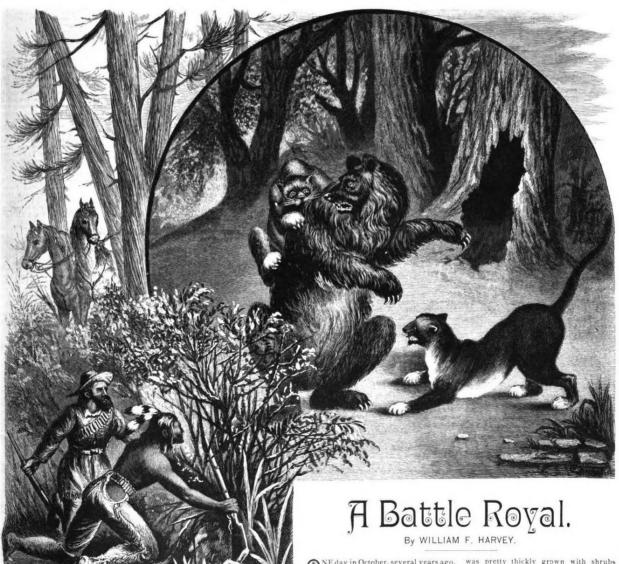
Holdle

Vol. VI. No. 17.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM,

Whole No. 277.



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.

NE 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-

suit that we had no trouble in wheeling our horses around and retreating out of our norses around and retreating out of sight without attracting attention. It was about two hundred yards from where we stood to the bear, and Big Beaver and I both agreed that to fire at a silver tip at that distance would be merely a waste of good ammunition.
"What had we better do, Big Beaver?"

said I.

"Ugh, heap kill," replied the Indian, and, pointing down the river, he led the way in an almost opposite direction from

the bear.

We continued on down to a ford, where We continued on down to a ford, where a bend in the river hid us from the bear, and crossed over. Riding on up the other side a short distance, we hitched the broncos behind a clump of box alders and proceeded cautiously toward the bear. The immediate edge of the river was thickly fringed with box alders and mountain willows, and through these was at length began to crawl on hands

and mountain willows, and through these we at length began to crawl on hands and knees, with the idea of taking the silver tip by surprise at close quarters.

This part of the proceeding was easy enough. Big Beaver wormed and twisted through the thick willows as noiselessly as a snake without even snapping a dead twig. All I had to do was to crawl along close behind.

We had almost got to the point where we had been expecting to be able to use our Winchesters with some certainty, when Big Beaver halted, and without uttering a grunt reached back and tapped me cautiously on the back with his moccasin. As the old Indian looked back over his shoulder and raised his finger as a warning for me to lay low, his piercing a warning for me to lay low, his piercing black eyes glowed and twinkled like a pair of black diamonds with excitement.

pair of black diamonds with excitement. Of course I naturally supposed he was merely worked up over suddenly catching sight of the bear, perhaps a little nearer than he had expected. Seeing me peer inquiringly through the brush in the direction of the touchwood tree, Big Beaver raised one dusky finger, and, without moving another muscle in his without moving another muscle in his body, pointed it toward a clump of wil-lows standing, I should say, thirty feet to the right of the tree, and about three

times that distance from us.

The space between our ambush and The space between our ambush and the clump was quite open, and was traversed by a deer path that led up from the water. The deer path led straight through the willow clump, and, following the direction of Big Beaver's finger, I saw in the narrow, alley-like deer path a long, cat like tail waving to and fro.

It was the tail of a full grown mountain lion, an object familiar enough to me.

It was the tail of a full grown mountain lion, an object familiar enough to me, for I had killed a round dozen of the creatures in my time. No part of the lion was visible save his tail, for the willows were thick between us and his

Big Beaver seemed to comprehend the situation at once, for when I glanced at his finger the next moment it had turned his finger the next moment it had turned like a weather vane and was pointing in the direction of the bear. With the keen perception of a savage, the old Indian hunter knew at a glance that the mountain lion was lying there watching the movements of the bear, and hadn't the least suspicion of our own presence. Our situation was a thrilling one, even for an old hunter. For where we lay, scarcely daring to draw breath for fear of betraying our presence, we could see one

scarcely daring to draw breath for fear of betraying our presence, we could see one side of the silver tip's big hairy body as he stood up and clawed away at the hollow tree, and on the other hand there was the mountain lion's four foot tail waving to and fro in the narrow deer path like the tail of an angry cat.

All of a sudden, biff! went a big tawny object through the air, as quickly and noiselessly as if it had been the flash of a shadow.

noiselessly as if it had been the flash of a shadow.

But now the silence, which had hardly been violated at all by the industrious bear at the tree, was rudely broken by a perfect pandemonium of savage roars, youfs, snaps, snarls, and stand offs. Under the dead tree stood a big mountain lion in an attitude of defiance, scowltain lion in an attitude of defiance, scowling at the bear, which looked anxious to attack him and yet half inclined to back

There is always something unspeakably comical about a bear to me, which-ever way you take him, and even under the exciting conditions of the occasion the old silver tip seemed to me to wear a

He stood there a few moments weav ing his big lumbering body backward and forward, as though he didn't care a pine needle whether the lion intended tackling film again or not. see the blood gently oozi Vet we could tackling film again or not. Yet we could see the blood gently oozing out of the long silvery wool on his shoulder, where the mountain lion had wounded him when he made the spring; for the tawny shadow we had see flash through the air was the lion as he sprang on the unsuspecting bear.

The next minute an excited grunt from The next minute an excited grunt from Big Beaver, and another expressive movement of his finger, caused me to glance again into the clump of willow where I had seen the mountain lion's tail. It was still there, and thrashing furiously. Not one, but two lions were on the scene!

The situation was becoming most exciting, and Big Beaver and I watched it eagerly, without thought of the possible danger to ourselves from three such pow-erful wild animals all close to us. Be-fore I could collect my ideas, biff! Another shadow sprang out of the willows. The second lion had made its spring upon the big bear.

The second lion had made its spring upon the big bear.

And now a wild battle began. The silver tip's new antagonist alighted squarely on the big brute's shoulders, and well nigh toppled him over. The other lion, which had evidently been waiting for his partner to come on, sailed in at the same moment, and they made old Bruin's movements pretty lively for a while. The three splendid animals rolled over and over on the ground in a heap, struggling, biting, roaring, and clawing away at each other like mad demons of destruction.

First one party seemed to be getting the best of the fight and then the other. The lions were on the top most of the time, however, for the silver tip seemed to think he would stand a better chance

time, nowever, for the silver tip seemed to think he would stand a better chance if he kept down on his back and fought with all four of his paws at liberty.

The way he worked those paws was wonderful to behold. Once or twice dur-

ing the first few minutes the lions came in for vicious scrapes that ripped long red gashes in their hides, and they backed

red gashes in their hides, and they backed off a few paces and uttered dismal howls, as though bewailing their hurts. This gave the old bear time to pull himself together, and he stood up and weaved back and forth and moaned, as weaved back and forth and moaned, as though he would rather see his assailants turn around and walk off than come at him again. This was in the early stage of the fight, before Bruin had his fighting instincts thoroughly aroused. It was a pretty even match, considering everything. A mountain lion can walk all around a bear for quickness, and two of them together are able to

and two of them together are able to make things uncomfortable for almost any kind of an animal. But, on the other side, their hides are far tenderer than a bear's, with no wool to speak of; and an old silver tip has more lives than a dozen mountain lions.

a dozen mountain lions.

After snarling and grinning at each other awhile, "wor r-r-r! quow-r-r! psssss! spit! yeaow-r-r! whoof! zippp!" they were at it again, the bear down on his back, doing his best with paws and teeth to keep the lions away.

But his two enemies, badly lacerated as they were after the first two rounds, seemed determined to conquer the big silver tip. They flew at him like twin furies, biting and tearing away with such

silver tip. They flew at him use com-furies, biting and tearing away with such demoniacal ferocity that more than one gutteral "Ugh!" involuntarily escaped Beaver's lips as we lay there and

Ten minutes after the commencement it became very evident that the fight couldn't last much longer. The skin of one of the lions' left side was hanging one of the lions left side was nanging in ribbons, and the other seemed to have half its face torn away. Owing to the bear's heavy coat it showed less signs of injury than the lions at this stage of the

All three were becoming somewhat weaker from loss of blood, but the silver tip was in by far the best condition of the three. As the fight progressed he got madder than a hornet, and instead got madder than a hornet, and instead of weaving and moaning when the lions drew off for a breathing spell, he began to chase them savagely around. The lions kept clear of him until they got ready to attack him again, when they made the fur fly for all their teeth and

When the lions drew off for the fourth time one of them had his sides and breast so terribly ripped and gashed that the poor brute seemed almost torn in pieces. He was still alive and full of fight, but so weak that he could not keep ngnt, but so weak that he could not keep out of the old bear's reach. The silver tip ran him down, and with one blow of his great paw he nearly struck the lion's head off his body. Then he flung him-self upon his helpless foe and finished him off in a wild burst of savage fury.

The bear was now master of the field. he was growing so weak that out ne was growing so weak that he fairly staggered as he moved off after the other lion. This last had had all the fight he wanted for one dose, and was plainly on the point of clearing out. He didn't seem to understand that his partner was slain, though, and he sat down on his haunches out of the bear's reach, though expecting the other one to

join him.
"Hi!" said Big Beaver at this point.

It was an act of mercy to put an end to the two brutes, for their wounds were so frightful that they could not have recov-ered, but would have crawled off into the woods to die a lingering death. Big Beaver shot down the surviving lion, and

Deaver snot down the surviving non, and I toppled over the bear.

We then strode out upon the field of battle and surveyed the slaughter pen. The old silver tip staggered to his feet as we moved out of cover, but it was all he could do; another shot laid him out

for good. examined the carcasses with a good We examined the carcasses with a good deal of curiosity to see which had fared the worst. There wasn't much to choose between them after all. Beneath the fur there was hardly an inch of sound hide on the silver tip's body. One of his eyes had been torn out, and his tongue bitten

off, while the lion was even more terri-bly mangled than the bear.

In my life as hunter, guide, and trap-per in the far West I have seen some strange and wild combats both of men and animals; but it never fell to my lot to witness a more desperate and exciting battle than that between the two lions and the big silver tip on the Powder

ON A SCRAP OF PAPER.

THERE is no danger but that before a man becomes President of the United States he will have timely warning of the impending honor. In Europe, on the other hand, the news that one has been made king of some famous country has once, at least, been revealed to the person most nearly concerned with startling sud-

son most nearly concerned with starting suddenness.

An amusing story is going the rounds of the foreign papers about the king of Greece, who is, as is well known, the Princess of Wales's youngest brother. When Prince George was chosen king of the Hellenes, in 1863, he was at lad of seventeen or eighteen, and in a state of tutelage at the royal navy school of Denmark. His father had not attained to kingly honors until some months later than the time of which we are writing.

The story goes that the young prince one day, when luncheon time arrived, flung down his books gayly and rushed out to the pastry cook's in schoolboy fashion to buy some tarts, and sat on a bench eating them and swinging his feet, without any thought, doubtless, beyond the present moment. The tarts had been wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, and Prince George was just in the act of shying the paper at the head of a schoolfellow when he saw his own name in big letters at the top of a column. George carelessly read it, and it is not difficult to conceive the lad's amazement when a few lines in a scrap of paper acquainted him with the destiny before him, and that he had been chosen by the great powers as the king of Greece.

NEGATIVE LUCK.

"What makes you look so happy today, Charley ? "I had the most glorious piece of luck im

aginable last night. I made \$200 clean cash."
"You don't say so! How did you do it?"
"Why, you see, a thief broke into my stable and stole my horse, and he rolled my buggy out, too, but he got frightened at something or other and left it. It isn't often a fellow can make \$200 without so much as turning his hand over."

A JOR'S COMFORTER.

CONDEMNED man (to his lawyer)-It's a long sentence, sir, to be sent to State's prison for

life.

Lawyer (inclined to a more hopeful view)—
Yes, it does seem long, but perhaps you won't live a great while.

BELIEVE IN MAN.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.
Believe in man, nor turn away,
Lo! man advances year by year;
Time bears him upward, and his sphere
Of life must broaden day by day.

Believe in man with large belief, The garnered grain each harvest time Hath promise, roundness and full prime For all the empty chaff and sheaf.

Believe in man with proud belief;
Truth keeps the bottom of her well,
And when the thief peeps down, the thief
Peeps back at him, perpetual. Feeps oack at nim, perpetual.
Faint not that this or that man fell;
For one that falls a thousand rise.
To lift white Progress to the skies;
Truth keeps the bottom of her well.
Fear not for man, nor ease to delve.
For cool, sweet truth, with large belief,
Le! Christ himself chose only twelve,
Yet one of these turned out a thiref.

[This story commenced in No. 266.] Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

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

CHAPTER XXXV

THE LAST CHANCE. UNYAP'S declaration that he meant to give up all further attempts at finding the lost gold mine seemed to discourage the new arrivals.

"Ef of Bunyap ain't struck no placer after a couple of weeks prospectin' hereabouts," said

new arrivals.

"Ef of! Bunyap ain't struck no placer after a couple of weeks' prospectin' hereabouts," said Pike, disconsolately, as he watched the little party filing off down the ravine toward their camp, "it ain't much use fer us to hang round. I wish't you and that black lookin' pardner of yourn "—addressing Dare—"had been furder afore you got us away from St. Joe on this thunderin' wil' goose chase."

And then all hands joined in, after the manner of mankind in general. Dare and Miggles were reviled and roundly abused by each one in turn—Thorp excepted—till, between the dubious outlook for finding the El Dorado and other worries, they were nearly wild.

Bunyap had generously left one of the bear haunches with the prospecting party. From the other came a hearty meal for our three friends, who had built their camp fire by a running stream on the opposite side of the valley.

As yet Bunyap had not disclosed his firther plans.

"Tell ye what L perrose hime by "he caid."

As yet Bunyap had not disclosed his further plans and the plans and the

fore. Chip, easily conjecturing the cause of his friend's silence, seemed several times on the point of saying something consolatory, yet as often checked himself.

"It won't spile by keeping a spell longer," he told himself, though not without a little self sergesche.

he told himself, though not without a little self reproach.

"Saddle up," was Bunyap's brief order, as the afternoon shadows began to lengthen, and the command was unquestioningly obeyed.

In full sight of the newcomers, who could be seen scattered about the distant cabin, Bunyap and his little party made their way directly up the valley slope, in a direction that would indicate the intention of leaving it entirely. And Chip, fearing that this was his actual purpose, began loudly protesting.

"We've come all this ways gold hunting, and now you're going to take us back to Bragg City with just the little Rob and I have found," he grumbled. "I won't stand it—I'll strike off on my own hook."

"Same's you did buffler huntin," dryly suggested Bunyap, a retort which officerative.

grunneed.

my own hook."

"Same's you did buffler huntin'," dryly suggested Bunyap, a retort which effectually closed Chip's mouth for the time being.

But as the faraway cabin was lost sight of behind the sloping ridges, Bunyap swung off almost at right angles.

"I want to look over that hole in the rocks afore we give up for a bad job," was his brief

almost at right angles.

"I want to look over that hole in the rocks afore we give up for a bad job," was his brief explanation, which, I need hardly say, was just what Rob and Chip themselves wanted.

Taking a course back parallel with the river bed, and entirely hidden by the bends of the valley from danger of detection by the aid of a field glass, the party arrived near the entrance to the choked canyon.

In a secluded spot, hidden by the growth of trees upspringing from the rocky crevices, the animals were properly secured for the night. Taking a blanket each, with such other articles of their outfit as Bunyap selected, the three clambered over the rough declivities to the cavern entrance, near which part of the bear meat had been left hanging.

This was taken inside, after which a store of wood from the fallen and splintered tree trunks which lay in every direction was secured.

"Greatest place for trees to be struck by lightnin' ever I run acrost," remarked Bunyap,

as he looked about him while they were gathering up the final armfuls. And indeed there was something remarkable in the number of blasted pines and tall hemlocks whose seared and twisted trunks showed the track of the electric fluid from top to bottom. It is not unlikely to suppose that the presence of iron ore may have constituted a local attraction, though of course this is purely conjecture.

Half an hour later the rocky interior was lit Up with a cheerful glow from a bir blaze, over

Half an hour later the rocky interior was lit up with a cheerful glow from a big blaze, over which bear meat steaks were sputtering from pointed sticks. The shadows cast by the firelight danced weirdly against the rocky sides of the canyon, which was about fifty feet in width. Over their heads were the great ragged masses of rock which roofed the chasm in—a long, irregular seam, nearly midway, showing where the two immense fragments rested transversely against each other.

"If the whole thing should happen to kind of cave in nobody'd be to the expense of buying cemetery lots for any of us," cheerfully remarked Chip, as he finished the last of something like two pounds of bear steak, and wiped the blade of his hunting knife on his bootleg.

Rob involuntarily shuddered as he glanced upward. Yet there were no fragments scattered about to suggest cleavage from overhead, and the entire roofing, if I may so term it, had probaby semained immovable for centuries — perhabits against the properties of the properties of the properties of the properties of the perhabits and the entire roofing, if I may so term it, had probaby semained immovable for centuries — perhabits against the permote that a purchase the perhabits against the permote the perhabits and the permote the perhabits against the perhabits against the properties and the perhabits against the properties of the perhabits against the properties of the permote that the perhabits against the permote the perhabits against the properties of the permote the perhabits against the perhabits aga

ably remained immovable for centuries—per-haps ages.

Bunyap, who had been more than usually un-communicative, gave no heed to Chip's agree-able suggestion, nor to the subsequent conver-sation kept up in a desultory sort of way be-tween the two boys.

His eyes were bent upon the silt and hardened soil composing the floor of the cavern.

It is almost needless to say that this had re-mained unchanged since the drying up of the waters whose swift current had once coursed above it. No soil or debris could collect here as in the open river bed of the valley. Thus may it not have lain undisturbed for years innumer-able?

able?
Undisturbed? Bunyap was asking himself
this question in a half doubtful way. What if
between the narrow wallsof the canyon the gold
washed down from the heights above had lodged
for some unknown reason, in place of being
swept two or three miles further down the dead
river's bed?
And what if, in the days of the unknown
And what if, in the propertient the knowner

river's bed?
And what if, in the days of the unknown people whose race is now extinct, the canyon bed itself had furnished the precious metal which had served as an adornment to their entombed dead?
And still that

And still further—what if Travers and his

And still further—what if Travers and his companions had penetrated the cavern depths, finding here the golden nuggets which had fallen into the hands of Dare and Miggles? What if this were the El Dorado?

But if the wonderful placer lay in the bed of the choked canyon—in the cavern itself—would not Travers have so stated in his dying utterances? Possibly he had, and Dare and Miggles were keeping this part of the secret to themselves, biding their time when they might seek out the spot unknown to their companions.

Bunyap turned these conjectural possibilities over and over in his mind, as he puffed away at his short black pipe, while Rob and Chip talked of the strangely unexpected appearance of the two very men who shared the old prospector's busy thoughts.

over and over in his mind, as he puffed away at his short black pipe, while Rob and Chip talked of the strangely unexpected appearance of the two very men who shared the old prospector's busy thoughts.

Suddenly the latter shook the ashes from his pipe, placed it in his pocket, and without speaking pulled some of the larger fatwood splints from the pile, binding them loosely together to make a large torch.

This he lighted and handed to Chip, after which, taking up the pick and spade brought with them, he signed him to follow.

"Bunya'ps going to have a hunt for the gold I said I believed was hidden away somewhere in the cavern, after all he turned up his nose at the idea," was Rob's half exultant thought, as he followed the two uninvited.

It was a strange scene indeed, and one that always remained photographed on Rob's memory. The solemn silence was only broken by some low remark which itself was echoed from the rocky walls with a rather ghostly effect. Occasionally a frightened bat would fit like a sable spirit through the gloom overhead, or suddenly dash in the direction of the blazing brand, to the great discomposure of Chip's nerves.

