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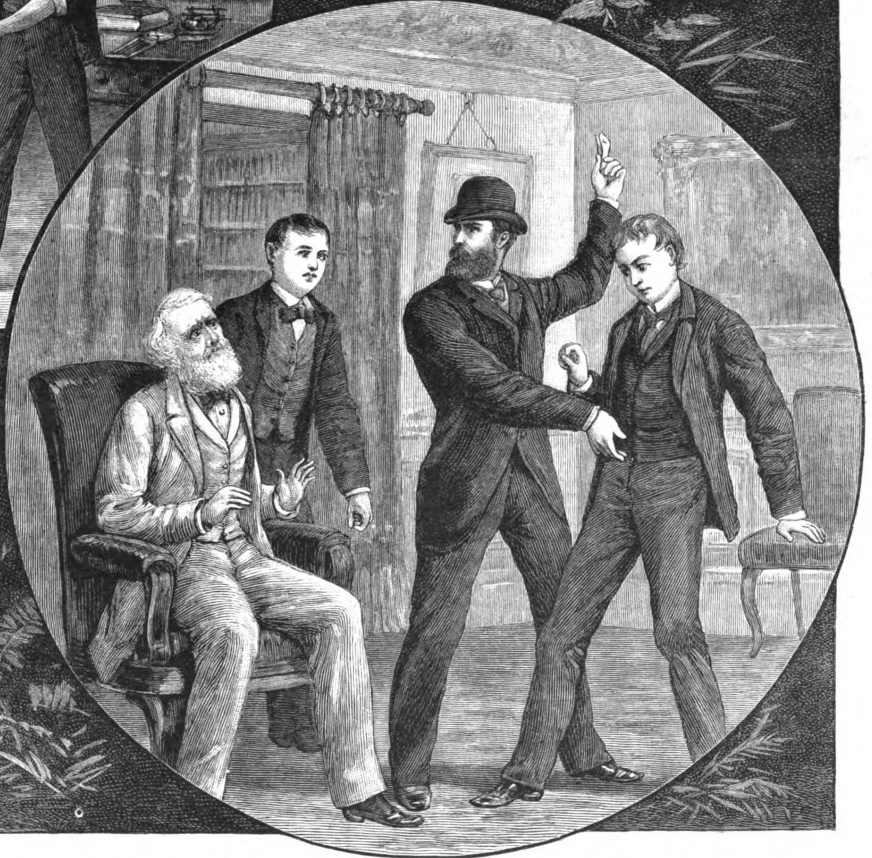
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THE YOUNG HERMIT OF LAKE MINNETONKA. By OLIVER OPTIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE.

"If you had any grit at all, you would not stay here another day," said Sparks

Gayland, a young man of eighteen, as he walked up and down the elegant parlor in which the other was seated.

"Where do you think I ought to go?"

asked Paul Gayland, a young good looking boy of fourteen, putting down the *Pioneer Press* he had been trying to read.

"Wherever you wish to go. You are

not wanted here," retorted Sparks, with a heavy tinge of bitterness in his tones.

"You mean that I am in your way, and you don't want me here," suggested

Paul, with more of sadness than of anger in his whole manner.

"I am not the only one that don't want you here," replied Sparks, halting in his walk before the boy.

"Your aunt, Mrs. Gayland, does not want me here any more than you do, I am well aware," continued Paul, looking very gloomy. His words seemed to come from a young heart in which sorrow had already taken up its abode. "Then why don't you take yourself out of the way?" demanded Sparks, in taunting tones.

"Mrs. Gayland and yourself are not the only persons in the family," answered the boy, in a very mild tone, though he seemed to have some confidence in the argument he offered.

"That's where the meanness on your part comes in!" exclaimed Sparks, quitted savagely, as he stalked away from his companion.

"I don't exactly understand where the meanness comes in. Mr. Gayland does not wish me to leave the house, though I have spoken to him several times about the matter," quietly responded Paul, as he looked at his tormentor, for such the other speaker had certainly become.

"Mr. Gayland is an old fool!" exclaimed Sparks, apparently gnashing his teeth at the difficulties in the situation, as he regarded them. Paul Gayland sprang to his feet, dropping the newspaper on the floor. There was a decided snap in his eyes, as he fixed his earnest gaze on the angry companion. He was evidently about to return a sharp answer to the young man; but he restrained his rising cholera, and, picking up his paper, seated himself again. The cloud had passed away from his brow.

"I do not think your uncle is an old fool," he said, in his most earnest manner.

"Of course I did not mean to say that offensively," added Sparks, suddenly changing his tone and manner, as he walked up to his companion, and looked him full in the face with an expression of anxiety.

"I don't see how you can call Mr. Gayland an old fool without being an old man," replied Paul, with a sad smile on his handsome countenance.

"You know that I have the highest respect and regard for my uncle," pleaded Sparks, who was no doubt very sorry for the hasty remark he had incautiously dropped in his anger.

Paul opened his eyes till his eyebrows were elevated and his forehead wrinkled, while his lips curled just enough to betray his incredulity.

"Perhaps you have," he added, in an indifferent tone.

"You know I both respect and love him, Paul!"

"I don't dispute it; that is a matter to be settled with your own conscience, and it does not concern me."

"But you did dispute it," replied Sparks, warming up again.

"I think not."

"What do you mean by putting a 'perhaps' in when I said I both love and respect my uncle?" demanded Sparks.

"Just now you called your uncle an old fool, who may be loving and respectful, but I don't see it in that light," replied Paul, shrugging his shoulders as though he had just come from Paris.

Sparks bit his lip till it ought to have bled, for he was painfully conscious that his impetuosity had led him into a serious blunder.

"I did not mean that," he said, subdued for the moment.

"I can't tell what you mean except from what you say, Sparks."

"But those harsh words might ruin me," suggested the nephew of Mr. Gayland.

"I don't think they would, for your uncle is a just man, and does not condemn a young fellow for a hasty remark."

"If he knew I said that—"

"He shall not know it from me," interposed Paul, only loud enough to break the sentence of his companion.

"Do you mean that you will not tell him what I said, Paul?" asked the other, his expression brightening up as though the offensive remark had been fully atoned for.

"That is what I mean; and I will not tell him what you said," replied Paul, so quietly that the impetuous young man hardly believed what he said.

"Honor bright, you will not report what I said to him?"

"I will not."

"Your hand on that, Paul," continued Sparks, extending to him his right hand.

"I make it a point to keep my promises," said the boy, as he took the proffered hand.

"I know you do, and I will trust you."

"Thank you."

"Of course I don't believe that my uncle is an old fool. I only mean to say that he has taken an unaccountable liking to you, while he is rather cold and stiff with me," Sparks explained.

"In a word, Sparks, your uncle, who is said to be worth six hundred thousand dollars, has taken a fancy to me, and may mention me in his will for a few thousands, just enough to keep me from coming to poverty and want," continued Paul lightly, as though the whole subject were a matter of indifference with him.

"A few thousands!" exclaimed Sparks.

"That is what I said; and you seem to object to it."

"I do not object to a few thousands."

"Does your aunt object to it?" asked Paul.

"Neither of us would object to anything of that sort; but my uncle is more likely to rob his wife and me for the sake of making you a rich

man when you are of age, if he should die within the next seven years, as I sincerely hope he will not."

"Rob your aunt and you!" exclaimed Paul, with a slight spark of indignation in his tones.

"I wish I could be as cool as you are, Paul," added Sparks, feeling that he had again overstepped the bounds of discretion. "Of course I did not mean that he would rob us."

"But that is what you said without stopping to think. You believe that your uncle's property belongs to your aunt and yourself."

"She is his wife, and I am his nephew, the only near relation he has in the world."

"That hardly answers my question. Mr. Gayland has your permission and that of his wife to give me a few thousands, say three or five, but all the rest belongs to you and her. That is the idea, is it not?" said Paul, apparently not much interested in what he said.

"Of course I don't put it in that way," replied Sparks impatiently.

"I had an idea that your uncle had a perfect right to do as he thought best with his own property."

"To be sure he has; but do you think it right that a young fellow, not in any way related to him, should step in and take the bulk of his property?" demanded Sparks indignantly.

"I should say that a young fellow had no right to do anything of the kind, or to meddle with the matter in any way, whether he be a young fellow of eighteen, which is your age, or fourteen, which is my age."

"But I am his nephew, his next of kin, and his only near relative," protested Sparks. "The law would give half or two thirds of his property to me if—"

"If your uncle did not give it to somebody else, which he has an undoubted right to do."

"Perhaps he has; but it isn't justice," growled Sparks. "You have stepped in to cut me off, or at least to cut me down. And who are you, Paul?"

"I haven't the least idea," replied the boy, shrugging his shoulders as though it were a matter of little consequence. "For aught I know, I am the son of Mr. Ward Gayland, your uncle."

"His son!" exclaimed Sparks, aghast at the very thought.

"I did not say I was his son; I don't know anything about it," returned Paul.

He rose from his chair and shoved up the coat sleeve of one arm.

CHAPTER II.

A DIFFERENCE IN THE COUNT.

"WHAT are you about, Paul? Do you want to get up a fight with me?" demanded Sparks, stepping back and looking with wonder at his young companion.

"I don't at all," replied Paul, as he rolled up the shirt sleeve on his right arm. "Do you see that?"

"What? I don't see anything," answered the other, retaining his position at some distance from Paul, as though he feared a sudden blow.

"You couldn't see it any better if you should go out of doors; and you would need a spy glass to see it where you are," continued Paul, as he walked toward his associate.

"See what? What are you talking about, Paul?" asked Sparks, keeping his gaze fastened on the other to be ready for a sudden surprise.

"Can you see this mark on my arm?" asked Paul, as he pointed to what looked like a spot half way between the wrist and the elbow.

Sparks was reassured, and he ventured to look at the mark.

"It consists of two letters," he added, looking at his companion for an explanation.

"You are right; there are two letters on my arm."

"P. G.," added Sparks, as he bent over the bare arm, and read the letters. "What does P. G. stand for?" demanded the nephew of his uncle, apparently as much distressed as he was surprised.

"The letters don't stand for George Washington, do they?" inquired Paul, with a significant smile.

"Certainly not; but what do they stand for?" asked the other as though his curiosity was very much excited.

"I don't know any better than you do; but I am generally known as Paul Gayland, and it is barely possible that the letters stand for that name, though it does not seem to occur to you that they mean that."

"But how came those letters on your arm?" demanded Sparks, beginning to be a little excited.

"Give it up!"

"Don't you know how they came there?"

"I haven't the least idea. When I first made the acquaintance of Paul Gayland those letters were on his arm. That is all I know about it," replied Paul, as he shrugged his shoulders from the force of habit, and proceeded to pull down his sleeve.

"You don't know? That is very strange," added the puzzled and discomfited nephew.

"But as true as it is strange."

"Does my uncle know that those letters are there?"

"I don't know whether he does or not; he never spoke to me about them so far as I can remember."

"That is very strange," mused the expectant heir.

"For aught I know, he may have put them there himself; and for aught I know, I may be his son."

"Impossible."

"Perhaps it is impossible; I don't know," replied Paul, again assuming his indifference of tone and manner.

"You know the circumstances under which my uncle took you into his keeping at first, and has cared for you ever since," added Sparks.

"Of course I know the story which is told to explain how I happen to be a member of this family, where it appears now that I am not wanted."

"The story! Then you don't believe it is true, but only a story?"

"I don't know whether it is true or not—how should I? I only know that I did not bring myself to him, and that I had nothing at all to do with his adopting me."

"You were not more than six or seven years old, and of course you had nothing to do with it; but I have no doubt at all of the truth of the story."

"I don't deny or dispute it," said Paul with something very like a yawn, as though the whole matter was a bore to him.

"My uncle had just married his young wife, and then went to Nice in France to spend the winter, for she could not stand the cold of St. Paul. While they were there, boarding at the hotel, they saw you in the care of a man who did not treat you very well. My uncle's sympathy was excited, and he spoke to the man, who told him the child was an orphan, and he was going to put you in an asylum of some sort."

"But for the story; I have heard it a dozen times before, for your aunt likes to tell it to her callers," interposed Paul, with a gasp.

"You were said to be a very pretty child, and my uncle and aunt felt a strong interest in you, the result of which was they took you from the man, and you have been a member of the family ever since, except for the year when you ran away."

"It is a great pity that I ever came back, as I should not have done if I had had my own way," suggested Paul.

"Now in the face of this story, which is vouched for by my aunt, who was in Nice at the time, for she could not stand the cold of St. Paul, my uncle?" asked Sparks, who was even more disturbed than he appeared to be.

"I don't say that I am Mr. Gayland's son, or I don't know anything at all about it, though the initials on my arm are rather suggestive."

"Why don't you ask my uncle about those initials?"

"I don't care anything about them."

"Don't you wish to know whether or not you are my uncle's son?"

"No."

"You don't?" demanded Sparks, amazed at the staidness of his companion.

"Why should I wish to know? If it were proved that I was his son, it would cut you off from any share in your uncle's wealth."

"You would not cry about that," sneered the nephew.

"I should weep my eyes out."

"All this conversation took place on the face of the footstool," exclaimed Sparks, beginning to pace the apartment again.

At this moment the door opened as though it had been burst in by a strong arm, and an old gentleman dashed into the room with a great bundle of bank bills in his hand.

"All this conversation took place in the sitting room of an elegant mansion on the hill, in St. Paul, the oldest, though possibly not exactly the most thriving city of the great Northwest, since its young rival has outstripped it by a few paces. The elderly gentleman, overloaded with bank notes, was Mr. Ward Gayland, a capitalist, though not a very successful operator for the thriving locality in which he resided."

Mr. Gayland rushed to the table in the middle of the room, and tossed the pile of bills upon it as though he had no great respect for the wealth it represented.

"Here Sparks, count this money. I have been over it nineteen times, and I can't make it twice running alike," said the capitalist, very much flurried about something he did not explain.

As he spoke, he darted into his library, in the rear of the parlor, as though he had something on his mind, and Paul, not caring to meet the uncle and nephew together at this time, hastened to the sitting room and went to his chamber on the next floor.

Sparks seated himself at the table, and proceeded to straighten out the pile of bank notes, which the old gentleman had crumpled up in his hands. He smoothed them out carefully, and laid them evenly before him on the table; and it was evident that he was more methodical than his uncle. Thus arranged, the pile was not a large one, and the young man went through the count in a very short time.

"Eleven thousand," said he to himself, and then he counted again. "Eleven thousand," he repeated, when he had gone through the pile a second time.

Though he appeared to have no doubt in regard to the amount, he laid off each bill by itself, and counted it again; and as all the bills were of the denomination of one thousand or five hundred, it took him but a couple of minutes, though he stripped each one to assure himself that it was not double.

"Eleven thousand," he repeated. "I cannot make any more or any less of it. But that is an odd amount, and I will bet money Uncle Ward

intended to make up the sum of ten thousand, for that is the biggest amount he will ever venture in one investment."

Then Sparks bent over the table and the bank notes, and appeared to be doing some heavy thinking.

"How much do you make of it, Sparks?" demanded Mr. Gayland, rushing back into the parlor from the library with a paper in his hand.

"That note for ten thousand, given by Valderwin, which is almost the only one I ever backed with my name in all my life, will not be paid, and the payor has just notified me that he cannot take care of it," he continued, without waiting for an answer to his question.

"But Valderwin is good, uncle," suggested the nephew, as he laid the pile of bills in front of the capitalist, who had rushed up to the table where he was seated.

"I have no doubt of that; but he is always confounded short of funds," added Mr. Gayland. "I have no doubt if I told him I would not pay the note till it was protested he would raise the money. How much did you say there was in that pile?"

"Ten thousand, Uncle Ward," replied Sparks, looking down at the table as though he was reading a memorandum of the amount.

"That is just what I made of it half the time, and eleven the other half," said the rich man. "Have you been over it carefully, Sparks?"

"Very carefully, sir; but I will go over it again if you wish," answered the nephew.

"No; I will try it again myself. I drew checks from three banks, and put a couple of thousand I had in the safe with it; but I was so goodly disturbed by Valderwin's letter, and my hand was not steady. You must be right."

The capitalist proceeded to count the money.

CHAPTER III.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS MISSING.

SPARKS GAYLAND watched his uncle with the deepest interest as he counted the money in a rather clumsy manner, though he was evidently much cooler than when he had performed the task before.

He went through the pile three times, and he was satisfied there was no mistake, for he had before been able to get the amount twice alike before while he was disturbed by the payor's failure to take care of his note.

"Ten thousand!" he exclaimed in a loud tone. "There is no mistake about it now. Take it over to Valderwin's office, but don't give up the money till he signs this note."

He handed the money and the unsigned note to his nephew, who left the house with it.

Mr. Gayland wrinkled up his brow as soon as his nephew had departed, and seemed to be cudgeling his brain about something, for he soon rushed into the library again, and began to figure on a piece of paper at his desk.

Then he took out three check books, and looked carefully at the last stub in each of them, noting the amount on it on the paper. Then he put down another sum and added the amounts.

"Eleven thousand beyond the possibility of a doubt!" exclaimed he, rising from his chair, with the paper in his hand. "What was I thinking about when I took two thousand dollars out of the safe? I needed but one thousand."

The conundrum he asked himself seemed to bother him, though he did not appear to be willing to "give it up." He seated himself at the desk, and took out his figures again; but the result was the same as before.

"Did I take two thousand from the safe?" he asked himself, as he rose nervously from his chair. "I ought not to be so forgetful, or to make such blunders in simple addition, for I am only about sixty years old, and was never in better health in my life."

Then he rushed to a door which appeared to lead into a small closet, which he opened, and the iron door of the safe was to be seen, where he kept his important papers, bonds and other valuables.

"Three times three are nine, and two are eleven," said he, as he proceeded to open the safe with a key he took from his pocket. No mistake about that. I drew three checks of three thousand each, as the stubs show. Now the question is whether I took one or two thousand from the safe. I had just thirty two hundred on my hand, with three thousand of which I was to buy a mortgage this afternoon. There ought to be twenty two hundred left in the safe, and I must give a check for a thousand. That is all straight enough."

He took a small drawer from the safe, and went to the table in the middle of the library, where he counted the money in it as many as five times before he was satisfied.

"Only twelve hundred left in the safe; and that makes it plain that I took out two thousand, as I supposed I did, till I could make only ten thousand out of the pile," muttered the capitalist, with a heavy knot of wrinkles on his brow. "I don't understand it."

Then he rubbed his head to stimulate his ideas, and paced the library, recalling all the events that had occurred in the last hour.

"I made the money eleven thousand several times. Two of the bills must have stuck together when I made it only ten," he mused, talking out loud in his interest in the subject before him. "But then Sparks made it only ten thousand ever since."

Then he piled up the wrinkles deeper and heavier than before, dropping into an arm chair,

where he gave himself up to thoughts to which he did not give expression, though he was somewhat in the habit of talking to himself when he was mentally exercised.

He sat in this attitude of deep thought as much as twenty minutes, when he was disturbed by the entrance of Sparks, who had executed his commission, and who placed the note, now signed, before his uncle, who bestowed no more than a glance on it.

"Sparks are you sure there was only ten thousand in that pile of bills I asked you to count?" asked Mr. Gayland, fixing a searching look on his nephew.

"That is what I made of it," replied the nephew.

"Did you see Valderwin in his office?"

"Of course I did, for he has signed the note," replied Sparks, pointing to the paper on the table, though his speech was just a little shaky.

"Did he count the money you carried to him?"

"He did, twice over."

"Did he say it was right?"

"He didn't say anything about it."

"He would have said something if it had not been right," added Mr. Gayland, fixing a stern gaze on the young man, who stood on the other side of the table from him. "But it must have been right, for I made ten thousand myself before I sent you off with it."

"I am sure I did not make any mistake, sir; and I am equally sure you did not, for your count agreed with mine," continued Sparks. "Why do you ask these questions, Uncle Ward?"

"Because I am a thousand dollars out, and I am as sure as I can be there were eleven thousand dollars in that pile when I handed it to you, Sparks."

The young man turned slightly pale.

"Do you think I took a thousand dollars of the money, uncle?" he asked, his voice becoming more shaky than before.

"Who else could have taken it?" demanded the capitalist sharply. "You were alone in the parlor when I brought the money in?"

"No, sir; I was not alone. Paul was in the room, and did not leave it till after you went into the library," replied Sparks, rather warmly, as though it was necessary to defend himself.

"Paul did not touch the money."

"I don't say that he did; I don't know anything about it. I did not know you had missed a thousand dollars till you told me of it."

"Where was Paul when I threw the money on the table in the sitting room?" asked Mr. Gayland, more moderately than he had spoken before.

"He was sitting at the table, while I was walking up and down the room," replied Sparks, truthfully reporting the situation of both.

"I am sure that I had eleven thousand dollars in that pile, and I made it so by count several times, though sometimes I could make but ten. While you were out I have looked the matter over, and I am sure there were eleven thousand dollars," and the capitalist explained the process by which he had arrived at this conclusion.

