

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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WARREN RECEIVES SOME ASTONISHING INFORMATION FROM OLD TONY, THE DRIVER, AS THE STAGE COACH ROLLS ALONG THE ROAD TO CHICADIE.

Warren Haviland, THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE.

Author of "Who Shall be the Heir?" etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

A SHOCK AND A FEARFUL TEMPTATION.

HOW do you do, Mr. Rowe? Don't you know me? Warren Haviland, sir. Surely you haven't forgotten me?" and a tall, handsome boy of sixteen, in a neat traveling suit, and laden with valise and umbrella, offered

his hand to a middle aged gentleman, who was evidently too much struck by his sudden appearance to find speech, They stood in the ware room of the immense dry goods firm of Haviland, Roe & Company, of New York, a wholesale establishment of well known wealth and probity. Mr. Roe was the partner, and Warren Haviland was the son of the

principal. He was now on his way home from college for his vacation, and he had stopped over a train that he might call for his father and take him home with him to their handsome mansion up the Hudson, on the outskirts of Bayrose.

"No, I have not forgotten you, Warren," said Mr. Roe, seizing the lad's hand at last in a close, almost convulsive, clasp, and the icy coldness of the other's hand startled Warren into gazing more intently at him.

The summer day was drawing to a close, and the wide room, crowded with balconies, was full of gloom; but even through the gloom the face of Mr. Roe shone strangely white. His brows were contracted as if in pain, and his smile of welcome relaxed his firmly compressed lips.

"And yet he was very fond of Warren Haviland, and the boy knew it."

"You don't seem well, sir," went on the latter, his bright face falling a little. "I'm so sorry for that. Father's in his office, of course? I'll go right to him." And he was darting away, but Mr. Roe's clasp tightened, and he exclaimed in a low, hoarse tone:

"Don't go. I've something to say first."

Warren paused, a curious thrill running through him. He was wild with the joy of getting back to the parents he loved so dearly, to the home that had always been such a happy one. In all his brief life he had not been called upon to bear misfortune, and he did not know its aspect when it threatened him.

He was startled, confused, but not alarmed. He wondered at Mr. Roe's looks and manner, and at the darkened windows and the idle clerks, who stood about whispering together and watching him; but he wanted to rush into his father's presence with a shout of triumph, glorying in his surprise.

"Well, sir, please hurry with what you want to say," said he, impulsively, after waiting for a minute for the agitated man to speak.

"I would I could spare you, my poor boy," began Mr. Roe, in those strained tones which sounded so unfatherly; "but you will call all your courage up to bear it. Your father—"

"Is father ill? Hurt?" interrupted Warren, in shocked tones, and, dropping valise and umbrella, he broke away from his friend, heedless of his remonstrance, and ran to Mr. Haviland's office.

As he threw open the door a burst of gaslight dazzled him, and for a moment he could only distinguish the outlines of a man bending over another who lay on the sofa. He looked at his father's chair in front of the writing desk. It was empty.

"Oh, father, are you very ill?" faltered he, approaching the door. Then he recognized Dr. Grayling, an old friend, and again was shocked by a pale and agitated face which gazed pityingly at him.

"Your father has passed beyond all suffering and sorrow, Warren," said the physician, solemnly, and he stood aside from the figure he had been searching for.

The boy fell on his knees beside that pulseless form with a bitter cry.

Dead? His father dead? Oh, impossible! A cruel dream, surely!

He felt stunned. All seemed unreal. He gazed in awful wonder at the august countenance from which death had swept every familiar line. Never before had these lips forborne to smile a greeting to the son he loved; never before had these eyes looked unresponsively into his. This marble shape could never be his kind, genial father.

Warren gently essayed to draw down that arm; but it was already stiffened into its position, and he would not force it.

His touch had rustled something in the dead hand. He looked closer; a paper was crushed in the cold clasp, and the boy drew it forth, wondering whether it might cast any light upon his father's sudden death. Opening the sheet, a second one fluttered to the floor. He picked it up and read it first.

It was a letter written after line, a horrible amazement grew in his eyes. He turned to find the signature. He was reading an anonymous letter!

"Surely this can't be true!" gasped the lad. "It's a miserable hoax. And yet it killed father!"

And he read it again more comprehensively. Its contents, in brief, were as follows: The writer, who signed himself "Your grateful friend," began by stating that Mr. Haviland had once dealt very generously by him, when by simply pushing his legal rights he could have ruined him, and that the writer herein hoped to pay off that old obligation.

That he, the writer, was in a position to know certain secrets of a great firm which was largely in debt to Haviland, Roe & Co. That this firm was struggling on the brink of insolvency, and would infallibly draw down Haviland & Co. with it. The writer therefore gave Mr. Haviland timely warning, that he left the firm to the firm, before the crash came, and thus save his fortune from going down with the wreck.

"Grateful Friend" strenuously counseled Mr. Haviland to cast aside all squeamish scruples, and do as ninety nine out of a hundred men in business would do with a clear conscience—that is, save himself, and let the firm take care of itself.

With what sickening feelings did Warren contemplate this piece of friendly advice! Would his father have taken it, had he lived? Would he have made such base use of his opportunities as to escape scot free, and let the crash fall upon his unsuspecting partners, who trusted their all in him?

"Father!" he whispered wildly, as if those dull ears could still hear his terrified appeal—"oh, father, did the honor of a lifetime fall you at the very last? What would you have answered?"

He looked at the date of the letter. It must have come that same morning; therefore his father had striven all day with the base temptation. Had he decided for honor or for dishonor?

Suddenly Warren bethought him of the other paper, and he unfolded it. It was his father's answer to the temptation.

Ah, yes, he had decided! The boy's pale cheek glowed, his eye sparkled with proud emotion. He had decided—for honor! When death stole upon him he was in the act of writing out a clear statement of the danger which threatened the firm, for his partner's benefit. When nearly finished his hand had faltered, the pen dropped from it, he clutched up the papers in the death throes, and kept them hidden until the Ruler of all sent the son to find them.

Arnold Haviland had died as he had lived—an honest man, the noblest work of God.

"But we are ruined!" was the thought which flashed like scathing lightning across Warren's exulting pride.

"Not yet," whispered an insidious voice in his heart; "not until you show these papers to other eyes. Keep the secret, take the warning and you are safe."

He heard the returning footsteps of Mr. Roe and Dr. Grayling. They were accompanied by a woman whose voice he recognized as belonging to his father's lawyer, Mr. Sothern, who was coming to take charge of the deceased's papers.

That same sly whisperer bade Warren thrust the fatal documents into his pocket—at least for the present. "Have you not your mother to console with yourself?" it insinuated.

And Warren obeyed.

For each must fight his own battle with temptation—must choose for himself the straight or the crooked path! And now the hour of temptation was upon Warren, and the forces of good and evil were ranging themselves in warfare within him.

CHAPTER II. THE TRIUMPH OF HONOR.

WHAT a different homecoming that was to Warren! What Warren had anticipated! Flushed with honors he honestly won by hard work at college, and brimming over with boyish delight at the reunion before him, he was flying to the arms of his parents—and now!

Bowed down with grief, he brought his father's body home to his distracted mother; tears and sighs met him instead of smiling congratulations; the noble mansion was shrouded in gloom instead of being flower decked for the young hero's return.

And in one stride the boy was forced to leave his boyhood behind him, and to act a man's part; to support his mother through her trouble, which prostrated her completely. He had ever to remind himself that he was all she had to lean on now, and to crush back his own weakness, and be strong for her sake.

It was the night before Mr. Haviland's funeral, the weary household slept, and the whole mansion was wrapped in darkness save where the pale rays of a ray stole from the dead man's chamber.

Warren could not sleep; hour by hour passed, and yet he sat in the darkness of his room, his head on his hand, thinking what he should do. There could be neither rest nor sleep for him while the battle between honor and dishonor was being waged within his breast; and though conscience sternly rebuked his indecision—self, disguised as filial affection, common prudence, and many a kindred virtue, persisted in arguing the question, until the boy's brain reeled, and he felt sure of nothing but his own unhappiness.

"Tomorrow father's will is to be read," he thought, cowering there in the pitch gloom, which symbolized the darkness of his mind. "Of course it was made long before he knew anything of this, and it will properly assign to mother and to me this great property—which in honor belongs to the firm. Even Silver Lea, our dear home, may have to be given up, if I follow the course that father thought to be right. But how dare I—even for my own honor's sake—strip my mother of her luxuries, perhaps of all she has in the world? She is so delicate, so unused to jostling with others for a living, what if I were the cause of her death?"

And conscience steadfastly answered, "It is right to be honest at whatever cost; your father thought so."

Beside the marble form lying so peacefully in its last couch, sat one almost as pale and still. Mrs. Haviland, it did not need the boy to throw himself on his knees beside the bier to weep in an agony of shame and repentance; or that broken whispers of thanksgiving escaped him. At length his calmness returned to him, and he tenderly set himself to break through his mother's perilous abstraction; and after many efforts had failed, succeeded in recalling her half-consciousness to the reality of her son's love.

And when at last her sad eyes sought his comprehending, and her cold hands caressed his warm, clasping ones, he carefully, truthfully told her the whole matter; owning his struggle, and humbly declaring that honor required that he should complete the sacrifice which his father had begun.

"Dear mother, the blow will fall heavier on you than on me, I know. Yet tell me, am I right?" he finished anxiously.

She listened with solemn gaze fixed upon him, and with a gasp she said: "Gradually as he spoke the light of hope had kindled in her eyes, and she had begun to smile at her own cheek, till at the end she clasped him to her bosom, crying out in a wild, glad way,

"How good is God who has not left me desolate! Arnold is not dead—not gone altogether, for his spirit lives in his son, in my brave boy, who has chosen the right despite great temptation!"

And healing tears rushed from her o'er-fraught heart, and saved her burning brain. Then Warren went back to his bed, and now he could sleep in peace, worn out, yet comforted by that divine monitor which lives in each one of us, if we will but heed its warnings.

Mr. Haviland was buried, and the funeral was a large one, for he was a wealthy man and a good one, and had hosts of distinguished friends. Afterwards a few remarks by Lawyer Sothern's request to hear the will read: Mrs. Haviland, Warren, and the household were all together, and Mr. Sothern produced the will, which had been made two years before, and splendidly it provided for those the testator held dearest. So many thousands of dollars—and many indeed they were—to his beloved wife Alicia, also the life use of the house; so many hundreds of thousands of dollars to his dear and only son Warren on his reaching his majority; and the following numerous bequests to a long list of charitable and religious schemes, to which Mr. Haviland had long subscribed—nor were those who had served him faithfully in his business or his household forgotten. Mrs. Haviland and Mr. Roe were named as executors. Mr. Sothern too left, and only Mr. Roe, the old family friend, as well as partner, remained, anxious to be of some use or comfort to the poor lady.

Then Warren rose, his head erect, his eyes dark with determination, and handed him a paper, saying quietly:

"I have these papers crushed in father's dead hand, it is your right to read them," and he returned to his mother's side and waited.

Mr. Roe scanned one and the other, and fell back in his chair overwhelmed. In the deep silence which ensued he looked strangely at Warren again and again; at last he spoke hesitatingly:

"Do you quite understand the meaning of these writings?"

"Too well; I fear they mean the ruin of Haviland, Roe & Co.," answered the boy with a sigh; "is there then no escape?"

Mr. Roe did not reply; he was half stunned. Warren rose to support his mother from the room, when Mr. Roe stopped him by a sign, and approached him in great agitation.

"Warren Haviland, do you understand that by giving me these papers you have lost your whole fortune—that magnificent patrimony which has just been declared yours?"

Warren bowed in silence, he could not trust himself to speak.

"And not only your own fortune—but your mother's portion also?" added Mr. Roe.

The boy's lip quivered with pain, but Mrs. Haviland laid her shadowed hand on his with a proud smile.

"That knowledge was his sharpest temptation to conceal the matter," said she; "but he knew that my heart would be one with his own in a sacrifice that honor demanded."

Mr. Roe paced the apartment some few minutes, pondering deeply. Then he returned to Warren, holding out his hand.

"Warren, you have brought me bitter news, but you have taught me how to support the calamity it announces as an honest man should. Shall I play the coward, when you, a mere boy, can play the hero thus? I'm proud to shake hands with Warren Haviland, for though he is fated to begin the battle of life as a young soldier of fortune, with nothing but high courage for his friend, he bears within him the talisman of victory—untarnished honor."

And as Warren left the room with his frail mother leaning on his arm, the old friend's words rang like a prophecy of success in his ears, and her smile was a benediction on his path.

And so Warren and his mother relinquished all their fortune, and it went to help the fight against advancing ruin. Owing to the warning received, the firm was enabled to make a good thing of the matter, and the money was distributed by the sanguine that Haviland, Roe & Co. might weather the storm in time.

But the Havilands' surrender was complete; they left Silver Lea, and retired to a modest cottage, attended by Mrs. Haviland's old black nurse and lifelong dependent, Becky Norton, and one of the old friends, who, though the other partners insisted on furnishing the little home with lavish generosity, and in restoring many favorite articles to Mrs. Haviland from her old home, the change was more than she could support and she sank into a state of gentle melancholy, while her health gave way altogether.

These changes had fully occupied Warren's time, but when the new home was settled he began to look about him for a situation, when something transpired which singularly altered the expected course of his life.

One day Mrs. Haviland languidly remarked that there were still a few hundred dollars in a certain toy cabinet which used to stand in her bedroom in Silver Lea; Mr. Haviland had given them to her some days before his death.

Warren got the key from her, and went to find the money, and presently brought her not only the sheaf of notes, but a document which he had discovered in one of the drawers.

"What's this, mother?" he asked, handing the paper to her; "I see your name and Uncle John Fenwick's on it."

"Ah, yes—I recollect now," said she with indifference. "It's that old promissory note for the twenty-five thousand dollars I left Mr. Fenwick before we were married, and was for my dear sister's sake. When she married him he was in struggling circumstances."

Warren examined the paper with rising excitement.

"This note is not canceled, mother—was the loan never repaid?" he asked. She absently answered no, they had never needed it; they had plenty.

"Is Uncle John well off?" pursued Warren, trying to hide his eagerness. She only inclined her head; already the interest roused by the sight of the note was fading away. Warren gave her a boyish hug.

"Hurray! God've got something of your own to live on, after all," he cried with enthusiasm; "we must get this back immediately, and invest it safely—the interest will keep you comfortably till I make my fortune. Oh! I'm so glad, mother, you can't think I was always so afraid for you; but now I haven't a care. I can go my own way, and live on my own."

"And what are you to live on, my boy?" asked the mother, smiling on him with something of her old delight.

"These," laughed Warren, holding out his hands, "until I fit myself to work with this," and he tapped his forehead.

CHAPTER III. A STRANGE EXPERIENCE IN CHICAGO.

JOHN FENWICK had married Mrs. Haviland's only and much loved sister eight years before, and prior to Mrs. Haviland's own marriage. Alicia and Dora Dacre, the two daughters, had received considerable wealth, left them by their father, who had been an eminent lawyer.

Mr. Fenwick was in struggling circumstances at the time he married Dora Dacre, and Alicia, and through the affection she felt for her sister, had lent her brother in law twenty-five thousand dollars of her fortune, which, with his wife's money, and his own small capital, enabled him to purchase a fine farm in the State of Maine.

Living in distant States, the sisters seldom met after their respective marriages; but as far as the Havilands knew, Mr. Fenwick had prospered well; the interest on the loan was regularly paid, and as long as Mrs. Fenwick lived letters were exchanged between the sisters; but she had died ten years ago, leaving one child, a boy about Warren's age; and shortly afterward Mr. Fenwick had married again; since when the Havilands had heard very little of the Fenwicks, although the interest on the loan continued to be paid annually.

Warren at once consulted Mr. Roe on the subject.



ject of the promissory note, and was advised by him to take a run to Maine to see his uncle and cousin, and make their acquaintance.

"Now that your mother stands alone in the world is the time for any connections she may have to rally round her," said Mr. Roe; "and since you have a cousin it is as well that you should know and like each other. Families were created to stand by each other in times of trouble."

Some surprise had been felt by Warren that his Uncle John had never taken any notice of his letter announcing his father's death, but as his silence might have been caused by sickness, or inadvertence, the boy was only the more willing to seek him out.

So after taking an affectionate farewell of his mother, and giving black Becky a day, he maid his last injunctions to take care of her, he set out on his journey one bright July morning, and steamed northward all day and all night, arriving in the town nearest to the farming settlement in which Mr. Fenwick dwelt, about noon of the second day.

Having taken some refreshment at the railway hotel, he was directed to where the railway stage coach started for Chicadee, and at four o'clock found himself rattling along a stony road, between rolling fields of buckwheat and cabbages, beside the driver of the stage coach, a grim old fellow, as black as weather and to whom he could make him. He was picturesquely attired in a hairy coat, a wide-brimmed hat, and sent his raw boned steeds scampering along at a great pace, but opened his mouth to his only passenger.

Warren looked about him with all a traveler's interest for a time, and then turned his attention upon his taciturn companion.

"Do you know where you are going, Mr. Fenwick in Chicadee?" he asked.

"The driver turned slowly in his seat, and stared sullenly in his face.

"Who *what's* in Chicadee?" he drawled, after an exhaustive examination.

Warren repeated his question.

"No, I don't, but ain't it Mr. John Fenwick lives in Chicadee," replied the driver calmly. Then, after a pause—"I knew a Mr. John Fenwick as lived whar ye say—but he don't live thar no more—he lays dead in his grave in Chicadee churchyard."

"What? My uncle dead?" cried Warren, greatly shocked.

"The driver nodded and whipped up his team. Warren was quite bewildered. How was it that no announcement of his uncle's death had reached Bayrose?

"How long is it since he died?" he asked.

"A matter of three months," replied the old man.

"There was a son—is he still there?" inquired Warren.

"Oh yes, Tom's thar," briefly responded the other. Then, after another pause, he trickled out the information, "John Fenwick made ducks and drakes of his affairs, and went off the books sudden; and 'n his sole creditor, a lawyer chap called Bill, stepped in and took everything. He's sot up his shingle now in the old man's house, an' Tom hangs on because he ain't nowhars else to go."

Warren digested this dire news in silence for many a mile. His mission then was a failure; if his uncle had died in difficulties, Mrs. Haviland's money must have been strangled long ago. How was he to return to his mother with such a tale? He felt sick at heart; and not for his own sake, but for hers, whose comfort he had believed so assured.

However, he thought, since he had come so far, he would go on and see this Mr. Hawk, and his cousin Tom, and hear what they had to say about the loan.

"Is Mrs. Fenwick living in her husband's house, too?" he asked by and by. Old Tony favored him with another stare.

"For a nevey ye know precious little about yer folks," remarked he, with a grin. "Mis' Fenwick's been dead an' gone for two year, an' small loss to the community either."

"Then poor Tom's quite alone in the world, and penniless?" pursued Warren with reviving interest, as a vision of a possible chum rose pleasantly before his mind.

"The old fellow only nodded in his dry fashion.

"What sort of a man is Mr. Hawk?" Warren asked, anxiously.

Tony solemnly expectorated before he deigned to reply.

"Caleb Hawk ain't no man."

"Eh? What is he, then? A boy?" cried Warren, in astonishment.

"Nor he ain't a boy," coolly replied the driver.

"You don't mean me to believe he's a woman?" laughed the lad.

For about three minutes old Tony said no word, but at last vouchsafed to remark deliberately.

"Caleb Hawk's a *hog*—that's what he is!" And after that not another word was to be extracted from him on the subject.

