

# GOLDEN ARGOSSY

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MATTHEW, TERROR STRICKEN, DROPPED HIS CLUB AND FLED AT THE TOP OF HIS SPEED, LEAVING HIS CONFEDERATE, TIM SHORT, IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE MAN WHOM THEY HAD ASSAULTED.

## Under Fire; OR, FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

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

### CHAPTER IV. FRED ON ESCORT DUTY.

THE evening was a memorable one for Fred. His enjoyment had been far greater than he anticipated; and what a boy of sixteen will not anticipate is not worth considering. It seemed to him as he left Gracie Bernard's with a proud step and a lightsome

heart, that he had been blue over the society question for nothing, for, in fact, had he at this time possessed no friend save the single one whose arm now rested closely within his own, he would have been fully satisfied. Perchance, in his boyish imaginings, he was more happy than he could ever be in after years, even though these dreams should become a living truth.



And it is but just to Fred to say that his fair companion, as they walked leisurely toward her home, was almost if not quite as happy as himself.

This was the first time they had ever been out together in the evening, and as he somewhat timidly pressed her arm closely to his side, he felt all the pride of a hero in performing such delightful, if not dangerous, escort duty—a duty that was a profound pleasure to him. And indeed there was danger enough awaiting him, too, though it lay in ambush, and he had not thought of its existence.

The distance to Nellie's home was not great, but my reader may perhaps suspect that the time occupied in traversing it was somewhat prolonged. Under similar circumstances, with such delightful company, the reader himself would perhaps have used every honorable device to consume as many minutes as possible before parting with his fair associate. I shall not dispute his view, but will be just frank enough to say that this is exactly what Fred did do.

Of course, by way of conversation, it was natural to discuss the evening party and those present.

Young De Vere very justly came in for a degree of censure.

"What could have been the trouble with Matthew?" asked Nellie, clinging closely to Fred as they passed a lone, some lane.

"I would rather not discuss him," replied the latter.

"Why not? Is he such a friend of yours that you will say nothing against him? Surely you can give no excuse for his acting as he did tonight?"

"Well, you are partially right."

"In what way?"

"So far as this—that I dislike to speak against any one."

"I thought it could not be you were so friendly that you wished to shield him."

"No, for he is very unfriendly towards me. Didn't you notice that when he asked you to wait with him?"

"Yes; but you did not hear his remark about you, I hope."

"Oh, yes, I heard it—he probably wanted me to hear it—but I could not notice it there."

"It was hateful and mean in him," replied Nellie, sympathetically; "and he was as rude as he could be all the evening."

Fred had too much spirit to take kindly to being insulted, but Nellie's warm hearted manner of sympathizing with him, and criticising his rival, made him almost wish that De Vere were again present to make some insolent remark, and that he might have the pleasure of hearing Nellie still further champion his cause.

"But you did not tell me what made him so uncivil," Nellie went on to ask.

"No."

"Do you know?"

"I suppose he was unhappy."

"I should think he must have been very unhappy to act as he did."

"Yes, it would seem so."

"But what could have caused it, I wonder?" asked Nellie, with much innocence.

"Do you really want me to tell you?"

"Why, to be sure I do."

"Couldn't you guess?"

"I know I could not."

"Not if you were to try very hard?"

"No."

"You should be more egotistic, then."

"Why, what do you mean, Fred?"

"I mean that the cause that made him unhappy was the same one that made me happy, and gave me the pleasantest evening of my life," replied Fred, tightening the pressure slightly on his companion's arm, and thus drawing her closer to him.

"I can't see how this affects me, or proves, as you say, that I should be more egotistic," replied Miss Nellie, continuing with feminine perversity to feign innocence and ignorance, that she might keep Fred longer upon a topic at once so flattering and delightful.

"Then I will be plainer—very plain—and say that you were the cause yourself."

If the night had been a light one, Fred would have seen a bewildering blush cover the fair face of his companion. As it was, he guessed the truth, and

realized that the effect of his words was altogether gratifying to Nellie's pride—it could hardly be anything more sentimental than pride.

But now they were at her home—all too soon as it seemed to Fred—and her father and mother had heard them come up the steps; so the "good night" must be brief.

Nellie extended her hand, with its graceful, tapering fingers, to him, and thanked him very prettily for his attention during the evening, and for escorting her safely home. In return, Fred gave her hand a slight pressure from the impulse of his honest, manly heart, that meant a thousand thanks for the pleasure she had given him, which would be a gratifying recollection for weeks and months to come.

## CHAPTER V.

### TWO DISAPPOINTED HIGHWAYMEN.

WHILE Fred was enjoying the latter part of his evening so thoroughly, Matthew was miserable in his anger, as he and his confederate remained crouched under the shadow of the old barn, chafing at our young hero's non appearance.

Every minute seemed ten to him, there in the cold night wind, as he meditated upon the events of the past few hours, and imagined his rival enjoying the pleasure of escorting Nellie home. The more he thought upon the matter the more vividly he pictured the situation, and the greater the contrast seemed to be between his own position and that of the boy he hated.

And as he dwelt upon this picture, and thought, and thought rightly, that Fred was prolonging the time in reaching Dr. Dutton's house, his anger became more bitter against his intended victim, for being kept there so long in the frosty night, and chilled by the cold, bleak wind of November.

It was indeed a galling situation for Matthew, and right well he deserved to be placed in it. He was on a wicked errand—an errand for which he should have suffered a severe punishment. And still the time went on, and the cold grew more intense, until their teeth chattered, and their fingers were numb, and yet Fred did not appear.

Matthew was so bent on revenge that he hated to give up his evil project; but he had waited so long, looked, listened, and hoped, and no sound of footsteps could be heard, that now he broke out angrily:

"Worthington isn't coming, after all—the sneak!"

"Don't believe he is," shivered Tim, who was evidently very anxious to get out of his contract.

"But he must come this way," continued Matthew.

"He might go to the other road and cut across the grove."

"Why should he do that when it is so much farther? Listen, do you hear it? There is a step now!" exclaimed De Vere, clutching his club tightly.

"Sure as I'm alive, there he comes," said Tim, pointing to an approaching object just growing visible.

"Let him get nearly opposite us before striking. Ah, now I'll get square with him—the tramp! I'll teach him better than to interfere with me," continued Matthew, swinging his club as if raining imaginary blows upon the head of his victim.

"I should think so," observed Tim.

"He will think so, too, in about a minute. He will wish he had not crossed my path."

"Where shall I hit him?"

"Hit him on the leg so he can't run."

"He might get my club if he has the use of his arms, and then it would be all day with us," put in Tim, with a hint at caution.

"Don't you worry. I'll fix him quick enough so he won't bother us with his arms," replied De Vere, in a savage tone.

"How will you do it?"

"Hark, now is the time!" returned Matthew, darting from his hiding place.

"Stop, villain!"

The words suddenly rang out upon the night in a powerful voice. They struck terror to the heart of the highwayman whose club was raised high in the air, ready to descend upon his victim.

The sudden appearance of a strong

man before him, as if by magic, the disappointment, the danger and the surprise, almost paralyzed Matthew with fear, and he dropped his club and fled, like the coward that he was.

But not so fortunate in escaping was young Tim Short, for before he had time to realize the unexpected situation, his club fell heavily upon the leg of the man that he had taken for Fred Worthington.

Though he heard the command to stop, and did actually break the force of his blow in consequence, nevertheless he struck so hard that Jacob Simmons, for that was the name of the man, thought for a time that his leg was broken. Notwithstanding this, however, he made sure of his assailant, and held him in an iron grasp.

Jacob was fairly taken aback at first as the two boys rushed out upon him, but Tim's well aimed club speedily brought him to his senses, and aroused his temper as well. He consequently fell upon his assailant like a madman, and choked him till he cried piteously for quarter.

"What does this mean?" demanded Jacob, angrily, at the same time enforcing his demand by shaking his prisoner as a terrier might shake a rat.

"I do—don't—don't know," replied the boy, as he, with much difficulty, forced breath enough through the grasp of the strong man's hand around his throat to speak at all.

"Don't, eh?" echoed Mr. Simmons, with another shake, given, probably, with the view of bringing Tim to his senses.

"It was a mistake—oh, don't; you will choke—choke me to death."

"Well, then, tell me all about this business, and why you assaulted me in this outrageous manner."

"We didn't know it was you. We thought—"

"The truth, mind you, now."

"I am telling the truth, and I say we thought you were some one else."

"It was a plot, then, laid to rob and murder me or some one else."

"No, it wasn't, and I didn't have anything to do with the plot. Matthew hired me to—"

"Matthew who?" interrupted Jacob, whose anger was giving place, to some extent, to his interest in the affair.

"It was Matthew De Vere."

"Matthew De Vere!" exclaimed Mr. Simmons, with intense surprise, giving vent to a low whistle. "His father rich, proud—a banker," continued the wily Jacob, easing his grasp upon the throat of Tim.

"And he, Matthew De Vere, is the villain who raised his club to hit me on the head—to murder me, perhaps."

Young Short caught at the idea of freeing himself by implicating Matthew, so he replied:

"Yes, he was the fellow, but when he saw his mistake, he dusted out, for it wasn't you he wanted."

"Of course you would plead innocent—all outlaws do—and try to throw the blame on some one else; but you can't get away now. I shall have you arrested and locked up for an attempt at robbery and murder."

"Oh, don't—don't!" pleaded Tim, with tears and bitter anguish.

"Come along. I'll have you put in safe keeping, where you will not get a chance to try this game of murder again right away."

"Please don't! Oh, don't, Mr. Simmons! I will tell you all I know about it, and do anything—work all my life for you—if you will only let me go."

"Let you go, after this affair? Yes, I will let you go—to the sheriff. Come along, I say."

"It's all Matthew's fault, wanting to lick Fred Worthington."

"Do you expect me to believe such a story? It's a fine yarn to try and clear yourself when you were the one that almost broke my leg with your club."

"He told me to hit you—"

"Told you to hit me?"

"I mean to hit Fred, for he was waiting for him—said he wanted to get square with him."

"Then, according to your own story, you hired yourself to Matthew De Vere to come here and waylay an innocent boy, and beat him with clubs, and perhaps murder him."

"Yes; but I didn't think much about it, or I wouldn't have come. Matthew hired me."

"So much the worse, if you would sell yourself to do such a wicked deed. You are as guilty as he, and it is my duty to hand you over to the State."

It was plainly Mr. Simmons's duty to hand young Short over to the authorities, but when he found that Matthew De Vere was the principal offender, a scheme instantly suggested itself to him—a plan to extort money from the rich banker to keep the affair a secret, and save his family from disgrace. Thus Jacob's regard for the law and justice, which was sincere at first, before he saw an opportunity of turning his knowledge to a money value, was now but an assumed position to draw Tim out, and to hold over his head the power that would frighten him into doing his bidding.

By entertaining this idea, of suppressing the knowledge of the crime in order to get the reward, Mr. Simmons became, in a sense, a party to the assault upon himself, and morally guilty with the boys, though, undoubtedly, in a less degree.

However, this did not trouble his conscience, as he was one who lived for money, and he saw here a chance to replenish his pocketbook. He took Tim with him, and, after getting his story in full regarding Matthew's object in waylaying Fred Worthington, he gave him a conditional pardon; that is, he agreed to wait a few days before handing him over to the sheriff, to see if he could get Matthew to buy his liberty by paying handsomely to suppress the whole affair. If he did not succeed in this, he assured Tim that he would then be arrested, convicted, and sent to prison.

Mr. Simmons next told his prisoner that Matthew was liable with him, and would be arrested at the same time unless he complied with his proposition, which was that he should be paid five hundred dollars cash for the injuries he had received. If Matthew and his father did not comply with this demand, then he would summon the sheriff at once, have both offenders arrested, and the entire facts made public.

Though five hundred dollars seemed an enormous sum of money to young Short, he was nevertheless glad to get off temporarily on these conditions. He promised to try and raise this sum through Matthew, or, if he failed in so doing, to secure by some means one hundred dollars to free himself. Jacob had at last very shrewdly, though with seeming reluctance, agreed, if Tim could do no better, to take the one hundred dollars in settlement for the part he played in the assault, provided he would hold himself in readiness to testify against Matthew.

Short readily agreed to this proposition, and looked upon the magnanimous Mr. Simmons as a paragon of liberality, and as his best friend. But before leaving the presence of his benefactor, the latter was careful to note down all the facts touching upon the assault as related by Tim, and made the boy sign the statement.

This was a little precaution probably intended to assist Tim's memory if he should happen to forget some important points.

Jacob never forgot little matters like these when the interest of his friends was to be considered, and in this especial instance he was unusually keen.

## CHAPTER VI. A NEW PLOT.

MATTHEW left the scene of the assault very hastily, without even the ordinary civility of saying good night. This, however, was in keeping with his manner of leaving the party, for there he did not so much as thank Miss Gracie for her entertainment.

Twice that night he had found walking too slow for his purposes, though his object in the two cases was quite unlike. In the one case he was on a mission of revenge, and in the other he was animated by a keen desire to avoid the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Jacob Simmons.

He evidently imagined that Jacob's society would not be agreeable to him. Taking this view of the matter, he thought it would be the wise thing for him to come away, and not to press himself upon the man at so late an hour at night.

He reasoned that there would be no impropriety in such a course, as Mr. Simmons couldn't be lonesome, for Tim was with him, and would probably remain with him for the night at least, so he withdrew from the scene.

We commend Matthew's wisdom, as things turned out, in doing just as he did, for had he remained it is altogether probable that Jacob would have given him also an exhibition of his muscular powers, and Matthew—the gentle youth of fine clothes and haughty manner—wouldn't have taken to it kindly. It wouldn't have been a popular entertainment for him in any sense.

He seemed fully impressed with this idea of the situation, for never had he got over the ground so fast as he did that night. He ran the entire distance to his own home, and even when in his room, with his door locked, he trembled with fear, and cast nervous glances around, as if half expecting to see the angry Mr. Simmons rush in and fall upon him with remorseless blows.

Matthew's evening had been anything but a success. Every move he had made had not only failed to accomplish his purpose, but had actually recoiled upon him. He little imagined, though, to what extent this was the case in his last effort, for his fear was only of immediate bodily punishment.

As time passed, and his door was not burst open, he began to feel safe once more, and as fear ceased to occupy his thoughts, it was replaced by jealousy, and a desire for revenge upon Fred Worthington. He cared little what became of Tim, and gave him hardly a passing thought since he himself was safe from harm. He was not in the mood for sleep, so passed the time in thinking over the events of the evening, and in nursing his spirit of revenge.

It is a contemptible act of cowardice to lie in wait for a rival, and, taking him thus at a disadvantage, spring upon him and beat him with malicious pleasure. But Matthew would have felt no scruples on this point, for it is just what he had planned to do; and now that he had made of it a miserable failure, he resolved upon a new plot—an entirely different form of revenge, but one, in many respects, much more to be dreaded.

When Fred's mind finally descended from the clouds, and he began to think once more in a natural way, he at once took in the situation. He knew that Matthew did not like him, and he had seen him leave the party in an angry mood. Knowing him to be so revengeful, he anticipated that trouble of some sort would follow; but he little thought what that trouble would prove to be.

Imagine his surprise, therefore, when the next afternoon Matthew called at the store, in a very gracious mood, to see him and to talk over the previous evening's entertainment. He was very agreeable, and as social as if they had never quarreled.

After he had gone, Fred began to feel somewhat guilty, thinking he had unjustly wronged him. He disliked to have trouble with any one, and from the fact that they had not been very good friends of late, and that now De Vere had made the first concessions, Fred felt disposed to make every effort to be on good terms with him.

Matthew was quick to take note of this, and it suited his plans exactly. At first he thought he would speak to Tom Martin about his despicable purpose, and get his assistance. But he knew Dave Farrington would not listen to it, for he had already shown a preference for Fred; so he finally concluded to keep his own counsel, for should the facts at any time become known, as they most probably would, then, if another boy shared his secret, they would count heavily against him.

He lost no opportunity in making friends with Fred, and they now appeared together so much that the other boys could not understand what had brought about such a marked change. It was a matter of remark to the girls as well, for they also knew something of Matthew's hostility to our young hero.

"I am of the opinion that this sudden friendship is for a purpose that Fred little suspects," said Dave Farrington, "for you know the circumstances and remember what Matthew said to us before the party. My idea is that he is the

worst boy in this village, and that we have never seen how mean he can be. Fred is a good fellow and is working hard to get ahead, and I am sorry to see him fall in with De Vere. If it wasn't meddling with the affairs of other folks, I would tell him to be on his guard."

"It does seem queer," replied Tom, "that matters should have taken this turn; but I guess nothing will come of it. I know Matthew always wants his own way, though, and is bound to have it, and that is why his actions seem so odd just now."

It had been Fred's custom to stay in the store nights until he got ready to go home, but since he had been under the influence of Matthew he had changed in this respect. Though he firmly intended to do nothing that he would be ashamed of, or that would injure him in any way, yet he was in dangerous company, and, like all others under similar circumstances, was gradually being affected by it.

One night De Vere suggested, as they were passing a drinking saloon—the very one where he had found Tim Short—that they should go in and have a glass of gingerale. Fred had some conscientious scruples about this, but lest he should offend his companion, he yielded, saying to himself: "There is nothing intoxicating about it, I don't see any more harm in it than drinking soda." Still I don't like the surroundings."

Having once visited that place of ruin, he hesitated less about going the second time; so when he and Matthew again passed it (and the latter purposely led him that way), Fred, feeling that he was under obligations to his companion for his previous treat, invited him in. This time they lingered awhile to watch the billiard playing, and when a table was unoccupied, Matthew asked Fred to have a game with him, adding that he would pay the expense.

Fred accepted the proposition and won the game, though he had never played before, while Matthew had had a good deal of experience.

Billiards is one of the most fascinating games in the world, and, from the very fact of its fascination, it is extremely dangerous for boys. It is usually associated with drinking saloons, where the air is filled with evil influences and the fumes of rum and tobacco; and aside from these degrading surroundings, it is so expensive a game that no one who is not the possessor of a fortune should ever play it.

It is a very common occurrence for one to find himself two or three dollars short for a single evening's entertainment of this sort, and this, too, when no drinking or betting has been done.

Fred, of course, felt elated that he should win the game with an old player, while Matthew chuckled over his own success; for, in purposely allowing his opponent to win, and thereby playing on his conceit, he had scored more points in his own subtle game than he had hoped.

The obstacle that at first appeared to stand in the way of this young scoundrel's accomplishing his purpose seemed now to be well surmounted. He had carefully managed his victim, and now would soon be paid for all this trouble by the terrible revenge he would enjoy.

There now remained the final act, which he arranged with the villain of a bartender, by paying him a certain sum.

It was agreed that De Vere should bring Fred in for a drink, and that they would persuade him to take a glass of lager beer, that should contain a large adulteration of whisky.

Tim Short was taken into the secret with a view to rendering any service that might be required of him. Matthew felt safe to trust him now.

When the boys next appeared at the saloon, Matthew, with a pompous air, said:

"John, give me a glass of lager; I have got sick of drinking gingerale. It's nothing but a baby drink, any way. Fred, you'd better try the lager, too. It's ever so much nicer'n that slop. Just try it now, and if you don't like it you needn't drink. See how clear it is! I guess I can beat you at billiards after taking this."

The bartender laughed, and after approving all that De Vere had said, he added:

"Folks is got about over drinking gingerale, nowadays. Lager's the proper stuff!"

Fred was a good scholar, but there was a little word of two letters that he had not yet learned how to spell; that is—no.

He drank the beer, and his fate was sealed. He was now a tool in Matthew's hands. On some pretense the young hypocrite excused himself from playing a game of billiards as he had at first proposed, and induced Fred to follow him into the street, knowing it was not safe for him to remain longer in the heated saloon.

It was his first intention to go back to the store, thinking that if Mr. Rexford should see Fred in a tipsy state he would discharge him. But just before reaching the merchant's place of business he stopped, and taking Fred by the arm, walked quickly up the street.

Tim followed close enough to answer promptly if Matthew should summon him.

The liquor had already begun to have its desired effect. Fred had become talkative and boisterous, and in such a condition that he could be influenced to do almost any absurd thing.

Matthew was bound to make the most of his opportunities, and so he incited him by flattering words to call at Dr. Dutton's house, opposite which they now stood. Fred assented to this, provided Matthew would accompany him. This De Vere readily agreed to do, and he led the intoxicated youth up to the door, and rang the bell sharply.

Presently the door opened, and on stepping in Fred looked about for his companion, but he was nowhere to be seen.

(To be continued.)



#### CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to utilize our readers to the extent of their abilities, but in order to all such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. We have on the number of queries which will be answered in our next issue as soon as space permits.

DECLINED with thanks: "An Adventurous Journey from England to Central Africa," "Essay on Flowers."

OPERATOR, Hawley, Pa. The *Electric Age* and *Journal of the Telegraph* are both published in this city.

ESTHETIC READER, Washington, D. C. It is only the 1853 quarter without rays behind the eagle that bears a premium.

