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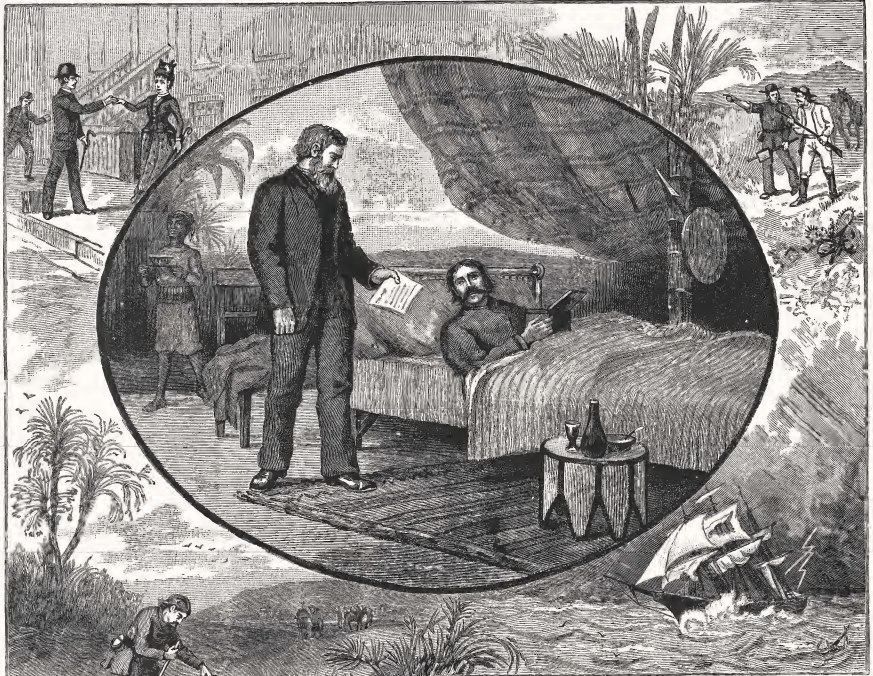
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THE CASKET OF DIAMONDS; OR, HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE. BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER I.

A KNIGHTLY YOUNG DEFENDER.

"H, but you are going to take my arm, any way, Miss Hope?"

Thus spoke Rush Sinneron, a swells looking young gentleman of eighteen.

"I will not take your arm, Rush, and I don't wish you to go with me."

This was the reply made by Miss Hope Everton.

One might have looked the whole city of New York over without finding a more beautiful maiden of sixteen. She was prettily, though not elegantly dressed. Her form was simply perfect. Her features were regular, and an artist would have given half his fortune, if he had any, for the privilege of making her

THE DYING DIAMOND MINER ENTRUSTED THE PRECIOUS CASKET TO CAPTAIN RINGDOOM, TOGETHER WITH A WRITING WHICH MADE HOPE EVERTON THE HEIRESS TO HIS WEALTH.

to maintain. But her beauty did no so much in itself as in the features as in the lovely and innocent expression of her face when it was in repose.

She recalled the swish looking young gentleman who forced his attentions upon her; and the snap of her eye would assure any looker on, that he had been one of the men in downright earnest.

"Don't you see her lovely face was crimson with indignation," Rush Simerton had taken her hand, and was trying to draw it through the folds of her elbow.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening of a bright spring day, and the young couple were in the principal thoroughfare of the great metropolis, was almost deserted.

"But my hand, my hand, my hand, or I will scream!" gasped the frightened maiden, who was perhaps more alarmed than the occasion warranted.

"Don't make a row, Hope; I don't mean any harm," pleaded Rush, trying to conciliate the young lady.

"Then let go my hand, and leave me!" "But I want to walk with you."

"I don't want you to walk with me!" "I won't hurt you."

The indignation of the maiden blazed stronger and stronger as the young man continued to maintain his hold upon her hand.

She struggled to release it from his grasp. Already a couple of men on the other side of the street had halted, and were looking towards the corner where in sport or in earnest.

"This moment, my dear fellow turned the corner of the street, and came within view of the scene. He seemed to have no object in the quarrel, which the two young people were so far unable to determine, for he broke into a smart run as soon as he realized the cause.

"Oh, help me, Rowley!" cried Hope Ever with a loud shriek, and she turned to him.

"Don't make a disturbance in the street, Hope!" urged Rush Simerton, though he did not release his hold upon the hand of the maiden.

"I will go alone then," gasped the prisoner. "I will not go with you, and I will never speak to you again!"

Rush renewed the struggle to escape from the grasp of the young man.

Rush plainly felt as though he was doing wrong, but he had no other alternative, and he was greatly surprised at the resistance of the young lady. In fact he had never known a girl so obstinate, and he tightened his grasp on the fair hand within his own.

But he had changed his opinion, for that his back was towards the one to whom Hope appealed for help.

With a woman whom she had called Rowley acquainted she spied when he fully realized the cause of the young man's obstinacy, and she felt like the knight errant of old coming into the presence of beauty in distress.

"What is the matter, whatever you are thinking of, he made all possible haste to the rescue of the distressed maiden, and in a moment more he was standing by her side.

Rowley was a young man of action rather than of words, for he had never known a young fellow with Rush. He was a stout bull-headed fellow of sixteen, not quite so tall as the other actor in the scene.

His eyes blazed with indignation. Without even an announcement of his presence to the resident of Miss Hope, he planted the heaviest blow he was capable of giving on the side of the offender.

The young self released his grasp on the hand of his companion, reeled over and fell stark and gutter. It was not yet ten o'clock in the evening for stars, but Rush saw whole clusters of stars as he went down, vanquished in the earth.

Hope did not wait to ascertain whether he was not hurt, but she turned to look at him as lightly as a fairy in the everglades, though her bosom was bounding with emotion and terror.

"What's the trouble, Hope?" asked he, as soon as he had secured her position on her side.

He was only sixteen, and of course he was unable to take an emotion beyond mere friendship. At least he was not conscious of any deeper and stronger feeling.

"I followed me to the house, and with the firmness that I should take his arm, which was quite ridiculous," replied Hope, with a fresh bound to go away in the direction to which she could get away from him. I don't have a moment's peace when he is in the house," said the distressed maiden, the tears beginning to flow from her bright eyes.

"Does he want you to go?" inquired the unpolished youth.

"He doesn't want anything of me except to be free of me. He says I look like a girl that he likes. I hate the sight of him; and if

mamma doesn't send me away, I believe I shall run off with him as fast as I can."

"Don't do that, Hope. I am sure your mother will do something about it after what has happened, and she will be in a shocking temper."

The fair girl had some doubts in regard to the ability of her mother to do anything which would relieve her of the disagreeable attentions of her lover.

Mrs. Everton was a widow, and Hope was her only child, in whom all her earthly love and affection were concentrated.

Six years before her husband had died, having been killed by a runaway horse, which he bought the house in which they lived he caused the deed to be given to her. With her own money she had the house fitted up with chambers to respectable lodgers. But there was a mortgage on the house of eight thousand dollars.

This mortgage was held by Colonel Simerton, who lived in Hudson. The colonel had sent his son to New York City to fit for Columbia College, and had taken a room for him in Mrs. Everton's house.

Rush Simerton boarded at a neighboring restaurant. He was inclined to be a "gentleman," and his mother did not like to see him thus father-sustained.

It was a large dwelling, and she had supported herself and her daughter by letting the chambers to respectable lodgers. But there was a mortgage on the house of eight thousand dollars.

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"If your apology were accepted, I would not care to have you remain on any consideration," added Mrs. Everton.

"If this is your decision, madam, of course I will not have my continued acquaintance with an attempt to put on a dignity which was not in his nature," made, and it will not be revoked."

"It will be necessary for me to notify my father at once of this step on your part, Mrs. Everton," said Rush, looking earnestly into her face, and with a stern announcement.

He was wondering if he had thought of the mortgage which he had mortgaged on the house, which his father held.

But the landlady did not quarrel or quarrel, even if she had any objection to her son's not seeming to occur to her at that moment that real estate was under a cloud just then, and it might be a long time before she could get her property on reasonably favorable terms.

"My daughter," said she to come into my chambers to respectable lodgers. But there was a mortgage on the house of eight thousand dollars."

"It will be necessary for me to notify my father at once, and I have no doubt he will be in New York tomorrow morning."

The lady made no reply, and did not appear to dread the coming of her creditor. If she had had any fear she did not manifest it in the slightest degree.