At last Tony drew up in front of a pair of white washed wooden gates which hung askew from their hinges, and behind which could be seen a once pretty farm house standing amid spacious gardens; but the dreary signs of decay were everywhere visible. The house and out-buildings were falling fast into ruin, the gardens were frowsy with weeds, the fences tumbling down, cattle had broken into the once fertile field—all was desolation.

"What can this Mr. Hawk mean by letting

the place run to ruin like this?" exclaimed Warren, in astonishment. "Surely for the sake of his own interests he might keep it up."

"That kin ye expect from a mis'able shyster?" grimly retorted Tony. "All he wants is to git the place off his hands an' clear out with the money. He don't calculate on stoppin' here long."

Warren had, of course, expected to remain over night at his uncle's house, but he shrank from the idea now, and having got the driver to direct him to a neighboring farmhouse where he might lodge for a day or two, sent him on there with his valise to announce his intended arrival.

As old Tony drove off he turned in his seat to bawl out:

"Mind now, I tell ye, Hawk's a hog, an' don't ye forget it. He'll do ye if ye let him."

And with this caution ringing in his ears, Warren walked up the rut scoured lane to the house. As he paused on the door step to look about him, he became aware of a pair of snapping black eyes, placed too near each other, which were regarding him from over the top of a wire screen set in the window beside him. The words,

"CALEB HAWK, MONEY LENDER," were inscribed in faded gilt on this screen, and were of the looked into in a farm house window.

Warren knocked briskly, and the door opened summons before the owner of the eyes hurried to open the door, with an air of surprise at finding anybody there.

"You really must pardon me for keeping you waiting," cried he, his sharp eyes busy on the latter's candid face. "I heard your knock, but thought it was my usual tormentor, His expression was mean and crafty, and Warren despised and distrusted him on the spot. While he glibly rattled out his lying excuses, he was ushering his visitor into the room with the wire screen. It was fitted up very comfortably as an office.

There was a small iron safe screwed to the floor in one corner, and a great display of legal papers on the table. Having seated the stranger, Mr. Hawk returned to his own revolving chair in front of the writing table, and waited with a polite smile for him to open his business.

"My name is Haviland, Mr. Fenwick was my uncle," began Warren, and stopped involuntarily, for Mr. Hawk had turned his chair as if an unseen hand had stuck a pin in him. He tumbled the papers about vaguely, as if to cover the action, and resealed himself, shading his face with his hand; and Warren thought he looked paler by many degrees than he was a moment before.

"Haviland—Haviland," murmured the money lender, musingly. "No, I don't think I ever heard the name before. Aye, and so you are poor Tom's cousin."

"Can I see him? I have come a long way to make his acquaintance," said Warren. He felt most sure that Hawk was lying; that he had heard the name of Haviland before; that he had cause to fear his coming; that he was, in short, the rogue old Tony had warned him against; and he vowed within himself that if Hawk had anything to fear from him, he would justify his fear, and wrest the secret from him before he left Chicadee.

"Certainly you shall see Tom. Most natural and right," said Mr. Hawk, absently. He was thinking hard; he was evidently at his wit's end how to turn, and he mumbled on mechanically: "A strange lad is Tom Fenwick; very unlike you—shy, secretive, very. Ah!—um!—Yes, yes, sir; you shall see your cousin, he added, with sudden animation: "I shall fetch him myself. Out somewhere, no doubt; but I can find him in a minute. Seen the morning paper?" He showed the sheet across the table to his visitor, and briskly left the room.

"I wonder what bright idea struck him?" mused Warren, getting up to look out of the window without saying anything he looked at.

"Now, let me sum up my facts. Hawk's a hog, that is a rogue. I find him in possession of my dead uncle's property, my cousin ousted completely. Hawk is startled at my arrival, lies about knowing my name, and therefore will declare that he knows nothing of the loan. How shall I fight him? Will Tom help me any, or is he under this rogue's domination?"

Absorbed in these thoughts, he had waited some ten or fifteen minutes before he noted the lapse of time; but when he did so he began to feel restless and suspicious. What kept the man away so long? Was he coaching Tom in what the latter was to say? What could he be up to? No good, that was certain.

Another ten minutes passed, and Warren was pacing the room in a perfect fume of impatience, when he heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs outside. He sprang to the window, but saw nothing in front. He made for the door; it was locked. He was a prisoner!

(To be continued.)

HE SCORED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE.

YOUNG MAN TO DRUGGIST.—"What-wha-what are you-ya-ya-rates for t-t-talking through your telephone?"

DRUGGIST.—Fifteen cents for five minutes, but I'll give you fifteen minutes, I'm a fair man."

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.

DECLINED WITH THANKS: "The Old Mill," "Love's Grave," "The Rescue," "Victor's Bear," "Matthew's White Elephant," "A Letter from Texas," "Old Josh Shaw's Story," "Disobedient Tom."

DEERFOOT. No premium on the half dollar of 1822.

H. F., Madison, Ind. No premium on the half dollar of 1822.

E. J. G., East Hartford, Conn. No premium on the dime of 1848.

A. T. P., St. Cloud, Minn. We must refer you to our advertising columns.

READER, Norwalk, Conn. If in good condition the Liberty penny of 1822 is worth 50 cents.

W. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. As we have already stated many times, we cannot furnish business addresses.

J. C., Philadelphia, Pa. No, Miss Myra Goodwin, the actress, is no relation to Nat Goodwin, the comedian.

O. M. B., New York City. The International Chess Magazine is published in this city, where it may be addressed.

TRAPPER, Ashtabula, O. See answer to Electrician last week. However, we are thinking of soon publishing an article on taxidermy.

A. T., Minneapolis, Minn. We cannot undertake to give the premium values of foreign coins. See suggestion made to second question of J. A. S.

H. H. T., Delaware City, Del. There is no such coin as a Spanish twelve penny. It is in good condition your half cent of 1850 is worth five cents.

E. H. W., New York City. 1. No, 210 is out of print; other issues of Vol. V may be had for six cents each. 2. See answer to first question of H. M. T.

H. T., New York City. You can obtain all the information that it is possible to give concerning the characters and events named, by a careful perusal of the stories.

ARK, Springfield, Ill. We shall probably print an article about building during the coming spring or summer. A paper on the construction of wooden canoes appeared in No. 245.

E. W. M., Jacksonville, Ill. The steamer City of Rome is 550 ft. long; her tonnage is 8,415, and her power 10,000. She burns about 300 tons of coal a day in crossing the Atlantic.

C. F. T., Hendersonville, N. C. The subject of ballooning is treated in a book by C. B. Mansfield entitled, "Aerial Navigation: A Problem and Hints for Its Solution," published by Macmillan.

F. W. C., Chicago, Ill. 1. We are not at liberty to disclose the identity of those authors who choose to write under a *nom de plume*. 2. The average weight of a boy of seventeen is 116 1/2 pounds.

G., New York City. 1. The quarter of 1853, if having the rays behind the eagle and the inscription, is worth \$2.50. 2. You will note that Archbishop Corrigan was treated biographically last week.

DANDY, Penn Yan, N. Y. 1. No, none of Oliver Optic's stories that appear as serials in the ARGOSY are issued in book form. 2. No premium on the cent of 1850. 3. We cannot print business addresses in this department. We refer you to our advertising columns.

J. A. S., West Union, Iowa. 1. No premium on the cent of 1817, nor on that of 1861. 2. Your other coins are evidently tokens, of which you had better make a list, and send by stamp for reply to one or other of the dealers whose names may be found in our advertising columns.

INQUIRITIVE BOSTONIAN, Boston, Mass. There are sixteen towns and villages in the United States the names of which begin with "D." Your city is of course by far the largest; its population was returned as 326,839 in 1880, and is now estimated at 423,000. The rest are all small places.

EARL OF SHREPSBURY, Chattanooga, Tenn. 1. The book "Sophia Adelaide" is published by Bedford, Clarke & Co., of Chicago. 2. The stories in the "Arabian Nights" are for the most part pure fiction. 3. We cannot advertise any particular school, by stating that of all those in New York is the most "aristocratic."

H. M. T., Chelsea, Mass. 1. As the coupon offer has been withdrawn, the only way in which you can obtain an ARGOSY binder is by sending the price—6 cents for a limp or 75 cents for the stiff covers—to this office, when it will be mailed to you post paid. 2. Yes, "Ned Newton" will be issued in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

"New York City." The Young Pioneer Series consists of "Ned in the Block House," "Ned on the River" and "Ned in the Woods." "The Log Cabin Series" of "The Lost Trail," "Camp Fire," "The Swam" and "Footprints in the Forest." "The Great River" of "Down the Mississippi," "Up the Tapajoz" and "Lost in the Wilds."

F. F., Geneseo, Ill. 1. The paper mentioned has ceased. 2. Yes, 3. "Do and Dare" and "Hector's Inheritance" have already been published in book form. We will mail you either volume, post paid, on receipt of the price, \$1.25. Ellis, for 75 cents. 5. No title page and index for Vol. IV.

LANCELOT, Tombstone, Ariz. 1. We will send 3 copies of the ARGOSY to different addresses for one year for \$1.50. 2. Five cents for four cents means that a 4 cent stamp is taken, the words "five cents" are printed on it, and it is then issued as a five cent stamp. 3. Your stamp with the words "Magyar Kir. Tavirda" is a Hungarian revenue stamp.

A. C. W., West Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Nutmeg trees grow on the Asiatic islands and in some parts of tropical America, such as Trinidad, West Indies. 2. The nutmeg fruit is nearly always sold in nut form, to be grated when wanted for use. 3. Yes, when on the tree it has an outer covering. 4. Mace is an extremely fragrant and aromatic substance, which forms the inner covering of the nutmeg.

C. A. B., Eugene City, Ogn. 1. Invest your money in some business for which you have a natural taste and aptitude. 2. As to whether you ought to learn a trade or study for a profession, that depends entirely on your own capabilities and inclinations. You are more likely to make a success of that vocation for which you have a natural preference. 3. See answer to first query. 4. For full information regarding the getting out of a patent write to the Scientific American, this city.

H. H., Boston, Mass. 1. Judicious exercising may prove helpful to weak ankles. 2. "Struggling Upward" ran from No. 171 to 185. "Alkat in and Great City" from the same issue to No. 185, and "Who Shall Be the Heir?" from 193 to 210. 3. We shall probably publish a sketch of Horatio Alger, Jr. in the next issue. 4. Yes, "Who Shall Be the Heir?" will be brought out in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES. 5. We are not at liberty to give the gentleman's age. 6. The title of Mr. Alger's first juvenile story was "Frank's Campaign."

Our sketch of Oliver Optic appeared in No. 237. D. N., Kansas City, Mo. 1. To prepare an ink that can be caused to disappear and reappear at will, dissolve zaffer in nitromuriatic acid till the zaffer takes on a bluish color. The solution is next to be diluted with water. The ink thus obtained will be invisible when first put on paper, but when exposed to the heat of a stove or a lamp for a sufficient length of time it will become visible. When the paper cools the characters will disappear and when by again placing them near the heat will reappear. But the paper must never be permitted to become too warm, or the ink will be returned from the West and now lives near Boston.

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EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of libraries, birds' eggs, rare books, or other articles of value. We have no articles; nor exchanges for "odds," nor any exchanges of any kind, unless done under the supervision of MUNSEY'S. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this column, unless you intend to make an exchange should before doing so write particular to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

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

Charles G. Penny, Haverstraw, N. Y. Books, stamps.

Eddie Phillips, Hamburg, Iowa. Seventy five foreign stamps, for a book.

Bert Estabrook, 15 Chestnut St., Marlboro, Mass. Postmarks, for postmarks.

John E. Ferrall, 701 Liberty St., Pittsburgh, Pa. Postmarks, for postmarks.

John Davidson, care Detroit News Co., Detroit, Mich. Bound books, for books.

George Coke, Box 113, Nevada, Mo. A large telescope, for a pair of No. 4 moccasins.

C. B. Palmer, Warrensburg, N. Y. A small steam engine, for a pair of boxing gloves.

C. W. Schlaw, 53 Willow St., Chicago, Ill. A piece of garnet, for a piece of Amazon or magnetic stone.

Edward J. Shields, 1311 South 36th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A Model hand inkling 2 1/2 by 1 1/2 press, for type.

Oliver F. Braston, 162 Summer St., Somerville, Mass. A photo camera, valued at \$2.50, for electrical goods.

Edward B. Waite, Box 175, West Newton, Mass. Postage stamps in an album and other articles, for Indian relics.

Benjamin P. Doelman, 441 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y. Foreign and U. S. coins for U. S. cents not in his collection.

Milo W. Whittaker, Belleville, Mich. A 4 by 6 Baltimore press and outfit, cost \$40, for books of travel or adventure, or Vols. I, II and III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Harry Bagtz, Box 445, Des Moines, Iowa. A violin and bow, a piccolo, a pair of skates, a miniature steam engine, and reading matter, for a press and outfit.

Willie Carter, Springfield, N. J. A life, a book by the brothers Grimm, and the hull of a model yacht, for a 4 by 6 press and type, or a small steam engine.

Henry E. Lower, City P. O., Cleveland, O. Twenty seven books by popular authors, all valued at \$4.65, for Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, send for list.

F. J. Hall, 182 East 76th St., New York City. Coins, postmarks, and stamps, for coins and stamps. Would like to correspond with collectors in foreign countries.

W. F. Miles, West Stockbridge, Mass. A New American scroll saw, with drills, patterns, etc., for a pair of opera glasses or a banjo with not less than 20 brackets.

L. F. Coons, 273 North St., Middletown, N. Y. A B flat clarinet, valued at \$5, for a concave razor, or Nos. 209 to 222 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, in good condition.

F. Dowdson, 612 Patterson Ave., Baltimore, Md. Fifty different stamps, for the same number of postmarks; 25 or 50 different postmarks from Maryland, for the same number from any other State.

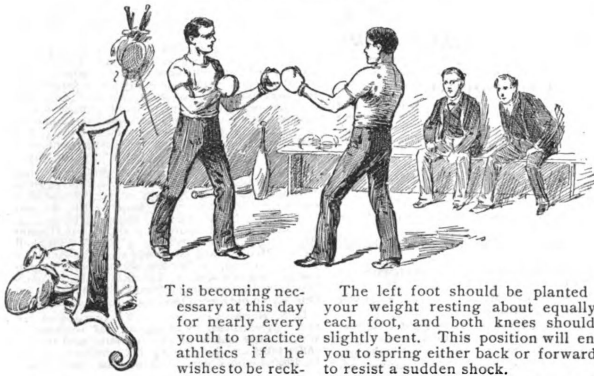
C. W. Lowe, Imperial Hotel, Steubenville, O. A rubber printing press with a set of type, valued at \$2, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and 500 tin tags, for a magic lantern or another volume.

H. Tuelke, 188 Greene St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. Eight different foreign stamps, for every nickel stamp of South or Central America, Africa, or Oceania; or twenty five different, for every nickel without "cents."

Henry B. Craig, corner 13th and Edwards Sts., Springfield, Ill. A magic lantern with 13 views, and a polyopticon attachment, with slides, cost \$1, for Vols. I and II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound, or books by Optic, Alger or Castlemore.

Boxing for Boys.

BY EDWARD SYLVESTER.



It is becoming necessary at this day for nearly every youth to practice athletics if he wishes to be reckoned as a good

companion among other youths. Every one who can afford it belongs to a gymnasium or athletic club, and those who cannot will erect a bar in their yards, or failing that, they are sure to be provided with either dumb bells, Indian clubs, foils or some other means for the development of muscle.

Among the many such exercises is one which can be beneficial in two ways, namely, as a muscle producer, and as teaching the learner how to defend himself with Nature's manly weapons, going away with the necessity of carrying a more dangerous arm.

If you intend to learn the art of self defense, you must have several companions to practice with, as otherwise it is next to impossible to become proficient.

You must procure boxing gloves, which, for boys, should weigh between five and ten ounces. Anything weighing less will be a cause of black eyes and bruised features in great profusion amongst you.

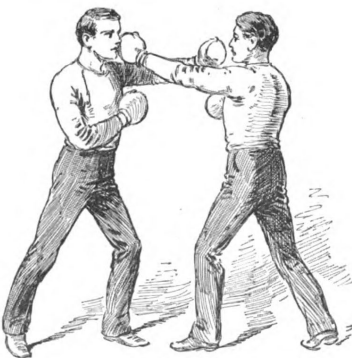
One thing boys are apt to do, and which I would caution them against, is this: They will go through perhaps one or two exercises, and then, one getting a slight advantage, the other will pitch in, to show the spectators that he is as good as his antagonist, and a rough and tumble fight will be the consequence.

Never do this. Even if you do get a sharp tap once in a while, let it teach you caution, and pay your opponent back coolly and scientifically. If you give way to rash, unreasoning anger while you are learning, you will never become a boxer.

POSITION.

To get the proper sparring position, bring the right toe in behind and on a line with the left heel.

The distance between the feet can



LEFT HAND FACE BLOW.

hardly be determined by a fixed rule, but about ten inches would be right for a boy five feet and a half in height.

The right foot should be turned out, and the heel raised a little from the ground, in order to throw the weight upon the ball of the foot.

The left foot should be planted flat, your weight resting about equally on each foot, and both knees should be slightly bent. This position will enable you to spring either back or forward, or to resist a sudden shock.

The right arm should cross at about the middle of the body and be pressed against the side, while the left arm should be simply bent at the elbow, the upper part hanging naturally at the side. This arm should be worked easily back and forth during the match.

Bring the left shoulder up a little, and throw the right back, presenting the left side to your adversary and protecting your jaw, which is a most vulnerable point, with your left shoulder.

Turn the face to the right, to prevent both eyes being hit at once. Keep the mouth firmly closed, do not allow the tongue to remain between the teeth, and always keep your eyes open. This will be hard for some boys, for whenever their opponent makes a motion at them they are in the habit of closing their eyes. If they will listen to one who knows, a blow in the eye hurts just as much with that organ closed as open; so try to get over the habit.

In hitting you must cultivate quickness, and be sure that a swift blow has force enough for all purposes, without putting your whole strength into it. Always strike straight from the shoulder with the left hand, and similarly with the right, but it is allowable in some cases to swing the right, and throw your whole weight into the blow.

TO AVOID A RUSH.

I have thought it proper to give this before any of the blows, and it would be well to learn the following exercises at the commencement, for sometimes an inexperienced person can beat a fairly good boxer by rushing at him in mad bull fashion.

Now, supposing you are in position number one; by a sudden springing movement you turn to the right and take a long step out, that is at a right angle to the path upon which your antagonist is advancing. Then you can either keep this position for a few seconds, in order to let your adversary trip over your left foot, or you can immediately assume your position on the flank of the enemy.

Another way is to simply spring back off the right foot, and, landing on the left, either assume position or make another spring as the case may be. You can also use a combination of this and the preceding to advantage.

Another mode is as follows: Feint with your left hand, and as your adversary steps forward, duck to the right and step in another pace, passing by his left side, and then turn and face him.

LEFT HAND FACE BLOW.

This blow is usually used to open a battle, and it will astonish your opponent very much if you give him a good hard blow in the face, without waiting for any preliminary sparring. This you should always try to do, for if you show any hesitation, or fear of striking the first blow, it will give your adversary confidence, the very thing you should try to destroy.

There are three different ways of leading off at the head, but as two are somewhat risky, I give the third. It is absolutely safe, if performed in the right manner, which is as follows:

Shoot out the left hand and duck to the right, at the same time stepping in about fifteen inches. The right foot must remain in its place, and the left hand and foot must land simultaneously, thus taking advantage of your weight. Keep your eyes fixed on your adversary. He will usually fall back after the blow, and enable you to take your position. If not, spring back.

GUARD FOR LEFT HAND FACE BLOW.

