

Holden

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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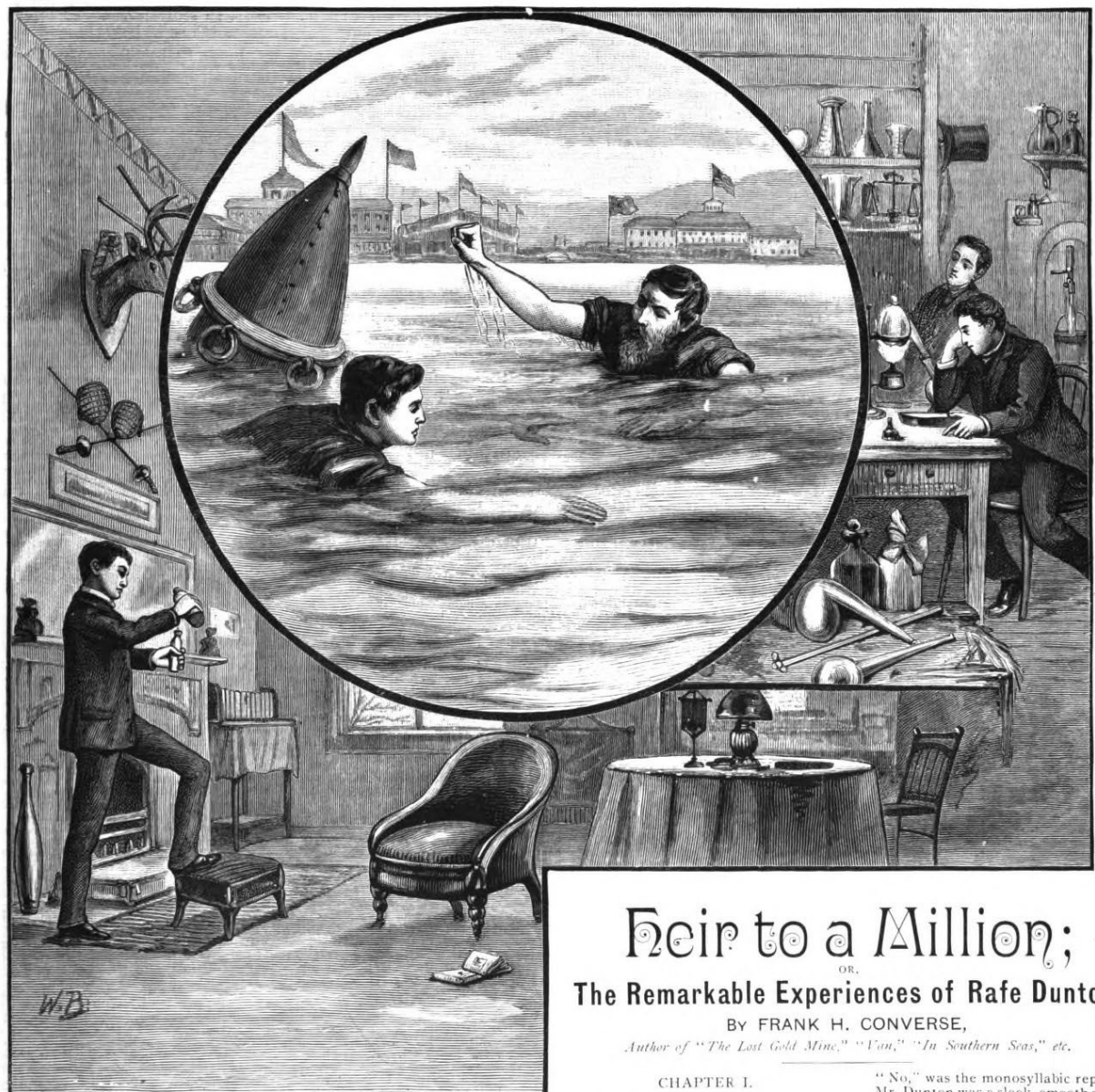
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Five to a Million;

OR,

The Remarkable Experiences of Rafe Dunton.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "The Lost Gold Mine," "Van," "In Southern Seas," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE CHEMICAL TEST.

MR. DUNTON looked up from the breakfast table as his nephew Rafe, a tall, pale young fellow of sixteen, sauntered into the room.

"Late again, Rafe," he said suavely. "Did you cough much last night?" he added, as Rafe vouchsafed no response

"No," was the monosyllabic reply. Mr. Dunton was a sleek, smooth shaven gentleman, with cold, calculating eyes, iron gray hair brushed back from a high, white forehead, and a square projecting jaw.

At the curt negative, he glanced furtively up from under his heavy eyebrows, showing a double row of very white even teeth after a peculiar fashion he had.

"I SAID MY TURN WOULD COME," EXCLAIMED RAYMOND HOARSELY, THEN THREW HIMSELF FORWARD AS THOUGH TO DRAG RAFE DOWN— WHICH HE CERTAINLY WOULD HAVE DONE, BUT FOR A STRANGE THING WHICH HAPPENED.

must be the famous girl violinist who is to play at the opera house tonight."

"I am Natalie—yes. But famous—ah, no. It is only that I love the music so, and have known to play since I was very young."

"You are not very old now, Miss Natalie," remarked Rafe, smiling.

"I have the age of sixteen," answered Natalie, returning the smile. "But now I must go back to the hotel; Monsieur Reynard will have anxiety that I am so long away."

"But as though she couldn't wait half a dozen blocks without some one for an escort," he told himself, contemptuously. But, as I have said, Dick was no lady's man.

CHAPTER III.

RAFE GETS AN ALLOWANCE.

REMEMBER about the medicine, Rafe," called Dick, as the door closed behind them.

"What medicine? It is not that you are sick, Mr. Raphael. Danton?" said Natalie, with surprised eyes. For, excepting his extreme pallor, there was certainly no suggestion of invalidism in the tall, wellbuilt young fellow beside her. He was straight and strong looking, for the excitement had made Rafe forget his lassitude.

"No, the simple question brought back Rafe's half formed suspicions—if such they might be called—in full force.

"No, Miss Natalie," he answered, with attempted lightness, "I don't think I am in the least. Only my guardian thinks so—or I suppose he does. And—the medicine he wishes me to take doesn't seem to agree with me."

"Then I would take it not any more," said Natalie, promptly. And Rafe responded with considerable emphasis that he didn't mean to.

"Guardian?" remarked Natalie, inquiringly. "Is it then that you have not parents as myself?"

Rafe shook his head sadly.

"I cannot remember my mother or father," was his reply.

"And I recall mine but as in the dream of night," said Natalie, in a low tone. "But we are at the hotel. And you must meet Monsieur Reynard, that he may thank you for this you have done."

"I had thought he would not. Miss Natalie had thanked him more than enough. Perhaps he should have the pleasure of listening to her playing that evening."

"I had rather play for you some time not in the public," responded Natalie, simply. But there was no chance for further talk. Rafe had accepted the graceful girl to the staircase in the large hall of the Mapleton hotel, and there bade her good by. Many eyes followed pretty Natalie as she tripped up stairs to her room, but Rafe's mind was too full of more serious matters just then to think further of the young musician.

By this time the story of his encounter with the four legged brute, as also with the two legged one, had reached the hotel.

Before Rafe could get out of the door, half a dozen young men of his acquaintance laid forcible hands on him and dragged him into the large billiard room at one side of the hall.

"Here's the fellow that stole the staircase in the large hall of the Mapleton hotel, and there bade her good by. Many eyes followed pretty Natalie as she tripped up stairs to her room, but Rafe's mind was too full of more serious matters just then to think further of the young musician.

It would seem that the news of Natalie's rescue had but just been received by Mr. Reynard. For, as Rafe very unwillingly suffered himself to be dragged forward to the gentleman addressed by young Fowler, he found a friendly hand on his arm.

"Do indeed behold him—the preserver of my chrysalis," he exclaimed, melodramatically. And Mr. Reynard, who was tall, sallow, and whose ferocious mustache looked purple in a strong light, shook Rafe's hand as though he were a long lost friend of his youth.

"Rather ruddy was the tip of Mr. Reynard's Roman nose, which, with a certain bagginess under his eyes, spoke of habits the reverse of abstemious in these his later years. He had once been a somewhat famous actor, but of former gifts only a remarkably fine baritone voice remained. Many of his stage mannerisms Mr. Reynard still clung to.

Rafe, considerably embarrassed, murmured something inaudible, and would fain have fled. But the ex actor, after vainly pressing Rafe to drink, held him buttonhole, to the infinite amusement of young Fowler and his companions, who were poking the billiard balls about.

"When I say 'Mr. Reynard,'" Danton, went on Mr. Reynard, in a deep voice, "I would not have you misapprehend my meaning. Natalie is—if I may so express it—the child of mystery. Fifteen years ago she was left a helpless infant at the founding hospital in Paris."

Mr. Reynard's speech and manner were so "stacy" that Rafe fancied he might be rehearsing something from an old time melodrama. But the ex tragedian, coming down to less stilted language, went on to explain that, being childless, he and his wife, who were then making a continental tour, took Natalie from the hospital and formally adopted her. Very early in life she developed a wonderful musical talent. This they had fostered to the utmost extent.

"She'd charm the bird from a tree with her playing," said Mr. Reynard, forgetful, in his enthusiasm, of his usual high flown speech.

But, mindful of the relapse, he added in a deep bass:

"And the day may come when Natalie shall wear a coronet. Wait! We shall see," and Mr. Reynard nodded with an air of gloomy mystery.

Rafe was considerably amused at the peculiarities of his new acquaintance, and at the same time he felt a curious sensation of relief to know that Natalie was not the red nosed actor's daughter.

But as Rafe had no taste for lingering in such places, he excused himself and took his leave. In fact he was anxious to hear what his guardian would say when he came to speak of the gross mistake of the German druggist. At least he presumed the prescription had been put up by a druggist. Mr. Danton, who had brought the medicine back to the hotel, had so stated. So he hastened home.

But if he had cherished any secret idea that his guardian would betray signs of surprise or stronger emotions upon learning the result of the analysis of the German medicine, he was doomed to disappointment.

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Dunton, but the visitor, who had entered in the office uninvited. After which he sat down in a richly upholstered chair and returned Mr. Dunton's majestic frown with one of unabashed effrontery.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ENCOUNTER IN DEEP WATER.

REALLY," began the lawyer, with a glance at the glaucous face and dilapidated clothing. "really, you seem to make yourself very much at home."

"That's a way I have, Phil Dunton," was the cool reply.

"At the voice, Mr. Dunton's usually immovable features took on an ashy pallor. He dropped into his office chair as though he had been shot.

"I—thought—you—were—dead—James Raymond!" he gasped as with dilating eyes he sat staring at the trampish looking visitor.

"No thanks to you, I ain't," was the bitter response, and then there was a pause.

Mr. Dunton rose and staggered rather than went into his office. Unlocking it, he poured himself out a glass of brandy, which he drank at a draught.

"Well, that's cool. Just fill me a little of that stuff," remarked Mr. Raymond with an appreciative smack of his lips, "and see that you don't poison it, Phil," he added, with easy familiarity.

"I'd like to," muttered the lawyer under his breath.

But he made no audible reply, and having served his visitor as requested, sat down again.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked with an effort, as Mr. Raymond placed the empty tumbler on the table.

His visitor rose, opened the door and peered out. Then he closed it and turned the key in the lock.

"Money. Don't I look as though I need it?" was the significant response.

As a matter of fact, he did. His hair and beard were long and straggling. His clothing was shabby, and his shoes broke at the sides.

"I want out of you, Phil Dunton," he went on in a louder tone, "the sum of five thousand dollars in clean cash, and I want it mighty soon, too!"

"And supposing I don't happen to have so much money in the world, what then?"

"I don't know, but I'll get it. This house and the way it's fitted up, don't look as though you were very poor."

"The house and everything in it belongs to my ward and nephew, Rafe Dunton. I don't own so much as the chair I'm sitting in."

"The young fellow who throttled my dog this morning, and who murdered Raymond, is he?"

"I like to have my fingers about his neck a moment or two."

"Ah," said the lawyer with a peculiar expression, "it was your dog my nephew was bragging about killing, eh? And he gave you a thrashing to boot, if I understood him correct."

The man uttered an exclamation so vindictive and full of ferocity that Mr. Dunton involuntarily shuddered.

"So he brags of thrashing me, does he?" growled Raymond, clinching his huge fist.

"Well, wait a little." Then suddenly changing his voice and manner he said, "I'm sorry."

"But to get back to business—how about the money?"

"I couldn't raise five thousand dollars to save my life," was the short reply, "especially to pay blackmail."

Raymond's coarseness of speech and manner seemed to flow suddenly away from him as he rose to full height.

"Blackmail you call it, eh? Then you prefer being exposed? You would like to have your record shown while you were living by your wits in Europe some fifteen years since, perhaps. Especially one particular transaction, in which I was hired by you to—"

Mr. Dunton, whose face was almost livid, threw out his hand.

"Hush, for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed, half imploringly. "I'll see what I can do for you."

"I thought you would," said Raymond, seating himself again, with a repetition of his unpleasant smile.

"The world doesn't seem to have used you very well in all these years," remarked the lawyer, after a short pause.

"I have had my ups and downs, like other men," was the moody reply. "I drifted over here last fall. Hunted high and low, but couldn't hear this must last till I can raise some more for you," muttered Dunton.

"Easy enough to raise it with a million or so belonging to your ward in your hands," was the jeering response. Then Raymond continued: "Some one told me as if his Rafe, as you call him, died, the whole property would fall to you. Is that so?"

There was a suggestive pause. As though some familiar thought of similar nature was in the mind of each, their eyes met, but only for a brief moment. Each knew the other thoroughly. Each believed the other capable of any villainy

that could be accomplished without fear of detection. Only the one covered his designs with a cloak of respectability; the other did not.

Raymond rose and unlocked the door.

"When shall I come again?" he asked.

"Well—day after tomorrow," was the hesitating reply. "And for goodness sake, Raymond, make yourself look half respectable before you do come, or I shall be accused of harboring tramps."

"I'll attend to that," briefly answered the other, and then took his leave.

An hour later a complete metamorphosis had taken place in his outward appearance. A bath, a barber, and a suit of second hand clothing, clean linen, new hat and shoes, had effected the transformation.

That evening, drifting aimlessly about the street, he came upon the brilliantly lighted opera house. Glancing carelessly at the names of the performers, both vocal and instrumental, one in particular seemed to arrest his attention.

"Miss Natalie, the wonderful girl violinist," muttered Raymond. "Natalie—why that was the name of— And here he stopped. "But of course it's only a coincidence," was his next connected reflection.

Now in early life, James Raymond, who, let me say in passing, was well born and well educated, had a passionate love of music.

Through the long windows drifted the notes of a piano as an accompaniment to Reynard's deep baritone in "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

This it was which decided Raymond. Buying a ticket at the door, he was shown to an orchestra seat. Curiously enough the chairs next him were occupied by Rafe and his friend, Dick Morier. Absorbed in the music they gave no heed to the newcomer, who ground his teeth viciously at the sight of unconsented Rafe.

"Violin obligato—Miss Natalie" followed the baritone solo on the programme. A graceful young girl in white, with short dark hair crisping about her well shaped head, appeared on the stage.

"The living image of another Natalie," was his excited thought.

And if his newly aroused suspicions proved correct, Mr. James Raymond saw how he might turn his knowledge to profit in the future.

There was excellent sea bathing at Devere Beach, some two miles distant from Mapleton. The day following the concert Rafe Dunton was one of the throng of pleasure seekers who made their way thither.

The sea was blue and sparkling in the warm sunlight. Scores of noisy bathers were frolicking in the surf, while a few of the more adventurous struck boldly out beyond the surf line.

Nearly an eight o'clock concert Rafe Dunton was one of the throng of pleasure seekers who made their way thither.

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(To be continued.)

PANSIES.

BY RUTH MOORE.
 Oh the darling little faces,
 Rising from their lowly places,
 In the flower bed,
 Royal purple with heart of gold;
 Saucy yellow ones to unfold,
 And nod to dainty white.
 Always the one message sending
 To the lonely heart when bending
 "Neath its load of care,
 "I am thinking now of you."
 Is the message sweet and true
 Which they send to all.

Bait versus Flies.

BY JOHN V. CONDIT.

THE average boy likes to go fishing whenever he can get the chance. Meaning of course man given to cigarettes and high collars, is above such trivialities. Nothing below a professional base ball match for him.

But to the healthy, sensible boy reader of the *Argosy*, fishing is always a source of pleasure, whether in the shape of flounders in the cove, smelts in the harbor, pickerel and perch in the pond or trout in the brook—all are fish that come to his net—meaning of course the hook.

Almost any one can go fishing. To catch fish is quite another thing. That is, to make anything like a success of it. You will hear boys speak of Dick or Tom being a "lucky" fisherman. Emerson wrote: "Shallow men believe in luck—strong men in cause and effect." And nine times out of ten you will find that Dick or Tom's "luck" arises from knowing that certain causes produce certain effects.

For example. You perhaps strike a trout brook at a favorable looking spot. There is a swirling eddy at the foot of a miniature fall. Assuming that you are fishing with bait you hurry to the brookside regardless of the fact that the morning sun is at your back. In conjunction with your rod you announce to the wary trout that "coming events cast their shadows before." And your efforts are in vain.

