

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1888, by Frank A. Munsey, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Vol. VI. No. 21.

FRANK A. MUNSEY,) 81 WARREN ST., PUBLISHER. NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 281.



WITH THE FURY OF LONG IMPRISONED MONSTERS THE LOGS SURGED FORWARD, AND THE NEXT MOMENT THAT ON WHICH TOM HAD SPRUNG WAS STRUCK AND TURNED OVER,

BY G. K. WHITMORE.

OM MANFRED came bursting into the house one sunny afternoon in April, his face all aglow with enthusiasm.

"Mother, oh mother!" he called.
"Where are you? I've got my chance at last."

"Why, Tom, what is it?" said a little woman in black, coming into the sitting room, her hands white with flour.

Sweet is the only adjective that will describe her face, and if anything was needed to increase its kindly expression, it was found in the love light that shone out of the gray eyes when they rested on her boy, handsome, strong, and his mother's devoted knight.

"I met Dr. Drake on my way from school," the latter went on excitedly. "He owns the saw mill at Croggs' Land

ing, you know. He was driving along the road with the rattiest team of grays you ever saw, when one of them picked up a stone in his hoof and began to go lame. I ran ahead and whipped out that big knife of father's, with the hook arrangement in it for that sort of business. I bent over and had the stone out in a jiffy."

"But where does your 'chance' come in?" asked his mother.

"Why, when I'd got the stone out he said he was ever so much obliged, and would I mind telling him who I was. And when he found out that I lived on the road to Croggs' Landing he just turned his team around and said he'd drive me home; that he'd only come out to exercise the grays any way. And didn't I enjoy that ride? But the best of it was that we got talking, and I told how badly I wanted to earn enough money for you and I to go East this summer, where Uncle Frank had promised me a place in his furniture factory. 'It wouldn't hurt you then to know something about logging.' he said."

"Oh, Tom!" exclaimed Mrs. Manfred, the shadow of a great fear creeping into her face, "you mean to risk your—"

"No, indeed!" merrily laughed Tom. "I'm not going to be a chopper, and risk having my spine broken by the tree falling just where I didn't expect it to. The cutting season's over you know, because the snow has got so thin that they can't haul the logs over it to the river. They're going to begin to 'run' the logs down stream next week, and Mr. Drake said I could be one of the logging crew, and I'll make twenty five dollars by it.

stream next week, and Mr. Drake said I could be one of the logging crew, and I'll make twenty five dollars by it. Think of that, and have the fun besides!"

"But, Tom, it's so very dangerous. What if you should slip? The logs are round, and the slightest misstep would send you down between—oh, Tom, it would be worse than drowning! Give it up and find something else."

"But, mother, we're always in danger, you know, right here in this cyclone belt. The house may be crushed in over our heads any day. Be-

"But, mother, we're always in danger, you know, right here in this cyclone belt. The house may be crushed in over our heads any day. Besides, haven't I tried all winter to get something to do that will give me a lot of money in a short time? And this is the very thing! And this chance came about so accidentally, you may say, that it seems a shame to lose it. But of course if you say no, mother, I'll give it up. Just think, I may be back here in two or three weeks with a quarter of a hundred dollars in my pocket!"

Mrs. Manfred smiled, and Tom knew that his point was gained, and a few minutes later he went out to see about having his heaviest pair of boots shod with projecting nails.

He was a finely built boy, tall for his age, and with broad, square shoulders, that had doubtless suggested to Mr. Drake his adaptability to logging. Mr. Manfred had died suddenly the previous fall, leaving his wife and son with but scanty provision for the future.

Mrs. Manfred's brother in Newark had written that if they would come East, he might find a place for Tom in his factory. He had had but little intercourse with his sister since her marriage, and was therefore not supposed to know that the expense of the journey from Wisconsin to New Jersey would be a serious item with her.

"If you come on before June," his letter had

item with her.

item with her.

"If you come on before June," his letter had read, and ever since its receipt the widow had been casting around in her mind for some means of getting together the funds for the

And now, as Tom had said, this offer of Mr. Drake's seemed to promise the speediest solution of the problem. It would be Tom's first experience at wage earning, and this of itself was sufficient to make him wildly enthusiastic

over the prospect.

The day of departure came and he set out on the railroad for the woods in company with Hank Batchen, the superintendent of the logging crew, who had come down to St. Pierre for a holiday and a good time while waiting for the ice to break up.

the ice to break up.

He was a big man, with colorless eyes of the light blue order, a fierce, red, bristly beard, and a voice that seemed made for use only out of

He looked at Tom's fair skin and soft hands

with a sniff of contempt.

"What did Drake send that baby up into the woods for now, I wonder?" he muttered to

Nevertheless, when "the baby" began to ply

himself.

Nevertheless, when "the baby" began to ply him with questions about the process of "running," questions that were not those of a "greeny," but of one who already had well defined ideas on the subject, Batchen became less and less gruff in his replies, and before camp was reached, inwardly vowed to keep an eye on the boy.

And now, if ever, Tom Manfred needed a friend. The loggers, wearied of their long wait in the woods after the cutting was over, were ripe for any sort of fun, and when they saw Tom, with his neat clothes, and white hands, and noted how free from everything coarse and vile his language was, they felt that they had sport before them indeed.

But at the first sign of trick playing on "the kid," as they immediately dubbed young Manfred, old Batchen interfered, declaring that the boy had been hired by Drake himself, and that they were bound to give him fair play.

This served to check all open persecution, but the superintendent had showed how little tact he possessed when he hinted that Tom was a favorite with the "boss."

The men felt that now they had a cause for making things unpleasant for the youth on the

sly, and this they did in all sorts of ways, from salting his coffee to filling his boots with brambles, besides taunting and ridiculing him. But Tom never complained, although the life was a hard one at best, all unused to roughing it as he had been. The St. Pierte not being a very wide river, the raftsmen were not accompanied on their journey by what is called a wammikin, a floating cabin provided with cooking and sleeping conveniences, and which drifts down stream behind the "drive." Its place was taken by traveling cooks, who prepared the meals at convenient points along the river banks, while the men rolled themselves up in the blankets, and slept out of doors, with their feet to the roaring camp fire.

Tom, however, who was of a hardy nature, speedily accustomed himself to this primitive mode of existence; and the work, though wearing, was exciting, and anything but monotonous. The attitude of his fellow laborers toward him, though, was hard to bear.

He hated to be thought tender or fearsome, and was unaffectedly glad when, after the first day's work with the "driving pike," the blisters came out on his hands. He tried in every way he could think of, except by lowering himself to indulge in their vile talk, to show that he wasn't the "kid glove" character they made him out to be.

But Batchen's remark about the boss being interested in him still poisoned their minds, and,

But Batchen's remark about the boss being But Batchen's remark about the boss being interested in him still poisoned their minds, and, although Tom worked his hardest every day, he felt that he was always looked upon as a "player;" that is, one who had been allowed to come down with the drive for the fun of it, and because he knew the boss.

Thus things ran on until the enormous "run," extending along the river for some six or seven miles, reached the rapids, about thirty miles above St. Pierre.

Tom had been looking forward to this phase of the trip with steadily augmenting interest. His station was in about the center of the drive, and hitherto his chief duty had been to watch

and hitherto his chief duty had been to watch along the bank for such of the logs as showed a disposition to linger on the shore, and shove them off again with his driving pike. Now he hoped for something decidedly more exciting. And he got it.

The verying after the first of the thrup " had.

The morning after the first of the "run" had

ontered the rapids, a deadlock occurred in that portion of the raft where Tom was stationed.

"Here, you, Joe, take your pole and break that jam," called out Batchen, turning to a slim

that jam," called out Batchen, turning to a slim fellow of twenty one or two, who had been fore-most in taunting Tom.

The poor fellow's teeth were chattering in an ague chill, and he was really not able to be out. But as lying abed meant being left behind alone in the wilderness, he had got up with the rest and struggled through his duties as best he could.

But now he hesitated. How could he run out over those treacherous logs, with the cold spray dashing over them like rain? And yet he knew that he was relied on for just such emergencies, being of lighter build than the others, and therefore not so liable to sink or overturn the logs.

overturn the logs.

Joe, however, was not the only one who ran all this over rapidly in his mind. Tom, who was one of the few that knew of the ague chill,

was one of the few that knew of the ague chin, saw the true state of the case in a trice, and instantly, without a thought of anything but pity for the unfortunate Joe, walked up to Batchen. "Let me go," he said. "Joe's awfully sick, and really isn't fit to go out there, let alone pushing when he gets there. I'm light, and strong, too, and I've seen Joe do it many a time."

time."

The next moment Tom was bounding out over the closely wedged timbers towards the upheaved mass in the center. Batchen had just pointed out the two logs which, colliding so as to form a V, had blocked the stream for all behind them.

heaved mass in the center. Batchen had just pointed out the two logs which, colliding so as to form a V, had blocked the stream for all behind them.

Tom knew well the danger attending the task he had undertaken, but he had great confidence in his own agility and leaping powers. And since he had started he recollected that now he had a chance to show the men of what sort of stuff he was made, for a jam breaker always stood high in their estimation.

As he struck off obliquely he could see them now, watching him intently from the shore.

"I won't fail," he said to himself between clenched teeth, and the next moment he was working away at the refractory logs.

The river, seemingly as if its waters were enraged that their flow should be checked by such prosaic obstructions, hissed and boiled up between the logs, drenching Tom to the skin and making his precarious footing still more insecure by their slippery deposit.

But Tom stuck like a burr and worked away like a beaver, till at last he had the logs, which were the keystone, so to speak, of the jam, almost free; and now came the great danger of the undertaking.

Could Tom succeed in getting out of the way quickly enough, when the blockade was lifted, to escape the mad onrush of the "run?"

Already the impatient logs were piling up at his feet, compelling him to shift his position every second. Taking a rapid survey of the route he must traverse to reach the shore, Tom gave a final shove, then turned and ran.

With the fury of long imprisoned monsters, the logs surged forward and the next moment that on which Tom had sprung was struck and turned over. Tom leaped to another just in time, but now the whole mass appeared ready to sweep over him. It seemed as if there could be no escape for him.

The men on shore, watching with helpless expectancy, shouted out cheers and encouragement which were music in the boy's ear. But how long would he be there to enjoy it?

Already the oncoming mass was almost upon him, towering high in majestic wrath at having

been delayed so long.

Tom saw it and also saw two logs, that seemed out of range of the threatened swirl.

But could be reach them?

seemed out of range of the But could be reach them?

There was a clear strip of water between; there was no time to swim it and the leap would be a tremendous one, without any chance to make a run beforehand.

There was no alternative, however, but the terrible one of remaining where he was to be crushed.

Another cheer rang out from the bank, and with this still ringing in his ears, Tom jumped. He landed on the very verge of the log for which he had aimed. He tottered for a second and only saved himself from falling by making

and only saved nimsen from faining by making another flying leap to another log, and so on to the shore, not remaining long enough on any one to lose his balance.

Hank Batchen was ready on the bank to shake him by the hand, and for the rest of the run he was the hero of the crew; and he and his mother arrived in Newark by the end of

IN FANCY'S LOOM.

BY ISRAEL JORDAN.

IN ISRAEL JORDAN.

In fancy's loom let us tonight
Weave those sweet things that come to light
When Winter goes, and after him
Exultingly the swallows skim
Northward o'er greening vale and height.
What though fierce frost winds waste their might?
Our curtained home is warm and bright.
Lo! bluebirds on the budding limb
In fancy's loom.
No mortal ever sang aright

In tancy's 100m.

No mortal ever sang aright
Spring's miracles that meet the sight
In sunny field and forest dim;
Theretore in silence let us trim
A land with beauty free from blight
In fancy's loom.

[This story commenced in No. 270.]

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

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

CHAPTER XXXV. THREE ADVERTISEMENTS.

EFFREYS sat staring at the familiar writing in a dazed fashion for a moment, then quitted the garret hurriedly and entered the room of a family of five who lived Q

who sat nursing her baby in the corner, "did you see who Trimble had with him when he died?"

died?"

"He's dead, then, sir"—these fellow lodgers of Jeffreys called him "sir" in spite of his misery. "I knew that cough couldn't last. My Annie's begun with it; she'll go too. It's been hard enough to keep the children, but it will be harder to lose them!" she cried.

Jeffreys went to the bed where the little consumptive girl lay in a restless sleep, breathing heavily.

"Poor little Annie!" said he; "I did not know she was so ill."

"Poor little Attine; " said he; "I did not know she was so ill."
"How could you? Yes, I saw the lady come down—a pretty wee thing. She comes and goes here. Maybe when she hears of Annie she'll come to her."
"Do you know her name?"
"No. She's a lady they say. I heard her

"No. She's a lady they say. I heard her singing up stairs to Trimble; it was a treat! You'll be glad of some help, I expect? If you'll mind the children, Mr. John, I'll go up and do the best we can for the poor fellow."

And so Jeffreys, with the baby in his arms, sat beside the little invalid in that lonely room, "No.

while the mother, putting aside her own sor-rows, went up and did a woman's service where

The next day he had the garret to himself.
That letter—how he treasured it!—changed life for him. He had expected when Jonah's illness ended to drift back once more into the bitterness of despair. But that was impossible now.

ble now.

He made no attempt to see the angel of whose visits to the alley he now and again heard. Indeed, whether he was in work or not, he left early and came back late on purpose to avoid a meeting. He had long been known by his neighbors only as John, so that there was no chance of her discovering who he was.

He worked well and patiently at the temporary manual labor on which he was employed, and when that came to an end he looked about resolutely for more.

resolutely for more.

resolutely for more.

Meanwhile—do not smile, reader—he made an investment of capital! In other words, he spent threepence in pen, ink, paper, and a candle, and spent one night in his lonely garret writing. It was a letter, addressed to a stranger, on a public question. In other words, it was an article to a London paper on "Life in a Slum, by One who Lives There." It was a quiet, unsensational paper, with some practical

suggestions for the improvement of poor people's dwellings, and a few stories of experiences in which the writer himself had taken a part.

He dropped it doubtfully into the editor's box, and tried to forget about it. He dared not look at the paper next day, and when two days passed and he heard nothing, he concluded that the bolt had missed fire.

But it was not so. A week later, the postman entered Storr Alley—an unheard of event—and left him a letter. It contained a money order for ten shillings, and read:

"The editor incloses ten shillings for the letter on Slum Life, contributed by Mr. John to the paper of the 23d. He can take two more on the same subject at the same terms, and suggests that Mr. John should deal specially with—"And here the editor gave an outline of the topics on which the public would be most likely to desire information.

With overflowing heart, and giving Raby the credit, he sat down and wrote the two articles.

His first half sovereign went in a deed of mercy. Little Annie lay dead in her bed the night it arrived. Jeffreys, that morning, before he started to work, had watched the little spark of life flicker for the last time and go out. The mother, worn out by her constant vigils, lay ill beside her dead child. The father, a drunkard, out of work, deserted the place, and the two other children, the baby, and the sister scarcely more than baby, wailed all day for cold and hunger. What could he do but devote the first fruits of his pen to these companions in distress? The half sovereign sufficed for the more than baby, wailed all day tor cold and hunger. What could he do but devote the first fruits of his pen to these companions in distress? The half sovereign sufficed for the child's funeral, with a little over for the sick mother. And for the rest, he took the baby to his own garret for a night or two, and tended it there as best he could.

The two fresh letters to the paper in due time brought a sovereign; but at the same time a chilling notification to the effect that the editor did not need further contributions, and would let Mr. John know if at any future time he required his services.

quired his services.

It was the abrupt closing of one door of promise. Still Jeffreys, with hope big within him, did not sit and fret.

promise. Still Jeffreys, with hope big within him, did not sit and fret.

Literary work might yet be had, and meanwhile bodily labor must be endured.

Towards the beginning of December, any one taking up one of the London penny papers might have observed, had he been given to the study of such matters, three advertisements. Here they are in their proper order:

Should this meet the eye of John Jeffreys, late private secretary to a gentleman in Cumberland, he is earnestly requested to communicate with his friend and late employer.

Readers of the agony column were getting tired of this advertisement. It had appeared once a week for the last six months, and was getting stale by this time.

The next advertisement was more recent, but still a triffe dull:

still a trifle dull:

Gerrard Forrester (son of the late Captain Forrester, of the — Hussars), who was last heard of at Bolsover School, in October, 18—, where he met with a serious accident, should see this, he is requested to communicate with Messrs. Wilkins and Wilkins, Solicitors, Blank Street, W. C., from whom he will hear something to his advantage. Any person able to give satisfactory information leading to the discovery of the said Gerrard Forrester, or, in the event of his death, producing evidence of his decease, will be liberally rewarded.

The third advertisement in another column.

The third advertisement, in another column, appeared now for the first time:

A young man, well educated, and a careful student of Bibliography, is anxious for literary work. Searches made and extracts copied.—Apply, J., 28A, Storr Alley, W. C.

28A, Storr Alley, W. C.

It would have puzzled any ordinary observer to detect in these three appeals anything to connect them together. Jeffreys, however, glancing down the columns of the borrowed paper for a sight of his own advertisement, started and turned pale as his eye fell first on his own name, then on Forrester's.

for a sight of his own advertisement, started and turned pale as his eye fell first on his own name, then on Forrester's.

It was like a conspiracy to bewilder and baffle him at the moment when hope seemed to be returning. He had convinced himself that his one chance was to break with every tie which bound him to his old life, and to start afresh from the lowest step of all. And here, at the outset, there met him two calls from that old life, both of which it was hard to resist. Mr. Rimbolt he decided to resist at all hazards. He still shuddered as he recalled the stiff rustle of a certain silk dress in Clarges Street, and preferred his present privations a hundredfold. Even the thought of Percy, and the library, and Mr. Rimbolt's goodness, could not efface that one overpowering impression.

The other advertisement perplexed and agitated him more. Who was this unknown person on whose behalf Messrs. Wilkins and Wilkins were seeking information respecting young Forrester? It might be Scarfe, or Mr. Frampton, or possibly some unheard of relative, interested in the disposal of the late gallant officer's effects. He could not assist the search. The little he knew was probably already known to the lawyers, yet it excited him wildly to think that some one besides himself was in search of the lad whose memory had haunted him for so many months, and whom, even in his most despairing moments, he had never quite given up for lost.

True, he had long since ceased to believe that he was really to be found by searching. Everything combined to baffle search, almost to forbid it, and yet he had constantly lived in a vague expectation of finding or hearing of him some day accidentally and unawares. But this

advertisement filled him with self reproach. What right had he had to do anything, to rest a day, till he had found this lost boy—lost by his fault, by his sin? No wonder he had not prospered. No wonder the bad name had haunted him and dragged him down!

One thing was certain, whether what he knew was known to others or not, it was his duty to aid now in this new search. So he wrote as follows to Messrs. Wilkins and Wilkins:

Private and Confidential.

and now in this new search. So he wrote as follows to Messrs. Wilkins and Wilkins:

Private and Confidential.

The writer of this knew Gerrard Forrester at Bolsover School two years ago, and was responsible almost wholly for the accident referred to. The writer left Bolsover in consequence, and has not seen Forrester since. In May of the following year he made inquiries at Grangerham, Forrester's native place, where he ascertained that the boy had been removed there from Bolsover, and had remained for some time with his grandmother, Mrs. Wilcox. Mrs. Wilcox, however, was ordered to the South for her health, and died at Torquay. Forrester, who appears to have been a cripple, and unable to help himself, was then left in charge of his old nurse, who left Grangerham shortly afterwards, it is said, in order to take the boy to a hospital—where, no one could say. This is the last the writer heard. Messrs. W. and W. might dowell to apply to the clergyman and Wesleyan minister at Grangerham, who may have some later news. The writer would be thankful to be of any service in helping to find one whom he has so terribly wronged; and any letter addressed "J., at Jones's Coffee House, Drury Lane," will find him. It should be said that when Forrester was last seen, only faint hopes were held out as to his recovery, even as a cripple.

An anxious time followed. It was hard to work, as usual—harder still to wait. The idea of Forrester being after all found took strange possession of his mind, to the exclusion of all else. The prospect which had seemed to open before him appeared suddenly blocked; he could think of nothing ahead except that one russible meeting.

possible meeting.
So preoccupied was he that his own advertisement for work was forgotten the day after it appeared. He called at Jones's Coffee House two or three times daily, and at last received the following.

the following:

Messrs. Wilkins and Wilkins will be much obliged if the writer of the letter of the 6th inst. will favor them with a call on Wednesday forenoon, as he may be able to assist them materially in the search in which they are engaged. Messrs, W. and W. will treat the interview as confidential.

CHAPTER XXXVI. HIGH DUDGEON.

HINGS had not been going well with Percy Rimbolt since we saw him last, six or eight months ago, just before Jeffreys's expulsion from the house in

In Six or eight months ago, just before Jeffreys's expulsion from the house in Clarges Street.

Mrs. Rimbolt had some reason to modify her self congratulations on that occasion when Percy and Raby, who, it will be remembered, had been out riding at the time, returned home.

Percy returned in high spirits; his new horse had turned out a beauty, and the canter in the park had acted like a tonic.

"Hullo, mother!" he said, as his parent came into the hall to meet him. "We've had a grand time, Raby and I. We saw the Prince of Wales and W. G. Grace and the Queen and everybody, and I gave Raby two hundred yards from the corner and ran her down before we were off Knightsbridge, and nearly got hauled up for furious riding. I say, I mean to make father get a horse for old Jeff, and we'll go out early in the mornings, when the Row's empty, and try handicaps, eh, Raby? Where's Jeff, I say?" and he ran whistling up stairs.

His mother, with some premonitory misgivings, followed him.

"Where are you, Jeff?" she heard him shout.
"I say, mother," he added, as Mrs. Rimbolt approached, "where's Jeff? Is he out?"

"He is," said Mrs. Rimbolt, solemnly. "I want to speak to you, Percy."

"All right. But I say, when will he be in? He said he couldn't leave his work this afternoon. I want him to see Bendigo before he goes round to the stables."

"You had better tell the groom he need not wait, and then please come to my room, Percy," said Mrs. Rimbolt.

Percy shouted down to Walker to send away the horse, and followed his mother into her

Percy shouted down to Walker to send away the horse, and followed his mother into her

"Percy, my dear boy," began the lady, "I am sorry to say I have just had to perform a very unpleasant duty. You can hardly under-

"What about—anything about Jeff?" interrupted the boy, jumping at the truth.
"It is. It has been necessary, for everybody's sake, that he should leave here."
"What!" thundered Percy, turning pale and clutching at the back of his chair; "you've sent Jeff away—kicked him out?"
"Come, Percy, don't be unreasonable. I—"
"When did he go—how long ago?" 'exclaimed the boy half frantic.
"Percy, you really——"
"How long ago?"
"It is more than an hour since——"
Percy waited to hear no more; he dashed down the stairs and shouted to Walker.
"Did you see Jeffreys go? Which way did he go?"
"Ididn't see ——"

"Ho you see Jeffreys go? Which way did he go?"
"I didn't see——"
"Come and help look for him, he's sure to be about. Tell Appleby, do you hear? Raby, I say," he exclaimed, as his cousin appeared in the hall, "Jeff's been kicked out an hour ago! I'm going to find him!" and the poor lad, with

a heart almost bursting, flung open the door and rushed out into the street.

Alas! it was a fool's errand, and he knew it.
Still he could not endure to do nothing. He accosted the policeman at the corner of Clarges
Street

Street.

"I say, have you seen a fellow go by—about an hour ago, pretty big, in a gray suit, from No. 50?"

"No 50? That's Rimbolt's, M.P., ain't it?"

"Yes, my father's. This fellow was the

No. 50?"

"No 50? That's Rimbolt's, M.P., ain't it?"

"Yes, my father's. This fellow was the librarian there."

"Oh!" said the policeman, waking up; "has he took much?"

"No, you cad! But he's been sent away by mistake, and I want to find him. I say, have you seen him?"

"I can't say I have. I've only been on the beat half an hour."

Off dashed Percy, anxiously scanning the passers by, running on all sorts of false scents, losing hope every minute.

After two weary hours he gave it up, and returned home dispirited and furious.

Walker and Appleby had taken much less time to appreciate the uselessness of the search, and had returned an hour ago from a perfunctory walk round one or two neighboring streets.

Our young Achilles, terrible in his wrath, would see no one, not even his mother, not even Raby. Once or twice that evening they, heard the front door slam, and knew he once more was on the lookout.

Mrs. Rimbolt. alarmed at the storm which

the front door slam, and knew he once more was on the lookout.

Mrs. Rimbolt, alarmed at the storm which she had raised, already repented of her haste, and telegraphed to Mr. Rimbolt to come to London.

Raby, bewildered and miserable, shut herself

Raby, bewildered and miserable, shut herself up in her room and was seen by no one. It was a wretched night for everybody, and when next morning Mrs. Rimbolt, sitting down to breakfast, was met with the news that neither Master Percy nor Miss Raby wanted breakfast, she began to feel that the affair was being overdone. "Tell Miss Raby I wish her to come down." In due time Raby appeared, pale but com-

In due time Raby appeared, pale but com-

"I fell Miss Raby I wish her to come down. In due time Raby appeared, pale but composed.

