

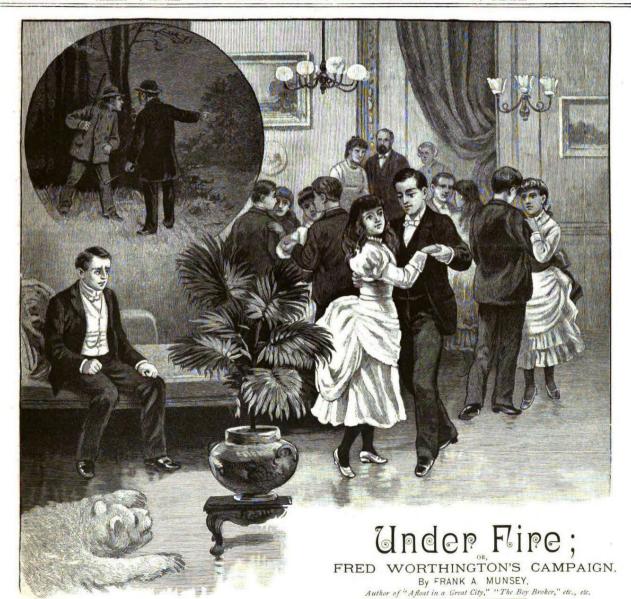
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WHILE THE BIRTHDAY PARTY WAS AT ITS HEIGHT, MATTHEW DE VERE SAT SULLENLY IN A CORNER OF THE ROOM, AND PLOTTED VENGEANCE AGAINST HIS SUCCESSFUL RIVAL,

CHAPTER I.

THE MAPLETON BOYS.

THE MAPLETON BOYS.

"ELL, Dave, it was a close game, but we managed to save ourselves after all their talk," said 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 Farrington, 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

him creditforit? I am sure he would do as much for you if the case were re-versed."

Well, I didn't say anything against him

No; but you don't appear to say any-

"No; but you don't appear to say any-thing for him."
"Why should I?"
"Well, I can say frankly that his play-ing was equal to that of some profes-sionals 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 turn-

ing?" 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

youth that will be shown up in their proper place, without inflicting any tedi-ous 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 sometime,"
"No, but it is sometime,
will both like."
"Tell us what it is. We give it up,
"Dave?"
"Tell us what it is. We give it up,
"The Dave?"

I'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 wonprospect.

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 hun-gry 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 ner 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 elec-

trify the boys.

trify 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." is worse than ever."
"I don't know why he should not be

"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 because in the begainst him;" 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 him-

self, 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 any-thing which his fancy craved. Therething which his fancy craved. There-fore the thought that a poor fellow, like Fred Worthington, might come between him and the object of his fancy was ex-

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 de-velopment, which showed Matthew, bully as he was, that it would not be well to

as ne was, that it would not be went 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 carry what he might take at once. But never mind, Matthew, school will soon commence; then you will have the ad-vantage of him, for he will be in the

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 Mot reall we all be only it "said

"Come, Mat, tell us all about it," said om. "I never heard of that before." "I won't tell you anything," ejacu-lated 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." re-

frighten him-he isn't easily scared arked Dave, in a way that irritated Matthew.

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

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: surance:

There is no fear of her bothering "there is no lear 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 slink 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 But Dave Farrington took occasion to remark in an undertone to Tom :

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.

APLETON is a good type of a
New England village, showing
everywhere plentiful evidences
of thrift and energy.
Of course it has a manufacturing in-

dustry of some sort, or it could hardly be a New England village; and the chief 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, per haps, 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 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."

Francisca were made, however, in

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

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 sixter and some of the others. 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.

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,

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 felt that this was somewhat of a crisis

with him.

He had left school, but he argued that 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 For he reflected that the unted hre 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, nards 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 the girls are here, and I hope you will help entertain them; and here is Freed," 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.

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 after-

self at least forty hve times that atternoon.

"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 a fraid somethics would have

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, try.ng to suppress a blush,
for she suspected the reason.

she inquired, try ng to suppress a brush, 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.

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 satis-

"I am sure I had nothing to do with 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

"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 Mat-

thew, 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 failure he felt sure our hero would make. In this again he was doomed to disap-pointment; for to his surprise and chagrin he found his rival quite at home in the waltz. He and Nellie were unmis-takably the most graceful as well as the

best looking couple on the floor.
ButMatthew was not the only surprised
one present. Dave looked on withamazement, and Nellie hardly seemed to be-

her own senses.

"Why, Fred, when did you learn to dance so well?" she asked, as they walked around the room arm in arm.

'I never had a better partner."

"Thank you, Nellie, for the complinent," he replied, with a slight blush. ment," he replied, with a slight blush.
"I only hope I managed to get through
without exhausting your patience. I was
so afraid I should prove very stupid, I
know so little about the waltz."

"Oh, no, you were far from stupid,
and I never enjoyed a dance more; but
I am awfully curious to know where you
learned so much without attending dancing school." ment,

rearned so much without attending dancing school."

"Never enjoyed a dance more, and with me too," thought Fred, with a delight which he could not conceaf.

"My cousin from Boston, the young lady who spent the summer at my home, taught me all I know about it," he re-

plied.
"And have you never had any other

"And nave you never him practice?"

"No, that was all."

"Well, she must have been an excellent teacher, and you as good a scholar as you always were at school."

Presently the music ceased, and Dave

Presently the music ceased, and Dave and Gracie and others came up and congratulated Fred upon his waltzing and Nellie on her partner.

The party as a whole was a great success, and passed off gayly. With one or two exceptions, all seemed happy—so happy, indeed, as only those can be who are of that joyous age which knows little of care and trouble.

This party had no distinguishing feature from that of any other of the class. All are pretty much the same, only the rude, old fashioned games have given place to more quiet and graceful forms of amusement.

place to more quiet and graceful forms of amusement.

Most of my young readers are familiar with these social gatherings from frequent experience, while the more advanced in age that chance to read this story will doubtless look back upon similar occasions as among the brightest and sunniest of their lives. and sunniest of their lives.

Thus it is useless for me to describe this particular event more fully, and I should never have referred to it had not something occurred in consequence that most cruelly clouded Fred Worthington's young days, and changed, for the worse or the better (of this my readers shall judge), the whole course of his life.

#### CHAPTER III. THE CONSPIRATORS IN AMBUSH.

E VERE saw plainly that, in spite of his endeavors to injure Fred, the latter was more of a favorite than himself. He supposed that he had ac-complished something of his design be-fore the party took place, but he there found that the result of his malicious endeavors practically extended only as

Indeed, he almost fancied that his thrusts had been turned against himself, for no one seemed to care for him espe-

far as his sister.

or no one seemed to care for nim espe-cially on that particular evening. He was very moody and sulky at his disappointment. He nad overestimated his strength and importance, as boys of his stamp always do; moreover, he thought Nellie treated him very coolly, and it is just possible that she did, as her time was fully taken up by another person, and the mere absence of attention on her part was sufficient to make Mat-thew sullen and disagreeable.

This sourness was noticed by all, and they left him to himself, pretty much as

he had hoped to see them treat his rival.

The tables were fairly turned upon him, as he could not fail to see. But he had intimated that if Fred attended this party, and matters went a certain way, he would have his revenge.

He resolved to carry out his threat, and so passed a great part of the evening

in mischievous plotting.

When it was time for the party to break up, notwithstanding the fact that

he had behaved so rudely and had not he had behaved so rudely and had not participated in any of the games, or other forms of amusement, he gathered himself together, approached Miss Nellie, and proposed to serve as her escort. But Nellie answered, with a demure

look and a merry twinkle of her eye, that another young gentleman had kind-ly offered to do her that favor.

It is said that under certain conditions even a straw may break a camel's back, but this refusal of Nellie's was no straw to Matthew. It was rather a sledge ham-mer blow, which brought bad temper mer blow, which brought bad temper and made him desperately angry. He seized his hat, and, without further

and strode stillenly down the street. At the first corner, he turned up a by path, then he ran across lots to the main street.

then he ran across lots to the main street, and entered a drinking saloon.

"Why did you play, then?" the bar tender was asking savagely, as he addressed a tough looking boy of the name of Tim Short. "You have owed me for two months, and now here is another game of billiards to charge."

"I thought I should beat," said Tim, with a discouraged and demoralized look.

look.
"That's what you've thought every that's what you've thought every time, but that don't pay me. I'm going to have my money now. If you don't pay, I will get it from your father; so come, square up, and be quick about it." "I will settle on pay day."

"No, that won't do; you have promised that before. Either give me something for security or I will see your father to-

"How much is the whole bill?" asked Matthew.

'One dollar now," replied the bar-

"One donar now, tender.
"Here, Tim, is the dollar. I will lend it to you. Pay him and come with me."
Young Short clutched the dollar eager-

ly, and turned it over to his creditor with evident reluctance.

"Give us each a glass of beer, and be quick about it," said De Vere to the pro-prietor of the saloon.

"Indeed, sir, and here it is. Will you

"Indeed, sir, and here it is. Will you notice the flavor of it, and give me your opinion? It's something new."
"It's first class, John, but I've no time for another glass. Come, Tim, let us go home; it is late for us to be out."

go home; it is late for us to be out."

The latter looked upon Matthew as his benefactor, and followed him promptly into the street. When the two were quite alone by themselves, De Vere took his companion by the arm and said:
"I'm in luck finding you, Tim. I rushed down to the saloon, but I was afraid you had gone home, it is so late."
"And I'm in better luck than you to have my bill paid. How is it you are in

have my bill paid. How is it you are in luck, and paying out money so free?"
"Never mind the money, Tim," De Vere replied, nervously. "I want you to do me a favor. Will you?"
"Will I? Well, I should think I would?"

Will you promise never to mention it to any one?"
"I promise."

"I promise."
"It would get us both into trouble if you should, Tim."
"But it ain't nothin' so awful bad, is Matthew?" asked Tim, with a tremor f alarm in his voice.
"I think I can trust you, Tim," reit, Matthew?

plied De Vere, ignoring his companion's

guestion.
"I know you can, after all you have done for me," replied Tim, gratefully.

De Vere drew young Short close to him as they turned into a dark, narrow street.
"Tim," said he, in suppressed agitation, "Tim," said he, in suppressed agitation, "you know those tall oak trees on the old Booker road?"

What, them by the cave in the big Yes, that's the place."

Young Short commenced to breathe

fast now.
"You know, Tim," said De Vere, scarcely above a whisper, "you know the bushes and rock together furnish a

good hiding place."
"I should think they would," respond-

ed Tim, dubiously.
"We've got some work to do there."
"What, not tonight?"

"Yes, as soon as we can get there, or it will be too late." "Don't you think it is too late already, Matthew?" suggested Tim.

"I tell you to come along," command-

ed De Vere, in anything but a pleasant

mood.
"You didn't tell me what you are going there for.

"I have good reasons for going there.
I want to get square with a fellow," replied Matthew, with a ring of revenge in his voice.
"But couldn't you do it just as well

"But couldn't you do it just as well alone?"
"No, I couldn't."
"Afraid?" queried Tim.
This question did not have a good effect upon Matthew's nerves, but he was too prudent to fly into a passion with Tim this time.
'Who is the fellow?" asked young

"Who is the fcliow? asked young Short, doggedly, after a little silence.
"Fred Worthington," answered De Vere, bitterly. "I'll show him that he can't interfere with me."
"Fred Worthington!" echoed Tim, suggestively, and he stopped short where

he was.
"I think we had better get some good

clubs," said De Vere.
"And then we will get the worst of it," replied Tim. "I know Fred Worthington too well to take any chances on

But we will jump out upon him when he is not expecting us," urged Matthew.
It was hard work to screw Tim's cour

age up to the necessary point, but his sense of obligation to Matthew finally overcame his well founded fears of Fred

overcame his well founded fears of Fred Worthington's strong arms, and he promised to take part in the disappointed rival's dastardly plot.

The point to which De Vere led his rascally associate was close beside the path along which Fred Worthington would have to pass on his way home from Dr. Dutton's. Although not far beyond the limits of the village, it was a longly spot, with a bouses aget by and lonely spot, with no houses near by, and the two young highwaymen could not have found a more suitable place to put their cruel design into execution.

Crouching behind the bushes,

Crouching behind the bushes, the cowardly pair lay in wait, each grasping a heavy stick in his hand, ready to dart out and rain revengeful blows upon their innocent victim.
(To be continued.)



#### CORRESPONDENCE.

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We are always glad to obles our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive actention.

We have on the a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

DECLINED with thanks; "Fugene's Burthay," "Oliver Goldsmith and his Friends," "The Three Legged Hero," "Carrying Cattle for the Government," "Nothing Risk, Nothing Won," "Winter," and "Saved by a Muffler."

L.M. Elegewille, Tex. No premium on the

L. M., Floresville, Tex. No premium on the alf dollar of 1829.

R. E. H., Philadelphia, Pa. No premium on the ickel cent of 1857.

nicket cent of 1837.

R. L., Cambridgeport, Mass, No premium on the half dollar of 1837.

M., Beaver Falls, Pa. Most certainly we cannot comply with your request.

J. W., New York City. 1. Apply at any gymna-um. 2. Yes, some of them are.

LITTLE MAC, Washington, D. C. Nos. 221 to 230 of the Argosy, inclusive, will cost 60 cents.

of the Argosy, inclusive, will cost to cents.

J. M. M. F., Philadelphia, Pa. Yes, there is such a paper published at the address given.

A. H. C., St. Johnsville, N. Y. Your coin is robably an English penny, bearing little or no

R. E. P., Windsor, Ont. We find no mention of our Continental bill in a list of those for which a remium is paid.

W. R., Chicago, Ill. As we have already stated veral times, we never publish flirtation codes of ny description.

several mines, we never putting an inclusion coacts of any description.

Graph of the coact with a coact of the coact of any description.

Graph of the coact wing on the horizontal bar should be stout leather thongs.

H. F. K., Chicago, Ill. Consult a business directory of your own city. We cannot give dealer's addresses in this department.

Tin, Maplewood. You might address your request to the manager of the new Ponce de Leon Hotel at St. Augustine, Florida.

YOUNG AMERICA, Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Captain Samuel Samuels lives in New York, at the corner of St. Ann's Avenue and 143d Street.

Compositions, New York City. The longest verse

ner of St. Ann's Avenue and 143d Street.
Compostrone, New York City. The longest verse
in the Bible is the eighth chapter of Exther, ninth
verse; gold is first mentioned in Genesis II, xi.
T. T. F., Chicopee, Mass. Printing is a very
good trade to learn, the chances of promotion being very fair. An apprentice must serve five years.

L. H. D., North Brookfield, Mass. The U. S. stamp bearing a picture of an engine and cars is the 3 cent stamp of 1869, which is catalogued at 1 cent.

L. A. B., Bridgeton, N. J. If in good condition the half penny of 1807 is worth two cents, the copper cent of 1813 five cents. No premium on the other cone.

RICE STRAWS, St. Paul, Minn. Straws are cut square off by a guillotine-like contrivance, which descends not upon a single one but on a great bun-dle of them.

H. A. N., Newburyport, Mass. Not all reporters on city dailies are paid a salary, some working by the column. For the others, the average pay per week is \$15.

C. V., New York City. For a pass to visit the State prison at Sing Sing, apply to the Department of Charities and Correction, corner of Eleventh Street and Third Avenue.

Eric Dang, Atlanta. Ga. 1. If in good condition, the cent of 1798, with liberty head, is worth two cents. 2. No premium on the cent of 1837. 3. We cannot report on a dateless coin.

cannot report on a dateless coin.

W. A. H., Shamokin, Pa. No premium on the half dollar of 1844. If in good condition the three cent piece of 1867 is worth 25 cents, and the half cent of 1833 will bring two cents. No premium on the dollar of 1847.