Half an hour later Dick or Tom appears. In view of the sun's position he has chosen the opposite bank. He approaches with cautious step. Nor does hook and sinker strike the water with a splash. Easily it sinks under the eddies of foam. Suddenly his line tightens. *Habet!* He has it! Only a brook trout weighing three or four ounces, but *you* couldn't catch it.

Again. With a vague idea that the trout won't know the difference, you have roughly knotted a stout mackerel line about the shark of a hook you used in flounder fishing. Bits of the frayed end are sticking out. A rusty nail or a split buck shot serves as sinker; even the worms in the tin mustard box are dull looking, lifeless things.

Dick uses a fine silk line and buys small hooks, "gauged" on gut leaders. If he uses a sinker at all it is a single split BB shot. His angle worms were dug the night before and allowed to scour themselves bright in wet moss. Cause and effect again. He brings home half a dozen trout to your one.

So too in pickerel and perch fishing. Dick or Tom has taken pains to study the thing up a bit. In "skittering" among the lily buds for the former he knows a cloudy sky with a light breeze ruffling the surface is by far the best. Even the strip of salt pork or the frog's hinder extremities he uses for bait, look more alluring somehow than your own. He throws it too in such a way that it lights gently on the surface, while its subsequent movements are easy—natural if you will. Perch bite best early in the

morning and late at night. They frequent certain places along the shore in preference to others. All these facts are known to Dick and Tom with others of similar import. And taken advantage of as well.

Now I know that in thus making mention of bait fishing, the professional may sneer at what he calls my unsportsmanlike method.

But I am not writing for professional fishermen. I couldn't if I would and *vice versa*. There are dozens of books written for them by men who know whereof they speak. Fly fishing is of course the truly scientific method in brook, lake and pond fishing.

But suppose, in the first instance, the boys I am talking to have not the means of buying a fly rod nor the skill and experience for tying the various wonderfully hued flies employed. Then again take the average brook fishing, as it is found in the country—for there is some

But a bit of fresh meat from a newly killed "mutton" did the business, and I brought back a string of trout that turned the tables on my two friends. I may add that I didn't use a fly for two simple reasons. I had none, and shouldn't have known how to use it if I had. And in Labrador streams trout will bite almost any known bait from salt pork to a trout's eye, which the average Labradorian thinks best of all. I may add in passing, that the black flies and mosquitoes are more particular. They bite only the skin of the stranger, but with a fierce eagerness that makes up for all seeming fastidiousness.

A boy handy with tools might enjoy making his own rod for bait fishing. I have in mind a nephew of mine who thus got up a very neat one which served his purpose far better than such as his means could afford to buy, to say nothing of the pleasure in using a rod of one's own manufacture.

planed down each of the *top edges*, thus giving an octagonal form. After gently "springing" it he slightly reduced those parts which seemed a trifle stiffer, placed the whole down to such proportion as his eye suggested, after which the file and sand paper came into use—perfect evenness and roundness being observed so that the spring should be equal.

With stoutly waxed thicknesses of shoemaker's threads, Ned "wooled" (I use the old fashioned term) the butt and lancewood termination. For the splice in the two lancewood lengths, he used four parts of waxed silk. Thus his rod was in itself complete. Or so it would have seemed to myself, I not having the slightest mechanical ingenuity.

But Ned was not content until he had neatly affixed a wired loop at the end of the lancewood tip, and placed rings at intervals along the rod underneath in the same manner as those on what he called the "boughten" ones. Also a

brass ferule that he hammered out himself, on the extreme end of the butt to prevent it from splitting. I might add that Ned, in place of varnishing the butt thus completed, first rubbed in a thorough filling of oil and after it was dry varnished over that. The lancewood itself—so he told me—may occasionally be oiled.

Of course Ned used a reel, but one of the most inexpensive pattern. In fact he did not really use one, still it looked well as an appendage. Like myself, he knew nothing of the fly fisher's turn of the wrist in hooking—or "striking" the finny prey, nor of playing it afterward. A reason for this of course was the comparatively small size of the trout in the brook which I have used as typical of New England's interior resources. A sudden "yank"—that was the only requirement after the four or possibly six ounce trout was hooked. Then a wild scramble to secure the finny prey. That ended it—till the cleaning and subsequent cookery.

Well, speaking from personal remembrance, I don't know but we bait fishers enjoyed not only our primitive methods and their fairly satisfactory results, quite as well as the amateur professional of the present day, if I may so call him.

I mean the young fellow of means whose outfit costs him anywhere from twenty five to a hundred dollars. You hear of him during summer vacations as bringing to the hotel it may be two—perhaps three—hundred trout. Size not specified—weight averaged. The general average rather large, to speak mildly. Still, there are the two Broadside to be discharged at every disputed question. Even after I became the poorest kind of an amateur fly fisher (and that is saying much) I began to wonder why the average bait fisher wouldn't allow the grub to evolve into the winged lure—particularly in the case of the trout. Yet I presume I caught one "on the fly" to half a dozen by the primitive method first mentioned. And perhaps some day I may try to explain the whys and wherefores.

A CASE OF DASHED HOPES.

STRANGER (in drug store).—"You seem to carry an extensive line of goods."

Proprietor (affably).—"Yes, sir."

"I've been told that you are a reliable man to deal with."

"You will find everything just as represented, sir. What can I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

"I guess I'll take a look at the directory."



TWO STYLES OF FISHING—COMPARING RESULTS.

real country left in the interior of New England yet.

The brook's furnishing the most sport are narrow and alder fringed. Above the alders extend the branches of various forest trees. The first cast of a fly in nine out of ten cases entangles the outfit half a dozen feet over the fisherman's head, just about the time it may be when he has seen a half pound trout break water in the pool beneath. And oh what "bitter burning thoughts" come to the wrathful amateur as, with a swarm of bloodthirsty mosquitoes about his head, he "shins" the tree to recover the tackle. Bait fishing comes in best here every time—speaking more particularly for the amateur.

Then there are certain conditions of water and weather when the fly fisherman may whip the pools or ponds in vain, while the bait fisherman has excellent success. I remember on a certain midsummer trip to Labrador, how two friends, having expensive rods and elaborate tackle, toiled all the day, following stream after stream in vain. They had gently chafed me by reason of my simple outfit costing somewhere in the neighborhood of two dollars, for I had taken the trip for health, not trout. But to make a long story short I went ashore by myself. Angle worms in Labrador seem to be an unknown quan-

Ned first procured from the local carriage maker a straight grained cut of seasoned ash about seven feet long by an inch and a quarter in diameter or thickness. This he planed down square, tapering it gradually till the smaller end was a trifle over a half inch in thickness. Then from the same place he obtained two lancewood strips about half an inch thick. Planing down about six inches of the end of each to make a "lap," or overlapping splice, he glued the two together. In a longer pole three or even four pieces may be thus joined. When the jointing was dry, Ned planed his lancewood to a taper—its thicker end being the same diameter as the smaller one of the ash piece or butt.

Then, uniting the ash and lancewood with the glued lap splice, Ned, when it was perfectly dry, began at the smaller end and planed each side with an even taper downward, having due reference to the "swell" or fullest part of the butt where it is grasped by the hands.

Then placing the whole in position, he

NIGHT.

BY E. W. LUMMIS.

When the sweet breath that fills
The heart of sunsets o'er the west is rolled,
And dissipates the imperishable hills
To haziness of gold;
When Titan Night anew
Heaves o'er the globe her starry link'd chain
From lonely Sirius in the southern blue
Round to the frozen Wain:
Then the vivacious air
Is flushed with sprites; beneath its dusky stole
Fair spaces through the opening hemisphere
Flash crimson with a soul.

[This story commenced in No. 280.]

THE

Golden Magnet

OR,

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

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

CHAPTER XIV.

LOST IN THE CAVE.

WE pushed off, poling ourselves along under the arch, the stream widening and not being very rapid after we had passed the first dozen yards.

The navigation proved so easy that we were able to glance about at the sides and roof, which often nearly touched us, compelling us to stoop, while at other times the tunnel opened out and we seemed to be making our way through a narrow lake. But it soon contracted again, and I should think our onward progress must have been through the damp, dark, winding way for quite a couple of miles.

After seeing nothing but shining glistening rock above us for hours, we seemed to have come to the end of our uneventful journey in a large irregularly shaped chamber whose roof of veined rock was about forty feet above us.

The stream had widened out into a little lake again, leaving on one side a sandy shore some six or eight feet wide. The waters were troubled, and for a while we sat wondering and listening to a loud moaning roar coming apparently from a distance. Then pushing on by the side, we coasted around the place till we reached the sandy shore and rested; for though the water flowed out through the arch by which we had entered, there was no way of further exit from the great vault.

This, then, was the extent of the cavern river, and it was with disappointment that I went slowly round once more, poling the raft over the troubled waters, to find that there was no likelihood of a discovery here. The sandy shore was the only landing place, and unless the treasure was buried there I could see no other spot where a search could be made. As to the lake's depth, of that we could tell nothing, only that at every attempt to touch bottom we withdrew our poles with a shiver.

Here, then, was the source of the river, which rose from springs somewhere far below springs which caused the bubbling we saw, making our little raft to rock terribly in one part we passed over, so that we gladly sought the sandy shore and there remained listening to the lapping of the water and the faint distant roar.

"The vault must be another cavern beyond this, Tom," I said after a thoughtful pause. "Look!" I added eagerly, as I stood on the sandy slip of land and held up the light above my head, pointing the while to the end of the vault; "there's a rift up there, Tom, if we could climb it, and that's where that roaring noise comes through."

We landed, and fastened the raft to one of the poles, which we drove firmly into the sandy beach. Then, stepping cautiously along over the sand, which gave way and seemed to shiver beneath our feet, we reached the end of the vault, and with a very little climbing from cranny to cranny till we gained the opening—a mere slit between two masses of rock. Through this we had to squeeze ourselves, and then wind up and up between black after black, that looked as though they had been riven asunder in some convulsion of nature.

For three times we were for going back, so arduous was the ascent, but determined to see our adventure to the end, we pressed on, ever higher, till the noise became almost deafening, while a cold dank wind made our lights to flutter, and once they threatened to become extinct. But five minutes later we were standing in a vast vault stretching out as far as our feeble light would show us, about about fifty feet to our left, in one black, gloomy, unbroken torrent, a cascade of water, black as night, fell from some great height above, till it reached the basin below us, which, even with our trembling lights, shone forth in a silvery iridescent foam.

We could hardly hear the words we uttered from time to time, but we felt but little inclination to speak, so awe inspired was the scene

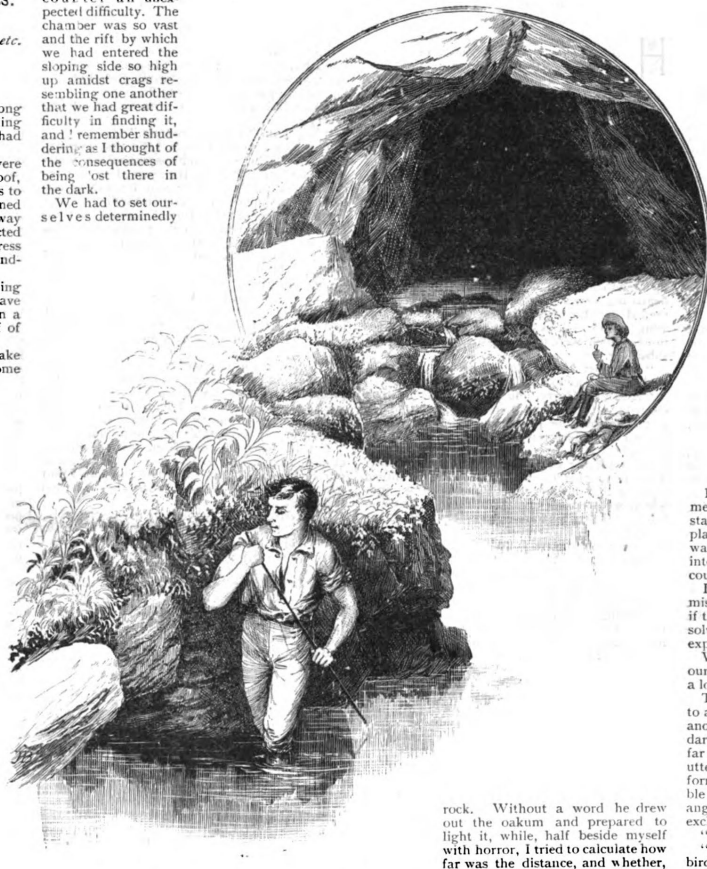
before us; and it was not until we had been gazing for some time that we ventured to climb down lower and lower, to find that the bottom of the cavern was a basin of restless water, from which it was evident some portion escaped through a natural conduit to the vault below, while probably the rest made its way to the vast gulf we had before seen.

Then up and down—now near the great forming basin, then with arduous climbing close to the dome that formed the roof—I searched about, well aided by Tom, who seemed to think that I was looking for something precious, though he said nothing.

With the exception of the bright veins I have mentioned there was no trace of gem or precious metal. The sides and roof sparkled and glistened again and again, but it was only with some stalaclitic formation—beautiful to the eye, but worthless; and at last I felt that this was labor in vain. There was no treasure there.

Then we turned to go, but only to encounter an unexpected difficulty. The chamber was so vast and the rift by which we had entered the sloping side so high up amidst crags resembling one another that we had great difficulty in finding it, and I remember shuddering as I thought of the consequences of being lost there in the dark.

We had to set ourselves determinedly



OUR SEARCH FOR THE BURIED TREASURE.

to the task of finding our way back, and after a weary climb Tom pointed it out.

If anything, the descent was more laborious than the climbing up; but at last, tired out, we reached the vaulted chamber with its troubled lake and narrow sandy strip of shore—a welcome place, gloomy and horrible as it was, for it meant rest upon our raft, and the gliding out with the stream to the entrance arch, and then not so very long a journey to the blessed light of heaven.

"Ah!" That cry burst from our lips simultaneously, as, climbing down to reach the sand, we held our lights low to see—what?

There must have been a sort of tide in the lake, small as it was; for the water was bubbling up more fiercely with a hissing noise. There was no sand—the water had covered it; there was no raft—the pole had been loosened by the water and the raft had gone.

We were left to a horrible death—a self sought death; and as I thought of what I had done in my insensate greed for gold I could have groaned aloud.

Calling upon speechless Tom, I told him to light a piece more oakum; and he did so, to reveal plainly the raft floating about right at the end of the great vault, and apparently nearing the arch of exit.

What were we to do?

That was but one answer. Dash into that horrible black lake and swim to the raft, or else stay and die.

It was dreadful, to plunge into those mysteriously disturbed waters, containing who could tell what hideous monsters?—to swim, or try to swim, where the strange eddies might draw the struggling wretch down!

"Light another piece of oakum, Tom," I said hoarsely. "Perhaps the water on the sand is shallow and we might walk along to the other end, and then try to swim together; it would not be half so far. But stay—hold my hand while I step down and try."

We crept down to where the sand had been bare when we left it, though loose and yielding; and, sticking the short piece of candle in a crevice, Tom seized my hand firmly and I stepped down into the water, but only to cry to Tom to draw me forth, for the sand was quick now and watery, and more dangerous to him who ventured upon it than the lake itself.

It was not without a sharp struggle that I once more stood beside Tom upon the ledge of

"Harry, back! Lend me a hand! Cramp! Cramp!"

And then he gave a shriek of agony which roused me to a state of frenzy, as I could just see him beating the water with frantic efforts by his side.

The raft was forgotten then, as with a vigorous stroke I reached him, placed one arm beneath his, and then struck out for the lights.

How I reached them I cannot recall; only a horrible struggle, the echoing of splashing water, the reaching of the cold, slimy rock with something seeming to draw me under, a fierce effort to get out, the dragging forth of poor Tom, who sank by my side with a gasp; and then in a dreamy state I pulled the last piece of oakum from Tom's wallet, and held it to one of the candles for it to blaze up, spluttering loudly from the wet hand that held it.

I sheltered my eyes after pressing out the water, looked again and again, separated the oakum so that it flared more and more, lighting up the low arch through which we had entered, when I groaned to myself. Was this to be the end of my golden dreams—death in this hideous vault? for the stream set swiftly now through the arch, and the raft was gone!

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKS.

THE bright, spluttering blaze was glimmering and flashing upon the troubled waters and reflected from the roof; then gradually it sank down into darkness. Tom lay upon the rocks without speaking, while the agony that passed through my brain was intense.

Making the best of our sad position, and all wet and shivering as we were, creeping together for warmth, we lay down, and I lit another candle—the last we had left.

But my hand was arrested half way, as I looked upon the glittering rock above my head and listened to the hissing, seething noise of the water below us in the long vault and the faint roar of the cataract far above us to the left. Now with a sense of dread indescribable I thought of the water rising to where we were during our sleep.

What would be the use of the gold if I found it now and there should be no means of escape!

But we knew that to live we must find a means of exit while our candle lasted; so we started once more to thoroughly explore the place. We pushed right round behind the waterfall, over the slippery wet stones, worn into seams; but no trace of rift or passage could we find.

I led the way back till we were clear of the mist shed by the fall, and then I set to and tried if the great problem of our escape could not be solved; and at last when all hope was ready to expire in my bosom the solution came.