O. K., Trenton, N. J. As we have already stated several times, we are not authorized to give the addresses of our contributors.

W. T. HEWITS, 105 Union St., Springfield, Mass., would like to hear from boys between 12 and 16 who would join him in forming a cadet company.

T. L., New York City. There is probably but a slight, if any premium on your English half penny of 1866. You might submit it to a coin dealer.

W. H. E., Altona, Pa. 1. The average height of a boy of 16 is 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 107 pounds. 2. We cannot insert your request unless you state expressly the object you have in view.

A READER, Baltimore, Md. Two cents' worth of oxalic acid, dissolved in a small quantity of warm water and then applied lightly to the stain, will remove ink from a book without injury to the paper.

BESSY BEE, Woodbury, N. J. A boy is old enough to become an architect when he is able to show ability in the work he turns out. Beginners are paid about \$5 a week. 2. If a poem is very old you will write it.

W. S. A., Camden, N. J. 1. If in fine condition the 1869 is worth ten cents. Your specimen is evidently not well preserved, if only a portion of the head is visible. 2. No premium on the silver three cent piece of 1852.

LESLIE WALTON, New Haven, Conn. 1. Try using salt in your bathing water. 2. The scale of wages mentioned for a printer's apprentice, while slightly below that paid in this city, averages favorably with rates prevalent in other towns.

C. A. B., Somerville, Mass. 1. We know nothing of the echo mentioned. 2. It is said that a person's watch is liable to become magnetized by riding on an electric railway. 3. We have never heard of a book called "The Etymology of Caesar."

A READER, Auburn, N. Y. There was a good deal of dissatisfaction in the west of Scotland about the year 1848, and several slight, temporary uprisings. Many of the leaders came to this country to escape arrest, but their names are too numerous to admit of a list being given here.

A. R. D., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. There are two issues of 1798 silver dollars, that bearing an eagle with shield being worth \$1.10; without shield, \$1.00. 2. The half dollar of 1816 with miller edge like those in present use, brings \$1.50, in good condition. 3. No premium on the other coins.

W. T., Newtown, Pa. 1. The cent of 1796 is worth ten cents, if in good condition. 2. The first

practical exhibition of modern telegraphy was given by Morse on May 27, 1844, on a line between Baltimore and Washington. 3. The average salary of a telegraph operator is from \$30 to \$15 a week.

H. W. M., Stoneham, Mass. 1. A copper cent of 1802, in first class preservation, is worth two cents. 2. The half cent of 1804, in similar condition, will bring the same price. 3. A well preserved silver dollar of 1793 is worth \$1.10. 4. You give neither dates nor denominations of your George III. coins.

A. W. W., West Haven, Conn. 1. If in good condition your coins bear premiums as follows: Half dollar of 1836, \$1.50; cents of 1803, 1807, 1810 and 1814, two cents each; cents of 1797, 1801 and 1805, three cents each; cent of 1808, five cents. 2. Consult our advertising columns, last week's number, for purchasing agency.

F. S. J., Cortlandt, N. Y. 1. Provided all your coins are in fine condition, the premiums on them are as follows: Cent of 1803, three cents; cents of 1802 and 1803, two cents each; half cent of 1807, two cents. 2. No premium on twenty cent piece of 1876. 3. We do not want to purchase any coins of whatever description or rarity.

H. D., Ottumwa, Ia. 1. We cannot publish requests for correspondence between our readers except in cases where the design is to form a military company, or some equally laudable institution. 2. We pay a cash commission of fifty cents for each new three dollar subscriber obtained for us by one who is already a subscriber. We have no premium list at present.

F. W., New Brunswick, N. J. 1. The only 5 cent adhesive stamp bearing the head of Washington is the brown cent of 1847, which is catalogued at 25c. 2. No premium on the half cent of 1854, nor on the two cent piece of 1864. 3. If in good condition your other coins are worth as follows: A sharp five cent piece of 1867, ten cents; three cent piece of 1868, five cents.

KIRK MASTER, New York City. 1. We cannot afford the space in this department to explain the method of making an induction coil. We may print a special article on this subject at our discretion. 2. The mystery attending the performance of the automatic chess player has not yet been thoroughly sifted. It is quite possible that you may be correct in your surmise, as dwarfs have been used for the purpose before now.

XXX, El Dorado, Kan. 1. No premium on any of the United States coins mentioned. 2. Your copper piece with a ship on it is an English token, whose value some dealers would be willing to determine. The next is a Swiss twenty centime piece, equivalent to four cents in our money, and the other is an Austrian kreuzer, worth nominally half a cent. No premium on any of these. 3. The average height of a boy of fifteen is 5 feet, 1 inch. 4. The next meet of the American Coin Association will be held at Lake George, in August we believe.

DECK EXCHANGE, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Yes, we will send "Albion in a Great City" in book form, if you send it to any address in the United States or Canada, for \$1.25. 2. See editorial notice entitled "To My Readers," in number before last, 601, and 4. See answer to first question of "William Gove," in No. 266. 5. The price paid for our serials is a matter of private import between the author and the publisher. 6, 8, 9. We have no space in our department to print the list of the stories you ask for. We refer you to recent numbers of the paper. 7. We do not know at present. 10. We hope to print a story for girls in the present volume.

#### 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' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles, nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or exchanges for other papers. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should be doing so at once, for particulars to the address given.

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

E. L. Howe, Cresswell, Oreg. Four books by C. A. Stephens, for a number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

F. Wardwell, 17 Chestnut St., Portland, Me. A telephone wire, etc., for a pair of 10 to 12 Acme or B. & B. skates.

Jerry McCarthy, 338 West Fayette St., Syracuse, N. Y. Three hundred postmarks, for a V nickel without "cents."

Henry C. Samuels, 48 West 119th St., New York City. A camera, with complete outfit, for stamps, coins, or minerals.

Charles J. Gunderson, 633 Minnesota Ave., Sioux Falls, Dak. A set of 4 boxing gloves, for a miniature steam engine.

F. Unger, 216 4th Ave., New York City. A 14 by 2 3/4 press, with ink, roller, and 2 fonts of type, for reading matter.

W. B. Hale, Williamsville, Mass. Stamps and old U. S. coins, for the same. Correspondence with collectors solicited.

O. T. Embury, Stuart, Ia. A watch, Springfield movement, with gold filled case, valued at \$21, for a self inking press, chase not less than 6 by 9.

Delisle S. Green, 85 11th St., South Brooklyn, N. Y. A self inking press, with 12 fonts of type, cabinet, etc., cost \$100, for a 54 inch nickel equivalent value.

Charles T. Hepburn, Fort Scott, Kan. A magic lantern with 12 slides, a life and a pair of ice skates, for Vol. V of *THE GOLDEN ARGOSY*, bound or unbound.

J. M. Ross, care Mrs. Kimball, Fremont St., Somerville, Mass. An International stamp album, with 342 stamps, for a pair of nickel plated ice skates worth about \$5.

G. H. Pratt, 6 Heath St., Scituate, Mass. A pair of nickel plated clamp roller skates, with grain leather bag and extra waxed rollers, for a guitar or a good collection of stamps.

Henry Upton, Box 138, Waterbury, Conn. A press, with long type, roller, ink and cards, and curiosities, books, etc., for a heavy overcoat in fair condition, suitable for a boy of 20.

N. F. Ressegnie, Ellendale, Dak. A pair of polished buffalo horns, an Indian stone tomahawk, and specimens of lead ore, silver ore, gold quartz, crystallized lime, and agates, for a spy glass, 6 1/4 inches long closed, 16 1/4 open.



## MR. CROWLEY,

A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF NEW YORK.



NE of the greatest features of Central Park, New York, is the chimpanzee at the menagerie. All day long a great crowd is elbowing its way to the front of the cages occupied by Mr. Crowley and his fiancée, Miss Kitty. Every twenty minutes a policeman comes up and clears the crowd away, so as to

let the newcomers have a chance.

Mr. Crowley, as he is called, was captured in Africa near the Congo River, and brought to New York when a mere babe. He is now six years old, and weighs eighty pounds. When standing erect, he measures four feet in height from sole of foot to top of head, and he is valued at thirty five thousand dollars. His keeper says if he lives to be ten years old, he will be six feet high. The whole body is covered with short, silky, brown hair, excepting face, hands and ears. The skin of his face is rather light, and the ears are shaped exactly like those of a human being, but are very thin and large; forehead broad, brows projecting, nose small, upper lip long, eyes deep set, large and slow in movement, which gives them a mournful expression.

After watching these chimpanzees for a while, one cannot think of them afterwards as monkeys, but as some sad faced, half human wild creatures.

Miss Kitty is now about two years old, and was brought here recently as a mate to Crowley. Her cage is not as large as his, being about ten feet square. The two are side by side, and a door of strong iron bars separates them.

High up in Kitty's cage a hammock is stretched, and she spends a good deal of her time swinging in it. She is not always particular about getting down into it, but is apt to sit on the very edge, or near the end where the string is fastened. She always looks as though she were going to tumble, but never does. It is funny to see her catch flies; her little half closed hand is poised on the wall or table, and with a quick swoop, the fly is hers. She pinches it, then with a stick proceeds to pound it until there is nothing left.

A piece of coffee sack was given her to lie on. She managed to pull it around her shoulders, and held it fast with her hands under her chin. Then with half turned head she glanced over her shoulder, to see how it looked behind. I longed to give her a bright colored shawl and bits of ribbon, feeling sure she would try to decorate herself with them.

When Kitty arrived in New York and was put in her cage, Crowley walked up to the barred door and looked at her with an air of surprise and curiosity, sauntered slowly back to the end of his room, and really seemed to be thinking about his new neighbor.

Miss Kitty, meanwhile, with the keenest interest was watching the crowd that stood around her cage. After scanning each lady, her dress, and the throng in general, she would fasten her eyes on the last comer and watch him until the next visitor appeared; and between times, press her face against the bars, look out of the corner of her eyes in the direction whence they came—the idea of where they went being of no consequence to her.

When some lions in a neighboring cage set up a terrible roaring, the expression of Kitty's face would change instantly to one of fear and terror, and her eyes seem ready to start out of their sockets.

She would catch hold of the bars at the top of her cage, swing herself to the farthest most corner and perform this little feat exactly as the boys do at a gymnasium when they cross a room by catching two rings suspended at the ends of ropes. When quiet was restored, Kitty would come back to her place, but with a quivering chin, as we sometimes see in little

children, and an occasional plaintive cry.

When at the front of her cage, she always sits or stands with her hands holding to the bars. A keeper, trying to tease her, pinched her hand; she quickly let go the bar, then he pinched the other. She continually let go and took hold as he pinched. Forbearance ceases at length to be a virtue in the chimpanzee's case too, and she throws herself on the floor in a real human "mad fit," screams, kicks and pounds as violently as any youngster of the present day; but unlike the human child, she is over it all in a few seconds, and is up and at her old place again serenely watching the fashions.

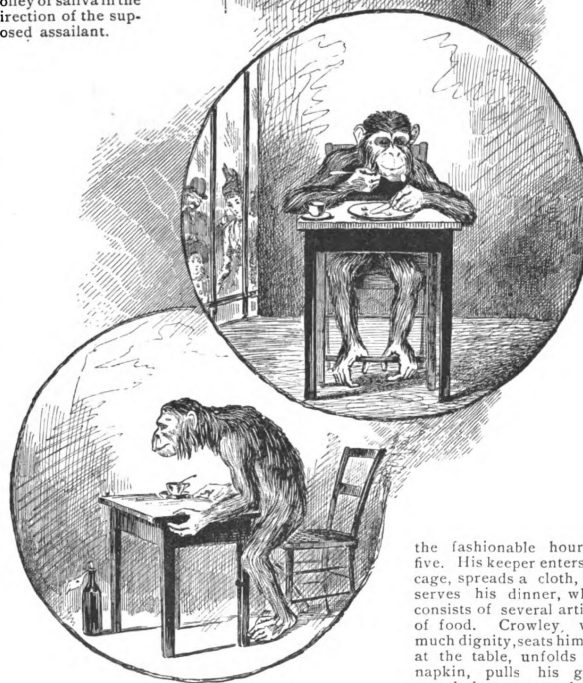
But how did all this effect Crowley?

When he heard her first cry, he rushed to the door that opened into her cage and saw her in her mad scene. He seemed to understand it all; he shook and pulled at the bars as though eager to protect her; ran across the floor and threw his whole weight against the door, but it did not yield. He then came to the front of his cage, put his face up close and tried to see who was teasing her; then slowly pulled his great mouth to a pucker and sent a volley of saliva in the direction of the supposed assailant.

the wall, and sits there a long time unmoved, plainly showing that he wants no more of her nonsense. Then in a threatening manner he runs almost to where she is, as if to frighten her away; and with a very pompous strut returns to his seat.

Once Mr. Crowley discovered a piece of wire, examined it closely, found it would bend, then twisted and turned it in many curious shapes with his fingers. Again, he snatched a straw hat from a man's head, who came too near. He tossed, twirled and flung it around, then sat down, tore it into shreds, and taking a piece of the braid, examined it carefully. Beginning at the end, he unbraided it, and, holding it close to his eyes, seemed to regard it with deep interest.

Being a New Yorker, Crowley dines at



MR. CROWLEY AND HIS FIANCEE.

Presently Kitty puts her hand out and reaches towards Crowley's cage; he catches hold of it and hurts it; Kitty screams out with pain, and immediately thrusts her hand towards the keeper to have it caressed. He pets it, while she looks very satisfied and happy.

Kitty sometimes amuses herself by calling Crowley to the door; as soon as she hears him approaching, she jumps back out of sight, and holds a long straw through the bar towards him.

He looks disgusted and throws sawdust and spits at her. She looks delighted at being able to keep out of his reach; then Crowley slowly moves away and sits down.

Kitty tries all her arts to induce him to return, repeatedly chattering to him; but he turns his back upon her with face to

the fashionable hour of five. His keeper enters his cage, spreads a cloth, and serves his dinner, which consists of several articles of food. Crowley, with much dignity, seats himself at the table, unfolds his napkin, pulls his great mouth down to regulation size and begins to sip his broth out of a spoon precisely as mankind does.

He has a sharp appetite, and sometimes gets in a hurry and lades it in a little too fast; but a timely hint from the keeper causes him to "slow up."

His chin shines with the liquid, and the keeper tells him not to forget what the napkin is for. In a twinkling Crowley begins rubbing his mouth. He seems anxious to make a good job of it, and proceeds to wipe his forehead, and the back of his neck.

After that, he keeps the napkin in his hand, and wipes his mouth frequently. He drinks from a silver cup, and eats sliced bananas with a fork.

One day, at the close of the meal, he held a large spoon while the keeper poured it full of cod liver oil. Crowley swallowed the medicine with a relish, and like a bad boy stuck out his tongue

and licked the spoon on both sides. A little having run over on the table, he managed to save that after the same fashion. The keeper having turned his back for a moment, Crowley cast a hurried glance towards him and then quickly leaned over the table and looked on the floor where the bottle stood, to see how much more it contained.

Mr. Crowley is an ardent admirer of a certain New York policeman. He comes every day and puts out his hand, which Crowley takes and shakes with great gusto. At the same time he slips his other hand into the pocket of the policeman, and, taking out his whistle, blows it with a vengeance.

Crowley's laugh is very hearty, and he tries to imitate the laugh of those around him. I once asked his keeper if he believed Crowley understood what was said to him. The man was at that moment trimming his nails, and, stepping up to the cage, he said: "Want your nails cut, sir?"

Instantly a great hand was thrust between the bars, and as the cutting was being done the chimpanzee watched it closely. When one was finished, out came the other without a word from the keeper, Crowley's mouth taking odd shapes the while, as if to help to direct the process, as we often see boys do when they are using knife or tools.

A little hand glass was given to Crowley, and he seemed never to weary gazing into it; but always with a sorrowful kind of look. He loves music. When a mouth organ was being played, he got as near the boy as possible, and did not stir until the music ceased. He tries to dance, and with his powerful arms can go through natural gymnastics that would make an expert in that line turn green with envy.

Visitors are warned not to feed the chimpanzee; but a sympathetic boy will sometimes, unseen, throw a handful of peanuts into the cage. Instantly they are gathered up and all stowed away in Crowley's mouth. The keeper tries to coax him to throw them away, but fails. Some time after, when he thinks the subject is forgotten, Crowley takes them out and slowly eats them. Half of an orange was given him; it disappeared, but a bulged out cheek betrayed its hiding place in spite of the innocent look on his face.

We were invited to Crowley's private apartments to make a sketch of him before he was placed on exhibition for the day. In this cage he has a strong bedstead with a variety of bedding, which he shakes out and folds up each morning. The artist drew forth pencil and paper and prepared to make a sketch of his highness. Here regarded us a few moments with much interest, then opened that great mouth, and with little jerks of his head actually laughed at us, but I must say with not a very pleasing expression.

When the wish seized him to have us leave, he pounded the floor, stamped, danced, turned somersaults and balanced himself on his head. As a finale, he gathered all the sawdust in a heap, and with that never failing mouth of his, wet handfuls of it, pressed it into balls, and threw them at us until the sawdust supply was exhausted; but not that mouth. He would shape it, take aim, and had I not raised my umbrella, we should have been hit every time. Finding himself outwitted, he began to shake and rattle his barred door. When we saw him reach out his long arm and feel around until he found the padlock which fastened it, and try to wrench it off with his strong hands, we were thoroughly frightened and got out of his presence as fast as we could.

The next day I went to see him after he had been put in his exhibiting cage. Many were already there, but his quick eye caught sight of me, and with lightning-like recognition I was greeted with a handful of sawdust. L. S.

## WE EMBRACE THE UNIVERSE.

The Court—"Mr. Clerk, is this Thursday?" Clerk—"Yes, your Honor."

The Court—"Tomorrow is the Turkish Sabbath, Saturday the Hebrew, and Sunday the Christian. We adjourn until Monday."

Clerk—"But that is Labor Day; Tuesday is the anniversary of Irish independence; and Wednesday of the founding of the German Empire."

The Court—"Then we are closed for the week."



## LITTLE BY LITTLE.

BY LEON HERRERT.

LITTLE by little the time goes by—  
 Short it you sing through it, long if you sigh:  
 Little by little—an hour, a day,  
 Gone with the years that have vanished away;  
 Little by little the race is run,  
 Trouble and waiting and toil are done!  
 Little by little the skies grow clear,  
 Little by little the sun comes near,  
 Little by little the days smile out,  
 Gladder and brighter on pain and doubt;  
 Little by little the seeds we sow  
 Into a beautiful yield will grow.

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

## Luke Walton;

OR,

## THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

## CHAPTER XIV.

LUKE HAS A COOL RECEPTION IN PRAIRIE AVENUE.

TOM BROOKS had reason to feel alarmed, for his Chinese pursuer was very much in earnest, and fully intended to strike Tom with the flatiron. Though this was utterly wrong, some excuse must be made for Ah King, who had frequently been annoyed by Tom.

It was at this critical juncture that Luke Walton appeared on the scene.

He had no reason to like Tom, but he instantly prepared to rescue him. Fortunately he knew Ah King, whom he had more than once protected from the annoyance of the hoodlums of the neighborhood.

Luke ran up and seized the Chinaman by the arm.

"What are you going to do?" he demanded, sternly.

"Fool boy bleak my window," said Ah King. "I bleak his head."

"No, you mustn't do that. The police will arrest you."

"Go way! Me killee white boy," cried Ah King, impatiently, trying to shake off Luke's grasp.

"He bleak window—cost me a dollar."

"I'll see that he pays it, or is arrested," said Luke.

Unwillingly Ah King suffered himself to be persuaded, more readily perhaps that Tom was now at a safe distance.

"You promise me?" said Ah King.

"Yes; if he don't pay, I will. Go and get the window mended."

Luke easily overtook Tom, who was looking round the corner to see how matters were going.

"Has he gone back?" asked Tom, rather anxiously.

"Yes, but if I hadn't come along he would perhaps have killed you."

"You only say that to scare me," said Tom uneasily.

"No, I don't. I mean it. Do you know how I got you off?"

"How?"

"I told Ah King you would pay for the broken window. It will cost a dollar."

"I didn't promise," said Tom, significantly.

"No," said Luke, sternly, "but if you don't do it, I will myself have you arrested. I saw you throw the stone at the window."

"What concern is it of yours?" asked Tom, angrily. "Why do you meddle with my business?"

"If I hadn't meddled with your business, you might have a fractured skull by this time. It is a contemptible mean thing to annoy a poor Chinaman."

"He's only a heathen."

"A well behaved heathen is better than a Christian such as you are."

"I don't want any lectures," said Tom, in a sulky tone.

"I presume not. I have nothing more to say except that I expect you to hand me that dollar tonight."

"Then you got better get one. I don't believe you got a dollar's worth of sport in breaking the window, and I advise you hereafter to spend your money better."

"I don't believe I will pay it," said Tom, eyeing Luke closely to see if he were in earnest.

"Then I will report your case to the police."

"You're a mean fellow!" said Tom, angrily.

