

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. VI. No. 15.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1888.

TERMS: } \$3.00 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE. } Whole No. 275.



Three Thirty Three;

OR,
ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Whitecap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER I. A NARROW ESCAPE.

BROOKLYN'S brightest belles and dandiest dudes having now assembled, the performance will begin. Go in and win, Al, my boy," and with a parting thump on his chum's

broad shoulders, Arthur Seymour turned to leave the dressing room.

"Thanks, old fellow, I'll watch out for your approving eye. But where will I find you?"

"Oh, there are lots of inviting groups here tonight. I don't know yet on which one I'll bestow my smiles. But instead

A THRILL OF HORROR RAN THROUGH THE HALL. ALLAN HAD JUMPED TOO SOON. COULD THE PROFESSOR MAKE HIMSELF READY QUICKLY ENOUGH TO RECEIVE HIM, OR WOULD HE BE DASHED TO THE FLOOR?

of watching for my eye, you'd much better keep your own on Steve Noringway."

"Oh, come now, Art. That's the second time you've spoken about that. I hate to suspect my friends."

"Of course you do, but how about enemies?" and Arthur pursed up his lips to the whistling position, turned one eye towards the ceiling, and tapped with one foot on the floor.

"They're something I don't want to think about," returned the other, tightening his belt and throwing out his arms to bring them back with a resounding thud upon his chest as he spoke. "I know I haven't intentionally injured anybody, and if I have—"

"You're quite equal to giving them the thumps you've just now given yourself," laughed Arthur, adding: "But as you don't seem inclined to take that ounce of prevention yourself, I'll see what I can do towards preserving the peace of the community by putting a spoke in somebody's wheel before it comes to the pound of cure from your brawny fists."

Seymour dodged out of reach as he concluded, for well he knew his friend's horror of being clasped with champions of the prize ring, even in joke.

"I'll be generous and let you enjoy your fun," Allan called after him, and that moment the band struck up an air from "Ruddigore."

Allan hastened to in his companion gymnasts on the exhibition floor, while Seymour ran up the gallery stairs, two steps at a time.

"There's Jessie Deane and her friend from Woodgrove," he said to himself as he reached the aisle that led down among a *parterre* of gay ribbons, rich plush, bright eyes and rosy cheeks; and actually a vacant seat behind them! "The country friend will be sure to want to know all about everything, and I'll just crack up Al before some of Steve's supporters poison her mind."

Two minutes later Arthur had made his way through the crowd, and was invited by Miss Jessie to take the vacant seat, which she had been saving for her father, who was coming late.

"And everybody must think me so selfish," she added. "But you see I know you well enough to ask you to get up when father arrives. Now let me introduce my friend Miss Dora Grange. And would you please explain what the exhibition is for tonight and who the what do you call them, the champions are? I know Steve Noringway—"

Arthur's brow darkened, but at this instant Jessie was interrupted by an outburst of applause which greeted the appearance on the floor of a handsome youth, apparently about sixteen. His dark hair contrasted strikingly with his blue eyes, the front of which was embroidered in white silk with the monogram H. A. C.—Hercules Athletic Club. A faint color flushed his cheeks as he bowed in acknowledgment of the reception, then he raised his head, and while waiting for his turn to mount the ladder, swept his clear gray eyes around the crowded galleries, smiling and nodding pleasantly as he recognized friend after friend among the spectators.

"Oh, he is the nicest of them all, I think!" exclaimed Miss Dora. "Who is he, Jessie? One of the challengers, champions, I mean?"

"Why, that's Allan Trent. He plays a leading part in the club plan, we're getting up. So you'll be sure to meet him. But Arthur—Mr. Seymour here, can tell you how he stands in the Club better than I can, and Jessie Deane turned to Allan's friend with her request.

But Arthur at the moment was busy groping on the floor in search of the eye glasses of a gentleman behind him, who had leaned so far forward to hear the response to Dora's question that his face had brushed against young Seymour's cape coat with the result already noted.

"Here they are, sir," said Arthur, finally raising a reddened countenance and a pair of dust coated gloves.

He took a good look at the wearer of the eye glasses as he handed them back, for he had heard him utter an involuntary exclamation of amazement when Allan appeared. Coupling this fact with the stranger's anxiety to share with Dora the information Jessie had been asked to give, Arthur felt that he ought to look into the matter a little.

"The face he saw was that belonging to a man of a trifle beyond the prime of life. He was almost bald, and had the small, ferret eyes that, whether rightly or wrongly, we are prone to associate with prying dispositions. His chin was clean shaven, but a heavy mustache and profuse whiskers tended in a measure to enhance his resemblance to a creature of the animal world.

"I am very much obliged, indeed," he said, in a deep voice, that for some indefinable reason reminded Arthur of dungeons damp and fungus covered walls, "and so sorry that I caused you any trouble."

Arthur handed back the glasses, responded with the conventional "Not at all," and then turned his attention once more to the young ladies.

"Certainly Allan Trent is the champion," he began. "He's stronger, nimbler, steadier, and knows how to do more things on bar and ring and the shoulders of the 'Prof' than any other fellow in the Club."

"Oh, he is, but very fine isn't he the best, you know," responded Arthur, promptly.

"But I thought tonight's exhibition was to decide which of the two should be selected to take part in the prize contest with the Boston and Philadelphia clubs next month," persisted Jessie.

"So it is, but that doesn't say that Al isn't miles ahead of Steve Noringway. Look at Al now! Did you ever see such a beautiful hand-spring in your life?"

"Well, I haven't made a study of hand-springing, but I must say that I think the Allan is wonderfully light on his feet. I'm afraid you're prejudiced in his favor, though, Arthur; you two are such great chums. There's his mother, Dora, over there by that second pillar. Isn't she pretty, and so young looking!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon—very awkward of me, I'm sure."

The gentleman next to Arthur had, at these last words of Jessie's, again leaned forward so eagerly that his heavy headed cane had slipped from his grasp, and fallen across the boy's toes.

"He must be listening to find out what he can about Allan," thought Seymour, as he accepted the apology with the smile that is customary on such occasions.

"Is he the only child?" asked Dora.

"No, there is a daughter, Agnes. She isn't here tonight, but she's as pretty as she is good, and so sweet."

"Why don't you praise Al that way?" Arthur wanted to know, bluntly, whereupon Jessie blushed, Dora laughed, and both girls changed the conversation by calling attention to the pyramid of gymnasts that was being formed on the floor below, with Allan Trent at its apex.

"Oh, he'll fall—they'll all fall!" exclaimed Dora, nervously.

"No they won't," responded Arthur, reassuringly. "See that fellow of there? Well, that's Professor Chapman. Al's going to turn a backward somersault, and land on his shoulders."

"But where's this Steve Noringway?" asked Dora.

"If he's one of the men in the Club I should think he'd be in this act, do you call it?"

"Oh, it's not in his line. He's more on the climb and swing. He's gone back to speak to his people there in the opposite gallery," and while the others watched with breathless interest the group that was growing up into the air in the center of the hall, Arthur, for some reason he could not well explain, followed the movements of Noringway.

It was after the last meeting of the Club that Seymour had overheard the latter remark to a friend on the way home that Trent must not be allowed to jeopardize the chances of the Hercules winning the Interstate trophy by gaining, through some chance display of skill, the right to represent it in the coming contest.

This was just what Arthur had referred to in his conversation with Allan already recorded, and it was of this he was now thinking as his gaze followed the movements of Steve as he pressed his way in among the ranks of spectators to where his family were seated.

"I'd like to see his face when Al lands gracefully on the Prof's shoulders," he said to himself.

Quickly the human pyramid was formed and all eyes but Arthur's were fixed on the professor and Allan Trent. But what was Steve Noringway up to?

He was pushing his way in along one of the narrow passageways between the seats and suddenly plunged forward, as if he had tripped. Arthur saw him bring his hands together. At the same instant the professor uttered a sharp cry.

Allan had mistaken the sound for the hand clap which was the signal to be given him when all was ready for his somersault.

A thrill of horror ran through the hall. Could the professor make himself ready quickly enough to receive the boy, or would he be dashed to the floor?

A second of terrible suspense and then such a salvo of applause as had not yet been heard rang out. Trent had landed safely on his instructor's shoulders and was now bowing his thanks.

"I believe Noringway planned that thing on purpose," muttered Arthur, with a shudder. "He'll bear closer watching now than ever."

CHAPTER II.

WHO IS HE?

THE evening's exhibition, or test contest, as it might be called, was over, and the judges had unanimously decided to give Allan Trent the leading part in the Interstate Competition which was to come off two weeks later.

Jessie Deane's father had arrived about the middle of the programme and Arthur had relinquished his place behind the young ladies to take up a post of observation just beyond them where he could observe both the stranger with the eye glasses and Steve Noringway, who had displayed unusual awkwardness in the feats he had performed following the pyramid act.

"I can't positively affirm that he really tried to make Al fall," Seymour kept repeating to himself, "and I'll try to keep from mentioning it to Al, but it was certainly a marvelous coincidence."

As usual on club nights he waited to walk home with his chum. They had been fast friends from babyhood, one may say, when Mrs. Trent and Mrs. Seymour were wont to spend many hours in each other's society with their children

playing together about them. As they grew up they attended the same school, conceived a fondness for the same books and games, and although Allan had greatly outdistanced his comrade in athletic feats, still Arthur by no means belonged to the backward squad.

"Bravo!" he exclaimed, clapping Trent's shoulder as he sought him out in the dressing room. "Thus do we vanquish all our enemies."

Within fifteen minutes the young champion was ready for the coter air. With linked arms they issued from the club house, by this time deserted but a few of the members, and walked rapidly to Montague street, down which they turned, for the Seymours lived on Montague Terrace.

It was late and there were few pedestrians abroad, although the sound of footsteps behind them apprised the boys that there was at least one more in the direction they were taking.

"Noringway didn't do as well as usual tonight," remarked Allan presently. "I was sorry, too, because he thinks so much of scoring high records, and—I suppose I may as well be honest about it—he's a good deal pleasanter when he has distinguished himself. He scowled as he like a thunder cloud on his way to dress."

"Frankly, Art, I don't want to set up as a saint, but if it wasn't for you and the people at home, I'd just as lief he'd have got the championship. I hate being on bad terms with people, and I begin to believe now that Steve doesn't—well, doesn't exactly doze on your tummy."

"I'm sure you're right, but I don't like the idea of damaging a dawning mustache, to keep from telling of what he had seen during the pyramid act."

"Al's eyes are opened now, I guess, so there's no necessity for it," he told himself, "and if it was pure accident it would be a dreadful thing of which to accuse a fellow."

So he said nothing, and presently the chums separated at the junction of Pierrepoint Place and Montague Terrace, for the Trents lived beyond Orange Street on Columbia Heights.

As the two boys came to a halt for a few moments to rest, the eyes of the causeway leading down to Wall Street Ferry, the footsteps behind them lagged as though the solitary pedestrian was either looking for a certain number in Montague Street or was undecided as to his route.

But as soon as Arthur had shaken hands with his chum and left him, the stranger quickened his pace again. Seymour turned once to look after Allan, but too soon to recognize the man who passed under the rays of the lamplight at the corner and followed in the direction Trent had taken.

If Arthur had obtained a glimpse of the eye glasses and the flowing side whiskers, he might have been able to identify some one, which he wished to do to his chum and have started after him to do it.

Allan was evidently in no hurry to reach his home. The wind had gone down since early evening, and the air was delightfully fresh and invigorating out here on the Heights, while the view of the silent river and the lights of the mighty city just beyond, was one of which he never tired.

"I beg your pardon, but are you not Allan Trent?"

Allan had heard footsteps coming rapidly up behind him, but thinking it was some one in a hurry to pass him, paid no heed to them. Hence he started slightly when they halted close beside him and he heard his name called.

"I was at the athletic club exhibition tonight," went on the newcomer rapidly, without giving Trent an opportunity to reply. "I was deeply struck by your skill as a gymnast, but more by your resemblance to a friend of my youth. And now that I have been fortunate enough to come upon you by chance,—here the stranger gave a slight cough—"I should like very much to have a few moments' talk with you."

What could the man mean, Allan wondered. He was clearly not a newspaper reporter, or he would not have trusted to a meeting in the street to afford him the interview he had been commissioned to obtain. He was dressed like a gentleman, yet there was a nameless something about his appearance and speech that inspired Trent with distrust.

But he endeavored to be as courteous as possible in his reply.

"Certainly. I have some distance to go yet, and as your way lies in the same direction, it will make it very convenient for both of us."

"It wasn't so much about yourself as of your father that I wished to speak to you," went on the man as Allan fell into step with him. "You greatly resemble him, do you not?"

"Oh, some people say we look a little alike," returned Allan carelessly, adding: "Do you know my father?"

"No, that is—in short, that is what I want to find out. Do you know him?"

"Find out from me! I wish, how can I help you to decide whether you know him or not?"

"Perhaps you can't, but I hope you can. The man's tone was growing a trifle sharper.

"I should think you could tell best by having an interview with my father himself. Have you called on him at the office?"

"The office? No. What business is he in, and where is the office?"

The stranger eagerly caught at the idea, and actually laid one hand on Allan's arm in his excitement.

"He is a broker in New York, and his office is in the Mills Building. Do you think he may turn out to be an old school friend of yours?"

"No, not exactly that, but speaking of school days, do you know anything of your father's

youth? Where he was born and how he first started in business, for instance?"

Allan reflected for an instant. It was strange, but although he had often visited at his grandparents' house, on his mother's side, he had no recollection of ever hearing his father speak of his parents. Yes, the plain facts of the case were that he did not know where his father was born. Indeed, he had never thought of all on the subject until that moment.

"Why no," he answered, half laughingly.

"I don't believe I can tell you father's native plain. All his people have been dead a good many years, so the subject has never come up."

Was it Allan's fancy, or did the stranger's left hand, when it was withdrawn from its resting place on his arm, seek his right one with a brief rubbing together of the two, as if in self gratulation? At any rate, the boy began to think it was time to grow cautious of this strange midnight companion.

"I won't let him know where I live, any way," he resolved, and for this reason walked straight on past the house when they came to it.

"But perhaps you know more about his early business life," went on the other. "Did he start for himself in New York, or was he clerking first for some other firm?"

"Oh, he could tell you better about that than I could," answered Allan. "He has never talked much about himself to any of us at home, or anywhere else, for the matter of that. But if you want to give me his name and address, I will ask him to send you word when he can give you an interview. He is a very busy man, you know."

"Very busy, is he? Then you had better not take the trouble to write me a note, and if you will pardon me, I won't tell you my name just yet. You might let it out by accident, and I want to surprise him. Oh, won't he be amazed to see me! Strange that it should all be brought about by my chancing to drop in at that gymnasium tonight!"

They had now reached Cranberry Street, and with the idea of carrying out a certain plan he had in mind, Allan came to a standstill and said:

"Well, good night. I turn off here."

Without allowing the other a chance to add that he could just as well make his route in that direction, young Trent hurried on towards Hicks Street as though his home lay in that direction.

"Perhaps I wasn't as polite as I might have been," he said to himself, "and I may be needlessly nervous, but I don't think that fellow means father any good. I'll just skirt the block and get back to the house by Orange Street."

As he turned into Hicks Street he involuntarily glanced back over his shoulder.

Somebody was coming down Cranberry Street almost on a run.

"That man must be following me!" thought Allan. "He does mean mischief after all!"

CHAPTER III.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

ALLAN TRENT was possessed of a peculiarly free and open temperament. He disliked secrets, and had but a small share of curiosity in his composition. Hence he saw nothing at all particularly romantic in the midnight adventure upon which he had stumbled, or rather, to be more accurate, which had stumbled upon him.

"That fellow, whoever he is, shan't find out where we live through me," he resolved, and hastily slipping through an area gateway, he concealed himself under the stoop of a house he was passing. "Now he can decide for himself into which number I have vanished."

But even in the dark Allan felt the warm blood rush into his cheeks at thought of the subterfuge to which he had resorted.

As he turned into Hicks Street, he thought, but father," he mentally argued.

Yet why should his father need protection—Howard Trent, one of Brooklyn's most "solid" citizens, and a magnificent specimen of physical manhood, from whom Allan had no doubt inherited his athletic talents?

"Pshaw!" muttered the boy. "My nerves must be all unstrung by the excitement of the contest! I'll hurry straight home, tell father about this queer customer if he hasn't gone to bed yet, and then sleep off my fancies to laugh over them in the morning."

He started to leave his odd refuge, but an obstacle interposed itself in his going so. His late companion—he caught the glint of the eye glasses in the rays from a street lamp—was pacing back and forth on the sidewalk, peering up at the several front doors in that particular portion of Hicks Street, as though trying to determine behind which of them young Trent had disappeared.

"I can't go out from an area way now," reflected Allan rather impatiently. "I must wait till he gets tired and goes off."

The mysterious stranger was evidently very much chagrined. He muttered to himself, stamped his feet angrily on the pavement, and when once or twice Allan was enabled to catch a glimpse of his features, he could see that they were set in an exceedingly unpleasant scowl.

He passed twice in front of the dwelling by the basement door of which Allan was ensconced, then gave a shrug to his shoulders as if deciding to give it up, and, changing his stride to a stride, disappeared in the direction of Cranberry Street.

Allan waited full five minutes and then cautiously stole on "like a timid, bold, bad burglar," as he half laughingly told himself.

"I'd get into a warmish kind of kettle if a policeman should happen along just now, caught stealing on tiptoe out of an area way at this time of night," he said to himself. "Won't Arthur laugh when I tell him of the adventure—[if I ever do tell him of it?]"

But there was not a soul on the block when Allan reached the sidewalk, and striking into a rapid pace he hurried on through the Orange Street and then down the latter back to Columbia Heights. Within five minutes he had inserted his latch key in the door of one of the handsomest homes on that street of fine residences.

As he entered the spacious hallway a silver tongued clock in the drawing room struck two and the sound of a chair being pushed across the floor came from the library on the opposite side of the corridor.

"Father hasn't gone to bed yet," and Allan turned at once into the room on his left, lined with book cases and fitted up for the rest with all the comforts and luxuries for which this age and country is distinguished. But not one book, however rare, or piece of statuary or costliest painting was half so handsome in the father's eyes as the boy who now entered, his face ruddy with exercise in the fresh air and his lithe, straight figure well set off by his closely buttoned coat.

"I congratulate you, my boy," and Mr. Trent took both his son's hands in his and held them fast for an instant. "I am sure Brooklyn will have no cause to fear that the championship will go elsewhere."

"Well, they mustn't count their chickens before they're hatched," laughed Allan, beginning to draw off his boots.

"Have you been home with Arthur?" continued the father, taking up the book he had laid down when Allen entered, and stepping across the room to replace it on its proper shelf.

"No, we walked back together as usual, but I came straight in. I lost a little time, though, with a fellow who came up and spoke to me on the Terrace and said he wanted to talk about you. Wanted to know where you were born, how you spent your youth and all that. And do you know, father, he fairly cornered me. Because—it's funny isn't it?—but I never knew myself where you were born. Where was it?"

Allan had been taking off his overcoat as he spoke, and now, with it flung over his arm, he stepped to the desk to glance at an announcement in the evening paper that had caught his eye. Thus he was not looking at his father at the moment and did not observe the dazed way in which the latter looked at the bell-shaped book in his hand ready to replace it, and yet not seeming to see the space where it belonged, which was directly in front of him.

Allan discovered what he had been looking for, glanced at another item in the paper and then, as the silence in the room was still unbroken save for the ticking of the bell-shaped clock on the mantel, he looked up to see why his father did not reply to his question.

Mr. Trent was still standing in the same position, and as the son could not see his face, he concluded that he must be searching for some particular work and had not heard him.

There was about to report his query when his father spoke, evidently with great effort, and in a voice strangely unlike his customary mellow, musical one.

"Did this man tell you who he was or say why he did not come straight to me?"

"No, he wouldn't give me his name," returned Allan, looking surprised for the instant, then dropping in the chair and idly setting the revolving bookcase swaying from side to side. "He wanted to astonish you, he said. You see he was at the exhibition tonight and was struck by my resemblance to you. Do I look as you used to when you were my age, father?"

Mr. Trent turned slowly around, dropped the book on a table near him and then sank into an arm chair.

His face was ashen, and Allan at once sprang to his feet and hurried to his side.

"What is it, father?" he exclaimed. "He is an enemy of yours, then, and means you harm! Something, I could not tell what, made me distrust him. He wanted to follow me home to find out where you lived, but I threw him off the track. I thought then that it was silly in me, but now—"

"Allan, what did that man tell you about me?"

The father had leaned forward and grasped his son by the wrist with almost painful intensity.

"Why, nothing; he wanted me to do all the telling. I can't imagine why he acted so. At first I thought he must be an old schoolmate of yours."

"Then he did not say what he wanted of me?"

Mr. Trent relaxed his grasp, and the color slowly came back into his face. He was a fine looking man, fully six feet in height, and it was easy to see where Allan got his broad shoulders and erect carriage.

He craned the spectacle of such physical powers crushed beneath some trifling and low blow was all the more astounding—not to say terrifying—to the beholder.

Allan dropped on a footstool at his father's side, and with one hand on the latter's knee, looked up earnestly into his face, as he replied:

"No, he seemed only to want to see you. But

I mistrusted him for some reason or other, and made up my mind to speak to you before he could get an interview. So I walked past the house, managed to get rid of him at the corner and then hurried on down Cambridge Street, as though we lived there. And he followed me."

Allan saw a tremor pass over his father's face as he added this last, but he went quickly on and described the manner in which he had outwitted his pursuer. Then, when he had finished,

"Father, he said, 'who is he? Did I do right to throw him off the track?'"

The last was almost a whisper, for the strong man had covered his face with his hands, and something very like a groan came from between his whitening lips.

"If it was not so sudden—if I had had only a little time to prepare!"

These words escaped from Mr. Trent involuntarily, it seemed. Then he straightened up, once more took his son's hands in his, and looking down into that bright young face, said in something like his old manner:

"Come, Allan, my boy, it is late. You should be asleep now after your evening's excitement. I will see this man when he calls, so give yourself no further uneasiness about it. And you had best not mention the matter to your mother or Agnes, or to any one, in fact. Good night, my son."