We were sitting, sad and dejected, worn by our long toil, when suddenly we were startled by a loud, wailing shriek.

Tom pressed close to me, and I must confess to a strange sensation of awe, as now, one after another, these wild cries came ringing out of the darkness around. Now they seemed near, now far off, and fading away as we were, till one was uttered close by my ear, and I saw a shadowy form sweep past the light shed by our poor feeble candle; then another and another; when, angry with myself for my superstitious dread, I exclaimed aloud:

"Why, they're birds!"

"Birds!" cried Tom. "But are they real birds, Harry?"

"Real? Yes, Tom!" I exclaimed excitedly. "And there must be some other way of entrance, for I saw one disappear close by the falling water. Yes, and there goes another!" I cried, as I held up the light. "Tom—Tom, they are the messengers of life! There is a way out yet!"

Again the hope which animated our breasts chased away the sense of depression and fatigue, as we clambered as rapidly as we could high up towards where the water came roaring from its vast culvert. Just then with a loud shriek a bird flew from a niche which had hitherto escaped our notice.

The next moment, after a fit shriek the amphitheater, it gave another shriek, and we saw it reenter the niche and disappear.

That there was an outlet to the upper world there we now had no doubt, but the question arose which exit presented the least peril—the ascent to this niche right over the arch of the torrent, or the way back by the vault of the troubled waters, to swim for our lives down the little river.

We did not pause long to consider, but, drawing our breath hard, sought to climb up to where the bird had disappeared.

We needed the activity and power of some animal born to a climbing life, for it was a terrible task, over slippery, spray bedewed rocks, that seemed composed of ice. Our feet and hands slipped again and again, and more than once I felt that I must fall upon the bow of that torrent of inkly water, at first by our side, soon right beneath us, and so be plunged into the seething caldron below.

I found myself wondering whether, if I did so, my body would be forced through along some subterranean way to the vault of the

rock. Without a word he drew out the oakum and prepared to light it, while, half beside myself with horror, I tried to calculate how far was the distance, and whether, by well marking the spot where the raft floated, we could not contrive to hit it in swimming in the dark.

That we should have to swim in the dark I knew; for neither of us, I felt, could have swum with one hand, holding a light above the troubled waters with the other.

Just then Tom's oakum blazed up behind me, to light up the vault with its sparkling stalaclitic roof, glistening sides, and strangely agitated water. There floated the raft plainly enough just in front of the arch, and so near to our reach that in an instant Tom had thrown off his cap, wallet, and jacket beside the candles stuck in the rock and the still burning oakum.

"No, Tom—no!" I cried, catching at him; "you must not risk it."

"Let go, Harry—I must!" he shouted.

He struck me in the chest so that I staggered back, and then there was a loud splash and he was swimming away.

To start up and throw off my own jacket and wallet was the work of an instant, for, with his example, I could not stay back. We were companions, and I felt that it would be cowardly after he had taken the first plunge.

Another instant and I was after him. "Splash!" with the noise of my plunge still echoing as I rose above the waters—echoing in a strange whisper along the arched roof. But oh! the painful numbing sensation of intense cold that struck to my heart! It was fearful, and before I had taken a dozen strokes I felt that I should never reach the raft.

I was not called upon so to do, for a minute later in answer to my cry there came a groan from Tom, and I knew that he was swimming back. The next moment he shrieked:

troubled waters, from thence float out slowly along the little river, and so to the mouth of the cave and the outer sunshine.

Such thoughts were enough to unnerve one; but we climbed on in safety, handing the candle from one to the other, and ever and anon stretching out a helping hand, till, how I cannot tell, we clung at length right over the falling torrent, with a piece of rock, smooth as the polishing of ages could make it, between us and the niche, which now proved to be a good sized split separating a couple of rocks.

"You go first, Harry," Tom whispered, with his mouth close to my ear. "I'll stand firm, and you can climb up my shoulders, and then lend me a hand."

I prepared to start, handing him the one candle we now had alight, when I gave utterance to a cry of despair. The linen band which had crossed my breast, and supported my wallet, had been worn through by the constant climbing, and I suppose must have been broken when I was making this last ascent. At all events the wallet was gone—plunged, I expect, into the torrent, and bearing with it the flint, steel, tinder box, and such things which should in the horrible darkness of the place.

"Never mind, Harry," said Tom. "It's no use crying after spilt milk. Up you go."

With failing heart and knitted brow I exerted myself, climbing to Tom's hips, as he clung to the rock, and lighted the candle, which should there for the moment tremble, and then struggled into the cleft, turned round and lay down in a horrible position, sloping towards the torrent, with my head two feet lower than my knees. Then I stretched out my hands to Tom.

"Can't reach, Harry," he said, after one or two despairing trials. "You'll have to go and leave me. See if you can get out and fetch help."

For a moment I felt stunned at this unforeseen termination of our efforts, for there really had seemed hope now, unless this fresh passage should prove too narrow to let us pass.

I did not answer Tom, but drew myself up again to think of taking off my coat, I pulled it round and round, laid fast hold of the collar, and then, once more lying down, I lowered the coat to Tom.

"Can you reach that?" I said.

"No, Harry—not by a foot," said Tom gloomily, his looks being shrouded, as the roar of the torrent beneath us swept his face away. He stood in a position of awful peril; a false step, and he would be plunged into the torrent, and as I looked down at his upturned face and the flickering candle, I wondered how I could ever have dared to stand there myself.

"Can you reach it now?" I said, lowering myself a little more.

But his answer came in a dull, muffled, despairing monotone:

"No."

I wriggled and shuffled my body a little more forward, forcing my boot toes into a crevice as I did so, for it seemed that now the slightest strain would draw me over the precipice. But there was no other resource. Tom must have help; and I lay shivering there as, with an upward spring, the candle between his teeth, Tom clutched my coat, a shuddering while, and wondering whether the cloth would give way, or whether I should be drawn down.

"We were looking for the entrance to each other's eyeballs, lit by the guttering candle, as, with trial after trial, exerting the great muscular strength in his arms, Tom climbed higher and higher till he could touch my hands, my arms, and then hold on by my neck. He stopped panting, just as, in his convulsive efforts, his teeth met those of the waxy growth on the wick, and the upper portion fell far below into the torrent to leave us in that awful darkness.

"Hold fast, Harry!" Tom hissed in my ear. "Tom!" I groaned, "I'm slipping. I can hold on no longer."

"A moment—a moment, Harry," he cried.

I clasped my fingers together, and, bending his body into a half circle, he got one foot upon my hands. Then he forced himself rapidly up, staying my downward progress of inch after inch, as the weight of his body pressed me to the rock; but as he turned to hold me in his turn, it was just as I cut myself, going faster and faster, gliding head downwards toward the torrent.

Another struggle, and, wet and bleeding, I was by Tom's side, for him to hold tightly by one of my hands, as with the other he felt his way along slowly for some yards. Then once more we sank upon the rocky floor, to the panting, our breath drawn in hysterical sobs, and a darkness around that was too fearful to contemplate.

Our despair was such that we could find no words; but at last Tom said, in a voice that I could hardly hear for the roar of the torrent, which seemed to be here condensed by the narrow passage:

"Harry, I'll go first; follow close behind and crawl."

His words gave me new energy, and we set off, crawling slowly, now upward, now downward, feeling every foot of the way, lest some new peril should lie in our path. The roar of the torrent rose and fell as we crept away, till by slow degrees it became fainter, fading to quite a soft murmur; but still no new horror assailed us.

The dread darkness was forgotten in the hope that shed a light into our hearts, as foot by foot we progressed through what was sometimes a

narrow passage, sometimes a wide vault, as we could tell by the echoing of our voices from its arched roof. In one of these, too, our ears were saluted by the shrieks of birds and the rushing of wings—a fact which told us we could not be very far from the light of day; but progress was so slow that I often despaired of seeing that light again.

Often and often I could have lain down and cried like a child, and it required no weak effort to keep my emotions back.

"Seems to me, Harry," said Tom at last, "this is a very big place, we're in, for the more I try, the less I seem able to get on. Shall we rest a while?"

Had Tom said, "Shall we keep on?" I should have made the same reply—"Yes." And then, as we extended our aching limbs upon the soft soil which covered the floor of the cave in this part, a delicious sense of tranquility stole over me, and almost instantaneously I sank into a deep dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT IT GOLD?

HOW long we lay in that stupor—rather than sleep—I cannot tell; but I was awake by Tom, and once more we slowly continued our journey, walking now,—for the absence of fresh perils had given us courage. With our arms extended we went the soft soil which covered the floor of the cave beneath our feet, and the stillness only broken by the occasional shriek of a bird.

"Say, Harry," said Tom after a long silence, "we are only wandering here and there without finding the passage to go out."

"I have been thinking so too, Tom," I said, as I thought struck me. "Then let us look out, and see if you can make out anything when I fire; the flash may guide us."

Taking out my pistol I fired upwards, when it was as if the whole cave were being crushed up together—thunder, roar, and bellow, in a deafening series of echoes. These were succeeded by the rustling of ten thousand wings, and shrieks that were deafening—noises which were quite a quarter of an hour in subsiding.

"We must be near to an opening, Tom," I said, as soon as I could make myself heard.

"All right, Harry, and I've seen it," he said cheerily. "This is a big place, hundreds of feet deep, but the passage cut lies here; that firing of the pistol was a very good idea of yours."

He took my hand and stepped out boldly. Then feeling his way with caution, he exclaimed joyfully that he had found the opening, into which we stepped, and soon knew by the hollow sound that we were in a rapidly contracting passage.

From time to time I now flashed off a little powder in the pan of my pistol, by which means we were able to see that we were in one of the riven passages of the cave, similar to those which we had before traversed. Faint with hunger we pressed on till a distant murmur, ever increasing, forced itself upon my notice, and in a voice of despair I exclaimed:

"Oh, Tom, Tom! we are going back again!"

"Harry," he exclaimed, "don't be down hearted. 'Tis so, though; and I've been thinking of it for the last hour. But I wouldn't say it for I wasn't sure. Never mind, let's turn back. That's the big waterfall we can hear, sure enough. But we can step out boldly now, as we know there's no danger; and when we are in the big place where we slept, a little powder will show us the way."

As Harry's words were once more upon the soft earth of the cave where we had slept—the bird chamber we called it—when, by means of flashing off powder, we arrived at a pretty good idea of the size of the place, and better still, discovered a fresh outlet.

Danger and disappointment had made me cautious now, and I would not proceed until, by the expenditure of more powder, we had made sure that there was no other passage; alarming the birds too, so that they swept round us like a hurricane.

Then we were once more on the way, crawling as to pace, as we felt our way cautiously along, until there came a hole of some kind. As we toiled on, till suddenly Tom exclaimed:

"Keep back!"

"What is it?" I exclaimed, our voices echoing in a way which told us that the cave had once more opened out.

"My leg goes down as far as I can reach here, as there's a hole of some kind. Stop till I flash off a little powder."

I stood firm, while Tom was busy for a few moments, during which I heard the click of his flask. Then there were sparks as he snapped off his flint lock pistol, but for a few times without effect; but at last he started a train of powder which burned brightly, showing us that we stood on a ledge some fifty feet above where there was the flash of water and many a grotesque rock.

"Why, Tom?"

"Why, Harry?"

"Down on your knees!" I cried joyfully, as I set the example.

For we were in the first extensive widening out of the cave, at about five hundred yards from its mouth. We had emerged through an opening hitherto unknown to us, from its being upon a ledge forty or fifty feet above the floor, which in that part ran on a level with the little river.

We rose from our knees weak as two children, and contrived to scramble down to the bottom, along which we stumbled slowly and cautiously toward the cave's mouth, going back first to where we had left our guns. Turn after turn, winding after winding, we traversed, and there was the faint dawning of light in the distance—light which grew more and more bright and glorious as we advanced, shading our eyes with our hands, till, utterly worn out, we sank down close to the entrance amongst the soft, warm, luxurious sand. I gazed at the pale, haggard, blood smeared face beside me, to explain:

"Tom, is that you?"

It was the noon of the second day, we afterwards learned, that we had spent in these realms of darkness, and never did the bright face of nature look more glorious than it did to our aching eyes. But in spite of the intense sensation of gnawing hunger we could not proceed till we had rested. Then after bathing our faces, hands, and feet in the cold stream, we slowly journeyed to the hacienda.

"Don't say a word about the cave, Tom," I said, as we neared the hacienda.

"No, Harry, not if you don't wish it," he rejoined, looking at me wonderingly.

"I have a reason, Tom," I said. "We can say that we have been exploring, and that will be true, and will satisfy them."

"You haven't done with the cave yet, then, Harry?"

"No, Tom," I said, "not yet."

The look I received from Lilla that evening was one which, while it reproached me, made my heart leap. But all the same, I did not respond to it; I dared not; and I sat there answering my uncle's questions and telling him of our discovery of the ruined mine, and no more; while Garcia, who had previously smiled a contemptuous smile that was most galling.

For that smile seemed to mean so much, and to say, "Look at this crazy vagabond, how he spends his time!"

I was too weak and ill, though, to resent it, and gladly sought the bed, which I did not leave for a couple of days, being tendered most affectionately during that time by Mrs. Landell.

We had made our entrance to the hacienda by night, as I had wished on account of our appearance, and it was well we did so, for an inspection of the clothes we had on displayed such a scarecrow suit would have insured the closing of any respectable door in my face.

But if, when I rose from my couch, my clothes were worn, so was not my spirit, and during the long hours I had lain there my brain had been as active as ever concerning the buried treasure.

The terrors of the grave were great, certainly, but then I reasoned that three parts of them were due to ignorance. Had we been acquainted with the geography of the place, as we were now, and taken common precaution, we might have saved ourselves the hairbreadth escapes and agony of mind that had so told upon us. We need not have risked our lives by the great gulf, nor yet in the vault of the troubled waters. With a short portable ladder and a knotted rope the ascent to the rift over the torrent in the great amphitheater would have been easy. And altogether it seemed to me that another visit, well prepared for, would not have been necessary.

The visit, of course, would be to search for the treasure; and calm reflection seemed to teach me that it was very probable that we had now hit upon the part that appeared likely to have been used for the purpose—so I thought.

As I thought, I could not feel that the timid, suspicious Indians were once more upon the trail so far as we did, but the soft earth of the bird chamber seemed, after all, a most likely place.

The result was that one morning, soon after sunrise, Tom and I were climbing over the rocks that barred the mouth of the cave. We had plenty of provision and plenty of candle. Each, too, carried his own tinder box and a small coil of knotted cotton rope, which served as a girdle, and so was not allowed to encumber our movements.

Light hearted and eager, I led the way, and we pushed right in past the rift on the ledge above which the great bird chamber was so anxious to see what had become of our raft.

It was just as I anticipated; we found it anchored between two blocks of stone within fifty yards of the tunnel arch. Landing it, we cut the leather thongs, let out the wind, and then hid the whole affair behind some rocks—in case, as Tom said, we might want it again.

A rest and a slight attack upon the provisions, and we were once more journeying towards the mouth, but only to pause in the chamber where lay the opening that had saved our lives.

A little agility took us to the mouth of the rift, and now, candle in hand, we could see the passage through which we had traveled so laboriously, to find it the easiest of any crevice we had traversed, the floor being deeply covered with guano. The same was the case with the bird chamber when we entered it, at last, to find a vast hall of irregular shape, swarming with the guacharo, or butter bird of South America, and the great green storks, in these fastnesses of nature, but sallying out at dark to feed. The uproar they made was tremendous, and several times I thought that our lights would be extinguished, though we escaped that trouble and continued our search.

An hour passed here convinced me that we

knew the two only passages leading from the place, so we continued our investigations, traveling along the farther passage till the sound of the great waterfall smote upon our ears. Nothing rewarded our search, though we went to the end.

We went back to the bird chamber, when we sat down for another rest and time of refreshing, for we had no peril to dread this time, and now, once more, I began to think over with damped spirits the possibility of finding what might have been here concealed. Treasures of the wealth of nations, might have lain hidden for ages, with the guano continually accumulating to bury them deeper and deeper; but were they buried there?

I would try and prove it, at all events; and rousing myself from my musing fit I took a sharp pointed rod with which I had come provided, and began to probe the soil. Tom watching me earnestly the while.

But nothing rewarded my endeavors. I probed till I was tired, and then Tom took up the task, but always for the rod to go down as far as we liked in the soft, yielding earth.

At last I told him to give up, for the possibility of finding the entrance of the cavern. Fatigue had robbed me of my sanguine thoughts, and wearily I led the way back to the mouth of the cave, and we again had a rest.

Rest and refreshment had their usual effect, and I was soon up again and at work with the rod, thrusting it down into the sand all over the place, till I had explored nearly everything hard, and my heart leaped; but the tapping of the hard matter showed that it was nothing but a mass of rock some four feet below the sand.

Suddenly a fresh thought struck me—one of those bright ideas that in all ages have been the cause of the greatest fortunes. Leaping up, I seized the rod and ran to where the tapping of the hard matter showed that it was nothing but a mass of rock some four feet below the sand.

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Wading in, I turned up my sleeves and began to thrust my iron probe down here into the sand, till I had argued now like this: "After carefully considering what there would be the best place to hide their treasure, the priests of old might have been cunning enough to think that the simpler the concealment the less likely for it to be searched. Thus, with the dim mysterious caverns beyond offering all kinds of profane guesses—spots that could certainly be suspected—they might have chosen the very mouth of the cave, and buried that which they sought to save in the bed of the little stream."

