GOLDEN ARGOSY

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

Vol. VI. No. 28. FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER, 81 WARREN ST., NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1888. TERMS: $3.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. Whole No. 288.

A LUCKY STROKE.

THE TURNING POINT OF AN EXCITING GAME OF POLO—THE HERO OF THE DAY WOUNDED BUT TRIUMPHANT.—SEE STORY ON NEXT PAGE.

SUMMER.

In summer fields the meadowsweet
Spreads its white bloom around the feet
Of those who pass in love or play
The golden hours of holiday;
And heart to answering heart can beat
Where grows the simple meadowsweet.

A Lucky Stroke.

BY JOHN R. GRIGGS.

THE event of the season had arrived, and the two rival polo teams stood on the Fairhaven grounds, impatiently awaiting the hour agreed upon for the commencement of the game. I must confess that my heart somewhat misgave me as I surveyed the stalwart frames of the five players who had come down from Westfield to match their skill against ours. Their ponies too, small, well knit, and evidently well trained, excited both admiration and apprehension.

I was home from college for the long summer vacation, and most of my time had been devoted to organizing a polo club among the young fellows who lived in the neighborhood. Now the game of polo, which is said to have descended from the ancient Persians, is an easy one to play, when you have procured the necessary ponies and a good level stretch of turf whereon to ride them; but these are rather troublesome and expensive preliminaries, and I prided myself a good deal upon having carried the club successfully through the summer.

There were very few other polo teams in our part of the country. We had played two of them, defeating both; and at length we had ventured to challenge the Westfield club, which was quite an old and well established organization, and had long held the title of champions of the State. A victory over them we hardly expected, but we were determined to try for one as hard as we possibly could.

Well, to come at once to the game, the ball was placed in the center of the ground, and the opposing teams were drawn up in their respective positions. The Fairhaven boys sported a neat uniform, consisting of dark blue flannel shirt, white trousers, and white cap, while the players from Westfield were dressed in white throughout. We lost the opening charge, and our opponents' captain, who was quite a celebrated player, Hanford by name, struck the ball off with a clever stroke, that sent it down into our territory.

Two of our boys, though, were on hand to stop it. They were brothers, Dick and Herbert Pearson, and they worked together beautifully. As the ball came spinning along the ground toward them Dick, who was in the lead, bent far over almost out of his saddle, and stopped it dead. Then his brother, who came up close behind, got in a blow that returned the ball far on toward the enemies' goal.

One of the Westfield team stopped it, and then, as if hesitating what to do next, he began taking it back gradually by a series of gentle touches with his mallet, or "dribbling," as football players say. This was a serious mistake, as the rest of his side were far forward, waiting for him to send the ball up to them with a long stroke.

Now as luck would have it, I was pretty close to this temporizing player, having moved a little way forward during the opening of the game, on the bare chance of getting such an opportuniy. Of course I didn't lose a second in swooping down upon the Westfield rider at top speed; and more by good fortune than good play I got the ball away from him, and sent it right between the defenseless goal posts.

The whole thing took place in less time than it takes to tell it, and we had won a game in less than two minutes. It was a piece of luck that I could hardly realize, and I was almost wild with mingled hope and excitement as I reflected that if we could pull off one of the next two games we should be the victors, as we had arranged to play for the best of three games.

The Westfield team were surprised, too, and the unexpected set back put them upon their mettle. They were ready to begin again without a moment's delay, and looked as if they meant business. I noticed that Captain Hanford bestowed a not very complimentary remark upon the player whose unwise action had cost them the first game.

The ball was again struck off by the Westfields, and then began a long and keenly contested struggle. Our boys did splendidly. I had never seen them play so well before, but they seemed to rise to this occasion nobly. There were some really pretty bits of play on both sides, and the long strokes and clever passes of our side would have done credit to older and more experienced hands. But the Westfield players were not to be denied this time. The ball was gradually but surely forced nearer and nearer to our goal, and after a desperate melee just in front it went flying through.

The score was now one all, and the next game would be the decisive one. A long rest was needed, for ponies and riders were all breathless and exhausted, and the contest before us was sure to be a severe one. It was fifteen or twenty minutes before we got to work again, and my expectation of a hard struggle was soon verified.

We lost the first stroke again, and the Westfield captain sent the ball whizzing down to within thirty yards of our goal. For a time it looked as if it was all up with us, as our opponents rode down on us in a body, and caught the ball before we could get it away. There was a prolonged scrimmage. Intensely excited, every one of us did his very best, and we wheeled and spun around like cavalry skirmishing on a battlefield. There were a lot of quick short strokes, and it seemed impossible for us to get the ball away from our goal. Several times one of our boys drove it a little, only to be foiled by an enemy stopping the ball before it had gone any distance; while our opponents were equally unable to get in an effective shot at goal.

Gradually we succeeded in moving the game down the field to a less dangerous neighborhood, and a seemingly interminable circular fight ensued. Round and round the field we rode, racing, then pulling up short, then racing again, till horses and riders were dripping with perspiration, and in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. Most of the boys began to lose their heads and play recklessly, charging in a body, without regard to the usual strategies of the game. Captain Hanford seemed to be the coolest and most self possessed fellow on the grounds. He had a beautiful black pony, very quick and intelligent, and perpetually hovered on the edge of the scrimmage, getting in some effective strokes. Several times he drove the ball beyond our goal line, and twice it narrowly missed going between the posts.

This repeated ill luck seemed to make him desperate, and I thought I could see an ugly look about his face. At last, after another long scrimmage near our goal, in which every one took part, fighting almost savagely, the ball broke away, with me after it, and all the rest at my pony's heels. I don't believe I ever rode so hard before as I raced then. With two or three half strokes I took the ball well down the field, following it up at top speed, and making a final effort for goal.

The posts were right before me and I was in a splendid position for a stroke. My mallet was held aloft, and I was about to put all my strength into the blow, when I saw Hanford's speedy black pony alongside of me, and his stick raised to strike across at the ball. Would he be in time? Another second must decide. Down came my mallet full upon the ball, and the next instant——

I was knocked senseless off my pony. Hanford, veering across my path, had struck viciously at the ball; but he was a moment too late. My mallet was there before his, and the heavy end of his stick shot up the long handle of mine, and struck me full on the side of the head.

Five minutes later I opened my eyes, to find myself lying on the grass, with all the boys gathered around me. My head was held up by Captain Hanford, and the first words I heard were his expressions of delight at my recovery from my faint, and of apology for his clumsiness in wounding me. But the first words I spoke were:

"What became of the ball?"

And then for the first time it was discovered that my stroke had been just in time. The ball had passed right between the goal posts, and we had won the game and the championship.

THE TWO WORDS.

One day a harsh word, rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And though the heart its love regained
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

[*This story commenced in No.* 280.]

THE Golden Magnet

OR,

The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

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

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE HACIENDA ATTACKED.

FINDING the front room of the hacienda deserted, with a strange clutching at the heart I ran to the inner room and called Lilla by name. To my intense delight, she answered, and with my aunt, weak, and trembling, she came forth.

We soon learned the cause of the silence about the place. Shortly after I had taken my departure Senor Xeres had roused up from the short sleep into which he had sunk, to express his determination to recommence his journey, declaring that he had nothing now to lose; while, half an hour after, Lilla had seen through one of the verandas the whole of the laborers glide silently away toward the forest, and then a silence as of death had fallen upon the hacienda.

"Harry," said my uncle about sundown, "if I could do as I liked I should rest my cuts and bruises for a few days; but, as it is, I cannot give up. Now, look here, my lad—here, you, Tom Gilbert, don't shrink away, boy—this is as much for your ears as for his. I've been thinking this over, and, from what I know of the Indians, I'm quite sure that they mean mischief. It seems hard, but I fear that there will be a fierce attack upon this place before many hours are past; and then, unless we can beat them off, ours will be a bad case. You two must see to the closing up of the bottom of the place, and doing what you can to put it in a state of defense."

"Uncle," I said, "is not this almost madness? Here we are, only three. How, then, can we defend such a house as this?"

"It is our only hope," he said, gloomily. "If we had your treasure here, we might try to escape down the river; but as it is, we'll fight to the last, and then take to the woods."

"And the cave—eh, Mr. Landell?" said Tom.

"Tom," I cried joyfully, "why, that would indeed be a place of refuge when all here failed."

"Yes," said my uncle, thoughtfully. "I did not think of that. Such a place might indeed be useful for a retreat if we could take with us provisions. But now see about this place. I will not leave you here yet—not until we are obliged."

In obedience to his wishes, though with an aching heart, I set to bolting and barring, closing shutters, and providing one or two windows that commanded likely points of assault with mattresses over which we could fire. But all the while I knew well enough that, with anything like a daring attack, the place must be carried directly. The great dread I had, though, was of fire, which I knew would prove the most formidable of adversaries—for a brand applied to one of the posts of the veranda would be sufficient to insure the total destruction of the light, sun dried, wooden building.

Meanwhile, on returning, I found that my uncle had nearly forgotten his pains, and was busily arranging such firearms as we had—ample, as it happened; for there were five guns, and he had a couple of brace of pistols, besides those with which we were provided. Ammunition, too, was in fair quantity; while, one way or another, our little garrison could boast of plenty of provisions.

"No sleep tonight, Harry," said my uncle, cheerfully. "We must all watch, for the Indians will not be satisfied till they have thoroughly ransacked the place."

"Of course we shall beat them off if possible; but what arrangements have you made for retreat?" I said.

Without a word, my uncle led me into the kitchen of the hacienda, where he had stabled four mules, with plenty of fodder.

"We must get off unseen if we can, my lad," he said, "and the mules will carry plenty of ammunition and food. But about water?"

"Plenty at the cavern," I said.

"Good!" exclaimed my uncle. "And now look here, Harry," he said, leading me to the inner room, and taking down a map, "show me, as nearly as you can, where the cavern lies which contains all this rich treasure."

I examined the map as carefully as I could, and then pointed out the valley in which it seemed to me that, if the map were correct, the cavern must lie.

"You say there is water?" said my uncle—"a stream?"

"Yes, a little rivulet."

"Then that must run down to this river. Good! And here again this river joins the great Apure, which, in its turn, runs into the Orinoco. Once well afloat, we should be pretty safe, and we could reach the mouth of the great river, and from there Georgetown, Demerara. Why, Harry, it could not be above a dozen miles from the mouth of your cave to the waterway that should see us safe on the road homeward."

"But about canoes, uncle?" I said.

"Canoes, my boy? Well, of course, it would be well to have them; but we must not be particular. I have known voyages made on skin rafts before now; and recollect this, that we shall have the stream to bear us along the whole distance. But there, after all, we may be alarming ourselves without cause."

Tom and I exchanged glances at the mention of the skin raft, and then we prepared to spend the watchful night.

"I need not hint to you, Harry, about trying to protect poor Lilla," said my uncle, in tones that bespoke his emotion.

"No," I said, quietly.

My look, I suppose, must have satisfied Lilla, for I received one in return full of trust and confidence in the efforts of my weak arm.

Night at last—beautiful, though anxious night, with the sky deepening from blue to purple, to black, with the diamond-like stars spangling the deep robe of nature till it glistened with their glorious sheen. Around us on every side was the forest, in a greater or less depth, and from it came the many nocturnal sounds—sounds with which I was pretty familiar, but which, upon this occasion, had a more strange and oppressive effect than usual. Boom, whizz, croak, shriek, yell, and moan, mingled with the distant rush of the great river, ever speeding onward toward the sea. At times I could just distinguish the edge of the forest; then there would be the dark plantation spread around, and nothing more.

It was weary work that, watching—stationed at one of the windows—watching till my eyes ached, as I tried to distinguish the many familiar objects by which I was surrounded, and then to make sure that some low bush was not a crouching or crawling enemy, approaching by stealth nearer and nearer, ready for a deadly spring.

It was just the time for anxious troubled thought, and the gold lay like a dead weight upon my conscience. At that moment I could have gladly given it all wherewith to purchase safety for those beneath this roof.

I was startled from anxious reverie by a whisper at my side, and turning I found that it was Lilla, the bearer of a message from my uncle that he would like me to come to him for a few minutes.

I had scarcely mastered the message, standing there close to the open window, when the words upon my lips were arrested, and my heart beat fast. I could see six or seven figures glide out of the darkness toward the house, straight to where I stood with Lilla.

Nearer they came, stooping down and apparently making for the shade of the veranda, till they stopped within a couple of yards of us, and began whispering in what seemed to be broken Spanish, or the *patois* of the Indians. Then I felt my hands clutched more tightly than ever, as a voice that I recognized in an instant uttered a few words that sounded like an order, given as it was in a tongue very little of which I could comprehend, catching only a word or two.

It was plain enough that, perhaps ignorant of his loss, perhaps condoning it, Garcia had made common cause with the Indians.

Then leaving the window, after softly closing and securing it, we hurried, hand in hand, to my uncle.

"How long you have been!" he whispered.

"There was a party of six or seven by my window," I said; "Garcia heading them."

"Then I was right!" he exclaimed, anxiously. "I thought——"

The next moment my hand was upon his lips; for, dimly seen through the narrow aperture left, from which my uncle watched, were four dark figures; while at the same moment there was a sharp cracking noise, as of breaking woodwork, from another part of the house.

"Am I to shoot or not? Is Harry there?" whispered a voice from out of the darkness. "Because they're trying to break in here."

"You must fire, Tom," said my uncle, huskily; "and mind this, if they do break in, our only hope is in the kitchen, which is stone built and strong. Make your way there."

"Right, Mr. Landell," said Tom, coolly.

Then we heard him glide off.

"Lilla, join your mother in there," I heard my uncle then whisper.

Directly after I knew we were alone.

"Harry," said my uncle, "it seems to me that we ought to have beaten a retreat, but it is too late to talk of that. Our only hope now is by giving them a sharp reception. If we can keep them at bay till daylight we shall have a better opportunity of escaping."

"I don't agree with you," I said. "I think our hopes should be in the darkness."

Drawing near to the window, my remarks were cut short by the sharp report of a gun, followed in a few seconds by another, when the crashing noise, evidently made by the tearing down of the bars at one window, suddenly ceased, and a loud shriek rang out upon the night air.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FLIGHT.

WE neither of us spoke, as we listened attentively, to hear the next moment the sound made by a ramrod in a gun barrel, and we knew that Tom was safe.

"They've gone from my window now, Mr. Landell," whispered a voice at our elbow; "and they won't come back there, I think, seeing how hot it was. But, harken there, are not they trying somewhere else?"

There was no mistaking the sound. Strong hands were striving to tear down a window at the other end of the house; and, hurrying there, my uncle fired, just as several dimly seen dark figures were beating in the window.

"Crack—crack!" two sharp reports from my uncle's gun; but this time, as their flashes lit up the room where we stood, the fire was replied to by half a dozen pieces, but fortunately without effect.

Then again fell silence, with once more the same result, that of a breaking shutter at the up stairs window.

"They've swarmed up the veranda posts, lads," said my uncle, thickly; "but you two stay by your windows—you at this, Harry; you, Tom, at the other."

We heard him steal away to the staircase, and then Tom left my side. The next instant came a loud report from up stairs, then a crash as of a falling body on the lattice work of the veranda, and directly after a dull thud outside the window.

I had no time for thought, though, for incidents now began to succeed each other with such startling rapidity. As the dull thud came upon the bricks beneath the veranda it seemed to me that the darkness outside the window before which I stood was gradually growing deeper. Another instant, and I knew the reason as I leveled my heavily loaded double gun.

Was I to destroy life? my heart seemed to ask me, but only for the reply to come instantly. Yes, if I wished to help and save the women beneath our charge; and then I drew rapidly, one after the other, both triggers. There was a gurgling, gasping cry, and the darkness grew less dense.

"Crack—crack!" both barrels again from Tom's part of the house. It was evident, then, that we had neither of us returned to our old posts too soon.

I hastily reloaded, wondering from whence would come the next attack; but I had not long to wait, for three or four sharp discharges came through the window, striking the plaster of wall and ceiling, so that it crumbled down upon me in showers.

Again and again I trembled for those in the kitchen; but the recollection of my uncle's words encouraged me; and, trusting in the strength of its stone walls, I began to grow excited, firing and loading, till all at once, as if by common consent, there was a cessation of the discharges, followed by an ominous silence.

I would have given anything to have left my post just then, so as to have seen after the welfare of those who were anxiously awaiting the result of the attack; but I felt that such a proceeding might prove dangerous, and an entry be made during my brief absence.

But a minute had not elapsed before my uncle was at my side.

"They are all safe in the kitchen, Harry," he said. "But what does this mean?"

"Only a minute or two's halt before they make a fiercer attack," I said.

"No it isn't," said Tom, who had stolen up unobserved, "they're going to set the house on fire, and I've come to tell you."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed my uncle. "They'll never burn the place till they have searched and plundered it."

"I quite think with you, uncle," I said.

"But they're striking lights on my side," said Tom. "Come and look!"

We hurriedly passed round to Tom's post, just in time to see the truth of his words, for as we peered cautiously from his window there was a little flickering tongue of flame apparently dancing towards one end of an outhouse. Then it was applied to the thatched roof, and a howl of joy arose as the flame ran rapidly up towards the ridge.

Directly after, though, there arose a shout of rage, and more than one voice, so my uncle said, crying out for the fire to be extinguished; amongst which voices that of Garcia could plainly be heard.

The firing was evidently premature, and efforts were directly made to put it out.

A glance, though, showed that the attempt would be in vain; for, with a sharp hissing and crackling noise, the light material began to blaze rapidly, and my uncle gave a groan as he saw that his house was doomed to destruction.

A loud voice now shouted what were evidently orders, and a pattering of feet succeeded, as a fierce struggle now began, to tear out the blazing part of the outhouse before it reached the hacienda, against whose sides it was reared.

"Now is the time for escaping, uncle," I whispered, as I thought how easily we could have brought down a dozen or so of our assailants, whose dark figures stood out well against the fire.

"Yes," he said, slowly; "we must make the venture now, for in an hour the old place will be level with the ground."

Then, casting off his lethargy, he hurriedly made for the kitchen, closely followed by Tom and myself. We closed after us, and thoroughly barricaded, the inner door, while my uncle unfastened and looked out cautiously from that which led into the yard.

All was still on that side—not an enemy to be seen. Hastily finishing the loading of the mules with the provisions, arms, and ammunition, Lilla was placed on one, my aunt on the other, and we had just determined upon opening the door to start across the yard, when a loud shout told that the enemy had made an entrance. Directly after we could hear footsteps coursing all over the house, as if in search of the gold that they expected to find; whilst one voice, which I twice heard shouting, sent a thrill through my body.

"Quick, uncle!" I exclaimed, "before they find the kitchen door."

"It is almost madness to try and escape, my lad," said my uncle, despondently. "Had we not better fight it out from here?"

"No," I exclaimed, fiercely, as I threw open the door and gave a glance out, to see that this side of the house was in shadow, while a bright light was beginning to illumine the trees around. "No; let us make for the forest. Tom, bring the two pack mules. Uncle, lead the other."

Then, taking the bridle of Lilla's mule in one hand, and a gun in the other, I led the way, trembling all the while with excitement, for we could hear the shouts of the searchers, and, above all, those of Garcia. It seemed that every moment they must be upon us; but all four mules were led out at last and stood in the black shadow over on that side of the house.

"Don't leave me, Harry!" whispered a voice at my side.

For an instant I wavered, and that instant nearly sealed our fate.

"Only for a few moments," I said, huskily.

I rushed to the kitchen door, dragged out the key, and inserted it on the outer side, with the Indians beating the while at the inner door, which was rapidly giving way, as they seemed now to have determined that it was here we had taken refuge.

Then I swung the door to, locked it, and hurled away the key into the plantation, just as, with a crash, the inner door succumbed; and, headed by Garcia, the party of Indians rushed into the kitchen, to utter howls of rage and disappointment on finding it empty, and then began battering the door I had that moment locked.

Fortunately for us, the window was strongly barred; but I knew that some of them must be around directly; and dashing to Lilla's bridle, "Come along!" I whispered hoarsely, and I led the mule toward the nearest packing shed.

To reach this place part of our way was in black shadow, the rest across a broad glowing band of light, after which we could hurry along behind two or three long low coffee sheds, keeping them between us and the fire. Then the plantation trees would shelter us, I knew, till we could reach the forest.

"Quick—quick!" I exclaimed. "To the left of the shed!"

The yells behind us were fearful, the light of the fire growing momentarily more intense, for the flames were running swiftly up one side of the house, with the effect of broadening the glowing belt which we had to pass. If an eye was turned toward us, or the kitchen door were to give way, I knew that our efforts had been in vain, and that we should be overtaken and surrounded in a minute.

An anxious passage of only a few seconds' duration, and I had led Lilla across, my uncle had followed with Mrs. Landell, and Tom was close behind, when one of his mules turned restive, stopping short in the full glare of the flames, and I felt choking with rage and despair.

"Hurry, Tom, hurry!" I implored, beseechingly.

"No need to say that, Harry; but this confounded mule——"

Tom did not finish, but applied himself solely to the urging process.

There was another shout as the flames shot higher—another shout and another close at hand, with the pattering of feet, to show that the Indians were running around to our side of the house. I saw Tom stoop for an instant, and his restive mule gave a bound; and then, as a chorus of yells smote our ears, we were once more in the shadow, hurrying along past first one and then another shed, which formed a complete screen, though the glare was momentarily growing brighter.

"I don't like using the point of a knife for a spur, Harry," said Tom to me, as, leaving Lilla's bridle once more for a moment, I ran back to urge him on; "but this brute was obliged to have it. Never mind me—I'll keep up if I can, and you shall have the stuff I've got. If I can't keep up, why I must be left behind, and you must save the ladies; but don't hang back for me."

I squeezed Tom's hand and ran on, to find Lilla trembling so that she could hardly keep her seat; then, as she clung convulsively to my arm, we passed the shadow of the last shed, but not until we had paused for a few moments to listen to the chorus of savage yells in our rear.

"Now, uncle!" I exclaimed.

"But where do you make for?" whispered my uncle.

"The great cave," I said.

As I spoke we issued from the friendly shadow and passed on.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

TRACKED.

IT seemed as if that plantation would never be passed and the shade of the great black forest reached. The yells continued louder than ever, startling us by proceeding from unexpected spots, which showed us that the Indians, certain now of our escape, were spreading in all directions.

"Another fifty yards," I whispered to my uncle over my shoulder, "and then safety."

For the great dense trees now rose like a bronzed wall right in front; and though full of dangers, we were ready enough to dare those sooner than the peril of meeting the fierce party of Indians who sought our lives.

We pushed forward now, heedless of shout and cry, though some of them appeared to come from close by on our left. There was the forest which was to prove a sanctuary, and at last the cocoa trees were behind, and we were parting the dense growth that now hid from us the glow of the burning house.

"There is a track more to the right, Harry," whispered my uncle.

Turning in that direction, I hurried the mule, burning as I did to get to the direct route to the cavern. I had whispered a few encouraging words to Lilla, and was then thinking how my locking the kitchen door had retarded the enemy and given us time to escape, when I felt that, worn out and overcome by the excitement and terrors of the night, my companion had given way and was sinking, fainting, from the saddle.

By an effort, though, I kept her in her place, and whispered to my uncle to take the lead, so that our mule might follow.

He did so; and then, with the cries of the searching Indians still ringing in our ears, we pushed on till, under my uncle's guidance, we reached the open track, and I whispered to him the direction we had followed to reach the cave.

"I think if we pursue this path for about a mile, Harry, we can then turn off to the right and reach your track—that is, if we do not lose our way."

So spoke my uncle; and then, all burdened as I was, I leveled my gun and uttered a warning to my companions; for there was a rustling on our left, a heavy panting, and then with a loud and triumphant yell a couple of savages sprang out into the dim twilight of the open space where we were standing.

