

Holdings

GOLDEN ARGOSSY

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Vol. VI. No. 14.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 274.



THE THREE BOYS OPENED FIRE ON THE GREAT HERD OF MUSK OXEN, WHICH STOOD FACING OUTWARD IN A CIRCLE, SNORTING AND PAWING FEROCIOUSLY AT THE BARKING DOGS.

Three Eskimo Boys, AND HOW THEY KILLED THE MUSK OXEN.

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

TO those of my young readers who have seen a full grown live buffalo (as we generally call the bison) in a menagerie, or a "stuffed" one in a museum, or even have good ideas of the animal from the many pictures seen of them, it will be easy for me to give a brief and pretty effective description of

the Arctic musk ox, for the two look much alike. The musk ox is about two thirds the size of the buffalo, but as he has hair two or three times as long, reaching almost down to his feet, in fact, he looks nearly as big. The horns of the musk ox, instead of sticking out like those of a

cow or a buffalo, are plastered so tight to the side of its head that it looks as if somebody had stuck them there, as you would postage stamps in an album. They run almost down the sides of its jaw, and then turn up like a fish hook, which makes them look very ferocious when they face you.

The Eskimo nearly always live along the sea coast, where they can kill seal and walrus, and as the musk oxen live back in the hilly country—unless the mountains extend to the coast—the natives always have to make special trips inland to see and chase these Arctic buffaloes. In the polar midwinter these chases after musk oxen are not uncommon, a love for the sport seeming to actuate the hunters more than the mere desire for the meat or robes which they get, and for which they care but little. Just as you will probably imagine, none of them look forward to the exciting sport with more joyous longings than the few boys who have been promised that they should go on the trip. Of course the men do not take the boys along solely that they shall be amused, and nothing is more aggravating to an Eskimo boy—just as it would be to a white one—than when he has cheerfully done all the work on a trip, to find out that when the musk ox chase is the most exciting, some work has been assigned to him that forbids his seeing the rest of the hunt. My story tells about three little Igloolik Eskimo boys who were thus chagrined and mortified, and how their disappointment was turned into the most exciting success for them, by a singular action of the musk cattle themselves.

There were seven Eskimo men, two women, and three boys, Ah-glook-took, Too-woo-ak and Too-loo-ah by name, in the party that left the eastern shore of Melville Peninsula to hunt musk oxen in the interior of the country, in the depth of an Arctic winter some seven or eight years ago. The two latter boys were about fourteen or fifteen years old, the first named one probably ten or eleven. The party had three sledges with them, and about thirty very good Eskimo dogs. The morning of the third day's journey a few straggling tracks of the animals were seen in the snow, which the hunters could tell were a number of days old, so they passed on. During the day other trails were struck, but none exactly suited them, until, just about the time they were thinking of making a camp, a large trail was discovered which seemed to have been made that morning. They camped at the first lake they came to, and determined to give chase to the musk oxen next morning.

Very early next day the hunters started, the sledges being empty, and having all the dogs with them, to chase the animals and bring them to bay. This done, the men and boys would run up to the herd and kill them one by one as they stood in a circle of defense, their horns outwards, pawing and plunging at the furious dogs that encircle them. The day was quite foggy, and at times they had hard work following the trail, so often had the musk oxen stopped to graze and wander over a wide area, keeping on the tops of the ridges where the winds had blown the snow off and exposed the moss on which these animals and the reindeer of the Arctic manage to live.

The trail led them over some pretty rough country, but this was only what they expected in the musk ox districts. One of the sledges, in going down a very steep hill where it had to twist considerably to avoid the jutting stones, got upset and threw one of the two women against a stone, cutting the side of her head badly. The Eskimo women had come along to stay with the sledges and a few of the dogs when the trail got very fresh, or the musk oxen were seen, and the men took the other dogs out of the sledge to run down the animals. The injury did not amount to a great deal, but the woman was allowed to go back to the snow houses, accompanied by her companion, to get something to dress her slight wound. This threw the burden of staying with the sledges on the three boys, who were, as you can readily imagine, grievously disappointed at not being able to join the wild, harum scarum run after the musk oxen. Each one had promised to himself over and over again

the capture of at least one musk ox, and here were all their hopes dashed to the ground at one fell blow.

But there was no we mourning, and pretty soon the trail got so fresh in the snow and so tumbled that it was evident to the old experienced hunters that the animals could not be over a few minutes ahead of them, and they therefore halted the sledges, unhooked about half the best dogs, and taking the ends of the long harness traces in their hands or tying them around their waists, guns in hand, they started forward on the trail again, telling the three mournful urchins to follow them with the light sledges when they heard firing; for the object of the sledges was to take back the robes and meat.

Each one of the boys had about five dogs with his sledge, fully enough to run away with it, and to prevent such a contingency should firing or anything excite them, the sledges were turned over, slats downward, and the boys sat down on them and commenced pouring out their woes to each other about the unfortunate accident.

The men on starting were facing the wind loaded with fog, and therefore there was no danger of the animals scenting them, so if they only kept quiet the chances were that they would get close to these northern buffaloes before being observed, and the dogs could at once bring them to bay.

Now let us take a look at the musk ox herd, numbering nearly a dozen animals. They were grazing along with the wind in their faces, which is the safeguard they observe to avoid running into danger, when they came to a huge curved rim of a basin of land with a lake at the bottom of it, and as this rim, with the snow blown off, gave them excellent grazing on the exposed moss, they naturally followed its curve, which brought them almost around their old trail again. It was while they were on the last half of the circle that they scented the Eskimo men and dogs following their trail on the first half, and they were not over a second in making up their minds to run away from the place.

Whenever game is frightened by anything, musk oxen included, it always wants to escape against the wind, so as to be sure there is no danger ahead, but if this danger comes from ahead, as in this case, they make a wide detour to avoid it, and then run against the wind. The musk oxen naturally fled around by their old trail, where they knew it had been safe for them to venture but a short time before, and this brought them near where the boys were keeping the sledges until they should hear the signal shots for them to come on.

In an instant the dogs that were with the boys had smelled the musk oxen and were on their feet with ears pricked forward, sniffing the wind. The boys were put on their guard by their alarmed actions. They had their guns—old muskets—with them, for they had expected the women to take care of the sledges when starting. In another moment one of the huge shaggy creatures showed his form indistinctly through the thin fog, probably thirty or forty yards away, and the excited dogs, seeing it, became perfectly frantic to give chase.

Little Ah-glook-took's dogs ran away with the sledge despite the fact that it was upside down, but he stuck to it manfully, and when the two biggest dogs had got loose by breaking their harness traces he managed to stop the other three, and then reached forward and liberated them at one pull of a strap. Too-loo-ah's dogs with their sledge ran away too, but the slats soon struck a rock and stopped, when he let loose his five dogs by pulling the hitching strap. Too-woo-ak, the largest and strongest of the three, and the boy who had seen the musk ox, had slipped his dogs at once by pulling the strap, when he knew the animals were near; and away went the fifteen dogs and brought the musk oxen to bay within a hundred yards of the sledges.

The boys were not many seconds in gathering up their muskets, putting on caps and getting after the animals, for such a good joke on their superiors seldom happened in the life of an Eskimo boy, and they were determined to improve it. The great herd of musk oxen, facing outwards in a circle, snorting and

pawing at the snapping, barking dogs, looked ferocious enough to have frightened the wits out of any other boys the size of our three heroes; but nothing daunted, they clambered up on a point of rock, not twenty yards from the two combating circles, and here prepared for the conflict. Bang! went one of the guns, followed by bang! bang! from the two others, and two musk oxen that faced the boys fell, and the others closed around to keep the circle of defense as perfect as they could.

The boys had now to load up, and poor little Ah-glook-took was so excited that when he got through pouring the powder into his gun he forgot to put the peg in the horn and laid it on the rock in such a way that it all ran out and down a steep snow bank, so he only had one more shot left, and had not yet killed one, his first shot being ineffective through excitement. Nerved by these circumstances he took good aim the second time, and was the proudest ten year old boy north of the equator when he saw the animal ram its nose into the snow and fall over on its side just after he had fired. In a few seconds the other dogs came bounding in on the trail, and when only four of the oxen were left, advanced hunters came running along and dispatched them, killing only these four out of the nine.

Of course the boys were just as happy and proud as they could be, and for months afterwards their doings were the wonder of the village.

[This story commenced in No. 267.]

Under Fire;

OR,

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY,

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

CHAPTER XXII.

A LETTER FROM NELLIE DUTTON.