"Raby, what is this nonsense about? It is foolish and unbecoming of you."

"What is foolish, aunt? I have a headache; it is really not my fault."

"Surely that is not sufficient reason for leaving me here by myself, when you know that I am in trouble about Percy."

"Poor Percy," said Raby, with a tremble in her voice, "he is dreadfully unhappy."

"I think, Raby, if, instead of taking his part in all this, you had some consideration for those who have acted for the best, and for your sake as well as for others, it would be more seemly."

"Auntie, I have no idea of not being grateful to you, or taking anybody's part against you. But I am sorry for Percy's unhappiness."

"I fear, Raby, your sympathy is not all given to Percy. But if any of it is given to Mr. Jeffreys, you had better know at once that the

to Percy. But if any of it is given to Mr. Jeffreys, you had better know at once that the reason why he has been dismissed is that he is a criminal, who came here under false pretenses, with the most dreadful of all stains on his character."

Raby looked up at her aunt with something like the ghost of a smile on her lips.

"I don't believe that, auntie," said she. "I could never believe it."

"Then," said her aunt, stiffening up wrathfully, "we need not discuss the matter."

Percy came down presently, haggard and volcanic.

volcanic He plunged at once into the subject.

Mother, I want to know why Jeff was sent

away."

Mrs. Rimbolt replied pretty much in the words in which she had explained the matter to Raby.

Percy undutifully laughed the words to

scorn.
"Who told you that?" he asked.
"I should hardly have sent him away unless I had been satisfied there was no doubt at all in

the matter."
"But who told you? and what was it he

reason."
"I don't believe Jeff's a cad, that's all I can

t don't believe Jen's a cad, that's all I can say. It's either a mistake or some one has been telling lies about him."

"Now, Percy dear, try to be reasonable. Forget all about it. Are you not going for a ride this morning? The fresh air will be good for you."

ride this morning.
for you."

"I don't mean to get on Bendigo's back again till Jeff comes back," said he, miserably.

"Father may sell the beast; I hate him."

It was evidently no good arguing further; and the household settled down to a three cornered sulking match till Mr. Rimbolt arrived.

rived.

He, though he concealed his feelings better, was perhaps the most mortified of all at the misadventure which during his absence had turned Jeffreys adrift beyond recall. He had known his secretary's secret, and had held it sacred even from his wife. And watching Jeffreys's struggle to live down his bad name, he had grown to respect and even admire him, and had grown to respect and even admire him, and to feel a personal interest in the ultimate success of his effort.

Now, a miserable accident, which, had he been at home, he could have been prevented by a

word, had wrecked the work and the hopes of years, and put beyond Mr. Rimbolt's power all further chance of helping it on.

It was easy to guess what a reaction would take place in Jeffreys himself. Mr. Rimbolt knew his man well enough to be sure that the last thing he would do would be to venture again within reach of the family from which he had been so ignominiously expelled. To please Percy, whose mingled wrath and grief it was pitiful to witness, he inserted a weekly advertisement in the papers, which nothing would have surprised him more than to find answered.

Whether Mrs. Rimbolt succeeded in concealing from her husband the source of her information, or whether he guessed it without asking, it matters little. The mischief was done, and with not the slightest prospect of any one being able to undo it.

with not the slightest prospect of any one being able to undo it.

About a week after Mr. Rimbolt's return, when all but Percy were beginning to settle down again into a semblance of their old order of things, Raby knocked at her uncle's door and inquired if he was busy. She looked happier than he had seen her since his return. The reason was easy to guess. The post had brought her a letter from her father.

"I thought you would like to see it," said she. "He has got leave at last, and expects to be home at the end of September. Will you read the letter?" added she, coloring; "there's something else in it I should like you to see."

The letter was chiefly about the prospects of coming home. Towards the close Lieutenant Colonel Atherton (for he had got promotion) wrote:

wrote:
You ask me to tell you about poor Forrester and his family. He had no wife alive, and when he died did not know what had become of his only son. The boy was at school in England—Bolsover School—and met with an accident, caused, it is said, by the spite of a schoolfellow, which nearly killed him, and wholly crippled him. He was raken home to his grandmother's, but after she died he disappeared, and poor Forrester had been unable to hear anything about him. I promised Forrester that when I got home I would do what I could to find the boy and take care of him. You will help, won't you?
Raby watched her uncle as he read the pass-

Raby watched her uncle as he read the pas-

"I asked father to tell me something about the Forresters, uncle, because some one—it was Mr. Scarfe—had told me that he believed Captain Forrester was the father of an old schoolfellow of his at Bolsover, who had a bad ac-

"Is that all he told you?" asked her uncle.
"No," said Raby, flushing; "he told me that Mr. Jeffreys had been the cause of the ac-

"That was so," said Mr. Rimbolt. "Sit down, child, and I'll tell you all about it."

And her uncle told her what he had heard from Mr. Frampton, and what Jeffreys had suffered in consequence; how he had struggled to atone for the past, and what hopes had been his as to the future.

rered in consequence; how he had struggled to atone for the past, and what hopes had been his as to the future.

Raby's face glowed more and more as she listened. It was a different soldier's tale from what she was used to; but still it moved her pity and sympathy strangely.

"It's a sad story, as your father says," concluded Mr. Rimbolt; "but the sadness does not all belong to young Forrester."

Raby's eyes sparkled.

"No, indeed," said she; "it is like shipwreck within sight of the harbor."

"We can only hope there may be some hand to save him even from these depths," said Mr. Rimbolt; "for, from what I know of Jeffreys, he will find it hard now to keep his head above water. Of course, Raby, I have only told you this because you have heard the story from another point of view, which does poor Jeffreys injustice."

"I am so grateful to you," said the girl.

Mr. Rimbolt let her go without saving more

"'I am so grateful to you," said the girl.
Mr. Rimbolt let her go without saying more.
Even the man of books had eyes that could see; and Raby's face during this interview had told a tale of something more than casual sympathy.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

JEFFREYS'S CHAMPION.

HE season dragged on, and nothing occurred to mend matters at Clarges Street.
Percy moped and could settle down to nothing. He spurned his books, he neglected his horse, and gave up the river entirely. It was vain to reason or expostulate with him, and after a couple of months his parents marked with anxiety that the boy was really ill.

Yet nothing would induce him to quit London. Even his father's offer to take him abroad for a few weeks did not tempt him.

"I don't want to go, thanks," said he. "I'd hate to go."

"I don't want to go, thanks, hate to go."

"But," said his father, "you'd be better for it; and I should enjoy the run too."

"Don't you and mother stay. I'll be all right here. Raby and I can keep house, you know."

"But Raby would come too. In fact, I think we should go to Venice and meet her father there."

we should go to Venice and meet her father there."

"All right; I shall be all right here, really, father. Please, I don't want to go."

"Percy, my boy," said his father, kindly, "what is wrong with you?"

"Oh, you know what's wrong," said the boy, miserably. "You don't know how I cared for Jeff, or how good he was to me. I don't care for anything now he's gone."

"But is it right for you to make yourself ill, and give your mother and me such anxiety about you, because of what cannot now be helped?"

"Oh, I don't want to worry you or mother; but—we may find him after all. Suppose he came back and found us all gone? I'll be all right here, really I will. You may trust me, father; only I don't want to go away."

There was no moving him. He yielded himself in other things more than usual to his parents' wishes. He dragged himself out for occasional exercise and made pretense of enjoying it to please them. But when it came to quitting London, he was as stubborn as a rock. They had to go without him at last.

Raby herself made the final appeal the day

herself made the final appeal the day before they started.

Percy, dear, won't you come for my sake?"

"If I came for anybody I would for you," replied he, "but I can't."
"But I had so looked forward to your seeing

"But I nad so rooted."

father."

"I'll see him as soon as he gets to town."

"It will spoil my pleasure so much," said she.
"I shall be miserable thinking of you."

"You're an awful brick, Raby; but don't bother about me. You'd all be ever so much more miserable if I came, and so should I."

"But what good can it do?" pleaded his cousin

"But what good can it do?" pleaded his cousin.

"I don't know—he might turn up. I might find him after all. If it hadn't been for your father coming, Raby—I'd have begged you to stay too. He'd be more likely to come if he knew you were here."

Raby flushed. Between Percy and his cousin there was no hypocrisy.

"Oh, Percy," she said, "do you want to make me fifty times more miserable?" And she gave up further attempt to move him.

The travelers were away a month, during which time Percy kept his lonely vigil at Clarges Street.

As the reader knows, it was useless.

As the reader knows, it was useless. Jeffreys was never near the place, and the lad, watching day after day, began slowly to lose hope.

But that month's experience was not wholly wasted. Memories of bygone talks with his friend, of good advice given, and quiet example unheeded at the time, crowded in on Percy's memory now; adding to his sense of loss, certainly, but reminding him that there was something else to be done than mope and fret.

What would Jeffreys have had him do? he often asked himself; and the answer was plain and direct—work. That had always been Jeffreys's cure for everything.

He got out his old books and his tools, and doggedly took up the work where he had left it. It was uphill, cheerless labor, but he was better for it, and the memory of his lost friend became none the less dear for the relief it brought him.

Only one incident marked his solitary month at Clarges Street—that was a visit from Scarfe about a fortnight after the travelers had gone. Percy had a very shrewd guess, although he had were beard it was

Percy had a very shrewd guess, although he had never heard it in so many words, who it was that was responsible for Jeffreys's disgrace and dismissal; and, that being so, it is not to be wondered at that his welcome of the visitor was

"Look here," said he, as Scarfe entered, and making no movement to return his greeting, "is it true you were the fellow who told mother about Jeff and had him sent away from here?"

about Jeff and had him sent away from here?"

"My dear Percy—"

"I'm not your dear Percy! Did you tell mother that story about Jeffreys?"

"Why, Percy, you don't mean to say—"

"Shut up! You can say yes or no, can't you?"

"I did my duty, and it's a mercy you're all rid of him!" said Scarfe, losing temper at being thus browbeaten by a boy of Percy's age.

"Very well, you can go! You're a cad, and you're not wanted here!" said Percy.

"You young prig!" began the visitor, but Percy stopped him.

"Look here," said he, "if you want to fight, say so, and come on! If you don't, go! You're a cad!"

Scarfe was staggered by this outburst; he never suspected the boy had it in him. He tried to turn the matter off with a laugh.

"Come, don't be a muff, Percy! You and I are old friends—"

"We're not! we're enemies!"

are old friends-

"We're not; we're enemies!"
"You mean to say," said Scarfe, with a snarl,
you're going to throw me up for the sake of

"Don't say a word about Jeff!" said Percy, white hot, and springing to his feet; "if you do I'll have you pitched neck and crop into the street! Hook it! No one asked you here, and you're not wanted!"

you're not wanted!"

It was evidently useless to stay. Scarfe had no intention of coming to blows. He had called, supposing the family was at home, in the hope of seeing Raby. Hearing only Percy was in town, he had asked to see him, and counted, now that Jeffreys was out of the way, on making an ally of the boy. This was the result.

'I came to see your mother," said he. "I can't congratulate you, Percy, on your hospitality, but I hope you'll be better next time I come."

Come."
Percy went out after him, and cailed down the staircase to Walker, "Walker, give Mr. Scarfe some grub before he goes."
The taunt about hospitality had stung him, and this was how he relieved his conscience on

that point.

that point.

The evening before the travelers were expected home Walker announced that a gentleman had called inquiring for Mr. Rimbolt, but hearing he was from home desired to speak with

(To be continued.)

A Familiar Chat About Dogs.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

A Familiar Chat About Dogs.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THAVE met a few—a very few—men in my day who perhaps on general principles affected to dislike dogs. But I have yet to know a genuine boy who in some way or other is not a dog lover. Presuming that the Argosy numbers among its readers a vast majority of genuine boys, it is principally to them I wish to speak concerning the canines whose portraits are here reproduced by the artist.

It goes without saying that almost any breed of dog that is affectionate, good natured and of ordinary intelligence, is a desirable appendage to the household containing the average boy. But there are a few of the choicer breeds that are still more desirable, and among them are those of which I purpose briefly to speak.

Number one in the left hand corner, is a "Dandie Dinmont"—a dog not as common in America as with our English cousins. The breed is said to be a cross between the Scotch terrier and the otter hound. This rather rare breed is what the sporting fraternity mention as a "fancy dog"—bringing a decidedly fancy price, I may add. One variety is reddish brown in color, while the other, considered, as I am told, as rather the more desirable, is bluish gray, with tan leg markings, and soft, silky forehead hair. These two varieties are severally known as the "mustard" and the "pepper." Whether by reason of their smartness or because variety is called the spice of life, I have not been able to discover.

The Dandie Dinmont, as might be expected from his terrier blood, is an enthusiastic rat catcher. In England he is noted for a remarkable tenacity when on the trail of the fox or rabbit. Speaking for myself, I have not as much sympathy for the chicken devouring fox, as for the vegetable gnawing rabbit. And to my uneducated manner of thinking, either form of so called "sport" hàs a certain element of cruelty in it, more particularly the latter. Any one of average sensibility who has ever heard the pitiful cry of a hare wounded or worried by dogs, will—or ought to—bear me out in thi

ever heard the pitiful cry of a hare wounded or worried by dogs, will—or ought to—bear me out in this.

The Dandie Dinmont's height is slightly disproportioned to his length. Happily not so much so as that of a distant relative—the Dachshund, of which I had meant to speak briefly. For the latter is the longest drawn out specimen of can in ity extant. His portrait would have appeared in the group, only that being of a retiring nature the victim selected by the artist for portraiture retreated into a section of four inch water pipe before he could be sketched.

Numbers 2 and 3 are both Scotch terriers of a different type. No. 2, with a stiff upright tail, suggestive of lifting its owner as by a handle, is what is known as the "hard haired" variety. Perhaps he is a type of the "original and only" Scotch terriers which in the earlier days were deadly foes to the fox, otter, badger and wild cat, so hated and dreaded by the game keepers of both Scottish and English preserves. But No. 3 is the Scotch terrier most familiar to the general public. He is a resultant from a cross of No. 1 with the longer haired and longer bodied Skye terrier—at least so it is claimed.

And if I were a boy again, I would prefer one of this latter bred to any dog alive. He is affectionate, intelligent beyond the average, tough, and not easily whistled away from his master, which latter trait of itself is most desirable. And though not a fighting dog, the Scotch terrier is anything but a coward. But I hope the average boy for whom I am writing doesn't want a fighting dog. I honestly think that such a possession engenders a corresponding degree of brutality in its owner. And the four legged brute is not supposed to know the rights and wrongs of such things, while the two legged one does.

Number 4—the greyhound—is more essentially a dog of aristocratic breeding and surroundings. There is a sort of "snaky" semblance in his make up which I could never quite fancy. And speaking of him as he is most generally seen—a sort of drawing room pet—the gr

specimens, of which the illustration is given, have a sort of slouchy and furtive appearance in public. And yet they are affectionate in their nature, by no means devoid of intelligence, and are descended from a race of dogs which date back to the second century, and in the earlier stages of civilization were used in hunting the wild boar and even the wolf.

Number 5, the bloodhound, is a dog of little practical present day utility—excepting in connection with the somewhat recurrent drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and not infrequently he is represented even in this connection by a smooth coated English mastiff, whose inferior

takes the place of the "collie," of whose wonderful intelligence in this particular field so many stories are told. While strongly attached to his master, the collie is particularly sly and reserved toward strangers. In this respect as a watch dog he is apt to be a trifle over zealous. Of later years they have been crossed with the Gordon setter, and those more common in America are the resultant breed.

Number 7 is the toy terrier. To speak plainly, the T. T. is a pet of somewhat abnormal development. Its origin may be traced to the desire for something new in the way of a house pet. The ordinary black and tan terrier

better adapted for house than out of door life.

better adapted for house than out of door life.

Number 9—the pointer. As far as is known, this valuable breed of dog has come to us from a crossing of a Spanish with the English foxhound of nearly a century ago. His specialty—if I may so express it—is in scenting and fixing the near location of winged game by assuming an attitude which literally points in the direction from which the single bird or covey may be "flushed." To this end a certain amount of training under a practical sportsman, accompanied by a dog of the same species, is of course a prerequisite. The peculiar instinct to this end is noticeable in pointer pups of pure blood, which have been seen to "point" at chickens, pigeons, and even sparrows at three or four months of age, according to Vero Shaw, who is universally regarded as one of the best authorities on the subject.

Numbers 10 and 13 give cuts respectively of the ordinary and the black Newfoundland dog. As is well known, the specialty of this most admirable breed of dog is his love for—and prowess in—the water. Yet his size, his docility and intelligence, together with his power of attachment, not only to the thievish tramp, but in a very different sense to the household of which he is a part, makes the Newfoundland a most valuable acquisition simply as a watch dog. It is claimed that the pure blooded Newfoundland should be jet black, while those varying in color are apt to be the result of a cross between the pure blood and the St. Bernard. Yet the latter so called "cross" can have nothing objectionable in its composition—nor indeed is it so regarded among dog fanciers.

Number 11, the wolf hound, is another dog not familiar to Amer-

dog fanciers.

Number 11, the wolf hound, is another dog not familiar to American another dog not familiar to American eyes, excepting as occasionally seen in the dog shows, or kept by the owners of large and expensive kennels. They are in general a large, heavily built dog, standing not seldom thirty inches high, having a wiry brindle brown coat and massive head. But the breed is not kept up to any extent at the present day so far as is generally known on either side of the water.

known on either side of the water.

Number 12—the Irish setter—is a universal favorite, not only with sportsmen, but in most households where the presence of a dog is encouraged. As bred in America, a deep red without any intermingling of white seems to be the favored coloring. For powers of endurance and swiftness in the field, the Irish setter seems to bear off the palm, in addition to the fact that their natural instinct makes them more amenable to field training than other breeds of setters. Some sportsmen prefer a

makes them more amenable to field training than other breeds of setters. Some sportsmen prefer a cross of the Irish setter with the Gordon setter; but this is to some extent a matter of fancy.

And lastly, we have in No. 14 a facial illustration of the deerhound, whose descent is traced from the Irish wolf hound quite readily by experts in such matters. In the olden time, as may be surmised by the name, the deerhound was bred and used especially for coursing the red deer. To run down and pull down a full grown stag, required a dog of unusual swiftness and strength, and this was the characteristic of the deerhound of those days. In color, then as now, they varied from almost black down through the different darker shades to a cream and almost pure white. No doubt many of my readers have heard of the famous deerhounds which were the favorites of Sir Walter Scott. and some

readers have heard of the famous deerhounds which were the favorites of Sir Walter Scott, and some of whose direct descendants are now owned in this country.

In later years the deerhound has been somewhat extensively bred, and, crossing with other varieties, has produced a dog of powerful build, symmetrical shape, considerable beauty, acknowledged gentleness and indomitable courage. And thus endeth my brief dog discourse.



"Anything fresh or new this morning?" asked a reporter, while waiting at a railway station. "Yes," said a porter, standing near; "yes, sir, quite." "Here's a shilling for you then, my man," rejoined the reporter, eagerly, "what is it?" "That paint you're a leaning against, guv'nor."

WORTH TRYING.

A LADY was once lamenting the ill luck which attended her affairs, when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her "look upon the bright side."
"Oh," she cried, "there seems to be no bright side!"
"Then polish up the dark side," was the reply.



A GROUP OF CANINE PORTRAITS.

breed is atoned for by his extraordinary size. Any person who has looked in what I may safely call the frowning face of a genuine bloodhound valued at a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars, and felt the peculiar coid chill consequent upon having him smell suspiciously at the calves of one's legs, is very apt to recognize the distinction. That the real bloodhound has been—and is occasionally at the present day—used in the pursuit of colored criminals in Cuba, as also of colored and white convicts in Georgia, is too well known to need further comment.

Number 6 is what I may call a "domesticated" sheep dog or "collie," because originally he was of a very different nature from the present day type. Indeed, Buffon, the great naturalist, with considerable show of reason, traces from him the origin of every variety of the canine race. But in frequent crossings of breed, he has to some extent lost his identity. Yet as a sheep dog, pure and simple, nothing

—smooth haired, sharp voiced, nervous and keen eyed, weighing from eight to fourteen pounds, became a trifle burdensome as a pet. So the London dog fanciers began a series of experiments resulting in the production of a dwarfed specimen of the black and ton. Some of these are a cross of the ordinary breed with the smaller Italian greyhound. Others are said to be artificially dwarfed by a certain diet in which gin and sugar is not unknown. But as a rule, the toy terrier is hardly desirable, excepting as a curiosity.

Number 8—the Yorkshire terrier, is essentially a lady's dog, though in general he is apt to be confounded with the hardier and more commonplace Scotch terrier. But one of the true tests between the two is the difference of length and texture of the hair. That of the Yorkshire terrier is longer and silkier, and not infrequently has the shade of silvery blue peculiar to the Skye. Like its Scotch cousin, the Yorkshire is intelligent and affectionate, though

TRUE RICHES ..

I am rich, if I possess
Such a fund of happiness,
And can find where er I stray
Humble blessings on the way,
And deserve them ere they're given
By my gratitude to heaven.

This story commenced in No. 275.

Three Thirty Three;

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XX.

TENBROOK FALLS.

RE you sure there's nobody about the station, Al?" said Arthur, turning up his cape over his ears to keep the snow from sifting down his neck.
"Perhaps the agent lives here, and has gone to

"Perhaps the agent lives here, and has gone to bed."

"I don't see room for much besides a ticket office," returned Allan. "Besides, if we did find him, what good would it do us?"

"Why, we could get him to keep us over night, of course. As far as I can see, as soon as we stir a step off this platform we plunge right into chaos. I don't catch a glimmer of light a n y w h e re around, do you?"

"No; but the re must be a town somewhere near, or there

where near, or there wouldn't be a sta-

wnere near, or there wouldn't be a station."

"Even if we find the town, though, the brakeman said there wasn't any hotel there open. And how we are to track our Beaver without a hotel register as a starting point, floors me. Grounds me, I suppose I should say, as I don't see much prospect of our having anything else under our feet for some time to come. I'm as hungry as a menagerie elephant, so I move we hold a council of 'what next?'"

"We certainly can't stay where we

"We certainly can't stay where we are," rejoined Allan, picking up the satchel and dusting the snow from it with his gloves. "Let's his gloves. "Let's make a strike for the road, and follow it till we come to a house of some kind where

till we come to a house of some kind where we can get I od gi ng for the night."

"Come on, then," cried Arthur. "Let me give you a hand on that bag; that'll keep us together at any rate. But which way shall we start? There's that sa me weird, white winding sheet on all sides of us. How are we going to tell the road from a hole in the ground I'd like to know?"

"That is a puzzle, isn't it? Let me see if I can't tell by the feel of things;" and Allan sprang down from the platform on to the snow.

"Well, do you get bottom?" asked Arthur, turning his back to the wind, and speaking out of the corner of his mouth.

"Of snow, yes," was the reply. "There must have been a lot on the ground when this storm began, so it all feels alike. Here, give me a hand, Art. We'll have to try another plan."

"Come down to the lee side of the station"

"Come down to the lee side of the station till we decide on it, then. I feel as if I had been put up as a target for the enemy to practice on small shot with. Br—rh, and I'm cold, aren't you, old fellow?"

"I've been warmer; but as soon as we get started on a course we can exercise the blood back into action again. But look yonder, Art. Don't you sort of see an opening between those trees? That must mean that there's a road there, don't you think so?"

"Shouldn't be surprised. Seems kind of queer, though, to have to find a road by looking up instead of down. I move we make a try for it, any way."

ing up instead of down. I move we make a try for it, any way."

Taking the satchel between them, the two plunged boldly forth into the very teeth of the storm. The snowflakes danced and capered about them like so many million elves, bent on mischief, clogging their eyes, fringing their mouths with old men's beards, and piling themseives up in a solid mass on coats and hats.

Allan's suggestion that they warm themselves

up by running was found to be quite impracti-cable, owing to the depth of the snow; and very soon another, and still more serious im-pediment, put a check on anything like rapid

very soon another, and still more serious impediment, put a check on anything like rapid progress.

They were moving along as fast as they could when Arthur suddenly plunged forward and went head first into the snow, almost dragging Allan after him by means of the satchel of which they both had hold.

"I tripped—over a—stump," he sputtered, half laughing, as his chum bent down to help him up. "We must be out of the road."

"I'm afraid we are," returned Allan, as, in stepping back, he struck his heel against something solid. "Now, then, shall we try it again?"

"No, thank you, not on this tack," returned Arthur, making a stool out of the stump that had overthrown him, and pulling his chum down to a seat beside him. "There's no good in going it blind in this way. Let's sit quietly and think what fellows in a story would do in our fix."

"But you mustn't keep still in a storm like this, Art. Don't you know it's the worst thing you can do? First thing you drop off to sleep, and that's the end of you."

