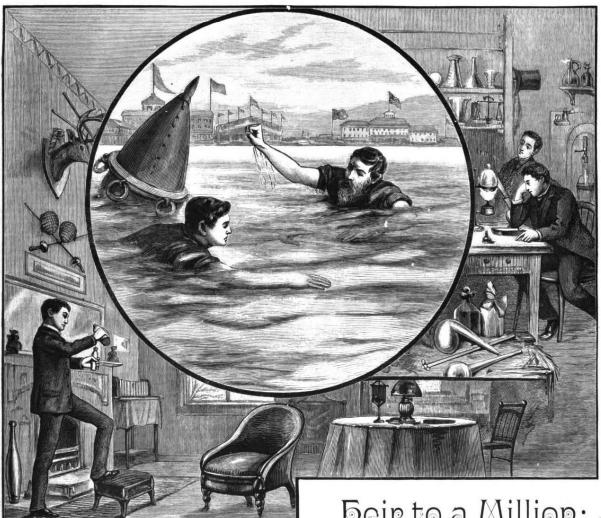
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"I SAID MY TURN WOULD COME," EXCLAIMED RAYMOND HOARSELY, THEN THREW HIMSELF FORWARD AS THOUGH TO DRAG RAFE DOWN-WHICH HE CERTAINLY WOULD HAVE DONE, BUT FOR A STRANGE THING WHICH HAPPENED,

Reir to a Million;

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.

THE CHEMICAL TEST.

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

"Late again, Pafe," 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 law.

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.

If Mr. Dunton intended a smile it was a mirthless

If Mr. Dunton intended a smile it was a mirthless one.

"You may thank the medicine you are so unwilling to take for that," he said, as Rafe nibbled daintily at his toast.

"I didn't take any—as it happens."
Rafe's curt, cold responses came little short of rudeness. John, the colored waiter, who stood respectfully behind Mr. Dunton's chair, shook his head sorrowfully.
"The way dat 'ar bay redresses his Uncle Phil is somethin' pufficly scand'lous," he remarked on his return to the kitchen. "An' Mr. Dunton sech a perlite, gen'rous hearted gen'leman too."

Polite Mr. Dunton certainly was on all oc-

Polite Mr. Dunton certainly was on all occasions. It cost nothing and was invaluable as an aid to his legal practice. As to his generous heartedness, we shall see further on.

"I am very sorry, Rafe," observed his uncle, after a short pause, "very sorry that you show such opposition to—er—my wishes. Health is—a—paramount to almost every other consideration. Dr. Heintz's last orders before we left Germany were that the medicine he had prescribed should be taken regularly, as your cough—"

prescribed should be taken regularly, a yacough—"
"Look here, Uncle Phil," interrupted Rafe, setting down his cup of coffee untasted, "my cough, as you and Doctor Heintz called it, was simply the result of a severe cold. My lungs are as sound as yours today."
"Dr. Heintz, who examined them, told us otherwise. Possibly the judgment of a phaysician with years of experience is better than that of a headstrong boy."

ician with years of experience is better than that of a headstrong boy."

"It is curious," said Rafe, fixing his eyes steadily on his uncle's face, "that no one of whom I inquired while we were staying in Hamburg seemed to know this Dr. Heintz you recommended so highly."

There was a shadowy significance in Rafe's tone, but Mr. Dunton's imperturbable visage showed no signs that he had noticed it.

"Possibly," he coolly replied, "but I was not aware that your acquaintance was so tway extensive in a German city of 400,000 inhabitants."

With this gentle sarcasm Mr. Dunton finished his breakfast in a silence emulated by his nephew, who ate little and seemed absorbed in noht

meal ended. Rafe followed his uncle to The meal ended, Rafe followed his uncle to the handsomely appointed library. It was a large, well lighted room, whose sides were completely hidden by well filled bookshelves. A large writing table stood in the middle of the apartment, littered with papers and legal looking documents. For Mr. Dunton was a lawyer, and the library was used as an office. "I want ten dollars, Uncle Phil."

Mr. Dunton raised his eyebrows in a peculiarly exasterating manuer.

exasperating manner.
"I gave you five the—" here Mr. Dunton glanced at the open cash book—" the thirteenth of last month. What have you done with that,

was evident that Rafe was keeping his

It was evident that Rafe was keeping his temper by a great effort. It was rather humiliating for a young fellow having a million dollars held in trust for him until he came of age, to give account of so small an expenditure.

"I have spent it in various ways."

"Such as what, for example?"

Very smooth and even was Mr. Dunton's voice as he sat nursing his chin with a slim white hand. But Rafe had always noticed that in their brief conversations Mr. Dunton's eyes had a trick of avoiding his own.

their brief conversations a trick of avoiding his own. Rafe choked down an angry reply. "I can't give you the item oney or not?"

"I can't give you the items. Can I have the money or not?"
Very deliberately Mr. Dunton took a closely written document from one of the table drawers. It purported to be an exact copy of Rafe's father's will, which itself was on file in the probate office for Suffolk County.
"Oh, for goodness sake don't bring that out again," Rafe exclaimed impatiently. For whenever any discussion arose as to money matters, Mr. Dunton was accustomed to produce the document in question.

Mr. Dunton was accustomed to produce the document in question.

Calmly ignoring the remark, the lawyer turned to a particular paragraph:

"Hereby leaving the income said ward shall receive during his said minority entirely at the discretion of said guardian my said brother, having, as before stated, the fullest confidence in his good judgment."

Rafe's quick temper got the better of him for the moment.

father had a confounded sight more "My father had a contounded signt more c fidence in you than I have," he said bol And then as though he feared to trust him to say more, Rafe turned abruptly away, l-ing Mr. Dunton displaying his teeth to the

Going up to his own room, Rafe stood for a looking about him with tightly com-

moment Jooking about him was experienced lips. The furniture was rich and expensive. Handsome pictures adorned the walls, an elaborately carved bookcase contained a collection of Rafe's favorite authors, there were lounging chairs, a neat roll top desk and a small upright pane, with foils and masks, hung on one side of the marble mantel with its open grate. One was the proposed of the marble mantel with its open grate, and the proposed proposed in the proposed proposed to the proposed proposed to the proposed p the previous summer. The antlers supported a fly rod in its case, rifle and double gun with the separate cartridge belts. Under them hung a parate cartridge belts. Under them hung a air of long barreled dueling pistols that had be-miged to some bygone Dunton. It was just ich a room as would delight the eye of most

young fellows of sixteen. But just then Rafe saw nothing of its luxury and comfort. "Everything but money—and happiness," he

Stepping to his dressing case, Rafe took up a foreign looking bottle half filled with a colorless

II I wonder if it is the evil in myself that has "I wonder if it is the evil in myself that has suggested what I almost shudder to think might possibly be true," was his thought. Then as though moved by some sudden impulse, Rafe filled a small vial from the larger bottle. This he dropped into his pocket, and taking his hat left the house.

let the house.

Every one had a pleasant word or greeting for Rafe as he passed along the streets. "The young fellow worth a million," to quote a local expression, did not want friends, as may be naturally supposed. But apart from his prospective wealth, Rafe was liked by all with whom he came in contact. He was genial, unaffected, clean mouthed and truthful. A rare combination of virtues in these days.

Added to Rafe's proquerty was an undercur.

combination of virtues in these days.

Added to Rafe's popularity was an undercurrent of sympathy for his delicate health. Mr. Dunton had hinted with a sad sigh at his nephew's weak lungs—inherited, he asserted, from Rafe's mother. And in like manner Mr. Dunton gave people to understand that their late trip to Europe had been more for his ward's health than for pleasure.

Main Street comprises the business center of Mapleton. Here are handsome blocks of buildings with stores and shops innumerable. Before one of these last, over the door of which was a weather beaten pestle and mortar with the words, "Morier, Druggist and Chemist," Rafe stopped.

The shop which he entered a moment later

Rafe stopped.

The shop which he entered a moment later was small and one of the humblest of its kind. Everything had a dingy, old fashioned look. Mr. Morier had once done a good business, but the rapid growth of the town into a small city, and consequent competition, had reduced his trade to a minimum.

No core was in the front part of the shop.

trade to a minimum.

No one was in the front part of the shop, Guided by a cheerful whistling and the steady buzz of a small lathe, Rafe stepped into a little room, half laboratory half workshop, at the

So glad you're alone, Dick," he said, drop-"So glad you're alone, Dick," he said, dropping into a chair and pausing for breath. Of late, walking fast, or indeed any slight exertion, had brought on a curious dizziness and shortness of breath
The lathe stopped. A tall and rather lanky young fellow of sixteen or seventeen, with abnormally long arms, a shrewd, homely face and the keenest gray eyes imaginable, turned to greet

him.

Without speaking, however. Dick Morier at times was singularly chary of speech. A nod and a smile did duty in this instance. But at the same time he eyed Rafe's pale face with a searching look. After which, stepping to his side, he took Rafe's wrist in his fingers with

quite a professional air.

For Dick Morier, who had a smattering of a or Dick Morier, who had a smattering of e of varied accomplishments, knew consider about the healing art in its simpler forms could even set a broken limb or reduce ple dislocation with a fair degree of skill. Feel better now, old chap?" he said afte

a moment.

Rafe's face took on its rare smile such as he vouchsafed to few. For the affection between these two young fellows of such dissimilar station in life was as strong as that between David and Jonathan of old.

See here, Dick—we're alone, eh?"

"You've seen a copy of the prescription my medicine that I brought from Germany was put up from ?"

Dick nodded.

Dick nodded.

"There was arsenic in it, you said. In fact I knew that myself, for Doctor Heintz translated it into English. How much arsenic should there be to a dose—for safety, I mean?"

"Father never prescribes over a thirtieth of a grain. People sometimes take more—sometimes less. But I shouldn't want to go above the."

Rafe paused half irresolutely for a moment.

Kate paused haif tresonutey for a moment, Then he drew the vial containing the mixture from his pocket.

"Dick," he said, quietly, "if the druggist, or whoever put this up in Germany, had made any mistake—put in too much arsenic, I mean— analysis would show it, eh?"

"Will you test this for me?"
Dick took the vial from his friend's hand, unorked it, and touched his tongue to the con-

"What's put this notion into your head?"

ents.
"What's put this notion into your head?"
he asked, curiously.
"I'll tell you some time," Rafe replied, after
a short pause. "But it's enough to say now
that I don't think the medicine agrees with me."
Dick pushed aside a perfect chaos of bottles
of various shapes and sizes from a square deal
table on which stood a spirit lamp. Having
lighted this, he filled a retort with a colorless
fluid taken from a glass stoppered receptacle,
and placed it over the flame.
"What's that?" inquired Rafe, who was
watching his friend with eager interest.
"Hydrochloric acid."
Into the rapidly heating acid Dick then poured
the medicine Rafe had submitted to him. When
the whole had reached the boiling point, the
embryo chemist thrust into the retort a thin
strip of brightly scoured copper. Letting this
remain an instant, he withdrew it and extin-

guished the lamp. The original brightness of the copper was changed to a dark iron gray—almost black.

"Well?" said Rafe impatiently. For Dick's tips had suddenly compressed, and Rafe fancied Dick looked rather pale.

"Don't take any more of the infernal stuff," he said, shortly. "There's five times as much arsenic at the least calculation as the prescription called for. Whoever made such a blunder ought to be indicted."

"If it was a blunder." muttered Rafe.

ought to be indicted."
"If it was a blunder," muttered Rafe.

CHAPTER II.

RAFE'S HEROISM

HERE'S one thing I want to say now," went on Dick, after a pause, "and that's about this talk of your weak lungs. It's pure nonsense. I'd trust father's judgment as quick as any physician's in Mapleton. He's tested yours with the stethoscope. You don't need medicine any more than I do."

o." I know it," was the quiet reply.

"I know it," was the quiet reply.

"But you're preciously run down—thanks to that confounded stuff you've been taking as much as anything else. Why don't you go off somewhere—take a sea voyage, for example?"

"With Mr. Dunton for a companion? Not if I know myself." And a sort of half shudder passed through the speaker's frame.

"No—alone," returned his friend, gravely.

