

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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Whole No. 281.



Tom's First Drive.

BY G. K. WHITMORE.

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 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

A Familiar Chat About Dogs.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

I HAVE 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" has 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 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 caninity 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 breed 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 greyhound when in the open air does not seem to appear to advantage. The smaller breeds—among which a golden fawn color is most highly prized, shiver under their embroidered blankets, and seem averse to touching their feet to the plebeian soil. The larger

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.

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 fox-hound 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 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.

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 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 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.

THE NEWEST THING OUT.

"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 cold 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 tan. 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;

OR, ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Eric Dane," "The Heir to Whitecap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

TENBROOK FALLS.

"ARE 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 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 anywhere around, do you?"

"No; but there must be a town somewhere 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 are," rejoined Allan, picking up the satchel and dusting the snow from it with his gloves. "Let's make a strike for the road, and follow it till we come to a house of some kind where we can get lodging 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 same 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 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."

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 themselves up in a solid mass on coats and hats.

Allan's suggestion that they warm themselves

up by running was found to be quite impracticable, owing to the depth of the snow; and 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 Albany?"

"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."

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, ahoy!"

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 yourself, and can't I help you?" called down Allan, talking down into space, for he could see nothing

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 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.

AFTER 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 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 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.

"Hello, are those your digits, Al?" 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 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 balance me."

"No, I can't. I'm up to the top notch now. I've been wearing out the knees of my trousers at a great rate the last three minutes trying to get a tighter grip on your paw. It's no go though."

"If I only had a stick or something," said Allan. "I wonder if I couldn't find one on the ground somewhere under the snow. Just wait a sec, Art."

"Oh, there's no fear that I'll walk off. Don't worry about that."

Allan backed away from the verge and began to thrash about him in search of some slender, fallen branch that would answer his 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."

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:

"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?"



A PIERCING SCREAM WAS HEARD, AS A GIRL IN A GRAY GOWN POINTED TO THE WINDOW.

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?"

"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

"If I only had a stick or something," said Allan. "I wonder if I couldn't find one on the ground somewhere under the snow. Just wait a sec, Art."

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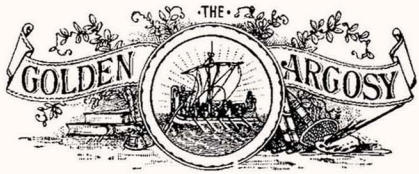
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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

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 RUFÉ 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 desired. For \$5 we will send The Golden Argosy and Munsey's Popular Series, each for one year.

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,

that 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 MUNSEY'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 consciousness 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 away with it. I can hardly wait for the week to 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. RIFFEL.

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.

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 illustrious 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

desired, and then it is subjected to a careful study 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. Sometimes 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

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 third.

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.

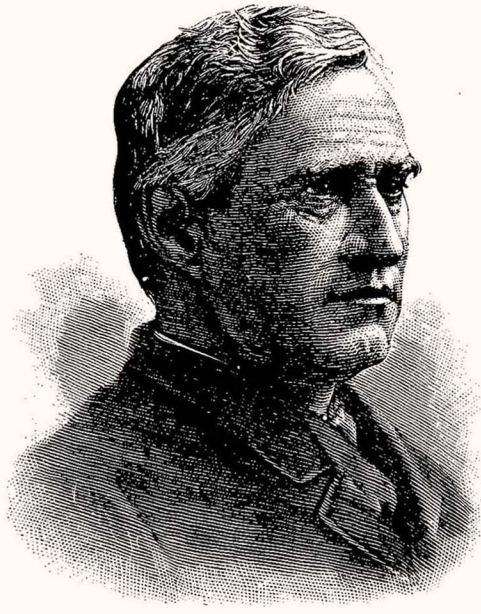
RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