CADET. 1. The President has the privilege of making ten appointments to West Point, which prerogative he uses whenever a vacancy occurs among those ten. 2. There is a book about West Point by Captain King, called, we believe "Winning his Sputter."

ning his Spurs."

Luke Bensett, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. You can now obtain "No. 91" in Muser's Populas Series, for 25 cents. 2. The numbers containing "Luke Bennett's Hide Out" will cost you 95 cents. 3. Yes, a height of 5 feet 6 inches and a weight of 125 pounds is considerably above the average for a boy pounds is considerably above the average for a boy.

yes, a negative pounds is considerably above the average on a post fourteen.

F. P. G. Chicayo, Ill. 1. You can ascertain the property of the

#### EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY,
but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eage,
damgerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless
of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.
We must discolaim all rearms birds' in transections
make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address give factionings, which will be
a proposed to the proposed of the column of t

published in their turn as soon as space permits.

E. R. Horsley, Columbia, Dak, An accordion, valued at §4.50, for books.

G. E. Blaisdell, 45 Lowell St., Lynn, Mass. A pair of No. 1x key skates, for a microcope.

H. P. Hotto, 166th St. and Union Ave., New York City. Stamps and coins, for the same.

R. R. Kellogg, Davenport, Joa. Foreign and U. S. stamps, for a pair of 11 12 inch American club skates.

U. S. stamps, for a pair of 11 1-5 inch American club skates.

J. G. Ward, 1013 7th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa. A magic lantern, with lamp and views, for a pair of No. 9 clamp skates,

J. G. Ward, 1013 7th Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa. A magic lantern, with lamp and views, for a pair of No. 9 clamp skates,

Fred G. Dunbar, Box 86, Vorkville, Ill. A pair of No. 9 t-2 roller skates, an ocarina, arrow heads, tin tags, etc., for a guitar or banjo.

C. Andrus, Ir., 1st and Chippewa Sts., New Orleans, La. A violin, with bow, box, and book, and a xylophone, for a photo camera and outfil.

Frank Hicks, 176 Van Houten St., Paterson, N. J. A pair of Acme clamp ice skates, and 100 mixed stamps, for a pair of folls or boxing gloves.

Adolph W. Moritz, 22 East 12th St., New York City. A pair of Raymond ice skates, nearly new, for Nos. 200 to 250 of The Goldbin Akoosy.

Edward L. Kingman, 237 Noble Ave., Bridgeport, Conn., would like to correspond with readers of the Ascoosy who have stamps to exchange.

Max Bahr, 683 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill. Stamps from Central or South America.

William M. Herrmann, 108 Prince St., New York City. Six volumes of Dickens's works, for a magic lantern and sides, not less than a foot in height.

F. H. Harlington, 07 Townsend St., Chicago, Ill. Hadley's "Literand Travels of Gen. Grant," valued

lantern and slides, not less than a foot in height.

F. H. Harlington, of Townsend St., Chicago, Ill.
Hadley's "Life and Travels of Gen. Grant," valued
at \$3.50, for Vol. III or IV of The Golden Argosy, Hadley's" Liteand Fraveis of Gen. Grant, Valued at \$3.50, for Vol. III or IV of Tim Golden Arcosy. A. M. Shepard, 46 Wall St., Menden, Conn. A first class violin, with bow and case, for a steam engine, not less than 1-2 horse power, or a B flat cornet.

Wesley B. Leach, 308 Flushing Ave., Long Island City, N. Y. "The Young Adventurer," "The Young Explorer," and "The Young Miner," for a silver chain.

Thomas F. Dardis, 193 Hampshire St., Cambridge, ort, Mass. A pair of 9 1-2 Winslow roller skates, cent of 1805, and a ten cent scrip, for a pair of 5 b, dumb bells.

Ernest E. Davies, t Newkirk Place, Camden, N. J. Fifteen hundred foreign and United States stamps, and 75 postmarks, for the first 5 nos. of Mussey's Poutcas Series.

UNSEY'S FORLAR SERIES.

Otto L. Meyer, 1190 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago,

II. Forty second hand wood engravings, stones

rom Pike's Peak, and a book, for books, or bound

olumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

W. Morris Brown, 436 West 8th St., Cincinnati, O. A telegraph instrument, with key, sounder and battery, for a World typewriter, a photo camera and outfit, or a good pair of field glasses.

and outfit, or a good pair of field glasses.

Miss Lena Nisson, 22 East 66th St., New York
City. A paper of 1800, in mourning for George
Washington, 2000 U.S. and 100 foreign stamps,
some postmarks, etc., for a photo outfit, a silver
watch, or a musical instrument.

J. H. Moriarty, 20 Kelly St., Boston, Mass.
"Tried and True," "Two Brave Boys," 80 photos
of ball players, actors, and soldners, 125 postmarks,
80 stamps, and other articles, for a miniature steam
engine or a musical instrument worth about \$3.

### Indian Clubs, and How to Swing Them.

RV F P HAWKINS



to produce great ridges of muscle upon his arms and shoulders, the modern physical culture aims to de-velop 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

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 pounds.

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.

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.

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 dosomething 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 Thorough mastery of the clubs makes

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. learn the club exercises, simultaneously,

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. 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 cllow 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 discretized.

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 Minth 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

instead of alternately, revolving them either in the same or opposite directions.

Eleventh Exercise.—Hold a club in either

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

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 ber of times.

ber 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 up-

Fifteenth Exercise -Hold a club in each Fiftenth 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.

Sixtenth Exercise.—Go through any of the preceding exercises while standing on one lea

on one leg.

Seventeenth Exercise.—Swing one of the 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.

Eightenth Exercise.—Repeat the last

Eighteenth Exercise. - Repeat the last 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 him-

The perfect mastery of club swinging supposes some intelligence, much more than exercising with dumb bells. Any-body can use dumb bells whose muscles body 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 is nargy a cuto 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 hand-ling 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 wrenchas it the main leature 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 perform-ance, 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

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. 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.

found this method the most simple and entective. 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 capa-cious 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

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

[This story commenced in No. 266.]

## Lost Gold Mine

By FRANK H. CONVERSE, Author of "Van," "In Southern Seas," Mystery of a Diamond," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

ROB EXPOSES A SWINDLER.

THE A great noise of escaping steam, and amid a hubbub from the lower deck, a boat was lowered, manned by picked up the two unfortunates in no time, and conveyed them aboard.

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 steamboat 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 Robor Chip felt any desire the state of the mass comments were swing and the state of the mass commission of the seek of the measuring state of the new arrivals by water.

Chip had been on board a Fall River steamer, so the elegant white salous did not the him.

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 surround-ings, everything was a new reve-lation.

lation.

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 itgoes on even at the present time. And ten years ago it was more common than now.

ago it was more common than now.

A murmur of voices, proceeding from one of the smoking rooms, attracted the attention of our two friends. The wide 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.

"It's that Brayton who gave Dare and Mic-

self resisted a sudden inclination to do the same.

"It's 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 counterfeiters, 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 Arizony—it's the gettin' beat hedon't like,"—the same friendly individual explained, as Rob's dark eyes dilated with astonishment, Now theoretically Rob knew how to play

euchre—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 interfece.

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

combe."

"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 barg'in 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, defantly throwing back his head, he walked rapidly away.

#### CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDLESS AND PENNILESS.

CHAPTER VI.

FRIENDLESS AND PENNILESS.

LMOST the first person Rob encountered after leaving his stateroom and coming on deck on the hower morning was Colonel amonth him with rather embarrassing effusion, "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 en-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—a—particular favor that—er—you will not speak to her of the—the card playing? Hushhere she comes."

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

Doris Lamonte, who had at

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 Doris Lamonte, who had at

theman.

"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."

Playing cards last night—I know you were.

The colonel's rather rosy countenance grew rosier still.

"Really, my dear," he responded, with an appealing glander at Rob, who wanted to laughter the responded with an appealing glander still, and the responded with an appealing glander, it is a still the responded with an appealing glander, it is of the responded with an appealing glander, it is of the responded with a said the responder of the resp

asse.

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

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.

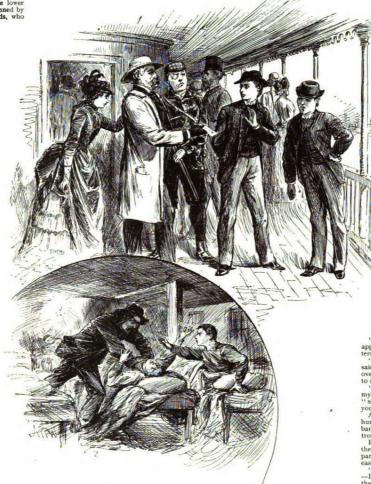
seeking for the El Dorado placer with his companion.

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.
"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.

self.
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

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!" siercely 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 slience 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.

tache.
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

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, three him bodily through the open door. There he carromed 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.

each year on a great cattle ranch in Arizona owned by a syndicate, of which Colonel Lamonte was the president.

They were just returning from St. Paul, where the colonel had been on business connected with the company's interests. Here they had been joined by a young Englishman—the Honorable Guy Hethering, just over from London, whose father was one of the syndicate. The Honorable Guy was to accompany them to the ranch, and they were to start early the following month.

wing month.
Miss Doris acknowledged to a preference for the unconventional life at the ranch. She could ride and shoot, and had narrowly escaped being captured by the Apaches. In short the young girl had quite a number of adventures to relate, to all of which Rob listened with an in-

relate, to all of which Rob listened with an in-terest he did not attempt to conceal.

"Oh, here you are, Miss Lamonte," said a rather drawling voice at Rob's elbow. "Tre been looking for you all over the steamer, don't you know."

Knowing by a sort of intuition that the speaker must be the Honorable Guy, Rob turned toward him.

toward him.

He was a squarely built young fellow about seventeen years old, with chestnut hair cropped close to his head, and light blue eyes, in one of

which was stuck a single glass.

Doris acknowledged Mr. Hethering's greeting.

Doris acknowledged Mr. Hethering's greeting, and introduced the two young fellows.

"This is Mr. Hethering's first visit to America," explained Doris, with a demure little smile, "so of course the manners and customs of our uncivilized race are very new and strange to

him."
"No, but really, don't you know, Miss La-monte, I'd no idea the Indians in New Orleans were still in a savage state—shooting people and scalping and all that sort of thing," responded

scalping and all that sort of thing," responded young Hethering,
"No?" said Doris interrogatively, as a mischievous dimple appeared at the corner of her pretty mouth

Didn't dweam of such a thing till a feller

"Didn't dwam of such a thing till a feller Ive just been talking with in the cabin told me it was a fact," returned the Honorable Guy.

Rob repressed a strong desire to laugh, as the young man removed his white derby and passed his hand complacently over his bristling cranium.
"Same feller said there wasn't so much danger of bein scalped if my hair was short," continued Hethering, "so I had the barber trim it up—see?"

The necessity of making comment was prevented by the slow rounding to of the steamer in the direction of Memphis landing—the city having come in sight while they were talking.

vented by the slow rounding to of the steamer in the direction of Memphis landing—the city having come in sight while they were talking. As the great floating palace neared the busy levees, Colonel Lamonte was seen approaching. Accompanying him was Chip, apparently on terms of easy familiarity with the tall colonel, who was evidently considerably amused by his youthful companion's chatter.

The colonel sat down by his daughter, whose pretty face Chip regarded with respectful admiration for a brief moment. Then he motioned to Rob, who rose.

"Say, they're going to fire that Brayton ashore, Rob," he whispered, as the steamer came alongside the levee.

The information was not quite correct. It would appear that Mr. Brayton was leaving the steamer unassisted. But by this time the story of what had happened the night before had been pretty widely circulated, and the passengers crowded to the side of the boat to see the notorious gambler.

crowded to the side of the boar to see a considerable.

Wearing a faultlessly fitting Prince Albert coat buttoned tightly about him, and carrying in one gloved hand an elaborately mounted traveling satchel, Brayton stood a moment at the head of the gangway plank looking coolly about him till his eye rested on Colonel Lamonte.

"Aurevior, colonel," he said in a clear even voice, lifting his hat with mock politeness.

The colonel reddened and drew himself up stiffly.

"I have no desire to renew our brief acquaintance, sah," he answered impressively. "I am accustomed to associate with gentlemen only.

Brayton laughed speeringly.

"I suppose you call those two fellows standing near you gentlemen," he said, indicating Rob and Chip with outstretched finger.

"I know nothing to the contrary," was the

"Throw holding to the contact; cold reply.

"Ah, I suppose not," returned the speaker, whose eyes glittered with malice.

"We ain't card sharpers, any way," retorted Chip boldly—for Chip's tongue was a terribly

unruly member.
"No," said Brayton, with a perfectly un-"No," said Brayton, with a perfectly unmoved face, "you are not. You, my little man,"—designating Chip, who began to wish he had held his tongue,—"are or were a bootblack and chore boy at Bingham's hotel in Plattston, and the good clothes you're wearing belong to the steamboat clerk."
"Well, what of it?" sturdily returned Chip, "I'd rather black boots than gamble for a livin."

A burst of approving laughter followed Chip's frank avowal, but Brayton did not appear to notice it.

And as for you," he went on, turning to Rob "And as for you," he went on, turning to Rob with a look of the bitterest venom, "Colonel Lamonte will no doubt be pleased to know that you are the adopted son and confederate of Jim Dare, the notorious flatboat counterfeiter. Let me congratulate you, colonel, on your gentlemanyeassociates."

ly associates."

Again raising his hat slightly, Brayton walked

swiftly down the gangway plank, ignoring the hisses that followed him. A moment later he was lost to sight in the crowd.

Now pride of birth and social standing was Colonel Lamonte's special weakness.

"Is it true, young man, that you have been the companion and consort of those scoundrelly counterfeiters?" thundered Colonel Lamonte, to whom Rob's obvious confusion was a sign of will.

guilt,
"Papa Lamonte, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," exposulated Doris indignantly, but the colonel was deaf to her remark. "Is it true, I ask?" he repeated, rising to his

A lie would have saved Rob's reputation just

But if it would have saved his life tnen. But if it would have saved his life he would not have told it.

"It is true that I have been with them ever since I can remember," he firmly answered, "but I never dreamed that they were counterfeiters—I"—

I"—
"That is quite enough," coldly interrupted the colonel. "Come, Doris."
And as Doris unwillingly rose, the colonel tucked her hand under his arm and stalked below, leaving poor Rob overwhelmed with shame and confusion of face, while even the irrepressible Chip looked rather crestfallen.

ble Chip looked rather crestfallen.

The passengers, who had listened to it all with the keenest relish, assembled in little knots by themselves. It was easy to see from the cold looks cast in their direction that they were beginning to look upon Roband Chip as suspicious characters.

ginning to 100% apper-characters,
"I say, old chap."
The speaker was no other than the Honorable Guy Hethering.
"I wouldn't mind what that beastly cad of a ambler said," he remarked, laying his hand indly on Rob's shoulder. But before Rob could thank him for his rather

awkwardly expressed sympathy, Hethering was

awkwardly expressed sympathy, Hethering was gone.

By the following evening New Orleans would be reached and then what? Friendless and almost penniless, wearing borrowed clothing even, to what could the two oddly mated companions turn their hands?

The matter of clothing, however, was decided on the following day. Their own—so the genial clerk smilingly told the two unfortunates—was shrunk so badly that it could hardly be worn again. Would they be affronted if asked to retain those they were wearing as a slight compensation for their loss?

I need hardly say that the answer was a glad affirmative. And when a few hours later the two stood together on the levee at New Orleans, holding a consultation as to their further movements, they had the satisfaction of being at least as well dressed as the majority of the passengers who were pouring ashore from the steamer.