"I might as well think of a trip to the moon. According to the terms of father's will, Mr. Dunton exercises his own judgment about giving me money. And in his judgment I'm not to be trusted with more than five dollars at a time. Not often even that."

ing me money. And in his judgment I'm not to be trusted with more than five dollars at a time. Not often even that,"
"Curious will. Everything goes to your uncle in case you die before you come of age "said Dick, abruptly.
"Father was one of those big hearted, honest men who believe every one else to be as nonest as himseli. He thought Uncle Phil was the salt of the earth. I don't, though."
"Nor I," shortly responded Dick.
"Hullo, what's the row?" suddenly exclaimed Rafe. For confused shouts and cries were heard from the street.
Both boys started simultaneously toward the door, Rafe rather in advance.
"Mad dag! Mad dag!"
Down the busy thoroughfare a dirty white bull terrier came tearing, with bloodshot eyes and slavering jaws, snapping and biting at whatever opposed.
"Mad dag! Mad dag!"
Boys caught up the cry with quavering voices. The drivers of various vehicles whipped up their frightened horses, turning wildly to the right and left. Pedestrians dodged nimbly up the nearest street or alley. Females gathered their skirts and fledt, Pedestrians dodged nimbly up the nearest street or alley. Females gathered their skirts and fledt, shrieking in sore dismay. All but one—a young girl of sixteen, who was crossing the street in the direction of the drug store.

Just as she reached the pavement the infuri-

Just as she reached the pavement the infuri-Just as she reached the pavement the infuriated animal swerved from his mad career, and with a snarl rushed for the girl, who sprang toward the shop door which Rafe had thrown open an instant before.

"Quick, miss!" shouted Dick.
But before the girl could reach the security the bulldog made a sudden leap, and fastened his fangs in the skirt of her dress.

"Rafe—great Heavens!"

For with a lightning-like movement, Rafe, alike forzefull of himself and his ailments.

For with a lightning-like movement, Rafe, alike forgetful of himself and his ailments, grasped the dog by the throat, and, wrenching away his hold, bore the savage animal to the

In vain the brute writhed and twisted, mak-In vain the brute writhed and twisted, making convulsive efforts to seize his captor. Rafe, whose knees were pressed heavily on the dog's broad chest, clutched its throat with a vise-like grip, born in part of his nervous excitement, and glanced around him.

A hundred people had gathered, but at a respectful distance.

"Choke the life out of him, Rafe. Bully for young Dunton! Hang on, old chap!" This, and much more gratuitous advice, to similar effect, was offered him.

Briggs, the stout policeman, came puffing

and much more gratuitous advice, to similar effect, was offered him.
Briggs, the stout policeman, came puffing down the street, revolver in hand. But before he got half way to the spot, Dick Morier darted bareheaded out of the shop door with a blue glass bottle in his hand.
"One second longer, Rafe."
Tilting the neck of the bottle, he suffered a few drops of its contents to fall upon the dog's tongue, which, covered with froth, was thrust from the widely distended jaws.
A sudden cessation of the frantic struggles, then a quiver ran through the dog's gaunt frame, and he was dead. Hydrocyania caid had done it. A shout went up from the excited throng, who pressed forward to the spot.
But before either Rafe or Dick could escape from the chorused congratulations of those

But before either Rafe or Dick could escape from the chorused congratulations of those about them, a tall, broad shouldered man, with "tramp" written in his face, as well as imprinted on his dusty clothes, elbowed his way rudely through the crowd.

At the sight of the dead brute, a torrent of fearful maledictions broke from his lips, "Who killed my dog—show me the man, will you?" he savagely demanded. And then the tramp flung a very much battered hat on the ground, expectorated on the palms of his grimw.

tramp flung a very much battered hat on the ground, expectorated on the palms of his grimy hands, tucked up the sleeves of a ragged coat, and executed a sort of war dance on the pavemen

" Point out the white livered party, will you?"

he yelled, as the crowd shrank back. "Point him out while I pulverize him!"

"I had as much to do with it as any one; your dog was mad, and you look as though you were!" said Rafe, coolly. For, curiously enough, neither his exertion nor the excitement had affected him as it ordinarily would.

"Oh, you did!" victously growled the tramp. "Well—take that for your pains!"
But Rafe's quick eye, trained by his gymnastic practice, had not left the infuriated face of the man who was speaking. He felt by intuition that a blow was coming, and, making a half stride forward, he dropped his head, over which the huge fist of his opponent shot harm-lessly.

lessly.

If Rafe had been content with the defensive alone it would have been wiser. But, say what you will, there is an inherent "fight" in almost every nature, which is sure to be roused by open demonstration on the part of another. Almost instinctively with his "ducking." Rafe turned his body a little, and suddenly swung his clinedel knuckles un and outward.

clincned knuckles up and outward.

The roar that ascended from enthusiastic and delighted spectators drowned the voice of the approaching policeman, who had shouted out something of a threatening or warning nature at the sight of the combatants.

at the signt of the combatants.

For, as much by good luck as skill, Rafe caught his antagonist directly under his chin, sending him on his back in the middle of the

street,
"Hooray for Rafe Dunton:" yelled a de-lighted youth, as the astounded tramp sprang to his feet with a dazed look on his repulsive

Rafe Dunton!"

"Raie Dunton!"

"Raie Dunton!"

"Raie Dunton!"

The tramp's face changed almost as by magic. It was as though the name he had heard had turned his fierce anger into astonishment. Snatching his battered hat from the ground, he slunk away through the crowd, which fell back with alacirty to let him through, while the burly policenam wisely concluded not to follow.

"Say," the tramp paused to inquire of a red nosed lounger on the outskirts of the throng, "who's this young Dunton, any way? He that throttled my dog and gave me the clip under the jaw—accidental like. Mebbe it'll be my turn to do the clipping some other time. What's his father's name, do you know?"

The dissolute looking loafer thus addressed shrugged his shoulders.

The dissolute looking loafer thus addressed shrugged his shoulders.

"Rafe Dunton? His father's dead. Name was John, I b'lieve. He left Rafe over a million, they say, but he ain't to have it till he's twenty one. His gardeen hol's it for him. They live in the big house you see yonder up High Street. If Rafe should happ'n to slip his wind 'fore he comes of age, everything goes to his guardeen—Philip Dunton, the lawyer."

Philip Dunton! The tramp had neard all he wanted to. He turned abrubtly away, while a

He turned abruptly away, while a look of exultation crossed his face.

look of exultation crossed his face.
"For once in ten years fortune favors you, James Raymond," he muttered, in a stagy sort of way, quite in contrast with his previous coarse, slangy manner of speech. "To think," he went on, exultantly, "that I should have found Phil Dunton living in ease and comfort after all this time. How glad he will be to see me, though—how truly glad," he added, with a sneer.

eer. Leaving Mr. Raymond to his self commun-

Leaving Mr. Raymond to his self communing, let us now return to the prominent character in my story—Rafe Dunton.

He was too much surprised at the very unexpected result of his blow to heed the applause with which it was greeted. Cesting one astonished look at the departing tramp, he dodged mot the little drug shop.

Dick Morier had observed all that passed, through the window. But seeing that his interference was not needed, he had witnessed the tramp's downfall with a rapturous chuckle, and given his attention to the young girl, who, very pale and quiet, was evidently fighting down a feeling of fantness.

Dick, in his abrupt way.

The young girl, whose small white fingers. The young girl, whose small white fingers trembled visibly, drank the contents of the glass Dick had extended, and the color began to come back to her face, with search 200 come back to her face, with search 200 come to the pass of th

Dick had extended, and the color began to come back to her face.

As she was about to speak, Rafe came suddenly in in a state of high glee.

"Who says sparring lessons are no good?" he cried, laughingly. "Why the big fellow would have given me no end of a thrashing only for that lucky cross counter old Kirali used to drill me on. Though it's the first time I ever struck a blow in anger in my life. And I'm sure I didn't mean—"

Here Rafe became conscious for the first time

Here Rale became conscious for the first time of the presence of the young girl whom, for the moment, he had nearly forgotten.

She rose to her feet at once.

"I do not know who it is who was so brave to save me from the terrible dog," she said, in a vonce to which a slight foreign accent added a certain charm, "and I cannot say the words of thanks—"

certain charm, "and I cannot say the worus or thanks—"
"There isn't any need to thank me," interrupted Rafe impulsively, "so please don't say any more. I am Raphael Dunton. This is my friend, Dick Morier."

The young girl's color deepened under Rafe's respectfully admiring gaze. She had charming brunette features, dark eyes shaded by long, curling lashes, and clustering dusky hair cut short, and parted on one side like a boy's.
"And I am Matalie Forest," she said, simply.
"Natalie Forest," exclaimed Dick, with a sudden show of interest. "Why, you, then,

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 mist go back to the hotel; Monsieur Reynard will have anxiety that I am so long away."

To Dick's secret annoyance, Rafe immediately volunteered to accompany her.
"As though she couldn't walk 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.

EMEMBER about the medicine, Rafe,' called Dick, as the door closed behind them.
"Medicine? It is not that you are

"Medicine? It is not that you are sick, Mr. Raphael Dutton?" said Natalie, with surprised eyes. For, excepting his extreme pal-lor, there was certainly no suggestion of inva-lidism in the tall, welbbuilt young fellow beside her. He was straight and strong looking, for the excitement had made Rafe forget his lassi-

the excitement had made Rafe forget his lassitude.

But 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 1" remarked Natalie, inquiringly,
"Is it then that you have not parents as myself?"

Rafe shook his head sadly.

cannot remember my mother or father,

"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."

have done."

No, Rafe 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 there was no chance for further talk. Rafe had accompanied 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.

musician.

By this time the story of his encounter with

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 himself, Mr. Reynard," cried young Fowler, addressing a well dressed gentleman who was leaning against the bar counter at the rear.

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 urged forward, the gentleman addressed by young Fowler gave a theatrical start.

"Do I indeed behold him—the preserver of my cheyld," 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.

Kather 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 kis stage mannersims 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 buttonholed, to the infinite

something inaudible, and would fain have fled, But the ex actor, after vainly pressing Rafe to drink, held him buttonholed, to the infinite amusement of young Fowler and his companions, who were poking the billiard balls about. "When I say 'my child,' Mr.—er—Dunton," 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. Fourteen years ago she was left a helpless infant at the foundling hospital in Paris,"

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

She'd charm the bird from a tree with her saed 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 liarities 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 But as Kafe 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. Dunton, 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.

doomed to disappointment.

Beyond the faint elevation of his eyebrows Beyond the faint elevation of his eyebrows which Rafe so disliked, not a feature of Mr. Dunton's imperturbable visage moved.

Leaning back in his office chair the lawyer tapped his glistening teeth with a paper cutter, and looked over Rafe's head at the whitewashed

ceiling.
"May I inquire the name of the—a—knowing individual who made this remarkable discovery?" he asked blandly.
"Dick Morier."

covery?" ne asseu manay.

"Dick Morier."

"I thought as much," was the contemptuous response. "An idle young fellow—jack-of-all-trades and master of none—trying to make capital out of his intimacy with you, because some day he expects you'll be worth a million! A rery interesting person to make a chemical test, I must say."

"Perhaps you'd be better satisfied if I took the medicine into Boston to an expert," coolly returned Rafe.

"rernaps you do extend state and expert," coolly returned Rafe.
Was it fancy, or did Mr. Dunton give a half perceptible start at the suggestion? Rafe was

perceptible start at the suggestion? Rafe was not quite sure.

"There is no use continuing this discussion," he said in a voice which trembled with anger—or some other emotion. "The whole thing is simply an excuse to disregard my authority. I shall say no more. If you choose to leave off a medicine prescribed and put up by a—one of the most celebrated doctors in Hamburg, the consequences are on your own head."

"I thought Dr. Heintz only wrote the prescription—you said that a druggist put up the medicine," quickly returned Rafe.
A faint red spot appeared on either side of Mr. Dunton's smooth shaven face.
"Dr. Heintz is a physician and pharmacist."

Mr. Dunton's smooth shaven face.

"Dr. Heintz is a physician and pharmacist hoth—vou misunderstood me," he hurriedly

responded.

Rafe had done nothing of the kind, but he

Rate had done nothing of the kind, but he dde no answer.

"You—a—left the room so hastily this morn-z, went on Mr. Dunton with an assumption mildness, "that I had no chance to discuss oney matters with you further. I have de-

money matters with you further. I have decided, after deliberation, to make you an allowance of twenty five dollars a month for pocket money. Here is the first installment. I hope you will make a good use of it."