THE next afternoon, as Fred was busy at his work, Carl came in from the post office, and whether he had come for the mail for several of the employees, and handed him two letters. On looking at them Fred was surprised to find both postmarked "Mapleton."

He tore one of them open nervously, hoping it might be the long looked for and much coveted answer to his own letter to Nellie Dutton. He looked at the signature—"Gracie Bernard."

"What can this mean?" The thought shot through his mind, and then he proceeded to find out in a very sensible way—by reading the letter.

It was simply a friendly letter, that showed a refreshing sympathy for his misfortunes, and expressed the hope that he would in time triumph over all opposition. The writer assured him of her belief in his innocence, and congratulated him upon his perfect vindication at the trial. She spoke of Nellie's sickness, and added that she thought it would not be long before he would be more highly appreciated by his friends than ever.

This brief letter touched Fred deeply and brought tears of joy to his eyes. He felt so happy that he hesitated before opening the other letter, fearing it might cast a cloud over the sunshine this little note had brought him.

"And Nellie has been sick," he said to himself, thoughtfully. "Perhaps this letter may be from her. I will open it and see."

It ran like this:

MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter, so unexpected, was a surprise to me, but I am very glad you sent it, otherwise we might not have understood each other as well as I now hope we may. It grieves me that you should feel so offended at my seeming lack of friendship. Perhaps the time may come when you will think differently. Had I received your letter two weeks ago, or had you then told me what you say you would have explained in confidence, you would probably have no cause now to complain of me.

Your letter, in some respects, is a puzzle to me. It has almost made me suspicious of a certain party, but I must wait and see what time will tell, then perhaps we shall find it agreeable to talk over this matter and be as friendly as ever. You may feel sure I was very glad of your success at the trial, and I hope, oh, so much, that you will triumph over all your misfortunes. I should have answered your letter more promptly but I have been, and still am, kept at home by a bad cold which I took the night of the fire. Had it not been for this you would have received a letter from me the next day after I got yours.

With best wishes, sincerely your friend,

NELLIE DUTTON.

Instead of throwing a shadow over our young friend's horizon, this letter swept away, for a time, the few remaining clouds, and made the sunshine so bright and cheering that he was happy indeed. He had been cast down so long by bitter misfortunes, that these expressions of friendship, and especially those of Miss Nellie, seemed to liberate his fettered spirits, and make them bound high with joy.

His work seemed nothing to him. The floggers lost their dusty, dingy appearance. The heavy rolls of cloth were out playthings in his hands. There was no friction, no irritation. Everything moved with the grace and charm of a well modeled yacht with swelling sails upon a rippling sea.

"She wishes so much that I may triumph over all my misfortunes," he said to himself, "and she almost suspects De Vaux, and she means him. I have been a fool to misjudge her so—and she is at home sick, poor girl!"

Here a sudden impulse seized him, and in a few moments he was at John Fielding's hot house and ordered a dollar's worth of choice cut flowers. He handed the florist the money and directed him to send them to Nellie Dutton with his card.

The old florist was startled—could hardly believe his own senses. Such an order from a boy was unprecedented—nothing of the kind had ever been known in the village, and that Fred Worthington, now a factory boy, should be the one to lead off in this very creditable fashion—a fashion that is only practiced in the larger towns—seemed too much to realize.

Fred saw this plainly in the queer little old man's face, and he blushed deeply as he thought what he had done.

Whether the florist hoped to encourage this sort of trade by liberal dealing cannot say, but that he sent some very choice flowers, and a large quantity for the money, is certain. It would be difficult to imagine a more surprised or delighted person than Nellie Dutton was when she opened the box and took from it the sweet smelling flowers, and a neatly written card bearing the name of her friend Fred.

If she was a little jealous of her friend Gracie on the previous day, she now had no occasion to feel so. Her letter had brought a response that she little expected—a response, however, that made her quite as happy as Fred found himself after reading her letter.

If she had up to that time held serious doubts as to his innocence, they were now dispelled. A little act will many times go far towards changing one's opinion, and there are few arguments more forcible with girls, and even ladies of mature age, than are choice flowers. This act of Fred, though seemingly absurd for a boy in his position, was a master stroke in his favor, for it not only won Nellie's friendship fully back, but it also created a very favorable impression upon her mother, who was scarcely less pleased with the flowers than Nellie herself.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WORK AND FUN IN THE MILL.

WHEN Fred had first entered the mill his attention was arrested by Jack Hickey—a witty, good natured Irishman. He was a quaint character, full of fun and humor. His employment was washing and scouring wood, and shoddy—not a very genteel labor, for it was wet and dirty work, as well as tiresome. However, Jack received for such service \$1.75 per day, and this made him happier than a \$10,000 salary makes many a bank president.

Hickey was called by the boys the "Jolly Scourer," not a bad appellation for him either. His tub and tins were near the floggers. Fred could see and hear him while at his own work, and this furnished our young friend much amusement; for whenever Jack had pitched the wool about in the strong suds and was waiting for the action of steam upon it, he usually filled in the time by singing bits of original rhyme and by dog dancing.

His rhymes were as queer as himself, while his dancing was equally peculiar. He had been persistent in the practice of the latter art, no doubt; in fact, there was decided evidence of this, for in spite of the clumsy cowhides that he wore, his right foot showed much careful training. It was fun to see him as he danced, and it could tap the floor with the ease and skill with which a practiced drummer beats the resonant diaphragm. Moreover it seemed to know all the fancy steps of a professional dancer, while his left foot was a thorough clod, so far as this art went.

It always seemed to go just contrary to the other, and gave the appearance of attempting something more difficult than it was capable of performing. Indeed, this was almost the inevitable result, as its accomplishments in this line were so exceedingly few; besides, it was always out of time, was clumsy and awkward, and was such a foot as is familiarly described among boys as "belonging to the church."

"It is very queer why there is such a difference in the action of that man's feet," remarked Fred to himself with a suppressed titter; "but I think after all the clumsy one is the most natural, and does just about as I should expect a foot to do when incased in such an amount of leather and belonging to such a man as Jack. What I don't understand is, how the other one ever became so gamy."

Fred wondered if Jack was doing all that practice simply for his own pleasure, or if he was trying to fit himself for an engagement with some minstrel troupe. If for the latter purpose, there was some object in it; but if simply for fun, Fred could not see where it came in when he considered the immense amount of effort it must have taken to wield with such dexterity those great boots, whose legs reached far above the dancer's knee, and the soles of which were nearly an inch in thickness, and contained a generous supply of iron slugs.

When Fred first witnessed Jack's comical per-

THE GUIDING STAR.

BY NORMAN MACLEOD.

COURAGE, brother! do not stumble. Though thy path be dark as night: There's a star to guide the humble: Trust in God, and do the right!

Ropes and Knots.

PART II.

BY LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON.

IF we wish to fasten two ropes together, and want not to make a knot, but to arrange so that when the ropes are fastened they shall appear like one rope, then we splice them.

Splicing consists in opening the strands of two ropes and placing them within one another and fastening them there. If we are in a great hurry, and do not have any great strain on the rope, we make a short splice, Fig. 1; but if the rope has to bear considerable weight or strain, or if we wish to make the spliced rope look well, then we make a long splice, Fig. 2.

To make a short splice we first carefully unlay the strands at one end of each of the two ropes for a short distance. Then, taking an end in each hand, we place one within the other, and hold one end and all the unlay strands of the rope opposite with the left hand. If the rope is a large one for one hand to hold all, then we fasten it down with a little rope yarn. Now with the right hand take the middle strand of the left hand rope, and pass it over the strand of the right hand rope, which is next to it, then through and under the next or second strand, and then out and between the second and third from it.

With each of the other two strands go through the same operation, and then, turning the rope over, pass the three unlay strands of the right (now become the left) hand rope, through those of the other rope in the same manner.

If there be time, then pass each strand over the third strand from it, under the fourth and then through. Now all this will make the rope bulky, though it is not as bad as a knot. So, if we wish to taper the rope, after the strands have once been caught together, then we untwist each strand and cut off half the yarn, and pass the remaining half through as just described.

To make the long splice, we unlay the strands about four times as much as we did on the short splice, and then put the ends in against one another as before. Then take one of the strands of the left hand rope and unlay it for some distance, and

Then with the opposite strands of two halves only, take a simple or overhand knot, and lead the ends over the next strand, through and under the second, and so on, as was done in the short splice. Cut off the other two halves, but before cutting stretch the rope well. Then go through the same process with the other strands. If it be hard to open the strands use a marline spike, or a pointed smooth wooden peg. The long splice does not increase the diameter of the rope if well made, but it weakens it nearly one third at the splicing point.