"Of course you are correct, for you have proved that there must have been eleven thousand, unless you dropped one of the bills on the floor."

Mr. Gayland caught at this suggestion, and the floor of the sitting room and library was carefully examined by both of them; but without finding the missing bill. Then the nephew suggested that his uncle had come in from the hall carrying the money, and he admitted that he had been into the dining room for a glass of water with the bills in his hand.

The dining room and the hall were as carefully searched as the other rooms had been; but not a bank bill was to be found there or in any other place. The servants were questioned, but not one of them could say where they had looked within the last hour, and the capitalist returned to the sitting room.

"I did not drop one of the bills on the floor; if I had we should have found it," said he, looking Sparks full in the eye, though the young man had now recovered his self possession, and stood the gaze without flinching.

In fact Sparks had become quite cheerful, as though he realized that the thousand dollars, if lost, did not come out of his pocket.

"I am afraid you have been gambling again, Sparks," said Mr. Gayland, knitting his brow as savagely as it was possible for a mild man like himself to do it.

"No, sir, I have not; I never gambled but once in all my life, and then I lost only two dollars," replied the nephew promptly.

Mr. Gayland looked as though he had some doubts on this point, though he did not express any.

"The money must have been taken from the pile after I put it on the table," continued the capitalist. "There were only two of you in the room, and one of you must have taken it. This is not the first time I have missed money, and I am going to the bottom of the matter this time. Call Paul."

Sparks left the room to obey the order.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SEARCH FOR THAT WHICH WAS LOST.

SPARKS had heard Paul go up the front staircase, and he went to his chamber, where he found him.

"Mr. Gayland wishes to see you, Paul," said he, as he entered the room and walked over to the window.

"Where shall I find him?" asked the occupant of the room.

"In the sitting room," replied the nephew, as he thrust his fingers into his vest pocket.

Though he appeared to be looking out at the window, Sparks had one eye on Paul, and as soon as the latter had passed out of the room, he pulled out one of the drawers of the bureau, and hastily dropped something he took from his vest pocket into it.

Doubtless it was fortunate for him, or at least for the cause of honesty in general, that his uncle did not see him when he did this act.

It might have been the missing thousand dollars that he dropped into the bureau drawer, or it might not have been; but whatever he deposited in the drawer, he did it with a good deal of haste and nervousness, for he certainly was not a skilled rogue yet, though he may have had the capacity to become one in time.

When he had closed the drawer, he rushed out of the room and hastened to the stairs, overtaking Paul before he had reached the hall below. Both of the young men entered the sitting room together, though the nephew, probably for reasons of his own, got ahead of his companion.

Mr. Gayland had settled down in one of the easy chairs, and looked as though he felt qualified to sit in judgment on the one who had appropriated a thousand dollars of his money. He stated the case before him at considerable length, giving the evidence which satisfied him that the money must have been taken by one of the young men before him.

"But I cannot be mistaken, for the money was taken within an hour, and no one but ourselves has been into the house," he continued, looking very sternly from one to the other of the culprits.

Paul looked very good natured, and did not seem to be at all disturbed by the charge which was made against him; the probabilities, and Sparks had had plenty of time to school himself to the situation, if he needed any schooling.

"Well, Mr. Gayland, what is to be done about it?" asked Paul, so cheerfully that the capitalist was impressed with his manner. "I am ready to submit to anything you think best, but I do not expect you wish to search us both. I do not object."

"That would be the proper way to proceed, no doubt; but I have no skill in such matters, and I think I need some assistance," added Mr. Gayland, as he went to the wall of the room and pressed the knob of an electric bell.

"But I don't exactly like the idea of having this affair known all over the city," suggested Sparks. "Of course I have no fears of the result."

"If either of you has taken this money, I shall not take any pains to conceal the fact from the public," replied the rich man, putting on a stern face. "The *Forer*, *Press* and the *Globe* shall be welcome to all the facts."

"Send for the constables and the reporters, sir," said Paul, with one of his most decided shrugs of the shoulder. He appeared to be as indifferent about the proceedings as though he was not under suspicion.

"Go over to Mr. Cavan, the real estate agent, and ask him if he will be kind enough to give me a few minutes of his time," continued Mr. Gayland, when Prince, the colored man servant, presented himself at the door of the sitting room.

The man bowed and retired without a word, while both of the young men wondered what the real estate agent could have to do with the matter, or why he, rather than any other person, had been sent for; and the man of wealth did not consider it incumbent on him to enlighten them.

Perhaps the reader is entitled to more consideration than the suspected parties, and it may be added that Cavan had formerly been a detective in the highest repute in New York; in fact his talent was sufficient to justify him in seeking a wider field of operations than his profession, and he had made a success as a real estate and loan agent.

The capitalist had found him honest and square, and had joined him in a number of undertakings requiring more capital than Cavan could command, so that very intimate and friendly relations subsisted between them.

Neither of the young men asked any questions about the person sent for, and while Paul was surprised at the proceedings, possibly Sparks comforted himself with the assurance that the matter was not to be committed to the officers of the law.

"Mr. Cavan will be over in a few minutes, sir," said the servant, again appearing at the door.

In spite of himself Sparks was rather uneasy, and walked about the room while they were waiting, as though he was even more nervous than usual, while Paul hardly moved a hair in his seat.

Mr. Cavan was announced before any of the party had time to become very impatient. He was a man between forty five and fifty, with an eye which might well have been a terror to look doers, for he seemed to have the power to look a rogue out of countenance at a glance.

"What can I do for you today?" asked the real estate agent, after the usual salutations.

"Perhaps you can do a good deal for me, though what I have to ask is not in the usual way of business," replied the rich man, with a seriousness which could not fail to impress his visitor.

"Any service that I can render to Mr. Gayland

will be most cheerfully given, whether it relates to business or pleasure, and whether there are any commissions or not," replied Mr. Cavan, glancing at the two young men in the room.

"It is rather an unpleasant affair, in fact, decidedly unpleasant, and for the reason that I do not feel competent to deal with it, I have taken the liberty to ask for your assistance, knowing that you are skilled in such matters as that I have in hand."

"I shall be very glad to assist Mr. Gayland in any possible manner," said the visitor, with a polite bow, as he took a chair in front of his host.

"Thank you; you are very kind; and I will tell you the whole story," continued the capitalist, as he proceeded to relate the particulars of his loss, as they have been fully presented.

"And you suspect one of these young gentlemen?" inquired the real estate agent, after he had listened without a word to the entire narrative.

"I more than suspect them, for I am absolutely sure that one of them must have taken the money," replied Mr. Gayland, looking as severe as though he was not one of the most kind hearted men in the world. "If one of them did not take the money, perhaps you can suggest what has become of it."

The ex detective asked a number of questions which were answered by the rich man or the boys, and he observed the latter very critically as he examined them in his very gentle way, for he put on no bluster, and was not at all demonstrative in his manner.

"The proper thing to do first is to search the young gentlemen, if they do not object, for of course they are anxious to have the truth come out as you can be, sir," the agent proceeded, when he had taken in all the facts.

"That is rather humiliating," said Sparks, throwing back his head as though it would be compromising his dignity to submit to such a step.

"I don't object, and you may begin with me," interposed Paul, walking up to the examiner, and throwing up his arms to afford perfect facility for the search.

Mr. Cavan went through all the pockets of each, but did not take the money, he looked into his stockings, and overhauled every part of his dress.

"All the bills were new and crisp, you said, Mr. Gayland," continued the ex detective when he had completed the search.

"They were; but whether the money taken was all of them, I do not know," answered the rich man.

"It makes no difference; but I am satisfied that the money is not on the person of this party," added Mr. Cavan, pointing to Paul.

"But he was up in his room for some time after the money was brought in," suggested Sparks, who thought the examiner was blundering.

"Thank you, Mr. Gayland," added Cavan, bowing to the nephew, though there was a bit of sarcasm in his tone and manner. "We will search his chamber before we proceed in any other direction."

The examiner walked to the door, asking Paul to go with him; and as soon as he was in the hall, he beckoned to the capitalist, who joined him at once.

"Keep your two eyes on the other one every moment of the time," he whispered to Mr. Gayland; and then went up stairs followed by the boy.

Paul's chamber was searched in the most thorough manner without finding anything that looked like a bank note, though a piece of paper folded like one was discovered in one of the bureau drawers; but the occupant of the chamber declared that he had never seen it before. As it was not a bank note, it was thrown back into the drawer.

Cavan said he was satisfied, and they went down to the sitting room again, where the ill success of the search was announced.

"You did not find anything?" asked Sparks, greatly astonished at the declaration of the examiner, though he immediately checked himself.

"Not a thing. Now, if you will permit me, Mr. Gayland, I will see what is in your pocket. Of course this is a mere formality, and we resort to it merely to establish your innocence," continued Cavan.

"Certainly I do not object under the circumstances; but after you have examined me, I should like something more to say," replied Sparks.

A new and crisp thousand dollar bill was found in his vest pocket.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but we cannot answer all questions, and we are obliged to request that our correspondents be brief and to the point.

We have no time for a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits.

About six weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this column.

H. S. T. St. Louis, Mo. No license is required to start printing presses, and to sell newspapers.

R. M. Lowell, Mass. We have in stock all back numbers of Vol. V and VI, except No. 210.

B. INDER. We don't see how you can make the covers stiffer unless you use stiffer material.

F. H. L. La Porte, Ind. The Missouri empties more water into the Mississippi than does the Ohio.

R. T. H., Washington, D. C. We believe that there is no satisfactory solution of the puzzle you send us.

ADMIRER, Thompsonville, Conn. For the way to get a binder free, see notice on the editorial page of No. 277.

C. S. B., Philadelphia, Pa. Confederate bills can be obtained from any coin dealer. Consult our advertising columns.

G. L. G., Frankford, Pa. There is an *Army and Navy Register* at Washington, and an *Army and Navy Journal* in New York.

C. R., Bellevue, O., and several others. Addresses of coin dealers will be found from time to time in our advertising columns.

WEEKLY READER, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Turk's Island shilling stamp of 1873 is not priced in the catalogues, as no specimens are in the market.

J. W. D., Chicago, Ill. You had better apply to some coin manufacturer in your city for the marking ink you require. Or see answer to W. C. J. T.

ROBIN DARE, New York City. Wax canvases are so cheap, and so troublesome to make, that we should recommend you to purchase what you need.

ROBIN DARE, Philadelphia, Pa. Pike County is a rather out of the way corner of Pennsylvania. It is about 100 miles from Philadelphia, and the Erie Railroad traverses it.

PYRGALIC, Brooklyn, N. Y. No license is required for an amateur photographer to take views in public places, so long as he does not unduly obstruct the highways.

ROBIN DARE, Washington, D. C. The longest tunnel in the United States is the Hoosac Tunnel, 2.54 miles in length; in the world, the St. Gothard, in Switzerland, 1.9 miles.

M. DE VERRE, Brooklyn, N. Y. Back numbers of Vol. V cost 6 cents each; the 11 you desire will be sent post paid on receipt of 66 cents. A maroon cloth binder, post paid, costs 75 cents.

G. S. W., Baltimore, Md. Buddhism has more adherents than any other religious sect, numbers 340,000,000, against 338,000,000 Christians. The Methodists are the most numerous sect in the United States.

H. E. S., Whitehall, N. Y. 1. General Robert E. Lee died at Lexington, Va., on Oct. 12, 1870. 2. For suggestions on Camping Out, see Nos. 214, 215, and 242 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. 3. You can clean old coins by rubbing them with chalk and water.

J. K., Riverside, Pa. We do not know of any book on Paganini published in this country, although several magazine articles have appeared on the subject. "Paganini's Violin," by Schottky, published in Prague in 1859, is a standard authority.

W. C. J. T. To make a black marking ink for tickets, etc., dissolve an ounce of gum arabic in six ounces of water, and add one ounce of black ink, drop black, and mix it thoroughly with the mullage thus formed. Apply with a small brush.

R. A. B., Pittsfield, Mass. 1. Matches were first made by John Walker in 1829. 2. Both Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries are standard works, the former being perhaps the more generally followed. 3. Col. Robert G. Ingersoll lives at 101 1/2 Ave. New York City. 4. For legal advice you must consult a lawyer.

VINTON, Vinton, O. 1. The Turkish government is called the "Sublime Porte" from the gate (baba) of the Sultan's palace, where justice was formerly administered. 2. Napoleon III. was the son of Napoleon I. and Maria Louise, born in Paris, March 20, 1811. He was also known as Duke of Reichstadt and King of Rome, and died in 1832.

G. H., New York City. 1. Captain Kidd was hung for piracy in England in 1701. 2. We have no space to describe the process of gunpowder making, and refer you to any cyclopaedia. 3. The earliest newspaper in New York was THE NEW YORK GAZETTE, first issued on Oct. 16, 1742, by William Bradford. 4. Vol. VI of the ARGOSY will cost, when completed, \$5 unbound, or \$4 bound.

INSOURER. To make invisible ink: Take zaffer (which can be bought at a drug store) and dissolve it in nitromuriatic acid. Then add to the solution the metallic part of the cobalt, which gives a blue color to the zaffer. Then dilute the solution with common water. If you write with this liquor on paper, the characters will be invisible when heated, they will become green. When the paper cools, they will disappear; but warmth will bring them out again. If too much heated, they will not disappear at all.

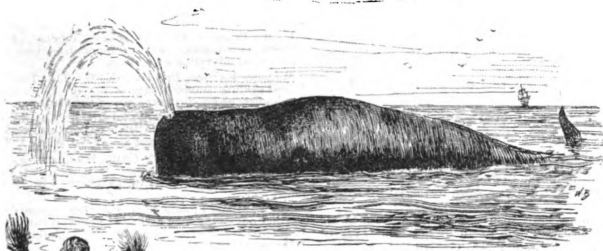
D. S., Frankfort, Germany. 1. Thanksgiving was on Nov. 30 in 1822; July 14, 1873, was a Monday; June 17, 1872, a Monday. 2. There are 8 organized Territories: Arizona, Dakota, Idaho, Montana, New Mexico, Utah, Washington, Wyoming. Besides these there are the Indian Territory, Alaska, and the Federal District of Columbia. 3. Tennessee and Arkansas are generally classed as Southern, not as Western States. 4. The last letter of the alphabet is called "zed" in England, "zee" in America.

W. E. B., Piermont, N. Y., and others. To make a rubber hand stamp: Set up the desired name, address, etc., in any kind of metal type, of the type, and place a guard half an inch high around the form. Mix plaster of Paris to the proper thickness, pour it in, and place the cast in a shallow heated, they will become green. When the paper cools, they will disappear; but warmth will bring them out again. If too much heated, they will not disappear at all.

A. B. C., Newark, N. J. 1. The six American cities whose statutory limits include the largest areas are: New Orleans, 50 square miles; Philadelphia, 120; St. Louis, 61; Minneapolis, 53; St. Paul, 51; Springfield, Mass., 50. You will see that the foreign cities are all less than the most populous. Of foreign cities, London covers 122 square miles within the registrar general's limits, 250 miles within the postal district, and 687 within the metropolitan police limits. Tokyo covers the fortifications, 28 1/2 square miles. Tokio, Japan, 60. 2. The most destructive fire on record was that at Chicago, Oct. 8 to 10, 1871. It burned over 2,100 acres, destroyed 100,000 but it set, "procure some property worth \$108,000,000. The historic fire of London, Sept. 2 to 6, 1666, covered 436 acres, and destroyed 13,200 houses.

Amber and Ambergris.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.



WHICH is which? Are they both alike? Is one named for the other?

Thus in an article from *All the Year Round*, an English writer curiously

confuses two valuable commercial products, the latter of which, by reason of its scarcity and the fact that nothing has been discovered to fill its place, is literally worth its weight in gold. The generality of the reading public know little as to the origin of amber and still less of ambergris. Even the dealers who occasionally handle the latter expensive commodity, differ materially regarding its origin.

It is my purpose to speak but briefly of amber, as being by far the more common of the two commodities. You see it daily in the form of beads, brooches, mouth pieces for pipes and the like. Now, where does it come from?

Scientists tell us that thousands of years ago, during the cretaceous period, great forests of a peculiar species of cone bearing pine grew along the marshy coasts of northern Europe—particularly in the vicinity of the Baltic. As the tree trunks yielded to the encroachments of time, the exuded resin was left seemingly imperishable. Gradually as the years went by while the coast line sank, the sea encroached further and further. Over the rotted remains of the forests gathered the sea silt and debris. And I have sometimes wondered whether or no the weight of these deposits might not have extracted from the resinous lumps something of their oily exudations, whereby through other processes only known to Nature, the gum itself became of the remarkable consistency—neither too hard nor too soft—which has to do with its peculiar value as the amber of commerce. This, however, is simply a conjectural theory of my own.

On the Prussian seaboard at the present day, these amber deposits, whose specimens vary in size from that of a pea to lumps weighing several pounds, are dredged for in the shallows. In the deeper parts, a submarine diver is sent down who rakes over the bottom with a stout two pronged fork. After a heavy gale, lumps of amber are not infrequently washed ashore. And as the clouded or milky white amber sometimes has commanded as high a price as \$250 a pound, it will be seen that the amber fishery pays.

But now to speak of ambergris, regarding which so many conflicting statements have been made—indeed are made at the present time. The first indefinite theory regarding it may be found in the veracious narrative of *Siadbad the Sailor*. After describing his shipwreck at a certain place, he says:

"Here also is a fountain of pitch and bitumen that runs into the sea, which fishes swallow and vomit up again, turned into *ambergris*."

A more definite theory, and the first of its kind that I can discover, is advanced by a writer in a scientific journal of 1826.

"Ambergris," he says, "is a peculiar substance not infrequently found floating on the surface of the sea, which is supposed to be the eructation of *sick fishes*." More plainly, what they might throw up in a fit of indigestion.

The largest lump ever found is said to

have weighed one hundred and eighty two pounds. It was bought by the East India Company many years ago from the King of Tydore. In my scrap book I have a record of a piece of ambergris weighing one hundred and thirty pounds picked up on the shore of one of the Windward Islands in the Caribbean Sea by two colored fishermen. It is said that they sold it for \$2,500, which may or may not be the case. The present market value of the best grade of ambergris may be safely estimated at \$26 per ounce. Reckoning sixteen ounces to the pound, a single pound would bring \$416! The reader can estimate for himself something near the real valuation of either of the two masses which I have just mentioned.

In Starbuck's "History of the American Whale Fishery," which dates back over a century, I find that in 1856 the schooner *Watchman*, of Nantucket, brought back four barrels of ambergris which sold for \$10,000. In a newspaper article of corresponding date, ambergris is described as "a dark gray sticky substance very vile smelling . . . in most cases its specific gravity is more than the water and it will sink." Yet according to the American Encyclopedia it "is principally found floating upon the seas (sic) of warm climates intermixed with the food of whales!" The italics are mine. The encyclopedia article further says:

"It is of bright gray color streaked with black and yellow, so soft that it may be flattened in the fingers, and exhaling an agreeable odor if rubbed or heated." The master of a Provincetown whaler speaks of losing a lump by its sinking, while another avers that he picked up a floating mass of the same strange secretion which sold for \$6,000 on arrival at port. M. M. Ballou, in his recent work "Under the Southern Cross," mentions that a week out from San Francisco, he saw floating past the steamer "a pale gray, amber-like substance—not abundant but several times apparent." The steamer's captain declared it to be ambergris, and in giving his theory of its origin, declares it to be "a diseased secretion of the whale—probably induced by indigestion."

It is possible that there may be two qualities of the ambergris—the one being heavier and sinking, while the other is buoyant and floats. But this I am inclined to doubt. That there are two grades—perhaps three—in the market, is undoubtedly the case. The finest, so far as I can ascertain, is light gray, of waxy consistency and possessing a slight, but by no means unpleasant odor, which is more apparent when the ambergris is heated. I have heard on very good authority that small lumps of the darker gray are eagerly sought for on the shores of certain Eastern countries by the native fox, which, attracted by its peculiar perfume, "bolts" the lump in its entirety. The ambergris does not, however, digest, and passing through some peculiar chemical process in the animal's stomach, is again found upon the beach yellowish white in color, and thus sold at the highest market value as of a superior grade.

The most authentic and reasonable theory of the production of this valuable substance is that advanced by old whaling captains. They claim—and with very good reason—that the squid or cuttlefish, which is the favorite food of the sperm whale, has two horny mandibles never digested or voided by the whale. That these form a sort of stoppage in the

whale's intestines. Around them gathers an ever accumulating secretion that sooner or later brings about the whale's death. That not infrequently the whale sickens and dies in mid ocean, his body decomposes, and the lump of ambergris itself is drifted by the winds and currents whithersoever they will.