Mr. Dunton took bills to the amount mentioned from a well filled pocketbook and extended it to his nephew.

"Thank you," coldly returned Rafe. The money was his own, hence he felt no particular gratitude. And further than that a remembered line of Virgil flashed through his mind: "We fear the Greeks even bearing gifts."

But as may be supposed, Rafe kept his thoughts to himself. Putting the money in his pocket, he bethough thimself of his morning's adventure, and, with becoming modesty, gave Mr.

thoughts to himself. Putting the money in his pocket, he bethought himself of his morning's adventure, and, with becoming modesty, gave Mr. Dunton the particulars of the affair.

"You are perfectly sure the dog didn't bite you—that his teeth didn't even scratch you anywhere?" hastily asked Mr. Dunton.
"Perfectly."

Thus assured, Mr. Dunton crossed his legs and his finger tips. Then he cleared his throat. Rafe's familiarity with the—er—lower classes, he said, troubled him exceedingly. The—a—unfortunate events of the forenoon were directly resultant from his ward's intimacy with young Morier. Thus he (Rafe) had—er—imperiled his life for a—a—stage performer. He had engaged in a street row with a tramp. What did he (Rafe) expect to come to? And so on, till Rafe's patience gave way and he left the room as abruptly as in the morning.

And once by himself, Mr. Dunton threw off his mask. His face took on a look compounded of fear and anxiety. After a few moments of indecision, he went up to Rafe's room. Taking the medicine from his nephew's dressing case, he carried it back to his office. Then with a key

indecision, he went up to Rafe's room. Taking the medicine from his nephew's dressing case, he carried it back to his office. Then with a key from the writing table drawer, he unlocked a deep burglar proof closet let into the brickwork on one side of the open fireplace, and pushed the bottle back on one of the shelves. This done, he began pacing the office floor as was his wont when engaged in deep thought.

A peremptory ring at the door was followed by John's voice in seeming expostulation or argument. Then approaching footsteps were heard.

"Dis indivigel 'sists on seein' you, sah," said John, throwing open the door, "but I tole

said John, throwing open the user, but him you was busy—"

John's expostulation was cut short by the door being slammed in his face, Not by Mr.

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

CHAPTER IV.

AN ENCOUNTER IN DEEP WATER.

EALLY," began the lawyer, with a glance at the newcomer's face and dilapidated clothing, "really, you seem to make yourself very much at home

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

"That's a way I have, Phil Dunton, was uncool 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 Raymond1" 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 walked to the closet. Unlocking it, he poured himself out a glass of brandy, which he drank at a draught.

himsell 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 ap-preciative smack of his lips, "and see that you don't poison it, Phil," he added, with easy familiarity.

iliarity.
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.

was the significant response.

As a matter of fact, he did. His hair and

As a matter of fact, ne off, its fair and beard were long and straggling. His clothing torn and dirty, his shoes broken at the sides. "I want out of you, Phil Dunton," he went on in a louder tone, "the sum of five thousan' 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?"
"There's no such supposing. This house and the way it's fitted up, don't look as though

and the way its netted 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?" returned Raymond fiercely. "I like to have my fingers about his neck a moment or two."

"The to have my ingers about ms 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 correctly ?

The man uttered an execration so vindictive and full of ferocity that Mr. Dunton involun-

and full of fercity that Mr. Dunton involun-tarily shuddered.
"So he brags of thrashing me, does he?" growled Raymond, clinching his huge fist.
"Well, wait a little." Then suddenly chang-ing his voice and manner he said:
"But to get back to business—how about the money?"

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

Desired's coarseness of speech and manner

my life, was the short reply, "especially to pay blackmail."
Raymond's coarseness of speech and manner seemed to drop suddenly away from him as he rose to his 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."

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

ing nimeri again, wan a preparation pleasant smile.

"The world doesn't seem to have used you very well in all these years," remarked the law-yer, 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 of you. Got very hard up for cash, and started to tramp down to Vermont, where I've some foiks I haven't seen for years. Struck the town here this morning, but never dreamed you were living here on the fat of the land."

were living here on the fat of the land."

The lawyer took a firty dollar bill from his wallet, which Raymond eagerly clutched.

"That 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 if this Rafe, as you call him, died, the whole property would fall to you. Is that so?"

Mr. Dunton noded coldly. 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."

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

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.

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."

deep barriors.

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 hands and the sight of unconscious Rafe.

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 unconscious 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 state."

stage. The living image of another Natalie," was

in the uving mage.

In sexcited thought.

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

turn his knowledge to profit in the future.

There was excellent sea bathing at Devere Beach, some two miles distant from Mapleton. On 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 adventurious struck boldly out beyond the surf. Inc. Nearly an eighth of a mile from shore was a large black "can" buoy—the extreme limit for even the most expert swimmers. Indeed on account of the danger from cramps and undertow few ever ventured so far.

But on this particular morning the sea was unusually smooth and the water warm; and Rafe, seeing a swimmer evidently headed for the buoy, took the same direction numself.

Though since his presumed illness other forms of exertion often brought on shortness of breath or slight faintness, swimming never afforms of severion of the prospective of the sun of

breath or slight faintness, swimming never af-fected him in that way. Rather the reverse. The clear, cool salt water seemed to strengthen and stimulate him

stimulate him.

He easily gained on the man ahead of him, who was swimming very leisurely. As the latter heard Rafe's steady strokes behind, he turned his head. A second glance showed Rafe that the swimmer was the person who had occupied the chair next his own at the concert of the previous evening.

"But where have I seen him before that?" thought Rafe. And he wondered a little that as he drew still nearer, the man scowled at him in a manner that to say the least was discourte-

ous.

The buoy, rising and falling with the ocean swell, was only some twenty feet away. Iron rings were attached at intervals to the sides, to which the swimmer could cling while resting.

Rather to Rafe's surprise, the swimmer, who seemed perfectly at home in the clear element, suddenly ceased swimming, and still facing him, began treading water as though waiting for Rafe to come up. His tightly clinging bathing shirt displayed the proportions of a perfect athlete. athlete

athlete.
"Nice day for bathing," said Rafe pleasantly,
Raymond—for it was he—did not immediately
reply. There was a strange sinister look in his
eye which Rafe could not in the least under-

"You are the young follow who choked my dog to death and—struck me," he said in a curi-ously repressed voice—but Rafe recognized it at

Keeping himself afloat by slow motions of arms and hands, Rafe stared at the speaker in

arms and hands, Rate stared at the speaker in surprise.

"Oh, it's you," he coolly returned. "Yes, I did both the things you mention. But your dog was springing at a young girl if you remember. And you—struck at me first."

Raymond glanced swiftly about him. The two were as much alone as in a desert in one sense. All the swimmers were beyond the surf line.

"I said my turn would come," he exclaimed hoarsely, then threw himself suddenly forward as though to seize Rafe by the throat, which he certainly would have done but for a strange thing which happened.

(To be continued.)

PANSIES.

BY RUTH MOORE. On 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.
And nod to dainty white.
Always the one message sending
To the lonely heart when bending
"Yeath 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.

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

But to the healthy, sensible boy read-er of the Argosy, fish-ing 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

Almost any one can go Almost any one can go shishing. 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. Emers on fisherman. Emerson wrote: "Shallow men believe in luck-strong men in cause and effect. 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 hurry to the brookside regardless of the fact that the morning sun is at your back. In con-junction with your rod you announce to the wary trout that "coming events cast their shadows before." And your ef-forts are in vain.

Half an hour later Dick or Tom ap In view of the sun's position he has chosen the opposite bank. He ap-proaches 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.

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 shank 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 ia the tin mustard box are dull
looking lifeless things.

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

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 men-tion of bait fishing, the professional may sneer at what he calls my unsportsmanmethod.

like 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

tity. 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 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 avery neat one which served

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.

real country left in the interior of New England yet.

The brooks furnishing the most sport are narrow and alder fringed.

TWO STYLES OF FISHING-COMPARING RESULTS.

Above the alders extend the branches of various forest The first cast

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 midwaymer trip to Labedge how tain 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 chaffed me by reason of my simple outfit costing somewhere in the neighborhood of two dollars, for I had neignborhood of two donars, 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. end was a trifle over a half inch in thick-ness. Then from the same place he ob-tained 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 his lancewood to a taper—its thicker end being the same diameter as the smaller one of the ash piece or butt.

one of the ash piece or but.

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

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, planed the whole down to such proportion as his eye suggested, after which the file and

eye suggested, after which the hie and and paper came into use—perfect even-ness and roundness being observed so that the spring should be equal. With stoutly waxed thicknesses of shoemaker's threads, Ned "woolded" (I use the old fashioned term) the but (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 ham-

bughten" ones. Also a brass ferule that he ham-mered 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 pleted, first rubbed in a thorough filling of oil and after it was dry var-nished over that. The lancewood itself—so he told me—may occasion-ally be oiled. Of course Ned used a reel, but one of the most inexpensive nattern. In pleted, first rubbed in a

inexpensive pattern. In fact he did not really use one, still it looked well as 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 finny prey. That ended it-till the cleaning and subsequent cookery

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

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 bring-ing to the hotel it may

ing to the hotel it may be two—perhaps three—hundred crout. Size not specified—weight averaged. The general average rather large, to speak mildly.

Still, there are the two broadsides 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 evolute into the winged lure—particularly in the case of the trout. Yet I presume I caught one "on the fly" to to evolute 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 where-

A CASE OF DASHED HOPES.

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

NIGHT

When the sweet breath that fills
The heart of sunset o'er the west is rolled,
And dissipates the imperishable hills
To haziness of gold;

Hen 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:

Round to the rozen wain: Then the vivacious air Is filled with sprites; beneath its dusky stole Far spaces through the opening hemisphere Flush crimson with a soul.

[This story commenced in No. 280.]

THE Golden Magnet

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

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

CHAPTER XIV.

LOST IN THE CAVE.

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

when the arch, the stream widening and not being very rapid after we had passed the first dozen yards. The navigation proved at the avigation of the navigation of the stream widening and the stream of the stream

Two or three times we were for going back, so arduous was the ascent; but determined to see our adventure to the end, we pressed on, even the piler, till the noise became almost deaftening, while a cold dank wind made our lights to flutter, and once they threathed to become extinct. But five minutes later we were standing in a vast vault stretching out as far as our fletch; light would show us, while 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.

trembling-lights, snone toron
cent foam.

We could hardly hear the words we uttered
from time to time, but we felt but little inclination to speak, so awe inspiring 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 foaming 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.

said nothi

id nothing.

With the exception of the bright veins I have

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 stalactitic 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 encourter 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 'sonsequences of being' ost there in the dark.

We had to set ourselves determinedly

selves determinedly



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 then have swim 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 stalacitic 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; "ou must not risk it."
"Let go, Harry—I must!" he shouted.
He struck me in the chest so that I staggreed back, and then there was a loud splash and he was swimming away.
To start up and throw off my own jacket and 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 reached the vaulted chamber with its troubled lake and narrow sandy strip of shore—a wel-come 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.

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 waters had covered it; there was no sand—the waters had covered it; there was no sand—the waters had covered by the water and the raft had gone.

We were left to a horrible death—aself sought death; and as I shought 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?

There 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 hoursely. "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

He struck me hat the clear so that I suggests 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 plung 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! I twas 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 be was swimming back. The next moment he shrieked;

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

"Harry, back! Lend me a hand! 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 my side.

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

How I reached them I cannot recall; only a horrible structle, the echoing of splashing

neath his, and then struck out for the ignits.

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 groan; 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, sputtering 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 Iow arch through which we had entered, when I groaned to myself. Was this to be the end of my golden dream—death in this hideous vault? for the stream set swiftly now through the arch, and the raft was gone!

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKS.

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, can be seen that the same that the same

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 it 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, augry with myself for my superstitious dread, I exclaimed aloud:

"Why, they're birds!"

"Brids!" 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!"! 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 flit round the amphitheater, it gave another shriek, and we saw it reenter the niche and disappear.

The next moment, after a flit round 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 torouth, or the way back by the vault of the troubled waters, to swim for our lives down the little river.

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 slippears. 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 inky 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

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 auon 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.

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."

