

Holden

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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A Battle Royal.

By WILLIAM F. HARVEY.

CROUCHING LOW IN THE BUSHES, BIG BEAVER AND I SAW FIRST ONE MOUNTAIN LION AND THEN THE OTHER SPRING FURIOUSLY UPON THE BIG SILVER TIP BEAR.

ONE day in October, several years ago, Big Beaver and I were out looking for game, in the Powder River district of Montana. Big Beaver was a Crow Indian, an old and skillful hunter, and white at heart, though his skin was copper colored. I was at that time employed at the Powder River agency, to provide game for the mess table of the detachment stationed there.

Big Beaver and I, mounted on our broncos, were leisurely making our way along the right bank of the river, which

was pretty thickly grown with shrubs and bushes, with here and there a clump of tall pines, when we caught sight of a big bear on the other side of the stream. He was a grizzly, of the variety known as the silver tip bear. He was standing on his hind legs, digging the touchwood out of a hollow tree. This is a favorite pastime of bears, and particularly brown bears and silver tips, who, have a keen partiality for the big, fat inch grubs that make their home in the decayed wood.

The bear was so absorbed in his pur-

MAN IS MORTAL.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.

Mary Anderson.

A SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS ACTRESS'S LIFE.

FAME comes to very few so early in life as it has to Mary Anderson. She is not yet thirty, and has not only won a rank in her profession second to none in her own country, but for four seasons has charmed London audiences in the leading theater of England, which has been tendered to her by its famous manager, Mr. Henry Irving. Her talent, therefore, has not only had the indorsement of the masses, but has gained recognition for its breadth and genuineness from the highest authorities on the actor's art. America may well be proud of the achievements of one whose private life is as irreproachable as her public triumphs have been substantial and deserved.

The story of Mary Anderson's life is an uneventful one, or eventful only in the succession of theatrical triumphs that it records. She was born at Sacramento, California, on the 28th of July, 1859, her father being of English, her mother of German descent.

She was only six months old when her parents moved to Louisville, Kentucky. The following year, on the outbreak of war, her father joined the Confederate armies, with which he fought till in 1863 he fell in battle before Mobile, Alabama.

In 1867 her mother was married to Dr. Hamilton Griffin, of Louisville. Like her mother, Mary Anderson's stepfather was a member of the Catholic church, and the young girl's schooling was at the Ursuline convent and the Presentation academy, in Louisville. But it was not continued beyond her thirteenth year. Her early years were prophetic of her future, and her unconventional and poetic nature could not stand the prosaic routine of school life. Her wildness gained her the name of "Little Mustang." She was generosity itself, and a great favorite among her companions; but to her teachers she proved a veritable torment. "Many of her school hours," says one of her biographers, in narrating this period of her life, "were spent in a corner, face to the wall, and with a book on her head, to restrain the mischievous habit of making faces at her companions, which used to convulse the class with ill suppressed laughter. She would sally forth in the morning with her little satchel, fresh and neat as a daisy, to return at night with her frock in rents, and all the buttons, if at all ornamental, given away in an impulsive generosity to her schoolmates."

School was now abandoned, and the young girl's studies were continued at home, and pretty much, it seems, at her own sweet will. The passion for a theatrical career had already taken a strong hold on her, and her favorite books were Shakespeare's dramas and "Rush on the Voice." Under the guidance of the latter she taught herself to recite passages from the former, even arranging her room to represent the appropriate scene.

When Mary Anderson was fourteen, she saw for the first time a great actor. This was Edwin Booth, who was playing "Richard III" in Louisville, and it may be imagined what a revelation she received. She went home from the theater full of excitement, and set to work to study the part which Booth had impersonated. She even gave a drawing room representation of the play, taking upon

herself the title role, and winning enthusiastic applause from the friends who witnessed the unique performance.

Soon after this Mary Anderson had an opportunity which to her was precious indeed. Charlotte Cushman, the foremost actress of the time, was at Cincinnati, and the young aspirant went thither to recite before her. Miss Cushman's verdict was very encouraging. "You have," she said, "three essential requisites for the stage—voice, personality, and gesture. With another year's study and some training, you may venture to make an appearance before the public."

Miss Cushman named Vanderhoff, a dramatic teacher in New York, as one

an actress. A benefit performance had been organized at one of the Louisville theaters for a financially distressed member of the profession, and Mary Anderson was requested to act the part of the heroine in "Romeo and Juliet." She flew to her home, to gain her parents' consent, so eagerly that she broke the bell handle in her haste to enter. The consent was granted. It was Thursday, and the play was billed for Saturday. There was time for only one rehearsal. There was not time to have a costume made for the occasion, and she had to borrow a dress from the manager's wife, who happened to be of about the same size as herself.

"The Hunchback," Bianca in "Fazio," and others. From this point we may date the brilliant career which in a few seasons lifted her to the topmost rank of the English speaking stage.

St. Louis was the first city, outside of her own home, where the young actress found a welcome. She accepted a week's engagement at the St. Louis Opera House, which proved only partially successful, though Miss Anderson gained the warmest praise from the best judges. Among them was General Sherman, who has ever since been numbered among her friends.

The popular verdict at New Orleans, which city she visited next, was more decided. The theater at which Miss Anderson played was not a fashionable or well attended one, and on her first night she appeared to a house of just forty eight dollars. So great, however, was the delight of the few spectators present, and so rapidly did the young actress's fame spread, that the audience was larger every evening, and on the last night of the week the takings were over five hundred dollars.