The uplifted torch threw a lurid glare across the shrunken features of the entombed warrior, who to Chip's excited imagination seemed to wink and grin derisively as they passed. The only sound from without was the dull murmur of the river's unceasing flow.

To Rob's surprise, Bunyap, in place of going to the extreme end of the cavern, stopped about midway. He tried the mingled gravel and clay, hardened by the action of time and the air, in several places with the point of his pick, and then moved from place to place, preceded by Chip with the burning fatwood torch.

"Is it possible Bunyap thinks that the people of past ages *buried* their store of treasure?" was Rob's muttered reflection.

All at once, he saw a gleam of something like excitement flash across the prospector's weather beaten face.

All at once, he saw a gleam of something like excitement flash across the prospector's weather

excitement mass across any process.

His pick had penetrated the gravel without resistance. It had been disturbed before.

Dropping the pick, Bunyap commenced using his prospector's spade with fierce energy. The loosened soil was not above four inches thick over the bed rock itself, and foot after foot was laid bare by the successive thrusts of the spade.

Suddenly Rob sprang forward, and dropping

beside the widening excavation grasped at some-thing his quicker glance had discerned.
"You've hit it, Bunyap," he said, as calmly as he could. But the uplifted hand, in the open palm of which lay a nugget about the size and nearly the shape of a peanut, quivered like an aspen leaf.

an aspen leaf.

Another and still another nugget was thrown
up with the loose soil. Then Bunyap, taking
his pick again, made his way further to the

right.

1 guess we've struck the placer at last," he said, drawing a long breath, "but it's no use winnerin' over pay gravel that's been worked first by them of hundreds of years ago, an' later on by Travers and his crowd: Begin here, Rob, Git some more fatwood splints, Chip, an' then bring along yer pick."

The sharp cluck of the picks echoed through the dim recesses, as, nerved with an excitement too great for words, the three began loosening the soil untouched since the river bed ran dry.

more than the space some three began loosening the soil untouched since the river bed ran dry.

A space some three yards square was thus broken up. Then the spades were brought into requisition.

A space some three yards square was thus broken up. Then the spades were brought into requisition.

"I thought I'd seen rich placers," gasped Bunyap, "but I've never dremp' of anything like this, anywheres' round the Sierras even!"

The even surface of the bed rock of hard blue clay, when laid bare, was literally studded with nuggets of various sizes and shapes, from that of a buckshot to a small new potato.

Some of these lay actually imbedded in coarse grains and nodules of the precious metal, interminipled with a black sandy gravel. And every spadeful of earth thrown out of the shallow excavation exposed more or less of the virgin gold, rounded and worn by its former attrition with pebbles and sand.

It was not until the supply of torch stuff gave out that the three toilers reluctantly abandoned their fascinating employment. The delights of anticipation were in this instance far exceeded by those of realization, though to convince themselves that it zoz realization was for a long time impossible to excited Rob and Chip.
"This," exclaimed the latter, running his fingers through the nuggets heaped on a corner of one of the blankets," is what I used to dream about, but I've never dremp! I'd be one of three to dig gold nuggets by the han I'ul—never!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHIP'S ADVENTURE.

T was near noon of the following day, which was sultry and overcast. The small empty store sacks had been taken from the big canvas grub bag and filled with placer gold. These in turn were carried to the spot where the

These in turn were carried to the spot what we animals had been left.

Everything that could be discarded was thrown out from the burro's load. The prospecting tools were left behind, the blankets distributed round to be strapped at the backs of the

tributed round to be strapped at the backs of the saddles, and so on.

Bunyap had a new idea regarding the return.

McClary's Range, as will be seen by a glance at a topographical map of the West, bends in a southerly direction till it reaches and almost joins the northern span of the Paniment Range, which forms the western boundary of Death Valler.

from his little finger.

Bunyap's idea was well thought of. But it was late in the day before the party succeeded in reaching the south fork of the stream at is junction with the main body, which, it will be remembered, divided at the further entrance of the choked canyon. Thus they were forced to eamp hastily for the night within a stone's throw of the spot where presumably the shaft of the old smelting furnace at the back of the canyon caven came out on the mountain side.

"I almost wish't we'd taken the risk of tryin' one more night in the cave an' makin' a start by early daybreak," remarked Bunyap, a little anxiously.

anxiously

by early daybreak," remarked Bunyap, a little anxiously.

For more than once during the afternoon they had heard a far away rumble of thunder among the mountain ranges. Not that this of itself was anything new, but the edges of some ominous looking black clouds lay along the top of the distant divide, as though undecided whether to advance or retreat.

But it was too late to work their way back over and around the rugged tree grown declivities, so a brush camp was hastily built, and some cold bear steak as hastily devoured. Then Bunyap and Rob, pretty well worn out with the fatigues of the previous night and following day, lay down for a nap, leaving Chip in charge of the animals that were contentedly browsing close to the camp.

Now, ever since Bunyap's mention of the Nez Perce reserve—the "valley of peace," in fact—

Perce reserve—the "valley of peace," in fact-Chip had been cherishing certain vain regress. "If I'd only known we was to take that in, he muttered, discontentedly, "I'd a' slippe ne muttered, discontentedly, "I'd a' slipped them bracelets off the dried up party in the cave and carried W: nita—they ain't doin' him no good, and they'd tickle her to death if she's like most girls."

I myself don't see the harm under the circum-

I myself don't see the harm under the circumstances, any more than for scientific men and historians to take rings or similar ornaments from the Egyptian mummies, or Dr. Schliemann to search for these things among the ashes of the dead of ancient Troy.

If there had been an hour more of daylight, Chip would have made his way back to the cavern entrance, in spite of opposing obstacles. As it was, another thought occurred to him—the shaft to the primitive smelting furnace.

For only that morning, Chip had peered upward from the partly demolished furnace at the back of the canyon cavern. The shaft, or

ward from the partly demolished furnace at the back of the canyon cavern. The shaft, or chimney if you will, had been built to adapt itself to a wide sloping crevice between the looser lying masses of rock extending at an angle of about forty five. The fresh current of air which came pouring down had convinced Chip of communication with the upper atmosphere. If he could find the mouth of this—

Even while thus reflecting, Chip, leaving the camp, was picking his way slowly upward among the great fragments of disjointed granite, carrying in his eye and memory a pretty accurate estimate of where the mouth of the shaft ought to be.

to be.

And it is nothing very remarkable that he stumbled upon it—almost into it, five minutes after leaving his sleeping companions. There were traces of smoke at the mouth, which was partly hidden by a growth of mountain spruce. The bottom was of rough slabs of stone laid in cement. Whoever laid it had to work up or down, and so there was room enough for Chip to enter.

to enter.

Leaving his rifle and haversack behind, Chip,
Leaving his rifle and haversack behind, Chip, Leaving his rifle and haversack behind, Chip, whose impettuosity was very apt to overrule his judgment, inserted himself cautiously into the narrow shaft, feet first. To his delighted surprise, he found that though in total darkness he could worm himself easily down the gradual declivity. And in an incredibly short time Chip was back in the cavern left but a few hours before.

tore.

Lighting the remains of one of the partly burned torches, Chip, not without inward compunction, removed the curiously wrought gold wristlets from the dried and shrunken wrists of the thousand or so year old warrior. But as he has since said, it seemed almost impossible to realize that the strange effigy before him had

realize that the strange effigy before him had ever been as himself.

Placing them carefully in the breast of his shirt, Chip stood for a moment half undecided. There was the circlet about the forehead. Why not take that also? As a modern day ornament it was hardly up to the requirements even of a pretty Indian girl. Still it would be regarded as a great curiosity. But at that moment—Suddenly seized from behind in a grasp like that of a vise. Chip dropped the torch and uttered a yell of terror which made the walls of the caverin echo.

CHAPTER XXXVII A CATASTROPHE.

A CATASTROPHE.

OR the time Chip felt sure that some one of the entombed ones had risen to avenge the insult offered to their dead.

"Took you rather by surprise, didn't we, Chip?" remarked a smooth, even voice, which Chip at once recognized as Dare's. At the same moment, a shaft of light was projected upon captor and captive from the bull's eye of a dark lantern held in one of Miggles's hands. In the other was a formidable revolver, the muzzle of which was pointed at Chip's head. The two had stolen softly upon him—their moccasined feet making no sound on the hard gravel. And now what?

"No need to keep that thing pointed at me,"

had stolen softly upon him—their moccasined feet making no sound on the hard gravel. And now what?

"No need to keep that thing pointed at me," said Chip, rapidly recovering from his fright, and taking in the situation at a glane. "Two full grown men ought to be able to take care of a seventeen year old boy without pointing a revolver at his head."

"Um," returned Dare, doubtfully, "depends something on who the boy is. And now—what are you doing here?"

"Studying ancient history," gravely returned Chip, this being the only answer that then occurred to him. He knew of no reason why either of the two should wish to harm him, and so felt no particular fear. And then, too, he wanted to gain time.

Dare's reply was drowned in a loud exclamation from Miggles, who turned the rays of his lantern upon the heaps of gravel thrown up in every direction.

"Diarolo!" he fiercely interjected, "we're too late, Dare. Them three been ahead of us, sure's you born!"

Dare's teeth came together with a sharp snap.

"If I thought it twas so," he muttered, vindictively, "I'd murder this one of them where he stands!" And Chip began to think his position anything but an enviable one.

"Get some of that splintered wood that we left at the entrance of this infernal hole, and let's have more light on the subject," said Dare, sharply, "What are you frightened at?" he continued, as Miggles, with a half fearful glance at the open tomb, seemed to hesitate. "Didn't you ever see an Artec mummy before?"

Miggles muttered something inaudible, and began gropping his way toward the entrance.

you ever see an Aztec mummy before?"
Miggles muttered something inaudible, and began groping his way toward the entrance.
Dare, holding the lantern and revolver, stood still, eying Chip in anything but a friendly man-

ner.
"Between you and that Rob," he growled,

you managed to steal the secret of Travers's st placer. Of course you've been digging lost placer. Of course you've been digging here while we thought you were on your way back to Bragg City. Now you had better just

back to Bragg City. Now you had better just own up—"
Here Dare stopped abruptly.
"Where did you get that ring?" he asked, hoarsely, as he flashed the rays of the bull's eye full on Chip's brown hand.
"I don't know as that's anything to you," was the spirited reply.
"It happens to be—I mined the gold at Boise City and hammered it out myself," sharply returned Dare. "Look inside if you doubt it—there's a 'D' scratched with a knife point."
Chip slipped off the rine and drew close to

point."

Chip slipped off the ring and drew close to the light. Sure enough it was as Dare had said. Dare the counterfeiter must have been Wanita's father—the husband of the deserted Said. Date Wanita's f Indian wife "Give it

Indian wife.

"Give it here, I say," exclaimed Dare, as he saw Chip hastily replacing the ring; "give it here, and tell where you stole it, or—"Chip's foot flew suddenly up against the bottom of the lantern, which went flying like a rocket through the air, just as Miggles appeared with a bunch of blazing splinters at the

peared with a bunch of blazing splinters at the entrance.

Dare turned to regain his lantern, supposing, of course, that he could wreak vengeance upon Chip at his leisure, as the entrance was guarded by Miggles.

A livid lightning flash suddenly glimmered through the crevices of the rock overhead. Its momentary light enabled Chip to locate the smelting furnace at the further end. In another moment he had groped his way thither, and was crawling upward out of the way of danger, as a peal of thunder went crashing and rumbling overhead.

By the successive flashes, Chip, chuckling at the astonishment of Dare and Miggles when they should discover his escape, recovered his rifle and made his way with many stumbles back to the brush camp, where he hastily told what had occurred.

But Bunyap scarcely listened.

"Thar's too many trees hereabouts, and too many's been struck by lightnin' to suit me," he said, as peal after peal went echoing along the heights. "Let's shift our quarters a bit furder down the stream, nigh where we'll have to ford it in the mornin'—better git a "wettin' than be knocked stiff by electricity, in my way of thinkin."

"Especially now we're so near being million-

thinkin."
"Especially now we're so near being millionaires," suggested Rob, who, as may be imagined, was in the highest possible spirits.

But the advice seemed good. Though as yet no rain had fallen, a thunder tempest was evidently upon them, and one of no small magnitude.

So the burro with his precious burden, together with the three horses was held away fewn

gether with the three horses, was led away from the dangerous locality. The almost continuous glare of electricity served to guide them to the lower ground, where a substitute for a shelter was offered to the travelers by a cluster of half willows

grown willows.

Chip had just begun to say that he'd rather be out in the hardest rain he ever saw than shut up in a cave during a thunder tempest along with a lot of dried up dead folks, when all at once the black arch above them was rent as it were by a ferry seam.

A bolt of zigzag blue flame shot downward directly to the earth—into their very midst, as for the moment it seemed to their blinded half

for the moment it seemed to their blinded nair stunned senses.

Immediately following the crackling thunder peal came a dull reverberating crash. By the glare of the succeeding lightning they saw the rocky eminence close to which they had first camped settling and rushing downward into the canyon cave—"like wheat in a mill hopper," to use Bunyap's comparison.

The thunder bolt had riven in sunder the massive roofing of the gulch, which itself had gone crashing into the cavern, followed by thousands of tons of shattered fragments. The living and dead, crushed out of the slightest semblance of humanity, lay buried till the judgment day with the remaining gold of the El Dorado placer. ment day wit Dorado placer

(To be continued)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-SSY. He can get you any number you may

WRITING ON A ROSE.

THE frailty of the rose is one of the greatest charms of this queen of flowers. A breath seems almost sufficient to shatter itin pieces, hence the surprising nature of the fact that it is possible to have one's name written on a rose leaf. The process was thus explained to a Mail and Express re-

was thus explained to a Mail and Express reporter:

It is done by an electric needle. The needle
consists of a very fine piece of platinum wire, and
is connected with a very powerful battery. The
rose must of course be handled very carefully or
the entire flower will be destroyed.

Take one of the leaves of the flower—one of the
Take one of the leaves of the flower—one of the
under it a piece of glass. Then with the needle
quickly write your name over the leaf. The needle
must be held very lightly, but it must touch the
flower. The electricity conveyed through the
needle kills the parts that it touches and drives all
the color out, leaving the name distinctly written.
This will show best on colored flowers, like the
red rose, or on a yellow flower. It can be done on
a white leaf, but does not show as well as on the
color.

MAN IS MORTAL.

BY JAMES SHIRLEY. glories of our blood and state e shadows, not substantial things; There is no armor against fate; Death lavs his icy hands on kings.

Mary Anderson.

A SKETCH OF THE FAMOUS ACTRESS'S LIFE.

AME 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 audi-

four seasons has charmed Lond ences 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 authoric. ness from the highest authoriness from the highest authori-ties on the actor's art. America may well be proud of the achievements of one whose pri-vate 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 Sacra-mento, California, on the 28th of July, 1859, her father being of English, her mother of German descent.

man 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 Alphanna

tle before Mobile, Alabama.

In 1867 her mother was married to Dr. Hamilton Griffin, of Louisville. Like her mother, ried 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 and poetic nature could not stand the prosaic routine of school life. Her wildness gained her the name of "Little Mus-tang." She was generosity it-self, and a great favorite among self, 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 mischiegous habit of with a book on her head, to re-strain the mischievous habit of making faces at her compan-ions, which used to convulse the class with ill suppressed laughter. She would sally forth 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.

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 forherself to recite passages from the for-

herself to recite passages from the for-mer, even arranging her room to repre-sent 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 re-ceived. She went home from the theater full of excitement, and set to work to study the part which Booth had imper-sonated. 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 fore-most actress of the time, was at Cincinmost actress of the time, was at channati, 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 and gesture, with another year 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 mem-ber of the profession, and Mary Anderber 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 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.

MARY ANDERSON AS GALATEA.

qualified to give the necessary training, and after some discussion in the family, 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 p oud and delighted at a step which opened to her the theatrical career on which her whole mind was set 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 a nundred 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 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 Louis-ville 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."

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

"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

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 suc-cessful, though Miss Anderson gained the warmest praise from the best judges. Among them was General Sherman, who has ever since been numbered among

has ever since been numbered among her friends.

The popular verdict at New Orleans, which city she visited next, was more decided. The tifeater 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 rands or rand ever, was the delight of the few spectators present, and so rap-idly 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

An engagement at the Varie-tes, the leading theater of New Orleans, was then offered to Miss Anderson, and here, as Meg Mer-rilies 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 compari-sons with her veteran predeces-

The uncertainty of fortune and of the critics was illustrated by Miss Anderson's next experione was the 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,

was the praise of Édwin 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. talents drew into the treasury.

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 ceiving 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.

which she nightly 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 Amer-

now firmly established as America's representative tragediem.

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 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 for

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

FATHER TIME'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM WHELLDON 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, 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 iteeds mature, the hopful try, Tod, while I keep moving on. 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.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MIDNIGHT DISCOVERY.

ARREN and Sloper had a little talk before they fell askeep.

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 Burroe, my own guilt that kept me silent under his abuse. All that I suffered I deserved. And is it / who should be called a hero?"

is it / who should be called

is it / who should be called a hero?"

"But, Sloper, if you re-gret the wrong you have done and atone for it," be-gan Warren, when Sloper interrupted him in a voice of distance.

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

when the state of the state of

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
sast 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.

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

He heard the quick drawn, gasping breath of

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 enougn for ne, until you know the whole story." murmured Sloper, sadly. Then silence fell, and Warren sank to sleep,

thinking about his comrade's trouble, and guess-ing that it must be connected with those rela-tions whom he dared not appeal to for aid in his

tions whom he dated not oppose.

"As long as has committed no crime—and he intimated 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

He awoke to near thousand dollars?"

"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
revularly. It couldn't have been he.

Litad he himself dreamed the words? Impos-

deep in the latter of the 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! I 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

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 con-federate 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."

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 foison 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. Pardieu! I shall not suffer trifles to balk me. "Shall we look thus;"

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

other.

"No, no, Petipas. Monsieur the captain might wish to visit the sick garcon 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 was and

waved his accomplice back to the companion way, and himself disappeared into Mr. Walsingham's called into the companion way the companion way the companion was the doing the treasure, no doubt; or was there another stare on the stare of the treasure, in the companion was the companion was the contraction of the companion of the companion was the contraction?

Ouivering with mineled Ouivering with mineled

not witness its preparation?
Quivering with mingled indignation and excitement, the boy snatched the obportunity while both soundrels 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 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 giasses on the swinging tray!

The boy darted to the

lamp and turned it up, then—oh, horror! Warren heard him clinking the glasses on the swinging the property of the synchronic property of 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 not 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 shoults, 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.

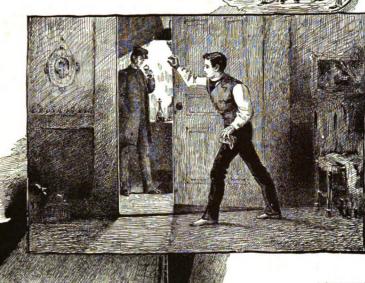
An amazing sight it must have been to him when he burst into his guests' room, to meet Warren, half clothed, white as ashes, yet smiling and making vigorous signs of caution, while Sloper sat up in bed, looking wild and scared from his rude awakening!

Fortunately, the skulking watchers could not see into the stateroom, but doubtless 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. Dufort did 1?" he whispered, as before.

Mr. Walsingham, horribly shocked as he must have been your good supper. Dufort did 1?" he whispered, as before.

Mr. Walsingham, horribly shocked as he must have been your good supper. Bufont did 1?" he whispered, as before.

