

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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Under Fire;

OR,
FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

Author of "Afloat in a Great City," "The Boy Broker," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE MAPLETON BOYS.

"WELL, Dave, it was a close game, but we managed to save ourselves after all their talk," said Tom Martin, referring to a base ball match of the previous day.

"Yes, but thanks to our lucky stars that Fred Worthington was with us, if

John Rexford had kept him at the store, as I was afraid, we should have been badly beaten."

"He didn't play the whole game, did he?" asked Tom, sarcastically.

"Of course not," retorted Dave Farington, with some warmth, "but you know very well we should have lost it, if it had not been for him. If he saved us from defeat why not be fair and give

WHILE THE BIRTHDAY PARTY WAS AT ITS HEIGHT, MATTHEW
DE VERE SAT SULLENLY IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM,
AND PLOTTED VENGEANCE AGAINST
HIS SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

him credit for it? I am sure he would do as much for you if the case were reversed."

"Well, I didn't say anything against him."

"No; but you don't appear to say anything for him."

"Why should I?"

"Well, I can say frankly that his playing was equal to that of some professionals that I have seen. The factory boys couldn't get the hang of his pitching, and the best batters fouled nearly every ball."

"Don't you want some credit for catching?" asked Tom, with a view to turning the conversation from Fred.

"Yes, but—" Here the conversation was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Matthew De Vere, a rather foppishly dressed boy, who showed very clearly by his manner that he considered himself the "swell young man" of the town. There were other traits about this youth that will be shown up in their proper place, without inflicting any tedious description upon the reader.

"Oh, boys, I have a bit of good news for you," he cried. "Guess what it is."

"Anything startling?" asked Tom.

"No, but it is something you and Dave will both like."

"Tell us what it is. We give it up, don't we, Dave?"

"Gracie Bernard is going to have a party—a birthday party."

"A party," echoed Dave; "why, who told you?"

"My sister Annie just came from Mr. Bernard's and said so."

"When is it to be?" chimed in both boys, eagerly.

"Next Thursday evening," answered their informant.

"Well, that strikes me about right," replied Tom, with evident pleasure at the prospect. "How old is Gracie, I wonder?"

"She will be sixteen next Thursday," returned Matthew.

"I'm glad some one has life enough to wake us up a little. I'm getting hungry for a 'racket,'" put in Dave. "The evenings are getting long and it is too cold to rove about much. Three cheers, I say, for Gracie Bernard! I'll engage her for the first waltz."

The cheers were given with a will, for the mere mention of a party, the first one of the season, was sufficient to electrify the boys.

"I wonder who will be invited," said Matthew; and then added, with a scowl, "well, I don't care who is if Fred Worthington only gets left; I hate him." He tries to push himself ahead too much for a fellow in his circumstances, and since he has gone into John Rexford's store he is worse than ever."

"I don't know why he should not be invited as well as any of us," said Dave Farrington. "He is certainly one of the ablest boys in the village, both at his books and at whatever else he undertakes; and the fact that his father is a poor man ought not to be against him, then, with a sly wink at Tom, he added, "and you may be certain he won't be overlooked, for he and Nellie Dutton are getting to be very good friends, and of course Gracie Bernard will ask him on her account, if for no other reason."

Now Matthew liked Nellie Dutton himself, and, like most rich boys (for his father was a retired sea captain and President of the Mapleton National Bank), could ill bear the deprivation of anything which his fancy craved. Therefore the thought that a poor fellow, like Fred Worthington, might come between him and the object of his fancy was exceedingly disagreeable.

This was one reason why he "hated" Fred; the other was, he could not lord it over him, as he did over most of the Mapleton boys, for Fred had a will of his own, as well as a perfect physical development, which showed Matthew, bully as he was, that it would not be well to grapple with him.

Dave's remark was a sharp one, and had the effect of bringing the color to Matthew's face, though he strove hard to hide his confusion.

Both boys noticed this, and Tom, who was always ready for fun, even at the expense of a friend, said:

"Yes, I saw Fred walk home with Nellie from Sunday school last week; and it seems to me he has to go up to her

father's rather often with goods from the store. I guess the doctor will have quite a bill to pay at Rexford's, unless Fred makes two or three trips up there to carry what he might take at once. But never mind, Matthew, school will soon commence; then you will have the advantage of him, for he will be in the store."

Matthew grew decidedly angry at these remarks, and said somewhat savagely: "I'll have the advantage of him without waiting for school, now you mark my words."

"How are you going to get it?" asked Tom with rather an incredulous look.

"You just wait and you will see. I don't tell everything I know."

"Fred has a big muscle, you know, and they say he can use his hands pretty lively too."

"There is no need of informing De Vere on that point," remarked Dave, "for it isn't very long since he and Fred gave a little exhibition at school."

"Come, Mat, tell us all about it," said Tom. "I never heard of that before."

"I won't tell you anything," ejaculated De Vere gruffly; "he can't put on airs with me any more; and if he goes to that party and pays any attention to Nellie Dutton, he will get into trouble."

"If Nellie wants his attention she will be pretty sure to have it, for you can't frighten him—he isn't easily scared," remarked Dave, in a way that irritated Matthew.

"I should say not," said Tom with a sly wink at Dave, "and judging from appearances Nellie is as pleased with his attention as he is with her company."

But Matthew possessed a good share of conceit, and knowing Nellie to be quite friendly to himself, he imagined that his advantage over Fred would be so great that he could readily monopolize the attention of the young lady in question, and therefore replied with more assurance:

"There is no fear of her bothering with him, for I propose to take up her time pretty well myself," and then added, in words that showed more clearly his low character, "Say, boys, if Worthington should be there, let us make it so uncomfortable for him that he will never show himself again at one of our parties. We can occupy the attention of the girls, so they will leave him alone to sink into the corner and hate himself, while we enjoy the waltz and make fun of him. If you will only do this I hope he will be there, just to let all see how awkward he is among his betters."

Some other boys here joined the group, and the conversation was broken off. But Dave Farrington took occasion to remark in an undertone to Tom:

"If Mat De Vere and a dozen more just like him should try to keep the girls away from Fred Worthington, they'd find a big contract on their hands; and the one who 'hated himself' would not be Fred either. Just wait till the party comes off, then look out for fun."

CHAPTER II.

GRACIE BERNARD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.
MAPLETON is a good type of a New England village, showing everywhere plentiful evidences of thrift and energy.

Of course it has a manufacturing industry of some sort, or it could hardly be a New England village; and the chief building of Mapleton, in this line, is a large woolen factory that employs about three hundred hands. There are also a number of minor industries, together with stores, churches and school houses. It is not a large village, there being, perhaps, three thousand inhabitants all told.

Among so small a number one might suppose that the people would mingle freely, and that exclusiveness would not thrive. Well, at the time of which I am writing it did not thrive to any great extent; still it was there, and showed itself principally in the refusal of the "town's people," so called, to associate with the "factory folks."

Exceptions were made, however, in the case of the head officers of the company, and the overseers of certain departments of the mill, who, by virtue of their positions, which brought them in a liberal salary, were graciously welcomed to the homes of the villagers.

These two branches of society had their different "sets;" that of the "villagers" was made up, as is usually the case, by the drawing together of the well to do, the influential, and the better educated citizens, leaving the others to form such social connections as their opportunities afforded.

Fred Worthington's parents mingled with the latter class, for they were far from being rich. His father was a shoemaker, and earned only a small sum weekly; but through the excellent management of his mother, they had a neat and comfortable home.

During Fred's younger days he thought nothing of these dividing lines of society; but as he had grown to be, as he considered, a young man—and, indeed, he really did possess more of that enviable bearing than most boys at the age of sixteen—he began to realize that there was such a thing as a social difference between men whose Maker created them equal.

This fact impressed him more forcibly since he found that some of his companions with whom he had grown up, played, and studied side by side in school for years, were now apparently beginning to ignore him.

"Is there any reason for this?" he soliloquized; "have they suddenly accomplished some great thing, or done some heroic deed, the virtue of which gives them distinction? Or is the trouble with me? If so, where does it lie? Surely I stood among the very first in my class at school—far ahead of Matthew De Vere and his sister, and some of the others that treat me so coolly. I wonder if clerking in a store is disgraceful? I always thought it an honorable thing to be a merchant. Merchants are everywhere among our most influential men."

"I have always kept good company," he continued, "and never had any trouble with the boys, except with Matthew De Vere, just before I left school, and that wasn't my fault. I taught him a lesson, though, that I think he will remember, and ever since then he has been trying to pay me for it by turning the girls and boys against me; but only a few of them have shown any change."

"I know my father and mother do not belong to the same 'set' as theirs, but that is no reason why they should slight me, and it shall not be. I will work my way up and make them acknowledge me, if it takes me years to do it. But as long as Nellie Dutton and some others are friendly, I don't care so much."

When Fred heard of the party to be given by Gracie Bernard, he was in a feverish state of suspense, wondering whether he would be invited or not. He felt that this was somewhat of a crisis with him.

He had left school, but he argued that if he were only fortunate enough to attend this party, he would be placed on a good social footing, one that he could maintain as he gradually built himself up in the store; but should luck now go against him, he would be practically separated from many of his school companions, and separation meant disaster to a certain friendship that he prized more highly than all the rest, and which, as he believed, it would not be well to leave uncultivated even for a short time.

"Hello, Fred, got your invitation yet?" asked Dave, a few days before that fixed upon for the party.

"No, I haven't seen anything of it. Have you had yours?"

"Oh, yes; got it yesterday. I don't see where yours is, though."

"It looks as if I were to be left out, Dave," replied Fred, with an assumed air of cheerfulness.

