A GASPING VOICE, CLOSE TO THE FLAT BOAT.  
ROBIN DARE SPRANG TO THE SIDE, AND LEANED FORWARD  
JUST IN TIME TO CLUTCH THE OUTSTRETCHED  
HANDS OF A BOY IN THE WATER.

listlessly watching the passengers moving about the deck of the moored steamer. Though only in his seventeenth year, Rob's admirably proportioned frame gave promise of unusual vigor and strength in no young man. For he rest he was dark haired and dark eyed, and dressed in a well worn suit of the stout linsey peculiar to the West and South.

"Rob," called some one from below, "get ready to set me and Miggles ashore."

"All right," was the reply. And when the speaker, a rather good looking, quietly dressed man, with a full black beard, came on deck, carrying a small hand satchel, Rob was sitting in a flat bottomed skiff alongside, holding his oars in readiness.

The good looking man, known as James or Jim Dare, was closely followed by his companion and co-worker, whose name—Miggles—was a corruption of Miguel. And Miguel himself was a half Americanized Spaniard or Mexican, with dark sinister features, glittering black eyes and heavy mustache like the villain of a modern melodrama.

"The river rise much fast—Dare?" he said, as the two gingerly seated themselves in the skiff, and Rob pushed away from the flat boat.

"Yes," briefly answered Dare, who was a man of the fewest possible words.

Rob pulled vigorously toward a shelving point near where the steamer's gangway plank was laid. Dare only spoke once before it was reached.

"We shan't be ready to come off before morning, so you needn't sit up waiting for us, Rob," he said. Rob nodded and ran the skiff alongside the landing place he had chosen. Dare stepped ashore, satchel in hand, followed by Miggles.

A number of passengers who had assembled at the steamer's rail were looking down at them.

"How are you, old man?" called one of them.

Dare and Miggles both glanced up as though the voice were not unfamiliar. Following the direction of their gaze, Rob saw a well dressed, gentlemanly appearing individual, who waved his hand, apparently to Dare.

"Howdy—Brayton," responded the latter without much enthusiasm.

Fausing just long enough to see that the gentlemanly looking passenger had walked down the gangway plank and joined Dare, Rob pushed off and began pulling slowly back to the flat, where his waking and sleeping hours had been passed for nearly a year.

After the manner of those left much to their own companionship, Rob was given to thinking aloud when alone.

"I don't believe that man's name is Brayton," he thus remarked. For he knew that Rob had noticed the slight pause Dare had made when his greeting and the pronunciation of the name itself.

And then, too, Rob was growing very distrustful in most matters connected with Dare and Miggles. Heretofore he had accepted such explanations as they chose to give both regarding themselves and himself; but more recently he had unintentionally overheard, and seen as well, certain things which had set him thinking. Thinking not entirely of himself and the real or imaginary claim which Dare or Miggles might have upon him. For that was a matter to be looked into later, when he had found out something else.

Which in substance was, what the true reason might be for the peculiar life led by these two men, and the secrecy they employed regarding their business.

In other days, during their wandering life through the mining regions of the West, Dare had vaguely represented himself as speculator, agent, trader, and what not, with Miggles as partner.

But since they began their floating life on the Mississippi, he and Miggles were understood to be taking sketches along the river, from which they made engravings on wood. These were presumed to be in the interests of a New Orleans publishing house, which was collecting material for a forthcoming work on the "Resources of the Great West."

That Dare made daily use of a small photographic camera, and both of them worked far into the night with pen, ink, graver, and etching tools, Rob was well aware. Yet why so much secrecy about it—even to drawing a curtain across the middle of the cabin to hide their operations from his own eyes?

"There is something back of it all that I don't understand," mused Rob, as, securing the skiff to the river boat, he climbed aboard.

It was fast growing dark, so, descending to the cabin, he lit a lamp suspended from the ceiling. Kindling a fire in the stove, Rob prepared his simple evening meal, and cleared away the dishes.

Rob had one never failing source of companionship in the old violin which he presently took from a faded laize bag at the head of his berth. When he was a very little fellow, it was given him as a plaything by a drunken miner in Boise City. A broken down musician in a Nevada mining camp had taught him the rudiments of music—intuition or inheritance had done the rest.

Tucking the violin tenderly under his chin, and bending his ear to the vibrating strings, Rob swept his bow across them with no unskillful touch.

Dreamy waltz and lively polka, operatic snatches caught from a hand organ heard on the levees at New Orleans, and popular airs

picked up he hardly knew where, followed each other in rapid succession. And then, half unconsciously, the melody melted into the pathetic strains of the old Scotch song "Robin Adair."

Rob could never tell why this particular tune was a special favorite. The name he was called—Robin A. Dare—and the title of the song had come so curiously fanciful connection in Rob's mind, but how or why he could never decide definitely.

"Under a tender if ever that was my cradle song," said Rob, half aloud. But the conjecture was based on nothing tangible. When he was six years old, so they had told him, Rob had come very near dying of brain fever. When he again grew strong and well, a complete blank had taken the place of his earlier childish memories.

Rob felt strangely uneasy on that particular evening. Even music had no longer the power to hold his attention. He tried to read, but the tattered and well thumbed pages of Oliver Optic, Bayard Taylor and one or two other favorite authors had lost their charm.

"I feel as though something was going to happen," was his unspoken thought. Yet generally speaking Rob was one of the most unimaginative of persons.

Underlying all this mental uneasiness were his recently aroused suspicions regarding Dare and Miggles, with whom he had lived and in whom he had believed ever since he could remember anything.

"I had a perfect right to find out the truth if I can," he reasoned, "for I am old enough now to not only think but act for myself. Then, too," he added, rising resolutely, "if they would deceive me in one thing they would in another, and perhaps I may find out something different about my own story as they tell it."

His first movement was to push aside a square of well worn oil cloth which covered the floor directly under the table.

Removing a floor board, he took from the cavity beneath a japanned tin trunk, which the evening before, he had seen secretly hidden away when he was supposed to be asleep.

Unlocking it with the key that had been concealed inside the clock against the wall, Rob took out and laid on the table a handful of engravings.

"That looks all right enough," he said thoughtfully. For they were mostly designs of various objects—groups of cattle, public buildings, rural scenes, vignette heads of public men and the like. Some were small photographic negatives—others beautifully executed in pen and ink on squares of boxwood, while still others were etched on copper plates.

These were illustrations, certainly. Yet among them were ornamental letters and figures—autographic signatures, in fact. For one could hardly understand how these could be used in any descriptive work on the "Resources of the Great West."

Considerably puzzled, he continued his investigations. There were vials of colored inks and acids, graving and etching tools, and then—Rob's eyes were attracted by them. For one after another, he took out twenty packages of the cleanest, newest bank notes imaginable! And most of them were notes of the larger denominations—tens, twenties, and so on up to a hundred.

"Dare and Miggles must get tremendous big pay for their work," murmured Rob, across whose mind no suspicion of the truth had drifted. Why should it? Since he could remember he had lived a sort of isolated life that had prevented him from learning much of the evil which he vaguely knew existed in the world.

If Dare and Miggles were worth all that amount of money, why did they work for a living in the bluffs? Why did they choose to pass their days drifting from place to place? Or if they preferred to work, why not seek out more comfortable surroundings? Why—

Three dull reports from the bluff, reverberating through the heavy atmosphere, made Rob pause in the mental queries and look up in a listening attitude.

"Somebody shooting somebody else ashore," he remarked, without, however, the slightest show of excitement. Such things were not altogether new to Rob, who had more than once listened to the crack of the deadly revolver as he lay snugly in the bunk of some mining shanty.

## CHAPTER II.

### FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

THE pistol reports being followed by the sound of shouts and confused clamorings from the bluff, Rob left everything lying on the table, and stepped on deck.

He could see lights flitting from place to place, and from the evident commotion made up his mind that an affray of some consequence had taken or was taking place.

"I hope Mr. Dare hasn't got into any trouble," he murmured, after listening and straining his gaze through the darkness, for some little time.

An hour passed. The tumult seemed to have subsided and Rob turned to go below.

"Say—boss—give—me—a hand!"

The voice, rather faint and gasping, sounded almost close to the flat. Springing to the side, Rob saw a bobbing black head and the white upturned face of a swimmer, who was being swept astern by the rushing current.

Bending his arm round the stay of the mast, Rob leaned forward just in time to clutch the swimmer's outstretched hand. Thus assisted, the newcomer, who proved to be a lightly clad boy of fourteen or fifteen, scrambled in over the side.

"Read—this—whilst—I'm—a—gettin' my wind," panted the boy, taking a folded bit of paper from between his teeth.

Holding the paper in the light which shone through one of the little cabin windows, Rob read in Dare's peculiar hand:

"If this reaches you in time, get off with the boat at once, or you will be arrested. Miggles is shot and I must get out of the country without delay. The boy Chip will tell you. I think you can trust him. He is boarding where the table stands, is a tin trunk. Tie a weight to it and throw over the side before—"

Here the scrawl came to an abrupt ending.

"If this reaches you in time, get off with the boat at once, or you will be arrested. Miggles is shot and I must get out of the country without delay. The boy Chip will tell you. I think you can trust him. He is boarding where the table stands, is a tin trunk. Tie a weight to it and throw over the side before—"

"Can you steer?" was hastily demanded.

"Guess so," was the laconic response.

"Take the tiller quick, and when her head swings round keep out for the middle of the stream," said Rob, calling all his coolness and energy to his aid.

Running forward as Chip seized the tiller, Rob scraped an axe from its bucket, and at one blow severed the hemp cable.

"As the boat's head slowly paid off, he cast loose the brails and hauled the sail out to the gaff end with an exertion of the strength on which, young as he was, Rob secretly prided himself. Trimming down the sheet he hurried aft, and not a moment too soon.

Above the sound of dashing oar blades, loud and excited voices were heard.

"Pull hard, boys. I see a glim of the sail!" shouted a hoarse voice, and as the flat slowly began to fill away, a four oared boat could be made out through the mists arising from the river.

"Flat ahoy!" gruffly called some one standing in the bows of the rapidly nearing boat.

"As the boat's head slowly paid off, he cast loose the brails and hauled the sail out to the gaff end with an exertion of the strength on which, young as he was, Rob secretly prided himself. Trimming down the sheet he hurried aft, and not a moment too soon.

"You ain't goin' to let 'em come aboard," cried Chip, who was hanging firmly to the tiller.

"They're pulling four oars. I don't see how we can help ourselves," returned Rob, hurriedly.

"Bring the starboard battery to bear on 'em, and as the boat's head slowly paid off, he cast loose the brails and hauled the sail out to the gaff end with an exertion of the strength on which, young as he was, Rob secretly prided himself. Trimming down the sheet he hurried aft, and not a moment too soon.

"The suggestion, wild as it was, gave Rob an idea. Mr. Dare's duck gun was below—perhaps he could frighten away his pursuers.

"That's what was to act. In another moment Rob was on deck, gun in hand. Chip was heard to utter a subdued "Hooray!"

It was time something was done. The stem of the pursuing boat was within a dozen feet of the flat's stern. A tall man in the bows held a boat hook in readiness.

"Counterfeit money!" Like a flash the truth entered Rob's mind. And what a blind fool he had been!

Rob sank on one of the cushioned lockers in dismay.

"I never dreamed of such a thing," he said aloud. And he never had. His isolated life and lack of companionship, to say nothing of seeing newspapers or the current periodicals of the day but rarely, had kept him from the knowledge of much that was going on in the world. Added to this was the secrecy maintained by Dare and Miggles in their work, and Rob's own unsuspecting nature.

ain't got no hot coffee nor nothin'—I'm nigh about froze in these clothes."

"Why, how stupid I am," interrupted Rob, as the boy's teeth began to chatter.

And running below, Rob blew the coals into a blaze, assisted by fat wood splints, and set the battered coffee pot on the stove. Then he pulled from a wooden chest a dry shirt and pair of trousers similar to those he was wearing, which, with stockings, a cap, and pair of half worn shoes, he left lying with, reach.

In a very short time Rob had relieved Chip at the tiller, and sent him below, duly instructed as to a change of clothing, and the location of sundry articles of food in the corner cupboard.

Heading the boat toward the opposite side of the river, Rob ran her alongside a clump of half submerged cypress and cottonwood trees, brailed up the sail, and tied up for the night.

Then he went below, where Chip was just rising like a young giant refreshed from a substantial meal of cold baked catfish, home made bread and hard boiled eggs, washed down with two mighty mugs of coffee.

"Ah," he remarked, with a long sigh of content, "Richard's regimint! to feel himself agin'; now, s'pose we proceed to bizness."

"Very good," said Rob, who began to be both amused and interested in a type of boyhood that was entirely new to his experience. "Come in to the other part."

Chip looked about him with pleased surprise as the curtains were parted and he was ushered into the cozy interior.

"Now ain't this snug?" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands gleefully together. "But I say—"

"Well?"

"If I was you," said Chip, gravely, pointing to the open trunk in which the packages of bills lay in plain sight, "first thing I'd do would be to chuck them flimsies inter the fire!"

"Flimsies! what could that mean? But the remark itself brought suddenly to mind Dare's written instructions as to the disposal of the tin trunk.

"But I don't quite understand," Rob returned, in perplexity.

Chip grinned derisively, and thrust his tongue into his cheek.

"Oh, no, of course you don't," he began, and then stopped as he looked suddenly in Rob's face and saw the bewilderment there.

"Blessed if I don't believe he's a tellin' the truth," gasped Chip. And the shock of such an unusual discovery seemed for the moment to deprive him of breath.

"Why, you poor, innocent critter," said Chip, "it ain't possible you don't know that stuff's counterfeit money!"

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Chip's story, divested of many of its slangy phrases, was brief and to the point.

He'd been blacking boots and "choring" for a fortnight or so at Bingham's. Used to see Dare and Miggles ashore every day. No one mistrusted what he was up to, till that evening. Some one that came ashore from the steamer, give 'em away to the sheriff, though he made believe to be all friendly with him at first. Feller's name was Brayton. He (Chip) overheard him talkin' it over with the sheriff whilst Dare and Miggles was playing billiards. There was a reward of a thousand dollars offered out in Nebraska or somewheres where they'd been shovin' the queer—well, passin' counterfeit money then, if that's any plainer. Brayton and the sheriff was to go halves. Dare had always treated him—Chip—like a human, which was more'n the rest of 'em to the hotel used to. He managed to give Dare the wink, but not quite quick enough. There was a lively struggle, and Miggles was shot through the chest.

"Killed?" eagerly asked Rob.

So they all said. Dare fired at Brayton, and the sheriff at Dare, who got off through a back window. He scratched off the note in the stable whilst they was hunting for him down round the bluff, and give him, Chip, a five dollar gold piece to swim off to the flat with it. That was all.

Rob thought it was quite enough for one evening's incidents, particularly in the bearing it might have on his own fortune; but he did not say this aloud.

"Dare was a—a—relation of yours, I s'pose?" inquired Chip, doubtfully, after waiting for Rob to break the silence.

"None at all that I know of."

"And of course Miggles wasn't?"

"I should hope not," was the emphatic reply.

"The fact is, Chip," said Rob, whose heart was beginning to warm toward his new companion, "I don't quite know how it is myself. Dare has always said that my parents were strangers who came to the house in New Orleans where he was boarding at the beginning of the yellow fever in 1861, and died within an hour of each other on the morning after their arrival, leaving me, a little boy of three, alone in the world—"

"Where was your folks from?" interrupted Chip.

"No one in the house knew, and directly afterward the boarders cleared out, the house was closed, and Dare says he took me out of pity, to keep me from being sent to some charitable institution."

"Too thin to hold water," briskly remarked Chip. "Just as though your folks wouldn't have left baggage and things to tell who they was."

"Dare always said that the authorities had everything taken away to be fumigated and he never could get any clew to them afterward."

So Rob, with an almost imperceptible shoulder shrug.

"And what Dare told, I s'pose Miggles swore to?" said Chip.

Rob nodded.

"I was near dying with what they said was brain fever a few years ago, and when I came out of it I'd forgotten that I ever was a child. Life seemed to have just begun for me when I woke up one day too weak to lift a finger, lying on a cot in a mining camp in Arizona."

"A mining camp?" Chip breathlessly exclaimed. "Have you been out where they dig gold?"

"I've been where they dig for it," responded Rob, rather wondering at the boy's eagerness. "After I got well and strong," he went on, "we drifted to Nevada; and in fact," said Rob, rather wearily, "we've been drifting ever since. A year ago Dare bought the flat boat in New Orleans, and since then we've been up and down the big river with the slightest hesitation."

Chip, whose small sharp eyes had been intently studying Rob's face while he was speaking, was silent a moment.

"Well, and now what?" he asked.

"What, indeed? Everything had come about so suddenly and unexpectedly that Rob had not had time for connected thought."

"There was something Mr. Dare told me to tell you that he hadn't no chance to write down," Chip began slowly. "I've got to skip the country," he says, "and you tell Rob if he can get the flat down to New Orleans and sell her, the money will give him a kind of a start in life."

"So indeed it will," Rob's naturally hopeful and buoyant nature began to reassert itself. But he proceeded to change the subject by turning inquisitor.

"Where do you belong, Chip?" he asked.

"I belonged in New York—at least that's where I was born—and brought myself up," Chip returned without the slightest hesitation. And Rob noticed, as he had more than once while the boy was talking, that when he chose his language was free from street slang and his words properly pronounced.

Chip's story, as he went on to tell it, was perfectly simple, and, up to a certain point, that of thousands of other city waifs. Parents who had "seen better days," but drifted down to degradation and poverty and a Mulberry Street tenement. A drunken father, and a mother who died broken hearted. A street living and an education begun at the night schools and supplemented by tending a corner book stall and selling papers.

"The last words mother says to me," said Chip, gulping down a big lump, "was for me to get away from New York soon's I was big enough, and strike for the West, where there's always money for them that ain't afraid to work. But whether my boy comes to be a rich man or

not, I pray God to make him a good one," she says. —And then—"

Chip's silence and two tears that chased each other down his cheeks told the rest. And Rob, whose eyes were not free from moisture, laid his hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder without speaking. But Chip understood.

"The 'old man' grew wuss and wuss, and I couldn't leave him," he went on bravely, "but this last spring he died in the hospital. Then I struck out and worked my way along to Illinois—stealin' rides on freight trains and trampin' betweenwhiles. From Plattston I was lat'in' to get down to St. Louis—"

"But how far West are you trying to get, Chip?" interrupted Rob, feeling more and more interested in the wail's pathetic story.

Chip hesitated, and his sharp, precocious face took on a rather wistful look.

"I s'pose you'll laugh," he said, "but I'll never be satisfied till I get out to some of them States where gold and silver is digged. I've set my heart on it, and I'll never stop till I get there."

Argument and expostulation on the part of Rob, who knew something of the rashness of such a wild project, were utterly thrown away. Whilst tending the book stall Chip had saturated himself with golden lore. From "The Treasure Cave of the Nevadas," or "The Gold Seeker's Reward" to "The Mineral Products of the West"—he had devoured fiction and fact with equal impartiality.

"It's no use talkin', Rob—if you'll let me call you that"—was his quietly decisive answer.

"As I say, I've got my heart on it, and I'll never stop till I get to the gold and silver diggin'."

Curiously enough, Rob began to be somewhat impressed by Chip's pertinacity. Perhaps the more so as his words brought up the remembrance connected with the pocket map contained in the note case to which I referred a little before.

"If he mechanically he drew it out and laid it open on the table before him. Chip's eyes dropped from Rob's thoughtful face to the map. "New Mexico, Arizona, and Nevada," said Chip slowly, "them is miini' countries, ain't they?"

"Yes."

"What's that crooked line drawn in red ink?" again inquired Chip, indicating it with his finger.

The tracing began at a small settlement called St. Joe, in Southern Nevada. Running irregularly in a northeasterly direction till the southern spur of the Sierra Nevadas was passed, the line veered to the east, and then to the Death Valley, ending in a red cross between the forks of two small rivers flowing down from McLary's Range.

"It was when I was about eight years old," began Rob, without replying directly. "Dare had charge of a trading post at the Lone Branch mine, a little camp in Nevada, and I were with him. One night we were sitting round the fire in the shanty. A man, worn to skin and bone, and half naked, opened the door and staggered in. Then he fell in a faint. He was burning up with fever when they brought him to. Dare and Miggles stripped him and put him in a spare bunk. They took a money belt from him stuffed full of gold in small lumps, but he knew nothing about it. He went off raving and his whole talk was about a placer "find" he'd made somewhere near McLary's Range—a regular bonanza, if a hundredth part of his raving was true. As near as we learned, it was the only one ever left of the party of four who found the El Dorado placer, as he called it. Hardship and starvation took off the other three."

"Well," continued Rob, with the same far-away look, while Chip drank in every word with avidity. "Travers grew weaker, and when he died, he left off the party of four who trace out the route to the big find on his pocket map. Then he died, and the miners buried him just outside the camp. But neither Dare or Miggles ever spoke of his gold or where it came from to any living soul, that I ever know of."

"And didn't they ever try for it?" asked Chip, breathlessly.

Rob shook his head.

"I was too young to take on such a hard journey then," he replied, "and for some reason they didn't seem to like to leave me with a little one. Then we left Nevada suddenly—I didn't know why then, but I can guess now. And since that time I've been roaming from place to place, as I told you."

"Chip's eyes were full of light.

"Rob," he cried, "see here, I'm tougher'n a knot, and can stan' any amount of the hardest kind of racket. You look's though you was a heap more so. What's to hinder you'n I from startin' out to Nevada and huntin' for the El Dorado placer?"

CHAPTER IV.  
AN EXCITING COLLISION.

ROB awoke the next morning with Chip's start-up of the previous evening ringing in his ears.

"What's to hinder you'n I from startin' out to Nevada and huntin' for the El Dorado mine?"

He could think of many things, as a matter of course. Lack of money would not be one, it is true, since he had leave to sell the flat and use the proceeds. The boat ought to bring five hundred dollars, and this would be enough.

But on the other hand there was their own lack of experience in such matters, to say nothing of the hardships and dangers to be met. Yet Rob himself had learned to ride and

shoot at different mining camps, and Chip could learn the same. Money—or better still, the promise of an interest in the placer—would procure the services of some old prospector. Rob could remember a dozen such whom he had met at his different abiding places.

Rob resolved to say nothing to Chip till he had a chance to think the matter over more thoroughly.