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 matches; so that, should

into the torrent, and bearing with it the flint, steel, tinder box, and matches; so that, should any accident befall our one light, we should be 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 me; then to his shoulders; stood there for a moment trembling, 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."

leave me. See if you can get out and fetch help."

For a moment I felt stunned at this unforescen 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 uppagain to think. Taking off my coat, I rolled 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.

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 words being shouted, as the roar of the torrent beneath us swept his voice 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:

spairing monotone :

spairing monotone:

'No."

I vriggled 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, I shuddering the while, and wondering whether the cloth would give way, or whether I should be drawn down.

We were looking straight into 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 through the candle, ground through 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.

ness.
"Hold fast, Harry!" Tom hissed in my ear.
"Tom!" I groaned, "I'm slipping. I can hold on no longer,"
""" moment.—a moment. Harry," he cried.

"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 felt myself going faster and faster, gliding head downwards toward the torrent.

and faster, ground the control of th

template Our d Could have to the variety of the torust of the torust which seemed to be here condensed by the nar-

row passage:
"Harry, I'll go first; follow close behind and

His words gave me new energy, and we set 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 not murmur; but still no new horror as-

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 1 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.

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 delictious sense of tranquillity stole over me, and almost instantaneously I sank into a deep dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

WAS IT GOLD?

OW long we lay in that stupor—rather than sleep—I cannot tell; but I was awoke 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 slowly on; but ver with the soft earth 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."

"we are only wandering here and there without finding the passage to go out."

"I have been thinking so too, Tom," I said, as a thought struck me. Then loudly—"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 as of ten thousand wings, and shrieks that were deafening—noises which were quite a quarter of an hour in subsiding. ding.

We must be near to an opening, Tom," I

we must be near to an opening, rom, 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 over, but the passage out 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 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!"

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

"Harry," he exclaimed, "don't be down hearted. Tis so, though; and I've been thinking it for the past quarter of an hour, but I wouldn't say it for! 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."

A weary walk and we 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

good loed 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. I could not help feeling hopeful as we toiled on, 'ill 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.

once more opened out.

once more opened out.

"My leg goes down as far as I can reach.
here, Harry, 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.

where there was the flash of water and many a grote-sque 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 chil-ren, and contrived to scramble down to the dren, and contrived to scramble down to the bottom, along which we stumbled slowly and without energy towards 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 exclaim: dren, and contrived to scramble clain Tom, is that you?

"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 home.

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

"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?"

"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 wholes questions who still the bird. spond to it; I dared not; and I sat there answering my uncle's questions and telling him of our discovery of the ruined temple, but no more; while Garcia, who was present, 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 my bed, which I did not leave for a couple of days, being tended 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 apby night, as I had wished on account of our ap-pearance, and it was well we did so, for an in-spection of the clothes I had worn displayed such a scarecrow suit as 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 treasures.

treasures.

reasures.

The terrors of the grave were great, certainly, but then 1 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 be either arduous or terrible.

me that another visit, well prepared for, would not be either arduous or terrible.

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, I could not feel that the timid, superstitious Indians would ever have pene-trated 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 sunrise, 10m and 1 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 which led to the bird chamber, for we were anxious to see what had become of our rath. 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 thones, let out the wind, and then hid the whole affair behind some rocksincase, 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 chambbe where lay the opening that had saved out.

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 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—a great nightjar, passing its days 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 grewarded our search, the end.

We went back to the bird chamber, when we went for another rest and time of refreshments and the dread this time. 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, the wealth of nations, might have lain hidder 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 success seemed out of the question. Fatigue had rotbed 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

and I was soon up again and at work with the rod, thrusting it down into the sand all over the place, till in one spot it struck upon something hard, and my heart leaped; but a little tapping of the hard matter showed that it was nothing but a mass of rock some four feet below the sand

sand.

Suddenly a fresh thought struck me—one of
those bright ideas that in all ages have been the
making of men's fortunes. Leaping up, I
seized the rod and ran to where the stream
inky no longer, but clear and bright, ran sparkling in the subdued light over its sandy bed towards the over sumstine.

ling in the subdued light over its sandy bed towards the open sunshine.

Wading in, I turned up my sleeves and began to thrust my iron probe down here into the soft sand, for I had argued now like this: After carefully considering where 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 profundities—spots that could certainly be suspected—they might have chosen the open mouth of the cave, and buried that which they sought to save in the bed of the little stream.

cave, and burried 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 went down easily to my hand and was as easily withdrawn.

drawn.

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 rocks blocked the entrance, down beneath rocks blocked the entrance, down beneath 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 creeper matted rocks, I gave the rod a hard thrust down sa far as it could be driven, bending so that my shoulder was beneath the water, when my heart leaped and then beat tumultuously, for the rod touched something. I tried again.

I tried again.
Yes, there was something beneath the sand!
Was it rock—stone?

No; it was not stone!
Was it metal?

Was it metal?

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

Yes, it was metal; but the question to solve

Was it gold?
(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-OSY. 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 metropol itan 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' caldron method which suggests the famous scene in "Macbeth."

gests the famous scene in "Macbeth."

An unwonted spectacle was seen on Pearl Street just east of Broadway. Jutting out verneally from the cellars and along the side of the Central National Bank building was a small tron pie, about an inch in diameter. This, rising about the feet in the aig, by means of elbow joints, passed over the sidewalk and descended into a large from pot, or barrel. Around this pot were gathered group of interested spectators, who were watching the operations of two cooks, armed with shortly who were attacking an enormous snow then, miner the operations of two cooks, armed with show who were attacking an enormous snow heap, pil-into the pot alternately great chunks of the "be-truli." There, steam escaping from the topic be-mental the properties of the pile to the cooks. The cooks have the cooks of the cooks of the cooks of the but not forgetten. Another cook was see employed in stirring and pushing down by me of a stick the liquid mass which resembled clo-a big pot of mush. Similar improvised in bakeries were also seen in several other streets.

INDEPENDENCE.

INDEFEADENCE.
BY ROBERT BUENDS.
TO catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her.
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justiff 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. 278.]

Casket+of+Diamonds;

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE. BY GAVLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

OLONEL SINNERTON did not like the looks of the stalwart shirms OLONEL SINNERTON did not like the looks of the stalwart shipmaster, 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."

you, str, "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 your worthless carcass!" continued the captain, in a low and determined tone, which had its effect upon the coward.

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

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 hones told sailor."

Captain Ringboom pulled a plethoric pocket-book from his inside vest pocket, and laid it 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.

cated that the captain had improved the time whis 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 cean," added the captain, as he seated 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 as overpowering as a blow would have been to the capitalist, for it was revenge rather than money that he sought. He was overmatched and de-

that he sought. He was overmached and de-feated at his own mean 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 cap-

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 wood you are! I am sure my poor

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," replied 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 all this 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 Rowiy 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

see him again.
"The detectives looked that boy's room over "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 able," 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 descrip-tion of them."

tion 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."

on board now, and the control that the c

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. the list there

and its total a good time to have a copy of the captain sed of a bad idea, my lad," added the captain odding his head with approval. "Since it pepears that Rush Sinnerton lift not take the box, we have not the least idea whether it went up into the blue isky, 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 wines. But in accordance with his

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 eviresponsibility 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 beard of his chip.

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 am sure I hope he will not, for I am positively afraid of him," replied Hope. "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 a great lady, so rich that you will not look at a poor boy like me," added Rowly, laughing.

laughing.
"I am sure that all the money in the world could not make me forget so good a friend a you have been to my mother and me," she re plied earnestly. "But the diamonds are gone so good a friend as

you have been to my mother and me," she re-plied earnestly. "But the diamonds are gone, and I don't believe we shall ever see them again, so that you need not worry about my friendship." The captain was ready 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

The less you have to do with that you 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 eve open, my lad," replied the shipmaster, as Rush came up with them.

"I should like to see you, Rowly," said Rush, 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.

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.

"You must mend your manners and improve
the company you keep before you and I can be
friends," any your work. I had any trouble with you.

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."
"That's very good so far."
"And I am very much obliged to you for not saying a word to my father about Gunnywood," continued Rush, approaching nearer to the subject on his mind.
"Who is Gunnywood?" asked Rowly sharply.

"Who is Gunnywood?" asked Rowly sharply.
"He is a friend of mine, and used to come to see me at Mrs. Evertor's house."
"Was he there yesterday forenoon?" Rowly inquired, rather indifferently.
"No; he was not; he told me he was not, though he has a key to the street door," answered Rush, with apparent frankness.
Rowly opened his eyes wide. A key to the street door!

CHAPTER XXII.

A CANDIDATE FOR CAPTAIN'S CLERK. OWLY felt that he was getting ahead a little when he discovered that Silky 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, "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

rs.
'I suppose he did, though he knew what
urs I used to be in my room."
'Is Mr. Gunnywood in any kind of business,
sh?" hours I

"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

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 wanted to use at his room in mending the lock on his trunk"

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.

"When did you see Gunnywood last Rush?"

When did you see Gunnywood last, Rush?

"When 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."

"Where do you suppose Gunnywood is now?" asked Rowly.

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

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

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 doer 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 in Amsterdam. It will make me a rich man, and it will do the same for Gunnywood, if he will make the model of the machine, and take half interest in the enterprise. By the way, has he any money to invest, Rush?"

"He always seems to have plenty of money, though I don't know whether he has any to put into such a scheme as yours," replied Rush, who appeared to be satisfied with the explanation.
"Besides, I want to return his revolver to him, for I thought it would be safer in my pocket than in his, after I had tumbled into his room the way I did."
"Why didn't you knock and come in like a

than in his, after 1 had tumbled into his room the way 1 did."

"Why didn't you knock and come in like a Christian?"

"Because I heard him talking with some one, and I knew he had company. I wanted to see him alone, for the particulars of the machine must be a profound secret till we are ready to get a patent on it."

a patent on it."
"I am going to take a car here," interposed
Captain Ringboom, after he had waited some
time for his companion to finish his conversa-

"You won't say a word to my father about Gunnywood, will you, Rowly?" said Rush, re-turning to the business he had with the young

turning to the business he had with the young clerk.

"I am not likely to see your father again, now that he has no further business with Mrs. Everton," replied Rowly evasively. "I will call and see you if I can when I get back."

The captain had stepped on the platform of the car by this time, and Rowly followed him without wasting any compliments on Rush.

He went on board of the ship, and made a copy of the descriptive list of the diamonds; and after the captain had attended to some business, they were ready to return to the shore, for the ship was moored in the bay.

"I am glad to find you, Captain Ringboom," said a gentleman, entering the cabin as they were about to leave it.

"How are you, Captain Wellfleet?" replied Rowly's companion, extending his honest hand to the visitor.

"I have been one board of the Reindeer twice.

I have been on board of the Reindeer twice

"I have been on board of the Reindeer twice before today to see you, and I am lucky to find you the third time," added Captain Wellfleet. "I have been very busy today, and had to go up to Tarrytown to find the man I wanted to see. Can I do anything for you?" "Perhaps you can, Ringboom," replied the master of the Ganymede, for that was the name of his ship, anchored not far from the Reindeer, as he-looked over the captain's young companion with more interest than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

to warrant.

Captain Wellfleet was what might well be called an "ocean swell," for unlike his friend of the Reindeer, he was finely dressed. His garments were of navy blue, cut in the most jaunty

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.

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 this yoyage 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 such an assistant as I need, repned Capani.
Wellseet, still scanning the features and general

Wellkeet, 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 can trust. I shipped a young man today that I thought would do; but I don't exactly like the cut of his jib. 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 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, and I will do what I can to find 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 bliest had."

such a place at this season of the year," repled 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 every-body 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 brown. 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 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.

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 face before, and he cudgeled 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 not till the master of the Ganymede 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 ebb tomorrow; but I must find the clerk I want before that time."

On the ebb tomorrow; but I must find the clerk I want before that tin

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.

followed the master of the Ganymede to the gangway.

"That young fellow wants leave of absence till noon tomorrow," said Captain Wellifeet, *se he was about to descend the accommodation 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.



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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,

SI 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 fasci-nating 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 Accents are misplaced, inflections often made! 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 tne figure of speech.

Electricity especially, while one of the most useful of the later discoveries in the scientific vorld, 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 oeen 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

BOYS Here Is Your Chance!