An engagement at the Varieties, the leading theater of New Orleans, was then offered to Miss Anderson, and here, as *Meg Merrilies* in "Guy Mannering," she achieved a wonderful triumph. The part was one that had become almost identified with Charlotte Cushman, who had died shortly before; but the young actress, not yet eighteen years old, showed that she had nothing to fear from comparisons with her veteran predecessor.

The uncertainty of fortune and of the critics was illustrated by Miss Anderson's next experience. She was invited to San Francisco by John McCullough, who was then managing a theater there; but she failed to gain the favor of the California press and public, and her only consolation was the praise of Edwin Booth, who happened to be in the Golden Gate City.

The rebuff was but a temporary one. The following season was spent in a long tour through the Southern States, under the management of John T. Ford, of Washington and Baltimore. Her salary—three hundred dollars a week—was far less than her fair share of the money her talents drew into the treasury.

The approval of the great Eastern cities was now alone needed to stamp Miss Anderson's reputation as the foremost American actress of the day. This was not long delayed. In 1877 she appeared in Philadelphia, and then in Boston, receiving a warm welcome in each city. In the latter she met Longfellow, and formed a friendship with him which lasted until the great poet's death, and which she highly prized.

Her first appearance in the metropolis was as *Parthenia* at the Fifth Avenue Theater, on November 12, 1877. She was now firmly established as America's representative tragedienne.

It was in 1883 that Miss Anderson, seeking fresh worlds to conquer, made her first professional visit to Europe, through which she had already, in the summer of 1879, traveled for recreation. At the Lyceum Theater in London she duplicated her American triumphs. She first appeared there as *Parthenia* in Ingomar, and afterwards in several other characters, the most noteworthy of which was *Galatea* in the classical play "Pygmalion and Galatea." The critics praised her somewhat coldly, but London society greeted her with enthusiasm, and crowded to hear her. Indeed, the British public has, as it were, sought to adopt her, and affectionately terms her "Our Mary."

Miss Anderson, however, has not forgotten her native land. She visited it for the season of 1885-86, and is expected to return to America during the present year.



MARY ANDERSON AS GALATEA.

qualified to give the necessary training, and after some discussion in the family it was decided that Mary Anderson should visit the metropolis with this purpose in view. Of course she was proud and delighted at a step which opened to her the theatrical career on which her whole mind was set.

With her mother Mary Anderson went to New York, where she paid Vanderhoff a hundred dollars for ten lessons in the technicalities of the stage—the only professional training which she ever received. Although, of course, she has witnessed and been influenced by the great actors of the day, yet her art is quite her own, and she is nothing if not original.

The 27th of November, 1875, is the day memorable as that of her debut as

Mary Anderson was announced thus in the playbills:

JULIET. By A LOUISVILLE YOUNG LADY.
Her first appearance on any stage.

The announcement attracted a curious crowd, but their curiosity soon gave way to admiration and astonishment at the rare powers displayed by the young actress. The principal journal of Louisville thus concluded a lengthy and commendatory criticism published the next morning: "We see that with but little training and experience Miss Anderson will stand among the foremost actresses on the stage."

Miss Anderson did not appear on the boards again till February, 1876, when she played for a week at the same theater in Louisville, acting the parts of *Julia* in

FATHER TIME'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM WHEELDON.

Above the world I sit and sail,
Moving on, moving on;
The things I pass no more avail,
They hide their years, decay and fail,
While I keep moving on.
Down on the world I look and smile,
Moving on, moving on;
The scythe I bear smites all the while,
Cuts as it may for good or guile,
While I keep moving on.
Over the world I glance my eye,
Moving on, moving on;
Good deeds mature, the hopeful try,
The just alone shall never die,
While I keep moving on.

[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 XVI.

A MIDNIGHT DISCOVERY.

WARREN and Sloper had a little talk before they fell asleep.

It was Sloper who began it.

"Marvin, I can't let you delude yourself about me—and others, too," said he in a low, trembling voice. "They were lying in the dark, except for the faint glimmer that came through the transom from the cabin lamps, which were turned low. Warren was in the upper berth, Sloper in the lower.

"What's that?" cried Warren, leaning over to catch the timid words.

"You praise me for refusing to break the laws," continued Sloper, more firmly. "You let Mr. Walsingham call me a hero for suffering rather than do so. But what would you think of a fellow who had been such a mean coward that he let another commit a wrong—almost a crime—that would be to his advantage?"

"Was that your case, Tim?" asked Warren, pityingly.

"To my bitter shame I own it," faltered the poor boy. "It was my own guilt that sent me from home into the power of Captain Burroo, my own guilt that kept me silent under his abuses. All that I suffered I deserved. And is it / who should be called a hero?"

"But, Sloper, if you regret the wrong you have done and atone for it," began Warren, who Sloper interrupted, him in a voice of distress:

"But I can't atone—I can't set it right. The power has passed out of my hands into a wicked man's, who cares nothing for honor. That's what hurts me most. What's the use of my remorse or penitence, as long as reparation is not made?"

Warren recognized the sting in the situation. Sloper had done a wrong. The consequences had fallen upon the guiltless; the power to undo the wrong was no longer his, so that some one was suffering through him this very moment. Of what use then to bid him repent? Repentance would be good for himself—true, but what about the injured party?

"It's hard, Tim, very hard," said he, "but you must not give up hope of the future. You don't know what chances may be given you yet to set that past wrong right. Meanwhile, my dear fellow, begin anew with a brave heart—as indeed you've already done. We are both poor boys, and must work for our living. So we'll try to work together and encourage each other."