"Yes, I know that's what it always says in books. But I'm afraid I've not got the stuff heroes are made of in me. I feel a great deal more like eating a commonplace beefsteak than dozing off into dreams about emerald fields and purling brooks the way the chaps do in print. Say, Al, wasn't that coffee good we had at Alpurling brooks the way the chaps do in print, Say, Al, wasn't that coffee good we had at Al-

"Yes, and we'll each have a cup if we struggle on a little further. Let's go back on our

"Let me take a turn at the bag now," said Arthur. So the exchange was made.
"Be careful, Art," cautioned Allan. "Don't rush on so fast. There may be something ahead worse than stumps." rush on so fast. There may be something ahead worse than stumps."

The noise of the waterfall was now close at

hand.
"We'll soon know where we stand, Al,

and—"

Arthur had got so far in his encouraging report when, without a particle of warning, his feet slipped from under him and he disappeared from Allan's view.

The latter stopped short, in dumb amazement, and it was well for him he did so.

"Art, oh Arthur!" he called. "Where are

you?"

There was no answer; only the splash, splash of the water, that now seemed just beneath him, and the sifting of the falling snow among the barren boughs overhead.

For an instant Allan's heart almost stood still. He had slightly advanced one foot and discovered that he was on the brink of a precipice. Over this his chum had undoubtedly fallen.

"Allan about"

"Allan, ahoy!"
No sound had ever been more welcome to our No sound had ever been more welcome to our hero's ears. Dead men—or boys—can't call out, nor would a badly injured individual be apt to put his cry into just that shape.

"Hello, Arthur! Where are you?"

"Here, at the bottom of this toboggan slide. Don't move an inch, Al, or you'll be on top of me."

"" But where are you, and did you hurt your-self, and can't I help you?" called down Allan, talking down into space, for he could see noth-

216

wild course braked up a little, I guess there wouldn't have been any Arthur talking back to

you now."
"How far down are you? Have you any

"How far down are you? Have you any idea?"
"Anywhere from ten to twenty feet. No, my dear fellow, your suspenders couldn't possibly reach me. I don't see but I'll have to stay here till the ice melts. No, I won't though. I've got an idea."

CHAPTER XXI.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

FTER Arthur's announcement that he had an idea, there was a strange silence down the ravine.

Allan waited impatiently at the top for an answer to his repeated queries of "What is it? What are you doing?" and the like.

Finally a sharp exclamation of annoyance came floating up through the snow.

"Pshaw! I've broken it short off, and now I am done for!"

"What have you broken, Art, and what in the name of wonder are you trying to do?"

"I'm trying to cut notches in the slide for my hands and feet, and now I've broken my knife. Got my fingers about frozen into the bargain. I didn't want to let you know what I was doing till I found out whether it would work or not."

"Look here, Art," responded Allan firmly, "you've got to be brought up out of that and in

"Look here, Art," responded Allan firmly,
"you've got to be brought up out of that and in
short order, too. Have you gained anything by
your notching business? Your voice sounds as
if you were a little nearer. Here, stretch out
your hand as far as
you can and see if I
can't reach you with
mine."

Allan dropped on

ant reach you with mine."

Allan dropped on his knees in the snow and carefully felt his way to the brink of the declivity. Then, stretching himself out on his chest, he worked himself as far out as he dared, and put out his right arm, "fishing," as it were.

"Here I am, right here," he called out, sweeping his hand gently back and forth through space in the hope that it might strike that of his chum.

strike that of his chum.

"Hello, are those your digits, Ai?" called out Arthur the next instant. "Seems as if I hadn't touched them before in weeks. Afraid I can't do any more than just that more than just that now."

now."

It was certainly tantalizing. The two boys were able to touch finger tips and that was all.

"Can't you move up just a peg higher, Art?" said Allan.

"I'm hanging so far out now that another inch would over bal-

purpose.
"I can't find anything but a bush," he called out presently. "Hold on a minute, Art, I'll try to pull that up and see what we can do with it."

with it."

But as the ground was frozen solid, there was no such thing as getting it out by the roots, and at length, after repeated trials, Allan was fain to take off his gloves, whip out his knife and start at cutting away as much of it as he could. By this means he succeeded in securing a good handful, of from two to three feet in length. Twisting the strips together as tightly as he could, he returned to the edge of the ravine, and lying down on the snow again, called out to his chum:

chum:

"Here, Art, see if you can lay hold of this."

"Oh yes, I can lay hold of it fast enough, but you don't expect I'm going to trust my neck to twigs like that, do you?"

"No, but if you get a good grip on it I can work along the edge here towards the top of the slide and try to pull you up that way. Then, don't you see, if it breaks you'll only slip back again, not fall."

"But what about the satchel?"

again, not fail."
"But what about the satchel?"



tracks till we come to where we got out of the

tracks till we come to where we got out of the road."

"Yes, let's go back to Brooklyn and start over again. That would be about as easy. If we didn't know when we left the road, how are we going to tell when we get back to it again?"

"Hark!" exclaimed Allan, pressing his chum's arm close against his own. "Didn't you hear something then?"

Both boys listened an instant.

"It sounds like falling water," said Arthur.

"Exactly. It must be Tenbrook Falls themselves; so we're all right. All we've got to do is to follow the course of the brook, or whatever it is, till we come to a mill or some other such building. Come on, old fellow; we'll be out of the woods pretty soon now."

"Out of the woods! I'd rather be in a perfect forest than in a grove of these treacherous stumps," grumbled Arthur, as he rose to his feet. "I don't care to have my face washed in a snowbank more than half a dozen times in the same evening."

Slowly and carefully the boys took up the march again, following the sound of the falling water. Allan insisted on carrying the satchel himself, laughingly declaring that he didn't mean to share in Arthur's next tumble.

Three or four times each struck his toe against a stump, but as they were now prepared for these obstacles, no disasters resulted therefrom, and presently they came to a region where whole trees were so thick that it seemed impossible that there could be any stubs of others between them,

ing but the snow clad slides of the ravine, with a dark streak running between them that he knew must be the brook.

"Well, I guess I'm at the half way stopping place, wherever that is," was the answer from below.

"But how did you get there without killing yourself?"
"Slid."
"What on?"

"Slid."
"What on?"
"The satchel most of the way. I expect that tooth wash of yours has made pink bars across our shirts by this time."
"And aren't you hurt at all?"
"My left shoulder's a little tender where it grazed a bit of rock that tried to detain me on the way down. That's all there is the matter with me except that I can't get up."
"Can't get up! What do you mean?"
"Can't get back there so as to take another slide if I wanted to. I've been trying my best to crawl up ever since I began talking to you and it's no go."
"What's the matter? Have you hurt yourself and don't want to tell me? I'll come——"
"Great Hercules, don't attempt it, Al! I don't want you to drop on me. Besides, that will only make two to be got out of the trap instead of one. Nothing's the matter with me. It's all the fault of the slide. It's just like glass. For every half step I take forward I take two whole ones back."
"But can't you go further down?"
"No, there's a rock right across the path. If I hadn't grazed on that other one and had my

"Oh, bother that! We're thinking about our precious self just now. Come, take hold."

"Oh, bother that! We're thinking about your precious self just now. Come, take hold."
"It's a go then. Lower away."
After a second or two of fishing blindly about in the whirling flakes for the "twigs of safety," as Arthur dubbed the bush, he succeeded in grasping a handful of them.
"This would have formed a great act for a Hercules exhibition, wouldn't it, Al?" called out the irrepressible Arthur, as, with a "heave ho," his chum began to draw him up the slippery incline. incline.

incline.
The young champion's well trained muscles now did yeoman's service, and within five minutes Seymour was at the top of the slide.
"But what's that you've got behind you?" gasped Allan, bending over him to relieve him of some of the snow with which he was plentifully received.

of some of the snow with which he was plentifully covered.

"That! Why, that's the bag. Thought I'd see if I couldn't fetch it along somehow, so I just hooked my toe through the handle and gave you a pound or two more to elevate. You're a trump, old man. And now, what next?"

"Why, do you know you've had a terribly close call of it, my dear fellow?" returned Allan. "When I leaned over to give you that final lift, that slide didn't seem to be more than two feet wide. What do you suppose is below it?"

two feet wide. What do you suppose is below it?"

"The falls, I should say, by the sound. I didn't see the sign of a light though, when I was down there roosting on that ledge. This is Tenbrook Falls plain enough, but Tenbrook Falls Town doesn't seem inclined to turn up. Maybe there isn't any such place."

"Nonsense, there must be. The railroad company wouldn't sell tickets to a collection of stumps and a roaring brook. It doesn't seem to be snowing quite as hard as it was, so come on. It must be nearly nine o'clock."

"But where shall we 'come on' to?" Arthur wanted to know. "We thought we should be all right when we got to the water, but I don't see as it has helped us much. And I'm sure it won't pay to get back among the stumps."

"I'll tell you how we'll settle it," returned Allan, after an instant's reflection. "Let's turn our backs on the wind and walk till we come to a house. That's the only way I can think of to decide it."

"Come on. I guess I'll let you carry the bag this watch. Just sing out when you're tired."

I guess I'll let you carry the bag

"Come on. I guess I'll let you carry the bag this watch. Just sing out when you're tired." Their course took them along a route parallel with the course of the falls; but they were care-ful to keep well back from the edge of the

"Wonder how close we are to Beaver all this time," remarked Arthur, after a minute or two.
"I'm sort of cut up about that business since I found out there was no hotel open this time of year."
"Why?"

"Because we don't know where to begin to "Bēcause we don't know where to begin to hunt för him now. Somebody about the hotel would be certain to know something about such a conspicuous individual having been in such a small town as this. Then if he'd left before we got here, we might have found out where he'd gone. But I don't want you to think I'm losing heart, Al. We'll get him yet, see if we don't."

"I hope so, after coming all this way after him and your sacrificing all that you do to do it."

Stow that,'Al, as a story book sailor would Do you suppose I'm not enjoying this say.

At this instant Arthur ran into an unseen branch and got a twig wound on the eye that rather weakened the force of his assertion.

Indeed, the injured member gave him such pain for a few minutes that he was obliged to lean up against a tree for a while till Allan made a bandage for it with his handkerchief.

"It doesn't seem fair," observed the latter, "that you should be the one to get all the hard knocks of our adventure. There, does that feel any better?"

knocks of our adventure. There, does that feel any better?"

"Yes, thanks. But listen. I hear something that is surely not the waterfall, though it's music all the same. "It's the 'Beautiful Blue Danube' waltz on the piano, as sure as guns! Don't you hear it, Al?"

"Yes, but where in the mischief can it be? Do you see any light, Art?"

"Well, being for the present blind of one eye and not yet quite used to looking sharp in a lop sided fashion, I think I'll leave you to do the spying out, old man. But hark! they've stopped the waltz and struck off into a lancers. Come along, let's tumble after the sound as quick as we can."

Encouraged by this evidence that they were not quite without the pale of civilization, the boys started on again at a quicker pace than they had yet struck. Indeed, so eager were they to solve the mystery of the music that they went on rather recklessly, the result of which was that in a few moments Allan was "brought up standing," as the saying is. In other words, he had run into some solid obstruction.

"What's struck you, Al?" inquired his chum.

"What's struck you, Al?" inquired his chum.

"A barn, and a hard one too, from the feel of it," was the reply. "But I'm easier in my mind now that I've come in for my share of the hard knocks."

"A barn! Oh, blessed harbinger of steak and coffee, let me feel thee!" exclaimed Arthur, the unquenchable, in mock estasy, adding the next minute: "There goes the piano again. Forward all and bow, second figure. We'll forward both and never stop till we get there."

Feeling their way carefully along the obstruction that seemed to have arisen so suddenly in

their path, the boys presently came out on an open space and into the midst of quite a glare of light that poured from the windows of a good

light that poured from the windows of a good sized cottage on their right.

"That barn has kept us from seeing it all this time," grumbled Arthur. "But what's going on? A party?"

"It looks like it. Do you think we'd better investigate?"

"What? Go away and leave all chance of being in at the chicken salad, scalloped oysters, ice cream, cake and coffee! No, sir-ee. A bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, especially during a snow storm, and it isn't likely we'll catch anybody else awake in this town at this hour of the night. Come, you lead the way, Al. I'll back you up."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE GIRL THAT SCREAMED.

HE boys approached the house. All was quiet around it, which fact surprised them not a little.

Where were the carriages that had brought the guests? The barn appeared to be tightly closed, and there were no tracks in the

snow.

"It seems sort of like an enchanted palace, doesn't it, Al?" observed Arthur. "As if all the guests had flown in there on fairy wings. There they go in a ladies' chain. But look, Al. They seem to be all ladies. See the handkerchiefs on the arms of the ones playing gentlemen, and they're mighty young ladies, too."

The shades of the windows were all up, so that an unobstructed view of the brilliantly lighted interior could be obtained.

The boys had now reached the piazza and paused there for an incomplete the piazza and paused there for an incomplete the piazza.

The boys had now reached the piazza, and paused there for an instant to observe the "lay

paused there for an instant to observe the "lay of the land."

"Two, four, six, eight, ten, eleven girls, Great Scott, Al, dare we face such a battery?"

"There's a small boy of about ten over there, dancing with that girl in brown," rejoined Allan, "if that's any comfort to you. Somehow, though, I hate to go in, with all that festivity going on. But I don't see the sign of a light anywhere else around, do you?"

Before Arthur could reply a piercing scream sounded from the parlor, and a young lady in a gray gown pointed to the very window through which our friends had been peering.

"They must have seen us!" exclaimed Allan, quickly pulling his chum aside. "We ought to have known better than to peek in through the window like a couple of tramps. I don't wonder they were scared."

"But you don't mean to say you're going to face the storm again for a little thing like that!" exclaimed Arthur. "All we've got to do is to show ourselves and explain matters. Come on. Where's the door?"

Discovering the latter the next instant, Arthur rapped on it smartly.

A perfect chorus of feminine shrieks greeted

Discovering the latter the next instant, Arthur rapped on it smartly.

A perfect chorus of feminine shrieks greeted this fresh manifestation of the presence of "midnight prowlers."

"You've done it now, Art," whispered Allan in his ear. "Just hear that. I feel like cutting it, don't you?"

"No; I feel a good deal more like some cold salad and hot coffee. We've got money in our purse to pay for it, and any way, I should think such a one sided party would be glad of the chance to add a couple of black coats to their number. Guess I'll knock again."

Once more the rat-tat-tat sounded on the

Once more the rat-tat-tat sounded on the door, and forthwith another outburst of shrieks arose from within.

"What sort of folks can these Tenbrook Fallers be, any way?" muttered Seymour. "To be frightened into fits by two callers!"

"I hear somebody coming now, Art," said Allan. "You've got to be spokesman."

"Correct. I'm ready for 'em."

A key was turned in the lock, and then the door was opened to the width of two or three inches, while the chain that prevented its further swinging back was rattled ostentatiously.

"Who's there?" piped up the solitary small boy, inserting his face in the crack, while a young lady behind him was heard to whisper: "Stand on your toes, Reggie!"

Referre Arthur could answer another your

young lady behind him was heard to whisper: "Stand on your toes, Reggie!"
Before Arthur could answer, another young lady, whose curiosity for the moment got the better of her timidity, pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the callers.
"O—oh, shut the door, Reggie, quick!" she shrieked. "An awful looking man with his head tied up. He must have been in one fight already."

The door was instantly slammed to, while Arthur pulled the handkerchief bandage from

Arthur puned the had quite forgotten—and be-rated himself for his stupidity.

"You've done for us now, Art, I guess," said his chum; and Arthur was about to give in that he had, when there was another rattling of the chain, and the door was once more opened.

cnain, and the door was once more opened. This time a bright eyed miss of sixteen, with a dimple in her chin, and some lines about the mouth that meant a taste for merriment, filled up the aperture. She discovered Arthur in the act of folding up the offending handkerchief, and evidently saw nothing to terrify in the aspect of the rather dazzled youth who stood before her.

pect of the ratner uazzee your before her.
"What did you wish?" she asked, while a subdued "A—ah!" of awe at her pluck went around the circle of maidens who were looking over one another's shoulders in the background.

Arthur quickly recovered himself, and, taking off his hat, with an ingratiating smile, answered in his pleasant voice:

"My friend here and myself have lost our way in the storm, and this was the only house we could find."
"Where did your arms."

we could find."
"Where did you come from?"
"New York. We arrived on the train this evening, and have been wandering about ever since. We didn't know till we got here that there was no hotel open this time of year. I've been almost into the Falls once, ran the branch of the property of

of a tree into my eye, and my friend's got a bump on his brow by colliding with your barn."
"Come in, won't you, out of the snow," said the bright eyed young lady, after returing for an instant to consult with a quiet looking girl in

fawn color.
"Thank you; we're hardly fit, I'm afraid,

"Thank you; we're hardly fit, I'm afraid, but—come on, Allan."

As the latter followed his chum into the house, he rapidly whispered in his ear: "Remember, Art, my name is Ford now."

As ill luck would have it, the young lady who had screamed out at first sight of Arthur, overheard the words, low spoken as they were, and her suspicions were awakened afresh.

"As soon as I get a chance I must tell Mab and Floy," she said to herself. "What can they be thinking of to let such fellows into the

"As soon as I get a chance I must tell Mab and Floy," she said to herself. "What can they be thinking of to let such fellows into the house, and we all alone this way?"

Meantime Arthur was introducing himself and Allan in his easy, taking way, and they were invited into the parlor, while Mabel Ericsson—the quiet girl in fawn color—undertook to help them out of their dilemma.

"Nobody ever comes up here in winter, you know," she began, when her bright eyed cousin Floy had laid the case before her.

Arthur's stare of incredulity, as his eyes wandered around the circle of bright faces, caused her to amend her declaration by a quick addition of "Oh, this is a special occasion. Papa and mamma had me invite all my cousins up here, so I shouldn't be lonely while they are away."

"Seh!" This from the young lady who had

here, so I shouldn't be lonely white they are away."

"Ssh!" This from the young lady who had overheard Allan's whisper, and who was now vainly trying to gain Mabel's attention without attracting too much to herself.

Everybody looked around, whereupon the suspicious guest, overcome with confusion, beckoned one of her companions after her, and and from the room.

fled from the room.

The rest exchanged glances of astonishment, while Allan and his chum began to feel rather uncomfortable.

uncomfortable.

But Miss Floy came to the general rescue with one of ner cheery speeches.

"This is a birthday party, and we were so absorbed in having a good time that we were quite startled when we saw a face looking in at the window. You know this house is quite a distance from the nearest neighbor's, and all the men about the place have gone off to a dance of their own. And somebody screamed. I didn't."

At this they all laughed, and, three or force of

At this they all laughed, and three or four of the young ladies announced that they hadn't screamed either, while Reggie, the small boy, who had attached himself closely to Allan,

who had attached himself closely to Allan, volunteered the information that it was Bessie. "She's scared yet," he added, from which the boys concluded that "Bessie" was the queer acting girl who had cried "Hush."

Mabel hastened to check any further enfant

Mabel hastened to check any further enfant terrible revelations by continuing:
"Let me see. Mrs. Benderman might take you in. Oh no, she couldn't, either. She's got company. Then there's Farmer Griggs's, but they've got the chicken pox there. And those are the only places 'I know within a mile or two. Is it snowing very hard now?"

"Like all possessed," answered Arthur, inwardly hoping he wasn't giving too broad a hint that they might be invited to stay where they were.

wardly hoping he wasn't giving too broad a hint that they might be invited to stay where they were.

"Why can't you stay here?" bluntly demanded Reggie. "I've got a double bed in my room, and one of us can take turns sleeping on the floor, you know."

"Well, if you are willing to put up with that pleasant prospect, I am sure you are very welcome. I would have asked you before, only we've got a houseful, and—and—there isn't any chaperone—"

"Of course, I see how it is perfectly," broke in Arthur. "And if you'll only allow us to pass the night in the barn on the hay mow—"

"Oh, we couldn't think of turning you off in that way," went on Miss Mabel. "And I am sure father wouldn't wish it, either. So if you don't mind crowding in with my cousin Reggie, we should be very happy to have you stay till morning. And now I dare say you haven't had any supper. Ours is just ready, I guess. But perhaps you'd like to go to your room first. Reggie, will you show the way?"

"Stop!" cried a theatrical voice at this moment in the doorway.

There stood Miss Bessie, looking extremely pale, but very determined.

"Mabel," she said, slowly and distinctly, looking at the young hostess and pointing at Allan, "will you ask this young gentleman why he uses an assumed name?"

(To be continued.)

MAKING THE RULE CONSISTENT.

Boston Young Lady—Don't say the word is pronounced "vawze."

Country Cousin—Certainly, dear. Well, as I was saying, I went down town to buy some lawze to trim my hat, and I walked at such a pawze that people must have thought that I was in for a rawze, and when I got to the store my fawze was as red as fire. Do correct me when I say anything countrified, won't you, Anastawzia?"

AN ARABIAN BALLAD.

FOR man is set
The prey of Time, and Time in change
Life strait or large, great store or naught,
All's one to Time, all men to Death.

[This story commenced in No. 272.]

Warren Haviland.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

By ANNIE ASHMORE,

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

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GIANT PEDDLER.

RRIVED at the telegraph office, Warren wired a soothing message to his mother; and by Mr. Walsingham's advice sent another to the Portsoy post office, inquiring whether any letters lay there for him. They waited for the replies, which came anon. Mrs. Haviland expressed her joy at hearing from her son, said she was well, and requested him to remain where he was until he had received the letter she would immediately write, as she had important tidings for him. The

ceived the letter she would immediately write, as she had important tidings for him. The Portsoy post office announced a letter lying there for him, and that it would be forwarded at once.

"So you are bound to stay with me for a few days yet," exulted Mr. Walsingham, as they drove homeward, "and that's as well, for I want to go North with you, and I can't leave right now, for I am negotiating with several great goldsmith firms for the sale of my ingots. You boys ought to feel a little interest in that business, since you are each to get a certain percentage of the proceeds."

He silenced their startled protests with a few serious, kind words, in which he expressed not only his sense of the value of the service they had done him, but his appreciation of the high qualities which were necessary to its achieve-

qualities which were necessary to its achieve

ment.

And while Warren heard the praises with all a young hero's proud gladness, Tim drooped his head to hide his shamed face, thinking on that unknown fault which smirched his honor,

that unknown fault which smirched his honor, and made such praise seem a mockery.

Some days passed, filled for Warren with delightful experiences, in which merry Kate was his constant companion; but Sloper seemed sadder than ever before, and Warren's kind heart ached to see how ill at ease he was in that happy home, and how hard he tried to hide his wretchedness that he might damp no one's gladness.

He was once more the "lonely, haggard boy" who had won his affection and compassion at Burroe's. He confessed that he was impatient to return North, that every hour of delay was a torture to him, yet he did not like to be so ungracious as to leave their kind host against his will.

long to be about something I must do,

"I long to be about something I must do," he said feverishly. "I've done wrong, and I can't breathe freely until I've set the wrong right."

And meanwhile the poor boy was almost penniless, and writhed in deepest shame from the idea of asking money from Warren for his journey North, while to hint his need to Mr. Walsingham would be like anticipating his generosity, and forcing his hand to open before his own time.

ity, and forcing his hand to open before his own time.

Warren, too, was anxious to return North on his mother's affairs, and limited his stay till he had received her letter, since she had particularly requested him to do so.

One day Kate and her cavaliers, the two boys, out on horseback together, were approaching a small hamlet called St. Andre, about six miles from Colonsay and three from home. The first house they came in sight of was a picturesque old inn, whose sign of "The Cider Cup" swung from the branches of an immense walnut tree across the road from the many porched building itself. Some girls in pretty summer muslins were clustered about the veranda pillars, and a group of men lounged under the walnut tree, drinking and smoking; one very tall man leaned against the trunk, listening to the talk of the villagers; he seemed to be a peddler, from the pack which lay at his feet.

"Oh, I say, how like that fellow looks to Mcdade!" exclaimed Warren in startled tones, as their horses paced gently through the soft sand of the road towards the inn. His companions gazed at the man, who was clad in rusty black, with an old fashioned beaver on his huge head.

"But you said McDade's face was almost covered by coarse, red hair, and this man is smoothly shaven," suggested Kate, who by dint of mak-

"But you said McDade's face was almost covered by coarse, red hair, and this man is smoothly shaven," suggested Kate, who by dint of making Warren recite his adventures over every day knew almost as much about McDade as he did.
"But the deep set eyes are like his, and the enormous, sticking out ears—see them, Miss Kate?"

By this time the riding party was near the loungers, who all looked round at them. The giant stared with the rest, but did not seem in the least impressed. He tipped his tall hat a little more over his forehead, but that was to scratch the back of his head, and he opened an enormous mouth and kept it stretched its full capacity all the time the equestrians were passing by—but that was a mere yawn, which of course he could not help.

Was he McDade? That cavern surmounted by a section of coarse face and a pair of blinking half closed eyes, looked like an ugly valentine of him—but surely McDade could not be here?