Marveling, even dazed, Allan pressed his father's hand, then rose, and after hanging up his hat and hat in the hall, ascended the broad staircase like one in a dream.

CHAPTER IV.
A THREAT AND ITS SEQUEL.

"**T**HE MR. Trent in?"

The speaker was a man of middle age, with the eye glasses and side whiskers that our friend Arthur Seymour would have recognized had he been present. He had entered the outer office of Howard Trent, on one of the upper floors of the Mills Building in New York, and addressed his query to the office boy who was sharpening a lead pencil behind the railing.

"He is very busy looking over his mail at this time in the morning," was the latter's reply, "but if you will give me your name I will take it in to him."

"Hand him this," and picking up a deposit slip from a rack on the right, the stranger took the pencil the boy handed him and wrote the simple number, "333."

The boy stared at it, opened his mouth to say something, then shut it again with a remembrance of his position, and took the mysterious bit of paper into his employer's private office.

The visitor occupied himself in the meantime by glancing around at the handsome finish and furnishing of the apartment, smiling the while grimly to himself.

"He will be able to do something handsome," he murmured. "Quite a contrast these to the old quarters. But what if I have made a mistake and he has only a coincidence? It can't be possible though. That boy is the living image of what he was then. I'll soon know that."

His eye fell on a stamped and directed envelope that was lying on a table just inside the railing. He took up another deposit slip and began carefully to trace some words on it, crushing the paper in his hand as he heard the boy returning.

"Mr. Trent says will you please step inside?"

Taking off his hat and dropping the crumpled paper into a pocket of his overcoat, the caller followed the boy into the inner room.

"Will you be seated?" said Mr. Trent, gazing fixedly at the newcomer. He was tearing into small scraps the deposit slip which had served as visiting card, and dropping it into the waste basket as he spoke.

"You don't remember me?" began the stranger, trying to appear at ease.

"Perfectly," was the unexpected reply. "You are Paul Beaver."

"Well, you have a better memory than I have, or I have changed less than you. I should never have known you in the world, but for your son."

Mr. Trent made no reply, and an awkward silence ensued.

Mr. Beaver crossed and recrossed his feet once or twice, cleared his throat, and then resumed:

"You have made a big rise in the world, Mr.—Trent, I have managed to do a little climbing for my own part, too, but a few thousand would help me immensely just now."

He paused abruptly, smiled insinuatingly, and then dropped his eyes to his restless feet beneath the frigidty of Mr. Trent's gaze.

"What are you doing now?" the latter inquired at length.

"Nothing at present. I have been traveling for some time in the house in Worth Street, but I have a chance to start in the notions line with a friend of mine. All I need is a little capital."

The visitor coughed suggestively, and glanced about the luxuriously furnished office.

"I know what you mean, Beaver," replied the broker, swinging himself around in his chair, so as to look his caller straight in the face. "But it is no use, by your figure ten thousand or one."

Beaver's brow darkened.

"I suppose you know the alternative," he said, rising to render his assertion the more ef-

fective. He made no movement towards the door, however.

"I can imagine what you may attempt to prove," returned the broker, with the slightest possible accent on attempt.

"But consider the loss you must sustain in the end, and the disgrace."

Beaver appeared to feel so sure that this reference would lead to the desired negotiations that he looked as if he was sorry he had not kept his seat.

"On the other hand, consider the odiousness of the term applied to the course you advise me to take," returned Mr. Trent, turning away and toying with a letter on his desk as though intimating that he wished an end put to the interview.

"Then think of your family, the shock to your wife, the horror of your son, the—"

"Stop," interposed the broker firmly. "Nothing that you can say can alter my decision. Confident as I am that I have never justly incurred any evil that has befallen me, I can fearlessly face whatever the future has in store, so long as my own conscience does not accuse me."

"You are the chooser," responded Beaver, taking out his card case. "Here is my address," he added, "for the next two weeks. I will give you up to that time to reflect on the matter. If you decide to accede to my terms—which I will place low, for old comradeship sake, you know any at five thousand dollars—a line there will find me in the morning, Mr. Trent."

It was lucky that the visitor took his departure as hurriedly as he did, for during his last sentences the broker's fingers had fairly ground their way into the palms of his hands with the restraint he put upon the impulse to lay hold on his tempter.

The stranger had gone, he sat buried in thought, with his head supported on his hand, gazing fixedly at a small framed picture of his son on the desk in front of him.

The fortnight succeeding the competitive contest described in our first chapter was a busy one to the members of the Hercules Athletic Club.

Every afternoon they came together to practice for the Interstate entertainment which was to come off on the 25th, or to perfect arrangements for the reception of the visiting clubs.

"What's the matter with you, Al?" Arthur had more than once said to his chum after these rehearsals. "You don't appear to enter into your work with the old time spirit. Norryway has noticed it, too, I'm sure, for he has been quite friendly of late. I believe he thinks you are going to back out and leave the field to him."

To this Allan's stereotyped answer was a smile, and the suggestion that he might be suffering from the measles, spring fever, but would be sure to be all right the night of the exhibition.

Indeed, as the days went by, he regained more and more of his old manner. The haunting fear that had been over him since that midnight interview with his father was gradually becoming less oppressive.

Father must have settled it all satisfactorily or something would have come of it by this time," he told himself, and although he was never free from a dull kind of burden on his mind, he tried his best to forget it and put all his heart into his school work and his athletic training.

The evening of the 25th arrived at last. The weather had descended to be propitious, and the pretty little club house was packed to its utmost capacity, not only with representatives from the best families in Brooklyn, but with large delegations from New York, and not a few guests from Boston and Philadelphia, the homes of the competing clubs.

The Deanes, the Seymours and the Trents had secured seats in the gallery together, and Dora Grange had the felicity of being next neighbor to "that sweet mother of Allan's."

But Allan himself came in for a generous share of admiration. He was looking unusually well this evening, and Mr. Trent lost the serious aspect that had of late settled so persistently on his countenance as he watched the graceful feats performed with such seeming ease by his handsome son. Indeed, Steve Norryway's face was the only disconcerted one to be found in all that vast assemblage.

The evening performance was about half over. The pyramid act had been smoothly performed, and thus far the score of the Brooklyn club was in the lead.

Allan had ascended to the ceiling and swung himself into the trapeze, from which he was to take a flying leap to the hands of the professor waiting to catch him, hanging head downwards some ten feet off.

The band was playing the waltz from "Erminie," and Allan was just settling himself into position, when a commotion in the gallery beneath him attracted his attention. He glanced down half carelessly to see what it was.

A sensation of hizziness rushed over him, and just at that moment sounded the signal for his leap.

(To be continued.)

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

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, "Chimney Swifts," "The Doctor's Story," "Rex Pemberton's Reward," "Mountain Winds," "A Thrilling Race," W. H. Chicago, Ill. For information regarding the public library in your city, apply to the librarian.

MOHILAMUN, Fitchburg, Mass. Directions for making an electrical machine were published in No. 227.

C. F. B., East Portland, Ogn. George Wostenholm, the cutlery manufacturer, spells his name as printed here.

SEE E. SEE, Island Grove, Fla. If we undertook to settle all disputed points of law, what would the lawyers do for a living?

J. F. L., Ribolt, Pa. Books on the so called universal language, Volapuk, are published by George R. Lockwood, New York.

ISQUIER, Waterbury, Conn. We have not published any extended articles on the subject of Volapuk. See answer to J. F. L.

CONSTANT READER, New York City. The American Exchange and Mart, published in Boston, is such a paper as you describe.

W. S., Hoboken, N. J. The most famous of Napoleon's marshals, were Ney, Soult, Davoust, Massena, Junot, Murat, and Bernadotte.

YOUNG CONFEDERATE, Philadelphia, Pa. To clean the ivory mouthpiece of a flute, rub it well with fresh butter, and place it in the shade.

S. W. S., North Elba, N. Y. "Davy Jones" is a sailor's name for Death; his "locker" is the depths of ocean, the resting place of his seafaring victims.

BEN, Austin, Ill. THE ARGOSY aims to select for the subjects of its biographical sketches the men whose careers are the most interesting and worthy of emulation.

J. Z. R., New York City. We would not, if we could, tell you how to become a professional broker. That is not a calling that we should recommend for any boy.

J. W., New York City. Frank Stockton's works are published by Charles Scribner's Sons. No stories by the other authors named have been issued in book form.

A. B., New York City. In Nos. 243 and 244 we published directions for making a 12 or 14 ft. canvas canoe to cost about \$10. A ready made canoe would of course cost several times as much.

M. W., New York City. You will have to apply to the Trow Directory Company, or to some book-seller, for information concerning old directories of New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Liverpool.

E. H. McHugh, 36 Great Jones St., New York City, would like to communicate with boys between the ages of fourteen and seventeen who would join the New York Company of the Erin's Hope Cadets.

KAUCK, Hume, Mo., and S. C. M., New York City. The best months for camping out are June and September. The necessary equipment for the subject will be found in Nos. 234, 235, and 242 of the ARGOSY.

L. J. H., Brooklyn, N. Y. The reason why the front wheels of a wagon are smaller than the back wheels is not far to seek. The necessary turning gear throes the front axle lower, and thus makes the wheel smaller.

LUKE WALTON, Chicago, Ill. 1. The patent office reports are probably to be found in some of the public libraries of your city. 2. We are not authorized to publish our authors' addresses, but we can forward letters to them.

READER, AUGUSTA, Me. Arrangements as to the payment of express charges on articles exchanged through the ARGOSY exchange column must be made by the respective parties to the transaction. We cannot settle the matter.

READER, Summit, N. J. A compositor learns his trade as an apprentice at \$5.00 or \$7.50 a week. When he becomes competent, \$8 is the union rate for weekly pay; or if on piecework, he can earn from \$10 to \$25 a week, according to circumstances.

P. K., New York City. There is in reality no such thing as a "free" electric light, but we have been popularly given to an electric light set up, we believe, with a small balloon from Mr. Edison's residence at Orange, New Jersey.

M. K., Catsauqua, Pa. 1. The salary attached to the office of Vice President is \$800 a year. 2. "How to enter a weekly school paper?" Too large a question to answer here. We can merely advise you to follow the best models.

M. A. W., Boston, Mass. Various remedies for stuttering are advocated by different authorities on the subject. A simple method, said to be effectual, is this: At every syllable pronounced, tap at the same time with the finger, as if beating time to music.

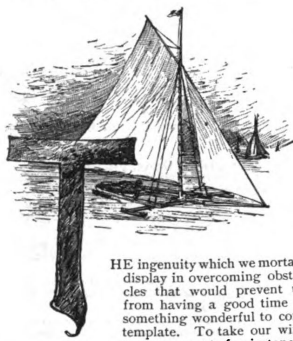
L. L. M., San Francisco, Cal. 1. All numbers of Vol. V are in print except No. 210. 2. Your desire for a story by Annie Ashmore has been gratified already. 3. "Albatross" by G. C. Tracy, handsomely bound in cloth, costs \$1.25. "Tom Tracy" will probably appear shortly in MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

JIM NAST. You can get a good deal of amusement and some profit from the ARGOSY by starting an amateur paper. We should advise you to be your own printer, in which case you will need a press and some type. Still, you can start in a modest way on \$25, though more than that might be expended to advantage.

STAMPS, New York City. Newspaper stamps are not used in publication offices. The mail is sent to the post office uncancelled; it is there weighed, and the stamps are attached to the envelope by the stub of the receipt given for the payment made. As they are not sent out of the post office we could not give them to you.

HORACE CRIBBEN, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. Yes, Reginald Crutten first appeared in *The Oceanic Explorer* of London. 2. As already stated, the weekly circulation of the ARGOSY is larger than that of any similar publication. 3. Yes, Mr. Crutten is authorized to write for no other juvenile periodical except the ARGOSY. We cannot control the republication of old stories the copyright of which was sold to other publishers before the ARGOSY was started.

Ice Yachting in Canada.



HE ingenuity which we mortals display in overcoming obstacles that would prevent us from having a good time is something wonderful to contemplate. To take our winter amusements for instance.

The snow and the frost come, and they put an end to all the pleasant games that we have been playing during the summer months. Base ball, cricket, football, croquet, tennis, rowing, bathing, yachting, are alike out of the question.

But are we disheartened, and like the bears, do we retire into our houses, and there, sitting in sulky seclusion, suck our paws until the warm breath of spring puts life into us again? Not a bit of it. Jack Frost is no enemy of ours. On the contrary he is a friend most highly esteemed, and we always greet his company with delight.

To be sure we can no longer play base ball in the level field, but can we not coast down the sloping hill side instead, and have just as good fun over it too? Only a madman would think of taking a dip in the river now—but how about skating over the glassy surface, and playing chess, and hockey, and other games upon it?

"Ah!" I can fancy some one, who doesn't quite know everything, saying with a smile of triumph, "that's all true enough, but there's one thing you can't do in winter, and that is go out yachting." Can't we? Just wait a moment, my friend, and perhaps I will prove to you that we can. And not only so, but we can go sailing at such a rate that if we could only manage to see in summer at the same speed, no Volunteer, Puritan, or Mayflower could possibly keep within sight of us. Indeed we can have yachting in midwinter, such yachting as no one can ever have in midsummer with ten times more excitement, and risk also for that matter.

I am sorry I do not know the inventor of ice yachting, for I would like to tell the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY about him; but I think I am safe in saying that he belonged to that large and ever increasing class of inventive Yankees that have done so much for the pleasure and comfort of the world. He certainly did not hie from Florida or California. In all probability he was from New England, and I would run the risk of giving as my opinion that the first ice yacht was made out of a couple of pairs of the old-fashioned skates.

What could be more simple or natural than the evolution of the ice yacht in the following manner: Darius Green, whose home chanced to be on the border of some broad river that froze over solidly every winter, was very fond of skating. On a windy day he noticed that if he skated up against the wind, and then, turning about, opened his coat wide, the wind would blow him back again quite as fast as he had come up. Happy thought! Why not fasten his skates to a board, sit on the board, hold up something for a sail, and have a glorious time doing nothing, and letting the wind do all the work? From this to a frame having a skate at each side, and a rudder with a pair of skates to facilitate the steering, was an easy step, and so in due time, after perhaps a winter or two of thinking and planning, behold our ingenious friend Darius skimming over the ice on a real ice yacht with big iron runners, canvas sail, platform for crew, and all the rest of it. The whole thing seems so simple that I shall be very much surprised if some of the boys who read this, and are so fortunate as to live by a sheet of ice big enough for sailing upon, do not have an ice yacht of their own before this winter is over.

Ice yachting has a great deal to recommend it. In the first place it is not an expensive luxury. It will not cost one tithe of the expense of ordinary yachting. Half a dozen boys who know something about the use of hammer, plane, and chisel might make a very fair yacht at a cost not exceeding thirty or forty dollars, the sail being in that case the most expensive item. At the same time hundreds of dollars can be spent

upon a yacht, and some of the monsters owned by the Hudson River Yacht Club probably cost thousands.

In the next place it is a very healthy, hardy amusement. Only men and manly boys can take any pleasure in it, and it is splendid exercise for them. Ladies of course do go out sometimes, but it is hardly a sport for the fair sex. It necessitates too much exposure to wind and cold. Then it is so unquestionably one of the most thrilling and delightful amusements that a man can have. Skating, sleighing, tobogganing, even at their very best, are not to be compared with ice yachting when all the conditions are favorable, and these conditions are: A good strong yacht with plenty of canvas and keen runners, a wide expanse of ice free from holes and hummocks, and a fine fresh breeze. Granted all these, and I question if the world can offer a more glorious, heart satisfying sport.

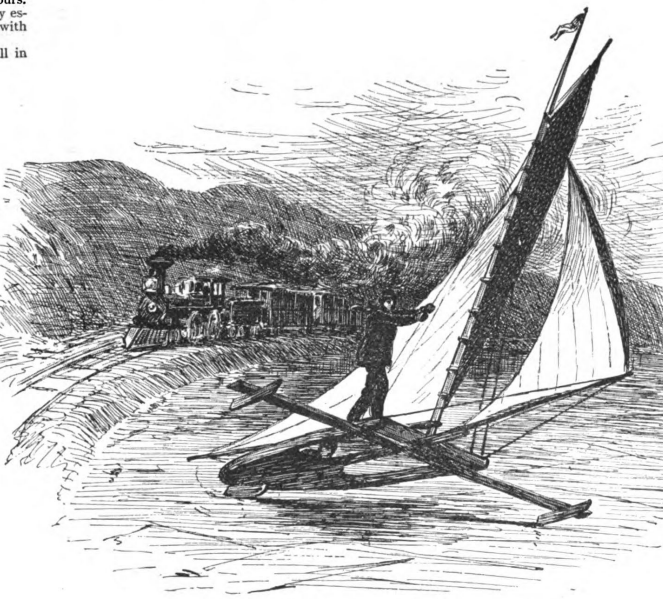
Let us imagine ourselves at the edge of a great reach of river which Jack Frost has covered with a glistening breast plate of ice. For ten good miles this breast plate extends, free from snow and open cracks, a little rough in spots, but on the whole quite smooth enough for the big runners of the ice yacht that stands before us with sail clewed tight awaiting the word to start. We get on board and draw the warm rugs over our knees. Not much room on the deck of this yacht, and none at all in the cabin, for there isn't any cabin. We must pack close, but then we will be all the snugger. Our steersman shoves the yacht round, so that the wind strikes full upon the broad stiff sail, and we at once begin to move, slowly at first, but faster

make twenty, thirty, or sixty miles an hour on thoroughly good ice, though the wind be blowing but ten, fifteen, or twenty miles an hour.

I have never gone at any phenomenal rate of speed myself, but a friend of unimpeachable accuracy assures me he went twenty miles in thirteen minutes on Toronto Bay. The fact of the matter is, there is no theoretical limit to the speed of an ice yacht, all conditions being favorable, and a hundred miles an hour is easily within the bounds of possibility, although at the same time I frankly confess I have no ambition to be on board the yacht that is going at that rate.

Ice yachting may be had in Canada all the way from Halifax to Port Arthur. The chief place, however, is the city of Toronto, and there, if the bay happens to freeze over some time before the snow comes, a small fleet of yachts may be seen darting over the ice between the wharves and Hanlan's Island, or venturing farther out into the bay if the state of the ice permits. Many of these yachts of course are private property, but others are open to engagement, and going down to the foot of Yonge Street any fine afternoon during the season you can hire a yacht and its crew of one man by the hour, and go in for a good time.

For the benefit of those who may never have seen an ice yacht I might say that it is simply an open frame work of light strong wood in the form of a triangle of which, curious to say, the base constitutes the front or bow, and the apex the stern. At each angle there is a runner, something like a skate, and the stern runner is fixed so as to move precisely like the rudder of a boat. It is the steering gear, and upon its pro-



THE RIVAL FLYERS—ICE YACHT AND EXPRESS TRAIN.

and faster with every foot of advance, until presently we are spinning over the ice at a rate that fairly takes our breath away.

What a glorious inspiring motion it is! Our speed rivals that of an express train, but there is none of the horrid clanging and bumping that make railway traveling disagreeable. With a soft steady "purr—" our yacht glides over the ice, and the keen breeze created by her motion brings the crimson out upon our cheeks. We do not so much seem to be going ourselves as the shore to be flying past us. In ready obedience to the steersman's touch the yacht tacks this way, that way, turns the corners, avoids the cracks, gives the go by to the hummocks, and so on for mile after mile until, having gone as far as the ice is good and safe, or as we want to go, we turn about and make for home again.

With regard to the speed which it is possible for an ice yacht to attain there has been a good deal of discussion. The fact of the New York Central Railroad running for some distance along the bank of the Hudson at a place where very good ice yachting could be secured, made a comparison between the relative speed of ice yachts and express trains possible. But this did not settle the matter, because the yachts, if they had anything like a strong wind blowing from the right direction, beat the express trains handsly.

The first man who asserted that an ice yacht properly handled could go faster than the wind was probably a good deal laughed at, and yet he was perfectly correct. An ice yacht can go twice or even three times as fast as the wind that propels it. It would take a lot of figures and diagrams to prove this, but it can be done to the satisfaction of the most skeptical. A well built yacht with perfect runners and a large sail can

per management depends the safety of those on board. The sail is also triangular in shape, and varies in size from sixty to one hundred and twenty square yards, or indeed even more. There is, I believe, a yacht in the Hudson River Club which carries a monster sail, its area being nearly 850 square feet. Other things being equal, it is safe to say that the yacht with the biggest sail will beat all the others, so if you are going to bet, bet on the big sail, and the chances will be all in your favor.

Ice yachting is not all fun. There is a considerable spice of danger about it too. Beside the chance of collision with another yacht, and of capsizing, both of which mean bad steering, there are perils to be avoided in the way of cracks in the ice in which a runner may catch, and of hummocks against which the low frame work may crash. The cracks are the more dangerous of the two, as sometimes it is very difficult to see them in time to avoid them, and disaster follows.

Some winters ago, a brother of the famous sculler Hanlan was flying over Toronto Bay in his yacht at the rate of sixty miles an hour, when one runner caught in a crack. Instantly there was a crash, the yacht turned into kindling wood, and poor Hanlan was hurled across the ice as from a catapult. When they picked him up they found that one arm was badly broken, and that he had received other injuries.

Some gentlemen who were trying to do a little ice yachting on the Ottawa found that river was completely frozen over, before themselves dashing towards a huge gap in the ice, and could not turn or check their progress. After unavailing efforts to bring the yacht to, they were compelled to throw themselves off to the ice, and allow their yacht to plunge headlong into the water.

An amusing experience, that might have been, but fortunately was not attended with serious results, happened to a friend of mine some years ago on Lake St. Louis, a little above Montreal. He had an ice yacht on this lake, which is very long and very wide, and on Saturday afternoon, with a number of his companions, he went up there and have fine fun. One Saturday afternoon a storm of wind and snow broke upon them before they started, but they had come too far to be balked in that way, so to the number of six they piled aboard the yacht, and pushed off for a sail. It was slow work at first, for the snow had already commenced to cover the ice. But going out towards the middle of the lake they found that the snow was drifting and leaving long clear spaces between the drifts. To one of these spaces they came just as a wild burst of wind roared upon them from the north, and away they went with the speed of an arrow. They neared the other side of the open stretch they saw that there was a big drift ahead, but relying upon their speed they determined to charge it in the hope that their impetus might carry them through. So steering straight for the center of the drift they attacked it with a rush that seemed enough to paralyze even so cool a customer as a snow drift.