In some respects they were a curiously contrasted pair, as an hour later the two sat quite near each other at the flat's stern, chatting of a thousand different things.

Chip, who was a year the younger, was sparsely built, with a thin, sharp face, and short hay colored hair, cut close to his round head. Yet his seeming sparseness was due to want of proper food and care rather than lack of stamina.

As he had said, he was "tough" in the sense of enduring hardship, and in due time, they was plain to see, Chip would develop into a lithe and sinewy young fellow.

Rob was differently patterned. His frame was large and his shoulders uncommonly broad for his years, though he had remarkably small hands and feet. His features, bronzed by exposure, were firmly cut, and their frank, manly expression was heightened by a look of repressed resolution.

Rob was steering, and the sleeves of his rough shirt, turned above his elbows on account of the heat, displayed an arm of somewhat remarkable proportions.

Like most of his kind, Chip was tolerably well wadded with pertaining athletics.

"Play base ball?" he asked.

"Never saw a game in my life," was the smiling reply.

Chip whistled long and loud. For even a decade ago, there were few American youths willing to own that they had never seen base ball played.

"Swim? Shoot? Ride?"

To each abbreviated query, Rob returned a nod.

"I s'pose you can't spar," said Chip, regretfully.

"But I can," laughed Rob, "though of course not like a professional." And then he explained that an ex pugilist at Boise City had taught him to use the gloves with some degree of science and skill.

"Though mind you, Chip," he added, seriously. "I don't believe in such things only as a matter of exercise, or in case one gets cornered and has to defend himself. This losing one's temper and—"

Here Rob colored as though at some sudden recollection, and pulled himself up short.

"Guess you lose your temper sometimes," said Chip, whose sharp eyes were observant of Rob's embarrassment.

"I don't know," said Rob, who was somewhat startled by Miggles'—I almost wish I hadn't now," gravely responded Rob.

"How was it?" eagerly demanded Chip.

"Why, it was while Mr. Dare was ashore, or Miggles wouldn't have done as he did. The little New Testament was on the table and he said it was all bosh. We had some words. He grabbed it, ran on deck and threw it overboard."

"What did you do?"

"I—my temper got the better of me and I threw him after it," returned Rob, with an embarrassed smile.

"Why, Miggles must have weighed nigh a hundred and fifty, and I've heard 'em say ashore that he was a regular bruiser," ejaculated astonished Chip.

"I didn't now," gravely responded Rob.

"How was it?" eagerly demanded Chip.

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and to take the advice of his elders so far as practicable, when he could find some one to trust with his secret. And underlying all was a certain feeling of confidence in his ability to carry out his plans.

In his joyous excitement, Chip rapped out one of the oaths peculiar to the street Arab.

"Chip," said Rob, "don't."

"Don't what?"

"Why, swear."

Chip stared at Rob very hard to see if he was in earnest.

"Don't you ever swear?" he asked bluntly.

"Never," was the emphatic reply.

"Then I won't," decidedly returned Chip, who had secretly decided that his patron was worthy of imitation in every particular, so far as it was possible for a fellow like him—Chip—to do.

And thus it was that Chip, unconsciously to himself and to Rob as well, took the first little step in the right direction.

So all day the flat, riding along by a stiff northerly breeze and a six knot current, sped down the turbid Mississippi. Rob made his calculations that by the following morning they would reach Memphis, where he purposed stopping to lay in enough provisions to last to New Orleans. Chip's capital of five dollars and seventy five cents was to be utilized for that purpose.

Under ordinary circumstances Rob would have tied up at the river bank for the night, as Dare and Miggles had always done, to avoid the danger of encountering "snags" and "sawyers," dreaded by steambot men.

But Rob was anxious to reach New Orleans, and so of course was Chip. The night, though cloudy, was not dark, and so they arranged to keep going, standing alternate watches.

Now Chip, by some freak of nature, had been blessed with a voice of uncommon sweetness and purity, though of course it was uncultivated. It need not have been so, for one of the choristers at St. Swithin's had coaxed Chip into the choir boy ranks only the year before. His quick ear had enabled him to pick up the chants and hymns with surprising accuracy.

But though only a few months a boy chorister, the experience added much to his confidence and more to his already extensive vocabulary. Hymns and popular ballads, it was all one to Chip, so that the tune was one of his special favorites.

He felt very light hearted on this particular evening, as he kept the boat before the evening breeze in the middle of the river. No need of compass or particular course—if the wind failed the current still swept them on toward their destination.

A soft darkness veiled the surface of the great stream. The deep distant note of some steamer whistle was the only sound that broke the stillness, excepting the constant sweep and rush of the river itself.

Suddenly Chip began a reminiscence of St. Swithin's—perhaps almost the last thing which might be expected from a street waif, but as I said, it was the tune, not the words, that Chip regarded:

"Lead, kindly Light, amid th' encircling gloom,  
Lead Thou me on.  
The way is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on.  
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see,  
The distant scene—one step's enough for me."

Rob sat for a moment spell bound. He had not dreamed that the boy could sing—much less that he was the owner of such a pure, clear voice.

As Chip began the second verse without the slightest thought or care whether Rob was listening, the latter stole softly below and returned with his violin.

Had he heard the sweet old tune in early youth that it should come to him as strangely familiar as "Robin Adair" had done?

Laying his violin under his chin, Rob drew the bow softly across the strings in perfect unison with Chip's clear notes, as he began and ended the final verse:

"So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still  
Will lead me on,  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn' those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

"Oh, if I could only play like that," exclaimed Chip, enthusiastically.

"Oh, if I could only sing as you do," returned Rob, quite as sincerely. And then mutual explanations followed.

Chip, who had a retentive memory, knew old songs and new by the score. Rob readily caught such tunes as he had never heard, and so the concert went on, till—

"Toot! toot! toot!"

Absorbed in their own music, neither had noticed the beating paddle wheels denoting the approach of a steamer astern.

Rob dropped his violin with an exclamation of dismay, as above the fog wreaths there rose the tops of two smoke stacks, belching out smoke and sparks.

Seizing the tiller from the hand of bewildered Chip, he pushed it hard apart, at the same time hauling the sheets flat aft.

It was too late. The fog hid them from view till the bows of the steamer were firmly upon them.

"Jump, Chip—I'll look out for you!" shouted Rob, as the boy stood in momentary terror.

Chip went over the side and Rob followed him, just as the steamer's stern crashed into the flat and bore her under.

(To be continued.)

### THE LAND OF REST.

Beyond the valley lying low,  
Through which our feet some day shall go,  
Beyond the high hill's purple haze,  
That stretches far beyond our gaze,  
There is a place most sweet and blest,  
Which here we call the Land of Rest.  
A land with hills and valleys fair,  
And many of our loved are there;  
So silently, and one by one  
They went the lonesome journey on;  
All, with white hands upon their breast,  
Went out into the Land of Rest.

### DEER HUNTING.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

I HAVE done more or less of it in my day. The other fellow usually did the shooting.

One method of hunting deer is with a "jack." The "jack"—or the one Mr. Murray speaks of in "Adirondack Tales," is a pan of burning pine knots with a reflector behind it in the bow of a dugout. A guide, at five dollars a day and rations, paddles the dugout along the edge of the lily pads in a big lake. A sportsman with a hundred and ten dollar gun sits behind the reflector. Nine hundred or more mosquitoes are sapping his life blood.

Sometimes, after three or four nights of watching on the part of the sportsman and preying on the part of the mosquitoes, a deer comes down to drink. His eyes appear as two small luminous spots on the shore. The sportsman aims directly between them and fires. I believe Mr. Murray never misses such shots. Other people sometimes do, and I am one of the other kind.

It was down in Maine. Two or three stray deer had been seen in the vicinity of Peanuckle Pond, and every other man or boy in the neighborhood who owned a shot gun or army rifle, scoured the woods from dawn to dark in pursuit. No one seemed to have heard of jack hunting, so the doctor and I rigged up a flat bottomed boat (called a punt) in the most approved fashion, and started out after dark, and after deer.

We drew lots as to which should paddle and which should shoot. The paddle fell to the doctor. I took the gun.

It was tremendously dark. The punt was heavy and leaked more or less. The doctor paddled and perspired, while I suffered mosquitoes in silence, and watched the bank for two mortal hours. Then, I got tired of lying in two inches of water. I also remembered that we must be very near the head of the pond. Deacon Gorham's pasture extended to the shore. In the pasture, were, as I knew, some cattle of offensive dispositions, which sometimes came to the edge of the pond in the night time to drink. And my companion the doctor was fond of playing practical jokes on other people.

"Let me paddle a while now, doctor," I said; which he did willingly, and took my place in the muddy water in the punt's bottom.

Two minutes later I heard him say "sh—h—h," and raise his gun. Sure enough, there were the two shining spots on the shore. I held my breath and laughed inside till my eartips swelled.



AT BAY.

"Bang" went the gun, and a tremendous splashing followed. Then we got the punt ashore in a hurry.

Well, some people are born to bad luck, and *vice versa*. The doctor was *vice versa*. He had shot the handsomest deer that had been seen in the vicinity for years. And if I hadn't changed places I might have been the deer slayer.

Another method of the sport I am writing about is known as "still hunting." I mean sitting like a graven image behind a tree or a rock, waiting for a deer.

I have only tried still hunting once. For six mortal hours I remained as immovable as a clam—not even a muscle stirred. At the end of that time I heard a rustling in the bushes a few yards away, accompanied by something like a snort. I knew it must be a deer, and was immediately seized with an attack of buck ague. But I aimed for the rustle and fired. The ball spent its force somewhere in the adjoining county, greatly to my regret. For, instead of a deer, it was the doctor, chuckling to himself to think how he had played it by placing me in a part of the forest where a deer could not by any possibility come.

The "drive" is a favorite way of deer hunting, particularly in the Adirondacks.

I infer that a successful deerstalker must be made of whalebone gutta percha and other elastic materials, with double springs in his back. He must be able to crawl up a mountain side or through a valley on his knees, elbows, back, or any other portion of his anatomy. His costume must be such as to make him impervious to cold—frieze is the material quite often used. At the same time he must be careful not to get overheated or scorched, for Scotland is the birthplace of Burns. He must also have several other requirements which I have forgotten. But as few of my young readers will be likely to try this laborious method of deer hunting, I will now treat of a method which is simpler. I refer to winter hunting, when there is a light snow on the ground.

At such time the deer leaves his tracks behind him. If the track is a fresh one, and the sportsman rather fresh himself, the latter may undertake to follow the former on snowshoes. No art requires more practice than snowshoeing, and the novice invariably comes to grief in three motions. His emotions when crawling out of a deep drift, with his gun barrel full of snow, and more of the same substance down his back, are usually but



A GOOD SHOT.

The five dollar guide places the sportsman near what is known as a "runway," with instructions not to run away, whatever comes. Then he starts off his hounds in search of a deer. Sometimes the deer is driven in such a way that it takes to the water. When it has swum so far that it cannot get back, the guide, for a consideration, paddles the amateur sportsman alongside the exhausted deer, and seizes it by the tail. The two legged animal then blows out the brains of the four legged one, and the deer is towed ashore.

The amateur sportsman brings the antlers back to the city, and diminishes his hopes of heaven by lying continually regarding the "long range" at which he shot the deer, varying from ninety to four hundred yards, according to the knowledge he may have as to his hearers' credulity. For it is not cheerful at the end of such narration to have one's friend remark, "I am something of a liar myself."

The deer have a language of their own. You often hear of deerstalking. From this is derived the name of the fourth method of hunting them.

Deerstalking is pursued in Scotland to a greater extent than in this country, so that I only speak from hearsay regarding it.

age of 1812. His execution with this weapon at short range is something remarkable. I myself have seen but one



GOING FOR THE DEER.

such execution, and that was a murder most foul. It was when the crowd were helping themselves to the same old New Englander's sown corn, and he vowed revenge. But on the very morning when he started out to get his revenge, a neighbor's flock of black Spanish hens had got in ahead of the crows, and the old gentleman—of course by mistake—killed them all with a well directed volley.

The superior sportsman, who is a regular gratis contributor to *Forest and Field*, will generally use a Winchester rifle for deer hunting. The inferior sportsman hooses a less expensive weapon. Perhaps it is a three dollar muzzle loading gun, offered as a "premium" with some sporting publication for two subscribers. Such a weapon, loaded with two "fingers" of powder and a whole handful of buck and BB shot, has been known to be very effective at either long or short range—even more effective than the "didn't know it was loaded" weapon.

But perhaps for the average would be sportsman a stout double barreled gun, borrowed from the nearest neighbor, is as useful a weapon as can be employed in deer hunting.

A gun that scatters is sometimes very handy to have when deer hunting. It is barely possible that if the animal aimed at is missed, he, or it, may have companions in the neighborhood, and an erratic buck shot might thus find a shining mark. Though possibly Smith or Jones, hunting in the immediate vicinity, might object to possible perforation. Speaking from a knowledge of some little personal inaccuracies of aim,

there is one particular make of firearm which, but for the question of expense, I myself should prefer for use in a locality where deer abound—either the Gatling gun or a *mitrailleuse*. I should be sure of hitting something then—possibly the doctor, if he was in the neighborhood. And this is all I know about deer hunting, and though a more scientific article might no doubt be produced by one more thoroughly acquainted with the art, still I hope I may have contributed something to the reader's amusement, if very little to his instruction.

### TAKING THE DEPTH OF THE SEA.

When we read about repairing breaks in the ocean cable we naturally are curious to know something about the manner in which operations on severed wires are carried on a mile or two beneath the surface.

In the course of an article on the subject the *San* says that the first work done is to get a series of soundings over a patch of the sea aggregating twenty five or thirty square miles. The sounding apparatus consists of an oblong shot of iron, weighing about thirty two pounds, attached to a piano-forte wire in such a way that, when lowered to the bottom, the shot will jab a small steel tube into the mud, and will then release itself from the wire, and allow the sailors to draw up the tube with the mud in it. The moment the weight is released the men on deck stop paying out the wire, and thus, knowing how much wire has been run out, they are able to tell the depth. It is an interesting fact that a recently took twenty four minutes and ten seconds for the weight of the sounding apparatus to reach bottom in 2,000 fathoms of water.

### TAKING IT LITERALLY.

A TEACHER asked his class to write an essay on "The Results of Laziness." A certain bright youth handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.



**PANSIES.**

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.  
Soft as silk or satin,  
And lovelier to behold  
In their blended beauty  
Of purple and of gold!  
Mid the gentle moonlight  
With morning dew  
They may be the dresses  
That the fairies wear!

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

**The Cruise of the Dandy.**

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

THE BANKER HEARS A VOICE FROM BELOW.

MR. HAWKE returned to the pilot house when he had finished his morning meal. He seemed to be the better for it; at any rate he did not appear to be so exhausted and broken down. During his father's absence Spotty had been thinking over the narrative of the banker. He felt rather sheepish as he thought that Luke had been watching him when he buried the jewel box in the cellar. He was willing to admit that he was not so wily and cunning in the ways of the great world as he supposed he was.

"Then it seems, father, that Luke Spottwood came up with you in the Dandy from Gildwell," said he.

"He did; we slept in the same room, for he would not trust me out of his sight while we were in the vicinity of the cottage. He was afraid I might escape the night. After the boat left, he got up, for we both were very tired, and went to bed soon after dark. He wanted to know where the boat was going," replied Mr. Hawke.

"But you saw Tom and me bring the jewel box on board, you said."  
"Luke saw you and me, but he did not return for some time. I was afraid he would do something that would expose me, for I thought you must have several persons with you. When he came back he told me what he had seen."

"Didn't Luke say anything about the jewel box?"

"He didn't care anything about that after he found that you had taken out the two things he wanted. He said I was welcome to everything but the ring and the locket," answered the banker.

"But he told you he wanted them for evidence."  
"That was before we went on board of the boat, when he first told me what he wanted at Gildwell. He was continually talking about the articles, but he never dropped even a hint as to what he wanted of them after our first meeting. I put the question to him a great many times; but he would not answer it."

"When I met him at the hotel in Plattsburg, I supposed he came in the steamer that arrived there at five o'clock this morning," continued Spotty, who was exceedingly anxious to get hold of something in regard to the articles. "I put the question to him a great many times; but he would not answer it."

"We both got up after the boat came to the wharf. Luke went out and examined the situation, for he had been unable to discover where we were before. When he came back, he reported that we were at the wharf in Plattsburg. We went to bed again, for Luke was satisfied, after his visit to the deck, that you had done so. We slept till daylight, and then got up again. We heard your talk when you left the boat, and my companion soon followed you. He told me I must make myself known to you, and get the ring and the locket just as soon as you came on board again. I told him I would do so; and I did it."

"I know you did, father; I don't think you could have done differently under the circumstances," replied Spotty, sadly; and he could not help thinking that his father could have done anything he pleased if he had not been guilty of a crime.

It is guilt which makes cowards of men who had otherwise been brave; it is guilt that throws weak men into the power of their unscrupulous associates.

"You showed Luke over the boat, for I could hear you talking and moving about from my stateroom. I knew he was impatient to have you break into my stateroom, and come into communication with me. I wondered that he wasted any of his time looking at the boat, for he cared nothing about her. He was willing to leave you when you got into the cabin."

"Perhaps he was waiting for that, for he left very abruptly while we were there," added Spotty.

"I was to speak to you, or knock on the door to attract your attention; and I should have done so if I had not heard another voice in the cabin. Luke was thinking all the time of those two articles. I don't think they were out of his mind a minute at a time."

"It seems to be almost if not quite a matter of life and death for him to obtain them," added Spotty. "Now I think of it, Luke was continually asking me about my mother. He spoke of her a dozen times, and made very strange remarks concerning her, which were sometimes even impudent."

"What did he say about her, Spotty?" asked Mr. Hawke, fixing his gaze upon the floor.

"He asked me what her name was; and I could not tell him, for I had forgotten it, if I ever knew," replied Spotty. "I never had any one to talk to me about such things."

"I never told you very much about your mother. There was something about her that was a mystery to me. There was a period in her life of which she would never speak even to me. But she was as good and pure and true as the angels in heaven."

"What was her name, father?" asked the pilot, awaiting the answer with intense interest.

"Her name before she was married was Minnie Clyde. I will tell you all I know about her. It is no more than right for me to do so, as this may be our last day together on earth; it probably will be, unless I am arrested before I can get to Canada," replied Mr. Hawke, rising and looking out of the rear windows at the lake astern of the boat.

"You need not be alarmed, father. No one in this part of the country can know that you are in these parts," said Spotty, to quiet the fears of the fugitive.

"No one can know, unless Luke has told somebody at Plattsburg; that I am on this boat."

"I don't know about that," answered Mr. Hawke, shaking his head. "Why was he in such haste to obtain the two articles? Why, he attempted to take them from me by force before the steamer left the wharf. I felt that if I gave them up there, I was lost, and desperation made me strong. But it was this that saved me finally," continued the banker, as he took from his hip pocket a Derringer pistol.

"Luke is afraid of such things," said the pilot, glancing at the little weapon, which he had never seen in his father's possession before.

"I bought this little pistol a week ago, when I thought I could not hold out any longer. But I did not buy it for defense, and I did not suppose it would ever be useful to me for this purpose."

"What did you buy it for?"

"I bought it to do a deed which I have not the courage to do—to end this miserable existence!" replied the banker, with much emotion.

"Better live than die in your present con-

dition," answered Mr. Hawke, shaking his head. "Why was he in such haste to obtain the two articles? Why, he attempted to take them from me by force before the steamer left the wharf. I felt that if I gave them up there, I was lost, and desperation made me strong. But it was this that saved me finally," continued the banker, as he took from his hip pocket a Derringer pistol.

"I knew it would come!" added the voice, which the banker could not explain.

"Good Heaven! What is that voice!" demanded the trembling fugitive, fixing his glaring eyes upon his son.

"Be calm, father; there is nothing to fear," added Spotty, gently. "You are in no more danger now than you have been all day."

"But that voice! Where does it come from?" groaned the banker, again surveying the forecastle for a solution of what was a mystery.

"It is the voice of Luke. He has heard what we were saying, and he is trying to work upon your fears," replied Spotty, glancing out at the rear windows at the steamer which had just appeared.

"But the voice had a strange sound," said Mr. Hawke.

"It sounds as though it came through a tunnel, and an iron grating, putting its place to air the forecastle below. Luke has got up to one of them, and has heard something we were saying," Spotty explained, as he pointed to the aperture nearest to the pilot house.

It was a delectable which could be taken out, and an iron grating, putting its place to air the forecastle below. Luke has got up to one of them, and has heard something we were saying," Spotty explained, as he pointed to the aperture nearest to the pilot house.

By standing on a stool the prisoner could get his ear close to the deck; and words spoken in an ordinarily loud tone in the pilot house could be heard by him. Spotty had tried this himself with Tom.

**CHAPTER XIX.**

CHASED BY THE SARANAC.

SPOTTY had made his explanations about the breathing hole in the deck in a low tone, so as not to give the prisoner in the forecastle the benefit of them. But the latter had learned from the banker's loudly spoken words that a steamer was astern, supposed to be in pursuit of the Dandy. The wretch heard no more, for the rest of the conversation was carried on in a low tone.

"The steamer's coming!" shouted Luke. "The officers will have you soon! When they find me, who gave them the information at Plattsburg; a prisoner, shut up in this den, they will understand it all!"

"Do you hear him, Spotty?" said the fugitive, in trembling tones.

"I hear him; but all he says don't amount to anything," replied the son, in a very low tone. "If you will take the wheel a few minutes, you shall not hear that voice again."

"What are you going to do?"  
"I am going to close that deck port, so that you shall not be frightened as you are by that villain."

Mr. Hawke took the wheel, and Spotty descended to the forecastle. Taking out the grating, he dropped the glass deck-light into the opening, and keyed it in position, so that it could not be raised from the under side.

"What are you about, you young scoundrel?" demanded Luke, as he comprehended what was about to be done. "Do you mean to smother me in this hole?"

Spotty made no reply, but hastened back to the pilot house when he had closed the port.

"That steamer is coming this way," said Mr. Hawke, who he had reminded. "The officers are surely on board of her."

"No matter if they are; that craft can never overhaul the Dandy," answered the pilot, quietly. "She is all of six or seven miles astern of us, and she could not catch us in ten hours."

"I am afraid the race is nearly run," groaned the banker, casting frequent glances at the steamer astern.