Spun yarn is made by first running the threads of yarn through tar, and then twisting two or more threads together, very loosely. If we twist them together very tightly, it is called marline. A marline spike is a common iron spike or pin, used for twisting tarred yarns tightly.

Whenever you have gone aboard steamers or ships, you perhaps have noticed that along the gangways there were ropes stretched which were smooth outside. They were made so by parceling or serving the rope, as follows: First a lot of spun yarn was put in the crevices or divisions between the strands of the rope to fill them up. This is called worming. Over the rope then are put a lot of narrow strips of tarred canvas. This canvas is put on with the lay of the rope, and is held on by securing it at the ends by marline. This is parceling, Fig. 3-A.

If instead of canvas we use spun yarn and lay it around the rope in turns and against the lay of the strands, it is called serving, Fig. 3-B. Parceling and serving both are used to prevent the rope from chafing or wearing out where it is likely to rub constantly against anything.

To prevent the end of a rope from fraying or opening out, take some strong twine and wrap around the end tightly, tying it, and then securing the ends of the twine by passing them under one or two turns of it. This is called whipping, Fig. 3-C.

To make a strap we take a rope and splice the two ends together, so as to make an endless rope, Fig. 4.

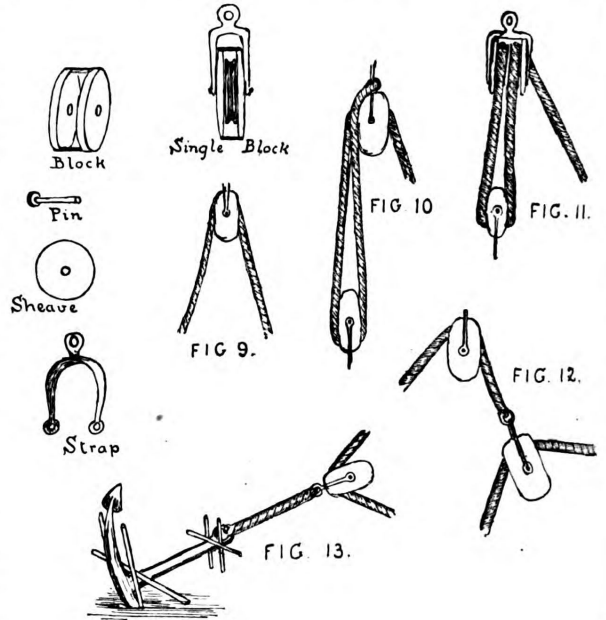
Now if we have heavy weights to raise, the way to use the rope will depend much upon the shape and size of the weight. For instance, if we want to raise a heavy beam, we pass the rope around the beam and make a fisherman's bend; but if the beam is not heavy, or if we wish to draw it through water, then the ordinary timber hitch will do. To moor a boat to a stake we make a round turn around the stake, and then two or three half hitches, Fig. 7. The figures show how all is done.

attach the hook to that. It may be mentioned here that the hoops of a barrel which are close to the ends are called "chime" hoops, those near the center of the barrel the "bilge" hoops.

If one end of the barrel is out, then we place the barrel with the open end up, and put one part of the strap under the barrel, then just over the upper bilge

make it hold the weight desired. It is used for hoisting.

Where a tackle is formed by running a rope through a single block it is called a whip, Fig. 9. If to the end or fall of the rope running through the block, another single block is fastened, it is called whip upon whip, Fig. 12. If a rope is run through two single blocks



BLOCKS, AND HOW TO USE THEM.

hoops make a half hitch with each part, and use the bight as before. Fig. 6 shows this method.

If we have two or more beams to tow or raise, we make a shear lashing, Fig. 8. We take the rope and pass it around the beam several times. Then the two ends are frapped or seized. This is done by taking strong twine or yarn, doubling it, and then the two ends over and through the bight. Then drawing the two ends tight, we pass them around the rope in opposite directions and tie them with a square knot.

When we want to raise heavy weights by means of blocks and pulleys, if we have no shears we can easily make them, by taking two poles or spars and lashing them tightly together at the ends where they cross each other, and spreading the feet or other ends out. Then to the lashing we attach the hook of the block or pulley, and raise the shears and fasten them by ropes secured as in Fig. 8.

We now know pretty well all that is necessary for most work with ropes, so let us look at blocks or pulleys a little, and see how they are used in connection with ropes.

Blocks are of two kinds, the made block, which is made out of four pieces, and the mortised block, which is made out of two pieces. The four parts of the made block are the shell, or outside, the wheel or sheave, on which the rope turns, the pin or axle, on which the wheel revolves, and the strap, which holds the whole in place. If a block has one wheel or sheave in it, it is called a single block; if two, a double block; if three, a treble or three fold block.

Sometimes blocks are made entirely of wood, and sometimes entirely of iron or brass; again, the shell is made of wood, and the sheave of iron or brass. The size of blocks is designated by the length of the shell.

The parts of the mortised blocks are the shell and the sheave. The shell is made of wood mortised out.

A purchase means the manner of fastening the rope, so as to make it hold the strain we wish it to bear, and a tackle is making a purchase or running a rope through one or more blocks so as to

(Fig. 10), and one end made fast to the upper block, it is called a gun tackle. If run through a single and double block (Fig. 11), and the end of the rope is made fast to the upper end of the single block, it is called a luff tackle. If the fall of the rope from one luff tackle is made fast to another luff tackle, it is called a luff upon luff.

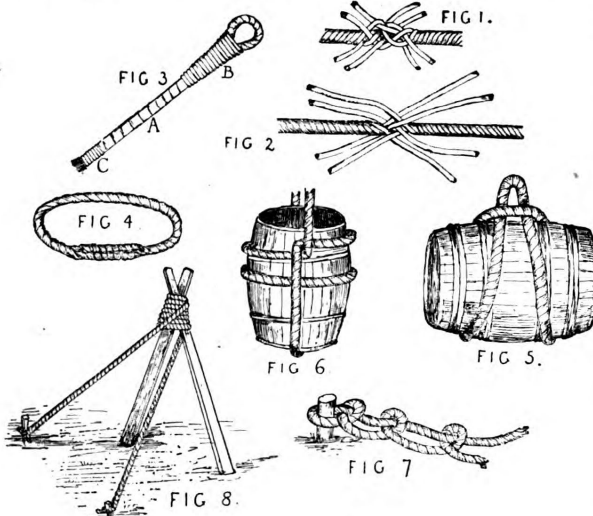
Now if we know what weight is to be raised, it may be asked how can we tell what tackle to use. Well, we know the size of the rope necessary to sustain the weight. We make a strap or sling for the weight, run the rope through the blocks, and fasten the end of the rope to the strap by a fisherman's bend. If the single block or pulley is insufficient, then we can use two single blocks, and this will nearly double the power. Using a fixed double block and movable single block quite doubles the power, and if the double block be movable, it triples the power. Two double blocks give us three and one third times the power of the single block, and one double and one triple block multiplies it four times. Two triple blocks multiplies it four and one half times.

Sometimes it happens that a good hold cannot be obtained by the hands, owing to the position of the hauling rope. In that case we can attach a single block to an anchor fixed as in Fig. 13, and run the rope through that and pull on it.

Any boy with a sharp knife can make blocks easily, and also ropes by twisting threads together. A strap can be made for the block out of a rope as shown in Fig. 4, and no better way of using a winter's evening can be devised than making little tackles, erecting sheaves, and raising different weights.

A little practice at it will soon show a thousand ingenious methods and variations by which power can be utilized.

Who knows but what some boy, in practicing it, may invent or discover some new method by which, like Archimedes's screw, on a small scale, he may raise or move great weights with but little power? Try it, boys, and you will find the knowledge and the practice will come very handy to you in many ways during after life.



SPICES, AND LIFTING WEIGHTS.

in its place lay the strand opposite, from the other rope. Then we twist the ends of these two strands together, letting them stand out.

Now there are two strands remaining in the left hand rope, and we open these, divide them in two, and do the same with the opposite strands of the other rope.

Now if we want to raise a barrel or cask, or box, and it is full and both heads are in, we make a sling as shown in Fig. 5. First take a rope and make a strap. Put the barrel or box on its side, and lay the strap under it, spreading both parts of the strap. Press one bight through the other above the barrel, and

THE POWER OF ONE.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

One small cloud can hide the sunlight;
Loose one string, the pearls are scattered;
Think one thought, a soul may perish;
Say one word, a heart may break.