But they waked up the wrong passenger. The drift just stood right up to them. Instead of going through it the yacht stopped as if by magic. But the passengers did not stop, and they shot out of a cannon the whole six were flying through the snow filled air, and having described parabolas varying in size from fifteen to thirty feet, landed neck and heels together in various parts of the drift they had so signally failed to conquer. The yacht being too tightly fixed to follow them, did the next best thing by breaking off short at the foot, and the whole yacht was pretty badly broken up. None of the boys had any bones shattered, thanks to the soft bed into which they fell, but they learned a lesson about charging drifts that none of them will be likely to forget in a hurry.

It would be easy to write as much more about "ice yachting and its pleasures and perils, but my space is exhausted, and I can only add that while any boy may have a miniature ice yacht of his own, made in the way I have suggested, still I hope that some time or other every reader of the ARGOSY may have the opportunity of a sail upon a real big yacht, that may afford him the glorious sensation of speeding through space at the intoxicating rate of a mile a minute.

J. MACDONALD OXLEY,
Marine Department,
Ottawa, Canada.

THE SPEED OF THOUGHT.

MANY of the ARGOSY readers have no doubt frequently made use of the expression "quick as thought," but have any of them ever stopped to consider how quick thought is? A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* has made some interesting calculations regarding the comparative length of time it takes to call to mind various every day facts.

It takes about two fifths of a second to call to mind the country in which a well known town is situated, or the language in which a familiar author wrote. We can think of the name of next month in half the time we need to think of the name of last month. It takes on the average one third of a second to add up the sum of one digit and half a second to multiply them. Such experiments give us considerable insight into the mind.

Those used to reckoning can add two to three in less time than others; those familiar with literature can remember more quickly than others that Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet." It takes longer to mention a month when the season has been given than to say to what month a season belongs.

The time taken up in choosing a motion, the "will time," I need about one eighth of a second to take up in perceiving. If I do not know which of two colored lights is to be presented, and must lift my right hand if it be red and my left hand if it be blue, I need about one eighth of a second to initiate the correct motion. I have also been able to register the sound waves made in the air by speaking, and thus have determined that in order to take up the name belonging to a printed word I need about one ninth of a second, to a letter one sixth of a second, to a picture one quarter of a second, and to a color one third of a second.

A letter can be read more quickly than a word, but we are so used to reading aloud that the process has become quite automatic, and a word can be read with greater ease and in less time than a letter can be named. The same experiments made on other persons give times differing but little from my own. Mental processes, however, take place more slowly in children, in the aged, and in the uneducated.

IT WAS NOT THE ARGOSY.

"WHERE do you get the funny things you print in your paper?" asked an inquisitive subscriber. "Out of my head, sir, out of my head," curiously replied the bothered editor. "Do you really, now?" said the inquisitive subscriber pittingly. "Well, I rather had an idea that something was wrong, but I didn't know it was so bad as that."

A CHANCE ARROW.

BY R. L. HUGGINS.

I shot an arrow through the wood one day in idle sport, and following where it led I found a doe that I had raised and fed Stricken and bleeding fast her life away; Her tender fawn transited beside her lay; One random shot two happy lives had sped. The dead leaves rustled to my startled tread And filled my fluttering heart with strange dismay, For, gazing in those fating eyes, my soul Met there another soul its very twin, Unseen for years, but bowered deep within The heart's alcove, oh, lost beyond control. Those murdered eyes still gazed as from a glass Framed in with bloody leaves and trampled grass.

[This story commenced in No. 270.]

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

FRIENDS AND FOES.

JEFFREYS was not long in finding out the best and the worst of his new lot at Wildtree Towers.

If all his life could have been spent in the shelter of the library, Jeffreys would have had little to complain of. But it was not, and out of it needed no great discernment to perceive that he had anything but a friend in Mrs. Rimbolt. She was not openly hostile; it was not worth her while to wage war on a poor domestic, but she seemed for all that to resent his presence in the house, and to be possessed of a sort of nervous desire to lose no opportunity of putting him down.

From the day of the kidnaping adventure Percy was a sworn ally of Jeffreys. It mattered nothing to him who else snubbed the new librarian, or who else made his life uncomfortable. Percy liked him and thought much of him.

He established a claim on his afternoons in spite of Mrs. Rimbolt's protests and Mr. Rimbolt's arrangements. Even Jeffreys's refusal to quit work at his bidding counted for nothing.

Mr. Rimbolt did not conceal the satisfaction with which he noticed the good influence on the boy of his new friend, and readily fell in with the arrangement that Jeffreys's afternoons should be placed at his own (which meant Percy's) disposal. As for Mrs. Rimbolt, she grained to think of her boy consorting with quondam tramps, yet consoled herself with the knowledge that Percy had now some one who would look after him and keep him out of danger, even with a vulgar right arm.

Jeffreys accepted this new responsibility cheerfully, and even eagerly. It sometimes came over him with a shock what would these people say if they knew about young Forrester? Yet was not this care of a boy given to him now as a means—if not of winning back his good name—at least of atoning in some measure by the good he would try to do him and the patience with which he would bear with his exacting ways, for what was past? It was in that spirit he accepted the trust, and felt happy in it.

As the summer passed on, Wildtree, the moors around which were famous for their game, became full of visitors. The invasion did not disturb Jeffreys, for he felt that he would be able to retire into private life and avoid it. The company numbered a few boys of Percy's age, so that even that young gentleman would not be likely to require his services for a while.

He therefore threw himself wholly into his work, and, with the exception of an hour each afternoon, when he took a turn on the hillside, showed himself to no one.

On one of these occasions, as he was strolling through the park towards the moor, he encountered Miss Atherton, very much laden with a campstool, a basket, a parasol, and a waterproof. Shy as he was, Jeffreys could hardly pass her without offering to relieve her of part of her burden. "May I carry some of those things?" said he.

He had scarcely exchanged words with Raby since the first day of his arrival; and though he secretly numbered her among his friends, he had an uncomfortable suspicion that she looked down on him, and made an effort to be kind to him.

"Thanks, very much," said she, really glad to get rid of some of her burdens; "you wouldn't mind taking the chair. But I'm afraid you are going the other way."

"No," said Jeffreys, taking the chair, "I was going nowhere in particular. May I not take the waterproof and basket too?"

"The basket is far too precious," said Raby, smiling; "it has grapes in it. But if you will take this horrid waterproof—"

"There is not much use for waterproofs this beautiful weather," said Jeffreys, beginning to walk beside her. Then, suddenly recollecting himself with a vision of Mrs. Rimbolt before his mind, he fell back, and said, awkwardly:

"Perhaps I had better—I must not detain you, Miss Atherton."

She saw through him at once, and laughed. "You propose to follow me with those things as if I was an Eastern princess! Perhaps I had better carry them myself if you are afraid of me."

"I'm not afraid of you," said Jeffreys. "But you are afraid of auntie. So am I—I hope she'll meet us. What were you saying about the weather, Mr. Jeffreys?"

Jeffreys glanced in alarm at his audacious companion. He had nothing for it after this challenge but to walk with her and brave the consequences. There was something in her half-mutinious, half-confiding manner which rather interested him, and made the risk he was now running rather exhilarating.

"Percy seems to have forsaken you," said she, after a pause, "since his friends came. I suppose he is sure to be blowing his brains out or something of the sort on the moors."

"Percy is a fine fellow, and certainly has some brains to blow," observed Jeffreys, solemnly.

Raby laughed. "He's quite a reformed character since you came," said she; "I'm jealous of you!"

"Why?" "Oh, he cuts me, now he has you! He used about once a week to offer to show me what he was doing. Now he only offers once a month, and then always thinks better of it."

library," said the girl; "you should hear how unclean praises you behind your back! Poor auntie—"

At that moment they turned a corner of the shrubbery leading up to the house, and found themselves suddenly face to face with Mrs. Rimbolt with a gentleman and two or three of her lady guests.

Jeffreys flushed up as guiltily as if he had been detected in a highway robbery, and absolutely forgot to salute. Even Kaby, who was not at all sure that her aunt had not overheard their last words, was taken aback and looked confused.

Mrs. Rimbolt bridled up like a cat going into action. She took in the situation at a glance, and drew her own inferences.

"Raby, my dear," said she, "come with us. Colonel Brotherton wishes to see Rod-

The autumn passed uneventfully. Mr. Rimbolt had occasion once or twice to go up to London, and on these occasions Jeffreys was reminded that he was not on a bed of roses at Wildtree.

Raby continued to regard him from a distance with a friendly eye, and now and then alarmed him by challenging him to some daring act of mutiny which was sure to end in confusion, but for all that always seemed to him to have some compensation in the fellow feeling it established between the poor librarian and the dependent and kind under niece.

News arrived now and then from India, bringing relief as to what was sort, but by no means allaying anxiety as to what might be in store for



THE ICE GAVE WAY, AND JEFFREYS PLUNGED INTO THE LAKE.

"The thing is to get him to work at one thing at a time," said Jeffreys, to whom Percy was always an interesting study. "As soon as he has learned that art he will do great things."

"I think Percy would make a fine soldier," said Raby, with an enthusiasm which quite captivated her companion, "he's so brave and honest and determined. Isn't he?"

"Yes, and clever too."

"Of course, but my father always says a man needn't be clever to be a good soldier. He says the clever soldiers are the least valuable."

"Was your father a soldier?"

"Was? He is. He's in Afghanistan now."

"In the middle of all the fighting?"

"Yes," said Raby, with a shade across her bright face. "It's terrible, isn't it? I half dread every time I see a letter or a newspaper. Mr. Jeffreys!" added the girl, stopping short in her walk, "my father is the best and bravest man that ever lived."

"I know he is," said Jeffreys, beginning to wonder whether some of the father's good qualities were not hereditary, "and I don't wonder."

Raby looked up curiously and then laughed.

"You judge of him by seeing how heroic I am braving my aunt's wrath. Oh, dear, I do hope she meets us. It would be such a waste of courage if she doesn't."

"I have benefited by your courage," said Jeffreys, quite staggered at his own gallantry.

"I expect you're awfully dull in that old

net Falls, and we are going there. Oh, Mr. Jeffreys," added she, turning frigidly upon the already laden librarian, "when you have carried Miss Atherton's things into the house, be good enough to go to Kennedy and tell him to meet us at the upper fall. And you will find some letters on the table to be posted. By the way, Colonel Brotherton, if you have that telegram you want to send off, the librarian will go with it. It is a pity you should have the walk."

To these miscellaneous orders Jeffreys bowed solemnly, and did not fail to exhibit his clumsiness by dropping Raby's waterproof in a belated effort to raise his hat. Mrs. Rimbolt would hardly have been appeased had he not done so; and it was probably in a final endeavor to show him off as he departed that she added: "Raby, give Mr. Jeffreys that basket to take in; you cannot carry that up to the falls."

"Oh, aunt, I've told Mr. Jeffreys I can't trust him with it. It has grapes in it. Didn't I, Mr. Jeffreys?" she said, appealing gayly to him with a smile which seemed to make a man of him once more.

"I will undertake not to eat them," said he, with a twitch of his mouth, receiving the precious basket.

After that he sacrificed even his afternoon constitutional, and took to the life of a hermit until Wildtree Towers should be rid of its visitors.

the soldier there. A week before Christmas, Raby told Jeffreys, with mingled pride and trepidation, that her father had written to say he had

been made major, and expected to be sent in charge of a small advance force towards Kandahar to clear the way for a general advance.

By the same post another letter came for Mrs. Rimbolt, the contents of which, as the fates would have it, also came to Jeffreys's ears.

"My dear," said the lady, entering the library that evening, letter in hand, and addressing her husband, who was just then engaged with his librarian in inspecting some new purchases, "here is a letter from my old friend Louisa Scarfe. She proposes to come to us for Christmas, and bring with her her son, who is now at Oxford. I suppose I can write and say yes?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Rimbolt; "I shall be delighted." "A chill went to Jeffreys's heart as he overheard this hurried consultation. If this should be a certain Scarfe he knew, he was not yet rid, he felt, of Bolsover, or of his bad name."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MEETING.

MRS. SCARFE and her son arrived a day or two later at Wildtree Towers. Jeffreys, who from the recesses of a bay window was an unseen witness of the arrival, saw at a glance that his forebodings were too true.

Scarfe had changed somewhat since Jeffreys had been a fellow student with him at Bolsover fifteen months before. He was older and better looking, and wore a budding black mustache. His dress was in the best Oxford style; and in his easy confident carriage there remained no trace of the overgrown schoolboy.

His mother, a delicate looking widow, returned Mrs. Rimbolt's greeting with the eagerness of an old friend, and introduced her son with evident pride.

It was hopeless for Jeffreys to think of avoiding a recognition for long. Still he anxiously put off the evil hour as far as possible. The first afternoon and evening this was not difficult, for the travelers had made a long journey and retired early. The following day he went through his work on tenter hooks. Every time the library door opened he felt his heart sink within him, and every footstep he heard crossing the hall seemed to be the one he dreaded. Mrs. Rimbolt rushed into the library after lunch.

"Oh, I say, Jeff, come along. There's such a jolly fellow come to stay, and he's coming to see the Falls, and we're going to take guns on the chance of a shot. Come on and bring Julius."

"I'm very sorry, Percy. I can't come this afternoon. I don't feel game. Mind how you manage your gun. Julius wouldn't go without me, but Appley can get you a dog from the kennels."

"Oh, bother it all, Jeff, you might come; are you really out of sorts?"

"I'd ever so much sooner not come this afternoon."

"All serene. I'm sorry—I'd like you to see Scarfe. He's at Oxford and a jolly fellow."

And, much to Jeffreys's relief, the boy went off, sparing him further solicitation.

In the evening he attempted to escape the inevitable by taking refuge in his room after dinner. But as it happened a messenger arrived from Overstone with a parcel of books, which made

it necessary for him to return to the library. And while there Mr. Rimbolt as usual came in. As soon as the business matter had been arranged, Mr. Rimbolt said: "Miss Atherton has been asking to see Blain's 'Sons of Innocence.' Jeffrey's will you kindly take the book to her in the drawing room? I have one of my tenants to see here, but I shall be in shortly."

There was no possible excuse from this dilemma.

With a groan he got the book down from its place and went. "Kindly ask Mrs. Rimbolt not to wait coffee for me," said Mr. Rimbolt, "as I may be detained."

If Jeffrey could only have encountered Walker in the hall he would even yet have attempted to avoid his fate by handing the book and the message to that functionary's charge. But though he waited about fully three minutes, no Walker appeared; and at last, alarmed lest Mr. Rimbolt should come out and discover him, he marched desperately to the drawing room door.

A fresh dilemma confronted him as he reached it. He had never yet entered the drawing room except under Mr. Rimbolt's, or Percy's wing. What should he do now? Knock, like a common domestic; or enter unbidden, like an ill bred one?

Of the two his pride decided the former course was the less contemptible. So he knocked.

Scarfe, as he entered, was engaged in turning over a book of prints with Raby; and did not notice him. Mr. Rimbolt, sitting on the sofa beside her friend, heeded his entrance till Percy said:

"Hullo, Jeff!"

Jeffrey became aware that the eyes of the whole party were suddenly centered on him—Mrs. Rimbolt's from under her lifted eyebrows, Mr. Scarfe's through raised eyelashes, Raby, with a veiled welcome, Scarfe's in blank astonishment.

He advanced awkwardly into the room.

"Close the door, please, Mr. Jeffrey," said Mrs. Rimbolt, in tones which left no manner of doubt in her visitors' minds as to the status of the library in her house.

Jeffrey obeyed, and advanced once more towards Raby.

"Your uncle," stammered he, conscious of nothing but Scarfe's stare, "asked me to bring you this book." Then turning with a desperate effort to his old schoolfellow, he said: "How are you, Scarfe?"

He scorned Jeffrey for the half appealing tone in which the salutation was made. What was Scarfe to him? Nothing, save that Scarfe and he had both looked down that October afternoon on the motionless form of one small boy in the Bolsover meadow. And was that nothing?

"How do you do now?" cried Scarfe, stiffly extending his hand, and immediately afterwards returning to his examination of the prints with Raby.

"Do you know Jeff?" asked Percy, who had witnessed the recognition.

"Yes, Jeffrey and I have met," said Scarfe, not looking up from his book.

"Who is that young man?" said Mrs. Scarfe, in an audible whisper to her hostess.

"The librarian here, Mr. Jeffrey," added Mrs. Rimbolt, as Jeffrey stood irresolute, not knowing whether to remain in the room or go; "be good enough to tell Walker he can bring the coffee, and tell Mr. Rimbolt we are expecting him."

"Mr. Rimbolt asked me to say you are not to wait coffee for him. He may be detained with a tenant in the library."

"Jeff, I say, you should have been with us this afternoon. We had such larks. We got one or two port shots, but didn't hit anything except the dog. So it's a good job we didn't borrow Julius. Kennedy says we're in for a ripping frost, so save yourself up, old man."

"Percy, you talk like a stable boy. Do remember you are in the drawing room; and don't detain Mr. Jeffrey from his work."

Under cover of this maternal exhortation Jeffrey withdrew.

"Queer, your knowing Jeff, Scarfe," said Percy, after he had gone; "was he at Oxford?"

"No," said Scarfe. "It was at school. Surely that must be one of Hogarth's engravings, Miss Atherton; it is exactly his style."

"It wasn't much of a school, was it?" persisted Percy. "Jeff told me he didn't care about it."

"I don't think he did," replied Scarfe, with a faint smile.

"I suppose you are very fond of Oxford, are you not?" said Mrs. Rimbolt; "every one who belongs to the University seems very proud of it."

This effectually turned the conversation away from Jeffrey, and the subject was not recurring to that evening.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE ICE.

KENNEDY'S prophecy of a hard frost turned out to have been a knowing one. All through Christmas week it continued with a severity rare even in that mountainous region; and when on New Year's Day the report reached Wiltree that a man had skated across the upper end of Wellmere it was admitted to be a frost which, to the younger generation of the place at least, "beat the record."

Percy was particularly enthusiastic, and terrified his mother by announcing that he meant to skate across Wellmere too. Raby, though less

ambitious, was equally keen for the ice; and Scarfe, indolently inclined as he was, was constrained to declare himself also anxious to put on his skates.

A day or two, owing to the fact that Percy's skates, which had lain idle for two years, were now too small for him and useless,

Mrs. Rimbolt devoutly hoped the dealer in Overstone would have none to fit him, and used the interval in intriguing right and left to stop the projected expedition.

As she presented to her husband that the head gardener was of opinion that the frost had reached its height two days ago. She discovered that Scarfe had a cold, to which exposure might be disastrous. Raby she peremptorily forbade to dream of the ice; and as for Percy, she conjured him by the love he bore her to skate on nothing deeper than the Kodnet marsh, whereas that young gentleman glibbed. The Overstone dealer had skates which fitted the boy to a nicety; and, by way of business, sent up "an inspection" a pair which Mr. Rimbolt might find useful for himself.

"You surely will not allow Percy to go?" said the lady to her husband, on the morning after the arrival of the skates.

"Why not? He is a good skater, and we don't often have a frost."

"But on Wellmere! Think of the danger!"

"I often skated across Wellmere when I was a boy. I would not object to do it again if I had the time to spare. I declare the sight of the skates tempted me."

"I don't believe Mr. Scarfe can swim. What would happen if there were an accident?"

"I think you overrate the danger," said her husband; "however, if it pleases you I will get Jeffrey to go with them. He can swim, and I dare say he can skate to boot."

"But Mr. Rimbolt said a little at the suggestion; but yielded to it as a compromise, being better than nothing."

Jeffrey would fain have evaded this unexpected service.

"I have no skates," he said, when Mr. Rimbolt pressed it.

"Steedrod sent up a pair for me, and as I can't use them you are welcome to them."

"Did you not want the books from Sotheby's collated before tomorrow?"

"No, Saturday will do. Honestly, Jeffrey, I would be more comfortable, so would Mrs. Rimbolt, if you went. We have experience of the care you take of Percy. So, you see, I ask a favor."

It was useless to hold out.

"I will go," said he, and it was settled.

An hour later, Scarfe, Percy, Jeffrey, and Julius stood at the door ready to start.

"Where's Raby, I say?" cried Percy; "she said she'd go with us."

"I do not wish Raby to go."

"Oh, look here, mother, as if we couldn't look after her; eh, Scarfe?"

"It would be no pleasure without Miss Atherton," said Scarfe.

"Isn't she come, father?" said Percy, audaciously to the effect of Cassius.

"I really think it would be a pity she should miss the fun."

"Huzzah! Raby, where are you? Look sharp! father says you can come, and we're waiting!" cried Percy.

Raby, who had been watching the party rather wistfully, did not keep them long waiting.

"Julius, doggie," said she, as she ran down the steps, "you may carry my skates."

"Won't you allow me?" said Scarfe.

"If you can persuade Julius," said she, laughing.

But Julius, having got the skates in his mouth, turned and had kept her completely on Scarfe, and trotted round to the other side of his master.

"Good by, mother; mind you have hot blankets ready, and ask the corner up to tea. Yoicks!" shouted Percy, who was in one of his most boisterous moods.

Jeffrey did not much enjoy that walk to the lake. The high spirits of the others jarred on his own. Scarfe stiffly ignored his presence, and devoted himself to Raby, while Percy spoiled his own glee by attempting to spice it with a sample of his newly acquired tall talk.

Wellmere was a lake some five miles long and a mile across. In times of frost it not infrequently became partially frozen, but owing to the current of the river which passed through it, it seldom froze so completely as to allow of being traversed on skates. This, however, was an extraordinary frost, and the feat of the adventurer on New Year's Day had been several times repeated already.