Trominent among the latter was the Honor-

seast as well dressed as the majority of uc passengers who were pouring ashore from the steamer.

Prominent among the latter was the Honorable Guy Hethering—the observed of all observers. For, prompted thereto by a humorous young man on the steamer, he had prepared himself for an encounter with redskins.

The evening was sultry, yet the Honorable Guy wore a velveteen shooting jacket containing numberless pockets, velveteen knickerbockers, and heavy soled shooting boots. From a well filled cartridge belt about his waist hung on one side an elaborately finished revolver, on the other a stout hunting knife. A field glass in its case was slung over one shoulder, and in the hollow of his arm young Hethering carried a double barreled gun of the most improved London make.

"On the war path, ain't he, Rob?" remarked Chip with a grin, as the Honorable Guy stood awaiting the approach of Colonel Lamonte and Doris.

But Rob did not reply. His eyes were fixed upon the young girl who was passing near

them.

Suddenly raising her own eyes they encountered Rob's wistful gaze, and the bright smile Doris gave him cheered Rob's heart wonderfolls.

Then Doris eagerly whispered something in

Then Doris eagerly whispered something in the ear of Colonel Lumonte, who listened with a slight frown, and turned toward Rob.

"I had no chance to offer you a pecuniary recompense for your services," he said in his coldest tones; "and now I wish to do so."

Before Rob could respond, the colonel drew out a corpulent wallet, and extracting from it a five hundred dollar note, extended it in his fin-

Rob drew himself up as proudly as the colonel

Rob drew himself up as proudly as the colone himself.

"Thank you," he said, icily, "you can keep your money. I require no pay for any service I may have rendered." And without giving the colonel a chance to reply, Rob turned abruptly away, followed by Chip, whose eyes were dilated to the largest dimensions.

"Five hundred dollars!" muttered Chip, disconsolately. "Great Scott, why didn't Rob swaller his pride and take it? Five dollars and seventy five cents ain't going to last us mor'n a week in the big city, and then what?"

#### CHAPTER VII

A MIDNIGHT MARAUDER.

HE French market at New Orleans is a place of the greatest interest stranger. here french market at New Orleans is a place of the greatest interest to the stranger. There is a curious tropical atmosphere about it peculiar to the people and place.

Gayly attired negresses and pretty quadroens are moving among great piles of fruit and a

profusion of odorous flowers. The quaint and almost barbaric chatter of French or Spanish patois is heard on every side, while mingled with it one listens to the soft Creole dialect.

Yet her voice lives on the breeze And her spirit comes at will, In the midnight on the seas 'Tis her bright smile haunts me still.

"Tis her bright smile haunts me still.

The song was the old and familiar one, yet most of us know how such appeal to us far more strongly than do the more elaborate productions of the present day.

Blending with a boy's clear tenor were the pure notes of a skillfully played violin. Properly speaking, "fiddle" would better describe the battered instrument which under Rob's touch was giving out such sweet sounds.

A well dressed, gentlemanly appearing individual, who had been standing by a coffee stall, turned to listen. As his eye rested on the youthful singer and his comrade, the stranger started.

'It's them, as I live!" he muttered with an h. "Here—Joe!"

"It's them, as I live I" he muttered with an oath. "Here—Joe!"
This to a rough looking companion, who put down his empty office cup and drew his coat sleeve across his mouth. He was a dark skinned man, whose face was somehow suggestive of African descent, though his jet black hair was as straight and stiff as an Indian's.
"Well, cap'n," he responded, in a sort of respectful growl.
"You see those two young chaps—the fidding one particularly?"
"Yes."

Well, he is the chap Jim Dare and Miggles well, he is the chap Jim Date and Migs have carted round with them all these years, got a glimpse of him at Plattston, when rowed Dare and Miggles ashore the ni

'Got into trouble," interpolated his com-

"Got into trouble," interpolated his companion.
"Exactly. Now, Jim Dare had aboard his flat boat some papers that I want bad. They're some shares of mining stock, and with them is a little pocket map of Nevada and Arizona. When I met Jim in Colorado five years ago, he carried 'em round in a tin trunk with his 'fimissis.' Whether the young fellow got hold of them or not I don't know—that's for you to find out. If he bas got the papers and map, and you can get hold of them by hook or crook," continued Braytom—for the speaker was no other—I'll give you fifty dollars!"
"One hundred," was the laconic response.
"Well—a hundred then," said Brayton, after a brief pause.
"I'll see what I can do," growled Joe; and as Rob with his companion walked away from the slowly dispersing crowd, the man, keeping a little in the rear, slouched along behind them.
Across Poydras Street, straight on toward the French quarter, the two young musicians took their weary way, without the slightest knowledge that their steps were being dogged.
Chatting together as cheerfully as they could, the two companions made their way along the pleasant thoroughlares, and finally turned up a narrow court leading off the Rue Clementine.
Into the big doorway of one of the largest of

pleasant thoroughfares, and finally turned up a narrow court leading off the Rue Clementine.

Into the big doorway of one of the largest of the old time dwellings, Rob and Chip turned. The spy, who had been following them, uttered a low chuckle as of exultation,

"So they stop at the Retreat of Wayfarers," he muttered, with a glance at the dingy sign-board, "So much the better—I used to be acquaint myself here."

Pushing open the swinging door, a curious spectacle was presented.

All the partitions between the different rooms that had occupied the lower floor had been taken away, throwing the whole into one spacious interior. Long wooden tables and benches were placed near the wall, for the accommodation of the motley crowd of guests.

It would be difficult to find a more curious assemblage than the four or five score gathered within the walls of the Wayfarers' Retreat.

Yet this is no thieves or tramps' refuge. Shabby gented respectability characterizes the outward bearing of the majority of the guests.

No one can grumble at the rates. Twenty five cents procures a coarse but clean cot bed, the use of dishes, cullinary utensits and an ever burning coal fire to cook such food as the guest may purchase elsewhere, and bring with him. Broken down merchants, spendthrifts, "hard up" second rate actors, street musicians, difficing seafarers, penniless adventurers, and the nameless classes who contrive somehow to keep soul and body together, are all here represented on a common level, with a sprinkling of more questionable characters, as a matter of course. But to do the sharp witted proprietor, Jean Moreau, strict justice, these last are unceremoniously "bounced" if detected.

Rob and Chip had seated themselves at a litted distance from the noisy, chattering groups, and

Moreau, strict justice, these last are unceremoniously "bounced" if detected.

Rob and Chip had seated themselves at a little distance from the noisy, chattering groups, and were talking earnestly together, when a coarsely dressed, heavily built man, with a forbidding face, sauntered carelessly in their direction. Without seeming to notice either of them, he seated himself near by on one of the benches, and, leaning back in a convenient corner angle, pulled his greasy slouch hat over his eyes and apparently sank into a doze.

Rob, usually cheerful and hopeful, was on this particular evening decidedly downcast.

And not without reason. Though, as he had hold Chip, they were on the lookout for something better than their present mode of existence, their prospects were most unpromising.

"How much money have we got altogether,

Rob?" asked Chip, who seemed to share in his companion's visible despondency.

Rob, without replying, drew from the inside pocket of his vest the Russian leather note case containing the certificate of stock and the pocket map he had found in Dare's in trunk, which he had fortunately placed in his pocket the evening the flat boat was lost. The papers, wet by his immersion in the Mississippi, had been carefully dried on board the steamer. These he laid by themselves on the table.

themselves on the table.
"Thirteen dollars and sixty cents, with what
we've taken today," said Rob, as he counted the
little pile of bills for which their accumulated

attle pile of bills for which their accumulated silver had been exchanged from time to time. Chip shrugged his shoulders expressively. "I wish we knowed whether this paper about the minin' stock was any good," he said, taking it up. "We might sell it for somethin' per-

it up. "We might sent the sharply replied haps."
"It isn't ours to sell," rather sharply replied Rob, taking the paper up to replace it. "I suppose by rights it belongs to Mr. Dare."
"What's that newspaper cuttin'?" inquired Chip, as something fell from between the folds of the certificate.
"Oh. it's something about an abduction,"

Chio, as something fell from between the Todos of the certificate.

"Oh, it's something about an abduction," wearily returned Rob, glancing at the heading, as he thrust it impatiently back. "As long as it isn't money. I don't much care what it is."

The man who had been dozing in the corner now seemed to awake with a start and a snort. Casting one swift glance at the two from under his hat brim, he stretched himself vigorously and shambled away to a sort of bar counter, where tickets for lodgings were issued. "I wish you'd shove this map in a pocket somewhere," continued Rob, tossing it to his companion, "it bulges the note case out so that I shall be taken for a bloated bondholder some day, and have my pocket picked."

day, and have my pocket picked.

Thip did as requested without comment. For a long time the two sat together, trying to decide on some definite plan of action, but without success. Lacking references and friends, it seemed almost impossible for either or both of them to get a situation.

them to get a situation.

One by one the guests began to make their way to the second floor, where more than a hundred numbered canvas cots were ranged in rows in a large apartment which had once been a ball room.

Rob and Chip soon joined them—noticing as they reached their allotted couches that the ill looking long armed man had stumbled along to a cot next to Rob's, to which his numbered ticket entitled him.

a cot next to Rob's, to which his numbered ticket entitled him.

Lurching heavily down on the cot, he was

snoring in a moment, seemingly oblivious to his surroundings.

Entirely unsuspecting, the two boys partly un-Entirely unsuspecting, the two boys partly undressed. As was his invariable custom Rob placed his folded vest containing the leather note case under his pillow, together with Brayton's revolver, which had been in his possession since the incident on board the steamer.

Rob was partly awakened from an unpleasant dream by the sound of the city clocks striking two. Drowsly conscious that some one was groping about his pillow, he started up, uttering a stifled exclamation.

Literally a stifled one. For before it had fairly escaped his lips, Rob's throat was compressed as in a vise and he forced backward despite his utmost efforts.

spite his utmost efforts.

By the flickering gas jet at the end of the room e saw the dark visage of the long armed man

he saw the dark visage of the long armed man bending over him.

"Lay still!" was the command in a fierce whisper—"lay still, or I'll throttle you."

As Rob was rapidly undergoing that unpleas-ant process, the demand seemed unnecessary, to say the least. But as he felt the robber's other hand draw his vest from under his dis-turbed pillow, Rob made a desperate struggle, that fortunately woke Chip in the cot next him.

him.

The quick witted boy took in the situation at a The quick writed boy took hit the studition at a glance. Reaching over he grasped Brayton's self cocking pistol, and, throwing up the muzzle till it almost touched the man's face, he fired

till it almost touched the man's face, he fired without taking particular aim.

With a yell of pain, the robber let go Rob's throat. Clapping his hand to the side of his face, down which the blood was streaming, he made a dash through the narrow passageway between the cots. Then, turning out the gas at the end, he skipped nimbly down the stairs. A perfect Eabel of voices from the awakened sleepers was followed by the relighting of the gas, and a hasty explanation from Chip, for poor Rob had not fairly recovered from the effects of a compressed windpipe.

The blood stains were traced down the stairs and across the room to the unbarred front door.

and across the room to the unbarred front door, through which the scoundrel had fled. Beyond

through which the scoundrel had fled. Beyond that they seemed to cease.

"How much is it you haf been rob of?" asked Jean Moreau, the burly proprietor, after order was once more restored.

"All we had to lose in the world," was Rob's grim reply. For the pocket map just then did not seem worthy of consideration, while as far as Brayton's handsome pistol was concerned, Rob had his own reasons for not wishing to dispose of it.

Rob had his own reasons by the dispose of it.

"Ah, zat ees bad—very bad," was the grave response. "You' lodging ees paid to the morning, gentlemans," blandly continued M. Moreau, with a yawn, "but after zat zere is not more credit. You comprends?"

They did perfectly, and the following morning found our two young friends practically penniless in the streets of New Orleans.

(To be continued.)

#### THE USES OF ADVERSITY.

BY E. MALLET.

Are afflictions aught
But mercies in disguise? Th' alternate cup,
Medicinal though bitter, and prepared
By Love's own hand for salutary ends?

[This story commenced in No. 255.]

## WALTER GRIFFITH:

THE ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG STREET SALESMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

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

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

#### A CRITICAL MOMENT.

N arriving in New York Walter at once called at the Gilsey House, once called at the Gilsey House, and reported to Mr. Spencer. He was very cordially received both by fa-ther and daughter. He was the bearer of a grateful letter from Mr. Shattuck, which appeared to give great pleasure to the Californian.

"I could not have spent the money in

a way to please me better," he said.
"It is a pity you could not yourself go
to Greenville, sir, to see how much happiness you have given to the old gentle-

man."
"No. I shouldn't like to go now. would look as if I were asking for thanks. This Squire Jones—I believe I remember This Squire Jones—I believe a state of him—must be an unpleasant sort of person to have business dealings with."
"He thinks the same of you," said

son to have business dealings with."

"He thinks the same of you," said
Walter, smiling. "I felt a great deal of
pleasure in defeating his plans. He
seemed to care so little about the comfort or happiness of Mr. Shattuck."

"Your heart is in the right place, Walter," said Mr. Spencer cordially. "More
than that, you have a good business
talent. By the way, did you collect the
Harrisburg money?"

"Yes, sir; I have it with me, and will
pay it over to you now."

"Yes, sir; I have it with me, and will pay it over to you now."

Mr. Spencer took the bills and counted them over. Then he selected two tens and a five and passed them to Walter.

"What is that for, sir?" asked our hero, in surprise.

"For your services."

"But, sir, I have still some of the money you gave me for expenses left."

"Keep it. I don't want it back."

"You are very liberal, sir," said Walter, gratefully.

"I ought to be; fortune has dealt kindly with me. Now, what are you in-

kindly with me. Now, what are you intending to do tomorrow?"

I suppose I may go back to my old

That can wait. I shall want some letters written, so you may come round tomorrow morning and I will set you to work."
"That will suit me very well, sir.

As there were still two or three hours of daylight, Walter walked down Broad-way to the stand owned by Mr. Cham-

The latter greeted him warmly,
"I am glad to see you," he said.
"How did you make out in your West-

"I succeeded in doing all that I went for," said Walter. "Has trade been good

with you?" Quite fair. I have no reason to com-

"Quite fair. I have no reason to com-plain. Besides, I have been better in health; the vacation I took did me a great deal of good. I hope you are likely to do well."

"I have been very fortunate, Mr. Chambers. Mr. Spencer has treated me very liberally. I shouldn't like to show you how much money I have in my realize it might juite the attention of

pocket, as it might invite the attention of pickpockets."

"All can't be lucky. Your friend Jim

Morris was here yesterday in distress. It seems he was robbed of some money committed to his charge, and is obliged to make it up. To save trouble he paid it, using the money which he and his mother had saved for the rent. In consequence, the family are to be turned out into the street tomorrow. It is hard for the poor boy."

the poor boy."
"How much did Jim lose?" asked

Walter eagerly.
"Eight dollars."
"Is that all?"

"It is a great deal to a boy like Jim,"

"Iim was my earliest friend in the

"Jim was my earliest triend in the city, and I spent the first night at his mother's house. I won't let them suffer."
Walter kept on his way down town. As he walked along he looked out for Jim. He found him at last selling papers at the corner of Chambers Street.
"Give me a Telegram, Jim," said Wal-

ter, smiling.
Jim's sad face lighted up when he saw

Walter.

"I'm glad to see you back, Walter,"

he said.

"And I'm sorry to hear that you've had bad luck."

"Who told you?"

"Mr. Chambers."

"Yes, it was pretty hard on us all. I don't see how we can meet the rent tomorrow, and if we don't we shall be turned into the street."

"Your landlord wouldn't do that?"