[This story commenced in No. 272.]

Warren Haviland,

THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE.

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

RETURNING home from school for his vacation, Warren Haviland finds that his father has died suddenly in his office.

In the dead man's hand is a paper telling him of a disaster that threatens the firm of Haviland, Roe and Company, from which he can save his own fortune by withdrawing and allowing his partners to bear the full force of the blow. Warren discovers and takes possession of this paper, and conquers the temptation to destroy it, and thus retain wealth for himself and his mother.

After the funeral, the family move into a small cottage, where, in looking over some old documents, Mrs. Haviland discovers a promissory note for \$25,000, which sum she had loaned to her brother-in-law, Mr. John Fenwick, of Chicadee, before her marriage. As no news has been received from his uncle in some time, Warren determines to take a trip to Chicadee, to obtain payment of the note, and make the acquaintance of his cousin Tom. But on his arrival there he ascertains from the stage driver that both Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick are dead, and that the property is in the hands of one Caleb Hawk, a money lender.

Warren has an interview with the latter, who for some reason of his own determines to keep the cousins from meeting. He locks Warren in his office, as he afterwards declares accidentally—when he pretends to go off to call Tom. But Warren breaks his way out just in time to see a boy on horseback dashing off down the road. Feeling that this must be his cousin, he determines to pursue him and obtain an explanation; so, procuring a horse from a farmer, he starts on a long chase, which carries him deep into the Maine woods.

From inquiries made along the route he knows he is on the right track. The second night he puts up at the cabin of a man named McDade, whom he engages to pilot him to a lumber camp where he hopes to find the fugitive.

McDade is a rough, uncouth backwoodsman, with a daughter singularly refined in looks and manner. Warren interferes to protect the latter from her parents' brutality, thereby winning a firm friend in her. McDade grumbles, but finally starts out to lead the way to the lumber camp. He leaves Warren on the borders of a swamp, after giving him some confusing directions. The boy endeavors to follow them, but finds his way blocked up on all sides, and finally becomes lost in the wild, marshy wastes.

CHAPTER VII.
THE RESCUE.

THE soft hush of the forest depths was lightly broken by a rustling sound among the trees. A human face peered through, the eyes shaded by the hand, and turned from side to side in eager search. The prone figure was seen at last—a hoarse cry broke the universal silence, and a woman's form was at Warren's side, bending over him, pale and staring, bedraggled and torn.

"He's dead! I've found him too late!" she murmured in a feeble pair. Then, the first dismay over, she gently opened his eyes, and with a hand to feel her soothing ministrations, she waited with bated breath, the bitter pain on her face softened into timid, wondering hope.

"Beating yet!" she whispered, and then set to work to revive him. When, through her patient exertions, Warren regained semi-consciousness, to meet a woman's pitying eyes, and feel her soothing ministrations, he thought it one of his fevered visions, and moaning, would have turned his head away; but a tremulous voice murmured, "A friend's found you. Here, drink some more of the milk." And a cup was pressed to his parched and blistered lips, and oh, how exquisite was the draught! For a whole week he had subsisted on the few wild strawberries which he could find in that desert of morass, and on the marsh water, which was so saturated with spruce and pine wood flavors that it ulcerated his mouth and throat, and increased his sufferings greatly; and now this bland, fragrant draught of milk seemed to heal and satisfy him like some magic elixir; and he drank, and drank, his skeleton hands clinging to the cup.

Then he laid his head back on her lap, and grieved after his memory, feebly staring up at her with his hollow eyes.

Then she put a morsel of milk soaked biscuit into his mouth, and sweet as fabled ambrosia did it taste to the famished boy!

And so, patiently feeding him crumb by crumb, she gave him just enough to ease his gnawing need; and then, to divert the poor fellow's mind from his craving, she bathed his face, hands, and feet in cool water, binding up the latter—which were frightfully blistered—in strips of calico torn from her own dress; and lastly, she gathered armfuls of sweet scented ferns and made a bed for him in a sheltered niche of the rock, carried him in her arms to it (and in truth he was no great weight now), and having spread her shawl over him, she sat down to watch him through the night.

But Warren could not sleep for the thoughts which thronged through his half-fevered brain. His heart was full of solemn thanksgiving to God; he had trusted in Him, and God had honored his faith.

And this messenger who had been sent to save his life—what had moved her to search for him? He asked her the question presently.

She hesitated for an instant, then turned and looked straight at him.

"Are you a government detective, after the Storm Rock moonshiners?" she asked abruptly.

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the lad in amazement. "By 'moonshiners' I suppose you mean folks that make whisky on the sly? Who said

But Warren did forgive her with all his heart, and thanked her so earnestly for her goodness to him that she cheered up, and became the wise, vigilant nurse again; bidding him go to sleep, and to think no more.

But Warren lay long wakeful in the summer dusk; a shadow, blacker and more terrifying than the lately lifted shadow of death, chilled the blood in his veins. It was the shadow of treachery. This device to get rid of him was Hawk's—he felt sure of that.

CHAPTER VIII.

A BOLD BURGLARY.

WHEN a week had passed without bringing to Mrs. Haviland the letter which Warren had promised to write from Chicadee, the lady roused up from the mournful apathy which was killing her, to a

On the seventh night, something happened in the little chamber. Becky had been sleeping soundly, when she suddenly awoke in a fright, and started up in bed. Rain was pattering on the shingles, the wind was tearing through the huge horse chestnut in front, while every board in the slightly built house seemed to creak and strain. Yet, in the universal roar, Becky heard something more startling than the loudest storm—heard the stealthy creak! creak! of glass being cut—it seemed almost at her ear! Then came a puff of wet wind, simultaneously with the faint tinkle of glass laid cautiously down; then a brief stoppage of the draught, and the muffled thud, thud, of human feet upon the floor.

"I declare to gracious, it's a burglar comin' in the end windy. He's cut the pane out, thought Becky with curdling blood, for the end window was not eight feet from the end of her bed; and she opened her mouth, and took a long breath, to utter a scream that would rouse the neighbors—buckled her hand upon it, as the terror of her frail mistress occurred to her, and waited in a state of distraction, while the marauder cautiously stopped up the hole with something he had provided for the purpose, probably lest the straightening set some door banging, and arouse the inmates. Then the unseen being walked softly along the hall, to the head of the stairs, and paused there.

"Thank goodness, he's goin' down, and I kin slip on some duds an' run out the back door for help," thought Becky, sitting rigid in her bed; but then a hideous terror held her breathless and palpitating; for he was *not* going down stairs, he was coming that way! Nearer, nearer, a hand trailing along the banister, close by her bed she felt the brush of his garments. He crossed to Mrs. Haviland's door, (which was always kept ajar for the sake of air, which was scant under that low roof), and entering in, all was silence.

He was going to rob, perhaps to murder her blessed missy!

Generous apprehension on her account restored Becky's suspended faculties; she stole out of bed, and peered through the crack of the door which the intruder had almost closed, and saw a tiny ray of light traveling over every object in the room in turn, till it stopped on the terrified face of Mrs. Haviland, who was covering up against the back of her bed, incapable of uttering a sound.

The dark lantern was set down hastily, its rays still directed upon the lady, and the burglar sprang towards her, but Becky's strong arms were round him, and her vigorous shouts for aid were rising triumphantly above the storm. For the moment the burglar struggled in vain.

"Oh, get out, you squalling cat!" snarled he at length, breaking his resolve to keep silent in his impatience; and he yielded at a moment, with one hand in his breast pocket, fumbled with something there, and suddenly taking her by surprise, caught her head under his arm, and crushed a chloroformed handkerchief to her face till she fell on the floor, senseless.

During the struggle, Mrs. Haviland had seen his person several times, when he inadvertently dodged into the light; he was a slim, undersized man, masked with black across his face, and his hands were not coarsened by work, but rather small and pale.

When he had rid himself of Becky, he said, in a carefully disguised voice: "If you say one word, ma'am, I'll have to serve you the same," and, as if satisfied with her trembling sign to hasten with his evil work and be gone, he turned from her, and continued his peruse of the articles in the apartment, till he came to the top cabinet, which stood on a small table before the window. Then, turning his back to the bed, so that Mrs. Haviland could not follow his movements too closely, he opened the cabinet with a false key, and made a hasty rummage. She heard a rustle of paper; then the light was directed upon her own person, while certain sounds indicated the closing of the cabinet and the restoration of the bunch of keys to the thief's pocket. At last the lantern was raised, and the burglar was retreating to the door, when Becky's consciousness returned. She made a mad rush at him, a scuffle followed, a fall, hasty feet ran from the room, thundered down stairs, and were lost in the reckless bang of the front door; only the rush and roar of the storm remained.

