

GOLDEN ARGOSSY

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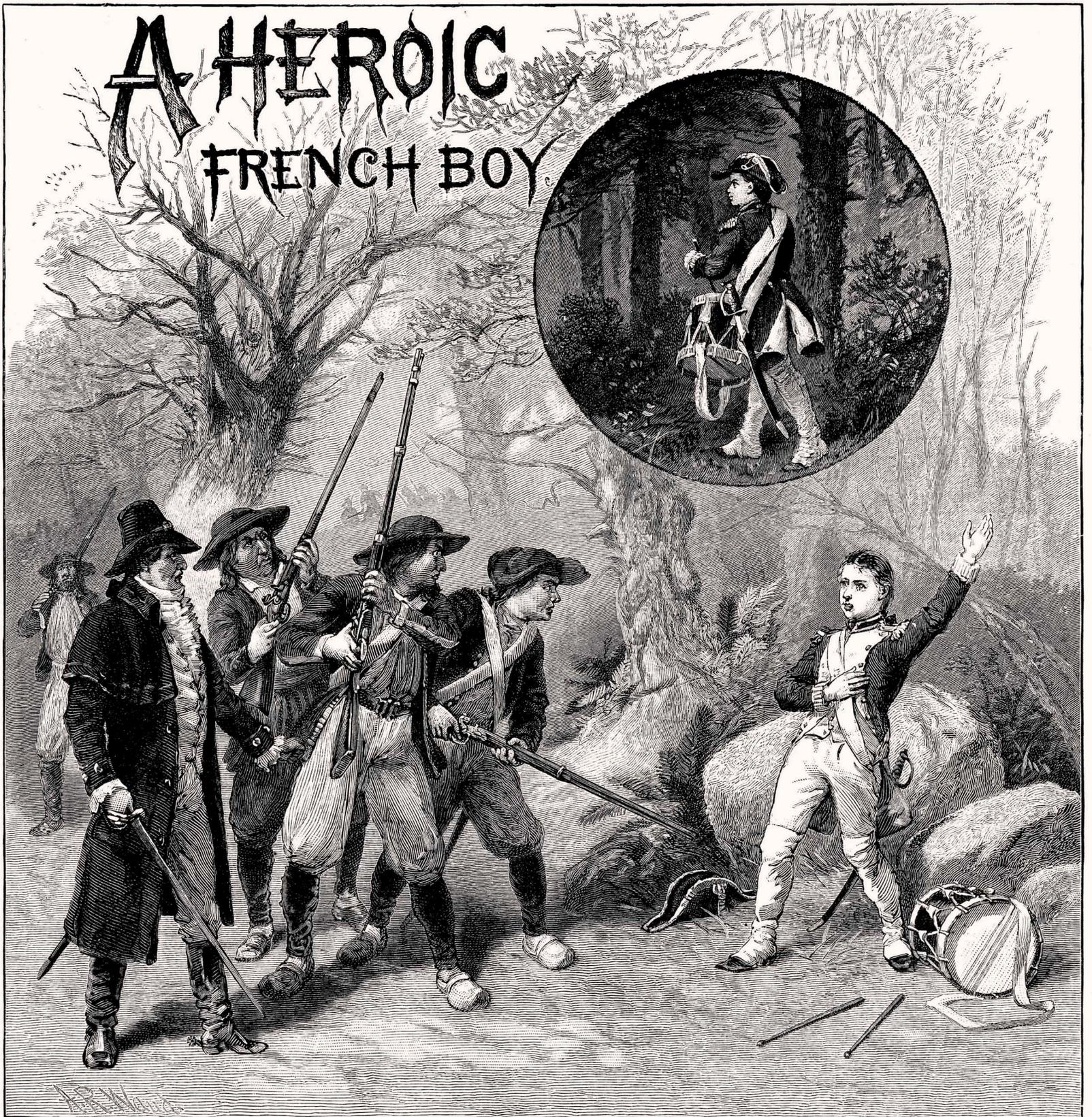
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"LONG LIVE THE REPUBLIC!" CRIED JOSEF, HEEDLESS OF THE REBELS' THREATS.—See Story on Next Page.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

ARE you almost disgusted
With life, little man?
I will tell you a wonderful trick
That will bring you contentment
If anything can—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick
Are you awfully tired
With play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest
Game in the world—
Do something for somebody, quick;
Do something for somebody, quick!

A Heroic French Boy.

A TALE OF LA VENDEE.

BY MAURICE SULLIVAN.

"PING! Ping!" the bullets sounded, as they hailed in a storm of lead against the walls of the old house. They cracked the crumbling bricks, broke the tiles on the roof, and flew in through the windows, destroying window frames, shutters, furniture, and ceilings, making clouds of mortar, splinters of wood, and fragments of glass and earthenware fly about, whistling and rebounding, hissing and screaming as if thirsty for human blood.

The attack was fierce, but the defense was stubborn. The garrison of the old house consisted of about sixty veteran French soldiers. They were a detachment from the army commanded by General Hoche, who had been dispatched to the famous western province of La Vendee to put down the Royalist rebellion which raged there in the year 1794. They had been sent out to a considerable distance from the main body of the Republican leader's forces, with orders to occupy a lone house which stood on a height overlooking a wide extent of country.

They had barely reached the building, when they found themselves attacked by an overwhelming number of Royalists, who burst suddenly upon them from a belt of woodland below, and opened a furious fire. The Republican troops hastily sought shelter within the house, which was an old and solid brick structure. They barricaded the doors, rushed to the windows, and vigorously returned the shower of bullets rained upon them by the assailants.

From time to time a soldier shooting from the window would fall back on the floor. He would be dragged aside, and a comrade would press forward to take his place. Wounded men were staggering from room to room. Several already lay dead or dying. The enemies' line was drawing nearer and nearer.

The captain of the besieged was in the topmost room of the house, where he directed the defense, launching out his commands like pistol shots. He was tall, thin, and austere looking, with grizzled hair and beard. His appearance was a singular contrast to that of a bright faced young drummer beside him. The boy was only fourteen years old, and this was the first fighting he had ever seen. It was only a few days since he had said good by to his widowed mother in their little home in the *quartier Latin* of Paris, and proudly marched along the street with his regiment. And now he had posted himself beside the captain, with pale cheeks, but with eyes glittering with excitement, and not a trace of fear in his set face. He stood on tip toe and peered out of the small upper window, heedless of the bullets that struck around him.

He could see the rebels closing in on the house with triumphant yells that showed their belief that their prey was well within their grasp. They were advancing upon the front and on both sides; the back of the house looked down a steep incline, where the ground was so broken and rough that they did not attack it from that quarter.

The captain's face, hitherto stern and unmoved, began to show signs of uneasiness as he saw the apparent hopelessness of the position. Was there no way to save the lives of the brave fellows intrusted to his command?

Suddenly, as if a thought had struck him, he drew back from the window, and laid his hand somewhat roughly on the young drummer's shoulder.

The boy looked up, and his glance met the stern gray eyes of the captain fixed upon him with a gaze that seemed to penetrate his very soul.

"Josef Barra!"

The drummer put his hand to his cap in a military salute.

"Josef Barra, have you courage?"

Josef's eyes flashed.

"Yes, my captain!" he said.

The officer led him from the room, and went to a window in the back of the house.

"See, Josef," he said, quickly but calmly, as he pointed out of the window. "Take your drum, and slip out of the back entrance of the house; make your way down the hill, and into the woods beyond; then sound the 'advance' on your drum as loud as you can. The enemies will think that reinforcements are coming up, and you may save the detachment."

The boy's eyes flashed more brightly than ever now. He did not speak, but buckling his drum to his side he hurried down to the ground floor. A moment later, with a final "God help you," the captain had sent him out by the door at the back of the house, which was closed and barricaded behind him.

The captain returned to the upper window, and eagerly watched the boy flying down the descent. Would he reach the woods unobserved by the enemy, or would they catch sight of him? If they did, the stratagem could hardly succeed, even if they did not finish the drummer's career with a ball from one of their muskets.

On and on the boy hurried, concealing himself as best he could by taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground. Breathlessly the captain watched him, all heedless of the whistling and hissing of the bullets in the front of the house, the angry and excited voices of the sergeants and corporals, the sharp cries of the wounded, the falling of mortar, the crashing of furniture.

The drummer boy is far down the slope now; he has nearly reached the shelter of the woods. The captain measures with his eye the distance still to be traversed. Two minutes more, and—

One of the sergeants dashed into the room and told him that the enemy, though they had not ceased firing, were waving a white cloth, to show that they demanded a surrender.

"Do not answer," cried the captain, and he ran hastily down stairs to join his men. The lower story was full of the wounded, lying helpless on the floor, or supporting themselves against the walls, which were spattered and splashed with blood. Here and there was a corpse; smoke and dust covered everything.

"Courage, men!" called the captain. "Keep your posts! Help is even now at hand!"

A feeble cheer broke out among the brave defenders, desperate as their case seemed. The rebels had drawn nearer still. Their fierce faces could be seen through the smoke; among the noise of firing could be heard their cries, calling on the besieged to surrender and threatening massacre.

The fire of the garrison soon slackened again, and despair began to show itself upon their faces. Already more than one window was without defenders, and it was clear that the house could not be held much longer.

Suddenly one of the wounded men raised himself from the floor with a shout of triumph.

"They are coming, comrades! I hear General Hoche's drums! You are saved!"

And the poor fellow fell back in a swoon.

The captain's straining ears had caught the same sound. A drum beat, loud and clear, rose from the woods on the enemy's flank. It was sounding the advance.

"Help is near!" was the cry among the defenders, and again their spirits rose. Every man who could stand made for the windows, and again a hot fire was poured forth on the rebels.

Signs of disorder were soon visible among the Royalists. The drum beat had puzzled and terrified them. It must mean that Hoche's troops were close at hand, though they had believed him to be miles away.

The captain saw the enemies' doubt and hesitation, and feared that they might discover the trick he had played, though none of his own men had done so. He took a bold step.

"Open the doors!" was his sharp order.

The barricaded entrances were thrown wide.

"Charge! The enemy is in confusion, and help is near!" was the next command. And the little band of soldiers dashed forth from the old house with a wild hurrah, and fell upon the astonished foe with flashing bayonets and glancing swords.

That ended the Royalists' hesitation. Bewildered and panic stricken, and believing that resistance was useless, they fled right and left, turning in all directions, since they knew not from which side to expect the next attack. The handful of Republican troops swept before them a force four times as numerous as themselves.

The chase was not kept up very far. The enemy was soon so scattered that further pursuit was useless, and the victorious soldiers returned to the house which they had so bravely defended, to hold it, according to their original orders, till the main division of the army came up.

The captain now told his men the stratagem which Josef Barra, the drummer boy, had carried out so successfully.

But where was Josef? He had not returned to the house. His drum beat was no longer to be heard. What had become of him?

The captain's orders were to hold the position he occupied, and he was bound to obey them; still, he could not allow the boy whose courage and skill had saved the detachment to be lost or taken prisoner without an effort to help him. So strong indeed were his feelings on this point that he determined to go himself in quest of the brave young drummer.

With half a dozen picked men he descended the hill, following the path taken by Josef. He reached the wood, but nothing was to be seen of the boy.

Presently, however, the sound of harsh voices reached the captain's ears. It came from a little distance to the left, and the officer, motioning his men to remain where they were, stole forward in that direction to reconnoiter.

He had not gone very far when he saw before him, in an open glade of the wood, a sight that thrilled his heart. There was Josef, and around him was a group of rough looking peasants, stragglers from the body of rebels who had been driven away from the house. In their random flight they had stumbled upon the boy as he was making his way back to his comrades, and they seemed as if they meant to vent upon him their rage at the defeat they had suffered.

"Shout 'Long live the King,' boy!" the captain heard one of them say, pointing his long bayonet at Josef's body.

"Never!" was the clear reply. "Long live the Republic!"

The Royalist thrust savagely at the boy. At the same instant, the captain reached the spot at a bound, and felled the murderer with a terrible sweep of his saber. He called loudly to his men, and the tramp of their feet was heard, as they rushed through the wood. The rebels were again panic stricken at the sudden attack, and fled at their utmost speed.

The captain turned to Josef, who had fallen under the thrust of the Royalist's bayonet.

It was too late! The life blood was flowing fast from a fearful gash in his side. The captain knelt beside him, powerless to help the wounded boy, and the tears fell from his eyes, that had seen a score of battles unmoved.

"Captain," said Josef, faintly, "do not weep!"

The veteran officer took off his cap.

"Josef Barra," said the rough old soldier, "I am only a captain; you are a hero."

THE LAST TO BE CONSIDERED.

PROPRIETOR OF HOTEL—"Have the waiter gentlemen had their dinner yet?"

Head waiter—"Yes, sah."

"Has the professor of cooking saved out all he wants for his family and friends?"

"Yes, sah."

"Did the up stairs ladies and stable gentlemen have all they wanted?"

"Yes, sah."

"Is there anything left?"

"A little, sah."

"Well, call in the boarders."

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

THERE'S a beautiful land that lies to the west
Of the far famed valley of tears,
Where the griefs that are born are jealously pressed
To the hearts of sorrowful years,
And are borne with a noiseless, measureless tread
Down the valley, across the strand,
Straight on to the sea, where the barks of the dead
Float by to the Beautiful Land.

[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 XXXII.

IN THE CAVERN.

ROB had given up all hope of escape from his terrible foe, and his fierce lunge at the bear was impelled by a force born of sheer desperation.

But it proved to be a lucky stroke. It went straight to the mark under the huge uplifted paw of the bear. And as Rob sprang aside, the great brute toppled and fell to the ground, with the hunting knife buried to the hilt in its heart.

The entire affair had passed so quickly that Rob could hardly realize the suddenness and completeness of his victory, which though a chance one was a victory all the same.

His first thought was to pick up the torch and set it blazing afresh. Then he looked triumphantly at the body of the slain bear, conjecturing how even with the help of Bunyap and Chip he would be able to drag it up the incline to the mouth of the cavern. And then very naturally he began to wonder about the cavern itself, which was entirely different from his idea of a bear's den as he had heard and read of such places.

"Some one has cleared away and piled up the loose rock—now what for?" was his mental query. And then he looked around him again.

That it was not a cave hollowed by the hand of Nature from the solid rock, of course went without saying. Even in his inexperience, Rob could understand that probably some earthquake in long past years had detached the immense masses of rock which seemed to have choked the canyon completely at either extremity.

Yet being irregular in size and shape, many of these had fallen one upon another, leaving space above and beneath. Thus in effect had the passage been formed, which had served as a bear's den, but only after human hands had shaped it as a possible abode—or perhaps the entrance to one.

The last was an afterthought. Bunyap had spoken of legendary caves once inhabited or used by a people antedating the Indian tribes—a people whose record was lost in antiquity.

So that in a certain sense Rob was not greatly surprised, upon investigation, to find that behind a projecting fragment of rock was a fissure large enough to admit a man in standing posture, leading into unknown depths.

To hurry back and obtain a fresh supply of splints was but the work of a few moments. The excitement of discovery was upon him, and for the time the slain bear outstretched at his feet seemed to be of minor importance. There is something very fascinating in the idea of exploring a cavern, with remote possibilities of meeting with all sorts of wonderful things.

Rob made his way through the opening in question. Holding the torch aloft, he gained some idea of its extent.

Two immense masses of rock, falling inward from either side of the cliffs far overhead, had lodged against each other forty or fifty feet above him, thus roofing in a large part of the canyon. At either end the superincumbent fragments were piled in confused disorder, forming an apparently insurmountable barrier.

Rob saw at a glance that he stood directly upon the canyon bed, from which the loose rock and smaller boulders had been carefully cleared.

These were built symmetrically together on either side in little structures four or five feet high by perhaps six in length, which Rob at first thought might be intended as a sort of altar, from the fact that on the flat slabs composing the top of each were the ashes and cinders of a fire.

He discovered his mistake a few minutes later. Approaching one of these, from which the slab was dislodged, he saw a strange and interesting sight.

Before him lay the mummified body of what had once been a full grown man, swathed in some sort of cerements exuding a strong spicy odor. The flesh had simply withered and turned brown, owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, or possibly the process of embalming.

Holding his torch nearer, Rob with feelings of awe saw that here was one of a race perhaps almost as old as the rocky environments that walled in his tomb. The hair and full beard were those of a light, fair skinned people, who in past ages had worked cunningly in metals. For about the shrunken forehead was a fillet of curiously hammered gold, wrought from the virgin metal. Heavy circlets of the same material were on his wrists. And beside the inanimate form lay a metal spear head, whose shaft had long since rotted to dust, together with a long two edged knife having a carved bone handle and a tarnished silver hilt.

Well, it was all very wonderful to be sure, but his discovery did not produce the effect upon Rob that it might in the case of a person who was versed in the antiquities of North America. That he stood in the burial place of a very ancient people Rob vaguely understood, but as was not unnatural he was interested in the things of the present rather than of the past.

The sight of the gold ornaments naturally suggested a corresponding train of thought. The metal must itself have been found in abundance by the race here represented by the silent dead. Probably each of the tombs before him contained more or less of the golden ornaments—perhaps far more valuable ones. Yet to Rob there was something sacrilegious in the thought of disturbing the rest of the silent sleepers in quest of buried treasures.

At the upper end of the strange interior, Rob saw that rays of light from the sun, which must now be well up in the heavens, were streaming through. In fact, as his torch burned gradually out and his eyes accustomed themselves to the dim light, he discovered that during the middle of the day, at least, there was light enough in the cavern for all practical purposes.

Proceeding to investigate further, he found that at this extremity there had been a sort of smelting furnace of the rudest kind, built from slabs of stone cemented together and solidified by the action of the heat. The shaft led upward and out among the boulders at the top. Close by stood a stone forge, on which lay two hammer heads of copper. On a wide ledge of rock were rude graving tools and similar instruments—all tempered and hardened to the consistency of steel, by some process which has never been discovered by later day artisans.

But what attracted Rob's eyes were bits and fragments of gold—some evidently from the smelting furnace, while a number of others, in crude nuggets of small size, stood in a clay crucible with the tools. And as, with an indescribable mixture of emotions, Rob collected as much of the dull shining metal as he could find, a wildly exciting thought suddenly flashed across his mind.

Here was a mausoleum containing the dead of an ancient race decorated even in death with ornaments of gold. Here was a workshop where the ornaments themselves were made. What if here somewhere were stores of the precious metal for which the adventurers had thus far sought in vain?

But this seemed too extravagant a notion to entertain, and after glancing about him a little further, Rob made his way back to the entrance, and was about returning in search of his companions, when a shout from beneath announced their presence.

Chip was first to scramble up the little declivity, where he found Rob sitting on a small boulder with his rifle across his knees, looking quite cool and collected.

"Guess Bunyap and me have struck the place, Rob," was his friend's breathless greeting; "look here!"

Without waiting a response, Chip pulled from his pocket a crumpled bit of paper, which he opened with extreme care. In it were half a dozen irregularly shaped pellets of gold the size of large birdshot.

"Is that all?" laughingly exclaimed Rob. "Why, I've had better luck than that myself since I left the cabin."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for one thing I've killed a bear."

"No!"

"Fact—he's down in the hole yonder." And as Bunyap climbed up more leisurely, Rob briefly narrated his adventure.

"Wall!" Bunyap exclaimed, as, after more splints were procured and lighted, the two stood beside the carcass.

Then, stooping down, he examined the knife thrust.

"You'll do," he curtly remarked—and nothing more.

With much tugging and heaving the slain bear was dragged out to the light, Chip meanwhile being loud in his exclamations and expressions of astonishment.

The carcass was hung to the limb of a dwarf oak growing from the crevices of the rocks. Bunyap occupied himself with the unpleasant though needful operations of disemboweling and flaying. Chip and Rob sat looking on while the former questioned his friend more particularly as to his adventure.

"Well, some folks have the luck of it," good naturedly grumbled Chip. "Any way, though," he exclaimed, brightening up a bit as he for the second time brought out his paper of precious golden grains, "I've beat you gold finding." For Chip had himself washed out the few tiny bits, while Bunyap's labors had gone entirely unrewarded.

"I'm not so sure of that, either," was Rob's quiet reply. And opening his haversack, the latter took out, one by one, nearly a handful of partly melted gold and small nuggets.

Chip's loud exclamation brought Bunyap to the spot. And for almost the first time since the three had been together, the old prospector seemed to lose his head, particularly after Rob detailed his strange discovery.

"I noticed the rocks was piled up along down the passageway, but I s'posed like enough it were one o' them old Injun burial caves like there is among the Moquis, so I never give the matter no partic'lar thought," he said, as Rob led the way into the cavern.

But Chip's amazement was too great for speech, when, after their eyes became graduated to the darkness, he looked about him and gazed

in awe stricken wonder at the silent warrior, who for hundreds of years had probably been sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

A short consultation followed between the three. Bunyap himself had but little faith in Rob's idea regarding the possible store of wealth which might be found somewhere hidden away in the cavern. But he had another theory in his mind, concerning which we shall know further on.

Part of the bear meat was left hanging out of the way of coyotes and mountain wolves. The rest was packed on the back of Chip's mustang. Then the three started in the direction of the cabin, intending to return to the cavern for further investigation after certain preparations had been made.

On the way back, Bunyap spoke more freely of the ill success which thus far had attended their search for the rich placer they had so confidently reckoned on discovering.

"There's no mistake about the locality itself," he said, emphatically, "that I'm positive of. But the curi's part of it is, I can't find the least trace of where Travers an' them with him struck such rich pay dirt, though I've worked along up the bed of the stream pretty thorough—as far as the canyon. There's jest one possibility that's come to me since Rob stumbled onto the hole in the rocks. An' that is—"

Bunyap was interrupted by a sharp exclamation from Chip.

"I dunno whether my eyesight's any better'n the rest of you," he exclaimed, excitedly, "but if there ain't a swarm of men and hosses round our premises yonder, I lose my guess!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A RECOGNITION.

A STRANGE scene greeted the eyes of our three friends as they approached the rude cabin, which that morning had been left untenanted and in solitude.

Smoke was pouring from the rude stone chimney. A fire was blazing in front of the cabin as well, around which four or five haggard, hollow eyed men had collected, watching with wolfish eagerness a number of rashers of bacon from the last "side" which had been hanging against the wall, as they sizzled and sputtered in a long handled spider. Coffee was boiling on the coals, and the bag containing their scanty supply of stores lay nearly empty on the ground.

A couple of exhausted looking mules and three mustangs were devouring the rich grass a little way distant, with a hungry eagerness that told of days of the shortest possible rations. Everything spoke of suffering and hardship.

"It's old Bunyap or his ghost, by thunder!" exclaimed a tall, raw boned individual, turning to greet the newcomers, who with silent dismay were regarding the unwelcome scene around them.

"You're makin' tole'r'ble free with other folks' belongin's," pears to me, Cropsy," dryly responded the prospector, as the first speaker's companions grabbed eagerly at some cakes of hard tack which one of their number produced from a provision bag just brought out of the cabin. Indeed all of them paid far more attention to the food than to its original owners.

"If you'd be'n starvin', or pretty nigh it, fer a week," returned the man thus designated, "I reckon you wouldn't stan' on much ceremony when you struck grub, no matter who it belonged to."

"It's the fus' time iver I knowed oul' Bunyap to grudge bit or sup to a hungry man," observed another, turning from his contemplation of the frying bacon. He winked familiarly at Bunyap as he spoke, and the prospector's grim face relaxed.

"Oh, that's you, is it, Larry? I thought you got enough of prospectin' five or six year ago—the time you and your mate diskivered Noah's ark in Death Valley."

"It's what's left of me," returned Larry, looking ruefully at his tattered apparel and almost shoeless feet, "but prospectin's like sail-orizin'—you're always a swearin' off, yet keep on goin' all the same."