The thought seemed to take away my breath for a few moments, it came so vividly; the next minute I was wading about, thrusting the rod down as far as I could in the wet sand; but always with the same result, the iron rod was easily to my hand and was as easily withdrawn.

I probed right in as I waded amongst the gloomy parts and then went on to where it became dark. Still I was not discouraged, but came slowly back towards where the barrier of the rocks closed the entrance, down the stream, which the little stream plunged to reappear some yards on the other side. Here in the most open part of all, but screened from the sight of any one in the valley—here, where the water formed a little pool beneath the creper matted rocks, I gave the rod a hard thrust down as far as it could be thrust, being so that my shoulder was beneath the water, when my heart leaped and then beat tumultuously, for the rod touched something.

I tried again.

Yes, there was something beneath the sand!

No; it was rock—stone?

I tried again; tapping with the iron.

No; it was not stone!

Was it metal?

I tried again, after examining the point of the rod, and this time drove it down fiercely.

Yes, it was metal; but the question to solve was this—

Was it gold?

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He can get you any number you may want.

COOKED SNOW.

New York's efforts to speedily rid herself of the enormous snowfall left in the trail of her blizzard were the cause of many strange sights in metropolitan streets. Bon fires built in snow banks were to be met with on all sides, while the *Evening Sun* tells of a sort of witches' cauldron method which suggests the famous scene in "Macbeth."

An unwonted spectacle was seen on Pearl Street just east of Broadway. Jutting out vertically from the ceiling and along the side of the Central National Bank building was a small iron pipe, about an inch in diameter. This, rising about ten feet in the air, by means of elbow joints, passed over the sidewalk and descended into a large iron pot, or barrel. Around this pot were gathered a group of interested spectators, who were watching the operations of two cooks, armed with shovels, who were attacking an enormous snow heap, plunging into the pot alternately great chunks of the "beautiful." There, steam escaping from the pipe below mentioned, soon melted the snow, which ran over the cauldron's rim and off into the gutter, none, but not forgotten. Another cook was steadily employed in stirring and pushing down the mass of a stick the liquid mass which resembled closely a big pot of mush. Similar improvised mush bakeries were also seen in several other streets.

INDEPENDENCE.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her—
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justifi'd by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

THE Casket of Diamonds;

OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAILE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

A LIST OF THE DIAMONDS.

OLONEL SINNERTON did not like the look of the ship's steward, and he retreated a few steps before him, for like all tyrannical and overbearing men, the colonel was a bully and a coward.

"I don't know that I have any business with you, sir," said he, in a very moderate tone for him.

"I have business with you if you come here to bully and insult a lady," replied Captain Ringboom, following up the retreating capitalist. "If the door is big enough for you to go out, you had better go!"

"This lady, as you call her—"

"As I call her, you villain! Take that back, or I will shake it out of you worth a carousal!"

He continued the captain in a low and determined tone, which had its effect upon the coward.

"This lady owes me a good deal of money; and that is all I want of her," stammered the colonel in mortal terror.

"You shall have your money, every penny she owes you; but if you don't treat her with perfect respect, I will show you what it is to fall into the grip of an honest old sailor."

Captain Ringboom pulled a plerthetic pocket-book from his inside vest pocket, and laid it out on the table. Bank bills and papers protruded from the ends of it, and its appearance indicated that the captain had improved the time of his long absence.

"I have the money to pay both principal and interest of the mortgage note, and the sooner the business is done the sooner will this house be rid of a nuisance that I should throw to the sharks if I had you in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean," added the captain, as he seated himself at the table and opened the pocket-book.

The sight of the pile of bank bills which the shipmaster placed on the table was almost overpowering as a blow would have been to the capitalist, for it was revenge rather than money that he sought. He was overmatched and defeated at his own game, and he was obliged to give up the contest.

Colonel Sinnerton was sullen and dissatisfied; but he went to his lawyer's office with the captain, where the mortgage was canceled, and the note and interest paid.

"I could not find the man I wanted to see, and I have been running after him nearly the whole day," said Captain Ringboom, when he returned to the house with the papers in his hand, and gave them to the landlady. "No one can molest you or make you afraid now, Mrs. Everton."

"How good you are! I am sure my poor brother would not have done any more for me if he had been here to witness the widow, as she gave her hand to the shipmaster."

"I don't believe he would have been willing to do any more for you than I am, at any rate," replied the captain, retaining the hand in his own, as though he had some stronger motive than friendship for the lady's deceased brother.

"But I owe you more money in the same manner that I owed it to Colonel Sinnerton, and I shall give you a mortgage on the house at once," added the grateful landlady.

"Never mind that now. If you are willing, I will take a mortgage on you instead of on the house," added the captain, laughing; and Rowly and Hope both wondered what he meant by such a queer expression.

The fair widow blushed and looked on the carpet as though she understood the nature of the security, if the young people did not.

Rush Sinnerton had left the house with his father, and all present hoped they should not see him again.

"The detectives looked that boy's room over this morning, but they could not find a thing like a diamond, or the box I left on that table," said the captain. "I am afraid we shall never see Howell Everton's diamonds again."

"I don't give them up yet," added Rowly. "I hope you will be able to give a full description of them."

"I have a full and complete list of them on board of the ship; but I have been so busy raising this money to pay off that land shark, I have not had time to go for it. But I am going on board now, and the detectives shall have it tonight."

"I should like a copy of it," suggested Rowly. "You? What do you want of a copy?" asked the captain, laughing, for he certainly did not suppose the young clerk could do anything

to assist in the recovery of the diamonds. "But you shall have a copy if you will go on board of the ship and make it out yourself."

"I shall be glad to do that. You know I am a clerk in the largest jewelry establishment in this city, and one which does the largest business in diamonds of any house in the country; and it would be a good thing to have a copy of the list there."

"That is not a bad idea, my lad," added the captain, nodding his head with approval. "Since it appears that Rush Sinnerton did not take the box, we have not the least idea whether it went up into the blue sky, or sank down into the depths of the earth. I can't tell how, when or where it went; and the officers don't seem to be any wiser than I am."

Rowly had a very distinct theory of his own as to the manner in which the gems had taken to themselves wings, but in accordance with his resolution, he kept his own counsel. But he realized that he took upon himself a tremendous responsibility in keeping to himself the item of information he had obtained, though the evidence of the bit of paper in his possession had been treated rather contemptuously both by the captain and by the officers.

Captain Ringboom took the hand of the landlady again, and promised to return to his room in the house as soon as he had been on board of his ship.

"I don't think Rush Sinnerton will trouble you any more," said Rowly, as he walked over to the chair of the beautiful maiden.

"I will not, for I am positively afraid of him," replied the girl. "What a dear, good man Captain Ringboom is!"

"So he is; and I am sure he feels the loss of the diamonds a great deal more than he would if they had been his own. They would have made you rich enough to buy a dozen houses like your mother's, Hope; and if they are found you will be as rich as the old man, so that you need not worry about my friendship."

The captain was sorry to leave, and Rowly followed him out of the house; but they had gone but a few steps before Rush Sinnerton joined them. He had returned to the house as soon as his father started for the train to his home, and had been waiting for Rowly to come out.

"The less you have to do with that young sculpin, the better it will be for you, and the worse it will be for him," said Captain Ringboom, when he saw the rapid young man approaching them from the other side of the street.

"I agree with you, sir; but I think he has something to say to me, and we will walk along behind you, if you don't object," added Rowly.

"I don't object, but keep your weather eye open, my lad," replied the shipmaster, as Rush came up with them.

"I am sure you will see your father, and you will be glad to see him," said Rowly, as the young clerk fell back from his companion.

"If you want to pick another quarrel with me, I am not the fellow you want to see," replied Rowly coldly.

"I don't want to quarrel with you; I want you to be my friend now," added Rush.

"I am not used to your manners and improve the company you keep before you and I can be friends."

"I am very sorry I had any trouble with you, Rowly; but Hope Everton was so stiff with me that she made me mad. I will not trouble or annoy her again."

"I am sure you will be glad to see her, and you will be glad to see her," said Rowly, as the young clerk fell back from his companion.

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CHAPTER XXII.

A CANDIDATE FOR CAPTAIN'S CLERK.

ROWLY felt that he was getting ahead a little when he discovered that "Silly" had a key to Mrs. Everton's front door, and the fact did a great deal to assure him that the burglar and the diamond thief were one and the same person.

"Gunnywood used to be a machinist, and when I showed him my key, he made one like it that would fit the lock, just to save the folks the trouble of going to the door, you know," continued Rush, as Rowly looked at him without making any reply.

"Then he used to go up to your room when you were not there?" suggested the young clerk.

"I suppose he did, though he knew what hours I used to be in my room."

"I don't know," said Rowly, "but I have seen Mr. Gunnywood in any kind of business, Rush?"

"He left the place where he had been at work; but he is going to another soon. You

heard what he said about the diamonds last night?"

"I did, every word of it; and he seemed to be of the opinion that you took them; at any rate he said so."

"But I did not take them; and I know no more about them than you do," protested Rush earnestly.

"Who do you suppose could have taken them?" asked Rowly, though he knew that it was a superfluous question.

"I haven't the least idea. I left the house, and went off to find another room. I went down and looked at one near Union Square, but it did not suit me. As I was coming up Fourth Avenue, I met Gunnywood coming down."

"Do you happen to know where he was coming from?" asked Rowly, with more interest than he cared to manifest.

"I do happen to know, for he told me. He had a bundle, done up in newspaper, under his arm. He said he had been to the shop where he used to work after a box of fine tools he wanted to use at his room in mending the lock on his trunk."

Rowly asked some questions as to the time Rush had met his friend with the bundle, and was very sure that it was not fifteen minutes after the box had disappeared from the front parlor of Mrs. Everton's house.

He was afraid to ask any very definite questions in regard to the size of the bundle; but he was satisfied that it contained the missing diamonds.

"Did you see Gunnywood last, Rush?" he inquired.

"I haven't seen him since he left his room last night to follow you down stairs. I never see him in the morning, for he never gets up till nearly noon, and I went to the academy; and I have been busy all day with my father till he took the train."

"Do you know Gunnywood's name?" asked Rowly.

"I don't know, but very likely he is in his room."

"Do you think I could find him there in an hour or two, for I want to see him?" asked Rowly, as Captain Ringboom stopped, and looked back at him.

"Do you know Gunnywood? What do you want of him?" demanded Rush, who seemed to be suspicious for the first time.

"I don't know him; I never saw him in my life till last night."

"But how happened you to be at the door of his room last night, Rowly?"

"I happened to be there for the same reason that I may be there in an hour or two from now. I want to see him. He is a skillful machinist, and I have invented a machine for cutting the faces of diamonds, and polishing them; and I believe it will do the work better than it is done by hand at the present time."

"Do you know Gunnywood? What do you want of him?" demanded Rush, who seemed to be suspicious for the first time.

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of sailor fashions. His shirt was of immaculate whiteness, and a diamond sparkled in the ring that held his black silk necktie, while everything about him was as neat as though he had just stepped out of a locker in his stateroom.

The dandy captain continued to look at Rowly for some time, as the latter, unconscious of the scrutiny to which he was subjected, was looking over the list of diamonds he had just written out.

"I want a young man of fair education, who writes a good hand and is quick at figures, not exactly a supercargo, but as a captain's clerk, for I find that on this voyage to London is going to give me more clerical work than I care to do, and my owners have agreed to furnish me such an assistant as I need," replied Captain Wellfleet, still scanning the features and general appearance of the young clerk.

"You can't walk through Broadway for half an hour without knocking over twenty just such young fellows as you want, Wellfleet," answered Captain Ringboom.

"But I want a confidential clerk, a fellow that I can trust. I shipped a young man today that I thought would do; but I don't exactly like the cut of his job. He is smart enough, but there is something about his eye that I can't quite take in," added Captain Wellfleet. "You are well acquainted in New York, and perhaps you know of just the young man I want; one who would like to take a voyage and not be gone over sixty days, for the Ganymede is a racer, you know."

"I don't think of any one now; but I am going ashore as soon as I can to find out what the person you want. Do you know of any young fellow who wants to have a vacation of a couple of months on the salt water, Rowly?"

"Though I don't think of any one now, I am sure I could find a dozen who would like just such a place at this season of the year," replied Rowly.

"Perhaps the young man I shipped this morning will answer my purpose, and I should like to have you look at him, Ringboom; for everybody says you can tell whether a man is honest or not by the length of his nose," continued the ocean swell, laughing. "He has been to sea, and won't get seasick. That is one thing in his favor. He is a good looking fellow, and pulls an oar in my gig."

They went on deck, where the gig's crew was waiting their captain. The candidate for the position of captain's clerk was pointed out. He had a full black beard, and his face was very young. Rowly did not recognize him, though something in his appearance startled the young clerk, and assured him that he had seen the man before.

The black bearded candidate for the place of captain's clerk was looking at a passing steamer very intently, and he did not notice the trio that came out of the cabin of the Reindeer. Rowly could not have told why he did it, but he stepped behind the mizzen mast, so that the candidate could not see him; and perhaps it was merely instinct which told him that he had business with him.

Captain Wellfleet said something to the young man, and while he was talking with him, Captain Ringboom looked him over, and studied the expression on his face. The young clerk did the same, though without the knowledge of the subject of his scrutiny, for his examiner kept him busy.

Rowly was very sure that he had seen that fellow before, and he cudged his brains to determine when and where. The black beard and the brown face were unfamiliar to him; but the expression was like that of one whom he had often seen.

When the two captains had completed their examination, they returned to the cabin, though he did not tell the captain that the Reindeer had ordered his boat's crew to take their places in the boat. Rowly followed them, though the features and expression of the gig's man were indelibly fixed in his mind, so that he could not help seeing them if he tried.

"What do you think of him, Ringboom?" asked Captain Wellfleet.

"I wouldn't trust him with a quarter at the bottom of a barrel of water," replied Mrs. Everton's friend, promptly and decidedly.

"That is just my own impression of him, and your opinion confirms my own," replied the swell captain. "There is something about his eye that means mischief."

"He may be a good hand before the mast, but I should not want him in the cabin with me," added Captain Ringboom. "When do you sail, Wellfleet?"

"On the 6th tomorrow; but I must find the clerk I want before that time."

Rowly promised to do the best he could to find a candidate for the waiting position, and he was requested to send him to the counting room of the owner by ten the next day.

Captain Ringboom and his young companion followed the master of the Ganymede to the gangway.

"That young fellow wants leave of absence till noon tomorrow," said Captain Wellfleet, as he was about to descend the accommodator's steps. "As he doesn't seem to drink at all, and wants to go up to some place on the Hudson to see his mother, I have granted his request, for I like to see a young man look out for his mother. It is a good sign, though I don't like the looks of Gibbs any better than you do."

Rowly had his doubts about Gibbs, whose name had just been mentioned for the first time.

(To be continued.)



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 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

A New Story by Oliver Optic.

Here is the name of the new story which will open in next week's number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY:

THE YOUNG HERMIT OF LAKE MINNETONKA.

By OLIVER OPTIC.

Author of "The Cruise of the Dandy," "Young America Abroad Series," etc., etc.

"The Young Hermit of Lake Minnetonka" is a story of the Northwest. Its scenes are laid in the wonderful twin cities of Minnesota, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and on the shores and islands of Lake Minnetonka, the famous pleasure resort near to them. The story is a most fascinating one, told in the renowned author's very best manner, and its novel characters and surroundings give it an unusual interest. We can promise that all our readers will thoroughly enjoy this serial, as they unravel from week to week the mystery surrounding the young Hermit of the Lake.

This number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY contains seven serial stories.

POOR READERS.

Boys and girls at school are apt to look upon reading as one of the "easy lessons," which it cannot do much harm to slight. Once they know the meaning of words and can spell with reasonable facility, they imagine there is not much else required of them. But would they be convinced of the erroneousness of this idea they have but to note the manner in which nine tenths of the young men and women of their acquaintance read aloud.

A person may be ever so bright in conversation and quite ready with the pen, but when it comes to reading an extract from a book or newspaper, or even something they themselves have written, what a pitiful display is all too often made! Accents are misplaced, inflections confused, punctuation marks disregarded and words mispronounced, so that it becomes a positive torture to listen to them.

In many cases the readers are themselves conscious of their awkwardness, and are often put to considerable embarrassment when unexpectedly called upon to read in company.

The remedy is constant practice, and study of the methods of the best models, such as famous lecturers and preachers. Above all, do not neglect any opportunity that presents itself during your school days to perfect yourself in this apparently simple, but most important art.

BEWARE OF THE WIRES.

With the advance of civilization, the necessity for danger signals becomes more and more imperative. What with the new inventions for annihilating distance, obliterating darkness and bridging space, the wayfarer must have a care lest he wound himself with the thorns attached to the roses of progress, if we may be permitted the figure of speech.

Electricity especially, while one of the most useful of the later discoveries in the scientific world, possesses fatal properties, and our chief object in writing this is to warn our boy readers against attempting to fool with the currents.

During a rain storm the other evening in Utica some boys amused themselves by taking shocks from a wire which the water had in some way charged with electricity. The connection was not quite perfect, otherwise the young experimenters would have been killed at once, as the horses were last winter when they stepped

on a fallen wire, as already recorded in these columns. Playing with matches is a safe pastime compared with the attempt to have fun with electricity.