Sometimes the floating substance is driven to the island shores where, as has been said, it is occasionally found. But all with whom I have ever talked, agree in saying that ambergris never sinks.

The larger lumps would seem to verify the whalers' theory, as almost invariably they contain either a part or the whole of the cuttlefish's beak. In a "flurry," the sperm whale not infrequently throws up fragments of the ambergris dislodged from the mass in his intestines. I myself have seen an illustration of this during a certain brief whaling experience many years ago.

It is indisputable, also, that in the sperm whale alone, whose principal food is the cuttlefish or squid referred to, the ambergris is found. And the whale containing it is almost invariably sluggish in movement—a "sick whale," to use the technical term, and as such comparatively easy to kill.

And now naturally occurs the question: Why such an extraordinary price for this peculiar maritime article of commerce?

There are two natural products which have the power of giving permanency to the finest perfumes. One is that commonly known as musk—a secretion of an animal nature from the musk deer, while the other is the ambergris of which I have been writing. Both of these contain an essential quality which, clinging to woven fabrics, is comparatively unaffected by the more volatile oils which with alcohol go to making up perfumery in its different forms. In itself, after passing through the processes known to perfumers, the scent of ambergris is almost as lasting as the famous attar of rose. Its scarcity, as well as the fact that nothing with the exception of musk can take its place, accounts for its value.

A WONDERFUL EGG.

THE Chinese certainly excel in the patience with which they construct delicate pieces of mechanism, no more marvelous example of which can well be imagined than the egg of which the following description is given in the *New Orleans Times Democrat*:

It is but little larger than a turkey's egg, and, to outward appearance, nothing but such an egg as might be picked up in any farmyard. But inside of the shell there is such a delicate mechanism that an accurate description of it is practically impossible, and to get a fair idea of the limits to which human skill may reach it is necessary to see this marvel.

The eggshell is divided into two parts, but so closely and skillfully are they joined that the naked eye fails to discover the line of junction. The tiny work which separates the two parts is operated by a lot of microscopic springs and diminutive wheels, so small that the largest of the lot hardly rivals in size those small spangles which are used in gold lace embroidery.

The arrangement is such that once in each hour the two shells, which are hinged at the base, fly apart with a spring, displaying to view a gorgeous tulip, so artistically and truthfully colored that one can hardly believe that it has not been plucked from a flower bed instead of being a production of art. The petals of the tulip slowly unfold, opening one after the other, until the flower is full blown.

Within it stands a wee church, with belfry, on the outside of which is a small dial plate, where the tiniest hands point the hour. The latter are so very small that, placed next to them, the finest needle seems monstrous. The hour strikes with a fairy-like tinkling, the church slowly revolves on its axis, when the rear comes to view, exposing the works to sight. Then the petals of the tulip fold together again, the shells rejoin, and for another hour the whole seems to the uninitiated beholder nothing but a common egg.

ARTILLERY ON A PIVOT.

ANYTHING in the nature of an experiment which requires the services of a mule in order to its carrying out must of necessity be attended with great risk.

The major who figures in the following story from the *Toronto World* has had this fact impressed upon him by a remarkable experience:

A certain fort in the far West was in command of a major of artillery who was constantly lamenting that his favorite firearms could not be more frequently used against the Indians. Finally one day he took one of the

small howitzers, which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule, with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun carriage he proceeded in high feather with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the banks of the Missouri, near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians.

The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule backed to the edge of the bluff. The major remarked something about the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon the Indian allies, and stepped gaily forward and applied the match.

The curiosity of the mule was aroused. He jerked his head around to see what was firing away there on his neck, and the next second his feet were all bunched together and making for revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything under the canopy within a radius of ten miles with instant destruction.

The captain shinned up the only available tree. The sergeant threw himself flat on the ground and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the fat major rolled over and over in agony, alternately invoking the protection of Providence and anathematizing the mule. Finally the explosion came, the ball going through the roof of the fort. The recoil of the gun and the wild leap of the terrified mule carried both over the bluff to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort.

Shortly after the chief of the Indians appeared and announced briefly, "Injun go home."

Questioned why, he thus explained: "Injun very brave, help white man. Injun use gun, use bow and arrow, send a hole with his bayonet fire off whole jacks, Injun no understand no think right. Injun no help um fight that way."

ROUGH ON RABBITS.

WE would suggest that the Australian government put itself in communication with Master Freddy. He and his rat might make quite an appreciable vacuum in the rabbit bands of that afflicted country. A dispatch from Cochran, Pennsylvania, to the *New York Sun* gives the following account of this twelve year old boy's methods of procedure:

Freddy Smith's plan of hunting rabbits is as original as it is novel. He has an enormous pet Norway rat. Unknown to any one, the rat has been his companion on all of his hunting excursions for a year or more. Freddy knows where rabbits abound and the holes they hide in. He goes to a burrow, sends his rat in to explore the interior, and places a little bag over the exit. If there is a rabbit inside the Norway rat routs it out, and it flies for the opening, or to dash wildly into Freddy's bag on the outside. Then the ingenious hunter breaks the rabbit's neck with a smart blow of his hand, and is ready for another one.

When he first began to hunt with this rat he found that a great deal of time was lost by the rat being in a hurry to come out of a burrow. So he hit upon the plan of fastening a string to him, by which he pulls the rat out when his duty has been done inside. On several occasions the rat has had a young rabbit in his mouth on being drawn out of a burrow. Last season this boy is said to have captured over two hundred rabbits by means of his rat and bag. There is a law in Pennsylvania prohibiting the hunting of rabbits with ferrets. If the success of the Cochran boy with his Norway rat should develop Freddy Smiths in other parts of the State there will have to be a novel addition to the game laws.

THE FALL AND RISE OF THE BEARD.

BOYS with budding down upon their chins will be interested in learning something of the history of the beard, a few points on which are given by the *New York Commercial Advertiser*:

The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for a practical end. It is said that he had heard that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterward shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it to the different European nations yet barbaric.

The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who, simultaneously with the introductions of his great reforms in Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disgrace, as they believed, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of manhood.

In several countries of western Europe and in the United States the beard was restored to honor only about thirty or forty years ago.

CHECKED SYMPATHY.

OLD Gentleman (to convict)—What is the most objectionable feature you find in prison life, my dear friend?

Convict—Wistors.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

BY ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

LET us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.

[This story commenced in No. 382.]

New York Boy;

OR,

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF
RUFUS RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

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

CHAPTER XI.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CARS.

WITH some curiosity Rufus followed the man who had addressed him to one side.

"Here, put this in your pocket,"

said the man abruptly, thrusting a small square package wrapped in brown paper into the boy's hand. "Don't stop to look at it, for there's no time to lose."

"All right, sir."

"Have you ever traveled on the Hudson River railroad?"

"Yes, sir. I once went to Irvington on an errand."

"Good! I want you to go to a station beyond Hampton."

For obvious reasons a fictitious name is given, there being no such station as Hampton on the road.

"Am I to take the next train?"

"Yes."

"What am I to do there?"

The man hesitated a moment.

"You are to take the package in your pocket to a party there."

This seemed to Rufus a very natural errand.

"Who is the party?" he asked.

"He will probably be at the depot to meet you. He is a— a cousin of mine, and the package contains a little present for his daughter, who is soon to be married. Being small I prefer to send it by a private messenger, to employing an express. I did think of sending a telegraph boy, but I have seen you several times about the depot, and you will do as well. I will pay your railway fare and a dollar besides. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes, if I can get back tonight."

"I think there will be no difficulty about that. But time presses. The man you are to meet will wear a pair of green glasses. You will know him in that way."

"But how will he know me?"

"He won't. You are to make yourself known. Go up to him and ask, 'What time is it, sir?' He will understand that you came from me."

"But suppose I don't meet him?"

"You will wait at the depot till he comes. He may be a little late. After an hour, if no one appears, walk a quarter of a mile in a northerly direction, then follow a lane to the right, and when you see a small house overshadowed by a large elm tree, knock at the door and ask for Mr. Harkins. The box is to be delivered to him."

"All right, sir."

"One thing more! Don't gossip about your errand in any new acquaintance. I don't like to have my affairs talked about."

"Yes, sir, I understand."

"Here are three dollars. You can pay for an excursion ticket, and keep the balance for yourself. Hurry up! There is no time to lose!"

It was true that there was no time to lose. Rufus quickly secured his ticket, and just managed to get aboard the train as it started. He took a vacant seat, and looked forward with pleasant anticipations to the prospect of a railroad journey.

When the train started Rufus had a chance to look at a boy who occupied the seat with him. He was a boy of about his own age, dressed like

a dude and evidently having a high idea of his social position. He shrank away from Rufus, whose suit was well worn and patched on the knee. It seemed to give the boy a feeling of discomfort to have such a plebeian neighbor.

"Good morning," said Rufe pleasantly, noticing that the boy was looking at him.

The only reply was a shrug of the shoulders, and a few chilling words.

"There's a seat just opposite," said the boy. "Thank you, I am very well satisfied with this one."

The seat opposite was already occupied by a man who looked to weigh not far from three hundred pounds. A seat mate would have great difficulty in squeezing in beside him.

"This seat isn't engaged, is it?" continued Rufus.

"No—no, not exactly, but I might have a friend get in at some station farther on."

"Any one in particular?"

"N—no."

"Then I will wait till he comes," said Rufe, decidedly. He understood his companion's meaning.

"If you would prefer it," said Rufus, with a twinkle of the eye, "I will ask the stout gentleman if he would like to change with me."

Rufe had listened to this conversation, and he sympathized with the young lady's embarrassment. He had known too many times the inconvenience of being without money.

"If you won't mind," he said, bending over so as to attract the young lady's attention, "I will lend you the money you need."

There were two persons who heard our hero with surprise. One was the young lady, the other was the young dude, who had been furtively feeling in his own pockets, wishing he might make a similar offer, for the embarrassed young lady evidently belonged to a wealthy and it is to be presumed fashionable family.

"But won't it inconvenience you?" asked the young lady, observing Rufe's well worn suit.

"Not at all, miss. I have more money than usual with me."

"Then," said the young lady, with a cordial smile, "you shall be my banker."

Rufus instantly drew a five dollar bill from his pocketbook and passed it over the seat.

The fare was quickly paid and the young lady handed back the change.

"You need it, miss?"

"O no, I live at Irvington, and shall be all right when I get there. Do you stop there?"

"Thank you."

When the cars were again in motion, the young dude could not repress the expression of his vexation.

"I suppose you are very much flattered by the young lady's condescension," he said.

"I think she is a very kind and polite young lady, don't you?"

"I wouldn't advise you to take advantage of her politeness."

"How?"

"You'd better not call upon her."

"Why not?"

"Because she is in a different social position from you. She is a rich young lady—the daughter of a prominent banker—and you are—"

"What?"

"A bootblack possibly."

"You will have to guess again," said Rufe composedly.

"You are a working boy, at any rate."

"You are right there."

"And Miss Seymour is a banker's daughter."

"I am a banker too."

"What nonsense is this?" said Julius Dean sharply.

"Didn't she call me her banker?"

"That reminds me. How came you by so much money?"

"What right have you to ask?" demanded Rufe with spirit.

"If you have been lending your employer's money you'll get into trouble."

"You seem to be considerably troubled about me. The money is my own."

"Have you got any more?"

"Do you want to borrow?"

"Not of you!" replied Julius in a sarcastic tone. "You seem very anxious to lend money."

"You've been so kind and friendly to me that I wanted to oblige you!" said Rufe with a droll smile.

"What is there in that note Miss Seymour gave you?"

"As the paper was only folded once across, Rufe felt at liberty to read it. He was rather curious himself on this point.

"My dear uncle," he read, "the young gentleman who will hand you this kindly advanced me money for my railway fare. I had foolishly left my purse behind me. Please repay him, and oblige

"BLANCHE."

"Young gentleman!" repeated Julius in a sarcastic tone. "That's a good one!"

"Do you call yourself a young gentleman?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I don't care to be called one."

"Boy, you are impertinent!"

"Don't worry about that! I may be as gentlemanly as you some time."

Here the cars came to a stop, and the conductor called out, "Hampton!"

"Good by!" said Rufe, rising hurriedly. "Sorry to leave you, but the best of friends must part."

CHAPTER XII.

RUFUS BECOMES SUSPICIOUS.

IN large letters on the small building which served as a depot Rufus read the name HAMPTON.

He was the only passenger that alighted. He looked about him for the man with green glasses whom he was to meet, but no such person was visible.

He entered the depot. The station master was standing near the stove talking with a gentleman of medium height, whose appearance need not be described, as he does not figure in my story.

"That was a daring jewel robbery in Maiden Lane," said the official.

"I hadn't heard of it."

"There is a paragraph about it in this morning's paper. Ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds have mysteriously disappeared."

"When were they missed?"

"Yesterday."

"Is any one suspected?"

"Not that I know of. The matter has just



RUFUS DREW A FIVE DOLLAR BILL FROM HIS POCKET, AND OFFERED IT TO THE YOUNG LADY.

"You needn't trouble yourself."

"Are you going far?" asked Rufe, who felt a mischievous delight in compelling his disagreeable companion to be sociable.

"No, was the short reply.

"I am going to Hampton."

"Very interesting, upon my word," sneered the young dude.

Just then the conductor came round for tickets. Rufus and his companion handed theirs to him.

Directly in front of them sat two persons, evidently strangers to each other. One was a middle aged woman of the humbler class, the other a handsomely dressed young lady of nineteen or twenty probably. The latter looked in vain for her purse, and a flush of mortification overspread her face.

"I—I am afraid I must have left my pocket-book at my uncle's house," she said in confusion. "It contained my ticket."

"I am sorry, miss," said the conductor. "Haven't you any friends on the train who would lend you money enough for your ticket?"

"I—I am afraid not. Could you take my name, and let me send it to you?"

"Sorry, miss, but it is against our rules."

The young lady became still more flushed.

"Then I think I shall have to get out of the train at the next station. It is too provoking!"

"No; I go on to Hampton."

"Then let me have your address, so that I may send back the money, or rather, let me give you an order on my uncle, who has a store on Broadway."

"Very well, miss."

The young lady scribbled a few lines on a leaf torn from her memorandum book, and passed it to Rufus.

"Won't you tell me your name?" she said.

"Rufus Rodman."

"Mine is Blanche Seymour. You have been very kind, Mr. Rodman" (Rufe blushed with pleasure) "and I hope to meet you again."

"Thank you, miss."

The young dude listened with ill concealed envy and jealousy. He knew that there was a rich banker named Seymour living at Irvington, and he would have been only too glad to have got acquainted as Rufus had.

"If you are ever in Irvington, call on me, Mr. Rodman. My father is H. K. Seymour. Any one will direct you to our house."

"Thank you, miss. I won't forget your kind invitation."

When the young lady left the cars at Irvington she extended her hand to Rufe.

"Good morning, Mr. Rodman!" she said.

"Good morning, Miss Seymour."

"Don't forget to call on me."

"I did, and he thanked me for it."

"That will do," said the man in brown. "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard Mr. Beaver's testimony," he added significantly.

Mr. Beaver sat down and the judge called for the defense.

Arthur at once stepped forward and told the story of his relations with the plaintiff as it has been recorded in these pages. As he proceeded the interest in the car rose to fever heat.

Not only had the personal appearance of the chums won them already many friends, but their manly bearing under persecution made them regular heroes in the eyes of the fair sex present.

"Of course he's telling the truth. Can't they see it in his eyes?" whispered one of the judge's granddaughters to her sister.

"And just notice how sad that young Trent looks," said the latter. "Besides, what would they want to steal money for? They both look as if they had plenty of their own."

And who did not wish the plaintiff as it has been recorded in these pages. As he proceeded the interest in the car rose to fever heat.

Neither did he speak of the piece of crumpled paper bearing Mr. Oppenheim's name in imitation of Mr. Trent, and the plaintiff had decided that that piece of evidence had best be reserved for presentation at regularly organized courts.

During this recital Mr. Beaver had been in close conclave with his counsel, and now the latter was ready with his cross examination.

"And you have not the faintest idea of this \$200,000 except the fact that it was missing after he had had access to it?"

"I should think that was proof enough," answered Arthur. "If you should have a hundred dollar bill in your pocketbook, which you dropped in the street, and a boy should come running after you with the empty pocketbook which he had just found, wouldn't he be apt to think he had picked out the hundred dollars?"

"Here, boy, I'm the one that's asking questions not you," and the man in the fur trimmed coat drew that garment closer about him with a dignified air, as though the fur was ermine.

Several of the jurymen laughed, and even the judge bit his lip.

"Have you seen this \$200,000 in the possession of my client?" went on the irascible gentleman.

"No, because I haven't looked in his pockets yet," replied the irascible Arthur.

Another laugh still further exasperated the touchy counsel. He opposite side, while Beaver glowered like a thunder cloud.

"What, then, have you to support your assertion that my client has absconded with \$200,000?" went on Beaver's champion.

"My word!" And Arthur held up his head and brought it up his reply with a ring to it that seemed impossible to believe born of guilt.

"That will do," said the discomfited counsel for the plaintiff, trying to appear very dignified as he took his seat, amid the storm of cheers with which Arthur's reply was received.

The judge took out his penknife and rapped on the edge of the seat for order.

"I will now charge the jury," he said.

"I protest," said the jurymen alluring to his feet. "The jury is not now in a condition to be charged."

The members of that august body were certainly in rather a hilarious and—if we may be allowed the term in such connection—illegal humor.

Arthur's sharp retorts had tickled them all amazingly, but now, fearful lest Beaver should become disgusted and leave before the fun was all over, they endeavored to compose their countenances as speedily as might be, and within ten minutes they were all as sober as the judge himself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SHORT LIVED TRIUMPH.

ORDER having been restored, the good natured old gentleman who represented justice for the occasion cleared his throat, and delivered himself as follows:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the evidence presented on both sides. On the one hand we have a gentleman who claims to be persecuted by two young men who follow him up, one of whom actually assaults him, and from both of whom he now claims protection at your hands. So much for the plaintiff.

"On their side the defendants admit that they have tracked the plaintiff, but merely in order to regain possession of \$200,000 in railroad bonds, with which he has absconded. Owing to circumstances over which the court has no control, it has been impossible to call in witnesses from outside to testify in the case, so that we must ask you to determine as to which side is entitled to the greater credence for veracity. The case is in your hands."

A buzz of expectancy and suspense ran through the car while the foreman of the jurors passed rapidly from one to another of his men. Within five minutes he announced that they could give their verdict without leaving their seats.

"For whom do you find?" asked the judge, solemnly.

The buzz was succeeded by a breathless stillness, in the midst of which came the foreman's announcement:

"We find for the defendants."

A salvo of cheers rang out through the car,

and many of the passengers passed forward to shake hands with the victors.

Among the first of these was the young fellow, grandson of the judge.

"My name is Bert Merrill," he said, as he shook Arthur heartily by the hand. "You're from New York, aren't you?"

"Brooklyn," replied Arthur.

"Well, it's almost the same thing. I've seen you several times at the Polo Grounds, and over at the Manhattan, too."

"I guess you have. Al and I used to often go over to see special matches. But what's become of Beaver? I want to see how he takes his defeat."

The man, however, was nowhere to be seen, and inquiry of some of the jurymen elicited the information that he had slipped through the crowd and left the car.

"He's gone back to tell his troubles to his fiancée, I suppose," said the young man in brown. Then, looking at his watch, he added: "Here it is almost one o'clock, and lunch time. I move we organize another foraging expedition. My legal labors have made me altogether too ravenous for a snowbound traveler."

"And we don't want to lose sight of our man till we decide what we ought to do with him," added Arthur.

"Care to go with you, Bert?" asked one of the two young ladies, coming up to her brother at this moment. "Alice and I will forget how to walk if we don't get some exercise."

"My sister Hetty," said Bert, turning to Arthur, who had reached out his hand behind him to pull his chum forward, so that he, too, might share the pleasure of meeting these agreeable young people.

But Allan had little heart for anything, poor fellow. The experiences of the morning had served to remind him all too strongly of the cloud that had fallen upon his life.

To be sure, the good will of the passengers among whom he had been so unexpectedly cast, had gone out to them rather than to Beaver, but then Arthur had been the foremost in eliciting this sympathy, for it was he whom Beaver especially singled out as the leader of the "gang."

Allan himself, and he could not avoid noticing it, was the object of many a glance of sympathy, and some of the most kindly to note how the son of such a man as Trent bore his troubles.

In addition to this weight upon his spirits, Beaver's bold stand during the mock trial had lessened the hopes that had been raised by the discovery of the Oppenheim memorandum.

It was, in fact, a most unfortunate and out of any entangling mass of evidence that could be brought against him? His intimation that Chessman or some one else about the office had taken the \$200,000 was a revelation to our hero. Not that Allan believed any the less that Beaver himself was the thief, but the latter's readiness to make an implication had been a squarer in the crime opened his eyes to the wild nature of the man with whom he had to deal.

