

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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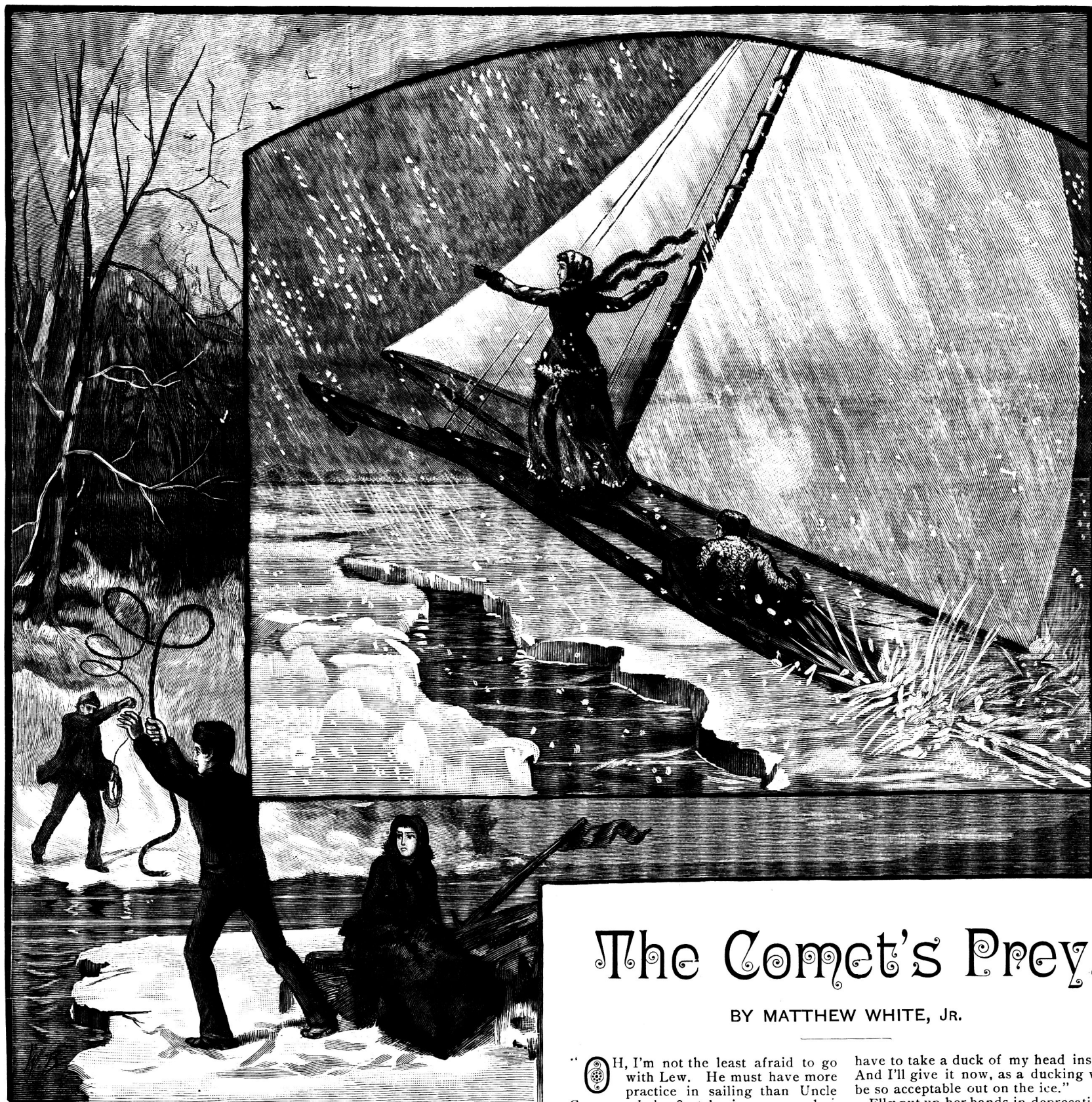
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A WILD CRY FROM ELLA, WHO HAD RESUMED HER POSITION ON THE RUNNER BOARD, WAS THE FIRST NOTICE LEW HAD OF THE NEW DANGER.

## The Comet's Prey.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

"OH, I'm not the least afraid to go with Lew. He must have more practice in sailing than Uncle George, who's off at business every day, and although I don't say that he knows more than his father, I don't see why he shouldn't know as much."  
"Thank you, thanks, Ella. It's too bad I haven't a hat on so I could make my acknowledgments with a bow. You'll

have to take a duck of my head instead. And I'll give it now, as a ducking won't be so acceptable out on the ice."  
Ella put up her hands in deprecation of her cousin's audacious pun, then vanished through one door to put on her furs while he left the library by another to get the Snow Drift ready for the sail.  
The Holdens were spending the winter at their country home on the banks of



"If you are satisfied, I ought to be. But you said the captain and the engineer should be paid the same. Of course the wages include board."

"Then we shall each be better paid than Gaynor was," replied Spotty, who had not considered the board in his calculation.

"Very well, Captain Hawke; I am quite delighted with the arrangement. But of course we can't run the boat in the winter; and what will you do then?" asked the owner.

"I think we can find something else to do in the winter," replied Spotty, who had not before considered this question.

"O, I mean to pay your wages just the same; but what will you do with yourselves? If you stay here, perhaps you would be willing to take care of the estate."

"We shall be willing to do anything you wish us to do," added the captain, who began to think the hard lot he had expected when he had to take care of himself was likely to be a "soft thing."

"I see that you are quite intimate with my nephew," said Mr. Spottwood, suddenly changing the subject, and Spotty thought he looked troubled. Possibly the real object of the conference was yet to be shown.

"I never saw him until my first visit to Tonnington," replied Spotty. "He was on board of the Dandy at the time we were chased by the Saranac and the Chaxy. From that time till yesterday I did not see him again."

"I was afraid you were more intimate with him than this indicates," added Mr. Spottwood, with a smile. "I am told that you and the engineer are young men of excellent character."

"I think we both intend to do as well as we know how," said Spotty, modestly. "Why were you afraid we were too intimate with Mr. Luke?"

"It is not pleasant for me to say anything in disparagement of my nephew; but I must tell you that he is not a proper associate for you. Perhaps it is not necessary for me to say anything more than this."

"I suppose that picture is of Mr. Luke's mother?" asked Spotty, venturing to approach the subject in which he felt so much interest, as he pointed to the portrait of the beautiful lady.

"That?" added the rich man, a shade of melancholy coming over his face. "What makes you think that is Luke's mother?"

"I thought it might be," replied Spotty, finding that he made no progress, but was cornered himself.

"Did Luke tell you that was the picture of his mother?"

"He did not; I never saw the picture till this evening."

"Did he tell you his mother's picture was in this house?"

"No, sir; he never said anything to me about a picture."

"Surely you had some reason for the question you asked me?" persisted Mr. Spottwood, who was so earnest about what appeared to be a mere trifle that Spotty was afraid he had touched upon some delicate matter relating to the family quarrel, which existed, or had existed, as he judged from what Luke had said to him.

"I did have a reason, sir; but I assure you I did not mean to meddle with anything that does not concern me, and I hope you will excuse me if I have been impertinent," pleaded Spotty, who had no idea how or to what extent he had disturbed his owner.

"As you are to be a member of my household, Captain Hawke, I had some fears that you might have talked too much with Luke," said that gentleman. "I have no secrets which the world may not know, or which the world does not know. Unhappily, my only brother, Peter, became intemperate and dissolute; but he died sixteen years ago, when Luke was a child. Two years before, my father died. The conduct of my brother had sorely troubled him, and it hurried him to the grave. He made a will, leaving fifty thousand dollars in trust for his brother and his brother's son; for Luke was even then a terror to the neighborhood. My father gave me the same amount outright, and fortunate investments have increased mine at least twenty fold, while Luke's yields but six per cent. This fact, I have often had occasion to hear, makes Luke very bitter towards me. Perhaps you have heard him say something?"

"I have, sir," replied Spotty, wondering why Mr. Spottwood should take the trouble to tell him about the matter.

"I do not wish any one in my household to think I am a robber, Captain Hawke," said the owner, with a smile. "I am the trustee of Luke's fortune. I can invest my own in real estate or use it in speculation, but I can only loan the money of Luke on good security, according to the terms of my father's will. It is not my fault, but his own, and, unfortunately, of his father, that he is not as well off today as I am. On the other hand, if my father had not tied up the share of Luke and his father as he did, Luke in all human probability would have been a beggar today. He has three thousand dollars a year, but he squanders it all in worse than useless ways, and complains that he can't spend my property in the same manner. You have heard Luke's side of the story, and it is right that you should know the other side."

"I am very glad to know it, sir, but I did not believe what Luke told me," added Spotty.

"I judge from your question about that picture that Luke has been telling you something else relating to his family affairs," continued Mr. Spottwood, evidently unwilling to leave the subject.

"He told me that his mother was a sister of another lady, whose picture I have seen," replied Spotty. "This picture looks just like the one I have seen."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the gentleman, apparently more than ever interested in the subject. "Luke's mother was no relation whatever to the lady whose picture you see. In fact, Luke's mother never saw her, for she died when this lady was only a child."

"I am sorry I said anything, Mr. Spottwood."

"And I am very glad you spoke of this matter. But you have not told me where you saw the picture that looks so much like this one."

"It is in the drawing room of the cottage at Gildwell," replied Spotty, promptly, for he was ready to tell all he knew about the picture and the circumstances.

He was satisfied that Luke was a villain, and would not treat him fairly, and if the opportunity was presented he was determined to tell his new friend all about his relations with Luke and with Mr. Hawke.

"I went through the drawing room at Gildwell, and I did not see any such picture as you describe," added Mr. Spottwood.

"Only the faces in the two pictures are alike; the dresses are quite different. The picture at Gildwell is covered to keep it safe."

"But this is the portrait of my wife."

Mr. Spottwood was much affected when he spoke of the picture.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE.

IF Spotty was astonished before he was utterly bewildered now. The lady was not Luke's mother, but Paul Spottwood's wife! He wondered if she was in the house then. Why had she not gone to Plattsburg with the rest of the party? Did she look as much like his mother as the picture here looked like the one on the other side of the lake?

The face in the two pictures was almost identically the same, and it was hard for Spotty to divest his mind of the idea that they were taken for the same person. But it was almost ridiculous to suppose such was the fact. After all, it was probably only an accidental resemblance. His mother had lived for years on the opposite side of the lake, and if there had been any relation between her and the wife of Paul Spottwood Mr. Hawke would have known something about it.

But how happened his own name to be Spottwood? He thought he had the true explanation of the fact when Luke had told the reason why he wanted the ring and locket. But the villain had probably lied, and made his explanation out of "whole cloth."

"Has the engineer put the fire out on board of the steamer?" asked Mr. Spottwood, who was quite as much bewildered as Spotty.

"Probably he has; but he can get up steam again in a very short time," replied the captain, rising from his chair.

"I must see that picture before I sleep tonight. But Ducky leaves Windport at half past eight, and I must see him off," added the owner of the Dandy, looking at his watch.

"We will take Mr. Duckridge to Windport in the boat, and then go over to Gildwell," suggested Spotty. "We can be ready in half an hour."

"Very well; do so. I can't leave Ducky when he is going off to be married. Ducky has managed my property for fourteen years, and he has made me richer than I even wish to be. I cannot neglect him," said Mr. Spottwood.

"I will have the Dandy ready as soon as possible; but I am sure we can land Mr. Duckridge at Windport in season for the train," replied the captain, as he moved towards the door.

"Stop a minute," interposed Mr. Spottwood, rubbing his brow. "Luke told you his mother was the sister of a lady whose picture you had seen, which looked like this one. Was that it?"

"That was it, sir."

"And the picture is the one that looks like this one?"

"Luke did not say anything about the picture, only about the lady; and I know that the picture is hers," Spotty explained.

"Precisely; but we must not stop any longer to talk about it. Have the boat ready as soon as possible."

Spotty hastened to the wharf. Tom had received no orders to draw the fires, and he had not done so. He had only to wake them up, and the boat would be ready. It was half past seven, and the train would leave in an hour. The cook and waiter were just going on shore with the things they had brought on board, and Spotty sent word by them that the boat was all ready.

Mr. Spottwood and Ducky soon appeared, and the Dandy landed her passengers at the wharf in Windport in ample time for the train. The owner came into the pilot house when the boat left the wharf. He and the captain talked all the way to Gildwell about the two pictures, but they did not get beyond them. Mr. Spottwood had not yet asked the name of the lady whose picture was in the drawing room of the cottage. It was very strange that he did not; but he was evidently investigating the meaning of Luke's statement, and did not carry his inquiries beyond this issue.

The boat went up to her former berth at the wharf, and seemed to be at home there. By this time it was quite dark, and Spotty lighted a couple of lanterns for the visit to the house. The owner had the key, though the gardener

had engaged to take charge of the place. They entered the cottage, and Spotty lighted several lamps in the drawing room before he pointed out the picture, so that it could be seen to the best advantage.