"It couldn't have been he," said Warren softly as they passed on. "McDade was hairy and downlooking, while this fellow—I must have been dreaming—"
"Did you see him do it?" screamed one of the girls on the veranda, cutting short his speech with a peal of laughter: "he could have swal-

the girls of the veranda, cutting short his spector, with a peal of laughter; "he could have swallowed the house—he did look so comical—do it again, we want to see you gape."

The giant drowned her voice by bellowing

The giant drowned her voice by bellowing out a song.
"Sauer kraut vos bully, I told you it vas fine," roared he, and the riders disappeared to the barbarous strain.
"What did he want to gape just then for?" said Kate, pondering with a little frown on her pretty white brow; "was it to disguise his face from you, Warren? Upon my word I believe it was, and that he was McDade, come down here on your track for no good purpose. Boys, I'm afraid for you!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GOLDSMITHS' AGENT.

HETHER the man was McDade or not, he eluded the young people's efforts to decide; for although they took care to ride back through St. Andre, and to pounce on the Cider Cup unexpectedly, they saw nothing of the giant again, nor could they learn anything more definite from the innkeeper than that the stranger was a peddler who had dined there, and gone on his way soon afterward.

afterward.

On their arrival at Silver Hill, Warren found two letters awaiting him, both from his mother; one being her last letter directed to the Portsoy post office, in which she gave him nothing but cheerful news, reserving the tidings of her misfortunes till he was free to leave his employer, which he could not do as long as he was in his debt. The other was written on receipt of his telegram, and in it she told him that the promissory note had been stolen from her room on such a night, giving the date. Mr. Roe had employed a detective to trace the thief, but thus far no one had been discovered as even having a motive for the theft, unless it might be Mr. Fenwick's son, who was absent, his friends did not know where; but Mrs. Haviland refused to believe any evil of her unknown nephew.

"That's Hawk's doings—to throw suspicion on Tom," cried Warren indignantly, "Oh! that I had him here, wouldn't I pitch into him! Let's see now, when was the promissory note stolen? While I was lying sick in Burroe's house, about ten days after I left home. That is, when Hawk was pretty sure I'd been got rid of for good—the villain! I wish I knew where Tom was then—and where he is now!"

"Appearances certainly look bad against young Fenwick, though," remarked Mr. Walsingham.

"I don't care, Hawk's rascal enough to have On their arrival at Silver Hill, Warren found

"Appearances certainly fook bad against young Fenwick, though," remarked Mr. Walsingham.
"I don't care, Hawk's rascal enough to have contrived the appearances that look so bad," exclaimed Warren, hotly. "I tell you, sir, I can't believe that Aunt Dora's boy could ever be a thief."

thief,"

Tim Sloper rose abruptly and walked to the window, and Kate, who was romping with her dog in the garden below, stopped, wonderstruck at the excessive emotion which convulsed his features and rendered him unconscious of her vicinity. She had soon discerned for herself that Tim was unhappy, though he tried to hide it, and as she watched him now the sad thought excurred to her for the first time in her bright. occurred to her for the first time in her bright and cloudless life how little we can really help each other to bear life's trouble, and how solitary each spirit stands on earth, however surrounded by human affections.

"God alone can heal some wounds," she mused as she turned away softly. "I hope Tim has told it all to Him."

Presently he returned to the other two, who had not heeded his movements, saying reso-

Presently he returned to the other two, who had not heeded his movements, saying resolutely:

"Let us start for the North by the night train, Warren and I, I mean. There's no time to be lost. Hawk has stolen the note, and he will have possessed himself of the money as soon as he could and absconded. The loss of the note puts it out of Mrs. Haviland's power to prosecute the thief, but if he does not get away we can force him to disgorge."

Mr. Walsingham and Warren wondered at the usually timid lad's fire and energy, and Warren at once acquiesced in his request that their host would allow them to leave him that night, but he replied entreatingly:

"Just stop over one day more, and then I can go with you, and in the meanwhile you can telegraph to your friend Mr. Roe to set a watch on the fellow Hawk and prevent him from disappearing. The fact is, I am negotiating with the great goldsmiths Macready & Dillon about the sale of two of my ingots. Their agent arrives from San Francisco tomorrow to complete the purchase, and I'm loath to miss him. You'll wait that long for me, boys, will you?"

Warren, impatient as he was, felt how ungracious it would be to disoblige his kind friend, and consented to wait the one day more with a good grace; but Sloper clinched his hands and gnawed his lip in a fever of disappointment, though he said nothing.

The boys now told Mr. Walsingham about the man whose resembiance to McDade had so startled them; and he was even more disturbed on their account than innocent Kate had been, comprehending better to what brutal lengths wicked men could go in defense of their guilty worked.

comprehending better to what brutal lengths wicked men could go in defense of their guilty secrets. He strenuously warned the boys against rambling about the neighborhood by

themselves, and privately ordered two of his stoutest servants to guard his guests from any assailant who night intrude upon them while they were in the grounds.

That same evening another telegram was dispatched to Mrs. Haviland, announcing Warran's impediate return to her accompanied by

dispatched to Mrs. Haviland, announcing Warren's immediate return to her, accompanied by his friends Mr. and Miss Walsingham—he was about to add "and Tim Sloper," but the boy checked him, faltering out:

"Not yet—I'm not fit yet—wait till I've done what's right."

And he looked so worn and harassed that Warren's kind heart ached for him, and for the hundredth time he wondered much what that old fault had been which cast so dark a blight upon the sensitive boy.

The next morning's mail brought Mr. Walsingham a note from Macready & Dillon's

The next morning's mail brought Mr. Walsingham a note from Macready & Dillon's agent, Mr. Conroy, announcing his arrival in the town, and requesting Mr. Walsingham to meet him at the bank at three o'clock. Accordingly Kate's father left his home in time for the appointment, and the two boys and Kate adjourned to the loveliest glade in the garden for the rest of the afternoon; Kate with her lace work, Warren with his sketching materials, while poor Sloper, who had no accomplishments save the rare and beautiful one of reading aloud finely, brought his book for the entertainment of the whole three.

The dudish Dolph was as usual Mr. Walsing-

The dudish Dolph was as usual Mr. Walsing-ham's driver, and brought him to his destina-tion so exactly to time that the agent was just tion so exactly to time that the agent was just stepping from a strongly built, close carriage at the door of the bank as Mr. Walsingham drove up. Telling Dolph to wait where he was for him, his master followed the stranger into the bank in time to hear him inquiring for himself. The introduction to each other over, both were conducted to the manager's private room, and a messenger sent to the vault for the gold. Mr. Conroy, the agent of the great San Francisco goldsmiths, was a slim, undersized man, of a sallow complexion, his features insignificant, his hair, mustache and whiskers luxuriant as a Turk's, and as black as the raven's wing:

of a sallow complexion, his features insignificant, his hair, mustache and whiskers luxuriant as a Turk's, and as black as the raven's wing; and his eyes glinting keenly behind a pair of smoke tinted spectacles.

He was very well dressed in a quiet way, and his manners were most ingratiating. He at once produced his credentials from the firm he represented, which Mr. Walsingham examined attentively, finding them all he could wish for, and able to stand the tests he applied in every particular. Having compared the signatures of the documents with several of Macready & Dillon's which he had procured for the purpose, and taking counsel with the bank officials over them, with the same result, Mr. Walsingham was still more convinced of the agent's integrity by his saying blandly:

"You will now telegraph to my principals that I am here in their name, their reply will conclude my examination, and we shall proceed with our business."

And Mr. Walsingham, who had intended to do so anyhow, was utterly convinced that all was right, and obeyed the suggestion as the merest form. He and Mr. Conroy stepped to the bank telegraph office, the message was sent, and in a few minutes the satisfactory reply was returned, "Conroy is our agent, go ahead with business."

And now the four gold bricks were taken out of their box and the agent and the control of the process of the process of the control of the process o

And now the four gold bricks were taken out of their box, and the agent examined them with the critical and stolid air of a man accustomed

of their box, and the agent examined them with the critical and stolid air of a man accustomed to handle millions.

He selected two of them, weighed and valued them, and then made his offer. It was a fair enough one, not too liberal, and Mr. Walsingham accepted it. Whereupon Mr. Conroy thrust his hand in his pocket, murmuring, "I have a letter of credit upon the bank here—um—um, where is it though?" and he ran his hands into pocket after pocket, growing quite flurried the while. "Surely I have not left my pocketbook on the table at my hotel?" he cried, stamping his foot with impatience. "But no, I am convinced I put it in my pocket. Ha! I've dropped it in the carriage, excuse me a moment," and he hurried out bareheaded, returning almost immediately in a state of excitement which surprised Mr. Walsingham. "Was there ever anything so exasperating?" he exclaimed. "I have left the paper in my pocketbook at Roscoe Hotel. Now sir, I'm in a quandary. I'm hard pressed for time, as I leave by the four o'clock train for Chicago, where I have an appointment which I dare not break. Consequently, as you see, I can only return to the hotel to pack up the gold and hurry straight to the railway station. I have no time to go for the pocketbook, to return here, and then go back a second time with the gold. Will you then favor me by accompanying me to Roscoe Hotel, bearing the gold with us, (you see I do not ask you to let it out of your sight). I shall then pack it, collect my baggage, and still have time to reach the railway station. What say you? Can you oblige me, or must our bargain fall through?"

His rapid way of talking, his vexed air and general plausibility, overwhelmed Mr. Walsingham and coveried him off his helpers. It shall the

through?"

His rapid way of talking, his vexed air and general plausibility, overwhelmed Mr. Walsingham and carried him off his balance. It all seemed so simple, such a sensible arrangement, that he saw no reason to make difficulties—in that he saw no reason to make difficulties—in fact there was no time for anything but acquiescence, and Conroy was waiting his answer with his watch in his hand and the utmost impatience in his manner.

"Let us go, by all means," said Mr. Walsingham, pleasantly. "We can take my carriage; it's lighter than yours, and my boy will make the horses spin."

The agent thanked him most heartily, and, assisted by Mr. Walsingham, put the two ingots into a small hand valise he had brought for the purpose; Mr. Walsingham confided the other two to the vaults once more, and the gentlemen hurried outside.

Mr. Walsingham looked up and down the street for Dolph and his team but they were

two to the values once more, and the general hurried outside.

Mr. Walsingham looked up and down the street for Dolph and his team, but they were nowhere to be seen. Mr. Conroy's coach was there, however; its driver, a tall, powerfully built man with a long gray beard, standing at its door in readiness to admit his fare.

"Did you see my man leave here?" asked Mr. Walsingham.

"I did, sir. He bade me tell you that he'd lost a bolt, and had to go off and get the trap repaired," answered the coachman, civilly,

"Pshaw! He'll be half an hour or more," said Mr. Walsingham, impatiently; but Conroy smoothly proposed that they should make use of his carriage, conjuring the giant driver to make his cattle go at their best pace; and as there was nothing else to be done, Mr. Walsingham got into Conroy's coach, Conroy followed, valise in hand, and off they dashed.

CHAPTER XXX.

TWO ENTRAPMENTS.

OSCOE HOTEL was at the other end of town, and to beguile the way the gentlemanly agent talked of his travels in many strange countries, of home and foreign politics, of trade, religion, and who knows what besides; so that Mr. Walsingham, who had never been so wooed to forgetfulness before, lost count of the streets they passed through, and noted not the lapse of time.

At length a casual glance out of the window

At length a casual glance out of the window brought him erect with a startled exclamation. For a moment he could not recognize the locality, but then he saw they had left the business part of the town behind, and were actually

quitting the suburbs.
"Your coachman's drunk! He's a mile beyond your hotel already," cried Mr. Walsing-

"Your coachman's drunk! He's a mile beyond your hotel already," cried Mr. Walsingham.

"Eh? What? Going wrong?" chimed in Conroy, rising to rap on the front window vigorously with his knuckles.

The broad back, which was visible through the window, never budged; the coach flew faster than before into the open country, and an uncommonly solitary road it was, too.

"What the dickens does this mean?" shouted Mr. Walsingham, getting angry; and he tore at the door on his side to open it.

"The dickens knows, I don't, unless the brute's a robber as well as drunk," replied Conroy, tearing away at his door with even greater energy; but like the coachman's back, neither door would budge. They were both locked.

"I see, I see! This is a plot—are you, sir, in it?" demanded Walsingham, sternly, turning upon his companion in all the majestic might of his just wrath.

"Is this a plot, you scoundrel?" bellowed Conroy, passing on the question to the coachman, while he pounded at the front window till the glass flew in splinters over him.

The coachman whipped up his horses stolidly, "Stop there, stop, you vagabond, I say," continued Conroy; but he did not say it, he yelled it. "If you don't, I'll shoot you as dead as a red herring! Look behind you!" And he tore a revolver from his overcoat pocket, which lay on the seat, and leveled it at the small section of back which was visible from the broken window, the frame of which was about the size of a school slate.

The coachman began to sing in the voice of a stentor:
"Sauer kraut vos bully; I told you it yos fine."

"Sauer kraut vos bully; I told you it vos fine. I dinks I ought to know, for I eats it all de time."

I dinks I ought to know, for I eats it all de time."

"Wretch!" vociferated Conroy, raising his shrill voice above the mighty roar of the giant, so that Walsingham was well nigh deafened.

"I shall fire—do you hear? I shall count three, and if you don't halt—one—Two—THREE!" and with the last he pulled the trigger, and—nothing happened! He tried the second chamber—still nothing! The third—fourth—fifth—sixth!

"Confound it! He has tampered with my revolver while I was in the bank," growled Conroy, dashing the firearn upon the floor; but he thought better of that, and immediately picked it up again before Mr. Walsingham could reach it.

it.

Kneeling on the front seat, he made a club of it, and began pounding away industriously at that part of the coachman's anatomy which was alone within his reach. At the first blow the giant jumped, at the second he howled an oath, at the third he pulled up his horses and flung himself down on the road, and opened the door on Mr. Walsingham's side, vowing vengeance.

Mr. Walsingham, infuriated at the villain, sprang upon him the instant the door opened, and with such unexpected force that the giant staggered backward under his weight. He had him by the throat, and was gaining the mastery

staggered backward under his weight. He had him by the throat, and was gaining the mastery surely, when the too zealous Conroy, meaning (no doubt) to assist him, hurled his revolver at the coachman's head.

But, unfortunately, choosing a moment when Mr. Walsingham's head was between, the blow crashed full upon the back of it, and felled him to the ground, where he lay half senseless, yet still vaguely conscious of the concluding actions of the drama. of the drama.

Conroy continued raving out maledictions, and dancing about the coachman, who picked him up like a rag doll, and flung him on top of Walsingham, then sprang to his seat and gal-

loped off, followed by the agent, whose screams

loped off, followed by the agent, whose screams of rage and despair rent the air.

"The gold! The gold! Stop, thief!" were the direful words which greeted Mr. Walsingham's returning senses; and he sat up just in time to see the nimble Conroy speeding like a champion racer after the coach round a curve, which swallowed them up, and all was over. Mr. Walsingham staggered to his feet. He was faint, giddy, and wild with self reproach.

"Oh, what a credulous fool I've been!" cried he. "I've let a pair of rogues play their transparent parts to the end, and get off scot free with my property. And now what can I do? Follow them on foot? No, I must invoke Arkwright's aid again."

He was five miles from Colonsay, weak and confused, but he set his face townwards resolutely.

was now twenty minutes to four.

It was now twenty minutes to four. About ten minutes past four the party of young people who were enjoying themselves in the garden at Silver Hill was broken up very abruptly. Mirry, Miss Walsingham's pretty mulatto maid, came running out to them with the announcement that a messenger had come from Mr. Walsingham, asking to see the young men. They accordingly hurried into the house, to find a snapping eyed, long nosed youth of the street Arab species, engaged in gaping round the handsome apartment, as if awe smitten with admiration.

When asked his message, he tendered a crumpled half sheet of note paper, and resumed his survey of his surroundings. The boys meantime read together these words:

Dear Boys: I have met with an accident; come to me at once. The boy will have a carriage for you. Say nothing to my daughter. To alarm her is needless, as nothing very serious has happened to me.

Walsingham.

"Where is Mr. Walsingham?" asked Warren of the gamin, anxiously scanning the wavering lines, which suggested pain and weakness in the writer.

"And is he much hurt?" chimed in Tim, as

anxiously.

anxiously.

The gamin, who had turned a chair bottom up to scrutinize its make, answered briefly:

"Left him in a pill shop—most done for;" and, dumping the chair right side up, he turned his attention to a sofa, which he punched vigorously, grinning like a shark with admiring wonder at its springiness.

"But how did he get hurt?" asked Warren.
"Dunno; but ye better hurry up, or he'll kick the bucket afore ye git thar," responded the envoy, who was now rapping his knuckles on a bronze statuette to discover whether it was hollow.

hollow.
"Heaven forbid! Come, come, then, where's the carriage?" exclaimed Warren, in dismay, and he and Tim Sloper hurried to the door.
The youth took a last critical survey of the room, stopped to milk one of the pendants of the gasalier, and reluctantly backed out, getting into a great hurry the moment he had left the charmed ground.
Warren, however, paused long enough to

the gasalier, and reluctantly backed out, getting into a great hurry the moment he had left the charmed ground.

Warren, however, paused long enough to leave word for Kate with old Rashe that her father had sent for them in haste; afid then the boys followed their conductor out to the gate, where, drawn up in the shade of the wall, and hidden from the house, waited a strongly built close carriage, drawn by two powerful horses. No driver was visible, but the gamin scrambled up to the driver's seat with a businesslike air, and, as soon as the boys were inside, drove off at a good pace towards the town.

They had not gone quarter of a mile, however, when the carriage slackened speed, and somebody else sprang up in front, taking the reins, while the imp gave place to him, as the passengers inside could see through the small front window (which, by the way, had lost its glass). Before the boys had time to exchange remarks about the addition to their party, the carriage turned off the city road into a rough cart track which ran towards the sea shore, and here the new driver urged his horses to a reckless gallop, heedless that the heavy vehicle jolted and strained like a ship in a storm.

The startled eyes of the boys met, and a simultaneous suspicion flashed into their minds.

"It may be a short cut, for all we know," suggested Tim, but Warren shook his head, and shouted through the front window:

"Stop, driver, I want to talk to you."

But the driver might have been a wooden image for all the heed he took.

"Halloa there! Halloa!" shouted Warren, at the top of his voice; and in reward the freckled face of the urchin fitted itself into the window frame, delight radiating from every crooked feature.

ar the top of his voice; and in read the freekled face of the urchin fitted itself into the window frame, delight radiating from every crooked feature.

"Where are we going?" demanded Warren, indignantly.

The imp ran his two eyeballs into the corners nearest—other answer gave he none.

"Don't you hear?" trumpeted Warren, his face within an inch of the gamin's.

An unearthly grimace distorted the visage outside the window, and Warren recoiled involuntarily, as from a frightful vision seen in fever, to the gratification of the grimacer.

"There's no use talking to these fellows, I'm afraid," said Sloper, in a low voice. "I think McDade's got us. We've let ourselves be fooled, anyhow." He had found both the doors locked.

(To be continued.)

(To be continued.)

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



The subscription price of the Argosy is \$3.00 per par, payable in advance.

year, payable in advance.

Club rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.

Subscriptions to the Argosy can commence at any time. As rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the nume. Renewalls.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

moner by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew at once, his paper is stopped at the end of the timepaid for in ordering back numbers inclose 6 cents for each copy No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

We take great pleasure in announcing that in next week's number of the Argosy we shall begin the publication of another new serial entitled:

A NEW YORK BOY:

OR.

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF RUFE RODMAN. BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

Author of "Walter Griffith," "Number 91," Ned Newton," etc.

Mr. Putnam is a prime favorite with our readers. He is not to be excelled in his specialty, depicting the varied fortunes of poor boys in our great cities.

The new story, with its scenes laid in the world famous metropolis, will be found to be not a whit behind its predecessors in absorbing interest from the first chapter to the last. The author's style is one peculiarly fascinating to young people, and "A New York Boy" is therefore sure of a wide circle of charmed and delighted readers.

THE UPPER ROUNDS.

Boys, aim to be "first class" men in the pursuit you select for your life work. You have often heard it said that there is plenty of room at the top of the ladder, but you must remember that those who get there must have that in them which makes them worthy of the upper rounds. Mark Twain says there is not such lack of work for men to do, as there is a scant supply of men who know how to work.

Do not think of your salary, of the closing hour, of how you will spend the evening, but put your mind on your duties, resolved that they shall have the best that is in you. And be sure you shall not lose your reward.

ENTHUSIASM IN WORK.

PERFUNCTORY, half hearted performance of duties, the doing of them simply because they have got to be done-this way of working is as dull as it is unfruitful. The time occupied in the task drags slowly by, while the work accomplished is all to apt to prove unsatisfactory.

"Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is a maxim that well deserves to be worn threadbare by constant repetition, and the putting of your whole soul into your work, whether it be doing a sum, dusting an office or waiting on a customer, will not only make what you do worth a great deal more, but will render the doing of it a positive pleasure.

Cultivate the habit of concentration. Work with a will when you are working, till you start the glow of enthusiasm which serves to lighten and elevate the most humdrum tasks

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

SPEAKING IN HASTE.

IT is related of a clergyman that once when a member of his congregation came to him with a grievance against a sister woman, he listened quietly to her vituperation of the offender, although he kept on with his writing. When she had finished he handed her a sheet of paper with the request that she read and sign it.

But she recoiled in dismay. Her own words of hate and anger confronted her, and seemed so terrible, thrown thus into permanent shape,

hat she desisted from her purpose, and went away with a new spirit of forgiveness and forbearance born within her.

What a grand thing it would be for hasty tempered individuals if Mr. Edison or some other scientist would invent a sort of "reflectograph"-a machine that would take our words as we uttered them, and reproduce them in large letters before our eyes! Would there not be then many a barbed epithet checked on the tongue, thus saving much heart burning and many wounded spirits?

But could we not do something to bring about this desirable state of things without the aid of Mr. Edison?

IT's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the great blizzard should surely have blown an amount of realism into the acting of a certain theatrical troupe that ought to give large results. For their play is called "Lost in the Snow," and they were stalled in a railroad train near Baltimore for three days.

WHEN our readers have finished the ARGOSY for the current week and find themselves wishing for some reading matter of a similar kind to enliven their spare moments until the next number of their favorite paper makes its appearance, we would suggest that they turn to MUN-SEY'S POPULAR SERIES. Each book contains, complete, a tale of the length of an ARGOSY serial, is furnished with full page illustrations, and costs only 25 cents. Ask your newsdealer to show you one.

INSURANCE BY THE PIECE.

ACCORDING to a scheme now being organized in London, Englishmen may presently enjoy the novelty of purchasing an insurance policy as they want it, in quantities to suit, so to speak.

By dropping a penny in the slit of one of those automatic machines used principally in this country for weighing purposes, a man will be able to insure himself against accident for the next twenty four hours. In this way insurance risks can be obtained as readily as a daily paper, and will last about as long.

The advantages of the system are obvious. Suppose, for instance, our British cousin sallies forth in the morning to walk to his office in the city. A dense, truly London fog comes up before he arrives and renders the crossing of Fleet Street or the Strand particularly dangerous. By simply depositing the equivalent of two cents in an insurance post on the curbstone, he may venture his life and limbs among the thronging vehicles with the happy con-sciousness that should a cab horse run him down, his family will be provided for.

ALL AGES ADMIRE IT.

WHILE THE GOLDEN ARGOSY has frequently been called "the best boys' paper in the world," it is not boys, nor young people in general, alone who find entertainment and instruction in its handsome pages. Indeed, it is essentially a family paper, and as such is constantly winning new laurels. We select a few of the many fresh evidences of this fact.

BOSTON, MASS., March 18, 1888.

Without hesitation I pronounce your paper the best I have ever taken. I have taken it for very nearly two years, and every copy I like better than the last. When I first took it my mother did not like it, but when I showed a copy to her, she was carried ar — with it. I can hardly wait for the week to rom round, I want it so much. F. CHASE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 19, 1888.

I am no longer what would be called a boy, but somewhat older; still I take the keenest interest in your valuable paper. I await its coming as I do my weekly salary, and that's saying a great deal. H. J. RIPPEL

H. J. RIPPEL.

NEWARK, N. J., March 19, 1888.

I have been looking for a suitable weekly paper for a boy, and have decided that The Golden Argosy is the best paper a boy can get to read in his spare time. The two beautiful stories, "Walter Griffith" and "Luke Walton," I took extra pains to read. If they are published in book form I must purchase them, even if they cost \$5 apiece.

Charles H. Johnston.

P. S.– I would not miss taking one copy of the Argosy for one half of a dollar.

Argosy for one half of a dollar.

Tyrone, Pa., March 18, 1888.

I have been reading The Golden Argosy for over a year, and find it the best weekly paper I have ever read. I was quite sorry to see "Luke Walton" ending, but am in hopes the "Casket of Diamonds" will be fully as good. "Allan Trent's Trials." "Under Fire," and "Warren Haviland" are also very good. In fact all are good and interesting stories. I have let some of my companions read the paper, and they were delighted with it, and are now taking it themselves.