However, when Arthur drew him thus forcibly into the circle of young people that had congregated in that end of the car, he endeavored to shake off his despondency and catch some of his chum's high spirits.

The introductions accomplished, the party of five made their way to the rear platform of the sleeper, whence the tunnel to the Bendermans' started.

The girls were delighted with the novel pathway and our friends were chatting away merrily as they walked along in single file, when Arthur, who had been anxious to get his squarer out, cut took a sharp turn just at this point, so that those behind could not see the cause of the delay.

"Slow up, one whistle to stop!" he called out the instant he had rounded the bend.

"What's up?" asked Bert, who came next, and who had been looking back over his shoulder.

"Some trouble ahead. I'll pass the query on and find out what it is."

In five minutes word came back that Beaver had barred the window and refused admittance to anybody from the train.

"And now what are we going to do for our dinner?" was the wail of dismay that went up all along the line.

But entreaties, threats, blows on the shutter and promises of immense prices failed to bring any response from the house of Benderman. The long row of hungry passengers were discussing what had better be done, and Allan and Arthur were beginning to fear that they would be looked upon—and not without reason—as the cause of the threatened famine, when a voice spoke out directly over Miss Hetty's head, almost frightening her into a fit.

"What in the name of wonder is all this?" it asked.

Everybody within hearing looked up as if somebody had descended on the clouds to hold converse with them. But before anybody could make any reply, the same voice went on in accents of anger and amazement:

"Why, here are those same young scoundrels that nearly throttled me in my own house last night!"

Recognized Mr. Oscar Ericsson.

He was on snow shoes, and in tramping out on a voyage of discovery to understand the real magnitude of the snowfall, had stumbled upon the tunnel between the stalled train and the Benderman cottage. He wore a piece of court plaster over the cut in his cheek which he had sustained during the luckless midnight encounter

already described, and from the expression of his eyes as he fixed them on our two friends from Brooklyn, it was evident that his feelings toward them had undergone no change since their summary ejection from his mansion.

The attention of those who had been engaged in trying to gain admittance to "Beaver's castle" was attracted by the young man who was speedily diverted from that quarter to the spot where a fresh importation from the outside world had so suddenly appeared. But when they heard the epithet "scoundrels" and beheld the blazing eye of wrath fixed on the two youths whom their court had just acquitted, even he of the blonde mustache and brown overcoat began to look troubled.

Everybody pressed towards this central point of interest, and cries of "Hello, there, what is the news on the surface?" were quickly drowned in a volley of questions regarding the meaning of the charge made by the newcomer.

Then there were a few who clamored for provisions, so that a time regular and pandemonium reign among the snow drifts.

"What did he mean by talking to you fellows in that way?" asked Bert, turning to Arthur, who had been so astounded by the sudden appearance of the old gentleman that he had sunk blimply against the snow wall. "Did you ever see him before, and if so, who is he?"

"Yes, Al and I saw him last night—"

But Arthur had no opportunity to explain further. Mr. Ericsson had struck out towards the train, and all those in the cut wanted to be there to see the outcome of the new excitement. So there was one decided, irrepensible movement in which everybody had to participate.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE ENEMY ON SNOWSHOES.

A SCORE of willing hands were ready to assist Mr. Ericsson from the surface of snow that he had fallen in the cut, through which he could the more easily gain entrance to the car. But he was first obliged to take off his snowshoes, and while he was thus occupied, the young man in the brown overcoat seized the opportunity to ask:

"Did I hear you say that you knew these two young gentlemen?" with an inclination of his head towards Allan and Arthur, who had been forced into the car by the pressure of the crowd from behind.

"I know all I want to do of them," was the short rejoinder.

"Aha, you remember I had my suspicions of them from the first, gentlemen," here put in the counsel for the plaintiff.

"What's that you say?" exclaimed Mr. Ericsson, suspending operations for an instant. "Have they been—why, bless my soul, if this isn't the gentleman that sat in the seat with me last night! Do you mean to say that this is the same train I came from Boston on yesterday afternoon, and that he had been in the car since? Why, yes, it must be," he added, as he recognized the faces of several of his fellow passengers of the day previous.

The man in the fur trimmed coat hastened to give a high colored account of the privations they had undergone, adding: "And now, sir, we are actually on the brink of starvation owing to the machinations of these same young rascals."

"I can well believe it," returned Mr. Ericsson, laying a finger on the piece of court plaster that decorated his cheek. "Look here, sir. That covers a mark I received at their hands last night."

The excitement among those within hearing, in spite of the depressed condition of the thermometer, was now unbounded. Surely there must be something strange about these two youths. Could it be possible that Beaver was right in his assertions?

But by this time Mr. Ericsson had freed himself from the snow, and, having slung them across his shoulder, gave his hands to the young man in brown and the old one in fur, who soon had him in the cut beside them.

The air was biting cold, so all were glad to hurry into the sleeper, where a crowd soon gathered about the three.

"Pray, tell us now, my dear sir," began Mr. Beaver's late counsel, "what trick these desperate young villains have played on you."

Every eye was turned on Allan and Arthur, who were standing with their new made friends, he Merrills, within five feet of Mr. Ericsson.

How devoutly Arthur wished he had mentioned that episode of the lock closet in his testimony at the mock trial! He was for breaking in with a volley of explanations now, but Allan, with a pallid face, pressed his fingers on his wrist and whispered: "Don't be hasty, Art. Let's listen and find out in just what attitude they have placed us. The girls may have done some explaining after we left, you know."

"All in the car while Mr. Ericsson related his story."

"Myself and family," he began, "reside in Tenbrook Falls all the year round. Three days ago I had occasion to go to Boston with my wife on some law business connected with two or three pieces of property we own. I left my daughter, a young lady of sixteen, with the servant, several of her girl cousins, and a small nephew of mine. I had been away only half the length of time I had intended being absent, when I discovered that I had omitted to take with me a deed that my lawyer particularly wished to see. I knew Mabel could not find it for me among all my papers, so the only thing to be done was to return to the Falls here and

get it myself. I did so on this very train yesterday, which, as you know, was delayed and did not reach here until nearly midnight. As soon as the cars came to a standstill, I left them and struck out through the drifts, for my home is about a quarter of a mile away."

"As I intended leaving by the first train in the morning and had not about my worth, I wrote a telegram to my daughter, and having a key to the front door in my pocket, I thought I would enter without disturbing the sleepers at that late hour and surprise them all by appearing at the breakfast table."

"I finally reached the house, which was dark, and had just opened the door when I was set upon by two young scoundrels, who had evidently gained admission for the express purpose of carrying off whatever valuables they could put their hands on. I was shamefully handled, and with both of them at me, was utterly helpless. I struggled desperately, but I was speedily overpowered and tumbled into my own coat closet, and there receiving this gash on my cheek in the process."

"But did you not make known who you were?" he of the blonde mustache wanted to know.

"Most certainly I did, but it made no difference, and if my nephew hadn't happened to come down stairs, I should not have been able to get away."

"Shocking, shocking!" ejaculated he of the fur trimmed coat. "How did the scoundrels gain access to the house? Had they picked the lock or forcibly broken their way in?"

"That is the strangest part of it. They claimed to have known about my daughter."

"Is it possible? Preposterous! Only think!" were the exclamations with which this announcement was received.

"And they were, in fact," went on Mr. Ericsson, "actually occupying the same room with my nephew. Ah, but they are cunning young fellows. Why, they had even bewitched my own child, and were making excuses for them when she found out how I had been treated. She declared that one of my nieces knew who they were, and that they had thought her mother and myself would highly approve of her taking them in out of the storm. It took me half the morning to convince her that it was the simplest matter in the world for two adventurers to pretend to be mutual friends with acquaintances of those they wish to dupe."

The car seemed to swim before Allan's vision as he listened to this. The girls then had been won over to believe that their confidence had been misplaced and their pity wasted. And Reggie had wondered whether he, too, had lost faith in them.

Arthur seemed dazzled by the false position in which he and his chum were placed. His impetuosity was all gone for the moment, and to his dismay he felt the hot blood mounting to his face as Mr. Ericsson proceeded with his story. What had not his very blushes been taken as a token of guilt?

The man with the blonde mustache and he of the fur trimmed coat now began talking in lowered tones, both at once, those nearest crowded still closer in the attempt to overhear, and the Merrills took this opportunity to join their grandfather, from whom the throng in the aisle had separated them. The three—Bert and his sisters—left the chums without a word or a smile.

"One by one they drop away," muttered Arthur in his friend's ear with rather a forced smile. "Why don't you abuse me, Al, for being such an idiot as not to tell of all this when I had the chance? Why don't you tell me anything but a mock one to us, eh, old fellow?"

"Abuse you, Art?" returned his chum. "I don't see how I can ever forgive myself for letting you come up here and become liable to all this."

"But can't we say anything to right ourselves? I insist that it's all my fault, Al, and I believe if I was to explain, that young fellow with the light mustache would set us right. You know it was my talking to him that won him over to our side in the first place when he was standing guard over us."

"Here he comes now. We'll see what he says."

The young man in brown advanced down the aisle with a sternness of expression on his handsome face that was by no means encouraging. Mr. Ericsson, Beaver's late counsel, and all the rest pressed close after him, and the chums were sorely tempted to back out through the door behind them, did not this course seem cowardly, to say nothing of the fact that there was no escape for them save into the *cal de sac* formed by the barred window at the Bendermans'.

So they stood their ground and kept their heads well up to meet the advancing foe, for such the snowbound passengers now appeared to be.

"A young man," began their ex counsel, "it seems you have deceived us. In the one charge made against you we took your part, but when two complaints, coming from entirely different sources, are lodged against the same individuals, there must be some fire where there is so much smoke. We think, therefore, that you had better be transferred to your legitimate atmosphere, so I must ask you to accompany us to the smoking car. We will proceed with our investigation there."

(To be continued.)

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FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
31 WALLACK STREET, NEW YORK

This number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY contains seven serial stories.

THE TRIUMPH OF PERSEVERENCE.

"CEASELESS persistency and care." This was the explanation given by an entry clerk of his ability to multiply and add item after item as the goods were passed over by the salesman, so that when the last item was given out, he would be ready with the sum total of the whole consignment.

Would the business boy readers of the ARGOSY like to become equally proficient? The *American Grocer*, from which paper we call the incident, heads it "How to Become a Genius," and continues in the words of the clerk: "I have acquired this ability by persistently counting thousands upon thousands of groups of objects, and associating the correct number with the size and appearance of each group."

There is the keynote to success. The "thousands upon thousands" of times, the unwearied patience that never shrinks from a task because it is monotonous or hard, but keeps at it until the ease with which it is accomplished throws the charm of conquering over all future repetitions.

Is it not a wise provision of nature that the difficult steps are always the first ones, so that thus hope is ever present to lure us on?

BOOKS WORTH BUYING.

WITHOUT doubt the neatest of the so called "libraries" for young people is MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES. Of handy size, handsomely illustrated, nicely bound, with trimmed edges and brick red cover, these little books of over two hundred pages each have rapidly won their way into deserved popularity. The latest issue, "Luke Bennett's Hide Out," by Captain C. B. Ashley, is a story of the war, and is full of that stirring incident so well calculated to sustain the interest of boy readers.

The March number is by that perennial favorite, Horatio Alger, Jr., and as its title, "The Young Acrobat," indicates, it possesses a strong circus flavor.

The series was started in August last with George H. Coomer's "Mountain Cave," of which many thousand copies have been sold. This was followed by stories from the popular pens of such writers as Frank H. Converse, Arthur Lee Putnam, and Mary A. Denison. Indeed, it would be hard to choose the best out of such a varied display of excellence, so we advise our readers to secure complete sets of the series now while they can be had. Each volume costs but 25 cents at the newsdealer's, or sent post paid from this office. A yearly subscription, \$3.00.

ENDURING INSTITUTIONS.

THE United States Government has frequently been cited as a typical instance of the republican system, exhibiting both the advantages of free institutions and the possible dangers of an unrestrained democracy. As a matter of fact, this description is only partly correct, for in few countries are there so many and so effective checks upon the current of popular feeling.

To make a comparison with England, for instance, whose government is proverbially supposed to be conservative in the extreme. There the veto of the Crown is extinct; here the Presidential veto still exists, and is constantly exercised. The British House of Lords rarely ventures to resist the proposals of the lower

house; and the American Senate has a strong influence over legislation. Lastly, and most important of all, we have a written constitution, and a Supreme Court which can entirely nullify any act of Congress which it finds to be contrary to the letter or spirit of that weighty document.

Or contrast the solid and permanent nature of our republic with the fickle temperament of France, which has had two empires, two dynasties of kings, and several varieties of democracy within the present century.

It may indeed be said, as was recently stated by a member of the British cabinet, that "America is the most conservative country in the world."

A MODERN instance of the possibility that "the longest way round may be the shortest way there" is furnished by the apparently anomalous fact that San Francisco newspapers can beat those of New York in the speed with which they can lay New York news before their respective readers. Of course this is brought about by the difference in time. When it is early morning in the East, it is only midnight on the Pacific coast, so that, should an event of importance occur after the New York papers have gone to press, there is still opportunity for an account of it to be telegraphed to the California journals in season for its discussion over that morning's breakfast table. The explanation is simple enough, but it serves, for the rest, to deeply impress on us the vast extent of our native land.

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

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT SMOKE.

WE want to say a few more words on the cigarette question, treating it from a standpoint not yet touched upon. Boys who smoke have been preached at ever since tobacco was discovered.

We now propose to vary matters by addressing ourselves to the boys who do not smoke, but who may possibly fall victims to the habit.

Let us look at the matter from the business side. Suppose a boy of fifteen or sixteen, or older if you please, wants to procure a situation in a bank, broker's office, or store. There are many such, the competition is keen, and often where there are a number of bright, smart boys to select from, an employer is puzzled to know how to decide. But when other things are thus equal, how many times will a merchant choose a boy who smokes in preference to one who does not?

But, the young smokers may say, we will not have a cigarette with us when we go to get a position, and besides we never expect to smoke in office hours; and then we always chew caraway seeds or something of the sort so that it can't be detected on our breath. Yes, but "You may break, you may shatter the pot as you will. The scent of the roses will cling round it still."

Only it is not exactly a roseate odor that "will not" of the clothing and fingers of the cigarette smoker, and that accompanies him wherever he goes like a portable atmosphere.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and "a word to the wise is sufficient."

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

THE adjective "golden" in the title of our paper is certainly a happy selection to judge from the golden opinions our weekly readers are constantly sending in. One of them puts the fact literally as follows:

40 WEST 119TH ST., NEW YORK CITY, April 7, 1888.
Your paper is worth ten times its weight in gold, and I wait anxiously for the week to pass by so I can purchase it. C. C. STREFFLE.

WINDSOR TERRACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 9, 1888.
I highly recommend your valuable paper. I let my children read the ARGOSY because it instructs them. WILLIAM C. BROWN.

I have been taking the ARGOSY for a year now, and I like it better than any boys' paper I have ever read. I am reading several other boys' papers, but prefer THE GOLDEN ARGOSY to any of them. BERTIE LEE.

1283 BATTERY AVENUE,
BALTIMORE, MD., April 8, 1888.

We are a class of school boys, fourteen years of age and under, and are all readers and lovers of the best juvenile paper in the country, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. It is ever found on file in our class room. JAS. CUDDY & CO.

THOMAS BRACKETT REED,

The Prominent Republican Congressman.

THE Fifth Congress, now in session at Washington, has before it an exceptional number of measures which involve important political or economic questions. The eyes of the nation at large are turned with anxiety toward the capital, awaiting the decision of matters deeply affecting the public welfare, and an unusual degree of interest attaches to the leaders of the great political parties, whose influence over the course of legislation is of course extremely powerful.

In the American Congress, the party in opposition does not, as is the case in the British Parliament, select a leader in each house, whose guidance is recognized and followed in the warfare of partisan politics. Hence no one of the

many able and respected Republican members of the House of Representatives is regularly brevetted as commander of the minority forces.

Notwithstanding this fact, however, it is generally conceded that, if not the Republican leader, Congressman Reed of Maine is the leading Republican member.

His right to this title was indeed formally established by his colleagues of that party when they gave him the nomination—of course an honorary one—for the post of Speaker of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Reed's career has been a somewhat uneventful one, being marked by little beyond his steady political promotion. He was born in the famous old seaport city of Portland, on the 18th of October, 1839. He was educated at Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, where he graduated at the age of twenty one.

This was in the year preceding the outbreak of the war of the Rebellion, and during the first part of that internecine conflict Mr. Reed was engaged in the study of law. In 1864, however, on the 19th of April, he accepted an appointment as acting assistant paymaster in the United States navy, an office which he continued to hold for more than eighteen months.

On leaving the navy in November, 1865, after the close of the war, Mr. Reed returned to his legal studies, and was soon afterward admitted to the bar of his native State. He commenced to practice his profession in Portland; but he took so active an interest in public affairs, and his talents drew him so rapidly to the front, that with him law soon became subordinate to politics. In 1868 he was elected to the Maine House of Representatives, and after serving for two years in that body became a member of the State Senate in 1870. Then for three successive years he was Attorney General of Maine, and for four more years City Solicitor of Portland.

He was first elected to the national legislature in 1876, when the First District of his State chose him as its representative in the Forty Fifth Congress. He has been at Washington continuously from that time, and is now the foremost Republican member of the lower house.

This prominence Mr. Reed has gained by his great oratorical and parliamentary abilities. He is the *beau ideal* of a debater. As a speaker he is full of sarcasm and irony, a master of rhetoric and of logic, and armed with a mind well stored with information. His temperament is fiery and energetic, and he is always ready for a Congressional fight, whether it is a general *melle* of the two parties, or a duel with some opponent who has been rash enough to single

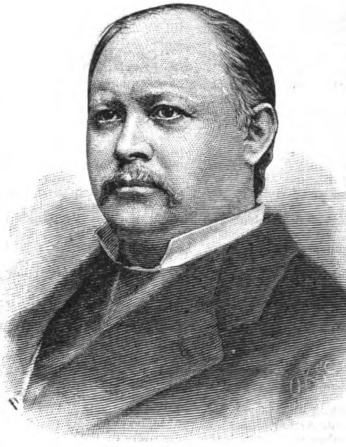
him out for attack. He is not afraid of tackling any one in the house, and enjoys a tussle with a foeman worthy of his steel, such as "Sunset" Cox.

Force and directness are characteristic of Mr. Reed's oratory. He speaks practically, and straight to the point; to the house, and not to the galleries. His voice is clear and sharp, high pitched, and not at all musical. Often earnest and even excited in debate, he is never explosive or unintelligible; and when he has made his point, he stops.

He is very constant in his attention to legislative duties, and from his desk he keeps a close watch upon his political adversaries. His generalship is excellent, and he is always ready to make full use of any tactical mistake upon their part. And yet, strong partisan as he is, Congressman Reed is universally popular among Democrats and Republicans alike. With all his sarcasm and sharpness of tongue, he never shows a trace of malice, and never loses his temper. He has hosts of friends, and his conversation in private life is as witty as are his public speeches.

Mr. Reed's physique has been termed brooding nag. He is large and heavily built. A fancied resemblance to portraits of the bard of Avon has gained for him the title of the American Shakspeare. His face, a representation of which appears on this page of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, is smooth shaven, and his clear cut features and bright eyes well typify his brilliant mental qualities.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.



CONGRESSMAN REED OF MAINE.

From a photograph by Bell.

EMPTY PRIDE.

BY JOHN DYER.

A LITTLE rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam on a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THERE is no worse thief than a bad book.

WE want not time, but diligence, for great performances.—*Dr. Johnson.*

HE who has less than he desires should know that he has more than he deserves.

His fortune never crushed that man whom good fortune deceived not.—*Ben Johnson.*

ACT well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.—*Lavater.*

THE chiefest action for a man of spirit, is never to be out of action.—*Webster.*

DOST thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

I HAVE lived to learn that the secret of happiness is never to let your energies stagnate.—*Adam Clarke.*

A GOOD word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill, requires only our silence, which costs us nothing.—*Tillotson.*

I'LL tell you how I got on. I kept my ears and eyes open, and I made my master's interest my own.—*George Eliot.*

HE that thinks himself the happiest man really is so; but he that thinks himself the wisest, is generally the greatest fool.

TEMPERANCE is reason's guide and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

THE ideal life, the life of full completions, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be beating beneath the thing we are.—*Phillips Brooks.*

TIME is, indeed, the theater and seat of illusion; nothing is so ductile and elastic. The mind stretches an hour to a century, and dwarfs an age to an hour.—*Emerson.*

IT was a very proper answer to him who asked why any man should be delighted with beauty, that it was a question that none but a blind man should ask.—*Lord Clarendon.*

IT is not the variegated colors, the cheerful sounds, and the warm breezes which enliven us so much in the spring; it is the prophetic spirit of endless hopes, a presentiment of many joyful days, the anticipation of higher everlasting blossoms and fruits.—*Novatis.*

FANCIED ILLS.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

HUMAN bodies are sic fools,
For a't their colleges and schools,
That when nae real ills perplex them,
They make enow themselves to vex them.