"That can't be. There is plenty of time. Don't worry."

This was a little reassuring, and Fred tried to believe it—tried hard—but it looked to him, nevertheless, as if his case were a hopeless one.

For he reflected that the unfed fire soon dies, while that which is kept alive even by the smallest spark may at some time become a glowing blaze. But his fears were all for nothing, as in due time the much looked for invitation arrived.

On the eventful night our young hero dressed with care and taste, and gave his hair that especial attention that all boys of his age do whenever they go into company, and then hastened to Dave's home to go with him to the party.

The large double parlors of Mr. Bernard's house were well filled with girls, about Gracie's own age, when the two boys arrived. After the latter had disposed of their coats and hats, and had taken a final look to see that each particular hair was in its proper place and attending strictly to business, so to speak, they entered the main parlor rather shyly.

"Good evening, Dave," said Gracie. "I'm glad you came early, for nearly all the girls are here, and I hope you will help entertain them; and here is Fred," she added, extending her hand to him. "I am very glad you came. I have hardly spoken with you since you left school, but I see the store life has not taken away your color yet."

If Fred had a good share of color to begin with, it was not lessened by this remark. However, he managed to keep his presence of mind, and replied heartily:

"No, I hope not, but allow me to congratulate you on your birthday, for you are looking at your best. I hope you may have many happy returns of the occasion."

Some one else blushed now, and evidently enjoyed the compliment which Fred had managed very well, as indeed he ought, for he had repeated it to himself at least forty five times that afternoon.

"I didn't know you could say such nice things, Fred, but I don't half believe you mean it," rejoined Gracie. "But there is Nellie all alone on the sofa. Come with me and take a seat beside her, and do you entertain each other while I receive Matthew and Tom, and some others who I see have just come in."

"I was afraid something would happen so that you couldn't come," said Nellie, as he took her proffered hand.

"I couldn't very easily stay away," he replied, sitting down beside her.

"Why, how funny! And why not?" she inquired, trying to suppress a blush, for she suspected the reason.

"The evening promised to be such an enjoyable one," he answered; "and yet I hardly dared to anticipate such good fortune as I have met with thus far."

"Oh, Fred, you are learning to flatter, I do believe! I didn't think that of you."

"If flattery is saying what one truly means, then I am flattering you; for if I had arranged my own programme, you and I would occupy about the same positions as we do now. It couldn't suit me better, and I only hope you are as well pleased," he added, inquiringly.

"I believe you and Gracie arranged this together," she answered, evasively, "without saying anything to me. I must scold her," she added, partially covering her face with her fan, which seemed to mean that she was well satisfied.

"I am sure I had nothing to do with the arrangement. I must thank Gracie for it, and I hope you won't scold her very hard, as this is her birthday; but before it is too late let me ask you if you will favor me with the first dance."

"Oh, with pleasure," she replied, but at the same time she wondered if he knew the dance. She had never heard of his dancing, but the first part of the opening one was to be a march, and she knew he could take part in that, even if they had to drop out of the waltz later on.

"Good evening, Nellie," said Matthew, who now came up and extended his hand, adding, with an air of assurance, "I see the music is about ready to start up, shall we not lead the march?"

"Thank you, but I am already engaged for that," she returned, casting her eyes towards Fred.

"Then you won't march with me?" he asked, flushing with evident anger at the rebuff.

"I must keep my engagement," she replied.

"Keep your engagement with a stick," he rejoined, and walked sneeringly away.

The last remark made young Worthington's blood boil, but he had the good sense to take no apparent notice of it, though he fixed it well in his memory for future use.

De Vere seated himself in a remote corner—the place he had expected to see Fred occupy—and looked sullenly on as the march progressed, but evidently with some degree of pleasure at the utter

Indian Clubs, and How to Swing Them.

BY E. R. HAWKINS.



WHILE the athlete of former days used heavy dumb bells to produce great ridges of muscle upon his arms and shoulders, the modern physical culture aims to develop evenly the whole frame. And for this process there is no more powerful instrument than the Indian club, which may truly be said to hold the first place among the apparatus of the present day gymnasium.

The results of the proper use of the clubs will be found to be an expanded chest, greater freedom in the use of the arms, the strengthening of arms and legs as well, the development of the muscles of the wrist and fingers, especially those of the left hand, and an improvement in the circulation of the blood and the bodily health in general.

To bring about these desirable consequences it cannot be too emphatically stated that light clubs are preferable to heavy ones; not the feather weight clubs that are used by performers who give exhibitions of their skill in swinging, but implements of moderate weight, eight pounds being sufficient for a full grown man, and five for an average boy. In the club house of that model institution, the New York Athletic Club, the heaviest Indian clubs weigh twelve pounds.

The weight of the club is a sort of ballast for the arms in making the movements, and a weight that the performer can easily manage is the best sort of ballast. He is able to keep firmly on his feet and not be pulled out of his position by the momentum of the club, and the recovery does not bend him in the back.

In swinging a club a man should stand firmly planted on the soles of his feet, and the limbs, from the hips down, ought to be as steady as a rock. He should remain straight also. Thus the chief movement comes on the muscles of the arms and shoulders, and the upper half of the body is elastic.

Indian clubs are usually made of maple. This is a close grained wood, and so it can be turned well, and is susceptible of a good polish. Some of the light clubs which the performers use for exhibitions of club swinging are made of pine wood. This will allow of a moderately large club being used, which will be very light. They are painted black, and often have lines in gilt traced on them to give them the appearance of turning oftener when they are swung in the air and made to revolve.

The shape of the club is usually the same, and is graceful. It tapers off gradually to the top, and more rapidly toward the base. If there is any one who does not know what the Indian club looks like, a glance at our illustrations will show him.

Thorough mastery of the clubs makes it a very pretty sight to see a well built fellow go through the movements. The lines are graceful, and the different turns have something of the effect of the rhythm in poetry or in a musical composition. They are in general favor, and to take a turn at the clubs between heavier exercises that make more exhausting demands on the muscles is to get a little rest, and at the same time do something to help the physique. There is considerable enjoyment, too, in the movements; the stretching out of the arms with the weight of the club drawing on the muscles, and the forcible sweep through the air and skillful short turns give a kind of exhilaration.

To one who knows nothing at all of

the motions to be performed with Indian clubs, the presence of an instructor would be a very valuable help; and we would recommend those who have access to a gymnasium to learn the exercises in this way. It is difficult to describe accurately and intelligibly in words the method of performing the various feats, while it is far easier and simpler to watch the movements of a teacher. He will go through them slowly and deliberately, and a whole class of boys can imitate his motions, and thus learn the club exercises, simultaneously.

But although an instructor's presence is a great help in acquiring the art of graceful club swinging, still much can be done by the beginner without any assistance. If he will faithfully practice and carry out the directions given below, he can get plenty of pleasant exercise, which will have a most salutary effect on his physical development.

First Exercise.—Hold a light club in the right hand, and, moving the right wrist only, give the club a circular revolving motion, first from left to right, then in the opposite direction; then from front to back, from back to front, and so on. The whole of the right arm should be kept close to the side throughout these movements.

Second Exercise.—Repeat the same movement, using the left hand instead of the right.

Third Exercise.—Go through the same motions with the arm bent at the elbow. The elbow must be kept close to the side, and the forearm perfectly still.

Fourth Exercise.—Hold a light club in each hand, and repeat the first exercise, revolving both clubs at once in the same direction.

Fifth Exercise.—Similar to the last, but revolve the clubs in opposite directions; that is to say, turn the left hand club from left to right, and the right hand one from right to left, or vice versa.

Sixth Exercise.—Repeat the same mo-



SEVENTH EXERCISE.

tions with the arms stretched out before you, or sideways, or above your head.

Seventh Exercise.—Go through the same movements, but allow the arm to bend at the elbow, as in the third exercise.

Eighth Exercise.—Go through any of the previous exercises with one of the

arms, and a different exercise with the other arm.

Ninth Exercise.—Lift the clubs to the shoulder, first with the right hand, then with the left, and then with both hands together. Then swing them slowly around the head, first with one hand and then with the other. As each club passes behind the head, depress the lower end of it toward the shoulders. Let the revolving motion be very slow at first, and gradually become more rapid as the performer gains skill and confidence.

Tenth Exercise.—Go through the same motions with both hands simultaneously, instead of alternately, revolving them either in the same or opposite directions.

Eleventh Exercise.—Hold a club in either hand, with the arm bent at the elbow. Throw the club back till it rests upon the shoulder; next let it go as far down as possible behind the back, and then carry it out straight forward with the forearm, as if you intended to strike down some object in front of you.

Twelfth Exercise.—Hold a club with one of the arms stretched straight out, either forward or at the side, and go through any of the previous exercises with a club in the other hand.

Thirteenth Exercise.—Hold the clubs in both hands, and suddenly bring the hands up close under the armpits, and drop them again. Repeat this exercise a number of times.

Fourteenth Exercise.—Bring the hands up under the armpits as before, and then stretch the arms straight out, either forward or at the sides, with the clubs upright.

Fifteenth Exercise.—Hold a club in each hand, with the arms stretched out at the sides. Swing the arms backward, keeping the hands as high as the shoulders, till the sides of the clubs, and if possible the hands, meet behind the back.

Sixteenth Exercise.—Go through any of the preceding exercises while standing on one leg.

Seventeenth Exercise.—Swing one of the clubs behind the shoulders, and bring it suddenly forward as if aiming a blow at some object before you, as in the eleventh exercise. While the club is descending, stop it suddenly at any point you please, as if some imaginary obstacle had prevented its further progress, and hold it motionless for a moment. This exercise should be done both in front and at the sides.