The picture was closely covered over with cloth to keep the dirt from it. Spotty had thought of asking for this picture when the new owner gave him permission to take anything he wanted, but it seemed like asking too big a boon. He procured a stepladder and removed the covering from the frame. The lights were then put in the best positions to exhibit the painting.

Mr. Spottwood looked at the picture long and earnestly, and Spotty studied his expression as he did so. He had already seen that his employer was a person of very delicate organization, and he was not surprised at the emotion he exhibited as he looked at the portrait. Spotty tried to compare it by the aid of his memory with the picture on the other side of the lake. So far as he could judge, they were identical in the face, though one seemed to be a few years older than the other.

"Who is this lady, Spotty?" asked Mr. Spottwood, without any preface to the direct question.

"It is Mrs. Hawke," replied Spotty.

"Mrs. Hawke?" mused the rich man. "The wife of Mr. Hawke, the late owner of this estate?"

"Yes, sir; and my mother," replied Spotty.

"Your mother!" exclaimed Mr. Spottwood, who evidently had not considered that the latter fact naturally followed the other. "It is a most wonderful resemblance!"

"I was sure till you told me who the picture in your house was that the originals must be sisters," replied Spotty.

"As near as I can judge in seeing the pictures apart, they were painted for the same person at different periods of her life; but of course this cannot be; and I suppose we must set it down as a case of wonderful resemblance. But, Spotty, if this is the picture of your mother, don't you want to keep it?" asked Mr. Spottwood.

"I should like to do so very much."

"Then we will take it back to the boat. We will hang them up together in the library, and then we can see in what they are alike, and in what they differ."

With the assistance of his owner, Spotty took down the picture, carefully wrapped it in the coverings, and carried it to the wharf. It was placed on a sofa in the after cabin, and in half an hour more it was hanging in the library at Tonnington. Mr. Spottwood declared that he should believe the two pictures were painted for the same person. If it were not impossible that it should have been so the resemblance was wonderful.

"Is Mrs. Spottwood at home?" Spotty ventured to ask at last; but he did so with fear and trembling, lest he should again strike in some sensitive place.

"At home!" exclaimed Mr. Spottwood, in a tone that convinced the captain that it was exceedingly imprudent to ask any questions.

"Mrs. Spottwood is not living," and something like a shudder passed through the frame of the speaker. "She died thirteen years ago. It is a very sad story."

"I beg your pardon for asking the question," replied Spotty, very much disturbed to find that he had opened an old grief. "I am sorry that I was so stupid; but I will not ask any more questions."

"I do not blame you, captain. If you had known that Mrs. Spottwood was not living, you would not have asked the question," replied the rich man. "I have been told that your mother is not living."

"She is not; she died about eight years ago."

"And I saw on the canvas that this portrait was painted in 1869, four years after the death of Mrs. Spottwood," continued the rich man. "Of course the pictures could not have been painted for the same person. But we will look at them again in the morning. I will send Darwin to show you to your room, that you may be able to find it when you want it."

"Tom and I had just as lief sleep on the boat, sir," said Spotty.

"I prefer that you should sleep in the house, if you do not object. I like to have somebody at home besides the servants and myself," replied Mr. Spottwood and Darwin, the colored man, was required to conduct the captain to his apartment.

The room was as old fashioned as the rest of the house, and nothing could be more comfortable. It was a very large room, and contained two beds. Spotty looked it over, and then went to the boat to inform Tom Gates about their accommodations. Every door on board of the Dandy was secured in the most careful manner, for Spotty did not know what Luke might conclude to do next.

After breakfast, at which the two officers were invited to sit with the owner, Spotty was asked to visit the library, and inspect the pictures again. By this time he had come to the conclusion that he and Tom were wanted in the house for their company, quite as much as to add to the security of the owner. They had been treated as guests rather than employees; and Mr. Spottwood was as familiar with them as though he had known them all their lives.

"The resemblance is even stronger by day than by lamp light," said the rich man, as he and the captain stood up before the two paintings. "But, Spotty, I don't think you made

the connection of Luke with these portraits quite clear to me."

"I beg your pardon, sir; but I did not connect Luke with them at all," replied Spotty.

"Please repeat what you said."

"Luke said his mother was a sister of the lady whose portrait looked like the picture of Mrs. Spottwood. It was I, and not Luke, that connected the lady with the picture," replied Spotty.

"That would mean that his mother was your mother's sister," commented Mr. Spottwood, with a smile, as he thought that could not be what Luke had said.

"That is what he said in so many words—that his mother and mine were sisters," replied Spotty.

"Luke knew that to be a falsehood!" added the owner, with some indignation. "I knew my brother Peter's family very well. His wife had no sister."

"That settles the matter," replied Spotty, who was glad to have his mind set at rest in regard to Luke's story.

"Your mother may have had sisters, but Luke's mother had none; and poor woman, she died a few years after her son was born. Eut your mother looks enough like Mrs. Spottwood in these pictures to be her sister. Yet that could not have been, for my wife had no sister. I have been very lonely and sad since she died. I should have passed away years ago if it had not been for Ducky. He has kept me alive. But we will go to Plattsburg again today, for the want of something better to do."

This time there was no one on board of the Dandy but Mr. Spottwood and the two officers—not even any crew.

As they were going up Cumberland Bay, Spotty saw the Saranac coming out. To his surprise she came about, and returned before the Dandy reached the wharf.

The two boats were soon moored at the same pier. Mr. Spottwood went on shore, and in the course of the afternoon Spotty stepped on board of the Saranac to see Captain Gustoff. He little dreamed what a trap he was running into.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

BERTIE, Sparta, Mo. Harry Castlemon's real name is Charles A. Fosdick.

A. E., Little Falls, N. Y. Are not the explanations in the article itself sufficiently clear?

E. F. G., Rockland, Me. If in a good state of preservation the silver dollar of 1795 will bring \$1.25.

E. S., Rocky Hill, Conn. If in good condition, you may be able to obtain \$1.10 for your silver dollar of 1798.

J. H. K., New York City. Yes, the son of a foreign born citizen may become President of the United States.

H. N. A., Brooklyn, N. Y. The *Art Age*, the *Art Amateur* and the *Art Interchange* are all published in New York.

WHISPERING PINE, Albany, N. Y. 1. Yes. 2. Write to Lee & Shepard, Boston, for what you want. 3. Yes. 4. Not at present.

E. S. C. There were no cents coined previous to 1793. For the rest, we do not understand to what particular coin you have reference.

PHARMACIST, South Boston, Mass. 1. See answer to first query of W. C. R. 2. Yes, we consider the retail drug business a very good one.

J. P. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. There is no specific to put a stop to the growth of a human being. 2. As a rule the process ceases at about the age of eighteen.

W. T. B., Bridgeton, N. J. Your coin is a Spanish piece, of the reign of Philip V. As to its value, we advise you to submit it to the inspection of some coin dealer. Addresses of such may be found in our advertising columns.

L. L. J., Sharpsburg, Pa. 1. If in good condition the quarter of 1853, without rays behind the eagle, is worth \$2.50. No premium on the same coin with rays. 2. No premium on the dimes of 1841 or 1845. 4. Consult our advertising columns.

A. M., New Orleans, La. 1. No premium on the half cent of 1828 with stars around the head of Liberty. 2. We are not authorized to divulge the real names of those contributors who choose to hide their identity behind a *nom de plume*.

W. C. R., Grand Rapids, Mich. 1. The only "flying eagle" nickel cent on which there is a premium value is that of 1856, which, in good condition, is worth \$1.50. 2. No premium on the cent of 1846 nor on the three cent silver pieces of 1852 or 1853.

ELECTRICIAN, Milford, Mass. We cannot afford the space in this department to describe the manner of constructing a spark coil. With a view to making the column equally helpful and useful to all, we aim to make all answers as brief as possible.

E. S., Washington, D. C. Yes, the word "late" before Mr. Corcoran's name on page 4 of No. 261 was an error. That gentleman, though born as long ago as 1798, is still alive and well. His death was announced in the newspapers some time since, but erroneously.

F. B. & Co., New York City. It is a Mexican ten cent stamp of 1886. It is catalogued at three cents, used. 2. We hope to announce a story by the author named in the course of a very few weeks. 3. It is possible that we shall print articles on these subjects.

G. W. E., New York City. You do not state what sort of an engineer you wish to become. If your ambition is to run a locomotive, you must gain experience by offering yourself first as a "wiper," thus gaining a chance to be promoted to fireman. If civil engineering is your goal, you should take a scientific course at college.

# Tobogganing.

## THE MOST EXHILARATING WINTER SPORT.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.



OBOGGANING bids fair to become recognized as the national winter sport of America. The rapidity with which it has advanced towards this position is wonderful. Not many years ago there were very few people in this country who had ever heard the rather strange name of the flying Canadian sled which is now so popular a vehicle. Today toboggan slides have been constructed in nearly every Northern city, and young Americans of both sexes, as well as a good many older ones, find a new and exhilarating pastime in sliding down them at the rate of a mile a minute.

The toboggan is only an improved and glorified form of the old fashioned sled on which country boys are so fond of coasting down hill, but the one is as different from the other as a lightning express train from a four wheeled road wagon. The fascinating qualities of tobogganing are proved by its rapid rise to general favor, and its popularity is well deserved. It need not be compared to the roller skating craze, now fortunately extinct. It is a thoroughly healthy and manly sport. It provides keen enjoyment, counterpoised with a sufficiency of hard work; it has a bracing and salutary effect on the muscles and the lungs, and it is perfectly safe when properly managed.

There are two or three toboggan slides in the immediate neighborhood of New York. Philadelphia has a monster chute; Cincinnati has just constructed one. Further north than these cities slides are plentiful. One of the finest is at Saratoga, New York, and an illustration of it appears on this page. It is very picturesquely situated, commencing at the summit of a steep incline, thickly wooded, up which pathways have been made, and here and there short flights of rustic steps built to aid the tobogganer in his circuitous climb to the top. There, rising seventy eight feet above the level, is the firm glassy chute, of which the members of the Saratoga Toboggan Club are so justly proud, and which boasts a length of two hundred and forty two feet, making the fall about one foot in three. Below the chute is a further fall of sixty nine feet, which is interrupted at intervals by short up hill stretches, the passing over of which gives the exquisite flying sensation dear to the hearts of all good tobogganists. The total length of the slide from end to end is two thousand five hundred and forty two feet, nearly half a mile, and the rate of speed attained, under good conditions, a mile a minute.

At the beginning of the winter the trestle is erected in accordance with latest improvements, being made as steep as

the club members, in their experience of the sport, will allow. Then when the frost comes, huge blocks of ice, square cut from the Hudson River, and kept in an ice house from the preceding spring, are wedged closely together along the whole length of chute and track, and watered, so that all cracks are filled with solid ice. The mounds that wall off the tracks from each other are built up of a mixture of snow and water, which in a hard frost assumes the consistency of a brick wall. Every day the slide is swept and watered, and thus retains its hard, unelastic surface, its polished mirror-like appearance.

On either side of the chute is a path-

compromising appearance of those dividing lines between the tracks, in which it is impossible to get finger hold.

But you would have made up your mind to be brave, and not turn away like a coward from the daring recreation in which others professed to find nothing but delight; and you would screw your courage to the sticking point a hundred times, and lose it again each minute, as you saw a fresh load hurled over the brink, so that when your turn came to start you would not know whether you had summoned up all the determination you possessed or not, and there would be no time to think about it then.

And after seating yourself on the narrow plush cushion, with your hands holding the cords that run along each side of the cushion, and your feet pressing against the curved front of the sled, you would begin to wish a toboggan were built more like a boat, and that there was something to keep you from toppling over, something at least to steady you in the downward rush.

"Steady!" Off—whizz! All in an instant the bottom seems to fall out of everything, so to speak. You utter a cry of bewilderment and pleasure. You have dashed down the chute, are upon the level, and flying on over the course. Then a bump, a stop. You tumble out on the crisp snow, spring to your feet, and probably the first remark you make is "Let's go down again!"

It is half a mile back to the top, but that fact would not dismay you, and you would step out bravely, exhilarated and refreshed, and light hearted as you never felt in all your life before. That walk back is no drawback to the sport, but rather, when viewed in a twofold aspect, an important addition to it. In the first place, it gives opportunity for pleasant chat, and thereby introduces the element of sociability so dear to most of us

may be said, with little exaggeration, that the whole city sits mournfully apprehensive, the mind of each inhabitant filled with dread lest King Zero come not again to bring at least one week more of the favorite pastime.

Tobogganing, in common with other sports, is being steadily advanced to the rank of a science, and has technicalities incomprehensible to those who have not made a study of the art of sliding.

Hairbreadth shades of difference in construction will materially affect the rate of speed, and your true toboggan is a thing of grace and beauty. Calculations as to the proportionate effect of weight of load on distance accomplished are worked out to a nicety. Records are beaten and time made.