"Your landlord wouldn't do that?"
"Wouldn't he? You don't know him.
He's one of the hard hearted kind."
"Doesn't he favor those who have always paid him regularly?"
Jim shook his head.
"We're all right as long and the state of the state of

"We're all right as long as we pay, no longer," he said. "I was thing—" and then he paused. was think-

ing—" and then he paused.
"Well, Jim, what were you think-

ing?"
"That perhaps your friend Mr. Burgess might lend us eight dollars. We would pay him as soon as we could."
"Why don't you apply to your friend,

"Why don't you apply to your friend,
Mr. Griffith?" asked Walter, smiling.
"You?" You?

Yes, me."

"You are not rich, Walter."

"You are not rich, Walter."
"I am rich enough. Come, Jim, I'll tell you what I'll do. Give me part of your papers. We'll sell them out in double quick time; and then, if you'll tet me, I'll go home to supper with you. You shall have the eight dollars."
"You're a trump, Walter!" said Jim, ioofully.

joyfully.
"I'm glad you are beginning to appreciate me. Here, give me some of your

papers."

Walter took the papers and began to sell them off in his old professional style. He remembered it afterwards, for it was the last time he ever acted as a newsboy

While he was thus engaged Frank Vic-

tor came along.
"Oho!" said he.
your old business."

your old business."

"Yes; can I sell you a paper."

"No, thank you; I am afraid the ink might soil my gloves."

"That would be a pity, certainly," said Walter, glancing at the boy's kid gloves, of which he seemed proud.

"I am in business now," said Frank, with an air of importance.

"Are you? What kind of business?"
"I am in a broker's office on Wall

"Are you? What kind of business?"
"I am in a broker's office on Wall
Street. I think I will be a broker myself when I am old enough."
"Do you think you could get me into
your office?" asked Walter, with assumed

anxiety.
"We only have boys of good social position in our office," responded Frank, loftily. "A newsboy or a bootblack would not be admitted."
"They would not be admitted."

"Then you think I will have to keep on selling papers?"
"Yes. You might get a stand some

on selling papers;
"Yes. You might get a stand some time," said Frank, patronizingly,
"Perhaps you overrate my ability," said Walter, smiling. "Still I think there are other things I can do. I carned twenty five dollars the last week."
"Is that true?"
"Of course, or I wouldn't tell it to

"Of course, or I wouldn't tell it to you. I don't expect to sell papers any more. I am only helping my friend Jim,

so that he can get home sooner."
"I don't believe that story about your earning so much money," said Frank,

"Shall I prove it to you?"
Walter drew out a roll of bills and held them up for inspection.
"Humph! Once isn't always," said

"Humph! Once isn't always," said Frank Victor.
"That is true. But I've sold my last paper, and must bid you good night."
There was an anxious look on the face of Mrs. Morris when Jim opened the door of his modest home and ushered Walter in.

Mother," said he gayly, "get us up a nice supper. I'll help you. We shan't have to move, after all. Walter has agreed to lend us the money."

Then, of course, came explanations, Then, of course, came explanations, and Walter was treated like a favored guest. He felt, like Mr. Spencer, that money never gives so much pleasure as when it is spent to make others happy.

Late in the evening Walter found him-

Late in the evening Walter found himself in Bleecker Street. He was walking along with his mind intent upon his hopes and prospects, when he heard a hoarse cry indicating extreme terror.

Looking up, he saw his hump backed acquaintance, Nick Ogle, dashing along the sidewalk as fast as his short legs could carry him, closely pursued by a big, brutal looking man, with a face inflamed by rage, in whom he had no difficulty in recognizing Ben Brody. ficulty in recognizing Ben Brody.

"Your time has come, you misshapen imp!" growled the ruffian. "I swore I'd kill you, and I'm going to doit now."

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

ALTER was startled, and it must be admitted that he felt some alarm for himself. He had not

forgotten Ben's threats at the time of his arrest, and hoped that he would not be recognized. But his hopes were vain. Nicholas Ogle caught sight of our hero, and, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, he called out to Walter, "Save me, boy! He wants to kill me!"

This drew the attention of Ben Brody to Walter the walter to will be a strawn to the strawn of the

to Walter.
His eyes snapped and his face lit up

with revengeful joy.
"So I've got the two of you," he shouted. "I'll crush you both together."
There was some difficulty in this, how-

ever, for Ogle flew in one direction, Walter darted off in another, and Ber Brody paused, uncertain which he wished to get hold of first. He could run faster than either. Finally he decided to turn his attention to the hunchback first. ran after poor Nick at the top of his speed.

speed.
"Help! help! Police!" called Walter. Nicholas Ogle had been too frightened to shout for assistance.

ened to shout for assistance.
Just then the hare was run to ground.
Ben Brody laid his hand on the shoulder
of Nicholas Ogle, and the dwarf uttered
a shrick of terror that brought a grim
smile to the face of his pursuer.
"Ha! Twe got you. I'll choke the life
out of you!" and he seized Nick by the

throat.

Then it was that Walter, alarmed though he was for his own safety, came valiantly to the assistance of the poor hunchback. He ran with all his force at Ben Brody, and succeeded in pushing him over. His grip of Ogle was loosenhim over. His grip of Ogle was loosen-ed, and the latter, jumping up, started again to flee. Ben Brody quickly recovered himself,

Ben Brody quickly recovered himself, saw at a glance who had interfered with him, and started on a new tack.

"I'll kill you for that!" he growled between his teeth. "I allow no kid to balk me of my vengeance. I'll catch the other afterwards.

the other afterwards."

Walter was no match for the incensed ruffian. Ben quickly overhauled him, and grasped him fiercely by the arm. The boy gave himself up for lost. The burly ruffian in whose powerful grasp he found himself was quite capable of kill-

ing him.
But deliverance sometimes comes when least expected. Ben was about to throw him violently upon the sidewalk, when he found himself grasped by a hand of

iron.
"Let go, or I'l! kill you!" exclaimed

"Let go, or a... Ben, furiously.
"Easier said than done, my friend,"
"Easier said than done, my friend,"
"Get out of the way,
and a calm voice. "Get out of the way, Walter, and leave me to deal with this

gentleman. Walter did as he was told. He recog-Walter did as he was told. He recognized the voice as that of Mr. Speneer. Slipping to one side, he looked anxiously at what seemed an unequal contest. Ben Brody was at least thirty pounds heavier than his California friend, and seemed greatly his superior in physical

seemed greatly his superior in physical strength.

"Oh, Mr. Spencer, be careful!" said Walter. "I fear he will hurt you."

"We will see about that," answered Spencer, calmly. "I'll give him a chance."

So saying, he released his hold of the russian, and Ben Brody was not slow to take advantage of his generosity. He rushed impetuously upon his new antagonist, as if he were about to overwhelm him. No doubt he expected to do so, but he was received with a powerful blow that seemed to come from a sledge ham-mer, and measured his length upon the sidewalk, uncertain what had hurt him

Just then a policeman was seen ap-roaching. He came up and looked in-airingly at the group. He seemed on Just then a ponceman was seen ap-proaching. He came up and looked in-quiringly at the group. He seemed on the point of arresting Mr. Spencer. "What's all this?" he demanded, finger-

ing his club. ing his club.

"This man on the sidewalk," answered Walter promptly, "is Ben Brody, who was sentenced a short time since to Sing Sing. He has recently escaped."

"And there's a reward for his cap-

"And there's a reward for his cap-ture," said the policeman, in a tone of satisfaction. "Come, get up here!" "I think you'll need assistance," said Walter. "He is very powerful." The officer struck his club on the side-

walk, and two brother officers answered the call. Ben Brody, scowling and sul-len, was taken to the station house, and in due course of time returned to prison, where he is now.

where he is now.

"I had no idea you were a match for that man, Mr. Spencer," said Walter.

"He is stronger than I, but I am a scientific boxer. It is an accomplishment that has served me in good stead before. And now, Walter, I have some news for you." news for you."
"What is it, sir?"

"What is it, sir?"
"I leave on my return to San Francisco next week."
"I am sorry to hear it, sir. I shall miss you."
"How would you like to go out with

"How would you like to go out with me?" asked Spencer.
"1? Do you really mean it?"
"My daughter suggested it. She seems to have taken a fancy to you. If you were a few years older, I wouldn't mention it so plainly. In fact, she looks upon you as a younger brother."
"Shall I find work in California, do you think?"
"I shall have weel.

I shall have work enough for you. I "I shall have work enough for you. I need a young man in whom I can place confidence to carry out my directions, and to be entirely at my orders," "I am not a young man, sir."
"True, but you have the sense and discretion of one. Is there any one

"You can time to consult?"
"No, sir! I am my own master."
"You can think it over."
"I need no time for that. I will accept your offer, and thank you."
There was great surprise among Walter's friends when it was learned that he was going so far. All gave him their heartiest good wishes.

was going so far. All gave him their heartiest good wishes. Walter called upon his old friend, Mr.

Burgess, who congratulated him upon bright prospects.
You remember the money I invested

"You remember the money I invested for you?" he said.
"Yes, sir."
"Within a year I have reason to think one hundred dollars will have become a thousand. You must let me know your address, and when there is occasion I will communicate with you."
"It never rains but it pours," thought Walter. "I am more fortunate than I deserve."
He did not forget in his prosperity his old companions, but made them all president with the said of the said of the said.

old companions, but made them all presents, and enjoined upon Jim Morris to write to him if at any time he and his mother were in distress. He wrote to his old friend Deacon Tower, and re-ceived an answer written in the deacon's

ceived an answer written in the deacon's characteristic style.

"I'm glad you're doin' so finely," the deacon wrote. "If I hadn't told you about York before you went there, you wouldn't have got along half so well. Mother and me are much pleased at your success, and expect you to write us all about Californy. Give my respects to Mr. Spencer. If he'll come and see us when he comes East next time we'll give him a good old fashioned country. give him a good old fashioned country

Four years have passed. Walter is a young man now, the trusted confidential clerk of Mr. Spencer, and worth several thousand dollars in his own right. He has just sent for Elmer Shattuck, whom Mr. Spencer has engaged on his recomand a specific mass engaged on his recom-mendation, and expects much pleasure from his companionship. He has cer-tainly been luckier than the average of boys, but it must be admitted that his good fortune is not wholly undeserved.



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money on a source in a control of the control of th

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Rev. Charles P. Masden, 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:

received we make the following extracts:

Meride, 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, 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 Arcosv regularly, the old lady and the children paying equally for the paper. When the father of the children brings the paper nome, "grandma" and the children rush out of the door to see who will get the paper first.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.
I think the Argosv 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 larvnx 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 ver-dant 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 oy, who is willing to work and has pluck and am ition, 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 circum stances. There is no quickest way to make The most rapid method might seem money. 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 Reform New York City.

Some men have a genius for formulating creeds, while others are gifted with special ap-titude 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 Seminaryprepared 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 gregational 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 eestablishing

the latter, Dr. Kittredge removed to California. At that time the Howard Presbyterian Church of San Francisco was worshiping 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 fol-lowing 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 bus iness circles and, in the editorial sanctum, gath -



ABBOTT E. KITTREDGE, D. D. From a photograph by Bogardus.

ered 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 creche, 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.

CARVE your name on hearts and not on marble

Hope is like the sun, which, as we journey toward, 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 greatess to little things is one of the noblest functions if genius.—Palgrave.

of genius.—Paleyrave.

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.

#### TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE nimble 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 commenced in No. 261.]

## The Gruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

#### CHAPTER XXI.

A GAME OF CHESS ON THE LAKE.

A GAME OF CHESS ON THE LAKE.

NGINEER 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

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.

right; and that was all he had to do with the matter.

Tom Gates had served for fours together at his present posts while Gaynor was on board, and studied the machinery and boiler thoreachers are not studied the machinery and boiler thoreachers are not so that the machinery and boiler thoreachers are not so that the service of the engine before. So far it was a novel position for him, and he enjoyed its vecedingly. 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 While the Saranac to the hurricane deck with the greatest possible degree. When Spotty went to the hurricane deck with the lass to take another observation of her, he found she agained 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

as he would be able to do after more experience.

"How is the Saranac mow, 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, I ig ht!y. "But that makes no difference."

"But that makes no difference."
"Don't try to deceive me,
y son, when I am in such
a terrible strait!" pleade
the trembling fugitive.
"I am not deceiving you,
tather; I would not do that,
any more than my mother
would have done it," replied
Spotty, warmly.
just what I am about; and
I assure you we are in no
hurry."

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 Saranae? 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

mean but that you mean to see that I may 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

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 Sara-

mac astern.

"We are beset behind and before," groaned the banker.

"Couldn't you land me on the New York side?"

New York side?" "I could; but I might as well give you up to the officers before you wore yourself out in a use-less 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

quiet and allow the to attend to my duty."

"But what are you going to do, my son? Explain your in-tentions and I shall be satis-fied," 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 penin sula.

The Saranac was a little less than three miles astern of the Dandy. She saw the movement but

as a little less than three miles as 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 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 from going to the northward, and chase if she went to the south. Doubtless the captain of the Chaxy believed he had an 'easy one' ito guess.

Possibly the captain of the Chaxy 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 west-ward 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.

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

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."

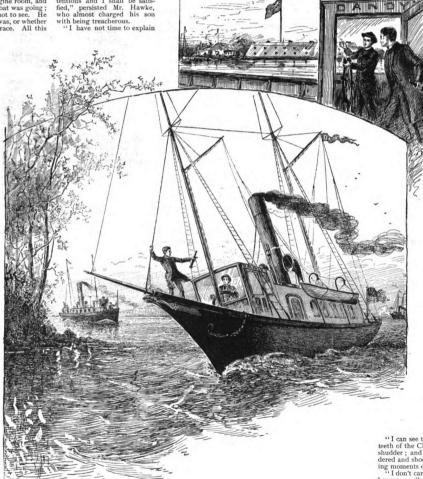
"You evidently expect them to do some particular thing, my son."

"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,

POTTY'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.

AN EXCITING RACE BETWEEN THE THE. 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 Ia 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 doey you in all things. I will do just as you say."

"You know that I have no skill in boating.

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 en-

"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, Spotity; 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."
"Ring the gong three times," repeated Tom, to avoid any mistake.
"But not yet awhile."
"But I will fill up the furnace and be ready for you."

three miles to the northwest. Both boats were

three miles to the northwest. Both boats were in position to intercept Spotty's lively craft if she attempted to run down the lake. Her captain was only anxious to know what the Saranae would do.

She did what any other chees player would have done when he was in doubt; she stopped to think. Not that the steamer did any of the thinking, but her movements were the index to the captain's thought. The captain was bothered, perhaps; he stopped his propeller to compel the Dandy to make the next move. Spotty saw that this would not do, for the Chaxy was coming down upon him. He could not go ahead any farther without getting aground.

If the Saranae had done what she was expected to do, she would have taken a southeast course, so as to head off the Dandy if she went to the southward, as the Chaxy could head her off to the northward. On a southerly course the two boats would have gone abreast of each other, about three miles apart. In this case Spotty intended to slow down a little, and when the Saranae got a little more to the south he would take the chance of running between them to the northward. But the Saranae stopped instead of attempting to head off the Dandy.

Spotty was as ready for the present conditions

Spotty was as ready for the present conditions as for the others. As soon as his more dangerous pursuer had lost her headway, he threw over the wheel and headed her to the southward. This was his decisive step. He did not care much what either of the other boats did now. He had one abreast of him, and the other satern. By going a little to the southward of east in crossing from the island, he had placed his boat a quarter of a mile more to the south than the Saranac. In a close race this would save him.

save him.

Besides, the Dandy was under full steam, and the other had lost her headway entirely. Spotty counted these advantages as good for nearly half a mile for the Dandy. But part of this distance would be lost by the Saranac's having the inside of the track, as it were. This would depend somewhat upon the skill of her pilot, and his knowledge of the soundings.