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

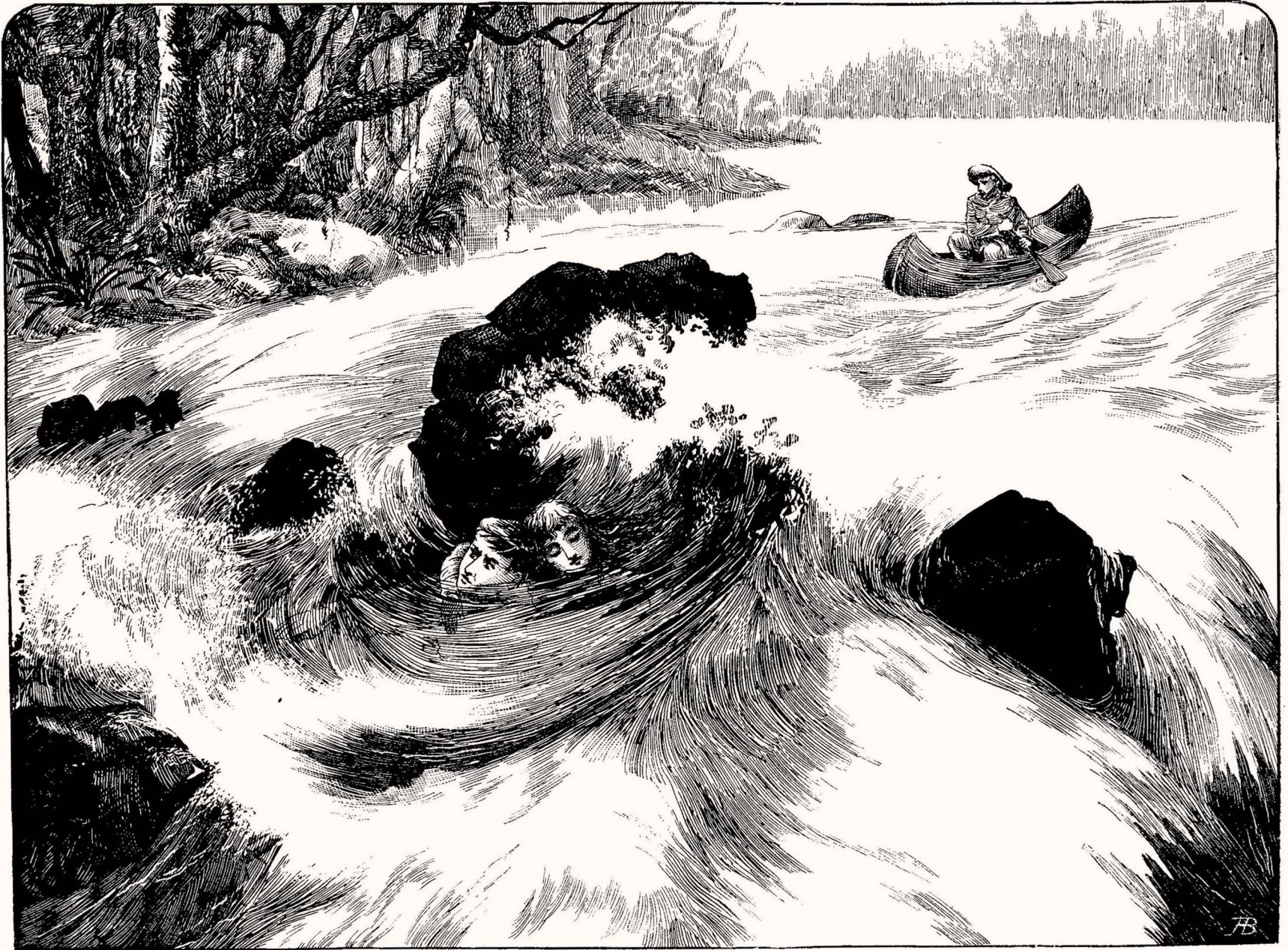
It is not your posterity, but your actions, that will perpetuate your memory.

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



HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD.

From a photograph by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.



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

[This story commenced in No. 286.]

THE Golden Magnet

OR,

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

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

CHAPTER V.

THE GREAT RIVER.

AT 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.
"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 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.

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."

"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, steamy exhalation 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.

"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 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 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 fitting from tree to tree overhanging the stream.

THE AWAKENING.