ALVIN O. PURDY.

HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD. Secretary of State.

AFTER the Presidency, the office of Secretary of State is regarded as the most important position in the Federal government. The Vice Presidency, which entails no duties beyond presiding over the deliberations of the Senate, is in comparison a merely titular honor. The Department of State, as the reader is doubtless aware, is charged with all correspondence and other business connected with the relations of this country to foreign powers, and its importance to the national welfare can hardly be overestimated. Moreover, recent legislation ordains that if both President and Vice President should die during their term of office, then the chief magistracy shall devolve upon the Secretary of State as the next in succession.

Thomas Francis Bayard, the present Secretary, is the thirty third incumbent of the office since the foundation of the republic. The list of his predecessors includes the names of some of the most brilliant and famous of American statesmen. About one third of them have been afterward nominated for the Presidency, and six have been actually elected President; while several others have become Vice Presidents. or Justices of the Supreme Court.

Mr. Bayard's ancestors, too, have been as il-

lustrious as his predecessors in office. From his great grandfather down, he is the fifth of his family who has sat in the United States Senate. When first elected to that body as the representative of his native State of Delaware, his colleague was his own father-almost, if not quite, the only case on record of father and son serving as Senators together.

He was born at Wilmington, Delaware, on the 29th of October, 1828. His education was conducted with a view to a mercantile career, and while yet a boy he entered a business house in New York. The early death, however, of an elder brother reversed his plans, and he returned to Wilmington to study law.

In 1851 he was admitted to the bar, and began to practice his profession. After serving for a year as United States District Attorney for Delaware, he removed to Philadelphia, where he formed a partnership with William Shippen.

Two years were spent in the Quaker City, and then he returned to Wilmington. For eleven years he continued to practice law. Meanwhile both his own abilities and his inheritance of a name preeminent in the politics of his State, naturally attracted him toward public life. In 1861 he delivered a speech at Dover, Delaware, in deprecation of hostilities against the South, which attracted attention all over the country.

He first entered the Senate in 1868, and served there continuously for seventeen years, being reelected in 1875 and 1881. At Washington he rapidly rose to national prominence as one of the ablest members of his party. His knowledge of the duties of the Senate and the practical work of legislation is most thorough, as during his long term of office, besides unremitting attention to general business, he held positions on the judiciary, finance, and library committees, and the committee for revision of laws; and in October, 1881, he was elected president pro tempore of the Senate.

In the last two National Democratic Conventions, Mr. Bayard has been nominated for President. Backed neither by the prestige of one of the great and populous States, nor by the importance attached to a State whose electoral vote is regarded as doubtful, yet on each occa-

sion he had a very considerable following-a following due solely to his political experience and ability, his admirable public record, and the spotless character of a man, like another Bayard famed in history, "without fear and without reproach."

A few particulars of the government department over which Mr. Bayard presides will perhaps be of interest to the reader. Its methods are formal, dignified, and conservative. "The official letters," says a recent article on the subject, "are called 'dispatches' and officers known as 'dispatch agents' are located at London and other convenient points, to whom the correspondence is entrusted for distribution. When the Secretary of State has instructions to send to a minister of the United States abroad, he or one of his assistants prepares a draft of what is



HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD. From a photograph by C. M. Bell, Wa-hington, D. C.

and revision. Next the copy goes to the Diplomatic Bureau, where it is transcribed on paper manufactured for the exclusive use of the State Department, and returned to the Secretary for his approval and signature. Som etimes it goes to the President also. Then, when it is finally signed, its contents are copied by hand into a large book, for in the State Department no letter presses are used. The other departments use them, but if a

desired, and then

it is subjected to

a careful study

diplomatic dispatch should be subjected to such treatment the walls of the building would sink in mortification."

There are three assistant Secretaries of State. The first of them, who represents the Secretary when the latter is absent, is also charged with all correspondence between the United States and the great powers of Europe. The second supervises our relations with the remaining European nations and those of South America, while the rest of the world is the domain of the

Friday in every week is termed "diplomatic day," when the Secretary will receive no callers except the representatives of foreign countries in Washington. They are first ushered into the reception room, and then confer with the Secretary in the diplomatic chamber. This is a splendid hall, sixty feet by twenty, hung with tapestry, and more magnificent than anything in the White House, being second only to the marble room of the Senate.

There are few government officials who work harder than Secretary Bayard. After receiving the early mail at his own residence, he drives down to his office at nine or ten o'clock, where the day is spent in receiving visitors, conferring with his assistants, and attending to important correspondence. During the afternoon he reads and signs such official dispatches and documents as require his signature, and about five o'clock his work is over for the day. In the evening he takes a ride into the country, or sits and reads with his family in the large front porch of his old fashioned brick house on Massachusetts Avenue.

He is a man of culture and refinement, with grave and courteous manners, but troubled by a slight deafness. His features are perhaps already familiar to the reader.

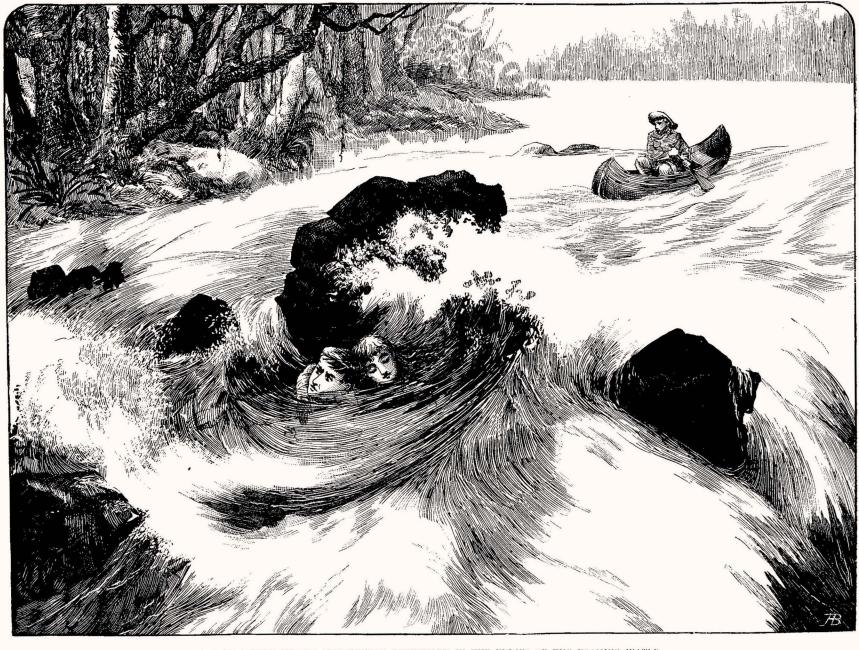
RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won.—Gascoigne.

It is not your posterity, but your actions, that will perpetuate your memory.

He that cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he must pass himself—for every man has need to be forgiven.



I FELT MYSELF DRAWN IRRESISTIBLY DOWNWARD IN THE EDDIES OF THE FOAMING WATER.

[This story commenced in No. 280.]

THE

Golden Magnet

The Treasure Cave of the Incas. By G. M. FENN,

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

CHAPTER V. THE GREAT RIVER.

The Great river.

The very moment when it seemed that all chance of saving poor Tom was gone, when our arms were dragging out of their sockets, and I felt a strange fascination, joined to the weight, drawing me over the side of the precipice—the mule gave a wild squeal, shook its head for an instant, seized the tight rein in its teeth, and bit it through.

The next moment it gave a whinny of relief, planted its feet on my back as I half lay down, leaped over me, and was out of our way.

How we managed the next part I cannot say. All I know is that there was a horrible struggle, a scrambling rush, the panting groans of those who fought with grim death, and then I lay half fainting upon the shelf, with Tom at my side.

"Thank Heaven!" I muttered

"Thank Heaven!" I muttered.
"Amen, Harry!" said Tom, in a whisper; and then for some time no one spoke.

Half an hour after, very quiet and sober of mien, we were leading our mules down the shelf, unnerved and trembling, till once more the plain was reached, and with it rest for the picts.

night.

And so we journeyed on day after day, through heat and dust, and arid, stony lands; with my heart sinking lower and lower, and the thought of home not being so very bad a place after all continually forcing itself upon me, till our guide suddenly announced our proximity to the place I had come these thousands of miles

to seek.

And now it was that from where it had sunk my heart gave a great leap of exultation, and I sat for long enough upon my bony mule drinking in the scene before me.

For the last three days our ride had been over stone and sand, with here and there a melancholy palm shooting up from the desert, the sun beating down and being reflected up in a way that was almost unbearable. Tom had been riding with his mouth open, panting like a dog, his face coated with perspiration and dust. When at night we had stopped at some wretched makeshift of an inn—a hut generally where a grass hammock and a little lukewarm water was the total accommodation—a wash or bath of any kind had been quite out of the question. question.

But now, as we were descending a steep mountain side, it seemed as if we had suddenly dropped into one of the most lovely spots on earth, riding at once right in beneath the shade of a huge forest, with a sea of green leaves spreading out before us in every direction.

By comparison the coolness was delightful, and we rode through a vast arcade over a golden network spread by the sun upon the grassy undergrowth; whilst from afar off came that sweetest of sounds to a parched and thirsty traveler—the murmuring of falling water, now soft and gentle, now increasing to a roar.

"Great river, senors," said our guide, pointing forward. "Senor Don Reuben Landell on other side."

"Great river, senors," said our guide, pointing forward. "Senor Don Reuben Landell on other side."

"Say, Harry," said Tom just then, "they ain't sure where the Garden of Eden was, are they? I'm blest if I don't think we've found the very spot, and if—. There she goes!"

I can't say whether Tom's mind was running just then upon Eve, but as a light, girlish figure seemed to flit into our sight, and stand gazing at us with bright and wondering eyes—mine did; and for a few minutes after she had disappeared amongst the trees I sat in my saddle without speaking.

But the glorious verdure around soon made me forget the fair vision; and now riding on a few paces, now halting at an opening in the forest, I sat drinking in the scene with the feelings of one in a dream.

Then we rode on a hundred yards up an ascent, with the sun full upon us once more, to descend a precipitous path, holding on tightly by the mule, which one expected to slip and hurl one down a gulf at the side; but the descent was safely made, and then we stood gazing at a belt of cultivated ground, the forest and river lying off to our right.

"There is the river path, senors," said our

guide, "straight down. The ground is soft, and bad for the mules, and I go back. You will find a gentleman to take you over the great river; but I would look about me; there are little snakes, the water boa, and the crocodiles of the river."

Then saluting us with his Spanish politeness, our guide stood while we possessed ourselves of our light luggage, and then led off his mules, leaving us to follow the pointed out direction, which took us down to the swampy bank of a great muddy river flowing gently by us, cutting its way, as it were, through a forest of mighty trees, whose stems shot up from the water's edge.

There was a small canoe tethered to a sapling where the path ceased, but no sign of its owner; while half a mile in front, across the river, was an opening in the trees similar to that in which we stood, which was, doubtless, the path we were to pursue.

We stood in deep shadow; but the sun was flashing from the breast of the river as it rolled slowly on, its even surface unbroken save here and there by some water bird; while in several places what seemed to be rough tree trunks were floating slowly down the stream. The great trees were wreathed and festooned to the water's edge with parasites and vines; and now and then the shrill cry of some parrot rang out, the bird flashing into sight for an instant, and then disappearing amidst the glorious verdure.

"Well, Tom," I said, "this is different from our old home."

But he did not reply; and turning, I found him gazing fixedly amongst the swamp herbage, through which was a wet, muddy track. Following the direction of his gaze and peering into the shade, I became aware of a pair of the most hideous, hateful eyes fixed upon me that I had ever seen.

I was heated with walking over the wet ground, and there was a warm, steam exhala-

I was heated with walking over the wet ground, and there was a warm, steamy exhalation rising around; but in a moment my tongue tion rising around; but in a moment my tongue became dry and a cold perspiration bedewed my limbs, as, fascinated almost, I stood gazing within six feet of the monster, which now began slowly a retrograde motion till the herbage hid it from our sight. Then there was a loud rustling rush, a splash in the water, and wave after wave proclaimed the size of the beast that had, fortunately for us, declined to attack.

"It was a crocodile, Tom," I said, with a shiver. "And look—look! Why, the river swarms with them!"

"So it does, seemingly," exclaimed Tom, as I pointed out the slimy backs of half a score of them floating down the stream; for I could see now that they were no trees, while here and there on the muddy bank we could make out a solitary monster basking, open mouthed, in the sun.

solitary monster basking, open mouthed, in the sun,

"Come along," I said; "let's get over."

Stepping close to the water's edge I drew the light canoe up by its bark rope, disturbing either a small reptile or some great fish as I did so, for there was a rushing swirl in the water, and the frail vessel rocked to and fro.

In spite of Tom's declarations to the effect that such a pea shuck would sink with us, I stepped in and he followed; when, taking the paddles, we pushed off and began to make our way out into the stream, Tom's eyes glancing around as he dipped in his paddle cautiously, expecting every moment that it would touch a crocodile.

Using our paddles—clumsily enough, as may

expecting every moment that it would touch a crocodile.

Using our paddles—clumsily enough, as may be supposed—we made some way, and then paused to consider whether we should go forward or backward. We had at one and the same time arrived at the knowledge that the strong stream was our master, and that, until we had attained to some skill in the use of the paddles, any progress up stream towards the landing place was out of the question.

"We must get across lower down, Tom," I said, "and then walk back."

"What! Through the wood, Harry?"

"Yes, through the wood,"

"No, don't do that, Harry. We shall be eaten up alive! Those woods swarm with snakes—I know they do. And just look there!" he cried, splashing fiercely with his paddle to frighten a huge reptile, but without effect; for the great beast came slowly floating down in all its native hideousness, its rugged, bark-like back and the rough prominences above its eyes projecting from the muddy water, one eye peering at us with the baleful look peculiar to this fearful beast.

The next minute it had passed us, and we fearful beast.

fearful beast.

The next minute it had passed us, and we were once more paddling slowly on, the river having swept us quite out of sight of the landing place.

But the sights around were so novel that I

rather enjoyed our passage. In spite of Tom's anxiety, every now and then I ceased paddling to gaze at some bright plumaged bird flitting from tree to tree overhanging the stream.

Once I made sure that the great bare vine which swung between two boughs must be a serpent, till, passing by, we made out its real character.

CHAPTER VI AMONG THE RAPIDS.

T last, though, I awoke to the fact that it was time to be up and doing, for the current had swept us round a great bend of the river, and below us I saw that for a wide stretch of quite a couple of miles the river was broken up by rapids. Great masses of rock thrust their bare heads out of the water like river monetars and round than the monetary and result in the river monetary.

of rock thrust their bare heads out of the water like river monsters, and round them the muddy tide bubbled, and foamed, and eddied.

It was plain enough that we were approaching a dangerous part, and, had not our sense warned us of the peril, we had ample warning in the increased swiftness and troubled state of the stream. I saw at a glance that a boat would have but a poor chance of existing amongst the rocky way if it should be swept there, and I had taken a firm grip of my paddle when—

when—
"Look, Tom!" I cried.
And for a moment our attention was taken up by one of those glorious golden green and scarlet birds—the trogons—flitting close by us, its emerald crest and gorgeous tail feathers, a yard long, flashing in the sun, while its brilliant scarlet breast was for a moment reflected in the water.

hant scarred and in the water.
"Oh, you beauty!" cried Tom. "If I only had my old gun! But, I say, Harry, paddle

Already somewhat more used to the propellers, we began to force the boat towards the opposite bank, hoping to get into an eddy that should help us along; but we had dallied with our task, and the stream now ran more swiftly our task, and the stream now ran more swirtly than ever. Still we made some progress, and were contriving to dip together, when I almost let my paddle pass from my hands, for a strange, wild cry rang along the surface of the water. "What's that?" I exclaimed.

Tom was full of consternation, and could not

Tom was full of consternation, and could not answer my question.

"There it is again!" I exclaimed, excitedly.

"Why, it was a cry for help. There is some one in the river!"

"Then he'd better hold his tongue," said Tom, "and not get shouting, or he'll have all these crocodiles come rushing at him."

As he spoke, Tom pointed with his paddle at a great uncouth monster some twelve feet long, and tremendously thick, which had raised its head from the slime in which it wallowed upon the edge of the river, and was slowly turning the edge of the river, and was slowly turning itself, first in one and then in another direction, before splashing a little and then shooting itself off into deep water with one stroke of its pow-

'Ugh, the brutes!" ejaculated Tom. "They'd

"Ugh, the brutes!" ejaculated Tom. "They'd make short work of a fellow if he was thrown in for live bait. But, I say, that is some one shouting, Harry."

"Paddle down closer towards the rapids, Tom," I said, excitedly.

Then for a moment we forgot our own danger, as with a sharp stroke or two we sent the cance out in full stream, so that it swept down swiftly.

get, as with a shalp stoke of the canoe out in full stream, so that it swept down swiftly.

"You're right, Harry, you're right!" said Tom, eager now as I was myself. "Look—look, there's a canoe upset!"

"Paddle away!" I cried. Another shout came ringing towards us, just as I obtained a good view of what was taking place below.

"But we shall be over, too, Harry, if you row like that. Lord help them, though, if there isn't a girl in the water!" Tom cried, working his paddle furiously—an example I had set him. Swaying about, the little vessel raced almost through the troubled waters, which each moment grew more rough, leaping and dancing, and threatening at times to splash right into our frail boat. our frail boat.

our trail boat.

Our excitement was pardonable, for right in front of us, and about two hundred yards down the river, there was a sight which made my nerves tingle, and the paddle in my hands to feel like a straw

feel like a straw.

A canoe of about double the size of our own had been overset in the rapids, and, with four

had been overset in the rapids, and, with four figures clinging to it, was rapidly floating down stream amidst the boiling waters, which leaped and seethed round them.

Now we could see that two of the figures were making efforts to turn the canoe; but it was evident that in the rough water, and with the others clinging to it, this was impossible; and, strangled and bewildered in the fierce rush, they had given up the next minute, and were clinging to the vessel's sides.

Now it was hurried down a rapid with a tremendous rush, to be tossing the next moment

Now it was hurried down a rapid with a tre-mendous rush, to be tossing the next moment in the deep below, whirling round and round, now half under, now by its buoyancy rising again with its clinging freight, to be swept into an eddy where the water was comparatively calm, but only to be slowly driven back again into the swift current hastening down the rocky

A groan of dismay burst from my breast as I saw the boat dashed against a great black, jagged mass of rock right in its way. But the next instant the party had glided round it, and

next instant the party had ginded round it, and were again being swept downwards, where the river was one mass of creamy foam.

How we went down I cannot tell you, for it was due to no skill on our part; the wonder is that we were not overset a score of times; but somehow, almost miraculously, we seemed to

avoid rock after rock that was scattered in our way, the little canoe bounding along in a mad race as we plied our paddles with all the energy at our command.

I have often thought since that our rough action and chance way of running the gauntlet amidst the rocks was the reason of our success, where skilled managers of a canoe would have where skilled managers of a canoe would have come to grief; but, be that as it may, in a wild, exciting race we dashed on and on down the gradual watery slope, the noise of many waters thundering in our ears, while we forgot our own danger in the sight of that incurred by the party in the rapids.

"Go it, Harry!" Tom roared, mad almost with excitement, as he scooped away with his paddle. "Who's afraid? That's a good one! Now again! Bravo!"

We gained upon the upset boat swiftly, when, as the clinging party were swept into a tolera-

we gained upon the upset boat swiftly, when, as the clinging party were swept into a tolerably smooth reach that intervened between a fierce race of water and the next dangerous spot, I saw one of the men leave the canoe and strike boldly out for the shore, followed directly after by two more, whose dusky skin proclaimed them of Indian blood.

"Why only look there—three men and are

after by two more, whose dusky skin proclaimed them of Indian blood.

"Why, only look there—three men and one woman!" cried Tom. "And if they haven't gone away and left her! Paddle away! Mind, sir, or you'll have us over! We shall soon reach her now—mind, steady, for I'm scared to death of the crocodiles, and I wouldn't swim as they do not for a thousand dollars. That's it, only another thirty yards—long strokes and steady ones, and—hold on, we're coming!"

"Push on, Tom—push on, and save your breath," I cried, "for Heaven's sake! Ah!—"

I could not restrain that cry—it burst from my lips, for just at that moment I saw the girl's figure, yet clinging to the overturned canoe, glide from her hold, as if drawn away by some invisible agency down, down, gradually beneath the swift tide.

"It's one of those crocodiles that's got her!" cried Tom, giving vent to the thought that had

neath the swift tide.

"It's one of those crocodiles that's got her!" cried Tom, giving vent to the thought that had flashed across my brain. "Oh! don't—pray, pray don't, Harry!" I heard him shriek. "Don't dare to jump in after her!"

With Tom's voice ringing in my ears, but having no more effect than they would have had in staying the swift rush of the rapids, I had in one and the same moment recognized the drowning face, and, paddle in hand, leaped from the frail canoe into the foaming river.

That was a wild and thrilling moment, when, nerving myself to the encounter, I battled with the fierce water, trying to put into practice every feint and feat that I had learned in old bathing times at home, when sporting in the summer evenings in our little river.

Speed and skill in swimming seemed unavailing here, as I felt the waters wreathe round me, strangling me, as it were, in a cold embrace; then seizing me to drag me here, to drag me there; dashing me against this rock, against that, and directly after sending a cold lection of the hideous reptiles abounding in the river flashed upon me, when I felt myself sucked down lower and lower in the vortex of

lection of the hideous reptiles abounding in the river flashed upon me, when I felt myself sucked down lower and lower in the vortex of some eddy between the rocks.

It was like dreaming of swimming in some horrible nightmare, my every effort being checked when I strove to reach the drowning girl. Again and again, when just on the point of clutching her light garments, I was swept away, to begin once more fighting towards her with the energy of despair.

At last, however, my arm was around her, and two little hands closed upon my shoulders, clinging to me with a despairing grip, as I fought hard to keep on the surface; but only to be swept here and there, helpless as a fragment of wood, the muddy water the while thundering in my ears and bubbling angrily at my lips.

lips.

Now up, now down—over, and over, and over, rolling along a shallow smooth platform of rock, and then into deeper water again. I began to feel that I was fighting my last fight, and that the enemy was too strong.

Then came a respite, as I was swept into still water; but I was too weak now to take advantage of it before I was borne into the next consist of consists to receive me with my hallows.

upid, foaming to receive me with my helpless

The river was here like a series of long rugged steps, with here fierce tumbling waters, there a smooth interval, but only to be succeeded again and again by broken water, into another foaming chaos of which I was rapidly swept

It was now one wild confusion of struggling at was now one with confusion of struggling wave and roaring, foaming surf; then came a dim sense that I was half stunned by a fierce blow—that I was growing weaker—that I was drowning fast; and for an instant a pang shot through me as I seemed to see vividly a portion of my past life, and thought of how hard it was to die so young.

of my past fife, and thought of how hard it was to die so young.

I was again swept into the still water, and my arm struck out involuntarily as, my lips well above water, I drew in a long breath—a long invigorating draught of the breath of life; but my efforts were feeble, and my mind was misty and confused, but only for a few moments.

In a flash, as it were of light, the horror of In a flash, as it were of light, the horror of my position came upon me, and I gave utterance to a cry of terror, for suddenly there was a fierce rushing swirl in the water. I felt something strike me obliquely; then the light figure I had striven so hard to save was almost jerked from my arm, and the next instant we were borne swiftly along through the water up

stream and towards the shore. I felt that we were being dragged rapidly away by one of the ravenous reptiles of the river.

CHAPTER VII. IN THE WOODS.

EATH, we are told, has been met by the brave hearted again and again unfinchingly; but such a death as was now threatening me and the poor girl I was trying to save must have made the stoutest blench. For my part a chill of horror seemed to pass through every limb, thoroughly unnerving me, so that my efforts were but feeble as I felt myself sweeping through the water toward felt myself sweeping through the water toward the bank, where the stream ran swiftly, but free of rocks, while its eddies and whirlpools showed that there were holes and places worn in beneath the banks, to one of which it seemed

in beneath the banks, to one of which it seemed evident the monster was making.

Suddenly I was galvanized, as it were, back into vigorous action by a sound as something grazed my shoulder.

"Now, then, hold fast by the side—hold fast!" was shrieked in my ear as a hand grasped mine, guiding it to the edge of the canoe, to which I clung with renewed energy as we were racing through the shallows at a tremendous rate.

racing through the shanows as a strength rate.

Then came a shouting, and a vigorous beating of the water with a paddle, a tremendous rushing swirl, which nearly overset the canoe, and our locomotion was at an end, the vessel floating lightly in a deep pool beneath the trees. A few strokes of the paddle and the prow struck the muddy bank; and before I could recover from the prostration I felt myself dragged on to the grass, and my arm roughly

could recover from the prostration I felt myself dragged on to the grass, and my arm roughly torn from the girl I had rescued. Then there was the muttering of voices, the rustling of the undergrowth as a passage was forced through it, and we were alone.