"But I'm fit for nothing but to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water," as the Bible puts it," returned Sloper, with a deep sigh. "I'm not like you, educated to take a high position in life. While I had a happy home, before father died, I flung away my chances. I hated hard work and wouldn't study. I was willful and fooled my time away; and when he left me I found how weak and worthless I was when temptation came."

"Have you no relations who might help you?" asked Warren.

"He heard the quick drawn, gasping breath of the startled boy.

"No—oh no, no," stammered he. "At least I have none that I could appeal to. My own act has cut me adrift from all."

"Except me, Tim Sloper—except me," exclaimed Warren earnestly.

"You've done enough for me, until you know the whole story," murmured Sloper, sadly. Then silence fell, and Warren sank to sleep,

thinking about his comrade's trouble, and guessing that it must be connected with those relations whom he dared not appeal to for aid in his friendlessness.

"As long as he has committed no crime—and he intimidated as much—I shall stick by the poor fellow," he vowed within himself, and in another minute was sound asleep.

He awoke to hear these words ringing in his ears:

"Twenty five thousand dollars!"

He sat up in his berth, startled wide awake. Who had spoken? The cabin was dimly lit by the saloon lamp, and Warren swung himself to the floor and bent over Sloper, whose sharp white face he could hardly discern. Sloper was deep in the land of dreams, his breath coming regularly. It couldn't have been he.

Had he himself dreamed the words? Impossible! The voice still rang in his ears, shrill, terrified, like a frightened cry.

"Sloper!" whispered Warren, nervously, "Sloper! Are you awake?"

But the boy slept on, and never stirred a finger.

The noises on deck were all lulled, the wind appeared to have fallen almost to a calm. He heard the measured step of the captain as he paced the bridge, and the slow swash of the water brushing past the side of the cabin.

But hark! Is there not another sound—the stealthy tread of unshod feet in the saloon?

Warren thought the skulking pair were merely about to steal a drink of the captain's liquors, when Dupont made a sign to the other, who stole to the companion way, ascended till his head was above the deck, and returned as stealthily.

"All safe, Monsieur Dupont; he still marches on the bridge," reported he.

Dupont then sent his keen eyes all round the saloon, gazed fixedly at the cabin door, which Warren had closed as soon as he perceived his intention; and then the boy saw by the diminished light which came through the transom that he had turned the lamp still lower.

Meanwhile Dupont summoned back his confederate by a low hiss, and on his joining him, whispered:

"It's done, and well done; monsieur our millionaire captain will never know what hurt him."

"All the better for us," grinned the other.

"Oh! the murderers!" thought Warren, turning cold with horror. "It's poison they've put in the brandy!"

"Nor will these intermeddling garcons ever guess what killed him; they will suppose he died in an apoplectic fit," continued Dupont.

"Aha! our captain had suspicions, had he?"

And he wanted guests on board to keep Dupont in check, did he? He was rash—he but hastened his fate. And that oversmart boy who caught me on the watch up there—he, too, suspects, and may give trouble by and by; but we shall consider his case presently. No! not suffer trifles to balk me."

"Shall we lock them in now, mate?" asked the other.

"No, no, Petipas. Monsieur Dupont might wish to visit the sick gargon before he turns in. We must run no risk like that. On guard again, comrade, while I explore." Thus whispering, Dupont waved his accomplice back to the companion way, and himself disappeared into Mr. Walsingham's cabin, carefully shutting the door behind him.

What was he doing there? Searching for the treasure, no doubt; or was there another scare to be set, where Warren could not witness its preparation?

Quivering with mingled indignation and excitement, the boy snatched the opportunity while both scoundrels were out of earshot to throw on some of his clothes, but was only half dressed when the mate passed quickly through the saloon and went on deck, taking Petipas with him. Warren was now about to awake Sloper and tell him the state of matters, when he heard Mr. Walsingham come down the ladder. He walked right over to the lamp and turned it up, then—oh, horror! Warren heard him clinking the glasses on the swinging tray!

The boy darted to the door to stop him, but caught the shadowy outline of Dupont's watching face at the skylight, and paused in an agony of irresolution. To warn Mr. Walsingham would be to show the wretches that their plot was discovered, and to precipitate the issue—which might be a regular onslaught of all the crew on three unarmed persons. And yet Mr. Walsingham must drink a drop of that poisoned draught which he was pouring out! But how to prevent him?

Now he is adding water from a pitcher—and now he has the tumbler at his lips. Warren's heart seems bursting, his brain reeling. The unconscious victim has swallowed a mouthful when the tortured boy utters a choking cry, and shouts, in Latin: "Drink not! Treachery!" Then, panic smitten at seeing the two fierce faces pressing closer to the skylight, he begins to roar and snort, as if struggling in nightmare.

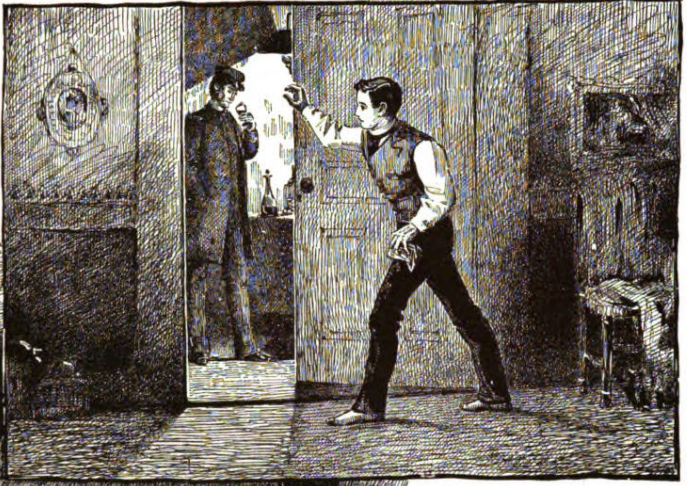
But Mr. Walsingham has dashed down the glass upon the table. He is saved.