"Let them have us all dead, not living, Harry," said my uncle, his sad tones giving place to those of fierce excitement.

And he, too, leveled his piece just as, with a fresh burst of yells, the savages dashed on.

Two loud, echoing reports—two dimly seen, shadowy figures falling back into the underwood—and then we were hurrying along the track as fast as we could urge the mules.

"There is another path further on, Harry," said my uncle; "we must reach that."

Onward, then, we went through the gloomy shades, black now as night could make them, not even daring to pause to try whether we could detect the sounds of pursuit. That the reports of our guns would bring the Indians to that spot we had no doubt, but I was hopeful that they might not at first find the bodies of their companions; and if they did not, I knew that all endeavors to trace us by the mule trail until the morning would be futile.

Now the way was of pitchy blackness, then an opening would give us a glimpse of the stars. The track was found and pursued for a long distance, and then my uncle called a halt, and we listened for some minutes for tokens of pursuit, but all was now still save the nocturnal cries of the inhabitants of the wilderness through which we were passing.

Tom standing now close up, my uncle asked me if I thought I could recognize where we were.

I could not; but Tom made a sort of circle, examining some of the great tree trunks around.

"It's all right, Harry," he said; "we're on the right track for Goldenland. That's it, right away there to the left."

"But are you sure, Tom?" I said. "Recollect how important it is that we should be right."

"Well, so I do," said Tom, gruffly. "But there, if you won't believe one donkey, you perhaps will another. Now, look here, Harry, this left hand mule of mine is one of those we took with us to the cave, and we'll have his opinion. If he goes off to the right, I'm wrong; but if he remembers the way and goes off to the left, why, it's being a witness in my favor."

As he spoke Tom led one of his mules to the front, gave it a clap on the back, and it trotted forward and went off down the dark track Tom had declared for.

"Now, who's right, Harry?" said Tom, triumphantly, as he halted at the opening into the ravine, just as, far above us, we could see, pale, cold, and stately, mountain peak after mountain peak, whose icy slopes were just growing visible, lit by the faint streak in the east which told of the coming day.

Tom led on again, and by degrees the familiar sides of the ravine became more and more steep and craggy, the way grew narrower, the music of the little rill was audible; and at last, just as the sun was rising, we reached the rocky barrier of the great cave, and prepared to halt.

But there was no occasion. Tom's left hand mule slowly began to climb the rocks, the second mule followed, as did those ridden by my aunt and Lilla, without word or urging, and we were just congratulating ourselves upon our escape, when Tom, who had crept close to me as I turned for an instant to peer back along the valley, pointed with one hand toward the left side where the crags stood out most roughly.

I followed his pointing finger and then started, as I was just in time to see a dark form, barely visible in the shadow beneath some overhanging rocks, crawl silently away with a stealthy, cat-like motion.

"Jaguar, Tom?" I said, though my heart gave my lips the lie.

"Indian!" said Tom, laconically; and then I knew that our coming would soon be spread through the tribe of those who constituted the guardians of the treasure, for this was evidently one posted as a sentinel to watch still the sacred place where the treasure might yet again be brought to rest when those who were its enemies should sleep.

I was obliged to acknowledge that it was more than we could expect to reach the cavern without being discovered, and that we ought to be well content to have gained a haven of safety without loss or injury; but all the same my heart sank, and I had hard work to keep back the feeling of despair that, cold and deadening, came upon me.

The thoughts I have set down here flashed through my brain almost momentarily, but I was brought back to the necessity for action by a motion now made by Tom.

"Shall I, Harry?" he said. And he covered the retreating Indian with his gun.

"No," I said, arresting him. "It would only be more bloodshed, and would not prevent our being discovered."

The next moment I thought that I was wrong, and that the destruction of that one foe might be our saving. But it was too late now; the Indian had disappeared.

I led the way further in till the increasing darkness compelled a halt, and I said a few words of encouragement to the shuddering companions of our travel.

"Tom," I then said—for the thought had that moment struck me—"we have no lights."

Tom did not reply, but plunged into the darkness ahead; where, after a while, we could hear the clinking of flint and steel, followed, after a short interval, by a faint light, toward which one of Tom's mules directly began to walk, closely followed by the rest.

"Is it safe to go on?" said my uncle.

"Quite," I replied. "I don't think any enemies would be here."

I was divided in my opinions as to which way we should go. It was most probable that the Indians would be aware of the existence of the bird chamber, but would they penetrate to it? I should much rather have made that our retreat; but at last I felt that I hardly dared, and that, if I wished for safety, we must take to the rift beyond the vault of the troubled waters, leaving the mules in the furthest corner by the arch of the tunnel.

Leading the way, then, they followed me right away into this land of gloom and shadow, my brain being actively employed the while as to our defense of our stronghold.

At last we reached the furthest chamber, below the rocky tongue which projected over the great gulf; and then, after securing the mules, with Tom's help, and to the great astonishment of my uncle, I fitted together the little raft, placed upon it the store of provisions, and then secured it to a piece of rock, ready at any moment for us to embark and continue our retreat along the tunnel. I had come to the conclusion that it would be better not to expose the women to the terrors of the water passage unless absolutely obliged.

Thus prepared for escape, I felt better satisfied; and after partaking of some refreshment, and urging Lilla and my aunt to try and obtain some rest upon the sandy floor, which was here clean and dry, I whispered to Tom to follow; and, this time in the dark, we began to thread our way toward the entrance.

When we had left them about fifty yards behind we turned to gaze back, to see only the faintest glimmer of the candle they had burning. At the end of another minute there was nothing but black darkness, for the passage had narrowed and wound round a huge block of stone.

It was slow work, but I wanted to grow more familiar with the way; and at last, by persevering, we passed the vault where was the opening to the bird chamber, and then pressed on till, nearing the entrance, we proceeded with more caution, for I was quite prepared to see a cluster of savages collected in the mouth of the great subterranean way.

The caution was needed, for upon proceeding far enough we could hear the buzz of voices, and a glance showed me Garcia and a full score of his dark skinned followers.

(To be continued.)

HE HAD AN ANSWER ON HAND.

PAPA had bought the Cyclone a chest of tools and had initiated him into the mysteries of screw driving. Shortly afterward he saw the little fellow banging a screw into a box as hard as he could with a hammer.

"What did I tell you? That isn't the way to put in a screw. What is that slot in the head for?"

The Cyclone looked guilty for a moment, then brightened up and replied:

"To take it out with."

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where earth fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Canoes

AND

HOW TO BUILD THEM.

BY STEPHEN TRUSTY.

AT this season of the year, when the ice has cleared from the rivers and lakes, and the harsh winds of winter have softened into the gentler breezes of spring and summer, those of the boys who are blessed with aquatic tastes are thinking of the coming season's sport, and commencing to prepare for it. The old rigs are resurrected from the depths of the lockers where they have lain all winter, the boats are hauled out

FIG. 1.—SHEER PLAN.

for repair and painting, nickel and brass polished, new cordage spliced on, old cast aside, weak spots strengthened, pet paddles oiled and varnished, new ideas, which have been evolving during the winter, brought out of the workshops for practical test; in short, the whole yachting world seems, like some newly awakened giant, to be rousing and shaking itself, preparatory to the battle of the coming season.

In one corner of the boathouse is a lad engaged in fitting a new centerboard which he fondly hopes will enable him to win every race he enters. His opposite neighbor is busy replacing some chafed reef gear, while out on the float and along shore are others similarly employed. And wandering among them are to be seen the younger boys who are taking their first steps in this most delightful of sports. How every one of them looks forward to the time when he, too, will be a full fledged tar; when he will be one of this busy company, instead of merely an

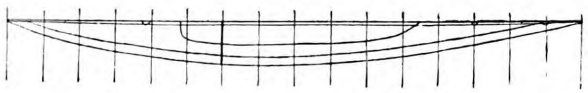


FIG. 2.—WATER LINE DRAWING.

onlooker, and will have a boat of his own to tinker over and use and try his new ideas on, and not have to take his pleasure in watching others.

But what kind of a boat shall he build? We assume that he will build because of the well known fact that anything you build yourself is always enjoyed the most. He may spend his vacations cruising from Maine to Florida in a light canoe ten feet long, twenty six inches wide, and weighing eighteen or twenty pounds, as was actually done on the famous "Nessmuk," or he may go in a large schooner yacht.

Between these he has his choice of the various grades of larger canoes, sneak-box Barnegat cruiser, yawl, catboat, sloop, cutter, and others. Each one of these has its advantages and its particular use and purpose for which it is best fitted, and which no other can fulfill so well

For example, the small canoe is peculiarly adapted to small streams and lakes where portages and carries are frequent, but it would not stand the heavy cross current seas of the St. Lawrence river for ten minutes. Then, going to the other extreme, the large yacht, while excellent for fishing parties, clam bakes and ocean cruising, could not be used on the smaller rivers and lakes which form almost the only cruising ground of a great many of the boys of this country.

Another consideration is the cost. Fifteen to thirty dollars is sufficient for the average canoe, but the price of a yacht would run up into three figures before it was finished. What is wanted for general use, then, is a boat capable of sailing in quite rough water, of a size small enough to be easily transported and yet large enough to comfortably carry the owner and his stores for the cruise, with room for a companion, if necessary, and to cost not over fifty dollars. All these conditions are met in the ordinary canoe, and we have for this reason selected it for the first paper, reserving the others for later on.

In building a canoe, or in fact any kind of boat, the first thing to do is to find out just what kind of a boat you want. In this one of the most important factors to be taken into consideration is that of weight. The light ten foot boat would be just right for the small boy of fourteen, but would be completely overloaded with his big brother, who measures six feet in his stockings, and tips the beam at over two hundred pounds. Thus it comes that we so often hear the inquiry: "How large a boat must I have to carry two people?" or "How many pounds will such and such a boat carry?"

The best method of ascertaining this is based on the principle that all bodies sink until they have displaced their own weight in water. Your boat should always displace as much of a weight as you desire it to carry, and a little over for emergency. Take a can or trough, square or oblong for convenience in measuring, and fill it brimful with water. Immerse a model of your boat up to its water line, thus causing the water to overflow. Remove the model and measure the water displaced, or multiply the length and breadth of the tank by the distance from the water to the edge. Reduce this to cubic feet by the scale on which the model has been built and multiply by 62.5, the weight of a cubic foot of water, thus learning the weight displaced.

Thus, if the model of a canoe 16 feet by 30 inches, made to a foot to an inch scale, is immersed to the six inch water line in a tank 18 by 4 inches, and the difference between the level of the water before and after the immersion of the model be ⅛ in, then 18x4x⅛=9 cubic inches, equal to 9 cubic feet by the scale. Multiplying this by 62.5 gives 562.5 pounds as the total weight displaced. Then, if the canoe weighs 100 pounds, fittings and sails 37 pounds, owner 150 pounds, and tent and stores, gun etc. 75 pounds, there is still room for a friend or stores to the extent of 200 pounds.

If no model can be had, the only way is by comparison with similar boats. The ordinary American Canoe Association class B canoe of 16 feet by 30 inches is, it will be seen, the best adapted to the wants of the average boy.

In the long list of different models, there are several which stand at the head for speed and general utility. Of these, the very first is the racing and cruising canoe Notus. This boat was designed and built by Mr. Robert W. Gibson of Albany, and, sailed by him, won the highest prize in the A. C. A., the sailing trophy. As this craft holds the highest place in the canoeing world, we have selected it for our readers.

After deciding on the model and general dimensions the next step is to draw your plans. Of course a canoe can be built without them. So can a house; but he would be thought a sorry carpenter who attempted the task. Plans are just as essential in canoe building as in house carpentry, and it would not be safe for the tyro to attempt to proceed without them.

Of these plans three are needed, viz. the sheer plan, which is a view of a vertical longitudinal section of the boat from stem to stern, the body plan, showing a crosswise vertical section at each foot of length, and a water line plan, showing a horizontal cross section at the deck and each water line.

They will commence with the sheer plan. First make a scale to work by, of a piece of straight wood 24 inches long (equal to 16 feet) in which every eighth of an inch is supposed to be an inch. Then get a smooth plank 26 by 12 by 1 inches with the corners perfectly square, a piece of paper the same size, a square, ruler, and some thin pine battens, 25 by ½ by ⅛ inches. Tack the paper smoothly on the board. Then, using the square, held tightly against the top of the board, divide the paper into 16 equal stations of 1½ inches each, equal to sixteen feet by the scale, and number from 0 to 16 commencing at the left hand side.

Then with the square at the side, draw the base line from 0 to 16, and the water lines 2, 4, 6, and 8, two inches apart, marking 6 as the load line. Then measure up on 0 18 inches for the bow, on sections 7, 8, and 9, 10 inches, and on section 16, 16 inches for the stern. Then bending a batten so as to pass through these points, draw in the deck line thus found. Draw in the bow, stern, and keel as shown, making the keel 1 inch high at section 1, flat from 4 to 12 and ¾ inch high at No. 15. Mark in the well, masts, and bulkhead, and the sheer plan is complete.

Then comes the water line drawing. Three inches below the sheer plan draw a similar line. On the upper side of this mark out and draw in one half of the keel, making the half width 1½ inches from sections 4 to 12, and tapering down to ½ inch at the ends, marking in the centerboard slot as shown. Then at station 9 mark out 15 inches as the greatest half beam, and using a batten draw in the deck line as in the illustration.

Leaving this for the present we turn to the body plan, which may be drawn on the sheer plan, to save room. The left hand side of the diagram shows the bow sections and the right hand the stern sections. Draw the line A B as shown for a center, and taking the height at each section at the deck line out a table of offsets, *i. e.*, a table showing the heights at deck and keel from base line and the breadth at each water line. For instance, on the large section illustration, No. 9, the height is on deck line (*B* to *A*) 10 inches, on keel nothing, the breadths are on deck—*c B* 15 inches, on 8 inch water line *c d*, 15 inches, on 6 inch line *c e*, 14¾ inches, on 4 inch line *c f* 13⅞ inches, and on 2 inch line *c g* 12 inches and keel 1½ inch.

If the work has been correctly done the table will appear as follows:

Stations.	Heights.		Half Widths.					
	keel	deck.	deck.	8 in.	6 in.	4 in.	2 in.	keel
0		18	¼	⅛				
1	1	16⅛	3⅞	2⅝	2	1⅜	¼	¼
2	⅜	14⅜	7⅛	5⅜	4⅜	3¼	1⅞	⅜
3	⅛	12⅞	9⅞	8¼	7	5⅜	3¼	⅛
4	0	11¾	11⅞	10⅝	9⅜	7¾	5⅛	1⅛
5	0	10⅞	13⅛	12⅝	11⅝	9⅞	7¼	1½
6	0	10⅜	14⅝	13⅞	13⅛	11¾	9⅛	1½
7	0	10	14⅞	14⅜	14¼	13⅛	10⅞	1½
8	0	10	15	15	14¾	13⅞	12	1½
9	0	10	15	15	14⅞	14¾	12⅜	1½
10	0	10⅛	14⅞	14⅞	14¾	13⅞	12½	1½
11	0	10¼	14½	14⅜	14⅛	13⅝	11⅝	1½
12	0	10¾	13½	13¼	12¾	11⅝	9½	1⅜
13	⅛	11½	11½	11⅛	10½	9⅜	7	1⅛
14	¼	12⅝	8⅜	7⅞	7⅜	6¼	4⅛	1
15	¾	14¼	4⅜	4	3⅝	2¾	1⅝	½
16		16	⅛	⅛	⅛			

Having obtained the table of offsets, (perhaps, to save time and insure accuracy in the work, the reader had better use that given above) the next step will be to get the material. Of this you will need the following:

Three hemlock planks 16 feet by 12 by 1 inches, to make a table on which to build the boat. These will cost about 90 cents.

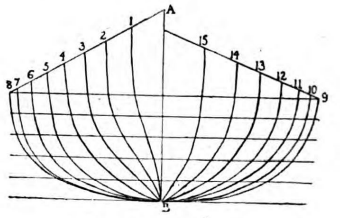


FIG. 3.—BODY PLAN.

Two pine planks 14 feet by 20 by 1 inches for molds. They will cost about $2.75.

One piece of yellow pine 14 feet by 3 by 1 inches for keel. This will cost about 15 cents.

One piece white oak, 13 feet by 5 by ¼ inches for keel batten.

One piece white oak, 16 feet by 6 by ¼ inches for coaming around the well.

2 pieces white oak, 18 feet by 1½ by ½ inches for gunwales.

30 pieces white oak, 4 feet by ⅜ by ¼ inches for ribs. The oak will cost including sawing and planing about $4.00.

One hackmatack knee (4 inch) cut in three, costing $1.30.

7 white cedar boards 18 feet by 1 inch thick, resawed and planed to boards ¼ inch, costing about $3.40.

One piece 16 by 30 by ½ inches for bulkhead. This must be very clear grained and free from knots.

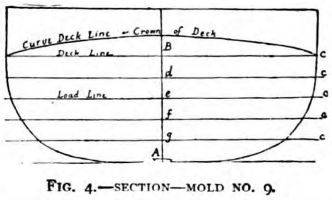


FIG. 4.—SECTION—MOLD NO. 9.

from the sheer plan and the half beam from the water line plan, we draw in the sections 1 to 15.

Then measuring the breadth on each water line at each section on the body plan and transferring these same to the water line plan, we draw in the water lines. Only the deck line and the two inch line are shown in the illustration to avoid confusion.

Having done this we proceed to make

One piece 16 feet by 6 by ½ inches for deck beams.

One piece 16 feet by 1 by 1 inches for well gunwales.

One pine plank 6 feet by 8 by 1 inches for centerboard trunk. This must be the best to be had Cost about 96 cents.

4 white pine, 8 feet by 15 by ¼ inches for deck. These must also be the best to be had. They will cost about 70 cents.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER'S ENTRANCE.

O soft, sweet south wind! on thy balmy breeze
Comes the sweet message as it came of yore;
Summer enters, smiling, at the open door,
And leaves her kiss upon our hills and leas,
The birds are singing on the budding trees;
The summer flowers start up from hill to shore;
And every creature feels new life once more—
All things obeying Nature's fond decrees.

[*This story commenced in No.* 282.]

— A —

New York Boy;

OR,

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF RUFE RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM,

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

CHAPTER XX.

RUFUS SECURES A SITUATION.

OVER the door of a large warehouse not far from Church Street was the sign SEYMOUR & CO.

Mr. Seymour, the head of the firm, was the uncle to whom Blanche had given Rufus a note, requesting him to refund the money which her boy acquaintance had lent her to pay her fare in the cars.

On the morning after his return to the city Rufe, in dressing, had found this note in his pocket. So exciting had been his adventures at Hampton that he had almost forgotten the circumstance till the appearance of the note recalled it.

"What's that note, Rufe?" asked Micky.

"It was given me by a young lady, Micky."

"You don't mean to say young ladies write to you, Rufe," returned Micky incredulously.

"No, it isn't a note to me. It is to her uncle G. W. Seymour, a big merchant down town."

"I know. He's on White Street, I think. What is there in it. Rufe?"

"You can read it for yourself, Micky."

"I guess you'd better read it. I can read printin', but I ain't much at readin' writin'."

Rufe read the letter.

"You lent money to a rich girl?" said Micky, surprised.

"Yes, you know I had that money I got from Mr. Morrill."

"When are you going to see Mr. Seymour?"

"I hate to go. It'll look as if I was anxious for the money, but I suppose I ought to. *She'll* expect it."

"If you don't want the money, Rufe, I'll go for you. I'd just as lieve take it."

"You was always obligin', Micky," said Rufe smiling. "No, I'll go myself, and this morning."

Rufe made his appearance at the warehouse about ten o'clock.

"Is Mr. Seymour in?" he asked of the clerk nearest the door.

"Yes, but he's busy opening letters."

"I will wait. My time ain't valuable," said Rufe placidly.

"Do you want to see him personally?"

"I can't see him any other way, can I?"

"I mean, won't it do for you to send a message?"

"I guess I'd rather see him myself. I've got a note for him from his niece."

The young clerk looked a little surprised. Blanche occasionally came to her uncle's place of business, and her bright, sunny manner made her a general favorite. The young clerk, just introduced, was among her admirers and fancied himself in love with her, and, having a high opinion of his own personal appearance, had already speculated upon his chances of making an impression on the rich young heiress.

"Do you know Miss Blanche?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes!" answered Rufe. "She's a tip top girl, don't you think so?"

"She's a very charming young lady, but really," with a hasty glance at Rufe's by no means attractive wardrobe, "I wonder how you got acquainted with her."

"I met her in society," said Rufe with a twinkle of the eye. "She asked me as a favor to call upon her uncle, and of course I have."

"Perhaps," suggested Raymond French, with a sarcastic intonation, "you are about to ask her hand of her uncle."

"P'raps I may," said Rufe with a smile—"if it won't disappoint you too much."

Raymond was half inclined to be jealous, but it luckily occurred to him that Rufe was hardly of marriageable age, and was probably three or four years younger than the young lady.

"Give me the note, and I'll hand it to the boss," he said.

Mr. Seymour looked up from his letters when Raymond entered the office.

"There's a boy outside wants to see you, Mr. Seymour. He brought this note."

The merchant opened it and read it at a glance. His face softened when he saw it was from Blanche, who was a great favorite with her childless uncle.

"You may send in the young gentleman."

Raymond smiled slightly when he heard that term applied to Rufe. It was, however, the way in which Blanche had mentioned him in the note.

Mr. Seymour himself was a little surprised when Rufe entered. He hardly looked like a boy who would have money to lend.

"Did you bring this note from my niece?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you the young gentleman who lent her money to pay her fare in the cars?"

"Yes, sir."

"She asks me to refund the money. How much is it?"

"Eighty cents, sir."

JULIUS WAITE ATTEMPTS TO CHEAT MICKY OUT OF HIS DUE.

"Here is a five dollar bill. Never mind about the change."

"Thank you, sir, but that's too much. I was very glad to lend to such a nice young lady."

Mr. Seymour smiled pleasantly.

"Nevertheless," he said, "you had better keep the money. My niece was fortunate to meet such a wealthy capitalist in her time of need."

Rufe laughed.

"I don't often have money to lend," he said, "but I was in luck that day."

"Why didn't you call before? I see this note was written three days since."

"I was doin' some detective work up in the country," said Rufe, "and I didn't have a chance to come till yesterday, and then I was busy."

"Detective work! Of what kind?"

"I was huntin' after lost diamonds," returned Rufe.

"What!" said the merchant abruptly, "are you the boy whose picture I find in one of the morning papers?"

"Yes, sir; that's me," answered Rufe, with evident pride.

"That accounts for your face looking familiar to me. Why, my boy, you are quite a hero. How did you happen to be involved in such an affair?"

Mr. Seymour's evident interest led Rufe to tell the story, which he did in characteristic style.

"So, but for you, this Fletcher would have got away with the diamonds."

"It looks like it, sir."

"You will be entitled to some reward? The inspector says he will see that I get something."

"You have not seen Higgins & Co. yet, have you?"

"No, sir."

"You seem a bright, smart boy. How do you earn your living?"

"Sellin' papers, carryin' bundles, almost any way, sir."

"You are fit for' something better. What's your name?"

"Rufus Rodman."

"Sit down a moment, Rufus, while I call my manager."

"Mr. Parks," said the merchant, when the manager entered his presence, "have you read the morning paper?"

"Yes, sir," answered Parks, rather surprised.

"Then you will like to know the young man who discovered the diamond robber."

"Yes, sir."

"There he stands. Rufus, this is Mr. Parks, my manager, who knows more about my business than I do myself."

Rufus rose with instinctive politeness, and offered his hand to Mr. Parks.

"Really, my boy, I congratulate you. I hope, Mr. Seymour, you haven't lost any diamonds, and been obliged to send for our young friend here."