"I'd have said thank you for a good deal less than that, if it had been me," said Tom gruffly, as he stood gazing after the retreating party. "They're a nice lot, Harry—swam off like a set of cowards, and left the girl to drown; and when some one else has the pluck to save her, they look savage and disappointed, and snatch her away just as if they were recovering stolen goods."

My only reply was a shudder, and a minute

her away just as if they were recovering stolen goods."

My only reply was a shudder, and a minute later I pronounced my readiness to proceed.

"Paddles are both in the boat," said Tom, then, as he secured the canoe by its bark rope to a tree. "We've got over the river, Harry, that's one thing; but how far we are down below the landing place I don't know."

We proved to be much farther below than I thought, enough time elapsing for my clothes to get nearly dry in the patches of hot sun we passed as we wound our way through the forest. The rushing noise of the river on our right guided us in our efforts to keep within range of the bank, which we avoided on account of the huge beasts we had seen basking there.

A little more perseverance, though, brought us to the track—one that we might have reached in a quarter of the time had we known the way.

A short walk showed us that we were correct, for we went along the track to the river, so as to make sure of this being the path we sought. There, on the other side of the stream, was the landing place from which we had started, only to reach our present position after a roundabout eventful journey.

our present position after a roundabout eventful journey

All right, Harry-come along," said Tom,

turning.

And now, pursuing the track, we found that we were gradually mounting a slope, till the trees were left behind, and we stood upon an

trees were left behind, and we stood upon an eminence looking down upon my uncle's house. All that we had seen beautiful before seemed to fail before the picture upon which we now gazed, where all that was lavish in nature had been aided by the hand of man, till the region below us blushed in beauty. We were looking down upon a lightly built, pleasantly located house, with its green shaded windows and great vine burdened piazza, gayly painted and,running right round the house.

The place stood in the midst of a grove of verdure of the most glorious golden green, rich

The place stood in the midst of a grove of verdure of the most glorious golden green, rich with the great crimson blossoms of what is there called madre del cacao—the cocoa's mother—tall, regularly planted trees, cultivated for the protection and shade they give to the plants beneath, great bananas loaded with fruit, bright green coffee bushes, and the cocoa with its pods, green, yellow, blood red, and purple. The roughly erected fences were, so to speak, smothered with glorious trumpet blossomed convolvuli, whose bright hues were peering ever from a bed of heart and spear shaped richty green leaves.

from a bed of heart and spear shaped richly green leaves.

Clear and bright was the sky, and wherever the rays of the sun penetrated it was for them to fall in a shower of golden arrows, and form tracery upon the green carpet beneath the trees, amid whose branches, screaming, chattering, climbing, and hanging head downwards, or fluttering from bough to bough, were hundreds of rainbow hued parrots, beautiful as Nature's dyes could paint.

I led the way, Tom following close behind, till we entered a sort of courtyard surrounding the sheds, with men and women busily at work at what I afterwards learned was the preparation of the cocoa.

"And you're Harry Grant then, are you?" said a tall, brown skinned man, who was pointed out to me as the owner of the place, and who, upon my introducing myself, received me with a hearty grip of the hand. "Hang it, my

lad, it brings old times back to see a face fresh from home! You're your mother's boy plain enough. But come in, and welcome, my lad, though we have been in a bit of a stew; my girl upset in a canoe and was half drowned; but the gentleman with her saved her. She's not much the worse for it, though."

I turned round hastily and just in time to stop Tom, who was about to blurt out the whole affair, for I thought it better to be silent. It was rather startling to find that I had probably been the means of saving the life of my own cousin; though why the gentleman who was with her—whoever he might be—should have the credit of what Tom and I had done, I did not know. Any way, I was to be beneath the same roof, and I thought matters would come right in the end.

same roof, and I thought matters would come right in the end.

My uncle led the way into a cool, half darkened room, where I was introduced to an aunt, of whose existence I was not aware, inasmuch as she was the lately married widow of a neighboring planter. Then I heard my uncle say:

"Not lying down, Lill? All right again? Glad of it! Well, this is a cousin for you, and I hope you will be good friends."

I hardly know what I said or did just then; for timidly coming forward out of the shade, I saw the fair vision of the morning, but now deadly pale—the maiden whom a couple of hours before I had rescued from so horrible a death.

death.

She was dressed in a simple muslin, and her long fair hair, yet clammy and damp, was tied with a piece of blue ribbon, and hung down her shoulders. It was the same sweet face that might be seen in many a country home far away in our northern land; but out there, in that tropic country, with its grand scenery and majestic vegetation, she seemed to me, in spite of her pallor, to be fairy-like and ethereal; and for a while, as I thought of the events of a short time before—events in which she was unconscious that I had played a somewhat important part—I was blundering and awkward, and unable to say more than a few of the commonest words of greeting.

I have no doubt that they all thought me an awkward, clumsy oaf, and I must have looked it; but I was suddenly brought to myself by my uncle's voice and the sight of a pair of eyes.

"Harry," said my uncle, performing the ceremony of introduction, "Mr.—(I beg his pardon) Don—Don Pablo Garcia, a neighbor of mine—the gentleman who just saved Lilla's life. Garcia, my nephew—my sister's son—from New England."

Instinctively I held out my hand, and the next moment it was clasping something cold She was dressed in a simple muslin, and her

from New England."

Instinctively I held out my hand, and the next moment it was clasping something cold and damp and fishlike. A few words in English passed, but they were muttered mechanically, and for a few moments we two stood looking in each other's eyes, my expression—if it was a true index of my heart—being that of wonder and distrust.

was a true index of my heart—being that of wonder and distrust.

I knew in that instant of time that I was gazing into the eyes of a deadly enemy—of a man who, for self glorification, had arrogated to himself the honor of having saved Lilla's life, probably under the impression that we, being strangers, were bound down the river, and would never again turn up to contradict him. What he had said, how much he had taken upon himself, or how much had been laid upon himself through the lying adulations of his Indian servants, I do not know; but I was conscious of an intense look of hatred and dislike.

"The senor and I have met before," he said. "He helped me to save our woodland flower from the river."

"Indeed! my dear Harry!" exclaimed my uncle, catching my disengaged hand in his, while I dragged the other away from Garcia's cold clutch, his eyes fixing mine the while, and seeming to say, "Be careful, or I'll have your life!"

"It was nothing on my part, uncle," I said quietly. "Nothing but what any fellow would have done."

The next moment Mrs. Landell, my new annt had thrown her arms round my neck.

The next moment Mrs. Landell, my new aunt, had thrown her arms round my neck. Formality of greeting was at an end, and, with tears in her eyes, she thanked me and welcomed me to the hacienda.

I was longing for the scene to be at an end, for I was growing troubled and confused. The telltale blood swept into my face, and I blushed like a girl; for Lilla came up, and with the color mantling, too, in her pale cheeks, thanked me for what I had done.

It was some few minutes before I was sufficiently cool and collected to have a good look

ciently cool and collected to have a good look at Garcia, when I found him to be a tall, well at Garcia, when I found him to be a tall, well shaped, and swarthy young fellow, about five years my senior. He was handsome, but there was a sinister look about his dark eyes, and, in spite of his effeminacy, his lithe limbs betokened great strength. An instinctive feeling of dislike kept growing upon me, although there was a pleasant smile, and a display of regular white teeth, which he turned upon me every time he encountered my eyes. He was easy of mien, well dressed, and evidently at home there; while by contrast I was shabby, travel stained and awkward.

My instinctive dislike of the fellow was m-

My instinctive dislike of the fellow was m-My instinctive dislike of the fellow was increasing every moment we were together. After a while he rose, crossed over to Lilla, who was seated, took her hand in his, and then, with a smiling farewell to all present, he whispered a few words to my cousin, gave me a sharp meaning look from between his half closed eyelids, and then his figure darkened for an instant the sunshine streaming in at the door, and he was gone. gone.

(To be continued)

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

SUNSET.

BY ELEANOR H. ABBOTT.

Shadows are falling on a glorious day, As shadows fall at length on all things fair. The chirping sparrow to its nest has flown, And life seems like one sweet and silent prayer.

The western sky is but one mass of gold,
With streaks of red that soften with the gray.
It is that gate of heaven open thrown,
To welcome souls, whose tears have ceased this

The golden light is what our crowns shall be; The red, the blood that gained us entrance

The red, the blood that gained us en there;
The gray, the sorrows that are left without,
Now quickly fading in the golden glare. The music that steals softly o'er the soul, Soothing the troubled, agitated breast, Is but the echo of the heavenly choir Welcoming at eventide the souls at rest.

| This story commenced in No. 266.]

THE Lost Gold Mine.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER XLV. CONCLUSION.

BSORBED in listening to the ballad that Miss Doris was singing, Rob did not bear the that Miss Doris was singing, Rob did not hear the newcomer's footfalls on the soft carpet; nor did his com-panion, as her voice rose and fell in sweet

cadences. Drawing his violin from its covering, the musician tucked it lovingly under his As his ear bent down to the vocal wood, the bow suddenly swept lightly over the strings in accord with the quaint old tune that Doris was playing.

The young girl sprang from her seat.
"My dear old music teacher, Mr. De ancy!" she cried and Poly for the Lancy!" she cried, and Rob felt his heart almost stop beating as he rose and turned toward the violinist, in whose pale, and alas, haggard features he recognized the counterpart of the picture in

nized the counterpart of the picture in his pocket.

"I recognized your touch in a moment," Doris went on delightedly. "Mr. Dare, this is Mr. De Lancy, who gave me my first piano lessons and taught me to sing 'Robin Adair' with some degree of correctness."

Taking the musician's instrument from him with gentle force, she laid it on a small center table near Rob, who had tremblingly acknowledged the introduc-tion. Then she made Mr. De Lancy sit

down.

"I heard you playing, my child," he said, "and I could not resist stepping in a moment to say farewell—"

"But Mr. De Lancy," impulsively interrupted Doris, "you must tell me where you have been this—why, it is almost if not quite three years since father lost sight of you. And where are you going, pray?" pray

Miss Doris," returned the musician "I have been down in the depths sadly, of poverty. I have for more than two years drifted from city to city earning a bare subsistence with my violin. I only returned two days ago, drawn here by an impulse I could not resist. But it has come to naught, and tomorrow I shall drift away again—I neither know nor care where my footsteps shall take

Rob softly reached out and took up the violin beside him. And then with a voice tremulous with emotion, he began singing the words he had heard hundreds of miles away in the silence of night time, accompanying them with the

night time, accompanying them with the strains of the instrument.

The music teacher started to his feet.

"Great Heavens!" he exclaimed.

"You are singing the words I adapted to the old tune—a lament for my lost boy. What does it mean?"

"It means," said Rob, steadying his voice with an effort, "that your lost boy is found!"

is found!'

The scene that followed beggars description. Doris, who was quite beside herself with bewilderment and delight, slipped out and left the two together.
Mr. De Lancy, holding Rob's hand in his
own, was like one in a dream, as he
listened to the latter's explanation of those points relating to his own identity none of which need recapitulation. birthmark on Rob's arm was as convinc-ing as the conventional strawberry mark of the long lost heir in the play. And as

Colonel Lamonte remarked the next day, "the whole thing, sah, beats anything present day fiction has produced." So in substance said the dissatisfied

detective, when Rob paid him an exor-bitant fee for his services and dismissed

All this happened ten years ago. day the Bonanza cattle ranch is known far and wide as one of the most successof its kind in the State. The dwelling itself has been enlarged to meet the ex-The dwelling igencies of the situation. Mr. and Mrs. Robin De Lancy, with two or three lovely children, are at the head of everything. The colonel lives with them as a matter of course, and so too does Mr. De Lancy, whom the years have touched lightly. A happier household—so it occurred to me two years ago when I visited them for a week—never existed.

Chip no longer-but Mr. Edward Forwith his pretty half breed wife, was a visitor there for a day or two at the same time. He is now a wealthy land owner in southern Nevada, and part of his business was to consult with Colonel Lamonte about selling his wife's shares of mining stock once held by Colonel Lamonte as "collateral"—they having turned out to be very valuable.

Between Rob and his friend I gathered

the substance of the story that I have with some elaboration and necessary change of name and locations, written out at length. If it affords one half the pleasure to my readers in a revised share that it did to me in its original form I shall be well repaid for the time spent on THE LOST GOLD MINE.

THE END.



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be an-swered in their turn as soon as space permits.

swered in their turn as soon as space permits.

DECLINED with thanks; "An Adventure in the
Adirondacks," Summer Twilight," "Frank's Birthday Present," "A Brave Girl," "Never Give Up,"
"A Trapper's Story," "The Cruise of the Thetis,"
"The Haunted House," "Farmer Roland's Goat," W. C. P., Jr., Jessups, Md. See description of ome made telephone next week.

H. EDWIN OTLEY, 101 Fremont St., Chicago, Ill., would like to correspond with editors of amateur

W. L. R. J., Worcester, Mass. The Secretary of the Treasury under Washington was Alexander the Treasu Hamilton.

THE SHERIDAN FENCIBLES, of Philadelphia, need ceruits. Address Captain Shoemaker, 1216 Citron t., Philadelphia, Pa.

St., Philadelpnia, Pa.

C. E. S., Norwalk, Conn. When two acquaintances meet in the street, it is proper for either of them to address the other.

E. O. H., Camden, N. J. "Popular Military Instructions," by Lieutenant Hamilton, ran through Nos. 230-237, which cost 48 cents, post paid.

Nos. 230-237, Which cost 48 cents, post paid.
U. S. M., Philadelphia, Pa. One dollar covers the copyright fees, and the business can be transacted by mail through the Librarian of Congress.
T. H.; Pottsville, Pa. We repeat most emphatically that we cannot decide on the availability of a story for our columns until we have examined it.

A.C.R., Haverstraw, N. Y. There is only a ay class in stenography and typewriting at ooper Institute, and that exclusively for women.

Boy, Altoona, Pa. No licence is required to sell ovelties, but we should not recommend the plan ou propose as being suitable for a boy to under-

W. S., Philadelphia, Pa. It would be out of the question for us to give the space necessary to print the dates you desire. Apply to some theatrical

H. K. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. Gould & Co., of Albany, are great law book publishers. Black-stone is considered the foundation stone of works of jurisprudence.

E. W., Dayton, O. 1. The word "girl" can be found in the Bible in Joel iii: 3 and Zechariah viii: 5. 2. The engravings on the front page of the Argosy are woodcuts.

the Argosy are woodcuts.

Earl Lansii, 6 Goldsmith Place, Boston Highlands, Mass, would like to hear from boys between 14 and 17, and above 5 ft. 2 in., who would like to form a military company.

Strady Subschier, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. A canry breeds four, five, and even six times in a season. 2. For full information on the subject write to George F. Holden, Sixth Avenue, New York.

E. W. P., Washington, D. C. To make an æo-lian harp, stretch eight or ten strings of catgut, tuning them in unison, over a wooden box, made sloping, like a desk. Then place in a current of

S. J. B., Lawrence, Mass. We think you can obtain all the information you wish on the subject of dyeing by consulting some standard encyclo-

pedia, such as Chambers's or Appleton's New

H. G. M., Norristown, Pa. As we have already more than once stated, the origin of strange maners and customs can but very rarely be fixed upon with any degree of certainty. They are in many cases gradual growths.

W. G. H., Boston, Mass. We could not tell you in what year sleighs were first brought to this country. Don't you suppose that the proverbially inventive Yankee constructed them for himself, without importing them?

without importing them?
P. W. B., Onarga, Ill. We have not the space to print directions for the solution you want. Consult some good encyclopedia under "nickel."
If you have not such a work at hand, your minister will, no doubt, allow you to look at his.
C. F. W., Chelsea, Mass. That you are possessed of limited means and a yearning for the stage, are very weak reasons for your adoption of the actor's profession, against embarking in which we would in any case dissuade you.

H. Y., Pueblo, Colo. Rabbits begin to breed when only six months old, and have severals litters a year, of from 4 to 12 each. Coarse cabbage blades, celery and carrot tops, together with some little grass and clover browsing are best in the way

of feed.

M. J. R., New York City. For information concerning the art of embossing on silver and the
possibilities it holds out to one adapting it as a
profession, we refer you to Tiffany, Dominick &
Haff, or the Gorham Company, all on or near
Union Square, this city.
P. H. T., Chicago, Ill. We should say a twenty
foot yacht would be none too big for a party of
eight boys. If they intend to cruise and live on
board, of course a much larger one would be safer
and more comfortable. Zephyr., Sea Witch and
Scud would be appropriate names.

W. G. E. B., New York City. Probably the

Scud would be appropriate names.

W. G. E. B., New York City. Probably the most suitable gymnasium in New York is that of most suitable gymnasium in New York is that of the property of the p

young men.

THE HAMILTON CADETS. Boys from 15 to 18, and
5 ft. 2 in. in height, who wish to join the Brooklyn
Battalion, should apply to H. C. B. Fogg, 93 South
8th St., Brooklyn, E. D. Boys of the same qualifications wishing to join the Staten Island Battalion, should apply to P. R. De Lile, Mesereau and
Herberton Aves., Fort Rethmond, S. 1

H. M., Jr., New York City, asks whether there is a premium on a one dollar bill issued in 1865 by the National State Bank of Lafayette, Ind. It is impossible for us to know the value of the myriad different issues of paper money. Very few of them command any premium, but H. M. will have to consult a coin dealer if he wants to ascertain further.

MARREN HAVILAND, Albany, N. Y. 1. To remove ink spots, as we have said before, if soap and water is not successful, try a solution of oxalic acid. 2. "Prince of Wales" is the title belonging to the heir to the British crown. Should the present prince succeed to the throne, or die without succeeding, the title would devolve upon his eldest son, Prince Albert Victor.

son, Prince Albert Victor.

Young Soldier, New York City. Any one having a friend or relative on Governor's Island can go there to see him without pass or permit. If you simply desire to see the Island, and have no acquaintance there, address a letter to the Post Commander, Governor's Island, asking for a pass at a certain time, and inclosing a stamp for reply. The landing in New York is at the Governor's Island Barge Office, alongside of the Staten Island ferry house. A foat goes every hour, and a sergeant is one of the Barge Office to direct and assist passengers.

passengers.

You Know, New York City. We are sure that very few of our readers will agree with your opinion that our illustrations are not so good as formation and the surface of the surface whose work has appeared in the present volume are A. R. Waud, James E. Kelly, Charles Kendrick, W. Parker Bodfish, Walter Bobbett, Arthur Bennett, and W. M. Cary—all of whom stand high in their profession, while our engraving, both wood engraving and phote engraving; is done in the very best style. We are not sparing trouble or expense to give our readers the highest grade of art, and we believe that they appreciate the fact.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to sub-scribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but wecannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' egg, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sentby readers who wish to ob-tain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for par-ticulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

the the state of t

R. P. Templin, Nevada, Mo. A pair of 5 lb. Indian clubs, for a pair of 6 to to 10 lb. dumb bells. Frank W. Brault, 3 Cottage Place, Lowell, Mass. A magic lantern and 12 slides, for a press. G. H. Wilson, 111 Church St., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. "Do and Dare," for "The Buried Treas-

Albert F. Buffum, Cambridgeport, Mass. A of No. 9 roller skates, for a press, type, or a m lantern.

S. D. Salmon, Jr., 162 Summer St., Somerville, Mass. A nickel rimmed banjo, valued at \$11, for

a mandolin; and a self inking press and outfit, valued at \$10, for books, or electrical or photographic goods.

Jesse Lowry, Tombstone, Ariz. A new International stamp album, for stamps. Write for particulars.

George D. Niven, 630 Broad St., Providence, R. I. 10 by 14 press, a flageolet, and a fife, for a 48 racket banjo.

N. J. Ryan, 176 East 88th St., New York City. The flags of all nations, valued at \$2.50, for a pair of roller skates.

F. A. Russell, Fair Haven, Conn. Three hundred foreign stamps, for any number of Munsey's Popular Series.

POPULAR SERIES.
Fred Northrup, Box 1133, Port Jervis, N. Y. Three different Mexican stamps, for every used Special Delivery Stamp.
Theo. Pardee, 72 Jones St., Detroit, Mich. Seventy different foreign stamps, for any number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

William R. O'Neil, Box 4, Franklin Falls, N. H. Two miniature steam engines and a hand bracket saw, for a set of boxing gloves.

saw, for a set of boxing gloves.
Fred Moore, 32 Anderson St., Allegheny, Pa.
The League parlor base ball game, and two books
by Optic, for a stationary engine.
John F. Byrne, Box 1002, New London, Conn.
Historical relics from Fort Griswold, foreign
stamps and minerals, for minerals.
Thomas Farrell, N. W. corner of 1st and Coles
Sts., Jersey City, N. J. A nickel watch, for an upright engine, with or without boiler.
Harry L. Abbett, Jede View, Wessetter Mose.

Harry L. Abbott, Lake View, Worcester, Mass. A foot power scroll saw, nearly new, for a self inking press and type in good condition.

H. J. Miron, Box 49, Lake Village, N. H. A New World stamp album, 2540 spaces, for every 500 square cut U. S. envelope stamps.

500 Square cut U. S. envelope stamps.
Walter Scott, 1 Somerset St., Cambridgeport,
Mass. A self inking press and outfit, and a scroll
saw, for a telegraph key and sounder,
Canby Hewitt, 112 East College St., Louisville,
Ky. A pair of skates, and "Frank among the
Rancheros," valued at \$2.50, for a camera.

Chas. H. McCowen, Box 654, Alliance, O. Books and other articles, for reading matter or coins. Correspondence with coin collectors solicited.

Otto C. Buettner, 1346 Washington St., Boston, Mass. A cherry case of brass drawing compasses, with attachments, for "Afloat in a Great City."

H. Martin, 102 North 4th St., Columbus, O. A pair of clamp roller skates, for the first or third volume of "The Go Ahead Series," by Castlemon.

W. A. Ridge, 28 Martin St., Allegheny, Pa. An accordion, a pair of No. 10 1-2 all clamp ice skates, books, etc., for a set of 5 to 10 ounce boxing gloves.

John H. Siemann, 264 8th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A Victor press, with type and outfit, and a magic lantern with slides, for a large self inking press and outfit.

Carl Miller, 64 West Central Ave., St. Paul, Minn. A 4 by 2 1-2 hand inking press, with 3 fonts of type and outfit, for 3 books by Alger or other standard authors.

Foy Herrick, 16 Boyd St., Watertown, N. V. Foreign and U. S. stamps, for papers and books on taxidermy, ornithology, or oology. Books, for taxidermists' instruments.

taxidermists' instruments.

Burton P. Thoms, 1727 Fairmount Ave., Baltimore, Md. A Baltimorean No. 1 self inking press, chase 2 1 2 by 4, with 4 fonts of type and outfit, for a wooden or canvas cance.

Edward Rudolph, 128 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A pair of 9 1-2 all clamp ice skates, and a magic lantern with sildes, for a set of men's size boxing gloves. Call from 7 to 9 P. M.

Louis Leftman, 270c Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Louis Lehman, 2705 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
"Tales from Shakespeare," "Gulliver's Travels,"
"The Pickwick Papers," and "Julian Mortimer,"
for Vol. II of The Golden Argosy.

Nelson J. Roth, 2654 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo. A pair of opera glasses, a spy glass, and a microscope. all valued at \$35, for magic lantern slides, not less than 3 1-4 by 4 inches. No comics.

not less than 3 1-4 by 4 finches. No comics.

H. E. Shipley, Mendota, Ill. A pair of American club nickel plated ice skates, or of Vineyard all clamp nickel plated roller skates, for a set of boxing gloves, an opera glass or a field glass. Louis Henry, Rear 10-2, Essex St., Chelsea, Mass. A book, stamps, a pair of nickel plated skates, two games, and a dark lantern, for a pair of opera glasses or a volume of The Golden Argosy.

E. Ray Stevens, Box 96, Janesville, Wis. U. S., and Department stamps, a magic lantern with 50 views, and reading matter, for Gray's Manual and Botany, or for Argosies previous to Vol. IV.

Ralph B. Renaud, 8 Main St., Stamford, Conn.

Ralph B. Renaud, 8 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Two different postmarks, for every South or Cen-tral American stamp; not less than 5 different stamps taken. "Bits of Blarney," for stamps.

Wirt E. Morgan, Box 78, New London, N. H. A 2 1-2 in. nickel plated bull's eye lantern, and specimens of rose quartz, topaz, and rock from Kearsage Mountain, for a book by Optic or Trow-

J. W. Barnes, Colfax, Ill. A first tenor horn, made by Taubert, of Paris, nearly new, cost \$4.0 with instructor and 60 pieces of music, for a good 4 by 5 or 3 by 8 camera, or a 46 to 48 inch rubber tired bicycle.

A. Barritt, 3615 Cozens Ave., St. Louis, Mo. A 2 1-4 by 3 1-4 press, valued at \$3.50, with two fonts of typ? and cards, for a Martin or Winchester graduated peep sight. Type, etc., for a Beach combination sight.