The spirit of emulation finds its vent with tobogganists in their endeavors to outstrip each other in true racing style. The steel shod toboggans, which are prohibited by some clubs at their ordinary gatherings on account of their extreme swiftness and force, stand in the same relation to an ordinary toboggan, as in bicycling a racing machine does to a good roadster.

It must be understood, however, that the theoretical side of the sport may be developed to its utmost; form, weight, and condition of slide be perfect. But if the steering be at fault, the art, which is the soul of the pastime, is absent, and only mechanism—fine and delicate it may be, but still mere mechanism—remains.

While the riders sit motionless, with held breath—as the mere raising of a hand will impede the progress, if not cause an accident—the steerer crouches behind, with one leg doubled under him, and the other stretched back with raised foot, the slightest movement of which, thus extended, guides the sled as accurately as a boat is guided by a rudder in a stream. A mild jerk, taken in conjunction with the fierce rate of the speed, might send the toboggan bounding high over the protecting mounds, and serious consequences would be brought about, which, under certain conditions, might prove fatal.

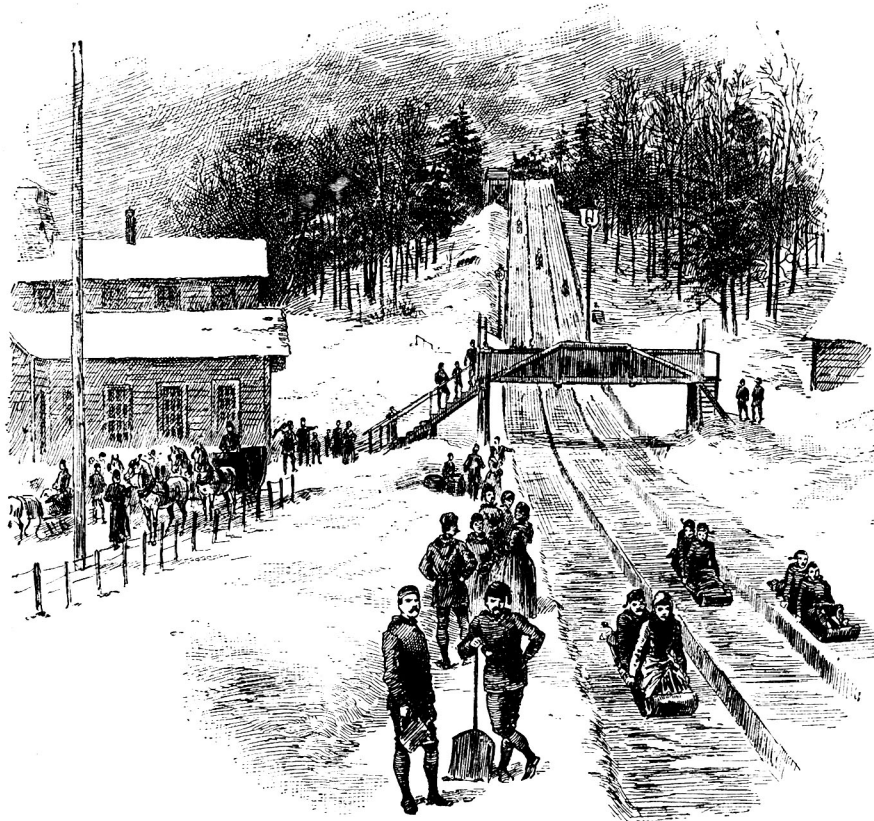
Of all sports tobogganing is perhaps the most picturesque. If we take up our position for a few minutes on the small wooden bridge which appears in the illustration, watch the toboggans shooting by beneath us, and look around at the merry groups trooping back to the starting point, what a gay, varied scene meets our gaze! The clear sunlight shows off the costumes to advantage, and we marvel that so many brilliant combinations of color can be obtained by the exclusive use of blankets; but so it is.

There is one lady with a long, close buttoned ulster of dark red with black bordering, the high pointed hood being pulled snugly over her ears. There goes a chocolate brown, short, narrow skirt and jacket, with light blue stripes and blue knitted sash and jacket.

We notice many costumes for both men and women of the ordinary blanket white, with the familiar varicolored stripes, and none are prettier. Then there pass two sisters with mantles reaching to the feet, large fuzzy fur capes, and high jaunty caps all in soft white.

The men are in knickerbockers and coats with shoulder pieces and hoods, some in navy blue with black, brown, or lighter stripes, some in white with blue or red, others in orange or scarlet with darker stripes, and all having sashes, toques, cords, and tassels to correspond.

The girls wear wool or fur gloves, the men wool or leather, and on their feet bright colored socks (over their stockings), which are rolled back on gayly embroidered moccasins. The dresses of both men and women are brilliant and *bizarre* in the extreme when taken all together; but the individual costumes, though all follow certain lines, may be made pretty, subdued, or striking in appearance, according to the fancy of the wearer.



A TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

way leading to the platform, where the start is made. With what gleeful anticipation the parties of gay enthusiasts wend their way in and out among the brushwood, chatting brightly, and calling to each other as they catch glimpses of friendly forms a little way ahead or coming up behind! At the top—each man with his toboggan held endwise and erect before him, each girl with a look of excited expectancy on her countenance—they eagerly await their turns.

If you were there, reader, and if it was your first experience of the sport, you would be perhaps a little pale, a little trembly, a little bit afraid of the sheer descent down which you would have to be soon precipitated; and you would think a little nervously of the hard, un-

in our recreations and amusements; in the second, it acts as a wholesome corrective to the intoxication of the down hill spin.

After the descent has been made two or three times, the feeling of glad surprise at the safe issue of the perilous downward swoop is lost. So console yourselves, ye envious ones who have not yet "tobogged"; there is a sensation in store for you some day which we experienced sliders can never know again, though we would give much for a recurrence of it.

But if the first tremor of awed astonishment goes, the fascination of the sport increases rather than lessens with custom. During a threatened thaw in a town which boasts a toboggan chute, it

HOME JOYS.

BY J. KEBLE.

SWEET is the smile of home; the mutual look  
When hearts are in each other sure;  
Sweet are the joys that crowd the household nook  
The haunt of all affections pure.

[This story commenced in No. 267.]

# Under Fire;

## OR, FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

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

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### FRED'S LETTER.

DAVE FARRINGTON hesitated a moment, unwilling to repeat the unkind words of Fred's former schoolmate.

"The worst came from De Vere," he said at length.

Fred's face colored.

"I expected this," he replied; "but what did he say?"

"When I got to the school house for the afternoon session De Vere was there, and knowing I had always stood up for you, he cried out, in a sneering way:

"Well, Farrington, what have you to say for your friend Worthington now? I suppose, of course, you know what he has been doing, and that John Rexford discharged him last night?"

"I said, 'Yes, I know about his discharge, but I don't know that he has done anything to deserve it.'

"He stole some money from the drawer!"

"How do you know that?"

"Why, everybody says so! I always told you that you would get enough of him."

"That is no proof, and, besides, I want you to know I haven't enough of him yet," said I. "I have not been friends with him for the same reason that you were, nor do I propose to leave him under such circumstances. I guess that must have hit him pretty hard, for he colored up as red as could be and acted mad."

Fred found it difficult to restrain his anger as he saw the bitter enmity of De Vere, and realized his gratification over his own misfortune—a misfortune of which the former was the cause. But he finally asked what the other scholars had to say about him.

"Well, they all talked about the matter, and most of them seemed to think that you were guilty, though Grace Bernard said she heard her father say that there might have been some mistake about the bill, and that she didn't believe you stole it, for you were always one of the best boys in school."

"That's better than I expected," replied Fred, with a brighter look. "But is that all?" he asked, with some anxiety.

Dave noticed this, and suspecting his meaning, hesitated. "I guess it is about all," he answered.

Fred seemed disappointed at not getting the answer he sought. Seeing he was not likely to get at what interested him most—Miss Nellie's opinion—he asked directly if she were not there, and what she said.

"I don't remember exactly what she said," replied Dave, "but she seemed to side with Matthew. You know they are pretty intimate now; he seems to have better success there than when you went to school. I tell you what it is, Fred, if you hadn't got tipsy, he wouldn't have had much show, but that's what killed you. The girls all said more about that than they did about this."

Fred had his answer now, and it was anything but welcome intelligence to him. There is no denying that he cared more for Nellie's good opinion than for what all the rest of the school thought of him.

"She has condemned me at once," he said to himself, bitterly, "while Gracie Bernard has proved my friend; and she has not only condemned me without reason, but has taken up with my enemy—with that villain De Vere, who has been the cause of all my trouble."

Then, too, the fact that Matthew and Nellie had been so much together during the last few weeks stirred Fred's jealousy and indignation, as will be seen in the following letter, which he wrote and mailed that evening.

MAPLETON, Nov. 26th.

MISS NELLIE DUTTON.—I understand that there is a report circulated in the school that I am guilty of dishonesty, and that you seem quite ready to accept it. I am not surprised that gossips should tell such a story, but I did not expect you to be one of the

first to put faith in it and condemn me. You have known me intimately since we were little children, and, I am sure, you have no true reason for believing this wicked slander. Gracie Bernard stood by me, I hear, while you did not. I suppose you are no longer my friend, since you find so much pleasure in the society of such a fellow as Matthew De Vere, who is, as you know, my enemy. You probably got your idea of my conduct from him, as I understand he was very much elated over my misfortune. This matter will all be shown up in time, and when it is I shall have the satisfaction of seeing you regret your present intimacy with one who has no honor. Perhaps you may then be sorry for the treatment you are now showing me. Since that wretched night when I was led to your house by a certain person, you have turned against me and avoided me. Had you not done so, I could have explained to you in confidence what I have preferred to keep secret. But since you judge me so hastily and seem so happy in the presence of De Vere, I will not trouble you with my side of the story.

FRED WORTHINGTON.

During the day Mr. Farrington gave a great deal of careful thought to the mystery that now enveloped his young friend, and in the morning he called upon Mr. Rexford, to see if he could

"Thank you, Mr. Farrington. I hope it is. But have you seen Mr. Rexford?"

"Yes, I just came from there."

"Did you learn anything new?" asked Fred, with breathless interest.

"No; not exactly new."

"I suppose you went over the matter with Mr. Rexford?"

"Yes. He told the story practically as you gave it, but during our conversation I gathered a few points that may be of service to us."

"What is your theory, Mr. Farrington?"

"As it is little more than a suspicion at best, I think it would be wiser to keep it to myself at present."

"But if I knew it, couldn't I help you?"

"No, I think not, and it might even make matters worse. The only way to work up this affair is to do it quietly. If others find out what is going on, perhaps we shall never be able to locate the money. Besides, it wouldn't do for it to get out that I am working up your case."

"But I would say nothing about it," put in Fred, whose curiosity and interest were both ex-

"Yes; I have arranged a place for you temporarily down stairs on the 'flockers.' You said yesterday that you would like factory work better than nothing. This, however, is about the meanest job in the whole mill, but it is the only thing that I could possibly give you."

"All right; I guess I can stand it for a while," returned Fred.

"Then you may try it and see how you get along. I will advance you as soon as there is a vacancy—if I find that you deserve it," he added with a significant smile.

"Very well, sir; I shall try to satisfy you. When shall I commence?"

"You may come in tomorrow morning at the regular hour—six o'clock. I will discharge Tim Short tonight."

"Oh, you are not going to send him away simply to give me a place, are you?" inquired Fred with evident regret.

"No; I should never discharge one for such a cause, even if I wanted the place for my own brother. I have been looking for several days, trying to find a boy, as I had made up my mind to get rid of Tim, who isn't faithful in his work."

"I am sorry to have him discharged; I would rather go without work myself than to feel I have his place. His parents will be obliged to support him, and they are very poor."

"I like to hear you talk that way, for it shows that you have a kind heart. I, too, am sorry for them, but it will not do to let sympathy interfere with the proper management of business. Such a course would not be just to my employers, for I am convinced that Tim causes more mischief than a little, every day."

"Then if you are bound to discharge him any way, there would be nothing wrong in my taking the place, would there?"

"Certainly not. Some one else will have it if you don't."

Mr. Farrington's assurance that there would be nothing dishonorable in the proposed course, seemed to satisfy Fred's compunctious to some extent; still as he entered the mill the next morning at the call of the shrill whistle, long before daylight, he could not help feeling a little guilty. He felt also that he was entering upon a new course, and one that seemed anything but pleasing. An utter change had taken place in his life. He was now only a common factory hand, and was about to begin work as such.

The "flockers" were located under the stairs, down in the basement of the mill, in a dark and dingy corner. When Fred arrived there, he saw standing beside one of the machines a medium sized man with small gray eyes, that were shaded with immense bushy brows nearly an inch in length. His features were dull and expressionless, and over the lower portion of his wrinkled face a scraggy, mud colored beard seemed struggling for existence. His clothing appeared to indicate a penurious, grasping nature.