"Tom I" called Spotty, after he had made the whistle through the speaking tube.
"All right, Spotty I" replied the engineer.
"Our time has come! Crowd her all you can!"

"All right, Spotty!"

can ""

All right, Spotty!"

"All right, Spotty!"

The was soon evident that Tom had everything in the fire room in condition for business, for in a few minutes the boat began to jar and shake under the incased pressure. Spotty gave his made and the same of the Boardy, and the same how important it was to keep her soon to be soon to be seen to be soon to be soo

"Can you see the Chavy, father?" he asked, without removing his gaze from the bow flag

pole.

"I can see her," replied the banker.

"Which way is she headed?" asked Spotty; and by this time she had become an important factor in the contest.

"She is going the same way that we are," answered Mr. Hawke.

"She is going the same way that we dre, answered Mr. Hawke.

"Are you very sure of it, father? It makes all the difference in the world to us. As things have turned, your safety depends upon the movements of the Chavy. Perhaps not quite so strong as that, for we have the chance of running by her, as she is clumsy in her movements. But if the Chavy keeps to the eastward of the island, we are all right, and I will guarantee to land you in Canada before dark."

"I will go out and look at her again." added Mr. Hawke, who could understand this statement perfectly, though he did not fully comprehend the merits of the contest.

Spotty was rather nervous on this point. It

Spotty was rather nervous on this point. It Spotty was rather nervous on this point. It was a sharp game he was playing on the watery chess board. If none of the players ever made a mistake, the game could not be won by either. In the present affair, the question was, who would make the mistake. The pilot had drawn the Chaxy over to the east shore of the lake for a purpose; and now the result depended in a great measure upon the action of the captain of that steamer.

that steamer.
"I am sure she is headed in the same way
that we are," reported the banker, at the door of
the pilot house. "She is running as straight the pilot house. "She is run for the Dandy as she can come

for the Dandy as she can come."
"I wish you would keep watch of her all the time, father," added Spotty.
The Dandy rushed along on her course for a quarter of an hour, and the Saranac was apparently doing her best, though Spotty dared not turn to look at her lest he should lose an inch by the wabbling of the boat. His father was outside of the door of the pilot house, on the

starboard side, watching the courses of the two

Any change, father?" asked the pilot, anxiously.
"Not at all, Spotty, that I can see," replied

"Not at all, Spotty, that I can see, repued the lookout.
"Where is the Chaxy now?"
"She is about abreast of the point of the island, as near as I can judge,"
"Good for her!" exclaimed Spotty. "I think she is bound to help us out of this scrape."
"What makes you think so, my son?" asked the banker, somewhat encouraged by the remark of the nilot.

is making the biggest blunder that ever was made I don't see why; but there seems to be some of a commotion on board of the Saranac."

"I don't see why; but there seems to be some sort of a commotion on board of the Saranac," added Mr. Hawke.

"I should think there would be!" exclaimed Spotty, laughing for the first time that day. "Watch her, father, and see what you can

make of it."

The banker took the glass from the bra and returned to the hurricane deck. He directed the instrument towards the Saranac, and surveyed her for some time. Then he returned

eport. I don't know what it all means, but they are "I don't know what it all means, but they are waving flags on board of the Saranac in the direction of the Chaxy; and there seems to be considerable excitement on board of her," reported Mr. Hawke.

"Can you tell whether or not the Saranac has gained anything on us?" asked Spotty.
"I don't think she has. She seems to be farther off than she was fifteen minutes ago. Her bow seems to be waving about. With the

Her bow seems to be swaying about. With the glass I see that the attention of the pilot is

directed to the Chaxy."
"I should think it would be!" "I should think it would be!" exclaimed Spotty, chuckling over the blunder of the captain of the slow boat.

aim of the slow boat,
"I don't understand it, but I won't ask any
questions, for I said I would not," said the
banker, meekly.
"Can't you see what I am driving at, father?"
asked Spotty, very pleasantly.
"No, I cannot; and sometimes I think you
don't know yourself, Spotty."
"You can see that we are headed for the
southern point of the island?"
"Of course I can see that."

Of course I can see that

"And you can see that both of those steamers

are going to the eastward of the island?"
"I see all that; and I think it will take us a long time to get to St. John's if we go in this

direction."
"It will take us just one hour longer than it would have done direct; perhaps a little more. But you see, father, that both steamers are coming up on the east side of La Motte? At least, you report that they are," continued

I see that they are; there can be no doubt

The commotion on board of the Saranac is because the Chaxy is coming up on this side. The captain of the Saranac sees the blunder of the

captain of the Saranac sees the blunder of the other; and they are trying to make him understand with signals that he ought to go to the west side of the island."

"Why to the west side?"
"Because, as soon as I get to the southern point of La Motte, I shall run up through the west channel, having both of our pursuers behind me, instead of having one ahead to intercept me." cept me.

see it now!" exclaimed the banker, delighted as the operation of his son's plan was forced home to his mind. "It all depends upon

forced home to his mind. "It all depends upon which way the Chaxy goes, then?"
"Not all, for I think I can manage her if I can keep far enough ahead of the Saranac. Now look out again, and report any change of course in either of the boats as soon as any is made."
There was a whistle at the speaking tube.
"What is it, Tom?" asked Spotty, impatisable.

patiently, "We shall shake her all to pieces at this

rate, . "Let 'replied Tom. et her shake! Keep her spinning! Be careful, but make her do the best you can with safety! No more talk!" added Spotty, de

In fifteen minutes more. Spotty shifted the helm as he began to round the southern point of the island. He had not heard from his father for that time, and he called out to him to re-

port,
"Any change?" he asked, excitedly, for this

was really the turning point of the contest.

"None at all. The three boats are now very nearly in line; but I am sure that the Saranac has lost ground for some time. On board of her they are still trying to make the Chaxy go back and come down the west side of the island.

back and come down the west side of the island. She holds her course just the same, in spite of all the signals. The Saranac is yawing about a good deal, as you call it."

"That is the reason why she is losing ground. She is not well steered."

Mr. Hawke returned to his station on the hurricane deck. But he had not been gone three minutes before he rushed into the pilot house again, evidently much alarmed.

"The Saranac has turned around to exclaimed."

again, evidently much alarmed.
"The Saranac has turned around!" exclaimed the banker, unable to interpret this movement "Never mind! Keep watch of her, and re port to me

Spotty was somewhat alarmed at this u pected movement. Ten minutes later his father reported that she had gone back to the Chaxy, but had now resumed her southerly course.

(To be continued.)

What is the Dark? Why cometh it? And whence? Why does it banish all the Bright away? How does it banish all the Bright away? How does it wave a spell o'er soul and sense? Why falls the Shadow where'er gleams the Ray? Hast felt it? I have felt it, and I know How oft and suddenly the shadows roll From out the depths of some dim realm of woe-To wrap their darkness round the human soul. Those days are darker than the very night.

To wrap their darkness round the numai Those days are darker than the very night For night has stars, and sleep, and happy But those days bring upon the spirit sight The mysteries of gloom—until it seems

The light is gone forever, and the Dark Hangs like a pall of death above the soul, Which rocks amid the gloom like storm swept bark, And sinks beneath a sea where tempests roll. ----

[This story commenced in No. 258.]

#### THE

## Young Ranger;

#### PERILS OF THE FRONTIER. By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

THE IROQUOIS ATTACK THE FUGITIVES.

THE IROQUOIS ATTACK THE FUGITIVES.

If was inevitable that those who remained in the defenses should feel the most painful the defenses should feel the most painful solicitude over the prolonged absence of young Captain Roslyn.

He had given himself a quarter of an hour as the utmost limit of the time needed, thinking that not more than half that period would be required. Double the space had gone by, and nothing had been seen or heard of him.

True, all was equally silent in the direction taken by the scout, Ferguson, though few of the rangers suspected the cause for that. They were relieved to find that the Iroquois did not appear, but alarmed that their leader was also invisible and silent.

"I am sure," remarked Mrs. Hawley to one of the leading scouts, "that something is wrong with Elmer."

"I'm agrid you're right medam. I would

I'm afraid you're right, madam; I would take a dozen o the boys and find out, if it wasn't for one thing.
"What's that?"

wasn't for one thing."
"What's that?"
"It may be the very thing that Kit Wilton wants us to do," added the ranger; "that lad can take as good care of himself as any one, and haven't given up all hope yet."
"Nor I, though I am distressed beyond expression—why, Eva, what are you doing?"
The question was addressed to her little girl, who at that moment began climbing the bowlers composing the walls of the fort, as though she meant to climb over, as indeed was the case. "I'm going to look for Elmer," she replied, as her moller grasped her arm and brought her back; "he has been gone too long."
Alrs. Hawley smiled through her tears, and pressed the precious one to her bosom.
"No one can help loving the noble boy, but, my dear child, if you try to climb out of here, the Indians will be sure to get you."
"Then I won't climb out," was the sensible remark of Eva, who walked ever to her dozing grandmother, and kept her company for the rest of the forenoon.
"We will wait awhile." said the ranger, re-

remark of E.va, who walked ever to her dozing grandmother, and kept her company for the rest of the forenoon.

"We will wait awhile," said the ranger, re-spectfully saluting Mrs. Hawley, and turning to walk to that portion of the defenses which was

walk to that portion of the defenses which was
the nearest to the cavern where Captain Roslyn
had vanished. "It we hear nothing of him by
noon time, something will be done."
Screening his body, the ranger, for the twentheth time that morning, peered from between
the bowlders in the direction of their youthfull leader.

The saw something moving among the trees on
the utmost verge of his field of vision, and a
second's scrutiny showed that it was an Iroquois
Indian, steathhy making his way through the
wood, and vanishing before the scout could
draw a bead on him.

"That settles the question," he said to himself, compressing his lips; "they've got Cap-

self, compressing his lips; tain Elmer as sure as a gu

"I hat settles the question," he said to himself, compressing his lips; "they've got Captain Elmer as sure as a gun, but I won't tell anybody just yet what I've seen."

He watched and waited several minutes, but nothing more of the red man was seen, and he concluded that he had not purposely shown himself.

self.

Could the ranger but have known that the youth for whom there was so much concern had effected his escape from the cavern, and was doing his best to get back to his friends, with a fair prospect of succeeding, his emotions would have been far different.

The silence from the direction of Ferguson, who had many contractions to the forther properties.

who had gone out to watch for the approach of the Iroquois, did not last so long as that from the opposite point. It was at the moment when the nerves of every one were strung to the the nerves of every one were strung to the highest pitch that the long expected signal rang

highest pitch that the long expected signal has out on the air.

The scout had discharged his rifle, and the sound of crashing undergrowth showed that he was running with might and main toward the

Before all could realize what it meant, he before an outer came which is speed of the deer. Catching sight of the anxious faces watching him, he called:
"Keep out of sight! The varmints are right

behind me, and will be onto you afore you know

: Heading for the lowest portion of the wall, Heading for the lowest portion of the wall, Ferguson bent every effort toward reaching it ahead of the Iroquois, glimpses of whom were already seen by the anxious defenders.

It was a tremendous leap, but, concentrating all his strength into one mighty effort, he vaulted high in the air, rising fully a foot above that part of the wall which it was necessary to clear.

that part of the wall which it was necessary to clear.

Those who were looking at the scout—and every one within the inclosure was doing somewer forgot the sight which greeted there eves. The sinewy figure of the man rose like a huge bird, his feet gathered under his body, his arms bent at the elbows, and the hands near his face, one holding his rifle, and his shoulders bowed forward, so that his whole appearance suggested that of a ball sailing through the air.

At the instant when he was at the highest point of the leap, the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness, and the ranger, with a wild shout, threw apart his arms and legs, after the manner of a swimmer striking out, and fell to the ground within.

The sight caused a gasp of horror from nearly every one, for there was that in the scene which impressed even such veteran Indian fighters as composed the rescue party from Fort Defiance.

But before any one could run forward to the help of the stricken ranger, he sprang to his feet and stared curiously at the stock of his

help of the stricken ranger, he sprang to his feet, and stared curiously at the stock of his

feet, and stared curiously at the stock of his rifle.

"I'll be shot if I'm shot!" was his peculiar exclamation, "though I did think I had my last sickness sure."

It seemed that while he was grasping his gun in his right hand the stock projected behind him just far enough to parry the bullet, which otherwise would have passed through his body. The shock of the bullet against the weapon sent an electric thrill along the nerves of the scout, which for the instant made him believe he was mortally wounded, but he railied the moment he struck the ground.

Little time was given the defenders to express their wonder over the occurrence, when the

Little time was given the occurrence, when the whistling of rifle balls, the shouts of the Iroquois and the sight of the dusky redskins leaping from tree to tree and firing as fast as they could reload and aim, drew the attention of all to their

tree to free and ning as tast as they could re-load and aim, drew the attention of all to their serious peril.

It was at this time that the strong mind of Mrs. Hawley asserted itself, and she did an amount of good beyond that suspected by any of her friends.

Leaving the defense to the men, she devoted herself to keeping the helpless ones out of the range of the missiles, which came through the crevices between the bowlders, and flattened themselves against the flinty walls. But for her presence of mind more than one of the children, including her own Eva (who, following the universal rule, governed her grandmother in-stead of being governed by her) would have been killed. killed

been killed.

This first attack of the Iroquois resembled, in some respects, the old Chinese methods, since it was clearly an attempt to frighten the defenders by the tumult and uproar. There were probably twenty warriors engaged in the demonstration, and beside keeping up the fusillade as fast as they could reload their guns, they induged in a series of whoops and yells and shriels enough to startle the bravest person. They dodged back and forth, darting with wonderful rapidity from place to place, brandishing their arms and in some cases jumping up and down like so many frolicking children.

This reckless exposure was ended by several well directed shots from the rangers, who had reamed the woods too long to be frightened by such childish demonstrations.

A number of the women, however, were scared out of their wits, and added to the din by their own screams. They crouched close to the rocks, and expected every minute to see the Indians swarming over the defenses. There was little cause, however, to fear that, since the aborigines hold in just dread that species of fighting.

The attack lasted but a few minutes, and This first attack of the Iroquois resembled, in

g. attack lasted but a few minutes, and The attack lasted but a few minutes, and ended almost as advuptly as it began. Not a member of the garrison or the fugitives had been burt, while a number of the assailants must have suffered severely. All at once the shooting stopped, the rifles became silent, and not an froquois was in sight.

The defenders stood on the alert, well knowing that the red men often resort to such devices to deceive their renemes, renewing the attack with a ferocious suddenness which often overwhelms the few. But the minutes reassed

tack with a ferocious suddenness which often overwhelms the foe. But the minutes passed and nothing of the kind took place. Beyond a doubt the attack was over for a considerable time to come.

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

HE struggle between the Iroquois and the white men now took a different charter. The remise of

HE struggle between the Iroquois and the white men now took a different character. The repulse of the former had shown them that it was altogether impossible to carry the place by assault, and they resorted to the plan of harassing the defenders. Ensconcing themselves in the most secure positions they could find, they sought the opportunity to send in a treacherous shot when it was not expected. It may be said that after the first two or three this became impossible, since the scheme was understood and the whites were always on their guard.

always on their guard.

The firing was not always on the same side.

Those rangers, as you have learned long ago, were veterans in border warfare, and they were on the watch for chances to return the compli-

ments.

Thus it was that the dusky sharpshooter, who had climbed with no end of pains into the crotch of some tree, where he believed himself free from observation, had hardly fired his rifle free from observation, had hardly fired his rifle when he was perforated by the bullet of the ranger, watching his opportunity behind the bowleters and rocks, and, despite his frantic clutching at the leaves and twigs, he came tumbling through the limbs to the ground. Then, too, the fierce Seneca, after infinite patience and care, had no more than crawled to the spot where he saw a chance to fire through one of the smaller crevices, when he was riddled by the balls of the vigilant rangers, who were as keen of vision as he.