ANY ONE OF THE FOLLOW-ING BOOKS FREE:

NO. 1, "THE MOUNTAIN CAYE; or, THE MYSTERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA," by George H. Coomer. This is a thrilling tale of the strange experiences of a boy captured by a law-less gang among the mountains of California. No. 2, "A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST; or, JACK BOND'S QUEST," by Frank H. Converse, tells the story of a plucky American boy who set out into the world to seek his fortune, and relates the strange quest that led him to the African coast.

and relates the strange quest that led him to the African coast.

No. 3, "The Boys in the Forecastle; A Story of Real Shidden This is one of the very best of Mr. Coomer's healthy, manly stories. Every reader will be deeply interested in the adventures of Bob Allen and Tom Dean.

No. 4, "Barrara's Truchmis; or, The Fortunes of a Young Artist," by Mary A. Penison, is a pathetic and delightful tale, and the sympathy and interest of every reader will

Penison, is a pathetic and delightful tale, and the sympathy and interest of every reader will certainly go out to Duke and Barbara Gower while following the strange life history of these two very attractive young people.

NO. 5. "Number 91; or, The Adventures of A New York Telegraphi Boy," by Arthur Lee Putnam, author of "Walter Griffith," etc. This is an extremely dramatic and interesting story of life in the great city.

NO. 6. "JACK WHEELER; A STORY OF THE WILD WEST," by Captain David Southwick. A spirited and stirring narrative of life among the ranchmen and the Indians on the great prairies.

prairies.

No. 7, "THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND," by Frank H. Converse, is another striking story. The strange adventures of the hero, Roy Cole, and his clever efforts to trace the missing jewels, are told in this popular author's best style.

THESE books which we offer as premiums are extremely neat and handy volumes. They include only the best stories by the most popular authors, and are in every respect, except the binding, equal to the \$1.25 juvenile books; in illustration, indeed, they are far superior.

Next week, as announced in another column we shall commence a new serial by that universal favorite Oliver Optic. The title of the story is

THE YOUNG HERMIT Of Lake Minnetonka.

As this is an extraordinary story in many respects-a story marvelously interesting from first to last, we are very anxious to get it into the hands of young people who do not read the ARGOSY. We therefore make the following proposition to you whom we look upon as friends as well as readers.

We will give you any of the above books free for every copy you will sell of next week's Argosy, the number containing the opening chapters of Oliver Optic's new story.

These copies, however, must be sold to those who do not now buy the Argosy, and our object is to get new readers started on this fascinating story, and thereby increase our sale.

If you sell one copy, you will get one book. If you sell a dozen copies you will get a dozen books. You must, however, send three two cent stamps to pay for postage and packing on each book. This you must not fail to do.

You had better see your newsdealer after you have made up your list of all who agree to buy the paper, and get him to order all the extra copies you will need. Address

FRANK A. MUNSEY, Publisher, 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK.

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 abstruseness of the subject, and unfortunate, on account of its extreme import-ance. To discuss with calmness is as necessary as to study without preju dice 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 unlucky as to differ from yourself must be either fools or traitors.

IOHN GRIFFIN CARLISLE.

From a photograph by Rell

Reckless p rtisan 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 teachi 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. 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 successful, 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 restore 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.—Thoreau.

Who gives a trifle meanly, is meaner than a ifle. -Lavater.

Who gives a trifle meanly, is meaner than a trifle. *Lavater.*

All actual heroes are essential men, and all men possible heroes. *—E. B. Brewining.*

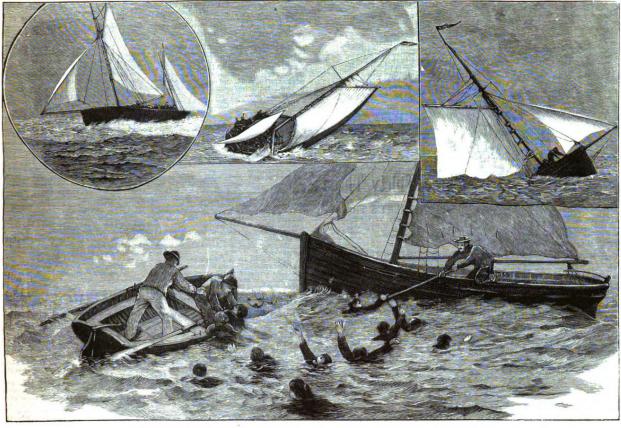
A MAN CAN NEW TO SEED T

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

wildest dreamer.—Sir Watter 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 whetsones with which to keep them sharp.—H. W. Beecker.

Those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shoul, remember that nothing can atome for latent the process of the should be an integrated to the state of the should be a superior to the should be a superior to the same than the same that the should be a superior to the same that th



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

A Striking Episode.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

N 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.

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 sterring—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 cuttershe 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 anateur 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 I' 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

Captain Thorpe rubbed his bristly chin thoughtfully.

"Wall, I an't much give to braggin!" he slowly replied, as he glanced at his own standbull sloop rigged boat, anchored off the end of the pier; "but if the old Boxer there won! 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 Rarmouth families, and in consequence he affected to treat the working classes with a sort of lofty contempt.

AIN THORPE AND THE TWO BOYS WORKED H.

It was Ned's turn to color—though with honest indignation. Fut I am sorry to say hit 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 hinself something of a sporting man, had brought boxing glows with him the previous season. Many of the boys connected with the Y. M. C. A. Rymnasium 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 hed 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 deup 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. Sullivario pourlistic 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.

"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

tude—indeed I nan annow san an encorone.

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!"

Not only did the taunt come from Rex himself, but two or three of his immediate followers.

ers.
"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 lelt for her.

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

taking Ned's arm, the captain feu into genty, away,

"I'd like to have taken Rex Sanford down a peg, all the same," gloomly 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 bettern him that takes a city—or words to that effec'?" 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.

I do hate to be called a solution by bulsively.

"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 Neither did that which occurred on the fol-

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 Leesom?" 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."

foller clost enough so the cutter n give was all 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 foo 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 Leesom was sailin' her, the Viking

cutter!"
"If old Leesom 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 he foot them.

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 sout-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 two.

Park's arduous duties at the helm had seemed.

the same time of reasoning, it wouldn't be the thing for his guests to refuse a glass—possibly two.

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 cased 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.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

"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

swiftly that 'she filled in an instant, and went down stern first.

"Le-d ha' merey!" 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 flown up in the wind with shaking sails.

As he rushed forward with the boat hook,

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 seaboard boy can gen-erally 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 imme-diate vicinity.

extending helping hands to those in their immediate vicinity.

"Help—oh.—help!"
It was Rex, the best swimmer in Barmouth, 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.

rave.

Like a flash Ned remembered an expedient he
nce heard Captain Thorpe mention having
een used—a cruel one, yet justified by the

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 limply 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 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, aithough none of them could strictly come under either of the above mentioned heads. All were saved, and landed at Barmouth in a moist, but thankful condition.

Captain Thorpe succeeded in raising the Viking on the following day. Young Ralstone had 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.

"Fellows," said Rex, pulling his reluctant companion forward, "Ned and I tried titles 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 tringer of careactives.

ed 1"
They were given with a will. Young Ralone added a "tiger" of extraordinary dimen-

sions.
"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:

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, willie object of the majority of the West Pointers become still more marked, since there they number but 121, while there are 203 retired officers who were appointed from civil life and 55 who came from the ranks of the army. Taking in the entire active and retired list, and adding the professors, we find 1,178 graduates, against 1,243 from civil life and 224 from the army, the combined majority of the two latter being 289.

RATHER an original method was once made use of in 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.

from the Chicago Herald.
When the first vessel completed-the passage of
the then new Eric Canal, in \$8x, the fact was communicated to New York and to Buffalo by cannon
placed within hearing of each other all the way
along 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 PERRY.
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 doth ly 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 White-cap," "The Denford Boys," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX. TRIUMPH OF THE ENEMY.

HRIGHER OF THE EXEMY.

A rthur, don't. It isn't dignified—
for a prisoner."
Allan stole up behind his chum and
his ear, for Seymour, true to his nature, was
fairly choking with laughter. And with cause.
The expression on Faul Beaver's face, when
he penied the door and discovered the room

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 a 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. Unluckliy 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

enemy to recover himself and "get in the shot" with the strangers.

their enemy to recover himself and "get in the first shot" with the strangers.

"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, sir?" and the touchy individual in the fur trimmed coat stepped forward to confront Beaver with two stern perpendicular wrinkles running between his eyebrows. "I 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."

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

The drummers looked at Beaver, then at the boys, and then at one another with a shrugging of the shoulders that boded ill to the Brooklyn contingent. The colored porter opened wide both mouth and eyes, while the brakeman began fussing with the sleeves of his jacket as though preparing to roll them up.

"Amazing!" ejaculated he of the fur trimming, turning to survey Allan and Arthur with a stony glare. Then, leaning forward toward Beaver again with an eagerness that was droll in connection with the sudden change of subject, he added: "But I should like to procure a cup of coffee and some breakfast here. We have been in the train all night and my appetite has had rather a keen edge put on it."

"Yes, yes," chorused the commercial travelers,
"trot out your larder. That's what we came

"tot out your larder. That's what we came for."

"Oh, I see, gentlemen," returned Beaver, with a glance towards the window, "you have been snow bound and have tunneled your way to my house. Well, I shall be most happy to accomodate you to the extent of our abilities, on one condition."

"Oh we expect to pay for what we eat."

one condition."

"Oh, we expect to pay for what we eat," spoke up one of the drummers. "And perhaps we can get the railroad company to make it good to us afterwards."

Beaver gave a weak sort of smile and a wave of the hand.

"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 pre-

venting 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, be-

ginning 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.

support. But Beaver seemed in no wise unconcerted.

"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 villenge of the property of the survey of the process that robbers go about nowadays with villenge of the process that robbers go about nowadays with villenge of the process that robbers go about nowadays with villenge of the process that robbers go about nowadays with villenge of the process that robbers go about nowadays with villenge of the process that robbers go about nowadays with villenge of the process.

of the younger drummers. "You don't suppose that robbers go about nowadays with vilainous scowls on their faces and a jimmy dang-

lamous scows when 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.

"Yes, yes," cried Inve or six of 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 thinses there won't be any trains moving over

tache 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 will try to supply your wants as well as we can in our humble way." "Anybody'd think he owned the house to

we will 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 rapully into the kitchen.

Allan had dropped into a seat on the only chair the room afforded, 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 hunery.

was gong 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 meekly with 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 apartiment.

"Whew I it's 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 don't want to get away."

returned Arthur, lowering, himself aring out," returned Arthur, lowering, himself aring out," we will be a season of the window will and crossing one leg confortably 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 scoundred that stole the Soo on and

the window,
"He's the scoundrel that stole the \$200,000, and "He's the scoundrel that stole the \$200,000, and has just set you to keep watch over us," replied Arthur. "I'll bet if he 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 believe what that Beaver tells you, then?"

Why shouldn't I believe him as quickly as

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 scare."

The other looked and laurhed outright.

The other looked and laughed outright. "That's good," he said. "detective camera to catch it."

"What's the joke?" asked Allan, getting up to walk over to the others. Arthur told, and Allan in turn fixed his gaze

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 extinguishment 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 winder."

· CHAPTER XXX. COUNTER CLAIMS.

COUNTER CLAIMS.

AD'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 stuped travelers to accompany him, some with cups of cofice 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 follow-

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, ignor-

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 turned to 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

"And now 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."

dow."

"And what authority have you, pray, to order us out of the house?" demanded the young man, who, having been installed as the chums' jailer, was now blooming out as their champion and defender. He was a shrewd, quick witted fellow, and Arthur's remark when Bedver 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 Apthur had told him concerning the actual state of affairs.

thur 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 got Arthur to mount the chair as a 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

occasion, and readily agreed to tell their story in oratorical fashion.

"This fellow," he began, inclining his head towards Allan, "and I are chums, and have 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 Tenbrook Falls."

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

does."

A mild sensation was created by this inter-ruption, and every eye, after turning for an in-stant towards Beaver, was bent again upon Arthur in eager expectancy.

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

"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

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

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 fett the blood welling up into his face in spite of him, with the gazof all those men bent upon it in all that morbid interest which weak human nature is so seldom which to revoke. 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.