An amazing sight must have been to him when he burst into his guests' room, to meet Warren, half clothed, white as ashes, yet smiling and making vigorous signs of caution, while Sloper sat up in bed, looking wild and scared from his rude awakening!

Fortunately, the skulking watchers could not see into the stateroom, though they could hear what was said, and Warren cried out: "What? Who is it? Oh, you, Mr. Walsingham. Oh, sir, such a horrid dream I had." Then he shot a whisper into his ear: "That brandy was poisoned!" and went on, aloud, "I really thought I was choking. Did I bawl? It must have been your good supper. Dupont did it!" he whispered, as before.

Mr. Walsingham, horribly shocked as he must have been, having just swallowed some of that same poisoned brandy, carried on the ruse with great presence of mind, appearing to chat in an ordinary way with his guest, but putting in here and there a word for himself. In this way he bade Warren and Sloper dress, and follow him to his cabin as soon as he had put out the saloon lamp; but could say little before Dupont was heard coming down to satisfy himself that all was as he would have it.

Warren bounded into his berth and covered himself up in the bed clothes, for his being half dressed might have told too significant a story, and all the mate saw was poor, mystified Sloper,



THE POISONED DRAUGHT WAS ALREADY AT MR. WALSHINGHAM'S LIPS.

Warren went to the door, noiselessly turned the knob, and peered out through the crack. Two men stood almost within reach of his hand. They were Dupont, the mate and one of the crew, a snaky eyed, mean faced French Canadian of the lowest class. They were standing at the saloon table, Dupont engaged in examining the bottles which were socked in the swinging tray above it, and the sailor running his eyes about the luxurious little place with a covetous grin.

"He does live well here, our captain," whispered the last described worthy in a villainous patois, of which, however, Warren could gather the meaning pretty fairly, having been a good French scholar when at school. "But our time is coming, eh, monsieur our chief?"

"Not to loaf about here, you dogs," retorted Dupont in higher class French, and very scoffingly. "As chief I take the cream off first. I use the luxuries, which befut me as superior, and you may be thankful for such morsels as I pitch you in your lower station. Ha! here is what I want."

Warren ventured to open his door again, for these movements were far too cautious to press anything else than some evil deed, and was just in time to see the miscreant mate shaking the bottle of brandy vigorously up and down, while the other watched the captain from the companion ladder.

CHAPTER XVII.
A CRISIS.

THE bottle having been shaken to his mind, Dupont took it close to the lamp and held it between his eye and the flame, turning the latter up for a moment to assure himself of what he wished to know. Then he poured a spoonful into the glass and tasted it, carefully spitting it into his handkerchief afterwards. As if satisfied that all was right, he then restored bottle and glass to their places, and picked up a piece of paper from the table, which he put carefully into his pocket.

"He must have drugged Mr. Walsingham's brandy!" thought Warren, in tingling excitement. "What a mercy that he confided his suspicions to us last evening! I should never have watched these fellows but for that."



THERE STOOD JESSIE DEANE AND HER FRIEND ON THE CROSS WALK FAIRLY PETRIFIED WITH AMAZEMENT.

Three Thirty Three ;

OR,
ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.
 By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,
 Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Whitecap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XVII. TRACKING THE THIEF.

THE boys came to a halt at the corner of Exchange Place and New Street. The latter thoroughfare, looking north, was a shifting mass of brokers, bankers, office boys, telegraph messengers, and street vendors of various kinds, in the midst of which it would be quite impossible to distinguish at any distance a particular individual.

"It is worse than useless to fool away our time here," said Allan. "The thing to do is to rush over to Beaver's boarding place in Brooklyn, and head him off there when he comes back."

"But do you know where he lives?" objected Arthur.

"Yes; father gave me his address among a lot of other papers last night," returned Allan. "Quick, back to the carriage. We can get David to drive us straight over. It's in Raymond Street, not far from the jail."

Once seated in the brougham, the boys had an opportunity to recover their breath, and discuss calmly the new complication which the affairs of the Trent family had taken on.

"From what father said last night," began Allan, "the loss of those bonds will just about bankrupt us. Business has been poor with him the past year, and he had counted on this \$200,000 to tide him over. I wonder if I shouldn't have put the matter into the hands of the police or the detectives as soon as we found out about it."

"Yes, and lost a lot of precious minutes hunting them up," responded Arthur, promptly. "We can do our own detecting best up to a certain point, in my opinion. Besides, we couldn't prove now to the police that that note was a forgery, whatever we may think about it."

"That's so," assented Allan, and putting his

head out of the window he called to David to drive faster.

"I wonder if Beaver didn't recognize us as we went in the Mills Building," said Arthur, a moment later.

"Us?" repeated Allan, curiously. "How should he know you?"

Arthur then related the incidents of the dropped cane and eye glasses, which Allan met in turn by an account of his midnight interview with Beaver on the Heights. Just as he finished the brougham passed Raymond Street Jail.

"I wonder if I can't manage to see father," he mused; then turning to Arthur, he said, half hesitatingly: "Art, you said you wanted to do something to help me. Now I think I ought to see father about this, get his denial that he wrote that note, and ask his advice. I'll only stop a few minutes, and if you wouldn't mind going on to Beaver's meanwhile, so we shouldn't lose any time, and finding out if he's there, or where he's gone—"

"Wouldn't ask anything better, Allan, my boy!" exclaimed Arthur, enthusiastically. "I'll wait there till you come, and try to have Beaver cornered all ready for you. And by the way, hadn't you better bring an officer from the jail with you, so we can have him clapped into a cell straight away?"