"You know, father, that the Dandy is one of the fastest boats on the lake; and that thing can never overtake her," persisted Spotty, as he took the spy glass from the brackets, and stepped out on the hurricane deck, where he could obtain a good view of the steamer. He looked at it for some time, frequently changing his position from one side of the deck to the other.

At last he shut the glass, shook his head, and returned to the pilot house. It was plain enough to his father that the captain was not satisfied with the situation.

"I am afraid that craft is the Saranac. If so, she is a very fast boat," said Spotty, as he restored the glass to its place.

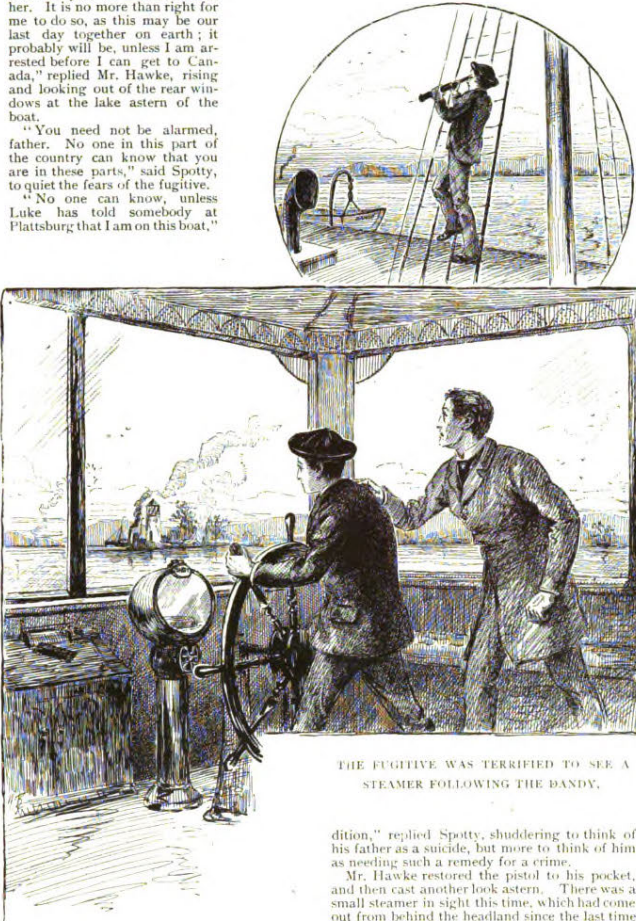
"Then you think there is no chance for me!" exclaimed the banker, his jaw falling, and his frame trembling again.

"I don't say that. Last summer the Dandy beat her once and she beat the Dandy once; so it is about an even thing between them," replied the pilot. "But she is seven miles astern of us, and that gives us at least ten chances to her one. The only thing that can make it go wrong with us is the breaking of the machinery, or something of that sort. Besides, we are not hurrying the Dandy."

"Do hurry her, Spotty!"

"We don't know yet that that craft is following us; and it is no use to try to run away from her until we do know it. She may be on a regular trip, without any regard whatever to us."

"How can you know whether she is pursuing us or not?" inquired the anxious fugitive.



THE FUGITIVE WAS TERRIFIED TO SEE A STEAMER FOLLOWING THE DANDY.

replied Mr. Hawke, with a shudder, partly nervous, and partly from real terror.

"Why should he do that?" inquired Spotty, startled by the suggestion.

"First, because he is a villain. Second, he may have a stronger motive. He may have thought he should be called upon in the future to tell how those two articles came into his possession. If he did this at all, he did it when I expected to obtain the articles as soon as he returned to the boat. By handing me over to the officers, he would have cleared his own skirts of the crime of aiding me to escape."

"Is it a crime for me to aid you to escape?" asked Spotty.

"You are my son; that is—" the banker paused. "That is, as my son they will hardly regard it as a crime, especially as you are nothing but a boy," explained the banker, making the matter even more doubtful than before.

"If Luke had done anything to betray you at Plattsburg, a steamer would have been after us before this time. If any one knew that you were on board, her departure would have been discovered long ago."

"Perhaps they have no steamer fit to pursue the Dandy," suggested the timid criminal.

In that case, the officers will telegraph to Rome's Point," added Spotty. "But it is not probable that Luke told any one in Plattsburg about you."

dition," replied Spotty, shuddering to think of his father as a suicide, but more to think of him as needing such a remedy for a crime.

Mr. Hawke restored the pistol to his pocket, and then cast another look astern. There was a small steamer in sight this time, which had come out from behind the headland since the last time the banker looked. It gave him a terrible fit of trembling, and he shook from head to foot. His fancy painted a group of officers all ready to seize him; and if the picture had been real, he could not have been more terrified.

"Luke did nothing of the kind, father. Don't be alarmed," exclaimed Spotty, pitying the poor fugitive in his terrible sufferings.

"Yes, he did!" shouted a voice from the forward deck.

Both the pilot and his father looked in the direction from which the sound came, but there was no one on the forecastle.

"Merciful Heaven!" ejaculated the banker.

"What was that?"

"Hush, father! We have been talking too loud," added Spotty. "I would not trouble Luke if he said it himself."

"He did it!" cried the voice again.

"Do you hear that, my son? He did it! Why was he so furious when he found the boat had left the wharf, and was a mile from the shore?" groaned the banker, as he went to the forward part of the pilot house, and gazed out upon the forecastle, as if to discover who had spoken the ominous words. "He did it! Here is a steamer pursuing us; and I shall soon be in the hands of the officers."

Mr. Hawke was in an agony of terror. He could see no one on the forecastle, from which the voice had come, and there seemed to him, though it was broad daylight, and the sun was shining brightly, to be something supernatural



"I think I can soon ascertain," replied Spotty, surveying the lake on all sides of him.

The Dandy was off Ram's Head, and close to the shore. There was at least three miles of clear water to the eastward of her, as far as the channel between North Hero and South Hero, as the two largest islands in the lake are called. "I shall lose time by it, father, but I shall try it," said the pilot when he had made up his mind what to do.

"Don't throw away any of my chances, my son," begged the banker.

"If I throw away one, I shall make two new ones by it. She may gain a mile or two upon us, but I shall know what we are doing then, and that will be everything."

"But what are you going to do, Spotty?"

"I am going to run for the channel between the two islands," replied the pilot, as he threw the wheel over. "She will think now that we have concluded to go in at St. Albans."

"What good will that do? I don't see any advantage to be derived from such a course," said the fugitive, rather petulantly.

"It will enable me to discover whether or not she is chasing us."

"I don't see how it will enable you to discover any such thing."

"The Saranac, if that is the Saranac, is headed about north by east, and we are running exactly east," replied Spotty, as he righted the helm. "If that craft is chasing us, she will make her course about east by north; and that is enough to enable me to see whether she changes or not. If she changes her course, she is chasing the Dandy. If she doesn't change it, she is going on her own mission and not on ours."

The captain thought that, under ordinary circumstances, his father could have seen through his movements, and that, as an expert pilot, it seemed to him that the disaster, as he called it, had impaired the clearness of his mind, as some of his reasoning also seemed to indicate.

"Now if you will take the helm, father, I will go out with the glass and see how she is headed," continued the pilot, as he took the telescope from the bracket.

Spotty was beginning to be somewhat anxious about the situation himself. He would have enjoyed the excitement of a race under every day circumstances; but it was another thing to run away from a steamer in which the officers of justice were pursuing him. He had no fears for himself, for whatever technical offense he might commit, he could not believe it was his duty to desert his father in his present trying emergency.

He went on the hurricane desk, abait the smokestack, and leveled his glass at the steamer. She was so far distant that her course could not be made out by the naked eye, and she was not more than a span of the lake with a volume of smoke behind it. When he had looked at her before with the glass, he could make out her bow, and the front of her pilot house.

As soon as he had raised the instrument, and got it fixed on the object, he obtained a view of the port side of the steamer, looking upon it at an angle of about forty five degrees. This settled the question in his mind. Instead of returning immediately to the pilot house, he went to the open skylight of the engine room.

"Tom," said he, as he discovered the engineer, sitting on his carpet covered sofa, watching the motions of the engine, "What is that?"

"What is it, Spotty?" he asked, rising, and going to the skylight.

"We are getting into it deeper and deeper," added the captain.

"Why, what's the matter now? Has Luke got out of his den, as he calls it?" asked the engineer.

"Worse than that, I am afraid. There is a steamer astern of the Dandy chasing us."

"Chasing us! How can that be?" demanded Tom, with the deepest interest. "What motive could any boat have for chasing us?"

"I have no doubt there are officers on board of her looking for my father."

"You don't say it! How can that be, when no mortal man in these parts knew that he was on board of this boat?"

"It all looks plain enough to me now; and it explains some things that were not easy to understand before. For instance, what made Luke so furious when he found that the steamer had left the wharf in the quiet way we did the thing?" asked Spotty.

"Give it up!" replied Tom, promptly.

"Because he had given information to the officers in Plattsburg that my father was on board. Father was to get the diamond ring and the locket from me, and give them to Luke. Then Luke was to bring in the officers to arrest my father, and get the glory of doing a big thing, instead of going with the fugitive to Canada."

"But Tom had not heard enough of the story to which the captain had listened to understand the matter clearly; he saw, however, that Luke had been playing his own game too fast and had been "entured."

"More steam, Tom! Make her go as lively as you can without breaking anything," added Spotty, as he started back for the pilot house.

He found his father exceedingly nervous, and steering rather wildly. A glance at the shore convinced the pilot that he had not run more than half a mile off his course. The Saranac—and a second view of the pursuer had convinced Spotty that she was the Saranac—was fully six miles distant. He took the helm, and again headed the Dandy north by east.

"What have you discovered, my son? You don't say anything," said Mr. Hawke, anxiously.

"I am sorry to say that your fears are confirmed. The Saranac altered her course when we did," replied Spotty.

"I knew it! And all is lost!" groaned the banker.

"Not at all. I got the position of the other boat, and I find that she is full six miles astern of us," answered the pilot.

"You said seven before. She is gaining upon us, and I shall be in the hands of the officers in a few hours, Spotty."

"I did say six or seven miles before, but I guessed at it. This time I carefully estimated the distance, and I am correct now. But don't be at all alarmed yet. I have told Tom to put on more steam," said Spotty calmly.

"I am afraid there is no hope for me," added the despondent man.

"No, no, father! Don't give up! There is not a particle of danger from the boat in front of us, though I grant there is some peril ahead of us. Let us look at the case. We have a four hours' run from Plattsburg to St. John's. We have done about one hour of it. At the very worst, the Saranac cannot beat us more than a mile an hour. At this rate when we get to our destination she will be three miles from it, and that will give us time enough to land you, and for you to get out of the way. But those officers can't follow us into Canada, or at least they cannot arrest you there."

Spotty put it down strong, but his father's mind seemed to be in a dazed condition, and he had to go over the argument again before the banker comprehended him.

"But the Saranac is not going to gain a single inch on us, and when we get to St. John's she will be six miles from there," continued Spotty, clinching his argument.

"But you say there was a peril ahead. What is that, my son?"

"It is possible that the officers at Plattsburg have telegraphed to Rouse's Point. If they have we shall be intercepted. This is the only fear I have. I can snap my finger at the Saranac," replied Spotty, putting the best face he could upon this additional possibility.

"Then all will surely be lost!" groaned Mr. Hawke.

"Not even then. We will look at that matter."

And they proceeded to look at it.

## CHAPTER XX. THE SECRET OF A LIFETIME.

FOR a boy of sixteen, Spotty Hawke was a great chess player. He had learned the game of the principal of the academy two years before, and had played a great deal.

He was delighted with it because it was an intellectual game. It was an instructive one also, for it taught him to look over the whole field where the battle was to be fought.

He feared another steam yacht or tug would come down from Rouse's Point to intercept the Dandy. He explained to his father several ways by which he might elude two pursuers; but he could not show exactly how the game was to be won until he saw the position of the pieces on the board. It was to be a game of chess with steamers, and he was willing, but not anxious, to take a hand in it.

The lake was calm and smooth, and the two steamers continued on their course, each struggling to carry its point. Spotty watched his pursuer closely, but he could not see that she gained anything. He examined her with the glass again, but she could not be any more distinctly made out than when he had looked before. This satisfied him that the Saranac was no nearer than she had been when he changed his course the last time.

Spotty hoped to escape the officers, though if the fugitive had been any other person than his father he would certainly have been on the other side of the question in the business of the hour. Though he did not say so to the banker, he felt that he had no more than an even chance to carry him out of the reach of his pursuers. In one case he would part with his father, probably never to see him again; and in the other, if Mr. Hawke was arrested, he would be the inmate of a prison for the rest of his life. He wanted to know more about his mother, and his father, so far as he knew, was the only person living who could give him any information on the subject.

In half an hour or more, if the boat in front of Rouse's Point to assist in the capture of the important fugitive, it might be too late to talk about anything but the exciting business of the moment. The Dandy was beginning to shake under the added pressure the engineer had applied. Since the idea that he might be intercepted by another boat from above had entered into his calculation, Spotty concluded that it was not necessary to hurry the Dandy. She was going quite as fast as the Saranac, and would reach the boundary line between the two countries half an hour ahead of her pursuer.

At the time he explained his view to Tom the Gates and added that he need not hurry the boat. Spotty saw that the jarring and shaking of the steamer excited his father, and he desired to keep him as quiet as possible.

"Father, you began telling me something about my mother," Spotty began.

It was interrupted by the appearance of that steamer astern. "But I will tell you all I know before it is too late," replied Mr. Hawke, appearing to be eager to do so, though the terrors of his own situation impaired his memory. "Her name was Minnie Clyde. I first saw her in London, while I was there for several months to negotiate a loan for a railroad company."

"Was my mother an English woman?" asked Spotty.

"She was; though she told me she had lived in the United States several years before I saw her. You have often heard that your mother was a very fine singer. Eight years ago she was considered the most promising artist before the public. I heard her sing only at concerts. But I have reason to believe that she sang in opera in Italy and Germany."

"She received her musical education in Milan, and probably first appeared there in opera. But she was exceedingly sensitive on this subject, and would never talk with me on the matter. I may add that I do not believe Minnie Clyde was her real name. Her father was a clergyman in England, and on account of some family difference that was never explained to me, she left her home when she was quite young."

"When I heard her in London, I was fascinated by her singing, and vastly more by the beauty of her person and the soul that shone out of her eyes. I lived in the best society of the metropolis, and I readily found means to obtain an introduction to her. The impressions given me in the concert room were more than confirmed. She was all that my ideal pictured in a woman. We became intimate. In a word, after a few months, we were engaged to be married."

"I did not win her consent to become my wife till I had made a solemn promise never to seek to learn anything more about her past life. At the same time she assured me most solemnly that she would never leave me, and that her father's home without his permission, she had never been guilty of any indiscretion. Then she told me that she was a widow, which I had not before suspected. She had been through the agonies of a great sorrow, and she wished the past to be as a blank to me. If I could not believe all she had said of her former life, we must separate."

"I did believe her. When I knew her better, when years had passed by, my faith in her was still unshaken. I am inclined to think now, as I did years before she died, that her brief life on the stage as an opera singer was all she had to do. As a daughter of her father, she had been brought up with something like abhorrence of the theater, and this old feeling came back to her after she had experienced some of its vicissitudes. It could not have been congenial to her tastes, and to her deep, religious character."

"After our marriage we came to this country. We spent a summer on Lake Champlain, and she was so delighted with the country that I bought the place at Gildwell. She preferred to stay here in the winter even, and was never contented in the city. We spent most of our winters at Gildwell, though it was exceedingly inconvenient for me to do so. I was willing to do anything to please her, and I never said a word in the way of objection."

"The day on which she died was the most unfortunate one in the calendar of my existence. If she had lived I should never have been obliged to escape a prison by fleeing from my country. She was my guardian angel, and while she was living I could not think a thought that was wrong. She had more influence with me than all the world beside."

As he finished his narrative the banker covered his face with his hands and wept bitterly. "I saw what it was now, if never before, to wander from the paths in which she had kept him."

Spotty was very much impressed by the story, though the mystery in regard to his mother was just as dark to him as to his father. He could readily believe that Luke's connection with his mother was somewhere in the unexplained period of her life.

"It is possible that the father of my mother, or some relation of hers, is anxious to find her," suggested Spotty, when Mr. Hawke had in a measure recovered from his tempest of grief.

"It is possible, though we can know nothing at all about the matter," added the banker.

"There may be some property depending upon the identification of my mother, or upon proving that she is no longer living," continued Spotty, as he thought of the subject.

"Though it is true that I have told you all you need know to honor and respect your mother, I must add that I have never told you all I intend to tell you in regard to her. Before I give myself up to the officers in that boat, or leave you in a foreign land, you shall know the whole truth, my son."

"Do you fear to tell me the whole now, father? Do you think I would betray you? What more can there be?" asked Spotty, quite bewildered by this announcement.

"Perhaps if you knew what I shall tell you in due time you might alter your view of what you ought to do at the present time. I do not wish to say anything that in the future will cause you to blame yourself for what you have done today," replied the banker, with a great deal of embarrassment.

"It is very strange; and I cannot understand you, father," added Spotty, looking earnestly into the face of his parent.

"If I told you the whole truth you might be willing, or be forced by a sense of duty, to deliver me up to the officers in that steamer," replied the banker, with a deep emotion. "You are as conscientious and sensitive in regard to your duty as your mother was. You inherit all that from her, and nothing from me. I shall not tempt you to betray me, Spotty. That is all I care to say on that subject at present."

"You have not told me anything about the diamond ring, father," continued Spotty, accepting the situation in which the banker placed him. "You must know more about that than I do."

"True; I forgot it. The ring was never my property; it belonged to your mother before her marriage to me. So did the locket and chain. She had them when I first met her; and I know never would part with them for a day. I know only this about these articles. It is plain enough to me that Luke desires the ring and locket on account of some knowledge he has of your mother. Probably he knows more about her than I do. He may have some information relating to the period of your mother's life of which she would not speak to me."

"You say that my mother was a widow when you married her?" asked Spotty.

"She was; but she would not tell me her husband's name or anything about him; and after I had promised not to inquire I kept my word to the letter," replied the banker.

"Is there no way to get some insight into the matter, father?" asked Spotty, very unwilling to let the subject rest in the darkness that involved it.

"I know of no way, my son," replied Mr. Hawke. "Your mother intended the discussion of the subject; and I have been content to let it rest just as she left it. It is useless to speculate upon the subject. I believe Luke's motive in seeking information and the possession of these trinkets is evil, for he does not seem to me to be capable of doing anything good."

"I am sure you are right there, father," said the son.

"When you return to Gildwell, Spotty, there may be some developments that you can understand. This man will not give up the battle; he will still seek to obtain these articles. You may still seek to obtain these articles. You may get at the truth. I advise you to deposit them with your friend in the bank at Plattsburg; tell him enough of their history to enable him to understand that they are wanted by Luke. But now, my son, what are you going to do after I am gone?"

"I can take care of myself, father. Now I think of it, I did not give you the money I have; and Spotty took his wallet from his pocket."

It contained one hundred and twenty-one dollars, all of which he pressed upon his father; but the banker insisted that he should retain all but one hundred dollars of it until he could obtain a situation, and in that way earn his own livelihood.

By this time the Dandy was approaching the light near the northern end of Isle la Motte. Not greatly to his surprise, and not less to his chagrin, Spotty discovered a steam tug coming up the lake, though it was fully six miles distant.

"I am lost, my son!" groaned Mr. Hawke, as Spotty pointed out the steamer.

(To be continued.)

## VELVET CUSHIONED TOIL.

In spite of the fact that there are thousands of worthy laborers in want of employment in this country, it is very often extremely difficult for a householder or business man to secure extra help in busy seasons. The *Detroit Free Press* jocosely treats of this apparent anomaly in the following story:

"A Dearborn farmer was trying to hire some of the numerous loafers among the Michigan Negroes to go out to his place and husk corn, and he finally found one who had interest enough to ask:

"What wages?"

"I'll give you ten dollars a week and board."

"Is the corn in the barn or out in the field?"

"Out in the field—but I'll set up a tent and stove, and lay down a Brussels carpet for you."

"Do you have pie and pudding every meal?"

"Oh, yes."

"Can I sleep in the parlor bedroom?"

"Certainly."

"Any cider to drink?"

"Plenty of it. Will you come?"

"Yes, I guess so. Say, how far is it to church?"

"Three miles, but I'll take you in the buggy."

"No, you won't! That settles it! I've got to be lame back and it hurts me to ride. I've got to be where I can find a church by walking a couple of blocks. Might hand me ten cents for consuming my valuable time."

## "THROW ME MY HORSE."

"A soft answer turneth away wrath" and a witty acknowledgment of defeat often lessens the keenness of it.

This is aptly illustrated by an anecdote which we transfer to our columns from the *Christian Union*:

A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighborhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against his. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an inclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree, and addressed the farmer: "Friend, I have heard marvelous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler."

The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over the hedge, and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up, "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything to say to me?"

"No," replied his lordship; "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse!"



THE OLD YEAR.

Old year is dead! Pulseless and cold he lies  
 Wrapped in the purple of the midnight skies,  
 A crown of shimmering stars upon his breast,  
 His earth reign over. Peace to his royal rest!

[This story commenced in No. 255.]

WALTER GRIFFITH;

OR,  
 THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET  
 SALESMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

ELMER TAKES THE RESPONSIBILITY.

ELMER had hardly time to use the old fashioned knocker before his grandmother was at the door.

"How you have grown, Elmer!" she said, with a proud glance at her grandson's well knit figure. "And how did you leave your father and mother?"

"Very well, grandma; but let me introduce my friend Walter Griffith."

"He is very welcome," said the old lady kindly. "Come in both of you."

They entered the old fashioned sitting room, and received another welcome from the aged teacher.

"I told Walter you would find a place for him," said Elmer. "He can sleep with me, you know."

"Surely," said Mr. Shattuck. "Old people are apt to get rusty. It does them good to have young people around them. Did your father get my last letter?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"Hard times have come to me, Elmer," said the old man soberly. "I hoped to live and die in this house and on this farm; but the Lord's will be done! I am to be turned out in my old age, but I still have faith to believe that the Lord will care for us."

"I was telling Walter as we came along about the way you were placed. Who do you think was on the stage?"

"Who?"

"Squire Jones, and a friend of his."

"Did he know you?"

"I am sure he did not, for he was speaking of his plans about the farm."

"What did he say?"

"That he intended to foreclose. He thinks he will get the place for a thousand dollars over and above the face of the mortgage."