The Wiltree party found the ice in excellent order, and the exhilarating sensation of skimming over the glassy surface banished for the time all the unpleasant impressions of the walk. It was several years since Jeffrey had worn skates, but he found that five minutes was sufficient to render him at home on the ice. He eschewed figures, and devoted himself entirely to straightforward skating, which, as it happened, was all that Percy could accomplish—and all, indeed, that he aspired to.

It therefore happened naturally that Scarfe and Raby, who cultivated the eccentricities of skating, were left to their own devices, while Jeffrey, accompanied of course by Julius, kept pace with his young hero for the distant shore.

It was a magnificent stretch. The wind was dead, the ice was perfect, and their skates were true and sharp.

"Isn't this grand, Jeff?" cried Percy, all aglow, as they scudded along, far outstripping the perplexed Julius.

"I was never on such ice!" responded Jeff.

"Looks as if it couldn't have, doesn't it?" said Percy.

"It's better here in the middle than nearer the shore. I hope those two won't get too near the river; it looks more shaky there."

"Trust Scarfe! He knows what's what! I say, aren't he and Raby spoons?"

"Mind that log of wood. It must be pretty shallow here," said Jeffrey, his face glowing with something more than the exercise.

They made the most successful crossing. Returning a slight breeze behind them favored their progress, and poor Julius had a sterner chase than ever.

As they neared their starting point Jeffrey looked about rather anxiously for Scarfe and Raby, who, tiring of their fancy skating, had started on a little excursion of their own out into the lake.

"I wish they wouldn't go that way," said he, as he watched them, skimming along hand in hand; "It may be all right, but the current is sure to make the ice weaker than out here."

"Oh, they're all serene," said Percy. "I'll yell to them when we get near enough."

Presently, as they themselves neared the shore, they noticed Scarfe turn and make for the land, evidently for something that had been forgotten or else to make good some defect in his skates. Raby while waiting amused herself with cutting some graceful figures and curving to and fro, and, as always, as Jeffrey's notes with content, leaning back to the river.

Percy shouted and waved to her to come the other way. She answered the call gayly and started towards them. Almost as she started there was a crack, like the report of a gun, followed by a cry from the girl.

"Jeffs, with an exclamation of horror and a call to Raby, dashed in an instant towards her. The light girlish figure, however, glided safely over the place of danger. Jeffrey had just time to swerve and let her pass, and next moment he was struggling heavily twenty yards beyond in ten feet of icy water.

All this happened in a moment. Percy's shout, the crack, the cry, and Julius's long howl all seemed part of the same noise.

Percy, the first of the spectators to recover his self possession, shouted to Scarfe, and started for the hole.

"I'm all right, don't come nearer," called Jeffrey, as he approached, "there's a ladder there, where Scarfe is. Bring it."

Percy darted off at a tangent, leaving Jeffrey, cool in body and mind, to await his return.

To an ordinarily excitable person the position was a critical one. The water was numbing; the ice at the edge of the hole was rotten, and broke away with every effort he made to cling to it. He was floating in a sea of water, bewildered, and at times a dead weight on his arms and neck, was embarrassing. Jeffrey, however, did not exhaust himself by wild struggles. He laid his stick across the corner of the hole where the ice seemed firmest, and with his arms upon it, propped himself with tolerable security. He ordered the dog out of the water and made him lie still, at a little distance, on the ice. He even contrived to kick off one boot, skate and all, into the water, but was too numb to rid himself of the other.

It seemed an eternity while Scarfe and Percy approached with the ladder, with Raby, terrified and howling behind him.

"Don't come nearer," he shouted, when at last they got within reach. "Slide it along."

They pushed it, and it slipped to within a yard of him.

Julius, who appeared to have mastered the situation, jumped forward, and fixing his teeth in the top rung, dragged it the remaining distance.

The rest was easy. Scarfe crawled along the ladder cautiously till within reach of the almost exhausted Jeffrey, and caught him under the shoulders, dragging him partially up on the firm ice.

"I can hold now," said Jeffrey, "if you and Percy will drag the ladder. Julius, hold me, and drag too."

This combined effort succeeded. A minute later, Jeffrey, numbed with cold but otherwise unhurt, was being escorted on his one skate by two Percy and Scarfe for the shore, where Raby awaited him with a look that revived him as nothing else could.

(To be continued.)

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

MIND AND STOMACH.

THE ARGOSY has already given instances of the power of the imagination, not in the way of writing stories, but in fancying oneself to be the victim of certain diseases or misfortunes. A vivid illustration of the strength of this faculty in man is given by the *London Pall Mall Gazette* in the following anecdote:

A Dr. Durand, wishing to test the practical effect of mind diseases gave a hundred patients a dose of sweetened water. Fifteen minutes after, entering apparently in great excitement, he announced that he had by mistake given a powerful emetic and preparations must be made accordingly. Eighty out of the hundred patients became thoroughly ill and exhibited the usual result of an emetic; twenty were unaffected. The curious part of it is that with very few exceptions, the eighty "emeticized" subjects were men, while the strong minded few, who were not to be caught with craft, were women.

THE DEAD PAUL.

BY FANNIE RUSSELL.

Why cherish a dream that is ended?
Why look down the vista of years,
Why linger o'er graves that hold treasures
To open the wound with new tears?
It is over, forget it—as useless
(No matter how anxious we be)
To try to go back to the day
A pearl that is lost in the sea!
Why waste precious moments in thinking
Of scenes that were beautiful then?
Why suffer a long buried sorrow,
They ne'er will return us again?
Why wish for our youth and its gladness
When from sorrow and care we were free?
When "his gone" for our grasp, gone forever,
As a pearl that is lost in the sea!

[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 XXV. A GENEROUS OFFER.

FOR a time everything at the factory ran well, and Fred turned off his work quite as satisfactorily as could have been expected, since he was a new hand and unaccustomed to the duties. He learned them readily, however, but not soon enough to escape the fault finding of Christopher Hanks, who seemed to delight in making it uncomfortable for the boys, as he was one of those disagreeable and contemptible men who take delight in tyrannizing over those below them in authority, especially if they are boys, and consequently not able to match them in strength and courage.

It is just possible, however, that Christopher overestimated his own powers in this latter respect, or still more probable, that he had a decidedly faulty conception of our young friend's muscular development, as may hereafter be shown.

Fred had the good sense, however, to keep from having any trouble with him on first going into the mill, as he was already under a cloud, and he knew that it would be for his advantage to submit for a time to what was anything but agreeable to one of his spirit. "A fuss with Hanks at this time," thought he, "might turn Mr. Farrington against me, and then I should have no support."

Fred looked upon Mr. Farrington as one who would do everything possible to help him advance and to aid him in re-establishing his innocence. It may as well be said here that this latter consideration was more to him than anything else, for he felt keenly the attitude of many of his former friends whenever he chanced to meet them. Moreover, he hoped to be promoted as soon as a vacancy should occur, provided he conducted himself so as to merit it.

For these several reasons, Fred put up with the mean treatment of Hanks, that he might become well established before asserting his malice and independence.

He did the heavy work that really belonged to Hanks, so that Carl might avoid it. He did even more than had been done by either boy before he came, for the carrying of the cloth had been imposed upon him. Fred did not know this for some time, until Jack Hickey, the Jolly Scouter, said to him one day:

"Mebbe why do ye let that ould spalpane crowd ye so?"

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired young Worthington, who wanted to draw out his friend of the Emerald Isle.

"I mane about luggin' the cloth. Sure, an' no by but ye has ever done it."

"Why didn't you tell me that you were, he told me to do it the first morning I came in, and no one ever spoke to me about it before."

"Oh, by St. Patrick, he'd loaf on ye if he could—the ould sour mouth."

This opened Fred's eyes still further, and when he saw Carl he said to him:

"Why didn't you tell me that it wasn't my work to lug the cloth down?"

"Because Mr. Hanks told me that he was going to make you do it, and threatened me if I told you; and I didn't want to do anything to displease him."

"Well, it is all right; I am glad you didn't do anything to make him think you worse, but there may be a time ahead for reckoning between him and me. I know of other tricks of his, and I'll make good use of my information when the time comes."

"I hope you won't have a fuss with him and leave the floggers. My work is so much easier now," replied Carl, anxiously.

"Oh, no; I guess I won't leave them right away," returned Fred. "I am glad if you are getting along better than you did before I came."

"Oh, yes, I am; and my back isn't so lame now I don't lift any; but I don't seem to get strong," replied Carl, anxiously.

"I am indeed sorry," said Fred, sympathetically, "but I hope you don't get so tired as you did. If you do not, and think you are strong enough, I would like to have you come up to my house evenings and study with me. I think you spoke as if you would like a better education. I thought that night after we were

talking about it that I would ask you to do it, and I have been waiting for you to get stronger; but you have looked so tired all of the time that I kept putting off speaking about it till now."

As the little cripple thought of the previous kind acts of Fred, and listened to his new proposal to teach him, his eyes grew moist with gratitude, and a crystal drop stole down his thin, pale cheek. He said nothing for a moment or two, but that silent tear meant more to our young friend than words could have expressed. It seemed to him that at no time in his life had his own heart been so large and his sympathy for others so great.

Presently Carl replied:

"Oh, I should be so glad of such a chance, but I am afraid it would trouble you too much."

"No, that's nothing. It would do me good to review my studies, and, moreover, I should find a pleasure in feeling that I was really doing you a good turn."

"Then I will try it, and I hope I can hold out, for if I could only get an education I think I could find some lighter work to do that would be better for me. I don't feel very strong now, but I hope I can stand it. When shall I commence?"

"You may come any evening."

"I am not at all sure every night, are you?"

"Yes, every evening except Sunday—then I go to church."

"I should think you would go out with the boys and have some fun."

"I can't do that and study too."

"Do you study now? I thought you were a good scholar."

"Yes; I have not missed an evening since I came into the mill."

"What are you studying?"

"I am studying mathematics and practicing penmanship most of the time. They will be most useful to me if ever I get to too much trouble then for you to teach me."

"Oh, don't worry about that. I have plenty of books, too, that you can use, so you need not buy any," said Fred, wishing to encourage his friend as much as possible, though he well knew that his generous offer would be of no little inconvenience to himself.

In the course of a few evenings Carl asked his uncle, after they had finished supper, if he could go over to Mr. Worthington's for a little while; and having received a favorable answer he went up stairs and put on another suit. It was the best the poor boy had, though the coat fitted him badly, owing to the deformity. All the garments, moreover, were made from inexpensive material, and had been in service so long that they showed much wear.

Those of my readers who know nothing of poverty, or even want, would doubtless consider a suit of this kind almost unfit for gunning or fishing; but it was the only dress suit which Carl had, he kept it neat and clean. He put on a white collar, a little well worn blue necktie, and thus dressed was soon on his way to his friend's house.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AN APPEAL TO ARMS.

FRED found, much to his surprise, that Carl was something of a scholar, as he could read well and write a very fair hand. He had thoroughly mastered an elementary arithmetic, learning all of the tables and rules so as to apply them readily and correctly.

"When did you learn so much about mathematics?" asked Fred. "You have had no teacher."

"Well, I got a little idea of them before going into the mill, enough so that I managed to do fairly well, though it was the only dress suit I had, and I had to get around again from my sickness. Since then I have been through the book so many times that I know it almost by heart."

"Why didn't you get a more advanced book, instead of spending so much time on this one?"

"That is just what I wanted, but I had no money to buy one."

"Almost any one would have given or lent you one, the same as I am going to let you use my books. It is too bad that you have been kept back for the want of suitable books; but what you have been over you have learned so thoroughly, that it is worth about as much to you as if you had been through several higher arithmetics, and knew none of them well. Have you ever studied geography?"

"No, I never have, and that is just the book I want to study most, for I would like to know something about the world. Have you a geography?"

"Yes, I have two that I am done using. It is an interesting study. I used to like to draw maps." And opening his desk—which by the way Fred had made himself—he took out a large number of well executed maps, and showed them to Carl, in whose eyes shone a gleam of admiration as he looked them over, and said, almost incredulously:

"You didn't make these, did you? And with a pen, too? Why! they look like boughten ones."

"Yes, I made them all with a pen and different kinds of ink, that shading is all pen work too. It is easy enough after one gets the hang of it. The greatest trouble is to get just the right shape to the maps, and to have everything in the right proportion."

"I should think that would be hard enough, but these letters are what stick me. They are exactly like print."

"Oh, they are easy; I learned to print a long time ago. It is much easier than good penmanship, for it is slow, while writing is done much faster, so it takes a lot of practice to get the knack of it; but I like it and can do pretty good work now. Here are some of my cards and a little flourished work, and this is what I am doing now—showing Carl a set of books on which he had been at work in his book keeping."

Again the little cripple was greatly interested to see the handsome work before him—for handsome it was as Fred, by dint of much practice, had become a superior penman.

"I never saw such good writing," said Carl, "only what our writing master used to do, when I went to school, and he didn't do any of these birds either. I don't see where you learned to do it."

"I learned it right here. You or anybody could do it by practicing enough."

"I wish I had known that before, then I could have practiced when I had no books to study; but I thought nobody could learn to write much without a teacher."

"You were mistaken there; a good copy and plenty of the right sort of practice will make you know good penmanship. But what would you like to study most? Tell me what you want to fit yourself for, then I will tell you what I think will do you the most good."

"I would like to get so I could keep books."

"There is a place in the finishing room where an account of the cloth and shipping is kept. It is easy work, and pays well. I thought, perhaps if I could only do the work, I might some time get that job, or some good place outside of the mill."

"Yes, that would, perhaps, be the best thing for you; so I should think you had better practice penmanship, bookkeeping and spelling. You know almost enough about mathematics already for keeping ordinary accounts. The bookkeeping won't amount to very much to you in itself, but while you are at work at that you will be gaining in the other two, and will get used to the forms. You wanted to study geography, but you had better let that go till you get fitted for a better position, then you can take that up at leisure."

Fred now procured pen and paper for Carl, and set about instructing him in penmanship. The little cripple was so much pleased with his kind treatment that his gratitude was plainly expressed in his face, and he commenced his work with a happy enthusiasm. He had fully copied the letters before him, his mind doubtless looked forward to the time when he would rise above his present position in life and approach nearer to the goal of his ambition.

The next morning Carl did not put in an appearance at the regular hour. Time went by and still he did not show up. When Mr. Hanks's force one hand short, and obliged him to do a good amount of work himself to enable him and Fred to keep all the machines running.

He was quite out of sorts this morning, and Carl's absence, together with the extra work, made him irritable, cross and overbearing. Fred endured this disagreeable mood for a while, but at last it grew intolerable to him, so when Hanks ordered him in an insolent tone to bring down more cloth he refused point blank.

Hanks fell into a rage and acted as if he would like to smash things generally, and Fred in particular, but he very sensibly kept a good distance from the latter, who had little regard for such a scruffy, ill tempered individual.

"So you refuse to do yer work?" demanded Hanks, excitedly.

"No, sir, I do not," replied Fred, firmly.

"Then will you bring them bundles down?"

"That's your work," said Hanks, cooling down at Fred's determined tone and manner.

"That is not my work, though you have imposed it upon me since I have been here."

"I'm boss of this here job, and what I tell yer to do is yer fur to tend to. Ef yer don't mind me I'll have yer discharged," said Hanks, trying to intimidate our young friend.

"I would like to see you have me discharged for not doing your work," said Fred, defiantly.

"I have found out all about this business, and just what I am supposed to do."

Hanks saw that he was foiled, that Fred had the advantage of him, and that he had better let the matter drop as easily as possible, or he might find himself in trouble if Fred should take it to Mr. Farrington. It suddenly occurred to him that he was needed up in the other room, and he withdrew, hastily. As he turned to go, he noticed the evident pleasure pictured on Jack Hickey's face at his own discomfort and Fred's triumph.

"Good, me by!" said the jolly Irishman to our young friend. "I told ye not to stand the ould spalpane's tricks."

"I don't mean to any longer," replied Fred.

"Ye has a dale of spirit, for sure. I knowed it all the time, but ised and I thought it wad never start."

"Now it has started I'll keep it up so far as Hanks is concerned," replied our hero, as he took a basket under his arm and started for a supply of flocks.

Hanks managed to avoid him the remainder of the forenoon. No further clash therefore occurred between them during that time. That the scraggly old man was thoroughly angry there was no doubt—angry at Fred's triumph

over him, and most angry at poor little Carl for remaining away, and as Hanks believed, for telling what he had forbidden him to disclose to Fred.

About three o'clock in the afternoon Carl came in, pale and sick, but much better than in the morning, when despite all his efforts he could not summon strength enough to go to his work. Fred was in the drying room at the time, and Hanks was up after a roll of cloth. He had just brought down two, and was struggling to get an exceedingly large roll upon his shoulder. This he succeeded in doing after one or two failures, that caused the hands standing near to laugh at him, and make irritating remarks, as is the custom on such occasions.

All this had its maddening effect upon him, and it so happened that one of the employees had just taken up the stairs a bucket filled with soft soap, and had accidentally spilled some on the three top stairs. Hanks now came along with the roll of cloth, twice his own size, upon Fred was in the drying room at the time, and started to descend. He slipped on the first step and in trying to gather, tripped himself, and tumbled, bumped and rolled all the way to the bottom of the stairs.

The cloth kept along with him. At one time he was on the top of the cloth, and at another the cloth was over his head, and he fell, and started to descend. He slipped on the first step and in trying to gather, tripped himself, and tumbled, bumped and rolled all the way to the bottom of the stairs.

Jack Hickey indulged in a characteristic shout, all the employees in the room gathered around and laughed in a manner very tantalizing to one in Hanks's plight.

Just then Fred came in and joined the crowd. The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

The first object that caught his eye was Carl. Hanks rushed at him like a mad man, and catching him around the throat, pushed him roughly against a hard iron frame and demanded to know why he dared to disobey his orders in taking what he had forbidden to mention.

The little cripple cried out with fear and pain, injured as he was by Hanks's revengeful act. Fred had now made his way to the flocks, and his half stifled cry was the first imitation he had had of Carl's presence. He rushed to his assistance, and grappled with the boy's assailant.

The old man saw him, and the fire almost flashed from his eyes. His two front teeth, that so annoyed our hero by hanging loose and waving back and forth, now seemed to shake as if worked by an electric motor.

He picked himself up, white with rage, and, parting company with his roll of cloth, rushed to the corner under the stairs beside the flocks.

feeling, as Carl stepped towards him, hardly able to stand, and as Hanks believed, for telling what he had forbidden him to disclose to Fred.

"I do feel a little faint," he said, catching hold of Fred's hand for support.

"Have you been injured by that man?" asked the kind hearted overseer, pointing with scorn at Hanks.

"Oh, I don't know why he did it. I didn't disobey him," replied the little cripple, with tears in his eyes.

The tone of his voice, his tears, and whole manner touched Mr. Farrington deeply.

"What did he do to you?" he asked.

Carl told the story in substance as I have already given it.

"I regret seriously that anything of this kind should have happened," said Mr. Farrington to our hero, "but I admire the spirit and bravery you have shown in defending this poor boy," and turning to Hanks he gave him a withering rebuke, and discharged him on the spot. "Come to my desk," continued the indignant overseer, "and get a bill of exchange, and never show your head in my department again."

Hanks saw that further argument would be of no use to him, as Mr. Farrington's indignation was thoroughly aroused. He consequently gathered up his effects with as much celerity as possible, and, after washing the blood stains from his face and hands, and casting upon Fred a glaring glance of hatred and revenge, he left the room amid the jeers and taunts of all the workmen.

Fred found himself the hero of the hour. The news spread through the mill with almost incredible rapidity. His defense of the poor little cripple touched the hearts of the operatives.

Carl's uncle told the story of Fred's kindness to his nephew, as well as his offer to teach him. Everybody in the mill talked the matter over, and perhaps magnified to some extent Fred's bravery and noble hearted conduct.

A little incident often glances the tide of popular opinion. This act turned it most effectually in Fred's favor, and he was now lionized by all the factory people.

The report was not long in finding its way throughout the village. Our young friend's name was in the mouth of almost every one. He was discussed and rediscussed as one only can be in a small village, where little happens of general interest to form a theme of conversation. With few exceptions, the verdict of popular opinion was flattering to him. The manner of almost every one changed toward him almost as if by magic.

Those people who had but a few days before cast a scornful glance at him, as if to say "I know your record," were now most cordial and painstaking to try and impress him with a sense of their friendship and their admiration for his bravery and manly conduct.

Fred now thought that he could see his way back to his old position among his friends, and the hope again came into his mind.

He wondered what Nellie thought of him now, and whether his act that had won the praise of so many had placed him in a better light before her eyes. How much he wanted to see her and receive her praise! A single word from her would have been more highly prized than the most flattering compliments of twenty others.

Shortly after Mr. Farrington returned to his desk from the scene at the flocks, Jacob Simmons entered the factory and approached him.

"Can you give me a job?" said he, meekly.

"I have finished my fall work, and would like to get in a little more before winter."

"Yes, I want a man at once."

"I'm your man, then," returned Jacob, hopefully.

"Can you commence work now? I have just discharged a man, and must put some one in his place, or the work will fall behind."

"Sho! I can commence at once."

"Fortunate for you, my man?"

"That's it; that's it exactly."

"But you have not answered my question. Can you commence work at once?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you may have the position."

Jacob looked happy.

"You may come with me," continued Mr. Farrington, as he led the way through the long hall and down the stairs to the flocks. "I have a bright boy who will teach you the duties of the position."

"That will help out, but I shan't be long in leaving," replied Jacob.

They had now reached the flocks.

"Here is your assistant," said Mr. Farrington, as Fred came up from behind one of the machines. "I presume you know each other well."

Jacob took a step back involuntarily, and the color seemed to leave his face, as if terrified at our hero's sudden and unexpected appearance before him.

"What, don't you know him?" asked the overseer, observing Mr. Simmons hesitate.

"Oh, I see now, it is Fred Worthington," replied Jacob, regaining his self possession.

"Yes, and you will find him a valuable assistant," said Mr. Farrington, in a way that carried conviction to the overseer.

"Abuse and cruel treatment!" repeated Mr. Farrington.

"Yes, here is Carl. He can tell the story," replied our young friend.

Hanks covered, for he could see his fate was sealed.