"I'll ask father," returned Allan, with a faint smile, as he gave the necessary directions to David.

Half a minute later Arthur was left alone in the carriage, which presently halted in front of a tolerably respectable looking brick dwelling, several of the window sills of which were bedecked with bottles or cans, sufficiently attesting its character of boarding house.

The stoppage of the imposing brougham in front of this caravansary created no small amount of excitement within the windows just mentioned. Female heads, of various hues, black, blonde and gray, were pressed close to the window panes, while a maid servant with a red plaid shawl over her head, who was in the act of turning in at the area, kept her eyes fixed so steadily on the wonder that she fell over a bucket she had herself placed in the gateway.

"I hope you didn't hurt yourself," said Arthur, leaning over the railing of the stoop to bestow a sympathetic glance on the victim of her own curiosity. At the same time he had all he could do to keep his face straight.

The girl, who seemed more concerned at the loss of the water than at any bodily injury she

may have sustained, only opened her mouth in amazement at the idea of being addressed by the occupant of "such a coach" and forthwith dived in at the basement door, "to answer my ring," as Arthur rightly surmised.

This she did in due course, with an officially solemn countenance and evident disposition to disregard her late mishap that was supremely ludicrous, in view of the fact that her skirts were still dripping.

"Does Mr. Beaver, Mr. Paul Beaver, live here?" inquired Arthur, striving to strangle his sense of the humorous in a realization of the impotence of his mission.

"He did but he don't," was the laconic reply.

"When did he go away?" went on Arthur, who, although he had tried to prepare himself for this information, was nevertheless considerably staggered by it.

"Early this mornin'! Here comes a wagon for his trunk now," and the girl, extending one hand, which still clutched the shawl over her head and thus presented the similitude of a bat's wing, pointed to a wagon that had just come to a halt behind the brougham.

It was similar in build to a huckster's cart, in which service it had evidently seen its best days. On its side was tacked a strip of white canvas on which in shabby letters were scrawled the words:

PIXEY'S EXPRESS.

The horse, in one respect, was not unlike the style of shirt front affected by the dude of the period, i.e., conspicuously ribbed, while the driver was an undersized youth in a man's overcoat and a pair of well ventilated gloves.

"Get out of the way with that 'ere cherriot," he called out gruffly to David. "Don't be a blockin' the way fer de United States transportin' business."

At this instant a bright idea struck Arthur, causing him to rush down the steps and give a hurried direction to David.

"Drive on to the next house," he told him, "out of this fellow's way, and watch there till Mr. Allan comes to the one I've just left. Tell him the gentleman we've called for has gone, but that I'm on his track and will telegraph or write to Columbia Heights in an hour or two."

Arthur reascended the steps and resumed his interview with the maid servant.

"Did Mr. Beaver leave word where he was going?" he asked.

"No, he didn't, for Mrs. Pennyboy wanted him to tell her where she could send any letters that might come for him, but he said there wouldn't be any and that he would be travelin' a good deal, so they wouldn't find him if there was. Yes, the trunk's fourth floor back."

This last was addressed to the youthful expressman, who after taking the precaution to anchor his jaded steed by a brick tied to a rope, walked up the steps and demanded the baggage for Mr. Beaver.

"De fourth floor!" he grumbled, bracing himself against the railing in order to complain at his ease. "Does he expect a elephant to do his trunk carryin' for him?"

"They generally do their own," interposed Arthur with a laugh, adding quickly, as a blank look on the part of both his listeners attested their inability to see the joke: "I'll tell you what I'll do though. I'll help you down with the trunk if you'll give me a ride."

"What does the likes of you want to be a ridin' with me fer when ye kin sail about in a kerriage like that 'ere?" responded young Pixey, pointing a grimy thumb in the direction of the brougham.

"But that kerriage don't belong to me," returned Arthur, with great presence of mind. "I came over with a friend, and I've got to let it wait here for him. And perhaps, if you're going a good distance my way, I can pay my fare to you as well as to a car conductor," and the artful Seymour jingled some loose coin in his trousers pocket suggestively.

"Come on then," exclaimed the conquered "baggage smasher." "Show us the way to the Saratog," and preceded by the amazed servant, the two began the ascent of the narrow stairs.

"I'm in for it now," murmured Arthur to himself. "But this is a case where one stroke when the iron's hot is worth a dozen when it begins to cool."

CHAPTER IX. FOLLOWING UP THE CLEW.

WHEN the maid stated that Mr. Beaver's trunk was in the fourth floor back room, she failed to confine herself strictly to facts. For this apartment was a tight fit for the bed, bureau, washstand



RESTING MY GUN ON THE BOWLDER, I AIMED AT THE ADVANCING MONSTER AND FIRED.

→Decoy.←

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

WHAT, my boy there? He is a pure blooded East Indian, aren't you, Decoy? You see, sir, he speaks pigeon English tolerably well, though. That is because I brought him up from a baby. Why did I give him such a peculiar name? Thereby hangs a tale. While we're sitting here under the awning on deck I'll spin you the yarn.

Calcutta's much improved since my young days. Then there was hardly any steam navigation. The big East Indians came to anchor at Kedgerie, thirty miles down, and sent freight and passengers up in lighters.

I had never been up country any distance. So as the rice wasn't coming in very lively, I made arrangements for a little jaunt up the Hooghly after pea-fowl. I hired a native boat owner who spoke fairly good pigeon English to take me some fifty miles up river.