"Oh, my good Becky, are you hurt?" called Mrs. Haviland in trembling ac-



THE GIANT LUMBERMAN BENT DOWN AND LOOKED CLOSELY AT THE PROSTRATE FORM.

new and living anxiety. She was very much alone now in the small, unpretending cottage to which her ruined fortunes had consigned her. The fashionable friends who might have fluttered around her with offered consolation had she remained at Silverlea, complained that they could not find poor Mrs. Haviland; so she was left to the sad companionship of her sorrow, and divided her thoughts between her dead husband and her absent son.

"Why had he not written from his Uncle Fenwick's? Certain it was that he had not forgotten to do so.—Warren never forgot to write to mother. Even at college, where he was so occupied, he never missed a week. Yet, if he was ill, surely Mr. Fenwick could write, or telegraph." Thus Mrs. Haviland would reason, her anxiety growing sharper every day; and at length she telegraphed to Mr. Fenwick, asking after her son. The reply came from the Chicadee telegraph operator, and gave her the astounding information that Mr. Fenwick had been dead three months, and that Mr. Caleb Hawk lived on the property; so she directed her inquiries to Mr. Hawk, who promptly answered that Mr. Haviland had merely called at his late uncle's house on such a date, and had immediately set out to overtake his cousin Tom Fenwick, who had gone north, Mr. Hawk could not say where.

These enigmatical tidings served to trouble and perplex the poor lady all the more; and her nights grew so sleepless, her health so frail, that about the end of the week her devoted nurse, Becky Norton, mistook her cot bed to the wall, by her "missy's" door, that she might be without hearing should she require any attention.



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

A NEW STORY.

In next week's number we shall commence another serial by the author of "Eric Dane," which was so well received by our readers when it appeared in the ARGOSY last year. The scene of the new story is laid partly in New York and along the Hudson River, but principally in the sister city of Brooklyn. Its plot is most dramatic, the main interest lying in the gradual solution of the mystery connected with its singular title

THREE THIRTY THREE;

OR,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

THIS number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY marks the opening of the second quarter of our sixth volume. So numerous are the new readers that the paper has gained during the present winter, that we take the opportunity of giving a brief synopsis of each serial now running, in order that our new friends may be able to enjoy all of these unusually fine stories.

UNHEALTHY JOURNALISM.

NOR long ago a bank cashier lost his life in defending his trust against a couple of robbers, while on the same day another member of the same profession stole several thousand dollars and went to Canada.

Now, disregarding the moral aspect entirely, the latter occurrence is certainly the less novel, and, we should say, decidedly the less interesting of the two; and yet in most of our morning contemporaries the martyr's brave act was dismissed with a couple of brief paragraphs, while the scoundrel's theft was announced with staring headlines which were only less conspicuous than the sensational display given to the account of the well deserved hanging of a murderer in a New York jail.

THE ARGOSY has before this remarked upon the tendency of the daily press to give undue prominence to crime and criminals. It would certainly seem that there is only too good ground for the charge.

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.

GOOD BY TO THE CIRCUS.

SOME weeks ago THE ARGOSY announced the decay of the circus clown, and now it seems that the circus itself is to go. Dire dismay indeed was this tidings: carry to the heart of the small boy throughout the length and breadth of the land. No more flaming posters to fill his mind with delightful anticipations for weeks ahead, nor side shows to give him bad dreams for weeks thereafter with memory of the monstrosities there to be beheld, nor pink and yellow lemonade to cause present delight and future misery!

The passage of the famous—or perhaps the afore-mentioned boy would prefer to term it infamously—Inter State Commerce Bill is responsible for the demise of the traveling circus. The cost of transporting the shows by rail would now be so great that there would be no profit on the

performances, and a return to the old caravan style of locomotion is too slow in these days of push and energy to be thought of. So Barnum has decided to take his "great and only" to Europe after the New York and Brooklyn season, while possibly many of the other shows will follow his example. In this case, paradoxical as it may sound, it will be cheaper to go abroad than to stay at home.

A NEW POSTAL REGULATION.

TIME and again our readers have done good service for the ARGOSY by circulating sample copies of the paper among their friends and neighbors. Of course we have always been glad to send a supply of samples for this purpose, and are very grateful to those who have given us this effective help.

Owing to a new ruling of the post office department, sample copies are no longer allowed to go through the mail at second class rates when sent in bundles. Only one paper may go to a single address. For this reason we have been unable to comply with the requests of many who have written to us in the last few weeks for a supply of sample copies.

Our friends, however, can still do us valuable service in this way: They can send us the addresses of those who would be likely to become readers of the ARGOSY, and we shall be very glad to mail a sample copy to each name on the list. This is permitted by the postal regulations, and we shall be much obliged to those who give us the opportunity to extend our sphere of influence by such means.

WHAT ONE BOY HAS DONE.

IT is said that a pebble thrown overboard in mid ocean will create a ripple that will extend to the shores of the widest sea. There is now not a country in the world but has in some one of its towns a Young Men's Christian Association, an organization which gathers under its helpful and refining influences all colors, creeds and races. And yet its inception was very similar to the dropping of the pebble in the sea.

Not very long ago, at a time when men now middleaged were sixteen years old, a youth of that age, employed as clerk in a mercantile establishment in the heart of London, was deeply impressed by the wild, reckless manner in which his fellow employees spent their leisure time. Then, do the clerks for the most part lived over the stores, so that the softening influences of anything approaching home life were utterly lacking.

Resolving to do what he could to better matters, the young man—or rather boy, for he was but little more—invited a few of his companions to his room, managed to lead them to ponder seriously on their way of living, got them interested in good books and high principles, and thus was formed the original Y. M. C. A., from which all the others have sprung.

GOLDEN OPINIONS.

WHILE publisher and editors are continually endeavoring to make THE ARGOSY more and more deserving of its qualifying adjective of "golden," our readers are doing their share in the way of furnishing us with testimonials of appreciation that are in turn golden in their character. From some of the latest of these we select the subjoined:

WEST 117TH ST., NEW YORK, JAN. 26, 1888.
 Although a stranger, allow me to wish for you the success you deserve for putting before the public such a lively, interesting periodical. The stories are all exceptionally good, and the editorials, though short, are ever well pointed; the Golden Thoughts and little gems of poetry wisely selected and generally point a moral, while the biographical sketches are of themselves an inducement to purchase, as those unable to gain knowledge of such a character more expensively, are in this way enabled to get much for a very little. I must say such an effort should call forth the co-operation of parents and guardians, also teachers, to place in the hands of the growing boys of the times your GOLDEN ARGOSY. Long may it sail upon the sea of literature, unbuffeted, if ever, by any rude waves and gaining at every port the well merited approbation of a satisfied and appreciative public.
 MISS STEPHEN J. HILL.

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y., JAN. 26, 1888.
 THE GOLDEN ARGOSY sells here like hot cakes. Dozens of boys can be seen every Friday night around the bookstore awaiting the arrival of the ARGOSY. It is a splendid story paper.
 SAMMY A. SMITH.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., JAN. 28, 1888.
 I think your paper is the most interesting I ever read and I would rather read it than any other paper I know of; it has such splendid stories. I always read it through before I stop. I can't express the value of your paper and it gets better every number.
 EDWIN T. BOYD.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

The Foremost American Comedian.

PROBABLY no actor's name was ever more thoroughly identified with the part he most frequently enacts, than is that of Joseph Jefferson with the role of *Rip Van Winkle*. In the character of the hermit of the Catskills, Mr. Jefferson has delighted two generations of playgoers, and has become, so to speak, almost a national institution.

At the same time he is not a "one part" actor. While his acting as *Rip* is so superlative that the public never grows tired of it, he has appeared with marked success in other characters, notably as *Bob Acres* in Sheridan's famous play "The Rivals."

Mr. Jefferson's wonderful gift is inherited from his ancestors. His great grandfather played in

the same company with David Garrick in London, and was an intimate friend of that illustrious actor. Next in the line comes the first Joseph Jefferson, grandfather of the subject of this sketch, and founder of the American branch of the family. Both he and his son, Joseph Jefferson the second, followed the theatrical profession. The last named was the father of the living actor, who was born in Philadelphia on the 20th of February 1829, and is now just fifty nine years of age.