"Begin to be sorry I interfered to save you. However, take your choice. If necessary, I will pay the dollar myself, for I have promised Ah King; but I shall keep my word about having you arrested."

It was a bitter pill for Tom to swallow, but he managed to raise the money, and handed it to

Luke that evening. Instead of being grateful to the one who had possibly saved his life, he was only the more incensed against him, and longed for an opportunity to do him an injury.

"I hate that Luke Walton," he said to one of his intimate friends. "He wants to boss me, and all of us, but he can't do it. He's only fit to keep company with a heathen Chinese."

Luke spent but a couple of hours in selling papers. He had not forgotten his engagement with Mrs. Merton, and punctually at ten o'clock he pulled the bell of the house in Prairie Avenue.

Just at the moment the door was opened, and he faced a boy of his own age, a thin, dark complexioned youth, of haughty bearing. This no doubt, he concluded, was Harold Tracy.

"What do you want?" he asked, superciliously.

"I should like to see Mrs. Merton."

"Humph! What business have you with Mrs. Merton?"

Luke was not favorably impressed with Harold's manner, and did not propose to treat him with the consideration which he evidently thought his due.

"I come here at Mrs. Merton's request," he

"I don't think my aunt will care to see you," said Mrs. Tracy, who was getting provoked with the "upstart boy," as she mentally termed him. "Perhaps it would be better to let her know I am here."

"It is quite unnecessary. I will take the responsibility."

Luke was quite in doubt as to what he ought to do. He could not very well prevent Harold's closing the door, in obedience to his mother's direction, but fortunately the matter was taken out of his hands by the old lady herself, who, unobserved by Harold and his mother, had been listening to the conversation from the upper landing. When she saw her visitor about to be turned out of the house, she thought it quite time to interfere.

"Louisa," she called, in a tone of displeasure, "you will oblige me by not meddling with my visitors. Luke, come upstairs."

Luke could not forbear a smile of triumph as he passed Harold and Mrs. Tracy, and noticed the look of discomfiture on their faces.

"I didn't know he was your visitor, Aunt Eliza," said Mrs. Tracy, trembling with the anger she did not venture to display before her wealthy relative.

said Mrs. Tracy hypocritically, "but when she dies, it is only fair that we should have her money."

## CHAPTER XV.

## A WELCOME GIFT.

WHEN Luke and Mrs. Merton were alone, the old lady said, with a smile, "You seemed to have some difficulty in getting into the house."

"Yes," answered Luke. "I don't think your nephew likes me."

"Probably not. Both he and his mother are afraid some one will come between me and them. They are selfish, and cannot understand how I can have any other friends or beneficiaries. You are surprised that I speak so openly of such near relatives to such a comparative stranger. However, it is my nature to be outspoken. And now, Luke, if you don't think it will be tiresome to escort an old woman, I mean to take you down town with me."

"I look upon you as a kind friend, Mrs. Merton," responded Luke, earnestly. "I want to thank you for the handsome present you made me yesterday. I didn't expect anything like ten dollars."

"You will find it acceptable, however, I don't doubt. Seriously, Luke, I don't think it's too much to pay for saving my life. Now, if you will wait here five minutes, I will then be ready to go out with you."

Five minutes later Mrs. Merton came into the room attired for the street. They went downstairs together, and Luke and she got on board a street car.

They were observed by Mrs. Tracy and Harold as they left the house.

"Aunt Eliza's very easily imposed upon," remarked the latter.

"She scarcely knows anything of that boy, and she has taken him out with her. How does she know but he is a thief?"

"He looks like one," said Harold, in an amiable tone. "If aunt is robbed I shan't pity her. She will deserve it."

"Very true; but you must remember that it will be our loss as well as hers. Her property will rightfully come to us, and if she is robbed we shall inherit so much the less."

"You're sharp, mother. I didn't think of that."

"I have been thinking, Harold, it may be well for you to find out something of this boy. If you can prove to Aunt Eliza that he is of bad character, she will send him adrift."

"I'll see about it, mother. I don't like him at all."

Meanwhile Mrs. Merton and Luke were on their way to the business portion of the city.

"I think we will stop at Adams Street, Luke," said the old lady.

"I shall have to go to the Continental Bank. Do you know where it is?"

"I believe it is on La Salle Street, corner of Adams."

"Quite right. I shall introduce you to the paying teller as in my employ, as I may have occasion to send you there alone at times to deposit or draw money."

From where the cars left them the old lady walked with Luke to the bank.

"I wish Harold was more like you," she said.

"His mother's suggestion that I should take him with me as an escort would be just as disagreeable to him as to me."

"Is he attending school?" asked Luke.

"Yes. He is preparing for college, but he is not fond of study, and I doubt whether he ever enters. I think he must be about your age."

"I am nearly sixteen."

"Then he is probably a little older."

They entered the bank, Mrs. Merton, going to the window of the paying teller, presented a check for a hundred dollars.

"How will you have it, Mrs. Merton?" asked the teller.

"In fives and tens. By the way, Mr. Northrop, please take no account of the boy with me. I shall occasionally send him by himself to attend to my business. His name is Luke Walton."

"His face looks familiar. I think we have met before."

"I have sold you papers more than once, Mr. Northrop," said Luke. "I stand on Clark Street, near the Sherman."

"Yes, I remember now. We bank officials are apt to take notice of faces."

"Here, Luke, carry this money for me," said Mrs. Merton, putting a lady's pocketbook into the hand of her young escort. "You are less likely to be robbed than I."

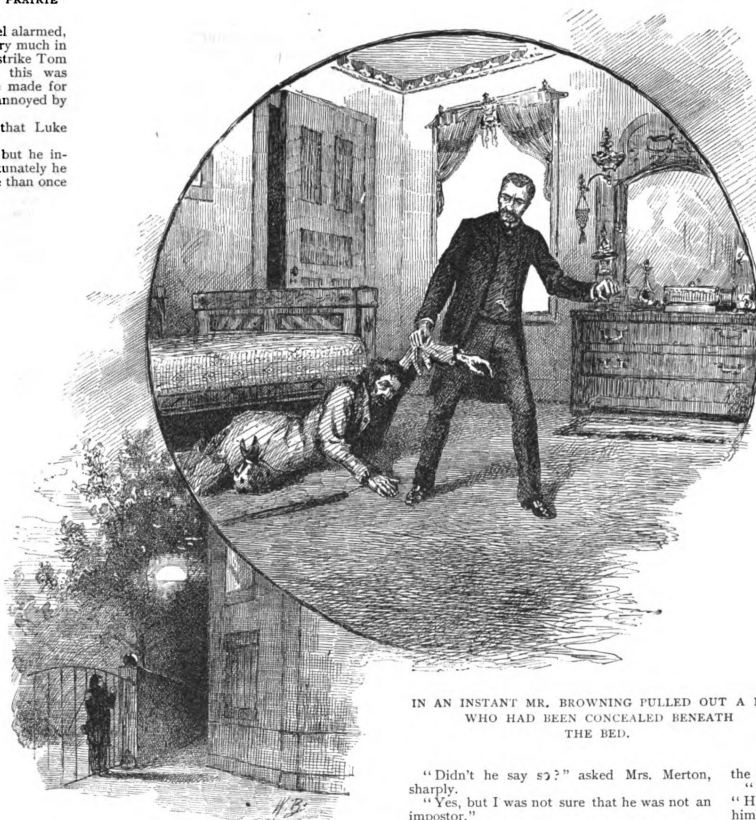
Luke was rather pleased at the full confidence his new employer seemed to repose in him.

"I am now going up on State Street," said Mrs. Merton, as they emerged into the street. "You know the store of Marshall Field?"

"Oh, yes; everybody in Chicago knows that."

"I am going there."

For a lady of her years, Mrs. Merton was a fair walker. In a few minutes they stood be-



IN AN INSTANT MR. BROWNING PULLED OUT A MAN WHO HAD BEEN CONCEALED BENEATH THE BED.

said briefly. "As to what business we have together, I refer you to her."

"It strikes me you are impudent," retorted Harold, angrily.

"Your opinion of me is of no importance to me. If you don't care to let Mrs. Merton know I am here, I will ring again and ask the servant to do so."

Here a lady bearing a strong personal resemblance to Harold made her appearance, entering the hall from the breakfast room in the rear.

"What's all this, Harold?" she asked, in a tone of authority.

"Here is a boy that says he wants to see Aunt Eliza."

"What can he want with her?"

"I asked him, but he won't tell me," said Mrs. Tracy, closing her thin mouth with a snap.

"Like mother—like son," thought Luke.

"Do you hear?" demanded Mrs. Tracy, unpleasantly.

"I am here by Mrs. Merton's appointment, Mrs. Tracy," said Luke, firmly. "I shall be glad to have her informed that I have arrived."

"Perhaps you've got your card about you," sneered Harold.

"I have," answered Luke, quietly.

With a comical twinkle in his eye, he offered one to Harold.

"Luke Walton," repeated Tom.

"Yes, that is my name."

"Didn't he say so?" asked Mrs. Merton, sharply.

"Yes, but I was not sure that he was not an impostor."

"You had only to refer the matter to me, and I could have settled the question. Luke is in my employ—"

"In your employ?" repeated Mrs. Tracy, in surprise.

"Yes; he will do errands for me, and sometimes accompany me to the city."

"Why didn't you call on Harold? He would be very glad to be of service to you."

Certainly Harold's looks belied his mother's promise for him.

"Harold had other things to occupy him. I prefer the other arrangement. Luke, come into my room and I will give you directions."

Mrs. Tracy and Harold looked at each other as Luke and the old lady disappeared.

"This is a new freak of Aunt Eliza's," said Mrs. Tracy. "Why does she pass over you, and give the preference to this upstart boy?"

"I don't mind that, mother," replied Harold. "I don't want to be dancing attendance on an old woman."

"But she may take a fancy to this boy—she seems to have done so already—and give him part of the money that ought to be yours."

"If we find there is any danger of that I guess we are smart enough to set her against him. Let her have the boy for a servant if she wishes."

"I don't know, but you are right, Harold. We must be very discreet, for Aunt Eliza is worth half a million."

"And how old is she, mother?"

"Seventy one."

"That's pretty old. She can't live many years."

"I hope she will live to a good old age,"

fore the large store, and Mrs. Merton entered, followed by Luke.

Mrs. Merton went to that part of the establishment where woollens were sold, and purchased a dress pattern. To Luke's surprise the salesman who waited upon her was the same one who had come to his assistance in the car the day previous when he was charged with stealing. The recognition was mutual.

"I believe we have met before," said the young man with a smile.

"Yes, fortunately for me," answered Luke, gratefully.

"The two parties who were determined to find you guilty looked foolish when they ascertained the real character of your accuser."

"What is this, Luke? You didn't tell me of it," said Mrs. Merton.

The story was related briefly.

"I should like to meet that woman," said Mrs. Merton, nodding energetically. "I'd give her a piece of my mind. Luke, you may hand me ten dollars."

The goods were wrapped up and the change returned.

"Where shall I send the bundle, Mrs. Merton?" asked the salesman deferentially.

"Luke will take it."

As they left the store, Mrs. Merton said: "Did you think I was buying this dress for myself, Luke?"

"I thought so," Luke answered.

"No, I have dresses enough to last me a life time, I may almost say. This dress pattern is for your mother."

"For my mother?" repeated Luke, joyfully.

"Yes; I hope it will be welcome."

"Indeed it will. Mother hasn't had a new dress for over a year."

"Then I guessed right. Give it to her with my compliments, and tell her that I give it to her for your sake. Now I believe I will go home."

No present made to Luke could have given him so much pleasure as this gift to his mother, for he knew how much she stood in need of it.

When they reached the house on Prairie Avenue, they met Mrs. Tracy on the steps. She had been out for a short call.

"Did you have a pleasant morning, Aunt Eliza?" she asked, quite ignoring Luke.

"Yes, quite so. Luke, I won't trouble you to come in. I shall not need you tomorrow. The next day you may call at the same hour."

Luke turned away, but was called back sharply by Mrs. Tracy.

"Boy," said she, "you are taking away my aunt's bundle. Bring it back directly."

"Lousia," said the old lady, "don't trouble yourself. That bundle is meant for Luke's mother."

"Something you bought for her?"

"Yes, a dress pattern."

"Oh!" sniffed Mrs. Tracy, eying Luke with strong disapproval. "Do you know anything about this boy?" she asked, as they entered the house.

"Yes, Why?"

"I hope he won't impose upon you."

"Thank you. I am not a child, Lousia."

"The boy looks artful."

"I can't say much for your discrimination."

"If anything happens, you will remember that I warned you."

"I shall remember," said the old lady, with an amused smile.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THOMAS BROWNING AT HOME.

IN one of the handsomest streets in Milwaukee stood a private residence which was quite in harmony with its surroundings. It looked like the home of a man of ample means. It was luxuriously furnished, and at one side was a conservatory. It was very apt to attract the attention of strangers, and the question was frequently asked—"Who lives there?"

And the answer would be—"Thomas Browning, one of our most prominent citizens. He will probably be mayor some day."

Yes, this was the residence of Thomas Browning, formerly Thomas Butler, the man to whom the dead father of Luke Walton had intrusted the sum of ten thousand dollars to carry to his wife and children. How he fulfilled his trust, or rather did not fulfill it, we already know. But in Milwaukee, where Mr. Browning had become a leading citizen, it was not known. It was entirely inconsistent with what was believed to be his character. For Mr. Browning was considered a philanthropist. He was president of one charitable society, and treasurer of another. At the annual meetings of these societies he was always called upon to speak, and his allusions to the poverty and privations of those who were cured by his society never failed to produce an impression.

"What a good man he is!" said many who listened with sympathetic interest.

It was popularly supposed that he gave away large sums in charity. Indeed he admitted the fact, but explained the absence of his name from subscription papers by saying—"All my gifts are anonymous. Instead of giving my name I prefer to put down 'Cash,' so much, or 'A Friend,' such another sum. I don't wish to influence others, but it jars upon me to have my name ostentatiously paraded in the public prints."

Now, in all subscriptions there are donations ascribed to "Cash" and "A Friend," and whenever these occurred it was generally supposed that they represented Mr. Browning. But, to let the reader into a little secret, this

was only a shrewd device of Mr. Browning's to have the reputation of a philanthropist at little or no expense, for, as a matter of fact, he never contributed at all!

In a pleasant room on the second floor sat the pseudo philanthropist. The room was furnished as a library. At a writing table, poring over what looked like an account book, he looked the picture of comfort and respectability. A few well chosen engravings adorned the walls. A pleasant light was diffused about the room from a chandelier suspended over the table.

Thomas Browning leaned back in his chair, and a placid smile overspread his naturally harsh features. He looked about him, and his thoughts somehow ran back to a time when he was very differently situated.

"Five years ago tonight," he said, "I was well nigh desperate. I hadn't a cent to bless myself with, nor was the prospect of getting one particularly bright. How I lived for a considerable time I hardly know."

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"Impossible!" said Browning, sharply.

"Didn't I tell you I lost much more heavily than you?"

"Then you can do nothing for me?"

"Yes; I can put you on the pension list of the Widows' and Orphans' Society. That will entitle you to receive a dollar a week for three months."

"I am not an object of charity, sir. I wish you good night."

"Good night! If you change your mind, come to me."

"Very unreasonable, upon my word," soliloquized Thomas Browning. "As if I could afford to make up all the losses of stockholders. It would sweep off all I have."

At eleven o'clock Mr. Browning went to his bed chamber. He lit the gas, and was preparing to disrobe, when his sharp ears detected a sound of suppressed breathing, and the point from which it proceeded. He walked quickly to the bed, bent over, and looked underneath. In an instant he had caught and pulled out, not over four feet, a man who had been concealed beneath it.

The intruder was a wretchedly dressed tramp. Browning allowed the man to get upon his feet, and then, facing him, demanded sternly, "Why are you here? Did you come to rob me?"

(To be continued.)

## A FUTURE METROPOLIS.

THE rapidity with which Western cities grow and thrive is proverbial, but to judge from the following, told by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *News*, it would be a difficult matter for the towns themselves ever to outrun the expectations of their founders.

"We were running a preliminary line for a branch of the Santa Fe railroad through one of the extreme western counties in the State, when one day about noon, after we had traveled across the country for what I should judge to have been eight or ten miles without meeting a living soul, a man with long, matted hair and with nothing on but pants, shirt and broad brimmed hat, rode up astride a mule. His face and hands were almost black with dirt, which had evidently not been disturbed for many days."

"He dismounted and saying 'good morning' he asked me what we were doing."

"Running a line for a railroad," said I.

"Then you are going too far to the north."

"Why so?"

"If you continue on your present line you will miss Prairie City by two miles, and, of course, you don't want to do that."

"I told him I had not been aware that we were so close to a city. 'How large is it?' I asked."

"Well, it isn't so very large yet, but it is growing fast. Then, as you would be the first to build a road to it, you would have a monopoly of the freight and passenger business, which isn't to be sneezed at."

"How many dwellings, manufactories, mills, etc., has Prairie City?" I asked.

"Well, it hasn't any of them things yet, but she's growing."

"All these earths have you in that city then, if you haven't any buildings?"

"Wall, sir, drawing himself up to his full height, 'I have named the town and have begun to dig a well; hain't that 'nuff'?"

## FAR REACHING FARM.

THIS is a big country, how big those of us who do not travel about in it very much are scarcely capable of realizing. Although the "boundless" West has been rapidly stocked with settlers from all parts of the world during the past few years, there is still plenty of room for more. Perhaps as good a way as any to obtain an approximate idea of the vastness of our prairies is to take the dimensions of one ranch, and then reflect that this is but one of many hundreds. This is done for us by a writer in the *Cosmopolitan*, who says:

A cattle ranch is a stupendous thing, scarcely to be portrayed on paper in the mere enumeration of figures and numbers. When I say that one firm of cattle kings owns 162,000 domestic animals, in neat cattle, sheep and pigs, and two great cattle ranches, and eight main farms, beside 20,000 acres in grain, comprising in all 200,000 acres, or 100 miles of land, the mind can scarcely take it in. Perhaps it may give a clearer idea to say that they own all the land on the west bank of the San Joaquin River for fifty miles and nearly all on the opposite side; and it is said of them that in driving their beef cattle to market in San Francisco, for over a hundred miles they drive them over their own land, and put up each night at one of their own ranches.

## FIGHTERS THAT FLEE.

IT will be comforting information to timid sportsmen to learn that many wild beasts are arrant cowards. So says General Marcy, in a recent number of *Outing*, alluding particularly to the panthers, wolves and grizzlies of our Western prairies.

He adds: "The traditional story of General Putnam having performed an extraordinary feat of courage, by entering a cave and shooting a wolf, is supremely laughable when contrasted with the fact that my wife, upon one occasion in the night at a frontier post, when a large black wolf had purloined one of her turkeys and was dragging it off, hurried out and with a stick made him drop the bird and run away."

## SPOKE FROM EXPERIENCE.

"SEGAR," said the schoolmaster to his class, "is either made from the beet, as in France, or from the sugar cane, as in the West Indies. Now, do you think you can remember that?" "Yes, sir," replied a happy boy. "I think we can remember the connection between the cane and the beet."

## THE RAIN.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB REILEY.

The rain! the rain! the rain!  
It gushed from the skies and streamed  
Like awful tears, and the sick man thought  
How pitiful it seemed;  
And he turned his face away  
And stood at the window again,  
His hopes high dead and heart worn out,  
Oh! the rain! the rain! the rain!  
The rain! the rain! the rain!  
And the broad stream brimmed the shores.  
And ever the river crept over the reeds  
And the roots of the sycamores;  
A corpse swirled by in the drift  
Where the boat had snapped its chain—  
And a hoarse voiced mother shrieked and raved,  
Oh! the rain! the rain! the rain!

[This story commenced in No. 252.]

## THE Young Ranger;

OR,

### PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

ELMER ROSLYN'S DOUBTS.

DRAKE COLGATE'S strange report filled Captain Roslyn's mind with doubt. "Do you believe you're honest," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "but it's hard work to think you're right."

"You must do so, for I've got more yet to tell. Kit means to place all the varmints to the west of the cavern; that will leave the other place unguarded, except a few Indians lurking between you and the cavern, so as to let the others know when the start is made; but there will be none on the west, and the way will be open for you to make a start. When everything is ready, you'll hear the hoot of an owl a little ways off to the east."

"Meaning what?"

"The owl will be me, and when you hear it you will know that the time has come to start. You'll move out on the other side of the cavern—that is, the eastern side, and I reckon you'll know what to do after you're fairly in the woods."

Captain Roslyn was silent. Could he believe this amazing story? A dreadful suspicion came over him that Drake Colgate was in the interests of Kit Wilton and the Iroquois, and that the whole thing was a cunning plan to entrap the fugitives and rangers. There was much, as you will admit, that was altogether out of keeping with the character of the cunning Iroquois and the mercenary spy leader, that forbade full belief in the statement.

While the youth was asking himself what was the best course to follow under the trying ordeal, Benny Hurst surprised him by saying: "Everything he says to you, cap, is true."