Mr. Walsingham, horribly shocked as he must have been your good supper. Bufont did 1?" he whispered, as bef



THE POISONED DRAUGHT WAS ALREADY AT MR, WALSINGHAM'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, men faced French Canadian of the lowest class. They were standing at the saloon table, Dupont engaged in examining the bottles which were socketed in the swinging tray above it, and the sailor running his eyes about the luxurious little place with a covetous grin.

Warren ventured to open his door again, for these movements were far too cautious to pres-age 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. companion ladder.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CRISIS.

A CRISIS.

HE 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."

sitting up staring about, while his host was bidding him lie down again, as he left the room.

Dupont politely hoped the young gentleman was not sick, and explained his presence there by saying that he had heard cries. Then he loitered about the door of the saloon, affecting to talk of the weather, which, he said, was threatening, but greedily watching for his employer to take his accustomed allowance.

Mr. Walsingham understood. Dupont's guilty conscience made him suspicious. He could not let his victim out of his sight until he had drunk the fatal draught. He, however, forced the mate to lose sight of him for a moment by sending him into his own cabin for the chart of the ship's course, and in his absence dashed the liquor, which he had already poured out, under the table, and filled up the glass with water.

water.

When Dupont returned he was setting down
the drugged bottle as if he had been pouring
from it; then, while the mate was smoothing
the sheet flat on the table, he drained the glass

and put it down empty.

Dupont fled with a ghastly face. He dared not witness the expected tragedy.

Mr. Walsingham put out the saloon lamp, and the two boys softly joining him in the dark, he closed their door and led them into his own

he closed their door and ied them into ins own cabin.

"This door I shall lock; it will give us time to form our plans," said he, turning the key. Both boys were now dressed, and Warren had managed to enlighten Sloper on the present crisis, finding, to his surprise, that the boy became calm and ready when he comprehended that danger was to be faced.

Mr. Walsingham lit his lamp, and, to Warren's unutterable dismay, he saw that his face was contorted with pain, while beads of sweat glistened on his brow; he sank upon his sofa with a groan.

ith a groan.
"Little as I swallowed, it sickens me," he

"Little as I swallowed, it sickens me," he murmured, as the lads hung over him in alarm. "Get out the revolvers—you may have to defend your own lives over my dead body. Heaven forgive me for tempting you into such peril." Warren had gone to the locker for the pistols, and Sloper answered earnestly: "You need not regret that, sir, for we could not have left you alone among enemies after your kindness to us, even if we could have guessed the danger. But I hope this may be only a passing fit of nausea; you will feel better soon. Oh, Marvin! what is it?"
"Dupont has stolen the revolvers," whispered

soon. Oh, Marvin! what is it?"
"Dupont has stolen the revolvers," whispered
Warren, coming toward them with empty hands
and troubled looks. "What can we do now?
We are defenseless."

and troubled looks, "What can we do now? We are defenseless."
For a moment Mr. Walsingham sat silent, overwhelmed by the discovery; his strength was gone, his brain confused, and everything swam before his bloodshot eyes; every instant the baneful drug was gaining a surer hold upon him. But with a great effort he shook off the deadly paralysis of mind and body for a time and forced himself to think and plan.

CHAPTER XVIII THE BOY CAPTAIN.

THE BOY CAPTAIN.

"YES, we are defenseless; we cannot fight the rascals!" began Mr. Walsingham, after a moment, "but we may outwit them, if we can gain time enough. They think me disposed of. If they find their mistake, and see that you are with me, they will know that their plot is discovered, and may murder us all. But if I feign death, and you act out the deception, seeming quite unsuspicous of foul play, I don't think they will attempt your lives, but will probably sail to some obscure port, and abandon you on the yacht, carrying off the treasure with them. But listen! Ha! I thought so: Dupont is coming to view his work. Courage, dear lads! act your parts cunningly, and may Heaven protect us! Fly, Marvin; unlock the door. Sloper, hang over the dying man.

marvin; unlock the door. Sloper, hang over the dying man."

Rapidly whispering the last words, Mr. Wal-singkam sank back on the sofa with a groan so convulsive, so full of suffering, that Sloper did not need to feign the terror with which he bent

over him.

Warren noiselessly threw off the lock, then rushed back to join Sloper. The next instant the door was slowly opened, and the mate looked in with a cowardly air, but, seeing the boys, uttered a snarling exclamation and strode

boys, uttered a snarling exclamation and strode forward.

Mr. Walsingham was writhing in apparent convulsions, foam on his lips, his eyes set and vacant of expression.

"Oh, Mr. Dupont, he is very ill; we fear it is apoplexy," cried Warren, looking confidingly up in the villain's face. "We heard him groaning, and came to see. Can you suggest anything?"

ing, and came to see. Can you suggest anything?"
Dupont's apprehensions fled, and he boldly
walked up to the sofa and bent over his captain
in eager anticipation of his instant death. This
act inflamed the suffering man's smoldering
indignation to sudden fury, and, pretending to
act unconsciously in a frightful paroxysm of
agony, Mr. Walsingham seized the wretch by
the throat, shook him well nigh senseless, and
dashed him from him with such violence that
he reeled backward and fell crash against the
corner of the table, and from thence to the deck,
where he lay quiet. Then Mr. Walsingham
twisted himself round on his face, and moved
no more.

By this time several of the crew were peering in from the saloon in perplexity at the unex-pected scene, and the boys posed dramatically

over the captain's body, crying out that he was dead—that that was his last throe, and what could have killed him? Petipas—lean, dark, evil eyed and smooth spoken—sneaked into the cabin as if to offer his valuable help, but his glances ran hither and thither like a ferret's, in greedy search of the hidden treasure, and he forgot to speak, till a hoarse voice recalled attention to the mate, who was staggering to his feet in a towering passion, one eye closed and one arm hanging helpless at his side.

"Morbleu! Monsieur Dupont. What has happened to you?" jabbered Petipas, in his own mongrel tongue.

happened to you?" jabbered Petipas, in his own mongrel tongue.
"Scoundrel! He have blinded me; he have broken my arm!" howled Dupont, in English, for the boys' benefit. Then he raved on in French to his confederates: "Take my knife, Petipas, and finish him. I will have revenge for this." And he stamped in mad impatience and called upon all the heathen deities to avenge him.

Petipas, and finish him. I will have revenge for this." And he stamped in mad impatience and called upon all the heathen deities to avenge him.

But Petipas had his wits about him, and said, warningly: "Bah! Monsieur, is this a time for rash conduct? These boys—will they not suspect murder when the mate curses the dead captain, instead of weeping over the best of masters? I sall not well—the captain dead, the boys suspecting nothing?" moaned Dupont, holding up his broken arm, while a shudder of deathly pain shook him visibly, and he tottered into a chair. "I am hurt—put out of the bat the—rendered helpless just when I most need all my wits and all my powers. Oh, I faint—water, for Heaven's sake!" His head fell on his breast; he was indeed almost swooning with pain, yet not one of his worthy confederates took the least notice of him; they were all too busy crowding into the captain's sacred cabin to stare greedily around for the coveted gold. They hardly glanced at the supposed dead man even, so ready were they to believe what they wished true, namely, that the owner of the treasure was out of their way. It was Warren who, with grim malice, brought in the poisoned bottle of brandy and a tumbler, and, despite Sloper's warning nudges, poured out a generous draught and offered it to Dupont, who was not too far gone to take it in his own hand. To be sure Warren turned very pale when the guilty wretch put it to his lips, but he let him drink about as much as he thought Mr. Walsingham had drunk, and then, by a clumps motion, jerked the glass from his hand as if by accident, and it fell in fragments at his feet.

The men turned to look, and with a yell, Petipas darted upon the bottle and held it up before the horrified eyes of the mate.

"You drank of this?" cried he, shaking it in his face.

"Mon Dieu! I am a dead man!" shrieked Dupont in crayen terror. "I drank—did he

"You drank of this? Great in, smaller his face.
"Mon Dieu! I am a dead man!" shrieked Dupont, in craven terror. "I drank—did he not give it me?" And he fell on the deck and writhed there, enduring by anticipation the tortures he had so calmly provided for his kind and

writhed there, enduring by anticipation the tortures he had so calmly provided for his kind and generous employer.

A fierce jabbering broke out among the men, to which Warren listened with great edification, as it informed him of many facts which it behooved him to learn.

Petipas was sure that Warren suspected the cause of the captan's sudden death, and had wittingly given Dupont the poisoned drink, and he insisted that both boys should be "knifed" or thrown overboard without loss of time, while some of the men shrank from bloodshed which might be useless. At all events it was repugnant to them unless their own blood was up. Thus there were two parties who were squabbling over the lives of the defenseless lads like dogs over a bone, when all at once the surrounding calm was invaded by a long, pealing roar. Something crashed like a solid mountain against the little ship, which instantly heeled over to a frightful angle, hurling the inmates of the cabin across the floor in a heap, sound and wounded, living and gnasi deat; and then came the stagering run of heavy feet above, and the man who had been left at the wheel bellowed down the companion way:

"All hands on dex! The rale has taken us
"All hands on dex! The rale has taken us
"All hands on dex! The rale has taken us
"All hands on dex! The rale has taken us

the companion way:
"All hands on deck! The gale has taken us aback!

All the men scrambled out as fast as they could, except Dupont and Petipas. The two boys were busily intent on dragging Mr. Walsingham back to his sofa, fearing Petipas's assistance. But their fear was groundless; Petipas was kneeling over Dupont in a panic. "Can't you come on deck and give your orders if I carry you?" he besought the prostrate scoundrel, who was suffering intolerable anguish from broken bones and poisoned throes, for he was far sicker than Walsingham had been.

"I cannot go—let me die in peace," groaned Dupont. All the men scrambled out as fast as they

was far sicker than Walsingham had been.

"I cannot go—let me die in peace," groaned Dupont.

"But we shall go to the bottom," howled Petipas. "Now the captain is gone, who is to navigate the ship if you will not?"

Warren had met the anxious eyes of Mr. Walsingham, who was much troubled for the safety of the yacht; he now interrupted the Canadian's entreaties by saying:

"Look here, Petipas, I've sailed a yacht many a time before. Will you give me command till the mate is able to take his post again?"

Cries of terror and impatience rang from the deck; they had been at sea all their lives, yet not one of them knew anything of their calling except practical seamanship—that is, they could obey orders, but they never thought of the reasons for these orders. They were simply the hands, and could do nothing with their own ship without a head.

"You navigate a sheep before?" exclaimed Petipas, eagerly turning from Dupont; "ver' good, you come along now, an' be captain." Warren had already received Mr. Walsingham's barely perceptible sign of consent, and he bounded up the ladder, and a moment afterward his voice rang out in clarion tones: "Port your helm! hard aport! all hands aloft to shorten sail!"

to shorten sail!"

All night a heavy gale drove the Water Sprite before it, she running under bare poles, and hardly then eluding the tremendous billows which roared after her, threatening to topple over the fairy craft and ingulf her in a moment.

The crew were completely tamed by terror and willingly obeyed the boy captain; and no doubt most of them heartily regretted the crime which they believed had been committed, and doubt most of them heartily regretted the crime which they believed had been committed, and would have thankfully escaped from the ship without the plunder if they had been near any port, looking upon their present plight as a retribution upon them for their guilt.

A fierce red dawn ushered in a threatening day, the wind changed abruptly, and lashed the swollen seas into a world of boiling foam and dangerous billows, which met and broke upon each other in a manner that seemed to wrench

other in a manner that seemed to wrench strain every bolt in the yacht. Warren oreach other in a manner that seemed to wrench and strain every bolt in the yacht. Warren or-dered the well to be sounded, and it was discov-ered that a leak had started. So the already exhausted men were obliged to relieve each other at the pump instead of resting as they had

exhausted hier were congectories, at the pump instead of resting as they had hoped.

Warren never left the deck all night, and still remained at his post, worn and pale with ratigue, yet resolute to show the crew an example of endurance as long as the danger lasted.

Sloper had not slept either, for he had his work below; both Mr. Walsingham and his enemy had been violently ill all night, and were now reduced to a state of weakness from which the boy feared they could never rally. Fortunately Dupont in his panic had called for certain remedies which proved to be antiotal to the poison, and as Mr. Walsingham had them in his medicine case, he also benefited by them. But the morning found him sunk in a stupor, while the mate, being a younger and consequently stronger man, slept from exhaustion, and seemed a shade better than his victim, in spite of his bodily injuries. Sloper had been obliged to fetch Petipas to set the broken arm, as he would not venture to tamper with it in his ignorance. And very roughly Petipas did set it, and with small compassion for the suffering he caused.

At davient Sloper hunted out the captain's

his ignorance. And very roughly acceptance set it, and with small compassion for the suffering he caused.

At daylight Sloper hunted out the captain's steward, a mulatto lad named Julius, whom he at last discovered covering in a corner of the pantry, stupefied with terror of the storm—and set him off to cook a hot breakfast for Warren, which he himself carried up to him, meaning to have a talk about the situation. The yacht was pitching so uneasily and the decks were so wet that he found it no easy task to reach his friend, who was too busy sweeping the plain of waters through a glass in longing search of a ship or steamer that might at least encourage him by its vicinity, to see Sloper's erratic approach. But at last he heard his voice calling him, and, leading him with his welcome load to the lee of the wheel house, they leaned their backs against it and eagerly began their consultation.

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 an-swered in their turn as soon as space permits.

swered in their turn as soon as space permits.

DecLinsto with thanks; "Our Flag," "How Paid the Mortgage," "It Tanght Him a Lessor "An Evential Voyage," "At the Heart Fashion," "The Boys Deer Hunt," "An Ext sive Cache," "Incidents in the Life of a Surveyor

T. P. G., Chicago, Ill. A story by Wilton Burton ppeared in No. 243 of the Argosy.

W. A. G., Milwaukee, Wis. The average height of a boy of sixteen is 5 ft. 3 in.; weight, 107 lbs. J. A. P., Brooklyn. The way to become a loco-motive engineer was pointed out in No. 245, eighth

CURLY, Detroit, Mich. Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, dated his first "revelation" from Sep. 22, 1827.

INQUIRER, Baltimore, Md. No. 8 of MUNSEY'S OPECLAR SERIES IS Mr. Alger's delightful story The Young Acrobat."

C. L. W. The rook or castle, in chess, moves straight forward, backward, or to either side, but cannot move diagonally.

cannot move diagonally.

C. D., West Chester, Pa. 1. Harry Castlemon lives in New York State. 2. "The Boy Broker" appeared in Nos. 218 to 233.

F. H. C., St. Johnsville, N. Y., and F. C., Toledo, O. The shortest verse in the Bible is the 35th of the 11th chapter of St. John's Gospel.

tne inth chapter of St. John's Gospel.
F. F., Jr., New York City. Certainly, residents in New York City can subscribe for the Ascosy, and have the paper mailed to their address.
Hawy C. Force, 63 South 8th St. Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. would like to have the address of all commanders of cadet corps in the United States. Y. T. C. We should not recommend a young fellow of 16 to become a cowboy. We cannot publish the addresses of Texas or Dakota ranchmen.

CONSTANT READER, New York City. It is not illegal to carry a revolver in the Western States and Territories, though it is usually quite unnecessary. Noble, Washington, D. C. Something on the subject of "A" tents will be found in No. 235 of The Golden Argosy; "A Cheap Shanty" in No.

G. H. G., Avoca, Iowa. 1. Your State's area is 56,025 square miles. Its population was 1,753,080 at the census of 1885, and is now estimated 1,824,-

RYZRE, Taunton, Mass. The problem can easily be solved algebraically, but we have not space for an explanation. The tree must be cut 30 ft. from

C. F. L. 1. Neither of the stories named will ppear in Munsey's Popular Series. 2. If you owth continues, you may yet secure an engageent with Mr. Barnum.

B. B. M. "The Mystery of a Diamond," by Frank H. Converse, is No. 7 of Munsay's Porlas Series; "A Voyage to the Gold Coast," by the same author, is No. 2.

Boys 5 ft. 2 ir. in height, or over, wishing to join company B, Second Battalion of the Hamilton Cadets, can apply to Capt. Douglashis, 79 East ooth St., New York City.

109In St., New York City.

CANOEST, Oak Park, Ill. "How to make a Canowas Canoe" appeared in Nos. 243 and 244 "Wooden Canoes" in No. 245. We will send these numbers post paid on receipt of six cents each.

Burtwick, Cleveland, O. The scene of a part of "Eric Dane" is laid in a theater, but we have never published a serial wholly theatrical in character Such a story would scarcely be suitable for the Argosy.

Such a story would scarcely be suitable for the Argosy.

LUKE BENNETT, Fitchburg, Mass. Most critainly you should not ask a lady to dance when you have not been introduced to her. What you should say upon being introduced we must leave to your own conversational powers.

F. C. A., Lowell, Mass. You would find it very difficult to learn to telegraph by practicing with a operator to give you a few lessons; and then practice will make you competent.

Skip, Troy, N. Y. I. Lieut. Hamilton may be addressed at Governor's Island, New York (tip. 2. The States may grant arms to a cadet corps, if the request is backed by influential citizens. See No. 23 of the Argosy, fourth page.

COMPANY G., Forty Seventh Regiment Caset Corps, will assemble at the armory every Wednesday evening at 8 o clock for drill. Any young men wishing to join the corps can apply to Frank A. Miller, 274 Fenn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

1, T. T., Richmond, Va. Price lists of old coins.

Miller, 274 Penn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. T. T., Richmond, Va. Price lists of old coins will be found by referring to our advertising colums. We expect shortly to publish an article giving the value of American coins, which will aware a great many questions recently received.

W. I., Stafford, Kan. 1. To make a cement that will glue rubber together, soake pulverized gum shellae in ten times its weight of strong ammonia, allowing it to stand for some time. 2. The jewdry business is one where large profits are frequently made.

made.

P. L. W., St. Joseph, Mo. All arrangements for sending articles exchanged through the exchange column must be made by the parties to the traction. You might offer the articles you mention, then the reality of a volume of the Arcosy.

on a volume of the Argosy.

Argosy Radder, North Brookfield, Mass. You will find price catalogues of stamps offered for said in our advertising columns. We cannot find space in this department to give the value of your speciments, but will reply by mail if you will send a self addressed stamped envelope.

addressed stamped envelope.

F. L. H., Jersy City, N. J. We have already given a good deap of information about West Pout and Annapolis. See the editorial pages of No. 37 and 5% for the latter, and the fourth page of No. 37 and 5% for the latter, and the fourth page of No. 37 for the former. As to which we should advise a boy to enter, that must be left to himself to decide.

a boy to effice, that must be feet to familiar cide.

L. D. B. L., Homewood, Pa. 1. No premium on the half dollar of 1820. 2. Consult our advertising columns for dealers who sell coin lists. 2. The time needed of gain a thorough knowledge so much, according to circumstances, that we can give no definite answer.

READER, Circleville, N. Y. 1. Years such as 1800 1500 are not leap years simply by an arbitrary rule devised by Pope Gregory XIII to keep the calendar in correspondence with the seasons. 2. We have a few copies of Vol. I on hand, which sel at §5 each. 3. To keep a steel pen from correding, be careful to dry it after using.

I. M. H. San Angelo, T. X., 1 vou might call.

at \$5 each. 3. To keep a steel per from corredings be each 1. To keep a steel per from corredings be each 1. So and 1. To keep 1. To keep 1. You might call your base ball club. "Fightfarex" to "Daisycutters" 2. Address El Comercio or La Libertad. Buenos Ayres, S. A. 3. Cornet playing, in moderation, second for the lungs. 4. No, we do not think that a very large sale for wild cats could be worked up in New York. Few of our citizens, we think, would care to purchase such a luxury.

CHARLIE, New York City. 1. Information about 500 country of the country of t

Bergershalt of the service of the se

vide into squares.