"The fact of it is," said a third man, holding a strip of half cooked bacon on the point of his knife, "we jined a couple of fellers in St. Joe who was gittin' up a prospec' for to go in sarch of the big gold placer Travers diskivered some-eres to the nor'ard of Death Valley. Like enough you've heard tell of it, Bunyap."

Bunyap nodded and signed Chip, who was about to say something, to keep silence.

"Heard of it, yes, and hunted fer it too," he replied carelessly. "It's the errand the three of us was bound on when we started outter Bragg City," he went on, "but I reckon by the look of things we'll go back with empty pockets."

"Haven't struck nothin' in the river bed here, then?" responded a fourth, whom Bunyap knew slightly by sight, a prospector named Thorp.

"We've worked this river bed from whar you see the gravel pile to the right nigh as far as the kenyon that's choked with an earthquake or somethin', without findin' two ounces of gold altogether," said Bunyap. "Them here that knows me knows, whatever else I be, lyin' ain't one of my failin's."

"Thru for ye, Bunyap! I wisht I might say as much for them as got up this thrip," responded Larry, as various disappointed exclamations were heard from Bunyap's hearers.

"S—h—h—they'll hear, you Larry," interposed the tall man, who bore the sobriquet of "Pike's Peak," Pike being his real name.

"Let 'em—who cares?" returned Larry, sourly. "They're high toned gentlemen, Bunyap," he went on, pouring out a tin pot of coffee, "an' are in the cabin beyant fryin' their bacon rashers by thimselves, not likin' to mix wid us common chaps. The stories they tould of knowin' widin a circuit of tin miles where the El Dorado placer was, by raisin' of seein' poor Travers's route marked out on a map—"

"I wouldn't fire off my mouth so free if I was you, Larry," interrupted Thorp, glancing quickly at Rob, who had not been able to prevent a slight start of astonishment at this last remark.

"It's a free country," retorted independent Larry, "an' I've a right to say my say ivery time. I tell ye I'm losin' the bit of confidance I had in the pair of 'em. Jim Dare's a liar an' Miggles, as he calls hisself, is wuss."

Jim Dare and Miggles! Rob and Chip looked in each other's faces with a mixture of emotions hard to define. Bunyap, repressing his own inward astonishment, bit off a piece of tobacco and stared at the fire.

Of the three, Rob was of course the most affected by the news of the unexpected presence of the two men who had stood in such a peculiar relation to himself. He had presumed that Dare was a fugitive from justice—perhaps wandering in strange lands. Miggles he had supposed to be no longer living. Yet here were both of them within half a stone's throw.

Of course Rob's next thoughts were similar to those of his companions. How would the coming of Dare and Miggles affect their interests as to further search for the placer? And then all at once Rob remembered what was of far more importance to himself. These two men doubtless had the true knowledge of his parentage. How should he force them to reveal it?

As these thoughts passed rapidly through Rob's mind, Dare himself suddenly appeared in the doorway. His beard and hair had grown to an inordinate length. He was thin and haggard, while his rough, torn and travel worn attire was in marked contrast to the neatness of apparel on which he had in former days prided himself.

Recognizing the probable owners of the "shack," Dare nodded.

"It's Wild Bunyap, Bragg City," briefly observed Thorp in an undertone—"don't know t'other two."

Dare stepped forward and extended his hand to the prospector, who did not or would not see it.

"I owe an apology for taking possession of your cabin," he said, in his usual easy way, "but I suppose the boys here have told you that we were pretty nearly played out when we struck here."

Then, without seeming to notice Bunyap's coolness, he went on to explain. Four of their mustangs had succumbed to the hardships of the journey. The mules had given out in Death Valley, and the wagon broken down. Most of their stores had to be left in the desert. Game was scarce, and the party had nearly starved before reaching their present stopping place.

Bunyap listened in silence.

"Most any one but you'd have been welkim enough, Jim Dare," he said, deliberately, "for I ain't over an' above squeamish regardin' the comp'ny I keep, but the fac' is the line's got to be drord some'eres, and I draw it at counterfeitin'."

Dare's dark and bearded face flushed with anger at this *very* personal allusion from an entirely unexpected source. If any of his rough companions, chosen from the "toughest" adventurers who frequented the mining town of St. Joe, were aware that he was the Jim Dare of counterfeiting notoriety, they had kept the fact to themselves. In truth, it was one of those cases where the pot could not consistently call the kettle black.

Dare's hand instinctively dropped to his hip, but Bunyap was too quick for him.

"I wouldn't if I was you," he said, quietly, "no, Jim Dare, I wouldn't." And the sight of the prospector's ready weapon effectively checked Mr. Dare's further demonstration.

"Me an' the two that's with me is call'in' to pull up tonight any way," Bunyap went on, "so you're welkim to the 'shack' after we've took away our traps an' what little grub you've left us."

Thus saying, Bunyap stepped inside the cabin, where he began gathering up their scanty possessions, unhindered by the presence of Miggles, who scowled at the prospector and kept on eating.

Uncertain what Bunyap's further intentions were, Rob and Chip, who had preserved a discreet silence, brought the burro round to the front of the shack, together with Chiquita. Chip's pony, having two of the hams of the slain bear wrapped in the hide across its back, stood meekly by, awaiting orders.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN UNREVEALED SECRET.

MEANWHILE Dare, full of wrath at Bunyap's blunt speech, stood scowling and tugging at his heavy beard, evidently uncertain what to say or do. Suddenly he bent his eyes full on Rob's sunburned face. A look of perplexed amazement replaced his angry scowl, and he strode suddenly forward. Rob saw that he was recognized.

But Dare had not altogether forgotten his coolness.

"It's you, is it, Rob?" he said in an even voice. Yet Rob could see that his surprise was

very great. And Chip wondered whether he would be recognized in turn.

"Yes, it's I," was the cold response. He could not forget that Dare was a criminal, yet this itself Rob would have tried to forget in view of the latter's kindness to him in other days. Yet the kindness itself was far more than offset by Rob's intuitive feeling of the wrong done him, and the deceptions practiced to cover the wrong itself. And he was burning to make this fact known to Dare.

So many strange meetings take place in the West that no one seemed particularly interested in the mutual recognition. Pike and Larry went on broiling bacon. Thorp and the other two, having satisfied their hunger, turned their attention to the jaded cattle.

"Miggles," called Dare, elevating his voice, "come out here—here's an agreeable surprise for you."

Miggles, swarther and more forbidding of aspect than ever, made his appearance, wiping his greasy mouth on his sleeve.

"Carrajo—it is that boy Rob of ours!" was his breathless exclamation, after a prolonged survey of the manly young fellow, who looked steadily in his sinister face.

"Boy of yours!" hotly responded Rob. "Thank Heaven, neither of you have any claim to me."

"I'd go way some'eres and hang myself if I thought they had, Rob!"

This cheerful remark emanated of course from Chip, whose tongue had been silent an unwonted length of time.

"It's that boy Chip," muttered Dare. And this time his astonishment came to the surface in word and look.

But Miggles paid no attention to the latter episode.

"No claim on you, eh?" he snarled; "no claim, you say? You find fast 'nough the law give Dare and me good claim till you twenty one, and don't forget! Who bring you up and give p-r-r-ect, eh? Who give you clo'es and things to eat?"

"Who stole me from my parents when I was a little boy, hoping to make big money out of the job?"

It was a chance shot, as Rob well knew, but not without its effect.

Dare's boasted composure failed him for the moment, and he gave a violent start. Miggles's swarthy face took on an almost livid pallor.

"How you know?" he began, but a terrible imprecation from Dare checked his imprudent utterance.

"That comes of letting you read trashy novels," he said in a voice tremulous with—was it anger or fear?

The statement was decidedly a stretch. Rob's reading had been confined to half a dozen well thumbed books on board the house boat, or "flat" as I have elsewhere called it. And the only novel among them was Dumas's "Count of Monte Cristo."

"It's all very easy to make such rash assertions, Rob," Dare went on, controlling himself with an effort; "but to prove them is quite another thing. Where *are* your proofs, or what in Heaven's name put such a wild notion into your head?"

Where, indeed? It was useless to bring up his useless suspicions—his intuitions. As much so as to have spoken of his remarkable dream.

"Mebbe there's somethin' of the kind in that tin box along of the—hem—brand new paper money and such like that Rob hove into the river, according to the note you sent him by me the night the sheriff tried to rest you and Miggles."

Of course it was Chip who said this, slowly and gravely, yet with a meaning wink.

"Ah, then you *did* do it!" returned Dare.

"Yes, I threw the box of counterfeit stuff over," coldly answered Rob.

"We saved out two or three things that looked honest, though," said Chip, with a grin—"the Russia leather wallet with what was in it, and the cutest little pocket map of Nevada and Arizona ever you see in your life."

Dare bit his lip till it bled. Miggles ground his teeth audibly, and glared at the two young fellows before him with a look which meant murder if ever a look did. Whether it was on account of the map itself and the secret thus exposed, or something still more damaging, was best known to themselves.

"Handy little map, that," airily remarked Chip, charmed at the sensation he had produced, "and finding it was how Rob and I happened to think of hirin' Bunyap and striking out for the gold regions. The shares of stock were stole from us in New Orleans" (he did not think it necessary to tell concerning their recovery), "but the Russia leather wallet, and what was in it, is all safe."

Rob vaguely wondered what Chip meant by laying a certain stress on the last words. He did not remember a certain newspaper cutting in one of the compartments. In fact, he had hardly noticed it when looking at the shares of stock. But probably Chip had.

What further might have been said or done is uncertain. For just then Bunyap came out with an armful of blankets and sundries.

"We're goin' to light out this by tomorrer at the furdest," he said, addressing Thorp, "so we'll camp for tonight some'eres down in the river bottom, and leave you folks in possession. Mebbe you'll be luckier findin' Travers's placer than we've been, though I kinder misdoubt it by the indications hereabouts. I don't think we've struck the El Dorado yet."

(To be continued.)

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

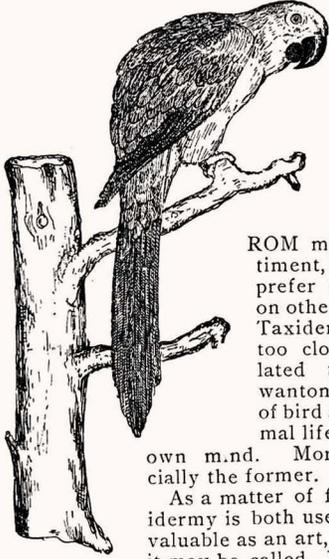
BY C. D. BRADLEE.

COUNT up the joys and not the pains;
Think not of losses, but of gains;
Keep the clouds back; gaze at the sun;
Thus life will smoothly with you run.

Our gifts are more than all our blows,
And what is best we know God knows;
And He will send His blessings down,
Some veiled, but all will hide a crown.

Amateur Taxidermy.

BY JOHN V. CONDIT.



ROM mere sentiment, I should prefer to write on other topics. Taxidermy is too closely related to the wanton taking of bird and animal life in my own mind. More especially the former.

As a matter of fact, taxidermy is both useful and valuable as an art, for such it may be called. Meaning more particularly in its refer-

ference to public and private collections. But in earlier years I took it up in the rather spasmodic way which some of the ARGOSY readers will probably attempt. And partly from memory, partly from helps from professional sources, I give a few of the simpler points.

"First catch your hare," is an oft quoted formula. It applies in this instance.

Professional collectors use certain means in securing specimens, which I hope the amateur may not follow—such as trapping, netting and liming. Specimens taken in this manner must necessarily be killed in "cold blood," to use a common expression.

Taking first in order the feathered species, I will presume that the would be taxidermist has been presented with a new gun. I will hope it is one of quite small gauge, and that it is loaded with a light charge of powder—say two drachms of powder behind an ounce of dust shot. Also that the range has been comparatively short, so that the bird—perhaps a red headed woodpecker or a blue jay—was killed almost if not quite instantly.

The bird secured, let the amateur taxidermist blow aside the feathers from the shot wounds and carefully remove any blood from the plumage. Carry by the legs that more blood may not flow out upon the feathers.

A wide thin board laid across the knees will be found quite as handy as a table to work on. Next in importance is a small knife with the keenest of blades and sharpest of points.

Then let the young operator fill the bird's nostrils and beak with cotton, and bring the mandibles together, securing them if necessary with thread or a small elastic band.

Laying the specimen breast up, he will begin at the base of the breast bone, working carefully down the center of the body as far as the vent, using great care not to cut deeper than the plumage skin. The edge of the knife point is to be kept turned upward, while the thumb and finger of the other hand will be pushing the feathers away on either side of the incision.

Let the operator remember to push—not pull—the skin from the flesh, and to introduce small bits of cotton between the skin and flesh as an absorbent for the blood or fluids that may escape. Indian meal or calcined plaster are used by some taxidermists for the same purpose.

Having pushed the skin down far enough, he may then cut through the joint connecting the leg and body, after which the leg itself may be pulled out as far as the second joint, the sinews being cut and scraped from the bone. Having

gone through a similar process on the other side, he is then ready for the next operation.

Let him place the bird on its breast with the back toward him, and cut the skin from the body on either side of the vent. Then, bending the tail feathers backward, while the detached skin on either side of the vent is held in place with the left thumb and finger, the youthful practitioner may cut squarely across at the roots of the tail feathers to the oil glands.

He will then sever the back bone at the joint, the roots of the tail, oil glands and all, being thus cut away from the body. Then, holding the end of the back bone firmly, he may strip and push the skin back to the wing joints at their junction with the body. Cutting through them as with the leg (using the absorbent as needed), he can work the skin over the head as far as the ears. Here he will have to cut deeply to reach the roots. This done the skull may be laid bare to the eyes, which must be very carefully cut round. This brings the operator to the base of the bill—or very nearly.

He can now cut away the body, leaving enough of the roof of the skull to reach to the fore part of the eyes, after which the wings are to be skinned and drawn out to the proper joint—the fore arm is, I think, the right term. Scraping away the sinews, he can then proceed to sever the joint between the fore arm and humerus, thus disposing of the body entirely.

The cavity in the skull, from which the brains have been removed, may then be touched with corrosive sublimate, applied by using a lock of cotton on the end of a stick.

If the beginner uses arsenic powder for preserving the bird skin from the ravages of time and possible moths, it may be applied with a spatula or broad bladed knife, after which the skin must be shaken—but not violently—to remove extraneous particles. And when he has filled with cotton the cavities in which glass eyes are to be inserted, the skin is ready for the next stage of proceeding—namely, mounting the specimen.

This in one respect at least is the most difficult part of the amateur's task. Not so much in relation to the work itself, but in the matter of "posing" the subject. For of course the object is that the mounted specimen shall as nearly as possible take a life-like position; which for the amateur is far more difficult than with the professional collector who has studied the different positions of birds in their native haunts.

But there must always be a first time, and remembering my own bungling efforts as a beginner, I will try to give a few simple directions which may aid the amateur.

Stuff, or rather fill, the neck of the specimen with wheat bran. Other substances are used, but I mention this as being simple and easily obtained.

For the body a properly formed wad of "excelsior," tow, or fine dried grass, is to be inserted. I have used curled hair from an old mattress. After this comes the more delicate operation of wiring.

The length and size of the wire depends of course largely upon the specimen, which I am assuming in this case is a robin or blue jay, or bird about that bigness.

Beginning with the feet, the sharpened end is to be thrust up through the sole of either foot, inside the side of the body, so that an inch at least may be bent downward in a sharp curve. A couple of inches should be left to protrude from the sole of each foot, and the first mentioned wire ends firmly clinched.

The wire for keeping the head and neck in position is the longest. The beginner will thrust it downward from a point just back of the base of the bill, following the neck, and through the body. That for the rear he will press upward through the tail bone (left for the purpose) and into the body, where like the others it must be properly clinched. Enough of the wire must be left so that the end remaining may be bent crossways directly beneath the base of the tail, which will thus be supported by it. The incision is then to be neatly closed up and fastened together, after which the feathers can be adjusted in place, the wings secured in position by windings of thread, and the specimen

fixed properly on its stand and set aside to dry.

Any boy with a slight knowledge of the use of tools can rig up a stand for his specimen. An upright two or three inches high in a square standard, and an inch cross bar, are easily made. Two holes bored at proper distances apart through the cross piece will admit the wires projecting through the sole of either foot of the specimen. These last are then bent around the cross bar so as to hold the bird firmly in position, after which the head, neck and wings can be arranged in such position as the taste of the operator, or his knowledge of the attitudes of the bird in life, may suggest.

If the amateur, satisfied with his success in two legged specimens, desires to try something in the way of small four legged game, let him begin say with the chipmunk, or the red squirrel.

This he will lay on its back. Then, begin directly under the tail, cut through the skin only about one third the length of the body. Press the skin downward with the ends of the thumbs to the knee joints, which are to be cut squarely off. Cutting about the base of the tail under the skin, the operator with a little effort can pull the tail bone out, leaving the "brush" entire. Then he may strip the skin forward to the fore leg joints, which are to be cut as in case of the hind ones, after which the skin can be forced or pulled forward to the base of the skull, which is best left in after the brains are removed. The body may be stuffed and wired similarly to that of the bird, after which it is to be neatly stitched up on the belly and set away to dry.

It is almost needless to say that I have written as an amateur to amateurs. A majority of those who may desire to do something in the way of taxidermy will only take it up in a spasmodic sort of way. For those who desire to go to work in right earnest there are a dozen works by professional bird collectors, specifying the different tools, the materials required, and other details which time and space forbid me from mentioning.

But before closing let me give a formula for dressing the skins of either birds or animals, which is less dangerous to use than powdered arsenic or corrosive sublimate.

"One ounce arsenic, 1 ounce white soap, 1 drachm carbonate of potash, 6 drachms distilled water, 2 drachms of camphor." This, according to the authority from which I quote, keeps the skin supple, prevents decay and the attack of moths or insects.

In conclusion it is perhaps well to add that patience and perseverance are two prerequisites to even the first steps in the line of taxidermy, and without the exercise of these qualities the amateur will have no success.

A TUG RUN WILD.

A RUNAWAY locomotive is capable of accomplishing great havoc, but from the very nature of the case the ruin wrought is limited, that is, it must follow the course of the railroad track. But when a steamboat breaks loose, the field for mischief is much less circumscribed. The *New York Tribune* gives an account of such an escapade which took place in the East River early in February with a tugboat for its chief actor.

The small propeller *El Mora* had stopped at the end of the Wall Street pier while the captain went ashore to call at the agent's office. He left the boat in charge of the engineer and the boy deckhand. No sooner was the captain out of sight than this youth heard a warning whistle and saw that the steamer lighter *C. L. Marshall* was heading toward the pier. It was a grand opportunity for the boy, and he made haste to improve it. He turned the wheel so as to head the *El Mora* out into the river and then signaled the engineer to go ahead. His course was directly across the bows of the *Marshall*, and in a few seconds there was a collision. The big lighter struck the *El Mora* on the starboard side and stove a big hole in the hull.

As the smaller boat careened under the blow, about a ton of water went into the hold and scared the engineer. At the same time the young deckhand jumped aboard the lighter, where he was safe, as that vessel had not been much hurt by the collision. The engineer did not wait to stop the engines of the *El Mora*, but promptly jumped overboard. He was rescued by men on the *Marshall*, and while he was being dragged out of the water the *El Mora* was running away under full steam.

The course of the runaway boat was a half circle. At first she pointed toward Brooklyn, but swerved so as to head toward the Battery

after she was half way across the river. The captain of the lighter gave chase and blew his whistle to warn other craft of the danger. Other pilots repeated the warning, and for a few minutes the tooting attracted the attention of everybody along the East River.

After the *El Mora* had got so as to point toward the New York shore again, she ran full against the *Annie L. Taylor*, an English bark that was being towed up the river. The collision smashed in the east side of the bark above the water line for a distance of five feet. As the *Taylor* had been struck a glancing blow, the shock did not impede the progress of the *El Mora* to any noticeable extent, and the runaway boat was off again in a twinkling. She was then less than a hundred yards from Counties Slip and her course after the collision with the *Taylor* was directly toward the cluster of the canal boats that filled the slip.

Some of the canal boat captains stood on the decks and wondered what all the noise was about, not knowing that the tugboat was steaming without a man to direct her course. At the end of the pier south of the slip lay the barkentine *Carrie Heckle* at her moorings. Captain Colcord was in the cabin. Suddenly there was a crash and Captain Colcord ran on deck as the *El Mora* rebounded from the starboard side of his vessel. The tugboat had stuck her nose into the planks of the big sailer near the stern, and the shock had checked the progress of the runaway for a second.

In another second the *El Mora* was under way again and going straight for one of several canal boats that lay in the slip. The captain of this craft was eating his dinner, when he saw the dishes fly off his table, and was knocked down by the concussion. After running into the stern of the canal boat and rebounding from it, the *El Mora* kept bumping away at the wreck until enough water got into her hold to drown the fires. The tugboat finally sank at the end of the battered canal boat. Later the *Marshall* arrived and pumped out the *El Mora*. Another tugboat then towed her to Jersey City.

THE BLIZZARD'S TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

THE past winter has fathered blizzards of unusual duration and intensity, and great destruction, has in consequence fallen upon many parts of our Western territory. A blizzard must be felt to be appreciated, or rather to have its full horrors realized, but a writer in the *Sum* furnishes some interesting facts in regard to these arctic tempests:

Imagine, if you can, a frozen fog driven with the velocity of a hurricane, the air so full of minute frozen particles, which strike your face like pin heads thrown from a musket, that you cannot see twenty feet ahead, and all this in an atmosphere from twenty to fifty degrees below zero, and you can then form as clear an idea of a blizzard as you'll ever care to get. Its blinding, bewildering effect is first felt. The intense cold brings at first the pain of freezing, then numbness, then stupor, then a sense of blissful sleep, and close upon its heels—death.

Where is its cradle, its home? The arctic regions. The papers talk about a blizzard having started from Manitoba, but that is not its home—its starting point. Manitoba is only its half way house.

Why do blizzards come by way of Manitoba, and make themselves most felt upon the west side of the Mississippi River? Why do we never hear of blizzards in Canada, New England, and the Middle States?

Because the Laurentian range of mountains stretches westward from Labrador along the southern line of British America 3000 miles, skirting the north shore of Lake Superior, and tapering out in northeastern Minnesota, furnishing a protecting wall of solid rock 4000 feet high against blizzards for all the region south of it. Geologists tell us that this range is formed of the oldest silurian or sedimentary rock to be found upon the globe, and that it extends 30,000 feet below the surface.

From northeastern Minnesota to the Rocky Mountains is an open treeless plateau—a great doorway 1000 miles wide, through which the ice king rushes. From that line southward is, in the main, the same treeless prairie all the way to the Gulf of Mexico, forming west of the Mississippi River the royal toboggan slide, 3000 miles long, upon which his ice crowned majesty, the blizzard, sweeps in all his jeweled robes to swoon in the arms of the tropical sun. The Texas north is only the frayed fringes of the blizzard king's mantle as he whirrs past.

A LONG BRIDGE.

A FRENCH engineer proposes to construct a postal tube of sheet iron between Dover and Calais, to be suspended from pillars about 750 yards apart.

The tube is to be a yard in diameter, and to contain a little railroad, on which a train of from ten to fifteen cars, each weighing when loaded about half a ton, is to be driven by a pneumatic tube. The piers and pillars are to be constructed to carry four such tubes, and the greatest depth of water in which any one of them will be placed is estimated at 60 yards. Each tube with its contents is to weigh 275 lbs. per yard of length. The pillars from which the tube is suspended are to be of iron trellis work, and to rise 300 feet above the water. The total cost is estimated at \$5,000,000.

MEMORY.

BY DR. O. W. HOLMES.

ON the worn features of the weariest face
Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace;
As in old gardens, left by exiled kings,
The marble basins tell of hidden springs.

[This story commenced in No. 272.]

Warren Haviland,

THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE,

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

CHAPTER XIII.

WARREN'S STRATAGEM.