"I know he will, Elmer," said the old man sadly.

"It must be worth much more, sir," said Walter.

"It is well worth four thousand dollars, but there is no one to buy it."

"Walter, you had better buy it," said Elmer.

"Perhaps I will," replied Walter.

"It is no joking matter, boys," said Mr. Shattuck. "Don't think I am blaming you. It is natural for young people to joke, but to your grandmother and myself it is a grievous reality."

"Won't Squire Jones relent?" asked Walter.

"No; he is a hard, cold, selfish man. I educated his children. The son to whom he means to give the farm is an old scholar of mine; but that makes no difference to him. He will take advantage of my necessities, and drive me out into the street. Elmer, I suppose your father knows of no one who would assume the mortgage, paying up Squire Jones?"

"He applied to two or three persons who he thought might be willing, but all had their money locked up, or at least they said so. I have brought you twenty five dollars, which father hopes will be of service to you."

"Thank you and him, Elmer. It will, no doubt, though it does not reach my main difficulty."

"When do you expect Squire Jones to call, grandfather?"

"Tomorrow, probably about noon."

"I want to ask a favor of you, grandfather."

"What is it?"

"Leave him to Walter and myself. We may be able to arrange matters satisfactorily."

"It strikes me, Elmer, that you boys have a high idea of yourselves. You don't know Squire Jones if you think any entreaties will avail with him."

"I understand him very well, grandfather. I have the same opinion of him that you do. If he gives in it is because he has to."

"I don't understand what you mean, I confess."

Elmer laughed.

"I suppose not," he said; "but as you can't do anything with him, just turn him over to us."

"He will be angry!"

"Let him be angry! I venture to say he will be after he has had an interview with Walter and myself."

"Give the boys their way, father," said Mrs. Shattuck. "Elmer seems to be in earnest, and it won't do any harm."

"No, it won't do any harm," said Mr. Shattuck slowly.

"Now, grandmother," said Elmer playfully, "may I take the liberty to suggest that Walter and I are hungry?"

"Dear me, how neglectful, I am!" ejaculated the old lady. "You shall have something to eat at once."

"See what it is to have a grandmother!" said Elmer. "I'll warrant we shan't starve when we are in this house."

The evening was spent pleasantly. Walter and Elmer were both gay and lively, and the old people were almost induced to forget the misfortune that impended over them.

When it was bedtime, Elmer said, "Rest easy, grandfather, and don't think of tomorrow. Walter and I are going to fix matters for you."

"Do you think Elmer means anything, father?" said Mrs. Shattuck, when they had retired to their chamber.

"He would like to help us, no doubt, mother, but he's only a boy. He doesn't appreciate the situation."

"That Walter seems a nice, reliable boy."

"So he does. I am glad Elmer has such a friend."

"Well, tomorrow will decide. Do you know, father, I think something's going to happen in our favor?"

"I hope so, wife. I shall pray to God for deliverance, but shall resign myself to His will."

The next day the boys took a walk round the village. It was a pleasant place, but very quiet.

"It reminds me of my old home on Long Island," said Walter.

"I suppose you prefer New York?"

"Yes; I like New York, though I was homesick at first."

A little before twelve the boys returned to the farm.

Punctually at twelve the squire used the old fashioned knocker. He was admitted by Mr. Shattuck himself.

"I suppose you know why I have called, Mr. Shattuck?" said Squire Jones, who was anxious to complete his business.

"About the mortgage, I suppose?"

"Yes. You are aware, of course, that the money is due today?"

"Yes, squire; but I have hoped you would consent to extend it for another year."

"Quite out of the question, Mr. Shattuck, as you ought to know. Besides, you would be no better able to cancel it a year from now."

"I am afraid you are right, sir."

"Of course I am. Suppose we proceed to arrange matters."

"Oh, I came near forgetting. You may think it strange, but I have authorized my grandson Elmer and his friend Walter Griffith to settle the matter with you."

"What!" ejaculated Squire Jones. "Do you expect me to do business with these two boys?"

"Yes; I have promised Elmer that I would leave the matter to him. Boys, you can call me if you need me."

Mr. Shattuck left the room, and the squire, putting on his spectacles, stared at the boys in undisguised astonishment.

"You are the two boys who came in the stage yesterday, are you not?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"And you, I take it, are Mr. Shattuck's grandson?"

"Yes, sir," replied Elmer. "This is my friend, Walter Griffith."

Squire Jones stared at Walter, but did not speak to him.

"Is your grandfather's mind affected?" he asked, abruptly.

"No, sir; I don't think so."

"Then why has he asked me to talk business with two young boys like you?"

"Because I asked him to leave the matter in our hands," answered Elmer.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NICK OGLE TURNS UP AGAIN.

"NICK OGLE may be a joke," said Squire Jones, sternly; "but it is a very poor one. I am not in the habit of discussing business matters with boys."

"I understand that you hold a mortgage on this place for a thousand dollars," said Walter, taking no notice of the squire's statement.

"You are correctly informed," said the squire, sitting back in his chair and eyeing Walter with a sarcastic smile.

"Do you object to extending the time for a year?" asked Walter.

"Yes, I do, decidedly. I have already informed Mr. Shattuck to that effect."

"Are you willing to give him a week to find the money to lift it?"

"No!" snapped the squire.

"Three days, then?"

"No! Young man, your time is thrown away, as I will accept nothing but cash down."

"You would accept that?"

"Of course! But it is folly to protract this conversation. Mr. Shattuck hasn't the money, and can't raise it."

"Elmer, will you call your grandfather?" said Walter.

Squire Jones eyed our hero with mild curiosity. He thought him a strange boy, but as the game was in his own hands he waited to see what would come next.

Mr. Shattuck came into the room, following Elmer. He, too, was at a loss to understand the situation.

"Well, Mr. Shattuck," said the squire, "I have talked with these boys, and find, as I expected, that they are children who know nothing about business. I can settle the matter with you in five minutes."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Walter, "but I have only invited Mr. Shattuck into the room as a witness. You have agreed to receive the face of the mortgage, and release your lien upon the estate."

"It must be paid now in cash," said the squire; "as I told you."

"It shall be paid now."

Walter drew from his inside pocket a long wallet, and drew out a roll of bills, which he tendered to the squire.

"Please count them," he said. "I think you will find them all right."

The squire's eyes opened wide in amazement.

"Mr. Shattuck," said he, angrily, "why couldn't you pay me this money yourself? Why did you get up this foolish trick to deceive me?"

"Squire Jones," said Mr. Shattuck, with dignity, "this is as much a surprise to me as to you. I had no idea that my young friend here was prepared to pay off the mortgage, and I am at a loss to understand where he got the money."

"I represent Edward Spencer, a former scholar of yours, Mr. Shattuck," said Walter. "He has made a fortune in California, and he has sent me here to assist you."

"God bless Edward Spencer!" said Mr. Shattuck, fervently. "He has made me very happy by his generous loan."

"Not loan, but gift, Mr. Shattuck."

"Wait a minute," said the squire, with a malicious smile. "All is not settled yet. There is half a year's interest to be paid in addition to the thousand dollars."

"How much does it amount to?" asked Walter.

"Thirty dollars."

"Very well! Here are the thirty dollars. I hope you are satisfied now."

Squire Jones was far from being satisfied, but he was cornered, and compelled to give up his hold on the Shattuck estate.

When the business was concluded, Elmer turned to him and said with a roguish smile: "After all, Squire Jones, we boys know a little about business; don't you think so? My friend Walter has come on from New York, bringing the money safely, though his room at the hotel was entered by a thief, who carried off a wallet full of brown paper,

supposing it to be full of bank bills. Grandfather, if you have any more business to transact, I think you had better put it into our hands."

Squire Jones took his hat, and, with a gruff "Good morning," left the house a badly disappointed man.

The next morning Walter started on his way back to New York.

"I wish I were going with you, Walter," said Elmer, as he grasped his new friend's hand warmly. "We haven't known each other long, but I look upon you as my best friend. I hope you will come out and make me a visit next summer."

"I will if I can, Elmer; but I don't know how I shall be situated. I shan't forget you. Some time when I can arrange it, I will invite you to come and spend a week with me in New York."

Walter returned by the same route by which he had come out.

He was on the last stage of his journey, between Philadelphia and New York, when he had a surprise.

At Princeton Junction a small, hump backed man got into the train, whom he instantly recognized as Nicholas Ogle, through whom he had been able to recover the watch and jewelry stolen from Mr. Burgess. The little man was not looking well. He seemed to be in apprehension of some impending calamity.

He seated himself a few seats ahead of Walter.

With a natural feeling of interest in one with whom he had been connected in a matter of exciting moment, Walter felt like claiming acquaintance. He left his seat, and, walking forward, laid his hand on Nicholas Ogle's shoulder.

The little man started as if he had been shot, and looked up with a face perfectly colorless. When he recognized Walter he looked relieved.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he gasped.

"Yes. Who did you think it was?"

"Come out to that front seat, where we can talk without being overheard, and I will tell you."

When the two were seated, Ogle said, in a hollow voice, "My life is in danger!"

"What do you mean?"

"In reply the dwarf put a note into Walter's hands.

"It is from my sister," he explained. "It was to this effect:

Ben has escaped from prison. He was here last night at midnight. He nearly frightened me to death by his violence. He swears that if he ever finds you he will crush you as he would a noxious reptile. He says you betrayed him, took his money and the jewelry, and that your life must pay the forfeit. Oh, Nick, be very careful! Keep out of his way, for he means what he says. I never knew him in a worse temper."

Somebody has told him you are in Philadelphia, and he has just started to go there, taking the little money I had left for his expenses. I hope this warning will reach you before he finds you. I write in great haste, praying that this note may reach you in time.

"That is certainly alarming!" said Walter, gravely. "I, too, am in danger. He knows that his arrest was brought about by me, for he saw me in the street when he was brought out by the policemen. He told me then he would get even with me some time."

"Yes, we are both in the same boat."

"You are going back to New York?"

"Yes; it is the safest place for me. He won't dare to be seen in New York, for he is too well known to the police of that city. He is more likely to remain in Philadelphia, where he probably is at this moment."

"I hope he will soon be recaptured."

"I hope so. As long as he is free my life is in danger."

"How did your sister come to marry such a man?"

"She didn't know him for what he was. She had a small amount of money which he wanted, and he concealed his real nature till marriage put it into his hands. I, too, had the same sum, and he forced me to accept his guardianship. He spent all the money, my sister's and mine, and then we were helpless. He forced me to aid him in his criminal plans, and ruined my life. You see how much reason I have to love him."

"What are your plans?"

"I don't know. I shall go to see my sister, if I find I can do so safely. At present New York is the safest place for me."

(To be concluded.)



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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Rev. Abbott E. Kittredge, of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church, New York City.

Next week's ARGOSY will contain the opening chapters of

## UNDER FIRE;

OR,

**FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.**  
BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

The scene of this story is laid in a New England village, where the hero, Fred Worthington, has a hard fight against great odds in the battle of life. Who are his foes, and who his friends, the weapons he employs and how he uses them, is described in a style already familiar to those readers who gave such a kind reception to "Afloat in a Great City" and "The Boy Broker."

### DICKENS'S FATHERLY ADVICE.

The presence in this country of Charles Dickens, the younger, has naturally led to the reprinting of many reminiscences of the famous novelist. One of these takes the shape of a letter which he wrote to his youngest son Harry on the eve of the latter's departure for college.

Two pieces of advice therein contained we commend to the thoughtful attention of every boy who reads these lines.

"Whatever you do, above all things keep out of debt and confide in me."

"If you ever find yourself on the verge of any perplexity or difficulty, come to me. You will never find me hard with you while you are manly and truthful."

The meshes wound about a young man's feet by debt have clogged the course of many a career that might otherwise have been a prosperous and useful one, while pursuits and intimacies that cannot be freely discussed with father or mother are of a character to be marked with an interrogation point. We may add that Harry Dickens won a scholarship at Cambridge, and is now in a fair way to become a judge.

We want to procure copies of No. 210 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. All readers who send us a copy of that number will receive in return any book in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES that they desire. Only papers in good condition will be accepted. Any one who forwards us a copy should also send us his name on a postal card, that we may know from whom the paper comes.

WHEN in a recent number we referred editorially to the custom prevalent among certain tribes of savages of cutting a hole in a sick man's head, we never thought that a somewhat similar style of cure would shortly be practiced in enlightened Boston. A gentleman of that city who had suffered tortures for many years from neuralgia, called in a skillful surgeon and had all the nerves on one side of his face taken out, or at least as many of them as were diseased. The operation was a success, but the patient will be obliged in future to laugh or smile in a one-sided fashion.

### A THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLAR BOOK.

THERE are very few gift books, or indeed books of any kind, on the preparation of which thirty thousand dollars is spent by the publishers. And yet that sum represents the cost of Volume V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, which is now just in from the binders. It is really a remarkable volume, and its handsome covering of cloth and leather contains within it the sum total of the

treasures that delighted thousands of readers each week of the past year.

Twenty seven serials, two hundred short stories and articles, and four hundred fine illustrations, are only a part of the contents of its eight hundred and thirty two pages. To those who have a New Year or a birthday present to select for some young friend, we would suggest that Volume V of the ARGOSY would be a source of boundless instruction and amusement to every boy and girl, and no gift would evoke more thoroughly the receiver's gratitude and delight. We shall be glad to send a copy to any address on receipt of the price—four dollars.

### TO MY READERS.

I promised you a story by myself for the early part of the present volume. I am now writing one, but find my time so fully occupied, owing to the tremendous growth of the business, that I have almost no leisure for literary work. To publish a journal of great merit one must constantly study to improve it—be on the lookout for choice stories, for new and better artists, and aim for a higher grade of excellence in appearance, in contents, in everything. Nothing stands still. The publication that does not improve soon becomes a thing of the past—a thing of other days. The importance, therefore, of making the ARGOSY better and better from week to week and month to month is ever kept prominently before us, and to effect this result money is of slight consideration. The best publication of its class is what we have aimed to give you, and if we can judge correctly from thousands of complimentary testimonials, and from the marvelous increase in our circulation, we can safely conclude that our purpose has been achieved. This will show you, my readers, why I have not been able to complete the new serial upon which I am now at work. Partially to keep the spirit of my promise to you, and because I believe the story a really good one, I have decided to commence the publication next week of "UNDER FIRE; or, FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN," which is the first serial I ever wrote, and in some respects the best. Many calls for this story have also had an influence in my decision to reissue it. It was published in the early days of the ARGOSY, when we had very few readers. I feel therefore that I should take a just pride in bringing it out again at this time, when it will be read by hundreds of thousands, instead of the very few who followed it on its first appearance. I trust that "UNDER FIRE" will be accorded the same generous reception given to my former stories, and should appreciate most highly any effort you—each of you—may make to give me a handsome increase in my circulation on this, my own story.

When my last serial, "THE BOY BROKER," appeared, my readers took hold of the matter with almost a personal interest, and each one did what he could to induce one or more of his friends to read the serial. The result was most gratifying to me, for my circulation was nearly doubled on that one story. I thank you, each of you, most sincerely for your effort at that time, and trusting that I may have the same opportunity on this story for rejoicing. I will wish you a happy—a very happy and prosperous New Year.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANK A. MUNSEY.

### THEIR OWN FOE.

AT a recent meeting of the workmen to take action on the question of the great number of women now competing with them in many branches of industry, the cry was raised that if a check was not put to this "ruinous rivalry" the men would be unable to support their families.

In commenting on the complaint one of the morning papers hit the nail on the head by asserting that in a great majority of cases women would not be obliged to work if husbands and fathers would refrain from drinking up one sixth of their income, and puffing out in smoke a portion of the remaining five sixths.

It is too true that the amount of money annually spent in ministering not merely to selfish gratification, but to the debasement of manhood is appallingly great. Let our young men be wise in time, for a habit never acquired is the ounce of prevention that is better than a pound of cure.

### REV. WILLIAM S. RAINSFORD,

Rector of St. George's Church, New York City.

A SPLENDIDLY proportioned, broad shouldered young man, six foot four in height, with a voice that spells sincerity in its every tone, and a hand clasp that is a godsend to the friendless wayfarer—this is a faint pen portrait of the clergyman who, in the past five years, has accomplished one of the mightiest revolutions in church work New York has ever witnessed.

Next to Trinity, St. George's is the oldest Episcopal parish in the metropolis, and has its headquarters in the magnificent edifice on Stuyvesant Square, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth Streets. Travelers by the Third Avenue Elevated have frequently admired the glimpse they catch in passing of its two handsome spires.

But in spite of its historical associations and fine proportions in the early part of the present decade the congregation had dwindled and the parish work languished, owing to various causes, the chief being a year and a half without a pastor. A sad contrast this to its power and influence in a previous generation under the far famed ministrations of Dr. Stephen Tynng the elder.

A man was needed to revivify and lead, and no better choice could have been made than the selection for the task of William S. Rainsford. Born in Ireland some thirty years ago, and educated at Cambridge University, England, he was officiating in St. James's Cathedral, Toronto, Canada, when the call from St. George's was extended to him in 1883.

"If you will abolish the pew rents, I will come," was his answer.

The condition was acceded to, the new rector was installed, and instead of a diminution in the church's receipts, the goodly sum of nearly fifty thousand dollars is annually raised for parish work and expenses. From that time to the present not only have the Sunday congregations expanded to the full capacity of the spacious building, but the practical Christianity of the worshippers has been exercised in outside works, of such number and variety that a Year Book of over a hundred pages is required in which to chronicle their nature and progress.

Boys and girls, and young people generally, are the subjects of St. George's special care. St. George's Boys' Club is the model after which all other similar organizations in the city are planned. With its headquarters in a house of its own at 237 East Twenty First Street, its object, that of providing poor boys with a place for recreation, has been adhered to through evil report and good, in spite of the early and powerful opposition of the boys themselves, who by means of broken window panes, stolen books and the nightly attempted introduction of pandemonium generally, manifested their disinclination to be "civilized." But patient, persevering effort told in the end, and now the gamins of the neighborhood realize that the opportunity they enjoy of dropping into a warm, cheerful apartment for a game of checkers or dominoes, or an hour or two in the fascinating company of De Foe or Jules Verne in the reading room, is one not to be sneezed at, much less to be received with brickbats and paving stones.

But the boys are not amused merely; they are instructed as well. There are classes in stenography and type setting, and the boys themselves have organized a debating society in which lively intellectual tilts on burning questions of the day take place.

The club is supported by voluntary contribu-

tions, in which are included the generous sums netted by Mrs. James Brown Potter and others in amateur matinee performances at the Madison Square Theater.

Somewhat akin in its aims to the Boys' Club is the Golden Cord Society. Membership in this, however, is limited to boys between nine and fourteen belonging to the Sunday school, who pledge themselves to observe the five rules, among which we may mention: To be kind to dumb creatures, and to hate shams, meanness and dishonesty.

But we have not space enough to describe the multiform methods in which St. George's, under the inspiring guidance of its rector, extends a helping hand to all classes and sexes of the needy, whether the need be that of the mind or the body. Many of them are offshoots of the

Girls' Friendly Society, and there is now in course of erection a handsome and commodious building on Sixteenth Street, adjoining the rectory, to afford adequate accommodation for the growing work which they represent.

Some idea of the good accomplished in this direction may be gained from the names of some of the classes given in the Year Book to which reference has already been made: Cooking, sewing, dress-making, embroidery, knitting and physiology.

In addition to the above there is a society for the supplying of delicacies to the sick, employment for the idle, sea breezes for the worn and weary ones, besides the regular mission on Avenue A with its various branches.

Truly here is a working church, one in which members need not to have Sunday or prayer meeting night come around to remind them that it exists. As a matter of fact, the doors of St. George's are open every day and all day long.

The writer is conscious that but little has been told in the foregoing of Mr. Rainsford himself. But to be known in and by one's works is the truest fame, and the description of what St. George's is doing necessarily forms part and parcel of the life of its leader, who is heart and soul absorbed in the prosecution and management of the various enterprises he has called into being.

Mr. Rainsford is a magnificent type of muscular Christianity. The hallway of his home is adorned with mounted heads of deer and wolves, brought down by his unerring rifle during his vacations among the Rockies, and a recent number of a popular New York magazine published an illustrated account, from his own pen, of his hunting experiences in the far West.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THERE is no joy like the joy of resolved virtue.—O. Dewey.

IT is an irrefragable law of mind that moral efforts become easier by repetition.—Caroline Fox.

EVERY man has three characters—that which he exhibits, that which he has, and that which he thinks he has.

PROSPERITY is a great teacher; adversity is a greater. Possession pampers the mind; privation trains and strengthens it.—Hazlitt.

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

LIFE is not dated merely by years. Events are sometimes the best calendar. There are epochs in our existence which cannot be ascertained by a formal appeal to the registry.—Earl of Beaconsfield.

GREAT merit of great failings will make you respected or despised, but trifles, little attentions, mere nothings, either done or neglected, will make you either liked or disliked in the general run of the world.



**THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.**

The old year's dead? Then let me peal  
A psalm from my tongue of steel,  
Hosannahs for the joy we feel  
To see in dust his banner trailed,  
His sorrow pale, his passion paled,  
And hope's bright star once more unveiled.  
Let it resound,  
Around, around,  
A King is dead, a King is crowned.

**→The Prairie Trailer←**

BY CAPTAIN R. M. HAWTHORNE.

I AM quite sure that few of the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY realize the wonderful skill that can be acquired by the long and studious training of any one of the numerous faculties with which they are gifted by an all wise Creator.

One of the most unerring judges of counterfeit coin ever employed in the New Orleans mint was a man totally blind. He could run his hands through a pile of gold or silver, and, guided by the sense of touch alone, detect every spurious piece in it. I have known a blind instructor of youth who never failed to ferret out the author of the slightest noise in the school room, by his amazing nicety of hearing. No doubt you have wondered at the readiness with which blind children can read by means of raised letters, over which you might run your fingers without being able to identify a single character.

So it is with our faculties. Intelligent and long continued practice will develop the sense of smelling, hearing, tasting, seeing, and feeling, to a wonderful degree, that proves the divinity that has made us what we are.

I would not be surprised to hear you declare that some of the exploits of Leatherstocking, as told by Cooper, or of that admirable character, Deerfoot the Shawano, as related in "The Camp in the Mountains" and other tales, are beyond the power of any human being, no matter what his training may be. And yet I assure you that there is not one told by the authors of those stories which has not been equalled in real life.