"How do you know that?"

"For it's just what Colonel Hawley told me. I was going to say so, when Colgate came up and took the words out of my mouth."

"But how in the name of the seven wonders could Colonel Hawley know anything about this?"

"Somebody has seen him this afternoon and let him know all. He didn't give me the full particulars, but he said I must tell you that you must get in among the folks as soon as you could, and have them ready to move at a minute's notice. When everything was ready, you'd hear the hootin' of an owl in the woods to the east, and you was to start out that way at once. He said, too, that there was a deer trail a little ways down the slope and to the eastward."

"I know where it is," interrupted Elmer.

"You are to follow that down to where it crosses the main trail, and then head to the fort and travel like all creation till you get there."

"Anything more?"

"The varmints can't track us of course at night and they won't think you've dared to take the main path to Oakland. They can't find out afore mornin', and when they do, it'll be too late to do 'em any good; so you must push on, no matter how much kickin' there is."

"Well," said Elmer, after another pause, "the whole thing, I see, seems like a dream to me, and, if it wasn't for what you've told me, Benny, from the colonel, I wouldn't try it. As it is, here goes! Come on, for you must keep with me. Good night, Colgate! I what you have said to me will either save or destroy us all. We shall soon know."

It was in the power of young Captain Roslyn to test the truth of the remarkable statement made to him by Drake Colgate the spy and confirmed by Colonel Nick Hawley himself. Before venturing to bring out the party of fugitives, he meant to approach the defenses from the eastern side.

"Cap, you'd better let me go ahead," said Benny Hurst, as they slackened their gait a short distance from the rocks. "I'll give you notice if anything is wrong."

"No; I'll take the lead, and you can keep close behind me."

The heart of the youth beat fast when he caught sight of the irregular circle of rocks, wherein such a large number of people had sheltered themselves, awaiting the attack that was likely to be renewed at any minute.



Step by step they advanced, glancing to the right and left, to the front and rear, frequently stopping and peering in every direction. Both were full of misgiving, for there was something in the situation which impressed them as unique and ominous.

About fifty feet from the eastern wall, Elmer placed his open hand beside his face and called in a guarded voice:

"Hello there!"

"There was no answer and he repeated the call in a louder voice:

"Hello, there!" "It's I—Elmer."

A slight rustling was heard, and the top of a conkskin cap was seen a few inches above the boulder immediately in front of the youthful officer.

"Is that you, cap?" was the rather unnecessary question.

By way of answer, Elmer walked rapidly forward, closely followed by Benny Hurst, and the next minute the two were among their astonished friends, who could hardly believe the story they told.

"There's one chance for us all," added young Roslyn, after giving them to understand that the plan he proposed was that of Colonel Hawley himself.

There were many expressions of perplexity, and none was more surprised than Mrs. Hawley; but her good sense told her to wait until a more opportune season before asking for an explanation which obviously no one could give at that time.

Elmer was right in his belief that the time, brief as it was, that had been spent within the defenses by the fugitives, was full of discomfort to all and suffering to many. Every one was hungry and thirsty, and the younger children had cried themselves asleep, longing for that which their friends were powerless to give. The prospect of spending another day without relief was looked forward to with dismay by the older persons.

"I can't understand how it is," added Captain Roslyn, "but we mustn't lose a minute."

At that moment, the soft hooting of an owl, twice repeated, was heard in the woods to the eastward.

"That's the signal that all is right," whispered Elmer, "come!"

There was less delay than he anticipated, and the youngest members of the party had to be carried in the arms of their parents, the friendly rangers often relieving them. This was done so carefully that none awoke, and within ten minutes after the arrival of the youth, he was leading the whole company in an easterly direction, all walking with the utmost care and stealth, their hearts throbbing with painful dread.

The rangers felt the soft hooting of a hundred yards or less, that they were in the situation of those who had burned their bridges behind them. Should the Iroquois assail them, it would be impossible for the whites to return to the defenses. The fight would have to take place in the open wood, where the chances were in favor of the company being entirely cut off.

"There's no going back now," whispered Elmer to Ferguson, who was at his elbow; "let us get ahead as fast as we can, and make no noise."

It was a strange sight, those shadowy figures moving through the forest, with the Iroquois Senecas so near that it seemed impossible that they should not detect the flight. As I have said, no assurance that Drake Colgate could have given on this point would have been accepted by Captain Roslyn, but for the proof that it was backed up by Colonel Hawley; and even now, when the crisis had come, the anxiety of all could hardly be imagined.

Not until Elmer struck the deer path leading over the mountain, did he feel anything like a clearly defined hope. He was then fully an eighth of a mile from the defenses, and not a gun had been fired, nor did the slightest evidence present itself of the presence of the Iroquois in the neighborhood.

Along this narrow track the company filed in Indian procession, the youthful leader at the head, as he was clearly entitled to be. It sloped down hill for a long distance, and the spur of hope, together with the long rest which all had enjoyed, shut out all protest against haste.

The children, excepting the very youngest, had now awakened, and trotted at the heels of the elders without a complaint, though now and then were heard piteous appeals for water and food.

The first pleasant shock, as it may be called, was when almost at the base of the mountain, and close to where the deer path united with the main trail, the party reached a small brook of icy clearness, that rippled across their course.

I doubt whether many of my readers know what real thirst is. When you feel a desire for drink, you take it; but, if you are forced to wait many hours after the first yearning and until you become weak and faint, or, if you have been tortured by a flaming fever and some ignorant doctor has forbidden you to swallow a drop of the blessed fluid, you then can form some idea of the deliciously refreshing draught which every member of the party secured.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### A STRANGE MEETING.

WITH deep, fervent expressions of thankfulness, every one of the company drank all that his thirst craved of the revivifying liquid, which, though without odor, color and taste, is yet the most refreshing element in all nature.

A few rods further on, the party reached the main trail connecting Haunted Gulch with Oakland. Here Captain Roslyn made a short halt, and, standing in the midst of his friends, said a few needed words:

"We are within about five miles of Fort Defiance; once there we shall be safe, and not until we reach the block house shall I breathe freely. We have had a wonderful deliverance so far—one that neither you nor I can explain—but I am sure we shall not get through to the fort without a fight. Kit Wilton and his Iroquois will soon find that we are gone, and they will be after us. I can't tell whether they will follow along this trail, but to me it seems very likely they will. When daylight comes, it will be the easiest thing in the world for them to track us; so, if the rising sun finds us still in the wood, we shall be doomed."

"But," suggested one of his hearers, "we have nearly all the night before us, and there is little call for haste."

"There never was greater need of it, and I shall follow Colonel Hawley's orders to push on without stopping. If it can be done, until we reach the fort. If the little ones give out, they must be carried, and if there are any who prefer to wait, we will leave them behind in the woods."

This was a plain speech, and an involuntary murmur of commendation was heard from nearly all. Never did the sturdy figure of the old Indian look more manly than when he stood in the middle of the trail, where some of the moonlight fell upon him, and uttered these words.

"We shall take," said he, "pretty much the same order as we did before. Ferguson, with half the men, will follow a short distance ahead while the rest of us go in front, with the helpless ones behind. Benny Hurst and I will keep a considerable distance in front, and try to prevent our running into ambush. If we see anything suspicious, we will give the signal to the others, and they will stop until they get the orders to come on again."

A few more words with the leading rangers made everything clear, and the march was resumed, the halt having been of only a few minutes' duration.

Captain Roslyn adhered to the plan he had named. He walked fully one hundred yards in advance of Benny Hurst, who, among the shadows of the trees, could not see him at all. All that he did was to graduate his pace as nearly as possible to that of his leader, listening meanwhile for the signal that was not to be sounded unless something threatening appeared.

About fifty yards to the rear of Hurst came the section of the Iroquois which formed the advance of the company, the rest, as has been explained, bringing up the rear.

It need not be said that the march was made as silently as possible. Even the little children seemed to understand the gravity of the situation, and very little was heard from them.

"I've got the queerest place of 'em all," muttered Benny, who was not only unable to see his leader, but could not catch sight of any of his followers; "for it's just the same as if I was traveling alone. If there's any row I'm sure to get into it, but I'm hopeful that this time we'll pull through all right."

He frequently looked behind him, and, while he could hear nothing of the rest, he caught the low murmur of voices now and then, which showed that in spite of the caution of Captain Roslyn, the party occasionally indulged in snatches of conversation.

Everything went well until a half mile was passed, when the hearts of all were beating high with hope, when Benny Hurst heard the dreaded signal from his leader.

It was a low, tremulous whistle, which any one else would have said was the call of a night bird, and which could not awaken suspicion among the Iroquois themselves. It was a call that Elmer had practiced under the tuition of his father, and which that veteran had declared never failed him.

There was no mistaking its significance, and, stopping short, Hurst repeated it for the benefit of those behind him. To his consternation, however, he saw it was not regarded, the rangers coming straight on, as though they had not heard it.

Fearful of disaster, the scout ran lightly back until he met the foremost rangers.

"Why don't you stop?" he demanded, in a husky half whisper, angry that his warning should have been disregarded.

"We didn't hear you," came back in a dangerously low tone.

"Wal, you hear me now; stay what you are till you get orders to come on."

"All right," growled the other, and Hurst, frightened, impatient and nervous, hurried back to his former position.

Once more he stood alone, between two fires, as may be said, unable to guess what it was that had caused his leader to emit the warning, but holding himself ready for whatever might come.

It was less than a minute after his return, when through the aid of a few rays of moonlight he observed some one approaching along the trail from the direction of the fort. He believed that it was Elmer Roslyn, but he was too wise to run any risk. He stepped softly aside from the path until he could make sure whether or not it was his friend.

A few paces distant was a spot where enough moonlight found its way to solve his doubts. The figure advanced at a cautious pace, walking slowly and turning his head from side to side,

like one who knew he was treading on exceedingly delicate ground.

It so came to pass that at that very point where he was most nearly concealed, he stopped, with his head thrown forward and turned aside, as if he was depending upon his sense of hearing alone to tell him what was coming. Not only that, but he removed his conkskin cap, as though that interfered with his acuteness of hearing.

Benny Hurst could not have asked for a better view. Ever before the cap was removed, he made the discovery that the individual was not Captain Elmer Roslyn; but he was hardly prepared to learn that he was Kit Wilton, the savage Tory and leader of the Iroquois.

Such was the fact. The detested white man, to whom the tigerish Senecas looked for guidance in their forays against the settlers, was in the path within a few paces of the spot where the astounded Benny Hurst was stealthily watching him from the denser shadow of the wood.

"His hour has come," thought the doughty scout, compressing his lips as if to still the tumultuous beating of his heart. "I've got him within reach, and he don't rest back to the Iujins, if there's any virtue left in my old flint lock."

The words were yet in his mouth, when from the gloom behind the Tory a form bounded upward like a panther, and, landing on the shoulders of Wilton, bore him to the earth as though he was but a child. On the ground there was a terrific struggle, so brief, however, that by the time the amazed Benny Hurst could reach the spot it was over.

"We've got the wretch at last! We'll wind up his clock for him!"

Laying his gun softly on the ground, he made a sudden bound, landing on the shoulders of the astounded Tory, who went down as if beneath a falling tree. But for the surprise of the assault, and the great advantage possessed by the assailant, he would have had hard work to overcome his man, and for a minute or two it was by no means certain that he would do so.

Allowing him to pass, Elmer Roslyn stole from behind the tree, and followed him like a shadow. He waited until he came to a halt in the moonlit space, when the youth decided on his plan of action.

Laying his gun softly on the ground, he made a sudden bound, landing on the shoulders of the astounded Tory, who went down as if beneath a falling tree. But for the surprise of the assault, and the great advantage possessed by the assailant, he would have had hard work to overcome his man, and for a minute or two it was by no means certain that he would do so.

Kit Wilton was an active, wiry fellow, who would have fought like a wild cat, but before he could understand what it all meant, his rifle was wrenched from his grasp, and the iron grip on his neck was strangling the breath of life from him.

As it was, he did all that an ordinary man could have done, but it proved useless. When he was suffered to rise to his feet, he was as utterly a prisoner to Elmer Roslyn as the latter had been the day before to him.

#### CHAPTER XXXVI.

##### THE INDIANS IN AMBUSH.

THE abject cowardice of the captured Tory excited the contempt of his captors.

"Wal, cap," added Benny Hurst, in a low voice, "you've got a prize there."

"I don't know whether I have or not, for he's so scared that he'll have to carry him back to the rest. Keep your eye on him, while I pick up the guns. If he tries to get away, shoot him."

"You needn't be afraid of that; I wouldn't want any better excuse."

"Oh—I won't go—I won't go," faltered Kit Wilton; "I hope you won't kill me."

"That depends on yourself," said Elmer Roslyn, sternly, as he placed himself in front of the cowed prisoner, with the two rifles in hand.

"Why—why—let me know what I can do, and I'll do it quick."

"Will you tell us the truth?"

"Indeed I will—just try me."

"We will soon know whether you are speaking falsehoods or not."

"Yes," added Benny Hurst, "and I want the pleasure of sending him under the instant we catch him in a lie."

"Will you tell us the truth?" replied Captain Roslyn, who, in the same low voice, addressed the prisoner.

"Where are Red Thunder, The Mink, and the rest of the Senecas?"

Kit Wilton extended his hand so as to point over the trail along which he had come.

The white man's eye caught among the trees at the brook, about two hundred yards off.

"What are they doing there?"

"Waiting for you to walk into the ambush."

"How do they know we are coming along this trail?"

"You see I had learned that you meant to make a move into the cavern after it was fairly dark, and I put all the Iroquois there. After a while, I began to think it was a mistake, and so did Red Thunder."

"Who told you that I meant to do such a foolish thing?"

"The Tory was silent a moment and then said: 'I hope you won't make me answer that, please.'"

"You must."

"Drake Colgate."

The answer pleased the captain and Benny Hurst, and it proved that Colgate, after all, was a friend of the patriots, and it was he who had done them such a great service.

"Well, he was mistaken that time," remarked Elmer, not wishing to reveal his opinion of the spy.

"I might have known it," added Kit Wilton, regretfully. "So I don't s'pose you had been gone long when Red Thunder and The Mink set out to learn the truth. They came tearin' back as mad as they could be, saying you had gone."

"Why didn't they follow us?"

"We did not know which way you took."

"How, then, did you learn we followed this trail?"

"That was Red Thunder's idea; he said you would, since you had got out from among them rocks, and since we couldn't follow you while it was night, you would take the shortest and easiest route home, and that of course is over this trail."

"Red Thunder reasoned well," remarked Elmer, seeing the reason of what Kit Wilton told him; "that was just what we did."

"So we hurried with the Senecas to the brook, which we were sure we could reach ahead of you. The Iujins found out by feeling in the soft ground with their hands that you hadn't passed that way yet, so they fixed themselves to wait for you."

"Are all the Iroquois there?"

"About thirty of 'em."

"We could manage them well enough if it wasn't for the women, old folks and children. Where are the others?"

"They are hunting through the woods, so as to make sure you ain't missed."

"They seem to have got the business down pretty fine," remarked Elmer, who now came to the point. "The Iroquois are waiting to hear from you, are they not?"

The Tory replied that they were, and would make no move until he made the signal.

"But you tell us to notify them to stay where they are."

"They'll do that without anything from me."

"But for how long?"

"I can't say; I s'pose for half an hour, any way."

Captain Roslyn intended to offer the Tory his freedom, after that should reach the fort, provided he would hold the Iroquois motionless until all danger was gone; but he saw the difficulty of fully complying with this, so long as the prisoner was in their hands.

A command to the Senecas to stay where they were would be a repetition of the order already given them. Under such circumstances it would be likely to raise suspicion and defeat its very purpose.

The idea of allowing Kit Wilton to go back to the Indians under the pledge to carry out this plan was suggested by the worthy himself, and received the reply:

"I wouldn't trust such a scoundrel as you out of my sight for five seconds. We'll take you with us as a hostage. If you undertake to destroy us, we'll put you where the first shot will pass through you."

"O my heavens!" groaned the prisoner, "that won't make any difference to Red Thunder; I think he would just shoot me as not."

"I don't wonder; come on, and like as not he'll have the chance, for we're bound to push through to the fort whether we have to fight or not."

(To be continued.)

#### AN EDUCATED MEMORY.

PRACTICE, it is said, makes perfect, a theory evidently not held by the hero of the subjoined scene from *Life*:

At an elevated railroad station, Jumsom (to friend just disembarked): "You're looking a little fagged and worried lately, Crumpleton. Anything gone wrong? Troubled by its only effect of this heavy weather. I'm coming, rain is enough to break down the strongest of us."

Crumpleton—"Oh, no, not at all; quite the contrary. I may seem a little preoccupied at times, but I'm only taking Professor Drawnett's Memory System."

Jumsom—"And how do you like it?"

Crumpleton—"Magnificent! It makes different men of me. I used to forget everything; I wasn't to be depended upon at all. I go every morning, coming down in the elevator. Raining again. Well—Oh, hi hi hi! I say, that train's gone off with my new umbrella aboard!"

#### ONE WAY OF SEEING.

A YOUNG German officer, rather new to his work, was drilling a squad of raw recruits, and gave the word of command: "Lift the right leg!" One of the soldiers by mistake raised his left leg, so that it joined closely to the right leg of his neighbor.

"What jackasses has lifted both legs?" exclaimed the officer.



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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Rev. Charles H. Eaton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City.

#### MORE WORDS OF PRAISE.

GRATIFYING evidences of the appreciation with which our efforts to make the best young people's and family paper in the world are meeting, continue to reach us by almost every mail. For instance, a New York reader, writing under date of December 16th, says:

Many a good wish to the ARGOSY. It is without doubt the brightest and best paper of its kind in the world. I recommend it to all, not only as interesting, but very instructive.

Another, residing on Long Island, expresses himself as follows:

I am a constant reader of your most delightful paper. I can hardly wait from one Saturday to the next for it to come.

#### STEAMBOATING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It seems strange that the principal thing to be considered in building a steamboat is its adaptability for being transported over dry land. These are the conditions, however, that had to be met in the construction of Stanley's boat for African navigation, and in that of the steel steamer that is to ply on the tributaries of the Upper Congo.

The falls of the great river form an insurmountable obstacle to uninterrupted navigation, so that vessels must be built with a view to their being taken to pieces and transported around the rapids on the shoulders of natives. But Stanley has pressed into his service all the blacks available, so that in the case of the new steamboat a traction engine was ordered from England to effect the transportation overland.

Truly the African navigator must be a Jack of all trades, and as for the steamboat—well, one should not be surprised to find it frequently springing a leak.

#### A MARINE WHITE ELEPHANT.

A LATE number of the ARGOSY contained a brief article describing the giant raft that was to be towed to New York from the Bay of Fundy. It was then stated that before the paper was in the hands of our readers the raft would doubtless have reached its destination.

Alas for the commercial hopes that were wrapped up in this huge, cigar shaped mass of timber! The Miranda, the steamer that was towing it, encountered a severe storm, and on December 18 the tow line parted and the valuable freight had to be left to the mercy of wind and wave, where at this writing it still drifts, a menace to all vessels that cross its path.

So serious is the situation as regards incoming vessels especially, that the United States man of war Enterprise has been ordered out in search of the missing raft, while the revenue steamer Grant has hastened with all speed to the locality where the Miranda lost its tow. Much anxiety will be felt until this marine white elephant is captured.

#### A CHANCE FOR THINKERS.

INVENTION, whether it be of stories or practical improvements, appears to possess a perennial fascination for our boy readers. We have already printed in the ARGOSY various articles bearing on the subject, and now we are willing to give active minds a few hints which we came across the other day in a New York evening paper.

The first is to the effect that there is a fortune awaiting the person—man, woman or child—

who will contrive some method by which the enormous waste of steam power now going on, can be applied to practical uses. Wherever there is a steam elevator in a building, incessant puffs of white vapor may be seen escaping from a pipe on the roof, while the same loss is noticeable in other ways on all engines.

The other suggestions take up the possibilities now latent in the flags and lights on the shipping of our rivers and harbors. How many more things could they be made to say than is at present required of them?

Then there are also the whistles and bells on tugs and ferryboats. Who will increase their vocabulary, not in the mere matter of augmenting it by a mass of cumbersome additions, but by a well thought out, compact system of brief and easily comprehended signals?

CAREFUL mothers may now warn their jam loving offspring of the fearful fate in store for them with a solid basis of fact with which to back their adjurations. A news item from Camden, New Jersey, states that a horse belonging to a milkman of that town broke out of its stall the other night, opened the feed box and ate up everything contained therein, over two bushels of corn and oats. In the morning the greedy Pegasus lay stretched stark and lifeless beside the festal box. The moral is obvious.

The subscription price of The Golden Argosy is \$3 a year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1 for four months. For \$5 we will send two copies, to different addresses if desired. For \$6 we will send The Golden Argosy and Munsey's Popular Series, each for one year.

#### "NUMBER 91."

AN ADMIRABLE STORY BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

THE success of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES is now thoroughly established, all the numbers published having had a very extensive sale. A marked advance has been made in the printing and get up of the books, and we are now issuing extremely neat and tasteful volumes—real marvels of workmanship, considering their very low price.