The result of all this was that by the time the sun was at meridian the firing ceased altogether. The Iroquois found it did not pay, and ammunition was too valuable for the defenders to throw it away in any bilind ventures.

The whites could not know of a certainty whether the Iroquois had withdrawn from the

fenders to throw it away in any blind ventures. The whites could not know of a certainty whether the Iroquois had withdrawn from the immediate vicinity, but, reasoning on general principles, they were quite sure they had not. Their vigilance, therefore, was not relaxed, even though hours passed without the firing of a gun or the appearance of a single warrior.

Now early on the afternoon of that balmy August day, Colonel Nick Hawley was peering through the loophole at the rear of Fort Defiance, as though awaiting the appearance of some person or the occurrence of an unexpected event.

The patriot officer was in great anguish of mind, for he knew that his mother, wife, and little child had left Haunted Gulch with the other families, and were at that moment in the woods, between the settlement and the block

house.

He was aware, also, that the escort party had been attacked by the Iroquois, for, though several miles intervened, the straining ear of more than one member of the garrison had caught the faint sound of firing up the valley. There could be no doubt that an encounter had taken also between the rangers and the red men. place between the rangers and the red men hom they were seeking to avoid. While the colonel had unbounded confidence

in his men, and especially in young Elmer Ros-lyn, you can readily understand the painful anxiety that filled his heart because of the dan-

lyn, you can readily understand the painful anxiety that filled his heart because of the danger of his beloved ones.

More than once he was on the point of taking a number of his men and rushing to their help, but his cooler judgment prevented it, and he awaited, with what patience he could, the development of events.

The frequent looks of the commander through the opening in the block house left no doubt that he was on the watch for something which he was justified in expecting. It may be worth the telling that his gaze centered on the spot where he held the secret meeting with a certain party the evening before.

At the very point where the two had met, Colonel Hawley suddenly awoke to the fact that a white handkerchief was tied to one of the lower limbs of a tree, and that it was gently futtering in the wind that was steading through the woods and across the clearing.

That this was the signal which the colonel was looking for was proven by the light which instantly glowed in his face, and by the expression that escaped him.

"At last 1 I don't suppose he is late, but I

sion that escaped him.
"At last! I don't suppose he is late, but I am so anxious that it seems to me I have waited

and so anatous that a good white. Telling one of the garrison that he would be gone only a brief time, the colonel passed out of the rear of the block house and the stockades, and walked over precisely the same path he had taken the night before, when holding his stolen

taken the ingline before, when a sole interview.

The same party was there awaiting him, the two shaking hands with a cordiality that left no doubt of their warm friendship.

"How do things look?" was the eager question of Nick Hawley the moment they were

tion of Nick Hawley the moment they were within speaking distance.
"Not as well as I wish," was the disquieting answer of the other, who reached up and removed the handkerchief from the limb; "but I hope they will pull through."
"Do you know whether any of our folks have been hurt?"
"None, so far as I have been able to find out."

been hurt?"
"None, so far as I have been able to find out."
"Now that that great load is lifted from my
heart, tell me the whole story," said Colonel
Hawley, with a sigh of relief, lighting his pipe
and seating himself beside the other on a fallen

The white man who had come so far to hold this stealthy interview with the commandant of Fort Defiance, took a seat beside him, and related the incidents which are already familiar to

you.

I need not tell you with what deep interest the colonel listened to the story, for his loved ones were still in peril, and under the most favorable circumstances it was doubtful whether the party could be brought through without serious loss.

"The Iroquois reached the cavern first," said the visitor, "and had possession before young Roslyn could get there with the rest. I was surprised to learn that the lad walked right into the tran that was set; but then he got himself!

the trap that was set; but then he got himself out again so cleverly that he more than evened

Where is he now?"

"Where is he now?"
"Prowling through the woods, looking for a chance to get back to his folks."
"And do you know where Benny Hurst is?"

"I can't answer that except to say I haven't the least idea. He had such a narrow escape that he had to run for it. I shouldn't wonder if

"I can't answer that except to say a mayon a the least idea. He had such a narrow escape that he had to run for it. I shouldn't wonder if he turned up here before the day is over."

"Where is Kit Wilton?"

"The last I saw of him he was holding con-versation with Red Thunder at the rear of the cavern from which Elmer Roslyn effected his

pe. And what about Drake Colgate, our valued

spy?"
"He has been invisible since his talk with

"He has been invisible since his talk with young Roslyn down the valley, when near the Iroquois camp fire."

Colonel Hawley and his visitor looked at each other with an odd expression on the face of each that would have puzzled you could you have seen it. That expression meant a good deal, as did the light laugh in which both indulged, and I promise to tell you all about it a little further on.

little further on.

The friend of the colonel now explained the plan he had determined to try for the relief of the party behind the walls of bowlders and rocks. It was an ingenious scheme, and the colonel, while fully alive to the doubt that must surround it. saw that it was the only thing that could be attempted, and was hopeful of its suc

could be attempted, and was noperum of the cess.

"But there is one thing that must be done," remarked the colonel, who saw everything with a military eye; "you must have a full understanding with the boys inside the inclosure, else the attempt is sure to end in disaster."

"That's what troubles me. How in the mischief car an understanding be reached with them? Tell me, if you can."

Colonel Hawley thoughtfully smoked his pipe a minute before answering. Then his face lighted up like one who had caught a bright idea.

idea.
"I have it! If Elmer has not managed to get back with his friends he must be seen before he can return, and the arrangement must be made with him. It is not likely that he will try before dark. You can find by a little cautious work, and then it will not take long to fix

matters."
"And after that he must get back among his folks without being shot by either side, and it seems to me he is in as great danger from one as from the other.'

as from the other."

"But don't you see that if the plan you speak
of is carried out he will have the very oppor-

of is carried out he will have the very oppor-tunity he needs?"

The colonel's friend was compelled to admit that such was the fact, though every scheme thought of was attended with more or less dan-ger to the whites.

"Let there be no mistake about it," added the officer intraestivals as he removed his nine

"Let there be no mistake about it," added the officer impressively, as he removed his pipe and used it to gesticulate with; "for you must see that the lives not only of the half dozen families depend upon the success of our plan..."

Not ours, colonel, but yours; you origi-

"Not ours, colonel, but yours; you originated it."

"And you adopted it, so it is ours. We are in the situation of the gambler who stakes everything on one throw of the dice; we shall either win all or lose all."

"With the chances about even."

"I hope a little better than that, but, my boy, we musu't think of failure. If disaster overtakes us I shall not escape, for I cannot live if I lose my family or little Eva."

"God grant that you may be spared that blow!" was the fervent exclamation of the visitor, who rose to his feet with the remark that every minute had now become precious, and he could not afford to lose any time.
So they shook hands and separated.

So they shook hands and separated.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

ELMER ROSLYN MEETS A FRIEND

ELMER ROSLYN MEETS A FRIEND.

APTAIN ELMER ROSLYN certainly had good cause to congratulate himself on the deft manner in which he escaped from the cavern, where he had been placed as a prisoner by the Indians. It seemed strange indeed that he was permitted to do so, and he could account for it on the ground that the attention of his captors was drawn to the more important events going on elsewhere.

drawn to the more important events going on elsewhere.

Since they were pretty sure to learn of his flight before long, it was likely that some effort would be put forth to recapture or shoot him. Accordingly, the instant he found himself out of sight of every one, he hurried down the mountain slope, until sure that he was far outside of the environing Senecas, when he began working his way back again.

Of course he was anxious above all things to rejoin his friends, but it did not take him long to learn that that was utterly impossible. With the Iroquois on every hand watching eagerly for some chance to shoot one of the defenders, they would be sure to discover and bring him

they would be sure to discover and bring him down the moment he tried to steal through the

lines.
"I've got to wait till night," was his conclu-

"I've got to wait till night," was his conclusion, "when, if I can get word to some of them, there may be a chance. I don't like the shape matters are taking," he added with a worried expression, "but we can only do our best."

Fully satisfied that any attempt to join his friends would be fatal, Elmer withdrew to a safe point, where he was not likely to be seen. The sound of firing brought him forward again, and he found it impossible to remain ouiet.

quiet.
"I suppose Mrs. Hawley and the rest think it's all up with me, and it is almost," he added,

with a feeling of self disgust as he recalled the

manner in which he had walked into the arms of his enemies.

Elmer was half inclined to hasten to the block house, in order to hold a conference with Colonel Hawley, whose experience and knowledge of woodcraft rendered him an exceedingly safe counselor.

The distance was considerable, but he could easily cover the ground before super. His home

easily cover the ground before sunset. His hope rather than expectation was that the Iroquois, being decisively repulsed, would withdraw far enough from the spot to allow him to slip in. "Well, I'll be shot!"

"Well, I'll be shot!"

The exclamation came from a point behind, and Elmer recognized the voice as he turned his head and saw Benny Hurst's grinning face projecting from behind the trunk of a beech.

The next instant the two grasped hands, and in the space of a few minutes each had told the other all he knew concerning the incidents of the day. You will admit that they had interesting stories to exchange.

But the question with them did not relate to the past, but to the immediate future. What

the past, but to the immediate future. was to be done? What could be done?

Would it not be wise for me to go to the fort and tell the colonel the fix we are in? Benny Hurst

and tell the colonel the fix we are in?" asked Benny Hurst.

"I've been thinking of doing the same thing myself, but it seems to me that he must know something about it. Though the fort is a good way up the valley there is so little wind—and what there is is in the right direction—that he has heard the sounds of the guns."

"Does he know about this place where the folks have taken refuge?"

"He knows it as well as I do, though of course he can't know that they are there now."

"Suppose he brings out what men he dare take away from the fort and attacks the Iroquois in the rear?"

"That seems the best plan, but it will all depend on the colonel," replied Elmer.
"I don't see how, even with the good strong men we have with us, we shall be able to get the folks to the fort without his help. They have them all surrounded, and are not likely to give them a chance to get away."

"There's one thing certain, too," added Elmer Roslyn, with a sigh; "if they don't elude the

"There's one thing certain, too," added Elmer Roslyn, with a sigh; "if they don't clude the Iroquois tonight they will never do so."
"There may be a better chance tomorrow nicht"

"There may be a better chance tomorrow night."

The young captain shook his head.
"The folks can't wait; they have nothing to eat or drink, and the children must be suffering already. Another will be too much."
"Well, I'll go," added Benny Hurst, "if you think it advisable."
"I do; while you are away I shall watch for an opening to join our friends, and, if there is any chance at all, I shall try it."
"Suppose there isn't any opening?"
"You'll find me in the neighborhood of this spot; I'll be listening for your whistle, and, if I hear it, will answer."
"Well, I'm off."
"Good luck to you; don't lose any time, but

"Well, I'm oft."
"Good luck to you; don't lose any time, but me back as soon as you can."
"If nothing happens I shall be here by sun-

down."

"Hardly that, but I'll be on the lookout."

It was a wearisome wait for Elmer, and it was impossible for him to content himself in idleness. He cautiously ventured nearer the defenses, but it proved as he anticipated; the Iroquois appeared to be everywhere, and, after several narrow escapes from discovery, he was forced to return to the spot where he had seen Benny Hurst depart, and await his return.

The Aurent sun sank hehind the reportains

Benny Hurst depart, and await his return.

The August sun sank behind the mountains, and night closed in over wilderness and valley, but the scout's expected signal did not reach the listening ears; and, despite the natural buoyancy of the young captain's spirits, he could not shake off the impression that something was amiss with his trusted friend.

He recalled that, although Benny was an experienced ranger, though remarkable good fortune had thus far attended him, yet it seemed to be his fate to become involved in all manner of difficulties that interfered with seconds of the schemes he had in mind.

"He has got into trouble again, and likely as not I shall see nothing of him before tomorrow, but, if he has been able to reach the fort and see Colonel Hawley, he has done some good."

out, if he has been able to reach the fort and see Colonel Hawley, he has done some good." By this time night had fairly shut in, and El-mer Roslyn was almost in despair. Benny Hurst had not yet appeared, and there scemed no hope for the fugitives, cramped in their close quarters and vainly looking for the relief that did not come.

I not come.
"I shall make a dash over the walls," muttered the youth, compressing his lips, as was his habit when he made up his mind on some important matter; "I've played the part of a spectator too long, and something now must be

one."
The thought had hardly taken shape, when The thought had narroly taken snape, which the long expected signal struck his ear. He instantly answered, and the next minute the welcome form of the scout approached through the

gloom.
"Sorry I kept you waiting, but the colonel wouldn't let me start until late. He said some of the Senecas were near the fort, and I was

sure to be seen."
"Well, what news do you bring?"
"I told him everything, and he replied with a good deal more hope than I expected. The fact is, I found out that in some way he had got a knowledge of how everything stood, and he thinks there is a good show for the escape of the folks."

"I should like to know in what way," said ne mystified Elmer. "Didn't he give you any

"I should like to know in what way," said the mystified Elmer. "Didn't he give you any explanation?"
"He told me to tell you to get back with the people just as soon as it was dark enough to try it."

"I was on the point of starting when I heard your signal; but what then?
"He said—"

Benny Hurst stopped and added in a whisper.

Benny Hurst stopped and added in a whisper, "There's some one near us."
"I heard a footstep."
Before the two could investigate, some one called in a guarded voice,
"It's me, Drake Colgate; I've been lookin' for you. Cap Roslyn, for a good while."
A dark figure came forward under the trees. Though the moon was shining, the shadows were so dense that nothing more than the outlines of the newcomer could be distinguished.

Inough the moon was sinning, the shadows were so dense that nothing more than the outlines of the newcomer could be distinguished.

"Who's your friend?" he asked, peering into the face of Benny Hurst, who tried in vain to get a glimpse of his features.

"Benny Hurst; you can say anything you choose before him."

"I'm glad to hear that, for I've something very important to tell you."

"Go on; we're ready."

"I've been among the Iroquois all the afternoon and have heard Red Thunder and Kit Wilton talking together."

"What did you learn?"

"Their whole plan of campaign."

"That's too good to be true!" exclaimed the delighted youth; "but let us hear it."

"It sounds so plaguey strange that you'll find it hard to believe, but every word I tell you is true as gospel. Kit Wilton told Red Thunder that he has found out for a fact that you mean

it hard to believe, but every word I tell you is true as gospel. Kit Wilton told Red Thunder that he has found out for a fact that you mean to move the folks into the cavern tonight."

"If I had made such an arrangement, how could he know it?"

"That's what I can't understand. He says you will send out one of your scouts to find whether the varmints have left the cavern, for of course you won't try it until you're sure the whether the variables have left the variety of course you won't try it until you're sure the way is open. If the varmints are there, your scout will let you know, and you will stay where you are till Colonel Hawley can send some more

you are till Colonel Hawley can send some more men to help you out."

"Suppose I find the cavern empty?"

"That's what you xu'll find; that Tory, one of the worst varmints that ever lived, is going to draw all his warriors off to the west of the cavern, that is toward Oākland, and keep them hid till you've got all your folks inside."

"And what then?"

"They'll besiege you, just as they're doin' now, and they'll keep their eyes open for Colonel Hawley. If he sends out any men to help you, they will be ambushed and cut off."

"But why would I run the risk of moving to

Hawley. If he sends out any men to help you, they will be ambushed and cut off."

"But why would I run the risk of moving to the cavern, when they can besiege us just as well as if we are here?"

"For the reason that you was so anxious to go there in the first place. That you have not lost any of your people is a piece of good fortune that can't last. If you are here tomerrow, some of them are certain to be cut off. In the cavern, you cannot be hurt by any of their sharpshooters."

you cannot be nure of any ers."
"But why don't they attack us when we're on "But why don't they attack us when we're on "But why don't have the folks are now?"

ers."