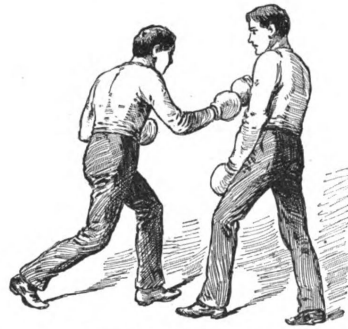
Bring the right hand in front of and on a level with the left eye. Let the elbow be lower, so as to turn the blow and to enable you to look over your forearm. Lower your head and turn it slightly to the right. Drop the left arm across the body. This is an invariable rule; when one hand is in use, cover the body with the other.

If you are quick, you can, instead of guarding, duck and counter on his face or body.

LEFT HAND BODY BLOW.

A feint can be made at the head to induce your opponent to throw up his right hand. Then take a long step, duck to the right, and plant a blow on the pit of the stomach or right above the belt, and spring back, if possible without raising the head.

A good "double" or combination of the face and body blows is as follows: Make the preceding blow, but instead of immediately retiring, bring up the right



RIGHT HAND BODY BLOW.

foot, and follow up the body blow with one at the face. This must be done very quickly.

STOP FOR LEFT HAND BODY BLOW.

This, like all stops, requires a cool head and quick hand. Just as your opponent prepares to duck, hit him squarely in the face with your left hand, keeping the right in its place. This is also the stop for the right hand body blow.

GUARD FOR COMBINATION.

The guard for the preceding double is performed in the following manner: Bring up the right hand to guard the face, and throw the left down across the body. Hold the left arm firmly against the body, for if you do not the shock will be much greater. Throw the right foot back a little, to better resist the shock.

RIGHT HAND FACE BLOW.

This blow may be preceded by a left hand feint. Then duck to the left, and, taking a step forward with the left foot, strike your adversary on the jaw or under the ear, or, if impossible to do this, aim for the left eye.

The right hand cross counter, the most severe blow in boxing, and usually called the knock out, is performed in nearly the same manner.

As your adversary leads off with his left hand, duck to the left, and, stepping in a short distance, swing your right hand over his shoulder, aiming for the jugular artery.

In fighting with a person who keeps the right foot in front, your right hand must do the larger share of the fighting.

GUARD FOR RIGHT HAND FACE BLOW.

Raise the left arm, letting the fore arm cross the face, and holding the elbow

higher than the wrist. Look over it, and receive the blow upon the elbow. A body blow with either hand will stop the right hand face blow.

STOP FOR RIGHT HAND CROSS COUNTER.

Hit your opponent in the face, or on the right side of the chest near the shoulder with the left hand, and his right will be effectually stopped.

Another way is to drop the head and raise the left shoulder, when the vulnerable point will be covered.

RIGHT HAND BODY BLOW.

This is delivered in the same manner as the left hand one, with the exception that you duck to the left, and take a somewhat shorter step.

If your antagonist attempts to get you in chancery while delivering this blow, duck under his arm to the right and get away. If his arm is closing around you, place both your hands under his arm and put it up, at the same time ducking under it.

And here a few words. If you are firmly caught in chancery, do not attempt to get away, but rather push up close to your adversary's body, and play upon it with both hands to the best of your ability.

GUARD FOR RIGHT HAND BODY BLOW.

Bring the left side forward, and drop the left arm, slightly bending it so as to cover the side and the stomach. Be sure to press the arm close to the side to lessen the shock.

LEFT HAND UPPER CUT.

This is given when your adversary leading off at your face keeps his head down. Put up your right hand guard, and, taking a short step, strike upwards with the left hand.

To stop this blow, step for your opponent with your head down, and then duck and give the left hand body blow.

RIGHT HAND UPPER CUT.

This is the same as the left hand blow, except that instead of guarding, you bend the head a little to the left.

To stop this blow, your opponent with your head down, then draw it back and hit him in the face with your left.

The term "countering" will be often seen in accounts of sparring matches.

For the benefit of those who do not understand the word I will state that countering cannot be termed a separate department of boxing. It is simply repeating the lead off under different circumstances. That is, when your adversary attempts to strike you, the blow must be eluded, and one which is called the "counter" returned for it.

If brought to close quarters with your antagonist, you need not pay much attention to how hard you strike, but hit quickly and always at the face.

It is an advantage to have the "inside track," as I may call it. Always avoid coming to close quarters with an opponent who is heavier than yourself.

Perhaps I had better also explain ducking, which is used in almost every blow.

It consists in throwing the head to one side and slightly lowering the body, in order that your adversary's blow may pass over the shoulder.

I have, I think, now given the simple blows and guards known to boxers, leaving out any tricks or intricate movements, which would be a cause of uncertainty on the part of the pupil instead of profiting him in any way.

But if you practice plain boxing until you can go through all the movements with certainty, you will by that time have confidence enough to make up new combinations of blows; but never rely on any one certain blow, for what will do for one opponent will work the wrong way with another.

I would advise the learner to follow the maxim, "Practice makes perfect," if he wishes to become a proficient in the art of boxing, as is the case with most other branches of physical culture.

WHAT IS LIFE!

BY J. BAILEY.

LIFE'S more than breath and the quick round of blood; It is a great spirit and a busy heart. One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem Than if each year might number a thousand days.

[This story commenced in No. 267.]

Under Fire;

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

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

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FIRE AT REXFORD'S STORE.

FIRE in a country village is a great event. There is but one other attraction that approaches it in importance, and that is the annual circus.

Both bring out the entire village, but the fire draws the better of the two. It is a free show, while the circus is not, and here it has an immense advantage over the latter—an advantage that can hardly be overcome by the clowns and menagerie. It gives the men, the boys too, a chance to be brave—to do daring deeds, and a large number of foolish ones. Then there is the mystery of how it caught, and whether it was the work of an incendiary or not. Why, a good sized fire in a village will often serve for months as a theme for discussion when other subjects are scarce.

This particular fire was the largest Mapleton had ever known. Every one had hurriedly dressed, and rushed down the street to see John Rexford's store burn. Women and children insufficiently wrapped for the chilly air of this cold November night, stood there watching the angry flames as they shot high in the air, fed by barrels of oil and lard. It was a grand sight to witness, as the blackness of the night made the flames doubly brilliant. Nothing could be done to save the store, and the men directed their efforts to keeping the flames from spreading. In this they did a good work. John Rexford did not arrive at the scene until the building was a sheet of flame, and the roof had fallen in. The night almost crazed him. He flew at the door as if to enter amid the burning goods, and secure certain valuables, but the fierce flames drove him back. He reluctantly yielded, and in his helplessness seemed the picture of despair as he saw before him his store—a mass of blazing timbers and half-burned goods.

He was now without a store, even as Fred was without a clerkship, and could perhaps realize to some extent how the latter felt at being suddenly thrown out of his chosen business.

Fred was there too. He stood a little back from the front of the crowd and at one side, intently watching the progress of the flames, and seemingly wrapped in thought. Finally he turned his head, and a little to the right of him saw Nellie and her mother. Nellie was looking directly at him, evidently studying his face. When his eyes met hers and she found that she was discovered, a blush, plainly visible by the light of the flames, covered her pretty face.

Fred felt his heart beat faster. He longed to speak with her and learn her thoughts, and yet he did not dare approach her. The peculiar look she gave him, and that vivid blush—what did they mean? He could not make up his mind upon these points, and yet there was a fascination in studying them, sometimes persuading himself that they meant one thing, and then again perhaps its very opposite.

Presently she and her mother returned home, and Fred saw no more of them.

The fire was now under control. All danger of its spreading was passed, and the crowd returned to their several homes well nigh chilled through. A few men remained to watch the fire as it died away, and to see that no sparks were carried to other buildings by the strong east wind.

Among those who remained was John Rexford. He was pale and haggard, and shivered, while the cold wind seemed to penetrate his very bones, yet he clung to the spot as if he would pluck the mystery—the cause of the fire—from the burning mass before him. Finally he approached Mr. Coombs, the sheriff, and said:

"Who was the first to discover this fire?"
 "I was," replied the sheriff, proudly, with a feeling that he must be looked upon as something of a hero.
 "Did you see it from your house?"
 "No; I saw it just as I turned the corner, coming towards the stable."
 "Coming which way?" asked the merchant, trying to learn something that might give him a clue to work upon.
 "Coming from the Falls, of course, where I had been attending court."
 "What time was that?"

"Nigh on to eleven o'clock."
 "And you saw no one here?"
 "No."
 "Nor any one on the street?"
 "Not a soul stirring, except Jim, the stable boy."
 "Where was he?"
 "Sound asleep."
 "He couldn't have been stirring very much, then," said the merchant, with a slight show of disgust at the sheriff's answer.
 "Well, I mean he was the only one about, and I had to wake him up."
 "And you raised the alarm?"
 "I should think I did."
 "Then you didn't come directly here?"
 "Yes, I did, but I yelled fire pretty lively all the same, and started the stable boy up the street to wake everybody up."
 "Where was the fire burning then?"
 "On the back end of the store. A blaze was just starting up through the roof."
 "It was on the back end, you say?"
 "Yes; and just as I got here the back windows burst out, and the way the flames rolled up was a caution."
 "Was there no fire in the front store then?"
 "No, there didn't seem to be when I first got here, but after I went round to the back end to

"I dare say it was. You are a careful man."
 "Yes, it was all right. I'm certain of this."
 "Good evidence, too. Capital evidence, Mr. Rexford," said the officer, rubbing his hands together with evident delight.
 "You are sure there was no fire in the front room when you first got here?"
 "I am positive there was none."
 "I may want your testimony."
 "I hope so, sir, for crime should be punished."
 "I hope it will, in this case, at least," said the merchant; "for I believe this store has been fired, and perhaps robbed."
 "Shouldn't wonder if it had been robbed—more than likely it was, now I think of it."
 "But as everything is burned up, it will be almost impossible to find this out, as I can't really miss anything."
 "There will be a chance for some pretty sharp detective work, I should say."
 "You are good at that, I believe," said the merchant.

morning, and I don't know what your last name is now. I heard Mr. Hanks call you Carl, so I suppose that is your given name?"
 "Yes, my name is Carl Heimann; I have been in here ever since I came to Mapleton."
 "Where did you come from?"
 "My father and mother came from Germany when I was a small boy, and they lived in Rhode Island; but they both got sick and died, so I came here to live with my uncle."
 "What is your uncle's name?"
 "His name is Frank Baumgarten."
 "Oh, I've seen him plenty of times. I used to take goods to his house from the store. It seems queer that I never saw you."
 "I don't go out any nights, for I get tired out by working in here eleven hours and a half every day, I can tell you," said Carl.

"Yes, I should think you would; you don't look very strong."
 "Well, I guess I can get along better now that you are here; but Tim Short used to shirk and crowd me. If Mr. Hanks would do his part of the work it wouldn't be so hard for me to do it, and is cross and finds fault if we don't hurry things up."

When Fred's eyes first fell upon the pale, sad face of Carl, and he noticed his dwarfed and disfigured form, he had a feeling of pity for him. There was that about his manner which at once interested him. The boy's features were good, and yet they had that sharp, shrunken appearance which may be said to be the characteristic of the majority of those afflicted with spinal trouble. He was a little humpback, who, from his size, would be taken for a lad of not more than thirteen, though at this time he was seventeen, or one year older than Fred, as the latter afterward learned.

The interest our hero felt in Carl had gradually increased as he noticed how intelligent he appeared, and when he said that he had no father nor mother, and told how he had been treated, Fred's sympathy was touched, and he said to himself almost un consciously: "I'm glad I'm here, for now I can do the heavy work, and will protect you from the abuse of this man Hanks!"

Then he said to the boy (for he seemed but such beside his own sturdy form): "Yes, I think you will get along better now, for I am strong and well, and will do all the heavy work for you."
 "Oh! I'm so glad!" replied Carl, with a sense of gratitude which showed itself in his bright eyes, "for it hurts my back every time I lift one of the heavy bags of wet flocks, and almost makes me think I will have to give up the job. Then I think my uncle can't support me, and so I keep on."

"You shall not lift any more of them while I am here. I would rather do that, any way, than stay here in the dust."
 "How long will you be here?" asked the little humpback, anxious lest the brighter prospect ahead might last but a short time.
 "I don't know. I don't want to stay in the factory any longer than I am obliged to do so; but that may be forever," replied Fred, with a clouded brow, as his mind reverted to the cause that brought him down to such work.

"I don't see why you need to stay in here. You have been clerk in a store, and have a good education, I suppose. If I only had an education—"
 "Haven't you ever been to school?"
 "I went to school a little in the old country, and three terms in Rhode Island; then I went into the factory. My father was sick, and couldn't work. After I had been in there about a year, my frock caught one day in the shafting and wound me around it so they had to shut down the water wheel to get me off. Everybody thought I was dead. That's what hurt my back and made it grow the way it is now."
 "How long ago was that?" inquired Fred, sympathetically.

"It was six years ago that I got hurt, but I did not get out of bed for almost two years."
 "Does your back trouble you now?"
 "Yes, it aches all the time; but I've got rather used to it. Only when I do a lot of lifting here, it bothers me so I can't sleep."
 "That's too bad! I'm sorry for you, and as I said, will do all the heavy work. Then you didn't go to school any after you got out again?"
 "No; I went back into the mill and stayed until my mother died; then I came here."
 "Did you say your father was dead?"
 "Yes; he died while I was sick."
 "Have you any brothers or sisters?"
 "No; I have no one but my uncle."
 "I suppose he is kind to you?"
 "Yes, he is; but Aunt Gretchen don't seem to like me very well, she has so many children of her own."
 "I should think you would board somewhere else, then."
 "My uncle wants me to stay with him. If I



THE BURNING OF JOHN REXFORD'S STORE.

"Well, I fancy they can't fool me much, if I do say it."
 "Then I want you to go to work on this case."
 "I will commence at once, Mr. Rexford. The guilty party can't escape me when I give my whole mind to it."
 "I hope you will put your whole mind on it then."
 "I shall indeed, sir. I will go home now and form my theory. I have the facts to work on. Early in the morning I will see you, and we will compare notes and get ready for business—active business, I assure you."

CHAPTER XVII.
 CARL HEIMANN'S STORY.

AFTER being out in the night at the fire, and consequently having had his rest broken, Fred found it rather irksome to spring out of bed at five o'clock, get his breakfast, and be ready to respond to the factory whistle, on a winter morning.
 He had now got sufficient knowledge of his work, and found very little difficulty in performing it. Whenever he wanted any instruction or help, Carl seemed ready and glad to aid him, so the two boys soon became friends.
 "How long have you been on these flocks, Carl?" asked Fred.
 "Only two months."
 "Where did you work before that? I don't remember ever having seen you till yesterday

see how it was there, and came back, the flames had come through, and everything was ablaze. I tell you what, I never saw anything burn like this store."
 "It must have started in the back store, then," said Mr. Rexford, thoughtfully.
 "No doubt of it," returned officer Coombs, enthusiastically.
 "This is important evidence," said the merchant, after a pause.
 The sheriff brightened up at this, and his eyes snapped with delight. Here was a case for official services.
 "To be sure it is, sir," he replied.
 "There is some mystery about this."
 "Pears to me so."
 "We had no stove in the back store."
 "I know it—that's so, Mr. Rexford. It looks bad."
 "And I closed up the store myself tonight, and went into the back room, as usual, to see that everything was all right."

boarded at the factory boarding house my wages wouldn't more than pay my board, and I shouldn't have anything left to buy my clothes with. If I should leave him and then get sick he wouldn't take care of me, and I should have to go to the poorhouse. I have always dreamed that since the city helped us when we were all sick."

"Well, you will soon be strong enough, I hope, to get another job, where there is more pay."

This conversation was now interrupted by the appearance of Hanks, who said to Fred:

"Come along up stairs with me, Worthington; I want yer ter help me lug some cloth down. I'll show yer where ter find it, then yer kin git it yerself erlong. Yer look stout 'nuff ter handle it 's well as me."

Each shouldered a web of cloth which, as it was rolled up, made a round bundle about two feet and a half through and six feet long—rather a heavy burden for a boy; still, Fred handled it easily and quickly, deposited it by the flocks, and turned to his superior for further orders.

"Take out them pieces next; they have run long enough. Carl will help you about doing it; then you may go up and bring down two more pieces."

"With these orders he vanished, and the boys went to their work."

"How long do these have to be run?" asked Fred of the little humpback.

"About three hours. If they stay in longer than that they get too heavy."

"This light stuff can't make them much heavier, does it?"

"Oh, yes; we can beat in flocks enough to double the weight of the cloth."

"Is that so? Well, I'll try the new hand, in-credulously, and then added, after a minute's thought: "but I should think they would all tumble out."

"I suppose they would if the cloth wasn't full as soon as we get through with it; but that sort of stuff wouldn't be in a mill, and I have heard him talk about it."

"Out in the fulling mills, near the extractor. Don't you see those long wooden things with the covers turned back, and the cloth going up through them so fast?"

"Yes, I saw them, but didn't know what they were. I don't see how going through those fulls the cloth."

"It's the stuff they put in—fuller's earth and soap; they pile the soft soap in by the dishful, and it makes a great lather. I s'pose the fuller's earth is what does the most of the work. After the cloth comes out of the fulling mills it's 'bout twice as thick as when it goes in, and feels all stiff and heavy. It ain't no more like what it is now than nothing."

"What's the next process it goes through?"

"It goes into the washers next, and is washed as clean as can be."

"How did you learn so much about finishing cloth? You have been here but a little while."

"My father worked in a mill, and I have heard him talk about it. Then I have been in a factory enough myself so that I know pretty nearly everything that is done."

"Do we take the cloth direct from the weave room? It don't look as though anything had been done to it when it reaches us."

"It is 'burled' first, then we get it."

"Burled? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, the knots are all cut off. You see the weavers have to tie their warp on the back side when it breaks, and that is what makes the knots."

"I don't see what harm those little things would do, as you say they are on the back side of the cloth."

"They are the worst thing there is, for if one of them gets in by accident it is sure to make a hole through the cloth when it runs through the shears."

Thus with work and talk the day flew by almost as he sat with his friends in their pleasant home, and the thought of Carl and of his sad deformity and still sadder story recurred to him, he could not help contrasting the circumstances of the little humpback with his own.

Two mornings before, as he entered the mill, he had felt that his burden was almost greater than he could bear. He was disgraced and thrown out of his position, and was about entering upon a cheerless life, where there was but little opportunity for advancement.

But now, as he reflected upon his surroundings, he saw that he was much better off than many others. He had both a father and mother who loved and cared for him, who provided for him a cheerful home, and who would at any time sacrifice their own pleasures and comforts for his. Moreover he was well and strong and had the advantage of attending school, while Carl had been obliged to go into the mill at a little more than ten years of age, in order to earn something toward the support of his mother and invalid father. It was while

thus employed that he met with the terrible accident that so deformed him and blighted his young life.

"No wonder he looks so sad," said Fred to himself. "Perhaps he may be as ambitious to make a success in the world as I am, and yet he is thrown into the factory, and is probably glad of even such a place, and may be he works hard at times when he is really unable to do anything. Poor fellow, I don't see what aspects he can see ahead to cheer him on. He has neither friends, education nor health, and with so small a chance as there is in the factory for advancement, I should think he might as well give up first as last; but as he has no home, I suppose he must earn a living somehow or starve. If he only had friends to take care of him, it would not be so hard on him; but I don't see how he can be very happy with a woman like his aunt, who is always sputtering about somebody or something."

Fred secretly determined to do all he could to help the little cripple, and he made up his mind that Hanks should not abuse him in the future if he could help it. Then calling to mind Carl's remark that morning which showed so clearly his desire for a better education, he felt he could aid him and he decided to do so.