ALTHOUGH amateur journalism is confined principally to this country and Canada, we now and then hear of enterprising literary youngsters in other parts of the world. For instance, the *New York Tribune* printed a paragraph the other day to the effect that three grandsons of Dom Pedro of Brazil, the eldest twelve and the youngest seven, are the editors, printers and publishers of the *Courier Imperial*. It is said to be a bright little sheet, with political preferences. We trust this item will not overwhelm the princely young proprietors with requests to exchange with their American brethren of the 'Dom.

BOYS

Here Is Your Chance!

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JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE.

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

In spite of all that may be said to the contrary by those who would stifle discussion in order to produce apparent harmony, the most important, interesting and pressing question now before the statesmen, and citizens in general, of this country, is that of tariff reduction, involving as this does the great issue of free trade and protection.

Now this is not the place for the advocacy of any political or economic cause or theory, and any attempt to decide the controversy in these columns would be equally impertinent and ill timed. We can and do, however, earnestly recommend that our readers should study this weighty subject for themselves. It is certainly the duty of every good American to interest himself in the government of his country; and our future citizens cannot too early learn something of the great problems which will inevitably come up for solution in their time.

The question named is one on both sides of which many bitter words have been spoken and strong feelings aroused. Such bitterness is foolish, owing to the difficulty and abstractness of the subject, and unfortunate, on account of its extreme importance. To discuss with calmness is as necessary as to study without prejudice. Do not be

misled by the question begging words so freely used on both sides, such as "revenue reform" or "foreign pauper labor." Do not imagine that all those who are so un lucky as to differ from yourself must be either fools or traitors.

Reckless partisan organs and stump orators have denounced those who seek to reduce the duties on foreign goods as conspirators organized to wreck American industry. If any refutation of this absurd charge was needed, we need merely point to the known ability and character of the statesmen whose names are generally identified with the movement for a lower tariff.

One of the most prominent is John Griffin Carlisle, Speaker of the House of Representatives, whose portrait appears on this page of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and whose high political position gives him a great influence over the course of national legislation. He was born in Kenton (then part of Campbell) County, Kentucky, on the 5th of September, 1835. He was the youngest son in a large family. After a common school education, he took up the study of law, supporting himself meanwhile by teaching, at first at a country school and afterward at Covington.

He was admitted to the Kentucky bar in March, 1858, and began to practice in the city opposite Cincinnati; but he soon became better known as a politician than as a lawyer. In his twenty fourth year he was elected to the House of Representatives of his State, as a member of which he served for two years. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he opposed secession, and helped to preserve Kentucky for the Union. Then he returned to his law practice for a time, declining, in 1864, a nomination as Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket.

Two years later he was elected to the Kentucky Senate, and reelected to that body in 1869, meanwhile acting as a Delegate at large from his State in the National Democratic Convention of 1868 at New York. In May, 1871, he was tendered the nomination for Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, and resigned his seat in the State Senate to accept the offer. At the election in the following August he was success-

ful, and for the next four years he served as Lieutenant Governor.

He first entered Congress in 1877. This was the Forty fifth Congress, and Mr. Carlisle was elected to it from his native district without opposition. He speedily became prominent among the Democratic members of the House of Representatives. At every successive election he was confirmed in the possession of his seat; indeed, no competitor was nominated till 1884, when Mr. Carlisle's majority was nearly six thousand. It will be remembered that at the election of 1886 he somewhat narrowly escaped defeat at the hands of a labor candidate, who received an unexpected amount of support, while many of Mr. Carlisle's adherents, supposing the result to be a foregone conclusion for him, stayed away from the polls.

After serving for some time on the Committee on Ways and Means, Mr. Carlisle was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in December, 1883. He proved an admirable chairman, and has now presided over the deliberations of three Congresses. His temper, tact, and judgment are excellent; and his impartiality has made his tenure of this difficult and responsible post satisfactory to political friends and opponents alike.

Were not Mr. Carlisle in the Speaker's chair,

he would undoubtedly be the leader of his party on the floor of the House. He is very popular in Kentucky, and might be Governor or United States Senator if he did not prefer his present position.

His political views are well known. He holds that a reduction and ultimate abolition of customs duties would, while enriching the country at large, prove an immense stimulus to our export trade, which for the last seven years has shown a nearly uniform decline, and would result to prosperity our sea going merchant marine, now so sadly reduced; and that by this course alone can America take the place which England's leading statesman has predicted for her, and which her magnificent resources fit her to hold, as arbiter and mistress of the world's commerce.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

You have built a castle in the air?
 Then put a foundation under it.—*Thorau.*
 Who gives a trifle meanly, is meaner than a trifle.—*Lavater.*
 All actual heroes are essential men, and all men possible heroes.—*E. B. Browning.*
 A man can never be happy unless his first objects are out of himself.—*Anthony Trollope.*
 The gentleman is solid mahogany; the fashionable man is only veneer.—*J. G. Holland.*

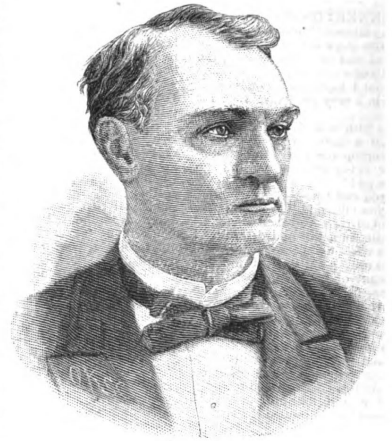
How'er disguised in its own majesty,
 Is littleness.—*Wordsworth.*
 NEVER speak well of ill of yourself. If well, men will not believe you; if ill, they will believe a great deal more than you say.—*Eastern Proverb.*

Of all the things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call books.—*Carlyle.*
 If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow.*

TEACH self denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

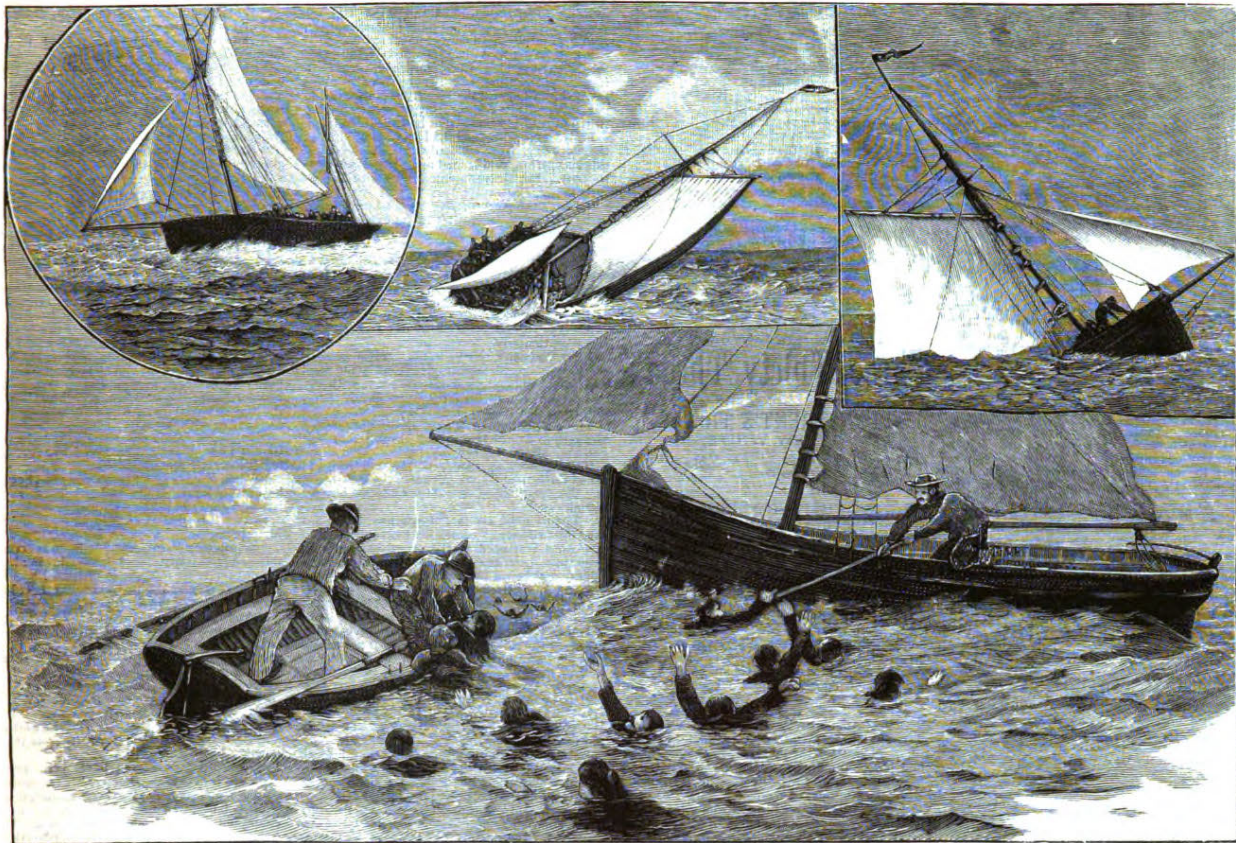
A MAN is a great bundle of tools. He is born into this life without the knowledge of how to use them. Education is the process of learning their use, and troubles are God's whetstones with which to keep them sharp.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THOSE who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, should remember that nothing can atone for the want of prudence; that negligence and irregularity long continued will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible.—*Johnson.*



JOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE.

From a photograph by Bell.



CAPTAIN THORPE AND THE TWO BOYS WORKED HARD TO RESCUE THE CREW OF THE SUNK CUTTER.

A Striking Episode.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

IN the eyes of Rex Sanford, young Ralstone of Boston, who spent his summers at Barmouth, was greatly to be envied. For, in the first place, he had no end of money—so Rex, who was very proud of young Ralstone's patronizing friendship—averred. Then he was his own master—unfortunately. He had rooms at the Tudor, belonged to a "swell" club, dressed in the tip of fashion, and drove the latest thing in dog carts, to which a high stepping, bang tailed horse was attached in front, and a buttoned, top booted flunkey in the rear.

But there was still something wanting. This was a yacht. So one day during last summer young Ralstone sailed gayly into Barmouth harbor with a select party from Boston in the cutter rigged yacht Viking, modeled after a prize winner he had seen at the Isle of Wight. The cutter rig was something new in Barmouth. The "jigger," as it is sometimes called—a small sail at the stern presumed to help the steering—was also an innovation.

"How do you like her looks, Cap'n Thorpe?" asked Ned Maston. Ned, in company with Rex and some other young fellows near his own age, had come down to the pier, where Captain Thorpe was standing eying the new craft after the critical fashion of the old time seafarer.

"Hum, well," said the captain slowly, "for a cutter she don't draw so much water by nigh a foot as I'd like her to, if she was mine."

"The rig is handy," remarked Ned, who was no mean amateur in boating matters.

"It is English, you know," laughed Joe Norris, greatly to Rex's indignation.

"English or not, I don't believe there's anything out of Barmouth can sail with her—Ralstone says so, too!" he exclaimed.

"That settles it," said Ned, good naturedly—eh, Cap'n Thorpe?"

Captain Thorpe rubbed his bristly chin thoughtfully.

"Wall, I ain't much give to braggin'," he slowly replied, as he glanced at his own stanch built sloop rigged boat, anchored off the end of the pier; "but if the old Boxer there won't walk away from the cutter in a stiff breeze, I lose my guess—that's all."

Rex reddened with vexation.

"A lot you know about it," was his contemptuous response. "The Viking will sail round that old tub of yours every time."

You see Rex belonged to one of the wealthier of the Barmouth families, and in consequence he affected to treat the working classes with a sort of lofty contempt.

It was Ned's turn to color—though with honest indignation. But I am sorry to say his tongue outran his discretion in his defense of Captain Thorpe.

"No one but a snob would talk that way to a man old enough to be his father—is that some of the manners you learn from your friend Ralstone?" he inquired sharply.

This speech caused something of a sensation among the little crowd of listeners; for young Ralstone, who considered himself something of a sporting man, had brought boxing gloves with him the previous season. Many of the boys connected with the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium had learned to spar after a fashion—Rex and Ned among the number. Ned had the longest reach, but Rex was the quicker. Yet somehow Ned had rather the best of it in their friendly bouts and, as is too apt to be the case under such circumstances, Rex resented it.

"If it ever comes to trying titles in earnest, Ned Maston," he had once remarked rather hotly, in the presence of a number of his companions, "Ralstone says he'd bet on me every time—so don't you forget it!"

Remembering this covert threat, the young fellows on the pier winked knowingly at each other after Ned's pointed allusion to a snob, and awaited the outcome thereof with breathless interest. Not that they were quarrelsome or malicious. But deny it who will, the average youth is seldom displeased at the prospect of a "row." I don't say this is right; but it seems to be a peculiar phase of human nature in general.

Well, Rex waxed wrath at once.

"Do you call me a snob, Ned Maston?" he threateningly exclaimed. He put one foot forward, holding his hands after the manner of Mr. Sullivan's pugilistic portraits.

"You heard what I said," was the cool reply, "and if you don't like it—"

"Ned—Ned—no quarrelin' about me for massy sakes!" interrupted Captain Thorpe. For instinctively Ned had taken a defensive attitude—indeed I had almost said an offensive one.

As Ned paid no heed to the old man's entreaty, the latter, stepping forward, placed his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Remember what you told me you promised yer ma, Ned," he whispered.

Ned changed color and bit his lip. Then dropping his hands to his side with an effort, he turned on his heel.

"Coward!"

Ned only did the taunt come from Rex himself, but two or three of his immediate followers.

"Thought he was one of the kind to back down when it came to reg'lar business, don't

you know," sneered young Ralstone, who had joined the group just in time to witness Ned's final action in the matter.

No one but Ned himself knew what the struggle cost him. He had inherited a passionate, though short lived temper from his deceased father, and though it was not generally known in Barmouth, Mr. Maston's death was by violence—he having been shot in a quarrel with a desperado in a Western town some three years before.

Remembering this, and knowing her boy's terrible inheritance of temper, the widow had exacted a promise from her son that he would, so far as possible, avoid anything like personal altercation. And Ned's promise once given was sacred. For Ned Maston was not ashamed to show his mother the love and respect he felt for her.

"Good boy," said old Captain Thorpe, and taking Ned's arm, the captain led him gently away.

"I'd like to have taken Rex Sanford down a peg, all the same," gloomily muttered Ned, who was a very human boy. But Captain Thorpe only laughed quietly.

"What is it Solomon said about him that kep' his temper bein' better'n him that takes a city—or words to that effect?" he replied.

Ned shrugged his shoulders.

"It don't apply in my case, for I'm mad clear through," he said frankly, "but you know I couldn't go back on my word to mother. And I do hate to be called a coward!" he added, impulsively.

"Anybody can call a fellow a coward, but that don't make him so," was the dry rejoinder, which, however, failed to soothe Ned's wounded feelings.

Neither did that which occurred on the following day, for young Ralstone invited a dozen or more of Ned's school fellows to a sail down the harbor in the Viking, but completely ignored Ned, who had seldom or never before been slighted on such occasions.

At the earnest solicitation of Rex young Ralstone had left behind his "sailing master," as he called the ancient mariner hired to look out for and work the yacht.

"I've been brought up on the seaboard, and have sailed a boat since I was big enough to hold a tiller—what do we want of old Leeson?" he said rather boastfully, yet not without some show of reason. And so with Rex at the helm, the Viking got under way amidst a clamor of merry voices.

"Jim and I are goin' out to the shoals to underrun a trawl—want to go Ned?" sang out the captain from his own boat, which was lying off the pier head with sail hoisted.

Ned, who was looking after the Viking very

longingly nodded, and a moment later was on board the Boxer. The tender was taken in tow, killock raised, jib hoisted, and they were off.

"Take the tiller, Ned," said Captain Thorpe, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Mebbe we can foller clost enough so the cutter'll give us a tow line."

"Don't see's she's anything great," remarked Jim, the captain's grown up son; "the Boxer here's eatin' to wind'ard all the time, and 'pears to me as if we was gainin' on her."

Captain Thorpe smiled grimly.

"You jest wait a bit, Jim," he returned, with a nod. "Not for nigh, Ned—keep her a good rap full—stiddy now."

"We are overhauling her," cried Ned exultantly. "Oh, if the Boxer only would beat the cutter!"

"If old Leeson was sailin' her, the Viking would give us a tough one," responded Captain Thorpe, rubbing his hands gleefully. "but Rex there don't know so much as he thinks he does about cutter sailin'; luff a leetle—that's well, Ned."

Foot by foot the sloop gained on the cutter. The wind was fresh from the west and north, with occasional heavy puffs which brought the Viking to her bearings, while the Boxer, being stiffer, minded them but little. Soon the latter had the weather gauge. Then little by little the Boxer slid by her more pretentious rival.

"Hooray!" roared Jim, swinging his sou'-wester wildly in the air as the sloop's square stern slipped past the Viking's bowsprit.

"Throw a rope, some of you fellers, and we'll give you a tow." And of course this time honored taunt drew a volley of replies more emphatic than polite from those in the Viking.