"Why, my boy, are you sick? What makes you look so pale?" asked Mr. Farrington, with

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



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.
 Club rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.
 All communications for the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.
 The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.
 Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.
 Every subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of the subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, the paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.
 In ordering back numbers, include a cent for each copy.
 No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

NO NATION'S LAND.

THE ARGOSY printed some time ago an account of a small piece of territory so situated on the border limits of three counties that it was left absolutely without jurisdiction from any of them. But every winter a locality is created that not only belongs to no county or State, but can claim the protection of no nation's flag, although it is on the North American continent.

Although the buildings this ephemeral settlement contains are but rude sheds of boards, quite a lucrative trade is carried on within them, as the proprietors have no need to pay rent or procure a license for whatever they may choose to sell. But they are obliged to make hay while the sun shines—or rather before it begins to shine too strongly—for the region to which we have reference is in the middle of the ice bridge that annually forms over the Niagara River just below the Falls.

WOLK WITH THE HANDS.

THERE is at present a considerable amount of discussion going on in our large cities regarding the addition of manual training to the curriculum of the public schools.

The knowledge of how to properly drive a nail, saw a board, mend a window or stop a leak will be extremely useful to a boy, no matter what his after calling in life may be, while if he proposes to take up as a trade any of the occupations above indicated, the rudiments thus acquired would be of incalculable benefit to him.

To the objection that might be raised that too much time would thus be taken from the other studies, it may be replied that the tendency of the age is towards too much headwork, often-times to the detriment of the pupil's health. An hour or so devoted each day to the use of the plane, the chisel or the saw would furnish a healthful change of occupation, while at the same time it would materially add to the learner's stock of useful acquisitions.

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.

THE FOURTH OF MARCH.

SUNNY Italy was treated to such an emphatic touch of the blizzard this winter that her citizens, unaccustomed to such rude blasts, were quite demoralized thereby. Indeed, an editor in Parma announced one morning to his readers that "owing to the severe cold, no paper will be issued from this office tomorrow."

But the weather, however we may affect to treat it as a matter of secondary consideration, plays an important part in every man's, in every nation's life. So widely has this latter fact come to be recognized that serious consideration is now being given to the question of changing our Presidential Inauguration Day from the 4th of March to some more congenial date.

An examination into the records of the past shows that for term after term, sheets of rain, acres of mud and tempests of wind have turned Washington not only into a dismal but a dangerous city for tender throats or weak lungs on the day our chief magistrates have been inducted into their high office. The sunshine that deigned to smile upon President Cleveland's in-

auguration was but the exception that proves the rule.

It is now suggested that the 30th of April be adopted, and if this is not considered too close upon our proverbially chilly 'May Day,' the change ought most certainly to be made.

It is a well known fact that should a person pass on a crowded street and gaze earnestly up into the air for several minutes, he will soon have a throb about him, all looking in the same direction, striving to catch a glimpse of the object that has enchaind the attention of their fellow citizen. But it has lately been demonstrated that human curiosity is capable of being played upon in more ways than one.

Two young men in New York City, simply for their own amusement, hired a small boy to distribute little squares of blank paper to the passers on Park Row. These curious cards were eagerly accepted and closely examined by men, women and children, and were in many instances pocketed to be more thoroughly investigated at home. Thus the trick, though foolish, was eminently successful.

ALL IN A NAME.

RATHER an extraordinary calamity has befallen a London newspaper. It has met with a severe loss, not in subscribers, purchasers or editorial force, nor any of these tangible possessions. It has simply lost part of its name.

It was started on December 21 last as the *Evening Post*, but the morning contemporary of the same name promptly got out an injunction on the "Post" part of the title, so that the new aspirant for journalistic honors now has the appearance of a man with one side of his mustache shaved off, as, pending the settlement of the legal difficulties the paper's headline reads as follows:

"THE EVENING ———"

In case the injunction is made permanent, it might not be a bad idea for the newcomers to rebaptize their journal "The Evening Pillar," in the hope that when Londoners have finished with their *Morning Post* they will recall to mind the old adage in their selection of a successor to it later in the day.

TO WOULD BE AUTHORS.

WE have abundant evidence that a great number of ARGOSY readers have literary hopes and aspirations. To write a story, but above all, to see that story in print, is an ambition that nowadays to a great extent takes the place of the old time desire to seek adventures as a cabin boy, or win the nation's gratitude as an exterminator of the Indian. That the new passion is the more laudable one we need not say, but alas, too often does the possession of the wish to write lead young men and young women into the belief that they know how to do it.

In a recent article on "The Writers Who Succeed," Julian Hawthorne gives most excellent advice to those who are about to try their wings in this fascinating atmosphere. We quote two sentences, stamped as they are by the very breath of truth:

"The heart of the writer must be sincerely involved; he cannot reach a depth in his reader greater than that from which he himself speaks."

"A thousand things may diminish or compromise a writer's success; but only one thing can make it impossible, and that is, that he shall not know what he means nor mean what he says."

WHAT THEY SAY OF THE ARGOSY.

LEWISTON, ME., Jan. 27, 1888.
 The model juvenile paper of America—of my own times.
 F. S. McDONALD.

EVERGREEN PARK, ILL., Feb. 6, 1888.
 Have read a good many different periodicals, but have found the ARGOSY the best.
 GEORGE LAKEY.

BROOKLINE, MASS., Feb. 6, 1888.
 It is the best paper I ever took, and I have taken a great many.
 A. C. PIKE.

729 JEFFERSON ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 7, 1888.
 I can recommend it to every young American. I have taken it for three years, and have never seen a line in it which should not have been there.
 B. DE CASSIERS.

737 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Feb. 4, 1888.
 Allow me to wish you success in your endeavor to make the ARGOSY the standard paper for the youth of America. It is the best paper that I have ever taken, and I have bought most of the juvenile magazines that have been published in the United States during the past ten years. I like especially the editor's department, and the biographical sketches. I will try to increase the number of its readers out here.
 H. T. MURPHY.

HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR,
 Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

No department of President Cleveland's government has been administered in a way more satisfactory to the country than that of the Interior, from the headship of which Secretary Lamar recently retired to become a justice of the Supreme Court. His appointment to the latter office was also greeted with general satisfaction, although some show of opposition was made for political reasons by a few members of the adverse party. High character, spotless integrity, and thorough legal knowledge render him eminently qualified to become one of the chosen of guardians and interpreters of the Constitution of the United States; and the selection, for the first time since the war, of a Southerner to discharge the highly important function is welcomed as a new evidence of the complete obliteration of the scars of sectional struggles.

Justice Lamar, who was christened Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus, was born in Putnam County, Georgia, on the 17th of September, 1825. He comes of a noteworthy family. His father was a circuit judge of high reputation. His three uncles, Jefferson, Thomas, and Mirabeau Lamar, were all men of distinction, the last named having at one time served as president of the Texan republic.

The elder Lamar died nine years after the birth of his son, and the boy was left to his widowed mother's care. His tastes were studious and literary from the first, and the scene of the keenest pleasures of his boyhood was his father's well stocked library. "Franklin's Autobiography" and "Plutarch's Lives" were among the earliest books he read, and had no doubt their influence upon his later life.

Then came his school days. He attended the Manual Labor School at Oxford, Georgia, an institution conducted on very unusual lines. Mr. Lamar has himself thus described the training he received there:

"I was a delicate boy, never so athletic as my two brothers, and being put to work strengthened and toned up my whole system. We all had to work three hours every day at the ordinary work of a plantation—plowing, hoeing, cutting wood, picking cotton and sowing it, pulling fodder, and every item of a planter's occupation. When we left that school we could not only do the ordinary drudgery in the best way, but the most expert could shoe a horse, make an axe helve, stock a plow, or do any plain bit of blacksmithing and carpentry. It was a great training for us all, for we became perfectly versed in the details of the work of a farm. Many of Georgia's most distinguished men were reared there, but the institution was not a financial success."

His studies were continued at Emory College, where he graduated in 1845. Two years later he was admitted to the bar of his native State, but in 1849 he moved westward, and settled in Mississippi. Here he rapidly rose to prominence in his profession, and in 1856 he was elected to Congress. At the end of his term he was re-elected.

On the outbreak of the civil war, he joined the Confederate army as a colonel, and saw some service, but in 1863 he was dispatched on a political mission to Russia. When hostilities were concluded, he returned to his law practice, in partnership with Senator Walthall of Mississippi.

In 1866 Mr. Lamar accepted a professorship

at the University of Mississippi, law, political economy and social science being the departments entrusted to him. In 1872 he was elected to Congress for a third time, and in 1874 for a fourth; and two years later he was chosen Senator from his adopted State.

Still higher honors awaited him. President Cleveland, in forming his Cabinet, nominated him as Secretary of the Interior; and this position he has recently exchanged for the more permanent and not less dignified and responsible post of associate justice of the Supreme Court.

During his long residence in Washington—eight years as Congressman, eight as Senator, and three as a member of the Cabinet—Mr. Lamar has been a popular and remarkable figure in the life of the national capital. Prompt, vigorous, and impulsive in debate, he took a foremost part in many of the fierce contests of which the House of Representatives was the scene in the years preceding the war. Yet he has many warm friends among his political opponents, as well as in his own party.

As a Secretary of the Interior he made an especially good record. The headship of one of the most important departments of the government gave scope to his executive talents, his wide knowledge of law, and his enormous capacity for work.

He personally superintended the workings of the whole department, requiring a report on every matter laid before any of its divisions. His insight into cases referred to him was clear and penetrating, and he would render weighty opinions and important decisions with a rapidity that severely taxed his secretaries' powers.

His home is at Oxford, Mississippi, where he owns a small and unpretentious dwelling. His way of living, which is plain and laborious at Washington, becomes simplicity itself when on his country homestead. Farming is his principal hobby, and his herd of Jerseys are his chief pets. Indeed, a good share of his worldly wealth is invested in his beautiful cattle. Despite his frugal habits, after a long public career he is not a rich man—a striking testimony to the fact that he has scorned to make public office a source of gain.

In person, Justice Lamar is tall and strongly built, and possessed of great physical strength. He is an expert at boxing and fencing, and displays surprising agility in these exercises. Several times, it is said, he has crossed foils with professional fencing masters, and none of them have ever been able to touch him. His broad shoulders are surmounted by a large and leonine head, with marked features and a very wide and high forehead.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

To choose time is to save time.—Bacon.
 THERE are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere.—Faber.

EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that.—Franklin.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil, when uncultivated, shoots up into the rankest weeds.—Hume.

THE power of fortune is conferred only by the miserable; the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.—Swift.

LEARNING maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.—Cicero.

SOME things after all come to the poor that can't get in at the doors of the rich, whose money somehow blocks up the entrance way.—George MacDonald.

TRUE is the observation of Confucius, that we take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy, than in endeavoring to think so ourselves.—Goldsmith.



HON. L. Q. C. LAMAR.
 From a photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

THE SANDPIPER.

By C. THAXTER.

Across the narrow brook we fit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild winds rave, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we fit,
One little sandpiper and I.

[This story commenced in No. 266.]

THE
Lost Gold Mine.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MAKING OF A PLACER.

DO YOU know what the Chinook wind of the great Northwest is? I will tell you. It is the warm breath of approaching summer, coming—so scientists tell us—from currents of air set in motion in the far Japanese seas.

It sweeps gently across the North Pacific into the mountain regions of the Northwest; and lo, a transformation scene. The icy bands are loosed from the mountain streams and torrents. The everlasting snows themselves feel the resistless power of the Chinook. Here and there the dark rocks are laid bare in great patches. And the streams, swollen into rivers, go tearing down through the canyon and ravines to carry the glad news that summer is at hand to the valleys beneath.

If the Chinook is a trifle poetical in theory, in fact it is immensely practical. It ought to be practical, if age brings experience in this direction. For the Chinook has been blowing—I had almost said—since the upheaval of the American continent. I will modify that, however, and say since the hills and valleys of the continent began to bud and blossom as the rose.

Now don't skip the opening part of this chapter, because I am going to briefly tell you something about the causes leading to the formation of a "placer." If you are ever foolish enough to go in search of one—which Heaven forbid—you would have to know what I am going to try and tell you. Otherwise you might prospect a lifetime without coming within a gunshot of gold.

The volcanic rocks forming the peaks of McLary's Range contained gold bearing quartz in abundance. During a period of unknown length, the rock, yielding to the pressure of time and the action of the elements, became disintegrated. By a process too long for explanation here, known as denudation, the gold was eliminated from the quartz itself. In fine sand, in pinhead particles, spiracles, flakes, threads—nuggets of varied shapes and sizes—it lay uncarved for, untouched, a mass of dull, glittering wealth—for the foot of man had not then trodden these solitary regions.

Year after year the Chinook got in its regular work. The snow floods swept the shining metal down the slope into a rapid stream, whose head was far up in the hills. With it went the disintegrated rock, pebbles and small bowlders. The heavier gold was gradually deposited along the stream bed as the years went on, while the rock worked further and further down the current, which had grown to a river toward the mountain base. In countless decades this river had worn a channel through the solid ledge, whose frowning sides looked gloomily down on the noisy onflow of the waters.

Then came a winter when the snows lay deeper than the minds of present day dwellers can conceive, over the mountain tops. But the Chinook came in its season.

The melted snow masses swelled the stream to a river—the river to a flood. And its force was that of a young Niagara. From its headwaters among the hills the heavy gold deposits were swept downward with continual accumulations as the tremendous current dashed on and on. And so till wealth impossible even to guess at had been washed down through the canyon and into the wider waters of the valley beneath.

But here the weighty bits of metal began finding their level, so to speak; notably under those places where back currents, swirls and eddies were formed.

Then, some sudden convulsion of nature sent thousands upon thousands of tons of rock crashing into the river's bed. The channel being completely choked, the water diverged on either

hand, cutting out new channels for its flow, and thus forming the "forks."

The original river bed, beginning in the canyon at the "forks," or divergence of the main stream, was of course left dry. So, too, the following channel, which widened as it reached the valley and wound itself away in the distance. Soil and soil accretions gradually gathered above the silt and blue clay of the bed of the dead river. Vegetation sprang up below the canyon, and in the fullness of time the wide channel became a grassy ravine, above which the larger bowlders showed their heads.

The cinnamon and occasionally a wandering grizzly bear had caves among the rocky fastnesses at the head of the dry canyon. And so time went on, till Travers discovered the hiding place of the treasure beneath the soil. Then, after many adventures and many days, Bunyap, with Rob and Chip, reached the El Dorado of their hopes.

And here we find them five days after Chip had bidden adieu to his Indian sweetheart.

been provided, the trio were ready to search for the gold they so confidently expected to discover.

CHAPTER XXX.

A FRUITLESS SEARCH.

TAking their picks and other tools, Rob and Chip followed the old prospector in silence. There is something fascinating in the very idea of digging for gold, despite the chances that are against the seekers.

In fancy, Rob and Chip saw handfuls of glittering sand laid bare and pockets of nuggets exposed. I do not think it would have surprised either of them so very much if they had unearthed a monster nugget—say like the one found in 1867 in Sierra County, California, weighing nearly five thousand ounces, which at \$18 per ounce netted the fortunate finder \$90,000.



ROB MADE A DESPERATE LUNGE AT THE GREAT BEAR WITH HIS HUNTING KNIFE.

First came a Sunday of rest. Then work began in earnest—not in the prospecting line, but to erect a permanent shelter while the prospecting was going on. Sleeping on the ground under the stars while journeying was a necessity. Now their destination was reached the little party wanted a roof of some sort over their heads.

A site was chosen on a gentle slope overlooking the valley bed at the edge of a woodland belt. Two axes skillfully handled gave logs enough for the ends and sides of a twelve by fourteen cabin. These were notched at either end, and keyed together by the notches till a height of eight feet was attained. A door and window were cut, and a roof of rough slabs laid in a slanting position, which in turn was covered with bark held in place by poles and twisted withes.

A rude stone fireplace and chimney was hastily constructed, clay being used as mortar. Fire tips were gathered, and on these, at one end of the rude inclosure, the blankets were laid. There was no table, there were no seats, excepting on the edge of the fire tip "mattresses," as Chip designated their sleeping place.

Yet it was a shelter, and fulfilled all their requirements for the time being. This having

The place selected by Bunyap as the base of his operations deserves a brief description. It was where the dry watercourse, in its winding way through the valley, suddenly widened into a sort of basin, and then as suddenly contracted.

"A good many thousand years ago there was a waterfall over the ledges yander," explained Bunyap, "and this here was the pool below, full of eddies an' sich, where the gold was most likely to lodge."

Watched with breathless interest by his inexperienced companions, Bunyap began loosening and shoveling out the soil which had accumulated over the original river bottom.

Bunyap had evidently struck a shallow. For at three feet he came upon "wash gravel"—so called from having its sharp edges worn off by friction. This itself was mixed with particles of black sand.

Bunyap explained that in ordinary prospecting it was customary to wash or "pan" gravel of this sort, a successful day's work sometimes resulting in from half to an ounce of fine gold dust.

"Though in old California days," he added, with a retrospective sigh, "I knowed two chaps up in Sutter County that took seventeen thousand dollars' worth of dust out of a trench a cou-

ple of hundred feet long by as many wide, an' eighteen inches deep, inside of three weeks. That was some'n' like gold huntin'."

"But if you ain't got'n' no pan, an' you ain't, what do you keep on diggin' in that one place for?" inquired Chip.

"Want to see what bed rock looks like, how far down 'tis, and all that," was the reply.

Then, in the intervals of his work, Bunyap went on to explain that bed rock was the hard clay or ledgy surface of the original river bed. In more extensive mining operations, where hydraulic water force is employed, the bed rock is laid bare in great trenches to find "pay gravel."

This is a stretch or belt of gravel varying from a couple of feet to several yards in extent, but twisting and zigzagging in the most eccentric manner. Containing as it does a phenomenal amount of the golden gravel, the greatest labor

is employed to find the pay streak in the first instance, and follow its sinuosities, which not infrequently break off without the slightest show of reason.

"But we ain't lookin' for dust nor pay streaks, we ain't," said Bunyap. "That's a dead surer thing than that some're hereabouts, if half what Travers told was true, and we've come to find out whether 'tis or not."

"But I should think we'd see some indications to show where Travers and those with him worked," remarked Rob; "sluiceways and—and flumes, and that sort of thing."

Bunyap smiled pityingly. "Dye think, my lad, that Bill Travers and them three with him brought tools an' sich for flume buildin'? Not much they didn't. What Bill brung back was coarse nugget gold that somewheres hereabouts they picked off'n bed rock by hand. Travers told Jim Dare so his own self, and Miggles let it out accidental one day."

To discover, if they could, the exact spot where such wonderful results had been accomplished, was of course Bunyap's intention. Yet his practiced eye had seen from the first that the indications for a "find" were of the most favorable order, to say nothing of the many advantages of location.

The streams swarmed with mountain trout. Deer and antelope had been seen in the distance every day since the party had arrived in the valley. The animals luxuriated in herbage almost as nutritious as alfalfa itself. The valley was occasionally visited by roving bands of Indians, there was no reason to doubt, but as yet there had been no signs to indicate the presence of hostiles. Not a single native had been seen since the day of Chip's adventure at Wai-nan-see.

Now, at last, the gold seekers had reached the spot where they had good reason to believe that inexhaustible wealth had been stored in the earth. They had passed through many dangers and difficulties on their way to the El Dorado, and felt that they had deserved success, even if they could not command it. And every morning they rose with the hope that the great find would be made before evening.

Yet day after day passed without any remarkable discovery. Rob and Chip delved and dug with pick and spade from early dawn till nightfall in such spots as Bunyap suggested, but their utmost efforts only resulted in the discovery of a few tiny shining grains washed out at the stream by Bunyap.

The old prospector himself, accustomed to disappointment, toiled on, changing from spot to spot with a patience born of many similar experiences. Yet secretly he felt rather uneasy. For they had beat up the river bed, making thorough search, nearly as far as the mouth of the canyon, not only without appreciable results from their own toil, but, what was far more alarming, without having found the slightest trace that any one had ever been there before them.

Rob brought what philosophy he could to bear upon the matter. He had held strong hopes that the difficult journey would have resulted to their pecuniary advantage. But he had never allowed himself to be carried entirely away by the dazzling prospect.

"There's only one sure way of getting what you want in this world—that is, not to want what you can't get," he said, laughing, as at the end of a week Chip's usually cheery face grew longer and his voice took on quite a despondent tone while commenting on their ill success.

But the proposition didn't strike Chip favorably at all. He wanted the fortune that he had felt sure was in store for them. He wanted to see what you can't get, he said, laughing, as at the end of a week Chip's usually cheery face grew longer and his voice took on quite a despondent tone while commenting on their ill success.

Bunyap gravely suggested that in all his varied adventures he'd never been assooed and taken prisoner by a pretty Indian girl, who had not

only taken him to ride behind her, but presented him with a heavy gold ring into the bargain.

For Chip, in telling of his visit to the valley of peace, was obliged to go slightly into detail, though he would much rather have kept the part relating to Wanita to himself.

CHAPTER XXXI. IN THE CANYON.

"I'm going to let you two fellows keep on grubbing today, while I see if I can't find a deer—our fresh meat is nearly gone."

Such was Rob's remark as he shouldered his rifle one morning, and started away from the hut before Bunyap and Chip had finished eating.

Nor did he wait when Chip, with his mouth full, called through the open door for Rob not to be in a rush—perhaps he—Chip—would decide to go to town.

The fact was, it happened to be one of those mornings when Rob felt like being by himself. Even his friend's lively talk would have annoyed him. He wanted to think.

And this was the cause. The evening before Rob had got out his violin, and, sitting on the rude bench by the door, had played some of his favorite pieces. As a wind up he chose "Robin Adair," the words of which he sang with a great deal of feeling.

Then the three had retired to their several bunks. Somewhere about midnight Rob woke up, as he believed, but it is possible that he only dreamed that he woke up.

Rob asserts that he heard his own violin being played by a master hand. The tune was "Robin Adair," but he had never played it like that. And accompanying the sweet chords was a clear, powerful voice.

But these were not the familiar words he had so often sung. Listen!