The boat had a roofing over the stern to keep off the sun, and I enjoyed the day part of the trip very well. But what with the stifling air and mosquitoes, at night it was almost unbearable. So after we got as far up as Bramapore—a small native village on the left bank of the Ganges, I paid off the boat owner and his men. Then, taking my gun and a few traps I had brought along, I went ashore to the only thing like a house of entertainment the village afforded.

It was a long low structure with thatched roof and mud walls, divided up into perhaps a dozen sleeping rooms the size of a closet.

I hired a native to sit by my canvas cot all night and keep a big palmleaf fan going. Sleep? Well, there wasn't much for either of us. Big lizards, singing out "ghek—hoc" as plain as I can say it, chased bees and mice in the cloth ceiling overhead all night long. I could hear big toads "flop" along the floor every moment. Mosquitoes sung inside, and outside the bullfrogs kept up a roaring chorus—jackals and owls joined in.

Next day another man landed from a native boat and hired one of the rooms. He was an East Indian, rather well educated, and spoke English with fluency. I soon discovered that he was an agent for the English Zoological Society in London.

His business was employing natives to catch for him different birds and animals. These he sent to a Calcutta agent in a big lighter which he had chartered. The tiger cats in the yard I soon found belonged to Nana—the only name I knew him by. And the same day a boa constrictor was captured in the reeds by the river, and was boxed up and put aboard the lighter.

Of course I was greatly interested in what he had to tell me of his various adventures. He had assisted in the capture of elephants in Ceylon,

lions in South Africa, and had taken tigers in the jungle pitfalls.

"What I look for, sahib," he said, as we were talking together the morning after he came, "is the big crocodile, that has slain more men of Bramapore than I can count upon the fingers of both hands."

"To capture him?" I asked, in surprise. For I had supposed that only the young or half grown monsters were taken for the purposes Nana represented.

"The sahib has said it," was the cool reply. "Nana has men who throw the noose with skill; I hope by tomorrow to lure the crocodile far enough from the rushes so that we can overpower it."

"But how?" I questioned again. Now at the best Nana hadn't a very prepossessing face. His features were regular enough, and he was no darker than a Brazilian as to the color of his skin. But there was something cruel and sinister in his expression. And when I asked the last question the yellowish center in the pupils of his eyes expanded and contracted like those of the tiger cat's in the cage.

"I have that my secret," he said. But nothing more.

Of course I was curious to find out his secret. But I said nothing, and presently took my gun for my daily tramp.

How hot it was! Not a breath of air stirring, and the sun pouring down from a cloudless sky. I began thinking that I had been a thousand times better off under the ship's awning, drinking cool *sangaree*, than potting pea-fowl with the thermometer at 102° in what little shade there was.

Then, too, it was so terribly still. The sharp chirp of a big species of cricket was the only sound, excepting the soft gurgle and flow of the muddy Ganges a few rods distant—till all at once I heard a baby giving tongue most lustily.

If this had sounded in the direction of the village, it would not have seemed anything unusual. But Bramapore was half a mile distant, and the noise proceeded from somewhere near the river, whose parched and sunbaked banks were barren of verdure. A few beds of rushes and a big bowlder or two were in sight, and nothing more, till at the edge of the rushes I saw a black baby crawling on its hands and knees as fast as it could, and shrieking like a little demon.

Well, it might! For all at once, as I hurried forward, I saw the enormous snout of the very biggest Indian crocodile I ever saw before, or since, poked up through the rushes a little in the rear of the baby.

Before I could pull myself together the monster's shoulders and part of his mud caked body were clear of the sedge. There would be no time to rush forward, grab the little one, and beat a retreat.

Dropping behind the bowlder I cocked my

right hand barrel, which was loaded with heavy swan shot. The crocodile, in clawing himself upward over a clay hummock, exposed for one brief moment the dingy white patch of flesh behind the fore leg, which, next to the eye itself, is considered a vulnerable spot. Resting my gun over the bowlder, I aimed for this and fired. The swanshot at such short range clumped together with deadly effect. The immense reptile uttered a sort of bellow, and keeled half over on its side. At the same moment a shout from a jungle patch a few paces away caused me to turn suddenly.

Nana, followed by half a dozen natives carrying small coils of flexible coir rope, came running toward me. Nana's face was distorted with rage, and as he neared me I saw him snatch his short *tulwar*, or native sword, from its sheath.

Of course there was only one construction to be put upon his action, though for the moment I did not understand what my cause of offense had been.

"Stop, you black scoundrel!" I shouted, but he never paused an instant, despite my leveled gun; and seeing that in another moment he meant to cut me down, I aimed at his upraised arm and fired.

Well, the barrel was only loaded with bird-shot, but it was quite effectual. Nana dropped his *tulwar* with a yell of pain, and two or three natives behind him, who were slightly peppered, turned and ran for dear life, followed by their uninjured companions. I had aimed hastily, and only about half the charge had struck the East Indian in the fleshy part of the arm. He snatched off his turban and bound it up, cursing me the while in the choicest Hindostanee.

"You brought it on yourself," I said as coolly as I could, while I was reloading—for I didn't fancy his feroic look in the least.

Nana didn't seem to hear what I said at all. "Five thousand rupees I have lost by this!" he yelled, pointing with his left hand to the crocodile, which was in the agonies of death. "Five thousand rupees that I was to have for taking the big man eater alive!"

"Would you have had him swallow that baby?" I said indignantly, as I turned toward the little one I had nearly forgotten. If you'll believe me, sir, the black child, certainly not over a year old, had one end of a rope round its little waist, while the other was made fast to a dead stump.