"No, Rufus is a friend of my niece Blanche, and brought me a note from her. By the way, Mr. Parks, can't you make a place for Rufus here? I think he is worth securing."

"Yes, sir, young Conway leaves at the end of the week, as his father is to move to Philadelphia."

"Give him Conway's place, then. How much do we pay Conway?"

"Four dollars a week."

"Rufus, you shall have six. If that is satisfactory, come to work on Monday morning."

"Thank you, sir, I shall be very glad to come."

"And, as you will need to dress neatly, I will advance you twenty five dollars to buy a supply of clothing, shoes, etc."

"Thank you, sir, but I have money enough for that."

"Very well, then. When you come Monday morning report to Mr. Parks."

CHAPTER XXI.

RUFE BECOMES A CAPITALIST.

RUFUS was very glad to find a place in a warehouse of such high standing as that of Seymour & Co. He had long been dissatisfied with the precarious living he picked up by selling papers and "smashing" baggage, but in his friendless condition he had been unable to secure a regular place till events made him a hero.

At twelve o'clock, by appointment, he called at the store of Higgins & Co. on Maiden Lane. Inspector Clark was already there.

As Rufe entered, the inspector said pleasantly, "Mr. Higgins, here is the boy to whom you are indebted for the recovery of your diamonds."

Abram Higgins was a tall, heavy man, of grave demeanor, but his face was lighted up by a pleasant smile as he acknowledged the introduction.

"So you are Rufus Rodman?" he said, extending his hand.

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you been a detective?"

"I have just got started in the business," answered Rufe smiling.

"You have started well. Do you think you would like to continue in it?"

Rufus shook his head.

"No," he answered. "I'd rather be a business man."

"Suppose I should offer to take you into my employ?"

"I would thank you, sir, but I have engaged to work for Seymour & Co., of White Street."

"A good and wealthy firm! It will pay you better than to work for me, as I presume you would not care to learn my business."

"No, sir, I would rather be in a wholesale dry goods house."

"I have been talking with Inspector Clark about my obligations to you, and he thinks I ought to pay you a reward of five hundred dollars, that is, five per cent on the value of the diamonds."

Rufe was dazzled. The "tide that leads to fortune" seemed to have come in his case.

"I don't know but that is too much," he said.

"At any rate you shall have it. Now what will you do with it?"

"I will put it all in the Savings Bank, sir."

"But you will perhaps need to use some to buy clothes."

"I have some on hand, and I am to get six dollars a week from Mr Seymour."

"Isn't that a good deal for a boy of your age? How did you get the place?"

"I was recommended by Mr. Seymour's niece—a young lady."

"Daughter of the banker, who lives at Irvington?"

"Yes, sir."

"It appears to me that for a boy in your position you have some powerful friends."

"I have you too, Mr. Higgins."

"Yes, you have me," said the jeweler, pleased with this remark. "If you will come here Saturday morning, I will have the five hundred dollars ready, and send one of my clerks with you to the bank, as the bank officers might otherwise have some suspicion that the money was not rightfully yours."

"Thank you, sir."

"You are a fortunate boy, Rufus," said the inspector in a friendly tone as the two went out together.

"Yes, sir, I think so too. What will be done with Mr. Fletcher?"

"I find Mr. Higgins, having recovered the diamonds, is inclined to let him go free on account of the long time he was in his service. He entered as a boy."

"He won't take him back, will he?"

"No; nor would Fletcher care to return, after the wide publication of his crime. He will probably leave the country. I hope, my boy, you will never allow yourself to take what does not belong to you. My position has made me familiar with many young men who have wrecked their happiness and prospects in this way. We inspectors and police officials are often thought hard hearted, but many a time my heart has been filled with pity for some bright young man whom I have been called upon to arrest."

"Thank you, sir, I will follow your advice."

"That is right, Rufus, and don't forget that Inspector Clark will be your friend as long as you deserve his friendship."

With a cordial grasp of the hand the inspector left Rufe opposite the post office building.

"Who was that you was walkin' with, Rufe?" asked a bootblack, one of Rufe's numerous acquaintances.

"Inspector Clark! He's a friend of mine."

The bootblack whistled.

"I thought he was takin' you in," he said.

"Not much, Pat. I'm one of his detectives."

"Come now, you're gassin'."

"Am I? Look at that!" and Rufe pulled from his pocket the morning paper which contained his picture.

"Is that you, Rufe?"

"Of course it is."

"And they've got your picture in the paper?"

"Yes. All great men get their pictures in the papers."

Pat regarded Rufe with awe struck veneration.

"I never seed a fellow get on so fast," he said. "Why, Rufe, you'll be a great man."

"I hope so, Pat."

"Say, do you think you could get me a place as detective?"

"But how do I know you would do? What do you know about detective business?"

"I've read lots of detective stories. The last one I read was 'One Eyed Tim, The Boy Detective of Baxter Street.' It's awful excitin'."

"Well, I'm 'Two eyed Rufe, The Boy Detective of Fourteenth Street.' But I'm goin' out of the business."

"You are? and after you've got your picture in the paper too!"

Pat looked as if Rufe's mind were affected. He could not understand how any one could retire from so noble a profession.

"Yes, Pat, I'm going into business. I've had two places offered me this mornin', and I've taken one of them. I'm goin' to work for Seymour & Co., of White Street."

"Couldn't you recommend me for your place as a detective, Rufe?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't do any good, Pat, but you might take it up on your own hook like I did. When there's a mysterious robbery, you can set to work to find out all about it, and report to Inspector Clark—and then maybe you'll get a reg'lar place."

Pat seemed to think this suggestion a good one, and went away encouraged.

When Rufe reported the events of the morning to his friend Mike Flynn, the latter rejoiced sincerely in the good luck of his friend. But one thought troubled him.

"You'll be gettin' too high toned for me, Rufe, I am afraid," he said.

"No, I won't, Micky. I ain't that sort. When I get a chance I'll give you a boost. I want my friends to have good luck as well as I."

The next day, bearing in mind Mr. Seymour's suggestion, Rufe went to a large clothing house on Broadway and selected a complete outfit, including hat, underclothing and shoes. It made a decided change for the better in his appearance.

"There, Micky, I'll give you my old suit," he said. "It's better than yours."

"Won't you want to wear it again?"

"No; I've got to dress nice all the time. All the clerks do at Seymour's. Maybe you won't want to wear my old clothes."

"I ain't proud nor foolish yet, Rufe. I'll take 'em and be glad to get 'em. If you've got any second hand watches and diamonds, I'll take them too."

"I wish I had a watch," said Rufe thoughtfully. "I ought to know what time to go to the store."

When on Saturday morning he called in Maiden Lane for his prize money, Mr. Higgins anticipated his wish by handing him a neat silver watch, with a silver chain attached.

"You will find this useful," he said.

"Thank you, Mr. Higgins, you are very kind," said Rufe gratefully. "I don't see how Mr. Fletcher could have robbed you."

"I am afraid he must have used money extravantly, and been tempted by that. Shun extravagance, my boy! It leads in many cases to crime."

When Rufus had deposited his money in the Bowery Savings Bank, and was coming out with his book in his hand, he was addressed by a flashily dressed young man who was lounging in the entrance.

"Boy," he said, "you will only get four per cent for your money in the bank. I can invest it for you where you can get at least twenty five per cent."

There was something familiar in the man's tone. Rufe looked up in his face and recognized Leonard Wilton, whom he had twice defeated in his confidence operations.

CHPTER XXII.

LEONARD WILTON'S SCHEME.

RUFUS was considerably amused at this fresh encounter with his old adversary. It was evident that Wilton didn't know him in his new suit. Indeed the confidence man had taken but slight notice of the boy's features, but remembered distinctly how he was dressed.

"He thinks I am a young gentleman of fortune," thought Rufe.

He felt inclined to have a little fun at the expense of Wilton, and accordingly he answered hesitatingly, "Is it safe?"

"My dear fellow," said Wilton, who thought that he had made an impression on his new acquaintance, and was on the brink of success, "do you think I would recommend anything that was not safe?"

"You see I don't know you," objected Rufus.

"Very true. Let me introduce myself. My name is Wilton. I am a banker, and at present I am acting as agent for a rich Mexican mine, which guarantees dividends of twenty five per cent on investments."

"That's very liberal, Mr. Wilton."

"Yes, it is, but we can afford it. We have capitalized the stock at ten dollars per share, so that if you have as much as that in the bank, it will pay you to draw it out and invest in our mine."

"I have enough in the bank to buy a considerable number of shares."

Wilton pricked up his ears. His scheme was panning out better than he anticipated.

"About how much?"

"Several hundred dollars," answered Rufe cautiously.

"My dear young man, I am glad I met you," said Wilton cordially. "I am glad to be able to throw such a splendid chance in your way. Won't you come across the way and take a drink?"

"Thank you, Mr. Wilton, I don't drink."

"Ha, indeed! Very wise on your part. I'm very moderate myself, but occasionally when I meet a friend I indulge slightly."

"What is the name of your mine?"

"The fact is, we haven't exactly settled upon a name. I think we may call it The Gold Cross Mine. By the way, if you subscribe for fifty shares, I will exert my influence to have you elected a director."

"Wouldn't I be too young?"

"Well, you are rather young, but as a friend of mine, you could get through. Then as director you would have a good deal of power."

"Where is the office of the mine, Mr. Wilton?"

"We propose to take an office in the Trinity Building. By the first of next month we shall be well settled."

"How did you happen to offer me such a chance," asked Rufe ingenuously, "considering that I am a stranger to you?"

"Your face looks familiar. You are a nephew of the mayor, are you not?"

"No, I haven't that honor."

"Strange! I was under the impression that I had met you in society."

"Well, perhaps that is so. Your face looks familiar to me."

"He's nibbling at the hook," thought Wilton. "I think I shall land him after a while."

"I feel sure we have met," he added aloud. "Let me see! Were you at the party at Alderman Benedict's last week?"

"No; I don't know the alderman very well."

"We have met somewhere at any rate, I am sure of that."

"So am I," said Rufe, thinking the deception had gone far enough. "I remember meeting you on two occasions."

"When?" asked Wilton, beginning to feel puzzled.

"Once at the Grand Central Hotel, where I stepped out from the inside of a wardrobe——"

Wilton started.

"And once before at the New England Hotel, where I met you in the room of Joshua Beckwith of New Hampshire."

"Confusion! It's the kid!" ejaculated Wilton, looking decidedly crestfallen.

"Yes, it's the kid!" repeated Rufe, as he lifted his hat, and allowed Mr. Wilton to examine his face. "You did not know me in my new rig, Mr. Wilton?"

"No, I didn't."

"I am afraid if you had you wouldn't have offered me such a fine chance to make money. Do Mexican gold mines pay any better than green goods, Mr. Wilton?"

"How much money have you got in the savings bank?" asked Wilton abruptly.

"Five hundred dollars."

"I don't believe it."

"You can look at the book."

"Whew! where did you make so much money?" asked Wilton enviously.

"I made it by honesty and square dealin'. Then I've been actin' as a detective. I was the one that found the diamonds stolen from Maiden Lane."

"Boy," said Wilton solemnly, "you're too smart to live."

"I hope not. I ain't ready to die yet. Besides you're alive yet, Mr. Wilton, and I suppose you call yourself smart."

"I did, but now that I've been euchred twice by a kid, I begin to think I made a mistake. You couldn't lend me twenty five dollars, could you?"

"I suppose I could, but I think you'd better ask Alderman Benedict."

"That's so! I didn't think of the alderman. Good day."

"Good day, Mr. Wilton."

Rufus, on leaving the bank, walked in the direction of his room. He didn't notice that Wilton followed him at a cautious distance.

"I must find out where he lives," thought the fellow. "Then I may make a call during the day some time, and get his bank book. If I do, I'll run my chances of drawing out a good share of the boy's five hundred dollars."

Rufe had begun to consider whether in his altered circumstances he would not be justified in taking a more expensive room in a better location, but he resolved to wait awhile. He was of a cautious temperament, and thought it best to advance slowly.

"Perhaps Mr. Seymour may not like me, and I may lose my situation," he reflected. "I wouldn't like to go up like a rocket, and come down like a stick. I'll keep my room a little longer."

Rufe did not feel very uneasy on this score, for he meant to do his duty as well as he knew how, and he thought he would be able to give satisfaction to his new employer.

Several days passed. Rufe entered upon his new duties and found them easy and agreeable. Higgins & Co., as he learned from the papers, had decided not to prosecute Fletcher for his share in the diamond robbery. Their conduct in sparing him was criticized by some of the papers, but they alleged that in a long service he had never before yielded to temptation, and wished charitably to give him a chance to redeem himself. They declined, however, to retain him in their employ.

Micky Flynn still remained in his humble position as bootblack.

"I wish you could get something better to do, Micky," said Rufe.

"It's no use wishing, Rufe," answered Micky modestly "I ain't smart like you. You'll be a rich man some time."

"I hope I will, Micky. If I do, I'll promise you one thing. I won't forget you, but will help you along all I can."

One day Rufe was passing along a down town street on an errand for his new employer, when he saw Micky on his knees, giving a shine to a boy whom he at once recognized as Julius Waite.

The job was done, and Micky was waiting for his pay.

"I haven't got but three cents," said Julius, removing a kid glove, and feeling in his vest pocket.

"That isn't enough. I want a nickel," said Micky, waxing indignant.

"I thought this cent was a dime. I'll remember it next time."

"That's too thin!" said Micky. "Who knows that I'll see you again?"

"Perhaps you can change a two dollar bill," said Julius sarcastically.

"No, I can't. What do you take me for?"

"You make me tired. I never saw such a young cormorant. You worry a good deal about two cents."

"I want all I earn."

"I have already told you that I would pay you if you'll change a two dollar bill."

"Give it to me and I'll run into that cigar store and get the change."

"Much chance I'd have of seeing you again."

"You mean to call me a thief? I don't try to cheat a poor boy out of two cents."

Rufe, who had listened to this altercation, thought it time to come to the relief of his friend Micky.

(To be continued.)

HOW!

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered you must loose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone,
We must toil, unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

[*This story commenced in No. 275.*]

Three Thirty Three;

OR,

ALLAN TRENT'S TRIALS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XLI.

VINDICATION.

THE telegram was addressed of course to Squire Redfield, and at the moment of its receipt that gentleman was in the very heart of the pea discussion with his friend. Arthur danced from one foot to the other with the envelope in his hand—for the operator had insisted on going through all the forms—waiting for an opportunity to get in a word.

At length the squire, in a pause for breath, noticed him, took the message, and with his finger slowly tearing open the envelope, calmly finished his dissertation on the pea question.

Then his glance fell on the telegram, and he turned to Arthur with, "It's all right. If you'll come with me, I'll send our constable out with you."

Come? Arthur felt like flying, he was so elated at the success of his undertaking. He walked so fast when they got outside that poor Squire Redfield was puffing like a porpoise before they had gone a block. But fortunately the constable's house was not far off, and Arthur was equally glad to find that he was a big man, much larger than Beaver.

Some papers were made out, the constable snatched a hasty supper, while Arthur went back for Farmer Patton and the sleigh, and by quarter past six the start back to Tenbrook Falls was made.

The air had grown decidedly milder, and as it was moonlight, the party nestled in the straw that had been spread over the bottom of the wood sled were in a fair way to have a very enjoyable ride.

"Can you take us right over to the train, Mr. Patton?" asked Arthur, as they came within sight of the farmhouse.

"Yes, I guess we can break our way through," was the reply. "It's an open piece of country, and isn't likely to be drifted so deep. But how about your supper?"

"Oh, I'll take that now," and Arthur began munching on the ham sandwiches, apples and gingersnaps Mrs. Patton had put up for them in case they "got stuck" for any length of time.

Five minutes later the sled left the broken road and plunged deep into a drift.

For an instant Arthur feared that his neat little plot to circumvent Beaver was to be nipped, not in the bud—but just as it was about to flower into full blown success.

The horses tugged and strained, and every instant it seemed as if some part of the harness must give way.

"If we all get out, perhaps we can push through," suggested Farmer Patton, suiting the action to the word.

The rest followed his example, and, relieved of this much weight, the sled began to slide forward.

The passengers hastened to swing themselves aboard again, for they had all begun to sink to a perilous depth in the snow.

But the worst was now over. As Mr. Patton had said, the country was open about them, with no fences or banks against which the storm could heap itself, and no further hindrance was encountered until they drew up about ten feet from the snowed in train.

Their advent was the cause of great excitement aboard the latter. Windows were thrown up in every car, and crowds rushed out on the platforms.

"Hello, there's Al!" suddenly exclaimed Arthur, waving his hat. Then he checked his exuberance up short.

"I don't want to let Beaver judge from my manner that I'm on the triumphal tack," he reflected, and promptly pulled a long face while he eagerly watched out for a glimpse of the bond robber.

But he was not to be seen, neither was Mr. Ericsson.

The young man in brown was on the platform of the sleeper and now shouted out:

"Sleigh ahoy, have you got any provisions aboard you can toss us? We've about eaten our only supply party out of house and home." Then, recognizing Arthur, he added: "Hello, here's our escaped prisoner come back again."

"We can't get any closer," replied Farmer Patton. "But we'd like to come aboard if you'll wait till we shovel our way."

"Oh, we're not moving on just yet," laughed the other. "We'll start our shovel brigade to work to meet you."

It did not take long to establish a line of communication between the wood sled and the platform of the sleeper, with five men to dig out a path.

Arthur soon had his chum by the hand and was whispering in his ear: "Where's Beaver? I've got a warrant for his arrest and a constable behind me to serve it. Tell me how things have been going with you since I left."

"I think from the looks of things you must have the bigger story to tell," was the reply in the same undertone. "But about Beaver; he's been kept busy hunting the house for provisions to feed all these passengers. I haven't seen him since he was pulled out of the drift when he tried to catch you."

"Did Ericsson come back here?"

"No, he went off on his snowshoes saying he was going to find you and make you deliver up that scrap of paper. He hasn't turned up since. Did you see him? He didn't get the scrap from—"

"Not a bit of it. I'll tell you all about it pretty soon. But how have they treated you?"

"With silent contempt and—"

But at this point the young man in brown came up to inquire brusquely: "Well, Mr. Seymour, are you prepared to hand over that scrap of paper which you abstracted from Mr. Beaver's pocket?"

For reply Arthur turned round to the constable, who happened to be just behind him.

"Will you please show this gentleman," he said, "your warrant for the arrest of Paul Beaver?"

"Here it is, sir," replied the constable, adding, with his hand ready to fall on the shoulder of the man in brown: "Is this the prisoner?"

Arthur uttered a laughing "No," as the young fellow with the blonde mustache wheeled around with a quick "What's that?"

Then his eye fell on the warrant, and the next minute he turned to the chums with both hands extended.

"First love, it is reported, is the best," he said. "So I should have abided by my first impressions of you two. Will you forgive me for doubting you, and allow me to help you in the capture of this rascal Beaver?"

"With all our hearts. Come on," responded Arthur, with characteristic impetuosity, giving a brief hand shake and then pushing off from the other side of the platform in the direction of the Benderman cottage.

"Do you think he's there, Al?" he added, looking over his shoulder.

"I'm sure he is," answered Bert Merrill, who had pressed forward with a flush on his face at the recollection of how suddenly he had "dropped" our friends on the appearance of the man in snowshoes. Now he was apparently anxious to do all he could to atone for his defection. He continued:

"I was over there a little while ago to try and get some Pond's Extract for my sister who had the toothache, and I found him and that boy shoveling a path out from the front of the house."

"We'd better hurry then," responded Arthur. "He may shovel himself out of our reach entirely."

The next moment the party arrived at the window opening into the well remembered room where the boys had been confined that morning. It was now closed and securely fastened on the inside.

"Was it this way when you were here, Merrill?" asked Arthur, calling over Allan's head to the young fellow behind him.

"No, only the glass was down."

"Then he must have some notion of what's up. Haven't we got anything to break this open with?" Arthur shook the shutters violently, but the only result was a rattle.

"Can't you lift them right off the hinges?" suggested Merrill.

"Great Scott, I believe we can! Here, crowd up all of you that can and give us a hand."

It was hard at first to find places where a sufficient hold could be obtained, but by a little perseverance this was accomplished, and the two shutters, bolted together on the inside as they were, were lifted bodily off the pins into which the eyes of their hinges slipped.

This barrier removed, without damaging it in the least, and pitched into the snow to one side, Arthur and Allan flung up the window sash and vaulted into the room, followed by the rest of the party.

CHAPTER XLII.

BEAVER'S LAST HOPE.

THE bedroom was empty, but as the chums reached the middle of it, a figure appeared in the doorway leading to the kitchen, It was Polly Benderman, her figure drawn up to its full height and an expression of outraged dignity on her plain, but strongly marked face.

"What do you mean by breaking into a house in this way?" she demanded sternly, "We've given you almost all the food we had."

"We want to see that man, Beaver," interrupted Arthur, adding: "We are awfully sorry to bother you in this way, Miss Benderman, but it will be for your good in the end. That man you are engaged to is a rascal, we've got a constable here with a warrant for his arrest, and—and—it's a great deal better you should know it now than after you had become Mrs. Beaver, don't you think so yourself?"

But just then Polly Benderman was not in a condition to think at all. Arthur saw her begin to totter, and with a sudden recollection of Reggie's account of her fainting over the needle of the sewing machine, he sprang forward and caught her just before she sank into unconsciousness.

"Here, Merrill," he called out, "tell me what's the proper thing to do and help me to do it, will you?"

Meanwhile Allan had started off with the constable and the others to search the house for Beaver. But he was nowhere to be found.

"Haven't you come across that Tad either?" inquired Arthur, as he rejoined the searchers, after bringing Miss Polly to, and leaving her with her mother.

"No, he's missing, too," replied Allan. "We've gone through every room and closet in the house, and didn't find one of them locked."

"What's that off yonder?" suddenly exclaimed Arthur, who had been looking out of a window with two anxious wrinkles on his forehead. The window faced in the direction opposite to the railroad track and towards Mr. Ericsson's house, the gables of which could just be made out in the gathering dusk.

That which Arthur saw was something black against the dead white of the snow. It was not stationary, but appeared to be violently exerting itself.

"It looks like somebody shoveling," suggested Bert Merrill.

"And that's what it is," answered the young man in brown. "Two of them, a man and a boy."

"It's Beaver and Tad," broke out Arthur excitedly. "And I see now just what they're doing. There's no path from here to where they are, because they've filled it up behind them so as to cut off pursuit. Beaver's bound for the Ericssons' to borrow that pair of snow shoes. If he gets them we lose him for good. And he's almost there already."

The chances of capturing the fellow seemed now desperate indeed. Hurrying down to the door, the party from the train found that things were just as Arthur had surmised.

The man, with the small boy to help him, had shoveled out a path for himself towards the Ericssons', throwing the snow in behind him.

"Where are the shovels, quick!" cried Allan, darting back through the house towards the tunnel to the sleeper.

Several of the others followed him, and in less than ten minutes the two shovels from the train and the three belonging to Farmer Patton were actively engaged in throwing the snow to right and left from the filled in cut. The workers were Allan, Arthur, the constable, the young man in the brown coat and Bert Merrill.

With such a force the fugitive might soon have been overtaken had they all been able to work to the same advantage. To be sure, Arthur in his long boots did manage to flounder ahead every now and then, but where a path no wider than a man was needed, one Briareus would be worth an army.

To add to the uncertainty of the chase, it was now almost dark, so that they could not tell how near they were to the object of their pursuit until they were right on top of him.

Suddenly Arthur's shovel struck something that offered resistance. He drew back in horror for an instant, thinking that Tad might have given out and been left to his fate.

But taking courage to stoop over for a closer examination, he gave a glad cry.

"Look here, Al! Our satchel. Some of you fellows back there take charge of it, will you?"

There was no time to wonder over the luck of finding the lost baggage so strangely.