BY NELLIE J. HOLCOMBE.

METHOUGHT I saw the fair Spring stand
Beside the Brook with outstretching 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.
A rippling smile crept o'er its face;
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 GASKET OF DIAMONDS;

OR,
HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.
BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XII.

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.

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 clerk thought of it 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, making 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 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.

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.

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 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 almost 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. But

that he would not have left the store even if Mr. Brilliant'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 act.

It did not take Rowly long to mature

at the police precinct for at least a full 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 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 depended upon his skill and discretion, as perhaps it did.

Taking off his coat, he pressed the garment against the enormous lock as he slowly and anxiously turned the key. He found that the muffling of the lock was a decided success, for he heard but a 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 place for a break. The door was unfastened, and there was nothing to prevent the guardians of the night from coming in as soon as they arrived.

But the young watchman did not feel quite safe, for the burglars might take it 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.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HIGH WINDOW IN THE REAR.

WHILE 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.

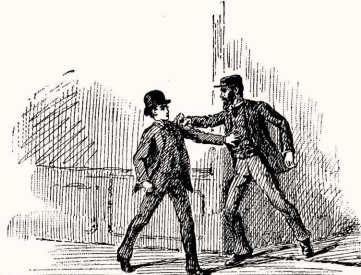
Then in his impatience he began to wonder if the electric wire was in working order, for it had been recently put in, and had never been tested by actual use in any emergency.

His heart seemed to come up into his throat when he thought 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 officers.

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 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 next.



REACHING UP, ROWLY PRESSED THE BUTTON OF THE ELECTRIC BELL.

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 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 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 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

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 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 could not see in what manner they intended to effect their object.

He felt that the safety of hundreds of thousands of dollars of property depended upon him alone, for Mr. Amlock had been faithless to his trust as Rowly viewed the matter. He was very sure



There was once a Bad Boy in Poosogg,
Who in the mail-box put a Frog,

The success of his joke
Did the Postman provoke,

Who actively did the Youth flog.

WHY HE DANCED.

SOUTHERN California Agent—"There, sir, look 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 enjoy 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 outen 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 100 Songs, and a Japanese Curio, all mailed for 10c. Address **J. CL OWEN**, Reedsville, Pa.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

FOREIGN STAMPS, 100 all different. Many fine 2c. An 1888 price list sent on application. Over 10,000 varieties in stock. Sheets on approval. **E. A. HOLTON**, 8 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
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CURE FOR THE DEAF

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly Restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for "Hearing" and book with testimonials. **FREE**. Address on call on **F. HISCOX**, 85 1/2 Broadway, cor. 14th St., New York.
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THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest Bargains in Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and Premiums. For particulars address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.**, 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.
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\$3.75 STEAM COOKER FREE!
We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cooker and outfit free. APPLY AT ONCE FOR TERMS. **WILMOT CASTLE & CO.**, Rochester, N. Y.
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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

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

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she 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 31-2 POUNDS.
PAWTUCKET, R. I., March 21, 1886.
J. A. MAGEE & Co. Dear Sirs: I write to inform you that I have been taking your Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil, combined with hypophosphites and extract of malt ever since the nineteenth 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 up to the first of March, and in the meanwhile gained 31-2 pounds of flesh from its effects. Sincerely yours, **FRANK W. HENNESSEY**, 206 Mineral Springs Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I.

THE GREAT MODJESKA

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"I purchased, last October, while in Topeka, Kansas, several boxes of your Felt Tablets (dental Tooth Polishes) 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 be an invention that will, in time, almost entirely supersede the brush of bristles. Yours truly, **HELENA MODJESKA.**"
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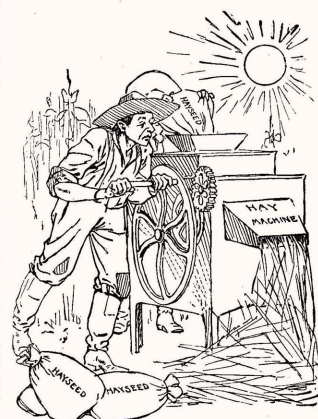
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