[This story commenced in No. 284.]

HEIR TO A MILLION;

OR,

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCES OF RAFE DUNTON.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

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

CHAPTER V.

A WARNING AND A DISAPPEARANCE.

THE strange thing which saved Rafe from the clutches of the infuriated swimmer was a spasm of intense pain, that suddenly flashed across the bearded face. Then the outstretched arm, with its companion, was thrown above his head.

"Help—I'm taken with cramp!" the man cried, and almost before the words had left his lips, he sank.

Rafe, for the moment dazed by the suddenness of the whole affair, gazed with dilating eyes at the little column of air bubbles rising to the surface where the man had disappeared.

Then, prompted by the same impulsive spirit which had led him to throw himself upon the savage dog, Rafe made a dive where Raymond had sunk.

Luckily he had learned that most useful feat to the swimmer—keeping one's eyes open under water.

Two fathoms at least down through the glimmering green he saw and grasped an up floating mass of iron gray hair. Then rose, dragging the half insensible form to the surface with him.

An eddy of the undertow had swept them both toward the buoy while beneath the water. And as Rafe rose with his unconscious burden, his outstretched hand grasped one of the iron rings.

Raymond hung a dead weight, but in such a way that Rafe, who had never relaxed his grasp for a moment, managed to keep his head and mouth above the water. Then, gasping for breath, he looked toward the shore.

A boat was generally kept in readiness for possible accidents, but it was some minutes before the situation of the two was seen and the boat launched. And now with a shudder Rafe realized that he might have been overpowered and drowned by the man's superior strength without being cramped from the beach. Cramp or undertow or both would readily account for his disappearance.

"But, pshaw!" he thought, pulling himself up short as he glanced at Raymond's livid features and closed eyes. "It isn't reasonable to suppose the fellow meant anything more than to give me a scare or a ducking."

Let us trust that this was Raymond's only intent, and that nothing which might have passed between Mr. Dunton and himself at a previous interview had aught to do with Raymond's threatening act.

Two strong pairs of arms pulled a large dory alongside the buoy, and in a trice rescuer and rescued were pulled on board—Rafe seemingly not very much the worse for his exertion.

Raymond was laid face downward, so that the water he had swallowed might escape from his mouth. Then the two sturdy fishermen sent the boat flying through the breakers to the beach, where an excited throng of bathers awaited their coming.

The usual remedies and restoratives were called into requisition, and by the time Rafe emerged, dressed, from his compartment of the

bathing house, Raymond was sitting up with a very confused idea of what had happened. And when he learned to whom he owed his life, he whistled under his breath.

"By Jove, this is a complication," some one heard him mutter. And as he had been recognized by more than one Mapletonian as the tramp of a couple of days previous, the remark was presumed to refer to the encounter between himself and Rafe.

Now the latter had driven out from Mapleton with his own team—a neat buggy and a pair of tolerably fast stepping horses. Mr. Dunton had graciously consented to the purchase of these a year or two before. And he used the turn out precisely as though he had bought and paid for it with his own money.

The team was brought around to the front of the little seaside hotel, greatly to the relief of Rafe, who had become the center of a noisily congratulating crowd.

At the same moment Raymond, clothed and in his right mind, made his appearance.

"Take me back to town with you. There's something I want to say to you," was his abrupt greeting.

A little surprised, Rafe

gush. And now I'm going to prove it. Only give me your word of honor not to speak of what I'm about to say!"

"I promise," returned Rafe, considerably astonished.

"It's about your uncle. We were college classmates together. He could always cover up his misdeeds. I never could. We were together some years in Europe. I know him thoroughly. He's bad clear through, though he hides it under his smooth face. For the sake of getting a million of money in his hands there's nothing Philip Dunton will stick at, excepting

could lead the way up to what he wished to speak of, without that. So, utterly alone in the world to a certain extent, Rafe longed for an adviser, and Dick's shrewd common sense had more than once proved a help to him.

Mr. Morier, a man past middle age, with a careworn face, on which was a look of irritation, was compounding something in a mortar at the counter.

"Dick in the back room?" asked Rafe.

"No," was the short reply. "Dick has gone—for good, I expect."

"Gone?" echoed Rafe. "Gone where?"

"Haven't the slightest idea," sharply returned the chemist, using the pestle with unnecessary force.

"The truth is, Dunton," he added, looking over his spectacles at Rafe, who was regarding him in bewilderment, "Dick's heart isn't in his business—his business any way. He's not to be taken up with his foolish experimenting and tinkering. Last night we had some words about it. 'All right, father,' he said, 'quite cool, you won't be bothered much longer with such a n'er do well!' And this morning, while I was out, he packed his grip. When I came back he was gone."

"Without leaving any word for me?" gasped Rafe.

"He didn't leave any here. He wrote 'good by, dad, till I see you again,' on a bit of paper and left it on the desk. Mrs. Bates, the housekeeper, saw him turn up High Street. Perhaps he left some message at the house."

Mr. Morier, whose disposition had been rather spoiled by his troubles, sparked with more of anger than sorrow. It was not the first time Dick's lack of application to business had made discussion between the two.

"Oh, he'll come back, Mr. Morier," said Rafe, cheerfully. Yet as he hurried homeward, his mind was by no means at ease on this point. Mrs. Bates used to say that Dick was "good as gold, but setten the everlastin' hills when he got started," which was a homely truth.

Had young Morier called at the house during the morning? He had. No—he left neither word nor message. He simply asked whether Rafe was at home.

He—Mr. Dunton—had informed him that his nephew was at Devere Beach spending his money. Young Morier, who had a traveling bag in his hand, went off in the direction of the station.

Thus reported Rafe's guardian, leaning back in his office chair and shooting his gaze over the top of his impatient nephew's head at the wall beyond. Nor could either of the servants tell anything more definite. Mr. Dunton had gone to the door himself, contrary to his usual custom. There had been neither note nor message left so far as either of the servants knew.

"If dar had a' been, Mr. Dunton would a' give it to you ob course, Mr. Rafe," said John, with an air of positiveness as he turned away.

But Rafe was not so sure of this by any means. Mr. Dunton had never liked Dick, and in every way tried to discourage the intimacy between the two. And it would be like him to keep back a message.

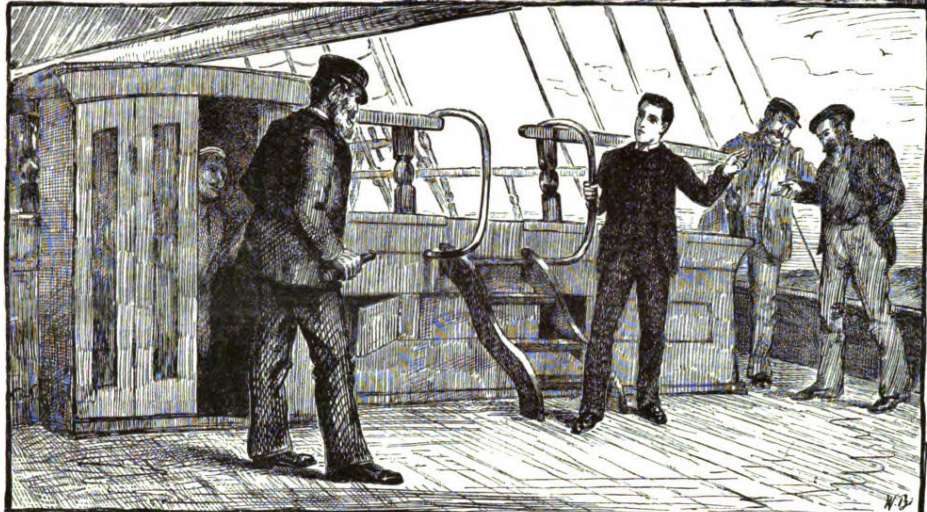
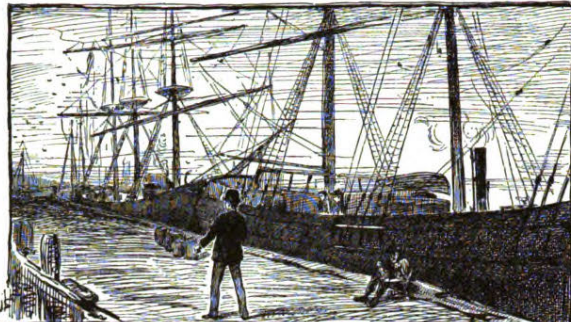
CHAPTER VI.
WHAT HAPPENED AT LEWIS WHARF.

MORE perplexed and unhappy than can well be imagined, Rafe roamed restlessly from place to place through the long day. All he could learn was that Dick had taken the 10.15 train to Boston. No one had seen him return. Mr. Morier had heard nothing from his erratic son.

"Mr—er—Dunton."

The speaker was the ex tragedian, who, with a brigandish looking hat tilted forward over his eyes, was slowly walking along the pavement in the direction of the hotel. He wore a cloak, one fold of which was thrown forward over the opposite shoulder after the presumed fashion of a Spanish bandit.

"Our temporary engagement with the lessees of the opera house ended last evening," went on Mr. Reynard in a voice which seemed to come



RAFE GOES TO SEA AGAINST HIS WILL.

motioned him to get in. In another moment the well matched horses were stepping out toward the city.

Raymond did not speak for a moment or two. He seemed to be thinking over what he had to say. Rafe glanced at him curiously. It was hard to believe that the decently dressed man beside him with a face which though defiant and reckless was not altogether bad, could be the dirty looking, coarse voiced, profane tramp of a couple of days before.

"My name," he said abruptly, "is James Raymond. I'm a bad lot—that goes without saying. I've had a close call. You saved my life, when, under the circumstances, you'd have been justified in letting me drown. I shan't forget it."

All this in short, jerky sentences. And before Rafe could frame a suitable reply, Raymond went on:

"I'm not ungrateful, if I don't go in for

open violence. If I were in your shoes, I should never feel safe under the same roof!"

"But stop," began Rafe, who had listened in the wildest amazement; "what right—"

"I've nothing more to say," interrupted Raymond, laying his hands on the reins. "Just pull up and let me out, will you?"

And as Rafe involuntarily obeyed, his strange companion sprang lightly from the buggy, and signaled to the driver of a "bus" in the rear.

Seeing that nothing more was to be learned from Raymond, Rafe, whose brain was in a perfect whirl, started his team on again.

Fantastic and unreal as it all seemed, there had been a certain terrible earnestness in the man's speech and manner which carried

weight. And when added to all was the remembrance of Rafe's own shadowy half suspicion, it is not surprising that he felt bewildered and alarmed.

For his reading revealed possibilities of quite as terrible things occurring in every day life—even worse, because successful.

Yet in a sense Rafe was powerless. He had no tangible proof. He had given his word not to speak of it. In any event, no one would for a moment listen to such an incredible suggestion as connecting Mr. Dunton with meditated crime. That is, no one unless it was Dick Morier.

Thus with a mind full of doubt and perplexity, Rafe drove slowly homeward, and gave his horses in charge of the stable keeper where the team was kept. Then he slowly made his way to Mr. Morier's shop.

Not that he intended telling Dick what had passed between himself and Raymond. He

from his boot soles. "Miss Natalie, I think, would be pleased to say farewell to her gallant preserver."

"So many things had happened in the interim, that the pretty musician had been almost forgotten. And Rafe expressed his perfect readiness to comply with the suggestion.

He found the young girl alone in a pleasant first floor front at the hotel. Her bright face dimpled with a smile as she rose to greet him. She briefly explained that Mrs. Reynard was at the opera house with the company packing her trunks.

"I had hoped you to come before, Madam Reynard, who is to me as a mother, would thank you for your bravery," she said a little reproachfully. "And then it is I who wished to play for you—just a little," she added, with a glance at her violin, which, with some loose sheets of music, lay on the table.

"I heard you the first evening, and you play beautifully," returned Rafe with the enthusiasm of the true music lover.

"Ah, but for the public—that shall be one thing; for my friends, that is different. Now listen."

A soft, clear drawn prelude, and then—what? Bach, Strauss, or the compositions of Liszt? Not at all; but instead, that old time tune which played or sung by a true artist never fails to move the hearer or audience—"Old Folks at Home."

Sweet and plaintive the notes rose and fell, seeming to repeat the simple pathetic words. Then as Rafe turned abruptly to the window to hide something very much like emotion, Natalie played "The Last Rose of Summer."

And laying aside the instrument turned to her auditor, who suddenly dashed his hand across his eyes.

"I'm ashamed of myself!" he cried indignantly.

"Ashamed? But why? It was the experiment to see if you had the true soul of the musician. And to bring a tear is the compliment I would have more than many words."

"Oh, if Dick could only have heard that—poor Dick," said Rafe, with sudden remembrance of his missing friend.

"Dick? Ah, yes—he that was brusque to speak, but kind to me when I feel faint. But why poor Dick?"

Rafe explained.

"Ah, but your friend has a desire to see the world," exclaimed Natalie with sparkling eyes, "and who shall give him blame? If I were a young man I would perhaps do so. Though," she added with a light laugh, "I have seen it something in our travel, and Monsieur Barry, who has the concert troupe, does speak of a tour across the seas—around the whole world on *effe*."

"And I shall never see you again, Miss Natalie," returned Rafe, gazing half regretfully at the speaker's bright face and sparkling eyes.

"Ah, who shall say?"—with a sudden glare.

"And yet, though the world is wide, people shall touch elbows with unexpectedness. But if we shall not again meet, see—I give you myself for a remembrance."

From a box on her dressing case Natalie took an exquisitely finished photograph of herself, executed on a thin sheet of ivory instead of the usual sensitized paper, by a peculiar process.

The gift was not a trace of sentiment or coquetry in the action, and Rafe received the gift with real pleasure. He had no girl friends in the true meaning of the word. The most he knew were society "young ladies" at a tender age.

"I will always keep this, Miss Natalie," he said. "And his voice meant even more than his words."

The entrance of Mr. Reynard brought the interview to a close. The ex tragedian, who had of course heard of Rafe's prospective million, was more than gracious. He beamed approvingly upon the two as they exchanged their final farewells. Possibly he murmured "bless you, my children" under his breath, which was fragrant of cloves.

"Adieu my noble youth—may the kind fates have thee in their keeping," were the actor's parting words, which were nearly followed by a stage embrace. But Rafe got off before Mr. Reynard had quite decided as to its propriety. And that afternoon the concert company took their departure.

Two days passed. There was no news whatever of Dick Morier. Nor could Rafe learn anything more concerning Raymond, who had left town the morning after his near escape from death. But the warning he had given Rafe remained in the latter's mind.

He could hardly enter the lawyer's office without any particular purpose or thought. Seating himself at the desk, Rafe noticed that, contrary to Mr. Dunton's custom, whether leaving the room for a shorter or a longer time, his uncle had left the key in the drawer where the copy of Rafe's father's will was usually kept.

"I'd like to read it for myself," was Rafe's sudden thought. And pulling open the drawer he began searching through a miscellaneous collection of documents.

It was not there, but Rafe came upon something else which drove the thoughts of the will quite out of his mind.

This was a hastily folded note addressed to

himself in Dick Morier's peculiar hand writing. It read thus:

MONDAY, 11 A. M.
DEAR RAFAE.—So sorry you're away. I saw this note, which Mr. D. will give you, to say that father and I are "out." I have left home for an indefinite time. I am going into town on next train. Uncle Jack Coulter's vessel, the Roamer, lies at the end of Lewis Wharf. You will find me on board of her if you will come in town either tomorrow or next day. I will tell you my plans. Be sure and come if possible. Hastily,
DICK.

Tomorrow or next day. And here it was Thursday. Yet there was a chance of meeting Dick even now. Captain Jack Coulter, as Rafe knew, was Dick's maternal uncle. He had never been on good terms with Mr. Morier since the death of Dick's mother, who, as the good captain was wont to say, had been "nagged" to death by her peevish husband. Rafe had heard Dick mention only a few days before that the Roamer was loading at Boston for a foreign port.

It was some time after nightfall before he could get a train to the city. And not being familiar with the tortuous mazes of the Boston streets leading from the railroad station to the wharves, nine o'clock rang out from the old South before Rafe made his way through a gathering fog from the harbor, across Atlantic Avenue and down upon the pier.

Reaching the end of the latter he stood looking about him in hopeless bewilderment. The masts of a small fleet of fishermen lying two and three deep rose on every side. Before him at the quay berth lay a small iron boat, having a tow boat alongside with steam up.

"Now then, young feller, what is it?"

Rafe, scrambling up the main channels, sprang back to look to the front by a burly individual with bright red whiskers, who was evidently an officer.

"Where does the Roamer lie, if you please?"

"This is her next 'longside, lettin' go far'ard to let us out. Look lively if you want to go aboard!"

"Hicky, come aft here with that lantern!" called a hoarse voice from the quarter. Followed by half a dozen perspiring sailors, the officer hurried away, leaving Rafe in the fog and darkness.

Look lively! Which way should he look? His first essay brought him to the rail over which he had just stepped. A swinging brace knocked his neat derby hat from his head, and away it went overboard.

"Con—found it, why can't they have lights round the deck!" he muttered impatiently, as, turning back, Rafe began groping his way between the cluttered cordage and hawsers.

"There's the main hatch."

It was Rafe's last connected speech for considerable time. For his foot caught in a coil of running gear—he was conscious of pitching down a black abyss—then all was a blank.

"A couple of you clap on these main hatches before some one gets his precious neck broke," bellowed out Mr. Bangs, the second officer, a moment or two later.

The order was obeyed, but it was not unlike locking the stable door after the steed was stolen. No one had broken his neck, it is true. But the heir to a million had come within one of it, as the saying is. And while the bark Devon lay dead in the water, Rafe Dunton lay stunned and senseless on the pile of old sails between decks that had served to break his fall.

Naturally Mr. Dunton's nephew did not appear at the breakfast table on the following morning. And when Mr. Dunton discovered that his heir had not been up, he began to feel uneasy. Still more so when he found that, through his carelessness in leaving the writing table drawer open, Dick Morier's note had been—as he expressed it—"abstracted."

Not uneasiness about Rafe, so much as himself. His nephew had gone to hunt up his friends. And he had not been coming back, even then. Bah! Let them talk. What could they prove?

"Mornin' paper, sah?"

Mechanically Mr. Dunton opened the damp sheet and glanced at the various headings—fires, murders, disasters by land and sea, scandals, and all the rest of it. But what is this? With dilating eyes Mr. Dunton read as follows:

SUPPOSED DROWNING ACCIDENT.
Late last evening a handsomely dressed young fellow, about sixteen years old, was at the end of Lewis Wharf, presumably endeavoring to board the Roamer, Captain Coulter master, lying outside the English bar. Devon, which was being towed out to the stream. Captain Coulter and his nephew being interviewed this morning, state that the person referred to was without doubt Raphael J. Dunton, of Mapleswood, Mass., as he was expected on board. From the fact that he has not since been seen and a hat bearing his initials was picked up off the wharf this morning, it is feared he was knocked overboard and drowned in the confusion of getting the bark away. Deceased was son of the late John Dunton of Mapleswood, and at his majority expected to come into possession of something over a million left by his father. A diver is searching for the body.

CHAPTER VII.
AN INVOLUNTARY STOWAWAY.

WHEN Rafe awakened from his temporary stupor, he could not for a few moments form the slightest idea as to his whereabouts.

But as memory reasserted itself he remembered clambering aboard the bark, groping his

way across the deck, and then stumbling at the edge of the open hatchway.

"And by Jove," he heaved aloud, "I'm shut up in the hold!"

Now here was Rafe's mistake. The Devon was a "double decker," and, instead of being eighteen or twenty feet below the hatches, he was not more than ten at the farthest.

For the Devon had only half a cargo, which filled the lower hold entirely. Thus the upper "tween decks" being left comparatively empty, had been used for the stowage of various stores, spare rigging, small spars, sails, and the like.

But utterly ignorant of this fact by reason of the pitchy darkness, Rafe sat half erect, wondering what would be the outcome of his strange mishap.

Had he only known that he could almost touch the beams and carlines under the main deck by stretching his hands upward, he might have made himself heard if he had shouted long enough, that is, by any one who might have been standing by the closed hatches.

But presuming that he was at the very bottom of the hold, Rafe felt assured that he might shout till doomsday without attracting notice. Not only the imagined distance to deck, but the steady beat of the tug's propeller with the gurgle and rush of the water alongside the hull, would prevent those on deck from hearing him, he argued.

Had he strangely enough his situation did not seem so very alarming. From what he vaguely remembered, Rafe concluded that the bark was being towed into the stream to a convenient anchorage till morning.

"I might as well lie down again; the rattle of the chain cable will wake me up, and then I can't get up to make myself heard," was his final decision.