J. F. H., Philadelphia, Pa. 1. The largest belin the world is the "Tzar Kolokol," or King of Bells, of Moscow, Russia. It is 10 ft. 3 in. high. of ft. around the rim, and weighs over 200 tons. 2 Among the tallest steeples are those of Cologre Cathedral, St. Stephen's at Vienna, and Salie Dury Cathedral, England. 3. The most famous leaning tower is that of Pisa, which is 170 ft. bell and 13 ft. out of the perpendicular. There are purported to the control of the proper section of the control of the properties.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

INDEPENDENCE.

How happy is he, born or taught, That serveth not another's will; Whose armor is his honest thought, And simple truth his utmost skill.

This story commenced in No. 264.]

Luke Walton;

THE CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, Jr.,

Acrobat," "Bob Bur-Author of "The Young Acrobat," "Boo ton," "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER XII

MR. BROWNING COMES TO TERMS.

HE destruction of the letter, and the open exultation of the man who had in intention at least doubly had in intention at least doubly wronged him, did not appear to dismay Luke Walton. He sat quite cool and collected, facing Mr. Browning.
"Really I don't see how the letter happened to slip from my hand," continued the philanthropist. "I am afraid you considered it important."
"I should if it had been the genuine letter," said Luke.

I snould if it had been the genuine letter," said Luke.
"What?" gasped Browning.
"It was only a copy, as you will be glad to hear."

Boy, I think you are deceiving me,"

said Browning sharply.
"Not at all! I left the genuine letter in the hands of my lawyer."
"Your lawyer?"

"Your lawyer?"
"Yes." I have put this matter in the hands of Mr. Jordan, of this city."
Mr. Browning looked very much disturbed. Mr. Jordan was a well known and eminent attorney. Moreover he was opposed in politics to the would be mayor. If his opponent should get hold of this discreditable chapter in his past history, bit political santations might be selected. history, his political aspirations might story, his pointent aspirations might a ell be given up. Again he asked him-if, "How much does this boy know?" "If you are employing a lawyer," he id after a pause, "I don't understand

said after a pause, why you came to me for advice.

thought you might be interested e matter," said Luke, significantly. in the matter, "Why should I be interested in your affairs? I have so many things to think of that really I can't take hold of anything

"I will tell you, sir. You are the man who received money in trust from my dying father. I look to you to restore it with interest."

"How dare you insinuate any such thing?" demanded Browning furiously. "Do you mean to extort money by threats?"

threats? No, sir. I only ask for justice." "There is nothing to connect me with the matter. According to your own letter it was a Thomas Butler who received the

money you refer to.'

"True, and your name at the time was Thomas Butler."

Mr. Browning turned livid. The net

seemed to be closing about him.
"What proof have you of this ridiculous assertion?" he demanded.

lous assertion?" he demanded.

"The testimony of one who knew you then and now—Mr. King, who keeps a cigar stand at the Prairie Hotel."

"Ha! traitor!" ejaculated Browning, apostrophizing the absent King.

"This is a conspiracy," he said.

"King has put you up to this. He is a discreditable tramp whom I befriended when in dire need. This is my reward for it."

when in dire need. This is my reward for it."

"I have nothing to do with that, Mr. Browning. Mr. King is ready to help me with his testimony. My lawyer has advised me to call upon you, and to say this: If you will pay over the ten thousand dollars with interest, I will engage in mv mother's name to keep the matter in my mother's name to keep the matter

rom getting before the public."
"And if I don't agree to this?"
"Mr. Jordan is instructed to bring suit

against you." Drops of perspiration gathered on the

brow of Mr. Browning. This would never do. The suit, even if unsuccess-ful, would blast his reputation as a phil-anthropist, and his prospects as a pol-

itician.
"I will see Mr. Jordan," he said.
"Then I will wis "Very well, sir. good morning." Then I will wish you

Within two days Thomas Browning had paid over to the lawyer for his young client the full sum demanded, and Luke iert Milwaukee with the happy conscious ness that his mother was now beyond the reach of poverty.

CHAPTER XLII.

CONCLUSION.

ELICIE reflected over Harold's dishonest suggestion, and concluded to adopt it. She meant to charge Harold with the second robbery, and to brazen it out if necessary. Accordingle one day she stole into Mrs. Merton Accordingly sitting room, and with the keys supplied sitting room, and with the keys supplied by Harold succeeded in opening the drawer. Inside, greatly to her surprise, she saw the identical pocket book which it had been understood was taken at the time of the first robbery. She was hold-ing it in her hand, when a slight noise led her to look up swiftly.

To her dismay she saw the old lady,

whom she had supposed out of the hous regarding her sternly.

"What does this mean, Felicie?" demanded Mrs. Merton.
"I—I found these keys, and was trying

them to see if any of them had been used at the time your money was stolen."
"Do you know who took my money on

that occasion?" continued the old lady.
"Yes, I do," answered Felicie, swiftly
deciding to tell the truth.
"Who was it?"

"Your nephew Harold," answered Felicie, glibly.
"You know this?"
"I saw him open the drawer. I was

looking through a crack of the door.

"And you never told me this?"
"I didn't want to expose him. He begged me not to do so.'

"That is singular. He warned me yesterday that he suspected you of being the thief, and that he had reason to think you were planning a second robbery."
"He did?" said Felicie with flashing

eyes.
"Yes; what have you to say to it?" "That he put me up to it, and gave me these keys to help me in doing it. Of course he expected to share the money."

This last statement was untrue, but Felicie was determined to be revenged upon her treacherous ally.

"And you accepted?"
"Yes," said Felicie, seeing no way of scape. "I am poor, and thought you

"Yes, sain reince, seeing and may rescape. "I am poor, and thought you wouldn't miss the money."
"My nephew accused Luke Walton of being the thief."
"It is untrue. He wanted to divert spicion from himself. Besides, he bate Inke."

hates Luke. "Do you?"
"No; I think him a much better boy

than Harold."
"So do I. Where did my nephew get

his gold watch?"
"It was bought with the money he

"So I supposed. Well, Felicie, you can go, but I think you had better hand

ear go, but I mink you had better hand me that bunch of keys."

"Shall you report me to Mrs. Tracy?"

"I have not decided. For the present we will both keep this matter secret."

Luke's absence was of course noticed

Luke's absence was of course noticed by Mrs. Tracy.
"Have you discharged Luke Walton?" she asked, hopefully. "I observe he has not come here for the last two or three days."

He has gone out of the city-on bus-

iness."
"I am surprised that you should trust that boy to such an extent."

At this moment a telegraph messenger

rang the bell, and a telegram was brought up to Mrs. Merton. It ran thus:

To Mrs. Merton, No—Prairie Avenue, Chic, I have recovered all my mother's money vinterest. Mr. Powell is also successful. Will turn this evening.

"Read it if you like, Louisa," said the old lady, smiling with satisfaction.
"What does it mean?"

"That Luke has recovered over ten thousand dollars, of which his mother had been defrauded. It was Warner who put him on the track of the man who

wrongfully held the money."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Tracy, spitefully. "Then the least he can do is to return the money he took from you."

"He never took any, Louisa."
"Who did, then?"
"Your son Harold."

"Who has been telling lies about my poor boy?" exclaimed Mrs. Tracy an-

A person who saw him unlocking the

Has Luke Walton been telling falsehoods about my son?

"No; it was quite another person. I have other proof also, and have known for some time who the real thief was. If Harold claims that I have done him

injustice, send him to me."

After an interview with Harold, Mrs.
Tracy was obliged to believe, much against her will, that he was the guilty one and not the boy she so much detested.
This did not prepossess her any the more
in favor of Luke Walton, whom she regarded as the rival and enemy of her son.

It was a joyful coming home for Luke. He removed with his mother at once to a nice neighborhood, and ceased to be a nice neighborhood, and ceased to be a Chicago newsboy. He did not lose the friendship of Mrs. Merton, who is under-stood to have put him down for a large legacy in her will, and still employs him to transact much of her business. Next year she proposes to establish her nephew, Warner Powell, and Luke in a commission business under the style of Powell & Walton,

POWELL & WALTON, she furnishing the capital.

The house on Prairie Avenue is closed. Mrs. Tracy is married again, to a man whose intemperate habits promise her little happiness. Harold seems unwilling to settle down to business, but has developed accept for the control of the veloped a taste for dress and the amuse-ments of a young man about town. He thinks he will eventually be provided for by Mrs. Merton, but in this he will be mistaken, as she has decided to leave much the larger part of her wealth to charitable institutions, after remembering her nephew, Warner Powell, hand-

Ambrose Kean never repeated the mistake he had made. Still more, by deligent economy he saved up the sum advanced him by Mrs. Merton, and he of-fered it to her. She accepted it, but re-turned it many times over to his mother. Her patronage brought him another advantage; it led his employer to increase his salary, which is now double that which

his salary, which is now double that which he formerly received.

Felicie lost her position, but speedily secured another, where it is to be hoped she will be more circumspect in her con-

duct.

Thomas Browning after all lost the nomination which he craved—and much of his wealth is gone. He dabbled in foolish speculations, and is now comparatively a poor man. Through the agency of Jack King, the story of his breach of trust was whispered about, and the sham philanthropist is better understood and less respected by his fellow citizens.

His nephew, Stephen Webb, has been obliged to buckle down to hard work at ten dollars a week, and feels that his

ten dollars a week, and feels that his path is indeed thorny. Luke Walton is not puffed up by his

unexpected and remarkable success never fails to recognize kindly, and help, if there is need, the old associates of his humbler days, and never tries to conceal the fact that he was once a CHICAGO NEWSBOY.

THE END.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to sub-scribers and weekly purchasers of TREGOLONY AROONY, MONONY, MON

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

A. A. Young, Port Chester, N. Y. Six hundred different foreign stamps, for a press and outfit.

unierent toreign stamps, for a press and outfit.
F. W. Peoples, 313 V Ine St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Two thousand square cut postmarks, for a piccolo.
T. C. Bacon, Middletown, Con. Foreign
stamps, for rare U. S. postage or revenue stamps.
T. R. Porter, Greenfield, Mass. Four games and
two books, for postmarks. Postmarks, for the
same.

Frank B. Milnor, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa. Christmas Times," for back numbers of the

T. W. Hayes, Box \$1, Anaconda, Mont. Minerals, for rare stamps, and about 1500 foreign stamps, for stamps not in his collection, or foreign post-marks.

Frank J. Hall, 182 East 76th St., New York City. Stamps for stamps. Correspondence with collectors

Dana E. Heck, Hazleton, Pa. A toboggan, 10 books, and games, etc., for a 3 by 5 press with 4 fonts of type.

tonts of type.

F. A. Landry, 315 Detroit St., Cleveland, O. A magic lantern with 12 slides, for a font of script type, 3 A 6 a.

John Fulton, care of N. S. S. Co., 37 Faneuil Hall Square, Boston, Mass. Postmarks and tin tags, for stamps.

tags, for stamps.

William H. Glatt, 90 John St, Utica, N. Y. A zither, some reading matter, and 400 tin tags, for a set of boxing gloves.

Charles H. Roskam, Gouverneur, N. Y. An International album and 300 stamps, for a photo camera or curiosities.

camera or curiosities.

Georgie A. Selleck, Nashville, Mich. A pair of
81-2 Vineyard roller skates, valued at \$2.50, for
U.S. or foreign stamps.

Theo Pardee, 72 Jones St., Detroit, Mich. Five
postmarks, for every turn tag not in his collection.

Tin tags, for the same.

George Oberg, 182 East Washington St., Chicago, Ill. Five books, and a pair of 3 lb. dumb bells, for electrical goods.

Thomas C. Wambach, 225 1-2 Wyckoff St., rooklyn N. Y. "The Boys in the Forecastle" or "The Mountain Cave."

for "The Mountain Cave."

Carl A, Settinger, Delphos, O, A self inking press with 2 fonts of type, and 2 pairs of clamp skates, for a Remington typewriter.

J. Gilligan 473 Sackett St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A pair of No. 10-12 nickel plated all clamp roller skates, for a pair of No. 10 ce skates.

skates, for a pair of No. 10 rec skates.

John A. Ward, 156 64b St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A
model beam engine, 1-2 horse power, in good order,
for a good row boat, bicycle or watch,
George Hindenach, Jr., Box 333, Marshall, Mich.
Fifty different tin tags, and 500 foreign stamps, for
Nos. 207 to 271 of This Goldbin Akonsy.

Nos. 267 to 271 of The GOLDEN ARGOSY.

E. N. Schwartz, 1113 Clay St., San Francisco,
Cal. A number of articles to exchange for a good
printing press and a bicycle. Send for list.

S. P. Kirkpatrick, Virden, Ill. A pair of No. 7
roller skates, a pair of No. 10 t-2 all clamp ice
skates, and a piecolo, for a self inking press.

Arthur Gallagher, I Astor Place, Jersey City, N. J. Four hundred and fifty stamps in an album, for U. S. Department and rare foreign stamps. T. H. Harris, 76 West Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla. Forty acres of Florida land, valued at §3 to \$4 an acre, for a 52 inch bicyle, Columbia preferred.

Charles C. Coates, Custer City, Pa. A self ink-ing press, with 10 fonts of type and outfit, 100 ongs, and a pair of No. 11 ice skates, for a banjo r guitar.

H. Tucker, Box 646, Mexico, Mo. Two books, a stamping outit, and sheet music, all valued at \$5,50, for Mrs. Browning's poems and other standard books.

A. G. Bonney, 27 Pearl St., Hornellsville, N. Y. Forty different foreign stamps, for a Cape of Good Hope triangular; also over 200 different postmarks, for stamps.

Wallace Cox, 245 West 124th St., New York City. A hand inking card press, chase 21-4 by 33-4, with outfit, for a magic lantern with slides valued at \$3.

Webster Wright, Huntington, Ind. A 23 ft. steamboat, with engine and boiler complete, valued at \$250, for a rotary press, chase not less than 7 by 9, with outfit.

N. S. Milton, 237 East Madison St., Louisville, Ky. A telescope, cost \$3.50, and 2 gold fountain pens, for a pair of 11 inch B & B. Iceking or American club skates.

an club skates.

Mortimer L. Harris, Melrose Highlands, Mass.
pair of B, & B. American club skates, valued at
states or a spy glass with 3 slides, or a pair of opera
lasses of equal value.

F. C. Brightman, care of J. S. Sisson, New Bedford, Mass. A scroll saw with patterns, valued at \$6, for a No. 1 self inking press with outfit. Sender to pay express charges.

R. Berli, 168 Madison Ave., Covington, Ky. A Fenney's "Zoology," Steele's "Chemistry," and books on bookkeeping, etc., for Roman or job type or other printing materials.

or other printing materials.

W. A. Boyd, Jr., 2885 Sixth Ave., New York City, Fifteen photos of Sall players, soldiers, etc., and printing the soldiers, etc., and of Misser's Portlar Sheibs.

A. R. Pike, Marion St., Brookline, Mass. Eight books, a small press, a font of type, and a Demas lathe and scroll saw, for a 5 by 8 photo camera or a self inking press and outfit,

Walter C. Van Derveer Nam Parents.

a sent maning press and outlit.

Walter C, Van Derveer, New Brunswick, N. J.
A pair of No. 10 nickel plated patent lever roller
states, with 2 sets of wheels, valued at \$6, for a
pair of 13 or 20 lb. dumb bells.

pair of 15 or 20 lb, dumb bells.

Louis programs 3 2 and St., Jersey City, N. J. A Surforce, 15 and 15 lb, Jersey City, N. J. A Surforce, 15 and 15 lb, Jersey City, N. J. A Surforce, 15 and 15 lb, Jersey City, V. J. A Surforce, 15 and 15 lb, Jersey City, V. Harry Woodward, Keyser, W. Va. "Sportsman Club Series," by Castlemon, 3 books by Optic, and one by Verne, for the "Gumbat Series" or "Rocky Mountain Series," by Castlemon, 1, Norris, 182 East, 76th St., New York City, "How to Row, Sail, and Build a Boat," 125 different U. S. and fo. eign stamps, 300 duplicates, and 7 foreign coins, for a fishing rod and ree!

C. W. Lockwood, Ir. Box 28, Middle Hore N.

C. W. Lockwood, Jr., Box 28, Middle Hope, N. Y. A pair of No. 10 Union all clamp skates, and a magic lantern, for a pair of catcher's gloves with full left hand and sole leather fingers tips.

full left hand and sole leather Ingers tips.

Axel Anderson, Box 839, Red Wing, Minn, A pair of No. 11 Winslow Club ice skates, a pair of Indian clubs, valued at \$\frac{1}{2}\$, so, a book by Kingston, and a steam engine, for a guitar worth \$10.

John Wetherbee, Athol, Mass. A Philatelis's stamp album, stamps, postmarks, a book, and a pair of No, to ice skates, all valued at \$\frac{1}{2}\$, for an International stamp album worth at least \$\frac{1}{2}\$ or an

Jean J. Tartter, care of C. P. Bechtel, 366 Sackett St. Brooklyn, N. Y. A self inking 6 by 6 press, with 6 fonts of type and outfit, and 2 sets of sel-dies, A to Z and 1 to 6, for a steel spoked rubber tired bicycle.



The subscription price of the Argosy is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.
Club rate.—For \$2.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

year, psychie in auvance.

Clus ratic radiresses.

Clus ratic radiresses.

All communications for the Ancorr should be addressed to the publisher.

All communications for the Ancorr should be addressed to the publisher.

In the communication of the Ancorr can commence at any time. As a rate we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise over the principal of the angular control of the control of th

A NEW STORY

A story of novel character and unusual interest will be commenced in next week's number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. It is entitled

THE CASKET OF DIAMONDS: OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE By GAYLE WINTERTON.

The scene is laid in the city of New York, and the story is full of incident and movement. The plot chiefly hinges upon a casket containing two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, which is strangely brought to the house of Mrs. Everton in a time of great need, and as mysteriously disappears before the distress is relieved. Our readers will become deeply interested in the brave and clever efforts of the hero, Rowly Parkway, to solve the mystery and right the wrong.

The subscription price of The Golden Aryosy is \$3 a year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1 for four months, \$7 for four months. For \$5 ver will send two copies, to different addresses if desired. For \$5 ver will send The Golden Aryony and Munsey's Popular Series, each for one year.

HOW TO GET A RINDER.

Any reader of the Argosy can obtain a sixty cent maroon cloth binder free in this manner: If he will get one of his friends, who has not previously taken the ARGOSY, to send us in \$2 for a year's subscription, we will mail him the binder free, if he will send us 15 cents to pay the postage upon it.

HEAD VERSUS HANDS.

THE ARGOSY printed in these columns two weeks ago an article regarding the introduction of manual training into the public schools.

By way of supplement, we herewith quote from a contemporary the results of an advertisement for occupants to fill two positions in his establishment, which a New York merchant inserted in the papers.

To the first, which was for a bookkeeper at a salary of not over ten dollars a week, he re-ceived over three hundred answers, while to the second ("a chance for a bright boy to learn a a trade in my shop") there was but a single response.

When the ranks of the head workers are so crowded as this incident indicates, it certainly seems time that all possible encouragement should be given to skilled labor with the hands, for which there is always a market.

A PEN PLAINT.

"The pen is mightier than the sword" is a proverbial assertion that the vast majority of mankind most unreservedly indorse. Can it be possible then that a writer in the London Saturday Review is endeavoring to boom the sales of some fresh complication of the typewriter order when he plaintively inquires, "Will mankind ever invent an endurable pen?"

The old fashioned quill, he claims, splutters ink over paper and fingers like a small shower bath, while the steel pen is an exasperation until it is broken in, and no sooner is it "in" than rapidly accumulating rust causes its speedy consignment to the "outs." As to fountain pens, our grumbler is supremely disgusted with the thumps and shakes that he asserts must be invariably administered to set them into action.

"Nature may wisely desire to handicap

authors," he concludes, "but it is the business of science to thwart nature, and to invent and perfect all that is necessary to the process of

Whether the rest of us coincide in these opinions or not, the foregoing should surely be encouraging reading to young inventors.