Eighteenth Exercise.—Repeat the last movement with both clubs simultaneously, striking out either forward or at the side, or forward with one club and at the side with the other.

These exercises will give the beginner all the work he will want for some time, and by the time he has mastered them thoroughly he will be able to invent new movements and combinations for himself.

The perfect mastery of club swinging supposes some intelligence, much more than exercising with dumb bells. Anybody can use dumb bells whose muscles are strong enough to lift their weight, but not everybody can become an expert club swinger. There is a good deal of manual dexterity called into play by some of the movements, and suppleness of the joints is needed.

Natural gracefulness counts also. There is hardly a club exercise or movement—that is, a complete movement—which does not demand the circular swing with the socket of the arm or the wrist as the base of a radius formed by the club, or the club and arm.

It is easy enough to see, then, how much perfect freedom in the wrist's movement tells in the grace and perfection of the evolutions made by the club. If the joints are stiff, or the person handling them is awkward or heavy in his action, the curves are not smooth and perfect. Instead of swinging in an easy, unbroken line, there are angles, the club drops flatly from one kind of line into the other, and the grace and beauty of the thing is lost.

This may seem to be considering club swinging from the æsthetic standpoint, as if the main feature were grace and ease, but this is not the case. A wrenching sharp twist of the club not only destroys the continuity of the line of movement, but it gives the muscles and cords a twist which is not good for them.

If the exercise is performed in the manner most profitable as a developing

physical action, the grace and beauty of the action follow as a consequence. Club swinging, when it is given as a performance, absolutely demands this grace. If a man could twist and screw the clubs through every conceivable movement,



NINTH EXERCISE.

but had no ease and smoothness in the lines, he would only appear ridiculous, and everybody would wonder why he was making a show of himself.

When clubs are swung as a show performance, the athletic character of the work frequently disappears. It becomes jugglery. The crack club swingers who give exhibitions of their skill use very light clubs, seldom exceeding two and a half pounds. Tossing the clubs in the air, making them rotate several times, and catching them by the handles as they come down, throwing them in the air behind the back from one hand to the other, and all that sort of thing, though it demands skill and quickness in the eye and body, is not properly gymnastics.

A GALVANIC BATTERY.

A READER of the ARGOSY at Derby, Connecticut, sends us the following instructions for making a galvanic battery. He says that he has found this method the most simple and effective.

Take a piece of milled or rolled zinc, four to six inches square, and a quarter of an inch thick. Then procure a stoneware dish sufficiently capacious to allow the zinc to lie flat in it. Pour into the dish a mixture of eight parts water and one part sulphuric acid, which must cover the zinc plate.

Let the metal lie in this acid till the surface is bright. Then raise the dish slightly on one side, and place a little mercury in the lower part, taking care not to allow the mercury to touch the zinc—this being the object of tilting the dish. Now dip a stick, with a piece of coarse cloth or tow wrapped around the end, into the mercury, small portions of which will adhere to the cloth. Rub these with considerable pressure upon both sides of the zinc plate, over which the mercury will flow easily. When the zinc is thoroughly covered, dip it into clean water and set it on edge.

Next get a wide mouthed bottle or other vessel of glass or stoneware, large enough to hold about two quarts, and pour into it three pints of water, and about three quarters of a pint of sulphuric acid. Procure a piece of copper similar in size to the piece of zinc, and set both of them in the acid, being careful not to let them touch each other. Connect a piece of copper wire with each of the metal plates, and the battery is complete, an electric current passing along the wire.

INVISIBLE INK.

A CORRESPONDENT from Montreal kindly sends us the following recipe for making "invisible ink," a material used in performing some of the conjuring tricks in which so many young people find amusement. He thinks that this formula is simpler than one which we printed some time ago in our correspondence column, and perhaps some reader may like to test it.

Dilute sulphuric acid in six times its bulk of water, and thicken with gum arabic. Write with the mixture, which will leave no perceptible mark on the paper till it is held over a lamp or by a stove, when the writing will come out jet black.

LIFE'S LESSON.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BUT turn, my soul; and Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care! Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still; Seek for the good, and cherish it; the ill Oppose, or bear with a submissive will.

[This story commenced in No. 266.]

THE Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER V.

ROB EXPOSES A SWINDLER.

WITH a great noise of escaping steam, and amid a hubbub from the lower deck, a boat was lowered, manned by four stalwart colored deck hands, who picked up the two unfortunates in no time, and conveyed them aboard.

At that hour few if any of the passengers were visible. But from the roustabouts stretched on the cotton bales to the captain and pilots in the Texas, or pilot house—every one seemed to show a pleasant sympathy for the two wrecked voyagers.

The steambot clerk, measuring Rob's proportions with his eyes, hurried him into his stateroom and gave him a dry change of clothing from top to toe. Then he did the same for astonished Chip.

It had all come about so suddenly that neither of them had time to realize that the loss of the flat boat meant practically an abandonment of the El Dorado plan. That knowledge would follow with the reaction.

In view of their loss, Captain Dunscombe had privately ordered that every attention be shown both of them. It might prevent any possible claim for damages in the future.

A stateroom was at once placed at their disposal, but neither Rob or Chip felt any desire to sleep. Late as it was, a few of the masculine element were stirring and considerable interest was manifested in the story of the new arrivals by water.

Chip had been on board a Fall River steamer, so the elegant adornings of the great gilt and white saloons did not take him by surprise. But to Rob, all unaccustomed to such surroundings, everything was a new revelation.

Now, open gambling on the Mississippi steamers, after the manner of a quarter of a century ago, has been done away with.

Yet as a matter of fact more or less of it goes on even at the present time. And ten years ago it was more common than now.

A murmur of voices, proceeding from one of the smoking rooms, attracted the attention of two friends. The large open door showed half a dozen gentlemen watching the progress of a game of cards.

Curiously inquisitive to see all that was going on, Rob stepped in, followed by Chip.

Both players glanced carelessly up. One was a tall soldierly looking man with an iron gray mustache, whose dress and bearing bespoke the Southern gentleman of leisure, wealth and refinement.

The other was a faultlessly dressed individual with smooth shaven inscrutable features, dark hair just touched with gray, and the keenest, coldest pair of blue eyes imaginable.

At the entrance of the newcomers he looked up involuntarily. Chip started, while Rob himself resisted a sudden inclination to do the same.

"Is that Brayton, who gave Dare and Miggles away," whispered Chip, as the individual in question turned his eyes again to his game.

Rob gave an almost imperceptible nod. He had no sympathy whatever with the two counterfeiterers, yet he felt an indignant contempt for the man who for gain had betrayed them.

"Your play, I believe, Colonel Lamonte," politely remarked Mr. Brayton, as his soldierly opponent seemed to hesitate.

Well he might. On the table before them lay a small pile of bank notes, representing, so one of the bystanders whispered, some fifteen hundred dollars.

"It ain't the money the kernel minds—he's worth over a million that he's made cattle raisin' in northern Arizona—it's the gettin' beat head'n' like,"—the same friendly individual explained, as Rob's dark eyes dilated with astonishment.

Now theoretically Rob knew how to play

suchre—the game before him—perfectly well. As a matter of fact, however, he had never touched a card in his life. His knowledge had been acquired through watching Dare and Miggles times without number. Though, in strict justice to both, they never played for money.

Rob saw at a glance that the colonel was making a rapid mental calculation as to the whereabouts of one particular card. If it was in the remainder of the pack, which lay face down on the table, the colonel would win. Otherwise the money was Brayton's.

More interested than he cared to own, Rob slipped round to the opposite side of the table. Curiously enough, Brayton held the tips of his cards turned in so that their faces were not distinctly seen by the two or three behind him.

Suddenly darting a sharp glance at the colonel's perplexed face, Brayton turned in his

Throwing his hand to his hip with a quick movement the infuriated gambler drew forth a heavy revolver.

One quick spring, and Rob had wrested it from his hand before the startled bystanders could interfere.

"James," called the colonel sharply to a colored waiter, who had hurried to the door at the sound of the fracas, "call Captain Dunscombe."

"Leave 'em alone, will you—Rob'll handle him every time—leave 'em alone, I say."

It was Chip, whose shrill voice had drowned that of Colonel Lamonte.

For the gambler, beside himself with rage, had suddenly closed with Rob in a vain attempt to recover the weapon, which the latter had thrust into his own pocket. Two or three of the bystanders were about to interfere, when

"You better go back to Plattston and make another bargin with the sheriff," was Chip's most injudicious retort.

Brayton started, and turned his eyes from Rob to Chip's excited face. A sudden light seemed to break in on his mind as he thus looked from one to the other.

"Ah—I see," he muttered quite audibly. Then, defiantly throwing back his head, he walked rapidly away.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDLESS AND PENNILESS.

ALMOST the first person Rob encountered after leaving his stateroom and coming on deck on the following morning was Colonel Lamonte himself.

"My dear sah," said the colonel, greeting him with rather embarrassing confusion, "I am delighted to meet you. You are a young man after my own heart, and I feel as though I did not half thank you last night for your invaluable services, sah!"

Here the colonel slapped Rob on the shoulder, and forced him into the nearest deck chair.

"Last night, sah," continued the colonel, "I was betrayed into the—er—weakness of gambling—a vicious habit which I abandoned owing to—a—the urgent solicitation of my daughter Doris, with whom I wish you to be acquainted. May I ask as a—er—particular favor that—er—you will not speak to her of—the card playing? Hush—here she comes."

Before Rob could recover from his momentary surprise, the colonel had risen to his feet.