J. W. Kennedy, Auditor's Office, Rock Island Railway, Chicago, Ill. "Allan Quatermann," "Tragedy of Redmount," and "Twenty Thou sand Leagues Under the Sea," for 5 nos. of MUNSAY'S FORLAR SERIES.

Charles Watson, 222 East 123d St., New York City. A magic lantern, with views, for a pair of Raymond extension or Peck and Snyder roller skates. A 14 in model sloop, for a fountain pen. New York offers only.

Arthur C. Gamble, 114 14th St., West, Minneapo-lis, Minn. A magic lantern with slides a type-writer, a miniature steam engine with boiler, etc., for an electric motor battery and outif capable of running a turning lathe, or a steam engine and boiler of equal power.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

THE POETS.

BY ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World losers and world forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams;
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world forever, it seems Of the world forever, it seems
With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;

And three, with a new song's measure, Can trample a kingdom down.

My Great Grandfather's Storv.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

great grandfather, Paul Stainsforth Harrison, was of English descent. The Harrisons for almost two centuries have been seafarers, and my great

ries have been seafarers, and my great grandfather was acting midshipman on board H. M. S. Myopia when he was but eighteen years old.

Part of this story, which is copied from his private journal, still in possession of our family, is a matter of record at the present day, being often quoted in connection with authentic accounts of strange presentiments, fulfilment of dreams, and the like. The remainder has never before been given to the public. I set down the whole in my grand father's

set down the whole in my grandfather's words, only substituting to some extent present day language for the rather stilted style of narration of a hundred years ago.

The frigate then cruising in the Bay of Biscay with an eye to the capture of Spanish merchantmen bound to the north-ward. We had taken ward. We had taken but three prizes since leaving the English Channel, and were rather down hearted in consequence, as one of these was but a small brig laden with cheap ap wines, while two others were

hardly more valuable.

Being a kinsman of
Sir Edward Bathurst, our commander, he was good enough to was good enough to so metimes waive quarter deck etiquette and address me on equal terms. Thus it was one night in my watch on deck, immoned me to his

cabin.
"You have been stationed near the after companionway all your watch I think, Mr. Harrison?" he asked, and I answered

asked, and I answered in the affirmative. "Has any one in that time descended the companionway steps?" "No one, Sir Edward." "It is passing strange," he said half aloud, "and the marine sentry at the entrance of the forward cabin gives a like answer."

Then he took from the table where lay his open chart, a parchment sheet on which he had been casting up the day's reckoning. "I sat by the table but a few moments ago in a drowse," said Sir Edward with unusual abruptness, 'and it seemed to me that I was wakened by the scratching of a quill upon this parchment. I looked, and lo, beheld in ink not dry the words which you see. Read them." So in great amaze I saw in writing such as no scrivener might excel, this: "Steer west northwest."

And what seemed most singular to myself,

And what seemed most singular to myself, was that the writing was in a woman's hand—graceful and in long, flowing strokes.
"Surely, Sir Edward," I ventured to say, "there is none on board who could have traced

these delicate lines even had any one dared ven-

these delicate lines even had any one dared venture in your private cabin, which under the circumstances is impossible."

To which he fully agreed. And for a moment we regarded each other in bewilderment.

"What weather have we?" he inquired, after a short pause. I told him that the night was clear and fine with the wind about S. S. E.—the ship-then standing a northerly course to clear Ushant.

Sir Edward turned and studied his chart for a moment. He was a handsome mam—then I

some the was a handsome man—then I think in his thirty eighth year—the youngest commander in the English navy.

"Tell the officer of the deck to make the course west norwest till further orders, Mr. Harrison," were his words, "and as a favor to me—keep what you have seen and heard to

Flattered at such a signal mark of confidence,

Flattered at such a signal mark of confidence, I bowed, and hastening on deck made known the order to the lieutenant in charge, who looked surprised but said nothing.

The yards were quickly braced round and the ship put on the W. N. W. course, while, by further orders from Sir Edward, the lookouts were doubled and even a man sent aloft forward. But nothing was seen until early in the morning watch. Then the lookout aloft reported something ahead—the distance being too great to make out its nature distinctly. He took it to be a boat or raft.

be a boat or raft.

It proved to be the latter, and Sir Edward on the high quarter, with a glass at his eye, de-

It proved to be the latter, and Sir Edward on the high quarter, with a glass at his eye, declared that two persons were clinging to it. Very shortly we were within proper distance and the ship was laid to with topsails aback. I had never before seen Sir Edward thus disturbed. He seemed animated by some strange spirit of excitement as he gave orders relative to lowering the big launch—our two working boats having been stove in a gale two days before. "Tell then to set the lug sails, Mr. Murch," he said to the officer of the day, "the oars will hardly move the heavy launch swifty enough. Make all haste—one of them on the raft is a twoman!"

woman!"

No need now to urge haste to the British seamen, so ready to fly to the rescue of a female in distress. The launch, put off before the wind, swept like a huge bird toward the distant raft. We, from the ship's deck, could now distinguish the form of a female muffled in wraps,

sight' as it is termed. And last night, after darkness had settled upon the deep, she fell into a trance-like sleep, despite the tumult of the sea. It was, as she told me later, as though her spirit had left the body and, watted through space, was suddenly transported into the cabin of a war ship, where at a table on which was an open chart sat a man of noble presence asleep in his chair. Vainly Anita sought to wake him, and despairing of so doing, she seemed to bethink herself of another expedient. With quill and ink she wrote on a sheet of parchment whereon were certain measurements—*steervæst northwest.* And then her eyes were opened to find us two on the raft, buffeted by wind and sea. Yet when she had told me all, I knew we should be saved."

You perhaps may imagine the amazement with which I listened—being of them all the only one who knew why the ship's course had been changed. And I lost no time in conveying the strange story to my noble kinsman, who I need not say marvled greatly.

But we had no time to speak further. For at once the stateroom door opened, admitting to the cabin the most wonderfully beautiful young woman these eyes have ever seen. She was, as I remember her, a little above the average

the cabin the most wonderfully beautiful young woman these eyes have ever seen. She was, as I remember her, a little above the average height, with a form proportioned like that of the heathen goddess Diana, as we see it in marble. She had a wondrous abundance of chestnut hair, a complexion like lilies and roses, scarlet, pouting lips, and eyes of such surprising depth and brilliancy that I could readily think they might penetrate even futurity itself.

The colored woman had clad Missing the properties of the colored woman had clad Missing the penetrate even futurity itself.

The colored woman had clad Mis-tress Anita in one of the silken robes from a cedar chest containing a great variety of female

apparel taken with the captured brig. And being

skylight, which was open to admit the soft breeze that swelled the ship's sails. The voice of my kinsman and Mistress Anita came distinctly to my ear as they were having discourse together in the cabin.

I meant not to be dishonorable, but curiosity got the better of me, by reason of Mistress Anita's speech. For she was saying:

"I know not whence these dreams—if dreams they be—come to me thus; but as I have told you, Sir Edward, last night methought I saw a large ship deeply laden, bearing the flag of Spain, standing a northerly course—yet it may be a phantasy of imagination—who shall say?"

"It was no phantasy when you dreamed concerning your rescue," I heard Sir Edward reply after a little, "and in any event, having lost sight of the flag ship, I had thought of changing my course—"" "One thing more" Mistress Anita broke in

sight of the flag ship, I had thought ot changing my course—"
"One thing more," Mistress Anita broke in with speech that seemed to hesitate, "methought in my vision that if the Myopia encountered the deeply laden ship it presaged something of sorrow to thyself,"
All at once I bethought myself and withdrew, failing to hear Sir Edward's answer. But a moment later he came on deck.
"Make the course west nor'west," he said to

ment later he came on deck.
" Make the course west nor'west," he said to
the sailing master. And those of us who heard
it looked at each other with significance. For it
was the same order which resulted in Mistress
Anita's rescue. Though I of them all knew its
origin.

Antia's rescue. Though I of them an anel of origin.

So the course was changed, and with our studding sails hung out on either side, the ship made gallant speed before the south eastern breeze. And by noon of the next daya sail was reported on our larboard bow, which through the glass was made out to be a deeply laden ship standing to the northward.

But I grow lengthy for the space admitted in my journal. And it is sufficient to say that as the strange sail altered her course, we gave chase, coming up with her at daybreak on

her at daybreak on the following morn-

To our surprise, though a lumbering merchantman, the Spanish colors came Spanish colors came not down in answer to a cannon shot across the bow. Sud-denly hauling her wind the ship bore down on us, discharge ing a broadside from ing a broadside from six pound carronades which did consider-able execution on our deck—some dozen if I remember rightly being killed and wounded.

Our batteries were at once opened, and though she gallantly returned our fire, our superiority of arma-ment quickly decided the contest. Her fore and mizzen fell under our fire, while the blood poured like water from the lee

scuppers.

Truly a noble prize was the Donna Esmerelda, fresh from a two years' cruise on the Peruvian coast, and well might those

on board make a desperate fight. Six hundred cases of silver, each of the value of £500 sterling, were in the hold. Fifteen hundred octaves of gold in the run, in addition to plate and jewels plundered from Peruvian monasteries. Besides silver in crude bars, redwood, cocoa, pepper, lead, wool, hides, honey, cochineal, gums and spices, with various other products of the coast. My own share of prize money at the end of the voyage was upward of £1500 from this single capture, whose value was said to be nearly £700.000.*

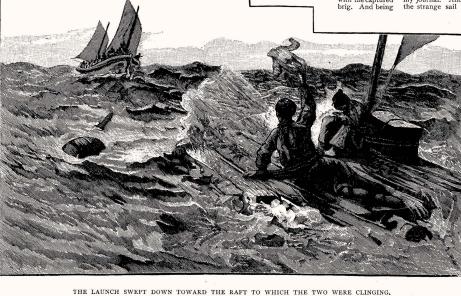
mearly £700,000.*

"Assuredly, fair dreamer of dreams," I heard
Sir Edward say as, after the traces of the fight
were effaced from the deck, Mistress Anita ventured upon the quarter, "assuredly it is joy
rather than sorrow which your dream has
brought me."

But the ladder.

rather than sorrow which your dream has brought me."
But the lady answered not. And standing near her, I saw that her wonderful eyes were steadily fixed upon the captain of the prize, who had been conveyed to our ship.
All at once I heard Anita cry "Eduardo!" and the young captain sprang to her side just in time to receive her fainting form.

It soon came out that Eduardo was Mistress Anita's betrothed. The parents of young Greyton had opposed the match in their lifetime, whereat the lovers were separated, though avowing eternal constancy. Nor had they met until the strange encounter on board the Myopia.
My kinsman, noble gentleman that he was, made no sign of his grievous heart wound. And two days later we signaled an English merchant vessel bound for London, whose captain agreed to convey young Greyton, Mistress Anita and her betrothed thither. When Sir Edward bade them adieu, he only said:
"Farewell, dear lady, may thy future life be happy with him thou hast chosen."



seemingly leaning against a chest or box to which she was lashed. The man lay crouched upon the timbers. Occasionally he waved something in his hand.

It seemed an age before the two, as also the chest itself, were transferred from the raft to the launch. Then the latter, hauled on the wind, came slowly toward us and at length reached the gangway steps alongside.

Strong hands assisted the female, whose face and form were quute hidden by a multiplicity of wraps, which I noticed were shawls of costly texture, though stained and spoiled by sea water.

texture, though stained and spoiled by sea water. And very soon she was in a spare stateroom, attended by the colored wife of our messroom

steward.

The other, who was a remarkable handsome youth of some twenty years, seemed not to be much the worse for exposure. Being refreshed with stimulant and a change of dry apparel, he

with stimulation and a change of dry appairs, he told us what follows:

The two were twin brother and sister of English birth, whose parents had taken residence in The two were will brother and sister of English birth, whose parents had taken residence in Cadiz, Spain, some years previous. These had died but the year before, whereupon young Greyton and his sister, who bore the name Anita, resolved to return to England, where they had inherited a large family estate in Sussex. The ship on which they took passage foundered in the gale we ourselves had encountered. The cowardly crew took to the boats, leaving their two passengers to their fate. Young Greyton managel to get together a rude raft, and with the chest containing their worldly wealth they embarked. For two days they had been thus at the mercy of the wind and waves. Then our ship had come to their succor.

"We did not despair," said Greyton, "for my sister hath a curious sort of foreknowledge at times—inherited it may be from a Scotch ancestor renowned for having power of 'second

young, as well perhaps as susceptible, I hesitate not to say that my heart at once passed from my

keeping: Such courtesies as the occasion suggested were exchanged, after which I was instructed to send the brother in, which I did. Sir Edward at once made both welcome, and assured them of his intention to soon proceed to Greenwich, where they could at once depart for their ancestral estate.

of his intention to soon proceed to Greenwich, where they could at once depart for their ancestral estate.

But man proposes while God disposes. On the following day the Myopia was signaled by the admiral's frigate to change her course to the southward, whither the fleet were to cruise. And for some weeks we thus sailed.

It was then midsummer and the weather like the halcyon days of which the ancients wrote. Mistress Anita and her brother seemed wondrously content with the voyage. And before long it was plain that Sir Edward was deeply in love with the beautiful woman.

But his was the nature of the chevalier, without fear and without reproach. He sought not to take advantage of the peculiar situation in which his fair captive was placed. Only in look and act did his passion manifest itself.

To see him follow Mistress Anita with his eyes as she paced the deck clinging to her brother's arm, would tell the story of itself. Or as he raptly listened while of moonlight evenings she sang to the accompaniment of a guitar belonging to one of the officers. And though Sir Edward spoke no word I must fain believe that Mistress Anita knew what was passing in his mind. Indeed it required no power of second sight for this.

Thus far the change of direction in our cruise

his mind. Indeed it recuired no power of second sight for this.

Thus far the change of direction in our cruise had availed nothing. One or two peaceful merchantmen of our own nation we encountered, but none of the French or Spanish.

One morning I was stationed near the after

THE AWAKENING.

THE AWAKENING.

WEHOUGHT I Saw the fair Spring stand
Beside the Brook with outstretched hand,
"Oh, Brook." she cried, "look up to me,
My sunshine here shall set you free."
The Brook gazed through its prison bar
Of ice and snow, where glimmering far
The first warm rays of sunlight broke
And all the sleeping world awoke.

And all the sleeping world awoke. A rippling smile crept o'er its face; It trembling lay: a glow, a trace, It trembling lay: a glow, a trace, A thought of happy summers fled Aroused it from its wintry bed. One breath it took, then rose up strong, With gurgling, rushing, happy song; Broke through the ice, and, flowing free, Soon lost itself in a summer sea.

[This story commenced in No. 278.]

THE CasketsofsDiamonds;

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE. BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE STORE.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE STORE.

WHILE Rowly was taking the steps to secure his freedom from the straps that bound him, the two burglars were busily at work at the safe, which was on one side, near the middle of the long store. They were so engrossed in their occupation that they did not give a thought to the prisoner they had secured, for no one could have suspected that Rowly had any chance against the strong straps that bound him hand and foot. and foot.
Set in the top of the low counter where

the bundles were tied up was a knife blade, with which the twine was cut off. The young because he had been required to sharpen it in the afternoon. The blade was fixed perpendicularly on the top board of the counter, and quite near the edge of it. With his hand

fastened behind him, it was not an easy thing for the prisoner to get upon his feet, which it was necessary to do in order to put his plan in execution. He had crawled on his back, like a snake, by hitching along on the floor, mak-ing only a few inches at each movement, but he reached his destination after long and hard work.

After resting himself for a few minutes, for he was quite out of breath from his exertions, he exertions, ne placed the back of his head against the frame of the counter, working as he had before, though in an upright direction.

Every few minutes he paused to get his breath, and to assure himself that the burglars were not observing him; but they still confined their attention

to the safe, and he could hear a sound as of a drill working into iron or steel. As soon as he could get his fettered hands on the top of the counter, his task became easier, and he was soon on his feet, with his back to the knife.

teet, with his back to the knile.

He was facing the operators at the safe then, but they had put out the gas light nearest to them, so that no curious policeman, if he looked in at the glass door, could see them, and the prisoner could only distinguish their dark forms.

only distinguish their dark forms.
Rowly felt the knife with his hands;
but he found it a very difficult matter to
insert the blade between his wrist and
the strap without cutting himself.
By changing the position of his body

several times, he at last accomplished his purpose, and then began to move his hands up and down, so that the knife would sever the leather. When the blade would sever the leather. When the blade was in the right position to do its work, the rest was easily accomplished, for he had done his work faithfully in the afternoon, and the blade was as keen on the edge as a mechanic's tool.

With a feeling of exultation which al-

most drew an exclamation from him, he felt the strap loosen on his wrists, and realized that he again had the use of his

hands.

But Rowly was a prudent young man, as we have before declared, and he avoided any injudicious action, but settled down on the floor again so that the lights near him should not reveal his

position to the burglars.

Naturally his next movement was to remove the strap from his ankles, and then he shook his legs to overcome the numbness his close confinement had produced in them.

Thus far he had confined his reflections to the subject of freeing himself from his bonds, for he could do nothing without the use of his hands and feet.

that he would not have left the store even if Mr. Brillyant's wife or daughter had required him to do so; and he judged the ancient clerk by his own standard of

duty.

If the burglars discovered that he had removed the straps, they would do their work better next time, and secure him so that he could not move, if they did not take his life, as they certainly would do if their own safety demanded such an

It did not take Rowly long to mature





REACHING UP, ROWLY PRESSED THE BUTTON OF THE ELECTRIC BELL.

he was free now, and he began to consider what he should do next. He wondered that Mr. Amlock did not return, for the time to which he had limited his absence had expired at least an hour be-

absence had expired at least an hour before, and perhaps it was two hours.

Rowly knew that the safe was an old fashioned one, and that the firm did not rely so much upon it for the safety of their property as they did upon the watch they kept up in the store, with the connection by wire with the precinct office. He did not believe that the operators would find it a very difficult job to get to the interior of the safe though he get to the interior of the safe, though he could not see in what manner they in-

could not see in what manner they in-tended to effect their object.

He felt that the safety of hundreds of thousands of dollars of property de-pended upon him alone, for Mr. Amlock had been faithless to his trust as Rowly viewed the matter. He was very sure

his plan of action, and the first thing he did was to remove his shoes so that he could carry out his plan without noise. His scheme was not an elaborate one, and it did not include meddling with the operators at the safe himself, for he was not in favor of doing "a big thing" at the risk of his own

safety. He had considered the idea of He had considered the idea of getting possession of the two revolvers in the drawer, and blazing away at the burglars; but he was not skilled in the use of the weapon, and Blooks might be armed, if Silky was not. A failure in this brilliant method of settling the problem, brought about by being shot in his attempt about by the burglars would leave the burglars. to shoot the burglars, would leave him nothing to hope for, and place

the vast property in the store at the mercy of the operators. He preferred the less brilliant means of resorting to the electric bell; but even then the officers could not get into the store except by breaking down the front door, which would give the burglars time to escape, unless the policemen had the forethought to go to the back street, and

forethought to go to the back street, and come in by the opening Silky and his associate had made at the window.

On his hands and knees, he commenced his progress towards the electric bell, which was located about opposite the safe where the burglars were at work. He moved as noiselessly as though he was gliding through the air, and the gloom the villains had created in this part of the store favored him.

He reached his destination without

being observed, and reaching up, he pressed the button, keeping his finger on it for a considerable time, so as to produce a continuous clatter of the bell

at the police precinct for at least a full minute

minute.

The pressure made no noise in the store, and the men at the safe were not disturbed in their occupation. Rowly looked and listened with all his might, but they did not intermit their labor.

The next step of the guardian of the store was to reach a position near the front door, so that he could unlock it for the admission of the officers.

As he reached the vicinity of the safe, he moved in greater safety, hurrying as much as he dared, for he feared the officers would reach

ficers would reach the door, and make a noise which would cause the burglars to retreat and retire by the window in the rear.

It was a difficult matter to unlock the door and shove back the big bolts without making any noise. Rowly worked as though his life de-pended upon his skill and discretion, as perhaps it did.

Taking off his coat, he pressed the gar-ment against the enormous lock as he slowly and anxiously turned the key. He found that the muf-fling of the lock was a decided success, for he heard but

slight snap when the great bolts went back from the socket on the door post.

Another lock was then disposed of in the same way, and so were the two huge bolts; but the officers had not yet arrived, or if they had, they had gone to the back door which was the most likely blose for door which was the most likely place for a break. The door was unfastened, and there was nothing to prevent the guar-dians of the night from coming in as

dians of the night from coming in assoon as they arrived.

But the young watchman did not feet quite safe, for the burglars might take it into their heads to make a tour of the

into their heads to make a tour of the store to satisfy themselves that they were not likely to be interrupted when they came to the finish of the job.

Crawling to the drawer, near the front of the store, he took one of the revolvers and placed it in his hip pocket. Thus prepared for the worst, he returned to the front door to await the arrival of help. help.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HIGH WINDOW IN THE REAR.

HILE he stood with his hand on the Broadway door, Rowly felt perfectly safe, for he could rush out into the street on the appearance of danger.

The guardian of the store thought he had waited half an hour for the coming of the officers, though the time was really hardly more than five minutes, for seconds of anxiety lengthen themselves out into minutes.

Then in his impatience he began to wonder if the electric wire was in working order, for it had been recently put in, and had never been tested by actual use

in any emergency.
His heart seemed to come up into his throat when hethought of the possibility that the confederate traitor in the employ of the firm had disabled this means of calling in assistance.

It was time something was done, for the operators at the safe might finish their work at any minute, and secure their booty before the appearance of the

But there were policemen in the street. and one had been known to be in the place where he was most needed. It was a risky step to take, but Rowly decided to open the door and go in search of assistance.

With the same care that he had used in

with the same care that he had used in moving the bolts and unlocking the door, he opened it just wide enough to admit the passage of his body, and slipped out. Closing the door as carefully as he had opened it, he stood in the doorway a moment to decide what he should do

At this moment he saw a man alight from a horse car in the street, and move with uncertain step towards him; and by the light of a neighboring street lamp he recognized Mr. Amlock. But what was the matter with him? Was he intoxi-cated? He certainly reeled, though he did not act altogether like a man who was tipsy. When he came upon the sidewalk he seemed to stiffen up his frame, and walked to the door, where he imme-

diately discovered his associate. "Is that you, Rowly?" he aske

feeble, rather than a maudlin tone.
"Of course it is: and that's you course it is; and that's you, Mr. k," replied Rowly. "What is the Amlock matter with you? Have you been drink-

ing?"
"Drinking? You know that I never drink, Rowly," replied the senior, trying to brace himself up so as to appear like a man, though he was not one at that mo-

What makes you reel, then?'

"I don't know; something ails me, but I don't know what it is. I feel very but I don't know what it is. I feel very sleepy, and I can hardly keep my eyes open," stammered Mr. Amlock. "I will go into the store and lie down." "Not yet if you please," interposed Rowly, as he placed himself firmly against

Why not?" asked the senior, in a tone and with a manner which indicated that he was more than half stupefied.

Because the burglars are at work in the store, and I am waiting for assistance to come from the precinct office," replied Rowly. "I think you had better replied Rowly. "I think you had better go home, for you don't know what you are about, whatever may be the cause

"Burglars in the store! Then I am ruined!" groaned the unhappy man, rousing himself from his lethargy. "I shouldn't wonder," added the faith-ful guardian of the store, who hardly pitied his associate after his neglect of duty. "But here are my men; and I never was more glad to see my mother."

Two stout officers presented themselves at this moment; but they were not out of breath, and did not seem to have hurried themselves to answer the summons of the bell.

What is the row here?" asked one of them, in a matter of fact tone, not at all in keeping with the inner excitement of Rowly.

"Matter enough, I should say, thought you were never coming," ad

Rowly.
"We had to get up and dress ourselves, and it isn't more than five minutes since the alarm was given at the office," replied

one of them.
"Why don't you tell us at once what
the trouble is?" said the other, who did not seem to be pleased with the young man's implied criticism.

There are two burglars in the store at work on the safe, and they must have a hole in it by this time," replied Rowly, in a rather excited tone.

"Show us where they are," said one of the officers, taking the matter very

"The door is unfastened, and the where they are at work is on the right of the store, about half way to the rear. But I wish you would wait a few minutes before you go in, for I want to go to the rear and prevent them from coming out, as they will try to as soon as they see

you."
"You are nothing but a chicken, and do you expect to head them off?" asked Stiles, the good natured officer.

"I think I can fix things there so that they cannot get out the way they got in,'

they cannot get out the way they got in, replied Rowly, confidently.

"I will go to the rear door, and go in that way while you go in at this door, Stiles," said Snawly, the ill natured officer. "I don't want any fooling with

officer. a boy."
"Then they will get out at the front
"Then they will as inoffensively

suggested Rowly, as inoffensively

"I think the boy is right," added Stiles. "How did the breakers get in, my lad?"

By a ladder in a window near the ceiling.