"Any new evidence?" asked Sheriff Coombs, as he met Mr. Rexford, early in the morning at the scene of the fire.

"No, nothing except what we discussed last night."

"That is good as far as it goes."

"Well, it goes far enough to convince me," replied the merchant tartly.

"To be sure, sir; but we must convince the court. A mere suspicion, sir, is not good in law."

"You said last night you were the first one here, and that the fire started in the back store."

"So I did, but I can't say what caused the fire."

"It shows that it did not catch from the stove."

"That is so, and it leads us to suspect the store was set on fire—in fact, that is my belief. We stand agreed on this point; but the court must have evidence, or we can't make out a case."

"Then you must search for evidence," said the merchant.

"My official duty, sir, is to bring the wrong doer to justice, and assure you I take a special interest in this case. I shall do my best work on it; but, by the way, there will be some slight expense connected with it."

"I don't understand you," replied the merchant, nervously, for he caught the word "expense."

"Nothing of any consequence to be sure, but of course you know a detective can't work without means."

"How much will it cost me?" asked the merchant, after a pause.

"I will make it light—for you almost nothing," answered the sheriff, who began to fear he would lose the opportunity to perform official service.

"Very well, then, you may go ahead; but I warn you not to come back on me with a heavy charge for this business."

"Your wishes shall be heeded, sir. I will commence now. By the way, do you suspect any one in particular?"

"Yes; I have one or two reasons for believing I know who did it."

"Good, that will give us an idea to work on; but first let me look around and see what I can discover for evidence."

On the back side of the rear room was a window about a few feet off from this window part of a load of sawdust was dumped upon the ground. In this sawdust the sheriff found several footprints which were apparently fresh.

"How long has this sawdust been here?" he called out to Mr. Rexford.

"It was put there several days ago," replied the merchant.

"I wish you would look here. I take a special important discovery."

The merchant quickly approached the spot.

"Do you see those footprints? When do you think they were made?"

"Last night about dark I shoveled up several baskets full and carried them into the stable. These tracks must have been made since then."

"Do you feel sure of this?"

"I do, and I notice the prints point exactly to where this back window was."

"That is a good point, sir; but do you notice that whoever made that track must have had a small foot?"

"Yes, I see it is small, and that goes to strengthen my suspicion."

"It measures ten inches long and three wide," said the sheriff, applying his rule to the footprint.

"He has a small foot," replied the merchant, in better spirits than he had been since the fire.

In about an hour from this time Sheriff Coombs entered the woolen factory with all the official bearing he could command, and a minute or two later found his way to the flocks.

"Do you want to see me?" asked Fred, as he saw the officer fasten his eyes upon him.

"Yes; I have a warrant for your arrest."

"For my arrest?" exclaimed Fred in amazement.

"On complaint of John Rexford, for setting fire to his store," replied the sheriff in a pompous manner.

(To be continued.)

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

THE CHILDREN OF THE MILL.

THE day has gone and the shadows flow into the darkness of the night. While through the veil of the falling snow The thousand lights of the city glow, Cheery and bright.

Hushed are the engines of the mill, The whistles that the toilers go Into the twilight, damp and chill, And down the paths of the sloping hill To the town below.

There are children there with faces sweet, But pinched and pale, and worn and thin; And all hurry on with weary feet To the wretched home in the dreary street, Ere the night begin.

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

Luke Walton;

OR,
THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PRODIGAL'S RECEPTION.

"DON'T you know me, Aunt Eliza?" asked Warner Powell, casting down his eyes under the sharp glance of the old lady.

"So it's you, is it?" responded Mrs. Merton, in a tone which could not be considered cordial.

"Yes, it is I. I hope you are not sorry to see me."

"Humph! It depends on whether you have improved your services any longer today."

Luke Walton listened with natural interest and curiosity. This did not suit Mrs. Tracy, who did not care to have a stranger made acquainted with her brother's peccadilloes.

"Warner," she said, "I think Aunt Eliza will do you the justice to listen to your explanation. I imagine, young man, Mrs. Merton will not require your services any longer today."

The last words were addressed to Luke.

"Yes, Luke, you can go," said the old lady, in a very different tone.

Luke bowed, and left the house.

"Louisa," said Mrs. Merton, "in five minutes you may bring your brother up to my room."

"Thank you, aunt."

When they entered the apartment they found the old lady seated in a rocking chair awaiting them.

"So you have reformed, have you?" she asked, abruptly.

"I hope so, Aunt Eliza."

"I hope so, too. It is full time. Where have you been?"

"To Australia, California, and elsewhere."

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."

"In this case it applies," said Warner. "I have earned more or less money, but I have none now."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty."

"A young man ought not to be penniless at that age. If you had remained in your place at Mr. Alton's, and behaved yourself, you would be able to tell a different story."

"I know it, aunt."

"Don't be too hard upon him, Aunt Eliza," put in Mrs. Tracy. "He is trying to do well now."

"I am very glad to hear it."

"Would you mind my inviting him to stay here for a time? The house is large, you know."

Mrs. Merton paused. She didn't like the arrangement, but she was a just and merciful woman, and it was possible that Warner had reformed, though she was not fully satisfied on that point.

"For a time," she answered, "till he can find employment."

"Thank you, Aunt Eliza," said the young man, relieved, for he had been uncertain how his aunt would treat him. "I hope to show that your kindness is appreciated."

"I am rather tired now," responded Mrs. Merton, as an indication that the interview was over.

"We'll better go and let aunt rest," said Warner, with alacrity. He did not feel altogether comfortable in the society of the old lady.

When they were alone Mrs. Tracy turned to her brother with a smile of satisfaction.

"You have reason to congratulate yourself on your reception," she said.

"I don't know about that. The old woman wasn't very complimentary."

"Be careful how you speak of her. She might hear you, or the servant might, and report."

"Well, she is an old woman, isn't she?"

"It is much better to refer to her as the old lady—better still to speak of her as Aunt Eliza."

"I hope she'll make up her mind to do something for me."

"She has; she gives you a home in this house."

"I would a good deal rather have her pay my board outside, where I would feel more independent."

"I have been thinking, Warner, you might

become her secretary and man of business. In that case she could dispense with this boy, whose presence bodes danger to us all."

"I wouldn't mind being her man of business, to take charge of her money, but as to trotting round town with her like a lame poodle, please excuse me."

"Warner," said his sister rather sharply, "just remember, if you please, that beggars can't be choosers."

"Perhaps not, but this plan of yours would be fool'sh. She wouldn't like it, nor would I. Why don't you put Harold up to offering his services? He's as large as this boy, isn't he?"

"He is about the same size."

"Then it would be a capital plan. You would get rid of the boy that way."

"You forget that Harold has not finished his education. He is now attending a commercial school. I should like to have him go to college, but he doesn't seem to care about it."

"So after all the boy seems to be a necessity."

"I would prefer a different boy, less artful and designing."

"How much does the old woman—beg pardon, the old lady—pay him?"

"I don't know. Harold asked Luke, but he wouldn't tell. I have no doubt he manages to secure twice as much as his services are worth. He's got an aunt Eliza's blind side."

"Just what I would like to do, but I have never been able to discover that she had any."

"Did you take notice of the boy?"

"Yes; he's rather a good looking youngster, it seems to me."

"How can you say so?" demanded Mrs. Tracy, in a tone which could not be considered cordial.

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

The subject of next week's biographical will be Thomas Nast, the famous cartoonist.

HELPS TO HONESTY.

The bell punch has ever been looked upon with disfavor as a badge of distrust. Its very appearance is revolting to sensitive minds, and sad indeed is the necessity that makes its use so widespread.

It seems a pity that railroad companies will not agree to put their employees upon their honor, or that some device which does not include the use of a distinctive instrument cannot be hit upon.

Some such method as the latter is said to be in vogue among wandering gipsy musicians to prevent the man who collects the pennies from the crowd from pocketing any of them. He is required to hold the plate or his hat in one hand while he keeps a live fly imprisoned in the other.

FICTION AS THE FATHER OF FACT.

FICTION is sometimes said to be founded on fact, but to have fact follow in the footsteps of fiction is a truly astonishing reversal of the order of things. Yet tidings now come to hand that prove the astounding discoveries of African mineral treasures described in Rider Haggard's stories to be not so wide of the mark after all. Recent explorations have brought to light rich deposits that promise to make the southern portion of the dark continent a veritable El Dorado.

This should certainly be cheering news for story writers. No longer need they put such a heavy curb on the rein of their imagination. Readers will have more respect for wild flights of fancy, and perhaps the day may come when the novelist will be revered as a prophet as well as applauded as a raconteur.

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.

FATAL FUN.

YOUNG people who are given to playing tricks on one another, not through malice or unfriendliness, but merely for the fun of it, have just received a solemn warning. Within the past few weeks a young man in Brooklyn died from the effects of a so called joke. He was about to sit down when a companion, "just for fun," pulled the chair out from under him. He fell heavily to the floor, and sustained injuries from which he never recovered.

The feelings of the friend who was thus—shall we say directly?—the cause of his death, may be imagined. The mere recounting of such a shocking affair should carry with it a lesson deep and lasting in its impression on all minds.

Since writing the foregoing, news of another deplorable occurrence of the kind comes to hand. A twelve year old boy in Pennsylvania was returning home late one afternoon through a lonely place of woods, where a murder had been once committed and which had since acquired the reputation of being haunted, when he was terrified by the sound of pistol shots and the appearance of white robed, horned figures. The latter pursued him almost to his home, on reaching which the poor poor boy fell into con-

vulsions which caused him intense sufferings, ending in death at the end of the week.

Three of his boy acquaintances have acknowledged that they made ghosts of themselves for the "fun" of it. A ghastly joke indeed, but at least one good end will be served if the result will tend to make it the last of its nature ever played.

THE exploits of wicked boys in these latitudes who make midnight expeditions to apple orchards and water melon patches are robberies on a very small scale indeed compared with the unlawful appropriations that prevail in Cashmere, on the northern frontier of India, where thievishly inclined persons make away with entire gardens, ground and all.

These gardens, it should be added, are floating ones, composed of interwoven sedge grass topped with earth, and about twelve by twenty yards in extent. They are moored to their owner's property along the river banks, and all that a robber has to do to gain possession of them is to cut the rope and tow the garden off under cover of the darkness.

AMERICA'S RESOURCES.

VAST as already are the known natural resources of America, the list of our country's sources of wealth is being greatly lengthened by recent discoveries. So wide is Uncle Sam's domain, that a large part of it is as yet very imperfectly mapped out and understood, and there is still plenty of work for the scientific explorer.

The following, for instance, are among the recent discoveries made by the Geological Survey's investigation of some little known districts of the West.

Large quantities of crude petroleum have been found in California and Colorado; garnets, amethysts, and other precious stones, valuable deposits of nearly pure soda, sulphur phosphates useful as fertilizers, great beds of borax—all these have been discovered in different parts of the country where their existence was previously unsuspected. Some of them have already been developed and are of commercial importance, while the others promise the same result.

With its abundance of coal and iron, its silver and gold, its petroleum and natural gas, America is a well endowed country; but the full extent of its mineral wealth, it seems, is yet to be revealed.

"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING."

FROM East and West, North and South, readers of the ARGOSY continue to send in their assurances that the weekly feast we prepare for them is just to their taste. From a vast number of unsolicited testimonials received since our last issue we make room for the following:

PARKER CITY, Pa., Jan. 16, 1888.
 THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is the best published paper for American girls and boys, the Prince of Juveniles.

C. C. ALLEN,
 806 PRATONICA ST., ROCKFORD, ILL., Jan. 16, 1888.
 I can say for the ARGOSY that I have taken the paper since it was enlarged and that I think it the best.

EMMETT E. CUMMINGS,
 LAWRENCE, MASS., Jan. 17, 1888.
 The first I saw of heard of your paper was the sample copy (No. 258, I believe). From reading that I became convinced that THE GOLDEN ARGOSY was the paper that I wanted. I have purchased every copy to date, and instead of becoming tired of it I am more interested than ever. It seems as if Friday night was longer than ever in coming.

EDWARD A. NOEN,
 UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE,
 WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16, 1888.

I have read the ARGOSY for some time, beginning with Vol. V, and have now commenced Vol. VI. I am very much pleased with it and shall do all I can to secure new readers. I think it is one of the best and cheapest papers of the kind ever published.

CHARLES F. LEMMOND,
 41 REID AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
 I have read your GOLDEN ARGOSY ever since it was published, and I think it is the nicest paper I ever came across. I have a lot of friends whom I told they ought to take THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and now they say it is the nicest paper going.

EDWARD LAYTON,
 322 EAST 23D ST., NEW YORK CITY, Jan. 17, 1888.
 THE ARGOSY is the finest paper I ever read. I have read it for nearly three months and always find something new in it. Every Saturday morning I am so anxious to get it that when I come to the store I always get the first copy.

EDWARD TRIEFENTAL,
 LOCK BOX 274, BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 11, 1888.
 I admire your paper very much, and although long past the age of the majority of your readers none is more anxious for it to sail into port. To Horatio Alger, Jr., and Oliver Optic I owe whatever success I have had.

C. C. WHITTEMORE,
 PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 16, 1888.
 Since your paper was recommended to me I can recommend it to everybody as the most delightful paper in the world.

DR. GUSTAV GOTTHEIL,

Rabbi of the Temple Emanu-El, New York City.

UNDOUBTEDLY the foremost of the so called reform congregations of the Hebrew faith in this country is that which worships in the handsome Temple Emanu-El at the corner of Forty Third Street and Fifth Avenue, New York. Even while this sketch has been in preparation, a fresh evidence of the liberality of this branch of the Judaic church has been furnished to the world in the decision, arrived at January 16, to hold services in the Temple on Sunday mornings as well as on Saturdays.

The Temple's president is Mr. Lewis May, the well known merchant of the metropolis, while its spiritual head is a man learned in the faith and versatile in acquisitions, one to whom the organization owes, in a great degree, the high position it now holds among the Hebrew congregations of the New World, and of whom we herewith furnish our readers a faithful likeness.

Dr. Gottheil is just sixty years of age, having been born at Pinne, in Prussian Poland, on the 28th of May, 1827. As a school boy he pursued his studies in the academies of his native town, Hebrew being included in the course. Later he went to Posen, and from thence to the University of Berlin, to perfect himself in the classics. While at the Prussian capital he read rabbinical theology with some of the most famous professors of the school.

In 1855 he began active work as a clergyman, having been named as one of the ministers in charge of a Berlin reform congregation, and five years later was made rabbi of the Congregation of British Jews in Manchester, England.

It is in active service that a man has the best chance of proving his fitness for that calling to which early inclinations may have first turned his thoughts. No matter how brilliant his record as a scholar during the time of preparation, nor how approved his theories as to means and methods, not until he has had an opportunity of practically using his scholarly attainments and of applying his theoretical discoveries, does he prove whether or not his own hopes and his friends' predictions have been built on sand or rock.

For it is not always the first prizeman at college that holds a court room spell bound, links his name with an extraordinary achievement with the scalpel, or causes men's actions, as well as their hearts, to be moved by pulpit eloquence.

Dr. Gottheil, in both of the positions mentioned above, showed his ability to make a proper use of the unusual privileges he had enjoyed as a student, and won a high reputation for his erudite attainments, and also for something which is not always associated with profound scholarship—a generous portion of executive ability.

While in Manchester he paid a visit to the United States, to deliver some lectures, which resulted in his being called to his present post, on the duties of which he entered in 1873 as associate rabbi with Dr. Samuel Adler, who continued to preach in the German language while Dr. Gottheil conducted services in English. In 1875 the latter assumed sole charge, Dr. Adler having retired.

As already indicated, Dr. Gottheil's relations with the Temple have been of the happiest description. And not among his own people alone has he won golden opinions for his attain-

ments as a scholar and his open heartedness as a man.

No narrow sectarian lines have been suffered to dwarf his sympathies and check the generous impulses of his nature. When some few years since the Church of the Incarnation, at the corner of Madison Avenue and Thirty Fifth Street, was burnt out, Dr. Gottheil at once tendered the use of the Temple to the temporarily homeless congregation, an offer which was gratefully accepted by their pastor, Rev. Arthur Brooks, and the unusual spectacle was presented of an Episcopal celebration of Easter Day in a Hebrew synagogue.

Furthermore, Dr. Gottheil has exchanged pulpits with Dr. Bellows, Dr. Deems and other clergymen of the Christian churches, and not infrequently takes part in their anniversaries.

He is an indefatigable worker, lecturing frequently, acting as superintendent of the Sunday school, and also has found time to compile a hymn book for use in the Temple.

Book lore alone will not make a man who aims to have an influence upon his fellows, great. He must study men, both in themselves and through the events of which they are the originating factors.

This quality Dr. Gottheil possesses in an eminent degree, and ever keeps his eyes open to what the man of today is doing. Thus his utterances have all the force of life studies.

We may add that Dr. Gottheil is extremely fond of music and is himself a player of the violin. He is married, has several children, and resides in a handsome home on Madison Avenue.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

DUTY.

BY CARSON LAKE.

FROM rude white capped waves the fisherman dies, As he brings to the shore his welcome prize, Up the rocky slopes the brave hunters dare, Well knowing their choicest game is there. Down, down, far under the world's great girth, The miners delve for golden earth. Wherever sharp thorns on life's pathway are found Eternity's jewels and gems abound.

If duty shall point where the rocks are steep, Where the waters are chill, or rough, or deep, Comfort take in the dark clowd's lining of silver,— Be honest and brave, and be true forever.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

DIFFICULTIES, like thieves, often disappear at a glance, therefore always face a difficulty.

The first fault is the child of simplicity; but every other, the offspring of guilt.—*Goldsmith.*

OVER anxiously to feel and think what one could have done is the very worst thing one can do.

In every action reflect upon the end; and in your undertaking it consider why you do it.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

DOING is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.—*Walter.*

THOSE things are generally best remembered which ought most to be forgot. Not seldom the surest remedy of the evil consists in forgetting it.

A FRIENDSHIP that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.—*Addison.*

A MAN may be wrecked as is a ship. Conscience is an anchor. Terrible it is, but true, that, like the anchor, conscience may be carried away.—*Victor Hugo.*

A MOMENT is room wide enough for the loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous thought and the sharp backward stroke of repentance.—*George Eliot.*

EVERYTHING yields before the strong and earnest will. It grows by exercise. Difficulties before which mere cleverness fails, and which leave the irresolute prostrate and helpless, vanish before it.—*Dr. Tullock.*

To think right is the sum of human duty. And yet what is it that engrosses the thoughts of the world? Pleasure, wealth, honor, and esteem; in fine, the making ourselves kings without reflecting what it is to be a king, or to be a man.—*Pascal.*



DR. GUSTAV GOTTHEIL.

From a photograph by Falk.

THE NURSERY AT NIGHT.

BY F. B. DOVETON.

The day is done, and in their cosy nest
The rosy darlings lie in perfect rest,
Their shining tresses straying to and fro,
Those dimpled cheeks, that we may kiss once more
Before we go; but let the kiss be light.
Good night, sweet slumbers!
Good night! Good night!

[This story commenced in No. 370.]

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,
LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Reginald Cruden," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVELATION.

JONAH'S cowardly desire to possess himself of Jeffrey's secret was only too successful. Not a word had leaked nor a footstep sounded before he was safe back in his own room with the documentary evidence before him.

There was only one letter after all. The other paper was a rubbishing rigmarole about General Monk and the Parliament in 1660. This Jonah tossed contemptuously into the grate. But the other letter, how his flesh crept as he read it! It had no date and was signed only in initials.