Arthur thought he now heard heavy breathing ahead, such as a man makes when working hard, and redoubled his exertions. But when you are very anxious to catch up with a man, shoveling seems a slow way to do it, and when Arthur finally caught sight of two figures ahead, he became wildly impatient.

"Al, constable," he cried. "Here they are."

Then there was a wild scramble. And now the only way in which many shovelers possessed an advantage over one was apparent, for in the first case no time was lost when one of the workers stopped to rest, for another could instantly take his place. On the other hand Beaver and Tad had neither of them had a chance to rest, as one had to dig away in front and the other to fill in behind.

Arthur wondered how the small boy had stood the strain as long as he had. Therefore he was not surprised when he suddenly came upon a prostrate form, lying face downward over the last shovelful of snow he had been able to lift.

"Why, Tad," he exclaimed, bending down to gently raise the boy, "you're not hurt, are you?"

"No, but I'm so tired."

"Where's Beaver?"

"He was here, just ahead of me. He wouldn't let me rest a minute till I fell down."

Poor Tad! In his utter weariness he had lost all bashfulness or fear of the chums.

"We'll take you back with us in a little while, Tad," returned Arthur reassuringly.

Meanwhile Allan had forged ahead and—received a shower of snow in the face. But he kept doggedly on. This child's play on Beaver's part was strong proof that the man was about done for.

Three more strides and Allan had his hand on the shoulder of the man whom he now felt convinced was responsible for all the disgrace that had lately fallen on his family.

(To be concluded.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention.

We have on file a number of queries which will be 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.

DECLINED with thanks: "The Angel's Song," "The Wanderer's Regret," "The Great Green Rose," "A Black Adder," "The Gingerbread House," "In California," "Walter Martin, the Office Boy."

W. F. B., New York City. Your wish for a new serial by Oliver Optic has been anticipated.

HALF D., Washington, D. C., and others. See complete list of premium coins in No. 279 and 280.

H. E. T., Dayton, O. We cannot discriminate between the various business colleges, but may say that Munson's system of phonography bears a very high reputation.

CONSTANT READER. We cannot say at present just when we will print an article on the construction of a polyopticon.

ALLAN TRENT, Chicago, Ill. How does The Chums suit you as a name for your association? Or the Recreation Club?

A. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. Apply at some music store or theater in your city for the address of a teacher of the xylophone.

PATRON, Providence, R. I. We cannot tell you what circus companies will stop at your city this season. Ask the *New York Clipper*.

J. H. P., New York City. We do not know of any trout stream within twenty miles of New York, where fishing is free to all and sport good.

HAMLET, Brooklyn, N. Y. You want what are known as "pill boxes" and can doubtless ascertain where you can buy them of any druggist.

S. L. B., Newark, N. J. There is a good deal of "detective" element in the stories "Three Thirty Three" "The New York Boy" and "The Casket of Diamonds," is there not?

F. U., Chicago, Ill. 1. We printed something about Buffalo Bill on page 179 of No. 220, last volume. 2. Inquire at some educational bureau for the location of the seminary you desire to find.

3-33-333, New York City. Crittenden's "Inductive and Practical Treatise on Bookkeeping" is published by W. S. Fortescue and Co., Philadelphia, Pa.; Hillgrove's "Ball Room Guide" by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York.

M. A., Boston, Mass. We have already answered questions similar to yours by telling the inquirers that they might possibly earn money evenings by addressing wrappers at home for publishing or fancy goods houses.

READER, New York City. To become a locomotive engineer, you must first get a job as oiler in a round house at some of the railroad depots. Then, by diligence and study, you may be promoted to be a fireman and ultimately an engineer.

GAUL, New York City. We have already printed the biographies and portraits of three prominent actors—of John McCullough in No. 147, Edwin Booth in No. 256, and Joseph Jefferson in No. 274. We may possibly add to the list from time to time.

ANDREW M. JACKSON. You will find something about the New York school ship St. Mary's in No. 287 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. For particulars of the United States training ship Minnesota, apply to Captain T. F. Kane, U. S. S. Minnesota, Foot of West 26th St., New York City.

CHIP, New York City. 1. Latent heat is that quantity of heat which disappears or becomes concealed in a body while producing some change in it other than a rise of temperature, as fusion, evaporation, or expansion. 2. To polish brass, use soap and warm water, and rub with leather and tripoli or rotten stone.

CONSTANT READER, New York City. You will find a school of acting in this city at the Lyceum Theater, on Fourth Avenue, just above Twenty Third Street. It is under the management of Mr. Sargent. We printed an article in No 286 describing the methods used in teaching the art of acting, which we trust will effectually discourage all would be players.

FRANK NELSON, Somerville, Mass. 1. The "Nameless City" is ancient Rome, which had another name, probably Valentia, which it was forbidden to pronounce. 2. The phrase "Ears of Midas" is applied to an ignorant judge because Midas had the bad taste to prefer Pan's playing to Apollo's, and was punished by having his ears changed to those of an ass.

SCARFE AND JEFFREYS, Washington, D. C. 1. A new story by Mr. Ellis will begin next week. 2. For coin dealers, see our advertising columns. 3. The title of "the longest railroad bridge in the United States" can fairly be claimed by the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad in New York. It is a viaduct over ten miles in length. 4. The voyage from San Francisco to Yokohama takes about three weeks.

B. H. W., Crandon, Dak. 1. We can send you "Lost in the Wilds" and "Up the Tapajos" in in book form, for one dollar each, with 15 cents additional in each case for postage. 2. We know of no story paper called *Wide Awake*. There is a magazine of that name published in Boston. 3. We have space to mention only the names of a few of the authors who contributed serials to Vol. IV. The list includes Horatio Alger, Jr., Edward S. Ellis, Frank A. Munsey, Arthur Lee Putnam, Frank H. Converse and G. M. Fenn.

J. T. D., Pittston, Pa. 1. We refer you to the height and weight table printed on page 256 of No. 283. 2. H. Rider Haggard is the real name of the author who wrote "She," "King Solomon's Mines" and "Allan Quatermain," but who is not responsible for "It" and "He." 3. The population of Elmer, N. J., was given in the census of 1880 as 345. 4. The prices paid by the ARGOSY for its stories are matters of private import between the authors and the publisher. 5. Briefly stated, the difference between a State and a Territory is that the latter is a tract of land subject to the government, but not yet admitted to the full privileges of Statehood. 6. We think the ARGOSY is printed with a very pleasing variety of type. 7. As the paper goes to press four weeks ahead of date, you will see for yourself why it takes so long for a query to be answered in this column.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

We have on file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

Gus Mussot, 162 West 53d St., New York City. A press and type, for a banjo.

Harry Mitchell, 148 South Halsted St., Chicago, Ill. A xylophone and 4 books, for a violin.

W. Jones, 161 East 32d St., New York City. A violin of 1721, valued at $20, for a gold watch.

Frank B. Milnor, 4732 Penn St., Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa. Books, for a stamp album.

W. M. Brown, 3d St. and Broadway, Dayton, O. A Waterbury watch and tin tags, for tin tags.

Will A. Crooks, Gilman, Ill. A 5 by 7 photo camera and outfit, cost $27, for a self inking press.

E. H. Brooks, 94 India St., Portland, Me. U. S. and foreign postage and revenue stamps, for the same.

Hunter Klingensmith, Greensburg, Pa. A photo camera and outfit, for type, or a self inking press and type.

J. H. Patten, Jr. Greensburg, Kan. A pair of No. 7 Acme club ice skates, for Vol. V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Ammon Kunce, Huntington, Ind. A pair of No. 11 lever ice skates, for Nos. 1 and 2 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

I. Frank Adams, 9 Friend St., Lynn, Mass. A set of drawing tools, for Vol. I, II, or III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Willie Goodison, Box 989, Meriden, Conn. A pair of No. 10 skates, for a magic lantern, a telescope, or a press.

Frank Zinkie, 519 Aurora Ave., Aurora, Ill. Bear claws, porcupine quills, and other curiosities, for old coins or stamps.

F. C. Bartlett, Norwich, N. Y. Foreign stamps, for rare U. S. stamps. Correspondence with collectors solicited.

C. F. Tillock, Box 132, Bucksport, Me. Medicine and document stamps, etc., for U. S. postage or revenue stamps.

Harry J. Barr, 2033 Fitzwater St., Philadelphia, Pa. A xylophone, for books by standard authors such as Dickens or Scott.

H. C. Rackliffe, 28 Sumner St., Middletown, Conn. An accordion, 10 keys, 1 stop, little used, for stamps, U. S. preferred.

John O'Dea, 317 East 52d St., New York City. A pair of ice skates valued at 98 cents, for a pair of roller skates of equal value.

F. J. Hamilton, West Rush, N. Y. A camera and complete outfit, a nickel rim banjo, and books, etc., for a 50 or 52 inch bicycle.

Allan Olson, 99 East 3d St., St. Paul, Minn. A telescope and 2 books, for a pair of 3 lb. dumb bells and a pair of Indian clubs.

Drury Mitchell, 1531 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo. A pair of No. 10 all clamp ice skates, and 150 different tin tags, for Indian relics.

Harry Siebeck, 1607 Passyunk Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., would like to correspond with collectors of tin tags. Send list of exchanges.

P. L. Glazier, Hallowell, Me. Books by Alger and Converse, valued at $2.75, for any volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY except Vol. V.

W. A. Bradford, Westerly, R. I. "Wild Adventures in All Nations," and "The Swiss Family Robinson," for 200 different tin tags.

Earl A. Cultice, Box 324, Red Key, Ind. "The Pickwick Papers," and 1500 tin tags, for Nos. 190 to 217 inclusive of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

W. C. Reed, Knoxville, Ioa. A magic lantern with slides, stamps, a stylographic pen, and 2 books, for a self inking press and outfit.

Robert C. Clark, Price Hill, Cincinnati, O. Stamps, coins, postmarks, and a pair of 9 1-2 Acme skates, for U. S. postage or revenue stamps.

Joe Flaherty, 376 10th Ave., New York City. A game of parchesi, "Kit Carson," and 125 base ball photos, for books by Alger, Castlemon, etc.

H. E. Bunker, 662 Butler St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A 3 1-4 by 4 1-4 photo outfit, for electrical goods or a bracket saw and patterns worth at least $2.

Will Mitchell, Fulton, Ill. One hundred tin tags, for any no. of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES except No. 2. Tin tags and books, for books.

James Kerns, Jr., 114 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A press, a set of oil paints in case, and a set of boxing gloves, for a 5 by 8 self inking press.

Fred Mott, 279 State St., Bridgeport, Conn. A Rogers scroll saw and other articles for a silver watch or nickel rimmed banjo. Send for list.

D. H. Foster, Beloit, Wis. Thirty different tin tags, for 25 different foreign stamps; and 270 different tin tags, for 250 different foreign stamps.

P. Schupp, 30 Carmine St., New York City. A pair of half clamp roller skates, with key and oil can, for a dictionary and two instructive books.

George R. Hawkins, Box 242, Constantine, Mich. A violin, bow, and case, for bound books, or volumes or numbers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

M. E. Dennison, Box 730, Springfield, Ill. A 4 draw French telescope, 36 in. long when extended, for books by Optic, Alger, Castlemon, or Ellis.

Mark A. Brown, 436 West 8th St., Cincinnati, O. One hundred and fifty different postmarks, for any number of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES after No. 2.

Loran H. Chapman, Russell Springs, Kan. Books and relics, for a surveyor's level or a viewing camera and outfit. Western offers preferred.

C. S. Hughes, 230 Quincy St., Topeka, Kan. A bull's eye lantern, and a card press, with one font of type, for 4 books by Alger, Optic, or Castlemon.

Alfred Ward, 156 6th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A press, with type etc., and a violin and bow, for a good banjo, books or a steam engine.

F. E. Whittemore, 74 Wood St., Providence, R. I. Seventy different foreign stamps, for a Cape of Good Hope triangular, or 3 State Dept. stamps.

Nelson J. Roth, 2654 Lucas Ave., St. Louis, Mo. A spyglass, a microscope, a pair of opera glasses, and 7 books, by Optic, etc., for a 5 by 7 self inking press.

Victor E. Neesen, 85 1-2 3d Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y. A game of conversation cards and a Japanese puzzle, for any of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES except No. 8.

J. E. Neukirch, 513 3d Ave., New York City. A pair of half clamp roller skates, and a pair of ice skates, cost $2.50 each, and reading matter, for a xylophone.

W. W. French, 187 Island Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn. An International album with 750 stamps, valued at $22.50, for Indian relics, coins, minerals, or sea shells.

F. H. Osborn, Greenville, Mich. A pair of No. 9 1-2 lever ice skates, and a magic lantern with 14 slides, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound.

A. C. Tomlinson, 1231 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A pair of roller skates, type, and a fife, for books, a set of boxing gloves, or nos. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Frank C. Bush, 115 North Webster St., Madison, Wis. No. 1 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES in good condition, for No. 210 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, in good condition.

Ray Lipman, Box 126, Hartwell, O. A Waltham stem winding watch with chain and locket, cost $27, and a gold ring, cost $10, for a steel spoked, rubber tired bicycle.

John Damon, Box 12, North Scituate, Mass. A magic lantern with 9 slides, valued at $3, for a steam engine of equal value, or Nos. 209 to 251 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

E. A. Werkenthien, 25 Washington St., Hoboken, N. J. "Five Weeks in a Balloon" and 2 books on sports, valued at $3.75, for a set of boxing gloves for a boy 17 years old.

H. D. Rhoades, 245 South Chester St., Baltimore, Md. A 6 bracket banjo, an upright engine and a pair of nickel plated skates, for a self inking press, with or without type.

George E. Nevins, 62 Bartlett St., New Brunswick, N. J. Twenty five foreign stamps, for every 75 different postmarks; 100 stamps, for every 150 different postmarks; 20 revenue stamps, for every 50 different postmarks.

Wilfred R. Jewessen, 319 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A book valued at $2, 4 fonts of type, and scroll saw designs, cost $1.25, for a three jointed fishing rod and reel.

Joseph M. Sitterley, 3615 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. One thousand tin tags, 612 varieties, and coins from China, etc., for Vol. I, II, III, or IV of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Daniel Reardon, 220 Herkimer St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A No. 1 Favorite press, valued at $2.75, for a pair of B. & B. skates. "Tom Brown at Oxford," for "Tom Brown's School Days."

C. B. Hitchcock, care Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, Mass. A camera and outfit, a magic lantern, a pair of 5 lb. Indian clubs, and a rubber type outfit, for a canvas or wooden canoe.

William Ward, 96 Degraw St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A telegraph instrument, key, sounder, and battery, regular size, with instruction book, and a font of old English type, for athletic goods.

W. J. Breeze, 406 West 56th St., New York City. "John Halifax," "The Life of Kit Carson," Macaulay's "History of England," and a book by Verne, for a pair of boys' boxing gloves.

F. W. Wardwell, 17 Chestnut St., Portland, Me. A pair of dumb bells, a pair of ice skates, a set of drawing instruments, a battery, and curiosities etc., for a rubber stamp vulcanizer, or type, cuts, etc.

The subscription price of the ARGOSY is $3.00 per year, payable in advance.

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

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

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.

Every Subscriber is notified **three weeks** before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers inclose 6 cents for each copy.

No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE GOLDEN ARGOSY *forwarded to him every week by the newsdealer from whom he is now buying his paper, or he can get it direct from the publication office by remitting the proper amount for the time he wishes to subscribe. Four months, one dollar; one year, three dollars.*

RED EAGLE,

WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Young Ranger," "The Last War Trail," etc.

The above is the title of Mr. Ellis's new story, the first chapters of which will appear next week.

This is one of the very best works from the author's graphic pen. As its name indicates, it is a story of the frontier, full of thrilling incidents and adventures from the opening to the close. While stirring and deeply interesting, it is refined and of unexceptionable moral tone. It cannot fail to be popular with all our readers.

A GREAT SUCCESS.

MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES has now been before the public for ten months, and has scored a most unqualified success, a success won simply by intrinsic merit. There was a demand for clean, interesting literature for young people, to be furnished in good shape at a reasonable price, and this demand our 25 cent library of illustrated stories has happily filled.

So large have been the sales that we have been obliged to reprint some of the volumes. A full list of the ten tales already issued will be found on our fifteenth page.

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.

COURTESY IN TRIFLES.

NOBODY ever loses anything by being polite or by rendering small services to another with as much care and cheerfulness as they would exhibit in discharging a commission of great importance. Indeed, it is small virtue to be punctilious and exact when great interests are at stake, but it *is* the mark of the true gentleman to be obliging at all times.

That such a disposition may sometimes prove of matchless importance to him who possesses it is proved by a story related of his early years by M. Linzeler, a famous and wealthy jeweler of Paris, lately deceased. When he started in business he had a small store on a side street, and the prospects were most discouraging.

One day he was sitting in his shop feeling pretty blue, for he had not made a sale in nearly a week, when a gentleman entered, stated that he had lost the swivel from his watch chain, and asked if he could purchase one.

The young jeweler bestirred himself to fill the order, trifling though it was, but his stock was small and of the two swivels he had on hand neither fitted the watch of the stranger. Then, without hesitation, he took his pincers and removed one from a gold watch in the case, which proved to be an exact fit.

The gentleman seemed much pleased, and explained that he had tried to get what he wanted at several of the large jewelers' on the boulevards, but that none of them seemed to care about troubling themselves to fill such a small order. He then not only bought the watch from which the swivel had been removed, but gave the young proprietor an order to furnish the diamonds for his daughter's trousseau.

This order gave Mr. Linzeler the start he needed, but he never forgot that he owed the commencement of his good fortune to courtesy in trifles.

READERS of Oliver Optic's new story "The Young Hermit" (and who would neglect a story by America's favorite juvenile author?) will be interested in the following letter, which has just been received:

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., May 10, 1888.

I can hardly wait until the new story comes out. I have lived on the banks of Minnetonka seventeen years, and I piloted the boat Oliver Optic was on when he was gathering the material for this story.

He told us the next story he wrote was to be about Minnetonka, and that he would bring in the boat and us boys under assumed names.

CLARENCE Z. BROWN.

STRANGE conceits and a faculty for doing "big things" are not monopolized by the far famed Yankee and the enterprising Western capitalist after all.

A wealthy Englishman, Mr. Assheton Smith, has recently completed a task of what may well be called Jumbo proportions. This was nothing less than planting the side of a mountain on his estate in North Wales with trees that spell out in letters 200 yards long by 25 feet wide the words "Jubilee, 1887."

It is said that 650,000 trees have been used in the work, as the letters and figures are formed by light foliaged ones offset by a dark leaved background.

Perhaps those of our Western States that still hold out against an Arbor (or tree planting) Day, may be induced to reconsider the matter on having the above style of gigantic advertising brought to their notice.

LOST BREEZES.

AT this period of the year we think it timely to call the attention of our readers to a recent article in a medical journal, which has attracted considerable attention. This article was called "Wasted Sunbeams" and bemoaned the universal disposition of dwellers in our cities to neglect the roofs of their houses. Not in the matter of repairs, but as places of resort, Eastern fashion, when rooms are stuffy and back yards, hemmed in as they are by the tall buildings about them, afford but small relief. With but very little expense the writer claims that the roof of almost any city house could be converted into a cool, comfortable and safe retreat during the scorching days and stifling nights of midsummer.

We wonder if any of our readers will be inclined to try the experiment during the coming months. The selection of an out of town resort is a matter of wearisome discussion, heavy expense, and too often, alas, decided disappointment. A parapet, asphalt flooring, neat awning and convenient stairway would give "stay at homes" a breezy resort on their own roof trees, without the trouble of packing up and minus the miasma, malaria and mosquito of the countryside.

AN ENVIABLE REPUTATION.

AT a time when there is so much harmful literature put in the way of the young, it should be a matter of great satisfaction to parents to read the subjoined testimonials to the merits of healthy and invigorating matter as sent forth weekly in the columns of the ARGOSY:

BELLEVILLE, MICH., April 16, 1888.

I think the ARGOSY is the finest story paper published. The serials are all full of life and the morals contained in them worthy the attention of any reader. "Mr. Halgrove's Ward" is especially fine. D. J. FELL.

BURRILLVILLE, R. I., April 16, 1888.

I am a weekly purchaser of your excellent paper, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and like it very much. I am interested in the admirable stories, "Mr. Halgrove's Ward," "Three Thirty Three," "Warren Haviland" and "The Golden Magnet."

BURTON D. GRIFFITH.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7, 1888.

We think so much of your valuable paper that we could not refrain from expressing our sentiments on the subject. We look forward eagerly for the arrival of each new number. The best stories now running, as we think, are "Three Thirty Three" and "Heir to a Million." The rest are all good.

H. J. DONNELLY,
N. H. FORD,
W. C. ROSS.

WILLIAM R. MORRISON,

Ex Congressman from Illinois, and Inter State Commerce Commissioner.

ALTHOUGH not a member of the present Congress, few men have gained more renown from their service in the national legislature than William Ralls Morrison of Illinois, who, defeated at the last Congressional elections, is now serving on the Inter State Commerce Commission. He is recognized as an authority on financial matters, and especially on that difficult question, the most important with which our legislators now have to deal—that of the maintenance or reduction of the tariff.

A few details of his career may be of interest to the readers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. He was born in Monroe County, Illinois, on the 14th of September, 1825. He got the rudiments of his education in the common schools, and studied at McKendree College, Illinois. The Mexican war broke out soon after he left college, and young Morrison enlisted as a private in the army. He served through most of the campaign, and on its conclusion returned home to study law.

WILLIAM R. MORRISON.
From a photograph by Bell.

Not long afterward he was admitted to the Illinois bar. In 1852 he was elected County Clerk of his native county, an office which he retained for four years, when he gave it up to enter the State House of Representatives in 1856. He became prominent among the members of that body, and in 1859 he was chosen Speaker.

Mr. Morrison belonged to the political party which recognized Stephen A. Douglas as its leader, and in seeking reelection to the State Legislature in 1860 he was opposed by an adherent of Abraham Lincoln. This gentleman was Mr. Horine, a leading merchant of Waterloo, of which city Mr. Morrison was also a resident. The latter gained not only a reelection, but also the hand of his opponent's daughter, for shortly afterward Miss Ella Horine became Mrs. Morrison. She accompanied her husband to Springfield, the State capital, and, abandoning her former political creed, devoted herself to aiding him in his promising career.

In the following year came the outbreak of the civil war. Mr. Morrison took a leading part in organizing the Forty Ninth Illinois Regiment, with which he went to the front with the rank of colonel. Joining General Grant's army, in the desperate assault on Fort Donelson, in February, 1862, he fell with a severe wound in the hip, and was reported as among the killed. His wife, hearing the news, hurried to the scene, found her husband, and nursed him back to life, though his wound was a dangerous one, and he was subsequently seized with typhoid fever.

It may be mentioned as a curious coincidence that another brave son of Illinois, General Logan, was wounded in this same battle, and in his case too a devoted wife came to the front to care for him.

Colonel Morrison was commanding his regiment when he heard the news that his fellow citizens had elected him a member of the Thirty Eighth Congress. He went to Washington and served out his term there, but in 1864 he was defeated for a reelection. He was also an unsuccessful candidate in 1866, devoting himself meanwhile to the practice of his profession. In 1866 he was a delegate to the National Union Convention, and in 1868 to the National Democratic Convention.

In 1872 Colonel Morrison was once more nominated and elected to Congress. From that time his long period of service in the national legislature dates, as he was returned to seven Congresses in succession, thus retaining his seat for fourteen years. He early made a good reputation as an effective speaker and a capable man of affairs, and was appointed chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—one of the most important Congressional posts.