Doris Lamonte, who had at that moment approached, was a perfect type of the youthful Southern beauty which develops at such an early age. She was straight and supple, with a clear brunette complexion, a wealth of dusky hair curling low over a broad white forehead, soft dark eyes and the sweetest smile imaginable.

The colonel performed the introduction with all the courtly grace of the true Southern gentleman.

"I—a—had a little difficulty with—a party last night, my dear," began the colonel, avoiding his daughter's clear eyes, "and Mr. Dare here rendered me a very great service."

"Papa Lamonte," interrupted Doris, severely, "you were playing cards last night—I know you were."

The colonel's rather rosy countenance grew rasher still. "Really, my dear," he responded, with an appealing glance at Rob, who wanted to laugh terribly, "really—I—"

"Really you were, sir, so don't try to fib," said Doris, who evidently held despotic sway over her father. "And after all your promises to me, too, sir," she added reproachfully.

"I think I see Hethering beckoning to me, my dear," suddenly remarked Colonel Lamonte, "so you will have to excuse me a little while—you can entertain Mr. Dare—"

And breaking off quite abruptly, the colonel hurried away, leaving Rob, who felt rather embarrassed at what might be called his first introduction into polite society.

His embarrassment was of short duration. In the frank, unaffected conversation of his fair companion, he very soon began to feel perfectly at ease.

"But where or when did you come on board—I do not remember to have seen you among the passengers?" inquired Doris, in a pause of the conversation.

Carefully omitting mention of Dare and Miggles, Rob gave a brief account of the preceding night's adventure, to which Doris listened with intense eagerness. And little by little she drew from Rob the story of his purposed intention of seeking for the El Dorado placer with his companion.

But as he concluded, it flashed across Rob's mind for the first time that the project would have to be abandoned. And very plainly, he explained his comparatively penniless position.

"Oh, I am so sorry for you," cried Doris. "But papa Lamonte said you did him a very great service last night," she went on eagerly, "and I know he would help you, if you would only tell him what you have me."

Rob shook his head resolutely. "You are very kind," he said, "but that is something I could never do. Indeed, Miss Doris," he added frankly, "I hardly see how I came to speak of it at all—I didn't intend that any one should know it."

Doris secretly determined that Colonel Lamonte should hear the whole story from her own lips, but of course she kept her resolve to herself.

Their talk took a different turn, and Doris spoke freely of herself.

Left motherless at an early age, she had been her father's constant companion. Their home was in New Orleans, but they passed a part of



ROB REFUSES THE MONEY OFFERED HIM BY COLONEL LAMONTE.

chair. His elbow came in contact with the framework, and the cards fell from his fingers to the carpet.

With a muttered imprecation on his clumsiness, he bent down to recover what he had dropped—and possibly something else.

But almost at the same moment, Rob, darting his hand part way under the table, snatched something from Brayton's knee and held it aloft. It was the important card!

"He had this lying on his knee," cried Rob, jumping from his chair.

"It's a lie!" fiercely vociferated Brayton, springing from his chair. Colonel Lamonte, who alone seemed to preserve his coolness, lifted the remainder of the pack from the table.

"We shall see, sah," he said, and amid a breathless silence he began throwing them one by one face up on the table.

Suddenly Colonel Lamonte paused, and his lips compressed sternly under his gray mustache.

Without a word he held up a duplicate of the card between Rob's still uplifted fingers. Then, reaching forward, he flipped it across Brayton's livid face.

"You contemptible card sharper!" he said, angrily; "you ought to be thrown overboard!"

Chip's excited utterance caused a momentary confusion.

"The boy's right," admiringly remarked one of them, thrusting his hands in his pockets. "Handle him? I should say so."

For to his infinite surprise, Brayton, a trained and wiry athlete, found that he had met more than his match in his youthful opponent. And before the gambler could fairly realize that he was overmatched, Rob, with one powerful exertion of strength, threw him bodily through the open door. There he caromed violently against Captain Dunscombe, who was hurrying to the spot, and both went with a crash to the floor.

The irate captain was first on his feet, and a hasty explanation followed.

"You will go ashore at the first landing tomorrow morning, sir—now retire to your stateroom," said Captain Dunscombe, sternly, as the gambler picked himself up.

Brayton, drawing himself erect, made no answer, but turned and deliberately faced the little group who had witnessed his downfall.

Raising his hand, he pointed his forefinger directly at Rob, who stood a little in advance of the others, flushed from his recent exertions.

"I won't forget you, my boy—I'll be my turn one of these fine days," he said, in a smooth, low voice, full of repressed venom.



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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Rev. Charles P. Mason, of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City.

"THE MOUNTAIN CAVE."

So great has been the success of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES that we have been unable to supply all the demands made upon us for No. 1, "The Mountain Cave." A new edition has been put to press, so that those of our readers who were disappointed in obtaining a copy of Mr. Coomer's fascinating story can now be accommodated.

PASSING AROUND THE BONES.

A CIRCULATING library is a very useful institution, so that it is not strange that it should find imitators. Nevertheless it is a startling discovery to find that one of these is devoted to the lending out of parts of the human body.

Connected with the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons is a "bone room," wherein are kept various specimens of skeleton anatomy, duly ticketed and numbered, in readiness to be loaned out to the students who use them in studying from the life—or more properly, perhaps, the death. The department is in charge of a "librarian," who is doubtless well up in the dead languages.

A FEAST AND A FAMINE.

ALL OUR READERS have probably heard by this time of the offer by an Australian government of \$125,000 to that person who shall provide an effective method of getting rid of the millions of rabbits that are carrying destruction before them in the antipodes.

During the fall a cargo of 120 ferrets was shipped from England to New Zealand, which is also suffering from a rabbit pest. But oddly enough, the Liverpool animal dealer who made the shipment had just received an order for 2000 rabbits from British America, where they didn't have any. For these the dealer was obliged to pay \$1.25 a pair in England.

There are other things in the world besides money that are unequally distributed.

IT DELIGHTS ALL AGES.

WORDS OF praise for our beautiful paper continue to pour in upon us. From letters lately received we make the following extracts:

MERIDEN, CONN., Dec. 5, 1887.
I have taken your paper now for nearly a year, and judging from the pleasure myself and friends find in reading it, I think it is the best paper of the kind I have ever seen. . . . One old lady about sixty years of age has two grandchildren who take the ARGOSY regularly, the old lady and the children paying equally for the paper. When the father of the children brings the paper home, "grandma" and the children rush out of the door to see who will get the paper first.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
I think the ARGOSY is the best paper out. It has good paper, fine type, fine illustrations, and best of all, fine stories. I could write columns upon columns of the merits of the ARGOSY.

New York City, Nov. 19, 1887.
I think that the ARGOSY is without exception the purest paper for boys and girls to read.

A CHANGEABLE COUNTRY.

The resignation of President Grevy, of the French republic, and the election of Sadi Carnot as his successor, call to mind the fact that France has enjoyed nine different governments in the last fifty years, most of which have come to a violent or untimely end.

Half a century ago Louis Philippe was king of the French; in 1848 was established a republic, which lasted from February 24 to December

to; then came Louis Napoleon's presidency, from 1848 to 1851, and his empire, from 1852 to 1870. Next came a period of great disorder, with the Government of the National Defense and the Commune; then the presidency of M. Thiers, from 1871 to 1873, followed by that of General Macmahon, 1873 to 1879; then the republic, of which Grevy was the first president and Sadi Carnot is the second.

History seems to afford some justification for the statement that the sea of French politics is indeed a troubled one.

A TOUCHING outcome of the terrible malady that is threatening the life of Germany's crown prince has recently been made public. Two citizens of the empire have offered themselves to a prominent surgeon as subjects in case it is deemed possible to remove the diseased larynx of the prince, and replace it with one from a healthy man. Truly here is self sacrificing love which proves that heroism is still abroad in the world, and did not cease in the middle ages, as some pessimists would have us believe.

LET US hear no more of the improbabilities of fiction. Recently a young lady riding in a New York street car was attacked by a ruffian who sprang on the car, grasped the young lady around the waist, leaped with her to the ground again, then snatched her purse and made off with it. This in spite of the fact that there was a driver on the front platform, and an elderly gentleman and another lady in the car, all of them witnesses to the outrage, but not one of whom made any attempt at interference. Verily novelists may now do their plotting with a bold hand.

A DANGEROUS STAMP.

A NEW YORK contemporary is devoting a portion of its energies to a crusade against the green two cent postage stamp, and advocating the restoration of its "Venetian red" predecessor. The change is demanded solely on æsthetic grounds, the present hue being stigmatized as a "sickly green."

This is only a question of taste, and we should not be surprised to find that the majority disagree with our contemporary's opinion. A more serious objection, however, may be alleged against the stamp now in use.

Our readers are probably aware that the verdant decorations from which our "greenbacks" take their name are produced with an ink containing arsenic. In consequence, the continual handling of bank bills is a dangerous occupation, pleasant though it might seem. It is only a few days since we read of the death from this cause of a clerk in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington.

It is stated that this same ink is used in printing the green two cent stamps. If this is the case, it would certainly seem that there is danger in the common practice of moistening the mucilage with the tongue.

AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

A CORRESPONDENT from Philadelphia, who signs himself "S. L.," writes to the ARGOSY as follows:

I would like to know the quickest way for a poor boy, who is willing to work and has pluck and ambition, to make money and become very wealthy.

Our young friend's question is one of very general interest, for a vast number of our readers have probably discovered that money well gotten and rightly used is a good thing to have. It is a discovery that cannot be made too soon. The value of money is one of the most important lessons that every boy should learn.