THE TEST OF CHARACTER.

"I have sometimes thought that we cannot know any man thoroughly well while he is in As the ebb tide discloses the perfect health. real line of the shore and the bed of the sea, so feebleness, sickness and pain bring out the real character of a man."

So said the late President Garfield, little thinking that he himself would be called upon to show to the world in his own case how a great soul can triumph over the sensitiveness of the flesh. And most nobly did he pass through the ordeal, enduring patiently, uncomplainingly, all the agonies of that two months and a half of dying.

It is easy to be generous when giving costs us nothing, and not so very difficult to walk in virtue's path if the way to vice does not entice us. In short, when the sun is bright and all the wheels of daily life run smoothly, "being good," as the children call it, is a comparatively simple matter. It is when the clouds of adversity gather or the storm of temptation assails that the wholeness or hollowness of the character's structure is proven.

THE YOUNG ACROBAT

OF THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN CIRCUS.

A Story by Horatio Alger, Jr., in Munsey's Popular Series.

THE March issue of this attractive and successful library for boys and girls is now ready, and the combination of Mr. Alger's name with the fact that the story deals with circus life will be certain to make the demand for this number something phenomenal.

The hero, Kit Watson, is an orphan living with his uncle, who determines to apprentice him to a blacksmith. To this Kit objects and accepts an offer to join a circus company, with the proprietor of which he has become acquainted through a thrilling episode, described in the fifth chapter. He has hard work to elude the blacksmith's vigilance, but finally manages to do so, and starts on his travels as an acrobat.

His experiences in the ring, adventures when taken captive by a rough gang of miners, his friendly intercourse with Achilles, the giant, and Madame Morella, the fat woman, these and countless other episodes of the narrative will prove most interesting and fascinating.

We would advise our readers to procure the book at once, either of their newsdealer or by sending 25 cents to this office, as the immense demand may speedily cause the supply to run

SAMPLES FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

THE following are specimens of letters it is truly delightful to receive. We are always glad to hear our readers' opinions of the Ar-GOSY, what stories they like and the help they may obtain from any particular style of ar-

Newark, N. J., Feb. 19, 1888.

I have taken The Golden Angosy over a year, and it beats all the weekly papers I have ever read. D. K. Dana.

WORCESTER, MASS., Feb. 17, 1888. I can only speak of your paper in the highest E. F. COFFIN.

ALTOONA, PA.

I have been reading the ARGOSY for three years, and find the stories of the best, purest and most interesting nature.

JOHN C. CLEBERS.

A VOCA, PA., Feb., 19, 1838.

Over a year, and I find it the best paper of its kind I ever saw, and I do not doubt that it is the best one published. I am always very eager to get it, and generally do get it as soon as possible. "Under Fire" is a splendid story.

GEORGE H. GARDNER.

Venores H. Gardener.

I write to tell you something you will like to hear. I have you three new your like to have been taking the tell of the tell of

HON. WILLIAM F. VILAS. Secretary of the Interior. The career of Mr. Vilas, the newly appointed

Secretary of the Interior, has been pointed out as a distinguished instance of good fortune. Less brilliantly gifted than many who fail in life, with no special endowment of oratorical power or personal magnetism, he has risen to one of the highest posts of our government, and is recognized as being among the most influential statesmen of the great and growing Northwest.

Surely it would be truer, as well as better, to point to his well trained practical ability, his industry and persistency, as the true secret of his success, and to find in his history an example to show how much those of fair average capacity can accomplish by well directed effort and diligent self improvement.

William Freeman Vilas was born at Chelsea, Vermont, on the oth of July, 1840. He comes of an old Vermont family. His grandfather, Moses Vilas, owned an eight hundred acre farm in the Green Mountain State, and accumulated a moderate fortune. His father, Levi Baker Vilas, married the daughter of Nathan Smiley, a mont Democrat, who ran so frequently for Governor that though always unsuccessful he was known as GovernorSmiley.



HON, WILLIAM F. VILAS. From a photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.

In 1851 the family moved westward to Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, and when young Vilas was thirteen years old he went to the Wisconsin State University. He was a studious. earnest boy, gifted with no specially brilliant genius, but endowed with good common sense and a firm resolution to make the best of his powers. Besides his routine studies, he learned to set type as an amusement during his vacations, to write like copper plate, and to keep books accurately-good training for one who looks forward to a practical career.

After two years at a law school, he was admitted to the Wisconsin bar in 1860, and on his twentieth birthday he opened a law office in Madison. He was becoming well established in his profession when the civil war broke out, but he abandoned it, raised a company, and joined the Twenty Third Wisconsin regiment, with the rank of captain.

In February, 1863, he became a major, and soon afterward a lieutenant colonel. He was in command of his regiment during the siege of Vicksburg and for two months after the surrender of the Southern fortress. During that year, however, his father's health began to fail, and Colonel Vilas resigned his commission to return

He now resumed the practice of his profession, and rapidly became a successful lawyer. He amassed a comfortable fortune; his habits were thrifty, businesslike, and methodical, while his practice was lucrative, much of it being connected with railroad matters.

But he did more than mere money getting. He has always had strong literary tastes, and taken an active interest in education and other kindred subjects. For many years he was a lecturer in the legal department of the Wisconsin State University, and is still a member of the Board of Regents of that institution.

Like his father, Mr. Vilas stood high in the councils of his party, though he uniformly declined the many offers of political advancement that he received. In 1884, however, he accepted a nomination to the State Legislature, and was elected without opposition. He was

prominent in the National Democratic Convention of that year, and was deputed to act as spokesman of the committee which informed Grover Cleveland of his nomination.

His subsequent share in national politics is doubtless fresh in the memories of our readers, President Cleveland, in forming his cabinet, nominated Mr. Vilas as Postmaster General, an office that he has recently exchanged for the still more important post of Secretary of the Interior, from which Justice Lamar retired.

His talents make him an admirable head for an executive department of the government, His knowledge of the post office was most thorough and comprehensive, his mastery of its details being wonderful. He corrected so many petty abuses and extravagances that captious critics called him "picayunish." He worked hard himself, being at his desk from nine o'clock

to six, and expected his assistants to work hand likewise. He put a stop to absenteeism among the clerks, thereby saving no less than five thousand working days to the department.

He was married in 1866 to Anne Matilda, daughter of Dr. William H. Fox, a prominent Wisconsin physician, and has four children. He lived for many years on a farm near Madison, riding in every morn-ing to his office; but he now owns a handsome resi-

IN TRI

THE

Faralla and say

dence on the banks of Lake Mendota. His library, which overlooks the lake, contains five thousand volumes. He is well up in the literature of the day, and dips into French, German,

He is fond of outdoor sports too. He still plays base ball, and pitches quoits, besides boating and fishing on Lake Mendota, and flying over its frozen surface in an iceboat in winter time. He is known as a great walker in Washington, where he lives in a three story brick dwelling near the homes of Secretary Bayard and General Schenck.

As already stated, he has laid up a comfortable fortune, which has been greatly augmented by shrewd investments. One of the best of these, it is said, is his purchase of a large tract of land in the Gogebic iron region, south of Lake Superior, which is destined to be immensely valuable in a few years.

Mr. Vilas is strongly and compactly built, with erect figure and stalwart muscles. His weight is about a hundred and sixty pounds His hair is slightly curled, and he wea beard. His appearance is typically that of a successful and self respecting man of affairs.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

NOTHING is troublesome that we do willingly.-CENSURE is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.—Swift.

VICE stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue onsoles us even in our pains.

CHEERFULNESS or joyfulness is the atmosphere nder which all things thrive.—Richter. A LIFE spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line, by deeds not years.—Sheridan.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues.—Bishop Hall.

The man who minds his own business and constantly attends to it has all his time employed.

These wawy idle hopes; come to thine own aid, if thou carest at all for thyself, while it is in thy power.—Marcus Aurelius.

We sublet.

power.—Marcus Aurelius.

We seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too modest; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too production to produce the production of the prod



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

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to White-cap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER VIII TRACKING THE THIEF.

TRACKING THE THIEF.

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?" chicanged.

But do you know where he lives?" objected

"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 calmy 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 hunt-

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 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

may have sustained, only opened her mouth in amazement at the idea of being addressed by the occupant of "sich 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 skitts were

ludicrous, in view of the fact that the same still dripping.
"Does Mr. Beaver, Mr. Paul Beaver, live here?" inquired Arthur, striving to strangle his sense of the hundrous in a realization of the importance of his mission.
"He did but he don't," was the laconic reals."

"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 obnsiderably 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 is the strip of white canvas on which service it had evidently seen its best days.

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.

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 Mir. 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."
David fouched his hat in token of comprehension, although he looked considerably mystified, and drove on a few steps, just as Master Pixey was preparing to hurl a fresh volley of objurgation at the "plug hatted ribbon holder."

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 fourt 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 lauch, acting and the set here.

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 kerridge like that 'ere' responded young Pixey, pointing a grimy thumb in the direction of the brougham.

"But that carriage doesn'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 Saratogy," 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 is hot is worth a dozen when it begins to cool."

CHAPTER IX.

FOLLOWING UP THE CLEW.

HEN 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

and solitary chair with which it was furnished, so that the introduction of a trunk thereinto would have necessitated a sort of Fifteen Puzzle series of calculations on the part of the occupant to effect it.

Mr. Beaver's trunk, a small, flat topped one painted yellow, stood in the square hall immediately outside his door, and this Arthur and young Pisey had but little difficulty in carrying between them.

Their nassage, was blocked several times.

between them.

Their passage was blocked several times, however, by the ladies who had been looking out of the windows suddenly discovering that they wanted to visit one another's rooms, and so timing these visits that they encountered the trunk, the expressman, the late occupant of the brougham and the still dripping maid servant in the narrowest part of the hallway. But the street door was reached at last, and although Arthur fell a little cause as he became conscious Arthur felt a little queer as he became conscious of David's wondering stare, he only laughed to himself and boldly did his share in placing the

himself and boldly did his share in placing the trunk in the wagon.

"If Al would only come along now," he said to himself, "I could explain to him what I mean to do, and then we might both follow this old shebang in the carriage. But if wishes were horses, beggars would ride, or rather one boy wouldn't ride in an ex huckster's cart. It's ail in a good cause though; so here goes," and with a final glance at the horrified David, our young amateur detective swing himself up to a seat beside Master Pixey.

"Gee-up," called out the latter, slapping the lines on the back of Perasus, who had been

"Gee-up," called out the latter, slapping the lines on the back of Pegasus, who had been taking a nap at his anchorage. Off they started, and Arthur felt that he was now fairly on the home stretch to the recovery of the bonds. Suddenly he recollected that he had not yet ascertained where the trunk was to be taken. "How far are you going with this?" he inquired, in as careless a tone as he could assume, and throwing a glance over his shoulder towards the trunk.
"Over ter the Grand Central Depot, an' all I'm give fer it is half a dollar."

I'm give fer it is half a dollar."
"Whew!" whistled Arthur under his breath.

"When!" whistled Arthur under his breath.
"It'll be lunch time before we get there; but no
matter. I'm going to stick to that piece of
baggage like a leech, till I see its owner."
As they passed the jail he looked eagerly for
some sign of Allan, but in vain. His companion
was evidently not given to reading the papers,
and the news of Mr. Trent's arrest was still too
fresh to have permeated to him through the gossip of his mates. Hence, to Seymour's relief,
the youth made no allusion to the affair which
was causing a vast deal of talk among a large
part of Brooklyn's best citizens.
His discourse was confined principally to his

was causing a vast deal of talk among a large part of Brooklyn's best citizens.

His discourse was confined principally to his horse, of which he evidently had a high opinion.

"He don't look to be much," he confided to Arthur, "but that's owin' to the low diet he gets. We has to feed him on skimmin's mostly, an' that ain't the fattenest food. But it'd only need a little oats to fit him for the track."

"The track?" gasped Arthur, trying to stifle a laugh in an artificial yawn. "You mean the street car track."

"Go 'way wil ye, no," retorted the other, rather indignantly. "I mean the race track, down to Coney Island, yer know. Tve-seed lots o' horses that run there an' they've got just the slimmest legs, and yer can see their ribs 'most as plan as Feter's here."

o' horses that run there an' they've got just the slimmest legs, and yer can see their ribs 'most as plain as Peter's here."
"Have you ever speeded Peter?" inquired Arthur, endeavoring to recover the favor he feared he had been in danger of losing.
"Speeded him is it? Ye should have seed the way he got over the ground last Fourt' o' July! A lot o' fellers near where we stables him tied a pack o' firerackers under the front of de wagon. I was a goin' ter git a trunk in Union Street, an' jist as I was a takin' up de lines, one o' them fellers crawls under de wagon from de back and touches de pack off. Whoop, bang, spoom, spat, went de crackers, one after anudder, an' Peter he jist got over de ground like de Mayflower. De boys didn't enjoy de fun as much as dey expected to, fer we was out of sight in a jifty. Down Court Street we went like de very wind, wid de boys rushin' out an' whoopin' it up fer us like all possessed."

"How did you stop him, and weren't you frightened—or hurt?" asked Arthur, shaking with laughter.
"Hurt did ye say? Not a bit of it," returned

frightened—or hurt?" asked Arthur, shaking with laughter.
"Hurt did ye say? Not a bit of it," returned Master Pixey, allowing the lines to caress Peter's sharp spine with affectionate daintiness. "I hadn't had so much fun sence de sugar house burned down. All I was afeared of was that he would stop too soon, an'he did git tired out long afore I was ready for it. G'lang Peter." Arthur's sides were still quivering with mirth waked by the picture of the bony nag's 2:40 gait which his fancy conjured up, when the wagon swerved into Fulton Street, and a sight met his eyes that suddenly turned him as grave as a judge.

met his eyes that suddenly turned him as grave as a judge.

This was nothing more nor less than the spectacle of Jessie Deane and her friend, Dora Grange, standing at a crosswalk, waiting for "Pixey's Express" to pass. They were on his side of the wagon, too, and the expression of astonishment on their faces was so intense that it very nearly caused them to forget all propriety and stand with their mouths open. They remembered to bow at the last minute, and Arthur took off his hat without the shadow of a smile. Then the ludicrousness of the thing came over him, and he began to laugh again till young Pixey nudged him with his elbow, winked one of his small eyes, and said slyly: "Pretty nice lookin' girls them friends o' yourn."

This sobered proper Arthur in an instant, and he at once turned the conversation back to Peter, by affecting to be deeply interested in the length of the animal's tail.

When they came to the bridge he lavishly paid the toll, congratulating himself as he took out his purse that he happened to have with him twenty five or thirty dollars with which he had intended to pay a tailor's bill after leaving the Trents. Trents

the Trents.

"That snug little sum may come in very handy before I'm through with this business," he reflected. How near he struck to the truth he did not then realize.

Now that the novelty of the ride had worn off, and young Pixey's anecdotes respecting Peter had likewise lost their freshness, the trip was beginning to grow monotonous. Whatever the said Peter's accomplishments in the way of time making may have been on the occasion of the firecracker episode, it is certain that his pace was

firecracker episode, it is certain that his pace was now both limping and languid.

Pixey, too, was evidently growing impatient to know when his self invited passenger was go-

to know when his self invited passenger was going to get down and pay up.
"Goin' much farther?" he inquired, as he pulled on the right rein at Union Square and guided Peter towards Fourth Avenue.
"Yes, I want you to take me as far as you're going," replied Arthur, and taking a quarter from his pocket, he slipped it into the itching fingers of his companion.
"Thankee, thankee, sir," exclaimed Master Pixey, who had evidently not expected to receive so much.

"Perhaps I'm a bit reckless with father's cash," reflected Arthur, "but I'm certain he would approve my motive. It may come in handy up at the station to have made a friend of the trunk transporter.

In due course, Peter came to a halt in front of the baggage room of the New York Central Road on Vanderbilt Avenue. Arthur vao." dhastily to the pavement and hurried inside. A hasty glance around the apartment assured him that the man of whom he was in search had not yet arrived.

He may be in the waiting room, though, ing his ticket," reflected Arthur. "But I y miss him if I go to look, so my best scheme wait here." had not yet arrived.
"He may be in

this time Master Pixey had given Mr. By this time Master Pixey had given Mr. Beaver's trunk in charge of one of the railroad porters, with the report that "de boss would come an' claim it." He then drove off, with a farewell nod to Arthur, who now that he had finished examining every trunk in the place, as though looking for one that belonged to himself, began to wonder how he could account for his longer lounging about the baggage quarters.

But again one of his bright ideas came to his aid.

CHAPTER X.

THE CHASE LENGTHENS,

THE CHASE LENGTHENS.

TEPPING to the doorway, Arthur gazed first intently down Vanderbilt Avenue, then steadily out through Forty Fourth Street. He shook his head, frowned, tapped his toe impatiently on the floor, took out his watch, and in short, manifested all the signs of a nervous passenger fearing the train would go off and leave him before his trunk arrived.

"There, I guess they can account for my presence here now," he said to himself, after he had gone through with this little pantomine. He was put to some confusion, however, a

He was put to some confusion, however, a moment or two afterwards, when one of the porters stepped up to him and respectfully in-

porters stepped up to him and respectfully inquired:

"Your baggage late, sir? If you'll tell me
where it's for, I can get a check ready and carry
it in for you soon as it comes."

"I'm waiting for a gentleman," replied
Arthur, with a sudden gasp following the half
minute pause he had been obliged to make before answering the question. Then he added
mentally: "I hope I haven't prevaricated too
much in applying that term to a fellow like
Beaver. Wonder how long he's going to keep
me waiting, though. A little lunch would be a
refreshing variety to the performance just now,
but I don't see how I'm going to get any and
keep on guard duty here.

Ten, twenty minutes passed, a half hour
had dragged itself by, and still no signs of the
flowing whiskers and impressive eye glasses of
the wily Beaver.

had dragged itself by, and still no signs of the flowing whiskers and impressive eye glasses of the wily Beaver.

One by one the men employed in the baggage department went off for their dinner, or sat down to eat it out of the cans or baskets they had brought from home.

Arthur began to feel as though his stomach was a sort of bottomless pit, and the fact that his pockets were as full as that organ was empty, only served to make his stuation the more tantalizing.

"Perhaps this is a wild goose chase after all," he said to himself. "What if Beaver has gone he said to himself. "What if Beaver has gone on ahead and left somebody else to look out for his baggage!"

ne said to himself. "What it beaver has gone on ahead and left somebody else to look out for his baggage!"

But even as personal convenience urged this argument for abandoning the search, loyalty to his chum reasserted itself with fresh vigor.

"I've got so far on towards a success that will mean so much to Al, that I twon't give up now," and as if in reward for his self sacrifice, a bootblack approached him at that moment and furnished him with an inspiration.

"I say, boy," he called out, "I don't want a shine, but I'll give you ten cents if you'll take this quarter and go over to that restaurant just above the corner there, and buy me a sandwich and a piece of pie. Is it a bargain?"

The boy stopped short and looked at his would be employer with a blank stare, as much as to say: "You're not lame or blind, look rather healthy, and seem to have nothing on earth to do. What do you want to run the risk of a chap like me bolting with the quarter for?"

Arthur comprehended and hastened to explain

ain.
"I'm waiting for somebody," he said, "and
we to stand right here." Then, as his eyes
Il on the shoeblack's grimy hands, he added:
"Be sure and have the things done up in

"Be sure and paper."
"Ki-rect," retorted the boy, taking the qua ter and depositing his blacking box at Arthur's feet as a sort of surety for his return.
"Sing Sing? Yes, sir."
"She burned like a shot. Somebody had

"Sing Sing? Yes, sir."
Arthur turned like a shot. Somebody had come to check a trunk. It was not Beaver, but that was certainly Beaver's trunk on which the

come to check a trunk. It was not beaver, that that was certainly Beaver's trunk on which the stranger's hand rested.