A single look at this uncouth specimen was sufficient to make our young friend shudder at the thought of being under his control; however, he walked straight up to him, and said:

"Is this Mr. Hanks?"

"That's my name—Christopher Hanks. Be you the new boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's yer name?"

"My name is Fred Worthington."

"Fred Worthington, d'ye say?"

"Yes, sir."

"I s'pose yer father's the cobbler?"

"He has a shoe shop, sir."

"Be you the chap I heard them men speakin' of, as stole some money?" said Hanks, with a demoniacal grin, which revealed to Fred two upper front teeth that were exceedingly long, or rather seemed so from the fact that they alone kept guard of that portion of their owner's mouth. They had also been in the service so many years, or had been so poorly treated, that now they were unsteady in their places, and rattled together.

"Perhaps they referred to me, sir," retorted Fred with dignity, "but they had no right to accuse me of stealing."

"Yis, yis; that's how such allers talks. But I guess thar ain't nothin' here for yer to git yer hands on to, 'ceptin' work—I'll see't yer ain't sufferin' fer that."

"Very well, sir; I came here to work."

"I s'pose ye're perty strong, ain't yer?"

"I'm strong enough for a boy."



NELLIE DUTTON READING FRED WORTHINGTON'S LETTER.

learn anything that would be to Fred's advantage. After chatting awhile with the merchant, he said, as if he were entirely ignorant of what had taken place:

"Where is Fred?"

"He is not here."

"Out delivering goods?"

"No; he is through here. I discharged him."

"Discharged him!" returned Mr. Farrington, with seeming surprise.

"Yes; I didn't want him any longer."

"I thought he was an excellent clerk."

"Yes, he was, in some respects; but I suspected him of dishonesty, and so let him go."

In the conversation that followed, the trader confirmed the statements of Fred in every particular. It was a good bit of tact on the part of Mr. Farrington to draw Rexford out as he did, for not only did it prove that Fred had told the truth, but the merchant's manner gave him some ideas which he thought would prove valuable in solving the money mystery.

When Fred called at the mill to see Mr. Farrington at the time appointed, the latter greeted him cheerfully.

"Good morning, my boy; I see you are on time," looking at his handsome gold watch.

"Yes, I believe so; I always intend to keep my appointments."

"That is in your favor."

cited as he thought that perhaps Mr. Farrington had the secret that would free him from suspicion and prove his honesty.

"I don't doubt that in the least; but for good reasons of my own I will say nothing of my theory until I test it thoroughly, though it may take a long time. If it should prove to be the true solution of the mystery, I will then tell you all about it."

Fred colored a little at this, for he had grown somewhat sensitive now, and said earnestly:

"I hope, Mr. Farrington, you too don't suspect me. It almost seems—"

"Oh, no, my boy," interrupted his good friend, "don't worry about that. My suspicions run in a totally different direction."

"I am very glad to hear you say so, for I didn't know but Mr. Rexford had convinced you that I took the bill."

"No, indeed; I believe you are innocent, and I shall do all I can to aid you."

"You are very kind to me, and I thank you sincerely."

"I am glad to help you, Fred. It is my duty to do all the good I can."

"And you are always helping some one," replied Fred, gratefully. "Now that I can do nothing to clear up this mystery, I would like to get to work. Can you give me anything to do?" he continued.







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

The subject of next week's biographical sketch will be Dr. Gustav Gottheil, Rabbi of Temple Eman-El, New York City.

## ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

Our many thousand readers will be delighted to learn that we have at last received the manuscript of the promised new serial by

**ANNIE ASHMORE,**

author of that exceedingly popular story, "WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR? OR, FRED SOMERSET IN THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE." The new tale is called

## WARREN HAVILAND,

### THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE,

and while differing entirely in plot and situations from "Who shall be the Heir?" treats of an equally absorbing theme. Warren's struggle with his great temptation, his pursuit of his cousin on horseback, his fearful experiences in the swamp, and his singular adventures on board the yacht *Water Sprite*—all these are told in that spirited and dramatic style of narrative in which the writer is so entirely at home.

In assuring our readers that a veritable treat is in store for them during the coming weeks, we would suggest that they invite their friends to share it with them by calling their attention to this announcement.

### A RECKLESS AUTHOR.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, author of the blood curdling "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," has certainly much to answer for. Not content with writing a story that causes the reader to forget that he gave up his fear of the dark with bibs and frocks, Mr. Stevenson now publishes a magazine article in which he states that the plot of this tale, as well as the ideas for many others, came to him in a dream.

Does he realize what this portends for the long suffering editor? For will not every aspiring scribbler straightway set himself down to midnight feasts of lobster salad, welsh rarebit and deviled crabs, topped off with a dessert of apple pie and cream, then betake himself hurriedly to bed, in the hope that nightmare of the direst stamp will be produced to furnish him with material for a tale that will make his name immortal?

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 \$5 we will send *The Golden Argosy* and *Munsey's Popular Series*, each for one year.

### AMERICA'S NAME.

MANY of our readers have doubtless fallen in with the common belief that the man whose name our great country bears was rather an unprincipled individual, one who basely thrust himself forward and appropriated the honors belonging to another.

It seems, however, that great injustice has been done to Senor Amerigo Vespucci. Close students of history have now pretty thoroughly proved that it was not Vespucci himself, but his contemporaries, who gave his name to the continent lying just beyond the islands which Columbus had discovered some nine years previously.

This statement will no doubt be a relief to

the minds of those sensitive citizens who may have felt troubled that their native land has for centuries been the vehicle by which an unscrupulous knave has sought to win for himself unmerited fame.

Aside from the foregoing there is also consolation in the thought that if Columbia would have been an appropriate and euphonious name for the country, America is certainly a still more musical and attractive one.

### ON NATIONAL GAMES.

WE wonder what affinity there is between the English language and athletic sports. England and America are the only nations in the world that have national games. The boys in Germany never play out of doors, and who ever heard of a French pitcher, an Italian cover point, a Turkish wicket keeper, or a Russian quarter back?

But this by no means implies that the youth of other countries do not engage in friendly contests. In France, however, they are undertaken for the mere love of developing skill and adroitness, and not from a fondness for the sport itself, while in Germany the out of door training of the youthful Teuton all tends towards one end—fitting him to render better service in the army.

But although we and our British cousins have won a reputation as the two greatest playing nations on the earth, the fact does not appear to have acted as a drag to our common advancement in material prosperity and growth in those arts and sciences that mark the higher stages of civilization.

### ANNAPOLIS AGAIN.

THE ARGOSY has received several further queries with reference to the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, such as the following:

1. How much money is needed to pass through the course? 2. Please give the name of the person to whom application for admission must be made. 3. Are cadets allowed to go about the city on Sunday? 4. Do Catholics have the same advantages as Protestants?

In reply to the first question, it may be said that about two hundred dollars are needed to enter the Academy, as each student must deposit \$173.47 to cover the cost of his clothing, etc., and \$20 for books. The cost of traveling from his home to Annapolis is refunded to him, and for the remainder of his course the salary allowed by the government, \$500 a year, is sufficient to meet all necessary expenses. There are no tuition fees.

The second question we have answered before. Application must be made to the congressman of the would be cadet's district, and if he does not know the gentleman's name the information can very easily be obtained.

With regard to the other points raised, no distinction whatever is made as to religious belief, and all creeds stand on a footing of perfect equality. Permission to attend the Sunday morning services at any church in Annapolis can be obtained on the written request of a parent or guardian.

### EVERYBODY LIKES IT.

ADMIRATION of the ARGOSY is universal, and confined to no special age or sex, as the following opinions, recently received, abundantly testify:

NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 3, 1888.

Your brilliant paper is a veritable treat to read.

JOHN G.

WEST UNION, IOWA.

Although I am not a boy, I am wonderfully pleased with your paper, and consider it a fine thing for young people.

MRS. JOHN S., JR.

BARNESVILLE, OHIO, Jan. 9, 1888.

I have a complete set of the ARGOSY from the first, and would not exchange them for any other publication that I know of. I find it improving month by month, and hope I will never grow too large to be a subscriber to such an excellent youths' paper.

CHARLES E. L.

ALLIANCE, OHIO, Dec. 26, 1887.

After reading your paper for more than a year, I wish to say something of the merits of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. It is the best weekly magazine I ever read, especially for boys and young men, and I may say also that it is good, too, for old men, women, and girls. I want to say, too, that as long as I am able, or can afford the price, I am going to have the ARGOSY, if for nothing else, for the benefit to be derived from the fourth page.

THOS. J. R.

P. S. This is not a boy's letter, but from the boy's father.

BOLIVAR, N. Y., Dec. 27, 1887.

I think the ARGOSY is the Best Boys' Paper in the world. Excuse the capital letters, but I could not express my admiration for your paper in any other way.

D. L. R.

### ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN,

Metropolitan of the Diocese of New York.

WITHOUT a doubt the most imposing church structure in the country, as well as the finest building in New York City, is St. Patrick's Cathedral.

If this can be said of it in its present unfinished condition, when the two spires are completed—on which work is now being rapidly pushed forward—America can boast of an edifice which she need not be ashamed to have compared with the church architecture in many a European city.

Projected by Archbishop Hughes, the design was made by James Renwick, and the corner stone laid with impressive ceremonies in 1858. No more vivid idea of the growth of the metropolis can be gained than by contrasting the present surroundings of the site with the open fields that stretched away from it in almost every direction then.

Sunday, May 25, 1879, was the date of its dedication by Cardinal McCloskey.

Up to the present time the building has cost over \$2,000,000, while the amount estimated to complete it according to plans will reach to a quarter of a billion.

The entire block, bounded by Fifth and Madison Avenues, Fiftieth and Fifty First Streets, is devoted to the cathedral and its dependencies. The latter are two handsome white marble mansions on Madison Avenue, the one on the south corner being the residence of the metropolitan of this important diocese, Archbishop Corrigan, of whom we present a portrait and sketch herewith.

Michael Augustine Corrigan was born in Newark, New Jersey, August 13, 1839. Hence he is but forty eight years of age, and at the time when he was appointed to his present high office he was, with one exception, the youngest archbishop in the American branch of the Roman Catholic Church.

St. Mary's College, in Wilmington, Delaware, enjoys the distinction of being his *alma mater* so far as his primary studies were concerned, while Mount St. Mary's, at Emmetsburg, Maryland, can lay claim to the honor of putting the capstone to his education in his twentieth year.

His ordination as a priest he received at the hands of Cardinal Patrizi at Rome, in September, 1863.

Seton Hall College, in Orange, New Jersey, was the scene of young Dr. Corrigan's (for he received the degree of D. D. the year succeeding his ordination) first labors as a workman for the church, and such was his ability and skill that in a very short time he became its president.

But there is no standing still for a man of broad mind, tireless energy, and a happy executive ability. Only five years from the time when he became the head of Seton Hall, Dr. Corrigan was appointed by Pope Pius IX to be bishop of the see of Newark, he having evinced his fitness for the position by the success with which he managed the diocese for Bishop Bayley, during the latter's absence in Rome.

Great was the work wrought in Newark, and indeed throughout the State by the new prelate, for the influence of a man of his stamp inflames all who are brought under its power to contribute their share towards furthering the plans of their superior.

Thus churches, hospitals, protectories, and various institutions of charity sprang into being as at the touch of a magician's wand, and not a

few of the religious communities in Newark have Archbishop Corrigan to honor as their founder. It is this creative power, whether exercised in the painting of pictures, the writing of books, or the organization of men and women into helpful relations to one another—it is this faculty that stamps him who possesses it as a genius.

Meanwhile, in September, 1880, Bishop Corrigan was made associate of Cardinal McCloskey, then Archbishop of New York. He was granted the right of succession, and given the title of Archbishop of Petra, Petra being an ancient city of Edom, in Arabia.

When in October, 1885, Cardinal McCloskey died, the subject of our sketch became in name what he had for some years been in effect, metropolitan, i. e., spiritual head of one of the

most notable dioceses of the church. How successfully the duties of his high office have been discharged, need not be dwelt upon here.

As a preacher he wins not the ear alone by the thunders of eloquence, but the heart as well through the geniality and charm of his discourse. He is a scholar in the highest sense of the word, and, it may be added, devotes considerable attention to the literature of the day.

Before concluding this sketch of the prelate who presides over Amer-

ica's most famous cathedral, a brief description of the interior of the building will, we think, be of interest to those readers who may never have enjoyed the privilege of visiting it.

White marble columns thirty five feet in height, the richly groined ceiling and the main altar, forty feet high, all these impress the beholder with an awe that is inspired by but few if any other structures on this side of the Atlantic.

There are seventy windows depicting scenes in scripture history and saintly legends. Many of these windows were presented by churches and private individuals in different parts of the United States. They were made principally in France, and cost upwards of \$100,000, about the same sum having been spent on the altars, of which there are four. The cathedral is open every day in the week.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

OUR greatest evils come from ourselves.—*Rousseau*.