"Oh. I can tell you that." put in a man with "mutton chop" side whiskers and a red neck-tie. "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 bandied about in these terms,

Beaver thought he saw a loophole for himself st at this point and made haste to avail him

just at this point and made haste to avail himself of it.

"Certainly, I am the man," he said, "and is it likely after bringing a law breaker 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," retorted the blonde man, "you know as well as we do that we can't do any wiring just now. We'll take your word for all but the unprovoked part of it. Suppose you keep quiet a while now, and let this young man go on with his story."

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

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

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

the railroad bosons.

"Yeak him if Mr. Trent, as he calls him, denies that he wrote the order. Ask him that, denie

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 assemblage. None of them was acquainted with Mr. Trent's handwriting, so that they would have to take his word for it that the uainted with Mr. Trent's handwriting, so that hey would have to take his word for it that the opy of Mr. Oppenheim's name and address on the crumpled bit of paper was an imitation of he same thing in the broker's hand. He hesi-ted for the briefest part of a second, then re

plied;
"We didn't have a chance to get Mr. Trent's
repudiation, because they took him off to Placer
City before we could see him after we knew of

the robbery."
"There! What did I tell you, gentlemen?"

the robbery."

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

"But we have got proof that will convict him
of something more 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 him at the moment, 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?"

say you?

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRIAL BEGINS.

HE 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 universal approval, except from Beaver himself.

"This is a serious busness," 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 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 delense. 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

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 eigh, 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, new came the newly appointed sergeant at arms, after him Beaver.

Arthur was quite elated at the prospect before

them,
"If we don't get justice we'll have 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 car windows, and
it seemed as if the blockade could not possibly
be lifted for works. lifted for weeks.

By the answers to their queries they concluded

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, sistens, or mothers, of whom there were, fortunately, few on the train. The porter had also purchased a scuttle of coal of Mr. Beaver, so that the sleeper—now made up for day use—was warm enough.

"I propose 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 young fellow of about Arthur's age, and doubtless 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

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

very interesting case, and win 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 the stove? You don't object to obliging us by serving, of course?"

the stove? You don't object to obliging us by serving, of course?"

"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 robberv."

bery."

This announcement was received with muf-This announcement was received with mur-fied expressions of horror and amazement by the two young ladies in the "judge's" party, while the old gentleman himself was scarcely less affected by the tidings. "Now for the jury," went on the brisk young man. Then he checked himself. "But wait,

man. Then he checked himself. "But waif, 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 house 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 index.

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 room there who witnessed 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, "suppose the er—let me say—I forget whether you are the plaintiff or defendant—oh, plaintiff, thank you, Mr. Connsel—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 thought struck Seymour, and he sprang up 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 "thunderbolt" 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 sprung upon him in the boldest, most atrocious alshion.

"I can explain the matter in no other way,"

"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 \$200,000, in fact the proceeds of twenty years' mining in the West."

West."
Here Arthur could not repress a deep drawn
"O-o-h," which attracted the eyes of all the
car upon him.
Beaver continued.

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—by the lady I am to marry on Saturdav."

A buzz of amazement ran through the car.

Saturday."

A buzz of amazement ran through the car, which was filled by a 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 conspirators 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." ade is lifted.

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

Of course the defendants will have their "Of ceurse the defendants will have their own story made up, and as from the nature of the case, no witnesses 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.)



CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always gld to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions are of general interest can receive attention in the area of the series of the serie

J. J. M., New York City. Acetic acid, sal am-ioniac, and caustic, are recommended for remov-

J. C., Baltimore, Md. How would Eclipse, Ex-celsior or the Maryland Star suit you as names for your base ball club?

Boys wishing to join the Fife and Drum Corps of e Hamilton Cadets should address Robert Fitkin, 8 South 8th St., Brooklyn, E. D.

W. H. S., Dennysville, Me. For all information respecting members of the Salvation Army, write to the new headquarters in this city, 111 Reade Street, care of Captain Booth.

Street, care of Captain Booth.

E. A. Werkershiffen, 25 Washington Hoboken, N. J., would like to hear from botween 14 and 17, and 5 ft. in height, who help to form a Cadet Corps in his city.

RETIRED Newsboy, Chicago, Ill. Your plan of organizing a corps of Naval Cadets is an ambitious one. The first thing needful would be a ship, which might be a somewhat expensive item.

W. H. C., Cincinnati, O. The Confederate stamp ssued at Baton Rouge, La., in 1861, is so rare that o specimen of it can ordinarily be procured, and is not possible to name any market price for it.

G. H. W., Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Only the rst volume of the "Forest and Stream Series" is one published. It is "The Young Wild Fowlers," and we can send it to you on receipt of the price,

\$1.25.

J. T., Cincinnati, O. r., "The Young Aerobat" has four good illustrations, drawn by the late I. B. Woodward. z. Channois leather is the best thing to use to polish silver; if very dirty, first wash in potato water.

H. D. W., Minneapolis, Minn. There are several journals devoted to wood working. We might mention The Teach of Indianapolis, Indianator for Mill Gaster, of Indianapolis, Indianapolis are several with Careful of New York, both of which are issued monthly.

H. D. T., Danielsonville, Conn. The answer syour questions will be found in the articles of "Rare Coins" in Nos. 279 and 280. See the this column of page 292; and for coin dealers' addresseonsult our advertising columns.

NAMBLESS CORRESPONDENT, New York City. No, re were perfectly correct in saying that Mr. Alger ow writes for no paper but The GOLDEN ARGOSV. serial by him which has recently appeared elsewhere was an old story republished.

where was an old story republished.

J. S. N., Newark, N. J. We wish we could help you, but unfortunately there is no way in which a Newark boy can make sure of obtaning a remunerative position in New York. You do not say what kind of work you are qualified to perform.

A CONSTANT READER, BOSTON, Mass Yes, the compiler of "Friday Facts" was wrong in saying that Lee surrendered and that Richmond was evaculated that the surrendered and the Richmond was evaculating the night of "In latter event took place during the night of "In latter event took place the property of th

mer on Sunday, April 9.

E. B. B., New York City. 1. We cannot give medical advice. You must consult a physician. 2. We cannot say which city has the best police and fire department. In most of our large cities both are in excellent condition; but if we mentioned New York's proverbial "Finest," what would our friends in Chicago and elsewhere say?

irrends in Chicago and elsewhere say?

G. S. W., Baltimore, Md. 1. The longest continuous railroad line under one management is that of the Canadian Pacific; but the total mileage of that company (1,990) is less than that of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and S. Paul (5,290) and the Union Pacific (4,510). 2. The first steam passenger railroad was that between Stockton and Darington, England, built by Stephenson and Pease in 1255.

England, built by Stephenson and Pease in 1825.

B. L., Sparta, Mo. 1. Professional base ball clubs usually have three officers: President, Secretary and Treasurer, 2. The captain has full and absolute control of the field and the players. 3. The duties of the other officers are the same as in any society or association. 4. Lieutenant Hamilton's "Elementary Principles of the Art of War," published by J. H. Soule & Co., of this city, would at many that you want in the way of a manual of a manua

arms.

H. E. D., Medford, Mass 1. The cost of an illustration, which we suppose is what you mean by
a "picture," depends altogether upon its nature,
2. Stories and all articles submitted for publication
should be addressed to the editor. 3. Certainly, it
is not necessary that all stories be illustrated, alties not necessary that all stories be illustrated, alare furnished with cuts. 4. If you want to get up
a military company we advise you to read Lieutenant Hamilton's articles on the subject in the
Argosy in Nos. 230-237.

EXCHANGES.

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Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to substribers and weekly purchasers of The Gount's Astooky, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, binds "egge, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," for any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of This Gount Astooky, and the object of the objec

culiars to the address given by use visitings.

A major of exchanges, which will be ublished in their turn as soon as state permits.

J. Nelson Shattuck, Natick, Mass, A magic untern with 56 views, for a set of boxing gloves.

F. W. Dusenberry, 202 Halsey St., Newark, N. A pair of opera glasses, for a self-inking press.

Frank Pelham, Cold Spring on Hudson, N. V watch valued at \$7, for a cornet or fiddle of equa

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

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

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

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

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

T. Newman, 334 East 86th St., New York City, press and two Jonts of type, valued at \$4,50, for drum with sticks.

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

J. W. Albaugh, 237 North Ave., Baltimore, Md. our hundred tin tags and four thousand stamps, or a camera and outit.

Frank Howard, Belle Vernon, Pa. An Ideal agic lantern, with 24 views, for a set of boxing loves or a catcher's mask. J. Norris, 182 East 76th St., New York City. Five foreign coins, 125 different stamps and 300 duplicates, for a brace and bits.

cates, for a brace and bits.

J. O. Reilly, 20 Oak Hill Ave., Pawtucket, R. I. Books by Castlemon, Alger, etc., for a stamp album with or without stamps.

John M. Geiss, Danville, Pa. Two hundred and fity different tin tags, and 150 different paper tags, for 350 different foreign stamps.

Henry Theinert, 106 East 4th St., New York City. A magic lantern with 24 sides, valued at \$3, for a camera and outfit valued at \$3.50 and 150 different paper to the stamp of the stamp

Camera and outnt valued at \$2.50.

Alva L. Voodry, General Delivery, Des Moines, Ioa. A pair of Indian clubs, a pair of dumb bells, and a harmonicas, for a xylophone.

W. H. Glascock, Saverton, Mo. Books, and a telescope, for books, volumes of Ture Golden Argory, a watch, or boxing gloves.

William Connelly, 333 Cutter St., Cincinnati, O. A pair of all steel Acme club skates, and 475 different tin tags, for a press, or Vol. IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

ARGOSY.

E. W. Thomas, Jr., Box 2274. Ocean Grove, N. J.

Over 500 stamps in an International album, for Lippincott's Gazetteer 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 Hard-ware roller skates, for a bound volume of the Argosy prior to Vol. V.

Harry Rieser, 842 ad Ave., New York City, A small Eclipse camera and outfit, a cabinet of type, crayons and water colors, and a bagatelle table, etc., for a good sized camera and outfit.

THE SALT SEA.

On 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, 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.

It 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 fie in the sun on the slopping deck,
Wrapped close by the spray from heels to neck,
Made strong with the blood of the mad, white se
The wealth and the health of it all for me. The wealth and the health of it all for me. Throw wide thine 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.

OM 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 considerable." "semanted the detective of the detection of the detection

"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 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," whis-pered 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

On the way from the levee he had ob-

served 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?

lent 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 un-

merited 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 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 cortege, 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 livery stable keeper, who said he was "a reg'lar 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 prose-cution, he led him in triumph to the cution, he led him in triumph to the 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 heighten-ing the malicious enjoyment of the ing the malicious enjoyment of the youth.

Hawk and McDade had been looking

out for some one sharp enough to per-form 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 chloro-formed the telegraph operator in St. Andre, and intercepted Mr. Walsing-Andre, and intercepted Mr. Walsing-ham's message to Macready and Dillon, sending back the message he had re-ceived; 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 de-graded wretch was permitted to cast graded wreten 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

A leading question having been put to Raff to set him on the desired track,

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 startted violently.) "with them lovely black mustachers an' with them lovely black mustachers an' is whiskers an' his wig, a lyin' on the table alongside of a pile—crickey, wot a pile!—of banknotes."
"For shame! Will you allow an hon-

orable gentleman to be maligned by this poor heathen who knows not the meaning of truth?" cried Hawk passionately.

"An' blessed if he worn't a sewin' the banknotes inter his weskit —"
"Outrageous falsehood!" cried Hawk,

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

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

Hawk fell back into his chair trem-

Hawk fell back into his chair trembling in every limb.
"Yer 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 with 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!"

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 cir-

cumstances in connection with the Havi-land loan, and Tom Fenwick's reasons for believing that Hawk had the money 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 or for corroborative information, and or that Hawk be removed and searched.

White 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 magis trate 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.

oned 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. 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

in his eyes.

"At last—at last I can ask you to for give 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.

HE 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. Walsing-ham's gold, he wno had not reaped the benefit of one cent of it!

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. Havi which they accused him. Mrs Haviland, too, had time to send a detailed ac-count of the theft of the promissory note, and inclosed in the letter that cornelian 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 who had already taken charge of the 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 satin his money lending den, waiting to pluck them bare!

It came out that Fontaine and Manet 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 whisky ring, to man the schooner on her Southern cruise in search of the boys.