Colonel Morrison is identified with the party that favors a reduction of the tariff, and will long be remembered as the author of the famous bill named after him, which was the most important measure that came before the Forty Eighth Congress. It proposed a considerable and general diminution of the duties on imports—wherefrom came the somewhat undignified *sobriquet* of "Horizontal Bill" by which Colonel Morrison has not infrequently been designated. It provoked a long and warm discussion, and caused a good deal of disruption of party lines; for while the majority of the Democratic Congressmen favored the measure, and the bulk of their Republican colleagues favored it, there were dissentients on both sides of the House. Finally the bill was defeated by a very close vote.

In 1886 Colonel Morrison, upon seeking yet another reelection, was defeated at the polls. In March of last year President Cleveland nominated him as a member of the Inter State Commerce Commission—a salaried office tenable for five years. The duties of this board are highly important to the business of the country. It is charged with the enforcement and superintendence of the law to regulate the management of all railroads that pass from one State to another; that is to say, all the great trunk lines with perhaps one or two exceptions. Colonel Morrison's selection to so responsible a post, for which he is fitted by technical ability and proved integrity, was received with general approbation, which has been confirmed by the conservative and judicious course which the commission has taken in discharging its duties.

Colonel Morrison still lives at Waterloo, Monroe County, Illinois, and is said to be extremely happy in his home life. He has no children living.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

SILENCE your opponent with reason, not with noise.—*Sir M. Hale.*

THE chief source of self happiness is the act of making others happy.

YOU should forgive many things in others, but nothing in yourself.—*Anson.*

TAKE care of truth, and the errors will take care of themselves.—*Dean Stanley.*

THE one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.—*Emerson.*

OF all the created comforts, God is the lender; you are the borrower, not the owner.—*Rutherford.*

I AM often reminded that although I had the wealth of Cræsus, my desires would still remain the same.—*Thoreau.*

God hath given to man a short time here upon earth, and yet upon this short time eternity depends.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

TAKE my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war, you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.—*Arthur, Duke of Wellington.*

THE grandest attribute of our created minds, one that belongs to no other finite creature whatever, is that they have the gift of a growth everlasting.—*Horace Bushnell.*

WIT is brushwood; judgment is timber. The one gives the greatest flame; the other yields the most durable heat; and both together make the best fire.—*Sir Thomas Overbury.*

WHAT maintains one vice would bring up two children. Remember, many a little makes a mickle; and further, beware of little expenses. A small leak will sink a great ship.—*Franklin.*

A GOAL TO WIN.

So to live that when the sun
Of our existence sinks in night,
Memorials sweet of mercies done
May shrine our names in memory's light,
And the best seeds we scatter'd bloom
A hundred fold in days to come.

[*This story commenced in No.* 285.]

The Young Hermit

OF

LAKE MINNETONKA.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

CHAPTER XI.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE BURGLAR ALARM.

"YOU have told me that you had a burglar alarm in your house, Mr. Gayland," said the ex detective, as they entered the sitting room.

"Yes, I had it put in nearly a year ago," replied the rich man, mentioning the particular apparatus with which his house had been furnished. "It proves to be protection which doesn't protect."

"It has certainly been a failure in this instance," remarked the real estate agent. "We will first take a look at the windows which have not been opened, if you please."

"The more time you waste, the more the rascals will have to effect their escape," interposed Mrs. Gayland, who could not see the utility of examining the windows which had not been disturbed.

"You can return to your bed, Maud, for it is not necessary that you should take part in this investigation," said her husband, rather sternly.

"I prefer to see what is done," she answered haughtily.

"I do not object; but you will oblige me by making no more remarks or criticisms," added the capitalist.

"You are letting the burglars escape while you are fooling with this man," continued the lady.

"If you cannot be silent we will suspend all further investigation, and allow Mr. Cavan to go home," said Mr. Gayland severely.

The lady made no reply, for by this time she had become conscious that she was injuring her own cause; but she had not failed to notice the fact that her husband had neglected to inform the agent that Paul had been one of the burglars. She believed that he intended to screen the adopted son from the consequences of his crime, and she was prepared to defeat this purpose.

Cavan went to the first window in the sitting room, and gave his attention to the burglar alarm which was attached to it; and he appeared to be perfectly informed in regard to its working, for after he had unfastened it he raised the lower sash.

The moment he did so all the electric bells in the house began to rattle with the utmost fury, and they kept up the din for a considerable length of time.

"There is nothing the matter with the apparatus at this window," said the agent, after the rattle of the bells had ceased.

"I should say not," replied Mr. Gayland. "The apparatus can be easily detached from the sash; and in warm weather, when it is necessary to open the windows, I generally move the strikers from their position myself, or ask Sparks to do it for me."

"Yesterday was a rather warm June day; were the windows opened?" asked Cavan.

"In this room they were, though not all over the house. I asked my nephew to change the strikers in this room, and in the library and dining room; and as he was not in the house at the time, I put them all in place myself just before supper, for the room was rather cool."

"You adjusted the strikers yourself, Mr. Gayland?"

"I did."

"At what time?"

"It was just before supper, say at quarter past six. I had been in my library till I began to feel cool, and then I closed all the windows and adjusted the strikers."

"Excuse me, sir, but are you very sure about this?" asked the agent, more serious for the moment than he had appeared to be before.

"So sure of it that I should be willing to swear that I did it between quarter and half past six, which is our hour for tea," replied the capitalist decidedly.

"That is sure enough; and you will be kind enough to keep this fact in mind—that you adjusted the strikers at this particular time yourself."

"I shall not be likely to forget it after what has happened," added the owner of the mansion with a smile.

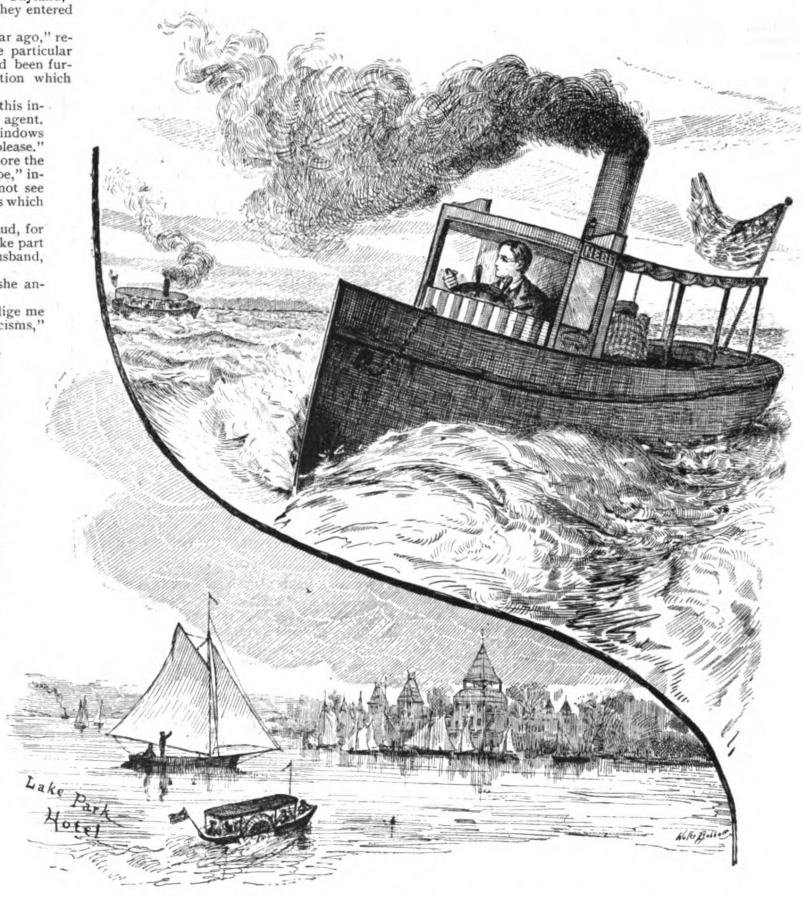
"Now we will look at the other windows," continued Cavan, as he led the way to the next one. "You did your work well, sir, for this striker is as it ought to be to give the alarm."

Then the party, headed by the agent, came to the open window which the burglars had not taken the trouble to close, though they had unfastened the two doors between the vestibule and the hall, to effect their escape. They must have done this before they robbed the house, if it should prove that they had robbed it, for they had gone out without pausing an instant.

"Ah! This explains it all!" exclaimed Cavan, after he had glanced at the sash of the open window. "Are you sure, Mr. Gayland, that you adjusted the striker on this window?"

"I am even more sure that I attended to that one than to any other, for I had to get a screw driver and loosen it, it was so tight; and I tried it several times before I arranged it for the night."

"Might you not have forgotten to adjust it in the end, after the trouble it had given you?" asked the agent.



THE CAPTAIN OF THE HEBE HELD HIS WAY, REGARDLESS OF THE APPROACHING TEMPEST.

"On my way back to the library I looked at all the strikers in the room to satisfy myself that they were in proper position. I am absolutely certain that the striker of this window was adjusted as it should be to give the alarm at quarter past six."

"That is enough; and I am particularly happy that you are so confident on this point," added Cavan, with a rather searching glance at Mrs. Gayland, who was giving the closest scrutiny to all the proceedings.

"I cannot possibly be mistaken," the rich man insisted.

"Now let me call your attention to the position of this striker," continued Cavan, pointing out the lever against which the apparatus acted when the window was raised. "You can see that it is not in its place as it should be when adjusted to give the alarm. It is no fault of the machinery that all the bells in the house did not ring when the sash was raised."

"That is all as plain as anything can be," added Mr. Gayland, when he had looked at the striker.

"What does all that amount to?" demanded Mrs. Gayland, who was not machinist enough to take in the point the agent made.

"Do you observe the position of this metal lever, called the striker, madam?" asked the examiner, as he pointed to the part mentioned.

"Yes, I see it," replied the lady snappishly, for she had not yet become reconciled to the mission of the agent in the house.

"You observe that it is turned down to a vertical position?" continued Cavan, as blandly as though the lady had not attempted to snub him. "Now, do me the favor to look at this window;" and she followed him to the next one. "You see that this striker is in a horizontal position, so that the bar on the sash would hit it if the window were raised."

Cavan illustrated the whole matter fully at the next window, by moving the striker and opening the lower sash. She could not help understanding so simple an affair when it was so clearly explained.

"I comprehend the workings of the alarm; but I don't see what all this has to do with the burglary," added the lady impatiently.

"That is still to be shown, madam," replied Cavan, as he returned to the side window. "This striker is in a perpendicular position, and the window was raised without making the alarm. I have not touched this striker, and it has not been disturbed by any one since the burglars came in. That striker must have been dropped to a vertical position by some one in the house after Mr. Gayland had adjusted it at quarter past six last evening."

"That is clear enough," said the owner of the mansion. "Some one in the house must have lowered the striker after I put it up."

"Of course Paul raised it," promptly added Mrs. Gayland.

"But Paul was not in the house last evening after I adjusted the striker," retorted the capitalist, warmly.

"But Paul was one of the burglars!" exclaimed the lady.

"That is true," added Mr. Gayland, giving utterance to the fact he had repressed before, which drew forth some decided exclamations of astonishment on the part of the agent.

"We have settled this matter, and now we will see what the burglars have done in the house," said the rich man, not caring to have any inferences drawn just then from the fact that the striker had been tampered with, as he led the way into his library.

The door of the closet which contained the safe was wide open, and so was the door of the safe itself. Mr. Gayland drew out the drawer in which he had deposited the six thousand dollars, or more, and found that it was empty. The money had all been taken, but nothing else was missing in the house. Paul had evidently taken a lunch in the dining room before he came out.

"In spite of the fact that he was here, I will bet my life that Paul is innocent," said Cavan to the owner, in a whisper.

But how could the mystery be cleared up?

CHAPTER XII.

SOMETHING ABOUT LAKE MINNETONKA.

THE sky over Lake Minnetonka was very black, for what appeared to be a very heavy shower was coming up from the westward. This locality seems to have been imported from some West India clime for the express purpose of giving specimens of sudden and violent tempests.

The flashes of lightning were almost continuous, and they were as blinding as they were frequent, while the dense black clouds produced an oppressive darkness, contrasted with the bright sunshine which had prevailed half an hour before.

The wind had entirely subsided, and the surface of the dark lake was as smooth as though three feet of ice had covered it, as is the case in the winter, when the mercury drops down to forty degrees below zero. Several sail boats which had been trying to get to the pier at Lake Park were becalmed a mile or more from their destination.

It was in the month of July, about a month after the elegant mansion on the hill in St. Paul had been entered by burglars, and the pleasure season had been fully inaugurated, though the number of visitors was not yet as great as it was likely to be at a later period.

The lake is the popular resort in summer of the people of Minneapolis, while White Bear Lake is more especially the favorite of St. Paul; and all that could be reasonably expected has been done to make both places attractive to visitors.

Although each city vies with the other both in business and pleasure, Lake Minnetonka is not exclusively the resort of the pleasure seekers of Minneapolis, for the other of the Twin Cities is respectably represented at all the principal hotels and cottages on its shores; and there is no law which prevents the citizens of Minneapolis from making their abode for a week or a month on the banks of White Bear Lake.

But as a summer resort Minnetonka has most of the advantages, for it is on a much grander scale, and Nature has been very liberal in bestowing her attractions upon the beautiful sheet of water and its surroundings.

Selected as a pleasure resort at an earlier period, the enterprise of the people frequenting the place has more thoroughly developed its resources, though there is still room for vast improvements, which the progressive spirit of the people will make from time to time.

Lake Minnetonka is not one open sheet of water, but consists rather of a dozen smaller lakes, united by natural or artificial channels into a single one, though there is hardly room enough in any place for a smart sea in an ordinary fresh breeze.

At the eastern end of the lake there is a view extending for nine miles from the head of one bay, through several openings between headlands, to the extremity of another bay; but the ordinary reach of the eye in any other part of the lake is not more than a mile or two.

Many extensive and very irregular peninsulas reach out from the mainland on all sides; and there are not a few picturesque islands breaking the monotony of the scene.

Between the eastern and the western portions of the lake it has been necessary to dig a couple of channels, or canals, for the passage of steamers from one end to the other of the lake, so that every part of the extensive sheet of water can be navigated by large or small craft.

Everything in the shape of a boat, from the steamer capable of carrying a thousand passengers by crowding them a little to the graceful wherry and racing craft, may be found on its waters, including sail boats as swift and jaunty as any that the Atlantic ports can boast.

Many of the wealthiest people of the near city and the State, to say nothing of dwellers from hundreds of miles away, have cottage homes on its shores, nestling in the oak and linden groves that border most of them; and several large hotels, equaling or exceeding in proportions and luxury those of Newport and Cape May, besides a score or more of smaller ones, afford accommodations for thousands of summer visitors.

The lake is a dozen miles from Minneapolis,

and reached by two railroads, one on the north, and the other on the south shore, by which scores of trains convey passengers back and forth between both of the twin cities and the locality.

There are two large steamers, half a dozen of medium size, and a multitude of smaller ones, from the small steam launch big enough for two or three persons to the elegant yacht that would comfortably accommodate a dozen or more; some of which are owned and used by private individuals, and others are let by the hour or day at the hotel or other piers.

As the deep darkness gathered over the lake, many of these steam yachts were seen making for a harbor, for more than one fatal disaster to such craft had been recorded in the history of the lake as a summer resort. In spite of the contracted areas in nearly all parts of the beautiful sheet of water, it had been demonstrated that squalls and sudden tempests produced a frightful commotion even in the nearly land locked bays and channels.

Those in charge of these fairy craft, as they seem to be as they glide over the smooth waters, appeared to be aware of the possible danger from the threatening clouds, for all of them were headed for the nearest practicable landing place, which was at Lake Park in the locality indicated.

Already the wharf near the hotel was flanked with steam yachts and sail boats, though there were several more out on the broad lake, and more were coming in through the channel between the peninsula and Big Island, all apparently anxious to get their passengers to the shelter and security of one of the large hotels, where the hours of waiting in the rain could be improved in various frolics.

At the time when the situation looked most threatening, a very elegant steam yacht, with the name of Hebe on her pilot house, for she was just large enough to be provided with such an appendage, came through the New Narrows, as the canal connecting the two parts of the lake is called.

Instead of heading for the hotel pier, as all the other craft were doing, she stood boldly out into the lake, heading for the eastern shore, as though the pilot had nothing but contempt for the perils which the lake threatened soon to present to the navigator, evidently intending to go outside of Brightwood Island.

"Take in that awning, Bashy," said the pilot, speaking to the engineer through the after window of his little coop in the bow of the yacht.

"All right, Captain Greenway," replied the engineer, as he proceeded to execute the order with all possible celerity. "I think it is high time something was did."

"We are doing something all the time, for the Hebe is making twelve knots an hour," added the pilot, or the captain, for he filled both of these important positions, as the entire ship's company consisted of only the captain and the engineer.

"The quicker you go the worse it will be for you," said the engineer, as he glanced ahead at the two or three miles of open water. "I reckon you don't know half as much about this navigation as I do, for I have been up here for years, and I have seen as fine a craft as this one go to the bottom quicker than you could pull your finger out of the fire."

"I intend to keep the Hebe on the top of the water," added Captain Greenway, casting his eye across the peninsula to the westward.

"That was just what they meant to do in the Flocus last summer; but she went to the bottom all the same, and that is just what we shall do if you keep on," persisted Bashy, as the captain called the engineer, though this was evidently an abbreviation for some more dignified name.

"If the Hebe goes to the bottom, let me know it, if you please," answered the pilot, looking at his companion with a quiet smile on his handsome face.

"I will do so, if I feel like it when we get down fifty feet into the drink; but this water is wet, I can tell you, and I don't believe I shall feel like making any long speeches down there," said Bashy, with something like a grin, grim and significant, on his peculiar face.

"Don't you be alarmed, Bashy," added the captain, cheerfully.

"I'm not a bit scared, any more than you are, Captain Greenway; and I'll bet a last year's almanac against a wooden nutmeg that I can go as straight to the bottom as you can, if you have had more schooling than I have."

"I never bet against such odds; but stand by the engine, whatever comes, and we are all right," added the skipper.

Bashy promised faithfully to do so.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROAR OF THE APPROACHING STORM.

WHEN the Hebe was off Brightwood Island, most of the steam yachts and sail boats, the latter by the vigorous use of oars, had reached the vicinity of the hotel pier, and were under the lee of the land, so that they were no longer in peril.

"Hebe, ahoy!" shouted some one on board of the nearest sail boat.

"On board the sloop!" responded Captain Greenway.

"What are you about?" demanded the skipper of the sloop, one of the regular boatmen of the Lake Park Hotel.

"About my own business, and I recommend you to be about something of the same kind," replied the pilot of the Hebe, who thought the boatman was not particularly civil, though his intentions were evidently good.

"Get under a lee as quick as you can!" shouted the skipper of the sail boat. "Don't you see there is going to be a big squall?"

"Thank you! When it comes, let me know," answered Captain Greenway, as he put the helm to port, in order to head the steamer through the long reach of nine miles.

"You will be in an awful sea within five minutes!" yelled the skipper, as the Hebe increased her distance from the sloop.

"All right! I have been there before," replied the bold pilot, who was apparently not more than fourteen years old, though he was a stout and well built fellow for his age.

The hotel skipper shook his head, doubtless feeling that he had done all he could in warning the daring captain of the Hebe of the peril into which he was throwing his craft and those on board of her.

Bashy had taken in the awning of the after part of the yacht, and stowed it away in its proper place, and he had time to take a more leisurely survey of the situation, which was not at all satisfactory to him; for it looked as though the captain was going into deadly peril apparently for the fun of the thing, for he knew that he had no business at Wayzata Bay, for which he was now headed.

"You can see that every other craft on the lake has stuck its nose into the sand," said he, after he had looked about him a while.

"This is a free country, away up here in the Northwest, and they all had a perfect right to do just as they pleased," replied Captain Greenway, "and I claim the right to do as I please about it. I believe there is no law in the State of Minnesota which compels me to make a harbor."

"I reckon there ain't no State law, but some folks think common sense is a sort of law which sensible folks ought to mind," continued the engineer.

"Common sense is good law, and I believe in obeying its commands; but what is common sense to one person is nonsense to another," said the captain, looking out ahead of the yacht.

"That depends on how you look at things; but I reckon it is common sense to go into the house when it rains, and so it is to go into a harbor when it blows heavy," argued Bashy.

"Where would your common sense be if there was no harbor to go into?" demanded the pilot, with a smile.

"What would you have for dinner if you didn't have anything to eat?" returned the other.

"Go without dinner, as we shall without a harbor. What would you do if you were a thousand miles from the land, with things looking just as they do at this moment?"

"I don't believe I should go on shore. But we ain't a thousand miles from land, nor one mile just now. I know how big a price you paid for this handsome steamer, and I shouldn't wonder if you were so much out in the course of the next five or ten minutes," growled the discontented engineer.

"And you will have the consolation of knowing that it won't come out of your pocket. Put on all the steam you can, Bashy," added the captain, as though it had been bright sunshine on the lake at that moment.

"Do you want me to blow her up, Captain Greenway, to save her from going to the bottom in the hurricane?" asked the subordinate officer of the steamer.

"Don't do it, if you please. I agree with you that it is going to blow great guns in the course of the next few minutes, and we shall need all the power there is in the engine."

"You shall have it all; but I don't like the looks of things at this particular time; and there won't be any time for a fellow to say his prayers after the hurricane comes down on us," added Bashy, as he threw a scoop of coal into the furnace.

"I have never been in the habit of going on shore when it came on to blow; but perhaps I have no right to expose you to danger," suggested the captain, looking back at the engineer. "If you are afraid, I will go to the pier, Bashy."

"I reckon I ain't no more scared than you are, though I can't see the use of running any risk. Every boat has gone in but the Hebe, and folks won't think you are a coward if you don't stay out any longer," muttered Bashy, whose pride was the troublesome factor in deciding upon his reply; and he could not show the white feather before the captain did so, for he thought it would injure his reputation.

"I don't care what people think in a matter of this kind; but we are not out in the lake all alone, for there is a steam yacht, coming out of Carson's Bay, probably from the Hotel St. Louis," added Captain Greenway, as he carefully examined the craft.

"That's so, and she has ladies on board," replied the engineer, as he closed the furnace door, and proceeded to inspect the steamer.

The steam yacht which was approaching was smaller than the Hebe, and she was steaming at her highest speed, doubtless hoping to reach her destination before the storm broke.

She was headed across the channel in the direction of Big Island after she came out from behind the point; but Captain Greenway was going directly east, which would soon place his craft on the weather shore of the lake, where she would receive the full force of the blast when it came.

"That is the Excelsior," said Bashy, after he had taken the measure of the steamer. "She is a stiff boat, or Captain Lubbock would not come out here just now. But his head is level, and he knows what he is about—sometimes, though he was a fool to come out here in the teeth of all those black clouds."

"He is all right," added the pilot, watching the Excelsior all the time. "I think if I had any ladies on board I should make a harbor."

"He is going to do so just as quick as steam will let him. I reckon you are putting the Hebe into the worst place you can find for her when the storm comes, Captain Greenway," continued Bashy, as he observed that the yacht was rapidly approaching what would be the weather shore when the tempest came.

Before the captain could make any reply to this criticism, six flashes of lightning that seemed to set fire to the entire landscape blazed before him, nearly blinding him; and they were attended instantaneously by as many peals of thunder in such rapid succession that there seemed to be no interval between them.

They were heavy enough for earthquakes, and they shook the craft under him, so that it seemed to him for the moment that the end of all things had come, though he did not relax his hold upon the wheel.

A vigorous scream from one or both of the ladies on board of the Excelsior came over the waters while the thunder was still rattling like a million of brass pans, succeeding the awful peals which had shaken the very earth.

Captain Greenway could not see that anything had happened to the Excelsior to call forth such a shriek, and he concluded that it had been occasioned by the terror of the ladies, rather than by any immediate danger.