Instantly all thought of empty stomach and pie and sandwich in transit vanished from Seymour's mind. He was all eyes and ears for what was going on at the baggage counter.

What his eyes took in was the following: A medium sized man, with a crop of reddish hair, which stood out in crisp curls from under his square topped derby. He wore a conspicuous plaid ulster, and was as great a contrast in appearance to Mr. Paul Beaver as could well be imagined.

He seemed to be in a great hurry, and Arthur caught only a fleeting glimpse of the fellow before he vanished through the small passageway leading to the Hudson River waiting room. But of one thing Seymour was positive:

He had laid claim to Beaver's trunk, and the latter was now being run out on a small truck with the other baggage.

Arthur thought rapidly, and ere the small door had banged to behind the stranger, he had opened it again, and was following him.

"Beaver may be in the waiting room," he reflected. "Fie or no pie, I can't drop the threads I've gathered up now."

flected. "Pie or no pie, I can't drop the threads I've gathered up now."

Just as he entered the narrow hallway, the red haired man disappeared through the doorway at the farther end of it.

"If he gets mixed up with the crowd I may lose him," he said to himself; and the next instant he shot into the waiting room with such impetus that he very nearly collided with the man he wished merely to watch.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured, and dropped back under the shadow of the news stand.

stand,
"If he'd only sit down," he mused, "I might have a chance to pop out the door and beckon that bootblack down this way."
But the red haired gentleman was evidently

But the red haired gentleman was evidently in a hurry, and had joined the throng that was surging through the doorway leading into the

surging through the doorway leading into the station proper, "Here's a go," muttered Arthur. "That Sing Sing train is evidently going to start. I don't see Beaver anywhere about here. He may be on the cars, and he may not. Wonder if I can't go in and find out? But he now remembered that no person without a ticket was allowed to pass by the man at the door; so, while the plaid coated gentleman was still at some distance from the exit, Arthur hurried to the window and asked for a Yonkers ticket, the nearest place on the route he could call to mind at the moment.

This, of course, delayed him somewhat, so that by the time his turn had arrived to pass out on the platform the object that had drawn him

call to mind at the moment.

This, of course, delayed him somewhat, so that by the time his turn had arrived to pass out on the platform the object that had drawn him thither had disappeared.

"I'll have to board the first car and walk through the train," Arthur decided, and suiting the action to the word, he hurried to the smoker and began his trip from there.

But the station was dark, and it was not the easiest matter in the world to recognize faces, some of which were buried in newspapers, while others were turned from him to attend to the storage of satchels or coats.

Arthur was pretty positive, however, that Mr. Beaver was not in the smoker, and before he had gone more than half through the next car the train had started. Then the long tunnel under Fourth Avenue put a stop to his investigations. He dropped into the first vacant seat, and then had a chance to remember the commission he had given the bootblack.

"I'll wonder if he's waiting there with the pie and the sandwich for me yet?" he asked himself. "I'll have to make up for it at Yonkers." As soon as the Harlem River was reached he resumed his tour through the train, at the risk of being blown off the platform, but no sign of Mr. Beaver greeted his rigid scrutiny of each and every passenger. In the fourth car he came upon the red haired gentleman. He was stitung near the window, reading the San, and the asles east was occupied by a very stout lady with me and the mental none seemed almost abound.

"I'll try once more in the smoker before I give up." Arthur resolved, and started forward again, somewhat discouraged but by no means undanned.

give up," Arthur resolved, and started forward again, somewhat discouraged but by no means undaunted

undaunted.

Meeting the train boy on the way, he invested twenty cents in chocolate drops and cocoanut cakes, which tended somewhat to appease the cravings of appetite, whatever direful effect they might have, under the circumstances, on his direction.

But a second search through the smoking car

yielded no better fruit than the first, and just as the train rushed out of the cut at Spuyten Duy-vil and swung around parallel with the Hudson, he sought the fourth car again and took a seat in the forward corner of it, from which he could comfortably observe the stranger in the pland coat.

coat.

The latter was now asleep, with his head braced against the paneling and his newspaper sliding off his lap towards the stout woman, who took advantage of the fact and tred read the news on the bias as one might say.

"What am I to do now?" muttered Arthur,

what am I to 00 now? muttered athur; what am I to 00 now? wondering what fascination a certain class of boys could find in the profession of a detective. "I can't very well go and wake the fellow up without making a scene in the car. But there'll be a scene some time before this business is be a scene some time before this business is though with, so it may as well come one way as mother. Let me see now, how can I major methods the see that th

as another. Let me see now, now can I manage it?"

Arthur thought a minute; then exclaimed to himself: "I have it. I'll pretend to take him for Beaver. That will sort of break the ice, and then I can plunge in and ask questions."

Nerving himself as well as he could on a dinner of chocolate drops and coccanuts. Saymour marched down the aisle, apologized to the stout lady for bending over her, and then touched the red haired gentleman on the arm.

He awoke with a start, and Arthur fancied that a tremor passed over his face as he looked up.

"I beg your pardon," said Seymour, "but are you not Mr. Faul Beaver?"

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 267.]

Under Fire;

FRED WORTHINGTON'S CAMPAIGN.

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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

CHAPTER YYYI WORKING OUT A CLEW.

RED'S story was a surprising revelation to Nellie Dutton, who now, for the first time, saw Matthew De Vere's conduct in its true light.

"How could he be so mean?" she exclaimed.

It was his revenge," replied Fred.
But why have you never told of his treach-

"But wny nave you need to lill I could get proof of it, for if I had he would have denied it."

"He ought to have been punished."

"He will be in time, I think."

"I hope so; but that will not make up for all you have suffered. So he was the means of your losing your position in the store?"

"Yes."

Yes."
I will never speak to him again!" said Nelindignantly. "He is too mean."

"I will never speak to him again !" said Neilie, indignantly. "He is too mean."
"I felt sure the time would come when you would say so," replied Fred.
The color came to Nellie's face.
"Yes?" she answered, after a pause.
Fred saw that she was slightly embarrassed, and knew she was thinking of the somewhat sarcastic letter he sent her touching upon this room.

'Nellie, I hope you will forget my letter," he

"Nellie, I hope you will said."

"I should be glad to, if I could."

"I am sorry I sent it."

"I am sorry you had a cause to send it."

"I was hasty; but it is past now. I hope you will not let it trouble you."

"If I will forget the letter will you forget what caused you to send it?"

"I shall be only too glad to do so."

"Truly?"

"I shall be only too glad to do so."
"Truly?"
"Here is my hand on it."
"Shall we now be as good friends as ever?"
asked Nellie, as she withdrew her hand.
"I sincerely hope so, and—even better," he
added, hesitatingly.
Nellie's eyes dropped, and a sweet blush stole
over her face.
"We were very good friends before, I
thought," she answered.
"So we were, but—but—well, I shall prize
your friendship more highly since learning how
much I missed it."
Nellie now brought her fan into requisition. Nellie now brought her fan into requisition.

"And you will never write me any castic letters?"

'Nor call Gracie Bernard a better friend?"
Here the conversation was interrupted by
Dutton, who opened the library door and Here

Dr. Dutton, who opened the library door and stepped in.

"Ah! good evening, Fred. I am sorry to have kept you waiting so long, but I hope Nelie has entertained you well."

Fred arose, blushed, and took the doctor's hand. Why he blushed he didn't know, but he could feel his cheeks burn.

"Oh, yes, I have been well entertained, thank you, but I didn't realize that I was waiting for you."

you."
"Why, didn't Nellie tell you?"

"Why, dignt seeme tengow." No, sir."
"I forgot to say you wanted to see him, we were so busy talking," put in Nellie.
"Oh, that's it; well, all right. But, Fred, I have been hearing good reports of you," the doctor continued.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

"I am glad to know that, and hope I merit them," replied Fred, modestly.
"I think there is no doubt of it."
"It is refreshing to hear you say so after knowing all the bad reports that have been circulated against me during the last few months."
"Never mind, my boy; you have stood the fire nobly, and are surely winning the fight."
Fred's heart leaped with joy at these reassuring words from the doctor.
"Do you think so?" he asked at length.
"There is very little doubt of it, and I think I have a surprise here for you," taking from his pocket the paper Nellie had found and placing it in Fred's hands.
Our young hero quickly ran his eye over it,

in Fred's hands.

Our young hero quickly ran his eye over it,
and was amazed at its contents. It ran thus:

Mapleton, November 17th, 187-.

MARLETON, November 17th, 187-.

MARLETON, November 17th, 187-.

MARLETON, MARLETON, 187-.

MARLETON, MARLE

(Signey)
The above statement is true.
MATTHEW DE VERE. "Have you ever seen this paper before?"

No, sir, never."

Knew nothing of the affair?

' No, sir."
'You little realized, then, how near you came being waylaid and—" but the doctor didn't to being waylaid and—" but the doctor didn't finish the sentence.
"I am sure I never had the slightest suspicion of it."

of it."
"It was a bold plot."
"And a wicked one," added Mrs. Dutton,
who had now joined the group in the library.
"But what kept you out so late that night?"

asked the doctor Fred examined the date of Mr. Simmons's

paper.
"It was the night of Gracie Bernard's party,"

"It was the night of Gracie Bernard's party," he replied.

"Yes, so it was—I remember the date now; but in going from Mr. Bernard's to your home you could not pass the old Booker barn."

Fred's face grew suddenly red. The temperature of the room seemed to him suffocatingly warm. He stood on one foot, embarrassed, trying to think how to explain.

His color very strangely seemed to be re-

His color very strangely seemed to be re-flected upon Nellie's cheeks. Just then she ap-peared to be much interested in the evening paper, and held it much nearer to her eyes than was her custom.

was her custom.

"You shouldn't ask so many questions," said
Mrs. Dutton to her husband, smiling at the
young folks' embarrassment.

"Ah, ha! I see now. Jealousy, was it?"

"It looks like it," answered Fred, comically,
whereupon the doctor and his wife laughed
heartily, and, the ice being broken, Nellie and
Fred joined in the merriment, though it was at
their own extenses.

Fred joined in the merriment, though it was at their own expense.

"Well," said the doctor seriously, "this paper records a very grave matter. The boys should be punished."

"Why, I wonder, didn't Mr. Simmons have them punished?" asked Nellie.

"The case looks suspicious," answered her father.

"He has never reported it, or we should have heard of it," said Mrs. Dutton.
Fred rested his head on his hand in deep

thought.
"He must have had some object in getting "It looks "He must have had some object in garming this paper," he at length answered. "It looks to me as though he had been bribed—been paid to keep the matter a secret."

"That seems very probable," returned the

"Would Matthew's father have paid Mr. Simmons anything for such a purpose ?"
"No, indeed. He would be the last man imaginable to allow himself to be fleeced in such

"I thought so; but now, supposing our theory of the bribing is the correct one, how and where could the boys have got the money to pay hin?"

"They couldn't have got it at home."

to pay him?"

"They couldn't have got it at home."

"Do you feel sure of that?"

"I am almost certain."

"Mr. Simmons could have brought a strong pressure to bear upon them."

"However strong, Mr. De Vere would never have paid one cent. But he would have punished Matthew unmercifully."

"You have never known of his being punished?"

"No."

"Would any one outside of the family probably have known it?"
"I think so."
A theory concerning this matter had suggested itself to Fred, and he was working it out

e a young logician.
"Suppose," he continued, "Mr. Simmons

"Suppose," he continued, "Mr. Simmons should have forced the boys to do something towards paying him, and Matthew dare not speak to his father or mother about it, what would have been the result?"

"I can hardly imagine," returned the doc-

tor.
"I think they would have got it from so ther source by some means or other," Nellie.

Fred's face brightened. This was the answer that seemed natural to him, and he was pleased that Nellie should be the one to give it. "That is my idea," he replied.
"Why, Fred, you talk exactly like a lawyer," remarked Mrs. Dutton.
"Oh, I don't know about that," he laughed, "but this paper has strengthened a suspicion that I have had for a little time—strengthened it so much that I feel almost convinced I am right since hearing what the doctor says about this matter."

CHAPTER XXXII.

FRED'S THEORY.

HAT is your theory, Fred?" asked Dr. Dutton, with interest.
"I think I may as well take you all into my confidence," answered

hero.
And why not?" replied the doctor.
Of course you will, Fred," said Nellie.
Yes, I think you can help me in working

We will surely do all we can," said Dr. ton. "But what is the nature of your sus-Dutton.

"It is so grave a matter I hate to breathe it to any one till I have further proof, therefore I must ask you all to keep it strictly confiden-

tial."
"It shall be treated as such," replied Dr. Dut-

so."

"And Matthew might have done it to try and injure you," put in Nellie, as she thought how far De Vere had carried his malice.

"That might be so," replied Fred, "but I reason from the belief that Matthew was forced

reason from the belief that Matthew was forced to raise the money."

"Is that the only point on which you found your theory?" asked Dr. Dutton.

"No, sir. I thought something was wrong when Jacob Simmons first met me in the mill. He seemed fairly startled on seeing me. I decided then to keep my eyes open. In a few days I saw him use a peculiar knife-called a mechanic's pocket knife-which is in itself quite a kit of tools. I managed to have Jack Hickey borrow it so I could examine it. The minute I had it in my hands I recognized it as the very one that was in Mr. Rexford's show case when I left his store. It was an expensive knife, and I

one that was in Mr. Rexford's show case when I left his store. It was an expensive knife, and I don't believe Simmons ever bought it."

"That is a good piece of evidence, surely," replied the doctor, "but can you get the knife when you need it?"

"I have bought it;" and he explained his method of getting it. "Moreover," continued Fred, "I remember when I was tried for burning Mr. Rexford's store, Matthew and Tim were both present. They sat together and showed a very keen interest in the trial, and when it went in my favor, their disappointment was plainly to be seen."

went in my favor, their disappointment was plainly to be seen."

"Did it occur to you then that they possibly had anything to do with burning the store?"

"No, but knowing what I do now, it seems to me probable. This paper furnishes just the evidence I was waiting for."

"I admire your bold reasoning, Fred," said the physician.
"His theory seems plausible," added Mrs. Dutton, "though I can't believe Matthew would think of doing such an act."

Fred felt much pleased at the good impression he was evidently making upon Nelle's parents.
"I may be entirely wrong," he replied, "but I have sufficient confidence in the idea to feel warranted in testing the matter."
"I would advise you to do so," said the doctor.

Presently Fred areas to go and the present was a series of the series o

doctor.

Presently Fred arose to go, and after receiving a cordial invitation from the doctor and his wife to call often, and a cheerful good night from Nellie, he withdrew, happy over the warm welcome given him, and full of enthusiasm in his

purpose to bring the guilty parties to justice.

He first went home and got 'the knife in question, and then made his way straight to Mr. Rexford's room, where he found him alone.

"Good evening, Mr. Rexford," said Fred,

heartily.
"Good evening," returned the merchant, wondering what the boy's object could be in

calling.

This was the first time they had met alone to speak since the trouble at the store when Fred

was discharged. "I suppose you have learned nothing new relative to the cause of your store's burning,"

remarked our hero. "No, nothing."
"You were not very generous with your old clerk to have him arrested, charged with such

an act."

The merchant winced.

"I think I have a chance now to do you a favor in return for your generosity," continued

This sarcasm cut deeply, but there was some-

This sarcasm cut deeply, but there was something about the boy's manner that kept the merchant from answering angrily.

"What is it?" he at length asked.

"I have a clew that would perhaps lead to the arrest of the parties who plundered and burned your store."

Rexford's interest was now fully aroused.
"Have you?" he asked, eagerly.
"Yes, and I have sufficient evidence, I think, to warrant you in making an arrest."
"Is it possible?"

to warrant you in making an arrest."
"Is it possible ?"
"Yes, there is no doubt of it."
Fred now took the knife from his pocket, and passed it to his former employer.
The merchant recognized it instantly by its peculiar handle. He said, in answer to Fred's questions, that the knife had not been sold, and that it must have been taken from his show case the night of the free. He remembered showing its hard. that it must have been taken from his show case the night of the fire. He remembered showing it that evening to a customer, and distinctly recollected putting it back into the show case.

This, then, constituted a strong piece of evidence to show that the store was robbed. Fred then explained how the knife came into his possession.

his possession.

"You have worked up the case skillfully," said Mr. Rexford.

I hope I have made no mistakes," answered

Fred.
"You have shown care and ingenuity, and have succeeded in getting evidence that will have some force. This is better than Sheriff Coombs has done."

I have other evidence also in my po "I have other evidence also in my possession that makes this much stronger," replied our hero, and he showed Mr. Rexford the paper that Nellie Dutton had found, and gave him his theory of the robbery.

"I agree with you (uly, It looks very reasonable," said the merchant, whose enthusiasm was well aroused. "I can hardly wait till morning before taking action in this matter."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOHN REXFORD'S REPARATION

JOHN REKFORD'S REPARATION.

REXFORD was very grateful to our young friend for the trouble he had taken in working up this case.

"It hardly seems possible, Fred, that you should do so much for me, after being treated as you were by me," said he, warmly.
"I hope I have been able to do you a favor," returned Fred, sincerely, "and besides it may prove of service to me."

returned Fred, sincerely, "and besides it may prove of service to me."

"You have, indeed, done me a favor. And is this the way you seek revenge?"

"I think it is the best sort of revenge."

"I believe you, Fred; but very few ever practice it."

"It is more satisfactory in the end, and moreover is right."

over is right."
"Very true, but it is hard to act upon such a theory. Suppose Simmons is guilty, should I forgive him and do him a kindness?"
"That would be quite a different case. His act would be a crime and should, herefore, be punished. You could feel sorry for him, though, it is the head actual or unwisely."

act would be a crime and snound, thereure, to punished. You could feel sorry for him, though, that he had acted so unwisely."

"Yes, I think you are right," answered the merchant, mechanically, while his mind seemed to be struggling with another problem.

"Fred, I have wronged you—wronged you cruelly," he continued, "and your kindness and generous spirit have touched me as nothing else has since I was a boy like yourself, before I had given myself up entirely to business and money making," and the merchant's eyes grew moist, which showed plainly his emotion.

This confession from his old employer, and his manner, so changed and sympathetic, disarmed Fred for the moment, and he could make no reply.

his hanner, so Changest and Sympanette, accarmed Fred for the moment, and he could make no reply.

"I discharged you, practically accusing you of dishonesty, but now I know you were innocent," continued Resford. "You must have flet keenly the mortification of your position, with every one talking about you and considering you guilty. Not only this, but your reputation was so in jured by me that you could get no position in a store, and were obliged to seek employment in the factory to keep from being idle. Then too, I must go further and have pourning my store out when grave offense or burning my store out when grave offense or burning my store out when grave offense or lithis injury?"

"I can and will do so, cheerfully," answered our hero, "for I believe you acted from your honest belief at the time."

"Yes, I did, but I should have had more charity and more consideration for your welface."

charity and more consideration for your wel-

"It was a hard blow to me, I assure you. But tell me, have you found the missing money?" asked Fred, eagerly. "Yes."

"Was it lost, or was there some mistake about the amount?"

"No, it was not lost, and the amount—eighteen dollars—was right. The error was in making change."

"Was it my error?"
"No, I am satisfied that it was my own mis-

"No, I am satisfied that it was my own mistake."

"I am so glad the mystery is solved," answered Fred with a long breath, "and that you have the money again. But who had it, and how did it happen?"

"An eccentric old fellow, a farmer, up in Martintown, had the money—the very same twenty dollar bill."

"Do I know him?"

"No, I think not. He seldom comes here, and I cannot recall his name now. He said he gave me a five dollar bill, and I handed him back in change the twenty dollar bill and seventy five cents in silver."

"You must have taken it for a two dollar bill," said Fred.