The question is an interesting one, as we have said; but, unfortunately, it is one that is incapable of a definite answer. A glance at the career of the wealthiest self made men will show that they gained their riches in widely different ways and under very various circumstances. There is no quickest way to make money. The most rapid method might seem to be that of the bank robber, but it generally leads him not to success but to the State prison. Similar discomfiture befalls others whose haste to become rich outruns their principles, and the only definite piece of advice which we can give our young correspondent is this: Do not seek to gain wealth quickly. Steady, honest, and persevering work is a more promising method than any attractive but delusive plan of sudden acquisition.

ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE, D. D.,
Of the Madison Avenue Reformed Church,
New York City.

SOME men have a genius for formulating creeds, while others are gifted with special aptitude for inducing their fellows to live up to them. Some are inventors of new forces, others are organizers into vital, helpful conditions of forces already existing. The world has need of both classes, and the lack of either would be a great loss to it. Among the clergymen of the present day there are few belonging to the last named category who have equaled the results achieved by the subject of the present sketch.

Dr. Abbott Eliot Kittredge is a New England man, having been born July 20, 1834, at Roxbury, Massachusetts. The institutions that have sent forth so many other young men destined to rank high in the world of thought—Williams College and Andover Seminary—prepared him for his life work.

On his graduation from his theological course in his twenty fifth year, he was called to take charge of Winthrop Congregational Church in Charlestown, Boston's famous suburb.

The four years of his stay there were marked by most encouraging results, and his resignation was a step due solely to poor health.

In the hope of reestablishing the latter, Dr. Kittredge removed to California. At that time the Howard Presbyterian Church of San Francisco was worshipping in a frame structure holding some two hundred persons, Dr. Kittredge was invited to preach there, and after the first two Sundays the crowd that thronged to hear him became so great that the small building had to be abandoned outright, and a hall hired that would seat two thousand. But even thus, the number of those who desired to attend the services nearly always exceeded the capacity of the room.

Dr. Kittredge remained in the Golden Gate City, however, but half a year, and we next find him on the extreme opposite side of the continent, as pastor of the Eleventh Presbyterian Church of New York, now called the Memorial, or Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Charles S. Robinson is the present minister.

In this new field his past success was duplicated. The church not only grew in numbers, but in spiritual strength and working force. For five years these happy relations between shepherd and flock continued, and then, in 1870, came a summons from Chicago which Dr. Kittredge felt ought not to be ignored.

He accepted the pastorate of the Third Presbyterian Church in the Garden City, and entered upon that remarkable career, the fame of which has doubtless already come to the ears of many of our Western readers.

Statistics, we know, are not apt to be interesting reading, but they are very effective truth presenters, so that a very vivid idea of the extraordinary work accomplished by Dr. Kittredge in Chicago can be gained from the following figures: When he took charge of the Third church it had a membership of only 250; when he left it, at the end of sixteen years, there were 3448 communicants, over 1500 of whom joined on confession, the rest by letter from other churches.

But it was not the parent church alone that grew and prospered. Three branch congregations were organized in different parts of the city, and two mission schools were started, which soon had a combined attendance of twelve hun-

dred children and youth. A Chinese school was also maintained, which gathered in and instructed in truth seventy almond eyed natives of the Flowery Kingdom.

As might have been expected from Dr. Kittredge's happy faculty of interesting and organizing the young, the home Sunday school flourished as few others do, the children that met there from week to week forming an army over a thousand strong. The prayer meeting, too, that factor of church life that is so often apt to drag and languish, brought out weekly the extraordinarily large attendance of six and seven hundred.

To make any change that would tend to check the onward flowing tide of such marvelous prosperity seemed even more unfortunate than in the case of the Eleventh church in New York;

but as the climate of Chicago was seriously affecting Dr. Kittredge's throat, another removal was imperatively needed if his vocation of preacher was not to be abandoned.

The sorrow of his congregation at parting with him was something long to be remembered in the history of the church. Indeed, the whole city voiced its deep regret at the loss, and in a farewell reception men famous on the bench, at the bar, in the pulpit, in business circles and, in the editorial sanctum, gathered to bid the departing minister a most hearty God speed.

The new work of which Dr. Kittredge assumed charge was that in which he is still engaged, and of which the same story of grand results achieved is to be told.

The members of the Madison Avenue Church have multiplied in most gratifying numbers, while the readiness with which they have followed out the pastor's suggestions and leadership in the matter of organized work has been equally marked. A large and effective mission is maintained on East Fifty Seventh Street, in connection with which is a crèche, or nursery, where poor women can leave their children for the day while they go out to work, while in the home church the interest of the young people is maintained by clubs and societies, which meet in pleasant rooms supplied with the leading papers and magazines.

Dr. Kittredge is married, and lives in East Sixty Ninth Street, opposite Union Theological Seminary. His study is in the church, corner of Madison Avenue and Fifty Seventh Street, which is a large structure built of Ohio stone, and erected in 1870. It has a seating capacity of fifteen hundred, and is thronged every Sunday. During the past summer the interior was redecorated and new chairs put in the galleries, which have been furnished with boxes similar to those in the balcony of Dr. Paxton's church.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

CARE your name on hearts and not on marble.—C. H. Spurgeon.

HOPE is like the sun, which, as we journey toward it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.

EDUCATION is the leading of human souls to what is best, and making what is best out of them. The art of exalting lowliness and giving greatness to little things is one of the noblest functions of genius.—Palgrave.

CHILDREN are travelers newly arrived in a strange country; we should therefore make conscience not to mislead them.—Locke.

SOME men are prolific in schemes, but miserably poor in execution.—Like some trees, they spend themselves in blossom and never bear fruit.

THERE is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.—George Eliot.



ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE, D. D.

From a photograph by Bogardus.

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The riddle lie
Is like the second hand upon a clock;
We see it fly; while the hour hand of truth
Seems to stand still, and yet it moves unseen,
And wins at last, for the clock will not strike
Till it has reached the goal.

[This story continues in No. 261.]

The Cruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

CHAPTER XXI.

A GAME OF CHESS ON THE LAKE.

ENGINEER GATES, of the Dandy, always obeyed orders exactly as they were given. He was in the engine room, and could not see where the boat was going; indeed, he made it his business not to see. He could not tell where the Saranac was, or whether she was gaining or losing in the race. All this was the captain's business, and his alone.

In consequence of this view of his duty, he had eased off the boiler, and the boat had been going along at her usual rate of speed. If the captain wanted the boat to move faster, he had only to say so through the tube. He had had no order of any kind; and he had no means of knowing that the captain was absorbed in the story his father was telling him. The engine was all right; and that was all he had to do with the matter.

Tom Gates had served for hours together at his present post while Gaynor was on board, and studied the machinery and boiler thoroughly; but he had never been alone in charge of the engine before. So far it was a novel position for him, and he enjoyed it exceedingly. As he sat there watching the machinery, he wondered if he could not obtain the situation of engineer of the Dandy when she was sold, as sold she must be.

While the Dandy was taking it easy, the Saranac had been hurrying her pace to the greatest possible degree. When Spotty went to the hurricane deck with the glass to take another observation of her, he found she had gained a full mile. The Dandy had not done as well as usual even. Tom had not gauged her speed as nicely as he would be able to do after more experience.

"How is the Saranac now, Spotty?" asked Mr. Hawke, when the captain returned to the pilot house.

"She is a mile nearer to us than she was when I looked at her the last time," replied Spotty, lightly. "But that makes no difference."

"Don't try to deceive me, my son, when I am in such a terrible strait!" pleaded the trembling fugitive.

"I am not deceiving you, father; I would not do that, any more than my mother would have done it," replied Spotty, warmly. "I know just what I am about; and I assure you we are in no hurry."

At this moment, the captain pulled the handle of the speed bell. The jingling sound was fully understood by the banker. It was to reduce the speed of the boat when she was going fast, or to increase it when she was going slowly.

"What do you mean, my son? Do you really mean to hand me over to the officers on board of the Saranac? Have I exposed my secret? Has any one told it to you?" demanded the banker, almost furiously.

"I don't know what your secret is, father. No one has told me anything. I have not the least idea what your secret is!" protested Spotty, eager only to quiet his father.

"You just rang the speed bell, Spotty!" exclaimed Mr. Hawke. "What else can that mean but that you mean to deliver me over to my enemies?"

"If you will think a moment, father, you will see that I have no intention to do anything of the kind," replied Spotty, as he headed the boat more towards the New York shore. "But your strong feeling and deep emotion spoils me for the work I have to do."

"Don't you mean that the Saranac should overtake us, Spotty?" demanded the banker, apparently unable to take a reasonable view of the situation, in his terror of being arrested.

"If you cannot do anything to help me, don't give me up! Take me to the nearest shore while we have the time, and let me take care of myself."

"You would certainly be captured in a few hours then. I may have to stop the Dandy in a short time. Don't you see that if I hurry on I only throw you into the power of the other boat?" asked Spotty, as he glanced at the Saranac astern.

"We are beset behind and before," groaned the banker. "Couldn't you land me on the New York side?"

"I could; but I might as well give you up to the officers before you wore yourself out in a useless effort to escape. I believe you have a fair chance to get out of this scrape, if you will be quiet and allow me to attend to my duty."

"But what are you going to do, my son? Explain your intentions and I shall be satisfied," persisted Mr. Hawke, who almost charged his son with being treacherous.

"I have not time to explain

you have been on the lake in this boat half of the time for several years."

"I will do my best, father, and if I fail, it will not be because I have been faithless to you."

Spotty had hoped to lure the Saranac nearer to the New York shore in order to gain an advantage in the movement he was about to make. But she had not swerved from her course, for the trend of the land would soon drive the Dandy out from that position, near the end of the island. But Spotty had time to spare, or he would not have attempted this "dodge."