"Number 91; or, The Adventures of a New York Telegraph Boy," was the number for December, and is, we think, a story of a higher grade than any of its predecessors, good as they were. Mr. Putnam is one of the best writers for young people of the present day, and "Number 91" is an especially dramatic and interesting story of New York life. The hero, Paul Parton, A. D. T. 91, is a sixteen year old telegraph boy, and the story opens in the office in which he is employed. He is dispatched on a strange errand—to spend the night in a house whose owner was called away from the city. The result was exciting. A burglar entered the house, but was surprised and driven off by the fearless boy. This brave act gained for Paul the gratitude and friendship of Mrs. Cunningham, the mistress of the house, and of her daughter Jennie, a very attractive young girl.

Paul was an orphan, and lived in a tenement house with old Jerry Barclay, who had been his guardian from infancy. When the telegraph boy went home next day, he made an astonishing discovery. He saw there the burglar whom he had defeated the previous night, and found that the ruffian was Jerry's son James, and had just been released from the State prison.

The old man was a miser, and had accumulated a large sum of money, though he constantly talked of his miserable poverty; and it was to get Jerry's savings that James Barclay visited his father. Paul, however, determined to checkmate this scheme, and hastily moved with old Jerry to another part of the city. The burglar tracked them, and some exciting scenes ensued.

We will not spoil the reader's enjoyment by detailing the remaining portion of this fascinating story. Among the later episodes are a fancy dress party, given by Jennie Cunningham, at which Paul was an invited guest; his rescue of a young St. Louis merchant from a pickpocket; and a visit to Connecticut, where Paul performed important services for a relative of Mrs. Cunningham. The whole book is most attractively written, and full of interest from the first page to the last.

"Number 91," or any other book in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES can be ordered at any bookstore or newsdealer's, or will be sent free by mail from this office on receipt of 25 cents.

#### REV. CHARLES P. MASDEN, D. D.,

Pastor of the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City.

ALL the churches thus far described in this series have been comparatively old organizations, dating their formation back twenty five, fifty, and in some cases more than a hundred years ago. This week the congregation whose pastor forms the subject of our sketch has only been in existence five years, and yet possesses a church edifice that cost \$260,000 and a membership that, financially and socially, might entitle it to be called in these respects the representative Methodist congregation of the country.

It was organized in 1882 by fifteen gentlemen, among them being General Clinton B. Fisk, famed far and wide as an able and earnest advocate of the temperance and Indian causes, Bowles Colgate,

a member of the well known soap manufacturing firm, and several other men whose names are familiar in the financial and commercial circles of the metropolis. A desirable building site was purchased at the corner of Madison Avenue and Sixtieth Street, and a medium sized, but elegantly appointed stone church erected, the debt on which was wiped out by one basket collection at the dedicatory services, which netted the astounding amount of \$100,000.

The first pastor was Dr. C. C. Tiffany, who served the new congregation with marked success for the three years allotted by the Methodist itineracy, and was then succeeded by the subject of the present article, who has most ably carried on the growing work of the infant, yet powerful organization.

Dr. Charles P. Masden was born in Kent County, Delaware, in 1843. His early education was obtained at a little country school near his boyhood home. That he applied himself diligently to his studies is evidenced by the fact that he became a student at Milford Seminary when only fourteen and was licensed to preach when but eighteen.

He gained a wide reputation as a "boy preacher," and was speedily enrolled in the Philadelphia Conference, which sent him to Salisbury, Maryland, as his first regular appointment. Here he remained two years, doing yeoman's service in the way of revival work. His next two positions were on Dorchester Circuit and at Cambridge, both in Maryland.

Recognizing the young preacher's talents and popularity, the conference, when the time for another transfer arrived, named the Fletcher Church, in West Philadelphia, as Mr. Masden's next field of labor.

From this charge he went to one in Philadelphia proper, that of the Central Church, in Vine Street. Large audiences were a regular feature of his occupancy of both these posts, and his reputation as a pulpit orator began to spread throughout the city.

Nor was this fame confined to his own denomination. When the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage left Philadelphia and the Second Reformed Church to accept his present position at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, his congregation, one of the largest in the Quaker City, unanimously called Dr. Masden to fill the vacant pulpit.

Leaving the Methodist Conference, he acceded to the flattering request, and for eight years preached to an uninterrupted series of crowded auditoriums. The people came not to hear once or twice only, out of curiosity; they took the word to heart and gave it practical expression in their lives, four hundred and fifty

persons being added to the church membership during this pastorate.

Meanwhile Dr. Masden was editing a religious paper, which attained a wide circulation, and this, in addition to the constant care and oversight of his extensive and rapidly growing church work, threatened to break down his health.

As a change was advisable he naturally turned to the church of his youth, and through Bishop Simpson was appointed as minister of the Fourth Street Methodist Church in Wheeling, West Virginia.

That congregation, a very prosperous and harmonious one, became so attached to Dr. Masden that had it been possible they would have made him permanent pastor. Each year of the three that he remained in Wheeling his congregation

increased in size, and it was during this ministry that the University of West Virginia conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Divinity.

At the expiration of the allotted three years he was called to the Union Church in St. Louis, known as the wealthiest and most influential congregation of the Mississippi River.

Here he was instrumental in adding over three hundred persons to the membership rolls during his term of service, from which it may be gleaned that his preaching

can best be judged by that highest of all standards—its fruits.

Coming direct to New York from St. Louis, he is now in the second year of another eminently successful pastorate. His sermons are all carefully prepared and possess that clearness of reasoning, and frank, manly presentation of practical truths that especially qualify them to make a permanent impression on the hearer.

Dr. Masden is married, has several children, and lives at the Madison Avenue Hotel, in the immediate vicinity of the church. He is the author of a book, published last year, entitled "Pentecost in Practical Life."

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

#### FRIENDSHIP.

Two lutes are strung,  
And on a table tuned alike for song;  
Strike one, and that which none did touch  
Shall sympathizing sound as much  
As that which touched you see.

Think then this world, which heaven unrolls,  
Is but a table round, and souls

More apprehensive be.

Owen Feltham.

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

SIN may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—*Trench.*

ABSENCE destroys trifling intimacies, but it invigorates strong ones.—*Rochefoucauld.*

FAME comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny.—*Longfellow.*

THE innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—*Robert Hall.*

HOLINESS is love welling up in the heart, and pouring forth crystal streams.—*Rev. James B. Gillman.*

THE best part of our knowledge is that which teaches us where knowledge leaves off and ignorance begins.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

ENERGY will do anything that can be done in this world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities will make a man without it.—*Goethe.*

IT is idleness that creates impossibilities; and where men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done.—*South.*

CONVERSATION opens our views, and gives our faculties a more vigorous play; it puts us upon turning our notions on every side, and holds them up to a light that discovers latent flaws.—*Melmoth.*

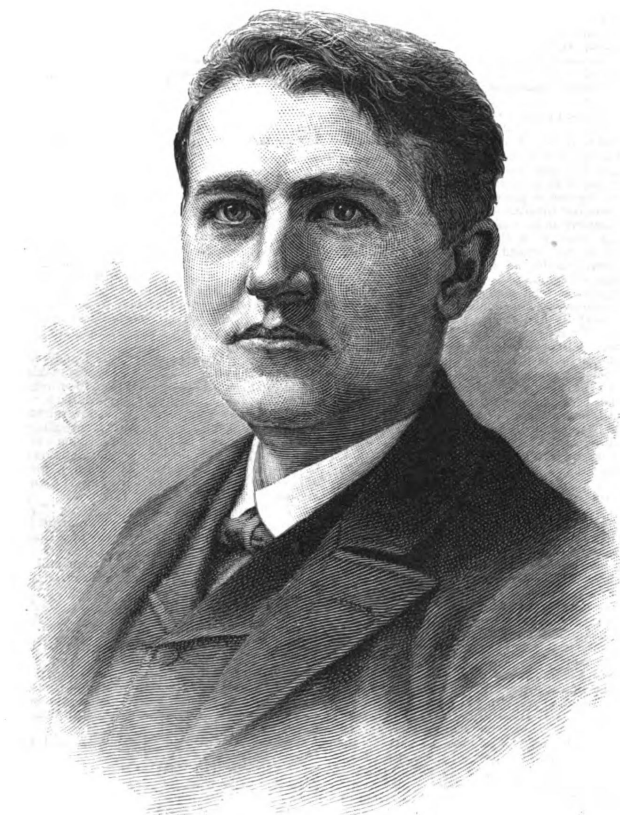
SOME critics are like chimney sweepers; they put out the fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above, they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then sing from the top of the house as if they had built it.—*Longfellow.*



REV. CHARLES P. MASDEN, D. D.

From a photograph by GENELL.





THOMAS A. EDISON.

## THOMAS A. EDISON.

A SKETCH OF THE GREAT INVENTOR'S LIFE.

IN the long list of American inventors there is no more brilliant name than that of Thomas Alva Edison, known throughout the world as the wizard of electrical science. His discoveries have revolutionized a wide department of human knowledge. The improvements that he has introduced in electrical methods and apparatus are almost numberless, and his wholly new inventions include the phonograph, the carbon telephone, the duplex and quadruplex systems of telegraphy, the tasimeter, and many others.

His various mechanisms are in use in all civilized countries, and besides his factories in America he has large branch establishments in England, France, Germany, Italy, and elsewhere. His wealth reaches far into the millions, and so generous have been his dealings with his associates and assistants that several of them are millionaires themselves.

And Edison's fame and riches have been most honorably and deservedly earned. He has always been, and still is, an untiring worker. He was born poor, and has made his way to the front through many hardships and obstacles, solely by his own energy and talent.

Mr. Edison was born February 11, 1847, in the small town of Milan, in Erie County, Ohio, on the Huron River, about eight miles above Lake Erie. His father, Samuel Edison, although born in Nova Scotia and married in Ontario, was of American descent, and the name of Thomas Edison, the great inventor's third ancestor, appears on some of the early Continental bank notes. His mother, too, though for several years a teacher in a Canadian high school, was a native of New York State.

The first years of young Edison's life were passed at Milan. The practical bent of his talent was shown early, his favorite occupation being the construction of miniature plank roads, excavations, and the like. When he was seven years old his parents removed to Port Huron, Michigan, and here he received the education that fitted him to enter the battle of life.

It is a very remarkable fact that this brilliant genius and accomplished scientist never attended any school whatever, except for a period of about two months. He was a studious boy, but all his knowledge was gained at home. He eagerly devoured all the books he could lay hands on, reading not only the histories of Hume and Gibbon, but even the whole of the "Penny Encyclopedia." His studies were di-

rected by his mother, and her admirable teachings laid the foundation of his splendid later career.

Edison began his working life in his thirteenth year, as a train boy between Port Huron and Detroit, on the Grand Trunk Railroad. The position was selected by his father, as likely to give the boy useful experience, and some knowledge of the world. Young as he was, he soon gave evidence of business capacity, and his trade increased till he was obliged to employ assistants. In four years he earned about two thousand dollars, all of which he turned over to his parents.

The train boy's occupation, while enabling him to return home every night, caused a good deal of his time to be passed in the city of Detroit. As much as possible of this he spent in a library, where he supplemented his earlier studies by reading a great many books of all descriptions.

But Edison was not content to be a mere dealer in periodicals; he was ambitious to become a publisher himself. He established an office in an old freight car, got together three hundred pounds of type, and issued *The Grand Trunk Herald*. It was only a small amateur weekly, printed on one side, and without a press, the impression being made from the type with the hand. Still, it was an original idea, and enjoyed the distinction of being the only paper ever printed on a train. It was noticed by George Stephenson, and mentioned in the *London Times*; and hundreds of people paid three cents each week for a copy.

While on the cars, Edison spent many hours with the engineer, studying the workings of the locomotive, of which he gained a good knowledge. On one occasion he took the engineer's place and ran the train for nearly the entire trip.

He next added chemical research to his other pursuits, and started a laboratory in his movable printing office. But one day some phosphorus ignited, and set fire to the car, and the irate conductor threw the young searcher after truth, chemicals and all, from the train. The basement of his father's house now became the headquarters of Edison's publishing business.

The electric telegraph was another portion of the railroad equipment which aroused the boy's interest. He was delighted with the marvels of the science of which he is now the great master, and from this point may be dated the commencement of his career as an electrician.

He began to experiment for himself, and constructed a line between his home and that of a boy friend. The wire was insulated by means

of bottles fastened in trees, and carried under a public road by means of a piece of old cable fished out of the Detroit River.

It was now Edison's ambition to become a telegraph operator, and he soon had an opportunity of learning the art. A brave action gained it for him. At the risk of his life he saved an infant from under the wheels of a train at Mount Clemens, near Port Huron, and the child's father, who was the operator at that station, rewarded the young rescuer by volunteering to give him lessons in telegraphy.

Of course the offer was accepted, and the energetic student, after reaching home every evening, would go back to Mount Clemens on a freight train to get his lesson. He advanced rapidly, and in five months was competent to take a position in a telegraph office.

He began at Port Huron, where his salary was twenty-five dollars a month; then he moved to Stratford, Ontario, and thence successively to Adrian, Michigan; Port Wayne and Indianapolis, Indiana; Cincinnati, Ohio, and Memphis, Tennessee. During all these wanderings he continued to practice and study, gradually becoming a first class operator, and earning a fair salary.

But he aimed far higher than this. His head was full of new ideas, and he constantly evolved ingenious ideas for the improvement of telegraphic methods and appliances. At Memphis he invented an automatic repeater, which enabled Louisville and New Orleans to communicate direct, and saved the work of one operator.

Edison received compliments from the telegraph company, but no more solid remuneration. Soon afterward a change of management threw him out of employment, and he had to tramp most of the way to Louisville.

There he worked for two years, and saved all the money he could. He had made up his mind to emigrate to South America. As soon as he had accumulated sufficient capital, he started with two friends, and reached New Orleans, where he found that the ship on which he intended to sail had already left port. While waiting for another vessel, Edison met a Spaniard who had traveled all over the world, and who assured the young adventurer that of all the countries he had ever visited, the United States was the best to live in.

Impressed by the Spaniard's advice, Edison reconsidered his determination, and, fortunately for his native country, he concluded not to leave it. He made his way home through the Atlantic States, and returned to his old employment at Louisville, and later at Cincinnati.

In 1868 he went to Boston, where an expert

was needed in the Western Union office to work a heavy wire between that city and New York. Two years were passed in this capacity, and then he resigned and came to New York.

For three weeks he vainly tramped the streets of the metropolis in search of work. None of the telegraph companies needed his services, and his fortunes were at a very low ebb when at length he found an opportunity to show what he could do. He happened to be in the office of the Laws Gold Reporting Company, when one of the instruments got out of order, and even the inventor of the system failed to make it work. Edison modestly requested to be allowed to attempt the task, and in a few minutes had overcome the difficulty, and found a permanent situation.

That was the end of his days of poverty, struggling, and discouragement. From that point his life has been one of wealth and renown, gained by the inventions that have made him famous all over the world.

For several years Mr. Edison had a contract with the Western Union and the Gold and Stock companies, whereby he received a large salary, besides a special price for all the telegraphic improvements he could invent. He established a large factory in Newark, New Jersey, which employed three hundred hands, and has gradually built up an enormous and world wide business in electrical appliances.

He lives in a handsome mansion at Llewellyn Park, New Jersey, where he has also a vast and splendidly equipped laboratory which alone cost \$180,000. Nothing is produced there except models and new inventions, and the facilities for performing all kinds of chemical and electrical work are unrivaled. Many thousands of substances are kept in stock on the chance that they may be needed in some recondit experiment. The machine shop in the building can turn out anything from a watch spring to a steam engine.

Here Edison and his assistants are constantly toiling to work out the many new ideas of the great electrician. He has a number of irons in the fire at the present time, and hopes to produce inventions still greater than those with which he has already astonished the world.

In appearance Mr. Edison is a pleasant looking gentleman, five feet ten inches in height, with a smooth, fair face, brilliant gray eyes, and dark hair touched with silver. Most of his published portraits entirely misrepresent his agreeable features, but the engraving which appears on this page of the ARGOSY is an accurate and admirable likeness.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

## LOOK TO THE LIGHT.

STRADY! Look the ranks in motion!  
 Tho' we only be retrieving  
 The disasters and mistakes yesterday;  
 There is shame in dull inaction,  
 There is glory in believing.  
 If we take one step on the upward way!  
 Day by day the distance dwindles,  
 Foot by foot the steepness surrenders,  
 And we tread no more the barriers overpast;  
 While we breathe the air of serene  
 And our eyes behold the splendor  
 Of the gates where we shall enter in at last;  
 Wayside thorns may rend and rend us,  
 Driving mist and cloud may blind us,  
 As we struggle up the last stupendous height;  
 But remember, and take courage,  
 All life's shadows lie behind us  
 While we keep our faces bravely to the light!

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

## The Cruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

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

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## THE FINALE OF THE NAUTICAL CONTEST.

"ALL right," said Spotty, when his father reported that the Saranac had resumed her course to the southward. "She has lost a mile, at least, but she is going to the south of the lake, at least, please. We shall lose sight of her behind the island in a few minutes."

The captain of the Saranac, unable to make the Chaxy comprehend his signals and signs, had run back to speak to her, and direct her to redeem her blunder before it was too late. It must have been a bitter pill for the Saranac to lose her position in the chase to correct the error of her consort; and if she was to do it at all, it would have been better if she had done it twenty minutes sooner.

"The Chaxy has turned around, and is going the other way now," reported the banker.

"Come about, has she? She is going back, and coming down the other side of the island to intercept the Dandy—what she ought to have done in the first of it, as soon as she saw the Saranac was coming down on the east side. Probably it never entered the head of the captain of the Chaxy, or she would not have gone to the south side of the lake," said Spotty; but he did not seem to be at all alarmed at the new movement on the part of the Chaxy.

"You will have to run by her, as you said you might be obliged to do," suggested Mr. Hawke.

"Yes, sir; if she gets into the west channel in season for me to run by her," replied Spotty. "The island is five and a half miles long. When she came about, the Saranac was at least half a mile astern of the Dandy. The Chaxy saved a mile by not going as far to the eastward as we did, so that she was not more than two miles astern of the Saranac. The latter went back a mile. We shall have to gain half a mile on the Chaxy; but we can make a mile by keeping close in to the shore at the point above Corbeau Creek. Half an hour or less will decide the question, father."

"Do you think there is any chance for me, my son?" asked Mr. Hawke, with a look of the deepest anxiety.

"The chances are all in our favor, father. Unless some accident happens, I am almost sure we shall come out ahead of the Chaxy. If we get in fifty feet ahead of her, we can beat her all to pieces. But keep a lookout on the Saranac, father."

The father went to his place outside. Spotty continued to be very careful about his steering; and when he fancied that Tom was sparing coil, he called to him to keep the boat going at her best speed. In twenty minutes, the Dandy was approaching the lighthouse on the northwest point of the island. The banker watched the Saranac with all his eyes, and tried to get a glimpse of the Chaxy.

But the latter was not seen until the point of the island at the north was made out over the starboard bow. Then she was apparently about the same distance from the end of the island as the Dandy.

"We are all right, father!" called Spotty, as he discovered the Chaxy. "She can't catch us now in a thousand years."

"Are you very sure that we are out of danger, my son?" asked Mr. Hawke, returning to the pilot house.

"I am as sure of it as we can be of anything in the world," replied Spotty, confidently. "An accident may happen to our machinery, and the lake may dry up; either of these would spoil our plans. But either of the other boats is as liable to have something happen to her as ours."

"Do you feel certain that the Chaxy cannot overtake us?" asked the banker, as he looked out at the slow boat.

"I do feel very certain. I am not sure that I could not sail faster than her, and beat her in the end. We were up here a month last summer, and I know all about these steamers. She is just as far beyond the northern point of the island as we are this side of it. If we had to

go anything to the eastward of our present course, she would have the advantage," continued Spotty, glancing at the compass in front of him.

"I can't see that we have any advantage," added Mr. Hawke.

"Can you see Rouse's Point, father?" asked the pilot.

"I cannot," answered the fugitive.

"Why not?"

"Because a point of land obstructs my vision."

"That point of land is exactly north of the present position. Rouse's Point is just one mile west of us, or of a straight line drawn from the bow of the Dandy due north. Therefore we have one mile of westing to make, while the Chaxy has two to make. It follows that we are a mile nearer the place than the other boat."

"I understand it now, and I am sure you have been a student on the lake as well as in the school room," replied the banker, whose face brightened up for an instant, but immediately became sad again.

Mr. Hawke went out and took another look at the Saranac. He examined her with the glass very carefully, and then returned to the pilot house. He reported that the pursuer astern was farther off than before, if anything, though he could not perceive any particular difference in their relative positions.

"The only thing we have to fear now is that another boat may come out after us at Rouse's Point when we get there; but I don't think there is much danger of that," said Spotty, as his father seated himself on the divan.