They had easily found out the pame

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 hard the they knew the lads whom they heard the strangers inquiring after. Hawk fastthey knew the lads whom they heard the strangers inquiring after. Hawk fast-ened 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 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 garcons," 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 man-slaughter; he had intended murder, that staughter; ne nad 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 murno, 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

along with the three Canadian sailors, nothing tangible being found against them. As for McDade, that unfortunate half pagan, half brute, his doom had already 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

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 guid-ing 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 The facts in the case are given by a writer in the Atlantic Monthly.

ago? The facts in the case are given by a writer in the Allantic Monthly.

Long stockings and knee breeches were once well affirmed as the tovering 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 disease condition of the legs. This left to the investor 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 polls were a necessity. In many other matters of dress the military habit 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

meaningers such a human distribution ality 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:

respondent 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 time there is a sharp, small blade. What the prince annot 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 desterity, 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 oay trying to coinect 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'; pay it isn't fit to assette—" Servant (opening the door)—"The butcher, sorr, is down stairs with his bil." Husband—"Tell him to call again."

This story commenced in No. 282.1 _ A _

New York Boy;

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF RUFE RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

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

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

"I ging 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 goin' to do?" asked Rufe.

"I don't know," answered the young man, gazing about him with a vacant expression.

"Did you want to drown your-self?"

self?"
The inebriate muttered some-

The inebriate muttered some-thing 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 ap-peared to be in good circum-stances, perhaps rich. It was dif-ficult to conceive a reason for such a man wishing to make away with himself. himself.

Where do you live?" asked

"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 Rufus—noticing that his 'companion found a difficulty in walking straight.

panion found a difficulty in waiking 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 Rufus suggested taking the horse cars.

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

"No, take a dame."
young man.
"That will cost more," said
Rufus, in a tone of hesitation. He
could not tell whether the young
man had money enough for hack

"Here, take my pocketbook, and ay out of that," said his com-"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 hote!."
"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."

Will you go up to your room?" ed Rufus, as they left the asked

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

"Perhaps I shall need to men-

"Perhaps a small control of the work of the desk inquired for the key of work of the work

No. 197.
"For whom do you want it?"

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 goin' 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."
"Wey well. Take him to his room."
"When Hugh Morrill entered his chamber, escorted by his young companion, he asked Rufus to remove his coat and yest 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."

your name ?"
"Rufus Rodman."

Are you a poor boy ?"
Yes, sir."

"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, eying him with a puzzled look.

"Who are you?" he asked.
"Rufus Rodman."
"Are you a friend of mine?"

"Rufus Rodman."
"Are you a friend of mine?"
"I hope so," answered Rufe, with a smile.
"How did you greet in?"
"Don't you remember that I brought you ome from the Brooklyn Bridge?".
Light dawned upon the young man, and the vents of the morning came back to his recolction. Light dawn... , events of the morning came back to me events of the morning came back to me events of the morning came back to me events of the morning. "Was I—very dround 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.

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.

name.
"I wish I knowed enough to be a reporter,"

the young man

said Rufe.
"Knew would be more grammatical," said

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

LEONARD WILTON.

CHAPTER IX

THE BOY IN THE WARDROBE. O you know this person, Rufus?" asked Morrill, noticing the boy's exclamation. "Yes, sir."

"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 hote!"

this hoiel?"
"Perhaps you mentioned where you were staying," said Rufus.
"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 hin, Rufus?"
"I know that he is a confidence man. I prevented his swindling an old gentleman from the country vesterday."

yesterday."
"Indeed! Then he is a professional."

"If he comes up let me hide somewhere and hear what he says.

"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 engaring smile.

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

"ay 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."
"I hope it did."
"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's 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 wery kind to feel such an interest in a stranger."
"My dear fellow, you don't

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 cousis 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

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."

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 I 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 con sult 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 muttere." "How comes that kid here?"

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

clamation of surprise.



"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 Rufus, 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 i 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."

vited me to drink.

'red."

"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?"

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 a. 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.

"I don't know any more about grammar than the man in the moon," Rufus 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 mere. That was a great mistake—as my father would say, business first.

"I didn't expect we should meet again se

soon."
"Who are you, boy?" demanded Wilton,

"Who are you, boy?" demanded witton, loftily.
"Don't you remember meeting me yesterday, Mr. Wilton?"

Are you the boy that blacked my boots in w Hall Park?"

Mr. Wilton?"
"Are you the boy that blacked my boots in City Hall Park?"
"No, I am not in that business. I met you at the New England Hotel in the Bowery."
"You are quite mistaken, young man," said Wilton, with effrontery. "I don't even know where the New England Hotel is. As for the Bowery, I am seldom in that part of the town. It's unfashionable,"
"You don't remember Joshua Beckwith, of Greenville, New Hampshire?" continued Rufe.
"Really, boy, I don't understand your meaning. You evidently mistake me for some one else. Is Beckwith a friend of yours?"
"Yes, Mr. Wilton, but he doesn't feel very friendly to you. That green-goods you came so near selling to him—"
"Is this boy drunk or crazy, Mr. Morrill?" asked Wilton, trying to brazen it out. "May I ask where you picked him up?"
"He picked me up," answered Morrill. "If he is crazy, there is a method in his madness. Rufus, be kind enough to tell me what you know of this gentleman, and then I will decide whether to accept his invitation or not."
Leonard Wilton rose from his seat, for he saw that there was little chance now of carrying out his scheme.
"I cannot consent to remain here, and allow"."

ing out his scheme.
"I cannot consent to remain here, and allow

myself to be calumniated by a low ragamuffin, he said. "I warn you, Mr. Morrill, that he is deceiving you. I know him to be a thief,

and—"
"I thought you had never seen him before," said Morrill, shrewdly,
"I thought I had not, but I now remember seeing him on trial before the Court of Special Sessions, for stealing an opera glass from a house where he was engaged to make fires. I think he was sent to the Island for three months."

think he was sent to the Island for three months."

"Whew!" exclaimed Rufus, "What news we hear of ourselves. Mr. Wilton, you ought to write stories. You'd be a success."

"Don't speak to me, you young rascal!" said Wilton, with concentrated anger. "If it were not for the presence of this gentleman, for whom I feel respect, I would thrash you before I left this room. I am really sorry, Mr. Morrill, that you have allowed this young reptile to creep into your confidence. I forgive you for misjudging me. Some day you will find out your mistake."

your mistake."
With a ceremonious bow Wilton left the room, in apparent good order, but when he was fairly out in the hall, he gave way to an access of fury, shaking his fist, and grinding his teeth

teeth
"How, in the name of all that's mysterious, did that young cub manage to fall in with Morrill?" he exclaimed. "He seems born to defeat my plans. This is the second time he has interfered with me, and prevented my making a good haul. If he were a man now I wouldn't mind so much, but a ragged boy—it makes me ashamed!"

ing a good naul. If newer a man now it makes me ashamed?"

'Really, Rufus, that is a good comedy!" said Hugh Morrill, after his visitor had left the froom. "Now, tell me under what circumstances you met this fellow. He seems the very prince of swindlers."

Rufue told the swindlers. Rufue told the seems the very prince of swindlers.

Rufue told thought of the seems the very rich an acceasional touch of humor which served to the seems the very rich as graphic manner, with an acceasional touch of humor which served to the seems to the seems the seems the seems the very like the seems to the seems to the seems the seems that I don't need to feel wholly ashamed at so nearly falling a victim to his wiles. He and his gang would have found me a rich prey. How much money do you think I have about me?"

"A hundred dollars?" guessed Rufe.

"That would be a trifle. This wallet," drawing it from his pocket, "contains two thousand dollars."

Rufe eyed the wallet with evident awe. The young man seemed to him a second Vanderbilt.

"Isn't it risky carryin' about so much money?" he asked.

"Yes, it is, It would have served me right if I had lost it; but all the same it would have been very disagreeable. I will put the greater part of it in the hotel safe as soon as 1 go down stairs."

"Do you want me any longer, Mr. Morrill?"

stairs."
"Do you want me any longer, Mr. Morrill?"
"No, but you may come around to the hotel tomorrow morning at ten. Wait a minute! You have done me a favor, and I want to make a suitable acknowledgment."

CHAPTER X.

A THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

S the young man spoke he detached a bank bill from the roll, and handed it to Rufe.

Rufe.

The latter opened wide his eyes with surprise and pleasure as he saw in one corner XX, indicating that it was a twenty dollar bill.

Do you mean all that for me, Mr, Morrill?" he asked.

Yes; it is only one per cent of what I might have lost but for your timely help, not to men-tion that you saved my life. I value that at a thousand dollars at least," he added, with a smile. "That reminds me, you ought to have one per cent on that also. Here are ten dollars

ore.

Thank you, sir; you are very generous.
In't expect to retire on a fortune so young.

"Perhaps you had better wait till you get a little more before retiring. Now I am going to give you a little advice. Put most of the money where you can't lose or spend it."

"I will, sir; I'll put it into the bank, for I've got most of the ten dollars left that Mr. Beckwith gave me yesterday."

with gave me yesterday."
"You seem to have made more out of us than Mr. Wilton, and in a more creditable way, too. Now good night! On the whole you needn't come round to the hotel till one o'clock

needn't come round to the notel till one o clock tomorrow. I shall spend the morning in mak-ing business calls."

When Rufus went home he met Edith, the drunkard's little daughter, near the outer door

of the tenement.

"You look sad, Edie," said Rufus, whose quick eye detected signs of trouble in the little girl's face. "What is the matter? Has your, father come back to trouble you?"

"No, Rufie. He has been sent back to the

"Then he won't trouble you for three months more. You are not grievin' about that, are

Island, so the policeman told us."

"Then he won't trouble you for three months more. You are not grievin' about that, are you?"

"No; it's because I went to get some money for mother from a lady she's been washing for, and she's out of town for a few days."

"How much was it, Edie?"

"A dollar and a half. That's a good deal of money," said Edie, simply. "So we shall have to go to bed without supper. I don't mind it for myself, but it's hard on poor mother."

"No, you won't go to bed without supper, Edie," said Rufe, energetically. "Micky and I will come in and take supper with you."

"But, Rufe, we haven't got any supper," said Edith, bewildered.

"You are goin't to have some. I'll go out and buy some steak, and potatoes, and butter, and your mother can cook it for us all. Do you think she will?"

"Oh, that'll be nice," exclaimed the girl enthusiastically.

"Has your mother got any tea?"

"I think she has a little left."

"Then we will have some tea, too. If you are out of sugar, I'll buy some. I'll go in and speak to your mother about it."

Mrs. Pickett was very glad to contribute her part towards the supper by cooking the articles which Rufe purchased. In an hour, Micky having returned meanwhile, they all sat down to the table and ate an appetizing supper.

"That beasts the restaurant all holler, Mrs. Pickett, suppose we make the arrangement reg'elar. Me and Micky will buy things for supper every day if you'll cook, You and Edie will get your share for cookin."

"I shall be delighted to do it, Rufe," said the poor woman, carnestly." "It will help us very or wone we make the arrangement reg'elar.

get your share for cookin...
"I shall be delighted to do it, Rufe," said the woman, earnestly. "It will help us very

much."
"Then it's a go! I'll lend you a dollar besides till you get the money Edie went out for."
"But, Rufe, can you spare it? I know you are poor, and have to struggle for a living."
"Call me poor! While I'm rollin' in money, ain't I, Micky?"
"Yes, Rufe waites the rights!

ain't I, Micky?"
"Yes, Rufe, you're the richest baggage smasher I ever knowed."
"You see, Mrs. Pickett, you needn't be afraid of reducin' me to poverty. I'm thinkin' of buyin' a house on Fifth Avenoo when I can find one nice enough. The one next to Jay Gould will about suit me."

one nice enough. The one next to Jay Gould will about suit me."

The next day Rufus called at the Grand Central Hotel, and readily found his new friend,

"Well, Rufus," said Hugh Morrill, "I have finished my business in New York, and expect to leave town this evening for Syracuse. Have you put away the money I gave you?"

"Yes, sir; I've opened an account at the Bowery Savings Bank. Here is my book."

He showed a new bank book, in which he was credited with a deposit of thirty dollars.

"Take care your friend Wilton doesn't get hold of that money," said Morrill.

"I have been thinkin' of gettin' him for my guardian, Mr. Morrill, but if you don't think it's best I won't do it."