Then I saw it all. This was the brute's secret for decoying the crocodile from his muddy bed! I don't get mad very often, but when I do I'm mad clear through.

"Get out of this, you copper skinned hound!" I shouted, throwing up my gun. "Quick time, too, or I'll put a double charge of shot through your worthless carcass."

Well, Nana was wise enough to take the hint without any delay. And he didn't go back to the inn either. I untied the naked young one and carried it up to the village. No one pretended to know anything about it. The brute had probably bought the baby for a few rupees of some of the very poorest and most degraded of the natives, and they of course would not let themselves be known. The man whom I employed as an interpreter told me very coolly that I mustn't think anything of such little affairs—they were common enough in this part of India. I think he rather was inclined to blame me for spoiling Nana's plans.

I congratulated myself on having prevented a foul murder, but I could get no thanks for it from any one—not even from the rescued infant. So, quite disgusted, I packed up, hired another boat, and took the young one back to the ship. My stewardess was a Maharratt woman, and her husband, my cook, persuaded her to take care of the child.

We went back to the States and loaded for Shanghai, the stewardess and her husband staying with us for three round deep water passages. I got quite fond of Decoy, who grew fat and tough every voyage. When he was three years old he would follow me about like a little black dog, and at five he could go up the rigging like a monkey.

Time went by, and when Decoy was ten I came to Calcutta with him as my cabin boy in the old Akbar Castle. We were ashore for next day's marketing one evening, and Decoy, I noticed, was very uneasy as we started back for the landing place.

"Sahib Cap'n got him pistol?" he asked, as he came trotting up behind with the vegetable basket. And I said, "No. Why?"

"Bad man keep watch Sahib Cap'n all time we to market—man one arm no good," he said. "We had just got to the upper end of Garden Reach as Decoy said this, and I was making some careless answer, when some one ran up behind me with a knife in his left hand.

Decoy sung out, and, dropping his basket, grabbed the man round both knees, just as I turned in time to dodge the knife blow, which sang poor little Decoy quite badly in the shoulder.

But he hung on like a trunp, and a minute later I had the fellow disarmed and handed over to the native police.

As you may have supposed, it was Nana, who had managed to recognize me after all those years. And when he appeared before the magistrate next morning when my complaint was entered, you should have seen his face when it came out in the examination that little Decoy was the black baby he intended as crocodile bait. He was sentenced to hard labor for ten years, I think. I hope he got it too—the hardest kind. Decoy has been with me ever since. Please God he always will while I live—eh, Decoy?

TRUE WEALTH,

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Seek your treasure, and you'll find
It exists but in the mind.
Wealth is but the power that hires
Blessings that the heart desires;
And if these are mine to hold
Independently of gold,
And the gifts it can bestow,
I am richer than I know!

[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 XXIII.

SCARFE BEGINS WORK.

JEFFREYS knew what was coming, and had resolved on the part he would play. Whatever he ought to feel, he knew exactly what he did feel; and he was determined he would not be hypocrite enough to pretend anything more.

Whereupon he walked defiantly forth and opened the drawing room door, this time without knocking.

"Mr. Jeffreys," said Mrs. Rimbolt, feeling that the present was a "good occasion," and worked up accordingly, "I have sent for you, as I have no doubt you will wish to express to Mrs. Scarfe the feelings you entertain with regard to her son's brave conduct, on the ice today."

"Hear, hear, ma!" cried the irreverent Percy, with mock heroic applause. "I beg leave to second that."

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the subject, and would have been glad for Mrs. Scarfe's sake had he felt more warmly his obligations to her son. But he spoke as he felt.

"You have had a narrow escape from a watery grave," said Mrs. Scarfe, anxious to sum up in the hero's favor, "and my son, I am sure, is thankful to have been the means of saving your life."

Jeffreys bowed. "I am glad he escaped falling in," said he.

"He had no thought of himself, I am sure," said Mrs. Rimbolt, severely, "and claims no thanks beyond that of his good conscience."

"We're going to get him a Royal Humane medal, Jeff," added Percy; "a lot of fellows get it for a good deal less."

"I hope he may get one," said Jeffreys. "You and Julius should have one, too. I thank you all."

This was all that could be extracted from this graceless young man, and the unsatisfactory interview was shortly afterwards terminated by Mrs. Rimbolt requesting him to go and tell Walker to bring some more coals for the fire.

"It is I should be grateful for this condescension," said he, sneeringly. "So disinterested, too."

"What do you mean? How could it be otherwise?"

"You have a short memory, Cad Jeffreys. Possibly you have forgotten a little event that happened at Bolsover?"

"I dare say you have not thought it worth while to mention it to your employer, Mr. Rimbolt."

"I have not mentioned it."

"Quite so. That is what I mean when I say it is disinterested in you to come and make friends with me."

"That is false," said Jeffreys, glowing. "I neither want nor expect that."

"Kind again. At the same time you are not particularly anxious that people here should ever hear the tragical history of young Forrester?"

"For Heaven's sake, be silent, Scarfe," said Jeffreys, to whom the mention of the name

tuously to the ground; and he absolutely smiled in the midst of his misery at the thought of Scarfe taking upon himself the moral upbringing of Percy and the protectorship of Raby!

In the midst of these reflections he became aware of the presence of Raby in the walk in front of him.

The meeting was unexpected on both sides, and promised to be embarrassing for Jeffreys. Raby, however, came to the rescue.

"Mr. Jeffreys," said she, holding out her hand, "I do hope you are none the worse for yesterday. I was greatly afraid you would catch cold."

"You took the kindest possible way of preventing it," said Jeffreys. "I never enjoyed a meal as much as the one Walker brought me yesterday, and I thank the kind sender."