During a residence of several years in the West, I formed the acquaintance of many noted trailers, both white and red, and the skill shown by some of them almost surpasses belief. In that section, trailing is as much an art as is music or painting in the East. The successful trailer is a man like a detective, of close observation, and quick perception and action, one who has cultivated these natural gifts to the highest point.

It is a singular fact that one of the most skillful prairie trailers I ever knew was a mere youth, barely eighteen years old. Still his expertness was explainable. In the first place, his father, Hank Godfrey, had followed the profession—as it may be called—for more than two score years, and he began with Dick as soon as he was able to walk. The old gentleman finally met the fate which is always impending over those who adopt his vocation. He was shot down by a Sioux desperado, whom he had pursued for three days and nights, and whom he sought to have run down without risk to himself.

Dick Godfrey was then only twelve years old, but he stepped into his father's moccasins, as may be said, and kept up the business with a skill which made him famous over hundreds of square miles in the West.

Although the white men generally hunt and raid in companies, there are many cases where the most daring venture out alone, as if to show their contempt for the white settlers. Some years ago Mr. Jacob Van Ordan lived in a cabin in upper Dakota, with his wife and two children. He had hired a Norwegian immigrant to help him clear off his land and put in his crops. This Norwegian was known as Pete, that being a much easier name to pronounce than his own. He was industrious, frugal, strong and faithful, and was held in high regard by the settler and his family.

There was occasional trouble with the In-

dians, but during the first year of Mr. Van Ordan's residence in Dakota he had not the slightest difficulty with the red men, and like many others in his situation, he came to believe that nothing was to be feared from them.

One day in early autumn I had occasion to visit the settler's home, and reached there about the middle of the afternoon. I found the family in a terrible state. Poor Pete, while chopping wood within a hundred yards of the house, had been shot down and tomahawked by an Indian, who, with a defiant yell and flourish of the scalp, made off in the woods before Mr. Van Ordan could run into the house and catch up his rifle.

The settler was so shocked and infuriated that he was determined to follow the dusky murderer, but the persuasions of his family, and my representations that it was not only useless but dangerous, caused him to hesitate. At this juncture, while I was doing my best to console with the family, who should walk across the clearing but young Dick Godfrey?

on our return. Dick had no more trouble than a bloodhound in taking the trail. Without speaking, he pointed to the ground, where it was hard to detect the slightest disturbance, and then started through the wood at a loping trot.

When Mr. Van Ordan told him that the Sioux had about three hours the start, he nodded his head as if to say that he was aware of it, and added the unnecessary request for us to keep as quiet as possible.

You can understand that, although the red man had the advantage I have named, he might have halted not far away, so that it was possible, though hardly probable, that we should come upon him before going far.

About two miles from the settler's home, Dick stopped and said that the trail was crossed by another.

"Wait a few minutes," he said, "till I come back."

He turned off at right angles to the course we had been following, and disappeared for twenty minutes, returning with the same loping trot

"It is an old Yankton who has come over to look at his traps. He carried in his right hand a trap, and in his left hand a lasso, to catch a pony that he has lost. He came back without finding the horse, but he found a prairie wolf in the trap that he set, which he carried home on his back, and a bundle of kinnikinnick wood in his right hand."

Observing my wondering looks, Dick explained:

"The imprint of his moccasins shows that he is a Yankton, and I know by the shortness of his steps that he is an old man. He is from the other side of the river, for there are no Yanktons on this side. The trap which he carried was set down on the ground several times in going and coming (thereby showing his weakness), and the drops of blood in the center of the tracks show that he carried the wolf on his back."

"But how do you know that it was a wolf? Why not a fox or even a deer?"

"If it had been a fox or coyote, or any other kind of small game, he would have slipped his head through his girdle, and carried it by his side instead of over his shoulder."

"But suppose it was a deer?"

"Deer are not caught in traps; and if it had been a deer, he would have walked with weaker steps. He used a kinnikinnick wood as a staff and there were fragments broken off here and there by which it is easy to learn that."

Dick seemed to think he had told me enough. Indeed he had done a great deal more talking than was his custom, and more, I am quite sure, than he would have done for any one else. Mr. Van Ordan listened quietly to his explanations, and I think felt some impatience, for it was inevitable that some delay should be caused by the conversation.

I would have been glad to have asked more, but, under the circumstances, it was not proper, and henceforth we devoted our whole attention to trailing the dusky criminal.

About noon we approached the stream of water to which Dick had made reference when speaking of the Yankton. I noticed that he walked slower than usual and studied the trail with closer attention than before. He bent forward in a crouching position, and finally, half straightening up, said in a guarded voice:

"We are close upon him."

"How do you know?" was my natural question.

"The trail is fresher than it has been yet, and it is so near noon that he has built a fire in the undergrowth yonder, where he means to cook some fish that he will take from the river."

"How do you know that?" I persisted.

"I smell his campfire."

Neither Van Ordan nor myself, gifted as we were with natural olfactory powers, could detect the faintest odor of burning leaves or wood; but Dick was so positive that there was no questioning or doubting what he said.

"Stay here till I come back," he added.

We had no choice but to obey, though we would have been glad to accompany him. We expected that as soon as he could verify his suspicion, he would return for our help. But less than a quarter of an hour had passed when we heard the report of a rifle, followed instantly by a sharp cry. Dick quickly reappeared, and so far as I could judge, was not excited in the least.

"We will go back home," he quietly remarked; "we are done."

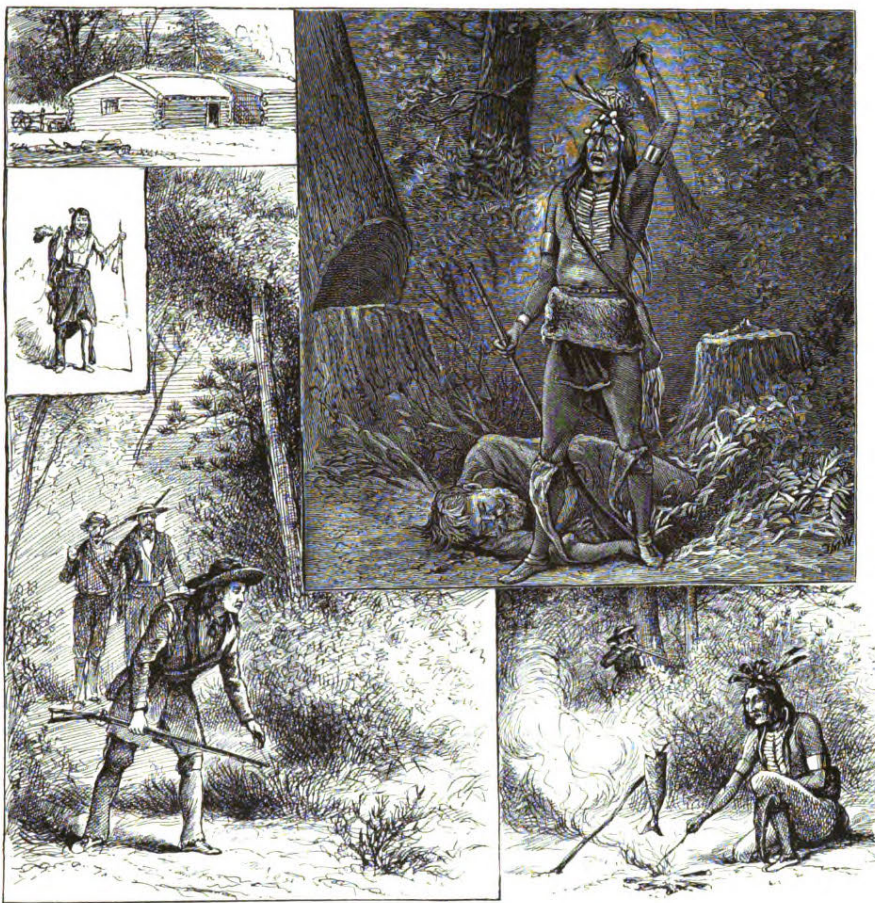
The merciless Sioux warrior who had stricken down the poor Norwegian never lived to reach the village, which was not far away.

**COSTLESS GENEROSITY.**

Here is a copy of an advertisement which recently appeared in the Birmingham Daily Post:—"The person who stole the little pug dog from the Justice Inn, Moor Street, can have the kennel belong to same by applying as above, as the owner has no further use for it."

**EXTRAVAGANT ECONOMY.**

LANDLORD.—Come, Sepp, that is the tenth match I've seen you strike. What have you lost? Sepp.—I'm looking for a match that I've dropped on the floor."



THE INDIAN GAVE A DEFIANT YELL AND FLOURISHED THE POOR NORWEGIAN'S SCALP.

"Now you may talk about pursuit," said I, "that is, if Dick will act as our guide."

"What is that?" asked the modest young man.

He listened gravely to the story of the settler, and then in his cool, quiet manner, announced that he would be glad to lead us in the pursuit of the Sioux, whom he unhesitatingly declared the criminal to be, and that he would run him down, provided he did not get back to his tribe before we could overtake him.

This was the only risk, Dick declared. The warrior was likely to believe himself safe against pursuit, so that there was good hope of coming up with him, but, if he should take it into his head to hasten to the village of his tribe, all our efforts would be in vain, since nothing less than a company of United States soldiers could compel the Indians to give up the criminal.

At such a time every moment counts, and, within fifteen minutes after the arrival of Dick, we had taken the trail and were pressing the pursuit with the utmost vigor. We had no dog with us, for the young man declared that such a companion would be a hindrance instead of a help, since a canine can hardly be trained so that he will not betray the presence of himself or his master to the subtle foe.

Going to the spot where the poor Norwegian had fallen, we tenderly laid out his body and covered it with brush, intending to give it burial

with which he had traveled along ever since we started.

"The trail is that of an Indian pony," said Dick; "he is an stray, of black color, with a long tail, half starved to death, has a split hoof on the right fore foot, walks lame and passed here early this morning."

Despite the haste with which we were traveling, I insisted that Dick should explain how he learned all this.

"I know it was an stray horse because he did not follow a direct line; his tail was long, because I saw several hairs that dropped from it, and I know his color from the hair he left against a tree where he scratched his shoulder; he was very hungry, for he nipped at some high weeds, which a horse rarely eats; the crack in his fore foot showed plainly in the trail he left, and the depth of the indentation told his degree of lameness; the tracks prove too that he went by early this morning, before the shower of rain which fell just after the sun rose."

When night came of course the trail could not be followed any further. So we sought a secure spot and lay down to wait for daylight. At the first streak in the east we were up, and, without halting to prepare any food, were under way.

Rather curiously, within a mile of the spot, Dick made known the fact that the trail was again crossed by another one almost at right angles. Then he added:



## TO AN EAGLE.

BY C. L. HILDBRETH.

On me the sun has set, the lowlands lie  
Dim in the purple folds of early night,  
But thou, gray cruiser of the chartless sky!  
Dost steer thy slow, undeviating flight  
Full in the track of the mountain's course  
The world is bright around thee, thy strong breast  
Parts flashing streams of keen, ethereal fire;  
Aslant the ardent splendors of the west,  
On still, curved fans thou mountest ever higher  
Through scintillating zones of air.  
From what far quest through the white gates of  
morn,  
Beyond the purpled East returnest thou?  
Towards what solitary mountain's mourn  
In the primeval wild art voyaging now?  
Thou haunter of unbarren space!  
I watch thee soaring up the steep of light,  
Hail doubting thou art augur of mortal birth,  
Freedoomed to hunger, weariness and blight  
And wintry change of this controlling earth,  
Like our slow footed, wingless race.

[This story commenced in No. 258.]

## THE Young Ranger;

OR,

## PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS.

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

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## ELMER ROSLYN RECONNOITERS.

**W**ITHIN the walled inclosure which I have roughly described, the rescue party and the panting fugitives quickly distributed themselves, and you may imagine the sigh of relief which went up from every one when it was found that not one of the company was missing, and that between them and any shot which the treacherous Iroquois might fire was interposed a breastwork sufficient to stop or turn aside a cannon ball.

To young Captain Elmer Roslyn it seemed incredible that all this should have come about without a hostile shot being received by one of the helpless ones, yet such was the fact.

Finding that none was missing, he moved among the women, elderly ones and children, and did his utmost to impress upon them the truth that they were not in any danger, indeed they had secured only a partial shelter, which could serve them only a short time at best, for they were not only without food and water, but without the means of obtaining any.

He tried to show those dependent upon him that there were a score of places through which the Indians would have the lowest part of the stone wall, where some of them fell panting to the ground, unable to walk a step further. There they were left until they could recover from their severe exertion.

By this time something like order was restored. Elmer was debating the troublesome question whether there was any chance of saving the fugitives to the next position, which was much superior to the present one.

"If we had only known it," he remarked to Mrs. Hawley, who, having left little Eva in charge of her grandmother, had gone to the side of the young captain to speak a few words to him. "She loved the mainly lad as though he were her own son, and since the shot that saved her little one, she was more deeply attached to him than ever."

"But it was impossible that any one should know it," she replied with a smile, though she glanced furtively behind them as if she dreaded a stealthy shot.

"We not only could have done it safely, but without hurrying the poor folks as we did. Do you know, Mrs. Hawley, that I am half tempted to rout them out and make a run for it?"

"In what respect is the spot superior to this?" she asked.

"It is a large cavern in the rocks, with a roof which is as dense as that of the block house, and there is but one entrance to it."

"It must be a natural fort."

"So it is, and I've no doubt that the legends about it being held by two or three hunters a long time ago, against a hundred howling Iroquois, are true."

"I wish you were there," remarked the lady, who saw how desirable it was; "but it will not do to venture in the way you propose."

"How then?"

"First send some one to make sure the way is open."

"I will go myself."

Called one of the rangers to him, Elmer explained his purpose. He intended to run to a point about two hundred yards away, in order to make a hasty examination of the cave in the rocks. His fear was that the desirability of the spot for their purpose had become known by the Indians, and had led them to lay a trap for the fugitives. Should it prove that a party of Iroquois had taken possession of the cavern, it will be seen that the whites were doomed, in case they tried to enter it, since they would be shut out from both places, for if such were the scheme

of the Senecas they were sure to make the ambush complete in every detail.

Captain Roslyn, therefore, sent an experienced scout named Ferguson over their own trail, in order to watch for the approach of the Indians. He was to fire his gun the instant such approach was detected, and make all haste to join his friends, while Elmer himself would dash back from the cavern, and the stand would be made at the spot where the others were gathered.

Captain Roslyn and Ferguson the ranger walked in opposite directions at the same moment. They were attentively watched by their friends, who quickly lost sight of them, for the wood and undergrowth were quite dense around the rocks where the party had taken temporary refuge.

For a quarter of an hour a profound stillness reigned, during which the suspense on the part of the rangers became painful. The quiet in the direction of Ferguson was gratifying, but it was the reverse of expected, for Captain Roslyn. He had promised, in case all went well, to return in less than that which had already passed, and there was something ominous in his silence and absence.

Still the minutes went on, and the profound quiet was unbroken.

"Something has gone wrong with Elmer," remarked Mrs. Hawley to several of the leading rangers, her pale face and tremulous voice showing how deeply her feelings were stirred.

"I don't doubt it," replied the one who had been left in charge; "but what can it be?"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## THE CAVERN IN THE ROCKS.

**Y**OU have been told enough about Captain Elmer Roslyn to know that he was a youth of skill, courage and unusual ability and caution. He had proved himself worthy of the confidence placed in him by Colonel Nick Hawley of Fort Defiance, and now that he was approaching that which may be termed the crisis of matters, he displayed an acumen worthy of Simon Kenton himself.

To him there was something more than accident in the appearance of the Seneca who had made such a disastrous attempt to capture little Eva Hawley. In the haste and flurry of the moment, when his mind was busied with more pressing matters, he adopted the theory that the incident was one of the numerous ones which may be described as spontaneous in their origin; but within the last few minutes he had arrived at an altogether different conclusion.

One cause of his change of opinion was due to the non appearance of the Iroquois, who had certainly started to follow them up the dry bed of the brook, as was proven by the rifle shots and whoops that had reached his ears.

Now, the nearness of the reports demonstrated all questions, the pursuing Iroquois could have overtaken the fleeing fugitives before they reached their refuge, provided they wanted to do so.

What then was their reason for failing to come up with the entire party, when it would have been the easiest thing in the world to have shot down most of them?

Elmer's theory was that Kit Wilton, and most likely a number of the Iroquois, knew about the cavern which he was so anxious to turn to the advantage of the fugitives. When they found the whites had left the main trail and hastened up the slope of the mountain, they were quick to suspect all questions, the pursuing Iroquois could have overtaken the fleeing fugitives before they reached their refuge, provided they wanted to do so.

Instead, therefore, of walking straight to the entrance of the rocky fort, Elmer circled around to the right, where the trees and undergrowth gave perfect concealment to his body. He believed that if the Iroquois had really taken possession of the cavern, he could learn the fact without exposing himself to special danger.

Having secured a favorable point of observation, he conducted himself with the care and skill of a veteran scout. Fortunately for him he was fully familiar with every part of the large cavern which he had fixed upon as so desirable.

An enormous mass of rocks towered before him to a height of fully twenty feet, with a width three times as great. Near the middle of this pile was an opening no more than a yard wide, which a rod inward expanded into a space a dozen feet across. Just beyond was the cavern of which he had made frequent mention.

From this crude description, you can gain an idea of the great strength of the place as a means of defense. The only approach was through the narrow passage, which was commanded by the rifles of the defenders. It may be said to have been a miniature Thermopylae, where three or four men could hold fifty times their number at bay.

Elmer Roslyn's position allowed him to look straight into the passage, along which he was able to see everything to the broad expansion beyond. There a turn shut off any view of the mouth of the cave.

He felt that if the Iroquois had really taken possession of this place and were waiting the arrival of the rescue party and the fugitives, they would be sure to betray themselves to a watcher placed in his situation. It can be understood, therefore, why he was so hopeful of solving the important question within a few minutes.

Looking about the passageway he saw nothing but the craggy, irregular walls on each side, with a glimpse of the natural widening of the path. The spot seemed to be as deserted as when he took shelter there one day the previous winter from a driving snow storm.

"If they saw my approach," he said to himself, "they will take care that I don't catch the first sight of them, but I don't see how they could have detected me. No," he added, with a stealthy glance behind him, "None of them know I am here."

Ten minutes passed, and everything remained quiet in the direction of the fugitives, a fact which strengthened Elmer's belief that the Iroquois were purposely holding back until the whites should attempt to reach the second refuge.

The young captain felt the disadvantage of the limited time at his disposal. The conclusion must be reached very soon. It would not do him to stay where he was much longer; he must either advance and complete his examination, or give it up altogether and rejoin his friends.

Although, as I have said, the continued stillness was almost positive proof that Kit Wilton and his allies were purposely holding themselves beyond observation, to detect the least sign of any one's presence near the cavern was taken by Elmer Roslyn as still stronger evidence that the Iroquois were not there.

He could conceive of no reason why every one of the warriors should keep far back in the cavern, when the passageway was just as much beyond observation. It must be that no one was present.

"I can stay here a week," he muttered impatiently, "without being any wiser than I now am. I may as well go back, or find out the truth, for I ought to be with the rest."

Having made up his mind to look further, he stepped forward, and, stepping north from the undergrowth, where he had been crouching, he walked silently forward toward the passageway leading to the cavern beyond.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## ELMER ROSLYN'S MISTAKE.

**Y**OU Captain Roslyn walked in his guarded but unhesitating manner directly to the mouth of the passageway, wisely convinced that, having decided to make the investigation, it should be done with all promptness.

In the wide space he entered the opening, and was in the act of entering, when he felt the first thrill of genuine misgiving. The cause was beyond his power to guess, for he had neither heard nor seen anything.

He stopped and looked sharply about him, actually recollecting a step or two, as if from the approach of a dusky warrior; but seeing nothing, he pressed onward again, with a half impatient expression over his own timidity.

He walked the short distance to the expansion of the path, when he awoke to the fact that he had entered a cunningly laid trap.

In the wide space were fully a dozen Iroquois, fully armed, and in their way. They were standing so far back from the direct line of the passage that they could not be seen until he was among them.

The instant Elmer caught the glitter of their dress, he whirled about, meaning to dart through the passageway, but he was too late. Hardly had he entered the path, when a couple of warriors that had been in waiting slipped up behind and followed him so noiselessly that his ear never revealed their approach.

The Iroquois had laid the snare just as the youth suspected. They had a force in waiting within or just beyond the cavern, and their failure to assault the other defenses was due to the hope that the whites would attempt to reach the more desirable one.

Thus far, therefore, Elmer Roslyn was correct in his theory of the course of the red men, but he made a mistake about the very condition of affairs which actually concerned himself.

He had not been told that the whites, that, if the Indians had set the trap for the capture or destruction of the entire party, it was impossible for him to go forward on his reconnaissance without detection. He had been observed from the first, and, as I have shown, the Iroquois so disposed themselves that no eye ever walked into a spider's web more promptly than did the young captain into the power of Kit Wilton and his red allies.

For one instant Elmer meditated a desperate rush in the hope of overturning the couple that barred his way; but, before he could gather his energies for the effort, he perceived there were other Indians besides the two, and that he might as well dash his head against the rocky walls.

He therefore dropped his hands at his sides and walked forward into the broad space, stopping in the midst of the grinning group as if to say to them that he awaited their disposal.

There was a certain dignity in the act which gives not only a little interest, but some individuality. That was the voice of Kit Wilton the Tory, whom Elmer Roslyn had not noticed until that moment. His position was somewhat to one side and in the rear, where he was not in as plain view as the others.

No words could express the utter contempt which the young captain felt for his individuality. He could understand why the red men of the frontier should ally themselves to the enemies of those who had settled upon their lands, and who were seeking to drive them from their hunting grounds; but it was beyond his comprehension

that a native of the colonies and of the same race as the settlers should not only deliberately array himself against his former neighbors, but join in the methods of the merciless barbarians. Alas! you know how many there were of those whose atrocities at Wyoming, Cherry Valley and other places were more fiendish than those of the Indians themselves.

"Yes," replied Elmer, "luck seems to be against me. I ought to have known better than to come into this place, when you and the Iroquois were in the neighborhood, but it seems I didn't, and here's the result. I'm ready for anything you may choose to do with me."

"Wal," replied the Tory with a laugh, "I'll think over the matter, I don't s'pose you've any objection to living a few hours longer—say till tomorrow."