Off the lighthouse, Spotty rang the gong to stop the engine. Taking the glass he went out to survey the position of the Saranac. She was not quite where he wished her to be, and he went to the engineer's skylight.

"Plenty of steam, Tom?" he asked.

"Not a great head, Spotty. You told me to ease her off, and I have no different orders," added Tom.

there was apparently nothing for her to do but put herself in position to intercept the Dandy.

The banker was very nervous as he listened to the escaping steam while the boat was still at rest; but he struggled to refrain from speech, for he saw that the captain was keeping a close watch over both of the other boats. He was determined not to speak till his son broke the silence. Spotty rang the gong to go ahead.

The time to play the game of chess on the water had come.

The Dandy went ahead, in obedience to the bell. Her pilot threw her wheel over, and pressed the boat upon a course that would take her close to the northern end of the island. Probably the people in both of the pursuing boats wondered what this movement meant. In a few minutes she passed the island, and then headed her course nearly east, towards a bay in the Alburgh peninsula.

The Saranac was a little less than three miles astern of the Dandy. She saw the movement, but she could not help herself.

There was no short cut for her, unless she ran across the island, which it was not convenient for her to do. She could only follow the chase by the course the Dandy had taken.

When Spotty found the boat clear of the island, he made his course a little more to the southward, but still headed for the Alburgh bay. It was rather less than three miles across to the land on this course, and the Saranac was about the same distance to the south of the northern point of the island. The Dandy was expected to reach the bay towards which her bow was pointed at the same time that the Saranac made the northern point of La Motte.

Probably the captain of the Saranac would have given something handsome to know which way Captain Hawke intended to turn next. The captain of the Chaxy could have no doubt in regard to his own course. All he had to do was to run for the Alburgh bay, in order to head off the Dandy. She was to prevent her going to the northward, and chase if she went to the south. Doubtless the captain of the Chaxy believed he had an "easy one" to guess.

Possibly the captain of the Saranac believed he had the Dandy in a tight place, for if she went to the north she would encounter the Chaxy, and if she returned to the westward she was equally sure to come upon the Saranac. But Spotty did not care what either of the other captains were thinking about, and he had no reason to care as long as they did just what he expected them to do. In fact, they were doing the only thing they could do.

"I suppose you can see what I am doing now, father," said Spotty, when the Dandy was fairly away from the island.

"I can see that you are running into the very teeth of the Chaxy," replied the banker, with a shudder; and he was so nervous that he shuddered and shook half the time during the exciting moments of the game.

"I don't care for her. We can run away from her very easily. But everything has worked just as I wanted it to work, so far. Now the battle depends upon what the two boats do in ten or fifteen minutes from now, when the Dandy is as near as she can go to the Alburgh side of the lake."

"You evidently expect them to do some particular thing, my son."

"I do; but it does not follow that they will do it because I expect it. So far, neither of those boats could have done any different from what it has done. At the next move they have a choice of positions upon which our next move will depend," replied Spotty, cheerfully.

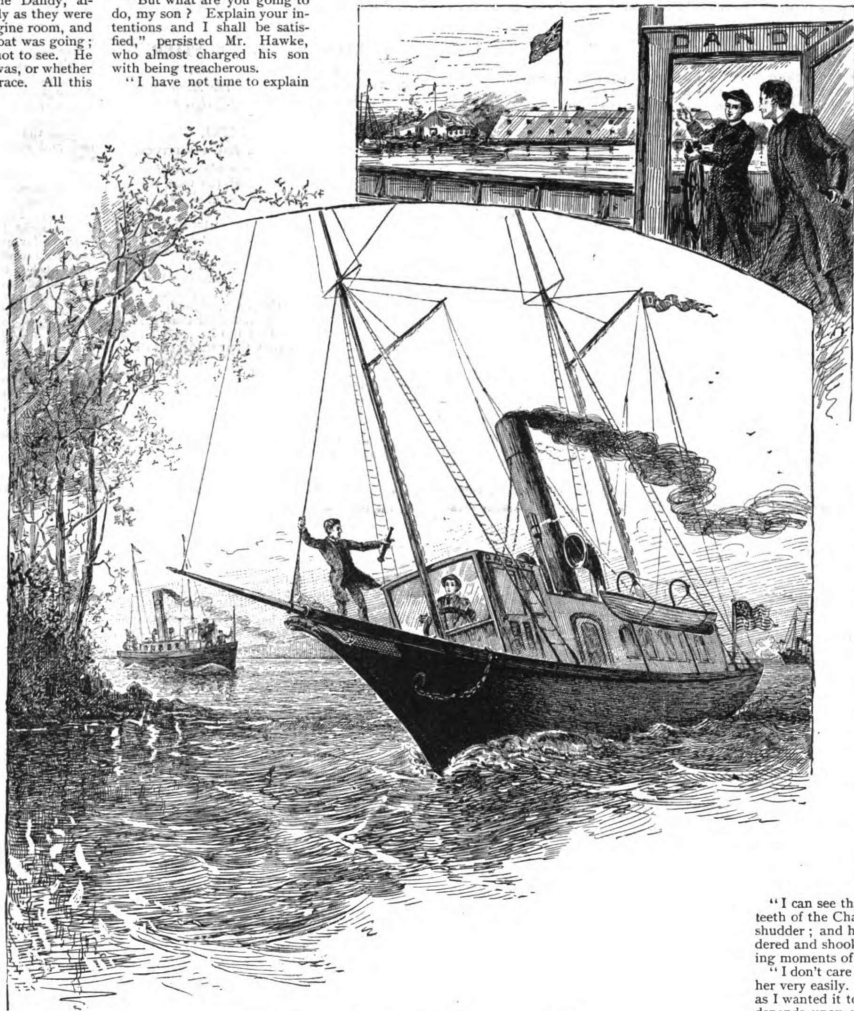
"I don't understand it," added Mr. Hawke, in a desponding tone. "But, as you seem to have a plan of your own, I shall not ask any questions."

The Saranac passed the northern point of La Motte, and the Dandy was close to the shore. The exciting moment of the day had come.

CHAPTER XXII.

SPOTTY MAKES THE NEXT MOVE ON THE BOARD.

SPOTTY'S heart was almost in his throat when the decisive moment came for the Saranac to make her next move. She was clear of the island, and still about three miles distant from the Dandy. The Chaxy was



AN EXCITING RACE BETWEEN THE THREE BOATS ON THE LAKE.

them now. Besides, what I do will depend upon what the other boats do, and I cannot know what to do until I make out the movements of the others. If you will be silent now, I can give my whole attention to working the boat," replied Spotty, as he headed the Dandy towards the northern point of the Isle La Motte.

"I will try to keep still; but you must remember that my future, even my very life, depends upon what you may do or leave undone in the next half hour. You must not blame me for being excited or unreasonable at such a time," added the banker, struggling to be calm.

"I will not blame you, father, for anything you do; I only wish you to understand that I cannot do my duty if you talk to me all the time. You distract my attention, so that I cannot tell what is best to do. We have a chance of getting clear of both of these boats. If you think you can manage the matter better than I am doing it, I will obey you in all things. I will do just as you say."

"You know that I have no skill in boating, and no experience of any consequence, while

"All right, so far; but we shall soon want the Dandy to do the best she ever did on this lake."

"Where is the Saranac now?" asked the engineer.

"She is a little more than three miles astern of us; about of the middle of the island. We shall be in no hurry for about fifteen minutes. Then everything will depend upon you."

"All right, Spotty; you shall have all the speed there is in her," replied Tom.

"When I want you to drive her, I will ring the gong three times."

"But I will fill up the furnace and be ready for you."

Spotty returned to the pilot house, and restored the glass to its place. Then he took a careful survey of the boat ahead; and by this time he had recognized her as the Chaxy. He was delighted at this discovery, for the Chaxy was a slow craft, though on the present occasion

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

BY SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

All my life long
I have beheld with most respect the man
Who knew himself and knew the ways before him,
And from amongst them chose considerably.
With a clear foresight, not a blindfold courage,
And having chosen with a steadfast mind
Pursued his purposes.

How Teddy Got His Bicycle.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE first bicycle ever seen in Wayback was brought there by Parcher, Jr., on his return from a winter spent in Boston with his cousins. Business rather than pleasure was ever the motto of thrifty Parcher, Jr., and in place of utilizing the wheel for his own amusement, Parcher, Jr., gave lessons in bicycling, and hired out the machine "for a consideration" to such Wayback boys as could afford to pay for the novelty.

Candor compels me to state that Teddy Blake, who was the most expert of the amateur riders, could not afford to pay for the use of the bicycle, yet he did all the same. He was fatherless and motherless; his uncle gave him a home, and for the rest, Teddy, who was an excellent scholar, earned something like eight dollars a week as compositor in the office of the *Wayback Herald*.

His uncle argued that the fifty cents paid out for a Saturday afternoon's "spin" into the surrounding country was a reckless piece of extravagance for a boy in his circumstances. Other people thought the same. Among these last was Parcher, Jr., though he kept his thoughts to himself, and pocketed Ted's weekly half dollar with silent content.

Teddy argued otherwise, as was quite natural. We can almost always convince ourselves that the thing we want to do is right, or at least that it isn't wrong.

But for my own part, I think Ted was perfectly warranted in this one bit of extravagance. Excepting on Saturday afternoon he bent over his compositor's case all day, and far into the evening, in an atmosphere of printer's ink and tobacco smoke. And reading long winded editorials or dreary agricultural items to the clicking of types is in itself rather dispiriting, to say nothing of the inevitable spring poetry and "Lines to" furnished gratis to country newspapers. I don't wonder that he flew to the wheel for relief.