The pilot thought at first that the captain of the other steamer intended to get his boat under the lee of Big Island when the blow came, but he continued on his course, outside of Brightwood Island, evidently expecting to reach the Lake Park before the danger overtook him; and his craft was now exactly west of the Hebe, with a mile of open water between her and the shore for which she was headed.

"Stand by your engine, Bashy!" shouted Captain Greenway. "It is coming now; keep your eyes and ears wide open!"

"All right, Captain Greenway; I shall be here when the hurricane comes," replied the engineer.

A tremendous roaring sound came out of the west, coming nearer and nearer each instant, as though it were the rumble of the chariot wheels of the storm.

The fierce blast had come, and the waters began to pile up ahead.

(To be continued.)

HE OBJECTED TO BEING NUMBERED.

THOSE readers of the ARGOSY who subscribe for the paper by the year and receive it through the mails, have no doubt noticed a number on the yellow address label bearing their name. This number denotes the issue with which the subscription expires, and with some periodicals it is printed before the name instead of after it. The *Sun*, in a batch of funny items from the New York post office, gives the following complaint of the above custom, addressed by a subscriber in London to the publishers of an American magazine:

GENTLEMEN: Will the substitution of "Mr." instead of "456" involve any serious expenditure on your establishment? It savors strongly of the jail, and I am a sensitive man.

Sincerely yours,

N. NOGGS.

Beneath the letter was pasted the obnoxious label, which read thus:

456. Newman Noggs,
Imperial Bldgs.,
Ludgate Circus,
London,
Eng.

Mr. Noggs was so sensitive he thought this style of address gave the appearance of a jail bird's register, as "Newman Noggs, convict 456, Pentonville prison."

HE THOUGHT ANY TRIBE WOULD DO.

FREQUENTLY the funniest jokes are perpetrated unconsciously by people who ruin a good story in the telling of it. A Washington correspondent furnishes a case in point:

One day ex Postmaster General Key was riding up in an F Street car in company with Tom Nelson and Boudinot, the Indian. The car was crowded, and the latter was standing, holding to a strap. As the car swung around the curve at Fourteenth Street, Boudinot lost his footing, and dropped into a lady's lap. Knowing him well, she asked: "What kind of an Indian are you, any way?" Tom Nelson spoke up and said: "Madam, he is either a Pawnee or a Laplander."

Of course everybody laughed, and no one more heartily than Judge Key. He went into the Ebbitt House, shaking his sides, and a crowd gathered about him. He undertook to tell the story, and when he came to Nelson's answer, he said: "Why, madam, he is a Sioux or a Cherokee."

Imagine the judge's chagrin when no one laughed.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S PET PHRASE.

OLD lady (to railroad brakeman)—How soon does this train start for Soacknack?

Brakeman—Not for two hours yet, madam. Step lively, please.

SWEET MEMORY.

SWEET Mem'ry, take thy dainty brush
And paint such scenes of happy days
As well thou knowest always rush
At gentlest call before my gaze;
And paint them in no fading hue,
But let the colors be so bright
That, should my waking hours be few,
I'll see them through the long, still night.

For when I lay me down to sleep,
I would but pleasant dreams, nor loose
E'en part of all I long to keep;
And so, sweet Mem'ry, I would choose
To blend the present with the past,
That all my loved ones may be nigh—
A picture that in dreams would last,
Both should I sleep or should I die.

[*This story commenced in No. 278.*]

THE Casket of Diamonds;

OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XXXII.

ANOTHER EMPLOYEE OF BRILLYANT & CO.

THOUGH Rowly was overwhelmed with grief and astonishment at his failure to find the diamonds where he supposed they were, he was not in despair after he had had a few minutes for reflection.

It did not take him long to realize that, in detaching Rush Sinnerton from his chosen friend engaged in the robbery of Morgan Dykes's house, he had roused the suspicions of Silky, and he had taken the precaution to remove the diamonds from their place of concealment.

"You don't find the glassware; and I did not suppose you would;" said Captain Wellfleet, still laughing at the confusion of the clerk's substitute.

"I do not; but I believe the glassware, as you call it, is somewhere on board of this ship," replied Rowly, beginning to gather up his powers after the shock which his failure to find the packages had given him.

"What makes you think so, my hearty?" asked the captain, with a broad grin on his face.

"I feel very sure that the packages which I saw Gibbs put into the closet under the washbowl contained the diamonds," answered Rowly, looking the ocean swell full in the face as though he meant every word he said. "It would take me too long to tell you the reason why I feel certain of what I say."

"Rowly knows what he is about every time, Wellfleet, and I believe every word he says," interposed Captain Ringboom. "If you are willing to help him out, I am sure we shall find the diamonds."

"Oh, I am willing to do anything you want, or that this youngster wants, for that matter, whether I believe his story or not," added Captain Wellfleet. "If I don't believe in him, I do believe in you, old friend. I don't forget when I had the yellow fever in Havana, and you took care of me; and anything I can do, without injury to the other owners of the Ganymede, I will do with the greatest pleasure in life."

"That's hearty, Wellfleet; and if you will let Rowly have his own way, I will see him through," said Captain Ringboom. "What time do you get under way?"

"I shall go down on the ebb tide if there is wind enough to keep the ship from going on shore; but there don't seem to be a puff now."

"The tide turns at about three this afternoon," continued Captain Ringboom. "I must have a talk with Rowly, for the situation seems to be decidedly changed from what it was yesterday."

"I should say it was," replied the master of the Ganymede, with a cynical smile. "But you shall have your own way."

"I am anxious to have you go at the time fixed for sailing, for I am afraid Gibbs may take it into his head to make the voyage in some other vessel if there is any delay," said Captain Ringboom, who seemed to be suffering from great anxiety.

The shock produced in the mind of the worthy captain when nothing was found in the closet was even greater than that experienced by the young shadow, for he felt personally responsible to the diamond heiress for the delivery to her of the fortune placed in his charge by her uncle.

His confidence in Rowly had not been in the least degree impaired by the failure to find the treasure where it had been placed, for the recovery of the box which had contained the casket assured him that the young man had spoken the truth.

"Has Gibbs been on shore since he first came on board today?" asked Rowly.

"Not he; and I shall not allow him to go on shore again before we sail," replied Captain Wellfleet.

"Then I am sure the diamonds are on board of the ship, and I am almost sure I can find them," said Rowly. "Gibbs is going to London with you, and he thought it prudent to find another hiding place for his treasure after his friend deserted him."

"All right; then our business is on board of this ship, or rather Rowly has something to do here, for I think I had better not be seen on board of the Ganymede after she gets under

way," added Captain Ringboom, who had put on his "thinking cap," and seemed to be pondering deeply.

"I think you had better keep out of sight; and the fellow will recognize this youngster," suggested the dandy captain.

"I shall have to go on shore and provide against anything of that sort," answered Rowly. "If he sees me as I am now, he will certainly know me, and that may interfere with our success. I wonder if Gibbs expects Rush Sinnerton to come on board and take the place of captain's clerk."

"I don't know what he expects; but I can easily call him to the mainmast, and find out what he thinks about it," replied the captain of the ship.

"I should like to hear what he says," the shadow hinted.

"Just step into that stateroom, and partly close the door then," continued Captain Wellfleet, pointing to the room in which the treasure had been concealed.

Captain Ringboom and Rowly went into the little apartment, and the latter used his time in making a further examination of the room, though he found nothing to reward him for the search.

"Pass the word for Gibbs," said Captain Wellfleet, shouting to a hand in the waist; and a minute later Silky came aft, where he confronted the commander, who had the letter Rush had written at Yonkers in his hand.

Rowly looked through the crack in the door, and obtained a good view of the burglar, who was dressed precisely as he had been the day before, and the color of his skin was the same, while his white hands were daubed with paint and tar.

He realized that he was playing a part, for he put on a great deal of marine swagger, and threw his shoulders forward so that his fine form did not show to the best advantage.

"What does all this mean, Gibbs?" demanded the captain, in stern and angry tones, used for the occasion, and he held up the letter in his hand. "The fellow you brought off to act as my clerk has sent me a letter to say that he can't go with me."

"I am sure I don't know anything at all about it, sir," replied Gibbs in subdued tones. "I haven't seen him today, and I supposed he was coming on board as he agreed to do."

"When did you see him last?"

"We parted on the wharf, sir, and I went home to see my mother. I have not seen or heard from him since."

"I examined Robert very carefully to see if he was the right person, and was quite satisfied with him. Now he says he can't go; but if I could get hold of him I would make him go," said the captain savagely.

"I am sorry he went back on you, sir; but I did not know a thing about it till now, and I will do anything I can. I am willing to take his place, if you want me to," added Gibbs.

"He has provided a substitute himself; but I don't know whether he will suit me or not."

"Where is the substitute, sir? I wonder if I know him. If you will let me see him, sir, perhaps I may know something about him," continued Gibbs, betraying more interest than the occasion seemed to warrant.

Rowly was to take the place of the absent clerk for a time, till he had accomplished his mission, and was afraid that the ocean swell would make some mistake in managing the matter, for he was a skeptic.

"You can't see him yet, for he has not yet come on board," replied the captain. "That is what vexes me. He will come on board an hour or two before we sail, and I shall have no time to examine him. I may have to take him whether he suits me or not."

"I am sorry it happens so, sir; but it isn't my fault," added Gibbs, bowing meekly.

"No matter whose fault it is; I don't like it at all. Did you break out those two casks, as I ordered you?"

"I was doing it, sir, when I was called to the mainmast."

"Who was helping you?"

"Gaulbert, sir."

"Who is Gaulbert? I never heard the name before."

"He is the green hand that I brought off this morning, sir."

"He signed his name Gullbert. Call him, Gibbs."

Rowly had expressed a desire to see this man for reasons which he did not explain.

"You have heard what he has to say," said Captain Wellfleet, going to the door. "Anything more you want?"

Nothing more was wanted, and Gibbs soon returned with Gaulbert. He was a young man, and Rowly recognized him as an under porter in the store of Brillyant & Co.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SHADOW WITH A NEW FACE.

A SINGLE glance at the green hand Gibbs had brought off was enough to assure Rowly that Gaulbert, whose real name was Bronker, had been the confederate of Silky and Blooks in the attempted robbery of the store.

He had removed the stops from the sash so that it could be easily taken out, though Silky had found some difficulty in doing so; and he had placed the step ladder under the window to enable the burglars to descend to the floor.

Of course he was as guilty as though he had taken part in the operations outside of the store, and Rowly was very glad to see him, and to know that he was where the officers could put their hands upon him at the right time.

Ashbank, otherwise Blooks, had been arrested the day before, and the woman was now in a safe place; and doubtless Bronker, when he heard of the arrest of the first, was alarmed for his own safety, and had applied to Silky for assistance, for it might come out that the robbers had a confederate inside of the store.

Captain Wellfleet asked Bronker some unimportant questions in regard to his name, and then dismissed the two men, joining the observer in the stateroom.

"Gaulbert's name is Bronker, and he took part in the attempt to rob the store of Brillyant & Co.," said Rowly."

"Then you will catch one more of the party to that enterprise," replied Captain Ringboom.

"I think we shall, if everything works right."

"Everything must work right; we must make it work right, for in this business there is no such word as fail. I shall have to commit suicide if I don't get back those diamonds for Hope Everton," added Captain Ringboom. "Wellfleet, I am not as poor as a church mouse, or as rich as my friend Vanderbilt; and I wouldn't be as badly off as he is if he would give me all his money and stocks."

"You are well enough off to quit the sea, Ringboom."

"And that is what I shall do if I find the diamonds. If I don't find them, my property will pay their value to the diamond heiress as far as it will go," added the captain of the Reindeer decidedly. "This is a big business to me, you will see, Wellfleet, and I am willing to put out some money to get that glassware."

"There isn't the least need of your putting out any money, old fellow; for if the glassware is on board of this ship, you shall find it, if I have to heave the vessel down and take everything out of her," protested the hearty ocean swell.

"Thank you, Wellfleet; but you did not think of taking a steam tug to work you out of the bay as far as Sandy Hook?"

"No, I did not; but I can do it."

"I don't ask you to do it, for I mean to do that myself."

"Tow my ship to sea? Not if I know it!"

"But Rowly and I have arranged that matter. We are getting a breeze of wind, and I want the tug for my own use, if you will let her make fast to the Ganymede."

The ocean swell objected for some time, but the arguments of his friend prevailed in the end, and Ringboom was permitted to have his own way, for he wanted to be on board of the tug himself with a couple of officers, and he wanted the craft to take the prisoners on shore when Rowly had accomplished his mission, as he was confident it would be accomplished.

It was only eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and Captain Ringboom and Rowly went on shore to make their preparations for the afternoon, which would require some time for the former, though he had already spoken for the tug.

Seeing Gibbs and Bronker on deck, it was necessary for the captain of the Ganymede to send them below so that the shadow should not be seen by either of them, for he was in his usual dress and could easily be recognized.

As soon as they landed, the captain went to complete his arrangement for the tug, while Rowly went home to prepare himself for his difficult duty.

At the house he found Mrs. Everton and her daughter; and for some reason not apparent on the face of things, or on the face of the beautiful maiden, she blushed like a new blown rose.

She knew that Rowly had been at work to find the fortune that belonged to her, and the last news she had heard was very encouraging, so that she no doubt felt under some obligations to the young fellow; and gratitude is often the forerunner of a warmer sentiment.

"I did not expect you back, Rowly," said Mrs. Parkway, anxiously. "I hope nothing has gone wrong in the work in which you are engaged."

"I am sorry to say something has gone wrong, for I could not find the glassware."

"Glassware?"

"That is what Captain Wellfleet calls the diamonds," laughed the shadow, as though he was not greatly depressed by the situation.

"And you have lost track of them?" asked Mrs. Parkway, with breathless interest.

"That is just what I have lost; but I shall get on the track soon. I am sure they are on board the Ganymede," replied Rowly, who had told Mrs Everton the situation the last time he saw her. "I have no time to spare, but you shall yet be the diamond heiress, Hope."

"I am afraid you will not be able to find the diamonds, Rowly; but I shall be just as grateful to you for all you have done as though you do find them," replied the maiden, blushing again; and it was evident that she did not set an extravagant value on the lost gems.

The shadow told his mother he might not be back for several days, or he might return that night; and it was even possible that he might have to cross the Atlantic before he accomplished his mission, though he was sure to succeed sooner or later.

He asked his mother for all his money, for he did not know what might happen to him, and then went to his room, where he soon prepared himself for the part he was to play in the comedy or tragedy, whichever it might be.

He colored his face and hands, leaving out the olive tint of the Spaniard he had used the day before, and made himself look as different as he could from his former appearance.

He added a false mustache to his face, which, with the other change he had made in his looks, gave him an entirely new aspect, with which he was quite satisfied as he surveyed himself in the glass.

Putting another costume, as well as his toilet materials, into a leather bag, he went into the room where he had left his mother and her visitors.

Mrs. Parkway sprang to her feet as soon as she saw him, and looked at him as though he had been a first class tramp, invading her apartment for suspicious purposes.

"What do you want here?" she demanded in the severest tones she could muster.

"Would ye give me some cold victuals? I'm hungry, for I haven't had a mouthful to eat since breakfast this morning," replied Rowly, in an assumed voice.

"Poor fellow! Not since breakfast! Couldn't you wait till dinner time?" replied his mother indignantly. "You must be in a suffering condition! How did you get into my rooms?"

"I came in, ma'am."

"Then you will go just as quick as you can, or I will send for a policeman."

"I will go for one," Hope volunteered, rising and going towards the door.

"Then I will go with you, miss, if you please," added Rowly.

"Don't you let him go near you, Hope!" interposed Mrs. Parkway. "Now leave this room this instant!"

"You don't want more than one policeman, do you, mother?" asked the shadow, in his natural voice.

"Who are you?" demanded the lady.

"My name is Rowland Parkway; and my mother's name is Hester, and her name used to be Warner, but is Parkway like mine now; and she is afraid of tramps."

"Rowly!" exclaimed his mother, "what foolery is this?"

"Why, Rowly! I didn't know it was you," said Hope.

"I knew it was all the time. I am fixed up for my part on board of the Ganymede this afternoon. If you are satisfied that I don't mean to steal your cold victuals now, I will go; and I hope I shall be able to restore her own to the diamond heiress."

At the pier designated, the shadow found the steamer the captain had provided.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A PRISONER BETWEEN DECKS.

IT was not a mere tug which Captain Ringboom had procured, but a steamer considerably larger, and more capable of a long trip to sea than a harbor craft.

The shipmaster was already on board of her, and by his side was a young man of sixteen or eighteen, whom Rowly concluded was the person who was to take the place of Rush Sinnerton as captain's clerk.

"No one allowed on board, young man," said Captain Ringboom, as the shadow was walking on the gangway to the deck; and Rowly concluded that his disguise must be perfect, since it had deceived his mother and her guests, and now his worthy friend did not penetrate the paint on his face.

"Can't I go on board, sir?" asked Rowly, not a little amused at the conduct of his friend.

"No, you can't; we are ready to cast off the fasts as soon as the young fellow I am waiting for comes on board," replied the captain, hardly deigning to bestow a second glance upon the supposed intruder.

"I am the young fellow, sir," added the shadow.

"You? Don't come any further, or I shall have to send a hand to whirl you about."

"But I have business on board; this steamer is going to tow out the Ganymede."

"I know she is; but I have chartered this steamer, and I don't want any passengers," persisted the captain, in a petulant tone, as he looked up the pier for the person for whom he was waiting. "If you want to go on board of th Ganymede, take a boat."

"I suppose I might do that," replied Rowly, looking about to assure himself that no one was within earshot of him. "There is a small lot of diamonds on board of that ship that I want to find, and I have to be a little careful how I show myself, for they might recognize me."

"Who are you?" demanded the captain, astounded at the reply of the would be passenger.

"I am yours truly, and I want to find a fellow by the name of Gibbs, alias Silky, alias Gunnywood," added Rowly, looking at the astonished captain with all his might.

"What do you mean, youngster?"

"You see this Gibbs, with two or three aliases, was mixed up in an attempt to rob the store of Brillyant & Co.; and I believe he stole two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds from a friend of mine, and I want to get them if I can; and I think I can."

"Who is your friend that you speak of?" demanded the shipmaster, looking with all his eyes at the disguised shadow.

"His name is Israel Ringboom, commanding the ship Reindeer."

"But that is my name," added the puzzled captain.

"I know it; and both of us want to get the glassware for the diamond heiress, Hope Everton, whose uncle, Howell Everton, sent them to her from Africa."

"What is your name, youngster?" asked the captain, with a heavy frown on his bronzed face.

"Rowland Parkway, commonly called Rowly, for short, at your service."

"Rowly!" exclaimed Captain Ringboom, scrutinizing him from head to foot. "I declare I never should have known you."

"I knew it was I all the time," laughed Rowly.

"Is that so? Then why didn't you tell me?"

"I did; I gave you my name, and told you my business on board of the Ganymede."

"Nobody will ever know you as you are fixed up now, Rowly," added the captain, looking at him with curiosity and interest.

"My mother did not know me; and I don't think anybody else will find me out."

"It is after two now, and it will take some time to bend on the hawser, and it is time to cast off; but I had no suspicion that you were the fellow I was waiting for."

Captain Ringboom told the captain of the steamer that he was ready, and the vessel was soon standing out into the bay.

"I am to go into that stateroom, and act as captain's clerk in the first of it," said Rowly, as the Medusa, which was the name of the steamer, approached the Ganymede. "But I want to get up a scare of some sort as soon as the ship is in motion."

"A scare?" interrogated the captain. "What is that for?"

The shadow explained what it was for, and asked his friend to arrange the affair with Captain Wellfleet.

The Medusa went alongside of the ship, and the two captains passed into the cabin together, the master of the Reindeer taking care not to show himself to any of the crew of the Ganymede.

The master of the ship was willing to do anything to oblige his friend, and the scare was readily contrived between the two old sailors, and they separated, each to play the part assigned to him.

Rowly was consulted in the matter, and everything was arranged to his satisfaction; and then Captain Ringboom returned to the Medusa, which by this time had sent her heavy hawsers to the deck of the Ganymede, where they were made fast at the butts.

The shadow, after his experience with his mother and his seafaring friend, did not scruple to go forward and allow himself to be seen by the crew, much the greater portion of whom had just been brought off by the shipping agent, and not a few of them were too much intoxicated to know whether they stood on their feet or on their heads.

Gibbs and Gaulbert were entirely sober, and for this reason they were kept busily employed all the time, though the wind was so light that it was not deemed advisable even to shake out the topsails.

Rowly had nothing to do but to attend to his important mission on board, for as he was not to retain the position of captain's clerk, it was not worth while for him to learn the duties.

The substitute had come on board of the Ganymede, and the captain had subjected him to an examination, which had happily proved him to be even more satisfactory than Rush Sinnerton: he was then sent back to the steamer.

The first time Rowly went forward, he was conscious that the gaze of Gibbs was fixed upon him; and he was satisfied that the burglar spoke to Gaulbert about him.

After the trial to which his disguise had been subjected, he felt perfect confidence that neither of the confederates could identify him and he took no precautions to escape their observation.

The steamer was towing the ship astern of her, and not by making fast alongside of her, and as the waters of the bay were entirely smooth, the hatches had not yet been put on, for there was considerable to be done in stowing away various articles and bales of freight between decks.

The forward deck house was assigned to the men before the mast; and it was a vastly more comfortable place than is often provided for them.

The shadow looked it through, seeking for any places which might conceal the several packages in which the diamonds had been divided; but he found no openings which he regarded as peculiarly adapted to the purpose.

The spare space under the bunks and elsewhere was filled with the bags, boxes, and trunks of the sailors, and Rowly concluded that Gibbs must be provided with something to hold his clothes.

Among them was a small trunk which appeared to be entirely new, and it was the only thing that could properly be called a trunk in the miscellaneous collection.

To the shadow it was more than probable that this trunk belonged to Gibbs, for it was new, and his higher style of living would lead him to provide better for himself than the ordinary sailor would consider it necessary to do.

He was looking at the outside of this trunk, in order to find any mark by which he could identify it as the property of the burglar; and while he was doing so, he discovered the assumed owner standing at the door, watching him.

Gibbs remained but a moment, and then Rowly followed him below; but he had not taken ten steps before he was thrown down from behind and a handkerchief was stuffed into his mouth so that he could not cry out.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER'S ENTRANCE.

O soft, sweet south wind ! on thy balmy breeze
Comes the sweet message as it came of yore ;
Summer enters, smiling, at the open door,
And leaves her kiss upon our hills and leas.

The birds are singing on the budding trees ;
The summer flowers start up from hill to shore ;
And every creature feels new life once more—
All things obeying Nature's fond decrees.

Camping Out.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

WE were four in number, all full of the vigor of youth, and bent upon having a good time—just as good, in fact, as the wild woods and waters could make for us.

Our destination was New Brunswick, that British province where the deer still finds a glorious range, and where herds of moose yet part the forest branches with their superb antlers.

First, in a steamer from Boston, we went up the Bay of Fundy, where the tides would alternately lift and lower us seventy feet, and where the ships in the harbor of St. John would now loom up as in a mirage, and again scarcely show their mastheads above the wharves.

Next we ascended the river St. John as far as Gagetown, and thence proceeded up the Jemseg to Grand Lake, which, however, must not be confounded with the Schoodic, or Grand Lake, between New Brunswick and Maine, to reach which a very different course would have been necessary.

A small steamer, having on board a number of excursionists besides ourselves, took us up the Jemseg, and soon the broad water sheet to which we were bound lay in all its beauty before us.

We might have continued in company with some of our fellow explorers, but this was no part of our plan—we could see human beings enough at home. We wanted now to make the acquaintance of the broad horned caribou, and to come in contact with civilization as little as possible.

I wonder how men ever came to be civilized, the desire of getting back into savage life is so strong and general.