"I should be sure to be captured in that case, should I not?" asked the banker, bestowing an appealing look at the pilot.

"Not at all; we have dodged them so far, and I hope we shall succeed in doing so to the end," replied Spotty.

"It would be terrible to fail now," added the banker, with a shudder. "The officers at Plattsburg telegraphed to Rouse's Point, and the people there must be on the lookout for us."

"Probably the officers kept their own counsel, as they generally do in such cases. I have no doubt they did all they could when they sent out the Chaxy; and all the officers that know anything about this business are on board of her," replied Spotty.

"We have been very fortunate so far. The mistake of the Chaxy in not going to the west of the island appears to have saved us," added Mr. Hawke.

"I think I could have dodged her, for we should have met in the broadest part of the channel. When we got to the south of La Motte, I might have gone to the southward, instead of taking the west channel. I thought of this, but I was not called upon to decide on this point."

"To have gone to the south would not have saved us," said the banker, with a sigh. "I could have gone through the channel between North and South Hero. The Saranac would have followed me; but I can beat her today, with Tom in the engine room. Then, if the Chaxy had gone one way to intercept us, I should have gone the other way. I had a very good chance, any fifteen minutes could fix it."

"By this time the Dandy was up with the point for which Spotty had been steering; and when he had passed it, Rouse's Point was in sight. He had run very near the land at this place, nearer than the Chaxy appeared to be willing to go, though the nearer she went the more she gained; or rather, under the circumstances, the less she lost. She was now a full mile astern of the Dandy, and at this rate she certainly could not have caught the leading boat in a thousand years, as the captain had suggested."

From this point it was hardly more than three miles to the town, and Spotty was making his point; and to avoid any possible accident, fifteen minutes more would settle the fate of the banker, so far as his arrest within the United States was concerned.

"How is it going, Spotty?" asked Tom, after the whistle at the tube.

"All right," replied Spotty. "Keep her booming about fifteen minutes longer, and she will be out of the woods. No time to talk."

"Tom can see what is going on if he wants to, can't he?" asked the banker.

"Tom won't even look out at the doors on either side of the engine room when he is on duty. Gaynor taught him this, and he takes it as well as most. He knows no more of what we have been about than if he had been ashore at Gildwell."

"I will go down and tell him about it, if you wish," suggested Mr. Hawke.

"No, sir; he should attend to his engine and not talk with any one. He will learn all about it in good time. A person cannot attend to his business when his mind is somewhere else. You know that on some steamers they put up signs that no conversation is allowed with the pilot or engineer," replied Spotty, who felt that he could have done better if no one had distracted his attention by talking to him, though he liked to talk as well as most people.

"I suppose that is a bit at me, my son," said the father, trying to smile.

"No, sir; I said outright that you must not talk to me when we were in the tightest place. Tom has to watch the engine and the boiler; and he needs his head about him all the time while so much depends upon our speed. I think we have beaten the Saranac solely because we have attended to our business more closely than the pilot and engineer of our only dangerous pursuer."

"You are quite right, Spotty; but if you were

in my situation—which you or any other like your mother never can be—you would have been as nervous as I am," pleaded Mr. Hawke.

"I don't blame you, father, and I don't find any fault. But I think we had better not talk any more at present, for we are approaching the town, and we must all keep our eyes wide open."

The banker went out upon the hurricane deck, as much to keep out of temptation as for any other purpose, for there was now no ordinary possibility that either of the pursuers would overtake the Dandy, or get near enough to make any signals to people on shore of the state of things. The Dandy continued to shake and tremble under the heavy pressure of steam to which she was subjected. No accident had thus far occurred to anything about the boat, and Tom did not express any fears that the machinery would give out.

Spotty headed the Dandy as far from the town as he could and kept in the channel. But there seemed to be no stir in the town; no collection of people on the shore, as there surely would have been if any excitement had been expected. The few men that were to be seen appeared to be engaged in their ordinary occupations, and there was not a ripple of any kind visible in the town.

The banker reported, when the Dandy was abreast of the place, that the Chaxy was making signals with some kind of a flag from the window of her pilot house. But no one appeared to see them, and they were harmless. A few minutes more brought the boat to Fort Montgomery; and then she passed into the "empire upon which the officers were." She was in the Dominion of Canada, where it would have been a great offense for an American officer to arrest even a murderer.

"The battle is fought and won, father!" exclaimed Spotty. "You are safe from arrest for the present, and until it can be done by a Canadian officer."

But some strange adventures were still in store for the fugitive banker and his son.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## SPOTTY RECEIVES A NEW REVELATION.

MR. HAWKE did not seem to be entirely satisfied that the danger was over. He had come into the pilot house after the Dandy had left Rouse's Point. When he left the deck, both of the pursuers appeared to be straining to their utmost to overtake the Dandy.

"The Dandy is ahead of us, Spotty," said the banker, anxiously.

"I suppose they want to keep up a show of pursuing as long as they are in sight of the town," replied the pilot. "They may follow if they like, but they can't do anything in these waters, you know."

"I could call upon a Canadian officer to arrest me," suggested the banker.

Spotty did not know much about the legal and international forms, and he was as much in doubt as to the meaning of the continued pursuit as his father. While they were thinking of the matter, they heard the voice of Luke at the forward deck light. He had been most accommodatingly quiet during the exciting part of the pursuit, and not a sound had been heard from him since the after aperture had been closed. Spotty could hear his voice, but could not understand what he said.

"You may go down and see him, if you like, father," said Spotty.

"Go into that place!" exclaimed Mr. Hawke. "He would kill me, after what has happened."

"I did not mean go into the forecabin; only go down to the opening in the deck, and see what he wants," explained the pilot.

"I am as much afraid of him as I am of the officers," said the banker. "I am much farther from him than I am from the officers."

"About twenty-two miles; we shall be at St. John's in less than two hours."

Luke gave another loud call; and his voice sounded as if he was in pain. The banker noticed the tone, and at last decided that he would go down upon the forecabin, and ascertain what was the matter with the prisoner. He was very timid about it, and if there had been any one else on board to go, he would have refused.

He went down on the forecabin and stood at the aperture. He called the culprit by name, and asked him in a shaky tone if anything ailed him.

"Is it you, you villain?" exclaimed Luke, whose wrath was stronger than any other emotion in his being, or any bodily pain under which he might be suffering.

"Is anything the matter with you, Mr. Spottywood?" continued the banker, in trembling tones.

"You have been a traitor to me! You promised to procure the ring and the lock for me at once when we were at Plattsburg!" stormed the prisoner. "You have been treacherous, and you deserve to be shot for what you have done."

"I changed my mind, and gave the trinkets to my son," added Mr. Hawke.

"You gave them to your son! You know very well that he is not your son! I will spend the rest of my life in hunting you down!" raved Luke with abundant oaths.

"It was you who were treacherous first," replied the banker. "You told the officers at Plattsburg that you were on board of the steamer and arranged a plan to capture me. You can't deny that."

"I don't deny it. I did all you say; and you will yet fall into the officers' hands!"

"I don't care to argue the case with you, but if you have anything else to say I will hear it," added the fugitive.

"I will hunt you to the death for your treachery to me!"

"Don't say anything more to him if he is ugly, father," called Spotty, who was getting an idea of the nature of the conversation from what he could hear his father say, for he could not understand a word spoken by Luke.

Mr. Hawke did not wait to hear anything more from Luke, and hastened away from the opening in the deck. It occurred to him that the wretch might escape from the boat, and hunt him down in Canada with the aid of Dominion officers. The thought alarmed him, and he stated his fears to Spotty as soon as he reached the pilot house.

"We must look out for that, father," replied Spotty, thoughtfully. "We must take care that he does not escape from the boat; and I don't think there is much danger of it. Have you any baggage with you?"

"I have a small valise, in which I have a change of clothes; and I packed the jewelry in it. But I will leave it if it endangers me."

"It will not be necessary to leave it. I will land you a little distance below the town, and you can walk up, and take the train to Montreal when it comes there. There is a railroad guide on the desk, and you can see what time a train leaves."

There was no train till a quarter to eight in the evening, and it was now only half past one. In an hour and a half more the Dandy would have her destination, and would have been waiting nearly five hours. But there was no help for it, and Spotty asked his father to go out and ascertain the position of the other steamers.

"They are not to be seen," said the banker, reporting a few minutes later. "I suppose they are beyond the bend a mile below."

"I suppose they are beyond the bend a mile below," said Spotty, looking down an eye on them when they come in sight again. "If I find they mean to follow us to St. John's, I shall land you some distance this side of that place," replied Spotty.

Mr. Hawke went out, and was gone half an hour. On his return he declared that no steamers were in sight, though in one place he could see up the river for five miles.

"It is possible that they have given up the chase," said Spotty. "Perhaps they have gone back to Rouse's Point to use the telegraph soon enough to intercept you at St. John's."

But the first thing was to ascertain whether or not the two steamers had abandoned the pursuit. The river was straight for two miles astern of the Dandy, and there was an island in the middle of it half a mile ahead. The latter suggested to the captain his course. When the boat came to the island, he ran up to a bold shore, and carried the bowline to a tree, around which he passed the line, and carried the end on shore, so that he could cast off the line without going ashore again. He had directed Tom some time before to ease off the steam, and the engineer had opened the furnace door. He was obliged to act as his own deck hand, but the mooring was effected without accident or much difficulty.

Spotty seated himself on the hurricane deck, and kept a sharp lookout for the next hour. By that time he was satisfied that the pursuers had given up the chase; but he did not believe they had decided that no further action was necessary on their part. Probably they would see that his father intended to take the quarter before eight for the St. John's train to Montreal. He had no doubt Canadian officers would be on the look out for the fugitive at that place, and at Montreal.

He discussed the subject with his father, and they decided that it would not be safe for him to take that train. It was evident that none of the officers could identify the forger, they had not seen him, and Luke was the only person who could aid them.

"I think Tom and I will go down and see Luke," said Spotty, after they had settled the method of procedure. "He can have had nothing to eat since early this morning."

When it seemed to be an assured fact that the Saranac and the Chaxy had gone back, Tom had banked his fires, and gone to work on the dinner. He had cut sundry large slices of ham, and boiled a large quantity of new potatoes. In half an hour dinner was ready. Spotty decided to postpone his visit to the forecabin so as to make one job of seeing and feeding the prisoner.

The banker kept watch while the captain and engineer took their meal. A small steamer passed them without notice, and that was the only craft seen on the river during the trip. When they had finished, Mr. Hawke took his dinner. A large tray with dishes and food was made ready for the prisoner, and Tom carried it down.

Spotty unlocked the door and went into the forecabin first. Tom placed the tray on the table, and then proceeded to unloose the hands of the prisoner, but he was admonished that any attempt to escape would put him in peril. He wanted to argue, and complained bitterly of the wound in his hand; but Spotty had decided beforehand that there was to be no talk.

Luke ate moderately, and drank his coffee with apparent relish. He wanted to know where the banker was, and what his captors intended to do with him; but he received no answer. When he had eaten all he wanted, he began to abuse the boys; but this produced no impression upon them.

When it was time to secure him again, he was inclined to resist, but the boys were too much for him, and he submitted with the best grace he



could command. The tray was removed, and the door locked upon him again.

"Now, father, we must settle what is to be done," said Spotty, as they met on the hurricane deck again. "The train from St. John's at a quarter to eight will be watched. The fact of your getting on board of it there will be suspicious, and, under the circumstances, we must abandon that plan."

"But what can I do, my son?" asked the fugitive, beginning to tremble again.

"I will tell you what I should do if I were in your place," interposed Tom, who had joined them after disposing of the dishes. "I should go back to Rouse's Point, and take the train there."

"To Rouse's Point!" exclaimed the banker, aghast at the very idea. "That will be on American soil again."

"No matter for that. The fact that you get on the train at Rouse's Point will remove suspicion," argued Tom. "Every passenger that gets on board beyond St. John's will be watched. Have you anything by which they can identify you?"

"I see! Luke must have told the officers that he had the jewelry," added Spotty. "They will look for jewelry in the baggage of every person that gets on the train beyond St. John's."

The banker saw the point, and consented, at last, to return to Rouse's Point after the arrival of the day boat.

"There is only one thing in the way. If any one should see him land from the Dandy, he would be known at once," suggested Tom.

"We will land him after dark just above the town, and he can walk in. If any one suspects that he is Mr. Hawke, the fact that he is in Rouse's Point will seem to disprove it. I have no doubt some of the officers who have been chasing us today will go down on the train," said Spotty.

Tom went below soon after the plan was agreed upon, and Spotty was alone with his father.

"It is nearly time for me to part with you, my son," Mr. Hawke began, after a long silence. "I told you I had something more to say to you. I can say it in a few words. You are not my son, Spotty."

"Not your son!" exclaimed Spotty, leaping from his seat.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### THE LANDING OF THE FUGITIVE.

Spotty had received a pistol bullet in his head, it could hardly have shocked and astonished him more than the new revelation of his father. Whatever else he had suspected, he had no suspicion that the fugitive was not his father. He was not quite prepared to believe the statement, though the fact fully explained some of the dark sayings of the banker, uttered earlier on that day.

"I cannot believe so strange a story, father!" exclaimed Spotty. "Not my father!"

"Luke Spottwood knows that I am not your father, for he threw it in my face while I was talking to him through the opening in the deck. I tell you this for your information, rather than as evidence of what I have said."

"Who is my father, then?" demanded Spotty, bewildered when he found that he had not misunderstood his father, as he still called him. "Who is my father, if you are not?"

"I don't know," replied the banker, shaking his head.

"You don't know? This is very strange," added Spotty.

"Not very strange, after what I have told you."

"You are not my father!" repeated Spotty, unable to realize the truth of the allegation.

"I am not your father, Spotty. If I were not a criminal, fleeing from justice, I could wish with all my heart that you were my son," replied Mr. Hawke, with much emotion. "I have wished it a thousand times, for you are just such a boy as I should be glad to claim. But I have brought you up as my own; I could not have done more for you if you had been my own flesh and blood."

"I know that!" exclaimed Spotty. "Now that you have told me that you are not my father, I wonder at all you have done for me. I wonder at the luxury in which you have brought me up. I wonder that you have done more for me than most rich men have done for their sons."

"I have loved you as a son."

"This very steam yacht is the best evidence of your indulgence. I am thankful that she has been of service to you in these last hours," added Spotty.

"I dared not tell you until this race was run. Perhaps, even now, as you know that I am not your father, you will feel that you are released from any obligation to serve me as you have been doing through all this long and eventful day," added the banker, a shade of anxiety crossing his brow.

"While you are with me, I shall not cease to regard you as my father; and I will not ask the consequences of serving you to the end. It seems too strange now to be true," replied Spotty, rubbing his eyes to assure himself that he was awake.

"What I have told you, Spotty, is true to the letter. As I said before, I never could have told you that you were not my son, if I had not been fleeing from the wrath of offended justice. Now, I can rejoice for your sake that you are not my son. Your name will not now be sullied by my dishonor. The stain that rests upon my name

is not reflected upon you. You are not the son of a forger, who fled in shame and disgrace from his native land," said Mr. Hawke, covering his face with his hands and weeping bitterly.

Spotty was silent, for he could say nothing to soften the reproaches which the fugitive cast upon himself. He felt that they were merited, for he could not regard crime as anything but crime.

"Spotty, if you had been my son, I could never have been guilty of these crimes. The remembrance that you were my son would have been enough to save me from ever going astray," said Mr. Hawke, in a trembling tone.

"Rather than disgrace the name of a wife or a son, I would have become a beggar, which has always been the sum of all miseries to me—worse than crime!"

"As my father, how gladly would I have shared your lot in poverty! How gladly would I have worked even as a common laborer to serve you and support you!" said Spotty, tenderly.

"But you are not my son, and my misery is no longer yours. I know you will never follow my pernicious example; if I feared you would, I would warn you against it. But it is not possible for you, any more than it was for your mother, to do any willful wrong. It is growing dark now, and we must soon part forever; for the little weapon in my pocket may yet do its work if I am likely to be captured by the officers."

"Don't do such a thing, father!" cried Spotty, earnestly. "Do not add another crime to your record. You may yet find peace in this world, which will insure it in the next."

"I have for many years dreaded to have you find out what I have told you today," continued the forger. "If I had not been guilty, I might never have told you."

"Of course it is best that the truth should be told, though I should have been happier never to have known it—at least—"

"If I had not been a criminal in the eyes of the law," added Mr. Hawke. That was what Spotty would have said.

"You are not my father, and you don't know who your father is," said the boy, willing to change the tide of the conversation. "Was my mother my mother?" He could not call her by any other name, odd as his question sounded to himself.

"She was your mother. I told you that she was a widow when she became my wife. She would not marry me until I knew this. I was forbidden to ask anything about her first husband," replied the banker.

"Was that first husband my father?"

"He was."

"And where is he?" asked Spotty, in an absent manner.

"Of course your mother could not have been a widow unless her husband died, Spotty."

"And you don't even know his name?"

"I do not. When I told your mother that her son should be mine, she said his name should be Spottwood Hawke. She would say no more, and I concluded that your Christian name was Spottwood. I confess I have been staggered to-day when I thought of these things."

They continued the conversation till the darkness gathered around them, and Spotty said it was time for the Dandy to be moving up the river. It was cloudy, and the moon did not rise till later in the evening. In a few minutes more the Dandy was moving up the stream. A mile below Rouse's Point, Spotty ran the Dandy up to the shore.

The moment for the parting had come. Both of them wept; but at last the banker by a desperate effort tore himself away, and disappeared in the bushes. The agony was over; the fugitive had gone; Spotty ran back to the pilot house, and rang the bell to back the boat from the shore.

Displaying no lights, he kept away as far as he could from the town, and in a few minutes more he had passed it without attracting the attention of any one so far as he could see.

The lake looked black and lonely to him. He whom he had called father as long as he could remember, had gone away from him, a criminal and a fugitive. It was very sad to think of, and he could not help weeping as he thought of the past, in connection with the events of that long day.

The fugitive had gone. Spotty was no longer burdened with the responsibility of his escape. He could not but feel a relief from this fact. He had not considered what he should do next. Even the presence of Luke on board had for the time escaped his consciousness. The past was done with; he had to think of the future.

Spotty set himself to consider what he should do next. The disposal of the prisoner was a matter of no little consequence. He could not put him ashore in this part of the lake, for his presence was dangerous to the banker. He could identify the fugitive; and probably there was not another in that part of the country who was both able and willing to do it.

He had gone but a short distance beyond the town before he discovered the day steamer coming down the lake. The Dandy showed no lights, and Spotty took great care to give the other boat a wide berth. He did not wish to be reported at Rouse's Point, for it might endanger his father's safety. As soon as she had passed, he ran the boat in behind a point of land, where he had often moored her before, and rang to stop her. In a short time he had her fast to a tree on the shore.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and neither the captain nor the engineer had been to supper. It

was time to attend to this matter. As he crossed the forecastle, after he had brought the end of the bow line on board, he heard a series of moans, which appeared to come out of the aperture in the forward deck. He went to the aperture and listened. The prisoner was groaning heavily, but whether he was crying, or suffering pain, Spotty could not determine.

Tom had banked the fires, as directed by the captain, and come out of the engine room. Spotty explained to him what he had heard, and they went together to the grating. The same sounds as before were heard. Spotty thought he was asleep, but Tom insisted that the man was in pain. They decided to light a lantern, and pay him a visit. They found him in one of the bunks, in a very uncomfortable position on account of his wrists being tied together.

"What's the matter, Mr. Spottwood? Are you snoring, or are you in pain?" asked Spotty. "I never snore," in answer to the most intense pain I'm groaning the prisoner. "I shall not get out of this scrape alive."

"What sort of a pain have you? Perhaps we can do something for you," added Spotty, moved by the real or seeming suffering of Luke.

"It is the wound in my hand," replied Luke. "It has taken all the life out of me."

"I will look at it, and see what can be done for you. But let me warn you that any treachery on your part may cause you a wound worse than the one you have. We will do all that we can for you, but if you don't behave yourself, it will be your own fault if you suffer all night from my neglect," added Spotty. "You know me by this time."

"I am in too much pain to do anything. I am afraid I shall lose my right hand. I promise that I will not do anything to escape or to annoy you, if you will unloose the cords that bind my wrists. They have inflamed the wound. You may lock me into this place, and I will not try to get out till I choose to let me out."

"Though it may be stupid to trust you, I shall do so to the extent of relieving your pain, if I can," added Spotty. "Hold up the lantern, Tom, and let me look at his hand. I can tell whether it is inflamed or not."

The turner, upon partly so that the captain could get at his hand. The right was terribly swelled, and its color indicated that it was in a high state of inflammation. It looked as though he had taken cold in it, and perhaps the injuries it had received during the day had made it worse. Spotty lost not a moment in removing the cord, and helping the sufferer into a more comfortable position.

(To be continued.)

## HOW AUTHORS ARE MADE.

FOR the benefit of the vast number of ARGOSY readers who are continually making inquiries as to how they can become writers, we herewith reprint from the New York *Mail and Express* a portion of an interview obtained by a reporter with Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the *Century Magazine*.