WAS it possible that Sloper was imprisoned somewhere near at hand? Warren shuddered as the possibility occurred to him, then listened breathlessly to McDade's next words.

"Yer don't mean ter say ye got him shet up in thar?" exclaimed the latter, with a grim laugh; "wal, I ruther him nor me. I dummo's the swamps wasn't a more comfortable place. He don't live in clover, eh?"

"Bread and water once a day. I'm bound to break him in, for he, like the other, knows too much for our safety; we must compromise them both. Now attend: I'll fetch back the hands—suppose they are safe to be found at Flanagan's grog shop? And we'll run in the cargo, double quick time; then I'll go home, and send Marvin down to deliver your stores, and you may provision for a long cruise while you're about it; when all's finished, it should be about midnight, and you can nab him and put him under hatches; then I'll fetch Sloper out, and off you go. Marvin needn't see my hand in it at all."

"But Marvin will, though," retorted McDade, angrily. "I ain't takin' no lone hand in sich a game; abductin' a gov'ment detective is too hefty a resk for one man to undertake. Share an' share alike, says I, or I don't budge."

"Oh, very good, very good, just as you please," said Burroe, hastily, but unable to conceal his chagrin; "only in that case you make it a necessity that both these lads join us. And if they won't, that they never come back."

"All right; I kin maroon 'em on some island," returned McDade, indifferently.

"What a pair of wretches!" thought Warren, with an involuntary shudder at the suggested fate; "but wait till you catch us, before you dispose of us. I wish Burroe would mention where Sloper is hidden, for I must get him off safely with myself."

But as both rogues knew the place, there was no need of mentioning it; and after waiting a little longer, while they adjusted the niceties of their scheme, and noting signs of the captain's speedy departure, Warren crept from behind the wood pile and softly left the wharf, concealing himself in a doorway on the opposite side of the street. Presently Captain Burroe came out, hurried a block or two along the street, and entered a low corner tavern, from which he issued in five or ten minutes, driving before him a gang of growling desperadoes, all disappointed of their expected debauch, yet fain to obey the bidding of their harsh master, who evidently ruled them with a rod of iron. These all disappeared through the small side door by the wharf gate, the captain entering last, and locking the door. The gates had been locked and bolted at six o'clock.

"I wonder if I can't oversee the running in of this cargo," Warren thought, as he fingered the key which the captain had given him for such occasions as when his work kept him late. He debated the question with himself. He had no desire to spy upon his employer's illegal acts, so as to turn informer, for he did not recognize it as his duty to forestall the preventive service men; yet with all a bright boy's love of adventure he longed to see what was to be seen, and the risk he ran but added the necessary spice to the exploit. Of course, then, he decided to try it; and a few minutes more saw him stealing down the wharf on the water side of the piles, while the cloudy sky wrapped every object in its confusing gloom, and the rising wind covered every faint sound he might make. Reaching the end corner, he knelt down on the stringpiece with his arm round a post to steady himself, and anxiously awaited events.

The stern of the schooner lay towards Warren, and her roomy boat rocked below; an apparatus had already been rigged on the deck, and the men were busily engaged in hoisting casks of contraband liquors out of the hold and

over into the boat. No light was lit, and no noise was made. Any one twenty feet off could not have seen or heard any movement.

When the boat was loaded, the captain took his place to steer her, bade his men give way, and they glided under the wharf.

"Halloa!" ejaculated the interested watcher. "Is that the dodge? I fear I can't follow you there."

He stole along the side of the wharf some distance, and, throwing off his coat and boots, swung himself over the edge, and, holding himself steady by twining his legs round one of the piles which supported the pier, and clinging to the stringpiece with one arm, he was able to gaze into the depths of darkness underneath. A bright yellow star of light showed where the boat was threading her way through the piles towards the shore; and presently the light paused before what looked like a solid wall of masonry. Captain Burroe stood up in the bow, and a gap opened in the wall, wide enough to let the boat pass in and vanish, light and all.

Warren clambered back to his place. He was panting with exertion and excitement. He could guess that Captain Burroe's warehouse had a sub cellar, known only to the in-

have been swept away—Sloper most certainly of all? The officers might seize some whisky casks, but what cared Warren for that, as long as Sloper was not saved?

Should he attempt the rescue himself, when Burroe brought the prisoner out of his dungeon cell? How could he hope to outwit or withstand all these men? What should he do, then?

"I won't desert him, even if it comes to going off in the schooner as a prisoner along with him," he responded. "Weak as he must be now, and with his spirit crushed by that villain's treatment, he might fall into the wicked snare after all his long, brave struggle; I'm strong and fresh, and I'll stand by him to the end."

Tortured by the sense of his own helplessness, Warren waited and watched, and could neither

back to the schooner with the men, and Captain Burroe returned to the vault alone. When he was sure that he was inside, Warren dragged his boat along the piles till he felt it jar slightly against the schooner's tender, when he stepped aboard the latter. He held his own boat's painter in his hand, and hid himself by crouching down in the bottom.

It seemed to him that he had to wait a long while, but at last he heard the stealthy creaking of hinges, and the small lantern carried by Burroe illuminated his own grim, angry visage, and Sloper's wan, resolute one.

Sloper's hands were bound in front of him with a cord, and Warren felt for his penknife and opened it.

"You'll rue your pig headedness, you idiot," growled Burroe, as he roughly pushed the boy off the stone step into the boat, where he was instantly grasped by Warren, who whispered in his ear:

"Be ready to leap over there to the other boat when I give the word." At the same moment he cut the cord that bound his hands, and lay down again, right in Burroe's way. That gentleman had been locking up his smuggling den; as he turned round, with the lantern held aloft, Warren bounded upright, and with a blow of his fist sent the lantern flying, then clutched Burroe by the coat collar and hurled him into the water.

"Now, Tim Sloper," said he, and seizing the boy's thin, cold hand, he helped him over to the other boat, and snatched up the oars.

He got clear of the piles, and emerged on the side of the wharf next the point which he had resolved to reach, namely, a ferry-wharf, by which he hoped to escape into the town.

Captain Burroe seemed to struggle a long while in the pitchy water before he got back into his boat; at all events he uttered no cry for help, fearing to bring the wrong rescuers about him.

The little skiff, confiscated to the fugitives' use, spun merrily before the wind, aided by Warren's powerful stroke, and was quite half a mile away before the first hoarse cry of astonishment came from McDade, as Captain Burroe told his rueful tale.

In fact Burroe had found it impossible to get into his boat from the water, since she was empty, and swung down to his weight at every trial; and he had been obliged to paddle his toilsome way by the help of the posts underneath the wharf, dragging the boat after him; and finally appeared by the side of the schooner, speechless with exhaustion and bursting with rage.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WATER SPRITE.

DORTSOY HARBOR was a noble sheet of water, fringed on both shores by shipping, and with a mighty

man of war or two resting mid channel. On fine evenings the water was wont to be gay with pleasure boats, but tonight the murky sky and freshening breeze had swept it free of all save the larger craft, and the fugitives had a clear course before them, as, sped by wind and tide, their tiny skiff flew seaward.

"They must have started after us by this time, though we can't see them through this murk," said Warren, breaking silence for the first time, after he had tried his best, and in vain, to turn the boat's course inshore towards the ferry wharf.

"If we're to escape them by running ashore, it's time we were about it. Can you lend a hand, Sloper? You're weak, I know, but the wind and the current tug against me like wild horses. I can't budge her alone."

Sloper, who had been crouching in the stern, almost stupefied by the sudden change in his prospects, which he was too enfeebled to support calmly, started up instantly, and tottered to the next seat to Warren's, where he commenced to row with nervous energy, saying: "I'll do all I can, Marvin, for if they catch us you will be made to suffer as well as I. You little know what you have risked, interfering on my behalf."

"Oh, yes, I know all about it," returned Warren, coolly. "By good luck I happened to be late at work this evening, and overheard a long confab between Captain Burroe and a rascal moonshiner from Storm Rock. They took me for a detective, and were going to carry us both off to sea to tame us, or to cast us off on some desert shore. And I vowed that if I got off from them you should come along too."

"I don't know how to thank you," faltered Sloper. "I wish I deserved your kindness more."

"Hold on, Sloper, don't talk like that," exclaimed Warren, impatiently. "I say you're a regular brick to stand out against Burroe and all his persecutions the way you did; and I mean to stick to you if you'll stick to me, till we find our feet again. Eh? Shall we be chums, Tim Sloper?"



THE YACHT WAS BEARING STRAIGHT DOWN UPON THE FUGITIVES.

itiated, in which he stowed such contraband goods as the innocent looking Snowflake brought from the haunts of the moonshiners, under the convoy of McDade.

But as it was no business of his to track down legal delinquents, his curiosity satisfied, he was making up his mind to retire from the perilous spot and await Captain Burroe in the concealment of the street doorway, when the boat glided back for a second cargo, and the captain called out to McDade:

"You won't have much trouble with the young cub in yonder, for he seems pretty well tamed. He's tired of hard lines. We've almost got him."

Warren's heart bounded. Sloper was hidden in the secret vaults of Captain Burroe's warehouse!

A throng of projects for his rescue flashed through the boy's brain, all of them impracticable. Should he rush for police aid?

By the time he had induced some incredulous official to believe in his story, and the necessary preliminaries were got over, a posse of armed officers conducted to the spot, etc., would not the wary smugglers' spies have detected the invasion, and would not every trace of them

decide to go nor to stay; and meanwhile the landing of the goods went busily on, and he heard them say this was the last cargo.

"I s'pose ye'll fetch the kid back with ye?" queried McDade.

"No, I mean to give him a last chance to submit, and may need some time to convert him," returned Burroe.

Warren's hopes rose; if he should chance to be there ready at the entrance of the submarine prison when Burroe brought his captive forth, might not they two boys overpower or outwit him?

At all events he would try. He stole from his concealment, and cautiously proceeded up the wharf to the other side, where the wharf boat was moored. He had to enter the office to get the key of the boat chain padlock, which hung on the wall, and he took the opportunity to strike a match, and scribble these words to his employer:

McDade was misled by Hawk for his own purpose; I am not a detective, and you have nothing to fear from me as long as you do not injure Sloper or myself.

Laying the paper on Captain Burroe's desk, he relocked the office door, and, taking the boat, which had two sets of oars in it, he glided into the deepest shadows among the piles, and round an angle from the entrance to the sub cellar, where he could wait unseen.

He heard the last cask rolled along the mysterious passage into the vault, then the boat went

But the boy was silent, and hung his head, as if ashamed, and Warren remembered Captain Burroo's statement to McDade, that Sloper had got into a scrape at home, which furnished his guardian an excuse to send him out of his way, ostensibly to secure him from the consequences, but really to implicate him in the illegal whisky business, so that he would not dare return. Resolving that he would enlighten Sloper on this point when they were both at leisure, he changed the subject to their present situation, which was fast becoming perilous.

The wind was blowing harder every minute, and the current growing stronger; their combined strength was not enough to wrench their boat from its hurrying course, and they saw wharf after wharf glide past with formidable swiftness, till at length the ferry slip was left behind, and the jealously walled garden lawns of the aristocratic end of Portsoy obstructed any attempt which they might have made to land, could they turn from their present course.

"I do believe they're after us at last," exclaimed Warren, standing up to gaze through the obscurity across the tumultuous plain of white capped waves at a boat full of men, who were bearing down upon them with strong, steady strokes. "Burroo and his gang! Ha! There goes McDade, bellowing after us! Now, Sloper, they're three to one. We can't outsail them—we must out maneuver them. But how?"

"I can suggest nothing, but I'll follow wherever you lead," said Sloper, huskily. "Isn't that vessel coming this way? She might help us."

He was pointing towards a yacht which had been moored further up the harbor, but which was now sweeping down upon them, all sails set to catch the favoring breeze.

"No doubt they'll be willing enough if we hail them, but it will be a ticklish business getting aboard. They can't stop for us, you see. Yet it is our only chance, for these fellows are walking up in fine style; we can't keep out of their reach ten minutes more." And Warren accordingly altered their course so as to intercept the yacht, which came flying down on them like a dark phantom. When near enough to observe the tiny boat which seemed to be lying helplessly in their way, an authoritative voice hailed them, ordering them out of danger.

"We want to go aboard; we are in trouble," Warren shouted back.

Accordingly, instead of steering past, the yacht rushed right at the tiny speck, which was cleverly brought alongside. A rope was flung down and caught by Warren, who held on till the ladder was dropped; he sent Sloper up first, then followed himself, letting Captain Burroo's boat drift away in the darkness.

A handsome elderly gentleman received the boys at the rail, and examined them curiously by the light of a lantern held aloft by one of the sailors. The gentleman wore a jaunty yachting suit, with a gold band round his cap, and Warren, who knew all about yachts, as his father had owned one, and had taken pride in teaching his boy how to sail her, lifted his hat in graceful salute, saying:

"We thank you, captain, for taking us aboard; we are runaways from moonshiners, who are chasing us in a boat which you will soon see. All we want is to shake them off our track. With your kind help we can certainly do that."

The captain of the yacht seemed very favorably impressed by the gentlemanly manner and the fearless, ringing tones of the youth, and was about to reply with a smile, when a young man pressed forward from among the crew and muttered something in his ear, while a scowl disfigured his dark, foreign face.

The captain turned and gazed full at him, and a corresponding frown appeared upon his own frank brow.

"That's enough, Dupont; you overstep your duty when you presume to think for me," said he in a lower tone, which, however, reached the boys as well as Dupont; then, addressing himself to them with a more cordial air than before, he added: "You are heartily welcome aboard the Water Sprite, and anything that Henry Walsingham, owner and captain of this vessel, can do for you, is at your service." He shook hands with them, while Warren ran over the names, and repeated his thanks warmly.

"And where are your moonshiners?" laughed Mr. Walsingham, who was disposed to treat the matter as a joke.

Warren peered into the gloom astern till he discovered the pursuing boat, not far distant, when he pointed it out to his new friend, who scanned the party through his night glass.

"Ha! Six as villainous looking customers as need be seen outside stone walls," observed he, more seriously. "There was real danger in the case, then. I had supposed you a couple of young bloods who had had a brush with some of the harbor rowdies, but these fellows are men, and seem to be in ferocious earnest. How stands the matter, Mr. Marvin?"

Warren gave a brief account of the night's adventure, merely stating that he and Sloper were both in the employ of a lumber merchant in Portsoy, that they had discovered his secret connection with a band of illicit distillers, and that these men, having a natural fear of being informed upon, were now endeavoring to catch the suspected informers.

"So you made off in the whisky boss's wharf boat, you two, hoping to outrun half a dozen desperate men!" exclaimed Mr. Walsingham, with great interest. "You were indeed in danger when you appealed to me, for these rascals dare not let you off if they can prevent it. You see you have the power to send every one of

them to the penitentiary. So Portsoy is no safe place for you at present; and if you have no other plan in view I should suggest that you remain with me during this cruise. I can land you where you please, you know."

Warren expressed suitable acknowledgments in both their names, but explained that, owing to the suddenness of their leaving Portsoy, they were entirely unprepared for a voyage, besides which he could not leave his mother ignorant of his whereabouts, and must write her at once.

"Pardon, Monsieur Walsingham," interposed Dupont, the swarthy mate of the Water Sprite, who had edged close to them during the conversation, "if these gentlemen would land tonight, Star Point is ze prepare place. I myself will row dem ashore in ze dinghy."

"They do not land tonight," retorted Mr. Walsingham, dryly, "and I would advise you, sir, to attend to your own concerns, for I feel quite competent to attend to mine."

Dupont fell back with a muttered apology for his over zeal, but Warren caught a gleam of rage in his eye that startled him.

What reason could Mr. Walsingham's mate have for wishing to get rid of his employer's guests?

CHAPTER XV.

A SUSPECTED CONSPIRACY.

THE genial owner of the yacht seemed disagreeably struck by his mate's persistence, and hurried the boys below to the very pretty cabin, where he turned to examine them by the bright light of the swinging lamps; but before he could bid them be seated, Sloper staggered forward and fell on the floor in a swoon.

"Oh! poor fellow, I should have thought of him first!" exclaimed Warren, compunctiously. "Mr. Walsingham, this poor little fellow is a real hero," and in a few words he narrated the boy's story, for he was determined that for once poor Sloper should get his due.

"He is a hero, as you say, my boy," cried Walsingham, deeply impressed, "and I am proud to get the chance of serving one so staunch to his principles." He snatched a decanter and a glass off the swinging tray over the table, and administered some wine to the pale and exhausted sufferer. Then leaving him to Warren's care, he sent his steward flying to fetch along some supper.

In a very short time the trio were seated at the well spread table, the pale and smiling Sloper doing justice to the delicious viands after his week of semi starvation upon bread and water, and drinking in hope and confidence from every kind word and glance of his companions, while the other two grew better pleased with each other every minute that they conversed together.

At last, when the mulatto lad who acted as steward had retired, the captain rose and carefully closed the door. Then he glanced aloft at the saloon skylight, which was directly over the table, and lowering his voice to a confidential undertone, began:

"Now my dear boys, I want to give you a good reason for stopping aboard my boat with me till the end of this cruise. My home is the seaport town of Colonsay, North Carolina, and I have been north to Nova Scotia, visiting a gold mine I own there. I am returning home with the proceeds of several years' mining, in the shape, (bend closer, I will whisper it) of four blocks of virgin gold, equal to half a million of dollars. My mate and crew are all French Canadians, and I begin to suspect Dupont of taking too much interest in my proceedings. I thought that the presence of the treasure aboard was a dead secret; but I fear he has wormed it out. His interference tonight almost convinced me that he has an object in having me alone among his countrymen. However, I have plenty of arms, and if you two brave boys will share my danger, and fight for me should occasion rise, I shall know how to reward you. Eh? Do you come to Colonsay with me?"

Warren was lost in earnest thought, and Sloper looked to him to answer for both.

"I have my mother to consider," he murmured, "and I am all she has left. Still, I owe it to you, sir—yes, I owe it to my own idea of manliness, to stand by you as I know you would have stood by me had there been a fight with the moonshiners. As for danger—At this moment his attention was attracted to the skylight, and he met the black, narrow eyes of Dupont, gleaming like a very fiend's. "As for danger," he finished, in a louder tone, and never flinching from that diabolical gaze, "I'm not afraid of it, even if it comes in the shape of a pack of Canucks, bent on robbery and murder. Hey, Sloper, old fellow, shall we stay?"

"You're my chief, it's for you to say! Whatever you decide on, I'm content to do," replied Sloper promptly.

"Then, sir, we stay," cried Warren, with a laugh; and while Mr. Walsingham was shaking hands on the compact, Dupont's lean, wily face vanished with a darker scowl than ever upon it.

The rest of the evening passed most agreeably for the two lads. Their new found friend was delighted with them, and showed his appreciation by the confidence with which he treated them.

He was evidently a genial, kind, easy going man, rather impulsive in his undertakings, else he had never risked such an exploit as that in which he was now engaged. He was very fond of yachting, and, having no family ties to keep him ashore, was accustomed to spend many months at a time cruising around the coast. His wife was dead, his only child, a daughter, was at

boarding school, and the fine old homestead in Colonsay was left to a band of old time darkeys, who had refused to leave the home they loved when the days of freedom came, and who now lived honored, though lazy lives, as care takers of the estate, while "old massa" was away.

Mr. Walsingham had started from home with a crew of his own picking, honest fellows upon whom he could have depended; but while at Grand Mer, the French Canadian settlement near which the gold mine was situated; they got into a row with the *habitants* one night in a low drinking place, were badly beaten, and rendered unfit to work the yacht; so Mr. Walsingham sent them home by rail, and as the gold bricks were already aboard, and he feared to remain at the mercy of the half savage population of Grand Mer, he was glad to secure a crew from a French schooner which had just arrived, and get away before they had a chance to hear of the treasure.

The trip had been uneventful thus far, but within the past twenty four hours Mr. Walsingham had begun to suspect his mate, Dupont, of having stolen his secret, and of cherishing sinister projects in connection with the gold; therefore he had hailed with relief the opportunity of adding two such allies to his side of the fray, if such it came to be. Just before parting with his guests for the night, he took them into his stateroom, which was partitioned off the after end of the saloon, and showed them where he kept his arms, a pair of revolvers and a small pistol with three cartridges, in a locker by the head of his berth. Thus, in case of any attempt on the part of the men to rob their employer of his gold, the three allies could defend it and their own lives, since it was not likely that the Canadians had firearms.

Mr. Walsingham also confided to his new friends the secret hiding place of the strong box which contained the gold, in case, as he said, of any accident happening to him, when they were instructed to convey it to his daughter, Miss Kate Walsingham. The precious ingots were concealed in a cavity which he had had constructed in the paneling at the foot of his berth. This was covered by a sliding panel, which defied detection. Mr. Walsingham had built the yacht for his own use, and it was exceedingly commodious and handsomely furnished. The boys were delighted with the luxurious little stateroom to which he showed them for the night. It opened on the saloon, Dupont's room being at the opposite side.

As the wind continued fresh, Mr. Walsingham went on deck again when he had bidden his guests good night, leaving them to compose themselves to sleep in their daintily furnished berths, to the creaking of cordage, the roaring and rushing of wind and sea, and the heavy tramping of the sailors at their duties.

(To be continued.)

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

A JOKE OF A DIFFERENT HUE.

How easy it is to laugh at the ease with which other people are duped! But a story told by the *Chicago Herald* sets forth the equal facility with which a great soberness may settle down upon these mirthful folk.

A jolly party was sitting around a table in a restaurant at Frankfort-on-the-Main in Germany, talking about the numerous thefts of fall overcoats which had lately been reported from every part of the city. They all agreed that such a thing could not possibly happen to any one of them, as they had their eyes wide open. "Nevertheless," interposed a gentleman sitting at the next table, "I would, if I need be, undertake to prove that any one of your coats could be easily abstracted from under your very nose."

They were astonished, but he explained that it was only necessary to engage a man in an interesting conversation, and while he continued under the influence to arise, take his overcoat, put it on, light a cigar, and leave the room with a gracious bow. The entire company kept up a continuous roar of laughter at the amusing tale and the still more entertaining practical illustration with which the relator accompanied his words and walked out of the room. He did not come back, neither did the overcoat containing a pocketbook with \$100 in it.

A CATASTROPHE.

THERE are a good many people who are never so ready to laugh as when they are all prepared to weep.

There was a whole theater full of them one night this winter when Mrs. Langtry was playing the last scene in the tragic drama "As in a Looking Glass," at Newark, New Jersey.

Mrs. Langtry sat on an ottoman with a phial of poison on the table before her, writing a letter of farewell to her husband previous to taking the poison. The actress was in the middle of her emotional part and there was a hush in the audience, when suddenly an enormous black cat walked out from the side scene on the right, and amid an audible "scat" from behind the scenes, halted in front of the drummer in the orchestra, who shook his stick at him.

The cat blinked for a moment and then continued its journey across the stage, halting again directly in front of Mrs. Langtry, and leisurely surveying her. There was a titter in the audience and then the house broke out in a laugh. The actress essayed at first to ignore the intruder, but could not withstand the humor of the situation, and her features, drawn up with the intensity of the emotions she was delineating, relaxed into a smile and a rippling laugh. The cat at this juncture made a sudden dash to the rear of the stage and sprang through a window. The play was then resumed, but the effect was spoiled.

SLEEP.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

Come to me soft eyed sleep,
With your ermine sanded feet;
Press the pain from my troubled brow
With your kisses cool and sweet;
Lull me with your slumbrous song,
Song of your clime, the blest,
While on my heavy eyelids
Your dewy fingers rest.

Come with your native flowers,
Heartsease and lotus bloom,
Enwrap my weary senses
With the cloud of their perfume;
For the whispers of thought tire me,
Their constant dull repeat,
Like low waves throbbing, sobbing,
With endless, endless beat.

[This story commenced in No. 264.]

Luke Walton;

OR,

THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FELICIE PROVES TROUBLESOME.

WE must return to Chicago for a short time before recording the incidents of Luke's visit to Milwaukee.