"I may as well have thought as at any other time that my young man was of some sort of bravado which was a part of his character."

"Of course you will allow me to send Mrs. Hope before I go?" suggested Rush.

"We have been friends for the year that I have been in this house, and I should like to say so."

"You will have to dispense with that formally," Mrs. Simerton. "But you must come into my house again while you remain here," added the lady, with relaxation of her firmness.

"That is a matter which does not concern you," said she.

Mrs. Everton, having said all she had to say, turned with womanly dignity on her heel and left the room.

Rush Simerton bit his lips, for he felt that he had been thoroughly beaten in the skirmish with the young man, with favor of his own admiration. I say "admirer," for admiration was the only word which he could find.

In fact he was incapable of any higher sentiment than that.

Even if Rush had been worthy of her daughter's love, she would have scorned to bestow her attentions he was disposed to bestow upon her.

She regarded Hope as a mere child, though she was a young man of some favor of his own admiration, I say "admirer," for admiration was the only word which he could find.

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stairs with all the speed he could command. When he had reached the foot of the first flight, he declared that he was going for a policeman, and was suffered to pass. He had been so long in the street, so much distressed with himself and everybody else, that he could not see that he had been guilty of anything but a very trifling offence. He was the injured party, rather than the aggressor towards the domain of modesty and reserve.

Before nine o'clock the next morning Colonel Simerton, who had been in the house of Mrs. Everton. He was a choleric man, and determined to have his young man, who much distressed him into the front parlor, by his son had been turned out of his room.

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BUFFALO HUNTING—AN EXCITING MOMENT. SEE PAGE 275.

THE STRUGGLE WITHIN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
Our little lives are kept in equipoise
By opposite attractions and desires;
The struggle of the instant that enjoys,
And the more noble instinct that aspires.

[This story continued in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

OR,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Wattlecap," "The Defend Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MAN IN THE PLAID ULSTER AND THE GIRL IN THE RED HOOD.

"H—er—what do you say?" The suddenly awakened gentleman rubbed his eyes, stifled a yawn, and looked up at Arthur inquiringly. "I asked if you were not Mr. Paul Beaver?" repeated the latter, trying to decide whether the other's voice was as familiar one or not.

"Paul Beaver? Why so, never heard of the man. My name is Beaver Trent." "Look like Mr. Beaver?" "Ahem, I'm sorry for him," and the red-haired gentleman smiled pleasantly at his own witicism.

"Vankers!" called out the brakeman. "There's something queer about this," replied Arthur, capably. "If this fellow doesn't know Beaver, what is he doing with his trunk? I've half a mind to go on to Tarrytown as to the chance to investigate further. I can pay the extra when the conductor comes along."

The half mind became a whole one when he saw that the large lady was a Yankers passenger, and that her conversation with Mr. Trent was more than fortably. So he slipped into his vacant seat as soon as her skirts had cleared the steps.

"Oh, don't know Mr. Beaver very well," he said, replying to the other's question. "I would see him on a matter of business. He isn't a personal friend, whose looks I could easily remember."

"What made you take me for him, then?" asked Mr. Gray quietly. "Poor Arthur! He ought to have been prepared for this question, but he wasn't."

"If I tell him that I've been acting the part of a spy on Beaver's trunk," he reflected, "that's on the safe side. I explain matters? It's at least two seconds since he's asked me the question now. I've got to answer something, so here goes."

"As I said," he began aloud, "I've only seen Mr. Beaver once or twice for a few minutes that's all, and when I was in the baggage room at the Grand Central I noticed that you checked his trunk. And I've been looking for you and him ever since. The matter on which I wish to see him is very important."

"You say, young man, that I've somebody else's trunk?" "Mr. Gray turned around on Arthur so sharply that he nearly shook, a little startled. "Well, as you are not Mr. Paul Beaver, and as I am positive it was his trunk I saw you check his locks very carefully."

Arthur forced a smile with this response. As a matter of fact, he was in anything but mirthful mood. He felt that with every word he uttered he was committing more and greater blunders.

"I tell a whole family of cats out of the bag," he said to himself, "and if some of 'em scratch me here that goes if it just now!" "He was, therefore, immensely relieved when the other began to laugh."

"What's so funny?" he said. "Won't Hester run me when I tell her of it? I must go to the baggage master and see about having my name rectified. Once, I beg your pardon," and hurriedly rising, Mr. Gray squeezed past Arthur, and left the car by the forward door. At the same moment the conductor came

along and asked Seymour for his ticket. Of course, having bought one for Yankers, he was now compelled to put his hand in his pocket to pay for the distance he had ridden beyond that town.

"Is it possible I have come all this way on a wild goose chase?" he said to himself, as he counted out enough money to carry him to Tarrytown. "But that fellow's voice, or one very like it, I have certainly heard before. Can it be that it is Beaver himself in disguise?"

Inspired by the thought, Arthur made a rush for the door and hurried through the train towards the baggage car. But before he reached the latter a stop was made at a small place between Yankers and Tarrytown.

It was a very brief one and almost before they had come to a standstill the wheels of the train were in motion again.

"Why didn't you get here," was the possibility that suddenly flashed over Arthur. He ducked his head so as to look out of a window and caught fleeting glimpses of a plaid ulster.

With a bound he rushed for the nearest door, and as the hoodway was yet very slight, snung himself to the ground before the rear car was clear of the platform. But when he turned around the man in the ulster had vanished.

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After another searching glance around the apartment, Seymour shrugged his shoulders and went outside again. The sight of the little girl with the perambulator, who was within speaking distance, suggested a new method of gaining some light on the mystery.

"Did you see anybody get off that train that just went up toward Tarrytown?" he inquired of her, taking off his hat with great politeness. The girl stopped and stared at him with round eyes and open mouth for an instant, then said: "Oh, yes, I did see somebody jump off."

"Good. Where did he go? What became of him?" Arthur was so very eager that the little girl became somewhat nervous and stepped around in front of the perambulator with a show of defending her charge from a possibly impending onslaught.

"Why don't you know where he went?" she asked innocently. "Of course I don't," and the girl actually looked as if she were about to laugh in his face.

"But it's very important that I should find the man," Arthur replied, inclined to be rubbed provoked at the little girl's manner. Besides, he felt that each moment was so much precious time lost from the chase.

"Now the child was really laughing, and although Seymour had the highest respect and regard for her, he never felt so much like shaking anybody in his life as he did that little girl in the red hood.

"Can't you tell me which way the gentleman went?" he persisted, trying to stifle his wrath. The girl's face suddenly sobered and she began backing away from her questioner, pushing the perambulator behind her.

"Great heavens!" muttered Arthur, under his breath, "can this child be an accomplice of Beaver's? It is possible he has bribed her not to betray him?"

"That's a too preposterous to be entertained for a moment. Nevertheless it hurried after the retreating young lady and holding it up so that she could see the sunshine glitter on its silveriness, said coaxingly: "You like chocolate creams, I know, and there must be a candy shop within a mile or so. I'll give you this so that you can make yourself a present of some if you'll quit fooling and tell me straight out what that fellow looked like and which way he went."

"Oh, I can tell you what he looked like," answered the girl, adding, with a quick catching of her breath: "Maybe he is your twin brother and he didn't happen to be looking when he went away."

"My twin brother! What on earth do you mean?" "Why he had the same kind of hat, and a coat with a cape to it just like yours, and he wasn't any taller, and his hair was the same color."

"Hold on," interposed Arthur: "I didn't want you to describe my looks. It may go to be embarrassing, you know."

The girl said nothing, but stared first at the dime in her hand and then at Arthur. "Suddenly an unwelcome light broke in on the latter."

"Great Hercules!" he exclaimed. "I believe I was me you see got off that train."

"The girl was the more puzzled, "that's what made me think it funny for you to ask."

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR TAKES ACTIVE MEASURES. "WONDER if I hadn't better offer my services to Pinkerton as a detective of the most original number, and be paid to actually attempt to shadow my own movements?"

This reflected Arthur after the humiliating discovery recorded at the close of the preceding chapter.

"But that Beaver-Gray, whoever he is, this doesn't explain what became of him," he quickly reflected.

"Then turning to the little girl again, who had meanwhile been regarding him with a strange mixture of amusement and awe, he suddenly and suddenly took possession of him."

"Yes, I saw another man, a man, but he wasn't getting off the train. He got on the very last car, when it was going rearward."