Now there was some champagne on board the latter. "It wouldn't be the thing not to have something of the sort, don't you know," young Ralstone had said. And following out the same line of reasoning, it wouldn't be the thing for his guests to refuse a glass—possibly too.

Rex's arduous duties at the helm had seemed to call for one glass. The second was to drown the disappointment of defeat. He had never before tasted the frothy beverage imported from New Jersey, and the effect was disastrous.

For when the Boxer was leading by a couple of lengths, Captain Thorpe ceased off the main sheet and ran off a little before a heavy squall that was blackening the waves to windward.

But for the champagne, Rich Nason would not have made fast the Viking's main sheet. But fast it was in a "jamming hitch" when the squall struck, and, though the tack had been hauled up a little before, the cutter went over on her side so suddenly as to slide half a dozen of her passengers to leeward.

"Luff—I mean put the tiller hard down, you confounded blockhead!" yelled young Ralstone, but it was too late. The cutter would not pay off, and her lee rail went under so swiftly that she filled in an instant, and went down stern first.

"—and had mercy!" gasped Captain Thorpe, as a chorus of shouts and cries caused him to turn his head. Snatching the tiller from the hand of Ned, who for the moment had quite lost his head, the captain wore the Boxer round and yelled for Jim to trim down the sheets. In another moment the Boxer was dashing to the spot, and had flung up in the wind with shaking sails.

As he rushed forward with the boat hook, Ned, motioning Jim to follow, sprang into the tender and slashed the painter with his knife. A few seconds later the boat was surrounded by pale faces and bobbing heads.

Luckily, the average seaboat boy can generally swim like a fish. While Captain Thorpe was hauling one after another alongside the Boxer with the boathook, Ned and Jim were extending helping hands to those in their immediate vicinity.

"Help—oh—help!"

It was Rex, the best swimmer in Barnmouth, whose wild, despairing cry reached Ned's ears. Cramp had seized the young fellow in its terrible clutches, and was dragging him under.

Off went Ned's shoes, coat, and hat. Then over went Ned himself.

But to the latter's horror no sooner had he reached Rex's side than, frantic with fear, the fellow grasped him tightly round the neck, and not only that, but even twined his legs convulsively about those of his would be preserver.

"Rex—for Heaven's sake—you'll—drown us both!" gasped Ned. And then both went under, but rose to the surface on a succeeding wave.

Like a flash Ned remembered an expedient he once heard Captain Thorpe mention having seen used—a cruel one, yet justified by the emergency.

Freeing his right arm by a sudden exertion of strength, Ned, setting his teeth together, struck Rex a stunning blow between the eyes.

Uttering an inarticulate exclamation, the half-drowning youth relaxed his hold, and his head fell limp backward. Then, seizing his collar, Ned began treading water, holding Rex in such a way that his mouth and nostrils were above the surface, till the boat was alongside and both pulled in.

The special providence which is said to look out for drunken men and fools, had evidently been exerted in favor of the Viking's passengers, although none of them could strictly come under either of the above mentioned heads. All were saved, and landed at Barnmouth in a moist, but thankful condition.

Captain Thorpe succeeded in raising the Viking on the following day. Young Ralstone paid him a hundred dollars for his services.

That gilt edged youth, in company with the rest of the party, clothed and in their right minds, were discussing the situation in front of the hotel next morning.

To them appeared Rex, ornamented with a pair of the blackest eyes ever seen outside the prize ring, arm in arm with Ned Maston.

"Follows," said Rex, pulling his reluctant companion forward, "Ned and I tried tights yesterday. I'm the coward, and he's the hero. He saved my life by giving me a pair of black eyes. I deserved 'em, too. Three cheers for Ned!"

They were given with a will. Young Ralstone added a "tiger" of extraordinary dimensions.

"And I rather guess I'll bet on Ned instead of Rex," he drawled; "he strikes out the best of the two after all, don't you know?"

NOT ALL WEST POINTERS.

CONSOLATION for those young men who fail to secure the coveted appointment to West Point may be found in the following statistics, clipped from the Philadelphia Times:

People generally think that a majority of the officers in our regular army are graduates of West Point. This is not the case, however, as the new army register shows; out of 2,162 officers on the army list, 1,051 are from West Point, while 1,111 are from civil life and 179 were promoted from among the enlisted men of the army.

If the retired list is taken into the account the minority of the West Pointers becomes still more marked, since the number but 121, while there are 298 retired officers who are appointed from civil life and 57 who came from the ranks of the army. Taking in the entire active and retired list, and adding the professors, we find 1,728 graduates, against 1,243 from civil life and 224 from the army, the combined majority of the two latter being 286.

NOISY NEWS.

RATHER an original method was once made use of in an ante telegraph days to convey an important piece of news in the quickest possible time from one part of the country to the other. We quote from the Chicago Herald.

When the first vessel completed the passage of the then new Erie Canal, in 1825, the fact was communicated to New York and to Buffalo by cannon placed along the river, number by number, all the way from Albany to each of the other cities. The signal was passed along in this way from Albany to New York city and back again to Albany in fifty eight minutes. This is quicker than a telegraph message can be sent over the same route and answered nowadays, considering the time usually consumed in the delivery at each end.

A LOST DAY.

BY NORA FERRY.
WHERE is the day I lost—
The golden day
Beyond all price and cost,
That slipped away?
Out of my wandering sight,
My careless hold?
Where did it lift in flight
Its wings of gold?
Where were the treasures rare
It bore from me?
What were the pleasures fair
I shall not see?
Ah, never day was yet
So fine, so fair.
So rich with promise set,
So free from care,
As that we mourn and sigh
When we do say:
"Alas, how time hath fly
I've lost a day!"

[The Independent.

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

Three Thirty Three;

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.
By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

TRIUMPH OF THE EMERY.

"H. Arthur, don't. It isn't dignified—for a prisoner."

Allan stole up behind his chum and hurriedly whispered the foregoing in his ear, for Seymour, true to his nature, was faintly choking with laughter. And with cause. The expression on Paul Beaver's face, when he opened the door and discovered the room filled with a good sized company, was an indescribable one, such as must be seen to be appreciated. Schooled villain in concealing his emotions as he was, his countenance was not proof against the apparent multiplication of two boys into ten or dozen full grown men. Arthur, with his keen sense of the humorous, forgot all else for the moment, in enjoyment of their jailer's perplexity.

Unluckily for our two friends, this propensity on the part of one of them for mirth, allowed their enemy to recover himself and "get in the first shot" with the stranger.

"Brought your whole gang in here, you young rascals, have you?" he began, turning fiercely on the boys, as they stood, Arthur with his handkerchief stuffed down his throat, and Allan trying to sober him, by the bed.

"Gang! This is an insult. What do you mean by that?" said the touchy individual in the fur trimmed coat stepped forward to confront Beaver with two stern perpendicular wrinkles running between his eyebrows. "I'd have you know," he went on, "that I am president of the Utica Society for the Propagation of Useful Knowledge. But my suspicions have already been awakened by the singular conduct of these young men."

"And rightly, sir," interposed the artful Beaver, before anybody else could put in a word. "They are two of the most precocious rascals the country has produced. Why, sir, they have tracked me all the way from New York in an endeavor to steal a large sum of money of which they knew me to be possessed."

As may be supposed, this announcement created no small sensation among the new arrivals.

The drummers looked at Beaver, then at the boys, and then at one another with a shrug. "Oh, as you please about that," he said. "My condition, however, is of an entirely different nature. It is that you will aid me in preventing the escape of these two rascals, whom I had confined in this room, till such time as I can hand them over to the authorities, which is of course out of the question in the present state of the roads."

"Agreed, agreed," cried the drummers, beginning to crowd toward the door, through which came an appetizing odor of sizzling beef, frying potatoes and boiling coffee.

"But he's the villain!" cried Arthur, his mirth having long since vanished. "He's a forger and a thief, and I acknowledge we've tracked him here all the way from New York to get money from him. But it was \$200,000 worth of railroad bonds that he has stolen!"

Polly, who with Tad had been standing in the doorway, grew suddenly pale as she heard this accusation, and leaned against the jamb for support. But Beaver seemed in no wise disconcerted.

"That's the story they've hatched up, gentlemen," he said. "It isn't to be expected that they'll give up and say calmly, 'yes, we're thieves, is it?'"

"But they don't look as if they belonged to the criminal class," remarked an elderly gentleman, who had been rather a shocked observer of the proceedings. "And they are so very young," he added, putting on a pair of black rimmed eye glasses to survey the accused pair more particularly.

"Oh, you can't tell by looks," called out one of the younger drummers. "You don't suppose that robbers go about nowadays with villainous scowls on their faces and a jimmy dangling from their watch chain, do you?"

The old gentleman looked quite discomfited and retired to the rear of the throng that had gathered about Mr. Beaver.

"Well, do you agree to my conditions?" asked the latter.

"Yes, yes," cried five or six of the hungry drummers.

"Then I must ask two of you to stand guard over the prisoners," continued Beaver. "Before you came I trusted to the snow barricade to keep them safe, but now they may skip off any minute and board the train."

"And much good may it do them," remarked a nice looking young fellow with a blonde mustache and brown overcoat. "From the looks of things there won't be any trains moving over this road for two or three days. I'll accommodate you, though, and be one of the guards."

"All right; here you, Tad, stay in here and keep your eyes open," responded Beaver, adding, as he made room for the rest to pass by him into the kitchen. "This way, gentlemen. We'll try to supply your wants as well as we can in our humble way."

"Anybody'd think he owned the house to hear him talk," murmured Arthur, as the snow bound travelers, with the exception of the "guard," filed rapidly into the kitchen.

Allan had dropped into a seat on the only chair in the room, and looked quite discouraged. It certainly did seem as if Beaver was going to have everything his own way. Human nature is weak, especially when it is hungry.

Tad had skipped inside in obedience to instructions, and as soon as the door closed, stood next to his back against it, a very timid inspector general indeed.

Arthur had taken his station moodily by the window, and perhaps because he feared that it was with the intention of making his escape, the handsome young stranger likewise betook himself to that quarter of the apartment.

"Where's it cold in here," he exclaimed, turning up his coat collar. "I don't wonder you fellows want to get away."

"Oh, we don't want to get away so much as we want to keep Beaver from clearing out," returned Arthur, lowering himself to a seat on the edge of the window sill and crossing one leg comfortably over the other.

"Who's Beaver?" inquired the other, proceeding to make himself at home by taking up a corresponding attitude on the opposite side of the window.

"He's the scoundrel that stole the \$200,000, and he's just set up to keep watch over us," replied Arthur. "I'll bet if I saw a good chance of getting away he wouldn't care how soon we skipped off."

"Why don't you give it to him then?" asked the other, taking a cigar out of his pocket and biting off the end of it.

"It's the snow and not we who are keeping him. Besides, we don't want him to get away till we get that money or have him put where the law will get it for us."

"You seem to be a bright young fellow. It's too bad you took up with such a crooked way of getting your living."

"You'd believe what that Beaver tells you, then?"

"Why shouldn't I believe him as quickly as I would you?"

"Well, as you didn't know either of us before, and as he got in his story first, I suppose it's natural enough."

Arthur's good spirits were beginning to bubble up again. The handsome, well dressed young man beside him was certainly not offensive in his surveillance, and then the expression on Tad's face, as the boy looked out of the corner of his eye towards the two conversing by the window, was irresistible.

Forgetting for the moment the relations subsisting between them, Arthur nudged his neighbor and whispered with suppressed glee: "Look at that boy. He thinks we're plotting some dark and direful conspiracy. Did you ever see such an absurd expression on any mortal's face? It's one divided between duty and pure care."

"What's the joke?" asked Allan, getting up to walk over to the others.

Arthur told, and Allan in turn fixed his gaze on poor Tad.

This was too much for the boy. Evidently believing that the "guard" had been won over and was plotting with the prisoners some trick tending to the extinguishing of himself, he wheeled about, pulled open the door, and thrusting out his head, roared out loudly: "Mr. Beaver, come quick. They're all three goin' off together by the window."

CHAPTER XXX. COUNTER CLAIMS.

TAD'S announcement not only brought his prospective brother in law into the bed chamber with precipitate haste, but caused a heavy detachment of the storm stayed travelers to accompany him, some with cups of coffee in their hands, others chewing on the frizzled beef, and all trying to be first, and thus have an unobstructed view of the "fun."

"Oh, you've brought my breakfast, have you?" exclaimed the young fellow in brown, advancing to meet Beaver, who held the coffee pot. He had been in the act of pouring a portion for one of the travelers, no other than he of the fur trimmed coat, who was closely following him up with the empty cup.

"I thought you were going to see that these boys did not escape," demanded Beaver, ignoring the other's remark.

"Well, have they? Don't you see them both here as quiet as lambs? Look here, my fine fellow, I don't half like your manners."

Beaver inquired of the others with an air of injured innocence.

"Gentlemen," he said, "do you consider this fair treatment for a man who is about to administer relief to those in distress?"

"Oh, hurry up, and give us our breakfast," called out one of the drummers.

"And how do you expect I'm to keep guard on an empty stomach?" added the newly appointed jailer. Then raising his voice, he went on: "Gentlemen, look here. We seem to have stumbled on a house of mysteries. I move we give these young men fair play, and allow them to explain their side of the matter."

"I protest," exclaimed Beaver. "I have told you just how the case stands, and if you don't care to accept my word, there is the window."

"And what authority have you, pray, to order us out of the house?" demanded the young man, who, having been installed as the jailer, was now blooming out as their champion.

"I have authority before me, as a shrewdly appointed witted fellow, and Arthur's remark when Beaver left the room had not escaped him."

He did not seem to expect a reply, but went rapidly from one to another of his fellow passengers, giving each a brief hint of what Arthur had told him concerning the actual state of affairs.

Beaver began to look anxious. It was evident that the tide of feeling was turning against him. His own high handed methods of procedure, contrasted with our friends' quiet and gentlemanly demeanor, had had their effect.

"Yes, yes, let the boys tell their story," cried several voices, chiefly belonging to those of the party whose hunger had already been appeased, and who were now ready for any little excitement that would serve to shorten the tedium of their enforced detention.

Beaver was hemmed in by the throng and prevented from interfering, while the blonde young man, who had been mounted on the rostrum from which to deliver his remarks. The latter, rejoiced at this new turn of fortune's wheel, entered thoroughly into the spirit of the occasion, and readily agreed to tell their story in oratorical fashion.

"This fellow," he began, inclining his head toward Allan, "is a chum of mine, and has come up here after a man who forged my friend's father's name, and thus got unlawful possession of \$200,000, some of which I believe he has about him at this moment, and which we hope to recover before we leave Tenbroock Falls."

"Ask him his chum's name," roared out Beaver, who, pinned into a corner by two of the sturdiest drummers, was fairly fuming over with rage. "He daren't mention it, see if he does."

"A mild sensation was created by this interruption, and every eye, after turning for an instant toward Beaver, was bent again upon Arthur in eager expectancy.

"Yes, tell us both your names," spoke up several voices.

"Mine is Arthur Seymour, and my friend's Allan Trent."

"Son of Howard Trent, the forger," put in Beaver with a sneer. "See how the fellow blushes! He can't deny it."

A subdued murmur ran through the company. "Is it possible?" "Why, the papers have been full of the case," and "This must be the very boy whose fatal resemblance to his father led to the identification," were some of the remarks that came all too distinctly to poor Allan's ear.

It was the first time since the arrest that he had been placed where he could not avoid noting the impression produced by the recital of the facts. Now he felt the blood welling up into his face in spite of him, with the gaze of all those men bent upon it in that morbid interest which weak human nature is so seldom able to repress.

Even the chums' champion, the handsome young man with the mustache seemed staggered by the revelation.

But he recovered himself in an instant and called out to Beaver: "I say, you professed head of the house, suppose you give us your name now."

"Oh, I can tell you that," put in a man with "mutton chop" side whiskers and a red necktie. "Didn't you hear that boy call him Mr. Beaver?"

"That's so," ejaculated the other. "By Jove, there was a Beaver in that Trent case."

"Certainly there was," corroborated one of the drummers. "His first name was Paul and he was the man who identified Trent with the escaped convict Ford."

Allan shivered involuntarily as he heard his father's name banded about in these terms. Beaver thought he saw a loophole for himself just at this point and made haste to avail himself of it.

"Certainly, I am the man," he said, "and it is likely after bringing a lawbreaker to justice I would break the laws myself? And does it not seem natural that Trent's son and his son's friend should have a grudge against me?"

"Oh, I dare say," asserted the young man in brown, "but yet it is hardly likely they would give it vent by robbing you."

Beaver forced his way into the middle of the room, and pointing towards Arthur as he spoke, went on: "I would ask any of you gentlemen to send a telegram to the baggage master at the Sing Sing station, asking if an unprovoked assault was not made upon me there two days ago by this young gentleman, with a withering emphasis of scorn on the last two words."

"Oh, come now," returned the blonde man, "you know as well as we do that we can't do anything just now to take your word for all but the unprovoked part of it. Suppose you keep quiet awhile now, and let this young man go on with his story."

"Yes, yes," cried several voices. "Let's hear him out. Go on, Seymour."

Nothing loath, Arthur proceeded to relate how Beaver had forced Mr. Trent's name in order to the latter's clerk for the \$200,000 in the railroad bonds. But here Beaver interrupted with:

"Ask him if Mr. Trent, as he calls him, denies that he wrote the order. Ask him that, some of you."