Raby blushed.

"It was a shame no one else thought of it. But, Mr. Jeffreys, you are thanking me, when it is I who ought to thank you for risking your life for me."

"That is a new version of the story," said Jeffreys. "It was somebody else risked his life for me, and I know you despise me for appearing so churlish about it."

"I was very sorry indeed for you in the drawing room last night."

"I deserved no sympathy."

"I fancied you might have gushed a little when you saw how much auntie's heart and Mrs. Scarfe's were set on it. It would not have hurt you."

"I cannot gush, Miss Atherton; but I can value your kindness to me, and I do."

Raby smiled one of her pleasantest smiles, and just then Mr. Rimbolt came up with papers in his hand. He looked rather anxious.

Raby, with a daughter's instinct, rushed to him.

"Uncle, have you news from the war? Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing wrong," said her uncle, reassuringly; "I brought you this paper to see. It reports that there has been an encounter with the Afghans near Kandahar, with complete success on the British side and comparatively trifling loss."

Particulars are expected almost immediately. I have telegraphed to town to get the earliest possible details. Meanwhile, Raby, don't alarm yourself unduly."

"I won't, uncle; but where exactly was the battle?"

"You will see the names mentioned in the telegram. Jeffreys can show you the exact spot in the atlas; we were looking at it the other evening."

Jeffreys thankfully accepted the task. He and Raby spent an hour over the map talking of the absent soldier, and trying, the one to conceal, the other to allay the anxiety which the incomplete telegram had aroused.

At the end of the hour Scarfe walked into the library. His face darkened as he saw the two who sat there.

"Miss Atherton," said he, looking not at her but at Jeffreys, "have you forgotten we were to have a ride this morning?"

"I am so sorry, Mr. Scarfe, but I have a headache, and don't feel as if I could ride today. You will excuse me, won't you?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Scarfe; "don't you think a turn in the park will do you good? May I have the pleasure of escorting you?"

Raby said, "Thank you." She was very sorry to disappoint any one, and had no valid excuse against a walk.

"Miss Atherton," said Scarfe, when they had gone some distance, chatting on indifferent topics, "I am anxious just to say a word to you, not in my own interest at all, but your own."

"What is it?" said Raby, mystified.

"I wish to put you on your guard against Jeffreys, who, I see, presumes on his position to annoy you. You may not perhaps know, Miss Atherton, that not two years ago—"



"LOUISA," SAID MRS. RIMBOLT, "THIS IS MR. JEFFREYS WHOSE LIFE YOUR SON SAVED."

His conduct was freely discussed when he was gone. Mrs. Rimbolt looked upon it as a slight put upon herself, and was proportionately wrathful. Mrs. Scarfe, more amiable, imagined that it was useless to look for gratitude among persons of Jeffreys's class in life. Scarfe himself said that, from what he knew of Jeffreys, he would have been surprised had he shown himself possessed of any good feelings. Percy, considerably puzzled, suggested that he was "chawed up with his ducking." And Raby, still more perplexed, said nothing, and hardly knew what to think.

The next day, as Scarfe was smoking in the park, Jeffreys overtook him. A night's rest had a good deal softened the librarian's spirit. He was ashamed of himself for not having done his rescuer common justice, and had followed him now to tell him as much.

"Scarfe," said he, "you will have considered I was ungrateful yesterday."

"You were just what I expected."

"I am sorry," said Jeffreys, beginning to feel he had better far have said nothing, yet resolved now he had begun, to go through with it; "and I wish to thank you now."

after so many months came like a blow. "I cannot bear it."

Scarfe laughed.

"Apparently not. All I want to say is that I believe less in your gratitude than in your fear."

"I am not afraid of you," said Jeffreys, drawing himself up. "Of my own conscience I am; and of the memory of poor young Forrester—"

"Hold your tongue. I have no wish to hear my friend's name on your lips."

Jeffreys turned to go.

"Look here," said Scarfe, calling him back, "I want to say one word. I am sufficiently interested in Percy Rimbolt to dislike the influence you use upon him. Your influence upon young boys is not to be trusted, and I warn you to let Percy alone. You are doing him no good as it is."

"Is that all you want to say?" said Jeffreys.

"No. I have my own reasons for choosing that you cease to offend Miss Atherton by your attentions. You are no fit companion for her; and she and I—"

Jeffreys turned on his heel, and did not hear the end of the sentence. He marveled at himself that he had not struck the fellow contemptuously to the ground; and he absolutely smiled in the midst of his misery at the thought of Scarfe taking upon himself the moral upbringing of Percy and the protectorship of Raby!



A big bull pup with a spotted tail.



A wicked boy with an old tin pail.



He tried this racket, But it wouldn't do,



So they buried that boy Where the daisies grew.

FRIDAY FACTS.

The New York Evening Telegram reproduces a card sent out by a Philadelphia printer, who, having started in business on a Friday, boldly takes the bull of superstition by the horns, and glories, so to speak, in his temerity.

The card referred to sets forth certain world famous events that have taken place on "Hangman's Day," and reads as follows:

FRIDAY.

Washington born on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Napoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Battle of Bunker Hill fought on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Mayflower landed on Friday.
Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bastille destroyed on Friday.
Declaration of Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Julius Caesar assassinated on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.
Moscow burned on Friday.
Shakespeare born on Friday.
King Charles I. beheaded on Friday.
Richmond evacuated on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.

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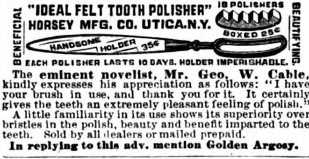
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