There are much worse resting places than a huddled heap of spare sail, particularly old ones. Then, too, Rafe was conscious of a feeling of half stupor from the effects of his fall. So it is by no means surprising that he soon drifted off into a heavy, dreamless sleep.

A tinnitulation suggestive of the breakfast bell awoke him.

"All right, John," he drowsily called out. "I'll be down directly."

But what should make his bed rock so? Was it an earthquake? And then all at once a realization of the startling truth burst upon him. He, Rafe Dunton, heir to a million, was being taken to sea against his will, though in fact he alone was in fault.

"HALLO, HALLOO, THERE!"

Rafe's stentorian shouts repeated over and over again must certainly have been heard only by the newcomers; the first, that the crew were all aloft making up gaskets and putting on chafing gear, while the after guard were gathered on the quarter; the second, that a huge coil of hawser on the main hatch deadened his voice, and, moreover, shut out such straggling rays of light as might have shown through the crevices, thereby revealing to Rafe his true whereabouts.

And so, finding shouting ineffectual, Rafe sank back on the pile of old sails and tried to think, as the terrible possibilities of the situation presented themselves.

He knew enough of seafaring matters to be aware that, if possible, then a voice battered down were never disturbed, excepting in an emergency, during the voyage. That the bark had but a small lading Rafe could only conjecture by reason of the unoccupied space on either side and above him. Then he began groping about in the darkness with a vain hope of finding some opening through which he might thump the under side of the deck.

This only resulted in bruising himself over fenders and watercasks, so Rafe returned to the pile of sails.

Suddenly he heard a tramping of feet above him sounding far more distinctly than he could have supposed possible. Then a voice battered down were never disturbed, excepting in an emergency, during the voyage. That the bark had but a small lading Rafe could only conjecture by reason of the unoccupied space on either side and above him. Then he began groping about in the darkness with a vain hope of finding some opening through which he might thump the under side of the deck.

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stowaway is not usually at first regarded with favor.

So as he spoke Mr. Hicky reached out and grasped Rafe's collar rather forcibly, which Rafe naturally resented by twisting away and assuming a threatening attitude. "You are—"

"None of that—hands off!" he exclaimed, sharply.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Hicky?"

The speaker was Captain Thorn, who had come out on deck from the forward cabin, where he and Mr. Blake, the mate, were at dinner. The sailors at work in the rigging grinned at each other as, at the sight of Rafe, Captain Thorn quickened his steps, as did also the mate following at his heels.

"Stowaway, sir," was the short response.

"I'm aw," he haughtily returned Rafe, steadying himself by the rigging as the bark rolled heavily to leeward. Then very briefly Rafe explained how he had unwittingly been imprisoned. "And now, captain," he went on hurriedly, "you must put back and land me at the nearest port. You shall be paid liberally."

"Put back, when I'm thirty miles off shore with a fair wind, is a guess not!" replied Captain Thorn, decidedly.

"The most I can promise," he added, as Rafe looked thunderstruck, "is to put you aboard the first inbound vessel we sight."

"And supposing you should not sight one?"

Captain Thorn shrugged his shoulders, Mr. Hicky coughed, and the mate, who was a rugged, outspoken son of New England, replied: "Why, you'll swop your dandy clothes for dogswood trousers and a blue shirt over the slop chest. Then your white hands'll be dipped in a tar bucket, and you'll have the freedom of the fo'c'sle—there's one spare bunk, I believe."

Now the estate left by Rafe's father comprised, with other properties, some shares in the merchant marine; and theoretically Rafe knew that present day seafaring was very unlike that which Cooper and Marryatt have depicted. And that he, Rafe Dunton, should perhaps have to enter a forecastle, to associate with the lowest order of foreign sailors—unclean of speech and habits, ignorant and vicious—was too much.

"You won't drive me into a dirty forecandle if I know myself!" he said, with a peculiar compression of the lips, suggestive of a certain dogged obstinacy not easily overcome.

"Won't I, though?" retorted the mate, with a short laugh. "We'll see about that, my fine fellow."

"That's enough, Mr. Blake," sharply interrupted Captain Thorn. Rafe's gentlemanly bearing, well fitting suit, his linen and jewelry, had rather impressed the worthy shipmaster.

Clearing his throat, he began, in a milder voice:

"Where do you belong, Mr. —"

"Rafe Dunton," supplied Rafe at the interrogative pause. "I belong in Mapleton," he went on, as Captain Thorn suddenly stared at him very hard, "my father was John Dunton."

Captain Thorn's ruddy visage underwent such a remarkable change that Rafe stopped short.

"I don't think, Mr. Blake," said the former, turning with slow deliberation—"I hardly think this young man will go into the fo'c'sle. That is—not today. For if he's John Dunton's son, why he's the heir to a million or so of property. At least so I've been told by his guardian, who was aboard here only yesterday. And amongst the property real and personal is a quarter of the bark Devon."

Rafe uttered an exclamation, echoed in a lower key by Mr. Hicky. Mr. Blake alone showed no signs of astonishment.

As he afterward said, he had been at sea too long to be surprised at anything.

"Which—what vessel is this?" Rafe asked in tones of bewilderment.

"The Devon, bound for Shanghai or a market."

Then it was Rafe vaguely remembered that his guardian's business in Boston the day previous had something to do with the clearance of the bark Devon, partly owned by the Dunton estate. And by a lucky coincidence he had stumbled upon and into—so to speak—a vessel one fourth of which was legally his own. Or would be some day. Rafe chose to look at it in the former light.

"This was in his mind as he obeyed Captain Thorn's polite invitation to follow him to the cabin.

"You'll keep a lookout for inbound vessels, won't you, Mr. Blake?" he said as the mate ascended to the quarter.

"Certainly, sir," was the respectful answer, and Rafe could but smile at the sudden change in Mr. Blake's tone and manner.

The Devon's cabin was fitted up with rather more than usual style, owing, as Captain Thorn explained, to the fact that his wife had been with him on the previous voyage.

A small upright piano was in a recess at one end, while on either side were wide lounges to serve as sleeping couches if need be. There was a perfect sleepy hollow of an easy chair, a case of books screwed against the wall, some marine lithographs and a neat swinging lamp. In the skylight overhead were boxes containing flowering plants.

"A passenger might make himself pretty comfortable here for a few weeks, eh, Mr. Dunton?" said Captain Thorn, motioning Rafe to the big chair, and seating himself at the side table, on which was an open chart with some nautical books.

(To be continued.)

THE LION HEART.

BY T. G. SMOLLETT.

Thy spirit, Independence, let me share;
Lord of the heart and eagle eye;
Thy steps I follow with a bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.

[This story commenced in No. 278.]

THE

Basket of Diamonds;

OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TRACKING MR. GIBBS.

CAPTAIN RINGBOOM and Rowly stood by the gangway while Captain Wellfleet stepped down into the Reindeer's deck to the boat which was waiting to take him to his own vessel.

The gig pulled away, and Rowly left the ship with Captain Ringboom, though they parted as soon as they reached the shore, for the shipmaster wished to call upon his owners. The young clerk had removed his gaze from the Gaiymede since he left the Reindeer, though from an instinct of prudence rather than any defined reason, he had not permitted Gibbs to see his face.

He stood upon the wharf watching the ship, though he could not help wondering why he did so, for he had been able to connect the black bearded sailor with the mission.

He had not waited more than half an hour before a boat containing two men put off from the ship, and one of the men it landed on the next pier.

Rowly rushed to the street, and to the head of the next pier, where he soon saw Gibbs make his appearance, and as he had entirely changed his clothes, he felt that no one was likely to know him.

The sailor did not even look at him, and seemed to be intent on his own affairs.

Rowly followed him; and when he found that Gibbs was conducting him to the house in which both Silky and Rush had rooms, the mystery began to look thinner to him, and Gibbs, Silky and Gunnywood, like a composite photograph, looked as though they were to materialize in one and the same person.

With the information obtained when the sailor turned into the street in which the lodging-house was located, the whole truth was forced to the front of his mind.

The expression he had recognized, while the features, mostly covered with a long beard, and browned with ocher instead of a southern sun, was that of the chief of the two burglars, one of whom was already behind the bars.

So suddenly did the truth flash upon him at last that he halted in the city; and he realized with wonder at the retreating form of the man he was "shadowing."

The height and stature of the man were identical with those of Silky, though the loose sailor's garb made him look a little stouter; and no other man in the world could have had just that expression on his face.

What were the burglar's intentions, a hint of which had come to him by an accident that was almost miraculous?

It appeared that he had shipped in a vessel bound to London, as though it were no longer prudent for him to remain in New York, or to reach his destination by any of the steamers bound to England.

His fellow sinner had been caught, and the city was getting too hot for him; and Rowly thought he was not far out of the way in his calculations in respect to his own safety.

But Rowly did not lose sight of his man in his reflections, and in the darkness which was gathering over the great city; and he realized that Silky was acting with extreme caution in approaching the house in which his room was located.

He stopped several times, looked up and down the street, and seemed to scan every person in sight.

At last he entered the house, and his shadow laid in front of it to consider what he should do next.

The disguise which Silky wore suggested an idea to Rowly, which he adopted on the instant, and he hastened up the street to his own home, thinking with all his might all the way.

A society to which Rowly belonged had amused its members by engaging in private theatricals, and he had done the leading part in the "The Jolly Brigands."

In a long haired, curly black wig, a fierce mustache of the same hue, and an olive complexion, his own mother had not recognized him, though he wore an English dress.

The costume was still in his chamber, and in less than half an hour he was again the chief of the "Jolly Brigands," though in the absence of the Spanish garb he looked more like the proprietor of a cigar store.

His mother was not at home, but he left a note for her, saying that he could not tell when he should return.

On the stairs he met two men who lived in the house, but neither seemed to have any suspicion who he was, and in the street those who knew him well took no notice of him.

He had come to the conclusion that Silky would be employed for some time in making his preparations to leave the country the next day, and he was confident he should find him in his chamber.

When he tried the front door of the house he found it was locked, but he rang the bell as confidently as though he had been on an ordinary errand.

"I think Mr. Gunnywood is in his room, for I just met a sailor going up to see him," replied the landlady, in answer to his inquiry. "I don't see how he got in, and I just locked the door. You can go up if you know where his room is."

"I sell him cigars, and I know where his room is," replied Rowly, giving a foreign accent to his tones.

He ascended to the proper floor, and heard voices in Silky's room, which were those of the burglar and Rush Sinnerton, the door of whose chamber was open, and he entered it.

He had hardly crossed the threshold before he heard the door of Silky's room open, and feeling that he was in peril, he instantly crawled under the bed.

Silky and Rush came into the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EMPTY BOX UNDER THE BED.

THE floor of Rush Sinnerton's room was carpeted, so that Rowly had no difficulty in getting a good view of the wall without making any noise. As he was working himself into this place, he put one of his hands on something that felt like a wooden box; but he only pushed it out of his way, and made sure that he concealed himself as well as he could.

One side of the bed, as well as one end, was close against the wall; and when Rowly found himself well placed, the wooden box was within reach of his hand.

There was light enough under the bed for him to see that it was made of ordinary boards, though it was not more than eight inches square. The cover had been removed from it, and was partly in the box. Whatever it had contained had been removed, and there was nothing to give any clew to the use to which it had been applied.

But anything in the shape of a box, especially in this locality, was of interest to Rowly, for the casket of diamonds had been inclosed in one. He had seen it on the table of Mrs. Everton's front parlor; and, to the best of his knowledge and belief, this box was just the same size. He proceeded to examine it as well as he could in the dim light, with the aid of his fingers.

Silky and Rush were talking of matters in which he took no interest, though neither of them was aware of the presence of the capitalist's son had merely asked his friend to come to his room for a cigar.

Rowly felt the boards, and felt the nails in the box, the latter of which were peculiar in their make, as he remembered that those in the case at Mrs. Everton's had been.

But when he saw the box gave him a reasonable assurance that this box had contained the casket of diamonds; and it was significant that he had found it under Rush's bed.

"I have been looking for you, Gunnywood," said Rush, after both of them had talked for a while about matters that plainly did not interest either of them.

"What did you want of me?" asked Silky, indifferently.

"Do you remember that fellow who was here last night, who was listening at the door?" asked Rush, coming nearer to what was in his mind.

"Of course I do; and I would give something with my hand to get hold of him."

"You damaged me more than you knew by joking about the lost diamonds."

"I didn't joke about them," replied Silky, in a very serious tone.

"Yes, you did. Didn't you let on and talk just as though I had stolen the box, and didn't you let on and hear every word you said?" demanded Rush, earnestly, and with a little indignation in his tones, as though this was the subject on which he wished to talk with his friend.

"I didn't know that fellow was hearing me, but I wasn't joking," added Silky, seriously. "I can't see any one but you could have taken the box, for you say you stayed at the house after your father left."

"That's too bad, Gunnywood!" exclaimed Rush, very much grieved, as well as indignant, at the words of his companion. "If you know anything about the robbery, you know that I did not take them; and I wouldn't do such a thing."

"That's all very well, Rush," replied Silky, in sneering tones. "Of course I expect you to deny it, though I don't see why you should do so to me, for I will not squeal on you."

"What makes you think that I took the box of diamonds?" asked Rush, who was inclined to argue the point with the young man, though simple denials accomplished nothing.

"Last night I believed you and your father were the only ones that had any interest in doing so, and for that reason that you took them, whether your father told you to do so or not."

"My father did not tell me to do so."

"Then you took them without his knowledge."

"You wrong me, Gunnywood!"

"Nonsense! Nothing of the kind! I saw you brought the box here, and you were a simpleton

that you didn't burn it after you had taken the casket out of it. Now, I want to make a trade with you, Rush. You are a good fellow, though you are stupid in a business matter like this one."

"I don't know anything about the box or the diamonds," protested Rush, with more vehemence than he had used before.

"Keep it up if you think best; but I have been looking into this matter in my own interest, since you are such a fool as to deny your share in the matter," said Silky, quietly. "To make a short story of it, I am going to London and Paris, and if you will make a reasonable division with me, I will take you with me, sell the gems there and elsewhere, and we can live like a pair of lords till we have our fill of the good things of this life."

"That is all very nice; but I haven't the box—"

"It is under your bed at this moment," interposed Silky, in his assumed quiet way.

"Under my bed!" exclaimed Rush.

"That is what I said; and Rowly heard him rise from his chair and move towards the bed."

The shadow thought this was rather a dangerous movement for him, and he took the precaution to shove the box as near as he could to the front of the bed.

"I told you that I had been looking into this matter in my own interest," continued Silky, pausing long enough to enable Rowly to secure his position next to the wall he believed what he said.

"I don't understand you at all, Gunnywood, and I am sure there is no box here," added Rush.

Silky dropped on one knee and raised the overhanging coverlet so that he could see the box in the convenient place where Rowly had his position next to the wall. He drew forth the box, without any suspicion of the presence of the "Chief of the Jolly Brigands."

"What do you call this, Rush?" demanded Silky, as he produced the box.

"I don't know anything about it," replied Rush. "I never saw it before, and did not know that it was here."

"Then you intend to keep up the farce in spite of the overwhelming evidence against you, do you?" asked Silky, who was, or pretended to be, disgusted at the conduct of his friend.

"I speak the truth when I say that I never saw that box before," protested Rush, and the "brigand" under the bed believed what he said. "Were you not in the front parlor of Mrs. Everton's house when the box was put on the table?" demanded Silky, raising his voice in the heat of the argument.

"I saw that box on the table; but I mean that I have not seen the box since I saw it there," Rush answered; and he seemed to be not a little cast down by the evidence.

"Here is the box, and this bit of board is the cover of it; and I find on it the name of Captain Israel Ringboom, ship Reindeer. Is that the name of the captain that called on Mrs. Everton?"

"That was his name," answered Rush.

A brief silence followed, during which Rowly judged that Rush was examining the box, and perhaps wondering how it came under his bed, though probably the brigand was better able than he to explain its presence there.

At the same time Rowly had an opportunity to look at the box; and all that he had heard confirmed the evidence he had derived from the paper with the imprint of the burglar's heel upon it.

He felt that he had made real progress in the investigation, and, if he had been in a favorable position for a demonstration, he would have been inclined to crow over the measure of success which he had effected.

"Then it is the identical box in which the diamonds were carried to Mrs. Everton's house!" exclaimed Silky, in a tone of pretended triumph, as though he had unearthed the iniquity of his friend.

"It certainly looks like it," added Rush, apparently overwhelmed by the evidence against him.

"It is just as clear as the ears on a jackass. This is the box, and it was found in your room, Rush."

"That is all very true, but I know no more about the diamonds than you do," added Rush. "You can't get any one but me to squeal on you," protested Silky.

Rowly wondered what the burglar was driving at.

CHAPTER XXV.

A VISIT TO A GRANDMOTHER.

WITHOUT hearing Rush Sinnerton's denials of all knowledge of the diamonds, Silky spent some time in explaining his plan of going to Europe, where the gems were to be sold.

Rowly was convinced that he intended to go in the Gaiymede as a sailor before the mast; and he had evidently chosen his method of transporting the treasure to the other side of the Atlantic because it was safer than taking passage in a steamer.

But he could not even conjecture why the burglar wished to take Rush with him, for he could certainly be of no use to him, and must be a burden, especially if he was to receive a share of the proceeds of the diamonds when they were sold.

"I should like to go with you very much," said Rush, whose imagination seemed to be ex-

cited by the pleasant picture of life in Paris, Baden Baden, and Homburg, which Silky elaborated to him. "But if you still believe I have the casket of diamonds, you may search my room, and I will help you as well as I know how."

"I will take the risk of your producing the diamonds as soon as we need them," replied Silky lightly. "I haven't even suggested that you keep them in this room, for that would be almost as stupid as leaving the box here under the bed. Of course you would not keep them here, and I suppose you have a drawer in some safe deposit company's vaults."

"I haven't the diamonds here or anywhere else," added Rush, with something like resignation in his tones.

"That is getting a little monotonous, and you needn't say it any more. I will take the chances of your trying them out when we are ready for them," continued Silky, as glibly as ever. "Now how shall we divide them? The papers say they were worth two hundred thousand dollars, and you made a good haul, Rush. If I had done that I should say I had done a big stroke of business."

"I should say you had," replied Rush in a sickly tone.

"But I am to have all the risk and trouble of disposing of the gems, and of getting them and you to the other side of the ocean. I should say that three fourths of the value of them ought to belong to me."

"Divide it as you like," added Rush, with proper resignation.

"That's a good fellow, and I knew you would not be unreasonable," said Silky.

"But when do we start for the other side?"

"Tomorrow, my dear fellow; but we don't go in a steamer, and both of us will have to work our way to the big ocean."

"But I am not a sailor; I don't know anything more about a ship than I do about the Cherokee language."

"I do, for I was in the navy three years. I have already shipped and signed the articles on board of the Gaiymede, bound to London. The captain is a sea dandy, and his ship is fitted up like a crack vessel, and the ocean swell in command wants a young fellow to act as captain's clerk, and you are just the one he wants. I shall be before the mast, but you will be in the cabin, and you can stow away the diamonds in a safe place."

"If I have them I can," added Rush very mildly.

"You will have them by the time you get on board of the Gaiymede. But you must look out for this place tonight, or some other fellow not half as handsome as you are will get it."

"All right; I will do that; but I will not warrant that the diamonds will be forthcoming when you want them."

"I will warrant that they shall be forthcoming when I want them, which will not be till we get to London."

"If you are satisfied, I shall not complain now or when we get to London."

"I am satisfied now, and I shall be then," answered Silky, and Rowly had reason to believe he spoke the truth.

It was not even yet evident for what purpose Rush was taken into the scheme, unless it was to have the diamonds in the cabin rather than in the forecastle of the Gaiymede.

"But there is a little difficulty in the way," continued Silky after a pause of some length. "The diamonds are sure to bring us a big pile of money, not less than two hundred thousand dollars, and perhaps more."

Rowly thought that Silky spoke like a man that knew what he was talking about, and it was plain that he had examined the gems as an expert in their value.

"I do not find any difficulty in that. If they bring in the money, that is all we want," suggested Rush.

"But we may not be able to sell them at once, and in case of any suspicion, we may not care to sell them for a few months or a year—till the excitement about them has died out."

"We can't live on our own money."

"That's the truest word you ever spoke, Rush. I expected to get a pile of money from my grandmother last night, when I went to see her; but the old lady was in bad humor, and would not do a thing for me."

"I didn't know you had a grandmother," said Rush, when his companion paused, perhaps thinking of the events of the preceding night.

"I have, and her name is Fortune."

"Is she an old maid?"

"Hardly, for old maids are not usually grandmothers."

"Not Miss Fortune then?"

"No; Mr. Fortune. But I have another grandmother, and I'm going to see her to-night."

"You have a good supply of grandmothers."

"I have four more besides the two I have mentioned, and they are all rich, or I should not go to see them."