DEAR J.—There is no news. I can understand your trouble and remorse—and this uncertainty makes it all the more terrible for you. I know it is vain to say to you "forget," but do not write about poor Forrester's blood being on your head! Your duty is to live and redeem the past. Let the dead bury their dead, dear fellow, and turn your eyes forward, like a brave man.

Yours ever,
J. F.

Do you wonder if Jonah's blood curdled in his veins—"remorse," "uncertainty," "poor Forrester," "his blood on your head," "bury your dead!"

And then he went over in his mind the events of that wonderful evening; the visit to the post office and the horrid look as he came out letter in hand, the mysterious conference with the bookseller, doubtless over this very letter. Then the secret meeting with his accomplice in the Minster yard—Mr. Julius, yes that was the name he had himself told the boys—and the altercation over the money, doubtless the booty of their crime, and Mr. Julius's denunciation of Jeffrey as a murderer! Then that lonely country walk, and that search on the bank, and that exclamation, "It was this very place!" Jonah had tied a bit of his bootlath on the hedge just under the spot and could find it again within a foot. Then the meeting with the two boys and the strange enigmatical talk in the shed, pointing to the plot of a new crime of which he—Trimble—was to be the victim. Ha, ha!—and the business over that tricycle, too, in the candle light. Jonah could see through that. He could put a spoke in a wheel as well as Jeffrey.

When! What a night Jonah had had, to be sure!
The next evening he crushed his hat on his head and sallied forth into the open air. His feet almost actively turned in the direction of Ash Lane; but on this occasion they went past the fatal bank and brought their owner to a halt at the door of Ash Cottage.

"Is Mr. Rosher at home?" inquired he of the servant.
Mr. Rosher was at home—a jovial, well to do farmer, with a hearty Yorkshire voice and a good humored grin on his broad face.

"Well, lad, what is't?" he asked, as Trimble, hat in hand, was shown into the little parlor.
"Man, it's the little schoolmaster."

"Yes, Mr. Rosher," said Trimble; "I should like five minutes' talk with you if you can spare the time."

"Blaze away, lad. A've got nothin' else to do."

"I'm rather anxious about your two dear little boys," began Trimble.

"These needn't be that; they're bright lads, and learn quite fast enough."

"We always like to try to make them happy," said Jonah. "Indeed, that is what I came to see you about. I'm sorry to say my assistant master is disappointing me. I took him on half in charity six months ago, but lately he has been having a bad influence in the school, and I thought it my duty—"

"Tut, tut! The lads have been cheery this last six months than ever before—"

"Of course we try all we can to make them happy, and shield them from harm," pursued Trimble, "and I am glad you think we have made school happy for them—"

"And is that all the'se come to say?" said the bewildered parent.

"No, sir. Of course in school I can look after the boys and see that they come to no harm; but after school hours of course they are out of my control, and then it is I'm afraid of their coming to mischief. My assistant, I hear, has been in the habit of walking home with them, and from what I know of him he is not a desirable companion for them, and I think it my duty to put you on your guard, Mr. Rosher."

—probably a thunder storm impending. His class remarked that he was less exacting than usual, and even Jeffrey became aware that his colleague for once in a way was not himself.

The clock had just struck twelve, and the boys were beginning to look forward to their usual recess in half an hour's time, when the school room door suddenly opened and disclosed the broad figure of Mr. Rosher, followed at a timid distance by Mrs. Trimble.

Jonah's face turned pale; Freddy and Teddy opened their eyes to their widest. Jeffrey on hearing Freddy mutter "Father," looked round to get a view of the father of his little friends.

Mr. Rosher recognized Trimble with a nod.

"I've coom, you see, lad. I want to have a look at this murderer fellow thee was talking about. Where is he?"

It was a thunderclap with a vengeance! Only two people in the room guessed all it meant.

"Coom—trot him out, man," repeated the farmer, noticing the hesitation in Jonah's scared face. "Is that the chap yonder thee was telling me of?" added he, pointing to Jeffrey.

It was all up with Galloway House, and Jonah knew it.

with a groan upon the bench and turned a sickened look on his accuser.

The dead silence of the room almost stunned him. He seemed to feel every eye that turned to him like a dagger in his heart, and there rose up in his mind a vision of that football field far away, and the senseless figure of the boy who lay there.

Everything came back. The howl of execration, the frightened faces, the cap lying where the boy had flung it, even the chill autumn breeze in his face.

He knew not how long he sat there stupefied. The voice of Mr. Rosher roused him.

"Coom, now, dost thou say liar still?"

Jeffrey struggled to his feet, no longer furious, but still more terrible in his dejection.

"Yes," snapped Jonah, astonished at the effect of his accusation, and just wise enough to see that to add to or take away from the story would be to spoil it. "What did you do to your poor schoolfellow, young Forrester? Do you suppose we don't see through you?"

"Hold thy tongue, little donkey," said the farmer; "let's hear what he has to say."

For a moment it seemed as if Jeffrey was about to take him at his word and say something. But his tongue failed him at the critical moment, and he gave it up. He had caught sight of Teddy's eyes fixed on him in mingled misery and terror, and the sight unmanned him.

He moved slowly to the door. They watched him spell-bound, and in a moment he would have gone, had not

Teddy, with a big sob, made a spring forward and seized him by the arm.

"Oh, Jeff, it's a wicked story; we don't believe it. Freddy, we don't believe it, do we? Father, he's been good to us; and never did anything unkind. Don't have him sent away!"

This appeal fairly broke the spell. Freddy was at his brother's side in an instant, and the rest of the school, had not Mr. Rosher motioned them back, would have followed him.

"Teddy and Freddy, my lads," said the farmer, "go to thy seats like good lads. Let him say yea or nay to what this—little—peacher says."

"Say you didn't, Jeff," implored the boys. His hook his head sadly.

"I can't," he said, "If he is dead—"

"Oh, he's dead," / put in Jonah; "I can tell you that."

Jeffrey gave one scared look at the speaker and then hurried from the place.

Mrs. Trimble followed him up to his room.

"I don't believe it all," said she; "you never did it on purpose, you're not so bad as that. I won't believe it even if you tell me." cried the good lady, bursting into tears.

Jeffrey put together his few books and garments.

"You're going," said she, "of course. It's no use hoping you won't. Here's two pounds you're owed—and—"

Jeffrey took the money, and kept her hand for a moment in his.

"You are kind," said he, hoarsely, "Good by, Mrs. Trimble."

He kissed her hand and took up his bundle.

At the foot of the stairs a boy's hand was laid on his arm.

"Oh, Jeff," whispered Teddy—he had stolen out of the school room. "Poor Jeff! I know you ain't wicked. Say good by, Jeff. What shall we do? What shall we do?"

"Good by, little chap," said Jeffrey, stooping down and kissing the boy's wet cheek.

"But, Jeff, where are you going? When will you—"

Jeffrey was gone.

In the schoolroom meanwhile the inevitable reaction had taken place.

As the door closed behind Jeffrey, Jonah, hardly knowing what he did, gave vent to a hysterical laugh.

It was the signal for an explosion such as he had little counted on.

"Thou little dirty tool!" said the farmer, rounding on him wrathfully; "what dost mean by that? Hey? For shame!"



"WHAT ABOUT THESE OLD BOOTS? SUPPOSE WE PITCH THEM AWAY?" SAID JEFFREYS.

They should not be encouraged to see too much of him out of doors or bring him to the house."

"It bothers me why you keep the man if he's that sort!" said Mr. Rosher. "What's wrong with him?"

"I'm afraid he's a bad character. I have only discovered it lately, and intend to dismiss him as soon as I get a new assistant."

"What dost mean by a bad character? Is he a thief?"

Trimble looked very grave.

"I wish it was no worse than that. The farmer's jaw dropped.

"What?" said he. "Dost mean to tell me the man's a murderer?"

Jonah looked terribly shocked.

"It's a dreadful thing to suspect of any one," said he, "but it would not be right for me to let things go on without warning you. I shall keep your boys under my own eyes all school time; and I advise you—"

"I don't want thy advice. Take thyself off!"

Jonah saw that to prolong the interview would only make matters worse. The good father was evidently roused; but whether against him, Jonah, or against Jeffrey, he could scarcely tell. He departed decidedly crestfallen, and more than half repenting of his amiable expedition.

His misgivings were somewhat relieved next morning when Freddy and Teddy put in an appearance punctually at school time.

Jonah, however, felt far from comfortable. It may have been the hot sultry day, or it may have been the general oppression of his own feelings, which gave him a sense of something

"Yes," said he. Jeffrey's face became livid as he sprang to his feet.

"Stay where thou art," said the brawny farmer, motioning him back. "Let's have a look at thee. So thee's a man-layer? Thou looks it."

A terrible pause followed—the pause of a man who struggles for words which will not come.

He looked terrible indeed; with heaving chest and bloodless lips and eyes like the eyes of a hunted wolf. At length he gasped,

"Liar!" and advanced towards the affrighted Jonah.

But the sturdy Yorkshireman stepped between.

"Nay, nay," said he, "one's enough. Stay where thou art and let him give chapter and verse—chapter and verse. He came to me last night and said thou wast a murderer, and I've coom to see if thou art. Thou looks one, but may be thou'rt right to call him a liar."

"Ask him," gasped Jonah, "what he did to his old schoolfellow, young Forrester, and then let him call me a liar if he likes."

"Dost hear, lad? What was it thee, did to the old schoolfellow, young Forrester? That's a fair question. Out with it."

If Jeffrey had looked terrible a moment ago, he looked still more terrible now, as he sank

"Beast!" shouted Freddy, choking with anger and misery.
 "Beast!" echoed the school.
 Some one threw a wet sponge across the room, but Mr. Rosher intercepted it.
 "Nay, nay, lads; don't waste your clean things on him. Freddy and Teddy, my lads—where's Teddy?—come along home. You've done with Galloway House."

"Why, sir," expostulated the wretched Jonah—
 "Hold thy tongue again," roared the farmer. "Coom away, lads. There can take a half holiday today, all of you, and if thy parents ask why, say Farmer Rosher will tell them."
 "I'll have you prosecuted," growled Trimble, "for interfering with my—"
 "Dost want to be shut up in yon cupboard?" roared the hot-headed farmer. And the hint was quite enough.

Galloway House on that day turned a corner. Farmer Rosher, who had some doubts in his own mind whether he had done good or harm by his interference, spoke his mind freely to his neighbors on the subject of Jonah Trimble, a proceeding in which his two sons heartily backed him up.

The consequence was that that worthy young pedagogue found his scholastic labors materially lightened—for a dozen boys are easier to teach than fifty—and had time to wonder whether after all he would be going to America, and that generation quite as well by looking after his own affairs as after the most unprofitable affairs of somebody else.

CHAPTER IX.
 HOMELESS AGAIN.

JULIUS left Galloway House without a word, and cast himself and his bad name once more adrift on a pitiless world.

His steps turned, half mechanically, half by chance, towards his guardian's house. He had never been in it since the night of his expulsion, and he did not know why of all places he should just now turn thither. His guardian, as he well knew, was even more pitiless and cynical than ever, and any hope of finding shelter or rest under his roof he knew to be absurd. He might, however, be out; indeed he had spoken of going to America, in which case Mrs. Jessop might be there alone.

One clings to the idea of a home; and this place such as it was, was the only spot which for Jeffreys had ever had any pretensions to the blessed name.

His expectations—if he had any—vanished as he abruptly turned the corner of the street and stood in front of the house.

The shutters on the lower floor were closed, and the windows above were curtainless and begrimed with dust. A notice "To Let" stared out from a board beside the front door, and the once cosy little front garden was weed grown and had run to seed.

Jeffreys was inclined to pass on without halting. He knew his guardian had been in York within a week, and the house looked as if it had been deserted for months. Evidently Mr. Halgrove must have left it and gone elsewhere shortly after Jeffreys had quitted his roof, and it was not likely any one there would have much satisfaction to give to any inquirers.

Yet he felt impelled to enter the gate and knock at the door. The knock echoed noisily through the empty house. Street children for a month or two past had discovered the same echoes, and enjoyed the exploit of waking them. For there was no one there to answer or overtake them, as Jeffreys had about five minutes' patient waiting, discovered.

At length it occurred to him to look again at the sign and take note of the advice to any one whom it might concern to "Apply at No. 8."

To No. 8, consequently, some way down the street, he turned his steps. It was a small cottage, occupied by a hard-working young widow, who managed, in spite of the cares of six fatherless children and a mangle, to keep a bright face, and a decent house over her head.

"No, I, sir; do you want to see over it?" she said, in reply to Jeffreys' inquiry.

"No; but can you tell me what Mr. Halgrove's address is now?"

"Halgrove—no, sir. The house has been empty this five months."

"I suppose you don't know where I could find Mrs. Jessop, his old housekeeper?"

"No, sir, I don't; I don't know anything of the people who lived there. Were they friends of yours, sir?"

"Mr. Halgrove was my guardian, and the house used to be my home," replied Jeffreys.

"May be you'd like to look over the old place?"

"No, I don't much care," he said, with a sigh. The woman was sorry for him. She could fancy the feelings of a young man coming home and finding the old house deserted; and looking round on her own merry family and bright cottage, she felt for the outcast.

"It's sad for you, young man," said she, "if you expected to find them there. Would you ask at the police station?"

"Six, thank God," said the cheery mother, "and the eldest at work already. Won't you sit, Jeffreys looked round at the pleasant, clean little cottage, so homelike and happy, and it sent a pang to his heart. How unlike what he had ever known! He made an effort, and moved from the threshold.

"No, thank you; you are very good and kind," he said, "I have a long way to go, and must not waste time."

Just then a boy ran in, shouting: "Mother, mother, the doggie's come again!" Before he had uttered the words Julius had burst into the cottage, barking with delight, and nearly knocking Jeffreys down with his caresses.

"Come down, doggie; it's a strange animal, sir," said the woman, "that has come here the last few days. At least he's come to No. 1 and waited about there. My boys found him out and gave him some food, and then they coaxed him here. But he always goes back and waits at No. 1. May be you know him, sir?"

"I could think I do," said Jeffreys, jubilantly. "He's my guardian's old dog Julius, aren't you, Julius? About the only friend I have in the world."

"Think of that, now! We thought he must belong to the place. Will you take him with you, sir? The boys are fond of him; but you see, he's an extra mouth to fill."

Julius replied to this proposal himself. If anything could have said in words, "If he doesn't take me, I'll take him," the bark which he gave in answer to the question said it.

"Oh, yes," replied Jeffreys, "if you will let me mean," added he, rather nervously, "but you'll let me buy him, won't you?"

The manner in which the woman scouted the proposition brought the blushes to Jeffreys' cheeks, and after a few more words of gratitude he departed with his new friend, with more faith in the sunshine that hides behind clouds than ever he had had before.

It was easy to guess the reason of Julius' reappearance at the old house. It meant certainly that Mr. Halgrove was no longer in York; in other words, it meant almost certainly that Mr. Halgrove had carried out his intention of sailing for America, and that the dog, either not allowed to accompany him, or minded to remain at home, had thrown off his allegiance, and come back to try what old associations could do to cure melancholy.

Jeffreys felt a stronger man as he walked out of York in the deepening twilight with his companion at his heels. He felt that still there was some one who believed in him despite his bad name, and that he could stick to the man through thick and thin, and the thought gave him a wonderful new hope.

He was in the way of old associations just now, for almost without knowing it he found himself quitting York by way of Ash Lane, every step of which by this time was familiar—painfully familiar ground.

CHAPTER X.
 ON THE TRAMP.

JEFFREYS walked on rapidly and steadily for two hours, until the last lingering glow of the summer light had faded from the sky and the lights of York behind him were lost in the night.

Then he consulted with Julius on the subject of a night's lodging. In that warm weather, and under that cloudless sky, there was little inducement to seek the shelter of a roof, even had he presented the usual case of a man who had provided them with the most luxurious bedroom man could desire. And here they lay down, like brothers, side by side, Julius sniffing occasionally, as he dozed off, at the recollection of Mr. Halgrove and the kind widow's boys, Jeffreys thanking God that, despite his bad name, he had friends and hope yet left him.

The thought uppermost in his mind when he woke next morning was young Forrester. He felt that it would be useless for him to attempt anything or hope for anything till he had ascertained whatever was to be known respecting the boy's fate. Trimble's words, which rang in his ears, had a less positive sound about them. At least he would find out for himself whether they were true or false.

Grangerham, the small country town in which he had ascertained Forrester lived, and to which he had been removed from Bolsover, was far enough away from York. Jeffreys had many a time sought it out on the map and speculated on how long it would be reached should he summer arrive to call him thither. It was seventy miles away as the crow flies. Jeffreys had the way there by heart. He knew what time the trains left York, what were the junctions along the line, and how far the nearest railway station would take him to his journey's end.

His mind was a constant question of walking, not riding. The two pounds in his pocket, all he possessed, scarcely seemed his at all as long as Mr. Frampton's school bill was unsettled. At any rate, it was too precious to squander in railway fares for a man and a dog, who could walk for nothing.

"We must tramp, Julius," said he, inspecting the condition of his boots, and taking hasty stock of his little bundle.

Julius perfectly understood the words, and, jumping up, briskly took the bundle in his mouth.

"Steady, old boy!" said his master: "let's see what we can throw overboard so as to lighten the ship. We can't spare the Homer, can we?"

Julius gasped indignantly at the bare idea of walking seventy miles without Homer.

"I don't want Colenso's Algebra, though, do we?"

Julius professed implacable aversion to the unlucky work, which was accordingly abandoned to the chance edification of some mathematical plowboy.

"What about these old boots? They didn't seem quite bad enough to throw away when I got my new ones, and yet they're not good enough to wear. Suppose we pitch them away?" and he suited the action to the word.

Julius, however, thought otherwise, and walked gravely after the rejected boots, which he brought back one after the other in his mouth and deposited them on the ground at his master's feet.

"Oh, all right!" said Jeffreys. "You think they'd better go, do you? All serene! Now what about this old paint box? I never used it, and the colors have all turned bad. It's the only present my guardian ever gave me. I can't make out why he chose it of all things."

Julius had no objection at all to the sacrifice of this useless luxury. And so they went on through the contents of their bundle, till at last it was weeded of all unnecessary weights, and assumed very respectable and modest dimensions.

Then Jeffreys cut himself a stick from a thorn, and his preparations were complete, and they started.

Julius had evidently been turning the same question over in his mind, and pricked up his ears rather eagerly. It was evident they must eat if they meant to walk, even if it meant a hot sun and a long tramp for two days.

So they made their way to the nearest farmhouse and respectfully asked if they might purchase a loaf of bread and a drink of milk, and possibly an egg or two.

The farmer looked hard at Jeffreys and the dog.

"Tramps?" asked he.

"Yes," said Jeffreys; "but we mean to pay our way."

"Not here," said the farmer. "If you're a real tramp I don't want tramps' money. And if you're a gentleman I don't want gentlemen's money. So come and make a meal off what you can get."

So the journey was begun in good heart, and Mr. Frampton's two pounds remained safe at any rate for a few hours more.

It was a long, harassing journey, over moors and along steep stony roads. It was not till the evening of the second day that the footsore travelers, on signposts the welcome words, "Four miles to Grangerham." They had eaten little and rested little on the way, and during the last twelve hours a broiling sun had beaten down pitilessly upon them.

"It's too late to do any good tonight," said Jeffreys, sinking down exhausted on the heath. "I can't sleep here and go to Grangerham tomorrow."

So they finished up their little store of provisions and fell asleep almost before they had ended their meal.

If the journey of the two last days had been exhausting, the fruitless search of the day that followed was fully as wearisome. Grangerham was a pretty big manufacturing town, and Jeffreys' heart sank within him as soon as he entered it. For who among these busy crowds would be likely to know anything of an invalid old lady and her cripple grandson?

