

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by FRANK A. MUNSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. VI. No. 20.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, | St. WARREN ST.,
PUBLISHER. | NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1888.

TERMS: | \$2.00 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 280.



THE GUIDE AND I CROPT TO THE EDGE OF THE MIGHTY PRECIPICE,
AND SAW TOM GILBERT HANGING THERE, CLINGING
DESPERATELY TO THE MULE'S
LEATHEREN BRIDLE,

The Golden Magnet;

OR,
THE TREASURE CAVE OF THE INCAS.

BY G. M FENN,

Author of "In the Wilds of New Mexico," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

WE START ON OUR JOURNEY.

I WAS always a boy of an adventurous
turn of mind, and I had fully deter-
mined to go abroad.

I had been thinking over my plans for
a long time before I broached them to
my friend Tom Gilbert.

"Tom," I said one morning, perhaps
rather abruptly, "I am going out to
my Uncle Reuben's plantation in South
America."

"South America, Harry!" replied
Tom, eagerly, "why, that's just the
very place I want to go to, too."

"Tom, I don't believe it," I said
sharply. "If I had told you I was going

to Australia or Timbuctoo, you would have said just the same thing.

"Daddy I should, Harry," answered Tom with a grin. "Any way I'm going with you."

"You point our conversation was interrupted by the appearance on the scene of my father.

"What are you two boys quarrelling about," he inquired, "with an assumption of severity which deceived nobody.

"We were not quarrelling at all, father," replied Harry, "and I only complimented a little. I had made up my mind to tell him all about my plans, and I felt rather nervous as to the way in which he would receive them."

"But how should I begin? I hesitated for a moment, when Tom Gilbert solved the problem by interrupting you bluntly."

"Harry's going aboard, sir," he said. "I wasn't going with him, and I said I wasn't—that's all."

"Oh, he's going aboard, is he?" said my father.

"Yes, sir," I replied, "I have made up my mind to go and see if Uncle Reid can find anything to do for me."

"I hope you don't think that you are going to lead a life of idleness out there, sir?"

"Oh, no, sir," I replied, "I mean to work."

"Humph!" said my father, and then, without another word, he walked back into the house.

"I am glad," cried Tom, rubbing his hands together softly, "What a time it will be to have Harry."

It was my turn now to be silent, and I stood watching Tom, and thinking as I struggled with the same thing that I, after all, be very pleasant to have a sturdy trustworthy fellow like Tom always at my side when I was in a strange land.

For I had read that the descendants of the old Spaniards in South America were curly, noble looking gentlemen enough, and that the latter were not at all always disposed to look with favor upon foreigners. How did I know but in my former seeking of fortune, I had perhaps found a means to go out to seek my fortune—I might make enemies, and be some time or another in danger? Then I could not well have such a comrade as Tom at my side.

I must tell you how it was that I had decided to go abroad. My father's business in the very agricultural and stock raising country he owned a small boiling house in the quiet country village where I had been born and brought up. I was very proud of the hard yellow bars that it turned out. He had helped to keep no end of people clean, and made a comfortable living thereby; but the business was no longer what it had been, and seemed to get worse and worse every year. Competition grew sharper and sharper, and our small factory was being driven to the wall by the large works, with their improved machinery and greater capital. My father himself had reluctantly admitted that unless things changed in some unexpected way it was useless for him to continue the business. He had better look out for some other opening in life.

My thoughts naturally turned to Uncle Reid, my mother's brother, who had emigrated to South America, and had, by all accounts, made a handsome fortune by raising sugarcane.

The brief conversation of that morning was the first, but by no means the last mention of my important project. I had here the first opportunity to present in the family councils, which I will not weary the reader by relating. It is enough to say that it was finally settled that I should be permitted to go on my own matter. Nobody but myself supposed that I should find my fortune in South America; but all agreed that even if I failed in a few years with a few dollars and empty pockets, the trip would do me good and give me a chance to pick up useful information. At any rate, I could scarcely be possible that I should come to serious harm.

Nor had my friend Tom Gilbert much difficulty in securing his own company me. He was an orphan, and his guardian, who took very little interest in the boy, was rather pleased at getting this opportunity to have a time at least, of his troublesome ward.

The next few weeks passed rapidly away. There were many preparations for our approaching journey, which I need not describe; tearful farewells, which I do not care to think of; and at last we were on our way by railroads to the great seaport where we were to embark on the steamer, for Havana, after which the rest of our voyage would be accomplished in a smaller trading vessel.

CHAPTER II.

AT LA GUAYRA.

IT was nearly three weeks later that I was waiting over the rail of the steamer Orinoco, which had just come to anchor in the open roadstead of the port of La Guayra. As it was, we could still feel the great swell that came softly sweeping in, making the steamer rock and roll first to this side, then to that, in a heavy lurch, though she was, she careened over so that her copper glistened in the sun.

I was beginning to feast my eyes upon the sight of the sea, when a man who was right forward, shouted to me to come, and as I glanced at him I saw that he was a young man, so excitedly that there must be something worth seeing, and I ran forward.

"Here's something for you to have a look at, Harry," he called, pointing down over the side of the vessel. Sure enough there were two great sharks, twelve or fourteen feet long, cruising around the clear water under the steamer's bows.

"I'd like to fish for those fellows," continued Harry. "Let's see if they'd go at a bait."

"How?" I cried.

"Stop a moment, and I'll show you," he said; and turning to where one of the firemen was having a quiet pipe on deck, I saw Tom accost him, and then go down into the stoke hole, to come up with a bitter and a large lump of slaty coal, bearing which he joined me.

"Let's drop this in gently," he said, "and I'll bet you'll see 'em come out such a splash some of the sailors would come to see. I've got a piece of string in my pocket."

Tom took a piece of string in his pocket, and unrolling it he loosely tied it round the lump of coal. Then, getting Tom to hold the coal, he raised his head gently up and over the side, beginning to lower it down.

"Take care you don't go over instead of the coal, Tom," I said, with a grim smile.

The sharks were just below us, and eight or ten feet down, as Tom lowered the piece of coal right to the surface, without making any splash and disturbing the water so as to interrupt our view of what we hoped would take place. Then, having the string jerk he loosened the coal, which began to descend rapidly, its bright black surface flashing in the sun. No time was lost in lowering the bait way down, there was a tremendous swirl in the water, which danced and flashed and obscured our vision. Then by degrees the water grew calmer, and there were the two sharks still there, but turned round with their heads in a fresh direction.

"Tom, they took the coal, and one of them's swallowed it, Harry," cried Tom, excitedly.

"No, Tom, I think I can see it right down below there," I said; "but they did have a try at it."

"What are you young fellows doing there?" he called to the captain of the sharply round, there stood the captain. "What! Are you fishing?"

"No, sir," said Tom; "I only dropped some bait to see if the big fish there would take it."

"Oh, I see!" he exclaimed, "Sharks! Yes, there are plenty of them, my lads. No baiting, but I'll bet you'll get the cook to give you a lump of bad pork, and hang that over by the string; that would fetch them."

"I'm not the hint, and running to the cook told him what the captain said, returning at the end of a minute to where we still were waiting for the two monsters, the captain having gone."

"I'll tie this on, Harry," cried Tom, sulking the action to the word. "Don't let 'em take it a time at least, and I'll be the piece of meat was soon firmly se-

cured, and, twisting one end of the string round his hand, Tom took his old pipe beside me, chucking and laughing, and began to lower down his bait, which was soon floating on the surface of the water. As the bait descended, it appeared, as if, without the slightest movement, one of the sharks was growing bigger and closer, and seemed to fascinate us, until it was so near and nearer, till all of a sudden it rolled right over on its side, showing the creamy white of its belly, and there was a gleam of teeth, a swirl in the water, and the greasy lump of salt pork disappeared.

As it did so I saw Tom's arm give a sudden jerk, and he uttered a cry, which realized what was wrong. Flinging my arms round him, I threw myself inboard, so that I dragged him with me, and we fell together upon the deck.

"Oh, my eye!" gasped Tom, as we sat up on the deck; and he held up his hand, begging to be lifted the broken string, and showing how deeply it had cut into the flesh before it gave way.

"What an escape, Tom!" I cried, and as I felt that I must be looking very white.

"I should have gone aboard early if you had," said Tom, looking blankly in my face. "How strong that string was, and how cut it!"

"How stupid of you to tie it round your neck, and how foolish of me to do so!" Well, I suppose it was, Harry," he said, ruefully; "but one didn't think of it then."

CHAPTER III.

A NIGHT ALARM.

AS the shuddering feeling of what Tom had escaped passed off, we both thought it would be better to say nothing about it. We knew that he had acted foolishly; and I felt that we ought to have known better, and then soon enough, boy like, we forgot it all.

It was a bright, sunny day before us, and I began to wonder how it was that, with such lovely places on the coast, and the air so fresh and so content to live in our Northern land, with its cold winter seasons. There, seen through the bright, transparent atmosphere, were covered the land, past and tower, grouped at the foot of a mountain, glistening with endless tints as it towered up nine thousand feet, wall and battlement, and the spurs of the great eminence.

The scene was lovely, and I was in raptures of admiration, that lay before me, and again I asked myself how people could be content in the chilly Northern countries; but I soon understood no more.

Tom was walking by my side, and turning to him:

"What do you think of it, Tom?" said Tom.

"Hum!" he growled out; "there's a pretty good view. But goodness," he said, "I don't know what you do see in those sharks, Harry?"

I followed his pointing finger, and to my horror, I could see, cleaving the blue and white waves, the dusky fins and the black fins of one—two—three—half a score of sharks; while all the time, dashing and splashing in and out of the surf, basked the boats and larger vessels, were dozens of mulatto porters.

I expected every moment to hear a splash, and to see the silver foam tinged with red. My heart beat intermittently, and there was a strange dampness in my hands; but I soon learned that familiarly, and I was not to be troubled by anything from the noise and splashing kept up, the sharks rarely ventured an attack. But all the same, the sight made me gaze down at the blue depths where we were at anchor with a shudder, and think that the waters were not so safe as those of home.

"Had you to learn something of the new land."

"What's this place called, Harry?" said Tom, interrupting my reverie.

"La Guayra, my dear, but I've forgotten."

"Humph!" ejaculated Tom. "Why call it that name, by some name in plain English?"

But the various strange sights and sounds soon silenced Tom's tongue, and I was obliged to walk on, and I went to the house that had been recom-

mended to us, and after partaking of coffee—the best I ever remember to have drunk, we sought our room. My last waking recollections were of the pungent fumes of tobacco, and the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the bell, as my window was

"I must have been asleep about three hours, and I was dreaming of having found gold enough to load a vessel homeward bound, when I was awakened by some one shaking me violently, and as I started up I became aware of a deafening roar before me, and of the sharp rising in a cloud, and the voice of Tom Gilbert.

"Harry, Harry! Wake up! wake up!"

"What's the matter?" I gasped, springing out of bed, but only to reel and stagger about before me, as I was wakened by—"That's just how I served me," said Tom. "Kneel down, the same as I do. The floor's going just like the deck of a ship."

"Where are you?" I cried, trying to collect my scattered faculties, for, awakened so suddenly from a deep sleep, I was dizzy and giddy.

"Oh, I'm here!" said Tom. "Give's your hand. But I say, Harry, what does it mean? You're shaking me, and I feel like this every night? Because, if you, I'll sleep in the fields. There it goes again! What a row!"

"What's that yell exclaim, for with the house rocking frightfully, now came from inside the peal as of a thousand thunders, accompanied by the clang of bell, the rattle of iron, the sharp cracking and splitting of wood work, and the yelling and shrieking of people running and fro."

"This is a native storm, Harry," shouted Tom to me during a pause.

"No!" I shouted in answer, with a wish to shut out the thought of the fearful suspicion that had flashed across my brain.

"No, Tom, it's an earthquake!"

"Is that all?" grumbled Tom. "Well, it might be, but I don't know. I don't know when folks were tired. But I thought earthquakes swallowed you up."

"I don't know what to do," I said, as I stood in the doorway. "I'm shaking, or we shall be crushed to death. Here, push—hard!"

Our efforts were vain, for just then came another shock, and one side of the room split open from floor to ceiling. The window—the window, Tom!" I shrieked, and I saw the danger, and I rushed to our danger, we both made for the casement, reaching it just as, with a noise like thunder, down went the whole building.

I seemed to me I had been struck a violent blow. The next instant I was struggling amongst broken wood, dust and plaster, fighting fiercely to escape, for there was a horrible dread upon me that at the next throes of the earthquake I should be hurled far down in the bowels of the earth.

How it all happened I know not, feeling that I was in a library.

"Tom—Tom!" I shrieked, but the reply, "close beside you, for the darkness was fearful."

"Where are you?"

"Here, by the door, Harry," was the reply; "close beside you."

"Here, give me your hand," I shouted, and let's run down to the shore."

"No, Harry, this was the first place that occurred to me."

"I can't," said Tom. "I've got no legs. I can't feel them about there anywhere, you can't feel them."

"What do you mean?" I cried. "This is no time for fooling! Look sharp, or we'll be crushed to death."

"Well, so I am looking sharp," growled Tom. "Ain't I looking for my legs? I can't feel them anywhere. Oh, here they are!"

Poor Tom was not joking. By this time I had crawled to him over the ruins of the house, to find that he was jammed tight against the wall, and was in his knees. As he held me afterward, the shock had produced a horrible sensation, just as if my legs were falling off, a sensation heightened by the fact that I could feel down to his knees and no farther.

"This is a pleasant spot to take a house on lease, Harry," he said, as I tore at the woodwork.

"Are you hurt?" I exclaimed hastily. "No, I don't know. I feel only my legs have no feeling in them. Stop a

minute, I think I can get that one out now."

We worked so hard, that at the end of a few minutes Tom was at liberty, and scratching his legs a little he was able to stand.

Meanwhile the horrors around were passing every instant. To my excited fancy, it seemed as if the earth was like some thick piece of carpet, which was being made to undulate and pass in waves from side to side.

Dust everywhere, choking, palpable dust; and then as from afar came a faint roar, increasing each moment, till, with a furious rushing, it came tearing through the ruins of the smitten town, sweeping all before it. We had to crouch down and hold our heads close to the storm of earth, sand, dust, plaster, and fragments hurled against us by the hurricane.

But the rush of wind was as brief as it was fierce, and it passed away. In the lull that followed, there came shrieks and moans from all directions, and the sounds of hurrying, struggling, and fighting came once, from out of the thick darkness, a voice cried in our own tongue:

"Quit—quit! To the mountain—the mountain is coming in!"

Then came more wails and shrieks from out of the darkness, followed by a silence that was more awful than the noise.

For full five minutes that silence lasted, broken only by the fall of some tottering stone, then came a low, moaning sound, other, short, sharp, shivering vibrations of the earth beneath our feet—a shuddering movement that was transferred to our own frame.

I began to understand the meaning of the cry we had heard respecting the sea, for the direction was the same, and it to be, there now came a singular hissing, rushing noise, gradually increasing to a roar, as if mighty waves. Mingled with the roar there came a sound as if grinding together of shippings and the hoarse shouting of the crews for help.

But gradually the noises ceased, save where a shuddering knock and tremor made the earth to tremble beneath our feet, and some scrap of wood or plaster fell from the roof. The tremendous choking dust, too, began to settle down as we groped our way along over the ruins that choked the streets.

As the way led now, by a terrific struggle, we regained the way, trying to join one of the hurrying bands of fugitives hastening from the place.

I spoke to one man, who told me that if there was any more danger, but his reply was in Spanish; and at last, led by Tom—who seemed by instinct to know his way—we went down to the shore, strewn with wreck, when, seizing a rope, and drawing a boat to the sand, Tom told me to enter, and we had to lay there, rising and falling upon the wave—rocked gently, but wretched ever, till the sun rose over the sea—bright, glorious, and peaceful, as if there had been no havoc and desolation during the night.

CHAPTER IV.

TOM'S PERIL.

AS HARRY, who won't stop in this beautiful place, and who, like Tom, as, in the full light of day, we were, some hours after, busily helping in the town, extricating the dead and wounded, and sending to the hospital to the temporary hospital prepared for their reception.

The house where we had slept, was like hundreds more of the lightly built town, and was, in fact, a victim of the scene our escape seemed wonderful. Everywhere the mischief done was appalling, and the streets were strewn with ruins, towers split from top to bottom, and stones hurled from the unroofed buildings into the gaping cracks and fissures among the streets.

But now that the first fright was over, people seemed to take the matter very coolly, flocking back into the town, to sit and smoke and drink amid the ruins of their homes, while others quietly set to work to restore and repair damages.

Has there ever been an earthquake here before? I said to a merchant who spoke English.

"Earthquakes, my dear senor? Yes, but not common here."

"But will the inhabitants rebuild the town?"

"Surely. Why not? The site is charming."

I had my thoughts upon the subject, but I did not express them; so, too, had Tom, but he did not move.

"Say, Harry, you won't stop here, will you?"

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"Because this place ain't safe—there's a screw loose underground somewhere."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

"No, no," I said; "we are going up the country."

But the only response he obtained was an occasional tilt of the beast's heels, and an angry grunt.

"You ignorant brute, you can't understand plain English!" cried Tom angrily.

"No, senor, he is a true Spanish mule, and he's coming."

Between them, Tom and I managed to catch Juan. Holding tightly by the reins, the guide vented his displeasure at the mule's stupidity by drumming the poor brute's ribs with a stout stick, after which Tom mounted, and our journey for the next two hours was uneventful.

But we were not to get to the end of the day without an alarming mishap. The mule began to descend, and we were panting, gasping, for he had sight of water to quench our burning throats, when Juan began to show that the pain from the guide's drubbing had evaporated.

First of all he indulged in a squeal or two, then he contrived to kick the mule I rode, and then he began to tremble, and he waited his time, and then, sidling up to his partner ridden by the guide, he discharged a fierce kick at him, nearly catching the guide in the shin; but the result was a tremendous crack over the mule's hind back.

It was a blow which made him shake his head with dissatisfaction till his ears rattled. He had forgotten the pain, though, in the excitement of the fight, and he had thereof was a squeal and feat of sleight of foot, in which, to all appearances, Juan stood perpetually upon his nose and four feet for half a minute.

While his rider, or rather his late rider, rolled over and over, the center of a circle of spectators, his laughing and sneezing, and muttering fiercely.

"There!" exclaimed Tom, as he jumped up and began beating the dust from his eyes. "That's four times that brute has had me off today. Now just you try him half an hour, Harry, to see what he's like."

"Yes, yes, yes, Tom," was my reply. "I'm very well content."

"So am I, Harry, only he makes me a little angry. Come over, then, I can tell him. Come over, then!"

But the mule would not "come over, then!" and there ensued a fierce fight between the mule and his rider, which might have been imagined, to see the awful antics and moves, that the mule was endowed with human reason.

Tom was more than a match for him, at last, though, for, slipping off his jacket, he threw it over the mule's head and heaved it down, and there it could be seen cover for his surprise. Tom was once more seated upon its back in triumph.

Apparently cowed, now that the jacket was removed, the mule journeyed very peaceably, till, leaving the plain, we began to ascend a precipitous mountain side, the track each moment growing more and more dangerous and now at the same time dangerous. And now it was that we began to see the qualities of the mules in the cautious way they picked their path, trusting their weight to it, and doing much towards removing the strictness of the mule's work.

More than once we were progressing along a shelf of rugged rock some two feet wide, the scarped mountain side upon our left, and the precipitous descent on our right.

More than once I was for getting down to walk, but the guide dissuaded me, as he declared that it was far better to trust to the mules, who were never known to slip.

A couple of miles of traveling served to somewhat reassure me, familiarity with the mule's temper, and I called out to Tom:

"I hope your beast won't bear malice, for Tom to be riding an awkward place for him to try his caper."

I said so thoughtlessly, just at a time when we were descending. Tom's beast, who had not understood the words I said, I'm not afraid, only he might—

"Oh! Tom's Harry," whined Tom, "I'm not afraid, only he might—"

Tom's sentence was not finished; for, in fact, Harry, who I had uttered had been comprehended, down

went the beast's head, his heels were elevated, and the next moment, to my horror, poor Tom was over the side of the path, and rolling swiftly down to appear at the bottom of the cliff.

He was brought up, though, the next moment, by the reins, which he tightly grasped, and which, fortunately, did not break. He was very tight, and with a jerk that must have nearly dislocated the mule's neck.

His body strained and stretched, but luckily held firm; while, planting his fore feet close to the edge of the precipice, and throwing its body back against the mule's neck, he was able to hold on as the rock itself, but snorting loudly, and with glaring eyeballs it stared down at Tom.

The poor fellow hung there, trying to obtain some rest for his feet, but uttering no sound, only gazing up at us with a wild look that said plainly as could be, "Don't leave me here to die!"

It was no easy task to help him; for the guide and I had both to dismount on narrow, broken, and slippery ground, while to our mules; but we achieved that part of our task, and the next moment, on each side of Juan, we were sitting down and trying to reach Tom's hands.

But our efforts were vain, for the mule, in the narrow, broken, and slippery ground, room for all three. There was but one way of helping, and that looked too desperate to be attempted, and I hesitated to propose it as I knelt shivering there.

The same thought, though, had occurred to Tom, and in a husky voice he said to me:

"Take hold of the guide's hand, Harry, and creep under the mule's legs to his side."

It was no time to hesitate; and I did as I was told, the mule giving utterance to an almost human shriek as I passed.

"Hold on tight, both the reach the bridge?" Tom whispered.

"Yes, yes, yes," both exclaimed.

"Hold on tight then, while one of you can get up, and then the mule will be out of the way."

"We each took a good grip of the leathern strap, raising it so that we had Tom's full weight upon it, and then we began crouching down so as not to be drawn over, hastily drew out my knife, opened it, and began to cut at the mule's teeth, and then tried to cut the bridle about our hands.

But feeling himself partly relieved of his burden, the mule began to grow restless, stamping, whinnying, and trying to get free.

In a moment I thought we might lose our footing, and make him back and help draw Tom up; but the narrowness of the ledge forbade it, and he would only have been drawn sidewise till the rein broke.

Twice I tried to cut the bridle, but twice the mule balked me, and I was obliged to stop, and then I was saved by catching at the hand that held the knife.

"Try again, Harry, please," whispered Tom, who was now on the ground.

With a desperate effort I cut again at the rein, and divided it close to the mule's mouth.

He started back a few inches, tightening the other rein; but now, once more, I was grasping the thing with both hands led, and pulling all through my fingers.

At the same moment the knife fell, striking Tom on the cheek and making the blood spout out, before flying down to a depth that was horrible to contemplate.

It was a fearful time, and as I crouched there, cold sensation seemed to be creeping up my back, and I was almost frozen. We could not raise Tom for the mule, I could not cut the rein, and upon asking Tom that the guide had no knife, and what was worse, it was evident that he was losing nerve.

I dared not try to heave—it would have been a matter of some time to get together as we were; and in those critical moments of agony it seemed to me that I was Tom's murderer, for, but on account of my own narrow escape, I was not.

"Try—try again, Harry," whispered the poor fellow imploringly. "Don't leave me here to die!"

(To be continued.)

[This story announced in No. 27.]

Three Thirty Three ;

or,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Hair to White-cop," "The Devil's Boy," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN UNSATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

ALLAN Trent here, or can you tell me how far I can find him?"

Arthur, breathless and excited, had burst into the broker's office with this query. Mr. Chessman, the bookkeeper, was leaning against the railing, talking with two or three men who had open notebooks in their hands. He gazed at the newcomer with a singular expression as he shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing about the very man," he said. "Hain't he been here today?"

"He was here this morning."

"And didn't he say where you could find him?"

"I guess he isn't particularly anxious about it."

"What do you mean?"

"Hain't he begun to grow annoyed at the exasperating independence of the clerk who had bilked so many ways been so deferential and courteous to his temper."

"The men with the note books exchanged smiles."

"Have you read this morning's papers?"

"Chessman put the question in a patronizing tone that was particularly offensive to Arthur, who now began to experience what it meant to champion a fallacious cause. But he put a curb on his pride, and endeavored to keep his temper."

"Yes," he answered, "but I don't see what that has to do with your not knowing Allan's address."

"But if you, the best friend, don't know, I don't see how you can expect to find him."

"I have been away, though, and the house on the Heights is all closed up. I have very important news for him, and thought it worth my while to find where I could find him."

"Look here, Seymour, return me Chessman, advancing a few steps, and giving his voice a semi-confidential air. "Hain't Trent or the Fords, whichever you please to call them, have nothing more to do with this office. Everything is going to the Fords, whose interests I now serve. This is what I told Mr. Allan when he called this morning to arrange about turning over the house in Brooklyn to the same parties."

"Allan says, his father, well, the less said of him the better—and the wife returned over everything for the benefit of those who lost by that misapprehension of the bonds."

"And I should think that would be enough alliance this disgraceful charge against Mr. Trent," burst forth Arthur, impetuously. "Isn't he and his family some more than that?"

"Very true, Master Seymour, for the present no doubt they are," returned the clerk, blandly. "Twenty years ago Trent was a very long period to a man in the prime of life, and \$200,000 was to be a snug little sum to start again with a thing of that sort."

"It isn't so. How can you believe such a thing of Mr. Trent?"

"The color had rushed to Arthur's face, and he set about defending his friends in his usual impetuous fashion."

"But the bonds are gone, nobody knows where, and they were delivered upon Mr. Trent's return, and he was not to be troubled with another shrag, and that slight pause before the proper name of which he had already made use."

"I have you any proof that it was?"

"You believed it to be one yourself yesterday morning. What had you to change your mind?"

"Yesterday morning I was scarcely accountable for what I believed. The shock of discov-

ering my employer's true character quite unnerved me for the time. Besides, have you not Mr. Trent's denial that he wrote the order?"

"No, I have not seen him to ask him about it. That is one of the things I want to find Allan for."

"Well, I can tell you that the son is no wiser in the matter than you are."

"He hain't seen his father, then, since the robbery?"

"No."

"But he stopped at the jail yesterday, I know."

"Just after his father had been taken off to the train for the West. I have been comparing the writing on that note with that on Mr. Trent's letters and memoranda, and find no reason to doubt its genuineness."

"But why should he have sent that Beaver with it—the very man who was the cause of his being retaken?"

"Oh, the explanation of that is simple enough," laughed Chessman. "That man Beaver called here at the office two weeks ago."

"Yes, I know that."

"How about that note in Mr. Trent's handwriting though, young man?" inquired the taller of the two reporters.

"Why, that's the very thing."

Arthur checked himself suddenly if he should divulge his great idea in this presence, it

like Beaver?" objected Arthur. "He may go to the ends of the earth with the money, and Mr. Trent may never see a dollar of it, let alone the creditors."

"This view of the matter appeared to stagger Mr. Chessman for a moment. The two men with notebooks also looked interested, and began to whisper together."

"Oh, I suppose he feared that all right," the clerk faintly responded, adding with a smile, "Honor among thieves, you know."

"But supposing we'd do in a case like this," exclaimed Arthur, with rising indignation. "I think it is wildly improbable that Mr. Trent would have got a man like Beaver to keep money for him. It's all come of these newspaper reporters who want to get up a sensation."

"These gentlemen are connected with the press," interposed Chessman, with a wave of his hand towards the whisperers.

"So much the better," went on Arthur, who, though they were not to be trusted, stands for themselves, and write up a contradiction of the cruelly false statements they have already appeared."

"How about that note in Mr. Trent's handwriting though, young man?" inquired the taller of the two reporters.

"Why, that's the very thing."

Arthur checked himself suddenly if he should divulge his great idea in this presence, it

like Beaver?" objected Arthur. "He may go to the ends of the earth with the money, and Mr. Trent may never see a dollar of it, let alone the creditors."

"This view of the matter appeared to stagger Mr. Chessman for a moment. The two men with notebooks also looked interested, and began to whisper together."

"Oh, I suppose he feared that all right," the clerk faintly responded, adding with a smile, "Honor among thieves, you know."

"But supposing we'd do in a case like this," exclaimed Arthur, with rising indignation. "I think it is wildly improbable that Mr. Trent would have got a man like Beaver to keep money for him. It's all come of these newspaper reporters who want to get up a sensation."

"These gentlemen are connected with the press," interposed Chessman, with a wave of his hand towards the whisperers.

"So much the better," went on Arthur, who, though they were not to be trusted, stands for themselves, and write up a contradiction of the cruelly false statements they have already appeared."

"How about that note in Mr. Trent's handwriting though, young man?" inquired the taller of the two reporters.

"Why, that's the very thing."

Arthur checked himself suddenly if he should divulge his great idea in this presence, it

like Beaver?" objected Arthur. "He may go to the ends of the earth with the money, and Mr. Trent may never see a dollar of it, let alone the creditors."

"This view of the matter appeared to stagger Mr. Chessman for a moment. The two men with notebooks also looked interested, and began to whisper together."

"Oh, I suppose he feared that all right," the clerk faintly responded, adding with a smile, "Honor among thieves, you know."

"But supposing we'd do in a case like this," exclaimed Arthur, with rising indignation. "I think it is wildly improbable that Mr. Trent would have got a man like Beaver to keep money for him. It's all come of these newspaper reporters who want to get up a sensation."

"These gentlemen are connected with the press," interposed Chessman, with a wave of his hand towards the whisperers.

"So much the better," went on Arthur, who, though they were not to be trusted, stands for themselves, and write up a contradiction of the cruelly false statements they have already appeared."

"How about that note in Mr. Trent's handwriting though, young man?" inquired the taller of the two reporters.

"Why, that's the very thing."

Arthur checked himself suddenly if he should divulge his great idea in this presence, it

like Beaver?" objected Arthur. "He may go to the ends of the earth with the money, and Mr. Trent may never see a dollar of it, let alone the creditors."

"This view of the matter appeared to stagger Mr. Chessman for a moment. The two men with notebooks also looked interested, and began to whisper together."

"Oh, I suppose he feared that all right," the clerk faintly responded, adding with a smile, "Honor among thieves, you know."

"But supposing we'd do in a case like this," exclaimed Arthur, with rising indignation. "I think it is wildly improbable that Mr. Trent would have got a man like Beaver to keep money for him. It's all come of these newspaper reporters who want to get up a sensation."

"These gentlemen are connected with the press," interposed Chessman, with a wave of his hand towards the whisperers.

"So much the better," went on Arthur, who, though they were not to be trusted, stands for themselves, and write up a contradiction of the cruelly false statements they have already appeared."

"How about that note in Mr. Trent's handwriting though, young man?" inquired the taller of the two reporters.

"Why, that's the very thing."

Arthur checked himself suddenly if he should divulge his great idea in this presence, it

like Beaver?" objected Arthur. "He may go to the ends of the earth with the money, and Mr. Trent may never see a dollar of it, let alone the creditors."

"This view of the matter appeared to stagger Mr. Chessman for a moment. The two men with notebooks also looked interested, and began to whisper together."

"Oh, I suppose he feared that all right," the clerk faintly responded, adding with a smile, "Honor among thieves, you know."

"But supposing we'd do in a case like this," exclaimed Arthur, with rising indignation. "I think it is wildly improbable that Mr. Trent would have got a man like Beaver to keep money for him. It's all come of these newspaper reporters who want to get up a sensation."

"These gentlemen are connected with the press," interposed Chessman, with a wave of his hand towards the whisperers.

"So much the better," went on Arthur, who, though they were not to be trusted, stands for themselves, and write up a contradiction of the cruelly false statements they have already appeared."

"How about that note in Mr. Trent's handwriting though, young man?" inquired the taller of the two reporters.

"Why, that's the very thing."

Arthur checked himself suddenly if he should divulge his great idea in this presence, it

like Beaver?" objected Arthur. "He may go to the ends of the earth with the money, and Mr. Trent may never see a dollar of it, let alone the creditors."

"This view of the matter appeared to stagger Mr. Chessman for a moment. The two men with notebooks also looked interested, and began to whisper together."

"Oh, I suppose he feared that all right," the clerk faintly responded, adding with a smile, "Honor among thieves, you know."

"But supposing we'd do in a case like this," exclaimed Arthur, with rising indignation. "I think it is wildly improbable that Mr. Trent would have got a man like Beaver to keep money for him. It's all come of these newspaper reporters who want to get up a sensation."

himself with such a trifling incident on such a pressing occasion. At that instant, however, the itinerant salesman daubed the whole side of his face with mud, and, without pausing, the boy's mouth to drop lower than ever.

"I've surely seen that expression of amazement," reflected Arthur, "and I know where I saw it; when Al declared that note to be a forgery yesterday, and that is Ben, the very office boy I want to see."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REUSION OF THE CHICKENS.

DUSHING his way in among the crowd, Seymour touched the lad on the shoulder and beckoned him away.

"Do you remember me?" he asked.

"Yes, but I've left the office," was the quick reply. "I'm going to see a gentleman in Trinity Building at about getting a place with him."

"He's five minutes of five now," returned Arthur, glancing at a clock across the street. "Come along. I'll walk up to Broadway with you. I want to ask you some questions."

"Crickle! I didn't know it was so late!" exclaimed the boy. "Come along."

"First off, then," began Arthur, as they started off, "do you know what has become of Mr. Arthur?"

"Why, isn't he at home?"

"No; so I guess you know no more about him than I do. But now I want you to tell me if you noticed anything peculiar about that Mr. Beaver when he called on Mr. Trent two weeks ago, you remember the time, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, and I thought it mighty queer his sending in that card with my name instead of a card with his name on it."

"Do you remember what Mr. Trent said or did when you handed him that?"

"He just looked at it as it though there was something wrong with it, and he gave me three figures. Then he said after a long time, 'Show him in, Ben.'"

"And did you notice anything peculiar about Mr. Beaver when you went back with the message?"

"No; only he had been scribbling something on a piece of paper, and stopped all of a sudden when I came back."

"Are you sure about that?" went on Arthur, with rising excitement. "Did you notice whether he was copying anything or not?"

"No, I didn't notice anything of the kind, but I could see right before me. I had all I could do wondering over that funny '33' loss."

"But think hard now, and see if you can remember whether there was any writing on that card?"

"No, I don't remember anything lying there that man Beaver could see it."

"Well," mused the boy, knitting his brows. "That is what I do; when he came in, he was so sharp-eyed, he saw me writing a lead pencil. I remember the figure, and he was so quick he knocked out when I was so close to him that he had written on that slip that I dropped it and broke the new point I had made."

"But that doesn't tell me whether there was any of Mr. Trent's writing on it, or not?"

"No, I don't remember anything about it, but I'm coming to that. I went on to see, I have to figure up how long it was before I sharpened that pen. I had stamped a letter for Mr. Trent."

"And was that lying where Beaver could see it?"

"I don't know, but I'm coming to that. I went on to see, I have to figure up how long it was before I sharpened that pen. I had stamped a letter for Mr. Trent."

"And was that lying where Beaver could see it?"

"I don't know, but I'm coming to that. I went on to see, I have to figure up how long it was before I sharpened that pen. I had stamped a letter for Mr. Trent."

"And was that lying where Beaver could see it?"

"I don't know, but I'm coming to that. I went on to see, I have to figure up how long it was before I sharpened that pen. I had stamped a letter for Mr. Trent."

"And was that lying where Beaver could see it?"

"I don't know, but I'm coming to that. I went on to see, I have to figure up how long it was before I sharpened that pen. I had stamped a letter for Mr. Trent."



ALLAN WAS GAZING UP AND DOWN THE COLUMNS WITH A HOPELESS LOOK.

"Ben, the boy, was the only one here at the time except Mr. Trent. Beaver, when asked for his name, simply took a piece of paper and wrote on it."

"Where is this boy Ben now? I'd like to see him."

"He left last night, but before we went he told me what he overheard of the interview between this Beaver and Mr. Trent."

"Why, was he golly of listening? Surely there was no cause for suspicion at that time."

"No, but Mr. Trent's voice was raised louder than usual, and Ben distinctly heard him say, 'Nothing can alter my decision.'"

"Well, but what does that prove?"

"Simply this: Beaver doubtless called to see what arrangements he could make for a lush money as it is called. For, as I suppose I may as well call him, refused to pay the high sum Beaver doubtless demanded. But after he had had failure, and he realized that during his imprisonment his business must be all broken up, he thought very naturally occurred to a man of his stamp, 'Can I not turn Beaver's cupidity to account?' He decided that he could, and that note was the result."

"But what reliance could be placed on a man

would very probably be ventilated in the press the next morning, ten chances to one Beaver would see it and be put on his guard, and his whole scheme for the recapture of the thief and the restoration of Mr. Trent's gold name would fall through. So he set his lips firmly together for a second, then opened them to say mildly:

"But I didn't come here to argue, only to find out where Allan was. You can't tell me, so I must try elsewhere. Good afternoon."

Arthur went out, leaving the three looking at one another with rather puzzled expressions.

"I wonder if they wouldn't know over at the stable what has become of Arthur," said Seymour to himself, as he took his place in the elevator.

"I'll go over there and try at any rate. Every hour is valuable."

At the corner of Broad and Wall Streets, just under the statue of Washington, his attention was attracted, however, by a small boy who was standing with mouth agape, looking up at a man who was displaying the merits of a patent shaving soap.

"Where have I seen that boy before?" he asked himself, and that note was the result.

He was about to bury on and not bother



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$1.00 per annum in advance.
 Clubs, etc.—For 25 or more send two copies for one price. Single copies, 5 cents.
 As the paper is sent free with the beginning of the volume, it is not necessary to send a separate notice of subscription.
 The number (volume number) with which our subscription begins is 260.
 Renewals.—Two copies are sent after receipt of payment unless the subscriber orders otherwise.
 Editorial office.—In all matters we do not receive the opinion of the subscribers and, if we do not see fit, we reserve the right to publish or not to publish any article.
 In ordering books subscribers should state the name of the publisher and the number of the volume.
 FRANK A. MURPHY, PUBLISHER,
 47 MADISON STREET, NEW YORK.

ent case is one of the most difficult things to accomplish in story writing, but, then all excellence must be won by conquering.

We believe it was somewhere in New Jersey that a man once built a boat in the cellar of his house, and after it was all finished discovered that she would have to take it apart in order to get it out to the water. At any rate, New Jersey paper that tells the story of a very stout carpenter, who, being told to set the studding in the room of a cottage he was rebuilding twelve inches from center to center, followed his instructions so faithfully that when quitting time came he found he had made a prisoner of himself. And it was only by knocking down one of the studs that he was able to get home to supper.

We now have an opportunity to see how history is made. The recent death of the emperor of Germany, at a time when his son, the heir to the throne, is himself said to be on the verge of the grave, is a coincidence of rare occurrence. The accession of "Our Fritz" to the kingship, if only for a day, means a great deal to his wife, who will thus, even if left a widow, receive the income of a dowager empress. Had her husband died before she was married, the succession would have passed directly to her son, the young Prince William, whose political views and ambitions are reported to be at variance with those of his parents. It will thus be seen that even royalty has its seamy side, and the history now being written out in the *Fatherland* will read from day to day by thousands with eager interest equal to that aroused by serial fiction.

A SPLIZED SERIES OF STORIES.

ALTHOUGH MURPHY'S POPULAR SERIES has only reached its eighth number, the range of subjects treated in the stories is a very wide one and of a sort to suit all tastes. Boys with a fondness for reading of adventures amid mountain woods and crags will be charmed with "The Mountain Cave," while those who enjoy following the fortunes of a young man about to embark with Jack Bond on his Voyage to the Gold Coast. "Those who long for the scent of the sea will find it to perfection with "The Boys in the Forecastle," while enthusiasts over the fortunes of a young man will find the acquaintance of "Jack Wheeler." We all like to be sharers of one another's joys, so that readers of "Barbara's Triumphs" should be numbered by thousands, while it is equally undeniable that curiosity is a fundamental element of human nature, hence the large sale of the story that treats of "The Mystery of a Diamond." Everybody is interested in street boy life, so that it is not necessary to more than mention that "No. 91" concerns itself with the career of a New York telegraph boy, while the first issue of the series—"The Young Acrobat"—is a circus story, written by the famous Horatio Alger, Jr. The coupling of these two statements is worth volumes of laudatory adjectives.

Remember that each book is neatly bound in attractive covers, contains full page illustrations and costs only 25 cents.

THE BEST STORIES PRESENTED IN THE FINEST SHAPES.

THIS continues to be the concurred testimony of countless readers of the ARGOSY, expressed in various forms and by both young and old. Here are some testimonials of this description that came in had shortly before the great storm snowed the city on New-March 3, 1888.
 HURRAH for the ARGOSY! Nothing can equal it.
 HERRIKER, N. V., March 3, 1888.
 I thought I would write and tell you what I think of your paper. I have read the large story I never had in my hands. Every new story that begins is better. It grows better every week.
 HERRICK R. TANNER,
 LOCKPORT, N. Y., March 3, 1888.

ALBOWE to me to commend your great success in the publishing and editing of your paper, I am glad to see that you are so popular with the papers for young people and have not seen one that in my estimation can compare with yours.
 J. W. ALLAN,
 SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH., March 3, 1888.
 Since I read the first issue of the ARGOSY I have had a growing liking for it. I am a printer and I can tell you that the quality of the paper and ink used, is the best I have ever seen. It is especially interesting in your last and best effort, "Under Fire" and "Mr. Halgrove's War."
 HOWARD BURR,

HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
 Secretary of the Navy.
 The present condition of the American navy has been the subject of many bitter lamentations and stale jokes innumerable, besides giving occasion to those interested in national defense and providing a perpetual theme of discussion by would be reformers. With the causes of the existing state of things it is impossible to deal here, interesting as the topic is, and important as is a knowledge of it to our young citizens. Those who have given a little thought to the subject can understand the magnitude of the task entailed upon the present Secretary of the Navy, who is striving to build up from the foundation the materials from which a powerful fleet can be evolved.

The management of Secretary Whitney's department has perhaps received more approbation from the country than any other branch of the present Government, and a good deal of interest attaches to the energetic efforts of William C. Whitney, who presides over it.

William Collins Whitney was born at Concord, Massachusetts, on the 10th of August, in 1839. He was the son of General James S. Whitney, who died in 1874 after a long and useful career in public life, having served under President Pierce as superintendent of the Massachusetts Government arsenal at Springfield, Massachusetts, and under President Buchanan as Collector of Customs in the port of Boston.

The future Secretary of the Navy was educated at Williston Seminary, in Easthampton, Massachusetts, and afterward at Yale. He graduated with distinction at the famous New Haven college in 1863, being chosen to deliver the oration, and sharing the first prize for English.

His career was afterward one of the judges of the Supreme Court.

He then went through a course at the Harvard law school. After taking another degree there, he came to New York, where he continued his legal studies under the guidance of Abraham R. Lincoln, who was afterward one of the judges of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Whitney made a specialty of what is known as corporation law—that branch of the profession which deals with the legal affairs of incorporated companies. Thus, as is well known, he was eminently remunerative to the successful practitioner.

For several years he was counsel to the Continental Life Insurance Company, the New Jersey Mutual Life Insurance Company, and several railroad and steamship corporations.
 A famous case in which he figured prominently was that of Charles Reed's suit for libel against *The Round Table*, a New York literary paper, on account of a very sharp criticism on "Griffith Guano" which was published in its columns. Mr. Whitney appeared for the defendant, and the trial, which lasted a week, resulted in his clients' favor, the jury declining to award more than nominal damages to the talented but over sensitive English novelist.

The first office ever held by Mr. Whitney was that of chief trustee for the Twenty First Ward of New York. His real entrance into politics was when, in conjunction with Judge Lawrence, he took an active part in the struggle with the gang of municipal corruptionists known as the Tweed ring, during the years 1870 and 1871. He joined Mayor Wickham, Governor Tilden and Governor Cleveland in forming the Apollo Hall organization, which proved a powerful factor in the work of reform.

In 1872 Mr. Whitney was a candidate for the office of district attorney on the ticket nominated by Apollo Hall, but was not successful. Three years later Mayor Wickham appointed him corporation counsel, a position to which he was twice reappointed, and which he held for seven years, finally resigning in November, 1882.

It was among the founders of the New York Men's Democratic Club, and assisted in the formation of the Irving Hall organization. He was also one of the original members of the political body known as the County Democracy, with which he was latterly identified.

His selection for a position in President Cleveland's cabinet was received with general acquiescence, which has grown into satisfaction as his admirable executive capacity has been exhibited. A few partisan sneers at the "old salt from Fifth Avenue" have been drowned in the chorus of public approval at his earnest and successful administration, and to inaugurate a policy which gives it a chance of recovery. To build a navy which is the lowest grade of modern war ships is the work of many years; but our navy, though practically nonexistent, is now shown at least a prospect and the promise of life and strength in the future.

HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY,
 From a photograph of C. B. Bell, Wm. Minton, D. C.

some home at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty Seventh Street, opposite to the palatial residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt. He is married to the daughter of Senator Van Buren, and both himself and his wife are popular as well as prominent in the best society of New York and Washington.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

A MOTHER'S BOY.
 A MOTHER can feel where she cannot see. She is wiser than any age; My boy was trained in the good old way, A shall certainly get my wage. And though he has wandered far away, And followed his wayward will, He's my boy still!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.
 LAZINESS troubles so slow that Poverty soon overtakes him. He ignores the ever burning lamps of accumulated wisdom.—G. W. Curtis.
 The shortest way to do many things is do only one thing at once.

POLITICIAN is an easy virtue, costs little, and has great purchasing power.—Dr. Awe.
 FALSHOOD is often thicker than bricks of truth; but she soon outgrows her cradle and discards her nurse. It is counted it good to see dangers; and in expectation to see them, except they be very great.—Bacon.
 It is the greatest possible crime to be praised by a man who is himself deserving of praise.—From the Latin.

He knows little of himself or of the world who does not think it sufficient happiness to be free from sorrow.
 Let this be your constant maxim, that no man can be good enough to neglect the rules of prudence.—Boswell.
 Oh all our infirmities, yield to the dearest to us. My man will spare his other vices to keep that alive.
 For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For every word you have missed, you have gained something else.—Emerson.

What you cure out prejudices is this—that every man should be alone those that are criticisms of others, and examine his own.—Locke.
 Let it be borne in mind that the cords of love, which bind us to our neighbors, are made of the life nor death nor time nor eternity can sever them, one weaving thread no bigger than the web.—George S. Hillard.

Now is a tree, and the weakest reed in nature; but that by a thinking power. Should the universe crumble, man would still be more noble than the tree, for he would know his weakness, while the universe would be insensible of its victory.—Bacon.



A SEEMLY LIFE.

By JOHN MOSELEY.
Woeless than fashion for thyself a seemly life.
There is not one word and not one bone,
And spite of all those mayst have lost behind,

[This story commenced in No. 278.]

THE Gasket of Diamonds; OR, HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE. BY GAYLE WINTERBOS.

CHAPTER IX. AN INTERVIEW WITH SILKY.

THE sudden opening of the door, which probably had not been securely latched, caused Rowly Parkway to fall on the floor at full length.

But he did not lie there even the fraction of a second. Both Silky and Reah Sinerton were started at the unexpected invasion of the apartment, involuntarily retreating to the rear of the room.

Rowly sprang to his feet again as soon as he hit the floor, and walked forward to the middle of the room, for he knew very well that if he attempted to escape he would be permuted.

On the table under the gas burner lay a very handsomely mounted revolver, which the burglar had unluckily taken from his pocket when he came in. Rowly picked up the weapon, for he thought it had better be in his possession under the present circumstances, than in that of the owner.

Among the appearances were all against him, he felt that he was engaged in a false cause, and he was not at all abashed at the situation upon which the accident at the door had thrown him. He had no little natural dignity of character, and with the pistol in his hand he felt quite equal to the emergency.

Folding his arms he stood erect, with the weapon under his left shoulder, looking as though he owned the world and all that was in it, rather than like an intruder in the apartment.

"Who are you?" demanded Silky, when he had taken a look at the man covered from his astonishment.

"I am an innocent young man of sixteen, seeking his fortune on the stage of life," replied Rowly promptly, borrowing his reply in part from a story he had read.

"Then you are an actor, and you've asked the occupant of the room."

"Just now I am, though I don't follow that calling for my bread and butter."

"What are you going to do with that revolver?"

"I am a creature of circumstance at the door as you mention, and I have not the least idea what I shall do with it."

"What is your business here?"

"I hardly think I have any business here, and my call upon you was altogether an accident."

"You take things very calmly."

"Do you allude to my taking this handsome revolver?"

"It was rather cool for you to take possession of my property as you have just done, and to defend in my own apartment."

"I am sure it would be safer for me to have it; and as I have no particular business with you at the present moment, I may as well take my leave of you."

"Don't be in a hurry, d' my dear fellow," interposed Silky, who had by this time recovered his senses.

"You are very kind; I did not expect to be admitted to the hospitality of your room after such an unceremonious intrusion."

"Perhaps you will be willing to explain how you happened to be at the door as you mention, you said," suggested Silky, in the blindest of tones.

"I followed a gentleman into this house, and I happened to lean against your door when I intended; but the door could not have been latched, or it would not have opened so easily."

"Possibly you will oblige me by giving me your card."

"I am sorry it happens to have any cards with me; but I refer you to your friend, who has been too busy to say anything to me so far."

Silky looked at Rush with an interrogation point in his expression.

"This is the fellow I was telling you about—the one that knocked me over in the street," replied Rush rather abruptly.

"Oh! indeed? And what did you say his name was, Rush?"

"Rowland Faraway, I believe; but everybody calls him Rowly."

"Thanks, Rush. I am very happy to know you, Rowly. You did a good thing in defending Miss Hope, and I honor you for it. I should have done the same thing myself if I had been there; and I said as much as that to Rush himself."

"Thank you for your kind approval of my conduct. It is getting late, and I must bid you good evening," replied Rowly, resuming his backward march to the door.

"Not yet, my dear fellow. We shall be friends for life, and we cannot part yet. It occurs to me that you must have been listening at the door when it flew open," continued Silky, moving towards the intruder.

Rowly unfolded his arms, and brought the revolver into a more convenient position for use.

"Of course you have a perfect right to adopt your own conclusions," he said; "but if you

It suggested something to him, and he drew the key from his place, and then suddenly slipped out of the room.

"Don't go yet, Rowly, my dear fellow," called Silky.

But the intruder paid no attention to him. He closed the door behind him, and held it fast till he inserted the key and turned it in the lock, making his late friends prisoners in the apartment.

"Follow him, Rush!" cried Silky in a loud tone. "Don't let him get away from you! I will be with you as soon as I can put my boots on."

"He has locked us in!" exclaimed Rush, a tone of dismay.

Rowly did not wait to hear any more, but putting the revolver in his pocket, he walked leisurely down the stairs, and out into the street without being challenged by any person.

He knew that Silky was a burglar, and he did not know what else he might be; but he concluded that it would not take him long to open the door. He had located one of the men who had attempted to break into the store; but he was not quite contented with the amount of information he had gained.

them. Taking possession of the latter, he continued his watch over the movements of the burglar.

CHAPTER X.

THE SISTER OF THE JUNIOR PARTNER.

ROWLY went to the end of the short, narrow street; and then he saw a man, whom he knew to be the man who had been arrested at Broadway, he gave the private signal at the door of the store.

The door was opened very carefully a little crack, and the clerk in charge asked who was there.

"Rowly, 456," replied the applicant for admission.

"This number was the pass for the night, and had been given only to the clerks who were to be on the watch."

"This is a pretty time to come, Rowly," growled Amlock, as he opened the door a little more to assure himself that the applicant had the right to come in.

"I came here before ten," replied Rowly.

"Come in," continued the clerk, who was a man of forty in anything but a pleasant tone.

Rowly availed himself of the permission, and entered the store.

"What do you mean by saying that you came here before ten? It is almost eleven," snarled the testy Amlock, as he glanced at the watch on the wall of the department.

"I took a look at the back of the store when you came first, and I found a man at work on the roof of the building," replied Rowly, trying not to make too much of the incident of the evening.

Amlock was more pliable than Rowly told him his adventure, and exhibited the boots as the evidence of the truth of his story.

He did not consider it necessary to say anything about the diamonds, for they had no connection with the attempted robbery of the store.

And you say the fellow who was on the ladder came first, and I found a man at work on the roof of the building," replied Rowly, when he had heard the narrative.

"I don't believe that you had any hand in it," replied the junior clerk. "There were two men, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"They may try again at a later hour, for they went in to see the manager, and I think I will walk around to the back door."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."



"STOP WHERE YOU ARE!" SHOUTED ROWLY TO THE INTRUDER.

will excuse me, I will say nothing on the subject."

"You coming and your overhearing what was passing in talking between my friend and myself places him in an embarrassing position, for you must have learned that he had been engaged to a diamond venture."

"I have been engaged in no diamond venture," protested Rowly, springing to his feet, "have told you I had nothing to do with the matter."

"Don't get excited, Rush."

"I know all about the diamond venture," added Rowly, still retreating step by step to the door.

"Of course you do, and you know that Rush was the only person in the world that had the least interest in talking them; but he had no more idea of stealing the box than I have. When his little scheme has succeeded or failed, he will return the gems to the lady," said Silky, in the most plausible tone.

"If he has a diamond, very likely he will return them," added Rowly, though he appeared to be quite indifferent about the matter.

He had reached the door, and standing with his back to it for a moment, he felt the key in the lock.

Walking down the street a few steps, he watched the entrance of the lodging house; and in a few minutes he saw Silky Cowley.

Rowly had placed himself near a pile of boxes on the edge of the sidewalk in front of a store, and he lodged behind it as soon as he saw the burglar come down the steps.

As soon as it was prudent to do so, Silky passed in the same house, and then looked up and down the street, which was nearly deserted at this hour. Then he walked down the street Silky, who observed circled around the pile of boxes, keeping out of sight all the time.

Silky went but a short distance, and then returned; but Rowly did not allow himself to be seen, and he concluded that Silky had lost all hope of finding him.

Rowly's friend then walked up towards Broadway. As soon as it was prudent to do so, Silky followed him.

The gentlemanly "breaker" led him in the direction of Bellway & Co.'s store, and he concluded that he had come to look for Blooks.

Silky walked through the narrow street in the rear of the store; and seemed to be looking about in the darkness for something. Probably he was looking for his money satchel, but he did not find them where he had left them.

He did not remain long on the spot, and Rowly followed him, though he took pains to hide his form by dodging behind the piles of cases and rubbish in the street.

The ladder was lying just where it had fallen, and the boots were in the box where he had put

Rowly led him out of the store at the front door, and then secured all the locks again.

He walked to the rear of the store, and made a careful survey of the lofty windows. Under the one where the burglar had been at work, he found a ladder, used for getting goods on the upper shelves of the back store, and it looked as though it had been placed there for the convenience of the robber, but he had suffered a break in the window.

"I don't believe that you had any hand in it," replied the junior clerk. "There were two men, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"They may try again at a later hour, for they went in to see the manager, and I think I will walk around to the back door."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

"But I must satisfy myself," replied the senior, as he took a revolver from a cushion, and very likely he was looking for the other store."

"I don't believe they will try it again tonight," added Rowly.

THE KETTLE ON THE CRUISE.

How many pleasant pretenses does the recollection bring
Of fond and bygone pleasures that around the
freedling throng
Whom reminiscences come thronging on the
brain
When I mean I hear the din of the kettle on
the crane—
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, tall and low,
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.
There's the broad, wide open chimney, with its
flaming, crackling
Built up with logs of genuine size to make the
fire bright
And, near the wall table stands, spread bound-
less
While plenty the kettle sings and sings upon the
crane.
Hear it singing, singing, singing,
Loud and merry, tall and low,
Hear it murmur, murmur, murmur,
Soft and low.

—The *Travlers Statesman*.

(This story commenced in No. 26.)

THE
Lost Gold Mine.

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

CHAPTER XLIII.

A CONVERSATION WITH HETHERING.
THE sudden intervention of young
Hethering created quite a sensa-
tion among the excited group
around the billiard table.
"Stand away, Hethering, this is my quarrel," exclaimed Percy, whose dis-
crepancy showed the mark of a pretty
sharp blow.

"If you're not a confounded coward,"
continued, faintly, "I'll fight you with
wrath," "you'll not refuse the satisfaction
due one gentleman from another. Give
me your card."

This to Rob, who stared at the excited
hot headed speaker, thus recapitulating
the language of old time duels, in mute
astonishment.

"Card!" repeated Rob amidst a sud-
den silence, "I have no card. As for
satisfaction—which suppose you
mean give me one of these *francs* or
certainly refuse. I never was in a bar room
fight before. I was forced into this by
person who I presume you said was
gentleman. No—I will not fight!"

Hethering wheeled round squarely at
the sound of Rob's voice.
"I never said I'll fight you, Dare!"
he exclaimed in wondering accents,
which were drowned in the cry of
"forward!" from those who heard Rob's
refusal.

"Confound your fist fighting," shouted
his exasperated opponent, who was
struggling to pass Hethering. "I mean
satisfaction with pistols. Will you fight
me with them?
"You being a natural born fool, I
hardly think I will," was the cool answer.
And again, though fainter, the cry of
"coward" was heard from various parts
of the room.

It was then that Hethering's voice made
itself heard above the tumult.
"I do not know who follows call a
coward," he cried, "but I happen to
know that this stranger you're showing
such civility towards has got more pluck
in his little finger than the whole of you
put together."

Only a scion of English nobility whose
father was supposed to be immensely
wealthy could so maintain upon such
a bold statement. Before the astonished
crowd could recover from their surprise,
Hethering, regarding Rob's un-
expected expulsion, gave a brief recital of
the latter's brave defense of Bonanza ranch.
The heated blood of the South produces
a corresponding warm heartedness,
which itself is quick to recognize real
courage.

"I believe so!" Percy exclaimed. "I
saw an account of the thing in the papers.
Give us your hand, Dare. I behaved
like a fool!"

As the leader, so the crowd. Five
minutes later, Rob's hand had been
grasped by all who could get near him,
greedy to his embarrassment.
"You were so wonderfully honest, his
steadfast yet courteous refusal to partake
of the various beverages suggested, was
quite as a sufficient proof of his
courageous young manhood.

It was with some little difficulty that
Rob got away from his now enthusiastic
admirers, but finally he succeeded, ac-
companied by Hethering, whom he
thanked for his unadvised carriage to his
championship.

The latter led the way to a seat in one
of the balconies overlooking the main
street with its parade and passing show.
His former coldness had given place
to the geniality of a Norweg. His reserve
is broken—once his crust has been
gentled. Former John and
Uncle Sam sometimes misunderstand
each other in social intercourse, but never
for very long.

Hethering was not content till he had
drawn forth the ledger with its long
tail, the account of his adventures since
Rob, with his companions, left the
Bonanza ranch.

Rob was a better listener. He roared
with delight at the recital of Chip's
capture—probably for life—by the Indian
maid. His eyes were twinkling in their
capacity at the journey through Death
Valley and the *mirage* of the phantom
ship. The story of the *gold mine* was a
less good fortune of the bold adventurers,
no less than the tragedy of the canyon
cave. Hethering's astonishment knew no
bounds, while his congratulations were
profuse.

"Don't I wish I'd been with you," he
said regretfully, "but Rob hardly set
liberty to echo.

There was a brief pause. Hethering
asked the party to follow him to a
question, when Rob broke in rather awk-
wardly:

"I—suppose Colonel Lamonte and
the rest of them are back from the
ranch."

It was Hethering's turn to appear
slightly surprised.
"Yes," he said, looking down at his
neatly polished shoes. "A—rather un-
pleasant news called them back to New
York the day after you said good-by to
us at the Indian mound."

"Unpleasant news?" inquiringly re-
peated.

"Bad case of smash, don't you know?"
was the reply. "Colonel undertook to
speculate in oil, and he got into some-
thing in either oil or oil or some
slippery thing—bottom fell out, and they
say the colonel lost half a million."

"Fact," said Hethering, nursing his
thick stick between his knees and avoid-
ing Rob's eyes. "The oil was a
good thing, but the carriages, whole
outrig in fact, and I—hear they're going
back to the ranch, which I believe the
colonel decided to Miss Doris for a birth-
day gift a couple of years ago.

This was unpleasant news with a ven-
geance.

"How does Miss Doris bear it?" asked
Rob, wondering why young Hethering
spoke in such brief disjointed sentences,
and then he added:

"A—well—I've never seen her since the
smash," responded the Honorable Guy,
turning very red. "Fact is," he went on
with some hesitancy, "I've never seen her
since, and in England that means if I
don't marry you, why I must grub for
bread—tramp, church, or study for
barriester, do you see?"
"The fact is," he added, "I'm
the first, and ain't bright enough for the
other two."

"I returned Rob, in a non com-
mittal sort of way.

"The governor and Colonel Lamonte
had it sort of understood between 'em
that some day I was to make a
make a match. Lately I found out they
didn't care for me that way, don't you
see?"
"I don't care," said Hethering, "but
better not compromise myself now that
Miss Lamonte wasn't in the hearse line.
So you see—"

"I see," was the quiet reply.

"Are they still in the family man-
ner?"
"I believe so, 202 St. Charles Street,"
replied Rob, "but I don't know of any
justice, was an honorable, upright young
guy as ever lived, but subject to paternal
pressure."

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT COLONEL LAMONTE'S.

SEEING that the turn of conversation
was embarrassing to his compan-
ion, Rob changed it to his own af-
fairs again, and more particularly
of his hope of finding one of the parents

from whom he had been stolen in child-
hood, "like a fellow in a novel, don't you
know," as the Honorable Guy expressed it.

While they were talking, Mr. Nutter,
a rather heavy looking individual with a
hook nose and slightly Hebraic accent,
came in. Rob excused himself and went
himself at once, and Hethering, promising
to see him again, sauntered away.

Mr. Nutter, who had understood from
certain penciled notes in a thick memo-
randum book, was not particularly en-
couraging.

A professional investigator, De Lancy by
name, had established himself in Poydras
Street some three years previous. Came
from the city of New Orleans, and had
infancy and possibility of getting a clew
to his whereabouts through an agent em-
ployed by child's abductors. Being foolish
enough not to employ a detective in the
matter—Mr. Nutter laid emphasis upon
this clause—Mr. DeLancy seemed to have
failed in his attempt. Grew despondent.
Neglected engagements. Left the Poy-
dras Street lodgings for cheaper ones in
the French Quarter.

Mr. Nutter, who had tried to trace him, but had
no doubt that he should very soon be
able to get a clew.

"You obtained some description of his
personal appearance, of course?" sug-
gested Rob.

Mr. Nutter smiled slyly, and ex-
tracted a somewhat dingy photograph
from the pages of the memoranda, which
Rob looked at with interest.

"He gave it to the daughter of the
boarding mistress—I took it from the
album in the parlor," said Mr. Nutter.

The picture was that of a tall gentleman with
slightly stooping shoulders and a smooth
shaven, intelligent face. He was wearing
a violin and bow, the other, very long and
slender, rested on the table at which he
was sitting.

"What a snap this!" Rob eagerly as-
serted.
"Mr. Nutter was doubtful. But for a
consideration" the photograph changed
hands.

"The likeness between you and your
father is very marked," the private de-
tective remarked, glancing furtively at
the picture faced to that of the young
fellow before him. And then, promising to
return as soon as he had learned anything
further, he withdrew.

It was after supper, that mounted upon
Chiquita, now fully recovered from the
effects of the long journey, he walked
a pretty mare slowly up wide thorough-
fare in the direction of 202 St. Charles
Street.

Handsome equipages dashed past,
questioners of both sexes looked approv-
ingly at the young fellow's firm seat in
the saddle, and pedestrians muttered
audible encomiums upon Chiquita, but
Rob seemed to see and hear nothing.

Two objects were in mind to the ex-
clusive of any other surrounding
One was the hope of finding his father
very soon, the other of a meeting with
Doris, his girl friend.

As he rode through the city residence was
one of those massive old structures sur-
rounded with a profusion of flowers and
shrubs, and situated in the most aristoc-
ratic part of the city.

Alighting, Rob threw Chiquita's bridle
to a loitering negro boy, and stood for
the moment half irresolute at the foot of
the stone steps flanked on either side by
crouching lions.

The soft shadows of evening
had fallen over the city, there were no
lights visible—either in the upper rooms
or those on the lower floor, nor were any
signs of life to be seen.

But all at once through the long French
windows opening out on the veranda
dawned a pale moon. A dreamy and
somewhat sad nocturne was wafted
to his ears, and intuitively he felt that
it was Doris playing.

As he turned the steps with a fast beating
heart, Rob found the hall door standing
wide open, as also the door leading into
the spacious front apartment. (No
vents were visible, ignoring conven-
tional, Rob stole softly into the room
where the musician still charmed sweet
melodies from the keys.)

"I—beg your pardon, Miss Doris,"
said Rob, advancing hat in hand through
the half darkness, and the young girl,
who had been seated on a piano, wheeled
sharply round on the spot.

Well, it is not my province to attempt
to repeat what was then and there said.
They talked till the moon set its clear
light in through the long windows, and
Chiquita, who had been so impatiently
awaiting the gravel before the
house. And as may be imagined, each
spoke of the other, and how they came
into their lives since they last met. Only
Rob said nothing of his hope of finding
his father. This he was reserving for
another time.

"I shall call tomorrow and see your
father, Doris," said Rob, finally. "I
will never be able to find him for one
thing, and I have a proposition to make
for another."

"I would be glad to see you," was the
quiet reply.
"City life has no charms for me," Rob
went on with little hesitation. "I
mean to see if he will not put his in-
fluence against some of my money in ranch-
ing, as I learn you purpose returning to
the Bonanza. I believe honestly it will
be a profitable investment."

"Doris, who saw through the delicacy
of the matter, could not give a re-
sponse. And to relieve her evident
emotion, the young fellow said:

"And now before I go, Miss Doris,
will you ever be my dear sister?
It is my favorite ballad, as I think I
have told you before."

Miss DeLancy Doris returned to the
piano. Her voice, a sweet well
trained soprano, rose on the evening air,
and the young man's fingers lingered as
the pure notes reached their delighted
ears.

A tall shabby dressed man, with a
vivid under lip, paused and listened
with a half dreamy smile.

"That is Miss Doris, one of my old
pupils," he murmured to himself.
And moved by some impulse for which
he did not try to account, the shabby
musician ascended the steps, and, as Rob
had been about to be heard, he an-
nounced: for as rats scurried a sinking
ship, so Colonel Lamonte's servants had
all departed. It was a foreboding fortune.

(To be concluded.)

A TRICK FAIRY TALE.

A *SOUTHWEST* journal has been expatiating
on a romance, and that romance should
be ranked with the enchantments of a Cinder-
ella. Much has been written of late concerning
a cotton seed oil trust. Here is the brief, but
marvelous history of the cotton seed, as given
in the *Atlantic Constitution*, the journal in
question:

For seventy years despised as a nuisance
and burned or dumped as garbage.
Then discovered to be the very food for which
the soil was hungering, and was reluctantly ad-
mitted to the rank of ugly utilities.

Shortly afterwards it was introduced as food
for best as well as soil, and thereupon treated
with something like respect.

And that the same oil, when used by farm
husbandries, found to hold thirty five gallons of pure
Cotton seed oil, worth for the whole of the
ton, or \$40,000,000 for the whole of the
seed.

Then a system was devised for refining
this oil up to a value of \$1 a gallon, and the
frugal Italians placed a cask of it at the root
of every olive tree, and the olive tree
breath of the Alps.

And then experience showed that the ton
of cotton seed oil, when refined and better
sorted when robbed of its thirty five gallons of
oil.

And that the hulls of the oil mill seed
is fuel for feeding the oil mill engine!
And that the same hulls, when scogged from
the engine's drift had the highest commercial
value as potash.

And the "refuse" of the whole made
the best and purest soap stock to carry to the
toilet the world over.

And now comes a gentleman of this city
with a process by which he extracts thirty gallons
of first class oil from every ton of seed
the oil mills have done with it. In the "tail-
ings" of the oil mills he finds this unexpected
oil, and he extracts it with soap, and
naphtha, leaving the meal more nutritious
as food for beast or fowl than he took 30
per ton from it.

NOT INTERESTING.
BARRER'S "THE EDWIN FORREST" con-
tains many interesting anecdotes of the famous
tragedian; but there still remain many which
have never been printed. Once, when he was
playing *Richard III.* at the Theatre Royal,
Gessler's lieutenant, should have remarked: "I
see you love a jest; but just not now." I
imagine he would have been severely re-
buked: "I see you love a jest; but just not now!"

WORDS.

BY ARLEIAN A. FORTON.

Words are mighty, words are living;
Serpents with their venomous stings,
Ought surely to be counted as us,
With heaven's light upon their wings.
True or false that never dies;
Eternity would have outlasted
Echoes in God's skies.

Two Queer Adventures.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

LUTTRELL and I sailed in the ship Akbar from London to Ceylon almost twenty years ago. I was a young Yankee sailor making my first voyage out to an English port. My country, was a cabin passenger—his father a wealthy London merchant owning the charter of the ship.

Luttrell, who was nineteen, or a year older than myself, seemed to take a great liking to me despite the difference between our stations in life. As often as was possible we were together, and he promised to use his influence to get me the fitted cabin berth on the return voyage.

Between the Maldives and Laccadives about two hundred miles west of the island of Ceylon, we caught the bad weather attendant upon the change of monsoons. And one night, in the midnight watch, the ship was under a "goose wing," a sea boarded her, sweeping everything movable from

Among the movables were the ship's goat, Luttrell and myself. The goat was not heard from. Luttrell and myself were lucky enough to grasp onto a railing and wash washed from the top of the house. And the next morning, the abandonment of the vessel found us drifting down toward a small shoal-reef fringed vessel of foreign build, while the Akbar was nowhere in sight.

The vessel was what is known as a "trellis" the largest size—say a hundred tons burthen. Sharp at the bow with a broad beam and two stump bamboo masts with lateen sails which were furled, while the two tall masts were set, which kept the clumsy logging craft up to the wind.

The sea gradually subsided, being no more almost by itself, we lay to the northward, and we kept on our way, but with our eyes fixed on the water, we saw a white object on the surface of the sea, which we saw to be a large

"She—must be—abandoned," gasped Luttrell as breathless with our long buffeting by the sea and the exertion of swimming, we reached the side together. The sea was calm, and we were very close to the anchor on the bow, gave us something to catch. But by convulsive efforts we succeeded in crawling up and over the bows.

"Good gracious!" Luttrell exclaimed—and no wonder! In my own experience I never saw such a unusual—and ridiculous—sight in all my born days.

Scattered along the dry part of the deck in the beams of the sun now about two hours high, were fully two score monkeys of every conceivable color, shape and size, from a tiny spider monkey up to a small brown monkey of the same shape with two prominent fangs, which he displayed most threateningly.

But as I was about giving vent to my astonishment, a host of most terrific voices suddenly resounded from below. Then followed a scrambling sound, and in another instant the head and shoulders of a full grown tiger were thrust up through the small companionway, which, as we afterward knew, led to the cabin forming the main deck.

Luckily the back of the animal's head was toward Luttrell and myself. And the way we slipped was on the top of our cable was west heading. But with a simultaneous shriek all monkeys fled in every direction, and simple shouts—scrambling over each other's heads in their frantic hurry.

I was satisfied with his exhibition of authority, the tiger, uttering a sort of subdued growl, seemed to discontinue the forecastle, and was evidently consenting to go. As we cautiously regained our position we could hear him crunching bones of some kind, and every now and then a special benefit.

Before I had kicked off my shoes while swimming. Before I knew what Luttrell intended doing he slipped into his stocking feet and drew out a companionway slide, which was made of heavy blackwood.

Again that terrible roar, and with it an upward rush. We heard the tiger's head strike

underneath the slide, but it was evident enough that he was trapped. Then each of us drew a long breath and looked around in wild eyed amazement.

Well, there was no particular mystery about it. A large cage, lashed to ringbolts in the deck, had one end completely smashed out—probably by shipping a heavy sea. The tiger, thus released, had then without doubt taken charge of the deck. The boat was missing from the rude davits, the falls of which had been out. Wherefore, we argued that all hands had preferred leaving the dangers of the deep to facing a lively and presumably hungry tiger, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds.

Along the bulwarks half a dozen cages were lashed, which had contained the different varieties of monkeys that over our heads were chattering furiously and making the most outrageous grimaces. The bars of each cage had been twisted one way, from which Luttrell and

In the hold was a store of partly green bananas and plantains, intended for the monkeys. These we brought on deck, but it was only when we were both airt that their fear of man permitted them to come down, hungry as they were. And late that afternoon we sailed into Point de Galle harbor, where we came to anchor within a stone's throw of the quay—a score or so of monkeys being perched along on either of the two tapering latten yards.

The American consul who came on board with a throng of curious visitors listened to our story with great interest. It seems that the *Arctica* had been chartered by an agent of Woodhouse's, manager, who was buying animals for shipment to England.

"You have an undoubted claim for salvage, boys," he said, "but you would save trouble and expense by seeing Mr. Dewey, the agent, and accepting any reasonable amount he might offer." Which finally, we resolved to do.

But Mr. Dewey had started the day before for

awaken him. So Luttrell started in one direction and I in another, and I was sure to get lost track, or at least find some one who might put us in the way of finding it.

For ever so long we had heard "run time to time distant reports of musketry, which, had not been a perfectly perfect island, would have saved some sort of walking skirmishing. Luttrell thought it might be in celebration of some great event, or a sooner or later, we felt sure of encountering a party or parties of natives.

Carrying a single blanket belonging to Mr. Dewey, I had hardly gone twenty paces from the bullock cart before I came upon a neatly constructed bullock cart to meet me.

The entire family came out to meet me. In an expeditious manner I endeavored to make known the fact that we were lost in the jungle and wished to be directed to the high road. And to this the natives, who were of the native had any idea of what I was driving at.

But on his own part he was also went in for pantomime, which was quite as blind to myself. And after an extravagant display of gestures he pointed from the bullock cart to an open space in the jungle. Then he shook his head gravely, and after a low salaam, turned and entered the hut, followed by his wife and interesting progeny.

"Well, we might as well try that track as any," said Luttrell, when I reported to him the result of my search. So we started up the bullock in the direction indicated.

That afternoon we were very suddenly upon decided evidences of a least some civilization, and after a long course. "On either side, as far as we could see, was a high circular stockade, built in the strongest possible manner, inclosing several acres.

But what this vast inclosure could be intended for I could not tell. The bullock cart, however, was not to be deterred, and we went on, and as a huge wild fire offered shade and a resting place, we drove the bullock cart into it.

"Hark," suddenly exclaimed Luttrell, holding up his hand. For breaking the still silence peculiar to tropical interiors, came a continuous pipping of muskets—now on the right, now on the left, very much nearer than we had yet heard them. And after the explosions had ceased, there were loud drums beaten.

Luttrell advanced the drunken Singalese by the shoulder and pulled him out of the wagon. The sudden shock seemed to bring him to his senses somewhat. Rubbing his eyes vigorously, he looked about him in the direction of the sound.

Then, as the advancing sounds moved upon his ear, he uttered one comprehensive yell and fell on his face on the open.

As Luttrell stared at me in bewilderment, a distant crashing of bushes began to be heard. And all at once a bell-shaped stockade, facing the entrance to the stockade, appeared a big elephant.

Trumetting with fear or rage, we did not know which, he headed straight for us. Following came not more but twenty elephants, following the twenty were at least three score more, and a few little elephants. At the same moment a tremendous fusillade burst from the cover of the bushes, and a hundred and a hundred native beaters rushed into sight.

I remember that Luttrell thrust his rifle to his shoulder and fired at the charging elephants. Involuntarily I did the same, and we were in a mountain of flesh tottered and fell within ten feet of where we stood. The remainder of the herd, with wild trumpeting, broke right and left in the very direction of the stockade, and dashing through the fleeing lines of beaters, were lost to sight in the jungle.

For a moment it seemed as though we had escaped death in one form to meet it in another. For, maddened by the escape of the mighty prey of which we stood, they had been gradually closing in, full fifty natives made a mad onslaught on me and myself.

Fortunately at that moment a Dewey, a subaltern Englishman, came up at full gallop, and shouting to the natives to disband. The half naked mob stopped on the instant as Dewey rode forward.

For a moment impatiently to Luttrell's hurried explanation.

"It's a pretty expensive job for me—now I shall have to pay for the loss of my other head to be driven in, but I suppose it can't be helped," he said dryly. And I don't think he was any more pleased to be learned our errand, particularly as after considerable delay upon their heads, he had driven a sun we were to be the salvage on his "live stock."

But an opportunity was finally reached, and we returned to Point de Galle fully satisfied—speaking for myself—with our experience in zoological parasites.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT THE ENTIRE FAMILY CAME OUT TO MEET ME

I naturally inferred that the tiger was in search of one or more victims.

But we were chilly and hungry, so as the *Arctica* was making good weather of it, we cautiously ventured down the after companionway into the small, dimly lighted and not over clean cabin. It was completely deserted. On a table, lashed to the wall, was a well thumbed map of the Indian Ocean, and from the course marked out in pencil we saw at once that the *Arctica* was from Point de Galle, on the southwest coast of Ceylon.

There was dry clothing in a berth—woolen shirts and two trousers, with straw shoes and a couple of cone hats, such as are worn by all the Malay sailors of those parts. Having dressed ourselves in these we found some bits of food in one of the lockers, to which we did ample justice. Then we went on deck.

The northeast monsoon had begun to blow with the subsidence of the gale. Heaving the latten forest without over much difficulty, we put the little vessel before it for Point de Galle. Later in the day we managed to get the reefed mainsail up.

Thus we took turns at the tiller all that day and the following night, which was bright and clear. The tiger roared furiously at intervals, but we had got quite well accustomed to that.

Panar, a district about fifty miles inland, in search of a couple of small elephants which he purposed forwarding to Europe. As luck would have it, however, a single bullock cart with native driver was to be dispatched to the same settlement with some arms and ammunition that had just arrived by steamer for Mr. Dewey, who was purposing a burning excursion still further into the interior after securing his elephants. And through the good offices of the consul we secured passage in the bullock cart.

The so-called "high road," leading from Point de Galle to Panar, was simply a sandy track distinguished by deep ruts, and owing to the ignorance or stupidity of our Singalese driver, we lost even this on the forenoon of the third day's journey.

To add to the vexation of the affair, he could not understand a word of English, nor was a word of his own dialect. And after wildly denouncing his fate—as we presumed from his gestures and groans—the wretch produced a bottle of *arrack* from under the seat, from which he copiously imbibed. Then, despite our threats, the Singalese stretched himself out under the tilt and fell fast asleep.

"Well, this is a pretty go!" exclaimed Luttrell, wrathfully. "Rouse up here, you copper-skinned rascal!" But shaking failed to

trusty Mr Hart, had seen a man whom he recognized as one of Mr. Herbert's servants, coming hastily out of the recess in which the image of the statue stood. Such a coincidence he had followed the man home, and had seen him hand over to the missionary something small and glittering, which must have been the stolen jewel.

"You are sure, then," asked the king, "that the man with the book is really guilty?" "He *must* be, or why should he have fled from his house?" "And the priest?" asked the king, who but a diabolical devil would dare to steal the holy ornament of Shiva?" "Yes," was the well spoken, "rejoined the king with a grim smile; "but would the unbeliever have brought it straight to me after he had stolen it? Would your diamond?"

The expression of Rung Kao's face as the king held up the lost jewel would have made the fortune of a painter. But every face of the crowd became as blank as his when Mr Hart himself stepped out upon the balcony, and with a salam to the king, told the whole story of the plot, of his own capture at the missionary's house, and of his agreement to save the stolen jewel, by letting the Brahmins think that their plan had succeeded, and thus helping to catch them in their own trap.

Rung Rao promptly disappeared, and never again did he show his face on the scene of his treachery. Mr Hart, the leading villain, was banished for life. As to Charley Herbert, he was now hero of the whole city for a month after, and for the rest of his life.

LITERAL READER.

Mrs. McCLEARY opened a letter the other day and read at the beginning "Burn at once." She did so, and is now raking among the embers for some trace of the contents or even the writer's signature.

"He Never Hired a Agent!"

No "handy ever" about it. He sent an agent of what you call "honesty" to solicit business for him. Yet a man really "simple and amiable, and on a villain still" either was no villain, but a plain, honest, sensible man, that needed a remedy such as Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Laxative Pills," which are so easy to take, and so safe and so effective in curing constipation, dyspepsia and chronic constipation.

FITS.—All fits stopped by Dr. HILL'S Great Nerve Restorer. It will cure all fits, and all nervous diseases. Write for a free copy to Dr. HILL, 97 ADELPHI ST., N. Y.

CATARH CERER

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loath some ailment, called Catarrh, which you know remedy, at last issued a prescription which cured him. This remedial disease requiring a self addressed stamped envelope, please send 10¢ in postage, and you will receive the recipe free of charge.—Ad.

The Throat.—"Brown's Bronchial Trochee" acts directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.—Ad.

3 NAPKINS, 100 SOLES, and a Remondine Carton, all sent for 10c. Address, A. Chas. J. Reynolds, C.

200 CENTS. Curious, Catchy Pictures 20c. Pk. of 20c. 20c. 20c. 20c.

OPHIA Habit Cured, Treatment loose on trial. BROWN'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

FREE SAMPLES. Richest blends name cards. No postage. P. O. BOX 2023, New York.

Facial Bleaches. Send stamp for 20 page book. BROWN'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER.

875 Month and expenses to agents. New goods. Samples for J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS WANTED. Good pay. Easy work. FORSTER & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

WANTED A few Boys and Girls in each place to do particulars to J. W. WOODRUFF, Albany, N. Y.

12 CARDS. Write Down. Give in. Name, Address, and Post-office. Crown Pig Co., Northford, Conn.

8350 A MONTHLY No capital required. A good opportunity for those who have the ability. B. S. LAMBERTON, 30, Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.

FREE COPIES OF A PLEASANT TALKING. Home and Foreign, all for 4c. H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

1000 CARDS 50 instances for Amateur Printers' use. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

CARDS.—LATEST REVISED. FREE COPIES OF THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Write for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

DYSPEPSIA. In Nature, Causes, and Remedies. A Treatise on the Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Gallbladder, and Pancreas. By W. H. WOODRUFF, Albany, N. Y.

STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which cause painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develop ulcers in the eyes, nose, or nose, or other exciting blindness or deafness; which is the origin of phlegm, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "Humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, cause consumption and death.

How Can it be Cured

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the removal of the excess it has accumulated, often when other medicines have failed, has proved itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its forms, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Peculiar Medicine

"I have running sores on my limbs for five years, so bad at times that I could not walk, nor sleep nights. When I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I was in pain so severe that I cannot describe it. I had no appetite and fell away. But Hood's Sarsaparilla did me a wonderful amount of good. I have a good appetite, have gained in flesh, and when I walk my sores almost healed. I can easily do a good day's work." Mrs. C. F. LOAN, Dover, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1. 25 for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

300 Mill German Potions, Puffs, Soap, Perfumery, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla, etc.

CANDY. Send \$1. 25, \$2. 00, or \$3. 00 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepared by express. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WANTED. An active Man or Woman to sell our "GALVANIC" and "ELECTRIC" Batteries, Standard Silver and Paraffin Candles, etc.

TELEPHONE. Send \$1. 00 for a book on the Telephone. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHOTS-GUNS. Revolvers, Rifles, Pistols, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PUT THIS OUT and return to me more than 10c. I will send you a book on the Telephone.

Coleman Nat'l Business College. NEWARK, N. J. National Preparation, etc.

100 NICE CARDS. Your name and address on all, 10c. 10c. 10c. 10c.

A GRAND GIF. To introduce our self-operating Washers in the World. No labor in washing. SEND for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

MAGIC lanterns. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

FREE COPIES OF A PLEASANT TALKING. Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

1000 CARDS 50 instances for Amateur Printers' use. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

DYSPEPSIA. In Nature, Causes, and Remedies. A Treatise on the Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Gallbladder, and Pancreas. By W. H. WOODRUFF, Albany, N. Y.

STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

THE FAMOUS! CUSTOM-MADE Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants

FULL CUTS AND OVERCASTS. at Proportionate Prices. We sincerely believe that never before have men been able to enjoy custom-made so cheap and so well as our "PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS."



DO YOU WEAR PANTS?

Do you wear pants? We sincerely believe that never before have men been able to enjoy custom-made so cheap and so well as our "PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS."

We mail you 20 samples of these clean, soft, comfortable, and accurate, that we guarantee \$3. 00. If you mention this paper we send you a good pair of pants for \$3. 00. We guarantee satisfaction. We guarantee safe delivery. For any cause a customer may be returned by writing to the American Express Co., capital \$20,000,000, Boston N. H.—In buying goods by mail, it is a good rule to send money only to concerns that are well known throughout the country and avoid the countless limitations that spring up for a day to complete with old and broken establishments.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. 16 Summer Street, Boston, Mass. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO., LTD. IN BRITAIN AT NEW YORK CITY. Complete Stamp and Coin Catalogues, at the best prices, at all points from the U. S. and Canada for \$5 plus express.

\$3 Printing Press! For rent at 4c. Circulars, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

REKEY & CO. Meriden, Conn. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

TELEPHONE. Send \$1. 00 for a book on the Telephone. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHOTS-GUNS. Revolvers, Rifles, Pistols, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PUT THIS OUT and return to me more than 10c. I will send you a book on the Telephone.

Coleman Nat'l Business College. NEWARK, N. J. National Preparation, etc.

100 NICE CARDS. Your name and address on all, 10c. 10c. 10c. 10c.

A GRAND GIF. To introduce our self-operating Washers in the World. No labor in washing. SEND for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

MAGIC lanterns. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

FREE COPIES OF A PLEASANT TALKING. Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

1000 CARDS 50 instances for Amateur Printers' use. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

DYSPEPSIA. In Nature, Causes, and Remedies. A Treatise on the Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Gallbladder, and Pancreas. By W. H. WOODRUFF, Albany, N. Y.

STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

Dr. J. Owen, of the firm of J. Owen & Co., druggists, Ashland, Pa., writes Bro. H. E. Parsons, of the Golden Argosy, that he has used your medicine with great success in all cases of Lung and Bronchial trouble.

Piso's Cure FOR CONSUMPTION

BEST CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Sold Everywhere.

RAILROAD CALL. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SCOTT STAMP AND COIN CO., LTD. IN BRITAIN AT NEW YORK CITY. Complete Stamp and Coin Catalogues, at the best prices, at all points from the U. S. and Canada for \$5 plus express.

\$3 Printing Press! For rent at 4c. Circulars, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

REKEY & CO. Meriden, Conn. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

TELEPHONE. Send \$1. 00 for a book on the Telephone. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHOTS-GUNS. Revolvers, Rifles, Pistols, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PUT THIS OUT and return to me more than 10c. I will send you a book on the Telephone.

Coleman Nat'l Business College. NEWARK, N. J. National Preparation, etc.

100 NICE CARDS. Your name and address on all, 10c. 10c. 10c. 10c.

A GRAND GIF. To introduce our self-operating Washers in the World. No labor in washing. SEND for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

MAGIC lanterns. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

FREE COPIES OF A PLEASANT TALKING. Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

1000 CARDS 50 instances for Amateur Printers' use. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

DYSPEPSIA. In Nature, Causes, and Remedies. A Treatise on the Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Gallbladder, and Pancreas. By W. H. WOODRUFF, Albany, N. Y.

STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

Do you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is there a sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach, sometimes a faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy?

Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and feel clammy? Have you a dry cough? Do you expectorate greenish colored matter? Are you hawking and spitting all or part of the time? Do you feel tired all the while? Are you nervous, irritable and gloomy? Do you have evil forebodings? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Do your bowels become costive? Is your skin dry and hot at times? Is your blood thick and stagnant? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? Do you frequently spit up your food, sometimes with a sour taste and sometimes with a sweet? Is this frequently attended with palpitation of the heart? Has your vision become impaired? Are there spots before the eyes? Is there a feeling of great prostration and weakness? If you suffer from any of these symptoms, send me your name and I will send you, by mail,

One Bottle of Medicine FREE

Send your address on postal card to-day, as you may not see this notice again.

Address, naming this paper, PROF. HART, 212 E. 9th St., N. Y.

IN REPLYING TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY.

TELEPHONE. Send \$1. 00 for a book on the Telephone. Satisfaction guaranteed.

SHOTS-GUNS. Revolvers, Rifles, Pistols, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed.

PUT THIS OUT and return to me more than 10c. I will send you a book on the Telephone.

Coleman Nat'l Business College. NEWARK, N. J. National Preparation, etc.

100 NICE CARDS. Your name and address on all, 10c. 10c. 10c. 10c.

A GRAND GIF. To introduce our self-operating Washers in the World. No labor in washing. SEND for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

UNIVERSITY ORGANS. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

MAGIC lanterns. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

FREE COPIES OF A PLEASANT TALKING. Home and Foreign, all for 4c.

1000 CARDS 50 instances for Amateur Printers' use. Send for them to H. E. PARSONS, New York, Home and Foreign, all for 4c.



A VERY GOOD BOY.

EMPLOYER (tapping off.)—My boy, you're working well! Pretty hard, too, for a paper week." BOY.—"Zain't that, but what I work for; it's for the example I'm setting ye, sir."

COWBOY DICTIONARY.

At a certain school in England, where the pupils wear a distinctive uniform, their own clothes, which they only put on when they leave for the holidays, are termed "gomers," a contraction for "go homers." This reminds us of the odd name cowboys give to certain every day articles, a list of which was recently printed in the New York Sun.

For many things common to both Eastern and Western civilization cowboys use names which would be puzzling to any one East of the Mississippi Valley. A horse girl is called a baby herder, and a valise is termed a custer. A white shirt is called a Herford shirt because Herford cattle have white faces. Similarly he calls anything Herford that is white; for example, Herford diabetes and Herford hats. Carrying this fancy still farther, a "white" man is known as a Herford man. A white shirt is also called a bald faced shirt for a similar reason.

A pillow the cowboy calls a heading, as anything he puts under his head when lying out at night on the plains is called a heading. A hotel is a road ranch. A sandwich is a hand out, a fair meal is a square, and a full meal a porch.

A BLIZZARD BIRD.

As entirely unique exemplification of the old saw that the longest way round is the shortest way there was brought out by the recent great Eastern blizzard. For three days Boston had to cable to London and not how things were going in New York, the wires running under the ocean of course not being affected by the storm.

SHORTHAND Writing shorthand taught in 15 minutes. Shorthand prepared at home when convenient. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

LEGS AND ARMS, With Rubber Hands & Feet The most natural, comfortable, and durable, economical in daily use. New Patents and Improved Improvements in all details. U.S. PATENT MANUFACTURER. A.S. & BROS. 701 Broadway, New York City. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING The Original! Beware of Imitations! Awarded Highest Prize and Only Medal.



Paris Exposition, 1878. Highest Award New Orleans Exhibition.

HOMES TO-DAY IN MODERN FORMS OF MODERATE COST HOUSES. Published in one annual and three quarterly parts. Agents for the United States and Canada, J. L. GIMTIE, Architect, 22 School St., BOSTON. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she chose Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anemia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Olds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

Sold by All Druggists.

SCROLL SAW, TOOLS, and Machinery used in the Scroll Sawing of Woodwork. Send for catalogue for large illustrated Catalogue of saws, tools, designs, etc. and prices. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3.75 STEAM COOKER FREE! We want an active and intelligent man to work in our office in each town to those who are willing to work we present large pay for each week and GUARANTEED PAY AT ANY TIME. W. MERT CATTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Send for the most attractive CATALOGUE of General Sporting GOODS EVER PUBLISHED FREE FOR ALL. Write to W. MERT CATTLE & CO. 23 SOUTH 30 ST. PHILADELPHIA PA. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Impure Blood

Is the cause of Boils, Carbuncles, Pimples, Eczema, and cutaneous eruptions of all kinds. There can be no permanent cure... Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. For the past twenty-five years I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In my opinion, the best remedial agencies for the cure of all diseases arising from impurities of the blood are contained in this medicine. — G. C. Brock, Druggist, Lowell, Mass. "My wife was for a long time a sufferer from tumors on the neck. Nothing did her any good until she tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made a complete cure." — W. S. Martin, Burning Springs, W. Va. "We have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier." — W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth 50 cents.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRADING COMPANY. GOOD NEWS TO LADIES. Greatest Bargains in Sewing Machines and Millinery. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TRADING COMPANY, 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALL STYLES OF THE AMERICAN CYCLES DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION. GORMULLY & JEFFERY, MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK. Finest Silks of all sorts, one ounce to a ball—full of ball and good colors. Best and most delicate of colors. The clear distinction in each package. Send Postal note or Stamp for CATALOGUE AND SAMPLES. THE AMERICAN SILK CO., 211 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

THE Toy The child likes best! We take pleasure in informing those who are interested that our stock of the most reliable and durable ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS, COMPLETELY SOLD OUT BEFORE CLOSING. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

F. AD. RICHTER & CO. NEW YORK AND BROADWAY OF LONDON. G. LINDAY PAPER PENNIBRUSH FERRY. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WORLD TYPEWRITER. Ask your Stationer for it. Does the work of one costing \$100. ENDORSER BY LEADING BUSINESS MEN. GEO. BISHOP & CO., 30 Great Jones St., New York City. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



"FLURRIED MEN LACK WISDOM." Worry! Hurry! Hurry! are all created by the use of SAPOLIO!

For quick work is not hurried work. Are you in a hurry to finish your house-cleaning and yet do it well? Then try this method: A small bowl of water, a cake of Sapolio, and a cloth and you will do more cleaning than a pair of water, and three cakes of ordinary soap. No. 27

WHAT IS IT? Persons outside of the profession often ask, What is an Emulsion? We answer, An Emulsion is a combination of two or more solids, so thoroughly mixed, that each is held in permanent suspension. Several of the much advertised "Emulsions" now on the market are nothing more than compounds, and a microscopic examination will reveal phases of oil in their original form. The Emulsion made by Messrs J. A. Magee & Co., LAWRENCE, MASS., everywhere so favorably known by physicians as

Magee's Emulsion,

is composed of one-third part Cod Liver Oil, one-third part Extract of Malt, and one-third part Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, of which must be of the finest quality obtainable. These three valuable ingredients, with a little flavoring extract, are put into a "mizer," which is revolved for six hours by steam power, at the rate of 120 revolutions per minute, which breaks every globule of the oil and combines it with the other ingredients in such a thorough manner that no sediment will ever form. Magee's Emulsion has no equal for the relief and cure of Coughs, Colds, Scrofula, Dyspepsia and General Debility. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

10 CENTS (offer) sent for your address in the "Agent's Directory," which gives addresses all over the United States, and you will get hundreds of samples, circulars, books, newspapers, magazines, etc., from those who want agents. You will be well paid for your trouble and your time. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Columbias for 1888, Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems, Safeties.

HIGHEST GRADE OF MACHINES MADE. WM. HARLAN PAGE, Gen'l Agt., 122 yrs. Office: 120 Broadway, New York.

EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. ASSETS OVER \$5 MILLIONS. Equal to 3 to 4 per cent. compound interest on Deposits and Life Insurance accumulations. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

This Scan Was delivered to you by



Ancient
VEFKUS

DPP
Digital Pulp
Preservation
Group