"Did you notice what color coat he had on?" Arthur asked breathlessly. "He wore a yellow one, and his eyes dilated under the strong mixture of amusement and awe, he suddenly took possession of him."

"It was a big, long one, with squares all down its front, like a checker board."

"Great Caesar, won't somebody please tell me an idiot, a donkey, a jackass, off the first train?" "That fellow must have seen me walk from the station, and then swung himself back on to the rear car. No wonder he couldn't see him anywhere about the station, proper person to whom he had looked after the train I know, and he was a view of his dancing and a view of derision on the back of the platform."

Arthur was so thoroughly disgusted with what has become of him, he hid his back against the nearest telegraph pole, and fell to kicking the gravel with the toe of his shoe like a disaffected Don't worry. Have money. I'll give you this so that you can make yourself a present of some if you'll quit fooling and tell me straight out what that fellow looked like and which way he went."

"But I won't give it to you unless you give me some dinner," of an approaching train, and he shook the earth. "That very act of his shows him to be a detective."

"But isn't your trunk in checked, and—?" "I've been waiting for you to get some dinner," of an approaching train, and he shook the earth. "That very act of his shows him to be a detective."

"Wonder how long I'll have to fret and fume in this half horse place?" he asked himself, then deciding that the ticket agent was a more proper person to whom he should have looked after the train I know, and he was a view of his dancing and a view of derision on the back of the platform."

Here he ascertained that the next train for Sing Sing would not be along for an hour.

"I'm one enough for me to get some dinner," of an approaching train, and he shook the earth. "That very act of his shows him to be a detective."

"Am on my way to Sing Sing on important business for Allan. May not be back till tomorrow. Don't worry. Have money. I'll give you this so that you can make yourself a present of some if you'll quit fooling and tell me straight out what that fellow looked like and which way he went."

"Add now," he added, as he handed in the dispatch. "Where is the nearest telegraph office?" "In Yankers," exclaimed Arthur. "Why, that must be two or three miles from here."

"About two." "But isn't there any place around here where I could get something to eat?" "There isn't any hotel, and the boarding houses aren't open this time of year. But after a little further conversation the ticket agent thought his wife could ride out friend over his production, and he was less than an eighth of a mile from the station,



"I'VE COME ALL THIS WAY FOR YOU AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU GO," CRIED ARTHUR.

and furnished with a note from the husband, Seymour made haste to present himself there.

A neat lunch of cold roast beef, marmalade, coffee and cheese was served at the station railroad promptness, and although it was rather embarrassing to the little girl of the station who had been ordered to take the station master's daughter—sit on the edge of a chair and watch every mouthful as it was eaten as if she expected the woman to come to see that he did not slip a spoon up his coat sleeve—in spite of this drawback, Arthur could not resist the temptation of another mouthful of the good food to him.

"I'm satisfied with my lot, it twenty five cents was the tariff fixed upon, and after bestowing this, with many thanks, on his wife and father, he backed to the station again, where he was just in time to board his train.

"He had brought a ticket for Sing-Sing—growing rather red as he mentioned the name—and explained the time during the trip—which was not a brief one—planning what he would do in case he should not find his man at the end of it.

"He's a cunning one, to rush off for the last place where anybody would think of looking for him, I'm afraid." "I dare say it's only a blind, and he's going to get away again just as soon as he fancies he's thrown us off the scent. But you can't run a race with a blind man, and I don't know what I think of my rushing off this way. I'll certainly have a big story to tell him when I get back."

"The conductor's cry of 'Sing Sing' cut short his meditations and made action the order of the day.

"His first proceeding on alighting from the car was to look into the ticket book to see if he had the chance that Beaver, for he was now pretty positive that Gray, was a name assumed along with a brief one—planning what he would do in case he should not find his man at the end of it.

But Arthur saw no signs of the queer colored coat.

"I'm sure you're a trick of the wily rascal's," the boy told excitedly. "He thinks that no detective would expect a man to treat a coat with such care. Here I am looking for his clothes as that."

"The next thing on the programme is to investigate the baggage room and—great Caesar, there he is now, getting his trunk rechecked. I'll be the villain, I'm afraid, if I don't get up shortly before he sees me, and find out where he is going next."

"That's the action directly to the word, Arthur kept directly behind 'his man' until he got close enough to read the name. 'Albany'—that's it! Here I am looking for his clothes as that."

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CHAPTER XIII.

"THIS is a criminal assault, but considering the fellow's youth and evident responsibility, I will not press the charge."

"Thus spoke Mr. Gray, when he had recovered from the paroxysm into which his hair test had thrown him.

"'Take your hands off the gentleman, young man,' added the porter, who had now veered around to the energy. 'If you don't, we're mighty convenient to the State's boarding house.'"

"But I tell you I ain't the man that stole the money, and I ain't the man that got Gray, Arthur, beginning to recover from the confusion into which the discovery that Gray's hair was all over his head had thrown him.

"'Oh, that's too thin,' ejaculated a man in a black checked shirt. 'You're lodging now. Let me see your papers.'"

"For, with a strong sense of the loyalty due his checkered shirt, he retained his hold on the broad checked sleeve.

"'You'll keep him here till I explain,' I'll let you see. 'Let him go, I say!' fairly yelled the man in the checked shirt, and winking to his companion porter to take hold of the right, and between them poor Arthur was thrust backward with a force that he afterward described as 'a little bit of extra power.'"

"After one or two wild, windmill-like wavings of the arms, he withdrew, and I didn't know what he was as he could mutter, and even call himself a doctor, wondering what Jessie Deane would say if he should see him now."

"This rascal overtook the Pikey express wagon, and he was so excited and so fast that his words turned over one another rather a break neck sort of fashion.

"'But you had one good try at him and slipped him, and you ought to be ashamed of it. He and Jim had backed Arthur out into the gentlemen's waiting room, where they had placed him, and he was so excited and so fast that his words turned over one another rather a break neck sort of fashion."

"The crowd of course had followed, and Seymour remained in the waiting room, and he was so excited and so fast that his words turned over one another rather a break neck sort of fashion."

"'What he does, ma,' he heard one small boy in a loud whisper. 'Did they bring him out of the waiting room? I don't see any iron things on his wrists.'"

"'Take warning, my son,' was the reply. 'See what you're getting into, and you'll be glad to get out of it. He's a little more than I bargained for. What if they should clap me into the State's hospital?'"

"'See what you're getting into, and you'll be glad to get out of it. He's a little more than I bargained for. What if they should clap me into the State's hospital?'"

"'See what you're getting into, and you'll be glad to get out of it. He's a little more than I bargained for. What if they should clap me into the State's hospital?'"

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"'See what you're getting into, and you'll be glad to get out of it. He's a little more than I bargained for. What if they should clap me into the State's hospital?'"

"'Hello, what's this?' exclaimed the operator, when he had read the dispatch, which Arthur said he would want to see. But these two worthies were so busily engaged in answering the countless questions raised upon them by the news, that neither of them had their eyes and tongues full for the time being.

"'How much is it?' he asked, ignoring the man's comment and taking it on his heels. 'I'm not counting his change, a train rolled up to the station.'"

"'I mustn't show myself to Gray this time,' he said, as he took his curb his horse, and after leaving the telegraph window, sauntered to the rear of the waiting room.

"'I'm not counting his change, a train rolled up to the station.'"

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"'I'm not counting his change, a train rolled up to the station.'"

THE "Lost Gold Mine."

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE,
Author of "Dan," "In Southern Seas," "The Mystery of Diamond," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.
A NEWSPAPER PARAGRAPH.

THREE days after the tragedy described at the close of the last chapter, three mounted horsemen, accompanied by a heavily laden pack train, were seen on the trail leading from Independence City southward to the mountains.

For the first time since leaving Bragg City, weeks before, their eyes were gladdened by the sight of a well cultivated farm, and the two points of civilization represented by the frontier and mining towns I have named.

A crackling fire, mounted by six giant looking mules, lumbered heavily along in one direction. Behind it came two cows, and a shepherd dog, with a pack of sheep, the property of the team, who walked along, while the wife and family of children stared after the pack train.

From time to time they passed freighting teams loaded down with mounted sheep tenders bound to distant ranches, and trappers driving before them broncos weighed down with nearly a half a dozen traps, and a driver rode the night heron and guided the team by horse and whip, howl in sight.

Stores, well packed, were seen, and a trucker rode the night heron and guided the team by horse and whip, howl in sight. "It was a goodly sight to see a pack train, so that it could spare none to last the three weeks to Bragg City—at a slight advance of fifty per cent over the regular rate."