"Let's just pick out the wildest place we can find," said Tom Briggs, "and camp there."

"Yes," added Dick Brainard, "and stay there till snow flies. I feel as if I should never want to go back."

"That's just the way I feel," put in Harry Bingham. "I don't want to see another man or woman—I just want to live here, and shoot and shoot and shoot !"

So we remained at a little inn that night—a place established for the entertainment of pleasure seekers—and next morning set out in two canoes, which we hired, to go coasting along the shores in search of a camping place.

And those shores—it would not be easy to imagine anything more picturesque than they were with their miniature headlands and calm little coves ! Huge old trees crowned the banks, some of them leaning over till their lower limbs dipped in the water—the earth having been so washed away from the roots as to leave the trunks almost without support.

The only water fowl in sight were loons and wood ducks—all other varieties having gone farther north to lay and rear their broods.

On a little island of not more than an acre in extent we found the nest of a green headed loon ; the old bird flapping off into the water before we had time to fire at her, which, however, we were glad we had not done when we found how she had been employed.

Her nest contained eleven eggs, and was completely lined with feathers and soft grass. A small bush overhung and nearly concealed it, so that it had the most cosy appearance imaginable. We left the bright eggs exactly as they were, not even touching them with our hands ; and the old loon, I am sure, would have been grateful to us, could she have known how we resisted temptation.

A little later, as we were paddling along with our two canoes abreast of each other, a flock of wood ducks came whirring out of an inlet ; and as the swift winged creatures circled above us, our four guns spoke in rapid succession—bang ! bang ! bang ! bang ! The fowl were extremely high, yet two of them tumbled over in the air and dropped splashing into the water. Picking them up, we found them to be a duck and drake ; the last being a beautifully marked bird—red, green, black and buff.

Finally we set up our tent on a small promontory, overlooking the water, where the great trees would make a shelter for us from sun and storm, and where the huge trout, with which Grand Lake abounds, would be at our very feet.

Before sunset our housekeeping was in full progress. Our tent of cotton cloth, supported by a cross piece which rested upon two forked poles, was open in front ; and here, just outside of it, we made our fire, which gave the place a very cheerful look as it crackled and blazed.

Dick and I broiled some slices of wood duck, while Tom and Harry angled for trout under the bank.

"Hold on there with your duck, you fellows !" cried Tom in a few minutes ; "here comes a trout to go with it !" And as he swung in his pole, a nice, shiny fish, speckled as a leopard, dropped upon the soft forest turf.

"And here's another !" chimed in Harry, landing a fellow that looked as if he might be the twin of the first. "Who talks about home and doughnuts and things ! Hurrah for outdoors, I say ! We'll have a caribou tomorrow, just as sure as I'm alive. Why, fellows, I'm so happy I don't know what to do with myself !"

They fished, and fished, and fished, but didn't catch any more. It was evidently getting too late in the evening for the trout to bite.

However, the two they had caught formed a welcome addition to our fare, and we broiled them nicely, together with the slices of duck.

Then, having finished our supper, which tasted a great deal better than it would have done in a house, we lay down to pass our first night in the wilderness.

Next morning we were up with the break of day ; and what an inexpressible enjoyment we felt in rekindling our fire and making preparations for our rude breakfast ! We made flour cakes, prepared odorous coffee, and broiled four snipes, which Dick Brainard happened to knock over with his gun in a gully near our camp. I shall never forget the taste of those snipes, there under the great trees with the sun just coming up over the broad, shining lake !

"And now for the caribou !" said Harry Bingham, wiping his lips after the last tin cupful of coffee.

"And now for the caribou !" echoed Tom Briggs, swallowing a bit of snipe.

"And now for the caribou !" chorused Dick Brainard and I, finishing the last of the cold wood duck of the evening before.

The caribou ! Oh, what glorious game ! Not one of us had ever yet beheld a deer in its native wilds, and the thought was exciting, indeed, that we were now in its haunts, and might at any moment see the broad antlers nodding across our path.

We separated in order to increase our chances of success, Dick Brainard and I going together, and Tom Briggs and Harry Bingham keeping company with each other.

"Look out that you don't get the buck fever," cried Harry, "if you should happen to see one."

"Oh, we'll take care of that," I answered, as we moved apart ; "look out that *you* don't get it, that is all !"

The "buck fever," as some of my readers may already know, is a kind of nervous trepidation which sometimes takes possession of an amateur hunter on his first sight of a deer, rendering him as powerless as a child. I have once or twice experienced the feeling in view of a flock of wild geese.

"It is a game of two against two," said Dick Brainard, as we lost sight of the others. "I hope either you or I will knock over a deer before those other fellows do."

He talked of "knocking over a deer" as if the thing were a mere matter of course, and something that he had been used to all his life.

We traveled until high noon, but not a single pair of antlers did we start up. Then, just as we were about to take our lunch, we came in sight of Tom and Harry upon some open ground a quarter of a mile distant.

THE TWO CARIBOU WERE FLOUNDERING IN THE WATER.

Just then, moreover, we discovered a couple of caribou.

"Down ! Down !" I cried. "They are coming right towards us. They have seen our fellows yonder, and are going to run close to us."

The creatures stopped within six rods of our lurking place, and a fairer shot could hardly have been presented.

But the "buck fever" had seized us in full power—an indescribable ague that made our teeth chatter and our weapons bob about as if they were alive.

Bang ! bang ! sounded our right hand barrels, and then bang ! bang ! sounded the left. Oh, what a moment of suspense ! But it was a moment only. Then, peering through the smoke, we saw the two noble animals bounding away, to be lost almost instantly in a neighboring thicket.

Tom and Harry at once joined us, and of course we had to suffer, just as they would had the case been reversed.

"Oh, you fellows ! You are great gunners, *you* are !" said Harry. "Why, you ought to have blown holes right through 'em at that distance. You might have knocked 'em over with the butts of your guns."

"That's the *last* shot I ever saw made" exclaimed Tom. "Put the muzzle of your guns right *against* a deer and then can't hit him ! Well, you may take my hat !"

We took our lunch together, and all started out in company.

Presently two other caribou were discovered coming down towards the lake along a path which the animals had no doubt worn for themselves in the lapse of ages.

It was now the turn of Tom and Harry for a shot.

"Just you try it," said Dick Brainard. "See if you can do any better than we did. I'll bet your teeth will fairly rattle, when you get close on 'em !"

They crept cautiously along, and presently we heard them fire and saw the smoke go up from their guns. They let off four barrels, just as we had done.

Then we saw the deer going like two dun colored streaks.

"There—that's all it amounts to," cried Dick. "I *thought* they'd laugh on the other side of their mouths before they got through with this thing. *They* talk about shooting !"

"Let's run through this strip of timber and see where the deer have gone," I suggested. "Perhaps we may get a shot at 'em down by the water."

We ran at full speed through the woods, hoping to head the animals off when the lake would cause them to turn aside. But as the bright waters came in view, we both stopped short.

There, just beyond the bank, off a small point of the land, lay one of the caribou with its legs in the air, while the other, with head thrown back and tongue protruding, was floundering helplessly, like a horse that is "cast." Although not as far gone as the other, it was plain that he was mortally wounded.

"Shall we fire at him," asked Dick, "and make sure of him ?"

"No," I replied ; "he's done for, and we'll let Tom and Harry have the credit they deserve."

Our companions soon came up, and their excitement upon discovering the effect of their shots may be imagined.

The two caribou, already nearly dead, were dispatched with knives in true hunter's fashion ; and then with much difficulty we dragged them out upon the dry land.

"Say, you fellows," remarked Tom Briggs, "how can you know that you didn't hit the two deer you fired at this noon ? Perhaps they always run so before they drop."

This was a new idea. We had come around nearly to the place where Dick and I had made the apparently unsuccessful shot, and it would at least do no harm to look over the ground.

All four of us started upon the search in the direction our game had taken ; and presently there came a glad shout from Dick Brainard, who was a little in advance.

"Here's one of 'em," he cried, "just as dead as a herring ! I'll bet the other one is around here somewhere !"

Full of surprise and pleasure, we gathered about the fallen deer, and then plunged farther into the thicket in quest of its companion, which we soon found, lying stretched in death like the first. Both had been hit fairly by our charges of buckshot, and had we been old hunters we should have ascertained the fact at once.

So that day, in spite of the "buck fever," our little party secured four noble caribou, which was far better than any subsequent day's work that we had the good fortune to make during our stay.

We had, however, the satisfaction of getting bravely over that "ague" which every amateur must experience under like circumstances ; and I think that any of us four could now "crack away" at a deer with very little nervousness, should we ever have the opportunity.

Our excursion of two months left us bronzed and hearty, and as vigorous as the game we hunted—to say nothing of the hides, hoofs, antlers, and stirring recollections that we brought away with us.

TRAIN BOY OF THE FUTURE.

CONDUCTOR (on California train some years hence) All out for Pitholeville !

Real estate agent (entering car)—Orange groves and apple orchards, two for a penny.

WANTED AN ELEVATED SHOW.

FIRST BACHELOR—Where shall we go this afternoon—to the matinee, the circus or what ?

Second bachelor—What sort of hats are the ladies wearing now ?

"Taller than ever."

"Well, let's go to a balloon ascension."

JUNE—A SONNET.

BY WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

The fields are like huge emeralds in hue:
While tree clothed slope and shady vale excel,
Almost, the meadows in their verdant swell
And sway of fresh spring foliage 'neath sky's blue,
Where fleecy clouds float gently as the dew
Caresses new born garden blooms, that tell
Least heedful minds, by aspect and by smell,
What month it is. Yes, June, they speak of you!

[*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 XIV.

RAFE AND THE ELEPHANTS.

THE sight that almost took away Rafe's breath was this: in the muddy shallows, not fifty paces from where he stood, was a herd of elephants—not the pigmy specimens such as are common to the average menageries, but for the most part veritable "Jumboes."

With every outward sign of satisfaction, some were showering themselves with the turbid water by the trunkful, if I may so express it, while others wallowed like mammoth swine in the soft mud.

It was a sight which to Rafe was as full of interest as of novelty, and for a few moments he stood eagerly watching them. Then the sportsman's instinct came to the surface. His rifle was a Martini of .45 caliber. The Boers of South Africa—so Rafe had heard Mr. Parker say—often hunt the mighty beast with no heavier weapon, though an elephant gun carrying a hardened bullet of ten or twelve to the pound is the weapon preferred by the true sportsman.

Rafe hesitated a moment, and then, softly cocking his rifle, rested it over a mimosa limb.

"Hidden away as I am, I can get out of the way quick enough if I only *do* wound him," was the thought that flashed through his mind. And sighting for a spot just behind the fore shoulder of the nearest elephant, he fired.

But his hand must have shaken never so little, for though he heard the dull "sput" of the ball, it struck at least three inches too far back. And scarcely had the echo died away before the wounded monster, tossing his trunk aloft with a shrill cry, rushed madly from the water, followed by his loudly trumpeting companions.

With one accord they made for the spot from which had come the flash and report. I need hardly say that no Rafe was there. Slinging his rifle over his shoulder, the youthful hunter went crashing through a cane path at a lively rate of speed, which he fondly imagined would exceed the lumbering gait of an elephant by at least two to one.

Which was a tremendous error on his part. An elephant in a robust state of health and bad temper will run down a mounted horseman and not put himself out very much either. He is more likely to put both horse and rider out—out of existence, I mean. And before Rafe had got fairly through the cane path, he saw that he had greatly underestimated the powers of the African elephant as a sprinter.

It seemed to the boy's excited imagination that he could feel the solid ground shake beneath the tread of the herd who were gaining on him every moment. And too late he wished most heartily that he had left the great brutes to the enjoyment of their bath.

The lowermost limb of an umbrella tree, standing a little apart from its neighbors, swept off Rafe's pith helmet as he dashed beneath it. But it suddenly suggested a way of possible escape. Grasping the limb with both hands, he swung himself upward just as the enraged herd came thundering beneath—the tip of the foremost one's uplifted trunk just grazing Rafe's shoulder as he clambered rapidly out of reach.

"By Jove, that *was* a close shave!" he muttered, as, breathless and for the moment completely unnerved, he sat in a crouching posture, shaking like a leaf as he looked down at the infuriated beasts who were trumpeting their rage beneath him.

The elephant he had wounded was an enormous bull, with tusks worn down to within a foot of his jaws—presumably the leader of the herd. Twice in his rage he charged full tilt at the tree trunk, striking it with such force as to almost jar Rafe from his refuge.

"I'll soon put a stop to that, though," said Rafe, who, recovering his wind a little, began to see the advantage he had over his enemy.

Unslinging his rifle, he pushed another cartridge into place. Then, as the brute beneath approached and furiously twined his trunk about the tree as far as it would reach, Rafe aimed downward, and sent a bullet crashing through the elephant's brain.

The monster tottered—his mighty bulk swayed to and fro for an instant, and then he fell with a tremendous thud, while the others, with one accord, turned tail and fled.

Holding his rifle in one hand, Rafe drew his sleeve across his perspiring face, and sat for a moment looking down at the motionless mountain of flesh beneath him, vaguely wondering if it was not all a dream and he should not soon wake up in his comfortable room in Mapleton, with a volume of Gordon Cumming's or Sir William Baker's hunting exploits beside him. Could he be the Rafe Dunton who only a few months before had wandered listlessly about the streets of the town without energy or ambition? He who had with his own hand slain an elephant, whose proportions would have delighted the eyes of Mr. Barnum.

Thus far had Rafe's soliloquy extended, when his rifle was snatched *upward* from his grasp as though by some invisible power.

"What——"

The exclamation went no further. Above him, leaning over the side of a roughly constructed resting place of twigs and broken branches, was a face and form so weirdly hideous, that for the moment Rafe half fancied it to be the nightmare part of the dream of which he had been thinking.

IN THE MUDDY SHALLOWS BEFORE HIM RAFE SAW A HERD OF MIGHTY ELEPHANTS.

A hideous old man of the woods—or wild man—which was it?—was looking down at him with a sort of fiendish grin, as, clutching Rafe's rifle, he (or *it*) began an inarticulate chatter.

The features were those of a yellow visaged human being, with a scattering beard and tusk-like teeth gleaming between the thick lips which were drawn back in a half exultant grin. And though wrinkles peculiar to old age appeared on the repulsive visage, Rafe noticed that the broad hairy chest, though thin almost to emaciation, was corded with ridge-like sinews and muscles.

Quite naturally Rafe's first connected thought was to regain his weapon. And with this end in view he sprang upward to a level with the platform of twigs, grasping the barrel of the rifle as he did so.

Yet his antagonist without the slightest seeming exertion wrested it from Rafe's hold, and, uttering a peculiar shriek, rose to its full height, which was not more than four feet at the utmost. And then Rafe saw that the semblance of pot bellied humanity facing him was simply a hideous ape—or, as he was inclined to think, a gorilla such as Du Chaillu describes in his exciting South African adventures.

Rafe, however, was wrong. The half human looking specimen was a species of the large chimpanzee known as the *soko*. While not actually of a ferocious nature, the *soko's* bite is as savage as that of a bull dog, while his tremendous strength makes him a formidable antagonist.

But Rafe, unaware of all this, made another grasp for his rifle. The *soko* hung on like grim death. Suddenly a sharp report echoed through the forest, and the *soko*, relaxing its grasp on the rifle, fell crashing through the branches to the ground.

"The young *koos* has done well," said the deep voice of Kalaba, who, as Rafe rapidly descended, was reloading a musket—a ball from which had relieved our hero of his troublesome opponent. Near him stood Mr. Parker, who glanced from the dead elephant to Rafe with an approving smile.

"You're beginning well, I must confess, Rafe," he said, and secretly Rafe, as was perfectly natural, thought the same.

While he was telling his story, half a dozen of the natives came up at a round trot. Having loudly expressed themselves in praise of Rafe's prowess, they proceeded under Kalaba's direction to hack off one of the elephant's feet, which was taken to camp. A hole being dug in the gronnd, the huge mass enveloped in moist clay was placed in it. Around the foot red hot rocks and ashes from a fire built for the purpose were closely packed. Then earth was piled over the whole, which was left till sundown.

According to Rafe's notebook, their supper of baked elephant's foot, which sufficed for the entire company, was more appetizing than any roast pork (which it resembled) that he had ever tasted.

For two days their journey lay along the banks of the river, where smaller game of every kind abounded. Particularly in the matter of water fowl. Ducks and geese, egrets, swans, scarlet ibis and a hundred other aquatic varieties darkened the air, as, started by the report of the guns, they rose from the river bed. Eland, with striped sides not unlike the zebra, were seen daily, and the spoor of herds of wild buffalo met with quite as frequently, while flocks of the different varieties of antelope were too common to attract notice.

But since learning of the party which had been taken prisoners by the natives of the Boure district, the killing of game large or small had become a matter of secondary consideration in Mr. Parker's eyes.

He felt assured that with the various articles of merchandise they had brought along it would be possible to ransom one or more of the prisoners. And if they could not be ransomed, strategy might be used. With Kalaba as both guide and representative of a certain strange freemasonry, whose workings Mr. Parker had seen in various parts of the eastern hemisphere, he felt that his little party might safely venture beyond the mountain barriers which rise between Sengar (the city of gold) and Upper Guinea. Added to this was a desire to visit a city of which many marvelous reports were made by the few Mandingo and Arab traders who had passed through its gates, for so far as could be ascertained, no European had ever been allowed inside the city walls.

CHAPTER XV.

CAPTURED FOR A SLAVE.

"THEY smell the fresh meat that nangs from the mimosa."

Thus said Kalaba composedly as a chorus of roars suddenly arose and went echoing through the rocky defiles of the hills at whose base the camp had been made for the night.

The deep roar of the petty leonine specimens in menageries or zoological collections has a somewhat startling effect on the nerves of a timid person, as we all know.

But the united efforts of half a dozen full grown black African lions, with ravenous appetites in their native wilds, is a sound which once heard is not easily forgotten. Beginning with a low rumbling bass, it rises to a prodigious and prolonged bellow of almost terrifying import. And I do not wonder that Rafe, upon hearing it for the first time as the party had assembled about the camp fire, should shudder and involuntarily clutch the rifle at his side.

At a sign from Kalaba, two of the blacks threw some more dead branches on the blaze. The flames leaped upwards against the dark outlines of the surrounding woods with weird effect. In their glow the half naked blacks, squatted in groups, resembled ugly imps in a pantomime.

Suddenly from out the circle of gloom bounded an immense black mass. Rafe had a vague vision of a pair of gleaming fiery eyes—of a coal black, flowing mane, and that was all. Like a swift thunderbolt an enormous African lion swept past him so closely that he felt the hot breath from his partly open jaws.

With one blow of his huge paw, the great beast struck down the nearest black, and before a hand could be outstretched for a weapon, the unfortunate victim was borne shrieking away into utter darkness.

Springing to his feet, rifle in hand, impetuous Rafe dashed away in the direction taken by the lion and his prey, guided by the agonizing screams of the victim, which grew fainter and fainter.

"Rafe—Rafe—come back for Heaven's sake!"

But in vain was Mr. Parker's appeal or Kalaba's accompanying shout to a like effect. Across an open, grassy space Rafe flew forgetful of danger—of everything excepting the pitiful cries that were ringing in his ears.

The moon, showing above the belt line of surrounding woods, began lighting up the forest glade across which the lion had taken his way. Rafe of course had no expectation of rescuing the unfortunate black—his only hope was that he might avenge his death.

But a strange stillness had replaced the uproar of a few moments previous. That is, as much of stillness as is known to an African forest. For the loud chirping of crickets, the hoarse booming of bull frogs, the shrill note of tree toads and the distant cry of the *soko* in the tree tops are never wanting.

Twice Rafe threw his rifle to his shoulder, as he fancied he saw a dark body moving among the distant shadows, but neither time was he sure enough to fire. And finally, convinced that further pursuit would be useless, he turned to retrace his steps.

Almost as suddenly as the lion had done a giant black sprang from a clump of mimosas and pulled Rafe to the ground before he could utter so much as a cry of alarm.

In an instant his head was muffled in a sort of thick woolen sash, his hands twisted behind his back, and there confined with cords, while his ankles were bound together in like manner.

Then, half stifled and unable to move hand or foot, he was conscious of being rudely dumped into a sort of swinging hammock which he knew by the motion was lifted to the shoulders of two or more men, who, at a muttered word of command, started with a trot, keeping time with their naked feet to a sort of

half grunting chorus in some unknown dialect, the words of which, monotonously repeated over and over again, impressed themselves lastingly on Rafe's memory :

"*Nyas swahli wayfi kaas*
Cumza logas volme maas."

Which long afterwards interpreted by Kalaba, I find literally rendered in Rafe's note book :

"The slave man cares not whether black or white,
All bring for him the yellow gold."

For hours—days it seemed to poor Rafe—he lay helpless and speechless, swaying from side to side as his captors bore him onward, never ceasing their monotonous pace or the accompanying chant. Once, a change of bearers was effected, and at the same time the folds of the sash were loosened about his mouth, thus giving him more breathing space. Then the strange journey was renewed.

Rafe sank into a sort of drowse, from which he was suddenly awakened by the stopping of his bearers, who dropped the hammock rudely on the green sward. The sash was pulled quite as rudely from about his face and head. Then as, momentarily blinded by a sudden glare of daylight, Rafe closed his eyes, he was saluted with a kick in the ribs.

"*May wayfi!*" (get up) cried a harsh voice. With an intuitive perception of what was meant, Rafe struggled to a half sitting posture, and as his eyes accustomed themselves to the light, looked around in a state of partial stupefaction.

Before him was a lake, so wide that the opposite shore seemed part of the morning mists, which, in detached patches, were rising from its glassy surface. But only for an instant did Rafe take notice of this. His immediate surroundings were so strange and unreal as to blot out all else for the time being. For about him stood four huge blacks, whose repulsive faces were of the lowest and most brutal type. A fifth, who seemed to be the leader, was considerably lighter in hue, with features suggestive of the Soudan Arab. He carried Rafe's rifle in the hollow of his arm, while the others were armed with the cheap muskets which are sold by the traders from the coast.

But this was only a small part. Extended in attitudes more or less suggestive of misery and bodily pain, were eight dark skinned human beings. Five were men, naked excepting for the waist cloth common to the interior. Two were scantily clothed colored women, while the remaining one seemed to be a young fellow of about Rafe's age, dressed in a tattered tunic reaching to the knees, of a far better material than that usually worn by the natives.

Confining one ankle of the captives was a short log split in halves and secured at either end by thongs which were lengthened into a sort of bridle. This, held in the hand, served to relieve the weight of the clog while on the march.

Then Rafe knew what had happened to him. Kalaba had more than once spoken of the infamous slave catchers of interior Africa, who sell their wretched victims as often in the slave markets of Soudan as they do on the Mozambique coast. And it needed no intuition to tell him into what hands he had fallen.

But he had little time to dwell upon this pleasant situation.

Rather to Rafe's surprise, the Arab slave dealer who had kicked him in the side with his sharp toed yellow boots, addressed him in tolerable French, which language Rafe knew indifferently well, having studied it while at school.

But the conversation was very brief. Rafe fiercely demanded to know by what right a free born American was kidnaped, so to speak, by half a dozen black skinned Africans. The American government, he said, would make it warm for some one when it was known.

Then El Shereef, with a curse, repeated the cowardly kick.

"*L'Amérique* is of distance too far away to itself disturb for me," he said brutally. "In the slave maket of Timbuctoo or Soudan it will not matter whether you shall come from *L'Amérique* or the districts of Boure. *No man ever returns to tell his story.*"

"You *devil!*" Rafe could think of no stronger word to grind out between his teeth as he looked from the parchment-like countenance of El Shereef to his wretched prisoners, on whose faces with one exception was a look of utter hopelessness, in addition to suffering and despair. And as he thus forcibly expressed himself, Rafe tugged madly at his bonds, but only with the result of causing them to cut still deeper into his flesh.