What's the wealth of worlds to me?
Rob's not here.
Only dreaming can I see
Baby face so dear.
All early hope and joy
Vanished with the baby boy.
Shall I never know thy fate,
Robin Adair?

That was all. Music and song had died away into silence, and from the fact that Rob made no effort to wake Bunyap or Chip, or even grope at the head of the berth for his violin case, it is pretty obvious that the whole thing was a dream.

In any case, Rob wanted to think alone by himself. Not from any of the superstitious feelings, in the matter, but because it had roused a train of thought that had long been dormant.

Until his discovery of the true characters of Dare and Miggles, Rob had taken all their stories about himself for plain unvarnished fact. When his eyes were opened he began to think if they could so successfully deceive him on one point, they would as readily do so regarding the story of his parentage. Then had begun the strange succession of events, which, following in such rapid order, had hardly given him time for connected thought on any subject.

Without being in the slightest degree superstitious, the "dream song" if I may term it so, had made a strong and sudden impression on Rob's mind.

Call it folly, fancy, or presentiment, he felt firmly convinced that somewhere in the world he had a father living, who knew not whether the son for whom he mourned was alive or dead. And that son was himself, Robin A. Dare—Robin Adair—or what was his real name?

Only two persons could answer the question—Jim Dare and Miggles. And the chances of ever meeting these erratic individuals seemed far more than uncertain.

It was strange that among the latter's possessions no clew was found to his true identity. There was the tiny birth mark on his arm, to be sure, but nothing more. So at least he thought.

And so, while making his way up the valley, Rob communed with his own thoughts, growing more and more perplexed and bewildered by the difficulty of the problem so strangely suggested by his death.

"Well, I might as well give it up for the present," he said with a sigh. "But if I ever meet Jim Dare again—"

Rob did not say in words what would happen. But his firmly compressed lips and steady eyes suggested that it might go back with the man if he did not yield up his cruel secret. For that Dare and Miggles had stolen him when a child—probably with the hope of a ransom—seemed to Rob the most reasonable way to account for his early associations.

It was a wonderfully awe inspiring sight which greeted Rob's eyes, as with an effort he dismissed the bewildering topic and looked about him.

Long gently sloping hills rose on either side of the broad valley, changing from green to the gray of their craggy and arid summits. Beyond him lay the mouth of the rocky canyon, as yet unexplored, and now that he was within easy distance Rob decided to penetrate it at least a short way. It was not unlikely that he might find mountain sheep among the steep declivities on either side, if no other game.

But if he had passed through the valley of silence, what was this that Rob had entered upon? For, as it was, later he penetrated the deep channel run through the forest, but with less ages of rushing water, the stillness became something almost overpowering.

Almost a hundred feet on either side rose perpendicular walls of stone, upon whose top a strip of blue sky seemed to rest like a covering.

But not a sign of life was visible. Not even a bird high up in air winged its swift flight across the rock ribbed chasm. Still some indefinable impulse, as well as a little natural curiosity to see how far the rocky barriers extended, urged him onward.

The canyon's course was eccentric and circuitous rather than straight. Coming round an abrupt bend, Rob caught his breath suddenly, and as suddenly drew back the hammer of his rifle.

It was the first bear he had ever seen in his life. To Rob's excited eyes it looked nearly as big as a yearling heifer. He decided that it must of necessity be a grizzly, though in reality it was a cinnamon bear of unusually large size.

The clumsy looking animal was shuffling onward over the loose shale. Before Rob could collect himself enough to get his gun to his shoulder, it had disappeared around another turn in the rocky channel.

Rob dashed forward in pursuit, regardless of possible peril—regardless of everything excepting the chance of getting a shot at a real live bear.

Hurrying round the bend, he caught a glimpse of the slinky monster some forty feet in advance—in a sort of *cul de sac*, as Rob thought exultantly.

For here it was as though a rocky avalanche had suddenly slid down from the heights above, and emptied itself in thousands of tons into the canyon, choking it and bringing the walled-in pass to an abrupt termination.

"Turn round and show yourself fairly!" shouted Rob, quite beside himself with excitement.

And as the huge animal, at the sound of his voice, wheeled half round, the pursuer fired. A snarl and convulsive start showed that Rob's bullet struck its mark, though not with fatal effect. Throwing another cartridge into place, Rob was raising his rifle to his shoulder when the bear retreated up over the sloping, irregular masses which filled the end of the canyon, and suddenly disappeared.

"He's got a hole there," was Rob's natural thought. He had half a mind to turn back after Bunyap and Chip, but then he thought of the glory of killing a bear himself, which just then he felt perfectly confident of doing.

So, full of the idea, he started on in pursuit, and a few moments later was clambering over the piled up masses of rock thrown together as though an aboriginal had been fighting his battles over again in North America.

The goats of blood splashed here and there showed that Bruin must have received a severe wound. They led directly to an irregularly shaped orifice in the face of the rocky mass and disappeared within its depths. On either side of the aperture there twists of yellowish brown hair curled round the bear's sides by his ingress and exit.

For a moment Rob stood undecided at the mouth of the cavern. Should he advance or retreat? He had no idea of crawling into a cavern too dark and too small to admit of retreating in goodly style. That might do very well for General Putnam in the old story of his adventure with the wolf; but not for Rob.

Between the crevices of the heaped up masses, stunted and gnarled trees had taken root in the accumulations of soil. Many of these had rotted, others blown down, and still others been splintered by lightning.

And that was a dry resinous wood not unlike fatwood or pitch pine. Collecting a great bunch of the splints, Rob tied them on the end of a stout limb. Lighting these with matches, which he always carried in a corked vial, he took the improvised torch in his left hand. Holding his rifle in the other, he boldly advanced into the cavernous space.

Nature had permitted the rocks to be thrown together in such a way as to form the passage in part—that was evident. In the remote part of the way must have been almost entirely obstructed by huge masses of broken trap and basalt which had become detached from above and fallen.

Rob had short time to dwell upon this peculiar feature.

The passage suddenly widened. Another confused heap of rocky debris appeared just beyond, which undoubtedly was as far as Rob could go. And half crouching in an angle of the barrier thus formed, was the animal of which he had come in quest.

Just as Rob was deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, Bruin uttered a growl and half uprose.

Rob dropped his torch, which, fortunately, blazed up with renewed brightness, and threw his rifle upward. But before he quite realized what was coming, a furry mass erected itself and seemed to strike out like a professional boxer.

Rob's Winchester was knocked from his hands like a straw. He had just time to spring backward and snatch at the handle of his stout hunting knife, for he had left his revolver behind at the cabin.

There was no retreat now. It was life or death, with the odds in the bear's favor. Rob felt almost as sure that he should meet an inglorious fate by a bear's hug as he ever was of anything, when with one convulsive exertion of strength he gave a tremendous forward lunge with his hunting knife, aiming at the great bear's breast, just behind the paws that were stretched out to seize him.

(To be continued.)

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Every morn is the world made new;
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.
Yesterday is a part of forever—
Bound up in a sheet which God holds tight;
With glad days and sad days and bad days, which
Shall never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight
Their fulness of sunshine and sorrowful night.

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

Luke Walton;

THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

A SKILLFUL INVENTION.

WHEN he came to think it over, Harold gradually recovered his complacency. It was a gold watch after all, and no one would know that the gold was low grade. He met one or two acquaintances who immediately took notice of the watch chain and asked to see the watch. They complimented him on it, and this gave him satisfaction.

"When he reached home, he went directly up stairs to his room, and only came down when he heard the supper bell.

As he entered the dining room his mother was the first to notice the watch chain.

"Have you been buying a watch chain, Harold?" she asked.

"I have something besides," said Harold, and he produced the watch.

Mrs. Tracy uttered an exclamation of surprise, and Mrs. Merton and Warner exchanged significant glances.

"How came you by the watch and chain?" asked Mrs. Tracy.

"They were given to me," answered Harold.

"But that is very strange. Aunt Eliza, you have not given Harold a watch, have you?"

"No, Louisa. I think a silver watch is good enough for a boy of his age."

"Why don't you ask me, Louisa?" said Warner, smiling.

"I don't imagine your circumstances will admit of such a gift."

"You are right. I wish they did. Harold, we are all anxious to know the name of the benevolent individual who has made you such a handsome present. If you think he has any money to spare, I should be glad if you would introduce me."

"I will explain," said Harold glibly. "I was walking along Dearborn Street about two o'clock when I saw a gentleman a little in advance of me. He had come from the Commercial Bank, I judge, for it was not far from there I came across him. By some carelessness he twirled a wallet stuffed with notes from his pocket. A rough looking fellow sprang to get it, but I was too quick for him. I picked it up, and hurrying forward handed it to the gentleman. He seemed surprised and pleased."

"My boy," he said, 'you have done me a great service. That wallet contained fifteen hundred dollars. I should have lost it but for you. Accept this watch and chain as a mark of my gratitude.'

"With that, he took the watch from his pocket, and handed it to me. I was not sure whether I ought to take it, but I have long wanted a gold watch, and he seemed well able to afford the gift."

Mrs. Tracy never thought of doubting this plausible story.

"Harold," she said, "I am proud of you. I think there was no objection to accepting the watch. What do you say, Aunt Eliza?"

"Let me look at the watch, Harold," said the lady, not replying to her niece's question.

Harold passed it over complacently. He rather plumed himself on the ingenious story he had invented.

"What do you think of it, Warner?" asked Mrs. Merton, passing it to her nephew.

"It is rather a cheap watch for a rich man to carry," answered Warner, taking it in his hand and opening it.

"I am sure it is quite a handsome watch," said Mrs. Tracy.

"Yes, it is large and showy, but it is low grade gold."

"Of course I don't know anything about that," said Mrs. Tracy. "At any rate it is gold and good enough for me."

"No doubt of that," said the old lady dryly.

"Rich men don't always carry expensive watches," said Mrs. Tracy. "They are often plain in their tastes."

"This watch is rather showy," said Warner.

"It can't be called plain."

"At any rate Harold has reason to be satisfied. I am glad he obtained the watch in so creditable a manner. If it had been your protegee, Aunt Eliza, I suspect he would have kept the money."

"I don't think so, Louisa," said Mrs. Merton quietly. "I have perfect confidence in Luke's honesty."

"In spite of your lost pocketbook?"

"Yes; there is nothing to connect Luke with that."

Harold thought he ought to get the advantage of the trick played upon Luke in the morning.

"I don't know as I ought to say anything," he said hesitating, "but I met Luke this morning, and, if I am not very much mistaken, I saw in his pocket a wallet that looked very much like aunt's. You know he wears a sack coat, and has a pocket on each side."

Again Mrs. Merton and Warner exchanged glances.

"This is important!" said Mrs. Tracy in excitement. "Did you speak to him on the subject, Harold?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I thought he might be innocent, and I didn't want to bring a false charge against him."

"You were very considerate," said Mrs. Merton.

It was impossible to infer anything from her tone.

"That seems quite conclusive, Aunt Eliza," said Mrs. Tracy, triumphantly. "I am sure Warner will agree with me."

"As to the Louisa," said her brother, "Harold is not certain it was aunt's lost pocket-book."

"But he thinks it is."

"Yes, I think it was—"

"For my own part I have no doubt on the subject," said Mrs. Tracy in a positive tone. "He is the person most likely to take the money, and this makes less proof needful."

"But suppose after all he is innocent," suggested Warner.

"You seem to take the boy's side, Warner. I am surprised at you."

"I want him to have a fair chance, that is all. I must say that I have been most favorably impressed by what I have seen of the boy."

"At any rate I think Aunt Eliza ought to question him sternly, not accepting any evasion or equivocation. He has been guilty of base ingratitude."

"Supposing him to be guilty?"

"Yes, of course."

"I intend to investigate the matter," said the old lady. "What do you think, Harold? Do you think it probable that Luke opened my drawer, and took out the pocketbook?"

"It looks very much like it," said Harold.

"Certainly it does," said Mrs. Tracy with emphasis.

"Suppose we drop the conversation for the time being," suggested the old lady. "Harold has not wholly gratified our curiosity as to the watch and chain. Do you know, Harold, who the gentleman is to whom you rendered such an important service?"

"No, Aunt Eliza, I did not learn his name."

"What was his appearance? Can you describe him?"

"He was a tall man," answered Harold in a tone of hesitation.

"Was he an old man or a young man?"

"He was an old man with gray hair. He walked very erect."

"Should you know him again if you saw him?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then perhaps we may have an opportunity of ascertaining who he was. My broker will probably know him from your description."

"Why do you want to find out who he is?" asked Harold uneasily. "Don't you think I ought to keep the watch?"

"I have a little feeling of curiosity on the subject. As to keeping it, I don't think the gentleman will be likely to reclaim it."

"Of course not. Why should he?" said Mrs. Tracy. "He gave it freely, and it would be very strange if he wished it back."

Here the conversation dropped, much to Harold's relief. Warner accompanied his aunt from the room.

"What do you think of Harold's story, Warner?" asked the old lady.

"It is very ingenious."

"But not true?"

"No; he got the watch and chain from a pawnbroker. I saw him come out of the shop, and going in, questioned the pawnbroker. He must have got possession of the ticket somewhere."

"Then it seems that Harold is not only a thief but a liar."

"My dear aunt, let us not be too hard upon him. This is probably his first offense. I feel like being charitable, for I have been in the same scrape."

"I can overlook theft more easily than his attempt to blacken the reputation of Luke," said Mrs. Merton, sternly.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WARNER POWELL STARTS ON A JOURNEY.

THANKS to the liberal compensation received from Mrs. Merton, Luke was enabled to supply his mother and Bennie with all the comforts they required, and even to put by two dollars a week. This he did as a measure of precaution, for he did not know how long the engagement at the house on Prairie Avenue would last. If he were forced to fall back on his earnings as a newsboy, the family would fare badly. This might happen, for he found himself no nearer securing the favor of Harold and his mother. The manner of the latter was particularly unpleasant when they met, and Harold scarcely deigned to speak to him. On the other hand, Warner Powell showed himself very friendly. He often took the opportunity to join Luke when he was leaving the house, and chat pleasantly with him.

Luke enjoyed his companionship because Warner was able to tell him about Australia and California, with both of which countries Mrs. Tracy's brother was familiar.

"Mother," said Harold one day, "Uncle Warner seems very thick with that newboy. I have several times seen them walking together."

Mrs. Tracy frowned, for the news displeased her. "I am certainly very much surprised. I should think my brother might find a more congenial and suitable companion than Aunt Eliza's hired boy. I will speak to him about it."

She accordingly broached the subject to Warner Powell, expressing herself with emphasis. "Listen, Louisa," said Warner, "don't you think I am old enough to choose my own company?"

"It doesn't seem so," retorted Mrs. Tracy, with a smile. "At any rate I don't need any instructions on that point."

"As my guest, you certainly ought to treat me with respect."

"So I do, but I don't feel bound to let you regulate my conduct."

"You know what cause I have—we both have—to dislike this boy."

"I don't dislike him."

"Then you ought to."

"He is in Aunt Eliza's employment. While he remains so, I shall treat him with cordiality."

"You are blind as a mole!" said Mrs. Tracy, passionately. "You can't see that he is trying to work his way into aunt's affections."

"I think he has done so already. She thinks a great deal of him."

"When you find her remembering him in her will you may come over to my opinion."

"She is quite at liberty to remember him in her will so far as I am concerned. There will be enough for us even if she does leave Luke a legacy."

"I see you are incorrigible. I am sorry I invited you to remain in my house."

"I was under the impression that it was Aunt Eliza's house. You are claiming too much, Louisa."

Mrs. Tracy bit her lip, and was compelled to give up her attempt to secure her brother's allegiance. She contented herself with treating him with formal politeness, abstaining from all show of cordiality. This was carried so far that it attracted the attention of Mrs. Merton.

"What is the trouble between you and Louisa?" she asked one day.

Warner laughed. "She thinks I am too intimate with your boy, Luke."

"I don't understand."

"I often walk with Luke either on his way to or from the house. Harold has reported this to his mother, and the result is a lecture as to her choice of proper companions for my dignified sister."

Mrs. Merton smiled kindly on her nephew. "Then you don't propose to give up Luke?" she said.

"Knowing how dishonestly I have acted in the past?" he said.

"The past is past. You are a different man, I hope and believe."

"Aunt Eliza, you shall never regret the generous confidence you are willing to repose in me. It is likely to open for me a new career, and to make a new man of me."

"That's my desire, Warner. Let me add that I am only following your own example. You have refused to believe evil of Luke, unlike your sister, and have not been troubled by the kindness I have shown him. This is something I remember to your credit."

"Thank you, aunt. If you have been able to discover anything creditable in me, I am all the more pleased."

"How much will this position pay you, supposing you get it?"

"Two thousand dollars a year. To me that will be a competence. I shall be able to save one half, for I have given up my former expensive tastes, and am eager to settle down to a steady and methodical business life."

"When do you want to go to Milwaukee, Warner?"

"I should like to go at once."

"Here is some money to defray your expenses."

Mrs. Merton opened her table drawer, and took out a roll of bills amounting to fifty dollars.

"I wish you good luck!" she said.

"Thank you, aunt! I shall take the afternoon train to Milwaukee, and sleep there to-night."

Warner Powell hastened to catch the train, and at six o'clock in the evening landed with a large number of fellow passengers in the metropolis of Wisconsin.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THOMAS BROWNING'S SECRET.

WARNER POWELL had learned wisdom and prudence with his increasing years, and, instead of inquiring for the best hotel, was content to put up at a humble hostelry, where he would be comfortable. He made the acquaintance on the cars of a New York drummer, with whom he became quite sociable.

"I suppose you have been in Milwaukee often," said Warner.

"I go there once a year—sometimes twice."

"Where do you stay?"

"At the Prairie Hotel. It is a comfortable house—two dollars a day."

"Just what I want. I will go there."

So at quarter past six Warner Powell found himself in the office of the hotel. He was assigned a room on the third floor.

After making his toilet he went down to supper. At the table with him were two gentlemen, from their conversation, appeared to be residents of the city. They were discussing the coming municipal election.

"I tell you Browning will be our mayor," said one. "His reputation as a philanthropist will elect him."

"I never took much stock in his claims on that score."

"He belongs to all the charitable societies, and is generally an officer."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."

"I am surprised to hear that."

"He is trading on his philanthropy. It would be interesting to learn where his wealth came from."

"He would not be surprised if he were more smart than honest."

"That may be; but how much does he give himself?"

"I don't know. I suppose he is a liberal subscriber."

"A man wants to give that impression, but the man is as selfish as the average. He is said to be a hard landlord, and his tenants get very few favors."</

THE CITY'S CROWD.

BY JAMES G. HEWLIN.

The city's crowd! What a motley throng
Of people compose it, as to and fro,
Laughing and frowning, they hurry along;
On business intent,
On pleasure bent—
Laughter and sounds of sobbing blent;
Where do they come from—where do they go?
What are their hopes, and what are their fears?
How many shall quaff from the cup success?
How many remember the burned-out years
Of the past by the bitter wretchedness?
Mem'ries of hopes denied, and tears
Shed at the bier of loveliness!

A Rogue Elephant.

BY GEORGE ORFORD.

"WELL, we have done a pretty good day's ride since this morning," said Phil Trevor, as we drew rein in front of a small "rest house," as the country inns are called in Ceylon. We had ridden over forty miles that day, and both we and our horses were tired out, besides the fact that we had not tasted food since an early start. "Do you think there is any chance that the coolies and horse keepers will turn up before dark?" I asked.

"Yes, I think they know the short cut through the paddy fields. It will save them seven miles, and so they ought to get here in about another hour. The best thing we can do now is to see about dinner, for we shall require a very good one before we can sleep well in this place."

Upon this suggestion I acted at once, rubbing down our tired horses and making them comfortable for the night. Within half an hour we had the satisfaction of seeing torchlights in the distance, and hearing the welcome "coo-ees" of our coolies and horse keepers, who had pressed on quickly in the order to reach the rest house before it became quite dark.

We soon got into dry clothes, and sat down shortly afterwards to a dinner of the inviolable carried fowl, which is the stock dish at small rest houses, and the only one which can be made in so short a time. Elastic as the fowls were, we managed to finish with a relish. After the cloth had been removed we felt that life was more worth living than it had been an hour before.

Philip Trevor and myself were two cadets in Queen Victoria's service in India. We had been dispatched to this particular district of Ceylon, which was known as Bintenne, to investigate a report that the Singhalese natives were stealing large quantities of valuable timber from the government forests.

We had not intended to do any shooting upon this trip, but as we knew that we should probably see spotted deer and snipe, had brought a gun and an express rifle apiece, with which to be able to shoot anything that might make a change for breakfast or dinner.

We heard from the keeper of the rest house that a small herd of elephants had visited the garden within half a mile of the place only a few nights previously, damaging all the fences and ditches. This was especially annoying, as our rifles were far too light to do much against such large game except at very short distance. Little did we think then how short that distance was to be!

All the next day we were walking about on the lookout for felled trees. I had but little success as regarded shooting; but upon my return to the rest house for breakfast, found that Trevor had stalked a spotted deer soon after he left me, and had brought him down with a very long shot.

Neither of us had heard or seen anything of the elephants. One of the Singhalese coolies told us that they had been heard of thirty miles off, and that they had then left the district altogether.

Upon the next day we started before five A. M., having to visit the skirts of a large jungle tract some eighteen miles off, so we both rode, as the ground was fairly level. After jogging along together for some twelve miles we separated, agreeing to meet at a small tank some two hours' walk farther on.

Trevor was to take the path to the right with one coolie, and I the path to the left with two others. By this means we should be able to judge very well if any extensive stealing of timber had been going on. Our horses were to be tethered where we separated, and our horse

keepers told to expect us back there by four in the afternoon, so that they would have a lazy day.

It was a beautifully cool morning, and had it not been that the leeches were so troublesome I should have enjoyed my walk immensely. As it was, whenever I passed through damp herbage my ankles and legs were covered with the brutes, and were itching and bleeding considerably. I carried my gun, and made the coolies I brought with me keep the rifle ready in case I got a glimpse of a deer, but I only saw troops of Wanderoo monkeys.