Well, Saturday afternoon is slow in coming sometimes, but, if I may so express it, it gets there all the same. Teddy hurried away from the office, scrubbed himself thoroughly, changed his clothes and bolted his dinner, all in a hurry. Then he rushed down to Sol Parcher's.

"Say, Ted," remarked that youth, as he led forth the gallant steed, "be mighty particular about riding this afternoon; Joe Stannard's going to buy the old critter next week, and if anything's broke I'll spoil the trade—see?"

Ted saw, and also heard with a heavy heart of the proposed sale. If Joe Stannard became the owner of the bicycle, farewell to future spins, for the purchaser was one who would keep the machine for his own use.

"I'm awfully sorry," responded Ted, springing into the saddle with a sigh. In another moment he was lost to sight in a cloud of dust, which Parcher, Jr. watched with an abstracted air a short time, and then turned away, with his hands in his pockets.

"If that air guidin' bar don't hang on no better'n I think it will, Ted'll have to pay something' entry for his last ride," chuckled the ingenious youth.

For that morning the handle, broken and welded together at some past period, had severed connections. Parcher, Jr., being fertile in expedients, had managed to fasten it in place with some patent solder which happened to be in the house. The fact young Parcher had not mentioned to Ted.

Meanwhile the young bicyclist sped down the one main street of Wayback, and out into the highway leading to Wayback Center, which boasted itself of a steam fire engine, a public library, and a railroad station.

Ted's thoughts were not projected forward so far, however. In fact they were centered, so to speak, in the flying wheel, with which they kept pace. Blessings brighten as they take their flight, it is said, and now that he was so soon to part with this one in the guise of a bicycle, life seemed hardly worth the living.

Thus musing, Ted left the little village far behind, and entered upon a rather unfrequented

road, overshadowed by the murmuring pine and hemlocks. Not a team was in sight. The stillness was unbroken but for the sighing of the wind in the treetops, or the long drawn call of the "Phebe bird" from the woody depths.

Absorbed in thought, Ted did not notice the rounded bend in the road which brought him to grief. And when he picked himself and the bicycle up, he also picked up the guiding bar, snapped short off at its junction with the head.

"Here's a pretty go," muttered Ted, fully aware of the Shylockish propensities of Parcher, Jr. "Now he'll want me to pay half as much as he asks for the bicycle itself."

Which was more than probable. Perhaps, though, he could find a mechanic at Wayback Center who could mend it, the Center being now nearer than Wayback itself.

Ted was on the point of remounting when a well dressed man came slowly round a bend in the highway, with downcast eyes, that seemed to wander in a half abstracted sort of way from one side of the road to the other. He held a half open note book and pencil in one hand. From his abstracted appearance Ted half decided that he was a poetical contributor to the *Herald* who was looking for a lost idea.

The stranger almost ran Ted and the bicycle down before he raised his eyes.

"Beg pardon," he exclaimed, "but I'm looking for—you haven't seen anything of a baby lying around loose anywhere, have you?"



TED WAS HORRIFIED TO FIND THAT THE HANDLE OF THE BICYCLE HAD SNAPPED SHORT OFF.

Though greatly astonished, Ted retained presence of mind enough to shake his head.

"My name is"—and here the man of abstraction glanced at the fly leaf of his note book—"is Edwardson. You may have heard it in connection with some recent inventions. Wife and I are visiting friends at—"

"Wayback Center?" suggested Ted, quite awed at the presence of a certain great inventor whose name was as familiar as household words.

"Yes—I think so," was the reply. And then Mr. Edwardson scratched his ear with the pencil in a perturbed sort of way, and went on:

"Wife wanted me to take baby out for an airing. Just round the square, she said, for if I went any further, baby and I would get lost or run over. Wife thinks I'm a little absent minded. Curious, isn't it?"

Ted did not think it at all curious, but he was too polite and polite to say so.

"I got thinking over a new idea for taking photographs by electricity," continued the inventor, as a look of animation lit up his pale, clear cut face, "and it's a great scheme. See here." Throwing open his note book Mr. Edwardson, apparently unconscious that he was talking to a perfect stranger, pointed to a diagram in pencil.

"B represents the battery," he explained eagerly, "and C the camera. Now by connecting—"

"But about the baby, sir," gently interrupted Ted. "You know you were saying—"

"The baby?" repeated Mr. Edwardson, vaguely; and then with difficulty coming back to earth, he went on:

"Oh, I remember—yes. Well, somehow I

kept going along, wheeling the carriage and—I think mistook the street or road or something. Any way I found we were out here somewhere with no houses in sight. I pushed the carriage in the shade, and sat down a little way off to study out the plan I was telling you of. And when I came to look for the carriage it was gone."

"Gone!" repeated Ted.

Mr. Edwardson nodded dreamily.

"Gone," he said again, "and of course it's to be accounted for in one of two ways. Either that six months old baby, who I believe is called a remarkable child, got out and wheeled it away herself, or else my wife sent her brother in search of me, and he for a joke trundled the baby back to Wayback Center."

This latter theory seemed so reasonable, and Mr. Edwardson appeared so calmly confident, that Ted said no more, but started on toward Wayback Center, trundling the bicycle before him, leaving Mr. Edwardson stock still in the middle of the road, poring over his note book.

Greatly amazed and a little amused at meeting with a man absent minded enough to lose a live baby, Ted made his way along, wondering what his misadventure would cost him in the end.

A little curl of blue smoke rising through the underbrush on the left suddenly attracted his attention. Now forest fires were frequent and devastating in the vicinity of Wayback. Thinking that this might be the beginning of one, Ted

eyes caught a glimpse of a rather elaborate wicker baby carriage in the interior among the bedding.

But Ted was both sharp witted and shrewd. He kept on whistling in the same cheery manner till the guiding bar was fixed in its place more firmly than it had ever been. Then he paid the tinker and mounted.

Which way would they go—what should he do?

Those were the two questions in Ted's mind as a few minutes later the cart lumbered out into the main road, where he was describing bicyclic circles as if testing the working of the replaced handle.

Fairly in the road, the wagon stopped. The two men got up on the front seat. The older woman climbed in behind. The younger one, with the child in her arms, prepared to follow. Ted has since confessed that he acted foolishly. It would have been the easiest thing in the world to have kept the wagon in sight and given the alarm.

But Ted has always longed to be the hero of a real adventure, and Wayback was an unpromising field for anything in that line. He was sure that Mr. Edwardson's baby was being abducted—probably with a view of a money ransom.

All these thoughts flashed through his mind in the twinkling of an eye.

"Say," he called, pulling a quarter from his pocket, as he started the bicycle forward, "tell my fortune before you go."

The young woman, holding the child in her arms, turned with her foot on the short step.

"Gitano tell it—zi," she said, showing her white teeth.

Wheeling alongside, Ted dropped the cart into her outstretched hand, and, letting go the guiding bar, scooped the baby—if I may so speak—from the cradling arm. Then, clasping it tightly to his breast with one hand, he started the pedals as they were never started before.

As he dashed past the wagon, the shrill scream of the gypsy woman was echoed by a shriller one from baby. The driver lashed his horses into a gallop, shouting choice Hungarian oaths after Ted.

According to the established usages of fiction, the baby at this juncture should have smiled in the face of its preserver.

But the child, who was afflicted with the name of Althea Gwendoline Elfrida, did nothing of the sort. Her small red face twisted itself into awful contortions, and grew purple back to her ears. And then she—yelled.

Whether the baby's screams or the sight of the baby's father walking slowly along in the middle of the road a short distance ahead, suddenly stopped pursuit, is uncertain. But be this as it may, the horses were pulled up, the wagon was turned round suddenly and driven in the opposite direction.

Just then an open buggy driven by an anxious looking man, beside whom sat a pretty and tearful young

woman, came rapidly from the direction of Wayback Center. Alfrida in front by the buggy and in the rear by the bicycle, Mr. Edwardson looked up in a dazed sort of way.

Well, there was quite a tableau for a moment or two. Ted handed the baby to its rightful owner with heartfelt satisfaction.

Mr. Edwardson scratched his head feebly and bore his wife's hysterical reproaches, after Ted's explanation, with proper meekness.

The great inventor, who seemed to gradually take in the situation, put up his note book with a faint sigh, and slowly drew out a corpulent pocketbook.

"Er—how much?" he began, but Ted stopped him then and there.

"Nothing, if you please, sir," he said, turning very red, and no amount of persuasion could induce him to accept the bill that Mr. Edwardson tried to press upon him.

"Perhaps some time I'll want a chance in the big workshop I've read so much about," he said. And Mr. Edwardson promised him very warmly that he should have one whenever he asked for it.

Mr. Edwardson's brother wrote an account of the matter and sent it to the *Herald*. Ted speedily became a hero in Wayback. And the following week the expressman left at the door of Ted's uncle a bicycle of the most gorgeous description. On a silver plate affixed there was this inscription:

"To Teddy Blake, as a mark of gratitude and esteem, from his friends,

MR. JOHN EDWARDSON,
MRS. MARY EDWARDSON,
ALTHEA GWENDOLINE ELFRIDA EDWARDSON."

THE FRAGRANT CINNAMON.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

The dream of the injured, patient mind,
That smiles at the wrongs of men,
Is found in the bruised and wounded rind
Of the cinnamon, sweetest then.

[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 XI.

A HOUSE ON PRAIRIE AVENUE.

THE old lady had just become conscious of her peril when Luke reached her. She was too bewildered to move, and would inevitably have been crushed by the approaching car had not Luke seized her by the arm, and fairly dragged her out of danger.