CRAFTY men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them.—*Bacon*.

THE only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—*George Eliot*.

THERE is something in resolution which has an influence beyond itself; all is prostration where it appears.

GOOD sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise.—*Dryden*.

THERE is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone there is perpetual despair.—*Carlyle*.

TO be a gentleman does not depend upon the tailor or the toilet. Good manners count for more than good clothes.—*Bishop Doane*.

CONFIDENCE of success is almost success; and obstacles often fall of themselves before a determination to overcome them.—*Moir*.

HAPPINESS must not only be prepared and fitted for man, but man for his happiness; he must become a rational creature before he can enjoy a rational pleasure.—*Lucas*.

THE cares which are the keys of riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, when others sleep quietly.—*Isaac Walton*.

Do today's duty, fight today's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.—*Charles Kingsley*.



ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

From a photograph by Sarony.



[This story commenced in No. 270.]

# Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,

## LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED.

Author of "Reginald Cruden," etc. etc.

### CHAPTER V.

A FOOHOLD AT LAST.

THE sound of children's voices in the yard at the side told Jeffreys that he had called at a fortunate time. Mrs. Trimble during the play hour would in all probability be disengaged.

Mrs. Trimble was disengaged, and opened the door herself. Jeffreys beheld a stoutish, harmless looking woman, with a face by no means forbidding, even if it was decidedly unintellectual.

"Well, young man," said she. She had been eating, and, I regret to say, had not finished doing so before she began to speak.

"Can I see Mrs. Trimble, please?" asked Jeffreys, raising his hat. The lady, finding her visitor was a gentleman, hastily wiped her mouth and answered rather less brusquely.

"I am the lady," said she.

"Excuse me," said Jeffreys. "I called to ask if you were in want of an assistant teacher. I heard that you were."

"How did you hear that, I wonder? I suppose he's a friend of that Fison. Yes, young man, I am in want of an assistant."

"I should do my best to please you, if you would let me come," said Jeffreys. And then, anxious to avoid the painful subject of his character, he added, "I have not taught in a school before, and I have no friends here, so I can't give you any testimonials. But I am well up in classics and pretty good in mathematics, and would work hard, ma'am, if you would try me."

"Are you a steady young man? Do you drink?"

"I never touch anything but water; and I am quite steady."

"What wages do you expect?"

"I leave that to you. I will work for nothing for a month till you see if I suit you."

Mrs. Trimble liked this. It looked like a genuine offer.

"Are you good tempered and kind to children?" she asked.

"I am very fond of little boys, and I always try to keep my temper."

His heart sank at the prospect of other questions of this kind. But Mrs. Trimble was not of a curious disposition. She knew when she liked a young man and when she didn't, and she valued her own judgment as much as anybody else's testimonials.

"You mustn't expect grand living here," she said.

"I was never used to anything but simple living," said he.

"Very well, Mr.—"

"Jeffreys, ma'am."

"Mr. Jeffreys, we'll try how we get on for a month; and after that I can offer you a pound a month besides your board."

"You are very kind," said Jeffreys, to whom the offer seemed a magnificent one. "I am ready to begin work at once."

"That will do. You'd better begin now. Come this way to the schoolroom."

My business-like readers have, I dare say, found fault with me for representing a business conference on which so much depended, as having taken place on the front doorstep of Galloway House, and without occupying much more than five minutes in the transaction. How did Jeffreys know what sort of person Mrs. Trimble was? And what did Mrs. Trimble know about the Bolsover boy? She never even asked for a testimonial. He might be a burglar in disguise, or a murderer, or a child eater. And yet these two foolish people struck a bargain with each other in five minutes.

I am just as surprised as the reader at their rashness, which I can only account for by supposing that they were both what the reader would call "hard up." Jeffreys, as we know, was very hard up; and as for Mrs. Trimble, the amount of worry she had endured since Mr. Fison had left was beyond all words. She had had to teach as well as manage, a thing she never liked. And her son and assistant, without a second usher to keep him steady, had been turning her hair gray. For three weeks she had waited in vain. Several promising looking young men had come and looked at the place and then gone away. She had not been able to enjoy an afternoon's nap for a month. In fact, she was getting worn out.

When, therefore, Jeffreys came and asked for the post, she had to put a check on herself to prevent herself from "jumping down his throat." Hence the rapid conference at the hall door, and the ease with which Jeffreys got his footing in Galloway House.

"Lucky for you," said young Trimble, "you got hold of ma and pinned her down to taking you on the spot. What's she going to pay you?"

The question did not altogether please the new assistant, but he was anxious not to offend his colleague too early in their acquaintanceship.

"She pays me nothing the first month. After that, if I suit, I'm to have a pound a month."

"If you suit? I suppose you know that depends on whether I like you or not?"

"I hope not," blurted out Jeffreys—"that is," added he, seeing his mistake, "I hope we shall get on well together."

"Depends," said Trimble. "I may as well tell you at once I hate stuckupness." [This was a compound word worthy of a young schoolmaster.] "If you're that sort you'd better cry off at once. If you can do your work without giving yourself airs I shall let you alone."

Jeffreys was strongly tempted after this candid

"They're looking sharp after private schools now; so mind, hands off. There's one o'clock striking. All in! Come along. You'd better take the second class and see what you can make of them. Precious little ma will put her nose in now you're here to do the work."

He led the way down the passage and across a yard into a rear building which formed the schoolroom. Here were assembled, as the two ushers entered, some forty boys, ranging in age from seven to twelve, mostly, to judge from their dress and manners, of the small shopkeeper and farmer class.

The sound of Trimble's voice produced a dead silence in the room, followed immediately by a movement of wonder as the big, ungainly form of the new assistant appeared. Jeffreys's looks, as he himself knew, were not prepossessing, and the juvenile population of Galloway House took no pains to conceal the fact that they agreed with him.

"Gordon," said Trimble, addressing a small boy who had been standing up when they entered, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"You've no business to be doing nothing! Stand upon that bench for an hour!"

The boy obeyed, and Trimble looked round at Jeffreys with a glance of patronizing complacency.

"That's the proper way with them," said he. "Plenty of ways of taking it out of them without knocking them about."

Jeffreys made no reply; he felt rather sorry for the weak kneed little youngster perched up on that bench, and wondered if Mr. Trimble would expect him (Jeffreys) to adopt his method of "taking it out" of his new pupils. Just then he caught sight of the familiar face of Master Freddy, one of his friends of the morning, who was standing devouring him with his eyes as if he had been a ghost. Jeffreys walked across the room and shook hands with him.

"Well, Freddy, how are you? How's Teddy?"

"I say," said Trimble, in by no means an amiable voice, as he returned from this little excursion, "what on earth are you up to? What did you go and do that for?"

"I know Freddy," said Trimble, "Oh, do you? Freddy Rosher, you're talking. What do you mean by it?"

"Please, sir, I didn't mean—"

"Then stay in an hour after school and write four pages of your copy book."

It took all Jeffreys's resolution to stand by and listen to this vindictive sentence without a protest. But he restrained himself, and resolved that Freddy should find before long that all his masters were not against him.

"That's your fault," said Trimble, noticing the dissatisfied look of his colleague.

"How are we to keep order if you go and make the boys break rules? Now you'd better get to work. Take the second class over there and give them their English history. James II they're at. Now, you boys, first class, come up to me with your sums. Second class, take your history up to Mr. Jeffreys. Come along; look alive!"

Jeffreys thereupon found himself mobbed by a troop of about twenty of the youngest of the boys, and hauled away to a desk at the far end of the room, round which they congregated for him to commence operations.

"Will some one lend me a book?" said Jeffreys.

A friendly titter followed this request. "Don't you know it without the book?" asked one innocent, handing up a book.

"I hope you do," said Jeffreys, as he took it and began the lesson.

Trimble, as he looked every now and then down the room, was astonished to notice the quiet which prevailed in the lower class, and the interest with which every boy was listening to the new master.



THE POCKET WAS THERE AT JONAH'S HAND BEFORE HE HAD SO MUCH AS SET A FOOT IN THE ROOM.

"Come and have a bite of mutton," said Mrs. Trimble, leading the way into the dining room. "Jonah and I are just having dinner."

Jonah, who, if truth must be told, had been neglecting his inner man during the last five minutes in order to peep through the crack of the door and overhear the conference in the hall between his mother and the stranger, was a vulgar youth of about Jeffreys's age, with a slight cast in his eye, but otherwise not bad looking. He eyed the new usher as he entered with an expression of suspicion and contempt; and Jeffreys, slow of comprehension though he usually was, knew at a glance that he had not fallen on a bed of roses at Galloway House.

"Jonah, this is Mr. Jeffreys; I've taken him on in Fison's place. My son, Mr. Jeffreys."

Jonah made a face at his mother as much as to say "I don't admire your choice," and then, with a half nod at Jeffreys, said,

"Ah, how are you?"

"Jonah and I always dine at twelve, Mr. Jeffreys," said Mrs. Trimble, over whom the prospect of the afternoon's nap was beginning to cast a balmy sense of ease. "You two young men will be good friends I hope, and look well after the boys."

"More than you do," said the undutiful Jonah; "they've been doing just as they please."

"It's a pity, Jonah, you never found fault with that before."

"What's the use of finding fault? No end to it when you once begin."

"Well," observed the easy going matron, "you two will have to see I don't have occasion to find fault with you."

Jonah laughed, and asked Jeffreys to cut him a slice of bread.

Presently Mrs. Trimble quitted the festive board, and the two ushers were left together.

awol to take the youthful snob's advice and cry off. But the memory of yesterday's miserable experiences restrained him. He therefore replied, with a little contempt as he was able to put into his words,

"Thanks."

Trimble's quick ear detected the ill disguised scorn of the reply. "You needn't try on that sort of talk," said he; "I can tell you plump it won't do. You needn't think because ma took you on for the asking you're going to turn up your nose at the place!"

"I don't think so," said Jeffreys, struggling hard with himself. "How many boys are there here?"

"Forty four. Are you anything of a teacher? Can you keep order?"

"I don't know; I haven't tried yet."

"Well, just mind what you're about. Keep your hands off the boys; we don't want manslaughter or anything of that sort here."

Jeffreys started. Was it possible that this was a random shot, or did young Trimble know about Bolsover and young Forrester? The next remark somewhat reassured him.



## THE LAND OF LITTLE PEOPLE.

FAR away, and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been. Played beside its sparkling water, danced along its meadows green, Where the busy world we dwell in and its idle noises seem Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream; And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is today— 'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play. Once 'twas ours, 'tis ours no longer, for when nursery time is o'er Through the Land of Little People we may wander nevermore, But we hear their merry voices and we see them at their play, And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they, Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flow'rs— For the Land of Little People is a fairer world than ours.

—From the *Auckland News*.

[This story commenced in No. 258.]

## THE Young Ranger;

OR,

### PERILS OF THE FRONTIER.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

#### CHAPTER XLIII.

##### THE LAST SCENE.

ON a cold, wintry night, in 1783, a group of settlers were gathered in the roomy cabin of General Nick Hawley at Oakland. The little frontier settlement now numbered more than a score of dwellings, and showed a thrift and enterprise which were surprising in view of the trials through which it had passed.

The wind moaned around the corners of the big cabin, hurling the snow under the door and through the crevices of the window, sighing among the leafless branches, and sometimes roaring down the broad, stone chimney with a fierceness that caused the crackling logs to burn all the more merrily, as if they were laughing at the efforts of the elements to bring cold or discomfort into that cheerful home.

In the pauses of the laughter and conversation, the fine particles sifted like sand against the thin window panes, and the southing of the gale among the swaying trees made the happy inmates, toughened and hardened as most of them were, shiver and sigh for those who were abroad on that dismal night. From the pile of hickory logs beside the broad hearth, the general occasionally raised a huge stick and dropped it upon the roaring mass. Then there was a crackling and snapping, as the eager flames in-folded the solid wood, and sent twists of fire around and above it, until the whole interior glowed with light and warmth.

Let us introduce the group to you, though you met every one of them six full years and more before.

The lady who sits quietly knitting on the right of the fire, saying a pleasant word now and then, and looking in the faces of her guests, is still handsome, though time has added something to her matronly appearance. She is Mrs. Hawley, the good, 'oyal wife and mother, proud of her husband and of the sweet faced Eva, who is now a ruddy, cheerful girl just entering her teens. She is like so much sunshine in the house, and her ready hands and willing feet do a great deal to lighten the toil of her beloved mother.

The aged grandmother, parent of the general, was laid away to rest a couple of years before, but her memory will forever remain fragrant in that household.

Sitting some distance back from the hearth, but near enough to receive all the warmth desired, are five men, all of whom excepting one are smoking pipes. One of the latter is a tall manly fellow of twenty three years, whose bright face and winning ways make him welcome wherever he goes or chances to be. He bore a gallant part in the struggle of the colonies for independence, and now that the sun of liberty has risen never to set, his whole being is suffused with a thankfulness and pride such as no other blessing on earth could bring. The bravery and skill of this person, who emerged

from the war a captain of rangers, more than once won the personal commendation of Washington himself.