The four blacks had meanwhile started a fire and began preparing breakfast, consisting of rice boiled in a stew of wild fowl. The captives got the rice and the captors the stew. Yet, though eaten under certain disadvantages, such as using one's fingers in place of fork or spoon, the food gave Rafe strength and renewed courage.

"They never have tackled a Yankee boy, yet," was his inward thought. "Who knows but I may give these African slave catchers a new experience?"

And he did.

But how should he carry out any one of the wild projects which were flitting through his brain? In theory it is easy to plan escape from one's bonds, but quite different to put the same into practice.

One thing was evident. The slave catchers were not in a hurry to take up their line of march. Either they were resting from a long tramp or lying in wait for more captives—the latter seeming to be the more probable. For while El Shereef dozed in the shade of the wild fig or banyan tree which spread like a great canopy far and wide over the entire party, two of the blacks made short incursions in different directions, returning at intervals to report to their master.

Rafe's wrists had been untied during his meal, though as a matter of course the thongs were not removed from his ankles. His rifle and belt of cartridges, with hunting knife attached, were in possession of El Shereef, and as the two remaining blacks stalked sentinel-like to and fro with their muskets, escape was impossible.

Presently, Rafe began to eye his fellow prisoners more closely, and his heart was stirred within him. Livingstone's journal speaks briefly of the atrocities of the interior slave trade, but Rafe had never dreamed that such things could be. Covered with welts and bruises, thin to emaciation, with feet and ankles bleeding from the contact with the "slave sticks," as the logs confining the ankles are called, the poor captives sat half upright or lay extended on the grass, pictures of hopeless wretchedness and misery. From time to time one of the two women would utter a low moan, but the males sat mute and motionless.

Naturally the younger of the latter group attracted Rafe's more particular attention, and as he regarded him more carefully, Rafe saw that in spite of dust and travel stain, his features, which were not much darker than those of a Spaniard, were not only remarkably handsome, but of Arab rather than African type. The other captives had the kinkiest kind of wool, braided into short tails in one or two instances, while the youth, who could not have been more than sixteen or seventeen, had short black hair, with a tendency to crispiness only.

And such another pair of deep, dark, lustrous eyes Rafe had never looked into. As soft as those of a woman, they met his with a wistful pathos that went to his very heart.

As he sat wondering from what nationality or tribe this handsome, dark skinned youth had been abducted, the moans of one of the women grew louder. El Shereef roused himself from his doze. The woman timidly touched her dry cracked lips with her finger tip. There was the lake of crystal water within twenty feet, yet the poor captive was half dead with thirst.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

EL SHEREEF rose to his feet to minister to the woman's wants, as Rafe naturally presumed. In which he did the Arab slave dealer great injustice. Drawing from the folds of his *burnoose* a whip of twisted buffalo hide, he strode to the side of the cowering captive. And Rafe ground his teeth in impotent fury as lash after lash fell upon the quivering, half naked flesh.

"If I had had a weapon I would have killed the monster and thought it justifiable," he wrote in his journal under the brief account of this tragic incident. But no one is justified in taking a human life excepting to save his own or another's. Yet I can imagine the effect of such a scene upon a person of Rafe's impulsive nature.

"*Lache! Bete!*" (Coward! Monster!) Rafe fairly yelled in the height of his fury. And El Shereef's yellow parchment visage took on a look of ferocity as, whip in hand, he walked towards Rafe.

Pushing back a fold of his *burnoose* from his sinewy arm to give it more freedom, El Shereef drew the instrument of torture back for a blow, while the two blacks grinned their approbation.

But Rafe's eye had suddenly noted something on the uplifted arm, which, like a flash, suggested a remembrance of the fetich whose powers Kalaba had so vaunted.

Quicker than thought almost, he stripped back his sleeve and held up his own arm—pointing to the mystic characters, which stood out in relief against the firm, white flesh.

El Shereef uttered an exclamation and lowered his whip, but there was a look of bitter disappointment in his thin, swarthy face as he did so.

"See that you keep your eyes and tongue to yourself, oh youth of the white skin," he growled in his imperfect French, picked up through contact with the traders of the coast.

Rafe again laid his finger on the characters. Speaking very slowly and deliberately he told El Shereef in substance that as one of a secret brotherhood whose members were found throughout the far East, he demanded his release and return to his friends.

But El Shereef stolidly shook his head.

"My oath shall not bind me so far as that," he said, with a sort of dogged stubbornness. Yet Rafe felt assured that El Shereef was lying. He was perfectly convinced from what both Kalaba and Mr. Parker had said that the organization represented by the characters had a significance almost equivalent to masonry itself. By which I mean that its members were sworn to give help and succor to each other in whatever part of the world they met.

Yet it was very evident that El Shereef was considerably perplexed, despite his affected indifference. Resuming his seat at the foot of the banyan tree, he cast doubtful glances at Rafe from time to time, muttering to himself in an undertone. But whatever his intentions toward Rafe might have been, the sudden appearance of his two black skinned scouts, in evident excitement, changed the current of El Shereef's thoughts. After making what was evidently an important communication to their master, who received the same with a satisfied grunt, both scouts hurried down to the lake shore. Following them with his eyes, Rafe saw, greatly to his astonishment, that an Arab boat not not unlike the dahabeah of the White Nile, was moored to the bank.

From the boat the two men brought a small store of dried fish and something which looked like cassava bread. Disposing this in the folds of the cotton sash which supplemented their waist cloths, the two rejoined El Shereef, and receiving a few brief instructions, shouldered their muskets, and started off in an opposite direction.

"After more victims," muttered Rafe between his teeth. And then, with some degree of interest, he watched El Shereef returning from the boat with what was very evidently a full bottle of rum.

Professedly a follower of the prophet Mohammed, El Shereef, like the most of his race, was given to tippling when away from Mohammedan surroundings. And having treated each of the remaining blacks to half a gourdful of the vile stuff, El Shereef proceeded to treat himself. To such excellent effect that as the vertical rays of the burning sun began pouring down upon, though not penetrating, the leafy foliage overhead, El Shereef subsided into the heavy slumber of intoxication.

Surely there must have been something soporific in the noonday heat. For the two blacks stood—each leaning on the muzzle of his musket with half closed eyes, which, curiously enough, alternated between the sleeping slave dealer and the half emptied bottle of liquor standing beside him. And if perchance either of the two glanced at the reclining captives, they saw that their eyes were closed as though sealed by the slumber consequent upon a heat not far from 102 degrees in the shade.

But sleep was the last thing Rafe thought of. For the absence of two of his captors—El Shereef's somnolence, and the possibilities suggested by the longing glances cast by the two black guards in the direction of the rum bottle, were of themselves enough to keep him very wide awake.

What the fiery fluid which is sent to the African coast from the abodes of civilization is composed of I have no means of knowing. Perhaps it is sufficient to state that it is as bad as liquor can be made. Which is saying a great deal, for liquor in any form is quite hurtful enough.

And the effect of that which El Shereef had left was soon conspicuous. For gaining possession of the bottle, the two blacks, having passed from the usual stages of intoxication, sank into a drunken stupor.

Now was Rafe's time. But in vain he tugged and pulled at the lashing about his ankles, which proved to be strips of untanned buffalo hide. The blade of an ordinary penknife would have severed the Gordian knot in an instant. Yet Rafe's muscular fingers tugged and twisted at his bonds in vain.

Yet relief was at hand, and that from an unexpected quarter. The black woman, who had suffered from the lash, suddenly opened her eyes, in which Rafe fancied he saw a strange gleam of intelligence.

Suddenly she threw her face downward. Then to his surprise the negress began worming her emaciated body along the green sward in his direction.

Nearer and nearer she came. And while Rafe held his breath in suspense, the woman's small, sharp, white teeth began gnawing at the thongs about his ankles.

A moment later they were severed. Raising her head, the negress for the first time looked Rafe full in the face.

Her dull, dejected and expressionless features were for the moment irradiated with a sort of hopefulness that was reflected in her sunken eyes.

It said plainer than words: "I have done my part—now, white man, do yours."

And Rafe's part had already suggested itself. No sooner did he feel himself free, than, dropping upon hands and knees, he made his way toward El Shereef, who was sleeping like a log.

Rafe's rifle lay beside the Arab slave dealer, and I need hardly say that the former grasped it with eager delight. Holding his breath for fear of waking the unconscious sleeper, Rafe unbuckled the cartridge belt with his hunting knife in its sheath attached, and transferred it to his own person.

To withdraw the keen edged knife from its sheath and toss it to the nearest black, was but the work of a moment. And in less time than I am taking to tell the incident, the captives were liberated, and their captors bound.

Rafe drew a long breath. So far all was well. But the fiendish gleam in the eyes of the released blacks, two of whom had armed themselves with the loaded muskets taken from the bound guards, was suggestive of further complications.

Then it was that the youth, whose unlikeness to his fellow prisoners had so attracted Rafe's notice, came to the fore, if I may so express it. For, rising with difficulty to his feet, he spoke earnestly to the others—using a dialect which they seemed to but imperfectly understand. Yet, to Rafe's astonishment, the youth's words were listened to with something not unlike submission. And presumably they were acted upon. For the muskets were laid aside, while the released prisoners looked mutely toward Rafe, as though waiting his further movements.

El Shereef was the first to be alive to the dangers of his situation. But in vain did he implore Rafe, to whom he instinctively addressed himself, for release. The cruel blows of the whip which had left its marks on the scarred back of the black woman, who with feverish haste was quenching her thirst at the edge of the lake, were not easily forgotten—especially by one of Rafe's temperament.

Turning to the youth whose remonstrance had shown such surprising results, Rafe addressed him—in French, with a vague hope that as in the case of El Shereef, he might have some knowledge of the language.

"Not spik—Americaine only littel," was the response in a low, sweet voice, accompanied by a smile which displayed a set of small, even, white teeth. And "little" indeed was his command of English, as Rafe quickly discovered.

But the long slender fingers and graceful gestures of the rescued captive were productive of a sign manual which Rafe managed to follow with no great difficulty. While his former fellow prisoners were eagerly devouring the remnants of the morning meal, the young fellow hurried down to the lake shore, motioning Rafe that he would soon return.

And half an hour later Rafe stared in astonishment at the transformation brought about.

A copious bath had removed the dust and stain from the clear olive features and bare limbs of the good looking young stranger. He had on a white cotton wrap worn after the manner of the Arab *burnoose*, which he had evidently taken from the boat.

"Me Alifa. You—what?"

The young American smilingly gave his name as Rafe. After which Alifa, somewhat imperiously, beckoned the former to the shore of the lake, where the Arab boat, lying a little on one side, was drawn up on the hard, white sand.

Procuring a short stick, Alifa seemed to bethink himself for a moment. Then he began drawing a sort of diagram in the sand.

With considerable skill he outlined the lake before them—indicating it by impressive gestures. "Bagoe," he called it, and then directed Rafe's attention to the fact that it steadily narrowed toward the north and east till it entered a sort of cleft or gorge in a horizontal, wavy line, which Alifa defined by pointing to the distant Boure mountain range, where the lake dwindled to a mere pond-like body of water. On the border or edge of this Alifa drew a sort of diminutive checker board.

"Sengar—where Alifa live," he said.

Sengar, the city of gold, of which Mr. Parker had said so much. The city where possibly Rafe might hear news of his friend Dick!

Rapidly these thoughts flashed through Rafe's mind as he nodded his comprehension. And then, by a natural association of ideas, he turned to look at the beached boat.

A clumsy craft it was, with a high, broad stern and bluff bows, like a Dutch galliot—of perhaps ten tons burden, drawing very little water and steered with a tiller. A stump foremast and lateen sail, with single halyards, comprised the entire rig. Over the after deck was spread an awning of grass cloth.

All at once, as Rafe stood silently regarding this craft of a build so unlike any he had ever seen, a shriek—or rather a yell—from the bank above, caused him to hastily retrace his steps, followed by Alifa, whose quiet smile suggested that there was no particular cause for alarm.

Well, there was not. Still it was not pleasant on arriving on the spot to find that El Shereef had been tied with his face to a tree trunk by his former captives, one of whom—the husband of the woman so brutally beaten—was giving the Arab slave dealer a taste of his own medicine. Still I do not think Rafe questioned the justice of the procedure in his own heart. And I doubt if he hurried very much until he was pretty sure that the slave dealer would not soon forget the punishment inflicted with his own whip.

"You should come to my aid as one bearing the sign *mystérieuse!*" howled Shereef in his labored French. And very mildly Rafe replied that his oath did not bind him as far as that. In truth his remonstrance would not have availed very much but for the intervention of Alifa, who in some strange way quite unaccountable to Rafe, seemed to exercise a sort of authority over the others. Yet though Alifa at Rafe's gestured remonstrance had El Shereef cut loose, he offered no further interference. And very soon after the Arab slave dealer with his two black assistants found themselves sitting on the turf, their wrists bound behind their backs, and each wearing a "slave stick" about his left ankle.

"They will see how good it was," is the pithy record I find in Rafe's journal.

But the sun was beginning to decline, and though the little party had no reason to fear the return of the two absent slave catchers, they knew it would be better for them to make good their escape as soon as possible.

It did not take long for the blacks to push the boat into the deeper water of the lake and scramble on board, whither Rafe, Alifa and the two women had preceded them. A light breeze was blowing from the south, the sail was hoisted and trimmed by its single brace, a tall Ashantee man took the tiller, and the voyage was begun.

Another voyage! Rafe could hardly realize it. As before, every now and then there was

something so unreal and fantastic about his surroundings and strange experiences, he sometimes felt almost ready to doubt his own identity.

Yet it *was* an actuality. From a brazier of glowing charcoal near the bows came the savory smell of cookery being carried on by the two women. Squatted on their hams, eagerly inhaling the appetizing fumes, were the rescued blacks, who gesticulated and chatted in their own language with joyous abandon.

Not far from Rafe himself stood Alifa, whose dark eyes were fixed upon the distant mountain range at whose base lay his native city.

Many eager questions trembled on Rafe's tongue. From whom had Alifa learned the few words of broken English he had used? Why was it that the other captives had seemed to regard him as their superior? How had he fallen into the hands of the merciless slave dealer? And could he know aught of the fate of Hassan's party or of Dick Morier himself?

Yet these were interrogatories which Rafe was not expert enough to put into the language of signs, and there was nothing to do but wait until they might arrive at Sengar, where some one would surely be found to interpret for them.

As the sun sank behind the glowing hills the wind utterly died away, leaving the boat becalmed some five or six miles from the shore they had left.

Thoroughly tired out with the excitement and fatigues of the day, Rafe stretched himself upon a pile of mats under the awning, with his rifle beside him, and rapidly drifted away into slumber. Was it a part of his dream that Alifa glided to his side and stood for a long time looking down at him with loving gratitude in his deep, dark eyes? Whether it was or not Rafe found in the morning that some one had thrown a covering over him while he slept—a very necessary precaution in view of the night dews and miasmatic vapors arising from the marshes near the lake shores.

But Alifa was nowhere visible, and in his wondering admiration at the strange spectacle which greeted his waking gaze, Rafe, for the time, forgot all else. For the vast expanse of water, unruffled by the faintest breath of air, was astir with such forms of life as may be seen only in one of the larger interior African lakes.

On every side appeared the scaly backs of crocodiles and still more formidable looking, though comparatively harmless—hippopotami. The former swam half threateningly about the becalmed boat with an evident eye to its inmates. The hippopotami, on the contrary, surged aimlessly hither and thither—sometimes diving in the shallows and coming to the surface with mouthfuls of water grass, which they munched contentedly as they swam.

Great flocks of water fowl of various kinds disported themselves on the glassy expanse, giving answering cries to myriads of others, passing and repassing overhead.

An alligator of great size approached the boat with distended jaws, as though bent upon mischief. Snatching up his rifle Rafe sent a ball directly into the monster's eye.

With a great splash the saurian threw himself clear of the surface, which became discolored with blood. And in an instant the water was aboil with the hideous reptiles, who literally rent the carcass of their fellow being into shreds.

The report of the rifle sent the water fowl by hundreds into the air, and the clapping of their wings echoed like thunder peals through the stillness of the morning.

One by one the blacks, aroused from slumber, yawned and stretched and looked about them. The women started a fire under the charcoal brazier, one of the men came aft to the tiller, while the others, shipping some clumsy sweeps, began propelling the heavy boat slowly onward to a monotonously chanted chorus in their own tongue.

Presently Alifa, looking cheerful and fresh from the night's slumber, emerged from the little cabin aft, into which Rafe had not yet penetrated. He greeted the latter with a beaming smile, and, greatly to that young man's embarrassment, touched Rafe's extended hand first to his lips and then to his forehead.

But an exclamation from the helmsman, who had suddenly turned and was looking astern, diverted Rafe's attention. In the distance was a canoe propelled by paddles coming up with them hand over hand.

"El Shereef," said Alifa in a slow tone. And his dark eyes dilated with something like fear, while a sort of shiver seemed to run through his frame.

That it *was* El Shereef Rafe could easily conjecture. He saw the flash of four paddles, and felt intuitively they were wielded by the brawny arms of the slave dealer's black associates.

Was it possible that they were to be recaptured? It certainly looked very much like it, for the canoe was gaining on them rapidly.

(To be continued.)

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

AN EMPHASIZED DEMAND.

A NUMBER of Celts were sent to investigate a gas leak. Upon locating the trouble one of the party was lowered into the manhole, and when he was a few feet down one of his comrades called to him:

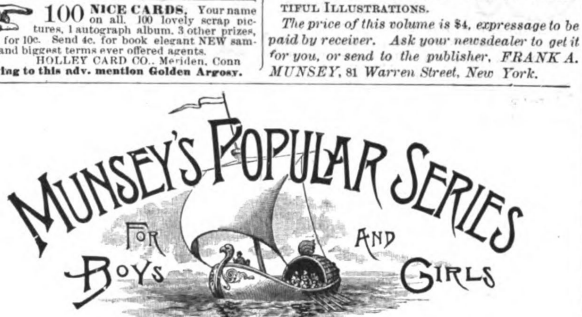
"Jurry, can ye shtand the gas?"

"Yis, lower away," was the reply.

Again the question was asked, and the same answer returned. A third time "Jurry" was hailed, and back came the shout:

"Pull me out! If yez don't pull me out I'll cut the rope!"

He was "pulled."



MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES includes the best stories of the favorite authors, handsomely illustrated, with the finest of paper and printing, neatly bound with paper covers. The numbers now issued are:

No. 1. "THE MOUNTAIN CAVE; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA," by George H. Coomer.

No. 2. "A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST; OR, JACK BOND'S QUEST,' by Frank H. Converse.

No. 3. "THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE; A STORY OF REAL SHIPS AND REAL SAILORS," by George H. Coomer.

No. 4. "BARBARA'S TRIUMPHS; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A YOUNG ARTIST," by Mary A. Denison.

No. 5. "NUMBER 91; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK TELEGRAPH BOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam.

No. 6. "JACK WHEELER; A STORY OF THE WILD WEST," by Captain David Southwick.

No. 7. "THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND," by Frank H. Converse.

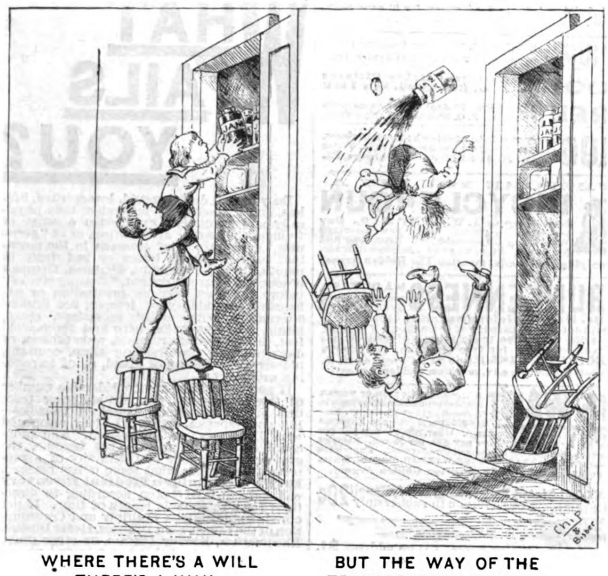
No. 8. "THE YOUNG ACROBAT OF THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN CIRCUS," by Horatio Alger, Jr.

No. 9. "LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE OUT," by Captain C. B. Ashley, United States Scout.

No. 10. "TOM TRACY; OR, THE TRIALS OF A NEW YORK NEWSBOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam.

MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES is issued monthly, and the price of a year's subscription, which includes twelve numbers, is $3. Single numbers can be ordered from any newsdealer, price 25 cents; or they will be sent direct from this office, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Address your letters to

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren Street, New York.



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

BUT THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

HOW HE DID IT.

THE scheme of getting the public to guess the number of beans in a vase or the weight of a piano in the hope of winning one or the other article has given place to a new style of "chromo" advertising, according to the Hartford *Times*, which gives the subjoined instance of mercantile enterprise and scientific brightness.

A Meriden clothing dealer recently offered a spring overcoat to any person solving the "anti-rattle-box" puzzle. This consisted of a short cylindrical wooden box securely sealed. The point was to shake the box without rattling the contents. On the box was printed: "You can't do it; but it can be done." Those who got hold of the boxes, after shaking them in different ways, cut them open and found the contents to consist of pieces of tin of different shapes. As no method of doing the trick could be thought of, it was generally supposed that the puzzle could not be solved.

Charles M. Fairchild, assistant to the superintendent of the Meriden Electric Light Company, came into possession of one of the boxes. He dissected it, noticed the bits of tin, thought a moment, and then, taking a piece of magnetized iron, replaced the cover on the box and applied the magnet to one end. It was strong enough to attract all the small pieces of tin and hold them fast to the end of the box, however violently it was shaken. He got the overcoat.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

HARSH criticism of the actions of others sometimes is cast in a very ludicrous light when an alluring opportunity to participate in the same folly is suddenly opened to the fault finder. As an illustration of this we quote a good bit from the New York *Sun:*

An excited mob of not less than fifty souls struggled and pushed about the "Drop a cent in the slot" weighing machine on the platform of the Brooklyn elevated road bridge station a day or two ago. Everybody seemed wild to ascertain his weight.

"Have these people gone crazy," demanded a newcomer, sarcastically, "that they must know how much they weigh?"

"The financial department of the machine," kindly explained a gentleman, "is either out of town or out of order, and the result is the little indicator gives avoirdupois information regardless of cost."

Then the newcomer became fearfully excited, and pushed and struggled with the rest.

DOING EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME.

WE are in a great measure, although perhaps unconsciously, sensitive to pleasure simply because of its contrast to pain, but no one will be ready to carry this theory quite as far as did the small hero of the following story from the Boston *Transcript*.

Harry's mother, having heard for some little time what seemed to be a moaning or crying in some distant part of the house, had a search made, and found in a remote, very small and perfectly dark closet, the family dog, Leo by name, shut in, with scarcely room enough to turn around. How did he get there? Why, Harry had shut him up, of course. Harry was summoned and questioned.

"Why did you shut Leo in that closet?"

"Oh, 'cause he'd feel so good when he got let out!"

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY.

We have now ready a neat binder for filing the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY *as they appear from week to week. It is not a mere device for fastening the papers together at the back, but takes the form of a regular book cover, with the name "THE GOLDEN ARGOSY," stamped in gilt lettering on the side. Each binder holds fifty two numbers, or a complete volume; it keeps the paper neat and clean, and is extremely handy.*

We are prepared to furnish it in two styles; flexible press board, price 50 cents, or stiff maroon cloth, 60 cents.

When ordered by mail, fifteen cents additional must be inclosed in each case to prepay postage.

Full directions for use accompany each binder. Address,

FRANK A. MUNSEY,
81 Warren St. New York.