"In such a matter you can judge for yourself. Before we part, Rufus, there is one thing I believe I will mention to you, because you seem to me a bright, sharp boy. Indeed, if you were not, it would have been the worse for Mr. Beckwith and myself."

Rufe listened with attention. He wondered

not, it would have been the worse for Mr. peca-with and myself."
Rufe listened with attention. He wondered what was to follow this preface.
"Sit down, Rufus, and I will tell you a little story. Let me say, in the outset, that the name of my father's firm is Morrill and Pearson. We story. Let me say, in the outset, that the name of my father's firm is Morrill and Pearson. We are wealthy manufacturers of woollen goods. A number of years since my father had in his employ a man named Cole, who was assistant bookkeeper. He seemed a reliable man, and lived modestly with a wife and child in a house belonging to my father. What was our surprise and regret when a check for a thousand dollars, with the firm signature forged, turned up at one of the monthly settlements, and circumstances pointed to Cole as the forger. He did not deny having presented the check, as charged by the bank teller, but declared that he check had been handed him by the head bookkeeper, a man named Bowers.

"Bowers indignantly denied the charge, and declared he knew nothing whatever of the check. It looked as if the story were conoccted by Cole to conceal his own criminal act. He persisted, however, in the declaration that he had handed the money received for the check to the head bookkeeper. His tale was not credited,

and, though the firm declined to prosecute, Cole was discharged, and immediately left Syracuse with his family.

"Now for the sequel. Within a year my father obtained convincing proof of the dishonesty of Joseph Bowers, the head bookkeeper, and was led to believe he had done poor Cole a great injustice. We have tried to find the poor fellow, but in vain. Now as so many thousands drift to New York, we have thought it possible that he or some of his family are here, or may come here. I want to you to keep your eyes open, and if you ever find any trace of Cole or his family, apprise me at once."

"Will do so," answered Rufe, with interest. "Where is Bowers?"

"At Sing Sing. My father had no desire to shield him from the punishment he so richly merited."

merited."
"What was Mr. Cole's first name?" asked Rufe. "Ernest."

Rufe.

"Ernest."

"How old would he be now?"

"About forty, I should judge. I was scarcely more than a boy when this happened, and I remember how sorry I was for poor Cole, for he was always gentle and kind to me. Like my father, however, I believed him guilty, for the proofs against him were very strong. My father would gladly give you a thousand dollars to find him."

"That is comething to work for." said Rufe.

That is something to work for," said Rufe,

"That is someting to work in, said American thoughtfully.
"I hope you may succeed. And now I must be getting to the depot."
"Shant I go with you, sir?"
"Yes, if you like. Indeed, I shall be glad to have you."

have you."

Rufe saw his new friend into the cars, and then prepared to leave the depot. He was called back by a man of medium height, with a thin, sallow face, and sharp, keen eyes.

"Boy," he said, "are you ready for a job!"
"Yes, sir, if it will pay me."
"It will pay you. Step outside a minute, and I will tell you what I require."

(To be continued.)

Mr. Halgrove's Ward;

LIVING IT DOWN.

By TALBOT BAINES REED, Author of "Reginald Cruden," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLIV. A FRESH START.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A FRESH START.

It is supposed to be the duty of every well conducted author, after the curtain has fallen on the final tableau of his little drama, to lift it, or half lift it, for a momentary last glimpse of the principal actors.

I am not quite sure whether this is not an encouragement to laziness on the part of the reader. In most respects he is as well able to picture the future of Jeffreys, and Raby, and Percy, and Tim, as I am.

I cannot show them to you in all the dignity of an honored old age, because they are only a year or two older today than they were when Percy and Jeffreys took that little run together down to Cumberland. Nor can I show them to you, after the fashion of the fairy tale, "married and living happily ever afterwards," because when I met Jeffreys in the Strand the other day, he told me that although he had just been appointed to the control of a great public library in the north, it would still be some months, possibly a year, before he would be able to set up house on his som account.

However, he seemed contented on the whole to wait a bit; and in a long talk we had as we walked up and down the Embankment I heard a good many scraps of information which make it possible to satisfy the reader on one or two points about which he may still be anxious.

Jeffreys and Percy stayed at Wildtree for a month, and that time was one of the happiest both of them ever spent. They did nothing exciting. They read some Aristophanes; and added some new "dodge" to their wonderful automatic bookcase. They went up Wild Pike one bright winter's day and had a glorious view from the top. And on the ledge coming back they stat and rested awhile on a spot they both remembered well. Julius's grave was not for optien when they reached the valley below; and them on his first arrival as a father springs to them on his first arrival as a father springs to the month and them on his first arrival as a father springs to the month and the month in the state and sentence.

As for the books, Jeffreys had sprung toward As for the books, Jeffreys had sprung toward them on his first arrival as a father springs toward his long lost family. They were sadly in want of dusting and arranging; as for a month or two no one had been near them. On the floor lay the parcels just as they had arrived from the sale in Exeter; and altogether Jeffreys had work enough to keep him busy not for one month only but for several.

He was not sorry to be busy. For amid all the happiness and comfort of his new return to life he had many cares on his mind.

the nappiness and conflort of in sine return to life he had many cares on his mind.

There was Forrester. He had imagined that if he could only find him, all would be right, the past would be canceled and his bad name would never again trouble him. But as he thought of the helpless cripple, lying there unable to move without assistance, with all his

prospects blighted and his very life a burden to him, he began to realize that the past was not canceled, that he had a life's debt yet to pay and a life's wrong yet to atone for. But he bravely faced his duty now. Forrester's letters, which came frequently, certainly did not do much to encourage melancholy reflections.

"I'm in clover here," the boy wrote about a week after Jeffreys had gone north. "One would think I'd done something awfully fine. My guardian is a trump—and is never tired of telling me about my father. Do you know I'm to have a pension from a grateful country? "Here am I writing about myself when I know you are longing to hear about—(turn over leaf and hide your blushes)—the babies! They are tip top. Timothy ever since I got my sword has shown great respect for me, and sits on the pillow while I sketch. By the way, do you recognize inclosed portrait? It's my first attempt at a face—rather a pleasant face too, eh? "She, by the way, never mentions you, which is an excellent sign; but rather rough on me when I want to talk about you. She occasionally is drawn out to talk about a certain Mr. John at Storr Alley; but, as you know, she only knew about him from hearsay. How's that boy who has got hold of you down in Cumberland? Are he and I to be friends or enemies? Tell him I'm game for either, and give him choice of weapons if the latter. But as long as he lets me see you now and then and treats you well, we may as well be friends. I'm flourishing and awfully in love. Stay away as long as you can: you're not wanted here. The lady of Clarges Street came to see me yesterday. She sent you really a kind message; so even in that quarter you may yet look for a friend. Good by—remember me to that chap. Tim sends his duty: and sked if there was any message, did not hear what said.—G.F. He rejoiced humbly in its affectionate tone toward himself. He teres ure not provide the purbatit. He was gratified at the treasured the purbate tone toward himself. He treasured the purbate to prospect before his babies.

T

in Regent's Park. Forrester's jocular reference to Raby's silence and reserve seemed to Jeffreys but a confirmation of what he believed to be the truth.

He was to her what any other friend in distress might be, an object of sweet pity and solicitude, But that was all.

At the end of a month Mr. Rimbolt wrote to sav he was coming down to Wildtree and would be glad if Percy and Jeffreys would meet him at Overton.

They did so, and found that he was not alone. Mr. Halgrove stepped pleasantly out of the train at the same time and greeted his quondam ward with characteristic ease.

"Ah. Jeffreys—here we are again. I'm always meeting you at odd places. How fresh everything looks after the rain!"

"Mr. Halgrove is my bother in law, you know, Jeffreys—here was need to see you and have a talk. If you two would like to walk," added he, "Percy and I will drive on and have dinner ready by the time you arrive."

"Good hearted fellow, Rimbolt," said Mr. Halgrove, as they started to walk," added he, "Percy and I will drive on and have dinner ready by the time you arrive."

"Good hearted fellow, Rimbolt," said Mr. Halgrove, as they started to walk," he always was. That's Wild Pike, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Jeffreys, greatly puzzled by this unexpected meeting.

"Yes, Rimbolt's a good fellow; and doesn't mind telling bad fellows that they aren't You'll smile, Jeffreys; but he has actually made me uncomfortable sometimes."

"Neally?" said Jeffreys, thinking it must have been some very remarkable effort which succeeded in accomplishing that wonder.

"Yes, I told him once casually about an unpleasant ward I once had, whom I rather disliked. I thought the would sympathetic, but asked what had become all mymathetic, but asked what had become all mymathetic had saking inconvenient of a sking inconvenient of a sking inconvenient of the bad. That would not have been of much content with my finances in not at all

lost. It was an immense relief to me, I can assure you.

"Two months ago my finances looked up. I had news that some of in Y Yankes speculations were turning out well, and I unexpectedly found myself a man of means again. Rimboth who certainly has the knack of making ill timed suggestions, proposed that that would be a good opportunity for making good what pro-

perly belonged to my ward. I urged in vain that my ward was lost, and that the money properly belonged to me as a reward for the trouble I had had in the matter. He actually unsisted that I should deposit with him as trustee for my ward the full amount of what belonged to him with interest added to date, promising if by any unfortunate accident the fellow should be found to see it into his hands. One's obliged to humor Rimbolt, so I did what he wanted, and that's how it stands. If ever this unprofitable ward turns up he'd better keep his eye on Rimbolt.

"There, you see, Jeffreys, that's just a little anecdote to show you how easy it is, by being inconsiderate, for one person to make another uncomfortable. But now tell us how you like Cumberland. You must be quite a mountaineer by this time."

Cumberland. You must be quite a mountaineer by this time."

Jeffreys admitted that he was pretty good at it, and had the tact to suit his humor to that of his guardian, and not refer further to the lost ward or his money.

Mr. Halgrove only stayed two days, and then departed for the Great West, where it is possible he may today carry a lighter heart about with him for his latest act of reparation.

One afternoon a week later Jeffreys was walking with Raby in Regent's Park.

It was not exactly a chance walk. They had both been up to the orphanage at Hampstead with the reluctant Tim and his brother, to leave them there in good motherly hands till the troubles of infancy should be safely passed.

It was Tim who had insisted on having the escort of both his natural guardians on the occasion; and at such a time and on such an errand Tim's word was law. So they had gone all four in a cab, and now Raby and Jeffreys returned, and with a sense of bereavement, through the park.

They walked on some way in silence. Then she said:

"Storr Alley is so different now, Mr. Jeffreys.

she sad:

"Story Alley is so different now, Mr. Jeffreys,
"Story Alley is so different now, Mr. Jeffreys,
"Story Alley is so in your garret. You would
hardly know the place"
"How wond be strange indeed if I did not."
"How wonderful it all was," said Raby,
"When Jonah was telling me about his good
protector John, how littled dreamed it was you !"
"And when you wrote this little letter," said
showing her the precious little scrap of he, showing her the precious little scrap of paper, "how little you dreamed who would bless you for it!"

paper, "how little you dreamed who would bless you for it!"

"The blessing belonged, did it not, to Him who has been leading us all, in mercy, in His own way?"

Again they walked in silence.
Was it accident, or what, which brought them without knowing it to a spot which to each was full of painful memories?

Raby was the first to stop abruptly.

"Let us go another way, Mr. Jeffreys, if you don't mind. I don't like this avenue."

"No more do 1," said Jeffreys, who had stopped too.

"Why?" she asked.

"Need I say?"

"Not if you don't like."

"I have not walked down here since an afternoon last Cotober. There was a sudden storm of rain—"

"What! Were you have then?"

of raim—"
"What I Were you here then?"
"I was. You did not see me."
"You saw me, then. I twas with Mr. Scarfe."
"Yes. You were—"
"Miscrable and angry," said she, her face kindling at the recollection.
He darted one glance at her, as brief as that he had darted on the aftermoon of which they sooke.

spoke.

Then, he had read nothing but despair for himself: now though her eyes were downcast

ined, he had read nothing but despair for himself; now, though her eyes were downcast and her voice angry, he thought he read hope. "Suppose," said he, in a little while, "instead of running away from the path, we just walk down it together. Would you mind? Are you afraid?"

"No," said she, smiling. And they walked on.

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