I am sure you have suspected the name of the young man. I may as well say that he is Elmer Roslyn.

Colonel Hawley, who has now become a general, looks only a few years older than when, on that fateful night in the summer of 1777, he launched his scant garrison like a thunderbolt against the Iroquois that were pressing the little company of rangers so hard; but he is the same fine, athletic, gallant gentleman as then, and should his country ever need his services again, they would be given as eagerly as those of Captain Elmer Roslyn himself.

The other three guests are Ferguson, Benny Hurst and—shall I say it?—Kit Wilton, once the notorious Tory, and leader of the ferocious Iroquois. The last is smoking like his friends, and you would never suspect from their manner and conversation that an unpleasant word had ever passed among them.

Kit Wilton has been handing around a piece of writing among his friends, all of whom, including Mrs. Hawley and Eva, have read it with the deepest interest. While he is folding it up and about to place it carefully away in his pocket, let us peep over his shoulder and read it, for the owner is glad to have every one know its contents:

MOUNT VERNON, VA., Dec. 25, 1782.  
CHRISTOPHER WILTON, ESQ:

MY DEAR SIR,—Among those who have earned the lasting gratitude of their country, there is none entitled to more honor than those who, for the sake of helping the cause of liberty, voluntarily consented to place themselves in apparent opposition to its interests in order to serve it the more effectually. History will never reveal how many such there were, but the list contains no brighter name than yours. Before the Continental army was organized, you came to me and asked me to place you in any situation, no matter what its danger, where you could do the most to help the colonies. Your remark that your familiarity with the Six Nations and your standing among them gave you facilities possessed by few others, led me to suggest that you should assume to be their friend, while doing your best to help the imperiled patriots on the frontier. You refused all pay for your services; you consented to be despised by your countrymen, not knowing whether the time would ever come when the cloud would be lifted; you were in constant peril from both sides, but you never faltered. You have done your work nobly and well, and I beg to thank you personally for your great sacrifices, and your high patriotism and devotion to duty.

Very truly your friend,  
GEO. WASHINGTON.

"Yes," said Kit Wilton, after he had placed the precious document next to his heart; "it was rather tough at times, for I cannot think of a role-harder to fill than to pretend to be the friend of one side and yet to push the interests of the other while appearing to be its enemy. I came near slipping up more than once."

"How many knew your secret?" asked Elmer Roslyn.

"Only one person beside Washington, and that was he."

As he uttered the last word, he pointed at General Hawley, who removed his pipe and said with a smile:

"I can tell you it wasn't always such plain sailing for me. General Washington never would have let me into the secret, had he not seen that Kit's safety made it necessary. He told me the whole story, and said that as I was in command on this part of the frontier, Kit could give me invaluable service, as he did."

"Then your assumption of hatred of the Tory was all assumed?"

"Of course; Kit and I understood each other thoroughly."

"Didn't you ever tell anybody?" asked Benny Hurst.

"Not a living soul; I asked Washington's permission to let my wife into the secret, but he would not permit, and so my lips were closed until Kit was able to speak for himself."

"In the first place," added the general, "Kit knew the cipher which Washington used in some of his communications to me."

"Yes," said Wilton, "and I received more than one from him. There is a certain hollow tree, up on Storm Mountain, which often served the colonel and me as a post office. I used to talk in the rough style of some of the fellows who couldn't write their names, which I trust you now understand. I often wondered

whether none of you fellows ever suspected me."

"Such a thought never entered my head," replied Ferguson, and Elmer and Benny Hurst said the same.

"The most pain to me was that I couldn't do all that I wanted to," added Kit Wilton. "I would have given my right arm to save Talbot Frost, but I could not. I think I gave you a little help, though," he added, looking at young Roslyn.

"Indeed you did, as it is plain enough to me now. I had hard work to get into the block house, and, without some little aid on your part, I never would have succeeded. The barest thing was when you spoke to the Iroquois in English and told them there was an opening in the back part of that cavern where you placed me as a prisoner, while the folks were a short way off."

"I was afraid you did not know of that way of escape."

"That was not the first time I left the cavern by that door. And then again you must have seen me stealing out when you were talking with Red Thunder."

"Of course I did; you were so slow about it that I was in dread lest Red Thunder should turn his head and discover you."

"You know," said General Hawley, "that it was Kit who sent word to Washington of the intended massacre of our friends at Haunted Gulch. He learned it soon enough to allow time to send him word, and to give Washington opportunity to forward me the instructions in cipher. The letter of Frost fell into the hands of Kit, who mistranslated it to the Iroquois so as to mislead them. Afterwards, the date of the massacre was changed, so that I had to move more promptly, but Kit kept me posted. It was he who managed to get the Indians off to the eastward, so as to leave the way open for Captain Elmer and the rangers to steal out without being noticed. I met Kit on the edge of the clearing and arranged the business with him. It was he, too, who came to me the next day and let me know the bad shape matters were getting into."

"And you were Drake Colgate?" repeated Elmer, as if he had some doubts of the fact.

"Yes; I occasionally figured as Colgate, but it was so risky that I did it only a few times. I made the Iroquois believe that it was necessary that I should disguise myself, so as to penetrate the designs of the patriots, but you will remember that, whenever I had any work of that sort to do, it was in the night time, when you couldn't get a good look at my face. I never would have dared to try it in the day time or by the light of the camp fire."

"One of the best things Kit did," continued General Hawley, "was when he drew all the Iroquois off by the cavern and then signaled you to leave toward the east. It was that which saved the people from massacre, though they had a sharp fight of it before reaching the fort."

"Yes, I couldn't help that," remarked Kit, regretfully; "but I thought it was better to lose a few of the boys than all of them."

"There's one thing that ain't clear to me," said Ferguson; "after you were taken prisoner, why didn't you run away while the fightin' was goin' on in the wood? It was so dark, and we war all mixed together so much that you could have got away easy enough."

"I was on the point of trying it more than once, but the last time that I saw Washington before that, he suggested to me that I should allow myself to be taken prisoner. He said Colonel Hawley had orders to send me under an escort to him, and he did not doubt that I would find plenty of chances to slip away on the road to his headquarters. I played the coward, so as to throw you off your guard, just as many an Indian prisoner has pretended to be satisfied with his captivity, so as to deceive his captors. I had no trouble in emptying the powder from the pans of your rifles, and then the way was open."

"Were those Iroquois signaling to each other?" asked Benny Hurst.

"They may have been, but I knew nothing about them, and did not see any until I got back to the Indian villages."

"Where did you get that pistol you pulled on me?"

"It was mine," said General Hawley, with a laugh; "I managed to give it to Kit before he left, under his promise that he would not use it except to save his life. Had he meant to kill you, he would have had no trouble in doing so."

"He couldn't have come much nearer to it," laughed Benny.

"There were a good many incidents in which I was mixed," said Wilton, "in which I had to pretend a hatred of my own race, and to affect pleasure over the sufferings of the prisoners who fell into the hands of the Iroquois and whom I could not save; but I did my level best."

"Some of your doings were so clearly in our interests," remarked General Hawley, "that I cannot understand how you escaped suspicion from the Senecas and other tribes."

"I did not."

"Did Red Thunder ever suspect you?"

"He did; not only that, but three years ago he discovered me talking with General Hawley one morning on the other side of Storm Mountain. The wily savage watched us closely, and, though he could not understand anything said, he was convinced that I was playing him and King George false. I was caught so fairly, that, when he confronted me a few minutes later and charged me with a double tongue, it was useless for me to deny it."

"What was the result?"

"Did Red Thunder ever suspect you?" "I am here; Red Thunder, chief of the Seneca tribe of the Six Nations, took his departure that morning for the happy hunting grounds of his fathers, and now all is well."

THE END.

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

#### A DELIGHTED OLD LADY.

It is not often that a premium is paid for age and wrinkles for themselves alone, but the *World* prints an item which should inspire hope in the most ancient dame.

In the lithographs scattered broadcast to herald the advent of the play "She," founded on Haggard's well known novel, appears a wonderfully realistic face of an old woman—She, after she had begun to shrivel up. The managers were at first in a quandary how to obtain a photograph of such a visage.

Finally one of them went to a lady dramatic agent and told her that he must have a very old woman sit before Sarony for her picture. The lady laughed at the idea, but promised to get a subject. She went to a home for aged women, and after picking out the oldest, who proved to be eighty seven years of age, wrinkled, and with a skin similar to parchment, she asked the old woman if she would not like to sit for an artist. Five dollars was to be her reward.

The old woman was delighted, and with the agent was driven to Sarony's studio. They entered the elevator to be taken to the gallery, but as it commenced to move the old woman uttered the most piercing shrieks. She would not ride in it, and tottered up the stairs.

Mr. Sarony pronounced her a splendid subject. He thought it would be better for the lithograph if the old woman would bare her arms. She rolled up her sleeve and displayed her bony, shriveled arm as proudly as though it was as plump as a school girl's. She did all that was asked of her, and received the five dollar bill with a cry of delight. Mr. Sarony promised her a picture, and the lady took her back to her home.

#### HOW CANARIES ARE TAUGHT TO SING.

LIKE all good things that are worth the winning, the beautiful song of the canary bird is acquired only by study and practice.

For canaries, according to an article in the *New York Times*, must have their instructors, both human and of their own kind. At a certain age the young birds are placed in rooms where five old male singers are kept in dark boxes made of a peculiar wood, which acts like the sounding board of a piano, so as to give their songs a greater fullness. In these boxes are small air holes. When the front of the box is taken off and light is let in these old professionals will begin to sing. The pupils listen attentively, and, being very imitative, soon learn to sing that way too. When they have picked up all the fine notes which the instructor can give them, the owners will have a flute or piccolo played in the room, a nightingale will be allowed to sing to them, and a wild forest bird will be occasionally introduced. When their educations are completed they have diplomas tacked on their cages and are sold.

Some canaries are taught to whistle tunes, the same as a trained bullfinch, and there are well authenticated instances of canaries learning to articulate words.

## TRUE DIGNITY.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still respect and still revere himself  
In lowliness of heart.

## King of the Cannibal Islands.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

"MURPHY, Murphy," reflectively repeated my uncle Phin, who was a retired shipmaster, with a wonderful gift for remembering faces; "seems as though I'd seen you before." And Uncle Phin peered sharply from under his shaggy brows at the powerful weather-beaten sailor tramp who had applied for a "job" during haying.

Murphy smiled grimly, and stripping the ragged sleeve back from a muscular arm, elaborately tattooed from the wrist upward, pointed to an old scar.

"Maybe, sir, you remember stichin' that up wid a sail needle an' twine aboard the ould Red Jacket, whin Mike Driscoll and them chaps of the Roarin' Forty's was tryin' to take charge?" he said.

"Jehosophat, yes," exclaimed Uncle Phin—"it's 'King' Murphy. How are you, my lad?" And regardless of quarter deck distinctions my uncle shook hands heartily with the old sailor, who was at once installed as a man of all work about the premises.

I was about fifteen at the time and an orphaned ward of my uncle's. Having the blood of a couple of generations of seafarers in my veins I was interested in everything relating to the profession I intended to follow, and of course immediately demanded an explanation—both concerning the scar and why the sailor tramp was called King Murphy.

I have not time nor space to tell my readers of the mutiny on board the Red Jacket, of which Uncle Phin had in other days been master, and how, in warding off a knife blow aimed at my uncle by the ringleader, Murphy received the cut whose scar still remained, nor of the ensuing struggle in which two of the mutineers were shot dead before the uprising was quelled.

"He always went by the name of 'King' Murphy on account of a certain curious experience he had on one of the South Pacific islands—I don't remember its name. He'll tell you about it before you're twenty-four hours older, Harry!" laughed my uncle—and he was right.

The story in substance was this: Some years previous Murphy, with two others, stole a boat from the whaling boat Albatross, then cruising in the South Pacific, and succeeded in reaching one of the nearest groups of islands. The three were at once made prisoners by the natives, who proved to be semi-reformed cannibals. The temptation of white flesh was too great to be resisted, and Murphy's companions were sacrificed. Murphy himself for some inscrutable reason was spared. And—as he told the story—was shortly after wedded by native rites to the young widow of the chief ruler of the island, thereby succeeding to the rulership. But in an insurrection a couple of years later, he was obliged to fly for his life, since which time he had drifted about over the world with the true restlessness peculiar to the sailor.

"But it's tired I am of knockin' round ship's fo'csles, Master Harry," said Murphy in conclusion, "an' now the dhrame of my life is to get back to Aupotee, where, if the ould woman—meanin' my wife, the quane—is alive, I'd be welkimed wid open arms."

"With open mouths, more likely, Murphy," I said, half laughingly.

"Sure, while I was in power I put the haythenish practice under 'taboo,' an' they darsent so much as look crooked at a missionary!" proudly responded Murphy.