"Fush, you are facetious, Rush."

"Never mind now about it; I will explain another time how I happen to have so many of them, for we must talk business now," replied Silky in a hurried tone. "You must go with me tonight to see this particular grandmother, and we must make her hand over at least twenty thousand dollars, which will keep us a couple of years if we don't sell the diamonds. You shall have one fourth of whatever we get, if you do as I tell you."

(To be continued.)

THE LAW OF CONSCIENCE.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The victory is most sure
For him who, seeking faith by virtue, strives
To yield entire submission to the law
Of conscience.

A Modern Arabian Night.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

"So this is the Golden Horn, as they call it. Well, well!"
Such was Dan Elliot's astonished remark as he leaned over the rail of the brig Wanda, just come to anchor in the Bosphorus.

Until joining the brig in Portland, Maine, Dan had never seen a larger place than his native town of Woodhills, so that Portland itself was in Dan's eyes a wonderful city. But Constantinople, which he now lay before him in all its beauty—why, this was something which only the descriptions in the "Arabian Nights" could equal.

"Get ready to row the old man ashore, Dan," said Mr. Thorn, the Wanda's chief officer. Now the "old man" is a sailor phrase for the shipmaster, whether he be eighteen or eighty. And Captain Ned Osborn was only twenty-five, good looking, intelligent, and every inch a sailor. This was his second voyage to Constantinople, and there was a something peculiar about it. The anchor was down with but little scope of chain, so that it could be hove up in short order. In place of the neat "harbor furl" expected on arriving in port, the sails, simply hauled up in the clewlines and buntlines, were left thus hanging.

Dan noticed all this as, facing Captain Ned, he pulled sturdily toward the upper landing stage. Captain Ned's eyes suddenly fixed themselves on one of the boats that passed them. It was a gorgeously painted and gilded barge, pulled by a dozen gayly attired blacks.

Despite the skill of its helmsman, a tall black wearing the Sultan's colors, the barge became momentarily "jammed" in a crowd of market boats.

"In oars," exclaimed Captain Ned, in tones of repressed excitement. For the Wanda's boat was suddenly forced against the stern of the barge by the pressure. But it was not a love's momentary confusion that caused his excitement.

As Dan obeyed, the curtains at the after end of the barge parted gently. Dan had a brief glimpse of a beautiful face illumined by a pair of dark, lustrous eyes, which glanced lightning-like from himself to Captain Ned. Then the curtains were drawn, but not before a small hand dropped a half-blown rose on the turbid water.

"By gracious, that's just like a story out of the 'Arabian Nights,'" was Dan's inward thought, and he scooped up the rose in his own big hand as though it had been a drifting cabbage.

"I think I will take that flower, Dan," quietly remarked Captain Ned. Yet there was a curious tremor in his voice unlike anything Dan had ever before noticed.

The captain's law with the sailor. Very lucciant! Dan yielded up the rose, which Captain Ned buttoned carefully inside his coat.

"Humph, she's just as likely to have fell in love with me as him," grumbled Dan, inwardly. True, Dan was only sixteen, while Captain Ned was nearly ten years older. But then—so Dan reflected—his very youth was in his favor. And as for looks—well, the captain had a black mustache, and wasn't bad looking, on the whole. But for that matter he—Dan—was cultivating a shadowy semblance in the same upper lip line. And at home in Woodhills the girls had never called him homely.

"Dan," suddenly exclaimed Captain Ned—"I—wasn't I want to go ashore at the landing just yet. Keep on in the wake of the barge—only not as though you were following it."

"All right," shortly returned Dan. But Captain Ned did not notice the omission of the "sir" which should have followed. His eyes were steadfastly fixed on the high, carved stern of the barge, which, leaving the harbor, kept steadily on between the luxuriant palace gardens on either hand up the gradually narrowing

arm of the sea, toward Beshiktash, where the Sultan's palace stands embowered in verdure.

"Ease rowing, Dan." The barge had dropped alongside a flight of marble steps, leading from the palace grounds down to the river's edge. Two gigantic blacks, wearing the green of the Sultan's household, jealously watched the disembarking of some half a dozen females closely enveloped in the disfiguring wraps peculiar to the women of the Levant. The last of them glanced furtively back at the boat.

As Captain Ned's head was turned eagerly toward the veiled throng, Dan boldly waded his hand. An almost imperceptible motion of a similar nature was made by one of the veiled females.

Dan's heart began to beat tumultuously. "That was meant for me," he told himself. Captain Ned motioned Dan to pull alongside the shady embankment below the landing. Then he produced from the stern sheets a store of fruit, which the two shared in the most amicable manner imaginable.

"The white marble kiosk straight up the path," whispered Captain Ned, excitedly—"don't forget."

Nodding his comprehension, Dan went his way. From the shadows of a mass of flowering shrubbery glided a swarthy young man in the dress of an Albanian servant. Mutely he proceeded to disrobe, while Dan did the same, a change of garments being effected in a twinkling.

"Say, you," remarked Dan, in a satisfied undertone, "I don't make such a dre'ful bad lookin' Turkey—"

But the Albanian had vanished. "More Arabian Nights' biz'ness," muttered Dan; "but long's I earn my ten dollars I don't care. Now for the cap'n's dark skinned girl."

Dan's heart beat hard and fast as he passed a couple of gigantic blacks who were patrolling the shrubbery, evidently doing guard duty in the palace pleasure grounds. But beyond a glance at his Albanian costume, no notice was vouchsafed him, and he reached the kiosk.

is no time to be lost." And drawing Dan with her she swiftly passed out of the kiosk.

"Now to the boat—lead you the way," she said, in the same excited whisper. Dan, hardly knowing whether he was on his head or his heels, obeyed.

Down through the deep shadows sped the pair with flying feet to the river bank below the marble steps, where the boat was drawn up under an overhanging crump of trees.

As Captain Ned sprang up, and with a low cry of joy helped the fair girl into the boat, Dan uttered an exclamation of bewilderment.

For the boat had another occupant—the dark skinned girl whom Dan had seen whispering to the captain a little before.

"Look here, Cap'n Ned," began Dan, expostulatingly, but a peremptory gesture cut short his intended speech.

"Ship the oars and pull down stream, harder than ever you pulled in all your life!" was the captain's low, stern command. And Dan obeyed without a word.

But what it all meant, unless Captain Ned was going to turn Turk and marry two wives—both the dark and the fair one—Dan could not make out, or—had his heart gave a great bound—by some hocus pocus, the fair girl was running away with *him*. Dan Elliot—and the whole thing had been planned between herself and the dark, good looking girl.

But Dan's ecstatic vision received a rude check. For, as the boat went flying down the current, Captain Ned deliberately placed his arm about the slender waist of the beautiful white girl, and kissed her sweet lips, regardless alike of Dan's presence and his feelings on the subject.

On flew the boat without molestation or hindrance, for it was now past midnight, and the Bosphorus, whose waters by day swarmed with every manner of craft, was comparatively deserted. Down a month the anchored shipping and alongside the Wanda.

On the following morning while the Greek pilot, was standing down the Sea of Marmora, Dan went to the wheel. Captain Ned, accompanied by a lady in semi-European attire, came up on the quarter.

"Dan," said Captain Ned, "let me introduce you to—my wife!"

Dan's lower jaw dropped a full inch. The beautiful face, with its friendly smile, was that of the lady of his dreams.

Well, it seemed that Captain Ned had, on a previous voyage, met the young Circassian, who was being reared under European teachers at the Sultan's palace, with the dazzling prospect of some day becoming the monarch's favorite wife. She preferred the handsome American shipmaster, and they were privately married; but on the same day, the Sultan's suspicions having been aroused, Atalifa was removed into the interior. But love conquers all obstacles, and, having bribed a couple of the servants, Captain Ned carried away his bride and her maid, as we have seen.

Dan's ten dollar earnings of that memorable evening were multiplied tenfold when, a month later, he was paid off at Portland, and he returned to the farm in Woodhills with the proud consciousness of having been a real hero in a real romance which was almost equal to anything in the Arabian Nights.

A LEAF FROM WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

In the March number of *Harper's Magazine* there was printed a letter written by George Washington when he was about nine years old. It is in no way remarkable as showing precocity in the art of literary composition, but it gives evidence of two traits of character which all boys would do well to imitate. These are: Carefulness to acknowledge the receipt of favors and willingness to share pleasure with others. Here is the letter, which was written to a boy friend, who afterward became famous as Richard Henry Lee:

DEAR DICKEY: I thank you very much for the picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures, and I showed him all the pictures in it, and I read to him how the tame elephant took care of the master's little boy, and put him on his back, and would not let anybody touch his master's little son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day next week if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me and lead Hero.

Your good friend,
GEORGE WASHINGTON.
P.S.—I am going to get a whiptop soon, & you may see it & whip it.



THE VEILED MAIDEN THREW THE FLEECY ENCUMBRANCE FROM HER HEAD AND SHOULDERS.

"I am expecting a message from a—friend," explained Captain Ned, "so we will lie here for a while."

It was a long while, though. At last Dan, drowsy with the sultry, sensuous atmosphere, drifted off into a half waking sleep.

When he awoke the full moon was illumining the placid surface of the river. But—what was this? A young woman with dark, handsome features, leaning over the stern of the boat, was whispering something in Captain Ned's ear. As Dan stared at her in wide eyed amazement, she touched her finger to her lips, drew a veil across her face, and vanished in the shrubbery.

"By gracious, that's another one," thought bewildered Dan, with a curious feeling of relief. For the face, though attractive enough in its way, was as dark as a creole's, while the girl with the lustrous eyes, who had dropped the rose, was fair as a lily.

"Dan, do you want to earn ten dollars?" It was Captain Ned who thus interrupted Dan's train of thought.

Dan signified his entire willingness. "Something to do with her, I reckon," he remarked, with a gesture in the direction taken by the dark but comely damsel; and Captain Ned nodded.

A little later, in obedience to certain instructions, Dan stepped from the boat.

"Now where's the cap'n's girl?" he mused, as he glanced about the richly decorated interior with wondering eyes. "Hope she'll be on hand—"

A female form, muffled to the eyes in some sort of gauzy white wrap, appeared so suddenly in one of the four entrances to the kiosk as to cut Dan's saluogity very short.

Instinctively removing his hat, Dan stood, half hesitatingly, waiting for her to speak. With a swift, graceful movement, the veiled female threw the fleecy encumbrance from her head and shoulders.

"Great Ge—whilkins," gasped Dan, "it's the han'some one—she that waded her hand to me!"

For a moment he could only stand and stare, as, with a charming smile on her beautiful features, the girl—for she was scarcely more—regarded Dan inquiringly. Her picturesque oriental dress was ablaze with jewels. Pearls were wreathed in her abundant hair. Even the zone about her slender waist was clasped with gold from the middle of which shone a brilliant of wonderful size.

Quickly throwing a wrap about her, she extended her small white hand, which Dan eagerly seized.

"By gracious, ain't I glad to see you, Miss—er—Miss—" he stammered, "I—"

"Come," whispered the girl, eagerly, "there

MORNING AND EVE.

BY JOHN MILTON.

SWEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet. With charms of earliest birds; pleasant the sun. When first on this delightful land he spreads His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower, Glistening with dew; fragrant and fertile earth After soft showers; and sweet the coming on Of grateful evening calm.

[This story commenced in No. 286.]

THE Golden Magnet

OR,

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

A RUPTURE WITH THE DON.

MY excitement was intense. All dripping as I was with the icy water, I leaped out on the sand with the intention of climbing over the barrier out into the bright sunny vale, to cut a long, thin bamboo with which to probe the sand in a more satisfactory manner.

Then I stopped short, as the recollection of Tom's words flashed across my brain. His surmises might be correct. Cautious as we had been, watchers might have seen our goings and comings, while my stepping out into the vale now to cut a pole would show that I had some particular object in view.

Another minute, though, and with my mind teeming with thoughts of rich ingots, plates, and vessels of gold, I began to consider as what ought to be my next step. Without testing further I felt that I had been successful—that a wonderful stroke of good fortune had rewarded my efforts. But how was I to dig the treasure from its wet, sandy bed and get it safely to the hacienda?

"Tom," I cried excitedly, "I have not spoken sooner lest you should think me an empty dreamer; but I have found that which I sought."

"Sure, Harry?"

"Well, yes, nearly, Tom," I stammered, somewhat taken aback by his coolness.

Tom did not seem to hear me. He was gazing eagerly through the entrance of the cave.

"Look there, Harry!" he whispered.

I glanced in the pointed out direction, to see plainly that a couple of Indian heads were strained towards us, as if their owners were narrowly watching for our appearance; though I knew from the gloom beneath the arch where Tom was seated that we must be invisible to any one standing out there in the glow of the bright afternoon sunshine.

What did it mean? Were these emissaries of Garcia watching my every act; or were they descendants of the Peruvian priests possessed of the secret of the buried treasures?

I shrank back farther into the cavern to crouch down, Tom imitating my acts, and together we watched the watchers. They remained so motionless that at times I felt disposed to ask myself whether I had not been mistaken, and whether these were not a portion of one of the rocks.

"It's no good, Harry," said Tom; "we must make a rush for it. They'll stop there for a week, or till we go. It's nothing new; there's always some one after you; and if you've found anything I can't see how you're going to get it away. Let's go now, before it gets evening, for they'll never move till we do."

"Well, they're not obliged to know that we've found it," Harry," said Tom smiling. "We don't know it ourselves yet. What we've got to do is to act as if nothing had happened, shoot one or two of the birds as they dodge about farther in, then knock off a few of those pretty bits of white stone hanging from the roof, and they'll think that we've come out curiousities." Tom's advice was so good that I led the way farther into the cave, where we made the place echo, as if about to fall upon our heads, as we had a couple of shots, each bringing down six of the guacharo birds. Then, reloading, we secured three handsome long stalactites, white and glittering, and thus burdened we took our departure, walking carelessly and examining our birds. Tom stopping coolly to light his pipe just as we were abreast of where we had seen the Indians.

It was bold, if the watchers' intentions were hostile, and we gave ourselves the credit of having thrown them off the scent, for we saw no more of them that evening. We returned tired and excited to the hacienda.

That night I forgot all perils as I dreamed of

gold—swimming in it—rolling in it—for it seemed to possess all the qualities of quicksilver, and whenever I tried to hold it or sweep it up, it all escaped through my fingers.

I woke at last with a start, with my chest heaving, and my face and limbs bathed with a cold, dank perspiration.

As far as I could judge it wanted a couple of hours to daybreak; but I felt too much agitated to try and sleep again. So rising and hurrying on my clothes, I sat there, hour after hour, thinking and planning my future course, for a night's rest had not weakened my convictions.

The determination I came to at last was, that I could not do better than smother my impatience for a whole week; taking, the while, excursions in every other direction so as, if possible, to blind one who made a study of my movements. Then our journey to the cavern must be made by night, armed with spades, and taking with us a couple of mules to bring home the spoil.

So I mused, little recking of what was to come, till the great golden sun rose from his glorious bed. Then, after lying down on the floor for the sake of the rest, I rose and sought for Tom. I told him my plans, and also asked him if he thought that we ought to take my uncle into our confidence.

"By no means, Harry," he said.

my name with an intensity of bitterness that made me shudder as I rose upon my elbow.

"Look here!" he said. "I will be played with no longer. I have been calm and patient while this foreign dog has come in here to insult me. He has always been placed before me since the day he set foot in the plantation. Your mother is my debtor. Let there be any more of this and I will bring down ruin upon the place. I will show you that I am master; you will speak to him no more, or—"

I never knew what threat Garcia would have uttered. Just then, turning forward, I dashed out my clenched fist with all my might, and with a crash the Don went down over a chair just as my uncle and Mrs. Landell ran into the room.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed my uncle, angrily, as Lilla ran, sobbing, to her mother. "He struck me!" cried Garcia, furiously, as he scrambled up. "He has insulted me—a Hidalgo of Spain—and I'll have his blood!"

"Better go and wash your face clear of your own," I said, contemptuously, as I suffered from an intense longing to go and kick him. "He was rude to my cousin's uncle, and I knocked him down. That's all."

With a savage scowl upon his face Garcia made for the door, turned to shake his fist at me, and he was gone.



THE INDIAN BEGAN CAUTIOUSLY TO DESCEND INTO THE CAVERN.

"I may depend on you, Tom, of course?" I said.

"Depend on me, Harry? Ah! I should think so. What you say is quite right, and we'll wait a week. If no one has touched that stuff for three hundred years they'll leave it alone another week. I'll be on the lookout for a couple of mules and spades, and we'll go, like the forty thieves, to the enchanted cavern, eh, Harry? I'll get them, and we'll put them into the little wood under the mountain side, eh? And keep them there till it's dark, when we'll start. A week today, or a week tomorrow?"

"A week today, Tom," I said; "and if you'll hang about here, I'll tell you what time we'll go for a shooting trip."

We had a ramble after breakfast, and then, returning to the midday meal, I spent some time about the plantation. Feeling tired and overcome with the heat, I went into the house, lay down upon the couch in the darkened room, and, I suppose, from the effects of past fatigue, soon dropped off into a sound slumber.

I have some recollection of hearing voices, and a low, buzzing sound which, in my confused state, seemed somehow to be mixed up with gold. Then it was Lilla's beautiful golden hair, and I was seeing it spread out and floating once more on the surface of the river. Then I was wide awake, for I heard Garcia's voice utter

"Harry," said my uncle, gently, "Harry my boy, I'd have given a year of my life sooner than this should have happened. You don't know these half blood Spaniards as I do. You don't know what mischief may befall us all through your rashness."

"I wonder that you admit him to your house, uncle!" I exclaimed, hotly, for anger was getting the better of discretion.

"I was sorry, though, the next minute; for, on hearing my words, my uncle glanced in a troubled way at his wife, who was trying to soothe the poor weeping Lilla; while, during the next hour, I learned that I had had the misfortune to strike down the man who was my uncle's creditor to a large amount, as he had been Mrs. Landell's, or they would not have allowed his attentions to Lilla.

"I'm ashamed of it all, my boy," said my uncle; "but he holds our future entirely in his hands, and he looks for the receipt of Lilla's little dowry as part payment of the debts. I've struggled very hard against ruin, Harry, and now it seems that it must come. But, after all, I don't know that I'm sorry, for it would have been a cruel thing—like selling that poor child. But when a man is embarrassed, as I am, what can he do?"

"Uncle," I said, "I am deeply grieved that my coming should work such evil in the place,"

for my anger had now evaporated. "I ask your pardon for bringing such trouble upon your house. I could not help what I did; even now, if I saw that fellow treating Lilla so brutally, I should feel obliged to strike him."

"Things must take their course, Harry," said my uncle; "and I don't know that, after all, I am very much grieved. We have seen the man now in his true colors, and I learn that one of those colors is that which is worn by a coward. But while you stay, Harry, beware! Garcia swears he'll have your blood, and he will!"

"Yes, uncle," I said, quietly, "if he can!"

"Just so, Harry; but take care."

"I'll be on my guard, uncle," I replied. And then I left him to go and think, my pulses throbbing as I thought of the exciting turn my adventures were taking—the event of the last hour—my discovery, if such it could be called; and I longed for the time when I could put it to the proof.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A MIDNIGHT EXPEDITION.

TIME glided on, and I saw no more of Garcia; but, all the same, I could not help feeling that this calm might portend a storm.

My uncle was evidently very uneasy; but he said no more, merely proceeding with his business as usual, while with Tom I took my trips here and there, returning each evening loaded with game of some description—deer, fowl, or fish.

The first two days I saw at different times that we were followed; but afterwards it seemed that the spies had given up their task, and that we were free to roam the forest as we pleased.

I grew hopeful upon making this discovery, and longingly looked forward for the night of our great adventure. It seemed as if that night would never come, but it came at last.

Instead of going to my bedroom, I stole out and made my way to the appointed place.

It was excessively dark—a favorable omen, I thought; and on reaching the little wood there was Tom waiting for me.

"Seen any one, Tom?" I whispered.

"Not a soul."

"Have you got all we want?"

"I believe so, Harry. Two spades, two mules, plenty to eat and drink, plenty of powder and lead, and coffee bags enough—brand new ones of your uncle's—to hold all the treasure we shall find."

We each took the bridle of a mule and began to thread our way cautiously amongst the trees.

It was a strange and a weird journey, and nothing molested us. About two hours after midnight we struck the little stream, and soon after were well in the ravine.

We reached the rocky pass at last, and then, muffling the feet of the mules with the coffee bags, we took them cautiously on, the intelligent beasts clambering carefully, and with hardly a sound. We led them right in for some distance, gave them the mules' heads as fast as we piled it up; but at last our success, and then sat down in the darkness, listening to their crunching of the grain, and the loud cries of the guacharo birds as they flew in and out.

Day came at last, with a glorious flush of light reaching down the valley, and making the stalactites on the roof to glisten. But our ideas now were bent on the object we had in view, and nature's magnificence was unnoticed.