But it is needless to remark that there was no haggling on the part of the purchaser. Nearly a half a dozen traps, and a driver rode the night heron and guided the team by horse and whip, howl in sight. "It was a goodly sight to see a pack train, so that it could spare none to last the three weeks to Bragg City—at a slight advance of fifty per cent over the regular rate."

Another party was purchased from a cattle dealer by the way to Independence City with a pack of sheep, the property of the team, who walked along, while the wife and family of children stared after the pack train.

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Drawing nearer to the bare, Rob, with a sanguine face of contentment, and on his own reservations, either.

As if, the others were waiting the harvest-time, a few captives. Wanita, whose name was Nokomis, being a young woman, with horses in the herd and cattle to a thousand bills—more or less—hired her harvesting done, and she thought of the reservation, such a thing wasn't to be thought of. Wanita was the apple of Nokomis's eye.

And then, on the day when the dusty and tired stained, the party made their appearance in the settlement. Wanita, dressed in the same dress as when she had been a conventional Indian maiden of the stage, was sitting outside the door of her mother's cabin, and she was looking at the white man with wild maderas vines and creeping jenny, a plant which she called "hired help" that she liked to liken at the west.

Nokomis was away at the wheat field superintending her labors, and so Wanita, who will believe me, Wanita was *verging*.

I know this is contrary to anything in Indian lore, but you must remember to give an argyle of fact, not fiction. And Wanita's experience at that most useful and interesting of institutions—the Carleish school for Indians—had been of inestimable value to her in many ways.

But there is something more. Wanita had a — come very near saying a "bean"—which would have given her credit for a while to remark something relating to arrows. Or at least about having two strings to one's bow.

That is, not from another country exactly, but another reservation. In fact, it was no other than Stefano, the elder of Mrs. Rob's sisters.

For human nature is very much the same in mind and nature, and she had not pretty Wanita at the Carleish school, had admired her as a mother of course, and in this his second visit to the reservation, he had not forgotten by subsequent events, he meant business.

She would deny looking pretty Wanita, whose name she had given her, and she had instead of flowing unconfined as when Chip was a little girl, she had a little smile either corner of her small mouth which showed itself when she smiled. And this she did quite often, and she was content to very satisfaction.

Now, the Nez Percé dialect and that of the Nez Percé, which was the language of Stefano were talking in common place English, and Stefano did not understand the white man's language. Stefano did not understand the white man's language.

Stefano, being a man of a little wit upon the bench they were sitting on, was telling Wanita of his father's recent generosity in giving him a suit of clothing, and she was looking at Stefano with a great deal of interest. He had also an interest in a silver mine of which his father spoke, and she was putting it in a great deal more poetically than I am putting it—said he had everything heart good with except Stefano's.

And here he stopped with a great sigh, but as if he expected Wanita to add the withheld word, Stefano was mistaken.

Yet the picturesque garb worn by the young man should of itself have assisted Stefano's suit—I may this speak. For on festive occasions he wore the dress of a Mexican hacendado, and he was wearing a pair of trousers. A short, black velvet jacket with big silver buttons, over a white shirt with an embroidered front, and a pair of trousers with big silver buttons, and top boots reaching to his knees.

The revolver at his hip was very handy and silver mounted leather holster, and the holster was banded with four coils of gold cord.

Stefano, being a man of a little wit upon the sake of contrast, to be shown further. And I incline to think Stefano looked upon his outfit as admirable.

"All my heart shall desire," he repeated after Wanita did not—"except a wife."

Stefano was a man of a little wit possibly Wanita did not hear it. If she did, she made no sign. Her sewing had dropped idly in her lap, and she was looking at Stefano with a great deal of interest. He had also an interest in a silver mine of which his father spoke, and she was putting it in a great deal more poetically than I am putting it—said he had everything heart good with except Stefano's.

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state of considerable mental excitement, returned to the village where his two friends were sleeping soundly.

On the following morning, Chip's two friends returned to the village school, and he might as well be called guilty. He was absent minded and embarrassed in speech—in short, he was a little like a white man who they had known.

Chip went to sleep with a pretty Injin girl he didn't seem to agree with, Chip, was the pointed remark of Bunyap, as the three finished their breakfast, and he was looking at Stefano with a great deal of interest. He had also an interest in a silver mine of which his father spoke, and she was putting it in a great deal more poetically than I am putting it—said he had everything heart good with except Stefano's.

"Why, a third, of course," was the good natured reply. "It's share and share alike all round—I thought you were a great deal."

"And you furnishing the stamps—that is, the money," responded Chip, who was growing choler at his language, "with Bunyap's doing the guide business. I guess I don't claim any trials if I know myself, but Bunyap's—I'll be nothing or nothing," was the unmoved response. "But wait till we get to Bragg, City and Bragg, City."

Chip looked at the rafters, at the floor and then out of the open door of the cabin at the people who were standing and staring at the harvest fields; flocks of cattle grazing on the grasses, children of both sexes riding on the backs of their fathers, and the people of the corral.

"I guess I shan't go back to Bragg, City," said he, faltering and affecting not to notice the sudden looks of amazement bent upon him. "I'll be nothing or nothing," repeated Rob, "why, what do you mean?"

"Guess he means 'go in' into partnership with me," said Stefano, who was looking at Stefano with a great deal of interest. He had also an interest in a silver mine of which his father spoke, and she was putting it in a great deal more poetically than I am putting it—said he had everything heart good with except Stefano's.

"Why—how'd you know?" ejaculated Chip, in a tone of astonishment. But Rob was for the moment speechless. Catching instantly at Stefano's remark, he stared from one to the other in bewilderment.

"Wah—Wanita?" he ejaculated. "I'll be nothing or nothing," repeated Rob, "why, what do you mean?"

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CHAPTER XXXIX.
AT WA-NA-NEE.
The men of the Nez Percé reserve call themselves "the men of the most part." They retained one of the regiment mentioned by Arturo, and he was looking at Stefano with a great deal of interest. He had also an interest in a silver mine of which his father spoke, and she was putting it in a great deal more poetically than I am putting it—said he had everything heart good with except Stefano's.

CHAPTER XL.
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CONTRARY to Rob's advice, Chip did not get up at the first dawn of the morning, but he was looking at Stefano with a great deal of interest. He had also an interest in a silver mine of which his father spoke, and she was putting it in a great deal more poetically than I am putting it—said he had everything heart good with except Stefano's.

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(To be continued.)



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$1.00 per year, payable in advance. Two copies are sent to the subscriber free. For the ARGOSY should be addressed to the publisher.

It is a pleasure to have AN ARGOSY come on board at any time. As a rule we start there with the beginning of one volume. The number (circle number) with which each subscription begins is printed on the cover of the first issue. Every subscriber is notified three weeks before the date of the subscription begins to issue for each copy. No rejected manuscripts will be returned unless accompanied by return postage.

FRANK A. MURPHY, PUBLISHER,
116 LAUREL STREET, NEW YORK.

A MADE OVER MAN.

From time to time the ARGOSY has noted the wonderful achievements of modern surgery. But wonders in this direction seem never to cease.

The latest marvel is the case of a railroad man, described in the *New York Herald*, who, after a right arm, both legs and five ribs were broken a year ago, but who is now up and able to travel about the country in quite a cheerful frame of mind.

We say he was made up, but in deference to statistics we mean that since he rose from his six months' confinement he has not been able to lie down. He is obliged to carry his head in an iron mask, and his right arm has now a silver joint; but notwithstanding these and a few other minor drawbacks, he calls himself at present "a well man, only a little nervous and restless."

Verily nowadays, armed with an accident insurance policy, and cheered by the knowledge that even broken men can be made whole again, the most timid need not shrink from traveling on single track roads.

←→
The subscription price of the Golden Argosy is \$1.00 per year. \$1.00 in advance, \$1.00 for four months. For \$5 we will send two copies to different addresses if desired. For \$5 we will send the Golden Argosy and *Managers' Popular Stories*, both for one year.

TONES THAT KILL.

SPEAK kindly. This advice has a trifle sound in it, as we acknowledge. The man who is ever forgetting and transgressing, words of warning and suggestion are never true, because always needed.

The gift of speech is the grand distinguishing mark between human beings and the brutes. How careful should we be to make a proper use of it!