The visitor introduced the subject with the following query: "What field is there in literary work for a young man or young woman who has some ability and yet has no knowledge of how to begin?"

"The only way for a beginner to do is to begin. To become a professional writer practice is necessary."

"I want to know today what field there is for magazine writing?"

"For people without literary reputations?" "Yes, people who want to make a reputation—who want to rise in the profession; it is fast becoming a profession in itself. Now, what field is there? We are having new magazines springing up, some good, some bad."

"Well, the most constant demand is for fiction. A beginner always has the opportunity for practice in the field of short stories, and out of this he can be graduated into a serial writer, a novelist, publishing either in the magazines or in book form, or both."

"Where can he get a training in literary work? There are no schools of literature. What must he do?"

"He must saturate his mind with the best literature, and he must practice, practice, practice!"

"Where will he get an opportunity to practice? Write an article and submit it to a magazine, and if it is rejected write another?"

"My idea is that he should begin anywhere. Give away his contributions; get used to seeing them in type; get his own criticisms of them in type, and his neighbor's criticisms of them. It may spoil a weakling, but it knocks the conceit out of a sensible man to see his writings in cold type. I advise young men and women who are determined to be writers, to write, write, write—and, if necessary, to give away their writings until they finally become valuable. They should try, however, as some innocently do, to give them away to the first class periodicals. It is no inducement to a magazine editor to be told that he can have a contribution for nothing. I know a young man who couldn't even give away his writings to New York periodicals, so I advised him to try others out of town. He then went to work writing editorialials without pay for an out of town dandy. He soon got rid of his mannerisms, and has become a most valuable salaried writer upon one of the large newspapers, and also one of the best contributors for the best magazines."

"Then there is a chance for a man to gradu-

ate out of every day journalism into the higher field of literature—magazine writing?"

"It depends entirely upon himself."

"Is that, then, the natural outcome? Is literature the natural consequence of newspaper writing, or will it be?"

"Many of our best, most serious and most artistic writers have come out of newspaper work. I mean by newspapers both dailies and weeklies. Such writers as Whittier, Stoddard, Stedman, Bret Harte, Howells, Edward Eggleston, and his brother, George Cary Eggleston, Joel Chandler Harris, George William Curtis, Charles G. Leland, John Hay, Charles Dudley Warner, H. C.unner, Noval Brooks, Charles DeKay, George W. Cable, Frank R. Stockton and Arlo Bates have all been in the treadmill of daily or weekly journalistic work, and some of them are still there. Bayard Taylor, William Cullen Bryant, and Dr. J. G. Holland were all journalists."

"Say something about the financial aspect of the profession. Is it and will it be a lucrative profession?"

"I have known very few writers in this country who thought they could get along with the proceeds of unsalaried literary work. All but a few find it up hill work to rely alone for support upon writing for magazine or book publication; but the rates for articles are much higher than they ever were. I have a list of prices of a magazine published in this city before the year 1870. The page was smaller than the present magazine page usually is; but the prices were much smaller in proportion, ranging from \$2 to \$5 a page—the highest priced author on the list receiving \$50 for an eight page article! For stories, with two or three exceptions, the authors received but \$3 a page. Poems were rated at from \$5 to \$10. Many of the names on the list were names that are still well known."

"What do the same writers get today?" "The same writers would get from twice to five times the old prices, while other writers would get still higher rates."

"Can you say what has been the highest price that has been paid for a MS. in this country?"

"So far as I know, the 'Life of Lincoln,' for which the *Century* paid \$50,000 simply for the use of it in the magazine, although in this case, of course, the value consisted largely in the right to print for the first time a number of historical documents. But in speaking of prices paid for work, and of literature as a profession, I should like to add that the one thing which stands most in the way of literature as a profession in this country is the lack of international copyright. The American author has to stand a kind of competition which no other producer suffers from in the civilized world—namely, competition with stolen goods. Not only this, but his own country refuses to enter into reciprocal arrangements with foreign countries whereby he might obtain abroad substantial returns for his labors. Congress is doubtless ignorant, rather than malicious, in its attitude toward American literature; and it is the duty of every American to help overcome the pestiferous ignorance of our law makers on this subject."

## LOCOMOTIVE TALK.

It may help to shorten a tedious railroad journey for some of our readers to be able to translate the meaning of locomotive talk. A key to this is given by the *American Cultivator*:

One long blast of the whistle is a signal for approaching stations, railroad crossings and junctions. One short blast of the whistle is to apply the brakes—stop. Two long blasts of the whistle are a signal to draw off the brakes. Two short blasts of the whistle are an answer to the conductor's signal to stop at the next station.

Three long blasts of the whistle are a signal that the train has parted. Three short blasts of the whistle, when the train is standing, are a signal that the train will back. Three short blasts of the whistle, when the train is running, are a signal to be given by passenger trains, when displaying signals for a following train, to call the attention of trains they meet or pass to the signals. Four long blasts of the whistle are a signal to call in the flagman.

Four short blasts of the whistle are the engineer's call for signals from the switchman, watchmen and trainmen. Two long followed by two short, blasts of the whistle are a signal for approaching road crossings at grade. Five short blasts of the whistle are a signal to the flagman to go back and protect the rear of the train. A succession of short blasts of the whistle is an alarm for persons or cattle on the track, and calls the attention of trainmen to danger ahead.

## SKATING SOLDIERS.

ENGLAND, FRANCE and Germany, as has been already noted in the ARGOSY, have lately turned the bicycle to good account in military matters, but this was by no means the first instance in which an accessory to sport and pastime has been utilized in the army.

Perhaps the most curious battalion in any army is the Norwegian corps of skaters. These corps are composed of picked armed men with rifles, which they use with great effect. The skates are used admirably adapted for traveling over rough and broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldier can be maneuvered upon the ice or over the snowfields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. As an instance of the speed they attain, it is stated that a messenger attached to the corps accomplished 120 miles in eighteen hours and a half, over a mountainous country.



## OUR LIFE'S WORK.

BY E. B. BROWNING.

WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil—  
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines,  
For all the heat of the day, till it declines,  
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.  
God did anoint thee with His odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign.

## An African Experience.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

WHEN I was a sturdy young fellow of eighteen or thereabouts, I started out upon the sea life that I have persistently followed for thirty years, with occasional shore lapses.

I made the run across to Liverpool in the old tin packet Independence, and then shipped as ordinary in the English bark Cygnet, with a general cargo and one cabin passenger, for Kabinia, at the mouth of the Congo river. The cargo was consigned to a firm of English traders. Mr. Singleton, the passenger, who was a mighty Nimrod, was consigning himself to the solitudes of the African interior.

He was reputed to be immensely wealthy

and quite as eccentric.

Had he not been tinged at least with the latter

peculiarity, he would

hardly have taken pas-

sage in a sailing vessel

in preference to one of

the steamers plying be-

tween Liberia or Loando

and London. But he

was said to have re-

marked that he was not

a talker, and could not

stand the "gabble" of

steamer passengers,

hence his choice of the

Cygnet.

As an American, and

the only ordinary sea-

man among the eight

A.B.'s, I did not find

favor in the eyes of the

afterguard. At least I

presume these to be the

reasons for something

more than ordinary

harsh treatment. Cap-

tain Hatcher, himself

was not a cruel man,

but he gave unlimited

license to his officers,

both of whom were

thorough seamen, and

more or less brutal in

their treatment of the

men.

Captain Hatcher was

below. Mr. Singleton,

silently and seemingly

absorbed in meditation,

was walking the quarter

in his shirt sleeves.

Murphy, the mate—a

Waterford man and a

noted bruiser—had

charge of the deck.

I was putting a long

splice in a topsail brace.

It was not to the mate's

satisfaction. He be-

stowed a vile name upon

me, and against all

sailor precedents, I re-

sented it.

Murphy weighed two

hundred—I in the

neighborhood of a hun-

dred and thirty. And

after a frantic struggle I

was tied by the two

thumbs to the main

sheer pole in such a way that I had to stand on

tiptoe to relieve the strain.

"There you stay till you beg my pardon, you

young Yankee whelp!" growled Murphy.

"Lord forgive me, but for the time I was a

murderer in spirit, if not in act.

"Beg your pardon, you Irish brute!" I re-

plied fiercely; "never—but so sure we two

meet ashore I'll kill you if I swing for it!"

I offer no excuse for such a speech save and

only that anger had transformed me into a half

madman.

Influrated at the answer, Murphy caught up

the end of the brace I had been splicing, and

drew it back for a blow.

"Stop!"

It was the first time any one had ever heard

Mr. Singleton's voice upraised. In fact, some

of the men had never heard it at all. The

watch on deck, who had not troubled them-

selves to interfere in my behalf for prudential

motives, stared, as well they might. For the

usually impassive Englishman, having left the

quarter, was walking toward Murphy with a

rapid step.

Interference by a passenger between a ship's

officer and a sailor victim is never allowable

under any circumstances. Hence Murphy, too

angry to even restrain his tongue, roughly told

Mr. Singleton to mind his own business.

In another moment the brace was jerked from

his hand, and Murphy flew to one side with

astounding force. And then, to my great

amazement, Mr. Singleton, whipping out his

knife, cut my lashings.

It was unfortunate for Murphy that his wrath

overcame his prudence. For his mad onrush

toward my English champion was met by such a knock down blow as I never heard or saw before or since.

Captain Hatcher was on deck just in time to see Murphy being helped out of the lee scuppers minus the loss of two or three front teeth. He attempted to expostulate, but Mr. Singleton stopped him with a gesture.

"You may not be aware, Captain Hatcher, that I happen to own a controlling interest in the Cygnet," he said quickly. "I refer you to the Custom House records in London as proof of what I say. Should the other owners know that you countenance the acts of your brutal officers, you will lose your command on arrival. A word to the wise is sufficient."

No one heard him speak again for a week. But his words were sufficient, that is to say, in the prevention of open abuse. Yet there are a thousand ways in which the officer can gratify his grudge against the sailor who has incurred his enmity. And by the time we dropped anchor in the open roadstead at the mouth of the Congo I made up my mind if possible to run away. Death by coast fever was preferable to the degradation and suffering under the tyrant Murphy.

Mr. Singleton had never addressed a word to

sent to a scientific society of which he was a member. But up to the time of which I speak we had seen no big game such as Mr. Singleton was continually hoping to encounter, while I was as strongly hoping the reverse. For I was only a sportsman through the force of circumstances—my employer was one by choice and instinct.

Once or twice we had heard far away in the stillness of the night a muffled sound that Mr. Singleton told me was the roaring of the African lion. And devoutly did I hope that we might never hear it any nearer. As for anything in the way of elephant or giraffe, these, so we were assured by our Bechuana attendants, were only to be found by going a hundred or more miles to the northward.

Toward nightfall of a tremendously sultry day we reached the bank of a shallow river flowing into the Kahbebe. On the opposite side was a watering place, where wild animals went down to drink in the night time. And we purposed, if the moon was not obscured by clouds, to do a little night shooting.

"I wish we might have the luck of getting a shot at the old fellow who kept up such a roaring among the trees last night," said Mr. Singleton, as the natives began picking up our various

hold of my employer and carried him off. In which case it was not the duty of the natives to expose themselves to a similar danger.

Of Mr. Singleton's anger they were afraid, but not of mine. So vainly I scolded and threatened, and finally, as my bearer stubbornly refused to carry me across the stream, I gave him a hearty cuff, slipped from his shoulders, and forgetful of my foot, waded across to the bank beyond.

Here, unslung my rifle, I stopped and listened. The hot, drowsy stillness of the burning air was unbroken for a moment. Then it seemed to me that in the direction where Mr. Singleton had last been seen, I could hear a curious sound like that of a deep respiration, but what it meant I of course could not imagine.

I made my way in the direction of the noise with considerable difficulty, over the network of vines and creepers no less than the detaining waitabits thorns which at every step impeded my progress. All at once I emerged into a sort of clearing surrounded on every side by thick woods.

I say I "emerged," but this is a mistake. I was about to emerge when I saw that my gaze in the clearing itself made me for the moment a gaven image—so to speak.

For, lying face down on the green sward in the horribly limp manner of a lifeless body, I saw the form of Mr. Singleton. But this was not what momentarily paralyzed me. For crouched beside him was a jet black lion of such a size and ferocious appearance that I think my heart must have stopped beating for a full minute.

You have seen a cat play with a mouse. All at once the huge paw was pushed back, and my employer's body rolled to and fro—not harshly—rather the reverse.

And now, as I began berating myself for cowardice, I felt within me something of the burning anger toward the terrible beast that I had felt against the two legged brute on board the Cygnet.

My weapon was a heavy double rifle, carried that day for the first time. The distance was not over sixty yards. Had the lion been lying in such a position that I could have aimed back of the fore shoulder I should not have felt so tremendously doubtful of results. As it was, his shaggy front and glowing eyes were directly facing me, and I had not the slightest idea of the thickness of a lion's skull. If I only wounded the monster it was all up with Harry Harrison.

These thoughts flashed like lightning through my brain as I slowly drew up the rifle, and, resting it in the croch of a mimosa, took careful aim between the terrible eyes just as the lion was about to play with his victim a second time. Then I fired.

The awful roar that almost seemed to rend the heavens was unlike anything I have ever heard before or since excepting the first burst of a typhoon in the China Sea. But as the great body darkened the air between myself and the sun, I threw up my rifle and fired almost involuntarily. Then I suppose I swooned.

I came to consciousness through the medium of a calabash of muddy water poured over my head and shoulders by one of the Bechuana gun bearers. And when I sat up there sat Mr. Singleton some yards away, looking quite as pale as myself. Between us was the dead body of a good sized African lion. The first ball had glanced off the skull. The second, by sheer chance, had penetrated the heart.

Mr. Singleton, whose clothing was in rags, had been struck half insensible by a blow from the paw of the monster that had sprung at him from an ambush. He said he had suffered a hundred deaths after he came to himself. Lying motionless, he permitted the animal to push and roll his body at will with the one faintly vague hope that I might come to his rescue.

That was my first and last experience at African hunting. Mr. Singleton, who himself was more shaken by his adventure than he would admit, consented to return to the factory at Kabinia with the specimens already collected, and I accompanied him. Thence he paid my passage by steamer to London.

"You'll make a better sailor than hunter, Harry," he said when we parted. And I think his prophecy has proved a true one.



MR. SINGLETON ORDERED THE NATIVES TO STOP, AS HE SAW SOME ANIMAL IN THE UNDERBRUSH ON THE BANK.

me. I was not sure he knew me from any member of the crew. Judge then of my surprise when the night of our arrival he came forward. I was standing alone at the rail, staring moodily at the distant shore, wondering how I should accomplish my set purpose.

"Harry," he said quietly, "when I leave the bark I shall find it harder lines than ever. I'm going inland shooting. I will pay you good wages to go with me as a sort of helper. What do you say?"

"I'll go," was my brief response, feeling instinctively that brevity was better than verbosity.

Very good. Tomorrow morning a shore tug boat comes from the factory after myself and my traps. I'll arrange it so you can stow away and no questions asked. Leave your clothes behind. I'll look out for all that."

To make a long story short the plan was perfectly successful, and by noon the next day, with a complete outfit procured at the trading factory, I was on my way inland with my new employer. Mr. Singleton had chartered a bullock wagon for our transportation across the country to Kahbebe. Making the little African village our headquarters for a time, we took long hunting trips on foot into the wonderful interior, accompanied only by half a dozen or more Bechuana natives, to carry spare guns, grub and sleeping outfit.

The district was full of ordinary game, such as the eland, quagga, hartbeest and antelope, with other animals of similar species, to which I am not naturalist enough to give a name. Mr. Singleton was making a collection of horns as well as heads, to be afterward mounted and pre-

packages previous to taking the water and crossing the stream.

"I don't," was my frank admission, but my employer only laughed.

"I'm afraid I should stand a poor chance in the clutches of a lion between these fellows' cowardice and your inexperience, Harry," he said, kindly. For I think he knew that I was no coward. It was more a natural shrinking from dangers of which I knew only by hearsay. And to me a lion had always seemed the most terrible of all created beasts.

Now, the day before I had run a waitabit thorn into my foot. Fearful of taking cold in the wounded member, I mounted on the shoulders of one of the Bechuana men, while Mr. Singleton, as was his custom, proceeded to wade across the water, not being quite up to his waist.

"Hold a bit, boys," he suddenly exclaimed, with a backward gesture of his hand. "I think I had a glimpse of a big bull quagga through the underbrush on the other side."

My gun bearer, who was the head man of our half dozen natives, held up his hand as a signal to the Bechuana men in the distance to keep back. My own bearer halted in his tracks, while Mr. Singleton, wading across the narrow stream, was quickly lost to sight in the thick underbrush.

We waited patiently for several minutes, expecting every instant to hear the report of his rifle.

But he made no sign, and the natives began to grow uneasy. The head man, who knew a few words of English, gave me to understand that some sort of wood hobgoblin had probably laid



## ADVERSITY'S TEACHING.

BY R. SAVAGE.

By woe, the soul to daring action swells:  
By woe, in pliant patience it excels:  
From patience, prudent clear experience springs,  
And traces knowledge through the course of things.  
Thence hope is form'd, thence fortitude, success.

[This story commenced in No. 266.]

THE  
Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

## CHAPTER VIII.

## AN EXCITING RESCUE.

**M**ISFORTUNES, says the proverb, never come singly, and Rob and Chip had had luck all day. Whether the capricious public had become satiated with ballad singing and violin accompaniment, or from whatever reason, the close of the afternoon found the two boys wandering down toward the levee with hardly enough money between them to pay for a night's lodging.

"If worst comes to worst, we can sell or pawn Brayton's pistol," said Rob, disconsolately, as the two leaned up against a cotton bale, "but—"

A confused tumult of voices sounding from the foot of Canal Street, together with the clatter of rapidly approaching hoof beats, arrested his further speech.

"Runaway hoss, I guess," remarked Chip, peering round the cotton bale.

Not one, but a pair! Two handsome thoroughbreds attached to an open barouche without a driver, were thundering down the pavement at locomotive speed.

Clinging to one seat was a handsomely dressed young girl, while opposite was—Guy Hethering.

As well try to stop the great engine on the Bound Brook route between New York and Philadelphia. The most daring novelist would never suggest the rushing forward of a hero to grasp the bridles of the maddened steeds.

One glance showed Rob that the girl, with pale, lovely features, was Doris Lamonte.

As the horses swept past like a whirlwind, headed directly for the edge of the levee, Rob dropped his violin, and joined the crowd of shouting roustabouts and cotton gangs who were tearing after the carriage.

And now Rob Dare's muscle, pluck, and wind stood him in play. Stripping off his coat as he ran, he speedily distanced the shouting crowd.

His hope was that the sight of the turbid element before them might serve to check the flight of the runaways. Vain hope!

One great cry of horror arose from the oncoming crowd, as the frightened pair plunged madly over the embankment, dragging the swaying carriage and its occupants after them.

Another and a louder shout! And a tall, gasping, gray headed man, hatless, and with the tails of his alpaca coat sticking straight out behind him, came rushing madly down on the levee. He was just in time to see Rob, pausing long enough to kick off his shoes, plunge headlong into the swirling flood, which had already swept the struggling horses and nearly submerged barouche a cable's length down the stream.

"A thousand—five thousand dollars to the man who saves my daughter!" hoarsely shouted the tall gentleman.

"Rob'll do it every time, cunnel—twas him jist took the header off the levee," panted some one beside him.

It was Chip, whose faith in his friend's athletic skill knew neither limit nor bound. But the colonel neither heard nor saw anything except the quick beating of his own heart, and the sinking carriage being drawn down by the struggles of the drowning horses.

"Help, help—I—me—can't swim!"

called Hethering, chokingly, as Rob, reaching the barouche just in time, fixed his eyes on Miss Lamonte, whose pale face flushed with joy.

"Let go the seat—place one hand on each of my shoulders, and I will keep you afloat till the boats reach us," he said, between his quick, short breathing.

"Hethering," he continued, as the young girl obeyed without speaking, "no matter if you can't swim—strike out for the big tree trunk drifting past—it's only a couple of yards off."

Rob's calm speech inspired both with courage. Hethering reached the tree trunk, and Doris, supported in the way I have described, remained cool and collected.

The only words she spoke were when a skiff, manned by four stalwart negro boatmen, was nearing them:

"I am glad it was *you* who saved my life," she said, simply.

tiently awaiting the return of Chip with his dropped coat, violin, hat, and shoes.

Only Chip himself was in sight. Rob had been hurried into the nearest coffee house by its enthusiastic proprietor, to dry off. Chip had purposely lingered behind. His friend's pride had once before stood in the way of their mutual interests. Chip didn't mean to let this happen again if he could help it.

"But—er—where is young Dare?" exclaimed the colonel, as though expecting to see Rob standing patiently waiting for his sovereign pleasure.

"Very likely he's gone back to the hotel where we're boardin', to change his clothes," coolly returned Chip. The recollection that neither of them had a change of clothing in the world did not occur till after he had spoken.