I have spoken thus at some length concerning Murphy, partly because his "yarns" did much to foster and encourage my previous predilections for a seafaring life. But, sailor like, he finally tired of a comfortable home, well cooked food, and "all night in," and one day while Uncle Phin was absent, took French leave, greatly to my regret.

When I was sixteen years old I made my first voyage in the old ship Sinbad, afterward burned by the Alabama. Then by slow degrees I managed to work my way up, till at the age of twenty I sailed from San Francisco second mate of the brig Two Brothers, with a general cargo for Brisbane, Australia.

We had a fairly good run across the North Pacific and down through the Central Archipelago, where, barring an occasional typhoon and recurrent thunder squalls, short but severe, perpetual summer seems to reign. On every hand were islands, to the outward seeming as fair as the much quoted poet's dream, but like the whited sepulcher of Scripture, "full of all uncleanness and dead men's bones." Or, at least, so asserted Captain Nixon, who was an old navigator in these seas.

But for my own part I could hardly credit that in this nineteenth century of missionary enlightenment the barbarities of cannibalism of which I had read in youth still existed, unless it might be in some of the more remote and undiscovered of the South Pacific isles. For, newspaper paragraphs to the contrary, so far-reaching is that vast expanse of ocean, that beyond the question of a doubt there are hundreds of hitherto unknown islands awaiting discovery.

One morning I turned out to find the brig totally becalmed about half way between Egmont Island and the New Hebrides. I think I never remember so intense a calm as this. Usually, no matter how smooth the sea may be, there is more or less of an under swell which keeps a vessel lazily rolling from side to side. But on this particular morning Barmouth mill pond could not have lain more motionless than the vast glassy expanse of the coral sea, over which a haze, not unlike thin smoke wreaths, was gathering.

With Captain Nixon's permission I lowered the small boat, and taking a Dutchman called Hans with me, pulled off toward a couple of turtle asleep on the water a quarter of a mile or so away.

But at the splash of the oars the two black, diamond-shaped heads disappeared to come up again a

In vain I tried by signs to make him understand the situation. With something more than gentle force Hans and myself were removed from our boat (which was taken in tow) to the native one, and at a command from the helmsman, who was a six foot heathen, the color of coffee and rich cream, the canoe sped onward.

Presently the mist began rising, and before our eyes lay the surf-beaten shores of one of the most beautiful tropical isles I have ever seen.

Here the canoe made a landing and we were assisted out, a huge savage on either side ushering us into a broad, well-beaten path leading up from the shore.

A short tramp brought us into a wide clearing, where stood a native village of perhaps two hundred neatly built huts, wattled and thatched in the most thorough manner.

To my regret we were separated, I being placed in one hut, Hans in another. A guard was stationed at the entrance armed with spear

Though a "chunky," awkwardly built man, Hans was as strong as a bull, and, desperate as was the situation, I could not resist a shout of delight as I saw him swing the ponderous weapon about his head as though it was the veriest plaything. He brought it suddenly down on the pate of the big native who held the other club, with the "dull, sickening thud" of which we have heard so much.

The savage dropped like a log, amid the yells and shrieks of the populace, who shrank back as Hans rushed frantically forward, felling a native at almost every blow as they hemmed him in on every side to prevent his escape. And, luckily for Hans, there was an ancient island law that the intended victim should meet his death only in one way—viz., by a blow from the sacred club, else he had been transfixed by twenty spears in almost as many seconds.

"Go it, Hans!" I yelled excitedly, without the slightest idea what the result would be, when all at once I saw a dozen of the youngest and comeliest of the lighter tinted girls spread themselves out in front of the excited Dutchman.

"Get out mit der way, or py grasus I serve you likes dem oder!" roared Hans, with a threatening swing of his club. But too well the wily damsels had reckoned on the gallantry of the Dutch sailor. Unheeding his menace, they linked hands and began advancing in a semi-circle, while behind I saw to my horror the big native who, having recovered from his knock down, was creeping towards his unconscious victim, club in hand.

As my lips parted to utter a shout of warning there was a sudden commotion among the surging, shouting throng. Pressing his way through the natives, who parted right and left, came a broad shouldered man with iron gray hair, wearing a white linen jacket over a shirt of fancy flannel. His smooth shaven features, though very dark, were not those of the islanders.

As his eye fell upon the crouching form of the tall savage, who was stealing up behind poor Hans, he made one sudden spring forward. From my loop hole of observation I could see, to my great surprise, that on the newcomer's feet were the remains of what had once been a pair of thick soled sea boots, the legs of which were amputated below the ankle.

I held my breath, as, hardly able to believe the evidence of my own eyes, I saw him draw back his right foot. No voice of warning came from the awe struck throng, whose yells had suddenly died down into a strange silence.

One tremendous kick, delivered exactly at the proper angle, and with a screech of mingled terror and astonishment, the unhappy savage was impelled forward with such unexpected force and suddenness that his bullet head struck the sturdy calves of Hans's legs, doubling the latter over backward in a heap on top of the big native.

But with surprising agility the Dutchman recovered himself, and, twisting suddenly over, seized his brawny antagonist by the throat.

The white jacketed individual evidently could contain himself no longer. Yanking off his hat, he swung it about his head in an ecstasy of excitement.

"Hurro! Go it, Dutchy! Av ye choke the life out of him, nary a finger I'd raise to hinder!" he yelled. And like a flash it came to my astounded comprehension that this was the voice of Murphy, who years ago had worked at haying for Uncle Phin.

"Donner und blitzten!" exclaimed Hans; and as he relaxed his hold the savage regained his feet and was looking about him for his club, when suddenly his eyes fell upon the man in white, who shouted something in the native tongue at which the savage slunk away evidently in "a state of mind."

Ten minutes later I was squatting on a pile of mats in the large and airy hut occupied by King Murphy and his regal spouse, a stout and by no means uncomely woman of New Hebrides, explaining my unexpected appearance, and receiving the royal apologies for the lapse into temptation on the part of his subjects.

"They tuk advantage of the absence of myself and Mrs. Murphy, otherwise Quane Pomiti, d'ye see, Misthur Harrison," said Murphy, with a humorous twinkle in his gray eye; "an' it's lucky for you an' the Dutchman we happened to get back as we did or I'm afraid they'd 'a' made a fancy roast out of yez."

Murphy's story was simple enough. After leaving Uncle Phin's he shipped in a trader bound to the South Seas, left her at New Hebrides and made his way to Aupotee Island, to find his dusky bride still unwed and faithful to her white spouse, who was immediately reinstated in power.

For the rest of it—how we staid in Aupotee and lived in clover as the royal guests for nearly two months I have not space to tell. Or to relate how impressible Hans fell in love with an Aupotee maiden, and remained behind as King Murphy's chief counsellor, while I, after varied adventures, succeeded in reaching Australia, and eventually rejoining my brig. But this I did, and great was Uncle Phin's astonishment on my return to learn that among his "hired help" he had actually once upon a time numbered "The King of the Cannibal Islands."



HANS DEFIES THE EXCITED THROG OF NATIVES.

and war club, while another made a continuous circuit about my prison. The interior, containing only a couch of dry grass, was intensely hot, and the bites of various insects drove me almost frantic. Taro and baked fish were set before me, together with a calabash full of a fiery liquid distilled from the sap of the palm. And all the while I could see through the interstices of my prison house that preparations were being made for some sort of celebration on quite an extensive scale.

There was not the slightest opportunity afforded for an escape, and, with the exception of a stout pocket knife, I was unarmed. This knife I managed to splice to the end of a stout bamboo that I pulled out of the side of my prison, with a vague idea of "selling my life dearly," to use the hackneyed phrase.

The hut I was confined in stood a little to one side of a sort of square, where, in the morning, with feelings I cannot put into words, I saw two long trenches dug and partly filled with red hot stones, dragged from an immense bonfire close by.

As the sun stole up over the tree tops, I beheld, with my eyes glued to a convenient crevice, Hans led out into the inclosure, where at least three hundred natives had gathered. He was not bound, and at the sight of scores of really pretty dark skinned maidens, whose glossy hair was bedecked with flowers, I think he conceived the idea that he was invited to participate in some public festival.

Suddenly two brawny savages, naked excepting for a waist cloth, stepped forward. Each carried a heavy war club studded with sharks' teeth.

"Hans, man," I shouted suddenly—"don't you see what they are going to do—they mean to kill and—"

I had no need to complete my warning. Casting a terrified glance at the fire and the yawning pits, Hans's usually stolid face took on a look which I had never seen there before—half defiance, half stubborn determination.

Before the crowd had recovered from the little surprise caused by my voice, Hans, with an agility for which I had never given him credit, snatched a war club from the nearest savage,

cable's length further off. We rowed in pursuit, and again the maneuver was repeated.

"But vere vos ter brig?" suddenly exclaimed Hans. Sure enough, in my anxiety to secure some turtle meat I had not noticed that the haze had been thickening until the thin smoke had become a sort of palpable white wool.

There was no compass in the boat, and it was simply an impossibility to tell in which direction our vessel lay.

Suddenly we heard a faint report. Hans declared it came from astern. I was equally sure it was somewhere ahead. Of course the officer's judgment overruled, and we began pulling—as it afterward proved in exactly the opposite direction from the brig.

We had rowed perhaps twenty minutes when we heard plashing water and the sound of voices.

"Thank Heaven, the brig is close at hand!" I said, drawing a long breath.

But to my astonishment and dismay, out of the white clinging mist shot a long canoe, hollowed from a tree trunk and beautifully carved, containing a score of athletic savages naked to the loins, wielding their short paddles with infinite skill.

In another moment the canoe had ranged alongside our boat, and the helmsman imperatively motioned us to transfer ourselves to his craft.

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

BY E. L. HUGGINS.

I was a hunter in my youth, and knew  
Each bird and beast that haunts the forest tall  
Or wings the air. Hard by the waterfall,  
Over the plain and up the mountain blue  
My twanging bow was heard, my arrows flew.  
My bowstring now is rent, my arrows all,  
Like spears that from the withered pine cones fall,  
Have from my shrunken quiver fallen, too;  
Yet sometimes o'er me steals the olden mood,  
And wandering in the forest deep and dark  
I greet each old familiar tree and mark.

[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 XVII.

A STRANGE RESCUE.

IN the agony of his terrible position Rob closed his eyes, and the beating of his heart actually seemed to cease. Suddenly—  
Three sharp cracks echoed from the underbrush of the forest.

Cayuse Dick sprang into the air, and fell lifeless on the ground. A second outlaw tumbled headlong from his horse. The man called Sam dropped his rifle, and caught up his arm, from which the blood was streaming.

"A redskin ambush!" shouted Brayton, as a chorus of ear splitting yells rose from the cover. "Cut the mule traces, Chris, and catch on to Dick's horse—quick! Now, then—every man for himself—scatter!"

Rob's first thought upon opening his eyes was that he had escaped a painful death only to meet one of prolonged torture at the hands of a still more barbarous foe.

His mustang, at the report of the rifles, had uttered a snort of fear, and began pawing the earth with his small hoof. This turned Rob's attention to the necessity of quieting the intelligent animal. Should Pepper suddenly become unmanageable—

Between Pepper and Rob existed a perfect understanding, and the mustang, recognizing his master's voice, at once became quiet.

Rapidly receding on the open plain were the flying horsemen, while the mules, released from the army wagon, had begun feeding on the short, rich grass a little distance away.

A rustling in the underbrush behind him caused Rob to turn his head, while his heart, released from its temporary paralysis, began beating furiously.

But what did it all mean? No half naked savages were these three who swiftly emerged from cover and made their way toward him.

Two had Indian blood in their veins, undoubtedly. They were stalwart, dark skinned youths, with more of the Mexican than the Indian type of features. Each wore the regulation buckskin hunting shirt, leggins and moccasins, and a gaily decorated Mexican sombrero. Both were armed with Winchester rifles, which they had used with startling effect.

Taking the lead, however, was the most remarkable looking of the three. It was a woman with a determined though not uncomely face, burned as brown as a berry. She carried a Sharpe's repeating rifle in her left hand, and at either side of a by no means slender waist was a revolver in its leather holster, suspended from a well filled cartridge belt. She wore a sombrero caught up at one side with a bunch of heron plumes. A short riding habit of faded green blanket stuff came down a few inches over the tops of a pair of buckskin riding gaiters, which were terminated by moccasins.

All this singular detail Rob had taken in with the swift, anxious glances he was casting over his shoulder. The woman sprang from her saddle, and before Rob could speak, her somewhat masculine stride brought her to the side of his horse.

She loosened the noose and slipped it over Rob's head. Then, cutting his wrist lashings with a stout hunting knife, she motioned him to dismount. Rob obeyed most gladly, still staring with open eyed amazement at his singular liberator.

The two young men, who had reached the spot, made no remarks whatever. Leaning on their rifles, they stood perfectly motionless. No trace of curiosity or surprise was visible in their dark eyes, which had glanced quickly from Rob himself to the distant forms of the escaping outlaws, then back to the mules cropping the

herbage, and the two lifeless bodies close at hand.