Then they left the ladder within reach, so that they could use it to get out with; and the boy can take it out of the way as well as a man that weighs two hundred, reasoned Stiles; and Snawly yielded to the argument.

As Rowly abandoned his place with his back to the door, Mr. Amlock, who did not seem to comprehend what had been said, made a move to go in at the door.

said, made a move to go in at the door.
"Don't let him go in, if you please,"
interposed the faithful guardian. "He
doesn't know what he is about and he
will be in your way."
Stiles shoved him one side and put his

broad back against the door. The sen-ior clerk seemed more overcome than on his arrival, and he seated himself on the doorstep, apparently unconscious of the presence of Rowly and the officers.

"I think you can slip in at the door, as

I came out, without disturbing the bur-glars," suggested Rowly, as he hurried around to the back street.

When he reached the rear door, he found the ladder lying on the narrow sidewalk, where it could be of no possi-ble use to the burglars up twelve feet or

more above it.

It looked as though Blooks, who had been the last to enter at the window, had thrown it down that it might not attract

the attention of the possible passer by.

As the young clerk was about to raise it, he put his hand on a small cord, which he found led up to the window; and then he understood the precaution which Blooks had taken. The other end of the cord was made fast to the window, so that the ladder could be raised when it should be wanted

There was as yet nothing to indicate that the officers had moved on the robbers, and they seemed to be giving them a long time to perform their part of the

Rowly was too curious and anxious to wait long without a sight of the interior of the store, and he raised the ladder to the former position. He ascended to the window, and found that all was still within. He could not see the officers or within. He could not see the objects of the burglars. Then, reaching down, he got hold of the ladder on the inside of the store, and very carefully drew it up, dropping the end of it on the sidewalk e rear street.

Still the officers did not pounce on their prey, and Rowly devoted himself to an examination of the window. There was light enough for him to see that the screws must have been removed from the stops which held the window sash in place. The pieces of wood were all there, and it was simply impossible for a person on the outside to take them out, as the glass in the sash had not been cut

The report of a pistol assured him the officers had advanced on the burglars.

CHAPTER XIV.

OWLY saw the flash of the pistol in the comparative gloom of the the comparative gloom of the mid-dle of the store, and he judged that the shot was fired by one of the burglars. A moment later he saw the two operators leap over the counter, and rush towards the window by which they had entered. The observer was glad that he had removed the ladder.

The officers had gone behind the counter in their approach to the scene of operations, and both of them were too heavy to follow the rapid movements of

Silky and his companion.
"The ladder is gone!" exclaimed the former, in his dismay. "Make for the front door, Blooks."

Silky led the way, and dodged in behind the short counter on the other side of the store. Rowly wondered if Stiles, who seemed to be the leading man of the pair of officers, had secured the door when he entered.

Rowly did not wait to observe the proceedings any farther; but he thought he could have managed the arrest of the burglars much better than it had been

He descended the ladder with all possible haste, removing it from the open window, and rushing with all his might around to the front of the store. He reached his destination just in season to see both of the burglars issue from the

door, and dart off at top speed.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" he shouted with all his might, as he gave chase to

the two men.

The burglars turned into the first side street they came to, and Rowly followed, shouting his warning notes as he proceeded.

Stop thief! Stop thief!" cried Silky, taking up the refrain, and his example was imitated by Blooks.

Suddenly both of the burglars wheeled about, and began to run towards Rowly. who was rather startled at this movement on their part, for he concluded that they

intended to assault him.

As we have several times suggested before, Rowly was a prudent young man, and he did not at all like this phase in the drama, for it was now nearly or quite midnight, and there were very few people in the street.

ple in the street.

He could not hope to contend successfully against two full grown men, and he could do nothing but run away.

Coming about, he started off in the direction he had come at his best speed; and the villains followed him.

the villains followed him.

Before he could reach Broadway again, a man stepped out of a doorway where he had evidently laid in wait for him, and seized him by the collar. The victim of Silky's trick could not tell

victim of Silky's trick could not tell whether his captor was a policeman or not, but he handled him very roughly. "What are you about?" demanded Rowly, indignantly. "Let me alone!" "That's the fellow; are you a policeman?" asked Silky, coming up at this stage of the proceedings.
"No; I'm a private watchman," replied the man, still clutching his victim. "Hold on to him, and don't let him go, and we will send an officer in a couple

and we will send an officer in a couple of minutes," added Silky, as he resumed his hurried flight.

Those men are the ones who broke into Brillyant & Co's store," gasped Rowly, as soon as he could recover his breath from the shaking the man gave

him.

"But they say you are a thief," replied over the the private watchman, puzzled over the conflicting stories.

"If you don't believe me, take me to the store, for there are two officers there that I called in," pleaded the young clerk, who was almost upset by the turning of

the tables upon him by the burglar.
"That is an easy thing to do, fo is an easy thing to do, for the store is close by," added the man, as he led his prisoner in that direction.

"That was an ugly trick they played on me, for I was chasing them, and first cried out 'Stop thief,' added Rowly.
"We shall soon know all about it," said the watchman. "What is your

name?

Rowland Parkway; and I am a clerk in the store of Brillyant & Co.
"Is that so?" But the ma

"Is that so?" But the man did not relax his hold on his prisoner.
A walk of a few minutes more brought them to the store, where they found the

them to the store, where they found the two officers standing at the door.
"What's the matter, my spring chicken?" demanded Snawly, who was the first to recognize the clerk.
"Where have you been, my lad? asked Stiles, almost in the same breath. "We wanted you to look out for the store so that we could run down the burglars.

"Then you know this young fellow!" added the private watchman, releasing

his hold on his prisoner.
"We found him in this store, and he let us in from the inside, so that I sup-pose he belongs here," replied Stiles; and Rowly found himself set right at once. The watchman told his story, and laughed at the trick Silky had put upon

him,
"I am sorry you did not take one of
the two men," added Stiles. "It looks
as though we had lost them now. We
"""" what have have done."

will go in and see what they have done. The watchman made a mild apology for the mistake he had made, and his way to look out for the property in his charge. Stiles led the way into the his charge. Stiles led the way into the store, and Rowly secured all the locks as

soon as they were inside.

Mr. Amlock had seated himself n a chair near the door, and he had gone to sleep in the most uncomfortable position which he could twist himself

"Who is this man?" asked Stiles "You let him into the store as though he belonged here.

"He does belong here, and he is the senior clerk in the establishment," replied Rowly. "He and I were on watch plied Rowly. 'for the night."

What is the matter with him? Has he been drinking?" inquired Snawly, as he gave the sleeper a rude shake which would have roused any one from an ordinary slumber,

"He said he had drunk nothing, and it is understood in the store that he never drinks anything. A woman screamed just outside of the door, and he let her in when he did me."

What did she scream for?

"She said a man had caught hold of her as she came out of the office where she works. Then she said she was the sister works. Then she said she was the size of Mr. Van Zandt, the junior partner of the firm, and Mr. Amlock went to see her brow from what I heard home; but I know from what I heard one of the burglars say, that it was all a trick to get him out of the store while they committed the robbery."

"How old should you think the woman

asked Stiles

was?" asked Stiles.
"About thirty, I should say," answered
Rowly, who had formed this opinion before, though a woman's age is a rather uncertain thing to estimate

Was she good looking?"

"I thought she was; but perhaps I am not a good judge," replied the clerk with a laugh.

I'll bet all my old boots that Kidd Ashbank had a finger in this pie!" ex-claimed Stiles. "That woman is his wife, and she helps him out with his breaks, as she did in this instance. She lives like a lady, and I have no doubt she took this sleepy fellow into her parlor, and gave him a glass of lemonade, with a dose of morphine, or something of that sort : and that is what is the matter with him just now.

Rowly asked some questions about the husband of the siren, and came to the conclusion that it was Blooks, for Silky did not fit the description of him at all.

Stiles and the other officer carried the ancient clerk to the bed under the counter provided for the watch, and left him in more comfortable position than he had chosen for himself.

Then they examined the store, and especially the safe where the burglars had been at work for a couple of hours. They had bored a hole through the door of the safe, ready for an explosion, when they were interrupted by the advance of officers the

The officers remained in the store till morning, and when all was quiet, Rowly brought out the boots he had found in the back street, and compared the nails in the heels with the impression on the

He had not expected to make such a discovery, but the positions of the nails corresponded exactly in every respect with the paper.

(To be continued.)

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

CENTURIES OF TELEPHONING.

SOLOMON was indeed a prophet as well as a wise man when he declared that there was nothing new under the sun.

We were told years ago that gunpowder and printing were known to the Chinese away back in the remote ages, and now comes the Daily Graphic with the assertion that the priests of India have had telephones in their temples for two thousand years.

Its authority is a well known New Yorker. lately returned from a two years' stay in the land of jungles.

and of jungles.

"I was in a town called Pary," he says, "and while there became acquainted with an English officer named Harrington, who was a prime favorite with the natives because on one occasion he had saved a priest from drowning.

"There are two temples in the village about a mile apart. In the interior and on the ground floor of each is a small circular structure, which is guarded day and night from the natives as

is guarded day and night from the natives as well as from strangers and is supposed to be the abiding place of the 'governing spirit,' but in reality is the terminus of the telephone line which is laid underground from one building to

"The superstitious natives regarded this little structure with the greatest awe and reverence, because they had seen demonstrated before their because they had seen demonstrated before their eyes—or rather ears—the power of this spirit to communicate with the other temple. They were required to make their offering in one building, and make known their wishes and desires. Then immediately repairing to the second temple they would be informed of all they had said and done, although neither priest had left his post. This was regarded as a demonstration of the power of the spirit.

"We were unable to determine the composition of the wire that connected the two buildings. It was some kind of metal, but neither

ings. It was some kind of metat, our neme-steel, copper nor brass, although it closely re-sembled the latter. The transmitter was of wood and about the size of the head of a flour

barrel, and to establish connection, instead of ringing a bell, the person wishing to attract at-tention at the other end stood close to the curious looking thing and shouted, 'Ooey! ooey

ocey!'
"This was answered by a similar shout,
which while faint was distinct and could be heard

which while faint was distinct and could be heard two feet away.

"We learned that the telephone that we saw had been in use for thirty years. The priests were very old men, and they remembered that the line of communication had been renewed only once during their incumbency.

"They showed us the remains of worm eaten transmitters and wooden conduits that must have been hundreds of years old. They claimed that the system had been in existence since the creation, and laughed at us when we told them that the same principle had only been applied in England and America within the last dozen years."

STRANGERS WANTED.

THE Scriptural axiom that a prophet is not without honor save in his own country finds apt illustration in the vocation of a modern city hotel Says a writer in a recent number of a New York daily .

York daily.

It is exceedingly difficult for a hotel clerk out of employment to secure a position in any of the leading hotels. There are at least three clerks who have held positions in the principal hotels who have been out of employment for a year or more. They have given up hope of securing employment. They have given up hope of securing employment with the property of the pr

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound," sung Dr. Holland, and the same may be said of health. But many a sick person would make rapid strides in the "Golden Medical Discovery," It is a sovereign remedy for all forms of scrofulous diseases, king's evil, tumors, white swellings, fever-sores, scrofulous sore eyes, as well as for other blood and skin diseases.—Ally

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.—Adv.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarri, tive and radical cure for Nevrous Deblity and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to have the control of the contr

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Mar-velous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 3tl Arch St., Philla., Pa.—Ady.

200 Cute, Curious, Catchey Pictures 10cts, P. O. BOX 2633, New York OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial. HUMANE REMEDY Co., LaFayette, Ind.

FREE SAMPLES. Elegant hidden name cards No postals. P. O. BOX 2633, New York.

Facial Blemishes. Send stamp for 50 page book DR. J. Woodbury, Albany, N. Y

\$75 a Month and expenses to agents. New goods, Samples free. J. F. HILL, Augusta, Maine.

BOYS WANTED. Good pay. Easy work.

500 FOREIGN Stamps, Australia, etc., 10c, 110 varieties, 10c. F. P. VINCENT, Chatham. N. Y.

STAMPS. Largest Stock at lowest prices on approval Sheets. Agents wanted. T. C. Bacon, Middletown, Ct

WANTED A few Boys and Girls in each place to do light writing. Enclose stamp for 50-page book of particulars to J. H. WOODBURY, Albany, N. Y.

25 White Dove Hidden Name Card Samples and 100 New Scrap Pictures 5c. S. M. Foote, Northford, Ct.

SOLID GOLD and Rolled Gold Rings, Jewelry Novelties, &c., ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 2c. stamp for particulars. Aetna Co. Northford, Conn.

New Hidden Name Cards, 10c. 100 Album Verses, 100 Popular Songs and Agent's Outfit FREE with every order. ROYAL CARD CO., Nor thford. Conn

RUBBER STAMP of YOUR NAME and Indelible Ink PAD 15c. Name and address St'p 25c. postpaid. Send silver. Write plain. J. A. HUNT, Binghamton, N.Y.

130 SILK FRINGE, Hidden Name, Chromo, Escori & Fnn Cards, Games, Verses, Songs, Scrap Pictures, Agt's Outfit & Ring, 10c. BLAKE & CO., Montowese, Conn.

IRM A SPLENDID THING Souvenir name cards, Great 13 Puzzle, Agt's Sample Book, 1 Stoneing, and Pencil, all for 10c. E. H. PARDEE, New Haven, Conn.

BIG PROFITS! Small article sells for 10c. Every Mechanic will buy it. One man in one city sold 75 doz.in 2 months. Mail 10c. for sample and circulars. C. D. Goodwin & Co., P. O. Box C 916, New Haven, Conn.



That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption. For Wasting in Children. For Scrofulous Affections.

For Anæmia and Debility. For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUCCISTS.

DYSPEPSIA Its Nature, Causes, being the experience of an actual sufferer, by John H. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass., 14 years Tax Collector. Sent free to any address. replying to this adv. mentior Golden Argosy.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50 for a box of extra fine Candy, prepaid by express of Suttable for presents.

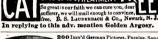
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, Chicago.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ANTED An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary and Particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO. BOSTON, MASS.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ARRH SAMPLE FR





A grofitable dusines for a man with small capital. Also commence now. Name this paper.

CALLISTER, Ordicias, 49 Nassau Sta, Na 17.

CON. JEWELHY CO., Lock Box 300, WESTEROOK, CON. Treplying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ALL FREE! New Book of Fancywork, 50 Designs for Knitting and Crocheting; 150 New Crazy Stitches, 1 Beautiful Japanese Tray Mat, all with our paper 3 months on trial 10 cts. THE HOME, Boston, Mass.



Grand Offer! No Catch!

20 Silk Fringe Cards, New & Elegant Samples for ISS8 & our Great Offer to Agents, all for ide. We give each boys False Mustache and each girl a Ring, FREE with each order. NORTH HAVEN CARD CO., North Haven, Conn In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argosy



Beautiful New Upright Plano, Rosewood Case, only \$165. New Organs, only \$31. Greatest Bar-gains Ever Offered. Est. 28 Years. GEM PIANO & ORGAN CO.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy. Pen, Pencil and Rubber Stamp.

Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents make money as they sell on sign. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Com. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

COLD. Take Your Choice COLD. For 10c. we will send you 250
For 10c. we will send you 250
For 10c. we will send you 250
And the send of the send



They Lead the World. \$85 to \$500, \$61d Direct to Families. No Middlenga, Solid Waint-50 Catves-Double Couplers, Guaranteed for Six Years and sent, \$35 with \$500 and \$500 per 100 per

How is this with your Autograph, an exact initiation of your ordinary way (Type) 25 ets. Big pay to agents in this specialty. Send 10 ets ior catalogue. EXCELSIOR RUBBER STAMP WORKS, Gay & Lombard Sts., Baltimore. Mo. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

For earls, &c. Circuit and a river St. Press for small newspaper, \$44, seed 2 stamps for List river St. Press for small newspaper, \$44, seed 2 stamps for List river, type, cards, to printed the pressure of the pressure of



ry Handled Knife and a Rolled Gold Ring troduce our New Cards for '88. Fifty Combossed and Floral Cards, your name on Satin, Plush. Fringed, Embossed and Floral Cards, your name on each, and ALL the above articles for 25 cts, ART PRINTING CO., Wallingford, Ct. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

100 WATCHES We have 100 Watches, besides other valuable premiums which we will give away to our agents.

\$1.50 BINDER

Ring as a sample Name this paper.

OUR

THIS IS A SNAP. BOYS THIS IS A SNAP.

The manufacturers of SHIPMAN'S COMMON SENSE

HNDERS, wishing to test the paying qualities of The Golden

Arrosy as an advertising medium, and to introduce their Binders
to the readers of this publication, have decided to make the following unparalleled offer: To any one who will mention The Golden

Arrosy and inclose a postal note or money order for 95 cents, we
will send our regular \$1.50 Binder made especially for The Golden

Arrosy, with name of publication beautifully printed on front cover
in gold. Over 200,000 sold. This is the only binder that holds

papers Irmly, as in a superior to bound book. NO SHOE STRING

OR LOOSE ATTACHMENTS TO GET LOST.

This is a sample letter from one of the 600 boys who purchased

our Binders through our ad. in Harpen's Young Propules.

Though Eaple, and am very energy lower in gold March 9th, 1888.

Asa L. Shipman's Sons: Received your nice Binder for Harper's

Foung People, and am very much pleased with it, so much so that I

would like three more for Harper's Young People and one for St.

Nicholas. You will find the money enclosed.

Respectfully, Willie C. Bartlert, 109 South Monroe St.

This offer will not be good after three weeks from the date

of this Paper.

SEND FOR A BINDER NOW BEFORE YOU FORGET IT:

SEND FOR A BINDER NOW BEFORE YOU FORGET IT: Twenty-six sizes kept in stock. Send for a list and mention this publication, during three weeks, and we will give you a special rate on any size.

ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS, 10 Murray St., N. Y.

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, life-less, and indescribably miserable, both physi-cally and mentally: experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gone-ness," or emptiness of stomach in the morn-ing, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" between the property of the property of the substitute of the property of the property of the substitute of the property of the property of the bitting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impend-ing calamity?

feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sieep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity all or any considerable number. If you have all or any considerable number in the control of the co

CURES ALL HUMORS,

CURES ALL HUMORS,
from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the
worst Scrofula. Salt-heum, "Rever-sore,"
Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases
caused by bad blood are conquered by this
powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under
its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema,
Eryspelas, Boils, Carbundels, Sore Ryes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease,
values of the Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease,
and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in
stamps for a large Treatise, with colored
plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount
for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrotula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terriby fatal disease, revenue to the property of the public. Dr. Pierce thought set comply of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CTRE." but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.
Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

25 Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.



Coleman Nat'l Business College NEWARK, N. J. National Patronage.
Best Facilities. Best course of Rusiness
Training, Shortest Time, Lowest Rates,
Open all the year. Address
H. OUEMAN, Pres.
In replying to this ndv. mention Golden Argosy.

Nickel Plated, Self-Inking Pen and Pencil Stamp. Your name on in Rubber, only 20 cents,

Closes straight like pencil to carry in pocket Club of 6 different names to one address \$1. These stamps are first-class. No Humbur I RUBBER STAMP CO., New Haven, Comm. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

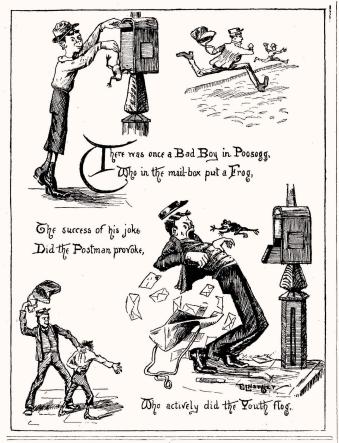
STYLO AND FOUNTAIN PENS.

Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Stylo, \$1; Fountain \$1.59 and up. J. ULRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



With this Binder you can keep your Papers from being TORN or LOST, and always have them HANDSOMELY

YOUTH'S COMPANION, \$1.00 Regular Price, \$1.50.
HARPERS YOUNG PEOPLE
and ST. NICHOLAS, 65c., Regular Price, 95c.



WHY HE DANCED.

SOUTHERN California Agent—"There, sir, look over into that field. Did you ever see a man plow

over into that field. Did you ever see a man plow so easily as that?"
Eastern Farmer—"By gum! The plow does seem to go easy, don't it? The man seems to enjoyi it."
"Yes, sir; keeps jumping and dancing along like a boy; just see his heels fly."
"Looks a good deal like a jig, I must say,"
Little Boy (native)—"Pop ain't dancin'; he's tryin' ter keep outten the way o' the tarantulas an' rattlesnakes wot he turns up."

SPELLING BY MACHINERY.

IF typewriting machines could only spell correctly they would be in more general demand in good society.

3 NAPKINS Curio, all mailed for IOc. Address J. CL OWS, Reedsville, Pa. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FOREIGN STAMPS. 100 all different. Many fine 20c. An 1888 price list sent on application. Over 10,000 varieties in stock. Sheets on approval. E. A. HOL-



GREATAMERICAN TO LADIES.

Greatest Bargains in Teas,
Baking Powder and PREMIUMS.
For particulars address.
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
31 & 33 Vessy St., New York, N. Y.,
adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3.75 STEAM COOKER

To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cooker and Outlit free, APPLY AT ONCE FOR TERMS. WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N.Y. ag to this fidy, 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 clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

Slim Persons

and all who are reduced in weight from overwork nervousness, excessive care or severe mental strain, will have no difficulty in gaining flesh and general health if they take

MAGEE'S EMULSION

regularly according to directions. This we guarantee without any hesitation, as we have yet to meet a slim or exhausted person who did not gain in weight rapidly while taking it.

GAINED 33 1-2 POUNDS.

GAINED 33 1-2 FOUNDS.

J. A. MAGER & Co. Dear Sirs: I write to inform you that I have been taking your Enulsion of Cod-Liver Oil, combined with hypophosphites and extract of malt ever since the inneteenth of last November. It was recommended to me by Dr. Healey, of Newburyport, Mass., and while in the Anna Jacques hospital I continued to take it ap to the first of March, and in the mean-while gained 33 1-2 pounds of flesh from its effects. Sincerely yours, Frank W. HENNESSEY.

206 Mineral Springs Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I.

THE GREAT MODJESKA

eloquently indorsed a principle important to all, in the beauty and preservation of the teeth:

beauty and preservation of the teeth:

"I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (Ideal Tooth Polishers) for the teeth, and have been using them ever since. I cheerfully add my testimony to others as to their value, and believe them to te an invention that will, in time, almost entirely supersed the bruth of brishes."—
Yours truly.

HEREAR MONDERA.



on each politisers labys below the first share of the child expresses his appreciation as follows: "I have given the child expresses his appreciation as follows: "I have given the test han extremely thesant feeling of polish." A little familiarity in its use shows its superiority over bristles in the polish, heavily and benefit imparted to the test. Sold by all dealers or maled prepaid.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy,

When You Need

that everything depends on the kind used. Ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla and take no other. For over forty years this preparation has had the endorsement of leading physicians and druggists, and it has achieved a success unparalleled in the history of proprietary medicines.

"For a rash, from which I had suffered some months, my father, an M. D., recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It effected a cure. I am still taking this medicine, as I find it to be a most powerful blood-purifier."—J. E. Cocke, Denton, Texas.

Denton, Iexas.

"C. H. Hut, Druggist, Evansville, Ind., writes: "I have been selling Ayer's Sarsaparilla for many years. It maintains its popularity, while many other preparations, formerly as well known, have long been forgotten."

"I have always recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as superior to any other preparation for purifying the blood."
G. B. Kuykendall, M. D., Pomeroy, W.T.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

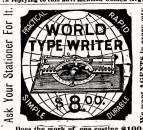
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

ShotGuns 3



Published in one annual and three quarterly parts. Annual part now ready, 96 large quarto pages, 30 meanly 200 library and 100 library and 100

HOUSES



Does the work of one costing \$100.
INDORSED BY LEADING BUSINESS MEN.
GEO. BECKER & CO.,
30 Great Jones St. New York City.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



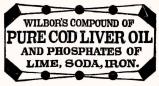
MILLE

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN

Clean your house betimes, and do it with

SAPOLIO.

If you would use Sapolio every week in the year the dirt in a house would be kept down and when house-cleaning time came it would be a pleasant askinstead of the dreadful time it usually is. No.34.



For the Cure of Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Debility, Wasting Diseases and Sorofulous Humors.

Almost as palatable as cream. It can be taken with pleasure by delicate persons and children, who, after using it, are very fond of it. It assimilates with the food, increases the flesh and appetite, builds up the nervous system, restores energy to mind and body, creates wastem.

FLESH, NERVE,

BRAIN.

This preparation is far superior to all other prepara-tions of Cod-Liver Oil; to has many miniators, but no equals. The results following its use are its best re-ommendations. Be sure, as you value your health, and ect the genuine. Manufactured only by Dr. ALEXR. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.



Free. A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
241 Broadway, 108 Madison St.
New York. Othergo.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argos.





Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TARESTORY, MASS-