The tall man in the fur trimmed coat took it upon himself to comply with the suggestion.

"Have you any proof, young man," he said, "of the truth of your assertion?"

Unfortunately Arthur had not, at least none that would be likely to prove satisfactory to the present assembly. None of them was acquainted with Mr. Trent's handwriting, so that they would have to take his word for it that the copy of Mr. Oppenheim's name and address on the crumpled bit of paper was an imitation of the same thing in the broker's hand. He hesitated for the briefest part of a second, then replied:

"It didn't have a chance to get Mr. Trent's repudiation, because they took him off to Placer City where we could see him after we knew of the robbery."

"There! What did I tell you, gentlemen?" exclaimed Beaver triumphantly.

"But we have got proof that will convict him of something very important to us fast enough." Arthur hastened to add:

A brief, nervous expression of apprehension passed over Beaver's face on hearing this. It was gone almost as soon as it appeared, and the old air of bravado was back again, but the young man with the blonde mustache, who happened to be looking directly at Arthur, with a smile, saw it and drew his own conclusions. During the discussion of the past ten minutes, he had got Tad to get him a cup of coffee and some beef and potatoes, and having had his hunger thus appeased, was ready, with the rest of his fellow sufferers by the blockade, for anything that would help pass the time away.

"Look here, gentlemen," he said, "this appears to be an interesting case, and as we have nothing better to do, and our dinner may depend upon the issue, I move we have a mock trial to determine which side we shall espouse. What say you?"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRIAL BEGINS.

THE proposition of the young man in the brown overcoat that a mock trial should decide the merits of the case of Paul Beaver versus the boys, met with a universal approval, except from Beaver himself.

"This is a serious business," he insisted, "and I don't want these young scoundrels to escape."

"Who's going to let them escape?" the proposer of the scheme wanted to know. "As you were the first to accuse them of robbing you, we will put them in the prisoner's dock and let you be plaintiff. That surely should satisfy you. I'll be counsel for the defense. Now who shall we have for judge?"

"I move we adjourn to the train before we proceed further," suggested one of the drummers, with a shiver. "This court room is too cold besides, there appears to be standing room only."

"Come on, then; suppose you be sergeant at arms to take charge of the prisoners and see that they don't escape during the transit."

"This speech of our friends' champion raised a laugh, as the only means of access to the

train was by the path that had just been shoveled, with a snowbank on either side of it seven or eight feet high.

A rush was made for the window, and the procession to the cars was hastily formed. But there was no chance for a rush after the path was reached. It was single file there willy nilly. The young man in brown led the way, Arthur followed, next came the newly appointed sergeant at arms, after him Beaver.

Arthur was quite elated at the prospect before them.

"We don't get justice well've some fun, and be sure that Beaver doesn't get away meantime," he whispered to Allan.

It had stopped snowing, but was very cold, and the boys opened their eyes in wonder when they saw the state of affairs around the train.

The snow on one side was actually banked up half way to the top of the windows, and it seemed as if the blockade could not possibly be lifted for weeks.

By the answers to their queries they concluded that this must be the very train on which Mr. Ericsson had arrived the evening before.

Some of the passengers who had made use of the path to the Benderman cottage had returned some time since with breakfast for wives, sisters, or mothers, of whom there were, fortunately, few on the train. The porter had also purchased a scuttle of coal for Mr. Beaver, so that the sleeper—now made up for day use—was warm enough.

"Of course that we make this gentleman judge," said the young man in brown, laying his hand on the shoulder of an old gentleman with a white beard, who was sitting with a party of ladies in the forward end of the car. He had not been of the number of those who had made a pilgrimage through the snow, a year ago, to the old man's grave, and without less his grandson, having attended to supplying his party with provisions.

"Eh, what's that?" he now exclaimed. "Make me judge! What is it? A dispute about the responsibility of the railroad company for delays by blizzards?"

"No, no. A mock trial of real culprits. A very interesting case, and will pass the time away beautifully."

"Real culprits! Bless me, what do you mean?" And the old gentleman, who had a most benevolent expression of countenance, stood up to gaze at the line of passengers filing into the car, all of them evidently excited about something besides the snow storm.

"So much the better if you don't know anything about it in advance," returned the instigator of the scheme. "Your views will be so much the less apt to be prejudiced. Now will you come up forward and take a seat by me, no. A mock trial of real culprits. A very interesting case, and will pass the time away beautifully."

"Real culprits! Bless me, what do you mean?" And the old gentleman, who had a most benevolent expression of countenance, stood up to gaze at the line of passengers filing into the car, all of them evidently excited about something besides the snow storm.

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"Oh, not in the least; but who is the prisoner, and what is the nature of the case?"

"Here are the prisoners," was the answer, accompanied by a move of the hand towards Allan and Arthur, who at that moment were passing in the aisle. There are two of them, you see, and the case is one of attempted robbery."

"This announcement was received with muffled expressions of horror and amazement by the two young ladies in the "judge's" party, while the old gentleman himself was scarcely less startled by the tidings.

"Now for the jury," went on the brisk young man. Then he checked himself. "But wait, we must first have counsel for the plaintiff. Who will serve in that capacity?"

"I will," volunteered the man in the fur trimmed coat, who had walked over from the horse immediately behind Beaver.

"Good, now for the jury." This was easily obtained, as nobody knew anything of the case except what they had heard that morning, and inside of ten minutes twelve of the passengers, most of them young men, were ranged in the first three seats on either side of the aisle, facing the judge.

"Now then, what have we for witnesses?" proceeded the counsel for the defendants.

"If it please the court," spoke up Mr. Beaver, who with his counsel had taken a seat on the right hand of the judge, "my witnesses are all at Sing Sing, being the porters and other persons about the baggage car, and the prisoner named the assault made upon me by this youth," inclining his head towards Arthur.

"Well, then," returned the judge, who, being a retired business man, was not as dignified in his diction on the bench as a lawyer, doctor, or a minister would have been, "I suppose the errand you sent me on—I forget whether you're the plaintiff or defendant—oh, plaintiff, thank you, Mr. Counsel—let the defendant tell the story of his wrongs."

Beaver thereupon launched forth on a tale of how Arthur had scraped acquaintance with him on the train. At this point a sudden knock struck Seymour, and after springing out from his seat, crying out: "Ask him what name he gave me then, just ask him that!" But he was of course ruled out of order and forced to resume his seat, and bottle up his "thunder-bolt" till the fitting moment for launching it. Nothing daunted, Beaver went on to relate how he had lost sight of his young companion for a while, but that he had suddenly turned up again at Sing Sing station, and there sprang upon him in the boldest, most atrocious fashion.

"I can explain the matter in no other way," continued the much abused individual, "than by presuming that in some manner the young

man became aware of the fact that I had about me a large sum of money, nearly \$300,000, in fact the proceeds of twenty years' mining in the West."

Here Arthur could not repress a deep drawn sigh, which attracted the eyes of all the car upon him.

Beaver continued.

"By the help of the porters I succeeded in escaping and saw nothing more of the bold young scamp until this morning early, when judge of my surprise and indignation when I discovered him and a confederate in the very house where I am staying. Their story is that they were overcome by the storm last night, and just managed to reach the doorway where they were heard by—the lady I am to marry on Saturday."

A buzz of amazement ran through the car, which was filled to the throng of eagerly attentive auditors. All the passengers from the other cars had crowded their way in, and even the engineer and fireman were present.

This announcement of Beaver's of his approaching marriage was a shrewd step on his part. Already and at a bound he had the sympathies of more than half the jury with him, for they were all married men, or else wanted to be such.

After a well planned pause to allow the buzz to abate and the sympathy to become well grounded, he proceeded:

"Of course the idea is quite apparent. I was tracked to Tenbrook Falls and to that house, and the young conspirator made use of the storm to gain admittance. Is it to be wondered at then that I wish to keep them prisoners until I can hand them over to the proper authorities? And the duty of this court, as I understand it," he added with one of his smiles that were so closely akin to leers, "is to aid me in keeping guard over the two young men until the blockade is lifted."

Mr. Beaver made as if to sit down, then as though an afterthought had struck him, he added:

"Of course the defendants will have their own story made up, and as from the nature of the case, no witness can be called, the whole will turn on a question of veracity. Which do you prefer to believe? A man like me, or a pair of irresponsible boys?"

Beaver was about resuming his seat, conscious of having made a hit, when the young man in brown called out: "One moment, if you please, for the cross examination."

"To be continued."



Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. But we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds, eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers" nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain the contents of the columns of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We must decline all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should be doing so with our particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange. We have in file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

F. Nelson Shattuck, Natick, Mass. A magic lantern with 25 slides for a set of boxing gloves.

F. W. Dusenberry, 202 Halsey St., Newark, N. J. A pair of opera glasses, for a selfinking press.

Frank Pelham, Cold Spring on Hudson, N. Y. A watch valued at \$7; for a cornet or fiddle of equal value.

J. W. Floyd, 742 4th St., South Boston, Mass. Advertising cards, stamps, and postmarks, for postmarks.

C. D. Curtis, 50 Chestnut St., Charleston, Mass. A foot power scroll saw, for a chest of tools or a B flat cornet.

J. Lloyd W. Brockenbrough, Eastville, Va. Twenty five different foreign stamps, for every Indian arrow head.

J. Seiter, 415 East 22d St., Chicago, Ill. Poultry books, chronos, etc., valued at \$12; for a set of boxing gloves.

Victor Pollak, 731 Wells St., Chicago, Ill. A pair of Indian moccasins and gloves, for U. S. coins. Send list.

T. Newman, 324 East 86th St., New York City. A press and two fonts of type, valued at \$4,50; for a drum of equal value.

C. E. Poor, 1043 Harlem Ave., Baltimore, Md. An accordion, for stamps not in his collection; U. S. stamps preferred.

J. W. Albaugh, 237 North Ave., Baltimore, Md. Four hundred tin tags and four thousand stamps, for a camera and outfit.

Frank Howard, Belle Vernon, Pa. An Ideal magic lantern, with 24 views, for a set of boxing gloves or a catcher's mask.

J. Norris, 182 East 26th St., New York City. Five foreign coins, 125 different stamps and 300 cuttings, for a brace and bits.

J. O. Reilly, 29 Oak Hill Ave., Pawtucket, R. I. Books by Castlemore, Alger, etc., for a stamp album with or without stamps.

John M. Geiss, Danville, Pa. Two hundred and fifty different tin tags, for 125 different paper tags, for 350 different foreign stamps.

Henry Theinert, 106 East 4th St., New York City. A magic lantern with 24 slides, valued at \$3; for a camera and outfit.

Alva L. Woody, General Delivery, Des Moines, Iowa. A pair of steel ice club skates, and 425 different tin tags, for a xylophone.

W. H. Glascock, Saverton, Mo. Books, and a telescope, for books, volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, a watch, or boxing gloves.

William Connelly, 333 Cutter St., Cincinnati, O. A pair of steel ice club skates, and 425 different tin tags, for a press, or Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

E. W. Thomas, Jr., Box 2274, Ocean Grove, N. J. Over 500 stamps in an International album, for Lippincott's Gazette or a late edition of Webster's Unabridged.

H. Lester Montague, 456 Bloomfield St., Hoboken, N. J. A pair of 10 1/2 nickel plated Union Hardware rollers, for a bound volume of the ARGOSY prior to Vol. V.

Harry Rieser, 820 2d Ave., New York City. A small Eclipse camera and outfit, a cabinet of type, crayons and water colors, and a baguette table, etc., for a good sized camera and outfit.

THE SALT SEA.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.

Oh sing of the sea! Oh sing of the sea!
The world and the sun of it all for me;
Where the salt spray strikes the smile of my lips,
And down from the hair to the feet of me drips,
While the east wind smites me across the face,
And the waves flash past in a thundering race.
Sing of the sea! Oh sing of the sea!
The wealth and the health of it all for me.

If ever the summer comes back again,
And I stand new crowned 'mid the sons of men,
I'll hurl to the dogs all books and plays,
All poets and poems of dream spawned days,
To lie in the sun on the sloping deck,
Wrapped close by the spray from beels to neck,
Made strong with the blood of the mad, white sea!
The wealth and the health of it all for me!

The wide white arms, oh mother mine—
Throw wide wet arms for this child of thine,
He grows too faint on the pale, dull shore
With hunger and thirst for thee evermore.
Save kisses for me, and a great white sail
To wrap me in love that shall never fail;
Oh well loved sea! Oh faithful sea!
The soul and the body of thee for me!

[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 XXXVII.

THE TRIAL.

TOM went back to Warren in deep dejection, but Warren would not hear of Hawk triumphing over his cousin, and sat down then and there, the detective beside him, to give all the "points" of the loan affair as they had come under his knowledge.

"Yes, these facts criminate him considerably," remarked the detective on reviewing them; "and if we can't prosecute him on the other two charges we may on this. Yet, after all, he may get the better of us," added he, frowning thoughtfully. "He's just the sort of hard file to go to the penitentiary for years, yet keep a tight grip on the plunder all the while. He may have concealed it, I mean; and who can make him confess where it is if he don't want to? Many an honest man has worked hard all his life and never gathered five dollars; this chap would take ten or fifteen years' hard labor resignedly, I guess, if at the end he got twenty five thousand."

It was noon before the Argus steamed into Colonsay harbor, towing her prize, and the whole crew marched straight up to the police court, to be examined on the several charges of robbery, abduction and manslaughter.

"Take the last first, please," whispered the detective to the examining magistrate. "I hope I'm on the track of a witness who will do us good service against the principal rogue."

Receiving an assenting nod, he darted away.

On the way from the levee he had observed among the crowd which escorted the prisoners a freckled faced youth, whose wicked, shrewd eagerness, as he peered at the prisoners from under a battered hat brim, had riveted his attention. Which prisoner was it he greeted with that extraordinary grin of malevolent exultation?

Man by man passed by, the Frenchmen cowed and craven, the Canadians cool but sullen, filing by like three giants; now here came Hawk, brisk and brazen,—handcuffed, yet haughty, as became an honest man suffering under unmerited ignominy.

Aha! the gamin's gimlet eyes gleam,—his grin becomes a convulsion intended to express unspeakable joy,—he elbows through the crowd till he is fairly in front of Hawk, nimbly dancing backward; then he performs a gesture replete with the quintessence of juvenile contempt; this done, he takes a side spring out of the way of the *cortège*, and wheels himself on hands and feet down a by lane and into private life.

This was the incident which roused the detective's hope of a witness against Hawk; he remembered the urchin, as described by Warren, who had brought Mr. Walsingham's bogus letter to them, and accompanied them to the seashore, taking the carriage back from thence.

He had already heard something about the imp from the lively stable keeper, who said he was "a regular limb,—about as full of mischief as they make 'em,"

that his name was Raff, and that he was nothing but a street rat.

The detective was not long in tracing Raff to his lair, and having by means known to himself converted the lawless young imp into a witness for the prosecution, he led him in triumph to the court, and when Hawk's examination on the charge of kidnaping the boys came on, the first witness, was Raff.

Hawk's jaunty air fled as the glib tongue rattled forth its revelations, and he cast many a withering glance towards the imp, but only succeeded in heightening the malicious enjoyment of the youth.

Hawk and McDade had been looking out for some one sharp enough to perform some details of their plot which they could not do themselves, and accident threw Raff in their way, and discovered his genius to them. Having once been a telegraph messenger, he was competent to manage the false telegram business; he it was who had chloroformed the telegraph operator in St. Andre, and intercepted Mr. Walsingham's message to Macready and Dillon, sending back the message he had received; he had been coached by Hawk in the disguise of Conroy, and in all his dealings with him it had been as Conroy he saw him.

Here Hawk, indignantly interrupting him, demanded by what right this degraded wretch was permitted to cast obloquy upon an honest man? Why did he fasten upon him, as being the person Conroy? He, Hawk, had never in his life seen this boy before, nor as far as he knew, had the boy ever seen him before.

A leading question having been put to Raff to set him on the desired track, he sailed on complacently:

"I allers knowed his whiskers an' mustachers was false,—an' that his whole git up was false too. But once when I was awaitin' for him ter see me in Roscoe Hotel,—an' many's the time he kep' me coolin' my heels in the hall for an hour at a time,—I got tired of it, an' peeked through his keyhole to see what the dickens was keepin' him, an' I see him settin' by the windy in his shirt sleeves,—" (Hawk started violently.) "with them lovely black mustachers an' his whiskers an' his wig, a lyn' on the table alongside of a pile—crickey, wot a pile!—of banknotes."

"For shame! Will you allow an honorable gentleman to be malign'd by this poor heathen who knows not the meaning of truth?" cried Hawk passionately.

"An' blessed if he won't a sewin' the banknotes inter his weskiet!"

"Outrageous falsehood!" cried Hawk, growing very pale.

"Enter his weskiet," placidly pursued the boy, "the wery weskiet on him now; an' another day I got a chance for a minute at the weskiet when he sent me for his coat to the wardrobe, an' I unripp'd one o' them notes, an' it was for a thousand dollars."

Hawk fell back into his chair trembling in every limb.

"Ver see, Mister Conroy—Hawk," taunted Raff in conclusion, "it was a wery bad move of yours ter give me nawthin' but a *five*, when I was wuth a *twenty five*, an' you was lined with thousand dollar ones. Faugh! ye makes me ashamed of ye, for a mean coon as ye are!"