In vain he inquired in street after street for Mrs. Forrester's address. Some had not heard the name. Some knew a public house kept by one Tony Forrester. Some recollected an old lady who used to keep a costermonger's stall and had a baby with fits. Others, still more tantalizing, began by knowing all about it, and ended by showing that they knew nothing. At last, however, he found a man who had and demanded what he wanted with any body of the name of Forrester. At the post office they told him curly they could not tell him anything unless he could give the old lady's address.

At length, late in the day, he ventured to knock at the door of the clergyman of that part of the town in which the few residents' houses seemed to be, and to repeat his question there.

The clergyman, a hard working man who visited a hundred families in a week, at first returned the same answer as everybody else. No, he did not know any one of that name.

"Stay," he said, "perhaps you mean Old Mrs. Wilcox?"

Jeffreys groaned. Everybody had been suggesting the name of some old lady to him different from the one he wanted.

"She had a nephew, I think, who was a cripple. The poor fellow had had an accident at school, so I heard. I almost think he died. I never saw him, my dear boy, but if you come with me I'll take you to the Wesleyan minister. I think he knows Mrs. Wilcox."

Thankful for any clew, however slight, Jeffreys accompanied the good man to the Wesleyan minister.

"Mrs. Wilcox—ah, yes," said the latter, when his host had explained their errand. "She died in Torquay five months ago. She was a great sufferer."

"And her nephew?" inquired the clergyman.

"Her grandson, you mean." "What was his name?" he asked, excitedly.

coxy's only daughter. Yes, poor Gerard Forrester was brought home from school about six months ago terribly crippled by an accident. It was said one of the schoolfellows had done it."

"But where is he now? Tell me, for mercy's sake!" exclaimed Jeffreys.

"I cannot tell you that," replied the minister. "His grandmother was ordered to Torquay almost as soon as he arrived home. He remained here about a month in charge of his old nurse, and then—"

"He's not dead!" almost shouted Jeffreys.

"Then," continued the minister, "when the news came of his grandmother's death they left Grangerham. From all I can hear, Mrs. Wilcox died very poor. I believe the nurse intended to try to get him taken into a hospital somewhere; but where or how I never knew. I was away in London when they disappeared, and have never heard from them since."

"Isn't his father alive?"

"Yes. I wrote to him by Mrs. Wilcox's request. He is an officer in India in the Hussars. I have had no reply; and cannot be sure that the letter has reached him, as I see that his regiment has been dispatched to Afghanistan."

"Did you never hear from the nurse?" asked Jeffreys.

"Never."

"And was it thought Forrester would recover?"

"I believe it was thought that if he got special treatment in a hospital his life might be spared."

This then was all Jeffreys could ascertain. Jonah Trimble might be right after all. How he blamed himself for flying from York as he had done without extracting the truth before he left.

It was too late now.

He begged to be taken to see the house where Forrester had lived. It was occupied by a new tenant, and all he could do was to pace up and down in front of it, in a lonely vigil, and try to imagine the pale face which only a few months back had gazed wearily from those windows on the active life without, in which he was never more to take a share.

He had not the courage to wait that night in Grangerham, although the minister urged him and Julius, tramps as they were, to do so. He felt stifled in these narrow streets, and longed for the fresh health, where at least he could be alone.

He accepted, however, the hospitality of his guide for half an hour in order to write a short note to Mr. Frampton. He said:

"I have come here hoping to hear something of Forrester. But I can hear nothing more than what you told me four months ago. I have left here in charge of his old nurse, and has not been heard of since. You will wonder why I have left York. The story of what happened at Bolsover reached the ears of my employer's son. He accused me of it before all the school, and then he said that Forrester was dead. I could not stand it, and came away—though I feel now that I was foolish not to ascertain how he had learned what you and I have not yet been able to hear. It is too terrible to believe; and I cannot believe it till I find out for myself. Where I shall go next I do not know, and feel I do not care. My guardian has left York. I saw him two days ago before I came away, and he told me that he should refuse to pay my half term's bill, which came to £7. I inclose thirty shillings now—all I have; and you may depend on my sending the rest as soon as I can earn it; for I shall be miserable as long as I owe a farthing to Bolsover."

Having written this dismal letter, and posted it with its inclosure, he bade farewell to Grangerham and wandered off with the sympathizing Julius out on to the quiet heath, and there lay down—not to sleep, but to think.

(To be continued.)

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

CAPTURING A COW'S CUD.

EVERYBODY who has ever lived in the country knows how a cow chews her cud, but it will doubtless be a matter of surprise to many to hear that the loss of this cud will cause the cow to starve to death.

"There is great excitement on the farm when the cow loses her cud," says a writer in the *Mail and Express*. "The boys run as fast as they can for the cow doctor, and everybody turns to and gets things ready for him. The cow stands with her head down and neck stretched out, and is altogether the most woe-begone animal you ever saw."

You see a cow has four stomachs, and what she eats through the day goes into the first one. And at night she brings up some of the food from the first stomach and masticates it. This is called chewing the cud. When she has done this, it goes to the second stomach and is digested. If she loses her cud, she can't pass the food from the first stomach to the second, and is bound to starve.

"When the doctor comes he slaps the cow's sides, twists her tail and looks in her mouth. Then he calls for a piece of salt codfish and puts it in her mouth. If that fails to bring the cud he rubs her throat and calls for kerosene and turpentine. He cuts it into her jaws and tries to get her to chew. That failing, he tries a bunch of grass and a wad of willow leaves. If all fail, a live frog is brought and started down the cow's throat. This never kills. The cow gives a heave when the frog lodges her windpipe, and up come frog and cud."

MAKING BAD WORSE.

A MAN, being requested by a friend to buy him some books, forgot all about the matter till he accidentally met him—then, in his confusion, he endeavored to "set matters straight" by nonchalantly remarking: "By the way, I never got the letter you wrote about those books."

BYGONES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Ye doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words of anger born;
Ye thoughts unkind, and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn;
Against your memory we rebel—
We have outlived your foolish day.
No longer in our hearts you dwell—
Bygones! Bygones! pass away!
But, oh, ye joyous smiles and tears,
Endearments fond, and pleasures past,
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to last—
Ye charities and words of peace,
A friend's sunshine after rain—
Oh never let your blessings cease—
Bygones! Bygones! come again!

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

The Gruipe of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

LUKE'S ROLAND FOR SPOTTY'S OLIVER.

APTAIN GUSTOFF was in excellent humor, as he had been the day before. He told Spotty that he was not quite satisfied in regard to the relative speed of the Dandy and the steamer. He wanted to try it out again as soon as possible. He invited his guest to the after cabin. The door was hardly closed behind them before Luke came out of one of the two staterooms opening into the cabin.

Spotty wondered if he had been invited into the cabin to meet the enemy. Captain Gustoff remained but a few minutes after the appearance of Luke; but if Spotty had been invited into the cabin, he had not been asked to come on board of the Saranac. The latter fact did not look as though a conspiracy had been worked up against him. But then Luke was doubtless a very cunning fellow, and he might have inferred that Spotty would come on board while he was waiting for his owner.

"I am glad to see you, Spotty," said Luke, very pleasantly. "How do like your new situation?"

"First rate," replied Spotty, looking around him at the condition of the cabin; and he noticed that all the blinds of the windows were closed.

"I did not expect to see you today; but I am none the less glad to meet you on that account. You and I have a little unfinished business to attend to," continued Luke, as he seated himself, and invited Spotty to do the same.

"I am not aware of having any unfinished business," replied Spotty, declining the seat by not taking it.

"I have told you what I wanted, and you were to consider it," added Luke, concealing as far as he could the interest he felt in the subject.

"I could not very well help considering it, whether I promised to do so or not," replied Spotty, looking towards the door of the cabin. "The most I said was that I might give you the ring and locket when I understood the case better than I did at that time."

"Take a seat and be a little more sociable, Spotty. I don't intend to hurt you, for you are my cousin, and have just as much interest in this business as I have."

"Your cousin!" exclaimed Spotty, unable to conceal his contempt for the liar in front of him. "Didn't I tell you the facts in the case, and prove to you that your mother and mine were sisters?" asked Luke.

"You told me so, but you didn't prove it!"

"Wasn't that Spotty's key to the ring and locket enough to prove that what I said was true?" asked Luke, rather warmly.

"I don't think it was. You said your mother was my mother's sister. I happen to know that your mother had no sister," replied Spotty, quietly.

"You happen to know it!" exclaimed the villain.

"Whether I know it or not, I believe it," added the captain of the Dandy. "Of course, this part of the story being without foundation, all the rest is pure invention. I wish to speak out plainly what I think."

"How do you happen to know that my mother had no sister?" asked Luke, evidently astonished by the position taken by the captain, as well as greatly chagrined.

"I had it from one that knew your mother's family well; and I think there can be no doubt of the fact as I state it."

"But who is the person that told you? It may be some one that never saw my mother, for she has been dead nearly twenty years."

"It may have been, but it was not. I don't think it is of any use for us to talk any more about this matter. The story you told me had not a particle of truth in it," replied Spotty, as he moved towards the door.

"I don't think it is any one in these parts that knew my mother," persisted Luke. "Don't be in a hurry, Spotty. We might as well come to an understanding about this matter now as at any other time. It must be settled."

"I have come to an understanding about it already; and the sooner you do so the better it will be for both of us," answered Spotty, who certainly desired to have the matter disposed of.

"What understanding have you come to, Spotty?" asked Luke.

"That I will have nothing more to do with the matter, and I don't want to say another word about it. You deceived me before, or tried to do so, and—"

"I deceived you!" interposed the villain.

"You did," you told me that your mother was my mother's sister."

"And that is true. You are a cousin of mine. The only wrong I have done you was in trying to get the estate in England for myself, without sharing it with you. But I told you the last time we met that I would divide it with you; and I am sure there could be nothing fairer than this. I should have all the trouble and expense of recovering the property. I should have gone to England by this time, if you had given me the ring and locket."

Spotty could not help smiling, in spite of himself, at the matter of fact manner in which Luke still handled his fiction. Of course his uncle knew that the money was in the hands of himself, and Spotty was sure there could be no mistake in his information. He wondered in what manner Luke intended to get the two articles under the present circumstances.

"I think I have said all I have to say about the matter," said Spotty, walking over to the door of the cabin.

The captain grasped the handle of the door, and was about to open it and escape from the presence of one whose society was far from agreeable to him.

But the door was locked.

He tried it two or three times, and then he realized that he had been locked into the cabin by Captain Gustoff. The latter had spoken so pleasantly and so magnanimous to him that it was hard to believe he had engaged in a conspiracy to entrap him. But the fact was before him, and he could not evade it.

Spotty looked at Luke. That a worthy day still seated in an arm chair, with a very discolored expression on his face. If he had spoken perhaps he would have said, "It is your next move, Spotty." But he did not say anything. He only looked at his prisoner, and seemed to enjoy Spotty's astonishment and disgust at the situation in which he found himself.

Spotty could not help asking himself what he could make his way out of the cabin, if he were so situated, and so far as he could see he was at the mercy of the enemy. He looked around at the windows. They appeared to be open, though the blinds were closed. But it would be quite impossible for him to escape through one of them, for Luke could lay hands on him before he could reach his way out.

Spotty had no revolver with him this time, and it was possible that the villain was supplied with such a weapon.

"Well, Spotty," said Luke, when the former had satisfied himself that he was a prisoner.

The captain of the Dandy looked at him, but made no reply. He was not alarmed at the situation, though he was sorry to find that Captain Gustoff had gone over to the enemy. The Saranac was still at the wharf, and within a few yards of the Dandy. If he should cry out, he had no doubt that Tom would come to his aid, and putting all the assistance he might be needed to make a successful onslaught on the boat.

"This is the after cabin of the Saranac," said Luke, with a satirical smile. "It isn't quite so elegantly fitted up as the after cabin of the Dandy, but it is the best cabin on board. I suppose it has a hole in the forward part, such as that where the mainmast stays. But I don't condemn you to such a place as that."

Spotty thought that silence was discretion, and discretion the better part of valor, and he made no reply to the remarks of his captor. He was not willing to discuss the subject which appeared to occupy the thoughts of Luke night and day, and he was not disposed to give him by any strong talk. He saw that, for the present at least, he was in the power of the enemy, and that he had better follow the example set him by his companion, and submit to the inevitable.

"Spotty, all my future life depends upon the possession of the ring and the locket. They would enable me to right a fearful wrong, done to me as well as to you. You don't feel it as I do, though you would if you understood it as well. I have been cheated out of my birthright, and others are reveling in the wealth that belongs to me."

"Let them revel," thought Spotty; but he could not say so, as it was expedient to say so.

"You have the means of making me an honest, true, and good man, Spotty," continued Luke.

"If I had the means, I should certainly be very glad to use them for such a purpose," replied Spotty, who could not be silent over such an issue.

"Give me the ring and the locket, and the result will be achieved, not at once, but in due time," replied the villain, gently, as though he had found the weak spot in the nature of the captain.

"To make you rich is not to make you an honest, true, and good man," replied Spotty.

"It would not with me. If you give me those things I shall be restored to my birthright," added Luke. "With that my self-respect will be recovered, and I shall be a true man."

"I shall not give them to you. They are the only memorials I have of my mother, except a portrait of her and the Bible she used

to read. I am not willing to part with them, and I cannot see how they concern you, since the story you told me is all fiction. If I must speak, it was your uncle who told me that your mother had no sister, and I believe he knows more about the matter than you do."

"My Uncle Paul!" exclaimed Luke, springing from his chair, his face red with anger and excitement. "You have spoken to him about this matter?"

"I have," replied Spotty, even glad to find he had struck on a point where his companion was sensitive.

"You have talked with my uncle about my mother and her sister?" repeated Luke, apparently knocked out of his play by this information.

"I have, and your uncle assured me that your mother never had a sister, and consequently I know that your explanation was an invention made to satisfy me. I don't care to say anything more," replied Spotty, as he seated himself in the same chair.

At that moment the propeller of the Saranac began to revolve. Lowering the blind, Spotty found that the boat was a mile from the wharf. He had Luke's Roland for his own Oliver.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

LUKE FINDS HIMSELF IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THE Saranac's propeller turned slowly at first, but presently Spotty heard the speed bell, and the boat was soon going at the rate of at least ten miles an hour.

Precisely the strategy which he had played off on Luke had now been turned upon him. Of course the captain of the Dandy did not enjoy the situation.

A very short and sharp whistle from the pilot house of the Saranac attracted the attention of the prisoner in the cabin. It was not long enough to be a signal for passing steamers. But Spotty was not long left to conjecture what it might mean, for at the sound, Luke hastened to the door of the cabin, thus indicating that it was a signal agreed upon to call him, or to apprise him of some fact or condition.

Luke tried the door; but it was as much locked when he tried it as when his prisoner did so. Captain Gustoff could not very well have locked in the one without rendering the same service to the other. In a word, both Spotty and his captor were prisoners in the cabin.

Luke uttered an exclamation of impatience when he realized the situation. He had no means of communicating with the captain, and the pilot could not leave the wheel, even if he knew the way out of the cabin. Luke tried the door as many times as Spotty did, but it was as obstinate as it had been when the latter found that he was a prisoner. The villain stooped down, and looked into the keyhole. Spotty had done this, and found the key was in it on the outside. Luke discovered the same thing.

The prisoner who had imprisoned the other prisoner was certainly not so well reconciled to his captivity as his companion was. He began to exhibit his impatience by walking up and down the cabin. Spotty was afraid he might be so wrathful as to vent his ire upon him, and he laid himself out to support the temper. He saw that Luke might afford. He was strongly averse to a fight of any kind, but he was not willing to be beaten without making the best possible resistance. There appeared to be nothing in the cabin in the shape of a cudgel; or if there was, he did not know where to look for it.

Spotty thought it was twenty miles from the wharf, and he was not able to walk off his wrath in that manner. It was useless to walk since he could not walk out of the cabin. At last he rushed to one of the starboard windows, Spotty being still on the port side, and with a desperate hand shoved down the blind.

"Captain Gustoff! Captain Gustoff!" he called.

But the propeller of the Saranac was beating and hammering under the stern of the boat, and the water was surging so as to contribute not a little to the noise, so that the captain evidently did not hear the sound. Luke repeated his call several times in a much louder tone, but with no better success. Spotty wondered whether Captain Gustoff was really in the conspiracy, or was playing off a trick upon his companion in captivity.

It was no use to yell from the stern of the boat, for the propeller seemed to have a monopoly of the right to be heard. Luke gave it up; and he appeared to have no intention of submitting to his fate. From the window he rushed to the door of the cabin, which opened upon a little bit of quarter deck, two or three feet below the main deck.

The impatient prisoner took something from his pocket, and went to work upon the lock of the door. Spotty thought it not improbable that he had implements used by dangerous men upon locks, for he had known him to work upon a job of that kind.

Spotty had already taken the measure of the window, and considered how he could best put his mortal frame through it in the most expeditious manner. Luke thought it not probable that he had implements used by dangerous men upon locks, for he had known him to work upon a job of that kind.

Spotty was not so large by a considerable avoirdupois. While Luke with his implement was

intensely absorbed in turning the key in the lock, and forcing it out of its place, Spotty laid his body down on the sill of the window, and slowly worked his way through till his shoulders were on the outside, when he made a flying spring, and landed on his hands upon the main deck.

He was out of the cabin. Luke ran to the window he had opened, and shouted again. The pilot house was only open in front, for it had no back windows like those in the Dandy; and the impatient prisoner could not force the sound of his voice so that it would reach the ear of the captain.

Spotty picked himself up, and listened to the calls of his late fellow prisoner. Then he concluded that it would be better for him to go aft than to go forward, for he did not care to encounter Captain Gustoff until he understood his views on the question of imprisoning a fellow Champlainer a little better.

When he reached the stern of the boat, he was delighted to find that the Dandy was down the bay with all the speed she could command. He wondered who was at the wheel; but he was sure that Tom Gates would get the best speed out of the boat on an occasion like the present. He concluded that the whistle he had heard some time before, and which had been several times repeated, was to inform Luke that the Dandy was in pursuit, or to call him from the cabin that he might see for himself.

Towing astern of the Saranac was the little tender of the steamer. Of course this diminished the speed of the craft, and it was through carelessness that the boat had been left there, instead of being taken to the board. But Spotty concluded that it had been left there for some reason. At any rate he lost no time in casting off the painter, and giving it a turn around a cleat.

With no little difficulty, he hauled the boat up near enough to the stern of the steamer to enable him to get into it. With the end of the painter in his hand, he transferred himself to the bow of the boat. Then, letting go of the rope, he allowed the little craft to go adrift.

At this moment the Saranac was just beginning to round Cumberland Head, and she had gone quite near the shore. As soon as the boat was clear of the steamer, Spotty seized the oars he found in it, and began to pull with all his might. He had no time to lose, for the boat was behind the point, where the pilot of the Saranac could not see him.

By this time it was evident to Spotty that the Saranac was hurrying to keep out of the way of the Dandy. It seemed to be a good time for the race which Captain Gustoff was so anxious to try. Spotty thought that the Saranac should like to be somewhere near the harbor when her captain discovered that he had made a prisoner of his employer, for he had no doubt that Luke had chartered the boat to capture him, and assist in obtaining the ring and locket.

The more he thought of his cruise of an hour in the Saranac, the more he was convinced it was a regularly organized conspiracy to entrap him. He was astonished to think how easily he had escaped. The odds had seemed to be all against him half an hour before. He wondered what Luke meant to do with him, and in what manner he intended to make him give up the cherished relics of his mother and father.

The Dandy was at least a mile astern of the Saranac. It was probable that Tom had seen him go on board of the Saranac, and when he saw her under way, and moving out of the harbor, he had procured a pilot, and given chase. Before Spotty could reach the shore, he saw the boat of the Saranac come out from behind the point.

She was moving at her best speed. In precisely what manner her captain had discovered Spotty's absence he could not determine. He did not see Luke in the pilot house, nor anywhere about the deck. The steamer succeeded in getting within range of him, and prevented Spotty from reaching the shore.

There was no retreat for him in the direction of the land, and the next best thing was to pull for the Dandy. But she was a mile off, and the chance of reaching her was not good. Captain Gustoff handled his craft very well, and in two minutes more, Spotty, in spite of all his endeavors to give her a wide berth, found her alongside the tender.

"What do you mean, Captain Hawke, by stealing my boat?" shouted Captain Gustoff, with a broad laugh on his face.

"What do you mean by stealing me?" demanded Spotty, in reply.

"Captain Gustoff, I have no bell, and then came down upon the main deck. Grasping a boat-hook, he caught the painter of the tender, and hauled it on board. With the rope in his hand, he went aft with it, and secured it at the cleat, as Spotty had found it.

"Don't you think you had better come on board again, Captain Hawke?" asked the captain, with a broad grin on his face.

"I think I will, for the Dandy will be here in a few minutes now," replied Spotty, suiting the action to the word.

"What did you want of that boat, Captain Hawke?"

"I wanted to get off in it," replied Spotty, as he followed the captain forward. "I did not like my room mate."

"Unlock the cabin door, captain, and let me out," growled Luke, from one of the windows.

The captain turned to grant this reasonable request, and Spotty did the same. The latter reached the door first, and, taking the key from the lock, he turned to the right.

(To be continued.)

THE COMMON LOT.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly,
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience He stands waiting,
With exactness grinds He all.

The Valley of Wallagiera.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

TWO of Mr. Nugent's bullocks had broken from the paddock at Toonarbin Run during the night, and Rafe, Mr. Nugent's nephew, and one of the stock keepers, started out in search of them on horseback, with a couple of collie dogs loping along in the rear. Australian scenery is grandly impressive always. Particularly so at early sunrise, when nature is shaking off the night's slumber. Toonarbin Range was aglow with golden light, peak upon peak rising skyward as far as the eye can reach. The missing bullocks were seen about noon in company with a herd of half wild cattle. Dick, the keeper, flourished his stock whip in their direction.

"Stay up here, Master Rafe," he said, hurriedly, "while I cut the two strays out from the herd—head them if they turn away from the run," and off he went at full gallop. It was many a long day before Rafe saw him again.

Instead of breaking, the herd plunged forward en masse, the bullocks in the midst. Cattle and keeper alike disappeared in a cloud of dust. One of the collies followed at the heels of the stockman's horse. The other remained behind with Rafe.

This collie suddenly started a big kangaroo—a "boomer," or big kangaroo, as the colonists say—from the under scrub. Before Rafe could pull his holster pistol the boomer was out of sight in a little grove of oak at the right.

Forgetting drover and bullocks, Rafe urged his horse forward in pursuit, guided by the wild barking of the collie, and an occasional glimpse of the mouse colored animal making tremendous bounds through the scrub, which was broken by patches of clear upland in places.

Absorbed in the ardor of the chase, Rafe did not think of the danger of losing himself in the bush. On and still on, when, suddenly emerging from the thick growth, the banks of a tortuous creek appeared before him. In a shallow part of the stream stood the boomer at bay. Not being able to use his hind foot, armed with its long, sharp pointed claw, the huge beast, almost as large as an average sized man, had laid hold on the poor collie and thrust it under water, despite the dog's best efforts at self preservation.

Springing from his saddle, Rafe balanced the hither pistol across the bend of his left arm, and fired with correct aim. The big animal fell with a splash, shot through the heart.

With infinite difficulty Rafe dragged the boomer ashore, while the half drowned collie sat panting on the bank. Then Kob began for the first time to look about him.

He was surrounded by virgin forest, whose silence was only broken by the babble of the creek flowing over some stony obstructions and the chatter of occasional flocks of parrots flying high over the overcast. It was noon by the sun, and having heedlessly left his pocket compass behind, Rafe, like the eloquent orator, "knew no north, no south, etc." Even the peculiar shaped, snow clad crests of the Toonarbin Range seemed to have changed their individuality. In fact, Rafe was lost.

But he was a plucky young fellow, who had lived from boyhood on his uncle's stock farm in the wildest portion of the Warragara district. Twice before he had been similarly placed, and after hours of wandering made his way back.

The first thing Rafe did was to cut off the boomer's immense tail, not as a trophy, but as a choice tid bit for a roast. This he secured behind the saddle, and, whistling the collie, led his horse up from the banks of the creek, where

he stood for a moment trying to guess at the points of the compass.

A slight rustling in the long grass behind him, and a short, quick bark from the shepherd dog caused Rafe to turn his head quickly, at the same time involuntarily stretching out one hand in the direction of his holster pistol.

Quicker than a flash his right wrist was clutched and held in a vise-like grip. At the same moment a laughing, ebony hued face, showing far more of intelligence than is seen in the features of the average Australian native, was brought within range of his astonished vision.

Now Rafe was strong and muscular for his years, yet though his laughing captor seemed a mere boy, Rafe was astonished to find that he could not release his wrist from the wiry black fingers until the latter relaxed of their own accord.

"No use, white fellow; Mayfu cobung matong (very strong)" said the black, good naturedly. He wore a sort of sheepskin coat

him; the cold damper and roast boomer tail became alike repugnant.

"I am sick, said Rafe, wearily, and lay down on the purple heath as he spoke. Mayfu unstrapped the blanket from behind Rafe's saddle, and arranged it for a pillow. He then fastened the horse with a picket rope, and getting water from the creek, bathed Rafe's burning temples.

It was midsummer, and the air, even as night-fall came on, was mild and balmy. Too dizzy and confused to think, or hardly care, Rafe lay in a half waking drowse, hearing the thousand voices of night in an Australian forest, seeing the fireflies blazing through the air, and conscious that Mayfu squatted beside him, and seemed never to close his eyes in slumber.

At early dawn the black took the tin "billy" from behind Rafe's saddle, and disappeared. Half an hour later he returned. The billy was half full of glossy green leaves having a peculiar aromatic smell. These Mayfu steeped in water over the fire.

"Drink, my master," he said, authoritatively, holding the tin to Rafe's parched lips while he supported his head.

The draught seemed to give him a sort of unnatural physical strength, though

tain slopes covered with dense verdure rising on every side.

Near him, on a pile of kangaroo skins, sat a young girl, seemingly near her own age. And in all his dreams Rafe had never seen anything half so beautiful. Her skin was dazzlingly fair, her eyes dark and lustrous, and her hair, intensely black and silky, fell over the folds of a simple dress of print in a wonderful cloud.

No, he was not dreaming. For close beside her was Nero, the collie dog, who, as his master stretched out his wasted hand, licked it, whining a joyful recognition.

"Where am I?" Rafe feebly asked; "and please—who are you?"

"In the Valley of Wallagiera," was the quiet reply; "and I am Valetta; my father is the chief man of our settlement."

But it was not till two or three days afterward, when Rafe, strengthened by savory broths, was able to sit outside in the cooling shade, that he learned from Valetta, who had constituted herself his nurse, more particulars as to the Wallagiera settlement.

It would seem that nearly two hundred years before, some Europeans had been shipwrecked on the west coast. They had penetrated far inland, where they were taken prisoners by one of the Garris tribes. On condition that their lives were spared, all but four had taken native wives. Their descendants a hundred years later had little or no trace of native blood, and were socially ostracized by the Garris on that account. Banding together, they penetrated the interior, hitherto untrodden by man. With them was a missionary who had wandered from the coast to the Garris country, where he had been but ill received. The little company finally reached the valley of Wallagiera, where they located permanently.

Rafe was not lacking in ambition, nor was he in any sense discouraged. But a stronger motive than either I have mentioned prevented his return to civilization. Valetta was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and as good as she was beautiful. Rafe had no one in the world belonging to him excepting his Uncle George, who had a family of his own.

Nearly ten years later, an athletic, bronzed, full bearded young man of twenty-seven or eight rode into the yard of Mr. George Nugent's extensive stock farm in the Warragara district just at sundown.

The helper who came forward to take his horse was an elderly man, with a peculiarly shaped blue scar across his nose.

The stranger glanced inquiringly in his face.

"Well, Dick Bricher," he said, quietly, "did you cut out the two bullocks you and I went in search of from Uncle George's stock farm, nine or ten years ago?"

Old Dick stared, whistled, and uttered a great exclamation which brought half the household out on the stoop.

"Well, darn my cabbage tree if it beas't me," Rafe, he shouted. And it was

Yet no persuasion or pleadings on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Nugent availed to keep Rafe with them beyond the one night.

"My wife and children await my coming with anxious hearts, and Mayfu, my servant man, will hardly sleep till I come back to the valley of Wallagiera," he said, in answer to all solicitation to stay longer. An impulse to once more look upon civilization had seized the recluse for so many years, and he had obeyed it. But his only longing—the impulse gratified—was to return.

"Yes, I am perfectly happy," he said, at parting. "My wife is the most beautiful and best woman in the world, and my children are like her. Our wants are simple, and we never go beyond the valley for them. Farewell."

Nor would Rafe suffer any one to accompany him on his return. "So far as we can prevent it, we want no one from the world outside to enter Wallagiera Valley," he told them. And this day it is not known that any have.

But Rafe will never again return to civilization. Why should he, indeed?

THE CHAMPIO WHOOOPER.

MANAGER (to new man who took the part of an Indian chief in a Wild West drama)—Say, then war whoops and general yells of your'n were great. They was the hit of the piece. You must have lived all your life with the Comanches."

New Man—"Never saw a Comanche or any other Injun."

Manager (surprised)—"Where d'ye git them yells, then?"

New Man—"I used to drive on a New York milk route."



QUICKER THAN A FLASH, RAPE'S WRIST WAS CLUTCHED IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP.

without arms, and short leather breeches—nothing else—and Rafe saw at a glance that the stranger was unlike any of the natives employed in and about the stock farm.

"Who are you, any way?" he asked, bluntly. "Mayfu," was the brief response. And Mayfu professed entire ignorance of the locality, his people—so he said with pantomimic gesture—living further away to the north, in the Wallagiera, or Valley of the Mountain of Fire.

One peculiarity Rafe noticed. That while Mayfu used at times the singular dialect of the Australian black, he could speak a fairly good "pigeon English."

Thus as a little later Rafe produced some cold "damper" with a view to lunch, while Mayfu started a fire, the latter exclaimed in reference to the tail of the boomer he had begun to skin; "Baal flying doe this one mine think it," meaning that the kangaroo must have been of uncommon size, while in the next breath he asked, with a sharp glance in Rafe's face: "What matter white fellow? You look like sick." For all at once Rafe had felt a strange dizziness and weakness come over him, not unlike that which is a prelude to the fever of the Australian lowlands. His appetite suddenly left

Rafe himself, as nearly as he knows, was half delirious when a little later Mayfu helped him into his saddle.

What followed was like the wild fantasies of a confused dream. Half supported on his horse by Mayfu's strong arm, Rafe was indistinctly conscious of hours—it might have been days—of continuous ongoing, through great hills and wooded plains, over grass clad hills and in primeval forests. Then the way led upward, among immense elevations of volcanic origin. Lava and pumice were crushed by the horse's feet.

Up and still up among the eternal snows, yet strange as it may seem, Rafe seemed neither conscious of cold, hunger, loss of sleep, or fatigue. From time to time Mayfu gave him to drink from a hollow gourd of the infusion he had prepared.

When the light of reason dawned again in Rafe's mind, he was lying on a couch of fragrant grass. Above his head was a bark roof; the sides of the smoke stained interior were of rough slabs driven deep in the earth. Through the open doorway and between the trunks of great fern trees he caught a glimpse of moun-

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE.

BY LORD BYRON.

Between two worlds life hovers like a star.
'Tis night and morn, upon the horizon's verge.
A little do we know that which we are!
How less what we may be!

THE
Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEFENSE OF THE RANCH.

LOUISIANA, Doris's maid, and Carlotta, the stout quadoris cook, were apprised of the anticipated attack, and told that Pedro was already on his way to bring relief.

Louisiana promptly went into hysterics. Quite as promptly the cook went into the kitchen and started a fire under the biggest wash boiler full of water.

"Don't fret yer little self, Miss Doris," she said with solemn assurance, "dem robbers as de young gemman don't noot care for de coloneel gils here, I'll scald." And when Louisiana had sufficiently composed herself, the four proceeded to barricade the lower half of the narrow windows with mattresses as a protection against possible bullets. Then a bounteous supper was brought in, to which the maid and the cook were invited. Doris and Chip did ample justice despite his anxiety.

Nothing more could be done but await results. Rob and Doris seated themselves on the veranda in the pale moonlight in such a position as to face the wooded slope through which the wagon road across the divide had been cut by Colonel Lamonte's workmen.

It was by this road that the coming of friends or foes might be looked for. If Mrs. Roth and her boys or Bunyap and Chip made their appearance, all would be well. With their aid, Rob knew that he could successfully repel twice the anticipated number of outlaws.

Of this the two at first talked. Then insensibly Rob was led to speak more freely than he had ever done, even to Chip.

And thus Doris learned the true history of Rob's "mining interests," of which Chip had spoken so grandly. But her surprise at the revelation was as nothing compared with her breathless interest, as her companion modestly narrated his experience since leaving New Orleans.

"Why, it is more exciting than any story I ever read," she said more than once, to Rob's secret gratification.

And so the hours wore on. The moon climbed higher and higher till hill-side, forest, and low lying valley were flooded with radiance. But though the two intently watched the even surface of the river bottom which lay between the end of the sloping wagon track and the ranch itself, there were no signs of coming friend or foe.

Midnight was now the hour. If all had gone well with Pedro, it was a satisfactory thought that Colonel Lamonte and a small regiment of mounted cowboys were spurring forward by the river trail in the direction of the ranch.

The clock struck the small hours with monotonous regularity. The cook snored by the kitchen fire. Louisiana indulged in naps broken by nervous starts on a hide bottomed lounge in the hall. Doris on the veranda had subsided into silence. Leaning back in a wicker chair with closed eyes, her fine face thrown into strong relief by the clear moonlight, she made a very charming picture.

At least so thought Rob, whose heart was beating rather faster than his wont, as he remembered that he was the young girl's sole protection.

But what if after all there should be some mistake, or the plans of Rafe and Jack Vance be changed? Or—

A slight pressure on his arm interrupted Rob's meditations, and he turned quickly. Doris, who had softly risen from her chair, pointed silently toward the sloping hillside. The moon was just beginning to dip behind the bare crest of the divide. Outlined sharply against its whiteness was a mounted horseman, who, moving slowly across the broad disc, was succeeded by another

and another, till seven had thus successively come into sight.

Rob drew a long breath, seized his rifle, which had been resting against the side of the house, and motioned Doris to enter.

The door of thick oak plank was closed, and two stout bars dropped in place. Lowering one of the two front windows at the top, Rob took his position behind the mattress barricade with his rifle held in readiness.

Of course it was not expected that he alone and unaided could hold the ranch against seven well armed outlaws. But by being found prepared instead of being caught napping it was hoped that the outlaws might be held in check for a time at least, and meanwhile help might arrive from Colonel Lamonte and his men.

As Rob stood at his post, he caught himself more than once half wishing that Doris had a little of Mrs. Roth's readiness for the fray. With her double gun at the other window, she would help to carry out the idea that the ranch was better prepared to resist an attack than the enemy had been led to believe.

But Mrs. Roth and Doris were two very different individuals, both by natural temperament and surroundings. Only a more dire emergency than anything anticipated by the young girl would suggest such a course of action on her part.

Twenty minutes passed in silent suspense. Then, through the obscurity, Rob made out the forms of some half dozen men

can blunderbuss," he heard Rafe growl, "an' insid there's some one a pumpin' ketridges into a Winchester fast's he kin work the lever."

Nate's reply was inaudible. Then Brayton's voice rose clear and distinct:

"If Miss Lamonte will hand over the money received by her father for the cattle he sold last week, which we know to be in the house, I pledge my honor that we will make her no further trouble."

Rob was about to reply, when Doris, pale but calm, sprang to his side.

"And if I refuse?" she called, in a slightly tremulous voice.

"Then," shouted Rafe, before Brayton could reply, "we'll bust in the door an' hunt fer the cash our own selves. Ef we don't find it we'll do the nex' best thing—burn the shanty down."

"We'll give you five minutes to decide in," added Brayton, "so look sharp!"

As Doris knew, the threat was not an idle one. In this wild region bands of desperadoes had

positive on the point, that the number of the assailants was diminished. Possibly his last two shots had after all been effective.

It never occurred to Rob that the villainous gang might be planning a strategic attack upon another part of the ranch.

"Never mind, Miss Doris," he responded, cheerfully. "I think we shall save your father's money and the ranch beside. If we can only hold them in check a little longer—"

A shrill scream—in fact, a brace of them—from the rear of the building brought Rob's speech to an abrupt termination.

"Fo' de Lawd—dem fellers is choppin' frew de back shutters!"

Thus exclaimed Louisiana, in high falsetto, as she rushed into the room, quite frantic with terror.

At the back of the house the two sashless windows were protected by stout wooden shutters, always closed at night and fastened on the inside. While the beleaguered party were supposed to be considering Brayton's proposition, two or three of the outlaws had stolen round to the rear with axes taken from one of the out buildings.

Doris was first to recover from the shock of the threatened danger. "Watch the door!" she exclaimed, every trace of her previous hesitation seeming to be banished by this new emergency.

Snatching her double gun from the wall, she hurried from the room, followed by the colored girl, whose voice was upraised in wild lamentation.

Never had Rob dreamed of being placed in such a terrible emergency. From the rear came the sound of axes plied with fierce fury. In front were four desperate men rushing forward, and firing as they ran.

Two reports from the back room followed closely upon those of his own Winchester. He saw one man stagger and fall back as a result of his own fire.

"Rob—this way, quick!"

It was Doris's voice upraised in wild entreaty.

"Stan' out de way, young feller!" cried Carlotta. And Rob, who had turned from the front at Doris's appealing cry, was pushed rather rudely aside by the colored cook, who held a bucket of boiling water ready for use.

But before he could be brought to bear upon the invaders, the windows were smashed in, and a mattress hurled against the colored woman, which spilled the hot water and threw her to the floor.

Rob did not see this, however. He had rushed into the room at the rear, at one end of which Doris was standing with a leveled gun, which two of the desperadoes were trying to snatch from her grasp.

Rob struck furiously at the nearest with the heavy barrel of his Winchester.

But the man dodged the blow, and before Rob could draw back the trigger for a second attempt, the butt of a rifle in the hands of some one behind him felled him senseless at the feet of the young girl in whose defense he was battling.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLD ACQUAINTANCES MEET.

IT was very early in the morning that followed the raid on Bonanza ranch described in the last chapter.

Not far from the foot of the slope where only the day before Rob Dare had lost his mustang, two friends of ours were packing a long cased burro, preparatory to beginning the day's journey.

That these two were Bunyap and Chip, the reader will doubtless guess. After Rob's sudden disappearance on the night of the blizzard, Bunyap and his companion had gone back a long distance on their tracks in pursuit of their lost companion. Finding no sign of him, they were now pressing forward to Bonanza ranch, where, if Rob had not arrived, the former purpose organizing a search party.

"Do you s'pose, if Rob isn't lost for good, he could find his way to the ranch?" asked Chip, for at least the tenth time, as the pack saddle



YOUNG HETHERING SWUNG HIS HAT IN THE AIR AND SHOUTED TO THE ADVANCING COWBOYS.

stealing up from the wagon trail toward the house.