It would have been strange, under these circumstances, had Mr. Jefferson become anything but an actor. Indeed, his "first appearance on any stage" took place when he was a baby in long clothes. At four, he danced and sang before a professional audience, who declared him to be a juvenile prodigy. At eight he was regularly engaged, together with his parents, to act at the Franklin Theater in New York.

Here he played such parts as were possible to his age and stature. Between seasons he went to school, but most of his education was gained either at home or in the school of the world.

Mr. Jefferson's early years showed abundant evidence of unusual talent, and their promise ripened into achievement at an age when few actors are more than tyros. He was only twenty five when as *Dr. Pangloss* in "The Heir at Law" he scored his first noteworthy success. This was at the New York theater of Laura Keane, a famous actress in her day. The metropolis was delighted by the young actor's exquisite humor, combined with a perfect refinement of feeling. So marked, indeed, was the latter quality in Mr. Jefferson, that it made him the butt for a good deal of unworthy ridicule among the less scrupulous members of his company, who nicknamed him "the Sunday school comedian."

The following season his reputation was confirmed and extended by his success as *Asa Trenchard* in "Our American Cousin." Here he was able to intermingle pathos with comedy, and to throw his wonderful hold upon the emotions of his audience by touching alternately, as with a magician's wand, the fountains of tears and of laughter.

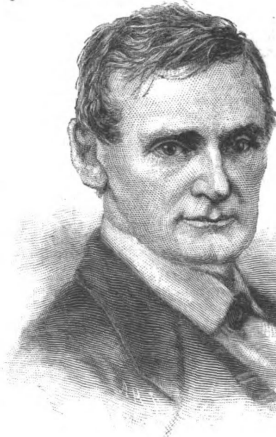
In 1861 Mr. Jefferson visited London; and it was there that his greatest triumphs began. He had previously played the character of *Rip Van Winkle*, and though it proved only moderately successful, he had seen its great possibilities. He had the part rewritten, and studied it long and thoroughly. The result was a gem of dramatic art which was at once very warmly received in London, and whose merits have been proved by the severe test of many years of popularity.

Probably most of the readers of the ARGOSY have seen this wonderful and most enjoyable piece of acting. It is more than enjoyable—it makes a man better for having witnessed it. Mr. Jefferson has been termed by a well known preacher "the genius which God has given us to show in the drama the power of love over the sins of our race."

As we have already stated, the popular demand for *Rip Van Winkle* has been so insatiable, that Mr. Jefferson has appeared comparatively seldom in other plays. Such as he has chosen have generally been old English comedies.

Mr. Jefferson's private life has been as honorable as his theatrical career. He is a thorough gentleman and a good citizen. He has several sons, who assist their father on the stage or in the business matters connected with his dramatic ventures. Many years of hard work and well earned success have enabled him to lay by a handsome fortune.

Though Mr. Jefferson still acts every winter in the chief cities of America, during the summer he takes long holidays of rest and recreation. He is fond of country sports, and keenly enjoys a hunting or fishing expedition. But his favorite pastimes, to which most of his leisure time is devoted, are sketching from



JOSEPH JEFFERSON.
 From a photograph by SARGENT.

nature and painting in oils. In these branches of art he has reached a skill rarely attained by amateurs, some of his pictures having gained the praise of the severest critics.

Mr. Jefferson's features reflect the refined and intellectual character of the man. Those who have seen him off the stage will be able to testify to the accuracy of the portrait which appears on this page of the ARGOSY.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

WHAT ONE CAN DO.

BY N. WILSEY MARTIN.

SCORN not the aid one loyal mind can bring;
 A noble growth expands by small degrees;
 Not all at once leaves clothe the wintry trees;
 But each burst bud helps on the greening spring

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

DOST thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin*.

WHEN men cease to be faithful to their God, he who expects to find them so to each other will be much disappointed.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—*La Bruyere*.

SPEAKING too much is a sign of vanity; for he that is lavish in words is apt to be a niggard in deeds.—*Sir Walter Raleigh*.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—*Southey*.

LIFE'S reckoning we cannot make twice over. You cannot mend a wrong subtraction by doing your addition right.—*George Eliot*.

The wise man is but a learner in fact, spelling letters from a hieroglyphical, prophetic book, the lexicon of which lies in eternity.—*Carlyle*.

It requires a sterner virtue than good nature to hold fast the truth, that it is nobler to be shabby and honest than to do things handsomely in debt.

KNOWLEDGE is made by oblivion, and to purchase a clear and warrantable body of truth, we must forget and part with much we know.—*Sir T. Browne*.

A GIFT—its kind, its value and appearance; the silence or the pomp that attends it; the style in which it reaches you, may decide the dignity or vulgarity of the giver.—*Lawler*.

LIFE in every shape should be precious, for the same reason that the Turks collect every scrap of paper that comes in their way, because the name of God may be written upon it.—*Jean Paul Richter*.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune, or, what is better, the greatness of thy conversation; be condescend to men of low estate, support the distressed, and patronize the neglected; be great.—*Sterne*.

A SMILE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
A millstone and the human heart
Are ever driven round;
If they have nothing else to grind,
They must themselves be ground.

[This story commenced in No. 266.]

THE
Lost Gold Mine.

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

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY
PUBLISHED.

The story opens on the Mississippi River, where Rob Dare and his friend Chip find themselves in possession of a flat boat. This they determine to take to New Orleans and sell, intending to make their way to Nevada, where, through a map which has belonged to a miner named Travers, they alone know the location of the rich El Dorado placer. They meet with many adventures on the way, and gain the friendship of Colonel Lamont, a wealthy ranchman, and his daughter Doris. They leave the railroad at Bragg City, and start for the placer, taking with them an old prospector and a guide named Bunyap. Their route leads them by Colonel Lamont's ranch, which they are just in time to defend from a gang of road agents. Passing through the Death Valley, they reach the mountains among which the El Dorado lies. Here Chip distinguishes himself by driving off an Indian who was growing around the camp. Next he starts out by himself, ambitious to encounter a herd of buffaloes. Suddenly he hears a sound of trampling hoofs coming along a deep ravine, and he drops behind a boulder to see what is approaching.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CHIP TAKEN PRISONER.

"HORSES!" exclaimed Chip a moment later, overcome with amazement.

Yes, it was a drove of horses which had raised his anticipations to their highest, only to dash them to the tony bed of the ravine! But such horses! In action and symmetry the boy had never conceived of anything so wonderful among the equine race. And not only that, but their markings were something quite extraordinary.

"Wouldn't Barnum just go wild over em!" was Chip's enthusiastic thought. For in all the drove of at least a hundred no two were alike. Neither were there any bays or roans, blacks or whites. They were dappled and spotted in the most irregular manner; like black and white together—bay and black—in fact, almost every variation of marking distinguished the members of the drove.

Spawling and whinnying and kicking up their small hoofs in sheer enjoyment of their liberty, the surging mass rushed forward. Then, all at once, there appeared a new actor on the scene.

A young Indian girl mounted bareback and in man fashion upon a rearing, plunging beast, tossing flakes of foam from his distended nostrils, came dashing up in the rear, her long black hair streaming behind like the tail of a comet.

Her well modeled bare arm was suddenly thrown above her head. From her brown fingers flew the coils of a long *viata*, the noise of which fell dully over the head and neck of the leader of the herd, a handsome stallion at least fourteen hands high.

Throwing her own steed on its haunches with a quickness that would have unseated a less practiced rider, the girl settled back suddenly on the *viata*, bringing the stallion to a very abrupt halt. A few snorts and wild dashes followed. Then, urging her own horse to the side of her captive, the girl loosened the noose.

The stallion, with down drooping head, swerved suddenly to the left, followed by the entire herd as meekly as a flock of sheep follow their leader.

Devoured with curiosity to know what it all meant, Chip rose to his feet and turned in the same direction. To his surprise he saw them the defiling through a natural gateway of stone, which seemed to lead into a sort of corral.

All at once, as he stood staring in open mind's amazement, something fell gently over his shoulders.

It was the noose of the *viata* of plaited raw-

hide. Dropping his gun, Chip grabbed frantically at the circlet, which, evading his grasp, slipped upward to his neck, about which it tightened, though not so painfully as to entirely stop his breathing.

At the same moment a low laugh greeted his ears, while simultaneously he felt himself urged with gentle force in the direction of the mounted maiden. A second later she gave a long, clear whistle, which was evidently a sort of signal.

For before Chip could collect his thoughts, another and rather older Indian girl, mounted precisely like the first one, came galloping up.