As soon as the light had penetrated sufficiently, we led the mules farther in, and secured them in the broad ravine, so that they could reach the water of the stream. Then, going in about fifty yards, we seized our spades and began to throw the light soil and sand into the bed of the little stream, shovelful after shovelful, so as to form a dam. This was a first water nearly as fast as we piled it up; but at last our efforts were successful, and the water began to flow aside, cutting for itself a new channel through the sand, and making its exit a few feet nearer the rocky barrier, but taking up its former course on the other side.

We rested then for a few minutes, faint and hot; but the excitement of the quest took from us the sense of fatigue, for the water had all drained away from the bed of the stream, and the little pool close under the rocky barrier now presented the appearance of a depression whose bottom was covered with a beautifully clean sand.

I had come provided this time with a longer rod, and, taking it in my trembling hands, I stood for a few moments upon the sand, anxious, but dreading to force it down lest it should be to prove that I had been deceived.

Then, rousing myself, I thrust the rod down, when, at the depth of four feet, it came in contact with some obstacle.

Drawing it up I tried again and again, Tom

eagerly watching the while, as I proved to a certainty that there was something buried in the sand.

"Try yourself, Tom," I said hoarsely, as I passed to him the rod, which he seized eagerly, and thrust down; while trembling with excitement I cautiously climbed the barrier, beneath which lay the hole, and peered over the rocks into the valley.

"Not a leaf moving—all hot and still in the morning sun," I said and returned to Tom.

"Well?" I said eagerly.

"Well," echoed Tom; "I should think it is well! There is something buried here, Harry. I fancy it's a lead coffin, for it feels like it with the point of the rod."

"Nonsense!" I said impatiently. "There would be no lead coffins here, Tom."

"We'll see, anyhow, Harry," he exclaimed. And seizing a spade he began to hurl the sand out furiously. "There's a something down here, that's certain," he panted out between the spadeflits, "but what it is goodness knows. All I can say is that it's something."

"Let me come too, Tom," I cried excitedly.

"No, I shan't, Harry!" he exclaimed. "There isn't room for both of us to work at once, and we shall only be tripping one another up. Let me work a spell, and then you can take a turn."

"Tom dug away at a tremendous rate, the wet sand cutting out firmly and easily, and soon the hole grew deep and wide.

Then, jumping out, he took his turn at inspecting the ravine, peering cautiously through the creepers that covered the rocks, while I toiled hard at the spade, throwing up the wet sand.

"Don't throw any more this side, Harry," said Tom on his return. "Pitch it the other way. It's been falling into the water and making it thick, so it will go running down and telling everybody that we're at work in here."

Tom's words made me leap out of the hole.

"Gracious, Tom!" I exclaimed, "what a fool I am!"

Then, once more turning to our task, we threw out the sand close under the rocky barrier, and it was well we did so, as will be seen in the end.

"There's something here. I can feel it with my spade," Harry, I exclaimed, Tom suddenly.

"At that moment a snorting, whinnying noise from the mules came from within.

Spade in hand we ran into the gloom, and followed the winding of the track to where the mules were tethered, to find them uneasy and straining at their halters, as if something had terrified them.

Eagerly and hastily we sought for the cause of their alarm. We examined the walls of the cave, peering into every possible hiding place, but no trace of a watcher could we find. At length we wearied of our search, and Tom suggested that we should take a little rest and refreshment and then turn to our work.

I followed him mechanically, spade in hand, to where, behind a mass of rock, we had made our storehouse, and seating ourselves in the gloomy shade I was busily opening my wallet, when Tom, who was getting some corn for the mules, suddenly pressed my shoulder, and, pointing in the direction of the cave's mouth, I heard him whisper the one word:

"Look!"

I looked, with my eyes seeming to be glued to the spot, as slowly there appeared above the rugged line formed by the top of the rocky barrier a human head, another, and another, with intervals of a dozen yards between each; and then they remained motionless, gazing straight forward into the great cavern.

Could they see us, or could they not?

It was a hard trial sitting there motionless, wondering whether those eager, searching eyes could penetrate as far through the gloom as we sat, it was a trial between each; and for full ten minutes their owners rested there peering over the massive rocks.

The least movement on our part, or another whinny from the mules, would have been sufficient to have betrayed our whereabouts, and bloodshed would, perhaps, have followed; but all remained still, save only when I heard Tom's gun lock give a faint click just as first one and then another head was being withdrawn.

"There, Harry," said Tom in a whisper. "What do you think of that? They're on the lookout for us, you see. They can't see the place where we were digging, but I wonder they didn't see the water lock. Perhaps they will yet, so I wouldn't move."

The afternoon passed, the sun disappeared behind the mountains, and the dark shadows began to fall. We stole to the barrier, looked long and cautiously down the valley, and then in silence we stepped down to the site of our former labors.

CHAPTER XIX. EXCITING TIMES.

It was not so sanguine now of the toil proving remunerative; but from the little knowledge I possessed of the Indians' superstitious character I felt pretty sure that they would not venture by night into a cavern whose interior was clothed by them with mysterious terrors.

The night came on impenetrably black and obscure, but we worked on, feeling our way lower and lower, taking turn and turn, till we stood in the pit we had dug, and commenced groping about with our hands, for the spades told us we had come to whatever was buried.

"What's that, Tom?" I whispered hastily. I knew by an exclamation which broke from him that he had found something particular.

"Nothing at all," said Tom sulkily.

"I insist upon knowing what it is," I cried angrily, as I caught him by the arm.

"For—I must have been the influence of the gold—I almost felt suspicious of my companion. There it is, then," said Tom gruffly, "catch hold."

I eagerly took that which he had handed to me, and then with a shudder of disgust hurled it away, as the gravedigger scene in "Hamlet" flashed across my mind; and then we worked on in silence.

"Bones," said Tom, "find knives, and, hallo! What's that you've got, Harry?" he exclaimed in a sharp whisper.

In my turn I had uttered an exclamation as my hands came in contact with a flat heavy piece of metal, which, upon being balanced upon a finger and tapped, gave forth a sonorous ring. "Don't know, Tom," I whispered huskily, "but—but it feels like what we are in search of."

"Do you think it is gold, Harry?" he hissed in a voice that told of his own excitement.

"Gold or silver, Tom," I said in a choking voice.

Tom passed another plate into my hands. My heart beat rapidly, for I could feel an embossed surface that told of cunning work, and I longed intensely to get a light and examine what he had found, though I knew such a proceeding would be folly.

We quickly cleared out the wet sand and water that kept filtering in, and then as fast as we could rapidly drew out each plate and placed them in one of the coffee bags Tom had brought.

We did not need telling that it was gold. The sonorous ring told that as plate touched plate. The darkness, as I said, was intense. But I could almost fancy that a bright yellow phosphorescent glow was spreading around each plate as we drew it from its sandy bed.

"But suppose, Harry, it's only brass?" whispered Tom suddenly.

"Brass, Tom? No, it's gold—rich, yellow gold; and now who dares say I'm a beggar?"

"Not I, Harry. But I won't believe it's gold till I've seen it by daylight. It isn't lead, or it wouldn't ring. It isn't iron, for it will cut. I've been trying it."

"Hush, Tom!" I said hoarsely. "Work—work! or it will be day, and we shall be discovered."

As I spoke I bent down into the hole to drag out what felt like a vase, but all beated in and flattened. Then another, and four or five curiously shaped vessels.

"Fetch another bag, Tom," I whispered, for the one we had now felt heavy, and I wanted them to be portable.

"Wait a bit, Harry," whispered Tom. "Here's another locker here—big as a table top. Lead, and will you?"

Both trembling with excitement we toiled and strained, and at last extricated a great flat circular plate that seemed to weigh forty or fifty pounds.

And now in the wild thirst I forgot all about bags or concealment as we kept scraping out the sand and water, and then brought out more plates, more cups, thin flat sheets, bars of the thickness of a finger and six inches long. Then another great round disc; and then—then—sand—water—sand—water—sand—one solitary plate.

"There must be more, Tom!" I whispered excitedly. "Where is the rod?"

He felt about for a few minutes, and I heard the metal clinking upon metal as he drew the iron rod towards him. Then, feeling for the pointed end, he thrust it down here and there again and again.

"I took the rod, and felt with it all over the pit; but everywhere it ran down easily into the sand, and I felt that we must have got all there was hidden there. And now for the first time, I began to think of the value. Why, if this were all pure gold that lay piled up by our side, there must be thousands upon thousands of dollars' worth—a hundred thousand at the least.

Fatigue! We never gave that a thought, as each seizing one of the round shields, we carried them cautiously in and felt our way to where was the food, taking back with us more of the coffee bags, in which we carefully packed the flattened cups. Each bore back a heavy bag, but only hastily to return again and again to collect the plates, and sheets, and bars we had rapidly thrown out. Then we returned once more to throw ourselves upon the sand again and again, creeping in every direction, forcing in our fingers and running the sand through them till we felt certain that nothing was left behind.

"Now, then, Tom," I said. "Quick! The spades. There must not be a trace of this night's work left at daybreak."

Tom's hard breathing was the only response, as, seizing my spade and giving me mine, he forced back the sand, helping me to shovel it in, until the floor was once more pretty level. We knew the water would do the rest, even to removing the traces of our running to and fro, unless the sharp Indian eye should be applied closely to the floor of the cavern.

We toiled on, working furiously in our excitement, feeling about so as to compensate as well as we could for the want of sight, till I knew that no more could be done. Then, retreating inward to where we had dammed the

stream, we let the water flow swiftly back into its old channel, so that it swept with a rush over the place where we had so lately toiled.

Dripping with perspiration and water, we sat down to eat and rest just as the first faint streaks of dawn began to show in the valley.

Light—more light, but still not enough to tell of what metal our treasure was composed. If we had been at the mouth of the cave it would have been possible, but here we were the darkness was still thick darkness.

Twice I had impatiently gazed at the metal I had been fingering with all a miser's avidity, when my attention was taken by an object upon a rock close by where we had worked during the night—a tool that I had been ready to declare a dream, time after time, but for the solid reality beneath my hands.

Tom caught sight of the object at the same moment as myself; and together, moved by the same impulse, we raced down, secured it, and then ran panting back with a gloriously worked but battered golden cup, that we had placed upon the rock above us, and which had thus escaped our search.

The next minute we were gazing tremulously back to see whether we had been observed, for to lose now the wondrous treasure in our grasp seemed unbearable.

But no, all was still; and, for my part, I could do nothing but pant with excitement as the truth dawned more upon me with the coming day, that I was by this one stroke immensely rich. The treasure was gold—rich, ruddy gold—all save one of the great round shields, and that was of massive silver, black almost as ink with tarnish; while its fellow would have been possible, but which fate made out the other to be a representation of the moon—was of richer metal.

I was right, then—Garcia could be set at defiance, my uncle freed. But it was all too good to be true; and that little if thrust itself into my thoughts, that little if that has so much to do with death.

// I could get the gold safely away! My brow knit as I thought of this, and my hand closed involuntarily upon the gun; but directly after I felt that we must bestir ourselves to pack our treasure safely.

Let us have something by way of breakfast, Tom," I said, hastily, after throwing my coat over the part of the treasure visible.

We ate as people eat whose thoughts are upon other things, till we were roused by a whinnying from the interior of the cave, when Tom hastily carried some corn to the mules, so as to insure their silence in case of the Indians again approaching the place.

As far as I could make out from the obscurity where I was, there was not a trace of the sand having been disturbed—the water had removed it all; but I trembled as I thought of the consequences of some Indian eye having seen the golden vessel, for I knew that we should never have had time to return alive.

My plans now were to spend a portion of the day in carefully packing our treasure as compactly as possible, and then, when night had well fallen, loading the mules and making the best of our way to the hacienda. Easy, practicable plans apparently; but Fate declared that I had not yet earned the wealth.

I said that Tom had gone to see about the mules, and for a few minutes I was hesitating about the nearest bag to me—one which from the feel contained a mixture of bars, plates, and cups, that I knew might be packed in a quarter the space.

I looked to the mouth of the cave. All was sunshine there; but it was dark where I stood, and feeling that if the task of packing was to be done, the sooner it was set about the better, I seized the bag, drew out a large and massive vessel, and two or three plates that must have formed a part of its covering, of some barbaric alloy. I was about to draw forth more, when I heard a faint noise, and, turning, Tom sprang upon me with a fierce look in his countenance, bore me down amongst the treasure, and laid his hand upon my mouth.

His whole weight was upon me, and he had me in such a position that all struggling seemed vain; but with the thought strong upon me that the temptation of the gold had been too much for him, and that as some victim had evidently been sacrificed at its burial I was to fall at its disinterment, I bowed myself up. The next moment I should have endeavored to throw him off, had not his lips been applied to my ear, and a few words he whispered which soothed my blood-flooded, frightened, back to my heart, as the full extent of their meaning came home.

"Harry, don't move; you're watched!"

It was no time for speaking, and I was in such a position that I could not see. For quite a quarter of an hour we lay there motionless.

"They're looking to see if the water's muddy, to rise, pointing the while towards the mouth of the cave, through which I could see, some distance down the ravine, a couple of Indians curiously peering about, and more than once stooping cautiously over the little stream which there ran, half hidden by rocks and undergrowth.

"They're looking to see if the water's muddy, Harry," whispered Tom. And then, directly after, "creep back a little more behind the rock here; they're coming this way again."

What I step back and leave the treasure? No, I felt that I could not do that, but that I would sooner fight for it to the last gasp.

"They're right, then," said the Indians were coming nearer, disappearing at length behind the rocks at the mouth as they came cautiously on; and I lay down flat upon my face to watch

for their appearance above the barrier when they began to climb it, Tom retiring the while farther into the cavern.

Two men, not such odds as need give us fear if we were compelled to fight; for after the pains to attain the treasure, it seemed impossible to resign it. My conscience would not teach me any wrong doing in its appropriation.

Ten minutes elapsed, and the Indians did not appear, but it was plain enough that they knew of the treasure's existence, and watched over its safety. But had they seen us come?

I thought not, as at last they came slowly up, looking from side to side, as if in search of intruders; and my heart beat with a heavy excited throb as I thought of the discovery, and the inevitable struggle to follow. Who would be slain, I wondered. Should I escape? And then I shuddered as I pictured the bloodshed that might ensue.

And all this time nearer came the Indians, until they stood amongst the blocks of stone, peering eagerly in, and shading their eyes to pierce the darkness.

For a few minutes it seemed to me that they must see that the soil had been disturbed, or else make out my crouching form; but it soon became evident that they saw nothing—that the cavern presented no unusual aspect. As far, too, as I could make out, there was an evident unwillingness to enter, as if the place possessed some sanctity or dread which kept them from passing its portals.

They seemed to be content with watching and listening; but would they keep to that?

I thought not; for suddenly my breath came thickly, as I saw one of the men make a sign or to his companion, and then begin cautiously to descend into the cavern. I moved myself for the struggle, determined to fight to the death for that which I had won.

(To be continued.)

[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 XXXIX. SUNSHINE AFTER SHADOW.

WHAT a happy home coming Warren's was, after his journey north with his two new found cousins and his new found friends. When Mrs. Haviland, the lonely, saddened widow, who had deemed the happiness of her life forever past, pressed her son in her arms, and saw how strong and manly he had grown, and looked round the circle of bright, friendly faces which belonged to his life henceforth, the shadow fell from her future, and she welcomed the coming days with joy, since she could dedicate them to her two sons; for she took her sister Dora's boy at once and forever into her noble heart.

Mr. Walsingham became a true and faithful friend to the sweet lady, and soon showed that he meant to be a powerful protector of the boys' fortunes. He made it understood that their education and future settlement in life was to be his business; and set apart besides for each a liberal portion of the gold which they had twice rescued for him, to accumulate until they had raised their money, when it was to be placed at their own disposal.

Kate Walsingham and her gracious hostess loved each other tenderly; and the elder lady's gentle influence did much to form the noble and elegant woman that Kate eventually became, developing all that was sweetest and best in her nature, and raising her mind and spirit, so that she reacted upon Warren, so that the very thought of her was as a wall of adamant to bar out unholy temptations from his young life. Blessed is the young girl whose image is such a talisman— to gather a young man's worthiest thoughts around her, while evil shrinks back ashamed from her pure memory!

There was another kind of girl whose goodness to him Warren had often remembered with gratitude—Moll McDade. He and Tom traveled off to Storm Rock to see her son after their settlement in a more suitable home than the humble cottage where Mr. Walsingham had found Mrs. Haviland.

Moll would have been starving for want in her father's absence, he having gone off in his usual unceremonious fashion without warning, and leaving nothing in the house; but Moll had won the honest love of that same kindly lumberman (yeck! "Jowler" by the Storm Rock camp boss) who had said a good word for Warren as he lay delirious in the forest, and was kicked by the boss for tripping up that mag-nate, Captain Burro.

Jowler it was who had carried Warren in his arms to the camp, and dosed him with quinine, and afterwards had relieved Moll's anxious heart over his fate; and because of this simple pair's humanity to the supposed whisky-say McDade had ordered Jowler from his home and abused Moll brutally, and vowed by all the evil powers he served that they should never marry each other while fire burned and water ran, or words to that effect.

But Jowler loved Moll, and when he found her sitting, gaunt and hungry, on the blueberry barrens, where she had been trying to satisfy her want on the fruit, he vowed in his turn, by

all the honest instincts of a manly heart, that Moll should never more be left to her father's cruel mercy, but should be his wife as fast as minister could be the best.

So, when the boys drove up to McDade's, they were just in time to meet the bride at the door, in a pretty pink print gown, her pale face transfigured with womanly happiness, and her hand held as lovingly as if it had been lily white in the strong, kind palm of the man who loved her truly, and was able to protect her from want and sorrow.

"They were on their way to the minister's house, ten miles off, and the boys, delighted with the adventure, accompanied them, and 'stood up' as best men beside the tall Jowler, whose name was Jonathan Park.

Warren sprang for the first kiss when Moll was Mrs. Park, and was the first to call her by her new name; and the boys went with them to Park's new house, a tiny frame cottage, only latched inside as yet. They joined the wedding company assembled there, and feasted on corned beef and potatoes and turnips, with weak tea; and they danced all night to the screech of the fiddle—reels, sixes, eights, etc., etc.—to the enchantment of their hosts and guests, until in the gray of dawn Warren called the bride aside.

Warren had brought a gift for Moll, and he gave it now to Mrs. Park, with a few heartfelt words that she can never forget, and a warm shake of the hand. Blushing, smiling, yet touched and nervous, Moll, who had been a little used to praise, she wanted to look at the envelope in her hand, but he cried, "No, no, not till we've gone," and ran away, laughing.

Meantime Tom had sterner work to do. He had to inform Park of the death of McDade.

"Seeing her so happy, for the first time in his life, perhaps since Tom's death, Moll was cruel to tell her now. Keep it to yourself for a while."

And Jonathan Park wrung his hand gratefully, feeling the counsel good.

And so they left Moll Park, a happy wife in a home of her own, and drove away together. A scream followed the departing road. They looked back, to see the bride mounted on one of the many stumps in front of her cottage, supported by her husband, while every guest, man, woman, and child, stood round them. They were waving their pocket handkerchiefs,—it looked like a coming blizzard, all but the bride, who was waving something invisible.

"Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!" rang her happy voice down the dawn flushed forest aisles. And all the people cheered like mad.

"God, bless you, Warren Haviland! God bless you, Tom Fenwick!" shouted the bride-toss, in trumpet tones.

And the boys waved their hats with an answering cheer, and then the forest hid them from the happy pair.

"What was it she was waving?" asked Tom, curiously.

"A hundred dollar bill," answered Warren.

"I mean to save it out of my allowance," said Tom. And the boys waved their hats with an answering cheer, and then the forest hid them from the happy pair.

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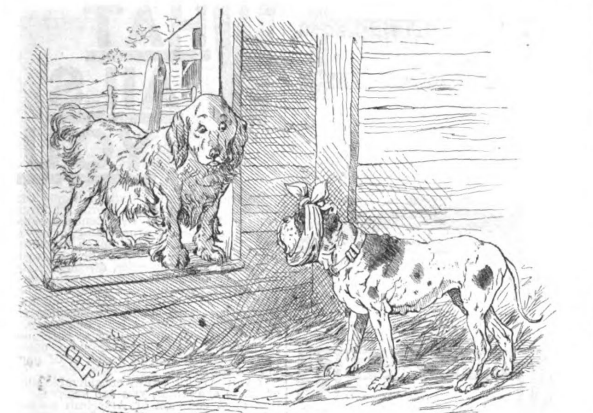
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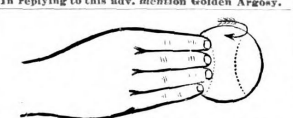
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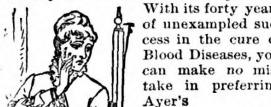
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