Though Harold had lost nearly half of his money through being compelled to divide with Felicie, he was upon the whole well satisfied with the way in which he had escaped from suspicion. He had his gold watch, and, as far as he knew, the story which he had told about it had not been doubted. But something happened that annoyed and alarmed him.

One day, when there was no one else in the house except the servants, Felicie intercepted him as he was going out.

"I want a word with you, Master Harold," she said.

"I am in a hurry, Felicie," replied Harold, who had conceived a dislike for the French maid.

"Still I think you can spare me a few minutes," went on Felicie, smiling in an unpleasant manner.

"Well, be quick about it," said Harold, impatiently.

"I have a sister who is very sick. She is a widow with two children, and her means are very small."

"Goodness, Felicie! What is all this to me? Of course I'm sorry for her, but I don't know her."

"She looks to me to help her," continued Felicie.

"Well, that's all right! I suppose you are going to help her."

"There is the trouble, Master Harold. I have no money on hand."

"Well, I'm sure that is unlucky, but why do you speak to me about it?"

"Because," and here Felicie's eyes glistened, "I know you obtained some money recently from your aunt."

"Hush!" said Harold, apprehensively.

"And it's true,"

"But it's true that you made me give you half of it."

"It all went to my poor sister," said Felicie theatrically.

"I don't see what I have to do with that," said Harold, not without reason.

"So that I kept none for myself. Now I am sure you will open your heart, and give me five dollars more."

"I never heard such cheek!" exclaimed Harold indignantly. "You've got half, and are not satisfied with that."

"But think of my poor sister!" said Felicie, putting her handkerchief to her eyes in which there were no tears.

"Think of me!" exclaimed Harold, angrily.

"Then you won't give me the trifle I ask?"

"Trifle? I haven't got it."

"Where is it gone?"

"Gone to buy this watch. That took nearly the whole."

"Is it indeed so? I thought you received it as a reward for picking up a pocketbook."

"I had to tell my aunt something. Otherwise they would ask me embarrassing questions."

"Ah, quelle invention!" exclaimed Felicie playfully. "And you really have none of the money left?"

"No."

"Then—there is only one way."

"What is that?"

"To open the drawer again."

"Are you mad, Felicie? I should surely be discovered. It won't do to try it a second time when my aunt is on her guard. Besides, very likely she doesn't keep her money there now."

"Oh yes, she does."

"How do you know?"

"I was in the room yesterday when she opened the drawer to take out money to pay a bill."

"She must be foolish then."

"Ah," said Felicie coolly, "she thinks lightening won't strike a second time in the same place."

"Well, it won't."

"There must have been fifty dollars in bills in the drawer," continued Felicie insinuatingly.

"It may stay there for all me. I won't go to the drawer again."

"I must have some money," said Felicie significantly.

"Then tell Aunt Eliza, and she may give you some."

"I don't think your Aunt Eliza likes me," said Felicie frankly.

"Very likely not," said Harold, with equal candor.

"You can raise some money on your watch, Master Harold," suggested Felicie.

"How?"

"At the pawnbroker's."

"Well, I don't mean to," answered Harold shortly.

"No?"

"No!" returned Harold emphatically.

"Suppose I go and tell Mrs. Merton who took her money?"

"You would only expose yourself."

"I did not take it."

"You made me divide with you."

"I shall deny all that. Besides, I shall tell all that I saw—on that day."

Harold felt troubled. Felicie might, as he knew, make trouble for him, and though he could in time inform against her, that would not make matters much better for him. Probably the whole story would come out, and he felt sure that the French maid would not spare him.

A lucky thought came to him.

"Felicie," he said, "I think I can suggest something that will help you."

"Well, what is it?"

"Go to my aunt's drawer yourself. You have plenty of chance, and you can keep all the money you find. I won't ask for any of it."

Felicie eyed him sharply. She was not sure but he meant to entrap her.

"I have no keys," she said.

"You can use the same bunch I have. Here they are!"

Felicie paused a moment, then took the proffered keys. After all why should she not make use of the suggestion? It would be thought that the second thief was the same as the first.

"Can I rely on your discretion, Master Harold?" she asked.

"Yes, certainly. I am not very likely to say anything about the matter."

"True! It might not be for your interest. Good morning, Master Harold, I won't detain you any longer."

Harold left the house with a feeling of relief.

"I hope Felicie will be caught!" he said to himself. "I have a great mind to give Aunt Eliza a hint."

It looked as if the generally astute Felicie had made a mistake.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LUKE WALTON'S LETTER.

"HERE is a letter for you, Luke!" said Mrs. Walton.

Luke took it in his hand, and regarded it curiously. He was not in the habit of receiving letters.

"It is postmarked Milwaukee," he said.

"Do you know any one in Milwaukee?" asked his mother.

"No; or stay, it must be from Mr. Powell, a brother of Mrs. Tracy."

"Probably he sends a message to his sister."

By this time Luke had opened the following letter, which he read with surprise and excitement:

DEAR LUKE:—Come to Milwaukee as soon as you can, and join me at the Prairie Hotel. I write in your own interest. There is a large sum due to your father, which I may be able to put you in the way of collecting. You had better see Aunt Eliza, and ask leave of absence for a day or two. If you haven't money enough to come on, let her know, and I am sure she will advance it to you.

Your friend,
WARNER POWELL.

"What can it mean?" asked Mrs. Walton, to whom Luke read the letter.

"It must refer to the ten thousand dollars which father sent to us on his dying bed."

"If it only were so!" said the widow, clasping her hands.

"At any rate, I shall soon find out, mother. I had better take the letter which was sent us, giving us the first information of the legacy."

"Very well, Luke! I don't know anything about business. I must leave the matter in your hands."

"I will go at once to Mrs. Merton and ask if it will inconvenience her if I go away for a couple of days."

"Do so, Luke! She is a kind friend, and you should do nothing without her permission."

Luke took the cars for Prairie Avenue, though it was afternoon, and he had been there once already. He was shown immediately into the old lady's presence.

Mrs. Merton saw him enter with surprise.

"Has anything happened, Luke?" she asked.

"I have received a letter from your nephew, summoning me to Milwaukee."

"I hope he is not in any scrape."

"No; it is a very friendly letter, written in my interest. May I read it to you?"

"I shall be glad to hear it."

Mrs. Merton settled herself back in her rocking chair, and listened to the reading of the letter.

"Do you know what this refers to, Luke?" she asked.

"Yes; my father on his death bed in California intrusted a stranger with ten thousand dollars to bring to my mother. He kept it for

his own use, and it was only by an accident that we heard about the matter."

"You interest me, Luke. What was the accident?"

Luke explained.

"It must be this that Mr. Powell refers to," he added.

"But I don't see how my nephew should have anything to do with it."

"There is a man in Milwaukee who answers the description of the stranger to whom my poor father intrusted his money. I have seen him, for he often comes to Chicago. I have even spoken to him."

"Have you ever taxed him with this breach of trust?"

"No, for he bears a different name. He is Thomas Browning, while the letter mentions Thomas Butler."

"He may have changed his name."

"I was stupid not to think of that before. There can hardly be two men so singularly alike. I have come to ask you, Mrs. Merton, if you can spare me for two or three days."

"For as long as you like, Luke," said the old lady promptly. "Have you money for traveling expenses?"

"Yes, thank you."

"No matter. Here are twenty dollars. Money never comes amiss."

"You are always kind to me, Mrs. Merton," said Luke, gratefully.

"It is easy to be kind if one is rich. I want to see that man punished. Let me give you one piece of advice. Be on your guard with this man! He is not to be trusted."

"Thank you! I am sure your advice is good."

"I wish you good luck, Luke. However things may turn out, there is one thing that gratifies me. Warner is showing himself your friend. I have looked upon him till recently as a black sheep, but he is redeeming himself rapidly in my eyes. I shall not forget his kindness to you."

As Luke went down stairs he met Mrs. Tracy.

"Here again!" said she, coldly. "Did my aunt send for you this afternoon?"

"No, madam."

"Then you should not have intruded. You are young, but you are very artful. I see through your schemes, you may rest assured."

"I wished to show Mrs. Merton a letter from your brother, now in Milwaukee," said Luke.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Let me see the letter."

"I must refer you to Mrs. Merton."

"He has probably sent to Aunt Eliza for some money," thought Mrs. Tracy. "He and the boy are well matched."

CHAPTER XL.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE ENEMY.

THOMAS BROWNING sat in his handsome study, in a complacent frame of mind. The caucus was to be held in the evening, and he confidently expected the nomination for mayor. It was the post he had coveted for a long time. There were other honors that were greater, but the mayoralty would perhaps prove a stepping stone to them. He must not be impatient. He was only in middle life, and there was plenty of time.

"I didn't dream this when I was a penniless miner in California," he reflected, gleefully. "Fortune was hard upon me then, but now I am at the top of the heap. All my own good management too. Tom Butler—no, Browning—is no fool, if I do say it myself."

"Some one to see you, Mr. Browning," said the servant.

"Show him in!" replied the philanthropist.

A poorly dressed man followed the maid into the room.

Mr. Browning frowned. He had thought it might be some influential member of his party.

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

The poor man stood humbly before him, nervously pressing the hat between his hands.

"I am one of your tenants, Mr. Browning. I am behindhand with my rent owing to sickness in the family, and I have been ordered out."

"And very proper, too!" said Browning, harshly. "You can't expect me to let you stay gratis."

"But, sir, you have the reputation of being a philanthropist. It hardly seems in character—"

"I do not call myself a philanthropist—others call me so—and perhaps they are right. I help the poor to the extent of my means, but even a philanthropist expects his honest dues."

"Then you can do nothing for me, sir?"

"No; I do not feel called upon to interfere in your case."

The poor man went out sorrowfully, leaving the philanthropist in an irritable mood. Five minutes later a second visitor was announced.

"Who is it?" asked Browning, fearing it might be another tenant.

"It is a boy, sir."

"With a message, probably. Show him up."

But Thomas Browning was destined to a surprise, when in the manly looking youth who entered he recognized the Chicago newsboy who had already excited his uneasiness.

"What brings you here?" he demanded, in a startled tone.

"I don't know if you remember me, Mr. Browning," said Luke, quietly. "I have sold you papers near the Sherman House, in Chi-

"I thought your face looked familiar," said Browning, assuming an indifferent tone. "You have made a mistake in coming to Milwaukee. You cannot do as well here as in Chicago."

"I have not come here in search of a place. I have a good one at home."

"I suppose you have some object in coming to this city."

"Yes, I came to see you."

"Upon my word I ought to feel flattered, but I can't do anything for you. I have some reputation in charitable circles, but I have my hands full here."

"I have not come to ask you a favor, Mr. Browning. If you will allow me, I will ask your advice in a matter of importance to me."

Browning brightened up. He was always ready to give advice.

"Go on!" he said.

"When I was a young boy my father went to California. He left my mother, my brother, and myself very poorly provided for, but he hoped to earn money at the mines. A year passed, and we heard of his death."

"A good many men died in California," said Browning, phlegmatically.

"We could not learn that father left anything, and we were compelled to get along as we could. Mother obtained sewing to do at low prices, and I sold papers."

"A common experience!" said Browning, coldly.

"About three months ago," continued Luke, "we were surprised by receiving, in a letter from a stranger, a message from my father's death bed."

Thomas Browning started and turned pale, as he gazed intently in the boy's face.

"How much does he know?" he asked himself apprehensively.

"Go on!" he said, slowly.

"In this letter we learned for the first time that father had intrusted the sum of ten thousand dollars to an acquaintance to be brought to my mother. This man proved false, and kept the money."

"This story may or may not be true," said Browning with an effort. "Was the man's name given?"

"Yes; his name was Thomas Butler."

"Indeed! Have you ever met him?"

"I think so," answered Luke, slowly. "I will read his description from the letter; 'He has a wart on the upper part of his right cheek—a mark which disfigures and mortifies him exceedingly. He is about five feet ten inches in height, with a dark complexion and dark hair, a little tinged with gray.'"

"Let me see the letter," said Browning, hoarsely.

He took the letter in his hand, and moving near the grate fire began to read it. Suddenly the paper, as if accidentally, slipped from his fingers, and fell upon the glowing coals—where it was instantly consumed.

"How careless I am!" ejaculated Browning, but there was exultation in his glance.

(To be continued.)



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.

LUKE, Toledo, O. The Lyceum School of Acting in New York.

E. K., New York City. The latter would lose \$43 and the hat.

S. L. M., New York City. The 5th of August, 1872, was a Monday.

A. Z., Gardner, Mass. For the price of presses, consult our advertising columns.

SECRETARY. Inquire of Samuel French & Son, New York, or some other dramatic publisher.

DUKE, Chattanooga, Tenn. "Sophia Adelaide" is published by Belford Clark & Co., of Chicago.

W. S., and O. D. C. We cannot answer medical questions. You must consult a reputable physician.

TOBY, Sharon, Pa., asks the value of a penny of 1807. Will he kindly repeat the question ten years hence?

G. H. S., Knoxville, Tenn. Oil stoves, in a properly ventilated room, are not injurious to the health.

A. B. D. E., Brooklyn, N. Y. We do not think that you could do better than put your money in the savings bank.

A. E. W., Milwaukee, Wis. No. 8 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES will be "The Young Acrobat," by Horatio Alger, Jr.

C. H. S., Indianapolis, Ind. The advertisements of one or more coin dealers will be found in our advertising columns.

J. B., Grand Rapids, Mich. "The Camp in the Mountains" appeared in Nos. 212 to 225, which would cost 81 cents.

R. A. BRADY, 146 Adams St., Brooklyn, N. Y., would like to hear from boys over 16, willing to help form an athletic club.

E. F. C., Muncie, Ind. The 10 cent scrip of 1868-75, with portrait of W. M. Meredith, and green seal, is quoted at 25 to 50 cents by dealers. There are so many 10 cent bills with Washington's portrait that we cannot identify yours.

W. W. D., Omaha, Neb. Typewriter ribbons are specially manufactured for the purpose, and you would find it difficult, if not impossible, to make them.

C. D. C., Union Mills, Ind. To remove ink stains from a photograph, wash very carefully with a weak solution of oxalic acid, using a camel's hair brush.

G. L. DE MEDINA, 200 Forsyth St., New York City, would like to correspond with a few boys between 14 and 18, willing to join him in camping out during next summer.

Q. RIOSITY. There are several English prose translations of the Iliad. We have a suspicion, however, that you want to get a "crib," and we don't mean to help you.

PRINTER, Fountain City, Wis. 1. To remove rust from a printer's stone, rub it with a rag moistened with kerosene or benzine. 2. Wood cuts will not swell if kept in a dry place.

G. H. N. 1. "Who is the best base ball player?" is a question that cannot be decided. 2. The stakes of the Smith Kilrain fight were divided. But why ask such a question of the ARGOSY?

LUKE WALTON 2, Chillicothe, O. No, we cannot recommend telegraphy as a well paid profession. The supply of operators exceeds the demand, and salaries have fallen greatly in late years.

J. W. T., Connellsville, Pa. The volumes of the "Boy Trapper Series" are "The Buried Treasure," "The Boy Trapper," and "The Mail Carrier." We can furnish them at \$1.25 each.

DEACON TOWER, Woodbury, N. J. General Sheridan and George Bancroft the historian both live in Washington, D. C.; General Wm. T. Sherman at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York City.

J. D. S., McLeansboro, Ill. 1. We can send you the back numbers you want, post paid, for six cents each. 2. There is no special limit of age at most medical colleges. 3. "The Young Acrobat" will be No. 8 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

JULE AND BEN, Chicago, Ill. To boys who have no other prospects before them, we should recommend the Navy as a useful and honorable, though arduous and not very well remunerated calling. We should advise you to learn a trade if you can.

EQDC FOHEHNSG, San Francisco, Cal. 1. The stories in the ARGOSY are copyrighted, and cannot be republished without permission. 2. We do not think that you can copyright the name of "Floral Dramatic Company." 3. Apply to some music dealer.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

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

John Keyes, 663 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Stamps, for stamps.

E. Smith, 204 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Stamps, for stamps.

H. Sebring, Somerville, N. J. Five hundred foreign stamps, for Indian relics.

Tom Walton, Salem, O. Two hundred different tin tags, for Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Ed. McClintock, Fremont, O. A violin and a canvas canoe, valued at \$16, for a B flat cornet.

M. A. King, 643 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. Type, for coins, minerals, etc. Chicago offers preferred.

W. H. Howard, 179 East Fair St., Atlanta, Ga. Confederate money, Indian relics, and minerals, for type.

H. D. Benedict, Wilton, Conn. Three books (two by Optic), for books by Alger, Optic or Castleman.

J. T. Jelf, Atchison, Kan. "Oliver Twist," "Pictures from Italy," and a small battery, for type. Roman preferred.

Jacob Kurts, 447 Elk St., Albany, N. Y. "Winning his Spurs" and other books by Kellogg, for books by Alger and Optic.

F. Shepherd, 356 South 5th St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. A miniature steam launch, for a book containing electrical experiments.

George H. Booker, Box 928, New York City. Munson's "Complete Phonography," for Graham's "Handbook of Phonography."

G. Klinger, Milton, Pa. A Mason and Hamlin organ, used three months, cost \$60, for a large press and outfit of equal value.

C. W. Lowe, Imperial Hotel, Steubenville, O. One hundred different foreign stamps, for any number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

S. Wilson Scott, 1046 Iowa St., Dubuque, Iowa. A magic lantern and a model steam engine, for a press, chase not less than 3 1-2 by 4.

William Simpson, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. A number of articles to exchange for a 52 in. bicycle, a turning lathe, or engine and boiler. Send for list.

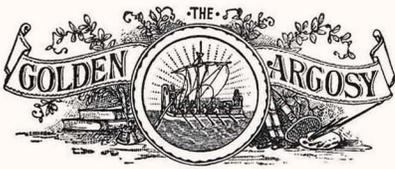
H. F. Jenkins, Box 18, Rockland, Mass. Four Indian arrow heads, and some postmarks, for any number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, in good order.

E. Simmonds, 116 East 64th St., New York City. A pair of Raymond half clamp nickel plated roller skates, nearly new, with rosewood wheels, for stamps.

Wallace L. Hale, Box 151, Glastonbury, Conn. Three books by Optic, for Kunhardt's "Steam Yachts and Launches." Two books by Optic, for Nordhoff's "Sailor Life on Man of War and Merchant Vessel."

S. Barr, 54 Somerset St., New Brunswick, N. J. A telescope, 37 in. long when extended, 2 founts of fancy type, a stylographic pen, and 5 books, for plain type, large cents, half cents, blank cards, etc., or Indian relics.

Owen F. Hanretty, corner of Carter St. and Carpenter Ave., Newburgh, N. Y. A scroll saw with lathe, drill, and buzz saw, a jig saw, a press and type, a 10 keyed accordion, a pair of roller skates and 3 books, for a 46 or 48 inch Ideal bicycle.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 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 his subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers include 6 cents for each copy. No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

SOUND BLINDNESS.

It will no doubt be a consolation to poor spellers to learn that in certain cases the disability to give the correct sequence of letters in a word has been called, not stupidity, but "sound blindness." It is caused, it seems, not by deafness, but by some misplaced switch, if we may so describe it, in the hearing faculties.

But as science has found a remedy for almost every modern disease, we venture to predict that sound blindness will prove no exception. We would suggest, however, that before a surgeon is called in, the sufferer be treated to a thorough course of spelling book.

NATURE'S COLD AIR PIPE.

Who has not seen, on blazing hot summer days, a knot of perspiring men clustered about some outdoor thermometer, eager to ascertain just how uncomfortable they ought to be? It is noticeable, however, that pedestrians are never so anxious to give figures to their degree of suffering during a correspondingly low stage of the mercury.

This of course is easy to be accounted for, but at the same time it is human nature to want to "know full particulars" of any kind. Hence it may interest our readers to be told where the coldest spot in America is located.

It is said to be the town of Hallock, Minnesota, situated in the Red River Valley, which opens directly northward toward the Arctic circle, thus furnishing a regular flue by which the icy polar breezes are sent down per rapid transit to make the citizens of Hallock shiver.

THE VIRTUE OF STICKING TO THINGS.

CARRY OUT your undertakings. It is a common failing, with young people especially, to enter upon a new course of study or start work on a difficult job with great enthusiasm, which would seem to give promise of a speedy completion of the task. But whether too much energy is wasted on this very exuberance of anticipation or not, the fact remains that in very many cases the enthusiasm evaporates all too quickly, the work drags, and alas, is often left half done.

By all means, boys, take hold with a will, but keep hold. The satisfaction of having "carried a hard job to a good finish" is worth all the enthusiasm in the world. It not only gives the doer solid joy over what is done, but enables him to enter upon his next task with a courage begotten of experience.

A CAVE COUNTRY.

So many discoveries of extensive caves have been reported of late, that, if the thing continues, we may be obliged to appeal to Congress for props with which to stay up the country. Alabama is the last State to fall into line with her subterranean chambers "rivaling in extent and beauty" Kentucky's famous Mammoth. On the 11th of February a mighty cavern was unearthed in the vicinity of Huntsville. According to the descriptions sent abroad, it can boast of not only the regulation crystalline walls, pyramidal stalagmites and inevitable lake of blind fish, but the roof of the main chamber, which is 250 or 300 acres in extent, has but one support in the shape of a massive pillar of rock, fifty feet thick.

While the discovery of the cavern may be a good thing in one way for Huntsville, that of

attracting sightseers—we are afraid that the town can never aspire to become a great metropolis, as the erection of any very imposing buildings might cause a literal tumble in real estate. Thus we see that cave finding may not, after all, prove an unmixed blessing to a community.

HELPS TO SUCCESS.

ALTHOUGH some few individuals, born with silver spoons in their mouths, may claim to have found a royal road to riches, the vast majority of mankind must "labor and wait" for fortune. But it goes without saying that there are certain watch words, the adoption of which may render material aid to those engaged in this absorbing quest.

Three of our great "money kings" in the course of interviews with newspaper reporters, give the following recipes by which a boy can get on in the world:

Russell Sage's advice: "By (1) getting a position; (2) keeping his mouth shut; (3) observing; (4) being faithful; (5) making his employer think that he would be lost in a fog without him; (6) being polite. This is a good way for a young man to begin after he gets there. If he lives up to these rules he will not want a friend at court for any length of time—in fact, not at all."

Jay Gould's policy: "Keep out of bad company and go to work with a will. The boy who does that is bound to get on in the world."

Cyrus W. Field's scheme: "Punctuality, honesty and brevity are the watch words of life."

BRIGHT MESSENGER BOYS.

SOME thirty odd years ago, when the earliest telegraph office in Pittsburgh was opened, among the messengers employed there were four boys known respectively as Andy, Billy, Bob, and Harry. What has become of the quartet?

"Andy's" last name was Carnegie, and he is now one of the richest men in the country, and one of the most famous iron masters in the world. "Bob" Pitcairn is general agent and superintendent of the western division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. "Billy" Moreland is city attorney of Pittsburgh, while "Harry" Oliver is a wealthy steel manufacturer, and has been brought forward as a candidate for a seat in the Senate.

The newspaper which is our authority for the above statements remarks that "the messenger boys of former days must have been hustlers." Not more so, we hope and believe, than their successors of today. The poor boy's chances of rising were never better than now, and we trust that many messenger boys have made up their minds to follow the example of Andy, Billy, Bob, and Harry.

GLOWING OPINIONS OF THE GOLDEN ARGOSY FROM ITS READERS.

IT is said that the best advertisements for an article are satisfied purchasers, in which case, to judge from the following as samples only from our mail bag, the ARGOSY has a great future before it:

SIoux FALLS, DAK.
THE GOLDEN ARGOSY can't be beat.
WILLIE WYNNE.

STROUDSBURG, PA., Feb. 11, 1888.
I have been a reader of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY since 1882. I am now more deeply interested than ever before. I find your paper has improved to perfection. I have benefited wonderfully by its contents.
AMOS G. RAY.