We now halted for a hasty luncheon of some sandwiches, which I had brought with me. Up to this time we had not found any trace of timber felling, and I was inwardly grumbling at our having been sent so far merely upon a newspaper report. It was quite evident that no villagers had been through this tract of land for years. There was no sign of any human being, nor were there the remains of any fireplaces, which natives almost always build with a few large stones.

Feeling certain that neither of us would find any traces of stolen trees, I now started off to the right in order to meet Trevor before our appointed time, and to suggest to him that we might spend the next two days in looking out for some better shooting.

My coolies and I trudged wearily along through tangled grass, ferns, and creepers, having every now and then to cut our way with a billhook, as thorny vines caught us round neck, waist, and legs. After having gone some three or four miles, and while stooping a few minutes

Trevor had taken up his position behind a fallen tree trunk, and coolly stood there to receive the rogue elephant's charge. He held his express rifle cocked and ready to fire, but it was useless to discharge so light a weapon except at very short range. Quite wisely, he had decided to wait till the brute was close upon him, when he would have a chance of reaching a vital spot.

A moment later I was close beside him, stationing myself behind a tree, where I too held my express rifle in readiness. Our three panic-stricken coolies gathered behind us, evidently unable to make up their minds whether it was safer to flee or to rely upon our protection.

The elephant advanced with exasperating slowness, and I felt my nerves pretty highly strung. The excitement finally proved too much for Trevor, and when the rogue was about twenty yards off he raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

The ball struck the elephant on the temple. Swerving suddenly aside, he lifted his trunk high in air, and trumpeting with rage and pain dashed straight upon Trevor.

I fired hastily, but whether my shot took effect there was no time to see. Yelling with terror, the coolies fled in various directions into the jungle. Trevor tried to spring aside, but in vain. The rogue elephant was upon him. Catching the poor fellow around the waist with his trunk, he raised him aloft and dashed him on the ground with such force that he rebounded from the spring grass. Then, leaving his victim with another trumpet of rage, the monster trotted off and disappeared among the trees, followed by a ball from the other barrel of my rifle.



RAISING HIS TRUNK HIGH IN AIR, THE ELEPHANT CHARGED UPON TREVOR.

to pull off some of the leeches from our legs, we heard a shot, followed in about half a minute by another. I was very pleased to think how nicely we must have hit off Trevor's track, as the shots did not sound more than half a mile ahead of us.

I pressed on quickly, wondering what my friend was firing at. Deer could hardly be found late in the afternoon in such unlikely ground as this, but there was no other game, unless he had been shooting peacocks, which I concluded by thinking must have been the case.

The jungle became much more scanty as we pushed on, and it was evident that a few hundred yards ahead we should be almost in the open. A minute later a cry reached our ears, followed by a double shot, and in getting up from a fall over a tuft of thick grass the whole situation burst before me.

About fifty yards ahead of me was a huge elephant of a dun gray color, with a large flesh-colored scar on his fore quarters. He was slowly advancing toward Trevor and his coolie, with his head down, as if he was about to charge upon them, but hesitated how to open the attack upon his insignificant foe. He was evidently what is called a "rogue," or solitary elephant, a bad tempered, dangerous brute that had abandoned the herd to which he once belonged, and was roaming alone through the forests.

If Trevor had not fired upon the elephant, the great animal might have passed by without noticing him; but his eagerness for a shot at such big game had provoked an attack from which there was no escape. Neither of us, as I have said, carried rifles heavy enough to be effective against our huge enemy, and the situation was critical enough.

I hurried to the spot where Trevor lay. He was insensible, but he soon came to himself, and we found that beyond a terrible shaking he had received no injury. As soon as the coolies ventured to come out of the jungle, we managed to help Trevor along to the house of a native planter which was no great distance away.

But I had not finished with that rogue elephant. I was determined to have revenge. The first thing I did, after seeing Trevor installed in comfortable quarters, and dining with the hospitable planter, was to borrow a heavy smooth-bore rifle, and sally forth on the bare chance of encountering the foe again. To hunt for a particular elephant in the forests of Ceylon was like searching for the proverbial needle in a haystack, and yet something told me I should be successful.

It was a bright moonlight night, and I strayed down toward a large pool at the edge of the jungle. There, under the shelter of a large *jak* tree, I waited for a shot at any game that might come to the water.

I had not been there ten minutes before I heard a loud splashing noise in the pool, and saw a large elephant rolling and wallowing in the shallow water, which he was taking up in his trunk and pouring over his back. He acted as if he was wounded, and as in his aimless movements he came nearer, I could make out by the clear moonlight a great flesh-colored scar on his fore quarters. He was the very rogue elephant I was looking for.

Nearer and nearer he drew, coming along the edge of the pool. At last he stood still for a moment, so close to me that I could have thrown my hat upon his back.

Noislessly I cocked my rifle, and taking a good rest against the tree, waited a few seconds

for him to become quite still. It was evident that he sniffed something, and it was lucky that I had taken the precaution of keeping the wind in my face.

With one foot just upraised from the water, with his ears strained forward and his trunk uplifted, he stood as if made out of ebony, with the moonlight gleaming on his tusks. I looked at him but a second, and taking a good sight midway between his eye and ear, I pulled trigger.

Hardly could I believe my eyes when he fell forward, making a splash in the water that I felt upon my face. He was dead.

I examined the dead elephant carefully, and found that it was our old enemy the rogue beyond a doubt. There were three wounds in his forehead, made by the bullets from our light rifles, none of which had penetrated his thick skull.

I knew it was no use to wait at the pool for another shot, for the sound of my gun had driven away all other game from the neighborhood. Consequently I returned to the planter's house, where Trevor was delighted to hear of my fortunate encounter with the brute that had nearly shaken the life out of him.

It appeared that the slain elephant had been the terror of the whole district for a long while. Before turning in I happened to hear one of our coolies narrating to another, in an undertone, the many evil deeds that the rogue had done—how he had killed a young girl one evening at a well, and how the entire village had turned out and fired regular broadsides into him from their old guns. "But," said the coolie, "it was no use, he bore a charmed life. Had it not been that I knew this I would never have run away."

After hearing this extremely modest and unheroic remark, we retired for the night and slept soundly in spite of the heat.

Next morning Trevor felt no bad effects from his rough treatment by the rogue, except a slight stiffness. We returned to the elephant's carcass, and, cutting off his long tusks, ordered two of the coolies to carry the ivory back to the rest house, which we had made our headquarters.

There is little further to tell. We saw no more elephants, and a couple of days later, having completed our inspection of the government forests, and failed to discover any traces of the reported theft, we started on our return journey from Bintenne, reaching our station at Kandy without any noteworthy adventure.

A LITTLE FIRE HORSE.

This term "iron horse" as applied to a locomotive is evidently of very ancient origin, as we find the first railroad engine, made by George Stephenson in 1825, likened unto a "fire horse." This was done in a letter describing a ride

behind it, written at the time by Mrs. Francis Kemble Butler, and of which a copy is given in a recent number of the *American Mechanic*.

"We were introduced to the little engine that was to drag us along the rails. She (for they make these curious little fire horses all aforesaid) consisted of a boiler, a stove, a platform, a bench, and behind the bench a barrel containing water enough to prevent her being thirsty for fifteen miles—the whole machine not bigger than a common fire engine. She goes upon two wheels, which are her feet, and are moved by bright steel legs called pistons. These are propelled by steam, and in proportion as more steam is applied to the upper extremities (the hip joints, I suppose) of these pistons, the faster they move the wheels. The coals, which are her oats, were under the bench, and there was a small glass tube affixed to the boiler, which indicated its fullness or emptiness, when she wanted water."

STAGE SUPERSTITIONS.

SAILORS are not the only class of workers who delude themselves with superstitious fears. Actors have some very peculiar notions regarding the "must nots" of the playhouse. Among others the *Richmond State* prints the following:

The yellow clarionette must never be allowed in the theater orchestra. It brings bad luck. A dead-head must never be the first to enter the theater. The tag (the last speech of a play) must never be spoken at rehearsal. The first person to make an error on the stage at the same time. A cross-eyed man must never be seen in the audience by the star of the company.

TOO TRUE.

A DINNER at a restaurant, the other night, tired of waiting who seemed to be an interminable time between each course, called the head waiter and inquired: "Who waits at this table?" With a smile he answered: "You, sir."

A WELL SPENT LIFE.

BY T. KNOWLES.

His glory still appears
Like to the memory of a well spent life
That's golden to the last, and when 'tis o'er
Shines in the witnesses it leaves behind.

[This story commenced in No. 273.]

**Warren Haviland,
THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.**

By ANNIE ASHMORE,

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

CHAPTER X.

A HOUSE OF MYSTERIES.

DURING Captain Burroo's oration Warren had time to recall not only his late sufferings, but the fact that Hawk had conspired against his life; and he resolved for the present to reserve his own name, and let these strangers call him what they chose. It could matter little, he thought in his ignorance of the mighty name of Marvin; at a convenient time he would undeceive them, explaining his reasons for silence. The cause of the blunder in the name lay partly in Mrs. Haviland's fondness for Old English lettering, surrounded by floral curves and interlacings, partly in the ragged condition of Warren's shirt front, on the bottom binding of which the full name "Warren Haviland" had been embroidered most exquisitely by her loving fingers. But the boy's feverish clutch had torn half the bosom into shreds, leaving only the word Warren, which looked like Marvin to Mrs. Burroo's uninitiated eyes.

Some explanations having passed as to his present whereabouts, Warren simply stated that he had been riding through that part of the country, and having left his horse at a wayside house to rest, had ventured into the woods and got lost; and the captain seemed to be quite satisfied with the meager information vouchsafed.

"I guess I've heard before of you, Mr. Marvin," said he, with a roguish wink. "Japhet Marvin's too big a man for his dashing young scapegrace of a son to be unknown."

Warren was startled. This was more than he had bargained for.

"But that's a mistake, sir," cried he. "I'm not Japhet Marvin's son."

"All right, my dear fellow, don't excite yourself at all. You shall be just whom you choose, only feel at home here," returned his host, with another roguish wink. "But you'll be boys, and the best of 'em get into a scrape now and then. But mind, you're safe with Thad Burroo, honor bright!" and he pressed Warren's hand so vigorously that the boy almost swooned with pain.

"I wish you wouldn't talk so loud. Don't you see how tired he looks?" interposed Mrs. Burroo fretfully.

"Hello! so he does. Weak as a kitten, ain't you, sir?" ejaculated the captain in alarm.

"I must fetch back that boy. He's good at nursing for a wonder." And marching to the door, he bawled, "Sloper! ho! you Sloper, here sir!" and then marched back to stare at the patient.

"Your son, Captain Burroo?" asked Warren with waking interest.

"What? Sloper my son?" cried the captain, elevating his eyebrows scornfully. "No thank you, Mr. Marvin, oh, no indeed. If I had a son I bet you he would be a leetle smarter than that poor booby. No, no, he's a friendless boy I took in, more fool I, to teach him how to earn a living. But my lord is fastidious, ha! ha!—turns up his nose at trade, and prefers to loaf around my house, taking his ease, to turning to alongside of me. Hey, Sloper, my boy, how's that? True, ain't it?"

Warren looked round with a start. The haggard youth was in the room, and must have heard every word of the slighting speech. His face was as red as fire, yet he looked straight at Captain Burroo with a singular expression, under which the man seemed to feel uneasy, for he impatiently beckoned him forward to the bedside.

"See what he needs, will you? And mind you—no tricks. I've my eye on you, young man, and bidding a hand adieu to his guest the captain hurried away."

The boy had brought a small tray of refreshments for his charge. He now began to deftly arrange the pillows to support him while he ate; but he persistently avoided Warren's inquiring eye.

The lady sat like a statue beside the bed. "You are very kind to a stranger, Sloper, for that's your name, isn't it?" said Warren, who felt strangely attracted by the poor boy.

"Call me Sloper. Can you try this chicken soup?" was the reply.

"Thank you. Delicious! What's your other name? I want to call you by it, for we shouldn't be like strangers to each other," returned Warren, warmly.

"My other name?" echoed the boy with a start. "Oh, you mean my first name. Tim's good enough for me; Tim Sloper, Captain Burroo's skulking shirking chore boy, not worth your good opinion, I assure you. Best take no notice of me, Mr. Marvin."

Here the silent lady began to weep and to wring her hands.

"It's too hard. I can't bear this!" she sobbed out.

"Oh, why should you mind?" exclaimed Sloper, in a surprised way. "You needn't, for you're always good to me. And mind this," he bent closer to utter the words softly in her ear, but Warren heard them too. "If I don't deserve hard usage from Captain Burroo, I deserve to be punished somehow for doing what I knew was wrong. I'm a poor spirited rascal; I can neither go through with my roguery nor confess and make amends like an honest fellow. I deserve hard lines, and I'm willing to bear them."

"You are a kind good boy," faltered Mrs. Burroo, "and I would give all I'm worth to find the courage to help you out of this unlucky place."

"Viney! Wife!" called a

voice of writing to his mother. Consequently he was feeling very anxious on her account when he thought of intrusting a telegram to the doctor, who sent it off to Mrs. Haviland, and received an answer while he was still confined to his bed.

The more the latter reflected over the adventures which had befallen him since he began to investigate the business of the loan, the more he became convinced that Lawyer Hawk had an interest in getting him out of the way, and in keeping him apart from his cousin Tom; and as he was not prepossessed in favor of his present host, whose coarse treatment of Sloper had revolted him, he thought it wiser to retain his incognito, in case accident might reveal his whereabouts to Hawk. So far as Sloper was concerned, the fellow's persistent avoidance of anything like a personal turn to their talk made it impossible for Warren to reveal his true name and circumstances to him.

One of the first discoveries which Warren made when he was able to make investigations,

he asked Sloper for the loan of a suit of his clothes, meaning to go forth and seek for work of some sort whereby he might earn a suit for himself, and enough to pay his obligations to the captain. Sloper brought his second best clothes, as Warren had insisted on it, to his evident surprise; and Warren started out on his quest, carrying with him a letter to his mother, in which he had given her a cheerful account of his circumstances, admitting that he had been laid up sick for a week or two, but assuring her that he was all right again and meant to resume his search for Cousin Tom as soon as he had earned some money.

With this letter in his hand, Warren left the house for the first time, and met Captain Burroo just coming up the steps.

"My dear fellow, this is capital!" cried he, shaking hands; then striking an attitude, "but what do I see? Millionaire Marvin's son disguised in my chore boy's duds! Tut, tut, this will never do. What would your esteemed father say to me if I permitted such an indignity to his son—even though he is a bit of a black sheep at present, eh? Come back with me, and you will find that I have not neglected you."

"Captain Burroo, I hope you have not provided anything for me," Warren broke in as soon as he could get a chance. "These clothes are all that I want till—"

"But I have provided suitably for your station in life, my dear fellow," interposed Burroo pompously. "My own tailor, the best in Port-soy, had your ruined suit to measure from, and a handsome copy he has made, I assure you. Warren felt utterly mortified. How he wished he had not allowed this man to affix a name to him to which he had no right! Why had he not told the truth at once and left the issue to Providence?

"You have meant kindly, I know, captain, and have been very kind to me," he faltered, "but I'm sorry you have done this. In fact, I'm not the rich Marvin's son at all, and can't afford to put great expense on myself. You know I always told you that Mr. Japhet Marvin was nothing to me."

The captain's pleasant smile faded. He stared at Warren steadily. "You are not the capitalist's son?" he said, slowly.

"I am no relation to Mr. Japhet Marvin. I have no father, and my mother is very poor; while I have nothing in the world but the will and the power to work for my living," answered Warren, firmly.

The words carried conviction with them. All Captain Burroo's castles in the air fell with a crash. He had established no cause of gratitude on the rich man through his services to his son. All his flattery and subservience had been wasted upon a penniless nobody!

As he thought of it, Captain Burroo got purple in the face, his big mustache bristled with rage, and his fists doubled up of themselves. For a moment it looked as if the bland and hospitable Burroo would assault his guest in the open street; but something in the cool, searching glance of the youth calmed the impulse. He felt obliged perforce to behave respectfully to one who so evidently expected of a wealthy man's son and heir. Can you explain all that, sir?"

"This is an extraordinary affair, sir. I never was so misled in my life before," he grumbled.

Warren fired up a little. "I never misled you, Captain Burroo," said he, proudly. "The moment you named me Marvin, I told you you were mistaken. You chose to stick to the delusion, and I had no other opportunity to undeceive you."

"You knew, however, that you, a poor boy, were living at my expense under the colors of being a rich man's son," sneered the captain, who was so evidently a gentleman in mind and manner, might be deceiving him for a purpose of his own; might be Japhet Marvin's son all the while! He had surmised from the character which rumor gave to the said son—that of being a reckless spendthrift—that young Marvin had fled from home after some delinquency, and Burroo had dreamed of nursing the prodigal back to health, and then of restoring him to his anxious parent, to his never dying gratitude.

Now he thought, "Young Marvin has been in a bigger scrape than I imagined, and is scared at my recognition." Therefore he resolved to



WARREN OVERHEARS AN IMPORTANT CONVERSATION.

stentorian voice, which seemed very near the door, and Mrs. Burroo started up with a frightened look and hurried to join her husband; while Sloper turned to his charge with such an increase of reserve that Warren dared not ask him one of the questions which tantalized him; and presently fell asleep, wondering over this house of mystery.

CHAPTER XI.

WARREN DECLARES HIMSELF.

WARREN was surrounded with every comfort and attention. An excellent doctor visited him every day, his boy nurse was indefatigable in his services, though incorrigible in his reticence; and Mrs. Burroo, though evidently oppressed by some heavy personal trial, endeavored to entertain her guest by reading aloud to him in lieu of conversation, of which she seemed incapable.

Yet it was over a week before Warren was able to leave his room—about three weeks since he had set out on his journey to Chicadee; and in all that time he had not had an opportunity

of writing to his mother. Consequently he was feeling very anxious on her account when he thought of intrusting a telegram to the doctor, who sent it off to Mrs. Haviland, and received an answer while he was still confined to his bed.

The more the latter reflected over the adventures which had befallen him since he began to investigate the business of the loan, the more he became convinced that Lawyer Hawk had an interest in getting him out of the way, and in keeping him apart from his cousin Tom; and as he was not prepossessed in favor of his present host, whose coarse treatment of Sloper had revolted him, he thought it wiser to retain his incognito, in case accident might reveal his whereabouts to Hawk. So far as Sloper was concerned, the fellow's persistent avoidance of anything like a personal turn to their talk made it impossible for Warren to reveal his true name and circumstances to him.

One of the first discoveries which Warren made when he was able to make investigations,

he asked Sloper for the loan of a suit of his clothes, meaning to go forth and seek for work of some sort whereby he might earn a suit for himself, and enough to pay his obligations to the captain. Sloper brought his second best clothes, as Warren had insisted on it, to his evident surprise; and Warren started out on his quest, carrying with him a letter to his mother, in which he had given her a cheerful account of his circumstances, admitting that he had been laid up sick for a week or two, but assuring her that he was all right again and meant to resume his search for Cousin Tom as soon as he had earned some money.

bury his belief in his own heart, to humor the lad into thinking he had deceived him, and to hold on to him by hook or crook, and trust to time to make the speculation pay. His manner, so rough and gruff, changed as by magic, and Warren, who had remained silent because he dared not explain who he was, understood much at the bland tones which now addressed him.

"Do you really want to work for your living, Marvin?" asked the captain.

"I must indeed, and immediately, for I lost my purse during my wanderings in the swamp, and I shan't feel easy until I have repaid you—as far as money will go—for your hospitality and kind care of me when I was helpless."

"We won't say anything about paying board, my boy; you come to my office. I want a book-keeper, and I'll give you work and good pay."

Warren could hardly believe his ears; but after a minute's reflection he accepted the offer. The bargain was concluded on the spot, and Warren returned to his room to add a postscript to his mother's letter, telling her of his good fortune. He requested her to address her letters to him at the Portsey post office. During this period of inaction he prized his incognito as his only weapon against the machinations of Hawk; besides, his own name might scare his cousin Tom away should chance bring him to Portsey.

CHAPTER XLII.

ANGER AHEAD.

WARREN had already questioned the captain as to the whereabouts of the inhabitants of Storm Rock lumber camp, but had heard nothing of a boy of his own age being there as a visitor; indeed, he had long felt incredulous as to the truth of McDade's assertion that Tom had gone to the camp. He often wondered if he might recognize his cousin should he meet him some day.

"I might pass him in the street and never know him!" thought Warren, ruefully.

Having begun to exercise in the open air, his strength soon returned, and he took his place in Captain Burro's office, a snug retreat fitted up on the ground floor of a big warehouse which stood at the head of a lumber wharf. The warehouse was crammed with stores for the fishing vessels, which crowded the end of the wharf day by day; and Warren, late college student, was busy all day long in accounting for hog-heads of molasses, quintals of salt fish, barrels of pork, and beef, and flour, not forgetting myriads of figs of tobacco, and pipes galore. And he went into the work with a will, determined to earn his salary honestly before he took it; and his employer discovered with amazement that the supposed idle prodigal was "a master hand at his work," and was "as sharp as they make 'em."

All sorts of people came to Burro's wharf to do business with its proprietor, but Warren soon observed that certain rough customers were treated differently from the rest; that these held long confidential conferences with the captain apart, and that they belonged to a mean little schooner called the Snowflake, but looking more like a sloop fack, which had a way of slipping up to the wharf "o' nights," necessitating the captain's presence at unbusinesslike hours, on affairs which were not entered on Warren's books.

One afternoon, when Warren had been several months in his employ, the captain came into the office where he was poring over his accounts alone, and, throwing himself into his own revolving chair, bade his clerk "let up a bit," as he wanted to have a talk.

Warren obediently laid down his pen, got off his high stool, and stood up, tall and handsome, against his desk, smiling down at his employer, whose manner was unusually insinuating.

"Look here, Marvin, you suit me first rate, and I've a mind to put a good thing in your way," began Captain Burro.

Warren expressed his acknowledgments. "You're no greeny," went on the captain, "and have been using your eyes since you came here, no doubt, so you can guess what I allude to without more words. Now I propose to give you a share in the profits, if you'll take your share of the risk."