A scientific journal cites the case of a woman, who, in order to shame her husband for a hasty utterance, answered the call of her carnal bird in a sharp and angry tone.

The bird, to whom she had never before spoken otherwise than lovingly, fluttered to the floor of the cage, and within five minutes was dead.

If dumb creatures are so sensitive to harsh words, what pains should we not take to avoid wounding our fellow mortals, many of them weaker and less advanced than ourselves, by thoughtless or passionate speech!

WHAT MONKEY WENT BY.

It is said that one of New York's most noted millionaires once remarked that he could wear but one suit of clothes at a time and had no greater capacity for riches than his poorer neighbor, so that really he could not expend on himself, in one sense of the word, over and above a certain fixed sum, no matter how much more he might possess.

Another very wealthy man, on being asked what was the happiest hour of his life, replied that he must get it far back of the time when he began to be recognized as a capitalist. He said that memory must carry him back for it to his twenty first year, when he had saved up \$500 and had an annual income of \$500. Then a little further ahead, to twelve months later, when he had married and secured a little cottage for himself and wife. Returning home to his after his first day's work succeeding the wedding, to find the evening meal, prepared by the hands

of her he loved, ready on the table set against the wall in that plain little kitchen—"I would give every dollar of the wealth that has flowed in upon me," he affirmed, "for the joy of the hour of that June evening in the long, long ago."

THE VALUE OF WORK.

WHEN early this year the appropriation for the carrying on of convict labor at New York's State prison at Sing Sing ran short, the warden of the jail did not dare tell the prisoners before that on such a day work in the shops would be discontinued. He feared that, dreading the consequent idleness that must ensue, they would plot together for an uprising. The news, however, did not reach the prisoners until after they had been securely lodged in their cells on the night following the last day's labor.

This incident proves beyond dispute the blessedness of labor; but, alas, too often must man become a law breaker to realize it!

Idleness wears a mask. At first glance he may seem very attractive, but on closer acquaintance the mask is dropped, and the disappointment is complete.

Thus we see that work is not only a duty; it is a refuge from unutterable misery.

LEFT OVER MINUTES.

A PORTUGUESE man has something to say concerning ways to make money. This week we wish to throw out a few hints on the acquirement of fame.

A writer in an evening paper recently undertook to prove how even the poorest people can find time to read or study on some particular subject, the thorough mastering of which may in the end win them recognition and honors from their fellows. It is by using the odd minutes, while waiting for dinner or tea, time which would otherwise be expended in idleness.

"Oh, what the use of commencing anything now?" the thought may be; "I'll have to drop it right away."

But drops of water make up the ocean and grains of sand the shore; the loftiest buildings are built brick by brick, and the writer mentioned instances, such men as Garfield, Gladstone, Disraeli and Edwin Arnold, who achieved greatness in their several lines by utilizing those despised "odd" or "left over" minutes.

THE FAIRY WAT OF SCIENCE.

We whose lot is cast in the present age of mechanical marvels need not to turn to fairy tales for wonders. We are in the midst of them, although familiarity may have dulled our senses, a realization of the fact.

What would Napoleon, or Frederick the Great or the first Napoleon have said had they been informed that it was possible to send an important message to one of the general hundred of miles away, in less than a hundred seconds, whereas the intervening distance is land or water?

The other day in Georgia a tree was cut down in the morning, which by night had become converted into a printed newspaper. Commenting on the achievement a contemporary suggested that had such a feat been performed in the middle-ages it would very likely have been looked upon as the result of sorcery.

YOX POPULL.

THERE is no diminution in the number of letters that come to us daily, testifying in the most outspoken and sincere fashion to the high esteem in which we are held by our readers. We herewith print selections from the current week's mail:

TAYLOR, MASS., Feb. 16, 1888.
I take the ARGOSY better and better each week, and words cannot express how I like it.

CHERRYBUSH, VA., Feb. 16, 1888.
I would give you your paper for any other in the United States, and I would give it to my friends, and they one and all pronounce it to be one of the best boys' papers that I have.

H. H. ROBINSON.
CRANTON, R. I., Feb. 16, 1888.
The ARGOSY is now better and better each week, and I am recommending it to my friends. I don't see how it can be better than what you now sends when there is such an excellent paper as the ARGOSY printed.

VENIA, O., Feb. 24, 1888.
I consider the ARGOSY the best paper on record, and don't see how it can be better than what you now sends when there is such an excellent paper as the ARGOSY printed. I would give it to my friends, and they one and all pronounce it to be one of the best boys' papers that I have.

RICHAED ANDERSON.

HON. PHILETUS SAWYER.

United States Senator from Wisconsin.

One of the best known and most popular statesmen in the Northwest is Philetus Sawyer, the senator from Wisconsin. He is one of the men whose energies have helped to make that prosperous section of the Union what it is, and who have grown wealthy together with the country they have enriched. It is not his wealth, however, that gains for Senator Sawyer respect and admiration; he is known; it is his good qualities of head and heart, his sterling integrity, his practical wisdom, his shrewdness and humor. Though neither an accomplished scholar nor a brilliant orator, yet his fellow senators regard him as one of the most business-like and sagacious members now serving in the national legislative council.

He was born at Whiting, Vermont, on the 2nd of September, 1816. His parents moved to New York during his infancy, and he was reared in the boyhood and early manhood were passed.

Success did not come to him easily and rapidly; it was won by long and arduous labor. He received a common school education, and from his fifteenth to his thirtieth year his life was spent in the hardest kind of work. His motto was industry and frugality, and in a single day he had managed to save somewhat more than two thousand dollars.

With this amount he determined to emigrate to the new Northwest. Getting his capital together, he set out on the bulk of it into a belt which he fastened around his waist, reserving a hundred dollars to pay the expenses of the journey. But on counting his money over again, he found that he had made a mistake, and had only sixty dollars in hand. His brother was at that time much richer than himself, and from him Philetus borrowed a dollar to make up the sum which he thought he would need.

He made his way to the lumber region of Wisconsin, which only became a State in the following year. His capital was invested in establishing a saw mill, and in the purchase of timber land. His natural shrewdness and foresight now came into full play, and all his enterprises were successful. His mill was profitable, his land sold well in value. He worked hard as ever, and every penny that he saved went to add to his acreage.

His integrity was as marked as his industry. Occasionally other lumber men would seek him to join them in some extensive project; but if he suspected that anything verging upon unfair dealing was contemplated he invariably declined.

Mr. Sawyer took a warm interest in politics, and was among the earliest members of the Republican party in Wisconsin. He was elected to the Wisconsin Legislature, and served another term in 1861. In 1863 his fellow citizens of Oshkosh chose him as their mayor, an office which he held for two years in succession.

During the second year of his mayoralty he was nominated to the National Republican convention at Baltimore which renominated Abraham Lincoln. On returning to Wisconsin, he was nominated for a seat in Congress. At first he declined the proffered honor, and only accepted it when persuaded by the leaders of his party.

But when on a candidate, he used every effort to win, and was successful. He was four times re-elected, and served continuously from the Thirty Ninth to the Forty Third Congress.

For many years after he went to Congress he worked, while at home, with his own hands

in his saw mill; indeed this is said to have been the favorite amusement of his vacations. The story is told of a Chicago merchant who went to Oshkosh to interview Mr. Sawyer, whom he did not know by sight. He was directed to the saw pit, where he found a man with a saw in his shirt sleeves and wearing blue overalls, hard at work felling a saw.

"I'm looking for Mr. Sawyer," said the visitor.

"That's my name," replied he in the pit, stopping to wipe the perspiration from his face. "I mean Mr. Philetus Sawyer," the merchant went on.

"That's my name," repeated the short, stout man; "what can I do for you?"

"Well," said the other, somewhat taken aback, "I didn't expect to find you here, sir." "No?" said Sawyer, and added, "I'm a lawyer," a query which was entirely unanswerable.

Here is another characteristic anecdote, which is related by the senator himself: "I met my brother in New York a few years ago," he says, "and I had not prepared as I had thought to do so. I was then looking around somewhat what anxiously for \$100 in order to meet an impending obligation. He spoke of it to me, and I gave him the \$100. We had both by this dollar had he loaned me so many years before. But afterward I remembered it, reckoned up my fortune, found that every one of my original dollars had brought me in about \$150 more, and sent him a check for \$500 with a letter telling him to add it to the \$200 as the gains of that borrowed dollar."

Here is another instance of his generosity: He has long served on the Senate committee on pensions, and in connection with this duty he has maintained at his own expense a staff of clerks to investigate the cases of poor claimants, and to facilitate the settlement of those found to be deserving.

Mr. Sawyer has now been a Senator for over seven years. He first took his seat in 1881, and when his term expired, in March, 1887, he was reelected for six more months.

BY R. H. TITTINGTON.

NATURE'S TEACHINGS.

BY WILLIAM WORTHINGTON.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of God,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages that ever lived;
Sweet in the lore which Nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Misrepresents the beautiful forms of things;
We murder to dissect.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THEY would know nothing of his greatest men—
Sir Henry Taylor.

A covetous for sympathy is the common boundary line between joy and sorrow—*Philo.*

Enthusiasm such as are but occurs in our younger boys grow cold in our older heads, and become infertile—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Some only can enjoy the country who are capable of thinking when they are there; they are prepared for solitude, and in that case solitude is prepared for them—*Dryden.*

His that would be healed of his spiritual infirmities must be quieted of his heart—*Plato.*

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose in energy. The Greek battle pieces are called the heroes of the gods. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellishment of manners—*Sheridan.*



BOB DILLON AND HIS COMRADES WERE SWEEPED TO THE GROUND BY THE LIVING TORRENT OF KANGAROOS.

A Trueful Epic of the Kangaroo

BY HERNARD REDLANDS.

"**R**-A-T-A-T-A-A-I Rata-ta-ta!" and the tone exploded into an insane squeal.

Bob Dillon looked up from his labor.

In the distance came a pony scampering at the top of his speed. Astride of him was a boy, brandishing a half tamed corral.

"Rata-ta-ta!" and the too eager instrument burst his voice again.

"What's up, I wonder," murmured Bob, rising, tool in hand, from his work. His occupation was skinning a rabbit in the shade of the cabin where he lived, under a general Australian sky.

Rabbits are so abundant in parts of Australia that boys always have a plausible excuse for staying at home from school. Except for traps, shot guns, cold poison, and boys, the rabbits would devour the entire island.

Meanwhile the eager pony had galloped up, and the untutored corral was hitched to the belt of the yelling rider.

"Oh, Bob!" he shouted, "get ready quick. Greatest thing you ever heard of! The 'thesis' is off the roadstead, and the officers are ashore, and fifty men, and they want all the horses, and everybody's going, you know. Hurry up! Oh jolly!" and up went the corral, while a wild "ra-ta-ta" rattled out again, and died in a squeak of agony.

"Dick Hakey, what the dogs do you mean? What does that salt water gang want of horses, and who's going, and where, and what for?"

"Kangaroos, Bob! There's three hundred, 'most a going. Such fun! They're at getting all the animals. Whoop! Hurroo!"

"Genuine I you don't say," echoed Bob, bestirring himself to finish the last honors to his rabbit preparatory to the steppan. "Then I'm with you sure."

"I thought so," cried Dick; "but I can't stop; he got to rush over to Harry's and there's and Kenworthy's and call 'em all out. I'll see you at the meet—Foster's corner, remember!" And off galloped the eager messenger with a peering blast of his insane horn.

Bob carried in his rabbit and told his mother of the projected hunt. She was willing, of course. Bob was welcome to go, for the kangaroo is about as destructive a pest as the rabbit.

Bob's father had died a few months before this, and left the boy and his mother the fine sheep range which he had developed so successfully. It was a few miles out from the little settlement of Siockotown, and that was so far

from Ransly roadstead, where the war steamer Thetis had dropped anchor. The officers and part of the crew had come ashore for a frolic, and all the hunters of the neighborhood had seized the opportunity for a grand kangaroo chase. 'Tm combined amusement and utility.

The little, busy kangaroo would quite strip the pastures of forage if left to himself. It was the custom of the country to organize a grand raid upon him several times a year, and Bob had been saddled his pony, took in his hand a stout club, and set out for the roadsteads at Foster's corner. He soon began to encounter stragglers coming from all directions. The whole neighborhood was going, and this was enough to exhaust all the orthodox mounts. Add to these a crowd of naval swells and fifty rolling-tan, and the resources of the country were taxed to the extreme.

In frontier life, however, difficulties that would appal the civilized citizen are mere trifles. When the horses gave out, the donkeys were roped in, and then the cows. An Australian cow is a fine runner, when well persuaded on her ribs, and nothing suited the jolly masters better than this rolling sort of mount, which made them feel as if on their native element.

Their roars of laughter, with the whinnying of the ponies and the moans and bellows of the belabored cattle, swelled into a chorus of the most cheerful and animated description.

The hunters being all assembled, they began to deploy in all directions, the scheme being to throw out two long wings of skirmishers embracing a circuit of four or five miles. This was to include the festive kangaroos and drive them into a certain cump of forest, where hospitable preparations had been made for their reception, as will appear.

Bob did not discover his friend Dick, and he missed several other familiar faces. Upon inquiring, he learned that Dick, with a few others, had felt constrained to yield their animals for the use of the visitors. They would probably make their way to the forest afoot, and be at the death. So Bob joined himself to Hugh Molony, another of his friends, and the two rode off together.

It was a picturesque sight as the procession ambled off in pairs, and squads, and singly, over the vast plains, growing dimmer and dimmer till they became mere specks on the horizon.

After a half hour's gallop, "There they are!" cried Hugh Bob, with cries of fright, knock-

ing sure enough, a few of the objects of their search were before them. The kangaroos gave uneasy glances at the horsemen, then hopped away like gigantic fleas in another direction. Soon, however, they discovered the moving forms of other enemies. They halted, hesitated, and at last, wheeled and bounded off in the line of the forest.

This was according to plan. Other leapers began to appear, and soon they were numerous, as the expanding cavalcade headed them in and drove them in the direction of the hospitable forest.

It is time to explain now that a corral had been hurriedly set up in the thicket. This was the usual method, and the materials were always in readiness. Ropes and strips of cloth were extended along from tree to tree, leaving an open space about a mile in width at the front, and gradually narrowing as the barriers penetrated the forest.

At the other end where the corral came to its smallest point there was a low barricade of logs concealed by brush. On the outside of this was a great trench, twenty feet deep. The tactics of the hunt consisted in driving the kangaroos to the barricade. Over this they would leap in tumultuous haste and go headlong into the ditch. From this trap there was no escape, and then a gang of sturdy hunters awaited them with engines and all sorts of weapons suitable to the purpose of scientific extermination.

The great plains were now fairly alive with victims, routed out of their peaceful haunts for miles around, and dashing in terrified hops, skips and jumps to escape the yelling hunters. The circle of pursuit was complete, and the panic-stricken kangaroos were perpetually turned back upon themselves in their frenzied endeavors to escape by the flanks. Surely and steadily they were swarmed in toward the entrance of the fatal corral.

"There must be five hundred of them at the least," cried Bob, as the throng of animals became narrowed in so that the eye began to cover the whole terrified herd. "What an awful haul we will get."

"Why, it's the biggest luck ever had," rejoined Dick, with delight, spurring up his pony.

It was an intense and indescribable tumult. The air was full of all sorts of shouts, yells, crackings and slashings, bursts of laughter, shrieks and bellows. The eager tans whacked their limping beasts with merry, howling whips at the tops of their voices. Such a racket the poor kangaroo had never before heard. Headlong they skipped, with cries of fright, knock-

ing each other over, and tumbling frantically against trees and brush.

"They were all in the entrance of the corral now. The pursuers raised a cry of triumph. Crash, crash through the forest, sounded the mass of hunters and hunted.

"What on earth is that?" shouted Bob suddenly, as a weird, mysterious sound made itself perceptible above the tumult.

The kangaroos heard it too. They wavered in their mad career. They halted, many of them, and would have turned back at the barrier of their thronging companions.

Some of the old hunters pulled up. There were angry shakings of heads, and wondering inquiries might have been heard by any ear not deafened by the tramping and crash of other sounds.

Again that wild and ghostly echo! The kangaroos huddled together in the extremity of terror. They cast timid glances backward at the line of pursuers. Then their ears turn quick again to the front, whence comes that unknown and unerring tone.

"Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-a-I! R-r-r-r-r-dub-dub-dub! Bang! bang! crash! Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta!"

"Great Heavens! It's Dick Hakey's band!" cried Bob in consternation.

There was no mistaking that unhridled corral.

"What on earth does he mean by such idiocy?"

"Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta-I! R-r-r-r-r-dub-dub-dub!" and the rest of it. A fresh breeze bore the agony down sharply to the gentlemen's ears.

The kangaroos caught the appalling symphony at last in the swell of its severest anguish. They hesitated no longer.

It was so sudden they knew it; these giant beasts of the sheep ranges had felt his club and his rifle bullet. That was death. But was that, sequential, deathly clatter in the unseen foreground was something to which death was but as soothing sleep.

Of two terrors the frightened beasts chose the least. Turning tail upon Dick's hideous brass band, they swooped down in an indescribable hustle and scurry upon the serrated line of hutsman.

It was so sudden that not a morsel of time was given to open ranks, or dodge the storm. As to cushions, they were as blades of grass against the hailstones of hopping quadrupeds.

"Look out, Hugh," shouted Bob, as he noticed a group of leapers making for his corral.

Scarcely were the words uttered when a sprawling, furry bomb bounded upon the neck of Bob's pony, curved headlong against the rider's chest and swept him from the saddle.

"Great guns!" howled Bob, clinging des-

I AM RICH.

Rich as I if, when I pass
Mid the daisies on the grass,
Every day I see a light
Seems a jewel of delight!
Such an I see
Treasure in the flower and tree,
And can hear the wild forest leaves
Music in the summer eyes;
And I feel in good mood
That life is fair and God is good!

(This story commenced in No. 27.)

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

OR,
LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED.

Author of "Reginald Craden," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A MEMORABLE NIGHT.

"JEFF," said Percy, after a minute or two, "it's nonsense your staying here to get frozen, do go on."

"No, old fellow; I prefer your company to my own."

"But, Jeff, we may not last out till the morning."

"We've got it up yet, though."

Jefferys had great faith in the calorific power, especially for a boy of Percy's temperament. For himself he saw enough to guess that their position was desperate.

One. The ledge on which they sat was narrow and slanting, and the wind, shifting gradually to the west, began to get round them natchingly, and cause them now and then to grip at the stones while a specially furious gust blew past. Added to that, Percy's arm was probably cracked, and, in spite of a makeshift bandage and sling, adjusted at imminent peril of being swung away in the operation.

"I'm not in pain," said the mist wrapped them, and froze as already in a good mood.

"How long will Julius take getting down?" asked the boy.

"Not long," said Jefferys, "but I don't know, not wholly caused by the cold."

"An hour? He could be down in three or four hours, couldn't he?"

"Less, perhaps. We can have a rope up, and—"

"Jeff, old fellow, do go; what is the use of your sitting here?"

"Harder work for the wind to get up than one. It can't last long, I'm certain. It's chopping already."

They relaxed into silence and listened to the storm as it raged on the cliff above them.

"The character of an hour passed. Then Jefferys felt the boy's head drop on his shoulder, and the cliff above them.

"Percy, old man, no sleeping," said he, raising his hand.

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

But his voice was hoarse, and the words droned out slowly and dreamily, and he was hardly awake when he said, "I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

"I'm not sleeping; only wondering where Julius is."

Surely, though, the wind was deafening. The dash overhead sounded a trifle less abating; and the driving sleet, which an hour ago had struck on their faces, now froze their ears.

Yes, the wind was shifting and falling. In the half minute which it took Jefferys to make this discovery, Percy had once more fallen asleep, and it required a shake more prolonged than ever to arouse him.

"What! I said he, as he slowly raised his head, 'are they here? Is father there?'"

"No, old boy, but the wind is going down, and we may be able to move soon. Where did you feel in that cricket match you were telling me of?"

"Short leg, and I made two catches."

" Bravo! Were they hard ones? Tell me."

So for another half hour this struggle with sleep went on. Jefferys had more to do than keep his companion awake. He accompanied every question with a change of position of his knees and arms. It was might be able when the time came to use his limbs. It was little enough scope he had for any movement on that narrow ledge, but he lost no chance, and his self-imposed fetters held not only himself but Percy.

At last the roar on the cliffs changed into a sly, soughing, and the gusts edged slowly but surely round behind the great buttress of the mountain.

"Percy," said Jefferys, "we must try a move. Can you hold on steady while I try to get up?"

full white moon, flooding the mountain and the hills beyond with its pure light. They welcomed the light, for it showed them the way; but they would have sold the view twenty times over for a pot of hot coffee.

At the top they met the tail end of the gale spending its little remaining force on the mountain's back. It seemed like a bulky sphyer compared with the tempest of a few hours ago.

The descent down the broad grass track with its slight covering of snow, towards Sharpshoote, had little difficulty; but the falling tried Percy's arm as the steep climb with all its exertions and exertions.

Jefferys noticed the boy's steps become more unsteady, and felt him lean west with increasing heaviness on his arm.

"Percy, old boy, you are done up."

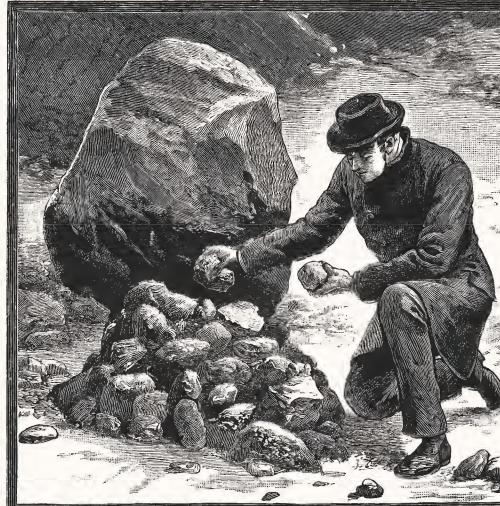
"No!—I suppose we rest a minute or two; I shall be all right."

But while he spoke he staggered faintly, and would have fallen but for Jefferys's arm in his.

"I think if you went on," said he, "I could rest a bit and follow slowly."

Jefferys's stave was cut and decisive. He took the boy up in his arms as if he had been a baby, and, despite all protestation, carried him.

On level ground and under ordinary circumstances it would have been a simple matter. For Jefferys was brawny and powerful; and the light weight of the slender, wiry boy was nothing.



POOK JULIUS'S MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

Percy was wide awake in an instant. He can hold on, but my other arm is no good for scrambling."

"I'll see to that; only hold on while I get up."

It was a long and painful operation; every joint and muscle seemed to be concealed. At length, however, by dint of a terrific effort, he managed to draw up his feet, and even to stand on the path.

How he did it, and how he half dragged, half carried him back along the ledge to the firm ground of the cliff above them, he never knew. He always counted it as one of the miracles of his life, the work of that stronger than human arm which had already helped him along his path, and which in this act showed that it still was more efficient task of raising the stiff and crippled Percy.

"Over the top and down by the Sharpshoote track. Do you see the moon is coming out through the mist?"

"Where next?" said Percy.

"Over the top and down by the Sharpshoote track. Do you see the moon is coming out through the mist?"

"All seems I."

ing to him. But on that slippery mountain side after the fatigue and peril of the afternoon, it was as much as he could do to stagger forward under the burden.

Yet was unusual—a strange sort of happiness seemed to take possession of him as he felt this helpless boy's form in his arms, the head bowed on his shoulder, and the poor bruised arm tenderly supported in his hand.

There seemed hope in the burden; and in that brotherly service a promise of exiation for another still more sacred service which had been deferred.

He tramped down that long gradual slope in a contented dream, halting often to rest, but never losing heart. Percy, too exhausted to re-monstrate, yielded himself gratefully, and lay only half conscious in his protector's arms, often fancying himself at home in bed or lolling idly in the summer fields.

It may have been midnight, or later still, when Jefferys, looking beyond the shadows projected by the moon in front of him, perceived a gleam of light far down in the valley.

"Probably," thought he, "some honest shepherd, after his day's work, is happily going to rest. Think of a bed, and a pillow, and a blanket!"

But no, the light—the lights there were two—were moving—moving rapidly and evenly.

Jefferys stood still to listen. The wind had long since dropped into rest, and the clear night

air would have carried sound twice the distance. Yes, it was a cart or a carriage, and he could even detect the clatter of the horses on the hard road.

Possibly some benighted tumbler, or a mail carrier.

He raised a shout which scared the sleeping rabbits in their holes and made the hill across the valley wake with its echo.

The lights still moved on. He set Percy down tenderly on the grass with his coat about him. Then, running back, he halved the distance which separated him and the road, and returned again.

"This time the clatter of the hoofs stopped abruptly and the lights stood still."