HOULTON, ME., Feb. 5, 1888.
Having been a weekly purchaser of your paper for more than a year, I have concluded that it is the best paper ever published for boys and girls. I have succeeded in getting two more purchasers.
CHARLES R. FOSS.

361 WEST 51ST ST., NEW YORK CITY, Feb. 13, 1888.
Having received a sample copy of the ARGOSY containing the opening chapters of "Tom Tracy" in Volume IV, I have taken it ever since. At that time I was taking other weekly papers, but since then I have given them all up, as I used to fall asleep while reading them after finishing the ARGOSY.
F. G. M.

667 WILLOUGHBY AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
Jan. 29, 1888.

Of all the papers published in this, or any other country, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY takes the lead by far. The high tone and character of its stories fit it for a position in the best families. I often have the mother of a sick child say to me, "Doctor, my little girl (or boy) wants to read. They cannot go out, and what shall I give them to read?" I always say, "THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. It is the best paper published, not only for children, but for yourself." I have secured many subscribers, and all have thanked me for so doing. I give several little friends the ARGOSY for their Christmas, and they say it was the best present they received. Let us swell its circulation to what it should be—the largest in the world.
R. W. ST. CLAIR, M. D.

HON. S. S. COX,

Statesman, Humorist, and Author.

"RISE! Let no one lift you!"

So said Walter Savage Landor, and the maxim is a favorite one with Mr. Cox, the well known and popular representative of the Ninth Congressional District of New York. His own career may well serve to exemplify the same moral, for he has achieved a high reputation for statesmanship, as well as considerable success in literature, solely by his own talents and industry.

At the present time Mr. Cox is an especially interesting figure in the field of national politics. He is one of the few men of really commanding ability among the Democratic members of the Fiftieth Congress. An accomplished parliamentarian, a witty and effective speaker, he is generally recognized as the man upon whose leadership his party rely in the sharp struggles of debate.

He is much better known as "Sunset" than by his baptismal name, Samuel Sullivan Cox. His grandfather, James Cox, was a politician of prominence, who served as speaker of the New Jersey Legislature for several years, was a brigadier general of militia, and represented his State in Congress up to the time of his death in 1808. Soon after that date Mr. Cox's father, who was also distinguished in politics and journalism, left the family homestead in Monmouth County, New Jersey, and moved westward to Zanesville, Ohio, where the subject of this sketch was born on the 30th of September, 1824.

He attended the common schools, then the University of Ohio, and lastly Brown University, at Providence, Rhode Island, where he graduated in 1846. He studied law, and practiced it for a time in the courts of his native State. Then came a trip across the Atlantic, which he described in the earliest of his published books, "A Buckeye Abroad."

The next occupation of this versatile genius was journalism, for in 1853 he became editor of the *Ohio Statesman*, published at Columbus. In 1855, under the administration of President Pierce, he was appointed secretary of the American legation to Peru.

Shortly after his return, he was elected to Congress from the Ohio district which included Columbus. Those were the trying times that preceded the war, and Mr. Cox made his mark as a staunch supporter of the Union. He was thrice reelected, and served continuously from 1858 to 1865.

In the last named year, having failed of a fifth election, he moved from Ohio to New York. Some years were now spent in traveling, and in writing books of travel and "Eight Years in Congress," the interesting record of the author's experiences during his four terms as a Representative from Ohio.

He was not destined to remain in private life very long. In 1868 he was sent to Congress by his fellow citizens of the metropolis, and from that time to the present he has been in the House almost continuously, a brief interval in 1872, and his recent stay in Constantinople as American minister to Turkey, having been the only interruptions.

There are few Congressmen whose period of service has been so long as Mr. Cox's; there is none whose equipment as a legislator is more thorough. He is one of the best informed and most widely read men in the House. His mind is stored with a vast number of facts bearing upon almost every subject that comes before our

lawmakers. His legal training, of course, stands him in good stead. He is well versed in practical business affairs; he has read and studied not only the works of political economists and orators, but a wide circle of poetical and general literature. Indeed, he says to the young man who wishes to rise in public life, after advising him to study history, law, and such authors as Adam Smith, Mill, and Ricardo: "Do not omit to read carefully and with a pencil the best poets, from Chaucer to Longfellow. The speaker in public should vary his vocabulary and use dainty and diverse synonyms. To do this let him study the shades and phases of their best composition."

Mr. Cox is, in fact, a striking instance of the scholar in politics. His scholarship has not only aided him in the business of legislating, but has helped him to political success. He gives an amusing instance of this.

"A man in Ohio," he says, "once told me publicly that he was 'ferminist' my politics, but all the same he meant to vote for me, because I was a his-tor-i-an! I knew what he meant. I had been a student, and he thus paid his respects to the 'scholar in politics.' It was what he desired his own sons to become."

Mr. Cox has frequently acted as Speaker *pro tempore* of the House—so frequently, indeed, that he is said to have occupied the chair as much as any of the permanent speakers. In this capacity his personal popularity, his familiarity with the working of Congress, and his businesslike methods render him very successful.

Mr. Cox is married, and lives in a house which he has just built in Dupont Circle, Washington, and which is decorated in oriental style. He begins his day's work early, rising at seven to write letters before breakfast. To other correspondents he rapidly dictates replies. Occasionally he has a lecture or an after dinner speech to prepare, in both of which he is at home. He is a man of medium stature, and rather dark complexion; his dark hair has grown gray in his country's service.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

A TALISMAN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
BEAR through sorrow, wrong and ruth,
In thy breast the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

CREATION'S heir, the world, the world is mine.—*Goldsmith.*

WITHOUT adversity a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Fielding.*

It is a sort of eternity for a man to have his time all to himself.—*Charles Lamb.*

THE only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue; the only lasting treasure is truth.—*Cowbert.*

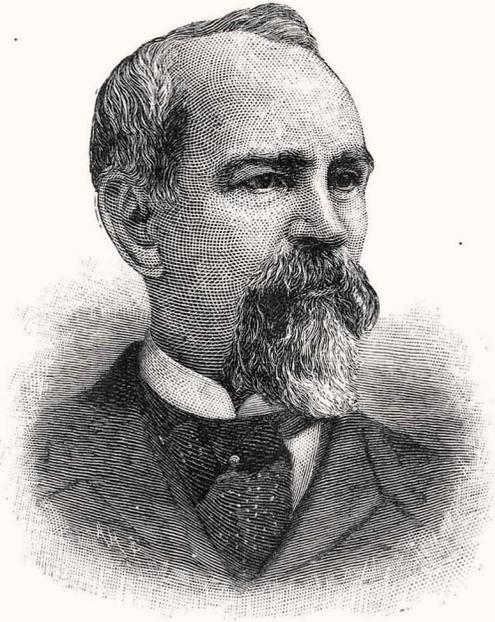
To enjoy itself and let others enjoy it, a mind should ever keep itself larger than its own thoughts.—*Foubert.*

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.—*Lavater.*

BEYOND all wealth, honor, or even health, is the attachment we form to noble souls; because to become one with the good, generous, and true, is to become in a measure good, generous, and true ourselves.—*Dr. Arnold.*

TIMES of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest flash of lightning comes from the blackest clouds.—*Colton.*

There are few things more beautiful than the calm and resolute progress of an earnest spirit. The triumphs of genius may be more dazzling; the chances of good fortune may be more exciting; but neither are at all so interesting or so worthy as the achievements of a steady, faithful, and fervent energy.—*Dr. Tulloch.*



HON. S. S. COX.

From a photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

HOW WE LIVE.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

We live by hope
And by desire; we see by the glad light
And breathe the sweet air of futurity;
And so we live, or else we have no life.

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

**OR,
ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.**

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

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

CHAPTER V.

BREASTING THE STORM.

If he lives to be an old man of ninety Allan is confident that he can never forget each separate and distinct sensation of horror that swept through his brain at that moment. Balancing himself at that dizzy height, he gazed down at the realization of what was more terrible even than his worst fears had pictured as being in the line of possibilities.

Why could not the blow have fallen at any other time, in any other place than this?

"Now!"
It was Professor Chapman's voice. He had swung off and Allan must make his leap.

All his strength seemed to have oozed out of him in the glance that had fallen on that group in the gallery.

"If I can but keep up long enough to catch the professor's hands!" he murmured, faintly.

He let himself go, shot swiftly down through space, caught the arms held out to him, and the next instant was standing on the spring board at the other end of the hall.

Round after round of applause fairly shook the building. So intent had been the spectators in watching the great feat of the evening, that only those in the immediate vicinity had had their attention distracted by the incident of the policeman's appearance in the front row at the side of the well known broker.

Allan's first act on regaining an upright position was to glance at the spot whereon his gaze had been riveted but an instant before.

His father was just vanishing through the doorway, the officer on one side, the ferret faced stranger on the other. His mother was bending over to speak to Arthur Seymour, who had been sitting behind them with the Deanes.

"Can father have been really carried off to jail? What can it mean—how will it end?"

The half distracted boy scarcely heard the storm of cheers and handclapping of which he was the object. At any rate he did not heed it. Staring fixedly at those two in the gallery, he stood erect, motionless, until he heard the loud whisper of the professor, who had swung himself back to a position just over his head:

"What's the matter with you, Trent, man? Why don't you bow or make some acknowledgment?"

"It is rude in me. The most of them, thank Heaven, can't know—yet," and as Allan slightly inclined his head to left and right, there was no shadow of a smile on his pallid face. He was wondering how long it would be before all the world would know of the mysterious disgrace that had blotted the name of which he had been so proud.

The next instant the champion from Philadelphia swung himself up to a position beside him, and for the ensuing ten minutes, with a heart that felt like a lump of lead within him, Allan was compelled to go through a "brother act," that called for more than ordinary skill and watchfulness.

Only the tenest strain on his will power enabled him to perform his share in the act, and as soon as he had finished, he hurried off to the dressing room entrance, where he had seen Arthur, evidently waiting for him.

"Where is mother?" were Allan's first words. His throat was so dry that he could scarcely frame them.

"I have just taken her home. She wanted me to bring you as soon as possible. Come, I'll help you dress."

Seymour had thrown one arm across his chum's shoulder, and was hurrying him down the corridor with an air of protecting brotherliness that was most deeply appreciated in that crucial hour for the testing of friendship.

But before they had reached Allan's quarters, rapid steps were heard behind them, and Noringway came panting up.

"Oh, Trent," he exclaimed, touching our hero on the arm, "there was some row up there in the gallery where your people were sitting. Your father went out with a policeman. I thought you might not have noticed it while you were doing your act."

"Noringway, you're a——" began Arthur, but Allan forcibly pulled him into his dressing box and drew the curtain.

"Why didn't you let me give him one?" muttered the wrathful Seymour. "The sneaking scamp!"

"I might as well begin at once to get used to—to that sort of thing," returned Allan, loosening his belt and beginning to draw off his jersey with hands that trembled in spite of himself.

"Here, let me help you, old fellow," and Arthur laid hold of the refractory garment.

"Do you know about it, Arthur? What has happened? Who is that man, and what have they done with father?"

"Oh, it'll all be fixed right, I guess," returned Seymour, evasively. "Here, jump into these trousers. Your mother is waiting for you."

"Don't keep anything back, Art," rejoined Allan. "I must know the worst some time, and besides, I want to be prepared when I see mother. Was father arrested and—taken to jail?"

"Yes, but I am sure everything will be ex-

worn to the entertainment for an ordinary street costume, and although her face was as white as the marble on which she was standing, she was much calmer than Allan had hoped to find her.

She opened her arms to him for an instant, then striving to steady her voice, pointed to an alligator skin bag that rested on the floor by the side of the mirror shield hat rack.

"Take those things of your father's and come with me, Allan," she said. "I have been waiting for you—Arthur told you, did he not?"

"Yes, mother."
Allan picked up the satchel, reopened the front door, and then came the hardest task of all—telling David, the coachman, where to drive.

"Where, sir?" responded the trusty servant, touching his hat again, and evidently under the impression that he had misheard.

"To Raymond Street Jail," repeated poor Allan in a louder tone, and then sprang into the brougham so swiftly that he nearly put his hand through the opposite window.

The horses' heads were turned around and the carriage rolled off in the direction of Fort Greene.

For the first block or two Mrs. Trent leaned back with her handkerchief to her face, and Allan sat silent, gazing as if in a dream at the familiar landmarks they were passing, trying to

stopped before the yellow, forbidding walls of the jail.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

A FLOOD of brilliant early morning sunshine filled the pleasant dining room of the Seymours.

"What's come over Mr. Arthur? Down the first one, after being out so late last night," wondered the maid, as she placed the call bell beside her mistress's place. "I know that's his step."

"Has the paper come, Julia?"
Arthur entered hastily, and threw an eager glance towards his father's place.

"I'll go down and see if the man has brought it, Mr. Arthur," and the servant hurried off, mentally asking herself what could be the cause of the young gentleman's haggard, worried look and unwontedly early rising.

"I don't believe I got seven winks of sleep for thinking of poor Al," mused Allan's chum, dropping into a chair beside the open grate fire, and wondering for the ninety ninth time what could be the mystery about Mr. Trent.

"But I'll soon know," he assured himself. "Catch the reporters napping with such a tempting morsel of sensation in fashionable

life as this placed under their noses. Here comes Julia with the papers now. I actually believe I'm afraid to look at them after all my scramble to get first show at the news."

"Oh, Mr. Arthur!" exclaimed the maid, hurrying back into the room with a horror stricken face, and the paper held far out before her as if it were infected with some disease, "the awfullest thing has happened! Mr. Trent, Mr. Allan's father, do have been arrested, and they say he's an escaped convict. Cook happened to see the big lines about it, and she——"

"Give me the paper, Julia, and go to your dusting!"

Allan had never spoken so sharply to a maid before in his life. But to hear a servant say such things about his chum's father took him quite out of himself.

Clutching at the paper he gazed at the front page, and for the next ten minutes sat as if petrified, with his eyes glued to the column which seemed as if printed in letters of fire burning their way into his brain. Here is what he read:

HOWARD TRENT ARRESTED.

A GENUINE SENSATION FOR BROOKLYNITES.

THE WELL KNOWN BROKER TURNS OUT TO BE AN ESCAPED CONVICT.

RETAKEN AT THE HERCULES ATHLETIC CLUB EXHIBITION LAST NIGHT.

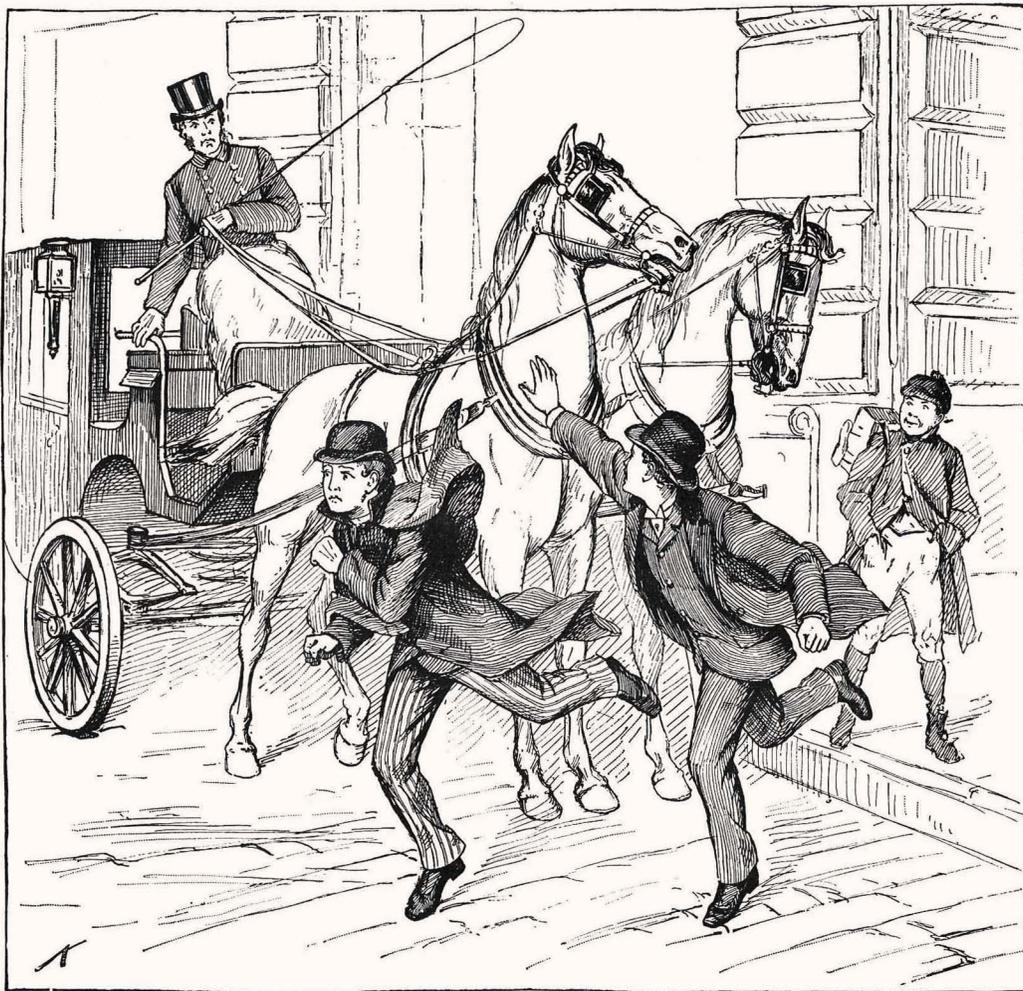
"It is safe to say that not for many years have the circles of Brooklyn's wealth and fashion received such a shock as that which was administered to them last evening in highly dramatic fashion during the course of an entertainment that was being given at the Hercules Athletic Club, a detailed description of which will be found in another column. As many of our readers are doubtless already aware, Allan

Trent, the son of the well known New York broker, was selected to take a prominent part in the evening's exhibition. And it was while this boy, who is about sixteen, was performing his most difficult feat, that a policeman walked down to the front row of the gallery, with a warrant for Mr. Trent's arrest. The broker seemed not to be so amazed as one might have expected, taking all the circumstances into consideration, but rose at once, and after a few words with his wife, went out with the officer, and was taken at once to Raymond Street Jail.

"A reporter was immediately dispatched thither, and learned from one Mr. Paul Beaver and other sources, the following astounding facts:

"It seems that Howard Trent is an assumed name, and that the man Brooklyn's citizens have known under that cognomen is really Bertrand Ford, who was convicted of forgery nineteen years ago in Placer City, Nevada, and sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for five years. He had served only one month of his time, however, when a fire broke out in the jail, and in transferring the prisoners to other quarters, Ford managed to make his escape. All efforts to trace him were unavailing, and until within the past two weeks it was supposed that he had perished in one of the yawning chasms across which he had been obliged to make his way to avoid the risk of recapture.

"The forgery for which he was arrested was a small one, being but a matter of thirty dollars



ALLAN AND ARTHUR DASHED OFF IN PURSUIT OF THE FORGER.

plained in the morning. It must be some fearful blunder on the part of the authorities."

Allan gave an irrepensible shiver as he recollected his father's manner on receiving his account of the interview with that midnight pedestrian two weeks before.

If Arthur did but know of that, would it make him less sympathetic, the poor fellow wondered?

"Come, hurry up, old chap. You're getting cold," went on Seymour. "We'll walk fast when we get out, and that will brace you up."

Very little was said during the walk to Columbia Heights.

Just as they came in sight of the house, before which a carriage was standing, Arthur began rather awkwardly:

"Your mother wants you to go with her to—see your father."

Allan turned and looked his chum full in the face under the street lamp they were passing.

"Arthur," he begged, "tell me where he is."

"In Raymond Street Jail, and if there is anything I can do for you, my dear boy, from keeping Noringway from chattering to sitting up all night, just call on me. I'll be around the first thing in the morning, and if you can't see me then, just tell your man to say you're engaged. Good night, old boy."

They shook hands by the horses' heads and Arthur hurried off, leaving Allan to enter the house on which such a shadow had fallen.

He met his mother in the hall. She had changed the light dress and bonnet she had

remember how he had felt when he had seen them at other times.

But presently his mother looked at him and spoke.

"Your father found time to whisper that you were partially prepared, Allan," she said. "Tell me all you know."

He obeyed and described the interview with the stranger that night two weeks before, and the impression his account of it had produced on his father.

"And did this man call at the office?" his mother inquired when he had finished.

"I don't know," he replied. "Father said, you know, that he would arrange matters and told me to think no more about the matter. Did—did he say anything of the matter to you, mother?"

"No, but I have noticed that there was something on his mind, and though I did not want him to see that I was worried, I have feared that this would come at last—but not in this way, not with such a——"

"Then you know everything, mother!" exclaimed Allan, excitedly. "More than I?"

"I have known and dreaded what might come all my married life," was the low reply.

"But father is not a—has never committed a crime?"

Allan shivered as he put the question, and waited with his heart in his mouth for the reply.

"He is as innocent of all such as yourself, my son."

Before Allan could say more, the brougham

or so, but notwithstanding he protested his innocence to the last, evidence was so overwhelmingly against him that the jury found a verdict without leaving their seats. The Mr. Beaver already mentioned, who is the man that recognized Bertrand Ford in Howard Trent, was connected with the penitentiary at the time Ford was there. He has recently moved to Brooklyn, and the way in which he came to discover the identity of the New York broker with the missing Placer City prisoner partakes largely of the romantic. He says that Ford himself has changed greatly in appearance—for at the time of his escape he was but a youth of nineteen—and it was only the striking resemblance of the son to the appearance of the father in the latter's youth that suggested to Mr. Beaver the possibility that Howard Trent and Bertrand Ford were one and the same person.

"He—Mr. Beaver—chanced to attend the preliminary contest at the Hercules Club a fortnight since, on which occasion, it may be remembered, young Trent won the honor of representing Brooklyn in the Inter State competition that came off last evening.

"Mr. Beaver states that he was fairly staggered at first by the apparent reappearance of the young prisoner of Placer City in the handsome youth who performed so gracefully in the Hercules gymnasium.

"The father was just such a good looking, lithe, nimble footed young fellow," he told the reporter, and the latter imagines that Mr. Beaver must have thought he had come across some such anomaly as a male She, a youth who remained perpetually young.

"He managed to obtain an interview with the young man, and by a few skillfully put questions ascertained that he was ignorant of his father's birthplace, and of all other facts respecting the latter's early life. These discoveries, together with investigations which Mr. Beaver subsequently made, convinced him that his suspicions were correct. He communicated his information to the police yesterday evening, and the arrest was made at once. Mr. Trent, or Bertrand Ford, as we suppose he should now be called, tacitly admitted the facts of the identity by giving himself up at once.

"As Howard Trent this—shall we say wonderful—man has lived in Brooklyn for the past fifteen years, and has gained the admiration and respect of all who knew him. His office is in the Mills Building, New York, and no breath of suspicion has ever been directed against him as regards business transactions.

"Before coming to Brooklyn he was in the lumber business in Albany, but further back than that no one seems able to trace his career, which, be its beginning what it may, has for many years past been a most exemplary one.

"On his wife and children the blow will fall most heavily. The former, a most lovely and accomplished woman, has been one of the leaders of society on the Heights for several seasons, while the daughter, a beautiful girl of eighteen, was to have made her debut during the coming Easter tide.

"The son Allan, already referred to, is a student at the Polytechnic, and would have been ready for college in the fall.

"Ford will be taken out to Placer City under a strong guard in the course of a day or two."

"Why, Arthur, what brings you down so early?"

Mrs. Seymour had entered the dining room just as her son read the last lines. He dropped the paper at the sound of her voice and looked up with such a shocked, horrified expression, that his mother was startled.

Instinctively he made a motion to hide the paper, then held it out with something like a groan, as he said: "Here, mother, everybody will know it soon. Poor Allan! I never dreamed it could be as bad as this."