This was accompanied with a chuckle which gave a horrible meaning to the words.

Your turn will come sooner or later," replied Elmer, after a moment's pause; "and it'll be a long time before you when you fall into the hands of the patriots."

"Yes," drawled the other, "but I haven't fell into their hands yet, and I reckon it will be some time afore I do. I believe you're captain of this gang which Colonel Hawley sent out to bring the folks in from the haunted Gulch, ain't you?"

Elmer Roslyn's face turned as red as he felt the humiliation of his position, but he answered:

"Yes, I am the captain."

The Tory threw his head back and laughed so heartily that it seemed to Elmer that the sound must reach his friends a couple of hundred yards away. It was hard work for the youth to keep down his indignation, but, when he was told to do so, "Colonel Nick was always fond of a joke, but this is a little ahead of anything of the kind I ever knew him to do. You, a great strapping younker that won't get your growth for four or five years, put over the heads of men old enough to be your father, and you ever as yourself w'dy be doing such a thing as to laugh at me?"

Young Roslyn did not dare trust himself to answer this, for he was angry enough to fly at the Tory like a wild cat. The warriors, now that they had secured the party for whom they were waiting, disposed themselves in easier positions, some grinning as though they understood the tantalizing remark which their leader was subjecting the head of the other party, while the rest talked in their grunting way, oblivious of what was going on around them.

"You don't answer," added Kit Wilton, with another burst of mirth, "cause you can't do justice to the theme, as the poets say. I'll have another talk with you afore you're sent to the happy hunting grounds of the whites. There's other business on hand. Why didn't you bring your folks to this spot instead of stopping where they haven't got half as good a chance?"

"Because you and your savages were here."

"So you came to see me," and again Kit Wilton indulged in a roar of laughter, "but he told several of the Iroquois looked at him in astonishment, for to say the least it was impudent."

"We did have things fixed to gobble up the whole party," added the Tory, "for I thought it more than likely that you must know about this spot, and s'posed you would make a break for it."

"You may be sure we would, could we have been sure that that wasn't the very thing you wanted us to do. I came forward to find out whether it was safe, and was done enough to walk right into the trap. But I'm tired of talking with you," added Elmer, impatiently. "Do what you please with me."

Kit Wilton turned to Red Thunder, and addressed him in English, speaking in low tones, as if he did not wish to be overheard, though every word was audible to the captive.

"Put this younker back in the cavern; he will be safe there, for though there's an opening there, it's covered up and he don't know anything about it."

Having said this in English, the Tory abruptly changed to the Seneca tongue, holding quite a conversation with the Iroquois.

There was a meaning in this brief conversation which was never understood by Elmer Roslyn until after the lapse of nearly five years.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## ELMER ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE.

**H**AVING said all that he wished to say to Red Thunder, Kit Wilton addressed the waiting youth.

"I wish you would wait a minute, we have some sport with you now, but I told 'em we've had much business on hand to stop to bother, so we'll wait till tonight, when we'll have a lot more of your friends, and can make a bonfire of you altogether."

"Perhaps Colonel Hawley and the men I have left behind will have something to do with that," said the captive, conscious as the time that there was not much dignity in the speech, but unable to suppress all the anger that surged in his heart.

"I think," continued Wilton, in the same cool, expectating tone, "that when we are ready we'll take the whole lot down to the clearing in front of Fort Defiance, and let the colonel and them that's left see the fun."

He paused, as if expecting some answer, but the prisoner decided to hold his peace.

"Now, if you'll walk back in the cavern there, you can take your gun with you, for we haven't any need of it just now, and we haven't no use for you as yet."

This was an indulgence which Elmer hardly expected, and he was wise enough to take advantage of it without delay. He strode to the mouth of the cavern, and almost instantly



passed from sight, entering the rocky chamber which was so familiar to him, but which for the first time took upon itself the character of a prison.

"If they were only here," he reflected, "and the Iroquois outside, we could laugh at all their efforts to dislodge us, but they are not, and what is to be the end?"

It would have been anything but complimentary to the rescue party to doubt their ability to hold their position against Kit Wilton and his whole band of Iroquois. They were fully equal to the task, but Captain Roslyn could not shut his eyes to several disconcerting truths.

It was in the power of the Senecas to lay siege to the position; and, since the defenders were without food and water, the investment, if continued but a few days, must inevitably end in disaster to the whites.

The only possible means of breaking the siege was through Colonel Hawley, fully five miles away. He had a somewhat larger force, most of which he could bring against the rear of the investing body. Beyond question, those Indian fighters under the lead of the veteran colonel would make it exceedingly lively for the redskins, but the fighting would be of the most sanguinary nature, and the loss of the fugitives could not fail to be serious.

The picture of the defenders waiting where they were hour after hour, through night and day, with the children crying for food and water, and receiving the shots that the Indians would find the chance of sending among them, was one which could not be shut out of the mind.

True, if he had his friends in the cavern where he now stood a prisoner, they would be equally open to the same result in case of a siege, but the helpless ones would be safe against the rifle balls that would come singing after their victims through every hour of the day and night.

Before Colonel Hawley could take any measures for the relief of his endangered friends, it was necessary to acquaint him with the situation. The manner in which that to be done was another all important question.

It may be said that young Roslyn had enough to occupy his mind in speculating as to a probable fate of his friends. He was a prisoner of the Iroquois, whose cruelty towards their captives was so well known that the bravest man in his situation might well shudder with dread.

The cavern was large enough to hold fifty people comfortably, though a prolonged stay within it by the fugitives, and their friends, must have been accompanied by inconvenience, not to say distress.

During the several visits that the youth had made to the place, on two of which he was accompanied by his father, he had explored it thoroughly enough to discover at the extreme rear, under a shallow rock, an opening sufficiently large to permit the passage of a man's body.

The legend respecting the two hunters who once took shelter there and held a large force of Indians at bay, was that they finally escaped through this opening in the middle of the night, when a furious snow storm was raging.

Elmer knew of the passageway, whose mouth was covered with a broad, flat stone, as though the defenders had intended to prevent the ingress of their enemies by that means.

"Those Iroquois must know about it," he reflected, "for I overheard Kit Wilton speak of it to Red Thunder, and of course they will guard it on the outside. It may be that they want to tempt me to venture through it."

Having been installed in his prison, the youth was left alone. From his station near the mouth he could catch occasional glimpses of the warriors moving about, and a little cautious investigation on his part would cause him to find most of the Indians had shifted their positions. Whether they had left the immediate neighborhood, or merely moved nearer the opening of the passageway, could only be conjectured.

Elmer believed that, since the Tory had found that there was no likelihood of the fugitives making a break for the cavern, he had gone out to consult with some of the leaders, to determine the next step to take in encompassing the destruction of the whites.

You may be sure that Captain Roslyn was not the one to stand idle, so long as there was a chance of striking a blow for himself. Satisfied that for the moment he was not to assure himself that if any one was on the watch, he was silent and motionless, Elmer began crawling through the opening. He went head first, since he was anxious to see where he was going, so that if necessary he could instantly withdraw into the cavern.

It was necessary to make his way in this

guarded fashion for ten or twelve feet, during a portion of which the passage was so narrow and rough that his clothing suffered.

At last, to his own amazement, he found himself actually on the outside of the cavern in which he had been placed as a prisoner only a few minutes before.

It seemed incredible, but such was the fact. Elmer emerged among some undergrowth near a clump of trees, which screened the opening so perfectly that any one passing near would fail to see it.

But as the youth feared, the rear of the cavern was not left unguarded. At the moment he reached the outside he heard the murmur of voices a short distance to the left. Peeping cautiously in that direction, he saw Kit Wilton and Red Thunder standing about twenty feet off, talking earnestly together.

The back of the chief was turned toward him, and the side and profile of the Tory were in plain view. The heart of the lad rose in his throat, when he saw he saw Kit Wilton glance toward him. Elmer hugged the ground as closely as he could, not daring to move an inch forward or backward.

"He must have seen me," he thought, "for he looked straight in my spot, but no—he turns his head away. He is so interested in what he and Red Thunder are saying that he has forgotten about me. If there is no one else near I think I have a chance."

Necessarily his vision was circumscribed, but the outlook was encouraging enough for him to attempt to steal off in the opposite direction from where the couple were standing.

He did not rise to his feet, but pushed himself backward, ceasing his effort every few minutes, and using his eyes and ears to the utmost.

It was not long before the intervening undergrowth shut out Kit Wilton and Red Thunder from sight, and he began to feel the throbbing of hope, since his careful survey of his surroundings failed to show him any other foe.

"There is a chance," he added, beginning to move more rapidly, though he still kept prone on the earth, well aware as he was that the Iroquois were all about him, and that he was liable to discovery at any moment.

(To be continued.)



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our power, but in justice to ourselves and questions of general interest we cannot accept of them.

We have in the number of queries which will be answered in this form as soon as space permits.

ST. MARK'S CLUB, Islip, L. I. Yes, "Tom Tracy" will appear in MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

READER, Hyde Park, Ill. The "Popular Military Instructions" ran from No. 230 to No. 237.

J. W. G., Chicago, Ill. Your coin is a Spanish piece of Charles III, and commands no premium.

VAN, Cleveland, O. To remove rust from skates, rub with a flannel rag saturated with kerosene oil.

J. A. R., Ashton, Ia. The stories you name will probably appear in MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES later on.

J. H. M., Lincoln, Ill. 1. No premium on the new cent of 1857. 2. Consult our advertising columns.

E. H., Jersey City, N. J. 1. No premium on the dime of 1853. 2. See announcement on editorial page of No. 231.

W. H., Erie, Pa. The mails to South America go through various routes, some of them in English ships to England.

B. D. LEVY, 178 Pearl St., New York City, will be glad to hear from young men willing to aid him in forming a literary club.

L. L. T., Philadelphia, Pa. Some of the stories, articles and pictures mentioned by you may appear in the ARGOSY and the POPULAR SERIES.

LYRA, Businessburgh, O. Your suggestion has been thoroughly considered, and we do not think its adoption would improve the ARGOSY.

A. M., San Francisco, Cal. Whether the gentleman named will write for MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES or not must be left for the future to decide.

COMPANY B, HAMILTON CADETS, would like to receive a few more recruits. Address RECRUITING COMMITTEE, Company B, 174 Pearl St., New York City.

CHARLES WICK, 234 West Ave., Rochester, N. Y., would like to hear from boys between 14 and 17 who will join him in forming a military company in Rochester.

H. W., Paterson, N. J. For information concerning the training ship, St. Mary's and the Naval Academy at Annapolis respectively, see editorials in Nos. 227 and 204.

J. H. H., Philadelphia, Pa. Lieutenant Hamilton's "Popular Military Instructions" were published in the eight numbers from 230 to 237 inclusive, which will cost 48 cents.

B. K., New York City. 1. West Farms Creek is about four miles from Harlem, in the annexed district of New York. 2. The Bronx River is in the same river, forming the eastern boundary of the annexed district.

F. L. G., San Francisco, Cal. 1. An article on the electrical machine was published in No. 227, and we may at some future time print one on the electrical battery. 2. We meet, under any circumstances, give flirtation codes in the ARGOSY.

W. L. L., New York City. 1. If your association is a military one, as we judge it to be, why not name it after some one or other of our famous generals? 2. All directions for starting a military company were given in Lieut. Hamilton's articles, which ran from No. 230 to 237 inclusive.

A BOYISH AUTHOR. Many of your questions have been already answered, and other matters we have not space to treat in this department. Some have not yet been decided. Your height—5 ft. 1 in.—will not debar you from joining the Hamilton Cadets. Apply by letter to 174 Pearl St., this city.

Doe, Cleveland, O. 1. and 2. Possibly. 2. Yes. "The Adventures of Tad," which we can supply you if you desire it. 4. No. 5. Yes, if you will send 15 cents for postage. 6. As the ARGOSY has so far been successful in dropping the puzzle department, we see no reason for reinstating it. 7. Opinions differ, but Booth's "Hamlet" is his most popular creation.

WILLIAM GOAT, Chicago, Ill. The names of the stories to be included in MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES will be announced from month to month, as they appear. 2. The numbers containing "Campfire and Wigwag" are out of print. It appeared in Vol. III, which we will supply the best of \$3.00 express charges. 3. The origin of the Biblical name "Aeceldama" will be found in Acts 1: 16-19.

E. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. We will bind a volume of the ARGOSY for you for \$1, transportation charges included. 2. The numbers of the ARGOSY as follows: "Nick and Nellie," "Jack and Geoffrey in Africa," "The Lost Trail," "Campfire and Wigwag," "Footprints in the Forest," "Fugitives of Wyoming," "Camp in the Mountains," "The Last War Trail," "The Haunted Engine," and "The Young Ranger." 3. Probably not.

SPOTTWOOD HAWKE, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1 and 2. We have not space in which to give the lists of the serials you ask for, which would be but to repeat, in probable, information imparted through this department in recent numbers of the ARGOSY. 3. If you desire it, 4. Neither of the stories named has been issued in book form. 5 and 6. Not yet decided. 7. Yes; the author may furnish us with a story for this or the next volume. 8. A list of the authors who wrote for The Boys' World was printed in this department last spring.

EGYPT, Cleveland, O. 1. Yes, as we have already stated previously in Vol. III, the ARGOSY contained but 8 pages each week. 2. A list of the serials, with their authors, in Vols. III and IV was printed several times in our advertising columns last spring. 3. Yes; many of our paid-for articles may be looked upon as novels. 4. "The Mystery of a Diamond" will very probably be included in MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES. 5. Not yet fixed upon. 6. The question is not of course an open one. 7. We charge \$1 for binding a volume of the ARGOSY. We prefer that you pay all express charges at your end.

F. J., New York City. asks us what will keep his hands soft, or at least clean, in his business which he has to handle heavy barrels. Under the circumstances, we would advise him not to endeavor to keep his hands soft. Hard hands will probably help him to do his work better and more comfortably, and they are not things of which a sensible young fellow should be ashamed. If by hard work he makes his hands soft, he will no longer perform manual labor, they will soon grow soft and white. His desire to keep his hands clean is praiseworthy, but we know of no way to accomplish this except frequent washing with soap and water.

M. M., Newark, N. J. 1. "Philopena" is derived from two common Greek words meaning "friendly" and "penalty" respectively. 2. You may be able to obtain the information you desire by carefully reading through Kinglake's "Crimean War," published by the Harpers, four volumes of which are now ready. 3. The game of Colours, except the sentry by those who wish to play, is a very simple one. This is done by writing a descriptive of a person at the top of a sheet of paper, then folding it down and passing it to the next player, who adds the name of some one known to him. The next player then folds it down and passed to the third player, who writes an adjective descriptive of a lady. The next in the circle adds a lady's name, the next states where they met, the next what she said, the next what he said, the next what the word said, and the next what the consequences were.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and includes exchanges of books, tracts, and other dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; no exchanges for "rolls," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by those who wish to obtain back numbers of volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or any publications for which we have no responsibility, made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particular conditions in our advertising columns.

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

James Cook, 75 Lincoln St., Portland, Me. Books, for a pair of Acme or all clamp skates.

H. B. Lyon, Newark, N. J. One thousand foreign stamps, for type and printing furniture.

W. K. Stanley, Box 681, Delaware, O. Two pieces of Indian pottery, for every arrow head.

Alfred Ward, 126 6th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. An electric battery and a violin and bow, for a banjo.

D. Scamion, 174 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A new magic lantern and a new card case, for a banjo.

Samuel Cohen, 88 Salem St., Boston, Mass. A 10 keyed accordion, for a football or magic lantern slides.

Hardin Jones, Moreland Park, Atlanta, Ga. An International stamp album and 2000 stamps, for reading matter.

George L. Cretors, 21 Green St., Xenia, O. Fifty books, valued at \$83.50, for a 54 or 56 rubber tired bicycle.

E. M. O'Donnell, 642 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Books, for books on historical or scientific subjects.

William Gillis, Indiantown, St. John, N. B. "The Pirate City," by Ballyantyne, for a tool chest 28 inches long.

W. B. Vane, Pocomoke City, Md. A pair of 6 lb dumb bells, a Grenet battery, and 1000 visiting cards, for type.

James Traphagen, 77 Bank St., Newark, N. J. A printing press and outfit, for U. S. and foreign postage stamps.

C. D. Chapman, Hoosick Falls, N. Y. Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," for foreign or U. S. department stamps.

A. D. McIntire, 328 Wildes St., Philadelphia, Pa. A printing press and 80 fonts of type, for an amateur photo outfit.

T. E. Newman, 324 East 86th St., New York City. A pair of Indian clubs and a magic lantern, for a drum and sticks.

H. L. Arnold, Bristol, Ind. Two pairs of rabbits, and 400 tin tags, for Vol. I, II, III, or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

James E. McLean, 312 Spring St., New York City. A double keyed accordion, and some books, for a cornet or banjo.

Harry E. Kiernan, 413 West 2d St., Xenia, O. A maple xylophone, with 25 blocks, in good order, for a violin in good order.

Herbert Warfield, Huntington, Va. One thousand tin tags, 450 varieties, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound.

George W. Coleman, 3222 Woodland Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. A 5 1/2 by 7 1/2 press, for a rubber stamp vulcanizer and an outfit, for a drum and sticks.

R. M. McFarland, Henderson, Ky. Postage and medicine stamps, for stamps, or a National or Improved album. Exchange lists.

Harry Hull, 206 Terrace St., Muskegon, Mich. Five foreign stamps, for every picture card; one foreign stamp, for a 2 1/2 photo outfit.

A. Thompson, 614 Venango St., Philadelphia, Pa. A magic lantern, valued at \$5, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, Vol. I preferred.

Thomas Sendall, 80 Front St., Brooklyn, N. Y. An electric battery, complete, for a mandolin in good order, or a 2 1/2 photo outfit.

Charles T. Hepburn, Fort Scott, Kan. A sketching rack and outfit, 315 different postmarks, and 50 paper tags, for Vol. V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY up to Oct. 1, 1857.

I. W. Floyd, South Boston, Mass. A polyotton, cost \$5, for a good pair of catcher's gloves. One hundred postmarks from Massachusetts, for 50 of any other State.

George Seltzer, Market St., Pottsville, Pa. The Nashel Printing outfit, and Nos. 1 and 2 of MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, for Nos. 209 to 224 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Lucius M. Lamar, Box 113, Milledgeville, Ga. A football, cost \$2; Indian relics, and books, for books or a building, curiosities, tin tags, stamps, or coins.

G. H. Trumpler, 247 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. "The Heir of Kilmann," by Kingston, and "The Spy" by Cooper, for two books of MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

Joseph L. Lawrence, 116 East 12th St., New York City. One hundred and seventy five different U. S. and foreign stamps, and 325 duplicates, for a pair of 5 to 8 lb. Indian clubs.

Eugene Tilden, Box 256, Williamamit, Conn. "The London Fire Brigade," by Ballyantyne, 15 tin tags, and 35 foreign stamps, for "The Young Circus Rider," by Alger.

Ralph Cormany, Beloit, Wis. A Chinese 10 cent piece, for 42 cents in tin tags; 25 different foreign stamps, for 30 different tags; 25 postmarks, for 12 different tags; tags, for tags.

Harry N. Ayres, 155 De Kalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A gold ring medal, a telescope, a harmonica, a baguette, and a rubber stamp penholder with gilt and gold pens, for silver coins.

Allen C. Bennett, 508 Clinton St., Joliet, Ill. Three books, valued at \$2.50, a pair of No. 9 girls' skates, valued at \$1.25, and a small ball's eye lantern, for a small press and outfit.

R. C. Hamill, Westley, R. I. A Rogers scroll saw, 1887 pattern, used about a month, for coins, stamps, fencing masks, or electrical apparatus. Receiver to pay express charges.

Frank L. Sneeds, 662 Warren St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A Morse telegraph outfit complete, 5 books by Rider Haggard, and "The Pilot," by Cooper, for a scroll saw or boxing gloves.

Harry Canse, 414 Wilson St., Baltimore, Md. A pair of nickel plated Henley No. 6 roller skates, cost \$2, for the last nine numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or clamp ice skates, same size.

F. L. Thomas, 174 Mulberry St., Manayunk, Philadelphia, Pa. A waterbury watch, and "13 Scotch Chiefs," by a party of nickel plated No. 10 or 11 1/2 clamp skates. Philadelphia exchanges preferred.

A. S. Howe, Box 145, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. A steel spoked rubber tired bicycle, in good order, a foot power scroll saw with drills, patterns, etc., a set of carving tools, and 4 books of adventure, for a steam engine, with boiler, etc., not less than 14 horse power.

S. J. Steinberg, 438 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. Brevet 112, 50 lbs.; mirror, 15 lbs.; nonpareil, 20 lbs.; 5 fonts display type, and other printing material valued at \$25, for a self inking slide lever 8 by 10 press.

David A. Moir, 502 Beaulieu St., Mich. "Tom Newcombe," by a party of nickel plated No. 10 or 11 1/2 clamp skates. Philadelphia exchanges preferred.

Charles T. Lyon, 112 Palaski St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A polyotton, 12 pictures, a scroll saw, "Haste and Waste" and "Through by Daylight," by Optic, and "Sketches from Mark Twain," for a steam engine or a 5 by 8 photo camera.



## THE PAST IS DEAD.

BY ERNEST MCGAFFNEY.  
The past is dead—ah! dead indeed,  
I weep not for its going,  
Its phantoms weird no more I heed  
Than west winds wildly blowing;  
Press onward, aye, and upward, heart,  
While I my gladness borrow,  
For hope and I should never part  
While I can have tomorrow.

## A Wild Goose Chase.

BY MERVIN ALLEN.

"HONK! honk!" It would have seemed strange to hear the note of a wild goose so early in autumn, had we not remembered that we were away up by Chaleur Bay, upon the northern border of New Brunswick, in a thinly settled part of Canada.

"Honk! honk! honk!" It was an inspiring trumpet sound, telling that the young geese had taken wing and were henceforth to be counted with the armies of the air. "There they go, Ed!" I cried, as my companion and myself stood on Farmer Graham's doorstep, just ready for a start into the wilds. "There must be two or three hundred of 'em. I've a good mind to try a shot from here, they look so tempting."

"No use," replied Ed; "they are too far off. We can give 'em a salute, though, out of compliment."

Raising our guns, we blazed away with the children, reaching close behind us in the entry, and Mrs. Graham peering out over their small heads.