"Likely enough she's coming to my rescue," thought Chip, whose romantic ideas were brought to the surface by this strange appearance of the two copper hued maidens.

And he attempted a bow, which was a complete failure, owing to the pressure at his neck. The two girls rapidly exchanged a few words in their own language. Then the elder sprang lightly from her horse.

"Daughter of the—a great chief," began Chip, appealingly, "the pale face captive—"

one small brown hand, while with the other she managed the spirited horse in a way which excited Chip's admiration.

"This is a great country for wimmin to ride hossback," he muttered, even despite his state of apprehension as to the outcome of this novel adventure. "But ridin' man fashion—that's the funniest yet," was his succeeding thought, as he glanced at the graceful poise of his captors.

Well, their attire was appropriate and picturesque as well. Beaded tunics of soft fawn skin, belted at the waist, reached rather below the knee. These, with leggings and moccasins of the same material, gave perfect freedom of motion, beside having a rather pretty effect. And woman nature being somewhat the same the world over, it is to be supposed that the Indian girls were perfectly aware of this latter fact.



CHIP WAS AMAZED TO SEE A HERD OF HORSES DASH ALONG THE BED OF THE RAVINE

But Chip's eloquence, derived from such high flown border tales as had fallen in his way, came to an abrupt end.

For the Indian girl didn't seem to hear him. Or, if she did, close attention to business prevented her giving heed to the appeal. Springing lightly from her horse, she rapidly unwound a lariat which hung in a coil from her shoulders. And before Chip fully realized the situation, his arms were brought behind him and knotted just above the elbows with a deftness which unpleasantly recalled one of the duties of a professional hangman.

It was no discredit to Chip that he offered no resistance. The noose about his neck was in itself a warning preventative. Nor could his native gallantry allow him to use hands or feet in his own defense.

"It don't look so much like a rescue after all," was his rueful reflection.

Especially when the girl, catching up Chip's double gun, vaulted to the back of her horse at a bound, and pointed it significantly toward the unlucky captive.

"Go," she said, in unmistakable English. Greatly marveling, and slightly relieved at the shadowy smile that seemed to fit across the features of the two at his predicament, Chip—went.

That is, he followed meekly behind one horse as a dog in a leader might unwillingly follow a new owner. Close at Chip's heels there came the other dusky Amazon, holding his gun in

number of Indian women and girls coming and going in different directions. Some brought wood from the groves in bundles carried on their backs. Others were seen digging in the little gardens, while still others drove *surros* or pack ponies to and from the corn fields, where cutting and stacking were done.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A PRIMITIVE VILLAGE.

CHIP's first bewildered thought as he was conducted into the very heart of this singular settlement, was to the effect that he—Edward Plantagenet Chippendale Forest—was the discoverer of something entirely new in the Indian line. Perhaps these were females who had banded together in a sort of dusky women's rights organization, and, deserting the lodges of their former lords and masters, started in for themselves, taking their progeny with them.

For Indian children of both sexes were playing around the different dwellings. The boys were quite as often pitching quoits as shooting at a mark with bows and arrows. The girls—that is, the smallest of them—squabbled and made mud pies on the edge of the creek which ran through the middle of the settlement.

Yet as his captors came to a sudden halt before a "wickiup," or hut of more pretensions than its immediate neighbors, Chip saw that at least one full grown masculine was a resident of the village.

A tall, sinewy Indian with morose, not to say sullen features, stood leaning against the side of the dwelling in question. Greatly to Chip's astonishment, he wore a very dingy calico shirt, Chinese fashion, with a pair of dilapidated army trousers tucked into the tops of cowhide boots.

The girls reined up their horses and their youthful captive before the "big Indian brave," as Chip mentally designated the tall but morose red man of the forest. And attracted by the unusual sight, all the little Indians in the vicinity, with quite a number of women and girls, at once surrounded them.

The Indian face, whether male or female, is presumed to be marked by a sort of stolidity. Impassiveness is the usual term. But somehow it seemed to Chip as though whenever any of the women or girls glanced in the direction of the brave or chief—for he seemed to have a certain authority—they looked as if they wanted to laugh.

He was sure that the two girls who had him in tow, if I may use the expression, *did* smile, as they separately addressed the morose individual in question, evidently with reference to their captive and the occasion of his appearance.

The brave, who appeared to straighten up with some difficulty, as if he was lame, scowled at Chip in the most ferocious manner as he listened. Though not dismayed, Chip could not help a feeling of decided uneasiness. The brave reached out for the hand of the elder of the two girls extended to him, and for a brief moment Chip was not sure that he himself might not be intended to serve as a target.

But he was relieved to find that this was not the case. The noble red man glanced gloomily at the bore of the barrels, after which he threw down the lever and peered at the exposed rim ends of the shells, on which were the stamped gauge of the size they carried. Then Chip thought he heard him groan.

"This last was a most surprising thing to Chip. He had supposed that the only audible expression of Indian emotion, was the interjection "Hugh!" In fact, he had presumed this to be the most important word in the Indian vocabulary. So that for the moment he was struck comparatively dumb when the brave asked: "Say, that you gun?"

"You can bet that's my gun," Chip boldly returned, encouraged by the twinkle in the dark eyes of the Indian girl, who still held him in leading. And as a sudden thought occurred to him, he added:

"And if you don't believe it, jest wait till old Bunyap comes up with the rest of the party. Guess you know Wild Bunyap, likely enough?"

In place of these pictures of his fancy were a

LIFE'S BRIEF SPAN.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Defer not the least virtue; life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, thy joy fades, not the pains;
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

A Sack of Gold.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

YES, sir, a fellow who has drifted about the world since his boyhood meets with all sorts of strange adventures. I've had a fair share of them myself.

My drifting, however, has always been done with a set purpose in view—gold finding. Call it hobby or mania, or what you will, I've always had a belief that some day or other I should strike it rich. Have I? Well, yes, once or twice; the only trouble has been that the money didn't stay by me very long.

I've hunted for gold in pretty much every part of the world where it is known to exist—California, Colombia, Australia, New Zealand, the African gold coast—

And the last locality, as honest old Abe used to say, "reminds me of a little story." It is rather a singular one, in my way of thinking, and it has the merit of being true.

I had been putting in a year in Peru. Perhaps you may not know, but in the far interior the old time Peruvians used to bury all sorts of gold ornaments with their dead. And the present day Peruvians take to ornament digging without any compunctions of conscience. Once in a while a foreigner does the same thing; and so I took a turn at it.

But luck was against me from the word go. And then it was a ghoulish sort of business at best. So, after barely earning my salt at it, I threw the whole thing up, and struck for Callao, without any very definite purpose in view.

Here I met a chap who had been on the west coast of Africa. He had lots to say about the black sand that in certain places along the shore fairly glitters with gold dust. And though now I know he was lying, I made up my mind that such a sight as that must be worth seeing.

Finally I shipped second mate of the English bark *Aleppo*, bound to Sierra Leone to take coffee from there to London. We made a fairly good run round the Cape, and across to Cape Palmas inside of ninety days.

At Sierra Leone I was paid off with thirteen sovereigns. I went to a boarding house kept by a fisherman named Wilson. Then I began making inquiries about the gold finds along the shore. Mighty small satisfaction I got out of it. What little there was done in that way, was under some sort of government license, and of late years men hardly made day wages at sand washing.

I was passing a little drinking shop one evening, and heard a row going on. A tall, dark skinned fellow with kinky hair ran out, and behind him came an English soldier three fourths drunk, with a bayonet in his hand.

"Call me a lobster back, will you, you blamed Maori!" he sung out. And if I hadn't tripped him rather neatly, he would have run the colored fellow through between the shoulders.

Well, Johnny Bull was up, and of course dropped the bayonet and shaped himself. I'm pretty handy with my fists myself, so we had quite a little set-to. But I got the best of it. "You save my life—Matuta not forget," the Maori said as the English soldier walked off, holding on to his nose. But I only laughed, and finding him a remarkably intelligent chap, who spoke, as many of them do, fairly good English, I got talking with him.

It seems that in New Zealand he was a kauri hunter. The kauri is a tree containing a resinous gum known to the world as gum copal. It is used in the manufacture of varnishes, and not infrequently as a cheap substitute for amber in beads, mouth pieces for pipes, and the like.

But instead of obtaining it directly from the living tree, the kauri of commerce is the production of a dead organization. That is to say, groves of these trees have fallen and died in the course of nature. Over the rotting trunks gather the accretions of centuries. By some instinct peculiar to themselves, the kauri seekers know where to search. With a long pointed spear they penetrate the soil, and can tell in a moment when they touch a lump of the kauri.