"Yes, that is the only explanation, as he

said his goods came to two twenty five, but I cannot imagine how I could have made such an error

Did he say you, personally, gave him the

bill ? "Yes, and I remember the transaction since he called my attention to the facts."
"But why didn't he speak of the matter at the time?"
"I suppose he didn't notice it."

Farmers usually count their change very

"I suppose he didn't notice it."
"Farmers usually count their change very carefully."
"Yes, and it seems that he counted this after he got home. He said he put it by itself in his wallet, so he knew at once where it came from."
"When did you learn about it?"
"Two or three weeks ago."
"And you have known it all this time and said nothing about it?"
"Yes, Fred, I have, and I feel condemned for doing so. I felt so guilty over my treatment of you, and so humiliated when I found the error was my own, that I have hardly had the courage to tell you about it. Almost every day I have decided to send for you and explain all as I now am doing, but I so dreaded meeting you, supposing you were very bitter towards me, that I kept on putting it off from day to day, against the dictates of my conscience, and knowing all the while that I was adding more and more to the wrong I had done you."
"I can imagine how you felt about it," said Fred, "and your apology makes it all right."
"I ap glad to hear you say so, and I assure you that a big burden is off my mind now," replied Mr. Rexford, gratefully.
"If the old farmer only had returned the money earlier, much of this trouble might have been saved," remarked our young friend.
"Why did he keep the money so long?"
"He said he thought he would keep it till he had occasion to come this way again."
"But he might have written you about it."
"He should have done so, but many people look upon the matter of writing a letter as a tremendous task." I suppose he imagined

tremendous task. "Yes, that is so. I suppose he imagined you knew all about it, so long as it was plain to him"

him."
"That is evidently the way of it."
"It was fortunate he was an honest man. Had he been otherwise we should never have solved the mystery, and the stain would have clung to me always."
Lyes, Fred, I am afraid it would. But all was the stain was the stain would have considered the stain would be supported by the stain was the stain would be supported by the stain was the st

"Yes, Fred, I am afraid it would. But all suspicion is removed from you now. This shows the value of honesty, and of what vital importance konesty, even in small matters, may prove to an individual."
"I can certainly realize that now, as it applies so forcibly to my own case."
"But what amends can I make for the injury I have done you?" continued Mr. Rexford, whose heart seemed to show a tender nature, which it had apparently hitherto not possessed.
"You have done all I ask," replied our hero, "except, perhaps, to explain to others about the money."

money."
"That I will do gladly, but I ought to do

more."
"No, I would not accept more."
Then I shall make it a point

"No, I would not accept more."

"Then I shall make it a point to help you in some way. My store will be rebuilt within a few weeks, and you shall have your old position as clerk again, if you wish it."

Fred's heart leaped with joy.

"You are very kind, Mr. Rexford, and I thank you sincerely."

"The position is due you, and I should be very glad to have you again. I have never had a clerk who did his work so well."

"I am glad to know that my services were satisfactory, and I may want to work for you again. I will let you know in time."

"Very well. I hope you will decide to come with me," said the merchant, as Fred arose to go.

(To be continued.)

NATURE'S HERCULES.

Not long ago the Argosy printed an account of a monster magnet, which Major King, the com-mandant of the post graduate school for West Pointers at Willett's Point, Long Island, has constructed out of two unused guns which he found

lying about. The Evening Sun recently related some new tests that have been made with it, two of which we

herewith reproduce.

The most amusing experiment was made with a sleeder hammers. When one tried to widd it in a deeper hammers with the none tried to widd it in a deeper hammers. When one tried to widd it in a deeper hammers with the second to the tried to the second herewith reproduce.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

A LAWYER gives as a reason for not going abroad this summer that a rich client of his has just died, and he is afraid the heirs will get the property un-less he stays at home and looks sharply after his own interests.



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

⇒Decoy.<</p>

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

HAT, 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, whid 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 Indiamen came to anchor at Kedgeree, 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 peafowl. 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 alter we got as far up as Bramapor—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 consultations along in the cloth ceiling overhead all night long. I could hear big toads "lop" along the floor every moment. Mosquitoes sung inside, and outside the builfrogs kept up a roaring chorusplackals 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 special shad now his men and a form a native boat and hired one of the rooms. He was an East Indian, rather well educated, and spot one of the boat of the conditions and animals. These he sent to a Calcutta agent in a big lighter which he had h

lions in South Africa, and had taken tigers in

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

For I had supposed that only use young or orgrown 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.

"I have that my secret, ne sour.

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 s.n pouring down from a cloudless sky. I began thinking that I had been a
thousand times better off under the ship's awndeinking cool sanguree, than potting peaing, drinking cool sangaree, than potting pea-fowl with the thermometer at 102° in what little

ing, drilling cost all all sets and a potting pearfowl with the thermometer at 1002 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 unsual. 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

eat 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 tativar, or native sword, from its sheath.

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 was as wild as a Malay running amuck. He never paused an instant, despite my leveled gur; 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 birdshot, but it was quite effectual. Nana dropped his tuturar 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 unnitured companions.

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 fiendish 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 stub.

Then I saw it all. This, was the brute's sec-

dead stub.

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 nake! 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 Mahrattah 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 stewarders and her husband stree.

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 Décoy, 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.

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,

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 gashed poor little Decoy quite badly in the shoulder.

gashed poor little Decoy quite badly in the shoulder.

But he hung on like a trump, 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 magnistrate 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 haby he witended 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.

TRUE WEALTH,
BY CRABLES MACKAY.
SERS, your treasure, and you'll find
it exists but in the mind.
Wealth is but the power that hires
Blessings that the heart desires;
Ant 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;

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

SCARFE BEGINS WORK. EFFREYS 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

ing room door,

knocking.
"Mr. Jeffreys,"
said Mrs. Rimbolt, feeling that
the present was
an "occasion," and worked up and worked up accordingly, "I havesent for you, as I have no doubt you will wish to express to Mrs. Scarfe the feelings you en-tertain with re-gard to her son's brave conduct on the ice today." "Hear, hear, ma!" cried the irreverent Percy.

ma!" cried the irreverent Percy, with mock heroic applause. "I beg leave to second that." "Percy, be silent, sir! Louisa, my dear, this is Mr. Jeffreys, whose life your

whose life your son saved.

Mrs. Scarfe
put up her glasses
and inclined her
head languidly in
response to Jeffreys's stiff bow.
An awkward

An awkward silence ensued— so awkward that

so awkward that
Percy began to whistle. Mrs. Rimbolt, having
made a wrong start, had not the tact to mend

Again Percy enjoyed the sport.
"I should rather think it wasn

Again rercy enjoyed the sport.
"I should rather think it wasn't by the looks
of you when you were fished out!"
"Percy, cease your vulgar talk in this room,
please!" said Mrs. Rimbolt, whose equanimity
was beginning to evaporate. "Mr. Jeffreys,
as we are not likely to be amused by your
levity—"

as we are not likely to be amused by your levity—"
"Excuse me, madam, I am quite serious,"
"Excuse me, madam, I am quite serious,"
said Jeffreys, on whom the apparent jocularity of his last remark had suddenly dawned; "I had no intention of being rude, or treating your question as a joke."
"Then," said Mrs. Rimbolt, slightly appeased in the prospect of gaining her object, "when Itell you Mrs. Scarfe is kind enough to desire to hear about the accident from your own lips, perhaps your good manners will permit you to tell her about it."
"Get upon the chair and give us a speech,

"Get upon the chair and give us a speech, Jeff," said the irrepressible Percy; "that's what

Jeffreys proceeded to give his version of the affair, distributing the credit of his rescue in the order in which he considered it to be due, and greatly disappointing both Mrs. Rimbolt and her guest by his evident blindness to the heroism of Scarfe. He acknowledged warmly Percy's readiness to come to his help, and his promptitude in going for the ladder, and he did full justice to Julius's share in the affair. As to Scarfe's part, he stated just what had happened, without emotion, and without effusiveness.

He despised himself for feeling so chilly on

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."

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 condescen-on," said he, sneeringly. "So disinterested, sion," said he, sneeringsy.
too."
"What do you mean? How could it be

"What do you mean? How could it be othervise?"
"You have a short memory, Cad Jeffreys, Possibly you have forgotten a little event that happened at Bolsover?"
"I have not forgotten it."
"I dare say you have not thought it worth while to mention it to your employer, Mr. Rimbals."

while to mention it to your empayer, and wholit."

"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

"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 idea of Scarfe taking upon bimself 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 pre-

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."

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 was very some groom last night."
"I deserved no sympathy."
"I fancied you might have gushed a little when you saw how much aunties heart and Mrs. Scarfe's

and Mrs. Scarfe's
we're 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."
Rahy emiled

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

looked rather anxious.

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

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

"Nothing wrong?"

"Nothing yrong;" said her uncle, reassuringly; "I brought you this paper to see. It reports that there has been an encoun-

ED."

We were looking at it was a long."

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 when set there.

complete 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 suprpised 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 perflexed, 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 hab better far have said nothing, vet 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."

after so many monuter 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 son 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 ence 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—"

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 contemp-

"Excuse me, Mr. Scarfe," said Raby, quietly, stopping in her walk, "I hate talking of people behind their backs. Mr. Jeffreys has never annoyed me; he has been kind to me. Shall we talk of something else?"
"Certainly," said Scarfe, startled at her decided tone. He had laid his plan for a little revelation, and it disconcerted him to see it knocked on the head like this.
However, just then he was not in the humor for making himself obnoxious to Miss Atherton. It was a deprivation, certainly, to find his tongue thus unexpectedly tied with regard to Jeffreys, of whose stay at Wildtree he had calculated on making very short work.

making very short work.

The one comfort was that there was little enough danger of her seeing in the ill favored Bolsover cad anything which need make him—Scarfe—jealous. Doubtless she took a roman-Scarfe—jealous. Doubtless she took a roman-tic interest in this librarian; many girls have whims of that sort. But the idea of her pre-ferring him to the smart Oxford hero was pre-

CHAPTER XXIV. AN OFFICER'S NAME.

EFORE breakfast on the following morning, Scarfe, in fulfilment of a long standing engagement with a college friend to spend the day with him, rode off to catch the train at Overstone, and consequently

catch the train at Overstone, and consequently was not present when the post arrived, and with it a telegram from London for Mr. Rimbolt.

Raby, who had been on the watch, could scarcely allow her uncle time to examine its contents before claiming it; and had it contained bad news, the chance of breaking it would have been out of the question. But it did not contain bad news. On the contrary, as Raby devoured the few official lines she became radiant with pride and happiness. The telegram was a copy of a dispatch received the evening before at the War Office:

News, is to hand of a sharp brush with the

radiant with pride and happiness. The telegram was a copy of a dispatch received the evening before at the War Office:

News is to hand of a sharp brush with the Afghans on the 4th inst. at —, two days march from Kandahar. About midday the —Hussars, commanded by Major Atherton, in advance of the main body, encountered and dislodged from a defilie on the right bank of the river a considerable coming evident the enemy was at hand in force, a battery of field guns was pushed forward, under the escort of a troop of Hussars; and the main body followed in two columns. The cavalry meanwhile, having cleared the defile and chased the enemy into the plain be the Afghans having escended in full force into the plain with the evident intention of cutting them off from the main body. Major Atherton, completely hemmed in, made a desperate stand, in which upwards of twenty of his men perished, the gallant officer him seem and the same anawhile, escorted by Captain Forrester, of the —Hussars, gained the head of the defile, where they were immediately surrounded by the enemy. A brillant resistance here ensued, in which more than half of the escort were killed in their effort to save the guns. Towards the end, Captain Forrester, of the end of the defile, where they were immediately surrounded by the enemy. A brillant resistance here ensued, in which more than half of the escort were killed in their effort to save the guns. Towards the end, Captain Forrester, of the enemy was very considerable, and it is considered that this action clears the way to Kandahar, which without further resistance. Our loss considering the perilous position of the cavalry and gunners, was comparatively slight. Captain Forrester at the last moment fell after a resistance as heroic as any witnessed in the course of the campaign. Major Atherton received a secrated on the wrist; temporarily. The main body never came into action at all, and suffered no casualties. A full list of the killed and wounded is appended.

Jeffreys, who found himself almost as eager

news as if he had been personally inter-d, found it difficult to wait patiently until Rimbolt came after breakfast to the li-

Mr. Rimbolt came after breakfast to the library.

"Is there news from the war?" he asked.
"Yes—good news, Miss Atherton has the telegram. Her father took part in a very brilliant engagement a day or two ago which appears to have cleared the way to Kandahar. He was cratched, but not seriously."

Jeffreys received this good news with great satisfaction. It was a relief to him to hear it in the first instance not from Raby's lips, for he never knew what to do or say on such occasions.

sions.
"Miss Atherton must be very proud," said he,

"Miss Atherton must be very proud," said he, returning to his work.

He was not, however, destined to remain long undisturbed. Raby, radiant and excited, entered the library a few minutes later.

"Mr. Jeffreys," said she, "such splendid news! Has uncle told you? I thought you would like to read the telegram; here it is." Jeffreys looked his congratulations as he took the paper.

"Read it aloud, Mr. Jeffreys," said the happy girl, "I should like to hear how it sounds," Jeffreys smiled and began to read, Raby, who knew it all by heart, seening to check off every word.

Suddenly, however, in the middle of the nar-

Suddenly, however, in the middle of the narrative the reader started and changed color, and became unaccountably breathless.
"The guns meanwhile, escorted by—" he had got so far.
"Captain Forrester of the—Hussars,' Go on," said Raby.
It needed all his self command to finish the reading, and when he came to the end and handed back the paper, Raby perceived that his hand shook and his face was deadly pale.

"Why, what is the matter, Mr. Jeffreys?" said she, suddenly alarmed herself; "It is good news, isn't it? and he has only got a scratch!"
"Yes, it is good news; and I congratulate you

"But you look—perhaps you know some one who has been killed. You never told me you had any friend out there."
"I have not. I think I must be not quite

who has been there. To meet took meyou had any friend out there.

"I have not. I think I must be not quite well; will you excuse me?"
And he went out into the open air, leaving Raby very much perplexed and concerned.
She was relieved, however, to see him half an hour later starting off with Percy for what, to judge by their mountain boots and the luncheon box strapped across Jeffreys's shoulders, promised to be a long walk.

Jeffreys's first sensations on finding himself alone had been those of stupefaction. Although all that he knew of Forrester's father was that he had been in India, it never occurred to him now for a moment that the gallant officer mentioned in the vlegram could be any other than the father whom he had so cruelly and irreparably wronged. And now once more he seemed suddenly face to face with his crime. He saw before him that fatal scene in the Bolsover meadow; he heard his comrades' howl of exercation and saw the boy's white face on the grass turned up to meet his. It seemed but yesterday. Nay, it seemed all to be there that moment; he could feel the keen breeze on his cheek; his eye rested on the boy's cap where he had flung it.

Strange, that the mention of an officer's name should call it all up thus! But so it was. He

cheek; his eye rested on the boy's cap where he had flung it.

Strange, that the mention of an officer's name should call it all up thus! But so it was. He even seemed half guilty of that gallant death in Afghanistan. Had he not wronged him worse than death? And now if anywhere the friendless boy, whose whole hope was in his father, should read those lines and find himself orphaned as well as crippled!

Jeffreys in his misery groaned alive.

"Hullo," said Percy in the path before him, "you in the blues too! What a jolly sell! Here am I as miserable as an owl, and everybody I meet's miserable too. Scarfe's gone to Shrapfield and won't be back till late. Raby's so taken up with her precious telegram that she won't look at me. Ma and Mrs. Scarfe have bagged the pony trap and Appleby, and now here are you looking as if you'd just been hung."

here are you looking as if you'd just been hung."

"What are you in the blues about?" said Jeffreys, brightening up a bit.

"Oh, everything. It's so slow here, nothing to do. Can't play games all day, and you won't let me smoke, and the library hasn't a single story worth reading, and it's beastly cold; and upon my word," said the boy, who was genuinely miserable, "I'd as soon go and sit on the top of Wild Pike as fool about here."

"The best thing you could do—I'll go and sit with you," said Jeffreys.

"What!" said the boy, "do you mean it? Will you come?"

"Of course I will; I have nothing special to do today, and I've never been up a mountain in winter before."

"We shall get a splendid view. Sure it won't grind you?" said the boy, who, under Scarfe's influence, had come to look upon every exertion

as a thing to be shirked.
"My dear fellow, I shall enjoy it, especially with

with you."

"Huzzah! Bring Julius too, and I'll get some grub to take. It's only ten now, and it's not dark till after four, so we have a good six

not dark till after four, so we have a good six hours."

A few minutes later they started, Percy leaving word for his mother that they were gone for a long tramp, and would be back for dinner. It was a perfect winter's day. The air was keen and frosty, and promised magnificent views. The wind was not strong enough to be benumbing, and the sun overhead was cheering, and now and then even warm.

"Hadn't we better take overcoats, in case it comes on cold at the top?" said Jeffreys, as they were starting.

"Oh, no; they're a frightful grind to carry, and we are sure to be baked before we get up."

"I think I will take mine," said Jeffreys, "and it will be no bother to carry yours."

Percy protested, but, luckily for them, Jeffreys carried his point.

The walk, as they ascended the moor and gained the lower slope of the mountain, was a wonderful tonic to the spirits of both.

Jeffreys insensibly shook off the weight that lay on his heart; and Percy, emancipated from the slothful toils which had been beginning to ensare him, stepped out like one who suddenly finds himself a free man. Julius, of the three. the stothful toils which had been beginning to ensnare him, stepped out like one who suddenly finds himself a free man. Julius, of the three, was the least amenable to the influence of the day. He had a cold, and was out of sorts, and did not like the look of the mountain. So he trudged on silently, and kept close in to his master's side.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN PERIL

UEER things, the blues!" observed the philosophic Percy, stopping in the midst of a whistle; "they come and go for no earthly reason. I don't know how I got mine; but I was uncommonly down in the mouth, and now they're nowhere."

"Singular case of spontaneous combustion," suggested Jeffreys. "I fancy people get blues because nature abhors a vacuum."

"That means," said the irreverent Percy, "that you've been very lazy and wasting your time lately, Jeff."

Jeffreys laughed.
"I dare say you're right, though," said Percy.
"I we been loafing a lot lately. I don't know how it is, but Scarfe, you know— By the way, I say, what makes Scarfe and you hate one patcher as you do?" er as you do?

Who said we hated one another?

another as you do?"

"Who said we hated one another?"

"Any fool could see it. Look at the way you got on in the drawing room the other day."

"I was ashamed of myself afterwards. For all that, I'm not in love with Scarfe, and he is not in love with me. One of my grudges against him is on your account."

"You mean I've been a low cad to you sometimes, when every one has been down on you? Jeff. I'm awfully sorry."

"My dear fellow, I know you far too well to think twice about anything of that sort. But you have been down on yourself. You've got it into your head that Percy Rimbolt cannot be manly unless he gives up his old boyish ways, and takes to loafing and aping the ways of fellows who are far older and not half so honest and innocent and good natured as himself. I don't call that being fair to Percy Rimbolt."

"In other words, you think I've been making a puppy of myself, Jeff?" said the boy. "Upon my honor, perhaps I have; but I never noticed it myself. Scarfe's a decent enough fellow, but he doesn't pull a fellow up when he's making a fool of himself, as you do."

This was no small tribute for a boy who rarely liked to admit that he was in the wrong; and Jeffreys telt grateful.

They were now at the top of the lower slope of Wild Pike, and needed all their breath for the stiff climb before them.

the stiff climb before them.

Percy used to boast that he could find his way to the top blindfold, and Jeffreys had already made the ascent once or twice, so that they were

Percy used to boast that he could find his way to the top blindfold, and Jeffreys had already made the ascent once or twice, so that they were in no doubt as to what course to take.