He got up, walked to the end of the mantel-piece and leaned upon it with his head buried in his hands.

Mrs. Seymour had not been present at the previous evening's exhibition, and consequently her glance at the headlines in the paper her son handed her shocked her even more rudely than they had him.

"It cannot be true, mother, can it?" the latter lifted his head the next minute to say. "You have known Mrs. Trent a long while. Surely there would have been something queer come out about them before this if—"

But poor Mrs. Seymour was so dazed by the tidings that she could only gaze vacantly at the sheet before her and murmur over and over, "Poor Gladys, poor Gladys!"

Suddenly Arthur started up from the chair on which he had sunk with a great exclamation.

"Oh, idiot that I am! I half believe that I have had a hand in bringing about all this mischief! And I suspected something wrong at the time, and meant to have spoken to Al about it, and then forgot it."

"You, my son! What do you mean?" And Mrs. Seymour looked up in astonishment.

"Why, if it hadn't been for my chattering that night two weeks ago with those girls, perhaps this Paul Beaver—I'll bet he's a jail bird himself if the truth were known—wouldn't have found out so much about Mr. Trent. I remember his knocking against me two or three times trying to hear what I was saying."

"But Mr. Trent admits that he is—what they claim him to be," faltered Mrs. Seymour, picking up the paper again and referring to a paragraph on which her eye chanced to light.

"What could you have done against that? It was sure to come."

And for reply Arthur could but give another

smothered groan, and wonder if he would be the only friend who did not turn against the Trents now.

The Trents! He shuddered as another thought struck him. The name did not belong to the people he knew at all; even his chum, Allan, was not Allan Trent, but Allan Ford, the convict's son.

CHAPTER VII.

THE M., S. P. AND B. BONDS.

IT was an hour later the same morning. Almost every passer by along Columbia Heights in the direction of the bridge turned his head to gaze curiously at the imposing mansion whose owner was now behind the bolts and bars of Brooklyn's prison.

"Come to think, I always noticed something odd about the fellow," remarks one to his companion, "He never talked much, and yet everybody liked him."

"Perhaps that was the reason for it," is the laughing rejoinder, and the two pass on.

"Oh, Mrs. Upperton, I shudder when I recollect how we have all allowed our children to mix with that family," sighs one of two ladies, bound on an early shopping tour to New York. "You know that man was discovered just through the likeness his son bears to him, and if in outward appearance they are so much alike, it is all too probable that their inward tendencies are of the same fearful character. But look there! Isn't that young Seymour on the stoop? Is it possible he proposes to continue his intimacy with the family after this?"

It is well Arthur did not overhear these remarks. Had he done so his respect for woman might have been put to too severe a test, and his ready tongue have broken loose in a lecture on charity.

As soon as he had finished breakfast he had started out to show his chum that there was one friend at least, if there should be no more, who would stick by him through the deep waters that threatened to engulf all the bright hopes and possibilities of his budding manhood.

"I feel as if I was going into a house with a death in it," Arthur said to himself, as he stood there on the stoop waiting for the door to be opened.

This impression was not diminished when James, the butler, answered the bell.

"Heaven bless you for coming, Mr. Harthur!" the faithful servant burst out impulsively, when he saw who it was. "Master Hallan is just going out, but an 'adshake from you, sir, will 'earten 'im hup amazing."

"Where is he, James? Up in his room?"

"Yes, Mr. Harthur. Will you go straight hup?"

But already the boy was half way up the stairway.

Even the story teller is not privileged to intrude on some special occasions, so we must ask our readers to imagine what a meeting took place between the chums. Allan was pale, and showed to some extent the effects of the sleepless night he had passed; but there was a subdued fire in his gray eyes that betrayed the presence of an uncrushed spirit and a confidence that nothing could shake.

"James told me you were going out, Allan," said Seymour, after the first greetings, "so I won't sit down. But if there is anything I can do, just say the word, old fellow. If I could be of any use by going with you, for instance."

"I've got to go over to the office on a message for father," was the reply. "I'm coming straight back, and if you don't mind being seen—"

"Look here now, Al, don't you know me better than that?" sharply interposed Arthur. "Come, get on your coat, old fellow."

"We're to have the carriage, Art," said Allan, as they descended the stairs. "Everybody in the cars will be reading the morning papers, and—and I don't feel quite able to stand that."

Within ten minutes the two were rolling in the direction of Fulton Street in the brougham, towards which they could not but notice that many curious glances were directed both by sundry passing pedestrians, neighbors of the Trents, and by a few rug shaking housemaids, the latter of whom hesitated not to loudly call the attention of their sister servants to the "keridge of the man that was in Raymond Street Jail."

"One thing I want to say, Al," began Arthur, just before they reached the Sands Street terminus of the bridge. "Perhaps I'm blunt about it, but I can't help it. I feel that you ought to know it. I'm sure your father never did anything wrong. Even if he had, understand, I wouldn't 'shake' you. There's some mystery about the whole thing which will be explained some day, mark my words."

"That's what we are hoping and praying for," replied Allan in a low tone.

In about twenty minutes the carriage halted in front of the imposing entrance to the Mills Building on Broad Street.

"We'll be back in a very few minutes, Dave," said Allan to the coachman as they got out.

They passed under the elaborately carved gate, and were about to enter one of the four elevators at the rear end of the spacious corridor, when Arthur suddenly plucked his chum by the sleeve.

"Look there, Al," he whispered. "See that fellow that's just got out of that elevator over there? The one with the eye glasses and the side whiskers. He's the fellow that brought the policeman into the gymnasium last night, and who inquired a lot about you at the entertainment two weeks ago. He's the Paul Beaver

mentioned in the paper, isn't he? What is he doing here? Up to no good, I'll warrant."

"I wonder if he could have been up to father's office," muttered Allan. "But here's our car. We'll soon find out."

They stepped into the elevator and were soon in the broker's office. Ben, the office boy, was reading the morning paper with wide open mouth, while Mr. Chessman, the bookkeeper, was in the act of closing the safe.

They both looked up with indescribable expressions as Allan and his chum entered.

Poor Mr. Chessman was especially perplexed. What should he say, he wondered? Condolences seemed somehow out of place, and yet something more than a mere commonplace morning salutation seemed to be required.

Allan solved the difficulty for him by being so eager to find out about Paul Beaver that he excitedly burst out with the query: "Oh, Mr. Chessman, has a gentleman just been here—one with eye glasses and long side whiskers?"

"Yes, yes," replied the relieved clerk with alacrity. "He brought a note from your father."

"A note from father!" exclaimed Allan in astonishment. "Are you sure?"

"Here it is, sir," returned Chessman, in a somewhat nettled tone, and he took from the top of the safe a crumpled scrap of paper, bearing the following:

Open safe for bearer, to whom I have given directions for finding certain important private papers which I must have at once. HOWARD TRENT.

"That is certainly father's writing," murmured Allan in a wondering voice. Then turning again to the clerk, he went on hurriedly: "And you opened the safe for him of course. Did you see what he took? How long was he here?"

"Nearly half an hour, I should say. Ben found him here when he came to open the office. As Mr.—" (Chessman hesitated the briefest part of a second, then added the word "Trent" and went on) "said that the papers were private, I didn't watch to see what he selected. Why," his face taking on a sudden look of alarm, "you don't think there is anything wrong about it, do you? The gentleman was here the other day and had a talk with your father in his private office, and then this note, so I thought—"

"Just let me take a look in there," interposed Allan, pulling open the safe door and beginning to rummage through the pigeon holes.

"But I wouldn't know what's missing," he added the next minute, looking up. "You ought to be able to tell better, Chessman, and while you're looking, get a package of M., S. P. and B. securities. He said you were to have them sold this morning to meet that note and—but what's the matter?"

"They're gone. That man must have taken them," and Chessman, with a face as white as the pile of papers he held in his hand, rose from his knees and gazed towards the window as though he meditated dropping himself out of it in an effort to overtake his late caller.

"But perhaps your father sent him for them, Mr. Allan," he suggested faintly the next instant, frightened by the boy's wild look.

"No, he couldn't have done that," exclaimed the latter, adding: "I see it all now. That man has forged the letter just to get a chance to steal what he could. Quick, Arthur, perhaps we can catch him yet;" and without another word he rushed out, followed by his chum.

There are no bells attached to the elevators in the Mills Building, but small arrows move up and down a row of numbers corresponding with the different floors, indicating the location of each car as it ascends or descends.

It is not too much to assert that these silent signals were never watched by two more impatient individuals than were Allan and Arthur as they dashed off in pursuit of the man of whom they had caught a glimpse as they came in some ten minutes previous.

"I knew he was a villain," Arthur kept muttering, while poor Allan could not but repeat over and over: "There's only a chance in a million that we can find him."

Entering the elevator that at last arrived, they reached the ground floor inside of a minute, and then rushed for the sidewalk.

"We may find him in New Street in some of the broker's offices there," panted Allan, and with a cry to Dave to "wait," he dashed across Broad Street towards Exchange Place.

"Is—is it much of a loss?" Arthur wanted to know, between his long breaths, as he raced on beside him.

"They're worth two hundred thousand," replied Allan. "And that's not all. Part of the money had to go to meet a note—and now—if we don't get him—the Trent fortune as well as name—is gone."

(To be continued.)

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

THE BILL AND THE POET.

We print the following from the *Commercial Advertiser*, as a timely warning to such spring poets as propose to set themselves up in life as professional rhyme makers.

An all out at elbows poet by some freak of fortune came into possession of a five dollar bill. He called to a lad and said, "Johnny, take William and get it changed." "What do you mean by calling it 'William'?" inquired the wondering lad. "Why, John," replied the poet, "I am not sufficiently familiar with it to take the liberty of calling it 'Bill.'"

THE KETTLE'S SONG.

BY BARBARA DEANE.

Oh! there's bliss supreme in home, when its joys are pure and sweet,
And life's most sacred memories around the hearth-stone meet,
And the tenderest thoughts and saddest ones come borne upon the strain
Of the singing of the kettle as it hangs upon the crane.

Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, fast and slow;
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur
Soft and low.

[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 XXVIII.

THE DOCTOR CHANGES HIS MIND.

LITTLE Carl was fairly prostrated by the shock received from Hanks's abusive treatment.

Mr. Farrington, noticing this, very kindly sent out for his carriage, and had him taken to his uncle's house. After learning from Fred something of the boy's circumstances, and more fully of Hanks's cruelty to him, he dispatched a messenger to Dr. Dutton, requesting him to call and examine Carl, and administer such treatment as the case required.

The doctor found him very nervous, and so weak that he seemed almost exhausted. His aunt explained that he had been growing weaker for some time past, and that his extra exertion the previous night in going to Fred's house and studying was too much for him. The physician gave him a mild sedative to quiet his nerves, and then left him for the night.

The next day he called again, and found the boy feverish, and complaining that his back was very sensitive and painful.

"I am afraid he will have a fever," said Dr. Dutton to Mr. Farrington, when he called later in the day to learn of the boy's condition.

"I hope not, doctor," returned the latter; "but give him your best treatment. I have a great deal of sympathy for him now I know the sad story of his life."

"I shall certainly give him careful attention," answered the doctor, "but he has little strength to build on. Has his work been hard?"

"Not since Fred Worthington has been in the mill with him. Fred, I am informed, did much of the boy's work to help him along."

"I have heard a good deal of praise bestowed upon Fred for defending the little fellow from abuse," remarked the doctor.

"And it is justly due him, too. He is a brave and manly fellow, is Fred."

"I am glad to hear you speak well of him; but I thought he was a ruined boy, and guilty of several damaging charges."

"They are all groundless, I believe," replied Mr. Farrington, earnestly; "and I am surprised to find that you fall in with the general opinion without looking into the matter of his guilt or innocence."

"There isn't a chance for much doubt about that drunken affair, as he came to my house thoroughly intoxicated, and I took care of him for a time and then carried him home. Did you know of that?"

"Yes, I knew it some time ago; but do you know how he came to go to your house? That's the point to get at!"

"No, I do not. It has been a mystery to me ever since, but I never felt like asking him about it."

"You would, perhaps, be surprised to know who was the means of getting him drunk, and that the same fellow led him in that state to your door, purposely to disgrace him."

"You astonish me, Mr. Farrington! But tell me about it; perhaps I have judged the boy hastily. Who was the culprit?"

"I will tell you, with the understanding that you shall not repeat it, for it is Fred's wish that it shall not become known until the young scoundrel shows his own guilt by telling it."

"I promise to say nothing to any one."

"The culprit was Matthew De Vere, and he—"

"Who? Matthew De Vere! Impossible!"

"No, not impossible at all. Indeed, I haven't the slightest doubt of it. I have the story straight, and know from Dave all the circumstances that led to the result."

It is not surprising that the doctor was surprised and annoyed at this unexpected revelation, and it had more than ordinary significance to him, also, for this reason; he was fully aware of Matthew's decided preference for the society of his daughter Nellie. Of course it was but a boyish fancy at most; but what might not grow out of it? Did he not, in fact, during his own school days, form an attachment for one who afterwards became his wife?

In view of this, was it not rather a source of secret satisfaction to look ahead to the possibility of his daughter's future? Matthew's father was the most wealthy man in town, and president of the bank of which the doctor held a large amount of the stock. Matthew would probably succeed his father in business in a few years, and would not only be very rich, but

would be connected with a very desirable business—that of banking.

Doctor Dutton, like almost every other man, would have been proud to have his daughter become the wife of a wealthy and promising young man, and, so far as he knew, Matthew bade fair to become such. To be sure, people said he was a little wild, but that would wear away.

"He, of course, like many other boys, has to sow a few wild oats," said the doctor to himself, when he had been thinking of the subject, "but he will come out all right."

Herein the doctor erred in his judgment, for the sowing of "wild oats," so called, is never safe; and it has been the dangerous license granted to thousands and thousands of boys, which has caused their ruin.

Whatever a boy practices, becomes after a time a habit; and the rooting up of such a habit, however vicious and unbecoming, is a matter that requires no little attention and force of will. The average person finds himself unable to grapple successfully with what has at last become a second nature, thus proving beyond a peradventure that it is never safe to tamper with anything that is evil.

I would not wish to give the impression that Dr. Dutton knew how corrupt Matthew was. He simply overlooked the boy's evil tendency; but when he came to listen to Mr. Farrington's story, which went into the details and related in full all that occurred in the barroom, and then described the contemptibly mean trick of enticing Fred to his house with the promise of entering with him, it put quite another face on the matter. Moreover, it raised Fred to a height in the doctor's estimation which contrasted strongly with the depth to which Matthew sank.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PIECE OF EVIDENCE.

JACOB SIMMONS had received his first lesson at his new employment. Fred's ready way of imparting instruction did much to facilitate his progress. After the cloth was put on the machine and everything fixed for a long run, Fred left him to watch it and keep it in its proper place, while he went up to the other room to give attention to that portion of the business.

Once alone, he had a chance to think, unhindered by the presence of any one.

"What does it all mean?" he said to himself. "Mr. Simmons actually turned pale when he saw me—seemed stunned for a minute. Yes, he even stepped back as if he were afraid of me. There must be some cause for this," he meditated, "and I do wonder what it is."

The idea clung to him. The more he thought upon it and studied the man, the more he became impressed that something was wrong—that Mr. Simmons for some reason dreaded meeting him. What this cause could be was the question to be solved.

Not many days after Jacob commenced work in the factory, Fred made a discovery that at once aroused his suspicions and turned his thoughts in quite another direction, for previously he had believed that Jacob's aversion to him was due to some personal matter; but now he had a clew that led to a different belief, and one that might clear up a great mystery which had not long since thrown its shadow over himself.

"Do you know Mr. Simmons yet?" asked Fred of Jack Hickey.

"Well, I spakes to him now an'thin. But why de ye ask, me b'y?"

"I want you to do me a favor."

"Sure an' I will do that inny time for ye."

"Thank you, Jack. I want you to borrow Mr. Simmons's knife and manage to keep it till I can see it, but don't breathe a word of this to him or any one."

Jack promised secrecy, and went about making friends with Mr. Simmons. In due time he secured the knife, and when Jacob was out of the room, called Fred to him and handed him the desired article.

Our hero's face lighted up triumphantly as he took it and examined it closely.

"The very one," he exclaimed. "I knew it the minute I saw it in his hands," referring to Mr. Simmons.

"Is ye crazy?" asked Jack. "By St. Patrick, ye act as if ye had found an outd friend."

"Yes—or—I mean it is just the knife I want," answered Fred, coloring and trying to show less concern. "I wish you would buy it for me. I will pay whatever he asks, but don't let him know I want it."

"And what fer, me b'y, do ye want it so much?"

"I cannot tell you just yet."

"And why not?"

"You shall know all about it after a while, but I must say nothing now."

"Some mysthery about it, I'd sthake my reputashen."

"Well, I can't prevent your guessing about it, Jack. But don't fail to get for me."

"Sure and ye shall have it if he will take a decent price for it."

"Don't stand on the price," said Fred, whose anxiety to procure it was most manifest.

Jack was impressed by Fred's manner that the knife was wanted for some important evidence, and he argued that something must be wrong or Fred would go to Mr. Simmons himself and buy the knife if he wanted it simply for pocket use.

His curiosity was aroused, and his ingenuity was taxed to know how to get the knife without

arousing Jacob's suspicion, if there really was any secret attached to it.

He reasoned that possession was a strong point in his favor. He had it now, and finally decided to keep it if he could once get it home. He thought he could easily make some excuse to gain time. He had taken a great liking to Fred, and was willing to strain a point of propriety to serve him, and as there was a mystery surrounding the knife he felt impelled as well by his own curiosity to hold fast to it for the present.

As good luck would have it Jacob did not miss the knife before the closing hour that night. This enabled Jack to take it home with him, where he put it under a lock and key.

The next day he apologized to Mr. Simmons for leaving it at home, spoke of its being a superior knife, and finally touched upon the subject of buying it.

After much parleying he succeeded in effecting a trade, but had to pay down a handsome price. Jacob evidently felt some apprehension about letting it go, but four dollars looked so large to him that he could not let the offer pass unaccepted, especially as he thought he was getting the best of the bargain.

Jack informed Fred of his success. The latter was much pleased, and after thanking him for the favor, said:

"Now, Jack, I want you to examine the knife carefully before handing it to me. I want to be able to prove how it came into my possession. You may be called upon to testify that you bought it from Mr. Simmons, so you must be able to identify it positively."

CHAPTER XXX.

AN IMPORTANT PAPER.

DOCTOR DUTTON was a wealthy man and often loaned money to his neighbors on security. Jacob Simmons had recently built an extension to his house. This cost more money than he expected, as is usually the case, so he found himself cramped for funds.

He had not been in the factory long enough to draw any salary, and being forced to raise the money, he now came to Dr. Dutton to try and get it from him.

"What security can you give?" asked the doctor.

"I can give you my note," replied Mr. Simmons.

"With a mortgage?" suggested the doctor.

"No, I don't want to give a mortgage, but I have a certificate for two hundred dollars' worth of stock in the Central Valley Railroad;" taking a lot of papers from his pocketbook.

"Let me see it."

"It is among some of these papers;" sorting them in his lap. "Ah, here it is."

"Yes, this will do," said the doctor, after examining it closely. "Nellie, hand me my note book," he added, turning to his daughter.

She quickly placed the book in her father's hand, and he filled out a note for Mr. Simmons to sign. When this had been done the money was paid over, and Jacob left the house, feeling quite elated at his success in raising the money so easily.

Little did he think of the position in which he had placed himself through his careless handling of his papers, and of the trouble that would follow, not only to himself but to others whom he had promised to shield.

Soon after he had gone and the doctor had passed into another room, Nellie raised her eyes from the book she was reading and noticed a small piece of paper upon the floor near the chair where Mr. Simmons sat.

She picked it up, and glancing at it hastily, saw it contained Fred Worthington's name.

She could not refrain from reading it through, and as she read she shuddered with fear at the thought of what might have been.

She hastened to her father and mother with the paper for them to read.

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed the doctor, although he now knew something of Matthew De Vere's character. "Where did you get this?"

"I found it on the floor near where Mr. Simmons sat," replied Nellie.

"He must have accidentally dropped it in handling his papers."

"Yes, but isn't it awful?"

"It is, indeed, but there seems little doubt of its being genuine, as here are the names signed to it. Is this Matthew's writing?"

"Yes, I think so. It looks exactly like it," replied Nellie.

"It was a bold act of villainy, and his father should know it," continued the doctor, thoughtfully.

"I can't think Matthew is so bad as that shows," said Mrs. Dutton.

"Do you know the cause of their quarrel, Nellie?" asked her father.

She hesitated. The question was especially embarrassing to her.

"I think Matthew has some grudge against Fred," she replied, evading a direct answer.

"I should think he must have, and for what, I wonder?"

"Fred could tell you all about it, I think, if you would have him call this evening," said Nellie, artfully, both to save further questioning, and to have a pretext for inviting him to call. "He may know something about this paper."

"I think that would be the best plan," said Mrs. Dutton.

"Perhaps it would," answered her husband.

"I will write him a note, then, asking him to call this evening," ventured Nellie.

Her father nodded assent. This gave her a thrill of pleasure. At last she could invite Fred to call and could surprise him with the facts she had in her possession against his enemy.

During the afternoon Fred received a neatly written note from Nellie, simply asking him to call that evening. It was so brief, and so entirely unexpected, he was puzzled to know what it meant. At any rate, he was delighted at the thought of seeing his friend once more, and in her own home, too—let her object be what it would.

He concluded, after much speculation, that it must be favorable, for he could not imagine why she should want him to call if it were otherwise.

They hardly met since the night of the party, when they parted company at her home after a most enjoyable evening. Then each felt more than an ordinary regard for the friendship of the other, and doubtless little imagined that it would be so suddenly broken in upon by the suspicious circumstances that speedily surrounded Fred. This, together with De Vere's efforts to establish himself in Nellie's good opinion, had separated them.

Among all the trials and misfortunes that had come upon him, Fred found this change in Nellie's manner touched him in a way that nothing else had done. Why this should be so he was at a loss to know, for he had looked upon her simply as a friend.

And with Nellie, his absence for weeks, when she had seen him almost daily from childhood up, made her lonely. She wondered why she thought so often of him, and why she should have felt a sense of jealousy when he said Gracie was a better friend to him than she, and again when she called and told with such evident pleasure of Fred's triumph at the trial.

There also were the beautiful flowers he had sent, from which she selected a delicate white rose, which she had worn upon her breast till it withered, and then had pressed it in a book and put it carefully away where it would be preserved.

All of these thoughts occurred to her while she was sick at heart—all these, and many more, regarding Fred's kindness and agreeable manners. She thought of the party, of their delightful walk home after it was over, of the attention he had shown her and of the complimentary remark that she "had given him the pleasantest evening of his life."

Then she wondered why she should think of these things, "for he is nothing to me," she tried to persuade herself; but the thoughts seemed too deeply impressed upon her mind to be driven away, and clinging as they did they made their influence felt.

Yes, she admitted to herself that Fred's society was much more agreeable to her than that of any of the other boys—but why? Well, she began to suspect the cause, and if you had been her trusted friend, the one to whom she told her secrets—if she ever did so foolish a thing—she might have said in confidence that—well, never mind what she would have said, for being yet but a girl of sixteen she could only have called him a friend.

"Good evening, Fred. I am very glad to see you," said Nellie, as she opened the door and he stepped in.

"I am glad to hear you say so, and I am sure this is an unexpected pleasure to me," replied Fred, taking her proffered hand, which he retained longer than perhaps was really necessary.

"I hope then you will not find the call a stupid one."

"Oh, I have no fear of that."

"You must not be too sure, Fred, for father has just been summoned to attend a patient, and mother has a caller, so you will have to put up with my entertainment for a while," replied Nellie, showing him into the library.

"That will be most agreeable to me," returned Fred, taking a seat not far from his hostess.

"I shall try and not offend you, for you are such a stranger."