Then, as the cars passed on, he took off his hat, and said, apologetically: "I hope you will excuse my roughness, madam, but I could see no other way of saving you."

"Please lead me to the sidewalk," gasped the old lady.

Luke complied with her request.

"I am deeply thankful to you, my boy," she said, as soon as she found voice. "I can see that I was in great danger. I was busily thinking, or I should not have been so careless."

"I am glad I was able to help you," responded Luke, as he prepared to leave his new acquaintance.

"Don't leave me!" said the old lady. "My nerves are so upset that I don't like being left alone."

"I am quite at your service, madam," replied Luke, politely. "Shall I put you on board the cars?"

"No, call a carriage, please."

This was easily done, for they were in front of the Palmer House, where a line of cabs may usually be found. Luke called one, and assisted the old lady inside.

"Where shall I tell the driver to take you?" he asked.

The lady named a number on Prairie Avenue, which contains some of the finest private residences in Chicago.

"Can I do anything more for you?" asked our hero.

"Yes," was the unexpected reply. "Get in yourself, if you can spare the time."

"Certainly," assented Luke.

He took his seat beside the old lady, wondering what further service she required of him.

"I hope you are recovered from your fright," he said, politely.

"Yes, I begin to feel myself again. Probably you wonder why I have asked you to accompany me?"

"Probably because you may need my services," suggested Luke.

"Not altogether. I shudder as I think of the danger from which you rescued me, but I have another object in view."

Luke waited for her to explain.

"I want to become better acquainted with you."

"Thank you, madam."

"I fully recognize that you have done me a great service. Now, if I ask you a fair question about yourself, you won't think it an old woman's curiosity?"

"I hope I should not be so ill bred, madam."

"Really, you are a very nice boy."

Luke blushed a little, for he was not used to compliments.

"Now tell me, where do you live?"

"On Green Street."

"Where is that?"

"Only a stone's throw from Milwaukee Avenue."

"I don't think I was ever in that part of the city."

"It is not a nice part of the city, but we cannot afford to live in a better place."

"You say 'we.' Does that mean your father and mother?"

"My father is dead. Our family consists of my mother, my little brother, and myself."

"And you are—excuse my saying so—poor?"

"We are poor, but thus far we have not wanted for food or shelter."

"I suppose you are employed in some way?"

"Yes; I sell papers."

"Then you are a newsboy."

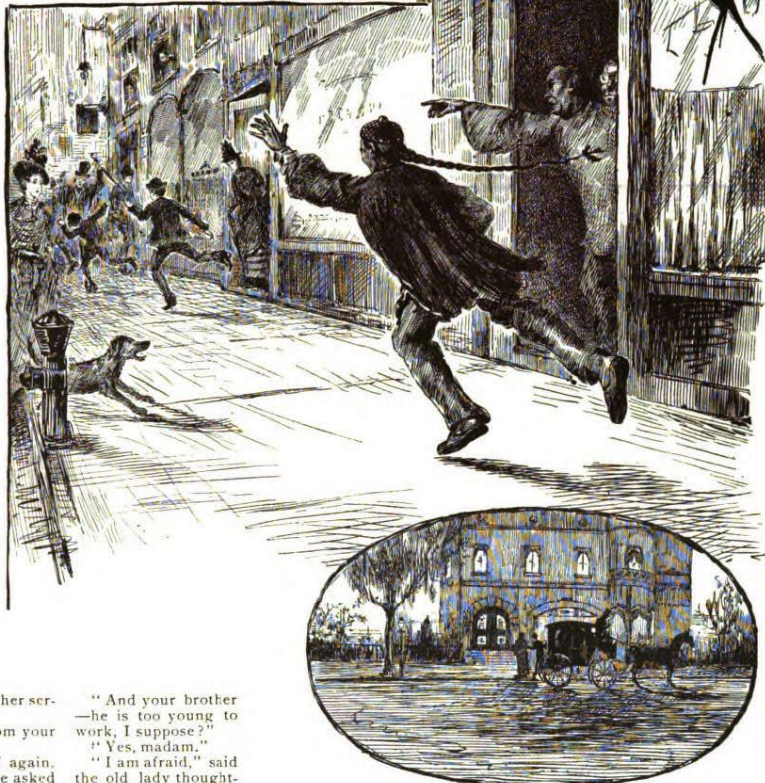
"Yes, madam."

"I have read about the newsboys, but I know very little about them. I suppose you cannot save very much."

"If I make seventy five cents in a day I consider myself quite lucky. It is more than I average."

"Surely you can't live on that—I mean the three of you?"

"Mother earns something by making shirts; at least she has done so; but yesterday she was told that she would not have any more work at present."



THE ANGRY CHINAMAN STARTED IN PURSUIT OF TOM BROOKS.

"And your brother—

—he is too young to work, I suppose?"

"Yes, madam."

"I am afraid," said the old lady thoughtfully, "that we who enjoy all that wealth can give us, and are spared all pecuniary anxieties, are not sufficiently grateful for the good gifts of Providence."

Luke knew that a reply was not expected, and he did not make any.

"Do you ever get low spirited?" asked the old lady suddenly.

"No; I am always hoping that better days will come."

"And your mother?"

"She is not so hopeful; but while she had work to do she was cheerful. Last evening I found her out of spirits. You see she can't tell when she will have work again."

"Just so. Tell her from me to hope for better fortune."

"I will, madam."

While this conversation was going on the cab was making rapid progress, and as the last words were spoken the driver reined up in front of a handsome residence.

"Is this the place, madam?" asked Luke.

The old lady looked out of the hack.

"Yes," she answered. "I had no idea we had got along so far."

Luke helped her out of the cab. She paid the man his fare, and then signed to Luke to help her up the steps.

"I want you to come into the house with me," she said. "I have not got through talking with you."

A maid servant answered the bell. She looked surprised when she saw the old lady's companion.

"Is my niece in?" asked the old lady.

He looked about him, and wondered how it would seem to live in such luxury. He had little time for thought, for in less than five minutes Mrs. Merton made her appearance.

"You have not yet told me your name," she said.

"Luke Walton."

"That's a good name—I am Mrs. Merton."

"I noticed that the servant called you so."

"Yes; I am a widow. My married niece lives here with me. She is also a widow, with one son, Harold. I should think he might be about your age. Her name is Tracy. You wonder why I give you all these particulars? I see you do. It is because I mean to keep up our acquaintance."

"Thank you, Mrs. Merton."

"My experience this morning has shown me that I am hardly fit to go about the city alone. Yet I am not willing to remain at home. It has occurred to me that I can make use of your services with advantage both to you and myself. What do you say?"

"I shall be glad of anything that will increase my income," said Luke, promptly.

"So I thought. Please call here tomorrow morning, and inquire for me. I will then tell you what I require."

"Very well, Mrs. Merton. You may depend upon me."

"And accept a week's pay in advance."

She put a sealed envelope into his hand. Luke took it, and with a bow left the room.

CHAPTER XII.

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

AS the distance was considerable to the business part of the city Luke boarded a car and rode down town. It did not occur to him to open the envelope till he was half way to the end of his journey.

When he did so he was agreeably surprised. The envelope contained a ten-dollar bill.

"Ten dollars! Hasn't Mrs. Merton made a mistake?" he said to himself. "She said it was a week's pay. But of course she wouldn't pay ten dollars for the little I am to do."

Luke decided that the extra sum was given him on account of the service he had already been fortunate enough to render the old lady.

It is not always wise to display money in a public conveyance. This was a lesson which Luke was destined to learn by an embarrassing experience.

Next to him sat rather a showily dressed woman, with keen, sharp eyes. She took notice of the bank note which Luke drew from the envelope, and prepared to take advantage of the knowledge.

No sooner had Luke replaced the envelope in his pocket than this woman put her hand in hers, and, after a pretended search, exclaimed, in a loud voice: "There is a pickpocket in this car. I have been robbed!"

Of course this statement aroused the attention of all the passengers.

"What have you lost, madam?" inquired an old gentleman.

"A ten dollar bill," answered the woman.

"Was it in your pocketbook?"

"No," she replied, glibly. "It was in an envelope. It was handed to me by my sister just before I left home."



A FAIR ARRANGEMENT.

CONDUCTOR:—"What's this half price for?"
OLD PARTY:—"Children half price. I'm in my second childhood. See?"

A LONG DRAWN OUT DOSE.

FROM the small, tattered newsboys and boot-blacks, matching pennies on the sidewalk, to faultlessly dressed but careworn looking business men, the prevailing mania seems to be for speculation. Commenting on this tendency, a writer in a late number of the American Magazine tells the following story:

A young physician who has made more money in buying and selling land during the last year than he could expect to make with his pills and powders in half a lifetime, and whose mind was taken up more with his speculation than with his practice, called upon a patient one day last summer, and after making his examination, wrote a prescription in an absent minded manner.

As he was about leaving, the invalid noticed that no directions had been written for taking the medicine, and called his attention to the fact. "Oh, yes," he said, "I forgot. One third down, and the balance in one and two years."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

TELEGRAPHY!

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With our 20 years' experience in this business, we can furnish you with the best goods in the latest styles. Reference—American Express Co. We want a TRIAL ORDER. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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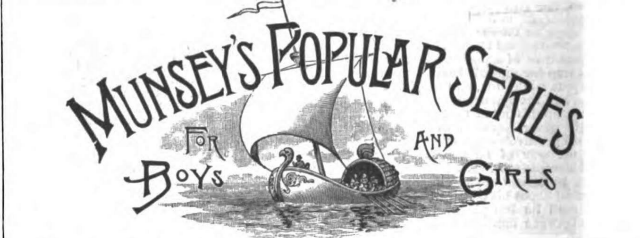
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