"Bang! bang!" rang out our two right hand barrels, and then "bang! bang!" went the other two; but the only perceptible results were a louder honking, and a confused doubling up of the long V shaped column.

"Didn't hit 'em that time!" was Mrs. Graham's laughing remark.

"O, no, ma'am; we didn't expect to!" I replied. "We just wanted to stir up those goslings and see the old gander dress his ranks. He'll have 'em all straight again soon."

"Let's see!" said Ed—"we're all ready. I believe—got everything—guns, tent, provisions, tinware, telescopes—that's all, isn't it?—and so here we are!"

"Good luck to you!" said Mrs. Graham, "and be careful that you don't shoot each other instead of the geese!"

A tramp of four miles brought us to the southern margin of Chaleur Bay, as it is called by the fishermen who frequent it; and here, entering a canoe which we had the day previous hired of a neighboring halfbreed, we paddled away towards a long promontory which seemed to offer a favorable position for fowl shooting. Landing upon this peninsula and hauling up our canoe among the bushes, we concealed ourselves, and waited patiently in the warm sunshine for the approach of game.

Bay Chaleur is ninety miles long and twenty miles wide; and lying there as we did, upon a point of land stretching far out into the water, the prospect we obtained was a fine one. Far away—so far that only their sails were visible—were ten or twelve fishing vessels, apparently becalmed; and while nearer, although not within gunshot, were large flocks of fowl, swimming and diving at their leisure. How plainly we could hear the musical cries of the "south southerlies" and the screams of the white gulls in the calm distance!

After a time a pair of noisy loons attracted our attention. "Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!" would cry the old male diver, as he rose after a long swim under water; and "hoo-hoo-hoo!" would answer his speckled mate, coming up wide apart from him. At length they got close together, and both went down at once.

"They are headed this way, I believe," said Ed, "and likely enough they'll come up close to us."

We sat still and waited for them. Presently up bobbed the male, with his green head gleaming in the sunbeams. He was not more than ten rods off, and looked as big as a goose. In a few seconds the water was again broken, and the somewhat smaller female sat by the side of her companion.

The two had arisen like ghosts from the depths, so that there was really something startling in the silence and suddenness of their coming. They were not five feet apart.

In a moment our shot tore the water. We saw where it struck like hail, just as if we had thrown two handfuls of gravel directly upon and around the loons. There was a whirl at the spot for an instant, and then smooth water again. But where were the great northern divers? They had vanished like spirits, and not even a feather was left upon the surface.

"Well, if that isn't quick work," exclaimed Ed, "I'll give up!"

We watched to see where they would next make their appearance, but they were gone a long time.

"Perhaps we did hit 'em after all," I suggested. "I shouldn't wonder if they had got hold of the bottom and died there."

My companion caught at this idea; for it did seem incredible that they could have dodged that quarter of a pound of shot, which struck just where they had been sitting.

"We must have hit 'em," he said; "let's get

discovered the truth, likely enough he'll never know it, as nobody knows where he is. He ought to have known better than to run off when he was innocent."

A very bad affair which had happened at the Academy had caused Oscar Wentworth to be shunned and treated coldly by many good people, because they had strong reasons for believing him to have committed a criminal act. Some person had attempted to blow up the principal with gunpowder, and circumstances had pointed very strongly to Oscar as the guilty party.

The act could not be proven against him; but his sensitiveness to what he saw was the common opinion of him, had caused him after a while to leave home without informing any one as to his destination.

Since then the mystery had been cleared up by the confession of the real culprit; and deep regret was felt in the community for the unjust

Yet not a single flock came within gunshot; and, breathing hard with excitement as we crouched among the bushes, we watched them settle slowly and gracefully upon the water, stretching out in a gray mass, column upon column, and still sending up their stirring cries.

But all this did us no good. The nearest of them were a quarter of a mile off, and they showed no sign of coming nearer.

After dark we launched our canoe and paddled cautiously towards them. But their camp was not to be surprised. Some watchful old gander, as I suppose, discovered us, and the nearest flock went up with a wild rush of wings and a "honking" that fairly startled us.

In despair we let go all our four barrels; and then it seemed as if the whole Bay of Chaleur was being flung into the air. To the right and left, and far out in front of us, we could hear the flapping and "honking" of thousands of the airy cavalry rose all together upon the evening darkness.

"Honk! honk! honk! ah-honk! ah-honk!" At first the cries were prodigiously clear and loud; but then grew fainter in the distance, and we paddled back to the shore, realizing that for this night, at least, our goose hunt was up.

Not a feather could we find as the effect of our four shots.

Next morning there came flocks of fowl of various kinds, swimming past us, and we made a number of successful shots. Then we broiled some slices of black duck, to go with the white bread with which we had been provided by Mrs. Graham, and so had a really good meal.

As now, however, we were strapped on our "knapsacks" soldier fashion, and prepared to launch our canoe for the purpose of visiting other portions of the shore. Before starting, however, we sat down to consider our course.

Suddenly we both started up at the sight of a human head and pair of shoulders, just visible over the low shrubs of the bank. A canoe, with a single occupant, had glided around the promontory, and was close upon us. Ed startled the newcomer with a smart hail:

"Canoe, ahoy!"

The lonely navigator looked quickly around, evidently with a thrill of surprise.

"Hello!" he answered, in a confused manner, as he caught sight of us.

He was only a boy, and hardly as old as ourselves. His face was much sunburned, but his countenance appeared familiar.

"How much he looks like Oscar Wentworth!" whispered my companion. "He can't possibly be Os, though!"

"'Tis he, any way!" I replied excitedly. "As sure as I'm alive, he's got away up here!"

"Os Wentworth, is that you?" cried Ed.

"Yes," was the reply; "but I'd like to know how you fellows got here."

There was something sad and almost sullen in his manner, so that it seemed as if he was sorry to have met with us. Nevertheless he brought his canoe alongside of the bank.

"Well, Os, we're glad enough to see you," I said. "Come ashore and tell us all about your travels."

Still, however, he continued sitting in his canoe.

"Got any water?" he asked. "My beaker here has given out, and it's mighty warm this morning."

Hardly thirty feet behind us, in a cluster of half a dozen trees, there was one of the prettiest little springs imaginable; and quickly stepping to this, Ed handed the melancholy boy a dipperful of the sparkling water.

Oscar smiled faintly as he received it with a gentle "Thank you, Ed;" but he looked so troubled that we could no longer withhold from him the good news we had in store.

"You're all right, Os," I said; "you needn't worry about that affair any more; you've found out who blew up the schoolmaster."

"Yes," added Ed, "they all know now that you didn't do it. It was Bill Mackay."

In a moment Oscar Wentworth was all animation. He leaped on shore and questioned us eagerly, until we had related the full particulars. Then he told us of his wanderings—how he had had a few dollars at the start; how he had worked here and there at odd jobs to pay his way, and how he was just now living with an old Indian.

We accompanied him to his temporary home, remaining for a considerable time among the Indians, by whom we were warmly welcome. Then we returned to our New England home, where Oscar met a warm greeting. So our "Wild Goose Chase" was not without its fruits.



ED HANDED OSCAR A DIPPERFUL OF SPARKLING SPRING WATER.

off the canoe and see if we can find 'em under water."

"Hoo-hoo-hoo-o-o-o!"

"There!" I cried, "if that don't beat anything! There's one of 'em now, half a mile off shore!"

"Hoo-hoo-hoo-o-o-o!" came from another quarter—and the second loon was seen swimming towards the first.

They soon joined company again, and went about their business—diving at intervals, and remaining under for an astonishing length of time.

We now set up our small tent of cotton cloth in the thick woods which covered the peninsula, and resolved to make ourselves at home there till next day. Wild geese might at any time make their appearance, and other fowl would probably swim close to us before long.

"I wish Oscar Wentworth was here," said Ed. "I never saw a fellow that liked gunning and camping out better than he does."

"I don't believe we shall ever see Os again," was my reply; "I'm afraid he's dead. How foolish he was to run off on account of that affair at the school."

"Yes," returned Ed; "and now that they've

suspicion which had driven an innocent boy to become a wanderer.

Ed and I had always believed our young schoolmate incapable of the act ascribed to him, but we had been able to assist him only with our sympathy.

He was an orphan, so that there was no mother to lament his absence; and this perhaps may have had something to do with deciding him to adopt the mysterious course he had chosen.

We talked much of him as we sat in our new tent, and wondered where he could be and what he could be doing if yet alive.

As it grew towards sunset, we heard wild geese. They had probably spent the day in some distant haunt about the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and were returning to pass the night along the shores of the bay.

Taking our station in the spot we had previously selected, we saw them coming in large and sweeping flocks that, taken together, made an immense multitude. The different columns seemed like the divisions of some vast army; and from some of them which were nearer than the rest, the sound of the shrill "honking" reached us with a distinctness that almost set us



AT CHRISTMASTIDE.

BY ROBERT OGDEN FOWLER.  
 At Christmastide—the mistletoe,  
 And merry lights that gleam and glow  
 From depths of wreathed evergreen;  
 Rich laden trees in shimmering sheen,  
 With pleasant gifts for high and low,  
 And feet that hurry to and fro,  
 Adown the streets, across the snow,  
 A merry rout, a busy scene,  
 At Christmastide.  
 Great waves of music, sweet and slow,  
 From out the city's bellfries flow;  
 We bow the head with reverent mien,  
 Oh, be the day forever green,  
 For Christ was born—long, long ago—  
 At Christmastide.

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

Luke Walton:

OR,  
 THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.  
 BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,  
 Author of "The Young Acrobat," "Bob Burton," "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.  
 A MARKED MAN.

AT last, so Luke verily believed, he stood face to face with the man who had deceived his dying father, and defrauded his mother and himself of a sum which would wholly change their positions and prospects. But he wanted to know positively, and he could not think of a way to acquire this knowledge.

Meanwhile the gentleman noticed the boy's scrutiny, and it did not please him. "Well, boy!" he said, gruffly, "you seem determined to know me again. You stare hard enough. Let me tell you this is not good manners."

"Excuse me," said Luke, "but your face looked familiar to me. I thought I had seen you before."

"Very likely you have. I come to Chicago frequently, and generally stop at the Sherman House."

"Probably that explains it," said Luke. "Are you not Mr. Thomas, of St. Louis?"

The gentleman laughed. "You will have to try again," he said. "I am Mr. Browning, of Milwaukee. Thomas is my first name."

"Browning!" thought Luke, disappointed. "Evidently I am on the wrong tack. And yet he answers father's description exactly."

"I don't know any one in Milwaukee," he said, aloud.

"Then it appears we can't claim acquaintance."

The gentleman took his papers and turned down Randolph Street towards State.

"Strange!" he soliloquized, "that boy's interest in my personal appearance. I wonder if there can be a St. Louis man who resembles me. If so, he can't be a very good looking man. This miserable wart ought to be enough to distinguish me from any one else."

He paused a minute, and then a new thought came into his mind.

"There's something familiar in that boy's face. I wonder who he can be. I will buy my evening papers of him, and take that opportunity to inquire."

Meanwhile Luke, to satisfy a doubt in his mind, entered the hotel, and, going up to the office, looked over the list of arrivals. He had to turn back a couple of pages and found this entry:

"THOMAS BROWNING, Milwaukee."  
 "His name is Browning, and he does come from Milwaukee," he said to himself. "I thought, perhaps, he might have given me a false name, though he could have no reason for doing so."

Luke felt that he must look farther for the man who had betrayed his father's confidence.

"I didn't think there could be two men of such a peculiar appearance," he reflected. "Surely there can't be three. If I meet another who answers the description I shall be convinced that he is the man I am after."

In the afternoon the same man approached Luke, as he stood on his accustomed corner.

"You may give me the *Mail* and *Journal*," he said.

"Yes, sir; here they are. Three cents."

"I believe you are the boy who recognized me, or thought you did, this morning."

"Yes, sir."

"If you ever run across this Mr. Thomas, of St. Louis, present him my compliments, will you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Luke, with a smile.

"By the way, what is your name?"

"Luke Walton."

The gentleman started.

"Luke Walton!" he repeated slowly, eyeing the newsboy with still closer scrutiny.

"Yes, sir."

"It is a new name to me. Can't your father find a better business for you than selling papers?"

"My father is dead, sir."

"Dead!" repeated Browning slowly. "That is unfortunate for you. How long has he been dead?"

"About two years."

"Of what did he die?"

"I don't know, sir, exactly. He died away from home—in California."

There was a strange look, difficult to read, on the gentleman's face.

"That is unfortunate for you. How long has he been dead?"

"About two years."

"Of what did he die?"

"I don't know, sir, exactly. He died away from home—in California."

There was a strange look, difficult to read, on the gentleman's face.



LUKE RAN TO HELP THE OLD LADY, WHO STOOD PANIC STRICKEN IN FRONT OF THE CABLE CAR.

"That is a long way off," he said. "I have always thought I should like to visit California. I have often promised myself that pleasure. When my business will permit I will take a trip out that way."

Here was another difference between Mr. Browning and the man of whom Luke's father had written. The stranger had never been in California.

Browning handed Luke a silver quarter in payment for the papers.

"Never mind about the change," he said, with a wave of his hand.

"Thank you, sir. You are very kind."

If Luke could have divined the thoughts of the man who had treated him thus generously he would have felt less grateful.

"This must be the son of my old California friend," Browning said to himself. "Can he have heard of the money entrusted to me? I don't think it possible, for I left Walton on the verge of death. That money has made my fortune. I invested it in land which has more than quadrupled in value. Old women say that honesty pays," he added with a

sneer; "but it is nonsense. In this case dishonesty has paid me richly. If the boy has heard anything, it is lucky that I changed my name to Browning out of deference to my wife's aunt, in return for a beggarly three thousand dollars. However, I have made it up to ten thousand by judicious investment. My young newsboy acquaintance will find it hard to identify me with the Thomas Butler who took charge of his father's money."

If Browning had been possessed of conscience it might have troubled him when he was brought face to face with one of the sufferers from his crime; but he was a hard, selfish man, to whom his own interests were of supreme importance. There are many such men, unfortunately.

you used to be with so much—Walton?"

"No; he died."

"Did he, indeed? Well, I am sorry to hear that. He was a good fellow. Did he leave anything?"

"I am afraid not."

"I thought he struck it rich."

"So he did; but he lost all he made."

"How was that?"

"Poor investments, I fancy."

"I remember he told me one day that he had scraped together seven or eight thousand dollars."

Browning shrugged his shoulders. "I think that was a mistake," he said. "Walton liked to put his best foot foremost."

"You think, then, he misrepresented?"

"I think he would have found it hard to find the sum you mention."

"You surprise me, Butler. I always looked upon Walton as a singularly reliable man."

"So he was—in most things. But let me correct you on one point. You call me Butler."

"Isn't that your name?"

"It was, but I had reason—a good, substantial, pecuniary reason—for changing it. I am now Thomas Browning."

"Say you so? Well, I don't say but I would change my own if some one would pay me for doing so. Are you engaged this evening?"

"Yes, unfortunately."

"I was about to invite you to some theater."

"Another time—thanks."

"I must steer clear of that man," thought Browning. "He is one of the few who knew me in California. I won't meet him again if I can help it."

CHAPTER IX.  
 STEPHEN WEBB.

THE more Browning thought of the newsboy in whom he had so strangely recognized the son of the man whom he had so cruelly wronged, the more uneasy he felt.

"He has evidently heard of me," he soliloquized. "His father could not have been so near death as I supposed. He must have sent the boy or his mother a message about that money. If it should come to his knowledge that I am the Thomas Butler to whom his father confided ten thousand dollars which I have failed to hand over to the family, he may make it very disagreeable for me."

The fact that so many persons were able to identify him as Thomas Butler made the danger more imminent.

"I must take some steps—but what?" Browning asked himself.

He kept on walking till he found himself passing the entrance to a low pool room. He never played pool, nor would it have suited a man of his social position to enter such a place, but that he caught sight of a young man, whose face and figure were familiar to him, in the act of going into it. He quickened his pace, and laid a hand on the young man's shoulder.

The latter turned quickly, revealing a face bearing the unmistakable marks of dissipation.

"Uncle Thomas!" he exclaimed, apparently ill at ease.

"Yes, Stephen, it is I. Where are you going?"

The young man hesitated.

"You need not answer. I see you are wedded to your old amusements. Are you still in the place I got for you?"

Stephen Webb looked uneasy and shame faced.

"I have lost my place," he answered, after a pause.

"How does it happen that you have lost it?" asked his uncle sternly.

"I don't know. Some one must have prejudiced my employer against me."

"It is your own habits that have prejudiced him, I make no doubt."

This was true. One morning Stephen, whose besetting sin was intemperance, appeared at the office where he was employed in such a state of intoxication that he was summarily discharged. It may be explained that he was a son of Mr. Browning's only sister.

"When were you discharged?" asked his uncle.

"Last week."

"And have you tried to get another situation?"

"Yes."

ly, who, without compunction, build up their own fortunes on the sufferings and losses of widows and orphans.

Even to Thomas Browning there came the thought: "If I could give the boy fifty dollars without arousing his suspicions I would do so. But, after all, he is getting on well enough. I have heard that these newsboys make a good deal of money. I had better let well enough alone. As long as they don't know of the money, they won't regret its loss."

In this way Browning quieted the slight protest of his almost callous conscience, and no longer allowed himself to be annoyed by the thought of the family he had cruelly wronged.

"He'll never know it, and I needn't allow it to disturb me," was his final conclusion.

But something happened within an hour which gave him a feeling of anxiety.

He was just coming out of the Chicago Post Office, at the corner of Adams and Clark Streets, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

"How are you, Butler?" said a tall man, wearing a Mexican sombrero. "I haven't set eyes upon you since we were together at Gold Gulch, in California."

Browning looked about him apprehensively. Fortunately he was some distance from the corner where Luke Walton was selling papers.

"I am well, thank you," he said.

"Are you living in Chicago?"

"No; I live in Wisconsin."

"Have you seen anything of the man

"What are your prospects of success?"  
 "There seem to be very few openings just now, Uncle Thomas."  
 "The greater reason why you should have kept the place I obtained for you. Were you going to play pool in this low place?"  
 "I was going to look on. A man must have some amusement," said Stephen, sullenly.  
 "Amusement is all you think of. However, it so happens that I have something for you to do."

Stephen regarded his uncle in surprise.  
 "Are you going to open an office in Chicago?" he asked.  
 "No; the service is of a different nature. It is secret and confidential. It is, I may say, something in the detective line."  
 "Then I'm your man," said his nephew, brightening up.

"The service is simple, so that you will probably be qualified to do what I require."  
 "I've read lots of detective stories," said Stephen, eagerly. "It's just the work I should like."

"Humph! I don't think much is to be learned from detective stories. You will understand, of course, that you are not to let any one know you are acting for me."  
 "Certainly. You will find that I can keep a secret."

"I leave Chicago tomorrow morning, and will give you directions before I go. Where can we have a private conference?"  
 "Here is an oyster house. We shall be quiet here."

"Very well! We will go in."  
 They entered a small room, with a sanded floor, provided with a few unpainted tables. It seemed quiet enough, for there were only two guests present, seated at a table near the front.

Stephen and his uncle went to the back of the room, and seated themselves at the rear table.  
 "We must order something," suggested Stephen.

"Get what you please," said Browning, indifferently.

"Two stews!" ordered Stephen. "We can talk while they are getting them ready."  
 "Very well!" Now for the instructions. At the corner of Clark and Randolph Street every morning and evening you will find a newsboy selling papers.

"A dozen, you mean."  
 "True, but I am going to describe this boy so that you may know him. He is about fifteen, I should judge, neatly dressed, and would be considered good looking by the rear table."

"Do you know his name?"  
 "Yes, it is Luke Walton."

"Is he the one I am to watch?"  
 "You are to make his acquaintance, and find out all you can about his circumstances."

"Do you know where he lives?"  
 "No; that is one of the things you are to find out for me."

"What else do you want me to find out?"  
 "Find out how many there are in the family, also how they live; whether they have anything to live on except what this newsboy earns."

"All right, Uncle Thomas. You seem to have a great deal to interest the boy."  
 "That is my business," said Browning, curtly. "If you wish to work for me, you must not show too much curiosity. Never mind what my motives are. Do you understand?"

"Certainly, Uncle Thomas. It shall be as you say. I suppose I am to be paid?"  
 "Yes. How much salary did you receive where you were last employed?"

"Ten dollars a week."  
 "You shall receive this sum for the present. It is very good pay for the small service required."

"All right, uncle."  
 The stews were ready by this time. They were brought and set before Stephen and his uncle. The latter toyed with his spoon, only taking a taste or two, but Stephen showed much more appreciation of the dish, not being accustomed like his uncle to dining at first class hotels.

"How am I to let you know what I find out?" asked Stephen.

"Write to me at Milwaukee. I will send you further instructions from there."

"Very well, sir."  
 "Oh, by the way, you are never to mention me to this Luke Walton. I have my reasons."

"I will do just as you say."  
 "How is your mother, Stephen?"

"About the same. She isn't a very cheerful party, you know. She is always fretting."  
 "Has she any lodgers?"

"Yes, three, but one is a little irregular with his rent."

"Of course I expect that you will hand your mother half the weekly sum I pay you. She has a right to expect that much help from her son."

Stephen assented, but not with alacrity, and as he had now disposed of the stew, the two rose from their seats and went outside. A few words of final instructions, and they parted.

"I wonder why Uncle Thomas takes such an interest in that newsboy," thought Stephen. "I will make it my business to find out."

#### CHAPTER X.

STEPHEN WEBB OBTAINS SOME INFORMATION.

LUKE was at his post the following morning, and had disposed of half his papers when Stephen Webb stroled by. He walked past Luke, and then, as if it was

an after thought, turned back, and addressed him:

"Have you a morning *Tribune*?" he asked. Luke produced it.  
 "How's business today?" asked Stephen, in an off hand manner.

"Pretty fair," answered Luke, for the first time taking notice of the inquirer, who did not impress him very favorably.

"I have often wondered how you newsboys make it pay," said Stephen, in a sociable tone.  
 "We don't make our fortunes as a rule," answered Luke, smiling, "so I can't recommend you to go into it."

"I should like to think I could make it. I don't mind owning up to that I am lazy. But then I am not obliged to work—for the present, at least."

Luke eyed him with curiosity. He did not look like a young man of means, and his suit was almost shabby, but he spoke as if he was able to live without work.

"I should like to be able to live without work," said the newsboy. "But even then I would find something to do. I should not be happy if I were idle."