"Yes, it seems an age since I have seen you, Nellie," replied our young friend in a way that convinced her that he meant every word he said.

"Has it, really?"

"It has indeed."

"I was afraid you had almost forgotten me."

"Oh, no; I could not do that easily."

"Well, Fred, I am sure the time could not have seemed longer to you than it has to me," replied Nellie, after a pause, and dropping her eyes as she realized the expression she had thrown into the remark.

Fred's heart beat quicker.

"Have you really missed me?" he asked, feeling happier than he had for weeks.

"If you doubt what I say, how can I convince you?"

"No, no; I don't doubt you now, Nellie."

"Why do you say now? Have you ever doubted my word?"

"No, I did not mean that."

"I hope you will explain, so I shall not feel uncomfortable."

Fred hesitated, hardly knowing how to reply.

"Nellie, it seems like the old days to meet you again," he finally answered, "and I shrink from thinking of the past weeks when I could hardly help doubting nearly every one's friendship."

"I am so sorry for you, and I hope you will forgive me for not being more friendly," replied Nellie, tenderly.

"I forgive you cheerfully, though I did feel hurt at the time."

"I saw that only too plainly by your letter, which brought me to my senses; but it was unkind in me to do as I did."

"No, not exactly unkind, as nearly every one supposed me guilty."

"But I ought not to have been so hasty, for there are always two sides to a question, and I did not wait to hear yours."

"You have not heard it yet, and still you overlook the charge made against me."

"Of course I do."

"But it has never been explained away."

"Oh, that was not what troubled me, but—well, nothing ought to have troubled me," answered Nellie, slightly confused.

"The intoxication she means," thought Fred, and the color rose to his face.

Nellie observed this, and was sorry she had said what she did.

"As I wrote you, I could have explained it fully to you. I know what you mean."

"I did not intend to refer to that unfortunate affair," said Nellie, with sympathy.

"It pains me to think of it, but I shall be glad to have you understand it."

"It was a great surprise to me, Fred, and being right here seemed awful, but since receiving your letter I have suspected Matthew De Vere might have had something to do with it."

"Have you thought so?"

"Yes; was I right?"

"Yes, Nellie, you were; but I did wrong in following him."

"Will you not tell me all about it?"

Fred went over the matter of his intoxication, and explained everything truthfully, while Nellie listened with interest and astonishment.

(To be continued.)

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

HUNTING WILD HORSES.

See Illustration, page 252.

THERE can be few finer or more exhilarating sports than the hunting of wild horses, droves of which are still to be met with among the foothills of the Rockies, and the wide plains below them. They are not, like the nearly extinct buffaloes, the remnant of the original denizens of America; for the horse is not a native of this continent. They are descended from the animals that have from time to time escaped from captivity, and betaken themselves to the grassy prairies. Here they live in troops, conducted in their wanderings and battles by some old male who has gained the position of chief by superior strength and courage.

A herd of wild horses is a dreaded neighbor to ranchmen and farmers, as domesticated beasts are often enticed away by their free cousins. Hence the settlers often combine to hunt down the offenders.

The methods of the chase are graphically depicted in the large illustration on page 252 of this week's ARGOSY. The wild horses are timid and difficult to approach, but they do not usually flee far from their ordinary haunts. Thus, when a couple of horsemen have pursued the herd till their steeds are pretty well exhausted, it is generally easy for a second couple to take up the chase with fresh mounts.

In this way the herd is hunted down to a "dead beat" condition, when they lose their spirit, and readily submit to be hobbled and driven off into captivity.

POSTAL PUZZLES.

ALTHOUGH it is well for all to be extremely careful in the matter of addressing letters, it is nevertheless comforting to know that there are experts connected with the post office department who can decipher apparently the most obscure superscriptions. Of their ability the following specimens, from the *New York Times*, furnish conclusive proof:

Here is a copy of the words, half written, half printed, on an envelope received at the New York office from a far Western town.

New York House, 17 East 14th Street,
11 Bowerie Street London.

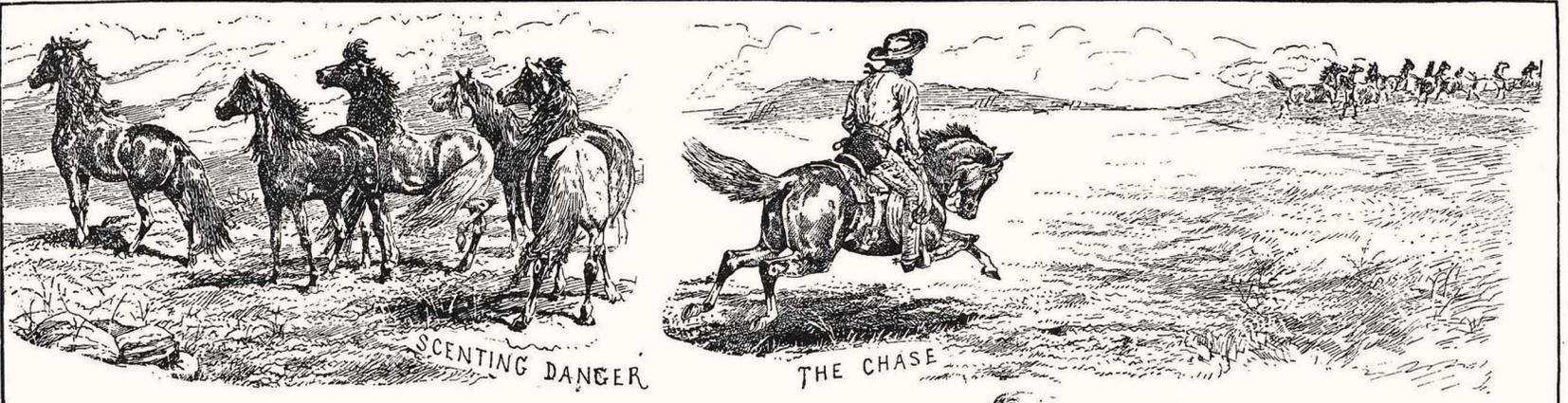
Not a word was there to indicate for whom the letter was or whether the person was in New York or London. It was finally ascertained that the writer wanted it to go to 17 East Fourteenth Street, and that the only reason why the sender had added the "Bowerie" line was that at 11 Bowerie Street, London, the New York house had a branch. It was easier to find the right person in that case than it was in the instance of the letter bearing this scrawl:

Mr. richard ficherls
No. 18 ander St.
New York.

The experts had searches made in various streets at houses numbered 18 for persons named Richard Fitzgerald, and at last found that the letter was destined for Dick & Fitzgerald, of 18 Ann Street. It is easy to see how the sender had imagined that though it might be proper to call a man "Dick" in familiar conversation, it was necessary to address him in formal correspondence as "Richard." Another illustration of a peculiar mental operation was found in a letter addressed from Bridgeport, Connecticut, in this fashion:

Messrs. Lord & Flannel,
New York.

Intuition, or some other wonderful faculty, prompted the post office people to send this to Lord & Taylor, the Broadway dry goods merchants. The writer had ordered some flannel, and inadvertently had put that word in his address instead of Taylor.



HOPE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

ETERNAL Hope! when yonder spheres sublime
Peal'd their first notes to sound the march of time,
Thy joyous youth began, but not to fade
When all thy sister planets had decay'd.
When wrapt in flames the clouds of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,
Thou, undimay'd, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

[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 XX.

IN AFGHANISTAN.

WHILE Raby that night dreamed trou-
bulously of the events of the day, a
soldier was sitting in his tent near
Kandahar, some four thousand or
more miles away, reading a letter.

He was an officer; his sword lay beside him
on the table, his boots were off, and a flannel
coat took the place of the regi-
mental jacket which lay beside
his saddle on the floor. If these
signs were not sufficient to prove
that for the time being he was
off duty, his attitude as he
loll'd back in his camp chair,
with his feet on the table con-
siderably above the level of his
chin, reading his letter by the
uncertain light of a lamp, would
have left little doubt on the
subject.

So engrossed indeed was he
that he was unaware of the
presence of his native servant in
the tent preparing supper, and
read aloud to himself.

The envelope of the letter,
which lay on the table, was a
foreign one, with an English
stamp, and addressed in a femi-
nine hand.

The soldier, having completed
his first perusal, turned back to
the beginning, reading partly to
himself, partly aloud.

"October 4th—three months
ago or more!—before she heard
of this business. 'You poor
dull darling, nice names to call
one's father! True enough,
though, at the time, it was
brutally dull at Simla—I can
fancy how you hate loafing
about all day with nothing to do
but try and keep cool and find a
place to sleep in where the flies
can't worry you.' Hum! Picture
of a soldier's life! A little dif-
ferent from the usual impression,
but not very wide of the mark
after all."

Then he read to himself for a
bit, something which made his
weather-beaten face soften, and
brought a sparkle to his eyes.

"Hum!" he went on, after
reading a little farther. "I
oughtn't to grumble; Uncle
Rimbolt is the kindest of pro-
tectors, and lets me have far too
many nice things. Aunt has a
far better idea of what a captain's daughter
should be. She doesn't spoil me. She's like a
sort of animated extinguisher, and whenever I
flicker up a bit she's down on me. I enjoy it,
and I think she is far better pleased that I give
her something to do than if I was awfully meek.
It all helps to pass the time till my dear old
captain comes home." Heigho! that means
she's miserable, and I'm not to guess it! I had
my doubts of Charlotte Rimbolt when I let her
go to Wildtree. Poor little Raby! she's no
match for an animated extinguisher!

"Percy," continued the letter, "is as lively
and full of 'dodges' as ever. He soon got
over his kidnaping adventure. Indeed, the
only difference it has made is that we have now
one, or rather two, new inmates at Wildtree,
for Uncle Rimbolt has employed Percy's rescuer
as his private librarian, and the dog has of
course taken up his abode here too. He is a
perfect darling! so handsome and clever! He
took to me the first moment I saw him, and he
would do anything for me." Really!" said the
father; "that's coming it rather strong, isn't it,
with the new librar—Oh, perhaps she means the
dog! Ha! ha! 'Aunt Rimbolt gets some fine
extinguisher practice with this newcomer, against
whom she has a most unaccountable prejudice.
He is very shy and gentlemanly, but I am sure
Percy never had a better friend. He has become
ever so much steadier.' Did you ever know
such letter writers as these girls are? Which
newcomer does she mean? The fellow who's a
perfect darling or the fellow who's shy and gen-
tlemanly? And which in the name of wonder is
the man and which the dog? Upon my word,
something awful might be going on and I
should be none the wiser! 'Julius nearly always
escorts me in my walks. He is such a dear
friendly fellow, and always carries my bag or

parasol. Aunt, of course, doesn't approve of
our being so devoted to one another, for she
looks upon Julius as an interloper; but it doesn't
matter much to us. Percy often comes with us,
but Julius rather resents a third person. He
thinks—so do I, much as I like Percy—that
two are company and three are none."

Major Atherton—for the soldier was no other
—leaned back in his chair and fanned himself
with the letter.

"All I can say is," he muttered, "the sooner
we go into Kandahar and are paid off home the
better."

"What's that you're saying about Kandahar,
old boy?" said a voice at the door of the tent,
and there entered a handsome, jaunty looking
officer of about Atherton's age.

"That you, Forrester? Come in. I've just
had a letter from my little girl."

A shade crossed Captain Forrester's cheery
face.

"Your luck, my dear boy. I haven't had a
line."

"Perhaps there's a letter for you at head-
quarters."

"I doubt it. But don't talk about it. How's
your girl flourishing?"

"Upon my honor, she seems to be a little too
flourishing," said the major, taking up his letter
with a look of puzzled concern. "You may be
a better English scholar than I am, Forrester,
and be able to make head or tail of this. As far

Major Atherton took up the letter again and
glanced through it, and a light began to break
on his puzzled countenance.

"Then," said he, "the fellow who's handsome
and clever and a perfect darling is—"

"Is the bow wow. And the fellow who's
hunted looking and not allowed in the drawing
room is his master."

Major Atherton resumed his chair, and once
more planted his feet on the table.

"That is a way of putting it, certainly. If
so, it's a relief."

"My dear boy, keep your eyes on that libra-
rian, or he may change places with the dog in
double quick time."

The major laughed, and a pause ensued. Then
Forrester said,

"Two or three days more and we ought to be
in Kandahar."

"We are to have a stiff brush or two before
we get there," said the major; "any hour now
may bring us to close quarters."

There was another pause. Captain Forrester
fidgeted about uneasily, and presently said,

"It's possible, old man, only one of us may
get through. If I am the one who is left behind,
will you promise me something?"

"You know I will."

"That boy of mine, Atherton, is somewhere.
I'm as sure of it as that I'm sitting here. He's
vanished. My letters to Grangerham cannot all
have miscarried, and they certainly have none of

dog and his master. Rimbolt's a bookworm
and doesn't see what goes on under his nose,
and her aunt, as she says, is an animated ex-
tinguisher. It always puzzled me how Rimbolt
came to marry Charlotte Halgrove."

"Halgrove? Was she the sister of your old
college friend?"

"Yes, Rimbolt, Halgrove, and I were insepa-
rable when we were at Oxford. Did I ever tell
you of our walking in the lakes? We ruled a
bee line across the map with a ruler and walked
along it, neck or nothing. Of course, you know
about it. We've sobered down since then. Rim-
bolt married Halgrove's sister, and I married
Rimbolt's. I had no sister, so Halgrove re-
mained a bachelor."

"What became of him?"

"I fancy he made a mess of it, poor fellow.
He went in for finance and it was too much for
him. Not that he lost his money; but he be-
came a little too smart. He dropped a hundred
or two of mine, and a good deal more of Rim-
bolt's—but he could spare it. The last I heard
of him was about twelve years ago. He had a
partner called Jeffreys; a stupid honest sort of
fellow who believed in him. I had a newspaper
sent me with an account of an inquest on poor
Jeffreys, who had gone out of his mind after
some heavy losses. There was no special reason
to connect Halgrove with the losses, except that
Jeffreys would never have dreamed of speculat-
ing if he hadn't been led on. And it's only fair
to Halgrove to say that after the
event he offered to take charge
of Jeffreys's boy, at that time
eight years old. That shows
there was some good in him."

"Unless," suggested Captain
Forrester, "there was some
money along with the boy."

"Well, I dare say if he's alive
still Rimbolt will know some-
thing of him; so I may come
across him yet," said the major,
and there the conversation
ended.

CHAPTER XXI.

A BRUSH NEAR KANDAHAR.

MAJOR ATHERTON'S
prophecy of a brush
with the enemy was
not long in being ful-
filled.

Early the next day the expedi-
tionary force was ordered for-
ward, the cavalry regiment in
which the two friends were
officers being sent ahead to re-
connoiter and clear the passes.

The march lay for some dis-
tance along a rocky valley, al-
most desolate of habitations, and
at parts so cumbered with rocks
and stones as to be scarcely pas-
sable by the horses, still less by
the artillery which struggled
forward in front of the main body.
The rocks on the right bank
towered to a vast height, break-
ing here and there into a gorge
which admitted some mountain
stream down into the river be-
low, and less frequently falling
back to make way for a wild
saddleback pass into the plains
above.

Along such a course every
step was perilous, for the enemy
had already been reported as
hovering at the back of these
ugly rocks, and might show their
teeth at any moment.

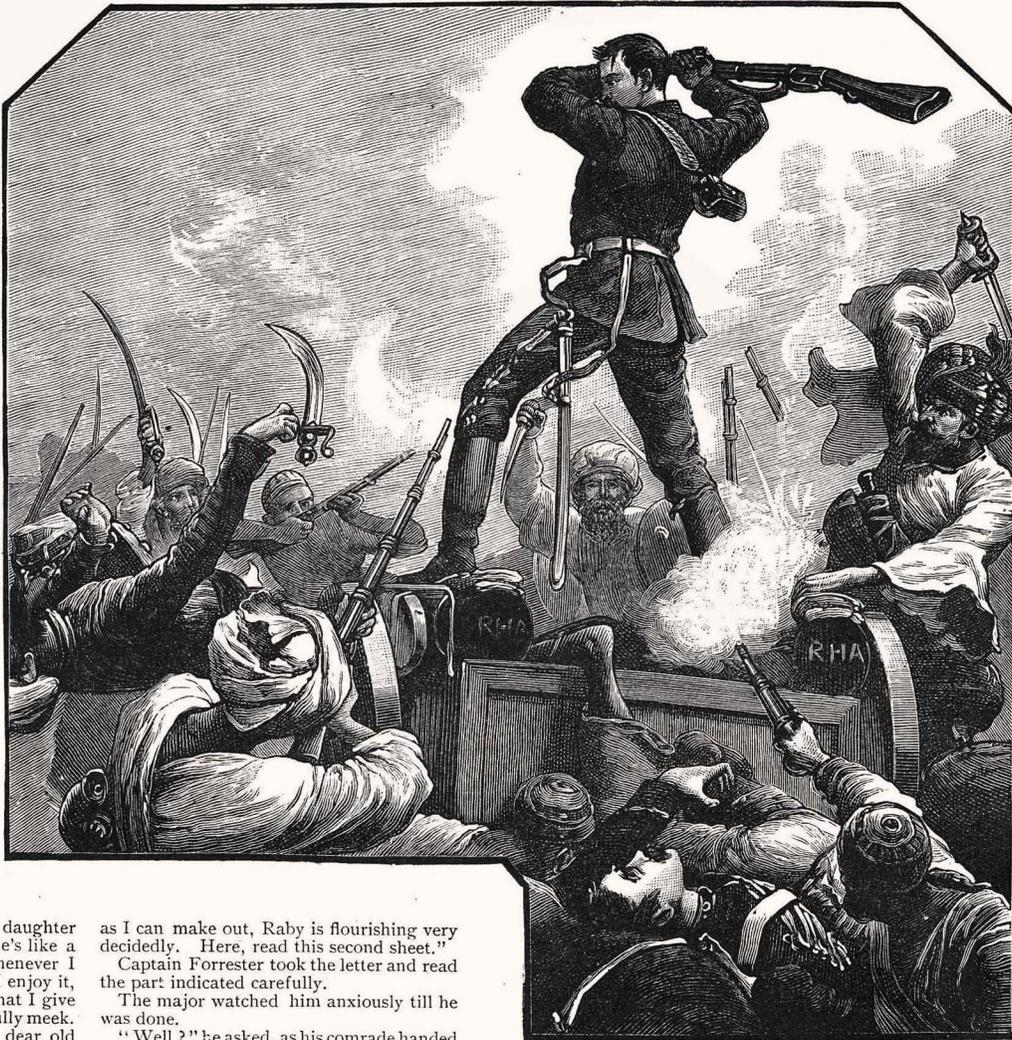
For an hour or two, however,
the march continued uninterr-
upted. The few scattered Af-
ghans who had appeared for
a moment on the heights above
had fallen back after exchang-
ing shots, with no attempt at
serious resistance. The main
body had been halted in the
valley awaiting the return of the
scouts. The horses had been
unharnessed from the guns, and
the officers were snatching a hurried meal, when
Captain Forrester at the head of a few troopers
scampered into the lines. The news instantly
spread that the enemy had been seen ahead,
and was even then being chased by the cavalry
upon one of the defiles to the right.

Instantly, and without even waiting for
the word of command, every man was in his place
ready to go on. The guns, with Captain For-
rester's troop as escort, dashed forward to hold
the defile; while the main body, divided into
two divisions—one to follow the guns, the other
to reach the plain above by a nearer pass—
started forward into action.

The cavalry, meanwhile, with Major Atherton
at their head, were already engaged in a hot
scrimmage.

Following their usual tactics, the Afghans,
after exchanging shots at the entrance of the
pass, had wheeled about and dashed through
the defile, with the English at their heels. Then
suddenly turning as they reached the plain be-
yond, they faced round on their pursuers, not
yet clear of the rocky gorge. In the present
instance, however, when within about a hundred
yards of the head of the column, they wheeled
round again, and once more bolted into the
open.

A stern chase ensued over the rough, broken



THE BATTLE FOR THE GUN.

as I can make out, Raby is flourishing very
decidedly. Here, read this second sheet."

Captain Forrester took the letter and read
the part indicated carefully.

The major watched him anxiously till he
was done.

"Well?" he asked, as his comrade handed
it back.

"It seems to be a case," said the latter.

"That's what I thought. I don't like
that carrying her parasol, and telling the
boy that two are company and three are none."

Captain Forrester burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, you glorious old donkey, that's the
dog!"

"Nonsense; she'd never say a dog was shy
and gentlemanly, and looked as if he'd had a lot
of trouble."

"No," said the captain, holding his sides,
"that's the librarian."

"Who—the fellow Julius she talks about?"
asked the major, beginning to feel very warm.

"The fellow Julius! Why, Julius is the dog!"
The major rose from his seat in agitation and
stood before his friend.

"Forrester," said he, solemnly, "as soon as
I see the joke, I'll laugh."

Captain Forrester held gallantly on to his
chair to prevent falling off; and the native with-
out, hearing his shouts, looked in at the door to
see what the sahib wanted.

"My dear fellow," said he at last, "I begin to
think I know more than you. Can't you see
this daughter of yours is decidedly interested in
this young protege of her uncle's?"

"Most decidedly I see that."

"And that in order to throw dust in your
fatherly old eyes, she makes a great gush about
the dog Julius and says hardly a word about the
master, whose name does not appear?"

them been answered. My mother in law, as I
told you, died in the south of England. The
boy may have been with her, or left behind in
Grangerham, or he may be anywhere. I told
you of the letter I had from the school?"

"Yes; he had had an accident and gone
home damaged—crippled in fact."

"Yes," said Captain Forrester, with a groan,
"crippled—and perhaps lost without a friend."

"You want me to promise to find him if you
are not there to do it, and be a father to him.
You needn't ask it, old man, for I promise."

"I've nothing to leave him," said Captain
Forrester, "except my sword and this
watch—"

"And the good name of a gallant soldier. I
will, if it is left to me to do it, take the boy all
three."

"Thanks, Atherton. You know that I would
do the same by you, old fellow."

"You may have the chance. That girl of
mine, you know," added the major, with a
tremble in his voice, "would have what little I
have saved, which is not much. She's a good
girl; but she would need a protector if I was not
there."

"She shall have it," said his friend.

"I'm not sure that she's happy at Wildtree,"
continued the father, with a smile, "despite the

ground, the enemy now and then making a show of halting, but as often giving way and tempting the cavalry farther out into the plain.

The Afghans numbered only about two hundred horse-men, but it was quite evident from their tactics that they had a much larger body in reserve, and Major Atherton was decidedly perplexed as to what he should do. For if he pursued them too far he might be cut off from his own men; if, on the other hand, he made a dash and rode them down before they could get clear, he might cut them off from their main body, and so clip the enemy's wings.

The enemy settled the question for him. Just as he was looking round for the first sign of Forrester and the guns in the pass, the plain suddenly swarmed with Afghans. From every quarter they bore down on him, horse and foot, and even guns, seeming almost to spring, like the teeth of Cadmus, from the earth.

It was no time for hesitation or doubt. Retreat was out of the question. Equally hopeless was it to warn the troops who were coming up. There was nothing for it but to stand at bay till the main body came up, and then, if they were left to do it, fight their way out and join forces.

The major therefore brought his men to a corner of the rocks, where on two sides, at any rate, attack would be difficult; and there, ordering them to dismount and form square, stood grimly.

A cruel half hour followed. Man after man of that little band went down before the dropping fire of the enemy. Had the guns been able to command the position they would have fallen by tens and scores. Major Atherton, in the middle of the square, had his horse shot under him before five minutes was past. Alas! there was no lack of empty saddles to supply the loss, for before a quarter of an hour had gone by, out of a dozen officers scarcely half remained.

Still they stood, waiting for the first boom of the guns at the head of the pass, and often tempted to break away from their post and die fighting. For of all a soldier's duties, that of standing still under fire is the hardest.