Without paying further heed to Rob, the strange woman walked rapidly toward the dead outlaws, and peered eagerly at the two ghastly upturned faces.

"Jack Vance's gang—just as I told you, Stefano," she said, turning to the young man nearest her.

A brief nod was the response. It was evident that both had more or less of the taciturnity of the Indian in his make up.

"Sorry Vance got off—he's a bad lot," was the strange woman's next remark. Then to Rob:

"Who are you, and what were they going to string you up for?"

Rob explained briefly as to himself. "They wanted to find out something that I wouldn't tell," he said, bluntly. "It's a secret, or I'd tell you more."

The woman nodded approvingly. "Good grit, my boy. Keep your own counsel. So you're with Wild Bunyap on a prospect. I know him well. Ever hear him speak of Maria Roth?"

No, Rob could not remember that he had. "Well, I'm she. Mrs. Roth, if you like it better. John Roth was my first husband. Killed by Apaches in San Luis valley four years ago come May. Then I married Don Estefano

on their way back to the reservation from the Mojave district, where Don Rafael and his wife had an interest in some mining lands. Travel by the Southern Pacific would have greatly shortened the journey, but they had preferred to make it on horseback, after their usual custom. Having camped near the edge of the grove for a rest, the approach and subsequent movements of Jack Vance's gang had brought about the rescue on their own part already described.

"It was the lone butte at 'Pache Creek where you camped, then," said Mrs. Roth, after Rob had described the locality as nearly as he could. "Now let me think. Bonanza ranch lays just across the low divide there to the north'ard—"

"Bunyap spoke of that; he talked as though he intended making a short stop there next day after the blizzard," interrupted Rob.

"Likely enough; it's kind of a half way place betwixt Bragg City and the jumping off place. So when he finds you don't come back to camp he'll likely strike for the ranch and get up a search party. Now the boys and me, by going a bit out of the way, can put you on the track that leads over the divide to the ranch. There

That reminds me there's a lot made a break from the reservation lately. Look sharp when you three get to the Nevada border, else you'll lose your hair."

But as we have seen, Rob's knowledge of what was going on in the world was very limited. So he laughed lightly, and with some careless reply changed the conversation. Indeed, his heart was too full of gratitude for his escape from a disgraceful death, and of anticipation of a meeting with his two friends, to give much heed to aught else just then.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROB OVERHEARS A PLOT.

NOW Rob had only once put Pepper, the mustang, to his highest speed. And something being said as to the remarkable swiftness of the jack rabbit, Rob started in pursuit of one that broke immediately in front of him.

"Don't lose sight of the wagon," called Mrs. Roth, as Rob started his pony in pursuit of a long legged jack rabbit, that sprang from the cover of a sage bush directly in front of him.

"All right," was the response, and in another moment Pepper, at full gallop, was after the long eared flyer, which loped along with little apparent effort a few yards in advance.

Seeing after a short time that he was not gaining, Rob touched Pepper's flanks never so slightly with the spurs.

The mustang responded bravely. And then Jack Rabbit shook off his lethargy. A trained greyhound can generally run bunny down after a long chase. An engine "running wild" on the track of the Southern Pacific has been known to keep pace with one. But the fleetest horse in the West has little or no chance in a stern chase of the kind.

Twenty minutes after leaving his companions, Rob had the satisfaction of seeing a speck of white against the far away green of the plain before him. And then for the first time he bethought himself of Mrs. Roth's warning.

The wagon was nowhere in sight. But this was not strange, considering the rolling, uneven nature of the plain. Rabbit and rider—so Rob imagined—had not deflected in the least from the straight course taken at the start. Should he ride back on his tracks, or wait for his three friends to come up?

Pepper's heaving sides suggested the latter course. Leaping from his saddle, Rob picketed the mustang with a proper length of lariat, and looked about him with considerable interest.

The plain had merged into a region of upland slopes rising higher and higher in the distance to the chain of well wooded hills sharply outlined on the horizon.

Far to the West rose the mighty peaks of the Sierras. Against their background of intensely blue sky appeared from time to time what looked like cloud wreaths. These were, in fact, volumes of light snow blown from the mountain summit by the fiercest winds. A poetic fancy has called them the "snow banners" of the Sierras.

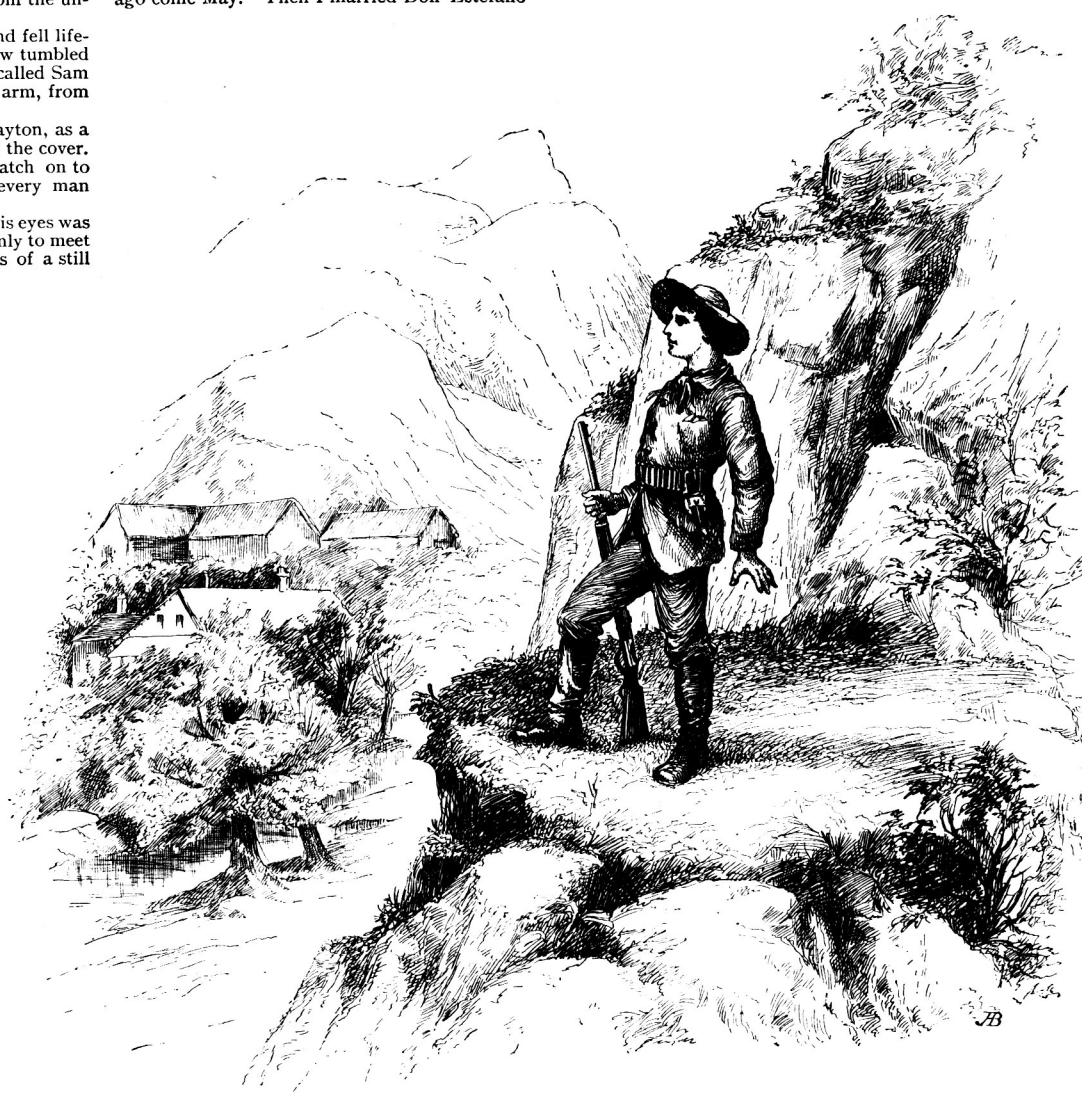
As Rob turned from the picturesque outlook, his eye was attracted by the sight of a flock of antelope feeding at the base of a rocky eminence some three hundred yards away.

The wind was not in his favor, and there was no cover between himself and the game. But the antelope had evidently neither scented nor seen him, and, crouching as low as possible, Rob began making a wide detour to the right. He hoped to get a shot from the shelter of some of the high rocky projections at the entrance to a narrow defile between the gradually rising hills. He had accomplished rather more than half the distance, when from the cover he was seeking came a puff of smoke, and the sharp report of a rifle echoed through the rocky declivities.

Almost simultaneously an antelope from the feeding pack toppled over, while the remainder dashed away at full speed.

"Indians," was Rob's very natural thought. But it was no Indian hunter who, rifle in hand, appeared from behind the spur of the hillside. The man was immediately followed by another, at the sight of whom Rob sank quickly to the ground.

For he had recognized, if not the faces, the fantastic costumes of two of the remaining outlaws, who he had hoped were far away.



ROB REACHES THE SUMMIT OF THE DIVIDE, AND LOOKS DOWN UPON BONANZA RANCH.

Rafael, ex governor of the Navajo reservation, but kept my first name. These are his two boys, Stefano and Juan, by his first wife—prettiest Navajo girl in the tribe. They think considerable of their stepmother. Eh, boys?"

"Si," was the brief response, yet accompanied by an eloquent look whose sincerity was unmistakable.

The short, crisp speech, no less than the singular voice and manner of this very original type of womanhood, interested Rob extremely. Indeed, in listening to his new acquaintance, he for the moment forgot the terrible death from which she and her stepsons had rescued him.

But the sight of the lariat swaying gently to and fro in the mountain breeze brought it vividly to mind. Brokenly but earnestly he began to express his thanks.

"Enough said—we understand. Now to business."

The arms and equipments of the slain outlaws were placed in the army wagon, where Rob found and at once took possession of his own, though his money and watch were still in Brayton's clutches.

The mules were easily caught, and, the traces being repaired with thongs, the animals were again harnessed up.

"If Jack Vance wants his property, let him come and take it if he can," grimly remarked Mrs. Roth, after a little consultation had been held as to future movements.

It seemed that the curiously assorted trio were

you're pretty sure to find your friends or hear from 'em. What d'ye say?"

What could Rob say, excepting to thank Mrs. Roth heartily? And half an hour later the little party was under way.

To Rob's surprise he soon discovered that Stefano and Juan were bright, intelligent young fellows, speaking fairly good English and fluent Spanish. Still more was he surprised when he learned that they had attended the Carlisle school in Pennsylvania for nearly two years.

"We like it much," said Stefano, the older of the two, "only bime by we grow tired of all time eat, sleep, read books under roof. We want free air, ride, fish, hunt, same's always. But Don Rafael and the madre say stay little longer. So we stay, then come home, not go back any more. Do we, Juan?"

And Juan shook his head in a very decisive manner.

The two rode on ahead, after the manner of scouts. Rob, with Mrs. Roth, kept slower pace with the mule team. On the back of a rather spirited Indian pony, which she told Rob she had herself lassoed and broken, Mrs. Roth appeared to better advantage than on foot.

She seemed very fond of her two stepsons, who, on their own part, were extremely fond of Mrs. Roth.

"It's the Navajo blood in 'em," she said, in speaking of Stefano and his brother. "They're about the only decent tribe in the West, unless it's the Zumas and Moquis. I hate an Apache.







ANOTHER JUVENILE PRODIGY.

AUNT DINAH.—“Kain't yo' see now, deacon, why I'm so proud ob him? Dat chile, sah, am a reg'ler infant progeny!”

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Again, suppose three snakes, each of which is swallowing another by the tail, so that the three form a circle; then, as the swallowing process continues, the circle evidently grows smaller and smaller. Now, if they thus continue to swallow each other, what will eventually become of the snakes? Of course it is clear that either the swallowing process must stop somewhere, or that the snakes will vanish down each other's throats. At what point, then, will the swallowing cease?

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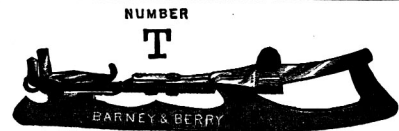
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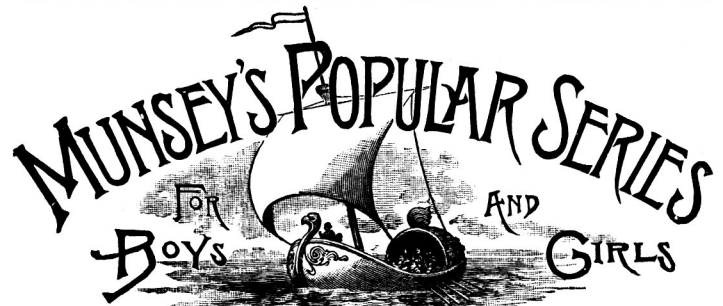
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