"Stop, Captain Burro; please don't go so fast," cried Warren, in dismay. "Just let me say this: I can't go into anything except what's on the square and above board. Keeping accounts accurately is honest work, and I'll do that for you, and be thankful to get the job; but anything shady—no, sir, it's not for me." The captain smiled, and winked nearly purple as he listened. Disappointment, mortification and alarm blended together, and almost choked him. He glared up and down the tall youth as if he would like to annihilate him.

"Well, I'm jiggered if I ever heard of such a pair of milkopes!" exclaimed he at last, jumping up and making for the door. "I thought a sharp fellow like you would have more go in him than that. To find Marvin's son too squeamish to do a bit of free trading, for cash, gets me." He checked himself, afraid of going too far, and went out, slamming the door behind him till the warehouse reverberated.

"Now I've done for myself," thought Warren, returning to his desk with a sigh. "He's mortally offended, and will turn me off, no doubt. Still, I could do nothing else than say no."

His work kept him late that night, and his employer went home without seeing him again, so when he was free it was already dusk. He strolled down to the end of the wharf for a breath of air, and a quiet meditation on his

position. No vessels were moored there on this occasion, and he chose a niche in a lumber pier, facing the water, from which a pleasant breeze was blowing, which threatened, however, to increase to a gale ere long.

He had not been there many minutes when he perceived a vessel, gliding to the end of the wharf, and the men tie her to the rings provided for the purpose; then they passed up the pier to the street, with the exception of one man, who was left on guard, and who lounged about the deck, smoking. Warren's position screened him from the schooner, but by craning his neck round the corner post he could catch a glimpse of him now and again, but the increasing darkness prevented him from distinguishing his features.

By and by he recognized Captain Burro's step as he hastened down the wharf to the schooner. The captain shouted a jovial greeting to the unknown, who answered with a grunt, and the pair conferred together in low tones, leaning over the outside rail, so that Warren had almost forgotten them, when he was startled by a loud exclamation from the stranger—both men having come nearer him—for the voice was McDade's.

"The very spy lawyer Hawk telegraphed to me about!" snarled he. The pair had halted at the stern of the vessel, just round the corner from where Warren sat, straining his ears to catch every word; for, since it was himself who was concerned, and the speakers were mitigated rascals, he felt no scruple about listening to their conversation.

"And all the time he was no more Japhet Marvin's son than I am?" cried Captain Burro amazedly—"was a beastly spy, a viper, that I warred in my own bosom, to sting me! I made him my clerk! I offered him shares in the good and all?" His voice rose higher—the last was a shriek of rage. "But I'll be even with him; he shall never get the chance to walk off with the information. Oh! McDade, why didn't you come along before, and warn me that a spy was nosing around?"

"Didn't I think I'd stuck him in the swamps for good and all?" cried the other, "was I pickin' up a lost boy near the camp. I was 'way off up the river; ain't ben to the camp since ye was thar, and ef I had ben, tain't likely I would hev yarned too much about a chap as was never seen alive after he parted from me."

"How are we to fix 'im?" demanded Burro, impatiently. "He may bolt any minute. He's got points enough now," I should say, to bag the lot of us. It must be quick work, and no sham this time."

"If I get my fingers on him I'll fix 'im," muttered McDade.

"There's none of us safe till he's gone."

"Shaw! What's the use of talking like that? You know that won't do," grumbled the captain; and a keen discussion followed, to which, as may be imagined, Warren listened with breathless interest.

At length the two rascals agreed that the schooner should be turned into a prison for the present, and that the treacherous clerk should be entrapped into going aboard, and then be carried off to sea, to undergo a tanning process at the hands of McDade and his brother moonshiners.

"He's young an' soft, for all he's so spertry," quoth McDade, "but he's so sassy when he's on the high seas alone among an' my boys. We kin pinch hard, we kin, when we've got an informer between our teeth."

"And Warren felt his blood run cold at the suppressed ferocity of the threat.

"Yes, yes, you would have an immense advantage under such circumstances," returned Burro, meditatively. "The idea is so good that I believe I'll give you two young bears to tame instead of one." Warren started, and listened with redoubled interest. "I've told you about that youngster that stands in the way of a friend; luckily for my friend, and the boy had got into a scrape at home, so he had an excuse to send him up to me, as if to keep him safe from the consequences; but the idea was, to get him so mixed in with this whisky business that he wouldn't dare go home again. To look at the boy you wouldn't believe he could say boo to a goose, yet that young one has stood out against me, all I can do, and I've been pretty rough, too. No, sir, he won't be forced into the whisky business, and I've gone far as I dare in a place where you have neighbors and reporters prying into everything you want kept dark. Now you can try your hand on him; get 'im implicated somehow, or else make out a case he can't knock over, and the trick's done."

"You scoundrel!" muttered Warren, bitterly. "It's Sloper you're trying to ruin, is it? And he has defied you thus far! Brave boy! And you're trying to ruin him, too!"

"Sho! Yank him over to me! I'll soon show him a thing or two," bragged McDade. "Wal, they're both to be aboard tonight? But how are ye goin' ter manage 'em?"

"As to Marvin, he doesn't suspect me at all, and if I send him down to the office, he'll come as a thinking horse, so we ain't his not or off, poor wretch; and the fun of it is, wife, she thinks I sent him off to the country on business. She'd have gone crazed if she knew all."

Warren heard him with amazement, for certainly he was, as well as Captain Burro's household, his supposed Sloper to be traveling on his employer's business. For Sloper, he thought, what new cruelty had been dealt the unhappy boy who attracted Warren so mysteriously?

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 261.]

The Cruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XLII.

THE DEFEAT OF LUKE.

TOM Gates saw that Luke had dropped his weapon in the struggle, and it had been discharged in the fall, but no one appeared to be hurt, though there was immediate danger that some one would be hurt soon. Tom was not a very bold youth, but the pistol had hardly gone off before he leaped on the back of the intruder, and clasped him tightly around the throat.

Luke turned upon his assailant, whom the circumstance of position rendered the more dangerous of the two. But sundry vigorous digs in the small of the back, inflicted by the bare knees of Tom, caused him to weaken, and then to drop on the floor. The engineer succeeded in twisting the intruder over so that he fell on his face, with the assailant on his back.

John was not an instant behind time in rendering needed assistance, for Tom could not have held his own against his more powerful adversary. Both of them lay down upon Luke, and held him fast in spite of his attempts to shake them off. By the light of the lamp John discovered the revolver on the floor, and picked it up. He knew that only one chamber had been discharged, and the click of the lock was heard when he cocked it ready for use.

"Hold on tight, Tom! I have the revolver, and that makes it a sure thing for us," said John, as he held the weapon at Luke's head. "Let him up now, and I will keep his head covered with the muzzle of the pistol."

Tom let go of his prisoner, and Luke sprang to his feet. He had a dazed expression on his face, as he saw the pistol in the hands of John. He had been shot through the hand once by his cousin; for they were cousins after all—and he knew that the boy could shoot. He was not of the sort who take any steps in the face of a pistol.

"Shut the window, Tom," said John. "Don't let him get off."

"But how can that revolver will catch him if he runs," added the engineer. "Your father must have heard that shot when the pistol went off."

"I gave you fair warning, Spotty—"

"My name is no longer, Spotty, but John Spottwood," interposed John, still covering the villain's head with the pistol. "You are to late, Luke Spottwood. Your uncle is my father, and you are my cousin."

"Have you been talking about me to my uncle?" demanded Luke.

"Not about you particularly; but my father and I have come to an understanding." At this moment they all heard footsteps in the hall. The door was not locked, and Mr. Winggold came into the room, half dressed. He took in the situation at a single glance, for the presence of Luke was the key to the scene that he discovered.

"What has happened here, an explanation, and John related all that had occurred in the room.

"This is too great an outrage to be tolerated," said the inspector. "Can you hold him while I send for an officer?"

"The pistol will hold him, or stop him very quick if he tries to run away," replied Tom. "We could hold him without the pistol, but that does it in the easiest manner for us, if not for him."

"I will send for an officer at once. Have you heard anything from your father, Captain Spottwood?"

"Nothing, sir; his room is in the front of the house, and I don't think he heard the shot or the noise," replied John.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Winggold," interposed Luke, who appeared to have come to his senses, and to have some perception of the peril of his situation. "Don't go for an officer until you have informed Uncle Paul that I am here."

"I don't mean that he shall know anything about this business before morning," replied the inspector.

"If you cause me to be arrested, you will bring disgrace upon my pistol," pleaded Luke.

"The disgrace will be upon you, and not at all on him, Luke. Do you think he would be willing to have his son and heir shot in his bed some night in order to avoid disgrace?" demanded the inspector, severely.

"Don't have me sent off to prison, Mr. Winggold," begged Luke, who possibly had some family pride left in him.

"You have threatened to take the life of John Spottwood; and he shall feel safe about his own home hereafter, if I can bring it about."

"I didn't mean anything by that. I only intended to frighten him so that he would give me the things I want."

"The things you wanted have done their work, and proved that Spotty Hawke is the son of Paul Spottwood."

"Then that is the end of the whole of it," and Luke could not help seeing that the battle had gone against him. "The game is up with me, and I will promise not to give my uncle or his son any more trouble."

"How did you happen to know anything

about the ring and the locket?" asked Mr. Winggold, his curiosity getting the better of his stern devotion to justice.

"I will tell you all about it if you will promise not to have me arrested. I have not been a burglar or a robber for the sake of the plunder," pleaded Luke, glancing at John. "Will you agree to that?"

"I will agree to put off the arrest until you do something out of the way again," replied the inspector, who was not quite sure that his friend, the owner of Tonnington, would approve of any summary proceedings, especially as he had just recovered his son indirectly through the agency of his nephew.

"Shall I tell you here? And am I to have that pistol pointed at my head all the time?" asked Luke, glancing at the weapon.

"We will go down into the library, and your uncle shall hear what you have to say. Put up the pistol, John. I will go back to my room, if he wants to run away. I will send the officer after him," replied the inspector. "Go down into the library, and I will call your uncle. But run away if you like!"

Luke concluded not to run away. The boys dressed themselves, and in a short time all of them were in the library.

CHAPTER XLIII.

LUKE'S CONFESSION.

THE inspector had informed Mr. Spottwood of what had happened since he retired, and he was quite self-possessed when he entered the room. He spoke reproachfully to Luke, who assured him that from that moment he would "turn over a new leaf," and be an honest and respectable young man.

"While I have been little better than a beggar, Uncle Paul, you have revealed in wealth," said Luke bitterly. "I have been brought up as my father was before me, out of what belonged to me."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Mr. Spottwood.

"They say you are worth millions, Uncle Paul, while I am obliged to live on a pittance of three hundred dollars a year. My wages have made me what I am; and I am not responsible for it."

"Your grandfather left your father just as much of his estate as he did me," replied Mr. Spottwood, with energy.

"But it was locked up in the hands of a trustee, that he could use nothing but the income of it," growled Luke.

"Your father led a riotous and dissolute life, and if your grandfather had not put his share of the property in the hands of a trustee, it would all have been spent in a year or two, and you would have been a beggar without a penny, instead of a beggar with an income of three thousand dollars. If he had not run through it I am sure you would have done so. So no other word about your wrongs to me," added Mr. Spottwood, severely.

"Now about the ring and the locket. If you don't want to tell about them you can go," interposed the inspector, significantly.

"I always keep my promises; and I hope you will do the same," replied the graceless wretch.

"There is some humor in your nephew, Paul," laughed Mr. Winggold. "But go on, Luke, if you will; if not, don't do so."

"I will go on. Eight years ago I went a fishing on the other side of the lake, near the cottage of Mr. Hawke. While I was floating a trout brook my boat got adrift, and floated off into the lake. I had seen several boats near the cottage, and I went there to borrow one to go for me with."

"Mr. Hawke was not at home, and I was shown into the drawing room, where Mrs. Hawke was playing on the piano. As soon as I went in I saw that picture, and Luke pointed to the one which had been brought from the cottage."

"I saw how wonderfully alike they were. I asked the lady to lend me one of the boats to go out after mine. She asked me my name, and I told her it was Luke Spottwood."

"She sprang off the piano stool as though she had been stung by a wasp. She repeated the name of Spottwood, and asked me about my father and others of the name. I told her Paul Spottwood lived at Tonnington; and for some reason I could not then understand, she seemed to be greatly affected."

"She asked me to call and see her again. About a week later I went over again. I had heard all about the loss of Uncle Paul's picture, and I saw how wonderfully alike the two pictures were taken for the same lady, and that lady was Mrs. Hawke. You can judge for yourselves whether I was right or not. She was very glad to see me, and asked a hundred questions about my uncle."

"Then she knew that I was here in Tonnington," added Mr. Spottwood, with the most intense emotion.

"She did; but don't hurry things, Uncle Paul. She told me she wished to send a letter to you. I was willing to be the bearer of it. Then she wished me to carry a ring and a locket to Uncle Paul, which she would give me at another time. She walked down the lake with me; and then I told her that my uncle was her husband—I knew it."

"She said it was so; and that the ring and the locket would prove it. She showed me both of these articles, and talked to me about her little boy, whom I saw about the house, wife that was you, Spotty. Among other things she told me that she married Mr. Hawke when she supposed her husband was dead. Uncle Paul was



STICKING TO THE TRUTH.

MOTHER—"Didn't I tell you not to go on the ice, sir? You have been on it!"
SON—"No, I hain't. I've been under it."

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE.

Our new government is willing to show visitors the working of its reformatory systems in the shape of its prisons and penitentiaries, but luckily for the inmates of these institutions, the spirit of accommodation is not carried so far as it is in Morocco. Not long ago, says a writer in the *Cosmopolitan*, the keeper of one of the prisons was asked by an American traveler, who for some reason he was anxious to please, what the punishment of the bastinado was like. The answer was that he should see for himself. In a few minutes a man was brought in, fastened to the floor face downward, and terribly beaten upon the upturned soles of his bare feet. The screams and entreaties of the poor wretch were so heartrending that our countryman interfered and begged for mercy, when the punishment was immediately stopped.

"What has this man done?" said he to the officer.
"Nothing," was the reply.
"Then what are you whipping him for?" was the amazed question, which was answered in a tone of equal astonishment:
"Why, didn't you ask to see a man bastinadoed?"
They had gone into the street, seized a passer-by, and severely whipped an inoffensive man merely to gratify the curiosity of an amiable foreigner.

If you want the best garden you have ever had, you must sow

MAULE'S SEEDS.

There is no question but that Maule's Garden Seeds are unsurpassed. Their present popularity in almost every county in the United States shows it, for I now have customers at more than 22,500 post-offices. When once sown, others are not wanted at any price. Over one-quarter of a million copies of my new Catalogue for 1888 have been mailed already. Every one pronounces it the most original and readable Seed Catalogue ever published. It contains among other things cash prizes for premium vegetables, etc., to the amount of \$2500, and also beautiful illustrations of over 500 vegetables and flowers (15 being in colors). These are only two of many striking features. You should not think of Purchasing any Seeds this Spring before sending for it. It is mailed free to all enclosing stamp for return postage. Address

WM. HENRY MAULE,
1711 Filbert St. PHILADELPHIA, PA.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SOMETHING NEW.
By mail. Sample for stamp.
THE FOUNTAIN FALCON PANTS CO.,
251 Broadway, New York.
Write an ordinary letter with one dipping into the ink
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SHORTHAND Writing thoroughly taught
Situations procured all pupils when competent,
and for circular, W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

Bicycles \$8 to \$150. EASY PAYMENTS.
Tricycles \$7.50 up. Standard makes. 24-hand
Wheels handled. Send for Catalogue.
GEO. W. ROUSE & SON 14 G St., Peoria, Ill.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Coleman Nat'l Business College
of NEWARK, N. J., gives the best,
shortest, cheapest and most thorough
course of business training of any school
in America. Write for Catalogue.
H. COLEMAN, Pres.

THE GREAT AMERICAN
TEA
COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest Bargains in Teas,
Coffees, Baking Powder and PREMIUMS.
For particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

MAGIC LANTERNS
and STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating
every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.
A profitable business for a man with small capital. Also
Lectures for Entertainment. 152 page Catalogue, free.
McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Send for the most
attractive
CATALOGUE
of
General Sporting
GOODS
EVER PUBLISHED
FREE FOR A
M. J. REACH & CO
23 SOUTH 8TH ST
PHILADELPHIA PA
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Send 6c. for Samples and rules
By reason of large purchases of Woolen
Cloths, we can surprise you by the superior
quality of our Custom-made \$3 Pants.
Suits, \$13.25 to \$30.00.
IF YOU WEAR PANTS
Vests, \$2.25. Coats, \$8.00.
From the Bay State Pants Co. order a pair,
They'll prove good enough to wear anywhere.
Reference, Amer. Express Co., Boston.
BAY STATE PANTS CO. Custom Clothiers,
34 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Why Drag Out

A miserable existence, when a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla would certainly give the strength and energy you need? Thousands are proving its virtues daily. So may you. Mrs. Alice West, of Jefferson, W. Va., writes: "I was all run down before I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, but am now gaining in strength every day."
"Being very weak and despondent after a long illness, I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and two bottles have restored me to my former health."—Miss Blanche S. Brownell, 4 Boylston Place, Boston.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.
Worth \$5 a bottle.

PEN and PENCIL STAMP.
with name in rubber letters, 25c. post
paid. Circulars Free. Agts. wanted.
Address,
Morgan, Crossman & Co, Springfield, Mass.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

1,001 Important things you never knew or thought of about the human body and its curious organs, How life is perpetuated, health saved, disease induced, How to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion, How to apply Home-Cure to all forms of disease, How to cure Croup, Old Eyes, Eruptive, Phimois, etc., How to mate, be happy in marriage & have prize babies picked out of Doctor's Droll Jokes, profusely illustrated. Send ten cents for the "Laugh Cure" Book
MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE.
Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 25th St., New York.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Beautiful New Upright Piano,
Rosewood Case, only \$165. New
Organs, only \$31. Greatest Bar-
gains Ever Offered. Est. 28 Years.
GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO.
Washington, N. J., U. S. A.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ShotGuns Revolver,
FISHING TACKLE
Address
For Price List, Gun Works, Pittsburg, Pa.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Pen, Pencil and Rubber Stamp.
Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents make money as they sell on sight.
EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

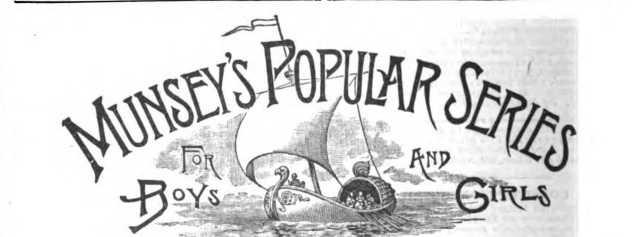
\$3 Printing Press!
For cards, Ac. Circular size \$8. Press for small newspaper, \$44. Send 2 stamps for List press, type, cards, to factory.
Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

500 SAMPLES, BOOKS, CIRCULARS, LETTERS and PAPERS WE GUARANTEE FREE! YOU TO RECEIVE FREE! From firms all over the world if you send 30 cents to have your name in American Directory. Copy sent you with name inserted. Always address American Directory Co., Buffalo, N. Y.
Vessels Hnd, Va., Dec. 27 1888.
Gents: I have already received more than 1,000 copies of mail, many NEWSPAPERS, etc., for which I had often paid 20 cts. each letter. I advise every body to have their name inserted at once. I have from experience your directory for each all states. E. T. JAMES.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SCOTT'S FLOWERS

THIRTY NINE YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN ROSES GRAND SPECIALTIES IN PLANTS, BULBS growing our STRONG AND RELIABLE AND FLOWER SEEDS of extra choice quality. RARE NOVELTIES of great beauty. Handsomely illustrated CATALOGUE FOR 1888 with a lovely COLORED PLATE OF THREE NEW ROSES sent FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. Send for it NOW. ROBERT SCOTT & SON, 757 So. 19th St., Phila., Pa
IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY.

DURPEE'S FARM ANNUAL FOR 1888
Will be sent FREE to all who write for it. It is a Handsome Book of 128 pp., with hundreds of illustrations, Colored Plates, and tells about the BEST GARDEN, FARM, and FLOWER seeds, Plants, and Vegetable and Fruit. It describes Rare Novelties in VEGETABLES and FLOWERS of real value, which cannot be obtained elsewhere. Send on a postal for the most complete Catalogue published to W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY.



Of the many "libraries" or series of books that have recently appeared, none has scored a greater success than MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES. This is a new departure in literature for young people. It will include the best stories of the favorite authors, handsomely illustrated, with the finest of paper and printing, neatly bound with paper covers. While fully equal in value to the \$1.25 cloth bound books, the POPULAR SERIES is sold for 25 cents a copy.
Of course there is a tremendous demand for the first numbers, which have already made a marked success. Those now issued are:

- No. 1. "THE MOUNTAIN CAVE; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA," by George H. Coomer.
- No. 2. "A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST; OR, JACK BOND'S QUEST," by Frank H. Converse.
- No. 3. "THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE; A STORY OF REAL SHIPS AND REAL SAILORS," by George H. Coomer.
- No. 4. "BARBARA'S TRUMPETS; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A YOUNG ARTIST," by Mary A. Denison.
- No. 5. "NUMBER 91; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK TELEGRAPH BOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam.
- No. 6. "JACK WHEELER; A STORY OF THE WILD WEST," by Captain David Southwick.
- No. 7. "THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND," by Frank H. Converse.
- No. 8. "THE YOUNG ACROBAT OF THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN CIRCUS," by Horatio Alger, Jr. Ready shortly.

MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES is issued monthly, and the price of a year's subscription, which includes twelve numbers, is \$3. Single numbers can be ordered from any news dealer, price 25 cents; or they will be sent direct from this office, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Address your letters to

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren Street, New York.
Any four of these six books will be given to any reader who will obtain for us a new \$3 yearly subscriber to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. By a new subscriber we mean one who has not previously been a subscriber to or a weekly purchaser of the ARGOSY.