Captain Forrester, dashing up the defile at the head of the artillery, had been prepared to find a lively skirmish in progress between his own comrades and the handful of Afghans who were luring them on. But when, on emerging upon the plain, he found himself and the guns more than half surrounded by the enemy, and no sign anywhere of Atherton, he felt that the "brush" was likely to be a very stiff one.

The Afghans had set their hearts on those guns, that was evident by the wild triumphant yell with which they charged down on them. Forrester had barely time to order a halt and swing the foremost gun into action when a pell mell scrimmage was going on in the very midst of the gunners. The first shot fired wildly did little or no execution, but it warned Atherton that his time was come, and signaled to the troops still toiling up the pass what to expect when they got through.

That fight round the guns was the most desperate of the day. The Afghans knew that to capture them as they stood meant the certain annihilation of the British troops as they defiled into the plain. Forrester knew it too.

Unlike Atherton, he had no protected sides. The enemy was all round him. The little troop at his command was barely able to cover one side of the square; and the gunners, obliged to fight hand to hand where they stood, were powerless to advance a step. Every moment was golden. Already a distant bugle note announced that Atherton's Horse had broken loose, and were somewhere within reach—probably cutting their way towards the guns. And within a few minutes the head of the column ascending the defile would also come upon the scene. Hold the guns till then, and all might yet be safe.

So decided Captain Forrester, as with a cheery smile on his handsome face he shouted to his men to hold out, and fought like a lion beside the foremost gun.

The Afghans, baffled by the stubborn resistance, and aware of the danger of delay, hurled themselves upon that devoted little band with a fury before which nothing could stand. Man after man dropped across his gun; but still Forrester shouted to his men and swung his saber. It was no time for counting heads. He hardly knew whether when he shouted, thirty, or twenty, or only ten shouted back. All he knew was the enemy had not got the guns yet, and that was sufficient.

A bugle! Five minutes more and they might still laugh at the foe. The bugle note came from Atherton's men, who at the first sound of the gun had vaulted with a cheer to their horses and dashed towards the sound. Many a brave comrade they left behind them, and many more dropped right and left as they cut their way forward. Atherton at their head peered eagerly through the dust and smoke. All he could see was a surging mass of human beings, in the midst of which it was impossible to discern anything but the flash of sabers, and at one spot a few British helmets among the turbans of the enemy. That was enough for Major Atherton. Towards that spot he waved on his men, and ordered his bugler to sound a rousing signal. The bugler obeyed and fell at the major's side before the note had well ceased.

The struggle round the guns increased and blackened. One after another the British helmets went down, and the wild shouts of the Afghans rose triumphantly above them.

At length Atherton saw a tall figure, bare-headed, and black with smoke, spring upon a

gun carriage, and with the butt end of a carbine fell two or three of the enemy who scrambled up to dislodge him.

Atherton knew that form among a thousand, and he knew too that Forrester was making his last stand.

"Cheer, men, and come on!" cried he to his men, rising to his stirrups and leading the shout.

The head of the column, just then emerging from the gorge, heard that shout, and answered it with a bugle flourish as they fixed bayonets and rushed forward to charge. At the same moment a cheer and the boom of a gun on the left proclaimed that the other half of the column had at that moment reached the plain and were also bearing down on the enemy's flank.

But Atherton saw and heeded nothing but that tall, heroic figure on the carriage. At the first sound of the troopers' shout Forrester had turned his head, smiling, and raised his carbine aloft, as though to wave answer to the cheer. So he stood for a moment. Then he reeled and fell back upon the gun he had saved.

CHAPTER XXII.

AFTER THE RESCUE.

SCARFE, on the return of the skating party to Wildtree, found himself the hero of the hour.

Whether the risk he ran in rescuing his old schoolfellow from his icy bath had been great or small, it had resulted in saving Jeffrey's life, and that was quite sufficient to make a hero of him. Percy, easily impressed by the daring of any one else, and quite overlooking his own share in the rescue, was loud in his praises.

"How jolly proud you must feel!" said he. "I know I should if I'd saved a fellow's life. That's never my luck!"

"You lent a hand," said Scarfe, with the complacency of one who can afford to be modest.

And, to do Scarfe justice, until he heard himself credited with the lion's share of the rescue he had been a little doubtful in his own mind as to how much of it he might justly claim.

"Oh," said Percy, "a lot I did! You might as well say Raby lent a hand by lending Jeff her shawl."

"I was the cause of it all," said Raby. "But you forget dear old Julius; I'm sure he lent a hand."

"The dog was rather in the way than otherwise," said Scarfe; "dogs always are on the ice."

Jeffreys, as he walked silently beside them, could afford to smile at this last remark. But in other respects he found little cause for smiling. He was not yet a purified being, and even the peril he had been in had not put out the fires of pride and temper that lurked within him.

It now stung him with an unspeakable misery to find that he was supposed to owe his life to one whom he so thoroughly mistrusted and dreaded as Scarfe. He persuaded himself that it was all a delusion—that he could easily have extricated himself without anybody's aid but that of faithful Julius; that Scarfe had run absolutely no risk in crawling out to him on the ladder; that, in short, he owed him nothing—if, indeed, he did not owe him resentment for allowing himself to be credited with a service which he had no right to claim.

Ungrateful and unreasonable, you will say, and certainly not betokening a proper spirit in one so recently in great danger. Jeffreys, as he walked moodily along, was neither in a grateful nor reasonable mood, nor did he feel chastened in spirit; and that being so, he was too honest to pretend to be what he was not.

To any one less interested, there was something amusing in the manner in which Scarfe took his new and unexpected glory.

At first he seemed to regard it doubtfully, and combated it by one or two modest protestations. Then, becoming more used to the idea, it pleased him to talk a little about the adventure, and encourage the others to recall the scene. After that it seemed natural to him to be a little languid and done up by his exertions, and, as a hero, to establish a claim on Raby's admiration. And finally, being quite convinced he was a hero of the first water, he regarded Jeffreys with condescension, and felt a little surprised that he should remain both silent and, apparently, disdainful.

Thus they reached Wildtree.

A vague rumor of the adventure had already spread before them. Mrs. Rimbolt, from a lofty mound in the park which commanded a distant view of the lake, had, with a field glass, perceived what seemed to her to be a stretcher being rapidly conveyed across the ice. "That was enough for her. It could mean nothing else than that Percy had perished in an icy grave, and with that conviction she had rushed back to the house and given an alarm. Walker and Appleby were turned out to search, the horses were put into the family coach, Mr. Rimbolt, absent somewhere in the grounds, was hunted for, Mrs. Scarfe was aroused from an invalid's afternoon slumber, and Mrs. Rimbolt, herself arrayed—whether intentionally or by chance—in a black cloak and bonnet, was awaiting the carriage hysterically on the doorstep, when the skating party, headed by Percy, strolled gaily up the drive.

"Hullo, ma! Where are you off to—to a funeral? Look here, I say, we've had no end of a go, down on the ice! Poor old Jeff fell in, a regular cropper, and nearly got drowned, only we got a ladder, and old Scarfe here, like a plucky chap as he is, went and forked him out!

It was a squeak, I can tell you, for old Jeff was as cold as anything when he got landed, and chattering like a bag of bones. Weren't you, Jeff—where is he?"

Jeffreys had not awaited the end of this narrative, but seeking his own room had shut himself in and flung himself on his chair in about as miserable a frame of mind as he had ever been in.

He was soaked through and still half numb with cold. Raby's shawl, which he had used as a muff to coax back the circulation to his hands, was soaked too. He had lost a boot in the water, and the makeshift sandal which he had constructed to enable him to walk home had cut his foot and lamed him. But he cared for none of these things; nor did Percy's lavish applause of Scarfe, or Raby's assent to it, much afflict him. What did it matter to him?

But what had goaded him beyond all bearing was the look of complacent condescension on Scarfe's face when he said in an aside, as they came in view of Wildtree:

"I'm not sorry we went on this expedition, Jeff."

"My name is Jeffreys," he had answered, in a voice which he could hardly command to steadiness.

"Poor fellow!" had been the forgiving reply. How long Jeffreys sat brooding on his chair that afternoon he could not tell. It was getting dark when Walker knocked at the door and entered with a tray.

"So you've had a ducking, Mr. Jeffreys," he began; "wonderful cold in the lake, wasn't it?"

"It was, Walker; but if you don't object I prefer to warm myself alone."

"That's not the way to warm yourself, sitting there in your wet things, shivering enough to shake the house. Why don't you go to bed?"

"So I shall in due time."

"It's a good job there's others to look after you besides yourself," said Walker, "or else you'd not have seen this cup of hot tea and these cutlets."

"It's very kind of Mrs. Spigot to send it," said Jeffreys.

"But it's not Mrs. Spigot," said Walker, with a chuckle; "she'd have sent you something stronger than hot tea if it was left to her. No, sir; this tea comes from the silver urn."

"Mrs. Rimbolt, I suppose, then. I'm much obliged to her."

"You're all astray with your guessing today, Mr. Jeffreys," said the butler. "It was Miss Raby sent it. 'Walker,' says she, 'you ought to see Mr. Jeffreys gets some dry things, he has been in the lake,' says she, 'and doesn't know how to take care of himself; he's sure to forget to get anything to eat till he's reminded,' says she. So you'd better mind yourself, Mr. Jeffreys. I've lit a fire in your bedroom and put some dry things there. But if you take my advice you'll get between the blankets when you've had this."

"Thanks, very much, Walker," said Jeffreys, with a warm glow already reviving him. "It is most kind of Miss Atherton."

"It's like her, that's what it is," said Walker. "She's always kind to us on the staff. You see, sir, being herself in a kind of way—"

"Yes; don't you think the cutlets are getting cold, Walker? I think I'll have them in the bedroom beside the fire. Thank you for bringing them up."

Jeffreys really did enjoy that meal. It was not so much that he was hungry and cold, or that the fire and dry clothes were a refreshing accompaniment, or that the tea and cutlets were excellent. All these, no doubt, contributed to the contentment with which he partook of them, but a still greater relish was in Walker's words and the little history they involved. So he ate and was comforted, and for a time even forgot Scarfe.

Then, feeling disinclined for early bed, he went down to the library and resumed his work there as if nothing had happened.

Down stairs, meanwhile, a very different scene was being enacted.

Mrs. Rimbolt, in the revulsion of discovering that her son was not dead, and had not even been in the water, began to feel herself badly used, and evinced a decided readiness to blame somebody for the fright she had had.

As Raby was beforehand with her in blaming herself, the wind was taken out of Mrs. Rimbolt's sails in that quarter, even had she been disposed to let out in that direction. But it was so much more convenient and natural to blame Jeffreys, that the good lady was never in a moment's doubt on the subject.

"How excessively careless of him," said she; "the very one of the party, too, whom we expected to keep out of danger. It is a mercy every one of you was not drowned."

"It's a mercy he wasn't drowned himself," said Percy; "so he would have been if it hadn't been for Scarfe."

"It was a very noble thing of Mr. Scarfe," said Mrs. Rimbolt. "I'm sure, Louisa, my dear, you must be proud of your boy."

"He jolly well deserves a Royal Humane medal!" put in Percy, "and I mean to write and get him one."

"Don't be a young duffer," said the hero, by no means displeased at the threat; "they would laugh at the notion."

"Would they? If they didn't give you one we'd make them laugh on the wrong side of their faces. I know that!" replied the boy.

"You know, auntie, it was I broke the ice," said Raby. "Mr. Jeffreys did not come to that part till he heard it crack."

"That is the ridiculously foolish part of it; he might have known that he ought to keep off it when he heard it crack. Any sensible person would."

"Perhaps," said Raby, coloring, "he imagined I was in danger."

"You are a foolish child, Raby, to talk such nonsense, and should be thankful it was not you who fell in. I hope, Mr. Scarfe," added she, "that Mr. Jeffreys is grateful to you for your heroic service to him."

"There is nothing to be grateful for," said Scarfe, in an off hand way; "indeed I am afraid Jeffreys is rather offended with me for what I have done than otherwise."

"He could not be so base, my boy," said his mother, "when he owes you his life."

"After all," said Scarfe, with interesting resignation, "it really does not matter. All I know is, if it were all to happen over again I should do just the same thing."

With which noble sentiment the hero was borne off to his room, where a hot bath, warm clothing, a rousing fire and steaming cordials somewhat consoled him for his self sacrificing exertions.

After dinner Mrs. Rimbolt could not resist the gratification of seeing honor done to her guest by the object of his heroism; a project which was the more easy of accomplishment as Mr. Rimbolt was from home on that particular evening.

Jeffreys, just beginning to recover himself by the aid of a little hard work, was petrified by Walker's announcement that "the mistress desired that Mr. Jeffreys would step into the drawing room."

His good breeding was sorely taxed to find an excuse. He was indisposed, certainly; but if he could work in the library he could bow and scrape in the drawing room. Mr. Rimbolt, too, was away, and to insult his wife in his absence seemed both cowardly and mean.

"I'll come presently," said he to Walker; and nerved himself desperately for the ordeal.

(To be continued.)

THE BEGGARS' PARADISE.

BEGGING as a profession is carried on in nearly all our large cities, but it is a consolation to know that it is not as well organized a trade here as in France, where a paper, published twice a week in Paris, devotes itself exclusively to the interests of beggars. It is called the *Journal des Mendicants* (Beggars' Journal), and makes a specialty of announcing the best localities at which to solicit alms. A German contemporary furnishes us with some specimens of these singular advertisements.

"Tomorrow at noon the funeral service of a very wealthy man will be held at the Madeleine."

"At one o'clock a very fashionable wedding at Trinity Church."

"Wanted, a blind man who can play the flute."

"Wanted to engage, a cripple for a seaside resort. Good references and a small deposit required."

This last announcement is not by any means to be regarded as a hoax. At the seaside the plundering of the visitors is carried to extremes with genuine French refinement. They are robbed by the excessive hotel charges, high fees to porters, and the little gambling booths in the casinos. But this is not all. The proprietors of hotels and lodging houses assume quite correctly that the visitors would be disposed to give alms if an opportunity were afforded them, and as they cannot very well do the begging themselves they engage professional beggars to whom they grant permission to solicit alms on their premises, and who in return pay them one half of their daily receipts. The above advertisement has reference to an arrangement of this kind.

MARVELOUS MONKEYS.

AMERICAN CURIOSITY has been aroused at intervals during the past six months by reports of a wonderful monkey show that was to be brought to this country during 1888. If it is at all like the one described below to a New York *Sun* reporter, it must be indeed worth seeing.

The narrator of these marvels was a recently arrived cloth merchant from Calcutta, where the monkey circus was exhibiting when he left.

Fifty monkeys dressed as men and women are the sole performers, and their perfect imitation of human beings on the train, in horse cars, at hotels, and out driving is simply wonderful. Monkey ticket agents sell tickets to passengers by a train with a monkey engineer and conductor. Monkey policeman make an arrest and club the prisoner, while a monkey waiter at a hotel, serving guests, opens wine, and drinks half the bottle himself behind the guest's chair.

TRICYCLING BY STEAM.

It might be supposed that cycling had already its full share of dangers in the wide variety of "headers," tumbles, falls and slips that may be experienced at the shortest notice. Why the chances of being blown into small atoms on striking the first pebble should be added to the gauntlet of perils a wheelman has to run, is a question that will doubtless cause deep discussion in the offices of the life and accident insurance companies, after reading the subjoined announcement, which we find in the New York *Telegram*:

The latest patented improvement in "cycles" is a tricycle that is run by steam. An exchange describing this curious device says that underneath the seat of the cycle is a small boiler, the steam in which is generated by a set of kerosene lamps so arranged as not to be affected by currents of air or jarring. There are distinct treadles for the feet that may be used in case the boiler becomes exhausted or the machinery from any cause does not work.

TRUTH WILL NOT ALWAYS OUT.

ONE of the world's famous historians is the German, Leopold Von Ranke. He is especially renowned for the care which he takes to be certain of all his facts before he states them, or when that is not possible, for his frankness in avowing his doubts. This caution and impartiality (which might be commended, by the way, to reporters on our daily papers), was due in a great measure, says a writer in Chambers' Journal, to an accident that occurred in his native town when he began to collect facts for one of his works.

A bridge gave way one morning, and some persons were swept away in the current beneath. Von Ranke, who was absent at the time, on his return inquired into the details of the catastrophe. "I saw the bridge fall," said one of the neighbors. "A heavy wagon had just passed over it and weakened it. Two women were on it when it fell, and a soldier on a white horse." "I saw it fall," declared another, "but the wagon had passed over it two hours previous. The foot passengers were children, and the rider was a civilian on a black horse." "Now," argued Von Ranke, "if it is impossible to learn the truth about an accident which happened at broad noonday only twenty four hours ago, how can I declare any fact to be certain which is shrouded in the darkness of ten centuries?"

"Tell me not in mournful numbers, Life is but a dream." And yet it is, when all the marrow is taken out of it by some dread disease like consumption, that neglected, means certain death; catarrh and bronchitis both distressing, and often leading to consumption, or like liver complaints or scrofula, which too often make those afflicted feel that life is empty. But these can all be cured. The use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," the great blood, lung and liver remedy, does away with "mournful numbers," brings back lost health, and fills life full of dreams of happiness and prosperity. Druggists sell it.—Adv.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—Feliz A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.—Adv.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

CATARRH CURED

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.—Adv.

"I want to thank you," writes a young man to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., "for placing me in a position by which I am enabled to make money faster than I ever did before." This is but a sample extract of the many hundred of similar letters received by the above firm. See their advertisement in another column.—Adv.

FREE SAMPLES. Elegant hidden name cards No postals. P. O. BOX 2633, New York

Facial Blemishes. Send stamp for 50 page book. DR. J. WOODBURY, Albany, N.Y.

25 White Dove Hidden Name Card Samples and 100 New Scrap Pictures 5c. S. M. Foote, Northford, Ct.

500 Foreign Stamps, Australia, etc., 10c.; 110 varieties 10c. F. P. VINCENT, Chatham, N. Y.

PHOTO OUTFITS complete for \$2.50. Circular free. Wm. Stonebridge, Monroe Ave., N.Y.

SOLID GOLD and Rolled Gold Rings, Jewelry, Novelties, &c. ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 2c. stamp for particulars. Aetna Co., Northford, Conn.

20 New Hidden Name Cards, 10c. 100 Album Verses, 10c. Popular Songs and Sent. FREE with every order. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

1 Scarf or Lace Pin, 1 Stone Ring, 1 Chased Band Ring, 275 Scrap Pictures & Verses, & Elegant Samples, 10c. F. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

STAMPS. 5 Argentine, 10c.; 3 B. N. Borneo, 10c.; 4 B. & O. Tel., 5c.; 5 Cape G., 6c.; 4 Dutch Ind., 6c.; 4 Finland, 4c.; 5 Italy, unpa., 7c.; 7 Italy, 2c., pro. 10c.; 5 Jamaica, 3c.; 6 Malta, 35c.; 3 Orange F. S., 6c.; 8 Russia, 5c.; 4 Servia, 7c.; 3 Thuru & T., 6c. Agents wanted. 30 per cent. com. on sheets. Keystone Stamp Co., Box 200, Phila., Pa.

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY! A package Mixed Flower Seeds, (500 kinds), with PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, all for 2 stamps. New flowers, new engravings; teems with floral hints. Everybody delighted. Tell all your friends. Send now. G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa.

FISHING TACKLE ShotGuns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc. Send stamp for Price List. Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Stylo, \$1.; Fountain, \$1.50 and up. J. FLORICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Beautiful New Upright Piano, Rosewood Case, only \$165. New Organs, only \$31. Greatest Bargains Ever Offered. Est. 23 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO. Washington, N. J., U. S. A. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CURE FOR THE DEAF. PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials. FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged by of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anæmia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Colds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

Sold by all Druggists.



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. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3 Printing Press!

For cards &c. Circular size \$3. Press for small newspapers, \$4. Send 2 stamps for List presses, type, cards, to factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

RING FREE. Agt's Sample Cards 10c. A Ring FREE with every order. OAK CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

200 Cute, Curious, Catchy Pictures 10c. P. O. BOX 2633, New York

\$75 a Month and Expenses to agents. New goods. Samples free. J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.

OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial. HUMANE REMEDY CO., LaFayette, Ind.

12 CARDS Fine Gold Edge Hidden Name, White Dove Covers, in Nice Case for 15c. Sample book 4c. Crown Ptg. Co., Northford, Conn.

180 SILK FRINGE, Hidden Name, Chrome, Escort & Fun Cards, Games, Verses, Songs, Scrap Pictures, Agt's Outfit & Ring, 10c. BLAKE & CO., Montrose, Conn.

OPIUM AND MORPHINE HABIT CURED in 10 to 20 days. No pay until cured. Address DR. JAS. J. HOLDEN, WILLIAMSBURG, G.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express east of Denver and west of New York. Suitable for presents. G. GENTHER, Confectioner, Chicago. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by JOHN H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CATARRH SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE. So great is our faith we can cure you, dear sufferer, we will mail enough to convince. B. S. LAUBERBACH & Co., Newark, N. J. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

200 Imp'd German Pictures, Puzzles, Songs Transfer Pictures, 16p. Sample Book of Silk Fringe Cards & Solid 18k. Rolled Gold Ring, all for 10c. Bird Card Co., Meriden, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Great Reduction! 50 FRINGE, Hidden Name and Floral Cards, 100 Album Pictures, New Samples and this Ring, all 10 cents. Clifton & Co., North Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$100 to \$300 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred, who can furnish their own horses and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$100 EVERY MONTH. We will guarantee to any one who is willing to work. Our business is new, easy and very pleasant. We have agents who are clearing \$15 a day, others \$5 an evening. We furnish costly outfits free to those who mean business. For profitable and permanent work we have something that can not be equalled. Write to us. Address, H. A. ELLS & CO., 161 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AND FLESH WORMS. "MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN harmless pleasant and absolutely SURE and infallible cure. It positively and effectively removes ALL, clean, completely and FOR GOOD IN A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the skin clear and unblemished always. For those who have no blotches on the face it beautifies the complexion as nothing else in the world can, rendering it CLEAR, FAIR and TRANSPARENT, and clearing it of all mudiness and coarseness. It is a true remedy to cure and NOT a paint or powder to cover up and hide blemishes. Mailed in plain wrapper for 30 cents in stamps or two for 50 cents by GEORGE N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y. My FRECKLE-WASH cures Freckles, Tan, and makes the hands white, sent no stamp, for 30c. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$300 in Confederate Money sent for 25 cts., or \$100 for 10 cts. T. S. GRAYTON, Anderson, S. C.

WANTED A few Boys and Girls in each place to do light writing. Enclose stamp for 50 page book of particulars to J. H. WOODBURY, Albany, N. Y.

FREE A SPLENDID THING 12 Souvenir name cards, Great 13 Puzzle, Agt's Sample Book, 1 Stone Ring, and Pencil, all for 10c. E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing Outfit and Particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., BOSTON, MASS. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO., LD. 721 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Complete Stamp and Coin Catalogues, at 25c each. Albums at all prices from 25c to \$20. Send stamp for 16 page circular. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Grand Offer! No Catch! 20 Silk Fringe Cards, New & Elegant Samples for 1888 & our Great Offer to Agents, all for 10c. We give each boy a False Mustache and each girl a Ring, FREE with each order. NORTH HAVEN CARD CO., North Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

AGENTS WANTED in every town in the United States to canvass their own town for a first class Young People's Monthly paper. If you mean business and want to make money, write at once for particulars. DASHLEY & CO., NEW LONDON, CONN. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

A GRAND GIFT. To introduce our wonderful Sewing Machine we will GIVE ONE away in every town. Best in the World. No labor or rubbing. SEND FOR ONE to the NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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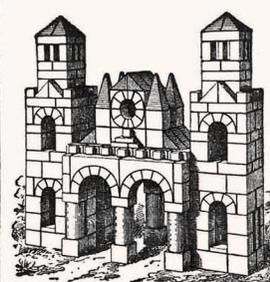
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