Matuta—this was the name of my new ac-

quaintance—had just returned from the interior, whither he had accompanied a party of kauri hunters who had heard that the gum was to be found in wonderful abundance along the banks of the Niger.

"We no have good luck to find kauri," said Matuta, "but find some things better. See here!"

Looking round to make sure that he was not observed, Matuta plunged his fingers into his kinky locks, and to my astonishment brought out a quill corked with a bit of pith. Removing the pith, he poured into his dusky palm a tiny heap of shining gold dust.

Well, of course I was interested at once. Matuta had by his own account brought back dust which he had sold for almost two hundred sovereigns; and he made a proposition to me that I was not slow to accept.

"The trader here cheat Maori because he black," said Matuta, "but no cheat American man." And in brief his idea was this:

He was to furnish the funds with which I should purchase a wagon load of Manchester prints, cheap hardware, muskets and ammunition, together with oxen and provisions for a journey to the interior. Then, having hired a native guide, we were to make our way some

charge of our wagon and oxen in less time than I have taken to tell you about it.

Luckily, Matuta spoke the local dialect indifferently well. He demanded that we should be conducted at once to the presence of the governor or ruler of the city we had stumbled upon. I stammered upon, for the reason that Sigona lies in a secluded valley almost completely surrounded by a circular range of mountains, known I think, as El Yargel.

So far as I have been able to learn, few Europeans have ever been admitted within the walls of Sigona. For it is a walled city—perhaps the only one in Africa—though of that I am not certain. The wall itself was of stone smoothly cemented without and within. I should judge it was twelve feet in thickness, and perhaps fifteen feet high. Through one of its seven gates, guarded by black sentinels, Matuta and I were escorted by our sable captors. Unlike most collections of dwellings in Africa, the houses were neatly constructed of palings with cleverly thatched bark roofs. There were apertures for windows and door. The floors were of clay hardened to the consistency of cement.

We were not for some reason permitted an audience with the city ruler. But it would seem that he gave orders that we were to be treated

two athletic black fellows with long assegais were not far behind us.

Toward evening of the second day we struck a sort of suburb. That is, the neatly constructed houses were replaced by huts of palm thatch. Yet this was not owing to the poverty of the occupants, for the excellent reason that there are no poor in Sigona. But there are some tremendously lazy people there—too lazy to build suitable habitations. We saw both men and women wearing filthy sheepskin karosses, on whose arms, wrists, and ankles were hoops of beaten gold as thick as my thumb. No, sir, I am telling the honest truth!

Matuta stopped suddenly in front of one of these huts.

"For sure there be white man!" he said. And I turned.

Sitting in the place which served as a door, was a man with silver gray hair and flowing beard of the same hue. His lusterless eyes were bent on the ground, and his lips moved as though he was talking to himself.

"White was undoubtedly his original color, but I must confess that it was cleverly concealed. Between the sun, the dust, and apparently a disinclination to the use of water, the individual was—not to put too fine a point upon it—grimy.

And as his only article of clothing consisted of an old sheepskin kaross reaching hardly to his knees, this peculiarity was still more apparent.

"I say, my good friend," I began, "how on earth—"

He came to his feet like lightning at the sound of my voice. And before I could say any more he threw both arms round me, which, by the way, I didn't relish over much.

"Great Heavens!" he said, "you are the first white face I've seen for twenty years."

If you think, sir, that my story is queer, I wonder what you would have said to have heard *this*. It seems that twenty years before, he, with two companions, had left Freetown on the east for a hunting trip into the interior. They were surprised by a party of natives; his two friends were slain; and he was taken prisoner and brought to Sigona.

One night Mariner—that was the old man's name—had contrived to enter the building set apart for the treasury. Loading himself down with gold, he had escaped unobserved, but was stopped while trying to slip through one of the city gates.

One might naturally suppose that detection would have been followed by instant death. But the people of Sigona are wise according to their lights.

"See here," said Mariner, turning to a big gunny sack which stood close to the door of the hut.

The old man held open the mouth of the bag. It was filled to the neck with twisted gold hoops, such as Matuta and myself had seen worn by the people about us.

"Well?" I asked, inquiringly.

"They told me that since I loved gold so well," he said, dismally, "I might have the sackful which you see here. Only, I must shoulder it and carry it through the gates. Then I should be free."

"Is it so very heavy?" I asked.

"Try and see for yourself," the old man returned with a groan. And I did. All I could do was to raise the weighty sack a few inches from the ground.

After further mutual explanations, there came the old man's eager query—could we not help him escape? As our own chance seemed rather uncertain just then, I could give him no definite promise. Yet with the sack of gold in my eye I drew nearer.

"I will think it over," I said in a low tone. "and, as we have the freedom of the city, in a sense, I don't see any reason why Matuta and myself may not be able to study out something." And then we returned to our own lodgings.

Unfortunately for our plans, the next morning brought a change in the programme. Matuta and myself were escorted outside the city gates without the slightest ceremony. We were briefly told that our wagon and effects had been confiscated for the public good by the order of Cambyssa, the governor or ruler of the precinct. And that without further talk we might turn our faces westward and leave. Or words to that effect, emphasized by the most significant of gestures.

Only for falling in with a caravan of Mandingo traders bound back to the coast, we should have perished before three days' journey had been accomplished. But as it was we were kindly received and treated with every consideration.

We got back to Sierra Leone alive and well. Matuta shipped in a big bound for Melbourne, and I stowed away in a New York bark called the *Porterfield*. But if ever I can get a fair start, I'm bound to try the gold fields of Bouré. Don't you forget it. There's millions in it and perhaps I can get poor old Mariner away after all. Good night, sir.



THE OLD MAN RUSHED UP AND THREW BOTH ARMS AROUND ME.

six hundred miles inland to the gold fields of Bouré. Here we could traffic with the natives or seek the gold dust for ourselves.

I need not say how eagerly I accepted a proposition, so perfectly in keeping with my own desires. And one week later saw us on our way for Bouré.

I think from something I've heard you say that you've been in Africa? Yes? I thought so. Well, then of course you know what a six hundred miles' journey through the wilds would be. Trekking, insupportable, outspanning, dust, suffocating heat, oxen dying from *faese* fly bites, wagon upsetting, and the rest of the incidental miseries. And to add to all our other troubles, our guide, a remarkably intelligent black fellow, was bitten by a poisonous adder just before we reached the boundaries of Bouré, and died in less than ten minutes in terrible agony.

Of course, having proceeded thus far, there was nothing to do but push on. But, unfortunately, instead of making our way as originally intended, to Powateira, an African village inhabited by friendly blacks, who trade freely with Europeans, we struck Sigona, a city of considerable size, whose inhabitants are the very reverse of friendly.

At least we found them so. Within two miles of Sigona we were met by a party of native blacks who made us prisoners and took

with some consideration. For we were told that, as escape from the city was impossible, we could have our liberty within its bounds until the case as to the detention of the wagon was decided pro or con.

A small house was set apart for our use, and a very black boy officiated as cook. We had food stewed with rice, and plantain or yams, with fruit in abundance, and we slept on dried grass mattresses.

Of course Matuta, as well as myself, knew that the whole thing was a farce, and that wagon, oxen, stores, guns and goods were the same as lost to us. Only fear that the authorities at

Sierra Leone might make trouble prevented our lives being taken, in my way of thinking.

Well, under any other circumstances, I should have been greatly interested in what I saw and heard, for one particular reason, if none other. For its size, I am inclined to think Sigona is one of the richest cities in western Africa.

For over two centuries enormous tributes have been paid, in the shape of gold dust, into the public treasury. Gold dust is, in fact, the only currency known. It is carried in quills, after the fashion Matuta had adopted, by men, women, and children. Every trader is supplied with a tiny pair of scales of native manufacture, adjusted with wonderful accuracy. The seed of the *tisa* tree serves as a weight, gold dust enough to balance one being worth about thirty cents in our money.

From hill, valley, and river bed, on every side, the precious metal is dug or washed in the most primitive style. It is an actual fact that repeated sweepings of the hard clay floors of the houses are known to yield small quantities of gold dust. But I am not getting on with my story.

Matuta and myself had been prisoners at large two days in Sigona. The people stared and made remarks in their own language as we wandered about the two principal streets; but apart from that we received no particular notice. Only it was observable that wherever we went,



UPBRAIDING HIM.

OWNER OF HORSE—"Mike, didn't I tell you to braid his tail before you brought him out?"

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