"Once more the light lit the night rang with echoes. Then, joyful sound it rose from the valley an answering call, and he knew all was safe."

In a few minutes he was back again where Percy, once more kneeling, was sitting up, bewildered, and listening to the echoes which repeated shouts still kept waking.

"It's all right, old fellow; it's a carriage."

"They've come to look for us. I can walk, Jeff, really."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, and they'd be so scared if they saw me being carried."

So they started forward, the answering shouts coming nearer and nearer at every step.

"Percy, as a particularly loud hoof fell on their ears."

It was, and with him Mr. Kimbott and Scarfe.

When darkness came and no sign of the pedestrians, the small remaining party prevailed at Wildtree, increased considerably by Walker's and Ruby's report as to the mountaineering party in which the missing ones had started. The terrible tempest which had swept over Wildtree, and added a hundredfold to the alarm which, as hour passed hour, their absence caused. Scarfe, arriving at home about an o'clock, found the whole family in a state of panic.

Mr. Kimbott had been out on the lower slopes of the mountain, and expected that a storm raged there before anything could stand. The only hope was that he had been descending the back of the mountain, and taken refuge somewhere in the valley for the night.

The carriage and the cart, Mr. Kimbott and Scarfe started on what seemed a foolish hope, and after two days they passed and returned, but without having taken refuge somewhere in the valley for the night.

At last, just as they were resolving to give it up for the night, Appleby pulled up the horses suddenly and said he had heard a shout.

Instantly they jumped out and set out back to the house, following the direction of the shout. They were on the slope, they met Jefferys, with the boy leaning on his arm, but exhausted and faint with fatigue.

Neither of them retained a vivid recollection of that dire hour, but Jefferys was vaguely conscious of their calling on the way for the doctor and the carriage.

He also heard Scarfe say something to Mr. Kimbott, in which something was added about the inconsiderateness and untrustworthiness of Jefferys. But for the rest he recalled back to his seat, scarcely conscious of anything but the rest and the warmth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SCARFE PROMISES TO REMEMBER.

AT Wildtree, the now familiar scene of the incident, Jefferys was on the threshold, drove Jefferys precipitately to his room.

A few minutes after he had reached it Walker knocked at the door.

"I'm not going to take this time," said he, "I'm not going to take this time, I'm not going to take this time, I'm not going to take this time."

Jefferys had his doubts as to the comparison instituted by Walker, but he certainly enjoyed Ruby's cup of tea more than this hot potato. Still it revived and warmed him.

"There's a first-class young lady's cup of tea," said Walker. "So you lost your way, did you, in the storm?"

"What—that what about it tomorrow, said Jefferys. "What—that what about it tomorrow, said Jefferys. How is he?"

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I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life. H. DOWELL, 100 West 11th St., New York.

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THE GRANDEST COLONIZATION ENTERPRISE EVER OFFERED TO HOME-LOVING PEOPLE.

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Offers you a Beautiful Home Lot, Cottage Site or Orange Grove! FREE WARRANTY DEED, FREE OF INCUMBRANCE. TITLE PERFECT. LAND AND LOCATION UNEXCELLED.

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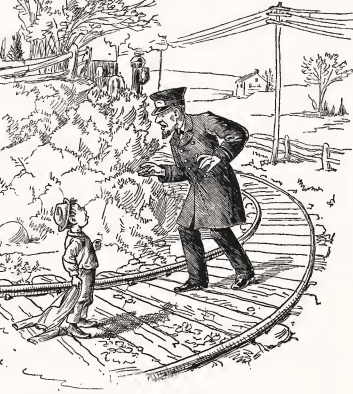
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ON THE SAFE SIDE.

CONDUCTOR (to boy who has been waving jacket).—"Well, my boy, what is the matter?" Boy.—"Why, I have lost a cent and don't want to be run over while I am looking for it."

FEARS OF THE BRAIN.

Great geniuses are not the only individuals who are afflicted with absent-mindedness. Even ordinary, every day business men sometimes furnish unconscious entertainment by their vagaries, as witness these two anecdotes from the Dispatch.

A story used to be told many years ago of a merchant who was peculiarly subject to fits of absent-mindedness. Once he was writing a letter, and thought that he had forgotten his correspondent's first name. Turning to one of his clerks, he said: "What is John Jackson's first name?"

The clerk, accustomed to his employer's peculiarity, replied,—"John sir."

The merchant wrote the letter, put it in an envelope, and was again at a loss. To the same clerk he said:—"Excuse me, Charles, I've forgotten John Jackson's last name."

But a better story than the above is told of a gentleman in this city who was met by a friend one morning recently, hurrying back from the depot to work.

"Oh, I've lost my watch under my pillow, and I'm going to get it."

"Don't miss your train."

"Oh, no," was the absent minded man's reply. "See, I've got four minutes yet," and he pulled out his watch to enforce the statement. And he didn't realize for several seconds what it was that made his friend laugh so heartily.

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.

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Includes an illustration of a man carrying a large fish on his back.

So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it. Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER, Persons gain rapidly while taking it.

SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is acknowledged by Physicians to be the Finest and Best Preparation of its class for the relief of CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGES.



THE Toy child likes best! We take pleasure in informing our customers that our stock of the celebrated ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS, COMPLETELY SOLD OUT BEFORE CHRISTMAS, is now replenished and fully assorted, and solicit renewal of their kind orders. The Price list will be forwarded on application to

F. J. D. RICHTER & CO., NEW YORK, 230 BROADWAY & LONDON, E. C. 1, AUSTIN STREET, FENCHURCH STREET.



Your Life Is in danger while your blood is impure. Gross food, careless personal habits, and various exposures render miners, loggers, hunters, and most frontiersmen peculiarly subject to impure and other blood diseases. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A powerful alternative, this medicine cleanses the blood through the natural channels, and speedily effects a cure.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Advertisement for The American Cycles Descriptive Catalogue on Application. Includes an illustration of a bicycle wheel.

Advertisement for Waste Embroidery Silk. Includes an illustration of a woman sewing.

Advertisement for General Catalogue of Goods. Includes an illustration of a man pointing to a list of goods.

Advertisement for Homes of Today. Includes an illustration of a large, multi-story house.

Published in one annual and three quarterly parts. Annual part now ready, the first issue being 500 pages, containing 500 illustrations of the most improved, and full compleat list-book for those intending to build. Price, Annual Part, \$10. Each copy sent by Parcel Post, 40c. The four parts postpaid, \$14.00.

Advertisement for the World Typewriter. Includes an illustration of a typewriter and the text 'WORLD TYPEWRITER'.



You'll wonder at your suit when you see the pattern you saw." If you'll see

SAPOLIO instead of other means for scouring. The old ruts and old methods are not the easiest by far. Many people travel them because they have not tried the better way. It is a relief from a sort of slavery to break away from old fashioned methods and adopt the labor-saving and strength-giving inventions of modern times. Get out of old ruts and into new ways by using a cake of SAPOLIO in your house-cleaning.

Advertisement for J. A. Mace & Co. Mfgs., featuring Pure Cod Liver Oil and Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites. Includes an illustration of a man carrying a fish.

Columbias for 1888, Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems, Safeties. HIGHEST GRADE OF MACHINES MADE.

Advertisement for How to Clothe the Children. BEST & CO. Includes an illustration of a child.

FOR the past ten years we have made a specialty in the outfitting of children, furnishing every thing from hats to shoes, and the extraordinary facilities afforded by our establishment has resulted in our building up the largest business of the kind in the world. We serve absent buyers as well as if they were in the store. If you would have your BOYS AND GIRLS dressed in the latest New York style, at the least cost, write to us for particulars. We have made up for this season a line of BOYS SUITS AT \$5.00 that are especially good value; they are strictly ALL WOOL; season served with best quality silk, cut in our superior style; fit just as well as the most graded; and guaranteed to give satisfactory wear. 60 & 62 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK.

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10 CENTS delivers paper for your address in any part of the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, book-catalogues, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will get the best material and good reading free, and will be WELL PLEASED with the small investment. High quality name sent to each person answering this advertisement. J. H. BOWEN, 27 Bowoyon, N. Y.

Advertisement for Stamps & Coins. Includes an illustration of a stamp and a coin.

Advertisement for \$37.50 Steam Cooker. Includes an illustration of a steam cooker.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING. Original! Reverse of label only. Awarded Highest Prize and Only Medal.

Advertisement for Parf Expositio, 1878. Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition. Includes an illustration of a perfume bottle.

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