Hawk, wiping the perspiration from his pale face, murmured that if he had concealed his money he had a right to do so,—it was his own, and he was among strangers; but that the rest of the boy's testimony was false.

Mr. Walsingham briefly stated the circumstances in connection with the Haviland loan, and Tom Fenwick's reasons for believing that Hawk had the money on him. The magistrate asked several pertinent questions, as how much the sum had been which Mr. Fenwick deposited in the bank for the purpose of repaying Mrs. Haviland, and what bank it was. Having noted the replies, he sent an officer to telegraph to the bank for corroborative information, and ordered that Hawk be removed and searched.

Writing as a sheet, and with his knees knocking together, he was led away, and in due time an officer returned and laid a neat roll of bills on the magistrate's desk; soon after another entered with

the answers from the bank. The magistrate read the telegram, which proved Tom's statements correct in every particular, besides furnishing the numbers of the notes drawn by Hawk. The magistrate then counted the bills, compared them with the numbers given, and beckoned Tom to his side.

"There are twenty five one thousand dollar bills here," said he, laying his hand on the rustling heap, "and Mr. Hawk, in declaring himself your legal guardian when he drew them out in your name, presented documents which were forged, and thus committed a felony. Take them,—they are yours."

And Tom gathered up the twenty five bills, and ran to Warren, and crushed them into his hands,—a proud and glad look in his eyes.

"At last—at last I can ask you to forgive me!" he whispered; "for I have not only repented, but made restitution."

And Warren wrung his hands in eloquent silence, for his heart was full.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE FRUIT OF CRIME.

THE upshot of the examination was truly tragic for Hawk. All his various misdemeanors had been dragged into light, his booty wrested from him, and worse and worse, he was proven to be the robber of Mr. Walsingham's gold, he who had not reaped the benefit of one cent of it!

Of course some time elapsed before Mr. Hawk's case got through the court; the newspapers gave it the usual publicity; and the community which he had adorned sent many little testimonies to his character in the shape of frauds, swindlings, and downright robberies, of which they accused him. Mrs. Haviland, too, had time to send a detailed account of the theft of the promissory note, and inclosed in the letter that correlative link which Becky the nurse had retained as a souvenir of the midnight marauder.

Warren gave the link to the police, who had already taken charge of their prisoner's effects, and, sure enough, they found the chain in his trunk, mutilated just as Becky's determined fingers had left it. After that discovery, Hawk's spirit failed him, for he saw little use in contending when his foes had him in such a net. He was convicted of the robbery of the gold, and sentenced to a great many years in the penitentiary, with hard labor. And so he vanishes, wailing as he goes, from our sight; and the pigeons shall know the Hawk no more as he sat in his money lending den, waiting to pluck them bare!

It came out that Fontaine and Manet had encountered Hawk and McDade at a low tavern, whither the latter gentlemen had gone with the three hard customers they had picked out from the Storm Rock whiskey ring, to man the schooner on her Southern cruise in search of the boys.

They had easily found out the name of the yacht in which they had escaped from Portsoy, Mr. Walsingham having put in there, be it remembered, for supplies. The Frenchmen, who were waiting a chance to work their passage North, petitioned McDade to let them go in his schooner, and accidentally let out that they knew the lads whom they heard the strangers inquiring after. Hawk fastened upon them, and, bit by bit, got the whole story of the cruise, the rescue of the gold, and its present whereabouts; and immediately the grand scheme dawned upon him by which he might kill two birds with one stone,—steal the gold and kidnap the boys at one stroke! Of course he kept his purpose a secret from the Frenchmen until they ferreted it out, and he had to promise them shares to keep them from denouncing him.

The Frenchmen, feeling very naturally that they had the first claim upon the gold, having in a manner discovered it, nay, toiled hard for it, only to be robbed at last by "these villains,—these brigands of *garçons*," conspired in their turn to steal the gold from Hawk, after he had stolen it from the bank.

And here again these marplots of boys had blighted fond hopes and brought a brave scheme to naught! Maledictions countless upon their heads,—was the cry of the Frenchmen, as they too shook in their shoes before avenging law!

Fontaine was arraigned for manslaughter; he had intended murder, that was true enough, since he had fired with intent to murder Hawk,—but then, you see, he had murdered the wrong man,—no, *slain* him, for an accident is not murder, saith the law, which is not (as in this case),—always morality. And so the poor, unlucky fellow got five years in prison, and oceans of sympathy from soft headed—and mean hearted—folk.

Manet was luckier, for he got scot free, along with the three Canadian sailors, nothing tangible being found against them. As for McDade, that unfortunate half pagan, half brute, that unfortunate fellow overwhelmed him, and he filled a nameless grave in an alien land, with none to shed one tear for his loss, not even his daughter Moll, whose young life he had only marred with sorrow and wrong.

Raff, the versatile genius, escaped the punishment due his smart little trick in the St. Andre telegraph office, through turning witness for the State, and was dispatched to the industrial school, much to his disgust, in the hope of guiding his efforts into a reputable channel.

(To be concluded.)

OUR SOLDIER CLOTHES.

THE dressmakers of Paris have long enjoyed the distinction of setting the fashion for the appareling of the fair sex, but how many are aware that the present general style of men's clothing is derived from the soldier of a century ago? The facts in the case are given by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Long stockings and knee breeches were once well affirmed as the covering for the legs of men. It was in time found by the medical authorities that the close fitting stocking was apt to produce in marching soldiers a diseased condition of the legs. This led to the invention of the trousers, which left the lower leg free. This new custom, thus planted in the army—that part of the community which of old was the glass of fashion—naturally spread to civil life.

In this way, too, the habit of wearing long hair disappeared. The camp is no place for such a fashion. To keep men clean in hard campaigning cropped heads were a necessity.

In many other matters of dress the military has affected the garments of men in civil life. The changes have generally been for the better, but there are some cases in which the influence of custom is harmful. The stiff collar, clearly a remnant of the gorget, is a case in point; the two buttons on the back of the coat, which once served to hold up a sword belt, a meaningless survival maintained by conventionality alone.

The divided tail of the ordinary coat, which appears to be derived from the needs of the horseman, affords another instance of the same nature. Men were once dependent on the saddle for their greater activities, and their coats retain the mark of that time.

AN AFFLICTED PRINCE.

Good health and the possession of all our faculties are royal gifts, not appreciated, alas, so fully as they deserve to be. Money, position, fame cannot restore shattered nerves or replace a lost member. We venture to say that Prince William, the present heir to the throne of Germany, often envies the poorest peasants in his realm, for his left arm is almost useless, the fingers of the hand being mere knobs.

The expedients to which the prince resorts to conceal this defect are thus described by a correspondent of the *Star*:

In the Hussar uniform there is a pocket, and he wears it because the three fingers of the helpless member can be placed in this pocket. Otherwise it hangs awkwardly and helplessly in its sleeve. His horses are especially trained, and before the prince is to mount, are ridden three quarters of an hour to wear them down. He can just manage to hold the reins.

The fork with which he eats is of silver, and not conspicuously different from others; but fixed to the under tine there is a sharp, small blade. What the prince cannot cut with the one hand and with this blade he does not undertake to eat. The right hand and arm are large and of extraordinary dexterity, but the little finger is deformed by a growth which the prince only imperfectly conceals by wearing rings up to near the third phalange.

PREACHING AND PRACTICING.

HUSBAND (to wife)—"I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm mad enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay it isn't fit to associate—"

Servant (opening the door)—"The butcher, sorr, is down stairs with his bill."

Husband—"Tell him to call again."

[This story commenced in No. 382.]

New York Boy;

OR,
THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF
RUFUS RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

Author of "Number 91," "Tom Tracy," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

"LET GO!" shouted the young man, struggling desperately.

Rufe did not answer, but exerting all his strength held the inebriate till he was compelled to jump back to the driveway.

"What were you going to do?" asked Rufe. "I don't know," answered the young man, gazing about him with a vacant expression.

"Did you want to drown yourself?"

The inebriate muttered something about swimming across.

Rufus took the opportunity to scrutinize the man he had rescued. He was a young fellow of middle height, very well dressed, and appeared to be in good circumstances, perhaps rich. It was difficult to conceive a reason for such a man wishing to make away with himself.

"Where do you live?" asked Rufe.

"I am stopping at the Grand Central Hotel."

"Shall I go home with you?"

"I wish you would—I don't feel right here," and the young man put his hand to his forehead.

"Will you take my arm?" said Rufe—noticing that his companion found a difficulty in walking straight.

"Yes," answered the young man, who seemed disinclined to say more than was necessary.

When they reached the New York end of the bridge he walked with difficulty, and Rufe suggested taking the horse cars.

"No, take a carriage," said the young man.

"That will cost more," said Rufe, in a tone of hesitation. He could not tell whether the young man had money enough for hack hire.

"Here, take my pocketbook, and pay out of that," said his companion, handing a well filled wallet to our hero. "Put it in your pocket, and give it to me at the hotel."

"All right, sir."

Rufus had no difficulty in securing a hack, and a few minutes brought them to the Grand Central Hotel.

"Will you go up to your room?" asked Rufe, as they left the hack.

"Yes, No. 197. Get key at office."

"Perhaps I shall need to mention your name."

"Hugh Morrill."

"Very well."

Rufus seated his new acquaintance in the lobby, and going up to the desk inquired for the key of No. 197.

"For whom do you want it?" asked the clerk.

"Mr. Morrill."

"Where is he?"

Rufus pointed him out.

"He is unwell, and I am going up with him."

The clerk glanced in the direction of his guest, and smiled.

"He seems to need assistance," he said, significantly. "Where did you meet him?"

"On the Brooklyn Bridge."

"Do you know him?"

"No, he is a stranger."

"Very well. Take him to his room."

When Hugh Morrill entered his chamber, escorted by his young companion, he asked Rufe to remove his coat and vest and threw himself on the bed.

"I suppose you won't want me any more, Mr. Morrill," said our hero. "Here is your pocketbook."

"Don't go away! I'm not fit to be left alone. Stay with me! I'll pay you. What is your name?"

"Rufus Rodman."

"Are you a poor boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll pay you for your time. Stay with me."

"All right, Mr. Morrill, if you want me to. Is there anything I can get for you?"

"No. I'm going to take a sleep. You can sleep, too—on the sofa."

"Very well, sir."

Rufus took the stranger at his word, and lying down on a luxurious sofa soon fell asleep himself. He had been at the theater late the

previous night, having ventured to treat Micky and himself to an evening's amusement out of the ten dollars which Joshua Beckwith had given him. This and the unwonted softness of his bed invited slumber, and three hours passed before he woke up. As he opened his eyes he saw Hugh Morrill sitting up in bed, eyeing him with a puzzled look.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Rufus Rodman."

"Are you a friend of mine?"

"I hope so," answered Rufe, with a smile.

"How did you get in?"

"Don't you remember that I brought you home from the Brooklyn Bridge?"

Light dawned upon the young man, and the events of the morning came back to his recollection.

"Was I—very drunk?" he asked.

"You could not walk straight, Mr. Morrill."

"Did I—try to do anything foolish?"

"You tried to jump off the bridge."

"And you pulled me back?"

"Yes, sir."

"I remember now; I thought I was going to

"No; though I felt my senses reeling I managed to escape from them when their backs were turned. I wandered out, I don't know where. The first thing I knew I was on the bridge. Then an insane impulse led me to climb the parapet, and but for you I should have jumped into the river, and that would have been the last of Hugh Morrill." The young man concluded with a shudder.

"If one of the bridge policemen had seen you, he would have arrested you," said Rufe.

"That is something else from which you have saved me," said the young man. "I wouldn't for a good deal have had this wretched adventure get into the papers. People would have thought I was regularly drunk, and I should have felt no end of mortification."

"Well, it turned out all right, Mr. Morrill."

"Unless you are a reporter, Rufus," said Morrill, for the first time calling our hero by name.

"I wish I knewed enough to be a reporter," said Rufe.

"Knewed would be more grammatical," said the young man.



"LET GO!" SHOUTED THE YOUNG MAN, STRUGGLING DESPERATELY.

have a swim. I am a very good swimmer, and have been from a boy. I didn't mean to commit suicide, though it looked like it. I was not in a condition to know what I was about."

"That is what I thought, sir."

"And you saved my life," continued the young man, earnestly.

"I suppose I did, sir," answered Rufe, modestly.

"You must think I am a great fool!"

"I think any one is foolish who drinks too much," said Rufe, frankly.

"You are right there, but I was not perhaps so foolish as you imagine. I only drank one glass of whisky."

"Would one glass of whisky affect you like that?"

"That is what I don't understand. I'll tell you how it is. I got acquainted with some young men at a billiard saloon, and they invited me to drink. I think the whisky was doctored."

"Somethin' put in it, sir?"

"Yes. I took out my pocketbook, and they saw that I had considerable money, and I think there was a plot to get me into a condition where I might be robbed without knowing it."

"Did they rob you, sir?"

"I don't know any more about grammar than the man in the moon," Rufe admitted, candidly.

"Perhaps you will some time. What do you do for a living?"

"Sell papers, run errands, anything I can get to do."

"Have you got a father and mother?"

"No," answered Rufe, soberly, "I'm my own master."

"Then I am better off than you. I have a good father and mother. My father is a rich manufacturer in Syracuse. I live at home generally. I only came to the city on a business errand. I got here last evening, and thought I would enjoy myself a little before attending to what brought me here. That was a great mistake—as my father would say, business first, and pleasure afterwards."

"That's a good rule."

"You are right, my boy."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a knock at the door.

"Open the door, Rufus."

"Here's a card, sir. Gentleman below wants to see you," said the bell boy.

Rufus glanced at the card, and uttered an exclamation of surprise.

The card bore a name which he knew pretty well already. It read thus:

LEONARD WILTON.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BOY IN THE WARDROBE.

"DO you know this person, Rufus?" asked Morrill, noticing the boy's exclamation.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you have the advantage of me. I don't remember that I ever heard the name. What sort of a person is he in appearance?"

"This query was addressed to the hall boy. "He is a young man, rather tall, wears a light overcoat."

"It is one of the men who were with me this morning. How could he have tracked me to this hotel?"

"Perhaps you mentioned where you were staying," said Rufe.

"It is very probable that I did, though I am not very clear as to what passed between us."

"Will you see him, sir?"

"Wait a minute. What do you know about him, Rufus?"

"I know that he is a confidence man. I prevented his swindling an old gentleman from the country yesterday."

"Indeed! Then he is a professional."

"If he comes up let me hide somewhere and hear what he says. If he sees me he won't show himself out."

"A good idea! There is no closet, but you can hide yourself in that wardrobe."

"All right, sir!"

Soon steps were heard approaching, and after a slight knock Leonard Wilton entered the room with an engaging smile.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I have found you at last. You gave us the slip."

"How did you know I was here?" asked Morrill, abruptly.

"You told us where you were staying. Don't you remember?"

"Did I? Well, very likely."

"But why did you leave us so suddenly?"

"I wasn't feeling quite well, and went out into the street. I thought the fresh air might do me good."

"Oh, yes; I am feeling better now. I have had a nap."

"How on earth did he manage to get home?" thought Wilton.

"The potion couldn't have been as strong as I supposed."

"That unfortunate!" he said aloud. "We had a good time, or would have had if we had not been anxious about you."

"I hope you won't give yourself any concern on that score," said Morrill dryly. "You are very kind to feel such an interest in a stranger."

"My dear fellow, you don't seem like a stranger," said Wilton, effusively. "You are the image of a very dear cousin of mine, who was at college with me—quite inseparable companions we were. Really, I never saw a more remarkable resemblance."

"I hope he was good looking," said Morrill, with a smile.

"Unusually so, but I mustn't say more, or you will think I mean to flatter you. The fellows deputed me to come round and see if you were all right, and also to invite you to join a little social circle this evening. We are to meet at the house of one of the club, and may have a quiet game of cards, or go to the theater if you like it better."

"Really, Mr. Wilton, I am unused to such marked attention from comparative strangers."

"My dear fellow, all the boys have taken a fancy to you. I wish you would come to New York to live. We would see that you had a good time. You would make plenty of friends."

"I have no doubt of it. By the way, Mr. Wilton, are you a business man?"

"I am ashamed to say that I am not. My father left me independent as far as money goes, and I am afraid I have wasted my time. But I am young yet, and don't mean to buckle down to hard work before long."

"I am a business man already, and do not find as much time for enjoyment as you and your friends."

"Very sensible, indeed. You are a bee while I am a drone. However, you can spend this evening with us, and devote tomorrow to business. What do you say?"

"Before deciding you will permit me to consult a friend of mine. Rufus!"

The door of the wardrobe was thrown open, and Rufe Rodman stepped into the room, Leonard Wilton stared at him in ill concealed amazement, as well he might.

"Confusion!" he muttered. "How comes that kid here?"

"How do you do, Mr. Wilton?" said Rufe



PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL.

MAKING IT REALISTIC.

A YOUNG lawyer was asked by a negro to write him a letter. After consenting, he said: "What must I write?" "Well, tell her your kind letter found us all well, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing." "What else?" "Well, tell her we expect to make a good crop of rye and wheat, and will tend fifteen acres in corn and cotton." "Well, go on." "Tell her John is married and has a nice wife. They live at the Matthews place." "Anything else?" "I believe not; only tell her to excuse bad writing, and close."

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