"But I want to reward him for saving my daughter's life," returned Colonel Lamonte.

stock, "Chip went on with calm assurance, "but you see it was stole along of Rob's money—"

"I see," interrupted Colonel Lamonte, as Chip hesitated. "You would like me to make you and your friend a loan, eh?"

"Rob's so proud spirited I donno's he'd take a dollar from you if you went down on your knees to him," returned Chip, gravely shaking his head; "but if you was a mind to let me have some to use in the partnership biz'ness till we can develop the claim, I'll kinder smooth it over with him, don't you see?"

To do the colonel justice, he really wanted to show his gratitude to Rob in something more substantial than thanks. He drew out a check book and his stylographic pen.

"Supposing I write you a check for—say five thousand dollars," said the colonel, carelessly, as he rested the book on cotton bale, "and then if you want more, why you can have it at any time."

Five thousand dollars! Chip choked down an exclamation of rapture, and to outward appearance was as cool as the colonel himself. But Rob would never listen to such a proposition.

"No colonel, we don't need so much as that—not now, any way," he returned. "I guess if you'll lemme have a thousand—"

"Say fifteen hundred," briskly interrupted Colonel Lamonte, "and—let me see; yes, I've got that about me in bills."

And replacing the check book, the colonel counted from his corpulent wallet five one hundred and two five hundred dollar notes.

"I believe," he said, a little awkwardly, as he extended the money to Chip, "that—er—these are the same bills that the scoundrel Brayton would have cheated me out of only for young Dare."

Chip nodded knowingly, and tucked the roll of bills into his vest pocket as carelessly as though they represented five instead of fifteen hundred dollars.

"I wish I could have give you them shares in the Silver Nugget to hold as security, colonel," he said, "but—"

"In the Silver Nugget," interrupted Colonel Lamonte, who had unbent wonderfully,

"why, I have an interest in that mine myself, though for a couple of years it hasn't paid anything. Well, good by, Chip," he said, graciously extending his hand. "Tomorrow Mr. Hethering, with Doris and myself, start for our Western ranch, so probably I shall not see you again for some time. Tell your friend from me that I hope he will forgive my—er—hasty utterance, and that I shall never forget what he has done for me and mine."

"That's what it is to be rich," muttered Chip, as he turned away. "Losin' a couple of thousan' in a carriage and span, and puttin' out fifteen hundred dollars all inside an hour, yet never mindin' it more'n nothing at all. Wonder if Rob and I'll feel that way when we've made our pile out of the El Dorado."

And then, suddenly remembering his recent business transaction, Chip turned joyfully into the coffee house to acquaint his friend with the change in their fortunes.

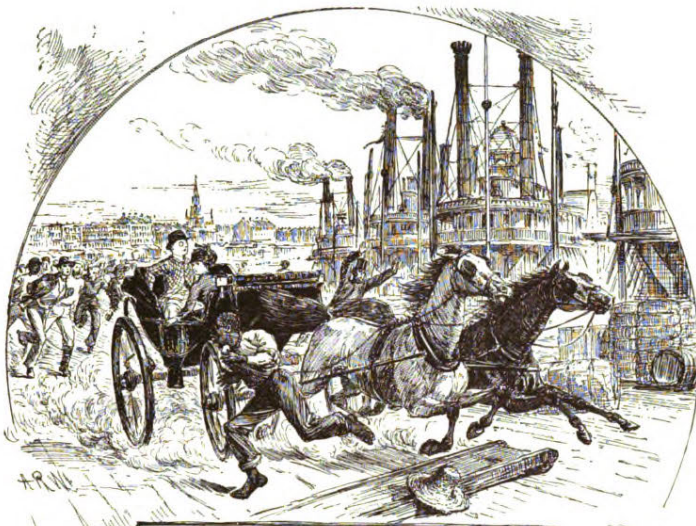
## CHAPTER IX.

## A RAILROAD JOURNEY.

**T**HE change from penury to comparative wealth in so short a space seemed almost too good to be true.

Rob did not offer any marked opposition to receiving Colonel Lamonte's bounty. Partly because he had already had an experience of being almost penniless and without friends in a great city, and partly because, unlike Chip himself, Rob regarded the fifteen hundred dollars as an actual loan—not a reward for saving life.

Suitable clothing for each was purchased, after which the two took up their abode for a short time at a small hotel



THE RUNAWAY HORSES DASHED STRAIGHT TOWARD THE LEVEE.

The words were prompted by no unhealthy sentimentality. Rob understood her meaning perfectly well. In his gratitude toward the rescuer of his daughter, the least Colonel Lamonte could do would be to listen to the explanation Rob had attempted on board the steamer, and give credence to his denial that he knew that Dare and Miggles were counterfeiters.

Ten minutes later the rescued and rescuer were landed at the levee. It was too public a place for any demonstration on the part of father and daughter. A carriage was called, into which Hethering, gasping like a fish out of water, and Doris, dripping like a pretty mermaid, were hurried, despite the protestations of the driver.

"The carriage linings'll be ruined!" he growled.

"Hang the linings!" exploded the colonel. "I'll pay for a new hack throughout, if it's necessary. Drive to 54 St. Charles Street as hard as you can!"

Having liberally rewarded the colored boatmen, Colonel Lamonte turned to the spot where he had last seen Rob, impatiently awaiting the return of Chip with

"Rob ain't one of the kind that takes money for doin' his duty," said Chip, with a positive shake of the head. "But look here, colonel," he went on, "I'll tell you what you *can* do. Maybe you saw in the papers how to the hotel we was stoppin' at last night Rob had his pocket book stole with all his money and a lot of shares of minin' stock?"

No—the colonel had not looked over the morning papers.

"Well, that's the way of it," said Chip, with growing confidence, "and just now it comes mighty rough, for we was calculating on starting out for Nevada, where Rob's got a big interest in a gold placer."

"In a gold placer!" echoed the astonished colonel, staring very hard at the speaker's imperturbable visage.

"Exactly," was the unmoved response—"the El Dorado—I'll show you where it lays."

And pulling out the pocket map, Chip located the spot for the colonel's edification.

"We could have borrowed a few thousand to the bank by puttin' in the minin'



on Canal Street. A railroad map and some handbooks of travel and information regarding the Western country were carefully consulted, while Rob was making his final preparations.

The Southern Pacific Railroad had then been open a short time. This route, which was the most direct, passed through the southern portions of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California. By the advice of the agent, they had bought through tickets to Colton, in the latter State. Here they were to change to a local branch, running northerly to its terminus at Bragg City, which was to be the starting point for their proposed expedition. At Bragg City they were to procure their outfit, as well as arrange for hiring an experienced prospector to act as guide and general adviser.

All this they were talking over together in the hotel smoking room the day before that on which they purposed leaving New Orleans.

Very near at hand sat a shabbily dressed man with blonde hair and a heavy mustache, which, drooping over his mouth, tended to emphasize the absence of three or four of his front teeth. He had registered that morning as Professor Carl Donner, and since breakfast had been incessantly putting at a well-browned meerschaum, without speaking to any one.

So Rob was considerably surprised, when, after a curious hesitancy, the professor, removing his pipe, reached over and touched him on the shoulder.

"You excuse me," he said, in Teutonic accents, and a sort of lisp impossible to reproduce in print, "but I hear them says you are the brave young man that Colonel Lamonte gave five thousand dollar for save his daughter who would drown."

Chip looked up sharply, either at the familiarity of the address, or an imperceptible something in the speaker's voice revealing one he had somewhere heard before.

But Rob, who had noticed nothing, only shrugged his shoulders impatiently. An acute observer might have fancied that the professor drew a quick, sharp breath, as of relief.

Since the papers had taken it up, very much to Rob's annoyance, he had been identified at the hotel as the hero of the affair, and in consequence more than one of the guests had tried to draw him to talk about it.

"I prefer not to speak of the matter," he answered, rather coldly.

So far from seeming offended, Professor Donner nodded approvingly.

"So—that was very proper," he responded, resuming his pipe. He had broken the ice, however, so after a little pause he went on:

"As I sit here, to smoke," said the professor, glancing at the open map before the two boys, "I see you have the map of the West—I hear you speak of travel on the Southern Pacific. I have interest, for it is my country adopted, this West, and tomorrow I go back so far as Nevada."

"Why, there's where we're going," cried Rob, by no means displeased to find some one traveling in the same direction who might give him "points" regarding the object of their journey.

Possibly the professor had gathered as much from their conversation. Be this as it may, he remarked "So?" and soon became very communicative.

By his own account Professor Donner was a miner's expert, or practical assayer, to test the relative value of gold bearing quartz, and its proportion of gold to the ton. He had come East to make a special report to a stock mining company in New Orleans, and was to return on his return the following day. And he, too, he said, had bought a ticket through to Colton.

Thoroughly acquainted was Professor Donner with the country Rob and Chip were about to visit. He had hunted, explored, prospected, and shot Apaches from the Rockies to the Sierras in his day. He was the very man of all others as a traveling companion for such a journey.

In an hour Rob and Chip learned more about Nevada than they had found out from a day's study of their hand books.

"If we could only hire *him* now," enthusiastically whispered Rob. But Chip's experience with the seamy side of life had sharpened his wits to an inordinate degree.

"Best to go slow," he returned in an undertone. "Time enough to talk about that later on," to which suggestion Rob readily assented.

Thus it was that on the following day Rob and Chip found themselves fellow passengers with Professor Carl Donner in the same section of a Pullman sleeping car on the Southern Pacific.

Now this was a new and delightful experience to both Rob and Chip, though one would never guess it. For, true to Professor Donner's teachings, Rob had carefully repressed every outward sign of his excited interest, seeing which Chip of course did the same.

Yet none the less did they enjoy the never ending variations of scenery which met their gaze from day to day, made doubly interesting by the conversation of Professor Donner, who seemed to be acquainted with every section of the country through which they were passing.

So one day followed another in quick succession. From the car windows a continually varying panorama could be seen unfolding itself as the train sped onward toward the setting sun.

It was the fourth day of their journey. As far as the eye could reach was only a desert of grayish white, broken by occasional patches of cactus or grease wood.

"That shall look as Death Valley—only the

valley was much worse," remarked Professor Donner, who was facing the two. He shrugged his shoulders as he spoke, and pointed from the car window.

Death Valley! Both Rob and Chip gave an involuntary start as they remembered that through this cheerful locality ran the route to the El Dorado placer, concerning whose existence neither had breathed a word to their fellow traveler. And on his own part Professor Donner had not seemed to show the slightest curiosity as to their business in Nevada—or indeed to anything relating to their personal affairs.

"Then you have been through Death Valley?" asked Rob, anxiously.

The professor nodded. He was seemingly absorbed in his favorite occupation of making cigarettes, which he did with the deftness of a Spaniard. When, in his frequent visits to the smoking car his pipe was not in a corner of his mouth, a cigarette occupied its place.

"I was with a party there the year Travers the prospector discover the great El Dorado placer, that no one else have yet find," was the very unexpected answer.

Only for a warning pressure of Chip's foot Rob might inadvertently have betrayed himself. As it was, he summoned all his coolness, and met the gaze of Professor Donner's suddenly upraised eyes with a quiet indifference that surprised himself.

"Is a placer a big ledge full of chunks of gold?" innocently asked Chip.

"No, it was where the small gold lay deep under the bed of the river that have run to waste and then the placer years gone," was the reply, in anything but a satisfied tone.

"We're going to Nevada, Chip; we might try our luck hunting for this—what do you call it—El Dorado placer," laughed Rob.

"I hear some person have a map with it all mark out—if you have that now, may be you find it."

While saying this in his usual deliberate tones, Professor Donner did not take his eyes from Rob's face, which, thanks to the self-control the latter had put upon himself, did not change a particle.

"Map?" repeated Rob questioningly, and all at once he fancied that a look of disappointment shadowed the professor's features.

"Oh, it was only what I have heard—that the prospector who find the El Dorado mark it out on some one's map before he die," returned Professor Donner with real or affected carelessness.

"Chip himself made no comment, but suddenly fixed his own eyes sharply on the professor.

"What the—?" began Professor Donner in a voice so unlike his usual gutturals that both Rob and Chip took notice of it.

"That is—I mean—what shall you look so close at me for?" he demanded—suddenly checking himself in his first speech.

"I was thinkin' how clear completed you was and what white han's you've got for a man that's followed the outdoor life you say you have all these years," coolly returned Chip.

The "clear completed" professor crimsoned to his ears, he demanded—suddenly checking himself in his first speech.

"Some shall suburn more easy as others," he said, casting a glance at Chip, in which there was both anger and suspicion.

Then, muttering something about a smoke, he withdrew to another car, leaving the two by themselves.

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would have made some audible comment on the discovery, had not the professor bowed himself away.

"I'm glad he's gone—I don't want any 'oh reover' business with him, neither," remarked the youth, as he watched Professor Donner. That individual was standing near a baggage car, into which the express company's iron money chest was being unloaded from a wagon.

The scene around them was one of considerable interest. The majority of those about the station, sitting on battered trunks and piles of luggage, were foreigners, awaiting the making up of the emigrant train, which, with one very ordinary Pullman and two second class cars, composed the "local" for Bragg City.

But scattered here and there were those who make up the picturesque element of a border railroad station. Indians in stove pipe hats and gay blankets, Mexicans wearing black velvet jackets eruptive with silver buttons, gold tasseled sombreros and jingling spurs, cowboys in their far more slowly faded jaunties, and the ubiquitous tourist with his latest thing in guns and hunting suits, together with the usual variety of nondescripts who lounge about the platform.

"Say, young feller."

The speaker who thus unexpectedly addressed Rob was a rather undersized man, whose hair and short beard were sprinkled with gray. He wore a sort of loose blouse, evidently manufactured from a miner's blanket, over a red shirt, a faded sombrero, and jean overalls tucked into high boots.

"Well?" Rob inquiringly responded.

"You say'd that light haired man with the mustache go—him you two was talkin' with a spell back?"

Rob looked in the direction they had last seen the professor, but he was missing.

"Professor Donner? I'm sure I don't know," he replied.

"Is he's Professor Donner, eh?" said the stranger.

"He says he is," remarked Chip, "but Rob and I think he's a fraud."

"Rob and you're about right, then," returned the other, "for I knowed the critter in spite of hiswig an' false mustache by the privit mark I put on him five year ago."

"Private mark!" said Rob and Chip in a breath.

"Exactly!" returned their informant. "Owin' to some one jogglin' my elbow when I pulled, so the ball only clipped his ear."

Now they both had noticed that the lobe of the professor's ear was missing, yet thinking it might be a natural deformity, had refrained from comment.

"Who is he?"

"What has he done?"

The two questions followed in rapid succession, and the stranger looked curiously from one to the other.

"Mebbe you've heard of Bunyap?" he remarked inquiringly. Both shook their heads.

"Is that his name—Mr. Bunyap?"

"A pair of tenderfeet, sure enough," was the pitying response, delivered in a sort of soliloquy. "No, my name's Bunyap—plain, without any 'Mister' to it," the stranger continued, "and his—no one knows what he was christened, for he's been Smith, Jones an' Jack Vance—"

But here Bunyap pulled himself up short, as though conscious of talking too much.

"Goin' to Bragg City?" he suddenly asked.

"Yes," returned Rob, rather amused at his new acquaintance.

"Well, I'll see you later aboard the train," and thus saying, the speaker nodded familiarly and made his way across the street.

"Wild Bunyap a friend of your'n?" inquired a rough looking bystander.

"Wild Bunyap?" Rob could hardly repress a smile. The adjective seemed quite out of keeping with the quiet exterior of the man who had just left him.

"No," he answered, "we never met him before today. Who or what is he?"

The person addressed stared at Rob as if he was a natural curiosity.

"Goodness," he exclaimed, in deep disgust, "I thought even tenderfeet knowed *something*." And without vouchsafing any reply to Rob's query, he walked away.

## CHAPTER X.

### A STRUGGLE IN THE CARS.

THE train for Bragg City was pulling away from the adobe station at Colton, when Bunyap entered and seated himself immediately behind Rob and Chip. Before addressing his young acquaintances he glanced about the car.

Four commercial drummers of the Jewish persuasion were noisily comparing notes as to their respective routes. Two or three post traders, a land speculator, some cattle men, and a few respectably appearing Mexicans composed the entire company, who were all males.

"If anything *should* happen," remarked Bunyap, in audible soliloquy, "there wouldn't be much got out of this yere crowd."

"Anything happen?" repeated Rob; "why, what?"

"You two got any money?"

The question did not seem to be prompted by idle curiosity, neither was it put in any offensive sense.

"Why, yes," was the immediate reply.

"You're both tolerble likely lookin' young fellers, if you be tenderfeet," said Bunyap, resting his bearded chin on the back of their seat in

such a way that he could glance from one partly turned face to the other. "Now you lis'n to me."

Here Bunyap paused, and seemed to consider for a moment. Then his eye suddenly rested on the significant notice between his own window and the one near which Chip was sitting:

## AXE, BAR AND SAW.

### UNDER THE SEAT.

"I don't say anything'll happen," he observed in a confidential undertone; "but, as Shakespeare, or some one says—in 'time of peace prepare for war.' Folks has been 'held up' on railroad trains in these parts—"

"Held up? How?" interrupted Chip.

"Why, robbed—who you been all yer life?" was the rather curt rejoinder.

"If I was you," continued Bunyap, resuming his cautious manner, "I'd jest tuck my money and vallybles in the locker under the seat you're sittin' on—that's what I'd do. Then, if anything happens, you ain't got any money about you—see?"

"Why don't you hide yours?" asked Chip, inclined to be incredulous.

"Blowed it all in at Colton, 'cepting a couple o' dollars—that's why, young feller," was the dry response.

Then announcing his intention of seeking the smoking car, Bunyap withdrew, leaving the two to talk over this new and unexpected bit of advice.

Chip was inclined to laugh at it.

"Jest as though robbers could stop a railway train same's though it was a stage," he said, incredulously.

But Rob, who had heard of such things in his brief Western experience, was not so incredulous.

"I guess the man means well enough," he said, slowly; "but we won't do anything about it just yet—I want to think it over a bit."

Perhaps he's a fellow same as Professor Donner, and only trying to find out how much money we've got," suggested Chip.

Rob did not encourage the idea. Somehow he had a fancy that Bunyap really intended to show his friendly feeling toward the two.

"We'll wait a bit," he remarked briefly, and, being very tired, the two settled back to wear away a few hours in an uneasy doze.

Towards midnight there was a slight cessation of snoring in the car, as the train stopped with a jar at a water tank just beyond one of the small border stations.

Voices were heard without alteration. An excited brakeman on the platform yelled "Robbers!" but nothing more, owing to a sudden compression of his windpipe.

"Bunyap was right," muttered Rob, and just as the front and rear doors of the car were thrown open simultaneously, he tucked his pocketbook in the locker under the seat.

The glare of the lanterns shone directly on a masked man, armed with a double barrel shot gun, standing on either platform.

"Money and watches," said the man at the front door, gruffly.

"And the first one that shows fight will get a charge of buckshot through his diaphragm," he pleasantly called out he at the rear door, throwing forward his gun with the words.

With as much calmness as was possible under the circumstances, Rob and Chip, who sat about midway in the car, awaited the approach of the desperado at the front. The man was collecting of his victims right and left, while his confederate, coming from the rear, was doing the same. Each occasionally cast a wary glance over the other's shoulder, to see that no one in the rear made any show of drawing a weapon.

Pocketbooks and watches were extended and received with considerable alacrity.

"Fork over!" said the man from the rear, as he reached the two boys. He was a heavily built man with long arms, and through the holes in the mask Rob saw his eyes glitter with a curious light as they rested on the latter's face.

Rob held out four one dollar bills which he had kept for loose change.

"No foolin'—I want the rest of it," growled the other.

"Then you'll have to wait," defiantly returned Rob, who was growing hot and angry to think how easily two men were intimidating half a car full, for I've got no more money about me."

"You search him, Joe—I'll blow his head off if he offers to kick," said the masked man behind, in a low, fierce voice.

Rob held up his hands.

"Search if you like, you coward," he said, savagely. Every drop of blood in his body was tingling at an indignity which had not been offered to any of the other passengers, who were breathlessly looking on.

The man roughly tore open Rob's vest, and ran his hand rapidly up and down the lining, as well as that of his coat.

"Try the kid," said the robber in the rear, and the other turned hastily toward Chip. Suddenly remembering the map in his pocket, the victim shrank back to the window.

But Rob's cup of anger was now full to overflowing. Prudence, personal safety—all were carried away by the overflow, and if a Gatling gun had been pointing at the back of his head instead of a cocked double barrel, he would have done exactly the same.

"Hands off that boy!" he said between his teeth, as the big brute reached over to seize Chip in his rough grasp.

And with these words Rob clutched the bar-







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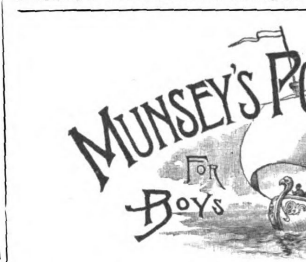
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