"But why don't they attack us when we're on the move from where the folks are now?"

"No doubt they could wipe you all out, but you've got a lot of Injin fighters with you, and they'll be sure to bring down a good many of the varmints, which you know they don't fancy. They're sartin of scooping every one of you in, so, after you get into the cavern, all they have got to do is to wait."

"I don't see why, if that is their plan, they didn't let us reach the cavern today, when I was so anxious to do it."

In fact the plan of the Iroquois campaign, as outlined by the half breed spy, Drake Colgate, struck Elmer Rosslyn as incredible, for it was altogether inconsistent with the actions of Kit Wilton and his allies throughout the day.

Was Colgate, after all, a traitor, while he pretended to be a friend?

(To be continued)

### A GIANT TOW.

An experiment in transporting lumber by water will probably have been decisively tested by the time this number reaches our readers. It is to be made in the shape of a big raft, some 560 feet in length, and so broad, and is to be towed from the

length, and 50 broad, and is to be towed from the Bay of Fundy to New York by a steamer. In describing this queer craft the New York Telegram states that it is longer than the big ocean steamer City of Rome, and is about the same width. In it are nearly 30,000 pieces of spruce timber, ranging in length from 35 to 75 feet, the entire mass built with regard for going through the water easily, and held together by a complex Mindian pulls upon the tow line the tighter the chains binding the raft will become. It took twenty men six months to put the mass into proper shape, the work having been begun in the fall of 1835. Last summer an attempt was made to launch the peculiar craft, but the launchways broke down, and the entire work had to be taken apart and rebuilt. The mass has since been successfully launched, and is now awaiting the Miranda's tow line.

#### AN APPARENT ANOMALY.

Mrs. Whitegoods (wearily)—"I must see a physician, dear; I have had such bad spells every

Mr. Whitegoods (impatiently)—" Bah, so has the typewriter girl at the office, and she's bright as a cricket all the time. Livelier she is the worse spells she has."

#### 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 considerately,
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,

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 "ifor 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

compositor in the office of the 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. A m on g the se last was Parcher, Jr., though he kept his thoughts to himself, and pocketed Ted's weekly half dollar with silent content. Teddy argued otherwise,

Teddy argued otherwise,

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 over his compositor's case all day, and far into the eveall day, and far into the evening, in an atmosphere of printer's ink and tobacco smoke. And reading long winded editorials or dreaty agricultural it e m s to the clicking of types is in itself rather dispiriting, to say nothing of the inevitable spring poetry and "Lines to —" turnished gratis to country newspapers. I don't wonder that he flew to the 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. ti gets there all the same. Teddy hurried away from the office, scrubbed himself thoroughly, changed his clothes and bolted his din-

the once, I have ged 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, why it'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

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 somethin' extry for his last ride," chuckled the ingenious youth.

better'n I think it will, Ted'll have to pay somethin' extry 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. This 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 with 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 pebble 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, Ir. "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 Merold' 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?"

kept going along, wheeling the carriage and I—I think mistook the street or road or something. Any way I found we were out there 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

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

wicker baby carriage.

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 nker and mounted.

Which way would they go—what should he

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 two men got up on the front seat. The older two men got up on the front seat of the state of the state

to have kept the wagon in sight and given the alarm.

But de 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 the state of the state

outstretched hand, and, let-ting go the guiding bar, scooped the baby—if I may so speak—from the crading a rm. 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 w as

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.

garian 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

did nothing of the sort. Her small red face twisted and grew purple back to her eartips. 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.

direction.

Just then an open buggy

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. Approached 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 meckness.

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.

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.

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,

MARY EDWARDSON,

MARY EDWARDSON,
ALTHEA GWENDOLINE ELFRIDA EDWARDSON,



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—at—"

"Wayback Center 2" 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, sin't it?"

Ted did not think it at all curious, but he was too politic 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.

"But about the baby, sir," gently interrupted

"But about the baby, sir," gently interrupted
Ted. "You know you were saving..."
"The baby?" repeated Mr. Edwardson,
vaguely; and then with difficulty coming back
to earth, he went on:
"Oh, I remember—yes. Well, somehow I

turned into a wood road with his bicycle in the direction of the smoke.

But emerging into a little clearing he discovered his mistake. The smoke came from a fire in a tiny forge which a swarthy, trampish looking individual was about estinguishing. Close by another ill favored man, with heavy black whiskers and a dirty face, was harnessing a pair of lean horses to a tilted cart, like a demoralized army wagon. Into the rear of this a dark faced woman was pitching some ragged bedding. Sitting on the greensward was a younger woman crooning a sort of lullaby to an infant closely wrapped in a dingy red shawl.

At Ted's sudden appearance the two men uttered a simultaneous exclamation, echoed in a lower key by the women.

uttered a simultaneous exclamation, echoed in a lower key by the women. But Ted gave this no heed. It was the same little company, calling themselves Hungarian gysies, who had stopped in passing through Wayback a couple of days before. The women sold baskets and told fortunes. The men repaired pots, kettles, umbrellas and even more pretentious articles with neatness and dispatch. And what more natural to suppose than that And what more natural to suppose than that they could put his bicycle in running order

again?

A little pantomine and the display of a silver half dollar was all sufficient. The fire in the forge was blown up, some braizing tools produced, and the job begun.

A moment or two before the tinker had completed his task, Ted, happening to glance in the direction of the wagon, saw something that turned the current of his thoughts very suddenly. The wind happened to blow aside the flap of canvas at the rear of the wagon, and Ted's astonished

#### THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

"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 resi-

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

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

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.

#### 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.

## Luke Walton;

THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY. BY HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Author of "The Young Acrobat," "Bob Bur-ton," "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

#### CHAPTER XI.

A HOUSE ON PRAIRIE AVENUE. A HOUSE ON PRAIRIE AVENUE.

HE 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."

saving you."
"Please lead me to the sidewalk,"

gasped the old lady,
Luke compiled with her request.
"I am deeply thankful
to you, my boy," s he
said, as soon as she found
voice. "I can see that I 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.

ance.
"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 num-ber on Prairie Avenue, which contains some of the finest private resi-dences 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." 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.

"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."

"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,

"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?"

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?"

way?"
"Yes; I sell papers."
"Then you are a newsboy."
"Yes, madam."
"Yes, madam."

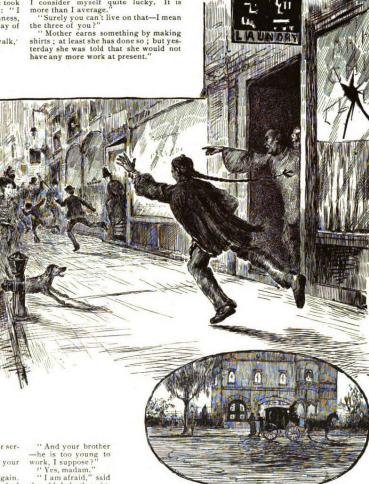
the old lady thought-fully, "that we who enjoy all that wealth

can give us, and are spared all pecuniary

ways 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 soe she can't tell when she will have work again."

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

"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."



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?" "No, Mrs. Merton-Master Harold is

THE ANGRY CHINAMAN STARTED IN PURSUIT OF TOM BROOKS.

"Never mind! You may come up-

stairs with me, young man."

Luke followed the old lady up the broad, handsome staircase, stealing a curious glance at an elegantly furnished drawing room, the door of which opened insenth elegantly furnished. into the hall.

into the hall.

His companion led the way into the front room on the second floor.

"Remain here till I have taken off my things," she said.

Luke scated himself in a luxurious arm chair, wholly unlike the chairs in his humble home.

He looked about him, and wondered how it would seem to live in such lux-ury. He had little time for thought, for in less than five minutes Mrs. Mer-

ton 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

"Yes; I am a widow. My married niece lives here with me. She is also a widow, with one son, Harold. I should the widow, with one son, Harold. I should the widow with the wight be about your age. Her 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 ac-

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 any-thing that will increase my income," said Luke, promptly.
"So I thought. Please call here tomorrow morn-

ing, and inquire for me. I will then tell you what I require."

"Very well, Mrs. Mer-ton. You may depend up-on me."
"And accept a week's

"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.

S 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.

was nair way to the end of his journey. When he did so he was agreeably surprised. The envelope contained a ten-dollar bill.

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 for-tunate 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 knowl-

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

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

"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,"

As soon as Luke heard this declaration he understood that the woman had laid a trap for him, and he realized his imprudence in displaying the money. Na-turally he looked excited and disturbed. He saw that in all probability the wo-man's word would be taken in preference He might be arrested, and find

it difficult to prove his innocence.

"Have you any suspicion as to who took it?" asked the old gentleman.

"I think this boy took it," said the woman, pointing to Luke. Hostile and suspicious eyes were turned

upon the latter.

Why is it that people are prone to believe evil of one who is accused, and to pronounce a verdict of guilty on that account alone

count alone?
"It's terrible, and he so young!" said an old lady with a serene cast of countenance, who sat next to the old gentleman. "What is the world coming to?"
"What, indeed, ma'am?" echoed the

old gentleman.

Luke felt that it was time for him to

Luke left that it was time for him to say something.
"This lady is quite mistaken," he de-clared, pale but resolute. "I am no thie!"

'It can easily be proved," said the woman, with a cunning smile. "Let boy show the contents of his pockets."

"Yes, that is only fair."
Luke saw that his difficulties were in-

creasing. 'I admit that I have a ten dollar bill

in an envelope," he said.
"I told you so!" cried the woman,

triumphantly. But it is my own."

"Graceless boy!" said the old gentle-nan severely. "Do not add falsehood man severely, to theft."

I am speaking the truth, sir. "I am speaking the truth, sir."
"How the boy brazens it out!" murmured the sour visaged lady, who was an old maid, but not from choice.
"Return the lady her money, unless you wish to be arrested," said the old gentleman. "It is really shocking that a how should be so unprincipled."

boy should be so unprincipled."
"I don't intend to give this person"—

Luke found it hard to say lady—"what she has no claim to."

Young man, you will find that you are making a grand mistake. Probably you give up the money the lady will

not prosecute you."
"No, I will have pity upon his youth," said the woman.

I can tell exactly where I got the

money," went on Luke, desperately.
"Where did you get it?" asked the old maid, with a sarcastic smile.
"From Mrs. Merton, of Prairie Ave-

"What did she give it to you for?"

"What did she give it to you for?"
"I am in her employment."
"Gentlemen," said the woman, shrugging her shoulders, "you can judge whether this is a probable story."
"I refer to Mrs. Merton herself," said

Lake

No doubt! You want to gain time. Boy, I am getting out of patience. Give

Boy, I am getting out of patience. Give me my money!"

"I have no money of yours, madam," replied Luke, provoked; "and you know that as well as I do."

"So you are impertinent as well as a thief," said the old gentleman. "I have no more pity for you. Madam, if you take my advice, you will have the lying rascal arrested."

rascal arrested. "I would prefer that he should give up the money quietly." "I will take it upon myself to call a

policeman when the car stops. I have seldom seen a more hardened young villain

"You do me great injustice, sir," said Luke. "Why do you judge so severely of one whom you do not know? Why do you accept this person's word, and refuse to believe me?

"Because, young man, I have lived too long to be easily deceived. I pride

myself upon my judgment of faces, and I can see the guilt in yours."

The woman gazed about her triumphantly. It looked to her as if her trick phantly. It looked to her as it her trick would be successful, and she would gain ten dollars by sacrificing the reputation of a boy. I hope there are not many persons of either sex so contemptibly mean as was this well dressed woman.

Luke looked about him earnestly, "Is there no one in this car who "Is there no one in this car who be-lieves me innocent?" he asked.

"No," said the old gentleman. all believe that this very respectable lady charges you justly.

charges you justly."
"I say amen to that," added the old maid, nodding sharply.
When things are at the worst they are liable to take a turn.
Next to the old maid sat a man of

about thirty five, in a business suit, who, though he had said nothing, had listened attentively to the charges and counter charges. In him Luke was to find a powerful and effective friend.

'Speak for yourself, old gentleman," said. "You certainly are old enough have learned a lesson of Christian

charity."
"Sir," exclaimed the old gentleman in "Sir," exclaimed the old gentleman in a lofty tone, "I don't require any instruction from you."
"Why do you think the boy a thief? Did you see him take the money?"
"No, but its presence in his pocket is proof enough for me of his guilt,"
"Of corporal it is!" said the old, maid

"Of course it is!" said the old maid triumphantly, and she glared at Luke's defender in a manevolent way.

The young man did not appear in the least disconcerted.
"I have seldom encountered more un-

"I have seidom encountered more uncharitable people," he said. "You are ready to pronounce the boy guilty without any proof at all."
"Don't it occur to you that you are insulting the lady who brings the charge?" asked the old gentleman,

sternly.

The young man laughed.

"The woman has brought a false charge," he said.
"Really, this is outrageous!" cried the old maid. "If I were in her place I would make you suffer for this cal-

Probably I know her better than you rrobably I know her better than you do. I am a salesman in Marshall Field's dry goods store, and this lady is a notorious shop lifter. She is varying her performances today. I have a great mind to call a policeman. She deserves

Had a bombshell exploded in the car would not have been a greater tion. The woman rose without a sensation. The woman rose without a word, and signaled to have the car stopped.

Now, sir," went on the young man, sternly, "if you are a gentleman you will apologize to this boy for your unworthy suspicions, and you, too, ma-

The old maid tossed her head, but could not find a word to say, while the old gentleman looked the picture of mortification.

"We are all liable to be mistaken!" he

muttered in a confused tone. "Then be a little more careful next time, both of you! My boy, I congratu-late you on your triumphant vindica-

"Thank you, sir, for it. I should have stood a very poor chance without your help."

The tide was turned, and the unchari-

table pair found so many unfriendly glances fixed upon them that they were glad to leave the car at the next crossing.

### CHAPTER XIII.

BEGIN to think I am the favorite of fortune," thought I at be Given think I am the favorite of fortune," thought Luke. "Ten dollars will more than pay a month's rent. Mother will feel easy now about her loss of employment."

Some boys would have felt like taking

Some boys would have left like taking a holiday for the balance of the day, perhaps of going to a place of amusement, but Luke bought his evening papers as usual. He had but half a dozen left when his new acquaintance, Stephen Webb, sauntered along.

How's business, Luke?" he asked. Very fair, thank you."

"Give me a News.

Stephen passed over a penny in pay-ment, but did not seem inclined to go

"I meant to see you before," he said, "but my time got filled up."

"Have you taken a situation, then?" asked Luke. No, I am still a man of leisure. Why

"No, I am still a man of leisure. Why don't you hire a small store, and do a general periodical business? It would pay you better."
"No doubt it would, but it would take

money to open and stock such a store.

"I may make a proposition to you some time to go in with me, I furnishing the capital, and you managing the busi-

ness."
"I am always open to a good offer,"

said Luke, smiling.

Stephen Webb's available capital was less than Luke's, but he wanted to create the impression that he was a man of means, and also to worm himself into the newsboy's confidence.

I suppose I ought to have some iness, but I'm a social kind of fellow, and should want a partner, a smart, en-terprising, trustworthy person like you."
"Thank you for the compliment."

"Never mind that! I am a judge of human nature, and I felt confidence in

you at once."

Somehow Luke was not altogether in-Somehow Luke was not altogether in-clined to take Stephen Webb at his own valuation. His new acquaintance did not impress him as a reliable man of business, but he had no suspicion of anything underhanded.

By this time Luke had disposed of his

remaining papers.
"I am through for the day," he said, 'and shall go home."
"Do you walk or ride?"
"I walk."

"If you don't mind I will walk along with you. I haven't taken much exercise today."

cise today."