"Stop!" Rob hardly recognized his own voice, which, hoarse with repressed excitement, broke the stillness of the night.

"Come a step nearer and we fire!" he again called, as a sudden halt showed that the outlaws had taken the hint.

"It's only one of them cattle punchers," said one of the number. "Come on, make a rush!"

But the sharp report of Rob's rifle rang out from one window, while to his surprise the report of another came from the window on the opposite side of the hall. For Carlotta, the cook, waxing bold, had laid hold on a revolver that hung in the colonel's room, and, shutting both eyes, discharged it at random in the direction of the voice which had last spoken.

A smothered exclamation from some one of the assailants showed that one of the two bullets had found its billet.

"Nate's hit—let 'em have it, boys!" A harmless fusillade from the outlaws' weapons was followed by another attempt to rush forward under cover of smoke and darkness combined. Rob fired twice in quick succession, but without visible effect, excepting to cause a brief retreat.

"Hang it, Nate, you said there wasn't no guns left on the premises 'cepting an old Mexi-

committed more atrocious deeds than this. And it seemed as though her courage suddenly began to fail.

"What shall we do?" she exclaimed, standing irresolutely in the middle of the floor. And as he spoke, Doris drew from a pocket among the folds of her skirt a bulky wallet, which Rob knew must contain her father's money.

"Do," repeated Rob, with simulated cheerfulness. "Why, nothing at all, except wait. It is growing lighter in the east, and if we can hold them in check a little longer, your father will certainly be here."

At the same time he realized the uncertainties of his attempted encouragement. If anything had happened to Pedro—

On the other hand, the proposed compromise gave him a little hope.

"They must think we are a stronger party than they reckoned on meeting, or they would not parley with us," he said, encouragingly. But Rob was not up to all the wiles of Messrs. Rafe and Brayton.

"I almost wish I had taken your advice," again remarked Doris, drawing a little nearer her protector.

Rob's eyes were fixed on the group of ruffians before the house. They were dimly visible in the uncertain light of coming dawn; and it seemed to him, though he could not be quite

was secured, and the two were preparing to mount.

"He's got common sense, and he's got a compass, hasn't he?" grumbled Bunyap, who secretly shared in the apprehensions of his young companion. "More'n that, didn't I pint out the range where there's a wagon track blazed straight up one side and down 't'other, with the buildin's all in plain sight from the top of the divide? Of course he could find it: Rob Dare ain't such a tenderfoot as he looks. Besides—"

"Great Scott!" excitedly interrupted Chip, "look there, will you? Blamed if there ain't two Injuns dressed up like white folks, with a mule wagon and a live woman they're took prisoner!"

With the hasty exclamation, Chip unslung his rifle, evidently with offensive intentions, as from out of the timber line came the little party which had caused his alarm.

"Put up yer gun, Chip," said Bunyap, in an undertone. "An' don't be always lookin' for Injuns an' captives an' sech trash—them's fren's of mine."

And to Chip's chagrin, Bunyap waved his hand to the approaching party, who seeing him quickened their pace, and were soon shaking hands.

"Kind of expected we might run across you, old man," said Mrs. Roth, at the same time nodding in a friendly manner to abashed and astonished Chip. "Looking for Rob, I suppose."

"I should say we was," exclaimed Chip, excitedly, before the prospector could reply. "But how did you know anything about him?"

"We look for him little too," returned Stefano.

Mrs. Roth lost no time in telling Bunyap and his companion of Rob's adventures since being blown away from camp by the blizzard, and his subsequent disappearance.

"Depend on it, he's struck out for the ranch after getting astray from us, Bunyap," she said, and the prospector, after weighing the chances, thought the same.

"Likely enough," he briefly responded. "What I'm most thinkin' of now is concernin' that double faced Brayton's gettin' on our track after all—"

"Well, he's off your trail now," interrupted Mrs. Roth, "so I wouldn't worry. And now," she went on, abruptly, "seeing we've met you and eased your mind about Rob, we folks will switch off 't'ard the reserve instead of crossing the divide as we'd minded to. When you find Rob say good-by for us three—he's a smart young chap, and I like him. By by, old man—you too, young 'un. Start the team, boys."

In another moment the little cavalcade had passed out of sight round a hillside spur.

"Well," exclaimed Chip, drawing a long breath, as they began their ascent of the slope, "that beats anything I've seen yet. A white woman with two Injuns—"

"Stepsons, youngster."

"Well, stepsons then. And she ridin' her hossback with a gun and revolvers slung to her like a man. Mebbe, though, that's one of the customs of the country Rob's folks live in."

But Bunyap, who seemed greatly preoccupied, made no reply. All that Mrs. Roth had been telling him concerning Brayton was in his mind.

It was possible that the loss of two of his gang, together with the stores which Mrs. Roth and her stepsons had taken in triumph, might have a disheartening effect upon the outlaw.

Yet, aware of his recklessness and tenacity of purpose, Bunyap knew that with such an end in view as the El Dorado placer, Brayton would not be easily discouraged. And if once again he stumbled on the trail of the three adventurers it would be literally war to the knife.

"But let me just look over the sights at the critter once more," muttered the prospector, grimly, "an' if I miss the third time, he's welkum to my scalp if he wants it."

Absorbed with these and similar meditations, Bunyap sat muley in his saddle, with eyes fixed on the rough, upslanting mountain track, while Chip, seeing him indisposed to talk, preserved a like silence, sorely against his will.

Suddenly the former uttered a slight exclamation, and slipping from his mustang stooped downward.

"Rob's track—that ain't another sech small ridin' boot over in this section of the kentry," he said half aloud, as he pointed to the clear imprint of a boot sole in a patch of loamy soil.

"But Rob's hossback," responded Chip.

"He was'n't when he clumb the slope here no longer ago than yesterday," was Bunyap's slow reply.

"Some one else that come along later was hossback though," continued the prospector; "an' jedgin' by the hoof marks scattered along, there was half a dozen of 'em at the least calculation. If it is them—"

Bunyap stopped short and compressed his thin lips. Then he remounted and pressed forward as rapidly as possible till the top of the divide was reached, while Chip, full of anxious forebodings, followed closely at the heels of Bunyap's mustang.

The landscape lay before them bathed in the beams of the early morning sun, which was gilding the ranch and outbuildings beneath them with fine effect.

But why were there no signs of life about the premises? Why was no smoke curling from the chimney of the sod kitchen at the rear? Even if Colonel Lamonte was away at the round up, some ranch hands would have been

left behind. For if nothing else, there were "wimmin' folks"—so Bunyap remembered vaguely to have heard—in the ranch. And one could never tell when a reservation raid might occur, even in piping times of peace and Indian treaties.

If Rob had not carried away the field glass with him, Bunyap would have quickly detected something amiss. But at the distance all looked peaceful—rather too much so to Bunyap.

But without communicating his suspicions to his companion, he hurried his pony down the steep descent as fast as possible.

Far away along the even land of the river bottom in the opposite direction some twenty mounted horsemen were urging as many panting steeds to their utmost speed.

Colonel Lamonte rode at the head on a black stallion, whose heaving sides were flecked with patches of white foam. Following him were cowboys and ranch hands mounted on the tough ranch stock, upon whose speed and powers of endurance the colonel prided himself.

"On, boys—on, and pray God we're not too late!"

The words escaped through Colonel Lamonte's clinched teeth as they came in view of the ranch, with its air of seeming desolation.

How bitterly he regretted his folly in having left his daughter and his dwelling alike unprotected for the forty eight hours he had expected to be absent! It had happened that the season had found them unusually short handed, and Bill Davis, the colonel's foreman, had insisted upon taking every helper on the place excepting Pepper.

All at once from the front door of the distant building a man was seen to emerge—and then another. A cry of agony escaped the colonel's lips.

"Ride, boys—ride—"

The yell that rose from those about him drowned the other words. But they needed no incentive to speed.

A rifle shot away, they saw the two who had appeared on the veranda, evidently communicating the news of the horsemen's approach to others in the building.

Then the two ran round to the rear. The back window, for three minutes later they had mounted, and were away like the wind.

They were off, with the exception of one man. He was in the act of springing into his saddle, when from the base of the slope at the right there came a puff of smoke and the reverberating crack of a rifle. The outlaw's hand relaxed its grasp on the pommel of his saddle—he swayed and fell forward on his face—dead!

All this the approaching horsemen had seen, yet were powerless themselves to act. Their jaded horses, urged to their utmost since an hour before midnight, began to refuse to answer to quirt or spur—excepting the black stallion and the mare Chiquita.

With his cocked revolver held in his right hand, the colonel, half mad with terrible apprehensions of what had taken place inside the ranch, spurred forward at a speed eclipsing that of Sheridan on his memorable ride.

Close behind the stallion galloped the mare Chiquita, who, despite having doubled the distance covered by the rest, was fleeing along like a bird.

Pedro was not in the saddle. He was mounted on one of the lagging horses in the rear. Chiquita's rider was a broad shouldered young fellow, with unmistakably English features burned a reddish brown. This was the Honorable Guy Hethering, whom we have seen before.

"Thank God—oh, thank God!"

I fear so heartfelt a prayer had not been uttered by the colonel since in boyhood he knelt by his mother's knee.

For as the two reined their steaming horses up in front of the veranda steps, Doris sprang from the door with a joyful cry.

"Oh, papa, I knew you would come," she cried, a little hysterically. And then, as the colonel sprang from his saddle and clasped his daughter in his arms, she added, breathlessly:

"The money is safe, papa. I've got it here in my pocket; I'm safe, and we're all safe, though poor Rob got knocked down with a rifle butt—"

Before Doris could conclude, or the bewildered colonel ask as to the identity of "Rob," young Hethering swung his broad brimmed hat in the air.

"Yell, you fellers," he shouted to the advancing group—"Miss Doris is all right!"

And yell they did till the welkin rang, while Pedro the Mexican boy grinned ecstatically as he thought of the promised share of the gold.

There was now no thought of pursuing the outlaws, even had the condition of their jaded steeds permitted. Miss Doris was safe—so was the money and the ranch. That the two colored females were in like condition was apparent when the colonel, with Doris clinging to his arm, and Hethering at his heels, entered the house.

For the former was laughing and crying by turns, while Carliotta was washing the blood from an ugly cut on the side of Rob Dare's head.

"Young man," said the colonel, clearing his throat and advancing with outstretched hand—"words are—words are—"

"Why, Lord bless me!" excitedly interrupted Hethering, with a face suggestive of the wildest amazement—"it's young Dare, colonel—young Dare, that tackled the gambling fellow aboard the Mississippi steamer."

Well, for a little time the babble of voices was something bewildering, until Rob had made

such explanation as he thought advisable, and the notes of admiration or surprise from the others were exhausted. Then there was opportunity to look about a little and see what damage had been done.

Things had been turned upside down quite generally in the search for the missing money, but nothing had been wantonly destroyed. This, perhaps, was due to the softening influence of a cask of the colonel's wine that had been broached after Rob was knocked down and secured, and a guard placed over Doris, who otherwise was treated with perfect respect.

"They never dreamed that I had the money," said Doris, who had quite recovered her usual flow of spirits, "and I think they meant to have been as good as their word about carrying me away for a ransom, only your coming prevented it."

Colonel Lamonte turned to Rob, whose hand he had nearly wrung off in the exuberance of his gratitude.

"But where is the—er—bright young fellow who was your companion? Chip, I think, you called him."

"Chip's right on hand," said a familiar and somewhat tremulous voice in the doorway.

Rob sprang to his feet with a delighted exclamation, and in another moment the two were shaking hands as though they would never stop. After which general greeting and congratulations followed.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VILLAIN'S TRAGIC END.

AND NOW, where is Bunyap, Chip?" was Rob's first question when he could collect himself for connected thought.

"Oh, he's outside 'tendin' to—things," was the rather vague reply. And before Rob could question him further Chip turned to the colonel, who was regarding the youngster in considerable wonder.

For Chip had developed from the hatchet faced boy they had seen on board the steamer into a sturdy, brown faced young fellow, who appeared perfectly at ease in his picturesque border attire.

"Well, sir," said Chip, drawing a packet of papers from the inside of his shirt, "you remember that little business transaction you 'n' I had in New Orleans?"

Suppressing a smile, the colonel replied that he believed he did remember some little occurrence of the kind. And Rob colored a little as he recalled the colonel's loan.

"May be you rec'ct I said something about some securities that I'd like to have let you have only for something happenin' to 'em?"

The colonel nodded, Hethering looked mystified, Rob embarrassed, and Doris amused.

"Well, sir, I've got hold of 'em lately, kind of by accident, as you call it," said Chip, gravely; "and now you just hang on to 'em as collateral till Rob and me gets back from the El Dorado. Then we'll be in a position to make everything O. K."

"But—er—Chip," responded the colonel, looking furtively at Rob's astonished face, "I don't want any collateral, as you call it. You ought to know better than to think—"

And then, remembering that Rob might not wish the subject of the loan mentioned before Hethering, Colonel Lamonte stopped short and began glancing carelessly over the papers in question.

Rob was about to ask a question, but Chip, unnoticed by the others, shook his head for him to be silent.

"While the colonel is looking over the papers," said Chip gravely, "let you an' I, Rob, go out and see Bunyap. He's somewheres out by the stables with the rest of us," said Chip, gravely; "I'll introduce you to our partner."

Leaving Doris and her father together, the two followed Chip to the rear of the building.

Extended on a rude hurdle used for carrying stacks of wheat straw to the different out buildings was a lifeless form covered with a blanket, about which stood a group of ranchmen listening in respectful silence to Bunyap, who nodded to Rob as coolly as though they had only been separated an hour.

"Glad to see you, boy," he said quietly.

Rob was about to respond with considerable effusion when Bunyap without speaking drew away from the group of blankets.

"Brayton!" exclaimed Rob, in horrified accents, as his eyes rested on the still white face, to which death had given a sort of dignity.

"Brayton or Jack Vance, just as you like," said Bunyap; "but what his real name was he kept pretty well to himself. Member I told you I wouldn't miss him the third time?"

Rob nodded.

"It was three hundred an' seventeen yards good. Chip an' I paced it off," responded Bunyap. "So but I took a rest across my saddle, so it ain't so much to brag of after all."

"It's a big thing to brag of layin' out the biggest 'sill in, for all he was a gentlem'n born, that ever run unhung for nigh thirteen years," remarked Bill Davis, the foreman.

Bunyap himself was silent for a moment.

"There's plenty makes light of takin' a human life," he said slowly, "but I ain't no of the kind. I wish Vance to brag of layin' out an I biggest 'sill in was convicted. But for all that, I just somebody else had dropped him. The Lord hev mercy on his sinful soul!"

Such was the funeral oration over the outlaw, who perhaps began life, my dear reader, under quite as favorable auspices as yourself. Some time or other he took the first false step, and

being too proud or willful to retrace it, kept steadily on the downward track. There is a moral that each may draw for himself.

He was buried a little later under the cottonwoods on the banks of the river, and not till long afterward did Doris know of his tragical fate.

When Rob had explained to Bunyap how he learned of the projected attack on the ranch, the two reunited companions walked slowly back to the house, leaving behind the Honorable Guy Hethering. The latter was greatly interested in the old prospector, some of whose exploits he had heard from Colonel Lamonte.

"Now what does this 'collateral' business mean, Chip?" was Rob's first eager question.

"Why, it's just here," said Chip, gravely. "You know the money Colonel Lamonte lent us in New Orleans?"

"Lent you, you mean," returned Rob, laughing.

"I told the colonel," pursued Chip, ignoring the interruption, "how we had some shares of mine's stock that I'd like to have give him for security, only they was stole. See?"

Rob saw.

"Them papers I handed the colonel was that very identical mine's stock shares," exclaimed Chip, trying vainly to repress his exultation.

"They was in one of Brayton's pockets along of your watch and some of your money."

The latter part of Chip's information seemed to Rob of by far the most importance, for the loss of his watch and money had troubled him not a little. As to the shares of mining stock, he gave them no particular thought. They were not his, in the first place, and the next they were likely to be valueless, or nearly so.

"I suppose there was nothing else of consequence found on Brayton," Rob remarked, incidentally, as, after some further conversation, the two slowly retraced their steps in the direction of the ranch.

"Eh?" exclaimed Chip, with a rather startled look.

"Anything by which his real name or private history could be known, I mean?" responded Rob.

Chip breathed a half sigh of relief.

"No—there was nothing I know of—about him," he answered hesitatingly.

If Rob had not been so preoccupied, he might have noticed that his companion seemed to be keeping something back. As it was he asked no further questions.

To Chip's gratification, Colonel Lamonte informed him that with Rob's permission he would hold the mining shares as collateral—be redeemed whenever they saw fit—to which Rob gave ready assent. In his own mind he felt assured that the kind hearted colonel was doing this to relieve them from any possible feeling of obligation resulting from the loan.

And thus the matter was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Brayton's tragic fate had virtually removed one natural cause of anxiety as to the future movements of the gold seekers.

Without their leader and their stores, the remaining outlaws would hardly dream of again attempting to follow the trail of the trio in the direction of the El Dorado. There was a possibility of meeting some straggling band of reservation Utes or Apaches on one of their frequent forays; but this was comparatively remote.

So two or three days went by, occupied in part in resting, and partly in renewed preparation for the remaining and more difficult journey before them.

Colonel Lamonte's gratitude toward Rob theoretically knew no bounds.

Yet practically it could not take such shape as he would have preferred, and the colonel, having had a little experience of the young fellow's natural feeling of independence, was forced to confine himself to what he called the most trifling recognition of Rob's valuable services.

He forced him to accept the mare Chiquita to replace Pepper, the lost mustang, together with a complete outfit, rifle and pistols excepted. In vain Rob protested against what he considered such lavish generosity; the colonel was deaf alike to entreaty and arguments.

Moreover Doris herself became somewhat imperative on the subject. And then Rob yielded as gracefully as possible.

The only person in or about the ranch who did not regard Rob with evident favor was the Honorable Guy Hethering.

He was far too much of a true young English gentleman to treat Rob with anything but courtesy, but the latter was greatly puzzled to account for a certain indefinable coolness and reserve in his manner as the time for departure drew near.

Yet not until the evening before leaving the ranch did Rob learn the true reason for it all.

He was returning with Doris from a horseback ride along the river bank, just as twilight began to fall. The track was narrow, and the two horses plodded soberly along, side by side.

They had been talking confidentially of the actual past and possible future of both young lives. The heart of each had been opened freely to the other.

It was a little unfortunate that the Honorable Guy should have ridden upon them so unexpectedly—1700 feet along, side by side, deadened by the turf, even though both were unconscious of harm.

"I've been huntin' for you everywhere, Miss Lamonte," said Hethering sharply, as the two drew hastily away from each other. "You oughtn't to be riding round late like this, don't you know?"



ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

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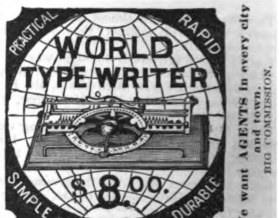
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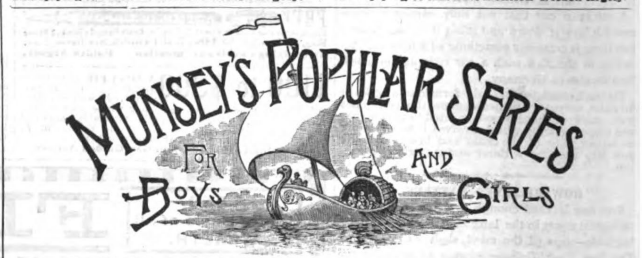
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