"I am not wholly without work," said Stephen. "My uncle, who lives at a distance, occasionally sends me to do something for him. I have to hold myself subject to his orders. In the meantime I get an income from him. How long have you been a newsboy?"

"Nearly two years."  
 "Do you like it? Why don't you get a place in a store or an office?"

"I should like to, if I could make enough; but boys get very small salaries."  
 "I would like to see you look for a place for you. I know some men in business."

"Thank you! You are very kind, considering that we are strangers."  
 "Oh, well, I can judge of you by your looks. I shouldn't be afraid to recommend you for me."

"I am glad it was the newsboy, but it occurred to him that he could hardly say as much for his companion, whose face had a dissipated look.

"Thank you!" he replied; "but unless you could offer me as much as five dollars a week, I should feel obliged to keep on selling papers. I should like to see myself look out for, but a mother and little brother."

Stephen nodded to himself complacently. It was the very information of which he was in search.

"Then your father isn't living?" he said.  
 "No. He died in California."

"Uncle Thomas made his money in California," Stephen said to himself. "I wonder if he knew this newsboy's father."

"Five dollars is little enough for three persons to live upon," he went on, in a sympathetic manner.

"Mother earns something by sewing," Luke answered, suspiciously; "but it takes all we can make to support our mother."

"Then they can't have any other resources, thought Stephen. "I am getting on famously."

"Well, good morning, Luke!" he said. "I'll see you later."

"How do you know my name?" asked Luke, in surprise.  
 "I'm an idiot!" thought Stephen. "I ought to have appeared ignorant of his name. I have seen you before today," he replied, taking a little time to think. "I heard one of the other newsboys calling you by name. I don't pretend to be a magician."

The explanation satisfied Luke. It appeared very natural.

"I have a great memory for names," proceeded Stephen. "That reminds me that I haven't told you mine—I am Stephen Webb, at your service."

"I remember it."  
 "Have a cigarette, Luke?" added Stephen, producing a packet from his pocket.

"Thank you; I don't smoke."  
 "Don't smoke, and you a newsboy! I thought all of you smoked."

"Most of us do, but I promised my mother I would smoke no more of the one."

"Then I'm old enough to smoke. I've smoked ever since I was twelve years old—well, good morning!"

"That'll do for one day," thought Stephen Webb. "I rather like this job. The duties are light and easy, and it is to my advantage to make it last as long as possible. I don't feel any particular interest in this boy, but I should like to know what my esteemed uncle is up to. He pretends to be a man of high respectability, but it always struck me that there was something sly about him. However, he's got money, and I must do what I can to please him."

It was three days before Stephen Webb called again on his new acquaintance. He did not wish Luke to suspect anything, he said to himself. Really, however, he found other things to take up his attention. At the rate his money was going it seemed very doubtful whether he would be able to give his mother any part of his salary, as suggested by his uncle.

"Hang it all!" he said to himself, as he noted his rapidly diminishing hoard. "Why can't my uncle open his heart, and give me more than ten dollars a week? Fifteen dollars wouldn't be any too much, and to him it would be nothing, positively nothing."

On the second evening Luke went home late. It had been a poor day for him, and his receipts were less than usual, though he had been out more hours.

When he entered the house, however, he assumed a cheerful look, for he never wished to depress his mother's spirits.

"You are late, Luke," said Mrs. Walton; "but I have kept your supper warm."

"What makes you so late, Luke?" asked Bennie.

"The papers went slow, Bennie. They will sometimes. There's no very important news just now. I suppose that explains it."

After a while Luke thought he noticed that his mother looked more serious than usual.

"What's the matter, mother?" he asked.  
 "Have you a headache?"

"No, Luke. I am perfectly well, but I am feeling a little anxious."  
 "About what, mother?"

"I went round this afternoon to take half a dozen shirts that I had completed, and asked for them. They told me they had no more for me at present, that they had made an arrangement to have a good deal of work done in the country, and they didn't know when I could have any more."

This was bad news, for Luke knew that he alone did not earn enough to support the family. However, he answered cheerfully: "Don't be anxious, mother! There are other establishments in Chicago besides the one you have been working for."

"That is true, Luke; but I don't know whether that will help me. I stopped at two places after hearing of Messrs. & Co.'s, and was told that their list was full."

"Well, mother, don't let us think of it tonight! It's of no use to borrow trouble. Tomorrow we can try again."

Luke's cheerfulness had its effect on his mother, and the evening was passed socially.

Mr. Webb, however, for himself, and Luke amused Bennie by his stories of what he had seen during the day.

The next morning Luke went out to work at the usual time. He had all his papers sold out by half past ten o'clock, and walked over to State Street, partly to fill up the time, and partly to see if he could get some stray job. He was standing in front of the Bee Hive, a well known dry goods store on State Street, when his attention was called to an old lady, who in attempting to cross the street had imprudently placed herself just in the track of a rapidly advancing cable car. Becoming sensible of her danger, the old lady uttered a terrified cry, but was too panic-stricken to move.

On came the car, with gong sounding out its alarm, and a cry of horror went up from the bystanders.

Luke alone seemed to have his wits about him.

As he saw that there was not a moment to lose, and, gathering up his strength, dashed to the old lady's assistance.

(To be continued.)

#### A DEADLY RECOMMENDATION.

THE proof of the pudding is said to be in the eating. This adage was doubtless in the mind of the hero of the subjoined anecdote, who wished to show how much he appreciated and profited by modern conveniences:

"How do you like your new type writer?" inquired the agent.  
 "It's immense!" was the enthusiastic response.

"I wonder how I ever got along without it."  
 "Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"

"Certainly not; do it gladly."  
 So he rolled up his sleeves, and in an incredibly short space of time pounded out this:

"I typed using the automatic back-action type writer for the month of Ove. I enthusiastically pronounce it pronoc it to be al ad even more than the Manufacturers claim for it. During the time been in our possessio n e. I, three month ad has more than an paid pay for it self in the Saving of time and Labor.

JOHN S. SMITH.  
 "There you are, sir."  
 "Thanks," said the agent, dubiously.

#### THE WORK ROOMS OF GENIUS.

CONSOLATION FOR YOUNG MEN WITH GREAT AIMS but slender purses may be found in the statement of a New York artist who recently discoursed on the fittings of great men's studios and studies for the benefit of a *Commercial Advertiser* reporter:

"If one's mind is concentrated in his work he ought to be conscious of nothing else, as old Saint Bernard could travel all day by a lake and never see it. Goethe worked in a little narrow room with tiny windows, one plain table, one plain, hard chair, a long shelf, a book, a closet attached to a bedroom, which held one chair, a little washing table and a sponge. You would fancy that Dore, with his gorgeousness, about him, and yet his studio contained only a table, covered with tubes of oil color, and two cheap chairs."

"Turner could work in any room that had a locked door and a key in the inside. Dickens wrote in a cheerful, comfortable room, and he always had funny little bronze images on his table. Scott wrote anywhere, even in the family sitting room, with a turbid conversation about him."

#### SOMETHING ABOUT CANARY BIRDS.

How many of our readers are aware that a canary has four notes to his song? Indeed, according to the *Detroit Free Press*, dealers, after listening to the singing for a moment, are able to tell whether the singer is German or American.

These four notes are the water note, which is a rippling, attractive bit of warbling like the murmur of a rill; a flute note, clear and ringing; the whistling note, of the same class, but very much finer, and the rolling note, which is a continuous melody, rising and falling only to rise again. It is in the last named note that the American birds fail. They cannot hold it.

Another difference between the two is that the German canaries are night singers—they will sing until the light is extinguished. But American birds put their heads under their wings with darkness.

#### FRIENDS

BY E. YOUNG.

Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give To social man true knowledge of himself. Full on ourselves, descending in a line, Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in its light; Delight intense is taken by rebound; Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

(This story commenced in No. 251.)

## Gilbert the Trapper;

OR,  
THE HEIR IN BUCKSKIN.

By CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY,

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

#### CHAPTER XLV.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

IT was a long time, however, before the deserter was able to tell any sort of a story. His body gained strength every day under Sam's careful nursing, but his mind was like a child's. He could remember that he had deserted in company with his friends, but where they went and what they did, and how it happened that he had become separated from his comrades, he could not tell.

This state of things continued so long that Sam began to fear he had made a mistake in not sending for the post surgeon as soon as Dawson was brought to Uncle Jack's house; but one day, after the boys had begun to worry over their uncle's prolonged absence, and tell each other that they would never get anything from the private papers of Dawson, he astonished them by giving a complete history of his wanderings. His memory came back to him all at once. He went fully into details, omitting nothing, and every one who listened to the recital was impressed with its entire truthfulness.

"You have removed a heavy load of anxiety from our minds," said Sam, in much kinder tones than he had been in the habit of using when he addressed the deserter. "But you have talked long enough. Tomorrow I will ask you some questions; but now you must go to sleep."

"Sam," said Gus, when he and Jerry were alone with the herdsman, "I believe every word of that story."

"So do I," was the answer. "When Dawson told us how he came to gain the confidence of the trader by cheating that Indian who cut the wood, you know, I was sure he was giving us something we could depend on. It was just like him, that poking around in a captain Bartlett's private papers to see what he could find. Now if I were in your uncle's place and Gilbert's, I would—hallo! What's all that noise about?"

Just then there was a noise of tramping hoofs in front of the house, and heavy steps sounded upon the porch. A moment later the door opened, and Uncle Jack Waldron came in. One glance at his face would have been enough to confirm part of Dawson's story, even had he not uttered the words:

"We have returned, but we made the trip for nothing. We found the *cache*, but it had been robbed."

Gus Warren smiled. He had some news for Uncle Jack, and when he told it its effect was magical. If you had gone into the house about two hours later, after the candles had been lighted, the different stories told, the fire replenished and the table laid for supper, you would not have thought that the patriarch of the group you saw there was the same dejected and forlorn man who announced that he and his companions had made their long and perilous journey for nothing. As he expressed it, he felt as happy as a schoolboy with his first pair of red topped boots; but the practical Gus declared that he looked and acted more like a crazy man than Dawson did when he and Jerry found him in his lonely camp.

"But everything has turned out so different from our expectations that we can't help feeling elated over it," said Uncle Jack, in explanation.

"Just see what we suffered for four long, dreary weeks! Think how hard we worked to get to that *cache*, and how disappointed we were to find that it had been robbed! On our way home we found and buried the body of that deserter, and that told us where our nuggets and dust had gone. But we supposed they were all dead. We never dreamed that one of 'em would circle around here and drop his ill gotten gains into the laps of you boys."

"What are you going to do with the deserter?" Jerry inquired.

"I shan't do nary thing with him, and I don't believe Gilbert will either. He'd oughter be strung up for trying to make off with our property, but where's the man who would not have done the same thing under the same circumstances? They're mighty scarce in this country, I tell you. But if he knows when he is well off, he will toddle back to the post and give himself up with as little delay as possible, Dawson will. He hasn't got home, for the police there will have their hands on him the minute he steps on the streets. There ain't a place in all this broad land that he can live in without the fear of the law before his eyes. He was a fool for coming into the army in the first place, and a bigger fool for deserting after he got in. Ain't that so, Gilbert?"

The latter was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, looking very happy and contented in-



deed for a boy who had made a journey of four hundred miles on horseback in the dead of winter for nothing. He had read his father's letter and examined the contents of the bundle, while listening to Dawson's story, and his eyes were a little redder than usual.

"What that letter contained, no one but himself ever knew. Probably it was filled with sacred and affectionate messages which were too precious for other eyes and ears, even though they belonged to those who had stood by him when he needed friends to help him.

"That's about what I said to Dawson awhile ago," replied Gilbert, "and I think he has made up his mind to go back and stand the court martial. He'll get a lighter sentence by following that course, than he will if he waits for the soldiers to arrest him."

"Have you made up your mind what you will do now?" asked Jerry, who, boy-like, wanted everything settled in a minute. "Are you to accompany us when we go home in the spring?"

"Goodness gracious! Why don't you give a feller time to think?" exclaimed Uncle Jack. "I have been thinking," said Gilbert, "and have decided to start for the post the first thing in the morning. I'm willing to go, and if you will give him a horse to ride, and say a good word to his commander for him, although I don't suppose it will do any good, for really I can't see that there are any extenuating circumstances connected with his case. He is a deserter, just as such a fellow is, and I don't think I shall regret the finding of that body in the canyon. Then I will call on the trader, tell him how the thing has turned out, and ask him to warn Grizzly Pete and Buckskin Bob out of the country. Then I will go and hunt up my partner. I shall not tell him that I have tried to get Pete and Bob out of his way, and you mustn't tell him, either. I don't believe Josh would ever speak to me again if he should hear of it."

"You can depend on us to keep still tongues in our heads," answered Uncle Jack. "Now let me tell you what I have decided on. After you have found your partner, and the things stand as you say, and he will come out of those mountains and stay here with me like white men ought to do. Then when spring comes, we'll pack up and start for the East."

"Will you go with us?" exclaimed Gus, in high glee. "That was what I was kinder calculating on," replied the ranchman, who was greatly pleased with the idea which had suddenly popped into his mind. "I have been thinking for years and years that I had ought to take a play day, and I don't know any better way to get it than to see you boys safe to your homes. I think I should like to say 'hallo' to my sister. It's a long time since I saw her."

"And she would be delighted to welcome you," cried Jerry. "I wish we were going to start tomorrow. I shall not sleep a wink tonight."

"There were not many under that roof who did sleep that night, for they could not help but be straightened out. There was not one among them who envied him his good fortune, or who did not rejoice to know that his long agony of suspense was over at last.

CHAPTER XLVI.

CONCLUSION.

GILBERT'S programme was duly carried out. Early the next morning he started for the post, in company with Uncle Jack and the repentant Dawson, who, upon presenting himself to his commander, was promptly ordered into the guard house. The colonel listened with unbounded astonishment to Gilbert's story, but neither he nor Uncle Jack could induce him to say that the deserter should be leniently dealt with.

Captain Barton was the same accommodating fellow he had shown to be when Gilbert and Uncle Jack visited his store. At the boy's request he told how he had come by "that paper" in the first place, described how Dawson had managed to obtain a copy of it, and wound up by saying that he was highly gratified to learn that Gilbert had at last come into possession of his own. He had never felt just right about that paper, any way, and was sorry that he had not told Gilbert of it at once.

As for Grizzly Pete and Buckskin Bob, the trader was sure Josh Saunders would never get an opportunity to draw a bead on them. The mysterious occurrences of the last few weeks had struck terror to Pete's heart, and he had creased out, bag and baggage, and Uncle Jack had recovered from his injuries and been released from the hospital and from custody, he had gone too, and the trader had never seen either of them since.

"And I hope from the bottom of my heart that they will never show their faces on the reservation again," said Gilbert, as he and Uncle Jack galloped away from the store. "Josh Saunders is a man who never makes idle threats, and I know he will shoot them if he ever gets half a chance."

Free rest two days at Uncle Jack's house, and then set out with his pack mule to find the partner whom he had so long deserted, and who must be pretty hungry by this time. Jerry thought, if he had been waiting all these weeks for Gilbert to bring him something to eat. He was gone just a month, and when he returned he brought Josh Saunders with him.

Josh was not the sort of person Gus and Jerry had made up their minds to see, after Gilbert

told them of the threats he had uttered regarding the two squaw men. He had a benevolent looking face and a mild blue eye which beamed pleasantly upon the boys as he shook hands with them, but he had a fearful grip, and his massive form towered a full head above Uncle Jack Waldron's.

"Put it thar, pard," said he, to the latter. "I ain't never had the pleasure to meet you afore, but I've seed an' heard of ye, an' I want ye to understand that the way you an' your outfit has stuck by Gilbert, who was give into my hands with Arizony Charley's dyin' breath, makes me a friend to the hul on ye. I won't never have no hard feelin's again ye, unless ye take him over to the States. If ye do that, I shan't like none of ye no more."

"But, Josh, I must see my relatives, if I have any living, and haven't I promised you that I will surely return?" said Gilbert. "That was a long and dreary winter to Gus and Jerry Warren, who were now as impatient to go East as they had once been to come West. But all earthly things have an end, and so did their period of waiting. So did the journey, which was undertaken at the earliest possible moment."

Uncle Jack stopped but a short time at his sister's house, where he and Gilbert met at most cordial reception, and then hastened on to Clayton to "see his protegee through," as he expressed it. But that was easily done. All the old residents of Clayton knew and loved the venerable Jim News, whose only son had gone off to the mines years before, and who had never been heard of since the day he wrote that he was on the point of starting for home in company with his little son.

"It seemed to make the judge young again to learn that his boy Gilbert, whom he had not seen for years, and a grandson whom he had never seen, were on their way to Clayton," said the talkative landlord who gave Uncle Jack this information, "and it did one good to see the way he skipped around. But as time wore on, and the expected ones did not come to cheer his declining years, and nothing could be learned regarding them, or their fate, the judge, willed under to that he had to give up business, and retire. He hardly shows himself on the streets any more. That's his house—the brick one with stone facings that stands back in the yard."

Unlike the boy in the story who runs away to sea and makes a fortune while he is gone, young Gilbert did not arrive at his father's home in time to mend his relations, and from pecuniary embarrassment, for they had more money than he had; but they were glad to see him, and the affectionate welcome they extended to him when his identity had been established beyond all peradventure, made Gilbert wondrous.

The judge, hearing Gilbert's story, and Uncle Jack's, with his judicial ears, looked at the papers, which were in his own son's handwriting, through his judicial spectacles, and declared that there could be no mistake about it. Gilbert the trapper was his grandson, and as such he should be received and acknowledged.

One stormy winter's night a few years ago, while seated beside my camp fire, on the foothills, the leading incidents in this story were told to me by the grizzled old frontiersman who was acting as my guide on a hunting expedition. I have seen and shaken hands with Gilbert the trapper and his partners, Gus and Jerry Warren, and if you go to Fort Shaw and ask to be directed to their outfit, you will see them also.

You will probably strike Jack Waldron's ranch on the road, and it is very likely that the old fellow will "take a day off" to show you the way.

The boys can all write A. M. after their names now. They went through college together, and are in business together, preferring life on a ranch to confinement in a close, dusty office.

Josh Saunders is their principal man, and although he attends strictly to business, he takes a "day off" now and then to look for Grizzly Pete and Buckskin Bob. He has not forgotten, he never will forget, how hard they tried to shoot him, and to steal the dust and nuggets that rightfully belonged to Gilbert the Trapper.

THE END.

A WONDERFUL SHOT.

The man who put ten bullets in succession, inside the circumference of a Milwaukee girl's finger ring, at fifteen paces, was a pretty good shot, but he wasn't half so wise as the man who put one of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People into his system in five days, and on the sixth walked ten miles "just because he felt so well." If your blood is out of order, if you feel low-spirited and "blue," you will find these Little Liver Pills just what you need.—Adv.

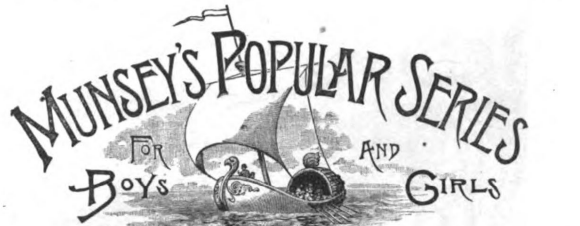
CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease of the bladder, tried every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured him from death. And sufferer from this dreadful disease addressed a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.—Adv.

Deserving of Confidence.—There is no article which so entirely depends on the confidence of the consumer as BROWN'S BROMIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds should try them. —Free 25 ct.—Adv.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 379 N. 3rd St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

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A MATHEMATICAL MIND.

"Say, mister, how can you get a square meal out of that round lunch box?"

PATENTS THAT PLEASE.

EVERY now and then we receive letters from boys asking us how they ought to proceed to procure a patent on some article of their invention. But if the article over which they have spent so much thought and time is not in the nature of a "crying need," the mere procuring of a patent will not avail them much.

Under the head of "Hints to Inventors" a Boston paper gives some practical suggestions on this phase of the subject:

Inventors of marked ability may toil all their lives on some grand problem in medicine or physics, with scarcely enough of this world's goods to keep body and soul together, and die just on the verge of pauperism; while a sharp, shrewd fellow will, in a week, hit on some popular and commonplace thing—a hinge, a knife, a coffee pot, a window shade, a kitchen utensil or farming implement, or even a toy, which just "fills the bill"—something which everybody wanted, and accumulate a very comfortable if not an enormous fortune. All the great prizes in life undoubtedly go to men whose intellectual grasp is gigantic, but the moderate prizes are more frequently laid hold of by those who understand human wants and how to meet them.

The man who refuses to consult popular tastes, who thinks he knows better what the public wants than the public itself knows, will not succeed in forcing his way into their hands. He may, and doubtless will, think them imbeciles for wanting something else; he will fancy himself superior to their weaknesses, and refuse to gratify what he regards as bad taste or a want of common sense. If he does this from conviction, and because he cannot bring himself to cater to people's trivial but harmless preferences, well and good; but let him not at the same time complain that he is not successful, and that he is a persecuted and unjustly treated martyr.

If a man goes fishing for trout with the wrong kind of bait, let him not talk of his bad luck. If he would rather vainly attempt to catch trout with lemon peel than succeed in catching them with the fly which they like the best, let him stay at home and not grumble at those who come in with a long string of fish as the result of their knowledge and skill in the art.

MUST CONSULT THE OFFICE BOY.

STRIKES and boycotts have of late years been pushed to such extremes that "there's many a true word" in the following "jest," which we reprint from the Boston Transcript:

Applicant for Work—"Do you want to employ any more help, sir?"

Proprietor—"Yes; I believe we are a little short handed now. Are you sure you understand the business?"

Applicant—"I ought to. I've worked at it for twenty years, and I can bring you recommendations from every man I ever worked for." Proprietor—"Can't you come in again?" The office boy is out just now, and the porter and the private watchman are holding a labor meeting. I'll state your case to them when they are disengaged, and if they are willing, I shall be glad to hire you. But I'll tell you frankly that, though I may be able to get the consent of the private watchman and the porter, I'm somewhat in doubt about the office boy. He's awfully particular. However, it'll do no harm to call again."

WHY HE WOULD NOT PAY.

This is the reply which a man sent to a bill from his bookseller: "I never ordered the book if I did you didn't send it; if you sent it I never got it; if I got it I paid for it; if I didn't I won't."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
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