Luke had no reason for declining this proposal, and accepted Stephen's companionship. They walked on Clark Street to the bridge, and crossed the river. Presently they reached Milwaukee Avenue

'Isn't the walk too long for you?"

asked Luke.

"Oh no! I can walk any distance
when I have company. I shall take a
car back." Stephen accompanied the newsboy as

far as his own door. He would like to have been invited up, but Luke did not care to give him such an invitation Though Stephen seemed very friendly invitation was not one with whom he cared to cul-

was not one with whom he cared to cultivate intimate relations.
"Well, so long!" said Stephen, with his "good night," "I shall probably see you tomorrow."
"I have found on the

I have found out where they live," thought Stephen "On the whole, I am making a very good detective. I'll da line to Uncle Thomas this evening. I'll drop

Meanwhile Luke went upstairs two steps at a time. He was the bearer of good tidings, and that always quickens the steps.

He found his mother sitting in her

ricking chair with a sober face.
"Well, mother," he asked, gayly,
"how have you passed the day?"
"Very unprofitably, Luke. I went
out this afternoon, and visited two
places where I thought they might have some sewing for me, but I only met with disappointment. Now that I have a sewing machine, it is a pity that I can't make use of it."

"Don't be troubled, mother! We can get along well enough."

"But we have only your earnings to depend upon, Luke."
"If I always have as good a day as

this, we can depend on those very easily." Did you earn much, Luke," asked

Rennie I earned a lot of money."

Mrs. Walton looked interested, and Luke's manner cheered her.

"There are always compensations, it seems. I was only thinking of my own bad luck."

"What do you say to that, mother?" and Luke displayed the ten dollar bill.

and Luke displayed the ten dollar bill.
"I don't understand how you could have taken in so much money, Luke."
"Then I will explain," and Luke told the story of the adventure on State Street, and his rescue of the old lady

from the danger of being run over.
"The best of it is," he concluded, "I think I shall get regular employment for part of my time from Mrs. Merton. Whatever I do for her will be liberally paid for.

Dand for."

Luke went out to a bakery for some cream cakes, of which Bennie was particularly fond, as an addition to their frugal supper, and the evening was passed in a very cheerful and hopeful fashion.

At the same time Stephen Webb was busily engaged in the writing room of

the Palmer House, inditing a letter to his uncle. We will take the liberty of looking over his shoulder while he writes:

DEAR UNCLE THOMAS,—I have devoted my whole time to the task which you assigned me, and have met with very good success. I found he boy uncommunicative, and had to exert all the boy uncon my ingenuity.

Of the accuracy of this and other state ments the reader will judge for himself.

ments the reader will judge for himself.

The boy has a mother and a younger brother.
They depend for support chiefly upon what he can earn, though the mother does a little sewing, but that doesn't bring in much. They live in Green Street, near Milwaukee Avenue. I have been there, and seen the house where they reside. It is a humble place, but as good, I presume, as they can afford. No doubt they are very poor, and have all they can do to make very poor, and have all they can do to make both ends meet.

I have learned thus much, but have had to work hard to do it. Of course I need not say that I shall spare no pains to meet your expectations. If you should take me into your confidence, and give me an idea of what more you wish to know, I feel sure that I can manage to secure all needed information.

Your duitful nephew,

STEPHEN WEBB.

STEPHEN WERR

Thomas Browning, in his Milwaukee home, read this letter with satisfaction.
"My nepnew seems curious," he said, meditatively: "but I do not feel disposed to tell him my object in looking up those Waltons. If he knew my secret he would be likely to trade upon it. That

way of making a living would suit him better than solid work." He wrote briefly to his nephew: "You have done well thus far, "You have done well thus far, and I appreciate your zeal. Get the boy to talking about his father, if you can. Let me hear anything he may say on this subject. As to my motive, I suspect that Mr. Walton may have been an early acquaintance of mine. If so, I may feel disposed to do something for the family."

family."

"Uncle Thomas may tell that to the marines," said the astute Stephen. "He can't humbug me by posing as a philanthropist. He looks out for number one every time. I'll follow up this matter, and I may learn more in course of time."

On his way to the Sherman House the on his way to the Sherman House the next morning Luke witnessed rather an exciting scene, in which his old ac-quaintance, Tom Brooks, played a pro-minent part.

minent part.

There was a Chinese laundry on Milwaukee Avenue kept by a couple of
Chinamen, who were peaceably disposed
if not interfered with. But several boys, headed by Tom Brooks, had repeatedly annoyed the laundrymen, and excited their resentment.

On this particular morning Tom sent a On this particular morning rom series as stone crashing through the window of Ah King. The latter had been on the watch, and, provoked beyond self control, rushed out into the street, wild with

trol, rushed out into the street, wild with rage, and pursued Tom with a flatiron in his hand.

"Help! help! murder!" exclaimed Tom, panic stricken, running away as fast as his legs would carry him.

But anger, excited by the broken window, lent wings to the Chinaman's feet, and he gained rapidly upon the young aggresser. aggressor.

(To be continued)

#### A DISHONORABLE WOUND.

Now and again incidents and accidents occur to actors on the stage that place them in very trying, albeit extremely comical predicaments. One of these is described by Dion Boucicault in a series of

these is described by Dion Boucicault in a series of reminiscences furnished to the New York World.

It occurred during the last scene of the "Shaugh-raun," on the first might of that play's presentation in New York. In this scene Molineux played by Montague; has to search for the wound in Kinchela's body inflicted by Conn's pistol shot. The text directs Molineux to feel the breast of Kinchela's coat, exclaiming: "The builtet entered here, but something has arrested its progress. Alt this pocketbook has saved his life!" Montague could prove the proceeding the proceeding

#### HIS IDEA OF IT.

A TEACHER asked one of her scholars the mean-

ing of the word "vicissitude,"
"Change," was the reply,
"That is right," said the teacher; "now give
me a sentence with the word vicissitude in it."
"My mother sent me to the store to vicissitude a
dollar bill."

#### LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

BY IDA RILEY.

BRIGHTER than the streams that glisten,
Sweeter than the songs that sing,
Tender than the songs that sing,
Tender than the songs that sing.
To the fullness of the spring
Is the sing that sing the sing that the set of the sing
Is the sing that sing the sing that the set of the spring
Is the sing that sing the sing the sing that sing the sing that sing the sing th

We would find our lives were measured Where the journey, was begun, In the shade, if shade is treasured Memories of the brightest sun.

#### TOLD BY A TRAPPER.

TOLD BY A TRAPPER.

E have recently had inquiries from our headers concerning traps and trapping. As a partial answer to these questions we herewith print extracts from a Time article on trapping the grizzly:

"The grizly bear," says Trapper Read, who for forty years has trapped, hunted and fought Indians among the Rocky Mountains," next to the Indian, is the ugliest customer that the hunter, miner, or prospector has to deal with. You don't have to depend on your cunning as a bunter to insure yourself the sight of one, for they are neither modest not 'scarce' about putting themselves in your way. As a general thing, if the hunter isn't experienced, it will require more canning and skill or him to get out of the sight of the grizzly than it will for him to come in sight of one. Since I went to the Rockies the Indian has been greatly awed and tamed down, but he advance of civilization has not added one iota of sweetness to the grizzly bear's temper or tended to dull his claws or loosen his teeth.

"As far as danger is concerned, I believe there is more in trapping the grizzly than there is in chasing him with a rifle. Our traps are pondersous iron implements, as heavy as three of your black bear traps, and with jaws so stiff that it requires two men using a lever to force them open so they can be set. We attach a strong chain to the trap, the same as you do for the playthings you call bear here in the East, but our chains are strong enough for log chains. At the other end of the chain is attached an iron ring or band six or eight inches in diameter. This is forced, by pounding it with a maul, over the end of a log six feet long and big enough around to make the iron band fit so tightly around it that it can't be pulled off. When a grizly steps on the pan of one of these great traps and the stiff jaws close on his leg, the beaty log serves as a hindrance to him as he drags it along by the chain on his retreat to his hauss in the tangled thickets he favors.

"A great dead of cunning has to be used in setting a trap

territory between him and the mysterious cause of his fear.

"And what do you suppose is the favorite food of this fierce and hulking monster? The food of this fierce and hulking monster? Ground mice, moles, grubs and crickets. What do you think of a great bloodthirsty beast, weighing 1200 pounds, hunting and devouring such insignificant things as these? Yet a grizzly bear will do that all day long.

"Once I trapped for several days for a big grizly that was prowling about a mining camp where I was staying, but I failed in every attempt I made to lead the wily beast into my steel. I was about to give him up as a bad job, when I heard a ground mouse squealing near where the trap was set, and I made up my mind the trap as some search leaght a dozen mice, and covering up my traps carelessly with some dead branches, I led half a dozen of the mice, and covering up my traps carelessly with some dead branches, I led half a dozen of the mice, and covering up the spot and hour or so later found Mr. Grizzly fast, with both of his paws in the trap. The mice had overcome his fears, and I put him out of his trouble by loading him with a few rifle halk. After that I would never have used anything she but ground mice to tempt grizzlies to my traps, but they are not an easy thing to get bold of, and I had to do without them except or are ocasions.

"We set our bear traps miles back in the feotome forest where the

hold of, and I had to do without them except on rare occasions.

"We set our bear traps miles back in the gloomy forests, where the grizzly bears love to have their lairs among the tangled, fallen timbers, over which no one can pass except on foot, and then only with great difficulty. When I first went out the grizzly's country, in 1849, there were no such things as repeating rifles, or even brech loaders. All I had was a heavy single harder rifle to do my hunting with for seral years. To come upon an ugly gruzzly, weighing had a ton or so, and probably not only ready but anxious for a fight, was something than the single barried gun. Under such circumstances was a facility of the standard of

course the pleasantness of the situation was greatly enhanced. But nowadays a Winchester rifle makes the meeting of a grizzly a more serious matter for the bear than it was in times that I remember vividly.

"I believe that the experience of all grizzly bear trappers has proved that a grizzly will invariably escape from a trap life he is not overtaken by the hunter within a few hours after being caught. It is to lessen the danger of this that all the skillful trappers fasten the clog to the trap with the chain on one end of it. Some trappers fasten the chain to the middle of the log, but that shows that the man don't know his business. With the chain fastened to the end of the clog it is dragged along edgewise, and clears all obstructions that would catch and hold it crosswise if it were dragged from the middle. Nine times out of ten a grizzly will be caught by the trap not far from the extremity of one of his fore paws. Very rarely can it happen that both paws are in the trap.
"On being caught the bear rushes with all the speed he can summon, and in a tremendous rage, toward the nearest swamp or thicket.

his fore paws. Very rarely can it happen that both paws are in the trap.

"On being raught the bear rushes with all the speed he can summon, and in a tremendous rage, toward the nearest swamp or thicket, neither of which he has to go far to find. He seems to know that his life depends on his speedily ridding himself of the incumbrance of the trap. As he tears on through the forest he mows great swaths in the underbrush. He drags the trap and clog against trees, logs and rocks, and whenever some obstruction holds them fast he tugs and jerks his imprisoned foot, trying to tear it loose. If the chain held the clog in the middle the bear would not go far before the drag would be caught between two trees and held securely. Then one or two determined lunges backward by the bear with his enormous body would lear the feet loose, and the grizzly would escape to the swamp. I have more than once come up with my trap and found nothing in it but the ragged and bloody half of some monster bear's foot, and such has been the experience of all trappers.

"The further a grizzly bear goes on his furious march without ridding himself of the trap, the greater his rage becomes. If he happens to strike against a tree and does not hold there he will turn on the tree and tear its trunk with his teeth, sometimes gnashing half the trunk away. I have followed the trails of grizzlies through the thick timbers while they were endeavoring to free themselves of their traps, and have counted sapling after sapling chewed to the ground as completely as if they had been chopped down with an axe, the tree being covered with blood from the wounds made on the mouths of the bears in their blind rage.

"To come up with a half ton grizzly bear while he is in such a condition of temper is like meeting a cyclone. As you follow the trail, which is usually a long way through the forest, and probably a mile or more into a swamp where you can see but a few yards about you in any direction, you are constantly expecting the bear to rise up somewhere and charge

which is usually a long way through the forest, and probably a mile or more into a swamp where you can see but a few yards about you in any direction, you are constantly expecting the bear to rise up somewhere and charge upon you like an avalanche. There have been times when trappers have come up with the bear at the very moment when he has at last succeeded in tearing loose from the trap. Then there is apt to be trouble for the trapper unless he is as quick as a panther and his gun is sure.

"The bear makes one wild rush upon his foe. He ccases to be a bear, and is a demon incarnate. Nothing can stop him but plenty of lead well poured into him from a rifle by a man who knows just where to pour it. If that fails to stop the bear or cause him to falter, the life of the man he is after isn't worth an ounce of powder. He will be torn to pieces so quickly that it isn't likely he will know what disturbed him. I have known of more than one trapper ending up in that way, and have heard of many more. "I have never kept a record of the number of grizzlies I have killed, but it is up among the fundreds. In spite of the greater flerceness of the grizzly compared with the common black bear, and the more difficulty and danger there are in hunting him, I have never received even a scratch from one in all the forty years I have hunted and trapped grizzlies. On the other hand, strange as it may seem, I have a big scar yet on my thigh which is the reminder of an ugly wound given me by an ordinary I lack bear along this very Pine Creek fort five wars go in a desperate hand to hand fight. But I have always consoled myself with the thought that if the bear had been a grizzly it would have chewed me up completely."

#### A FORTUNE IN THE FAR FUTURE.

As some of our readers with literary tastes doubtless already know, certain high standing magazines make a practice of not paying for accepted articles until after publication. This would not be so bad if it were not for the fact that the majority of these periodicals are so crowded with matter that publication of fresh material is frequently postponed until the latter becomes stale and the writer's patience is exhausted, to say nothing of his funds.

Puck disports itself on this custom in the follow ing dialogue:

ing dialogue:

Insurance Agent—If you insure in our company you will get your money back in your old age, when you need it. You will have a good income when you are aged.

His Vietim—I shan't need it. I am certain of a good income in my old age. My business assures

It!
Insurance Agent—Why, what do you do?
His Victim—I am a magazine writer. I am not paid for my articles until after their publication.
My old age is all fixed. What I want is a present income.

#### Mothers

do you not see the pallid face, once so bright, growing thinner. Do you not hear the backing cough, and note thinner. Do you not hear the backing cough, and note brightness, and keen enjoyment for all the pleasures of life? Do not be mistaken or deceived. That child is dying of communition—slowly, lost surely, Yet thousands of life? Do not be mistaken or deceived. That child is dying of communition—slowly, lost surely, Yet thousands principles of the communities of

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Cough Colds, and all other Throat Troubles.—"Pre-emir ently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.—Adv.

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#### CONSUMPTION CURED.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his leands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarth, two and readical cure for Nervons Delnitity, and all Nervons Complaints, atter having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of case, has felt it bis duty to the property of the constant of the constant of the property of the constant o

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loca in plain wrapper for Weents in stamps or two for socen by GEORGEN, STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Nigara Stree Buffalo, N. Y. My FRECKLE-WASH cures Freckle Tan, and makes the hands white: sent post-paid for 20 in replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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alternating with chilly sensations, sharp,
biting, transient pains here and there, cold
feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or
disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant,
indescribable feeling of dread, or of impendinf, by the state of the sense of the sense
if you have all, or any considerable number of
these symptoms, you are suffering from
that most common of American maladiesBillious Dyspepska, or Torpid Liver, associated
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or later, induce a fatal termination.

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necessary and other excretory organs, cleansing,
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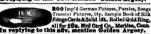
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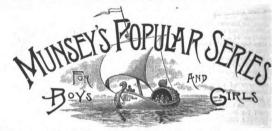




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