Wild Pike was one of those mountains, not uncommon in that district, which are approached from the back by a long gradual slope, but on the front present a scooped out precipitous face, as if broken in half on that side. It was this steeper side which faced Wildtree, and Percy would have scorned to approach the monster from any other quarter. From where they stood the narrow path zigzagged for about one thousand feet on to one of the upper shoulders of the mountain. Following this, the track brought them to what seemed like a basin of some old volcano hollowed out under the summit. It was necessary to cross this depression, and by a narrow ledge at the foot of the great cliff, gain the other side, where another zigzag ascent brought them on to the rocky slope leading over a quarter of a mile of huge bowlders to the summit.

The guide books, which were Percy's abomination, spoke of Wild Pike as "a difficult ascent from the west, and not to be undertaken without a guide;" but those who were used to the venture saw nothing in it which need present difficulty to a steady head and a sure foot in ordinarily clear weather.

At the top of the first zigzag they haited. The fresh frosty air and the hard work they had accomplished exhilarated them.

"Splendid old fellow, isn't he?" said Percy, looking up towards the summit. "I love him more every time I go on to him, don't you?"

"It nikes. We shall get to snow over there; but it never lies on this side."

"Rather. We shall get to snow over there; but it never lies on this side."

"It nikes. We is a certainly grander in winter than he was in the autumn."

"Rather. We shall get to snow over there; but it never lies on this side."

"It notice the path we came up was slippery with ice in one or two places. It will bother us going down."

"All the more fun. I hate going down places you might driv

"Wait till we get across the dip and on to the other side."

"You old griffin! I vote we make tracks at once, then, for I'm peckish. Come on, Julius, old man. You're in the blues too. It's time you perked up with this fine walk."

"Julius gaught cold that day on the ice, and he's been seedy ever since," said Jeffreys.
Julius gave a sniff as he looked up. He had not enjoyed the walk so far. The slippery path had bothered him; and the mountain ahead did not tempt him. However, he responded to his master's caress by wagging his tail and putting on a show of briskness as the march recommenced.

on a show of briskness as the march recommenced.

The passage across the face of the mountain was the most difficult part of the ascent. It lay along a narrow ledge hanging, as it seemed, half way down the perpendicular cliff which rose out of the hollow, crater-like basin sheer up to the summit. It was tolerably level, but the narrowness of the track and the precipitous heights above and below called for a cool head and a steady foot. In frosty weather like the present it needed special caution, and every step had to be carefully judged on the treacherous path.

However, they passed it safely. Julius alone seemed to find it diffuult. The dog was strangely awkward today. He slid about where the others walked steadily, and whimpered at obstacles which they seemed scarcely to heed.

"Now for the grub," cried Percy, as they landed safely on the other side. "I say, Jeff, I call that something like a mountain, don't you?"

"We've got the view to see yet," responded leffress.

We've got the view to see yet," responded

"We've got the view to see yes, "Seffers, "We shall be up in half an hour,"
"And it will take us as long to come down as to go up today," said Jeffreys, "so we ought not to lose much time,"

Off they started again after a hurried but highly appreciated meal, in which the dog took only a very moderate share.

The remaining portion of the ascent was simple enough. The zigzag on to the top shoulder was if anything less steep than the lower one, and the path, being rougher under foot, was less treacherous.

The scramble over the loose rocks at the top to the caim was not altogether plain sailing. In

The scramble over the loose rocks at the top to the cairn was not altogether plain sailing. In summer it was easy enough, but now, with the surface of the great bowlders as slippery as glass, it was hardly to be traversed except on hands

knees. at "the end crowns the work," especially on

But "the end crowns the work," especially on a mountain.
"Isn't that scrumptious?" exclaimed Percy, as he flung himself breathless on to the cairn.
"If we had waited a year we couldn't have picked out such a day. Why, that must be Snowdon we see over there, and the high ground out at sea, Holyhead!"

ground out at sea, Holyhead!"
Thus they went on, delightedly recognizing
the landmarks north, south, east and west, and
forgetting both the hour and the rising breeze.
"Why, it's two o'clock!" cried Percy, presently, looking at his watch, and shivering at the
same time.

ently, loc

same time.
"Put on your coat," said Jeffreys, "the wind's getting up a bit, and we shall have it in our faces going down."

going down."

As they started to descend they became aware of a sudden change in the hitherto cloudless sky. The western horizon, which had just now been unfolding its distant beauties, seemed lost in a fine haze, which spread north and south, blotting out one after another the glories of land-scape on which they had scarcely ceased to feast

"There's a mist out there," said Percy, they scrambled down the bowlders; "I hope

they scrambled down the bowlders; "I hope to goodness it will keep away from us."

"The wind is a little northwest; it may drive it south of us, but it is spreading at a good

it south of us, but it is spreading at a good rate."

"Never mind; it will be rather a joke if it comes. I could find the way down with my eyes shut, and I've often wanted to be in a regular fog up here," said Percy.

"I don't know what you feel," responded Jeffreys; "but I'm rather glad we brought our coats. Isn't it cold?"

The wind which met them seemed charged with cold, and after a while began to scatter a feathery sleet in their faces.

Percy whistled.

feathery sleet in their faces.
Percy whistled.
"We didn't bargain for that, I say," said he.
"I hope it shuts up before we cross over the ledge down there."

Julius howled dismally. He, too, guessed what this blinding shower bath foreboded, and stumbled along, miserable and shivering.
The higher zigzag, which had seemed easy enough two hours ago, tried them sorely now. The sleet half blinded them, and the fresh moisture, freezing as it fell, caused them to slip and slide at every step. Still they got down it somehow, and turned to face the narrow track along the cliff.
Percy, much as he repined at the change in the elements, felt no doubt as to the possibility of getting over.

the elements, felt no doubt as to the possibility of getting over.

"We may have to crawl a bit of the way if this sort of thing goes on," said he, "but it's straight enough sailing."

"Would it be better," suggested Jeffreys, "to go to the top again and get down by the Sharpenholme track?"

"We shouldn't get home till midnight if we did; besides, I don't know the way. We're all right this way if we look sharp."

The wind had now increased to a tenpest, and beat against the side of the great cliff with a sound like the sea breaking on an iron bound shore. They could scarcely hear one another speak; and poor Julius's whines were drowned in the great clamor.

"Do you mind my going first?" said Percy;

in the great clamor.
"Do you mind my going first?" said Percy;
"I know the path better than you."
Jeffreys nodded, and they started.
The first step they took on that ledge threatened for a moment to be their last. The wind, gathering fury every moment, beat Percy to his knees, and nearly sent Jeffreys staggering over the edge.

"We shall have to crawl," said Percy. "It's no use waiting. The wind and sleet are going to make a night of it, and we shall gain nothing

by waiting."

The start was begun again—this time cautiously and on all fours. Even so the wind seemed once or twice as if it would sweep them

seemed once or twice as if it would sweep them from the ledge.

Vard by yard they crawled on. The driving mist fell like a pall over the mountain, and in a few minutes they could not even see a yard in front of them. Had the wind blown crosswise, or in any other way than that in which it came, they would have been swept off before twenty yards was accomplished. As it was, they were almost pinned to the cliff by the fury of the blast.

almost pinned to the state of the way across, and had reached a spot where the ledge rose slightly. Even up this slight incline, with the mist freezing under them, it was timpossible to crawl; and Percy, drawing himself cautiously to his feet, attempted to stand.

As he did so, the wind, gathering itself into a furious blast, caught him and hurled him against

turious blast, caught him and nuried him against the rocky wall.

He recoiled with a sharp cry of pain, and next moment would have fallen into the abyss be-neath, had not Jeffreys's strong arms caught him and held him. His legs were actually off

70

ma y

ė

er w

3

the ledge, and for a moment it seemed as if both he and his protector were doomed. But with a tremendous effort the prostrate Jeffreys swung him back on to the track.

"Are you hart?" he called.

"My arm," said Percy.

"I'm afraid I can't get on. I'll try."

But the attempt only called up a fresh exclamation of bain.

But the attempt only called up a fresh executariation of pain.

We must wait," said Jeffreys. "Try to sit up, old fellow. I'll help yeu."

It was evident that the boy's arm, if not broken, was so severely damaged as to render it powerless.

"I could stay here, I think," said he, "if you went on, Jeff." said Jeffreys, "we'll send Julius to fetch help. Here, Julius, good dog," said he, patting the dog's head and pointing down the valley, "go and fetch them here. Fetch Appleby, and Walker, and Mr. Rimbolt. Go along, good fellow."

the valley, "go and fetch them here. Fetch Appleby, and Walker, and Mr. Rimbolt. Go along, good fellow."
The dog, who had been crawling behind them, looked wistfully at his master and licked he hand that caressed him. Then, stepping carefully across them as they sat with their backs to the rock and their feet beyond the edge of the path, he departed.
He was out of sight almost a yard away, but they heard him whine once as the wind dashed him gainst the cliff.

"Jolins, good dog, fetch them!" shouted Jefferly into the mist.
A faint answering bark came back.
Next moment, through the storm, came a wild howl, and they heard him no more.
Jefferey guessed only too well what that howl meant; but he never stirred, as with his arm round Percy, and his cloak screening him from the wind, he looked hopelessly out into the night and walted.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

WORTH REMEMBERING.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

Frey inspiration of the lungs, every pulse, throb of the best, every series our very control of the best, every series of the best, every series of though the brain, all create wase mater that must be constandly removed if there is took that beautiful harmony of functional effort which constitutes health. Nature's remedy is the sure and emissuity wise on, of expelling the property of the sure and emission of the sure and the property of the sure of digestive disturbances, and an unfailing remedy for constipation and its perniculous effects.—Adv.

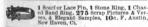
Coughs and Hoarseness.—The irritation which induces coughing immediately relieved by use of "Breun's Bronchial Trockes." Sold only in boxes.—Adv.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Mar-relous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 3tl Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, the consumption of the property of the consumption of the consumpti



GOOD PAY AND STEADY WORK for 40 young people, at home. Send stamped and addressed envelope to BOX 2160 GTAWA, LLLS.



Tricycles. \$7.50 up. Standard makes. 2d-hand Wheels handled. Send for Catalogue. GEO. W. ROUSE & SON, 14 G St., Peorfa, Ill.



* STAR * STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS.

or circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Hold the best quality Gold Pen. Style, \$1; Fountain up. J. ULRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St. N. Ylying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



Scrofula

Probably no form of disease is so generally dis-Probably no form of disease is so generally dis-tributed among our whole population as scordula. Almost every individual has this latent poison coursing his velos. The terrible sufferings en-dured by those afflicted with scrotilous sores cannot be understood by others, and their grati-tude on finding a remedy that cures them, aston-ishes a well person. The wonderful power of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

in eradicating every form of Scrofula has been so clearly and fully demonstrated that it leaves no doubt that it is the greatest medical discovery of this generation. It is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists.

100 Doses One Dollar

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption. For Wasting in Children. For Scrofulous Affections. For Anamia and Debility. For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL discusses where there is an in-flammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

TELEGRAPHY!

BUNNELL & CO.'s Manual of Instruction for Learners Telegraphy, latest edition, which we will send free charge to all who apply by mail or otherwise. It ist plainest and best book of instruction in Telegraphy explained, being complete in description, explanation and illustrations. J. H. BUNNELL & CO., In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FREE SAMPLES. Elegant hidden name cards

Patial Blemishes, Send stamp for 50 page book,
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argony, N.Y.

350 A MONTH, No capital required, A good cance to make money. Apply for territory at once. B. S. Landerbach Co., 200 Broad Na., Newsak, N.J.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argony.

200 Imp'd German Pictures, Puzzies, Songe Transfer Pictures, 16p. Sample Book of Silk Fringe Carda & Solid Isla, Rolled Gold Ring, all for 10e. Bird Card Co., Meriden, Coma In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

GROVER CLEVELAND WASHINGTON D.C. Pencils with your Name and Address in Gold letters, 25c., 12 for doc., six 25c, lots 21. CONN. NOVELTY CO., Meriden, Conn. replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SEEDS age Mixed Flower Seeds, (508 kinds), with PARN'S PLOS (1018 all for 2 stamps). New flowers, new engraving; teems with floral hints New flowers, new engraving; teems with for 2 stamp New flowers, new engraving; teems with foral hint Everybody delighted. Tell all your friends. Send now G. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Pa. Ip replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by expressed east of Denver and west of New York

Suitable for presents.
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John McAtvix, Lowell, Mass, 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

GET THE BEST! De Witt's School Speaker GET THE BEST! and Dialogues and Dewlitt's GET THE BEST! Edition of Acting Plays stand at the head of their class. Descriptive Catalogues sent on application to A. T. B. DE WITT, Publisher, 3 Rose Street, New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

100 NICE CARDS. Your name tures, I autograph album 3 other prizes, all mailed for 10c. Send 4c. for book elegant NEW sample cards and biggost terms ever offered agents. Highley CARD 60. Methies, 10cn, 10c

HOLLEY CARD CO., Meriden, Conn., In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy

GRAND GIFT, To introduce our wonderful Selfour Machine we will GIVE ONE away in every town.
Beat in the World, No labor or rubbing. SEND
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argory.

RING FREE Agt's Sample Cards 10c. A Ring FREE with every order, OAK CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

200 Cute, Curious, Catchey Pictures 10cts. P. 0, BOX 2683, 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.

STAMPS. Agents wanted. 30 per cent. com. on sheets. 12 CARDS Fine Gold Edge Hidden Name White Dove Covers, in Nice Case for 15c, Sample book 4c. Crown Ptg. Co., Northford, Conn.

SATIN and Ribbon Patches for Crazy Work.
Beautiful varieties. Only twelve 2-cent stamps.
THE UNDERHILL HAT CO., Hazleton, Pa.

1 Stone Ring, 1 Plain Ring, 125 Cards & Pictures, Frings
Hidden Name &c., 155 Games, Songs and Agt's Book of
20 cards, 10c. 1VY CARD Co., Clintonville, Conn.

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.

22 all hidden name and Silk Fringe Cards, with 34 page sample book, locts. 60 mixed, and solid Silver Ring, 20cts. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Coan.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

to the solvers of our puzzle 12 hidden name cards, one puzzle 20c. silver. Globe Card Co., Providence, R. I.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

25 FLORAL, CARDS 1 AUTOGRAPH ALBUM, 300 Games, Recipes, Sample Cards, Pictures, Ring and Book, 10c. T Card Co., Clintonville, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argoss.

A SPLENDID THING Souvenir name cards, Great 13 Puzzle, Agt's Sample Book, 1 Stone ig, and Pencil, all for 10c. E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.





Agents make money selling this useful article, as everybody wants one. Send 25 cents for sample with name on. Kadza Russnen Sras Work a New Haven, Com. In replying to this adv. metholo folden Argony.



C Gold Testiplet, feery Handled knife and a Rolled Gold Ring Glyen You to introduce our New Careda for '8. Fifty each and ALL the above articles for 25 cts. ART FERNTING CO., Wailingford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.





trated. Send ten cents for the "Laugh Cure" Book
MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE.
Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 F. 2818 st., New York.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

becomes an uter impossing the title to exist. For circular and full particulars address GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race street, Cincinnati, Obio.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Do you feel dull. languid, low-spirited, life-less, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience as ense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gone-ness," or effiptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "loating specks," before the eyes, increasing specks," before the eyes, increasing specks, and the stone of the special physical states, and the stone of the special states, and the states of the states, afternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sieep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending claimity all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladise-Billous Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stars it has reached, will subjudy the symptoms, which is the state of the season, which is the state of the season, and the state of the season of the state of the season, and the state of the season of the season of the state of the season of the state of the season of the sea

COURTES ALL HUMORS, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Eryspielas, Bolis, Carbundes, Score of Escase, "White Swellings," Goifre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Disease, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remover of the control of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.
For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.
Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$6.00. Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
663 Main St., BUFFALO, N.Y.
In replying to this adv. re-arion Golden Argosy.
50 CHROMO or 25 All Hidden Name CARDS, 10c
sample Book 1c. Crown Fize. Co., Northford, Cr.
WANTED an active Man or Woman in every
condy to sell our goods. Salary
and Particulars Fixes. STANDARD SILVER
WARK CO., WORN,
In reallying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS AN FLESH WORMS, "MEDICATED CREAM" is the ONLY KNOWN harmly pleasant and absolutely STIRE and infallible cure, positively and effectively removes ALL, clean, complete and for goon in A FEW DAYS ONLY, leaving the 8



A big bull pup with a spotted tail.



A wicked boy with an old tin pail.



So they buried that boy Where the dasies 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.

FRIDAY.

Washington boro on Friday.
Queen Victoria married on Friday.
Apoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
Apoleon Bonaparte born on Friday.
America discovered on Friday.
Mayflower lanced on Friday.
Joan of Arc burned at the stake on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Battle of Waterloo fought on Friday.
Bettle of Warengo fought on Friday.
Declaration Independence signed on Friday.
Battle of Marengo fought on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Lee surrendered on Friday.
Fort Sumter bombarded on Friday.
Moscow burned on Friday.
King Charles I beheaded on Friday.
King Charles I beheaded on Friday.
Richmond evacuated on Friday.
Battle of Marcuated on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.
Battle of New Orleans fought on Friday.



THE CHAMPION

THE CHAMPION
Blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla leads all others in age, merit, and popularity. It tones up the system, improves the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the Blood. Just what you need. Try it.

"I am selling your goods freely, and more of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than of all other blood-medicines put together."—R. A. McWilliams, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



MAGEE'S EMULSION PURE

IN COMBINATION WITH Extract of Malt,& Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites (LIME AND SODA), A RELIABLE REMNOY FOR Pulmonary Diseases, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula and General Debility.

Very easy to take Does not produce Nausea nd is eastly assimilated. Thousands of Physician re prescribing it in their regular practice, and many sert that it is

THE BESTEMULSION IN THE MARKET.

Ask your Druggist for it, and take no J. A. MACEE & CO., Mfrs., Lawrence, Mass.: Toronto, Canada, In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy

THE GREAT MODJESKA

eloquently indorsed a principle important to all, in the beauty and preservation of the teeth:
"I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (Ideal Tooth Polishers) for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their time, almost entirely supersede the brusis of bristles."—Yours truly,

HELENA MODIESEA.

Yours truly,

"IDEAL FELT TOOTH POLISHER"

"IDEAL FELT TOOTH POLISHER

"IDEAL FEL

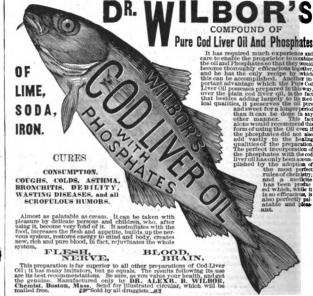
WM. HARLAN PAGE, Gen'l Agt, (22 yrs.)

SOCIETY



Equal to 3 to 4 per cent, compound interest on Deposits and Life Insurance meanwhile.

In replying to this adv. mention Goldon Argory.



When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrevery subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, ing every subject for Fysica and with small capsus.

Landerna for Home Amusement. 132 page Catalogue free.

McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau Str., N.

McALLISTER, optician, 49 Nassau Str., N.





ir TEAS and COFFEES, I and Toilet Sets. Silvermare, Watches, etc. WHITE TEASETS of 46 and 68 pleces with \$10 and \$12 orders. Decorated TEASETS of 44 & 56 pleces orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose TeaSets of 44 pleces, or White Dinner Sets of 112 pleces, with \$20 orders.

210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS-



Your Name on this Pencil Stamp, 25c.

with India Ink, agt's terms & out, free
Agts. are selling hundreds of these st'ps
Thalman Mfr. Oo., Baltimore, Md., U.S. d.
Leading importer & Wholesale StampHoss.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argos.





In replying to this adv. mention Golde



Does the work of one costing 2100.
INDORSED BY LEADING BUSINESS MEN.
GEO. BECKER & CO.,
30 Great Jones St. New York City.
Sind For Unkulas.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argos.



IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY.