GOLDEN ARGOSY

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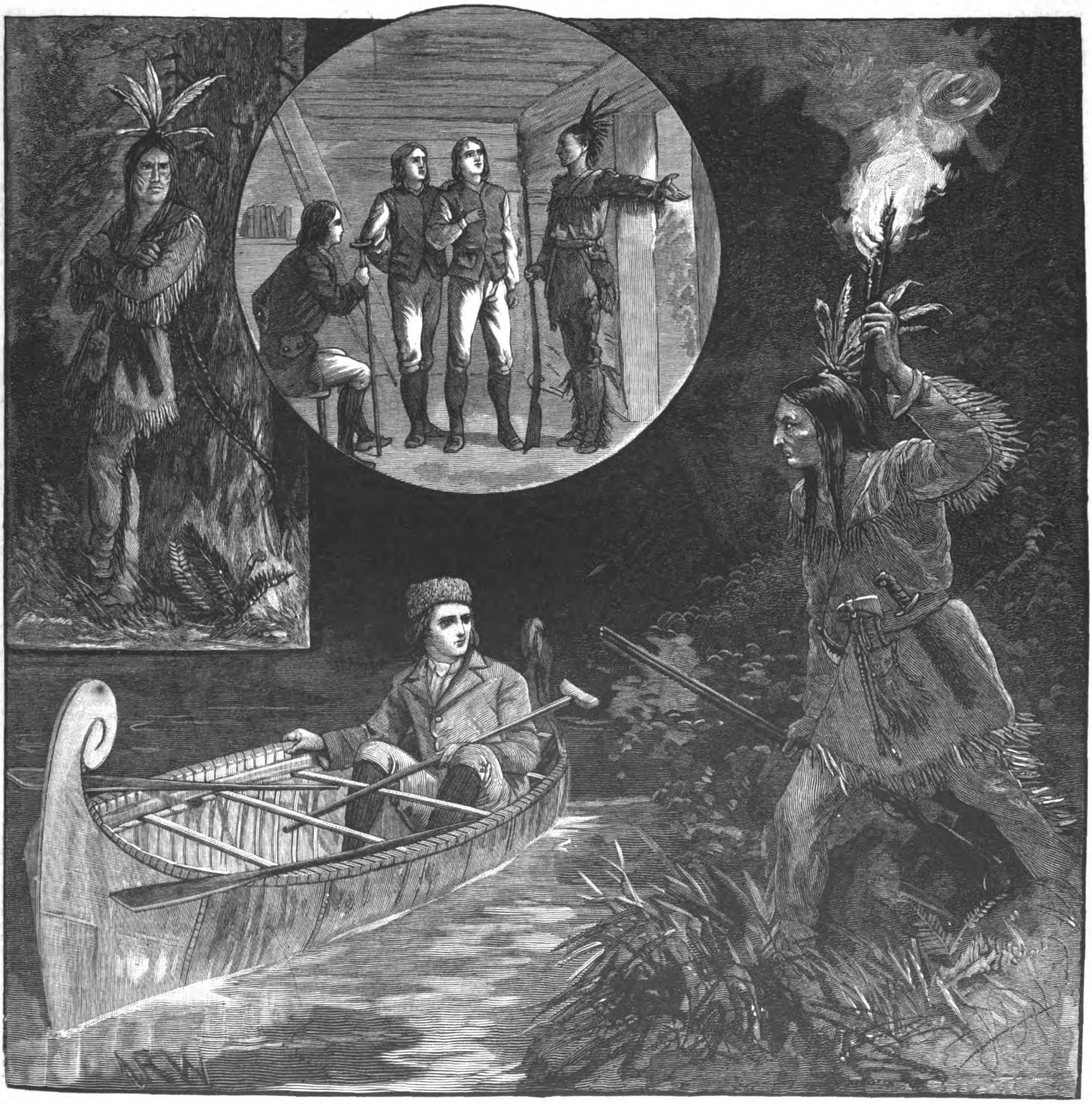


RED EAGLE, CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE CATSUGA.

"THERE seem to be strange goings on to-night," muttered Orris Ouden, holding the paddle of his canoe motionless, and looking sharply from the right to the left bank of the Catsuga; "I knowed the varmints was pretty thick in this part of the country, but just now they seem to be plentier than ever."

The autumn night had closed over forest and river, and the famous scout had already ascended the winding stream for nearly a dozen miles, his senses on the alert for signs of the fierce Iroquois, who had dug up the hatchet once more and rushed upon the war path.

He could have made better progress by leaving the stream altogether, and striking through the woods for his destination, which was still several miles up country, but he had a twofold purpose in keeping to his canoe, the chief of which was that he had been directed by General Greenfield to follow the river with a view of learning about the red men that were reported to be gathering in force along its banks.

It was risky business, but Orris Ouden had been accustomed to such work all his life, and he never yet shrank from any duty imposed upon him by his superiors. He was in the prime of his vigorous manhood, tall, active, powerful, and one to whom the subtle language of the woods was as legible as are these words to you.

He welcomed the gathering shadows, for he was familiar with the devious turnings of the river, and, feeling secure against discovery by his vigilant enemies, he could advance with greater swiftness between the wooded shores.

Ouden had more than one narrow escape from detection, but he was confident that up to this hour, when night was fully come, none of the Iroquois had discovered him. Now, however, at the moment when he hoped the easiest part of his task was before him, he awoke to the fact that his canoe journey was ended, or at least interrupted for the time.

That which caused the exclamation with which my story opens was the sight that met his view as he rounded a sharp bend in the Catsuga. Only a brief distance above was not one, but two camp fires, burning on opposite sides of the river, and so close to the margin that the first glance of the scout showed the glow of light spanning the entire stream

To ascend any further in his boat would compel him to cross the area of illumination caused by the blaze, and expose him to certain detection from the Indians on both shores.

Furthermore, each fire had been started at the most favorable point by the red men, that is, there was no vegetation on either side dense enough to allow the boat to run in close to land and steal by without detection.

That the Iroquois had kindled the fires with the purpose of preventing any one going up or down was too clear to leave a moment's doubt. Orris ceased the noiseless swaying of his paddle, and debated with himself the best course to adopt.

He had determined to go several miles further up the Catsuga, and was not one to be stopped by such an obstacle as now presented itself.

Such men, like officers in battle, are quick to reach decisions.

"Wal," he said to himself, with a low chuckle, "when a chap can't go *through* a thing he's got to go round it, and if them Iroquois think 'cause they've started one fire on the right bank and t'other on the left that Orris Ouden will turn back in disgust and give up the job, why there's where they make a mistake."

One powerful sweep of the paddle sent the canoe to the right, the nose running against the bushes with a rustling so soft that it would not have startled an Indian scout on the watch but a few paces distant. In a second, the tall figure stepped out, and a minute later his strong arms raised the craft in an inverted position over his head, where it looked like some odd shaped umbrella as he moved off in the woods.

His only extra luggage, as it may be termed, consisted of his rifle and paddle, which he deftly secured over his shoulder, so as to leave his arms comparatively free.

The task of carrying the canoe through the woods at night without the least light was anything but easy, when it is remembered that it was necessary to do so in silence, to avoid detection by the watchful Iroquois.

Ouden partly overcame the difficulty by striking so deep into the forest that when he changed his course and headed up stream he was without any fear that a slip would bring his vengeful enemies down upon him.

He moved with the care and skill that had become a second nature to him. It was inevitable that the sharp front of the boat should catch now and then in the overhanging limbs, while occasionally his shoes struck some of the wiry vines running along the ground; but all this was expected, and did not interfere with that imperturbable coolness which was one of the strongest characteristics of the frontiersman.

By and by he trended to the left, toward the river that he had left some time before, advancing with the steady surety of one who feels no misgivings as to his footsteps.

Sure enough, at the very point where he anticipated, he paused on the edge of the stream, and, stooping carefully, placed his canoe in the water. He had flanked the danger point, and was prepared to continue his voyage up stream.

But Orris Ouden was not quite ready to do so; he wanted a little more information about the war parties below.

Accordingly, he left the craft with its paddle lying against the bank, while he turned about, rifle in hand, and picked his way down the Catsuga, with the resolve that the knowledge he wished should be gained without delay.

You will see the delicacy of this task, but it was in a line with the duties to which the scout had given his whole life, and there was no shrinking or hesitation on his part.

It required but a short time for him to ascertain that there were about thirty Iroquois on that side of the stream, under the famous chieftain Red Eagle, one of the fiercest and most daring leaders that ever belonged to that extraordinary confederation of American Indians known as the Six Nations. He was a Seneca, who became famous while a mere youth by his exploits in desolating our frontier, and he showed a wealth of resources in guiding his dusky warriors in their forays against the whites that made his name dreaded above all of his contemporaries.

His presence here was proof that he commanded not only the party on the right, but those on the left bank, who, from the glimpses Ouden was able to secure, seemed as numerous as the band under his immediate eye.

It was with a certain admiration that the scout from the depth of the wood fixed his gaze on the wonderful young chieftain, whom he had seen many a time. The warriors were lolling about in almost every variety of attitude, some seated on a fallen tree, several busy preparing the choice parts of a deer for a meal, others smoking, two or three half reclining and half sitting on the ground, with no apparent interest in anything, while a couple kept near the edge of the water, as though on the watch for parties that were expected to go up or down the stream.

Red Eagle had assumed, without premeditation, a posture at once picturesque, striking, and graceful—made all the more so by the glow of the crackling camp fire, which bathed his face, breast and limbs in light, bringing his handsome figure out in as full relief as at noonday.

The chieftain was leaning his left shoulder slightly against the trunk of a large oak, his arms folded, his left leg resting lightly on the toe of the foot, the leg below the knee crossing the same portion of the right in front, so as to form an attitude that was natural under the circumstances. His head was partially bent, as though he was looking at something in the middle of the river.

The pose and figure of the Seneca were perfect. He was lithe, graceful, active, and powerful. Even the daubs of paint on his countenance could not hide its handsome lineaments. The long, luxuriant raven hair, with the cluster of brilliant eagle feathers projecting from the crown, the hunting skirt with its stained fringe, leggings, moccasins, the belt at the waist with knife and tomahawk thrust within; these were but the striking points of one of the finest specimens of the American Indian that "E'er clinched fingers in a captive's hair."

"He's a wonderful fellow," muttered Orris Ouden, who stood for several minutes with his eyes on the savage beauty, "and when I know what he's done agin us white folks, I don't wonder that all the Six Nations rank him as the equal of any they've ever had. Red Eagle, you and me hain't met yet in a squar' stand up fight, but I shouldn't wonder if we done so one of these days, and, when we do, if I ain't mighty mistook, the fur will fly."

The scout smiled grimly at his own conceit, and began a stealthy retrogression, with the intention of returning to his canoe and continuing his voyage up stream; but he had taken less than half a dozen paces when he became aware that some one was near him.

It would seem that if the scout was able to detect the presence of another so close at hand, the stranger ought to be equally prompt in discerning his whereabouts. Such, as a matter of course, would have been the case, had the white man been less circumspect in his movements; but the present instance was only one of those in which he made it an invariable rule to guide every muscle with the care that he would have displayed had he known his mortal enemies to be on every hand. Had not such a law governed Orris Ouden's conduct for years, it may be set down as certain that he never would have been on the Catsuga on this pleasant night in autumn a long time ago.

CHAPTER II.

FINE WORK.

THE same moment that Orris Ouden learned that a stranger was at hand, he was convinced that he was unaware of the scout's presence. Placing himself close to the trunk of a large oak, where, if necessary, he could shift his position in absolute quiet, he calmly waited for the danger to pass.

His wonderfully fine sense of hearing located the other when his equally trained vision was unable to outline him. The Indian was approaching from up stream, and a faint misgiving troubled the scout that he might have discovered the canoe resting against the bank, though the probabilities were against that being the case.

The Iroquois paused so near Ouden that, without stirring or inclining his body, he could have delivered a blow that would have sent the warrior spinning a dozen feet away. The temptation to do so was strong, but the white man restrained himself, and the redskin never knew how narrowly he escaped being driven into the middle of the succeeding week, as the expression goes.

Having passed below the watcher, the other was now between him and the camp fire where the rest of the Iroquois were gathered. There was just enough glow for Ouden to detect the head and shoulders of the savage, who was moving with a carelessness that proved he had not the remotest thought of danger.

The hunter could distinguish the gaudy head dress, the dangling hair, the broad shoulders thrown slightly forward, and even the body to the waist. There could be no doubt that one of the long arms which hung at his side supported his rifle, though the weapon was invisible in the gloom.

The warrior pushed on with the same moderate gait, until he joined his companions by the camp fire. Then Ouden followed him stealthily, until he gained a view of his features, and could watch his movements.

He saw the new arrival walk to where Red Eagle was standing, and address him. The young chief turned his head, but still inclined his body against the oak, and showed no special interest in what was said to him. The object of the scout was to learn, if possible, whether the warrior had anything to report about the canoe only a short distance off, or, what was still more important, whether he brought any news of the Morris family up stream.

The words that passed were not loud enough for Ouden to hear, nor did he expect he would be able to do so, but he studied the countenances of the speakers in the hope of reading their meaning. While he could not feel absolutely sure in his conclusion, yet he believed there was no additional cause for alarm, and, turning about, lost no time in stealing back to his little boat, which had already brought him so many miles up the Catsuga.

But a ripple in the events that had gone smoothly enough thus far was closer at hand than Orris Ouden anticipated.

He stole with unerring precision to the point where he left his canoe, and the first genuine surprise of the evening came when he awoke to the fact that it was gone.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he muttered, as he straightened up; "that's something I warn't countin' on."

The natural supposition was that inasmuch as the craft was missing, some one must have removed it.

"The varmint that passed so near me must have seen it after all," concluded Orris. "He has moved it to some spot where he cal'lates to put his hand on it when he wants it, but afore he does that, he's got to fix things with a chap about my size."

If would seem that if the stranger had discovered the canoe nestling under the bank, he would have pursued a different course than that which he really followed. Why did he not paddle down stream with his prize, or, if he expected the speedy return of the owner, why did he not lie in wait for him?

Without perplexing himself with attempting to answer these questions, Orris Ouden set to work to recover his property.

It was reasonable to conclude that the boat was at some point not far off, either up or down the Catsuga. He, therefore, moved up the river for several rods, examining the shore with the thoroughness he always showed.

The result was a failure, and he at once retraced his steps, keeping close to shore, and making his movements as noiseless as possible. Less than a hundred feet below the point where he had left the canoe, he made an important discovery. A gentle rustling against a bush first caught his attention, and, by bending low, he detected the boat drifting down stream. The gloom was so great that he was only able to effect this by bringing his face almost on a level with the water, and throwing the object partly against the illumination beyond.

This told the story; the canoe had not been touched by an enemy, but it was left lying so lightly against the bank that it swung loose of itself, and was floating toward the glow of the two camp fires.

Although the current was quite strong near the middle of the Catsuga, yet naturally it was sluggish near shore, and the boat was moving slowly.

This was well enough, but the alarming fact remained that it had already drifted so nigh the band of light that it was almost certain to be descried the next minute.

Had the question been that of losing his property, Orris Ouden would have been well content to let the canoe drift into the possession of his enemies, but more weighty questions were involved.

He had come to this section of the frontier on an errand of mercy. Not only did he seek to gain what information he could for General Greenfield, but, far more important than that, he had set out to rescue some of the members of an imperiled family, whose cabin home was but a short distance away.

The discovery by the Iroquois of a canoe floating down stream was sure to tell them the truth, and to hasten their evil doings so much that all of the scout's skill and daring would be insufficient to the task of rescuing his friends.

It followed, therefore, that the boat must be recovered at all hazards, and with that promptness which I have referred to as a distinguishing trait of the scout, he set about the task in the same moment that he made the discovery.

He left his long rifle leaning against the nearest tree, for it was difficult to protect those old fashioned weapons from temporary disability by wetting, and he believed he ran no risks of losing the valuable gun. Then, stepping in the water, he began wading out to the canoe, which was less than twenty feet from shore.

All the coolness and skill of the scout were required from the start. The first two or three steps brought the water barely above his knees: the next took him abruptly over his head. You know how difficult it is at such times to avoid betraying one's self by splashing, and it cannot be said that Ouden fully succeeded in averting the danger of the misstep.

But he suffered himself to go unresistingly under the surface, with the least possible noise, and took advantage of the submergence to swim the intervening space. Thus, when his head gently came to the air again, he was able to catch hold of the gunwale with one hand.

It was at this critical moment that the canoe actually entered the area of illumination thrown out by the fires, and had it so happened that any one of the warriors was gazing at the spot he could not have failed to see the craft.

By a singular coincidence, if such it may be termed, Red Eagle the Seneca chieftain was looking up the river just then, though his gaze was the aimless one of a person sunk in reverie, rather than the keen scrutiny displayed when his senses are on the alert.

But even that was sufficient to tell him that something unusual was going on near the line of shadow. He quickly straightened up and fixed his eyes on the spot, determined to know what it meant.

You need not be told that Orris Ouden did not allow a second to run to waste. The instant his left hand rested on the edge of the canoe, he began swimming powerfully and silently up stream with the aid of his other arm and feet.

This was more of a task than would be supposed, for the current was perceptibly stronger than near shore, and you can appreciate the degree to which the scout was handicapped. Nevertheless, he put forth his best efforts, and slowly ascended the current toward the all enveloping gloom that he hoped would shut him out from the sight of the baleful eyes on shore.

No enterprise so seemingly slight of itself could have better displayed the admirable woodcraft of the frontiersman. He was between the canoe and the shore on which Red Eagle stood with his warriors around him. It was all important that the hunter should know whether he had awakened the suspicion of the party on either side of the river.

Thus it was that, while swimming against the current, he quietly raised his head and shoulders so far above the surface that he was able to look over the boat at the Indians on the further bank. It was but a single glance he took, but it was enough to tell him the pleasing truth that no one there had noticed what was going on so close at hand.

The look at the nearer shore was less satisfactory. He noted that Red Eagle, instead of leaning against the oak, had straightened up, and was gazing so fixedly at the point where the canoe had just entered the shadow, that there could be no doubt his suspicion was awakened. More than that, Ouden saw him move hurriedly up stream; unquestionably he had set out to satisfy himself what the strange sight meant.

The scout now adopted a bold plan. To approach the shore he had just left was to insure discovery. He, therefore, headed directly across the river, never pausing until the nose of the canoe ran under the bushes on the opposite shore. Feeling that it was secure for the time in that place, he turned about and swam back, landing at the very spot where he had left his gun. Fortunately it had not been disturbed, and, fastening it to his back, he once more entered the Catsuga and returned to his craft.

CHAPTER III.

THREE VOYAGEURS.

NOW it so happened that on that same cool autumn night, a long time ago, another canoe was on the Catsuga, only a comparatively short distance from the one in which Orris Ouden was paddling up the river.

The second canoe, however, was descending the stream, and contained three individuals instead of a single person. These were boys, and brothers.

Jack and Tom Morris were twins about seventeen years of age, and two sturdier, more active, or brighter fellows you could not find in a long search. Their cheeks were rosy, their hazel eyes bright, their bodies and limbs strong, and, as is generally the case with persons in bounding health, they were generally overflowing with high spirits. Their parents were proud of the fine fellows, but really Mr. Varnum Morris was unable at times to stand their frolicking about the house, and he occasionally made them dance to the tune of a swinging hickory, which sent them yelling out doors until the smarts subsided.

But Jack and Tom were affectionate fellows, and when their jollity ran away with them, I do not know that they were so blamable; for, to tell the truth, they couldn't help it. It would have been a sad day in the Morris household had either of those ringing voices been hushed by death or disaster.

The third brother was more than a year older than Tom and Jack, but he was but an infant in body compared to them. Benny Morris had been a cripple from birth. His left leg was crooked at the knee, and dangled uselessly when he moved about on his crutch. Poor Benny could never hold his own in the way of strength or physical acquirements with the smallest boy. His face was pale, his large eyes unusually bright, while his spirits, if less boisterous than his brothers, seemed always cheerful.

If nature is sometimes cruel to her children in one direction, she generally compensates for it in another. What Benny Morris lacked in bodily strength and activity, he made up in mental endowment. His mind was a source of wondering admiration not only to his parents and brothers, but to all who knew the family. His mother gave him the rudiments of an education when he was very young, but after that the youngster continued it alone. The scanty store of books was added to, as occasion presented, by the proud father, and there seemed nothing beyond the comprehension of the crippled lad.

One of the most touching features of the life in the Morris household was the affection which the big sturdy twins, Jack and Tom, felt for their lame brother. It is not too much to say that either would have gladly given his life to save that of Benny, who fully returned their love.

Many and many a time, when the big fellows went on their hunting excursions, they insisted on Benny going with them, even though he was not only useless, but in the nature of an incumbrance. But his cheery words, his bright face, and his woodcraft, which in some respects far surpassed that of his brothers, more than made up for his bodily weakness.

This little digression is needed perhaps to open the way to the events that follow. There is much more of an interesting nature that I could tell you about this remarkable boy, who was known and held in awe by many of the Indians, but this is hardly the place.

The three lads were the only children of Mr. Varnum Morris and his wife Agnes, and they had all been born on the frontier, several miles beyond the fringe of settlements in which most of their friends lived. Jack had accompanied his parents down the Catsuga to where the mother intended to stay several weeks with her friends, while her husband pushed further east to the more settled portions, that he might procure some books and tools for Benny, they having been promised a long time before. Tom and the lame brother were left behind, where they enjoyed themselves to the fullest bent of their privileges. Benny was a genius in cookery. All that Tom had to do was to furnish the elements, and, under the deft manipulation of the youth, and with such crude facilities as were at command in a frontier home, he developed wonderful results.

So Jack bade his parents good by, and was pursuing his way at a leisurely rate up the Catsuga, when whom should he meet but Orris Ouden, one of the most famous rangers of the border. The scout told him that trouble had broken out with the Iroquois, and that the most prudent thing for him to do was to bring his brothers down the river to the settlements without delay.

Jack was not much impressed by the words of the scout, partly because, as Ouden himself admitted, they were based on rumors that he had not yet verified; but those rumors were true, as was speedily proven.

On the morning of the day that Jack reached home, his brother received a call from a friendly Mohawk, known as The Wild Cat, who urged them to leave for the settlements at once, for the Six Nations had dug up the hatchet and taken the war path. Furthermore, had not the parents of the boys left just when they did, the whole family would have been massacred. It had been decided by the Iroquois to keep the boys where they were until the return of their parents, and then put the whole family to torture. At the same time they would maintain a sharp watch to prevent anything in the shape of help reaching them.

The Wild Cat's advice was for the boys to start immediately across the country, keeping away from the river, which was certain to be closely patrolled; but Tom and Benny could not think of leaving until the return of Jack, even though The Wild Cat offered to act as their guide.

On the afternoon of the same day, Orris Ouden and the friendly Mohawk met in the depths of the forest, and the white man learned the alarming truth from his dusky ally. Ouden determined to return at once to the Morris home, and bring away the cripple and his brother. He did not know where Jack was, but concluded that the sturdy fellow was able to take care of himself.

Ouden acted promptly on his decision, and this explains how it was he came to be ascending the Catsuga on the autumn night that opens this story.

When Jack reached home and heard the news that his brothers had to tell, he saw the gravity of the situation.

"It won't do to stay here," he said, in his decisive way. "The Wild Cat wouldn't have taken the trouble to tell you all that, if he hadn't known there was danger."

"But he told us to take to the woods," remarked Tom, "and to keep away from the river. What do you think of *that?*"

"I can't see that it makes much difference. There is but the one trail leading to the settlements, and they will guard that as closely as the river. What's best, Benny?"

"There isn't much choice," replied the little fellow, who was sitting on a high stool in the cabin, in the room that was fully lit up by the glow of the fire on the hearth; "but, if they are watching the trail, we must keep out of the woods."

This was so apparent that the wonder was that either of the others should have felt any hesitation. Burdened to some extent as they would have been by the presence of Benny, the chances would be much slighter than on the river, where they would also have the dense vegetation along the shore in which to conceal themselves. The twins were skillful canoeists, and were confident of making the voyage without detection from the Iroquois.

Tom suggested that they might take to the woods, avoiding the well marked trail, but it was a difficult task to make good progress, without any landmark to guide them, especially when the darkness was so profound. In fact it would have been out of their power altogether, while the Catsuga offered a trail so broad that there could be no going astray from it.

Accordingly it was decided to use the canoe in which to descend the stream to the settlements, little more than a dozen miles distant.

And that makes clear how it was that the frail craft, with its three occupants, was descending the Catsuga on the same autumn night when Orris Ouden was paddling stealthily up the stream in his boat.

CHAPTER IV.

A WARRIOR AND A TORCH.

THE three brothers, having decided to start down the Catsuga in their canoe, paused a few minutes to determine whether they should carry anything beside their firearms and ammunition.

Jack and Tom, as a matter of course, were provided each with a fine flint lock rifle, bullet pouch, and all that was needed by a sportsman of those times, including a hunting knife apiece; but neither carried anything in the nature of a pistol, for those smaller weapons were clumsy affairs in the days of our forefathers.

Benny had never fired a gun in his life, and had no wish to do so. His puny strength was unequal to the handling of those heavy weapons that were often burdens to full grown men. It may be said of the lame boy that his strength lay in his weakness, since any foe with a vestige of manliness would scorn to inflict suffering on one who was manifestly unable to defend himself. The nearest approach that he had to a weapon was a handsome pocket knife with several blades, all kept to the finest edge. It was a present from his mother, and the lad displayed a wonderful ingenuity in fashioning curious playthings from pieces of wood. The interior of the cabin was ornamented with numerous specimens of his handiwork, that would have done credit to the most skillful wood carver in these modern times.

"We can't take anything beside ourselves," remarked Benny, after the evening meal had been hastily eaten, and the three stood by the door, hesitating a moment before going forth.

"But this old place is pretty sure to have a visit from some of the redskins before long, and they won't leave anything that we can't take with us."

"We can't carry all," added Benny, "so what's the use of trying to take anything?"

Jack saw the bright eyes of the little fellow fixed regretfully on the stand at the side of the room, where his choicest treasures lay. They were several books, consisting of a history, an astronomy (very crude as compared with those of the present day), a story book, and a fine wooden covered Holy Bible, containing numerous excellent illustrations.

"I do hate to leave them," he said, with a tear in his eye, "though father has promised to bring me other books."

"I know which one you value most, and it shall go with us," said Tom, stepping quickly to the stand and picking up the Bible, which was quite a large book.

"That will be no bother," remarked Jack, "and I think it our duty to preserve it if we can."

"Let me carry it," said Benny, reaching out his hand.

"All we want you to do is to carry yourself," replied Jack, placing the precious volume under his arm, and leading the way to the door.

Benny followed him, and, in the gloom of the early evening, the brothers stood on the outside of their home.

So the log cabin home was left just as it had been left hundreds of times before. The boys did not even pull in the latch string, for our fathers were hospitable people, and the stranger making his way along the frontier rarely found the latch string drawn in when he was in need of food and shelter.

Should any red marauders visit the place they would find no trouble in entering *that* home.

It was but a short distance to the margin of the winding river, where lay the graceful canoe that had served every member of the family many times. Benny was the first to enter, taking his seat in what might be considered the prow, though there was little if any difference between the ends of the craft. The brothers stepped after him, each laid his rifle in the bottom, the Bible being placed near the feet of the lame one, and then, picking up a long, broad paddle apiece, the two swung them simultaneously, the boat shooting far out into the stream before the implements were dipped again.

"Is there any moon tonight?" asked Tom, in a low voice, addressing the little fellow perched in front.

"It rises just before midnight; it is a half moon and the sky is clear."

"Then we are likely to have some light to guide us before we reach the settlement."

"No doubt of that," replied Benny; "we are about a dozen miles from the nearest settlement; we have the current with us, and we ought to reach it long before daylight, provided we are not hindered."

"*There's* the rub," observed Tom, who now that they were fairly started on their journey was impressed with the peril that impended over all; "it would seem that if Jack saw nothing on his way here we ought to have a good chance of getting through."

"I have often wondered," remarked Jack, looking affectionately at the little fellow whom he faced in the prow, "what the Iroquois would do with you, if you should ever become a prisoner."

"I can tell you," replied Benny, with a laugh, that was as low and musical as that of a fairy princess.

"What's that?"

"Make me run the gauntlet—what are you laughing at?" he demanded, with a pretense of indignation, partly raising his crutch threateningly.

"I can't help laughing," replied Jack, ceasing to swing his paddle for the moment that he might bend his head forward and yield to his mirth, "to think of the figure you would cut hobbling down between two lines of warriors on those sticks of yours. You would look fine, wouldn't you?"

"I can travel pretty fast when I try, and then, if I wanted to rest, why I would stand on one foot and whack the warriors over the head with my crutch."

"No," said Jack, his face becoming serious, as he again dipped his paddle, "the Indians would never try anything like that with *you*. Do you know, Benny, I have sometimes believed that they wouldn't hurt you at all."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, the Indians—even the fiercest of them—are generally kind to the unfortunate. I have been told that they treat a crazy person as though he was in the keeping of the Great Spirit."

"They are kind to idiots, too," added Tom.

"Which makes it lucky for my big brothers," said Benny; "however, I ain't anxious to try the experiment. We have had Indian visitors at home ever since I can remember, and I have received lots of presents from them. But when they dig up the hatchet and go on the war path, they forget all about that."

"What of the Wild Cat?"

"The Wild Cat has listened to the preaching of the missionaries, and I have talked to him about the One who died for us all; it is *that* which stays his arm."

"But Red Eagle once paddled up the river," said Jack, "and, coming to our house, spread his blanket on the floor and stayed all night. He talks English well, and when I went to sleep, I remember that the hum of your voice and his was in my ear."

"I remember it, too," added Tom; "mother says she believes you would have talked till daylight if she hadn't stopped you."

"I'll never forget that evening," said Benny, thoughtfully, "for it was one of the strangest of my life. Did I ever tell you what Red Eagle was so much interested in?"

"No."

"Religion; he asked me all sorts of questions about God and the Savior, and what doctrines the missionaries preached. As he lay on his side on the blanket, he rested his head on his hand, and, fixing his black eyes on me, put questions, sometimes in his own tongue, which beat anything I ever heard from a white person."

"What sort of an impression did you make on the old fellow?"

Benny shook his head.

"When we were through, and I was quite sure his heart had been touched, he told me, with a flash of his eyes, that his religion was never to forget an injury, and never to stay his hand so long as a white man trod the hunting ground of his fathers. He wasn't afraid to say that, too, when he was in the cabin of one of the race he hated with a consuming hatred. I smiled, and told him that the Good Spirit would take all such bad thoughts out of his heart, and then, as mother interposed, I bade him good night."

"And what do you think of Red Eagle *now*, Benny?"

"He is the young war chief of the Senecas, the fiercest of all the Six Nations. Nothing would delight him more than to surround our home with a party of warriors, apply the torch with his own hand, and tomahawk every one of us."

Jack and Tom shuddered at the picture, but they believed their wise brother spoke the truth, for he had drawn a true portrait, not of the poetical American Indian, but of the dusky miscreant as he exists today, and as he has existed always.

What though the daring Iroquois declared his religion taught him never to forget an injury, he failed to say that that same faith taught him at the same time to forget kindnesses. When the red man raises aloft the glittering tomahawk, little it is he recks whether the descending blade cleaves the skull of the Caucasian seeking his life, or the head of the gentle mother who has ever shown him the same love she shows her own son.

Benny was about to speak, when Jack and Tom stopped paddling, and the former raised his hand as a signal for silence. They had just swept around a bend in the stream and were near the middle, when both lads caught the glimmer of the two camp fires that had been the cause of Orris Ouden's delay in ascending the Catsuga.

The cripple turned his head like a flash, and instantly emitted a soft whistle.

"They are waiting for us," he whispered. "We must be careful, or we shall never get by them."

The boys held their paddles still for a minute or two, during which the canoe drifted with the current.

"It won't do," added Benny, reading their thoughts; "the fires give enough light to reach clear across the river; you will have to land and carry the boat below."

"I don't want to do that unless it's the only way," said Jack. "Let's run in close to shore and take a look."

Benny offered no objection, and the canoe touched the shore at a point opposite to that whither the scout had swum when he recovered his rifle.

"Now, Tom," said the last speaker; "let's find out what all this means; we don't know whether they are hostiles or not, but it won't take us long to find out. You don't mind being left alone for a short time, Benny?"

"Don't think of me; off with you, and get back as soon as you can."

The brothers vanished as quietly as a couple of veteran scouts reconnoitering a camp of enemies.

Benny settled down in the prow of the canoe to await their return, his confidence in their sagacity being such that he felt no misgiving for their safety. He was convinced now, as he had been from the first, that there was but the single way he had named of passing the Iroquois, who were undoubtedly on the watch to intercept any whites that might attempt to go up or down the river.

Fifteen minutes passed, and the youth was listening for the return of his brothers, when his sense of hearing, trained to a marvelous degree of keenness, apprised him that some one was approaching.

Although certain it was his friends, who purposely announced their coming in this manner, the lad was too wise to speak or make the least noise that could tell them he knew of their presence.

All at once, to his dismay, a torch flamed out in the darkness, as though it were an electric light suddenly sprung into existence. By its glow he saw the features of an Iroquois in his war paint, stealing through the dense undergrowth straight toward the canoe.

Benny did not stir or speak, and hardly breathed. He was still hopeful that the warrior would pass by, but fate forbade.

The next minute the savage, creeping along in a crouching posture, with his rifle grasped in one hand and his torch held above his head in the other, halted within arm's length of the craft and its startled occupant.

At the same moment a guttural "*Hooh!*" announced that he had discovered the canoe and him who was seated in it.

(*To be continued.*)

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.

Howard C. Rule, Peru, Ind. Books, for rare stamps.

Louis A. Pratt, Traverse City, Mich. Stamps for stamps.

Earl Le Baron, Ripon, Wis. A dulcimer, cost $20, for a good 18 keyed accordion.

R. H. Hall, Bristol, Conn. A silver patent lever watch, for a telescope worth at least $4.

Fred E. Richardson, 16 Whiting St., Lynn, Mass., desires to correspond with coin collectors.

W. Marks, Flushing, N. Y. Books valued at $15, for a banjo with not less than 20 brackets.

N. G. Seymour, 10 Sterling St., Watertown, N. Y. Stamps, coins, and medals, for the same.

Howard A. Fox, Box 136, Bucksport, Me. An International album with 700 stamps, for a press.

Merritt A. King, 643 Fulton St., Chicago, Ill. Type, minerals, and fossils, for minerals, coins, etc.

James Pearson, 315 1st St., Jersey City, N. J. An album with 200 stamps, for a fishing rod, reel, and line.

Layton Richmond, Dowagiac, Mich. A pair of No. 10 club ice skates, for a Weeden steam engine.

H. E. Freeman, 181 Park Ave., Woonsocket, R. I., would like to correspond with stamp collectors.

Vernon Johnston, Newport, Ky. Eight hundred tin tags, 600 varieties, for a small press or a scroll saw.

W. C. Howe, care John McCombe, 402 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal. Books and stamps, for stamps.

R. R. Hantzech, 212 17th Ave., North, Minneapolis, Minn. Five books by Cooper, etc., cost $7, for a banjo.

Lewis S. Purdy, Joliette, Dak. A pair of nickel plated No. 11 1-2 B. & B. roller skates, for a pair of men's boxing gloves.

W. Evans, 30 West Walnut Lane, Germantown, Pa. A microscope or a telegraph outfit, for a magic lantern and slides.

J. W. McCarten, Rockville Center, N. Y. A 1 1-2 by 3 press with 2 fonts of type and outfit, for a telegraph key and sounder.

W. T. Rodden, 17 Auburn St., Charlestown, Mass. A cross stylographic pen, valued at $3, for a set of boxing gloves of equal value.

Robert Sproule, Greensburg, Kan. A 25 by 150 ft. lot in Lerado, Kan., valued at $125, for a 50 in. bicycle, with full ball bearings.

John P. Rice, Box 122, Greenville, S. C. Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," valued at $1, for Nos. 198, 199, and 205 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

James M. Owen, Box 1422, Norwich, N. Y. Minerals, and 2500 foreign stamps, for curiosities, or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

John P. Brothers, 134 West 28th St., New York City. A hand inking press, with type and outfit, for a pair of field glasses or a watch.

J. S. Simon, 568 Lexington Axe., New York City. A self inking press, with 3 fonts of type, a 4 drawer cabinet, and a closet, for a gold stem winding watch.

Theo. Bosshard, Jr., 301 Clifton Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. A sloop yacht, 2 ft. long, and a miniature steam engine and boiler, for a pair of No. 9 all clamp Union Hardware or Raymond extension roller skates.

EVENTIDE.

BY BELLE M. BLACKER.

Slowly the golden sun sinks down
O'er sleepy village and quiet town;
The young birds flutter in downy nest,
Like tired babes on mother's breast.

O, eventide, blest eventide,
When we shall lay our cares aside,
When weary feet no more shall roam,
And we may dwell in peace at home.

Canoes
AND
HOW TO BUILD THEM.

BY STEPHEN TRUSTY.

Part II.

BESIDES the lumber mentioned last week as necessary for the construction of our canoe, the following materials are needed:

Copper nails, 2 lbs. ¾ inch	$0.55.
" " 1½ lbs. ⅞ inch - -	40.
" " ½ lb. 2½ inches -	11.
" " 1 lb. 1½ inches - -	20.
Burrs to match, about - - -	25.
Brass screws, 4 gross No. 5, ⅝ inch	1.00.
2 dozen No. 9, 2 inch - - - -	40.
2 3¼ inch copper nails.	

The entire cost will thus be in the neighborhood of 18 or 20 dollars. In buying the oak be careful and get good lumber, clear and free from knots and checks. Don't let the dealer pass off any dark lumber on you, telling you one plank is as good as another, but get it as white as you can, and get what is called quartered oak (cut slantwise to the grain) if possible.

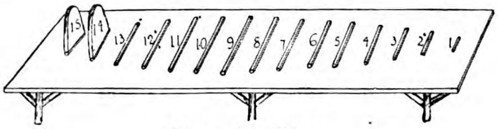


Fig. 1.—The Table.

The hackmatack comes in the shape of bent limbs about four feet long and four inches in diameter.

Take a pattern of both bow and stern posts with you when you go to the dealer, and lay it on the knee so as to be sure of getting the proper curvature. See that the grain runs in the same general curve as your pattern.

The cedar comes in long planks with the bark on each edge, and tapering from 12 or 13 inches at the butt to 6 or 8 at the other end, just as it comes from the tree. Great care must be taken in selection not to have any little soft, black knots. There is a better grade which costs twice as much, but this will do if properly selected. If cedar cannot be had, white pine may be used.

Then make a flat platform of the inch hemlock boards, 16 feet by 3 feet, and 2 feet high from the ground, on which to build the boat. This table *must* be perfectly level, and very rigid and strong. If it is the least bit shaky, it will strain the canoe, and leaks will be the consequence. Now take one of your 14 foot by 20 by 1 inch planks, and, commencing 15 inches from one end, draw a line at right angles to the edge of the board. Measure up on this line 10 inches to the deck line, and lay out the deck line and water lines 8, 6, 4, and 2 at right angles to the center line and parallel with the edge of the board.

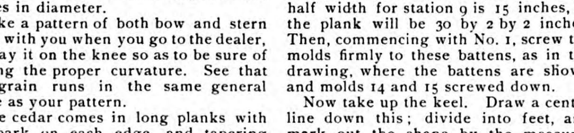


Fig. 2.—Stem and Stern Posts.

Then measure out on each water line and the deck line the distances given in the offset table, subtracting ¼ inch for the thickness of the plank, and draw in the section lines by means of a thin batten. Following this line, saw out mold No. 9. Proceed in the same manner with all the other molds, being careful to bevel those from 1 to 9 on the forward side, and those from 10 to 15 on the after side, to allow for the slant of the planking.

In cutting molds 5 to 13, a notch ½ inch deep in the center and 6 inches wide must be cut to receive the keel batten. The mold must be cut square on the top.

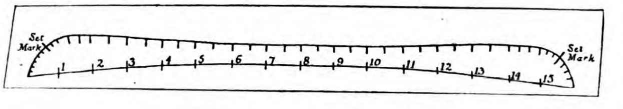


Fig. 3.—Pattern for Garboard.

In all cases where the words "top" or "upper side" are used, they will mean that side furthest from the keel. When finished, the mold presents the same appearance shown in drawing of mold No. 9.

Having cut out all the molds, we turn again to the platform. Down the center of this we draw a straight line, and divide this line into 16 stations of 1 foot each. At right angles to the center line, screw or bolt firmly to the table at each station a piece of plank 2 inches square, and twice as long as the half width given in the table for that station. Thus the half width for station 9 is 15 inches, so the plank will be 30 by 2 by 2 inches. Then, commencing with No. 1, screw the molds firmly to these battens, as in the drawing, where the battens are shown and molds 14 and 15 screwed down.

Now take up the keel. Draw a center line down this; divide into feet, and mark out the shape by the measurements given in the half width table, and cut to shape. Cut the keel 1 inch wide at station 1 instead of ½ inch, for the present, merely marking the shape on the under side.

Next come the stem and stern posts. Draw a pattern on paper like Fig. 2.

In this drawing A is the fore side of the bow post, B is the rabbet line or fore side of the rabbet into which the planking fits, C is the after end of the bow post, D is the notch into which the keel fits, and E is the tail.

The wood outside the rabbet is 1½ inches from A to B, tapering down to ¾ inch at D. The notch D into which the keel fits is 1 inch deep, and the tail E is 1 inch thick and 6 inches long.

Now take one of the three knees, and, laying the paper pattern down on it and in the position which will utilize the best grain, as shown in the illustration, pick out the pattern with a bodkin. Then saw out the post a little larger than the marks, so as to allow for planing up. Do not cut the top to shape until the boat is nearly finished, but cut straight out to the end of the knee, as shown by dotted lines.

The stern post is cut in the same manner, except that it is of a different shape, to allow for the rudder, as shown in Fig. 2. Now cut the rabbets to nearly their full depth (¼ inch) and plane smooth.

Then fit the stem and stern posts to the keel, using rasp and sand paper until a close joint is secured. Coat with white lead and rivet tightly with 5 of the 2½ inch copper nails to each. Then take the keel bottom and fasten it securely to the upper side of the keel with some of the ⅝ inch brass screws and the ⅞ inch nails.

Cut a vertical slot ¼ inch wide and 33 inches long through the center of the keel and keel bottom for the centerboard to work in, and put a 3¼ inch copper nail through the keel just outside of each end of this to prevent the keel splitting. The front end of this slot must be just 5 feet 6 inches from the bow of the boat. Of course, if you decide not to use a centerboard this slot may be omitted and a false keel bolted on instead when the boat is finished.

Now screw the keel bottom up to the molds, letting the keel batten rest in the notch cut to receive it in molds 5 to 13. A notch 3 inches deep and 1 inch wide must be cut in each end of the table, to receive the stem and stern posts, which must be fastened there with screws.

Now cut a notch ½ by 1 inch at the deck line in each mold, and sink a batten 16 feet by ½ by 1 inch in these notches, fastening it to the stem and stern posts, to serve as a guide in cutting the upper plank. Cut the rabbet to its full depth in stem and stern posts, getting the proper level by a piece of ¼ inch batten tacked to two or three molds, so that the end lies in the rabbet and serves as a guide in cutting. Then, using a similar strip in the same way, trim off the edge of the keel batten until it assumes the shape of the inside of the boat and forms a continuation of the rabbet in bow and stern posts.

Having cut this rabbet line accurately we are now ready for the planking.

It has been affirmed by many writers that the planking is the hardest portion of the canoe to construct, but the author has found it to be the easiest, if two rules are observed, viz.: to be sure and get a neat, close fit before nailing, and to be careful and not spring the planks. A plank may be bent and twisted in any direction except edgeways, but if bent (or sprung) edgeways, it is very likely to twist the boat out of shape.

To find the upper edge and the width of the garboard, or streak nearest the keel, tack a straight edged ¼ inch plank on mold No. 9, with its straight edge the desired width of the garboard, about 4 inches away from the keel. Then twist the ends down and sideways until they touch the bow and stern post, and clamp them fast, being careful not to spring the plank. Mark the place where the straight edge crosses each mold and the bow and stern posts, where it will probably be about 6 inches up.

Now to get a pattern for the garboard. Take one of your 18 foot boards and cut it into 9 foot planks. Trim off the end of one of these and tack it so that it lies in the stern rabbet and smoothly along the keel, fastening it to each mold. Do the same with the other bow, and firmly rivet the two where they cross, so as to make them practically one plank. Then, using a ruler, make a series of lines as shown in the drawing, 1 inch apart on bow and stern, and 2 to 6 inches along the keel. Set a pair of compasses at, say, 2 inches, and place one point in the rabbet at one of the marks, and the other point on the plank at the same mark, and make a mark for the place. Do this with each line. Mark the position of each mold on the board, and make a special mark on bow and stern, called a set mark, to set the plank by.

This operation of getting the pattern is technically termed "spiling," and the plank is called a "staff." It must be done very carefully, as upon its accuracy depends the fit and consequent neatness of the planking. Now take the staff off and tack it down on one of your best cedar planks, as shown in Fig. 3, and transfer the pattern to the board by reversing the operation given above, placing one point of the compass on the pattern, and marking where the other strikes the board. Mark the positions of molds and set mark to board, and remove the staff. Transfer the width of the garboard at each mold from the molds to the plank, adding ⅝ inch for lap. Run a line through all these points, and draw the curved ends by the pattern by which the bow and stern rabbets were cut, thus getting a pattern of the garboard.

Now cut the garboard out, being careful to cut just *to* the lines, and *not* through them. If the work of spiling, transferring, etc., has been done carefully, the plank will fit neatly without any trimming, and the same plank will fit both sides of the boat equally well. Being sure that this is the case, the other garboard is cut, using the first as a pattern.

Next bore ⅛ inch holes through the joints of stem and stem posts and keel, and put in a small plug, fitting tightly, and running clear through. These plugs are called "stop waters," and, as their name indicates, stop any water from following the seam.

Commencing at the stem, screw the garboards in place, setting them by the set mark on the stem post, and put an inch nail through into the keel batten, rivet fast, and screw the bow in place. The holes for nails and screws must all be bored, and the wood must be in contact before they are driven home, or else it will split. Bend the upper edge down carefully, and fasten it temporarily close to the mold with a nail or two.

To get the widths of the remaining four planks, divide the space on each mold between the garboard and the gunwale into four equal parts. Now take a spiling for the next pair of planks, in the same way, except the staff is in one piece, and the spiling is taken from ⅞ below the upper edge of the garboard. Transfer, mark widths at molds, cut and fit the same as the garboard. In fitting the ends, the upper outside edge of the garboard and the lower inner edge of the next strake must be beveled off for about 18 or 20 inches so as to diminish the projecting lap to nothing at the rabbet. The boards are fastened at these places with ½ inch copper tacks bent over, at the ends with screws and along the sides with ¾ inch copper nails driven home but not riveted. Put the nails 2 inches apart and have every third row inch nails. Proceed in the same way with the remaining planks.

Now shave down the bow and stern posts to ¼ inch thick at the ends and reduce the lower side of the keel at the bow to the width given in the table.

If you intend to use a centerboard the slot for it must be cut now, 5 feet 6 inches from the bow and 33 inches long. Now unscrew the molds from the keel and the molds and battens to which they were fastened from the table, and screw the boat, keel down, to the table. Put a 1 inch block under the bow and a ⅞ inch under the stern to give the keel its proper rock.

Now for the riveting up. Place the head of a heavy hammer or a block of iron against the head of the nail, press a burr down over the point of the nail and clinch the nail down tightly over the burr with a few strokes of a light hammer. Leave the rows of inch nails loose until the ribs are put in. Sandpaper the inside, and give a good coat of raw linseed oil.

(*To be continued.*)

AN IMPORTANT OMISSION.

The funny man of the *Binghamton Republican* satirizes a certain class of terrible adventure tale expressions in the following neat bit.

> We have received a story from a would be contributor in which the hero is crushed into impalpable nothing by a bear. That is all right enough, but the writer fails to state that the crushee saw "the glaring eyeballs of the enraged animal and felt its hot breath on his cheek." The glaring eyeball and hot breath racket must always accompany that story. People expect all the extras with their goods.

IN SUMMER TIME.

In summer time—the very words
Call up a thousand visions bright-
Fair is the land, for summer girds
The world with loveliness and light.
The flowers awaken at her touch,
The birds tell out their sweetest lay;
They cannot chant her praise too much,
From early dawn to evening gray.

How pleasant, near a purling stream
By tender greenery o'erhung,
To sit beneath the shade and dream,
While the coy woodlark's silver tongue,
The whispering wind, the humming bee,
And babbling brook together chime;
Yes, earth is full of harmony,
And sings for joy in summer time.

◆◆◆

[*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 XIV.

A DISASTER ON LAKE MINNETONKA.

TREES on the Lake Park peninsula were beginning to bend under the force of the tempest, and some of them were breaking, as others were torn up by the roots and carried into the lake; while upon the water rose a mist on the surface, stirred up by the fury of the wind.

The roaring sound continued to increase as the storm swept down upon the lake, and soon the Excelsior was hidden from the view of the pilot of the Hebe by the rising mist from the water. Captain Greenway put the helm of the steamer hard over, and the boat came about, heeling well over on the starboard side as she did so; but she pointed her head directly into the wind before the full strength of the blast reached her.

The first heavy puffs swept over the surface of the lake, making a swift moving line as the tempest invaded the smooth water; but a violent agitation of the lake followed almost instantly, as the fury of the squall was brought to bear upon it. The roar of the tempest continued to increase, and the waves began to pile themselves up in white caps, till the sea looked very dangerous to the engineer, who was watching the advent of the storm with all his eyes.

Captain Greenway stood firmly holding the wheel with his gaze fixed on the lake ahead of the boat, ready for anything, and, as he had rung his speed bell after he came about, the steamer was making but little headway; but the moment the craft began to feel the force of the tempest, he rang again for full speed.

The waves increased in force till they came sweeping down upon the Hebe with tremendous force; but Captain Greenway kept her headed directly into the wind, so that she leaped up and down like a fiery steed on the plain. The pilot could no longer see the shore of the peninsula, fully a mile distant, and the Excelsior had also disappeared in the thick mist that hung like a veil over the face of the waters; but the other steamer had been headed into the wind when last seen, and the captain had no doubt she was doing as well as his own craft in the tempest.

The motion of the Hebe was something tremendous for a boat of her size, and the captain had to hold on tight at the wheel, and the engineer to a stanchion, to avoid being pitched over by the leaping and plunging of the vessel.

"I call this pretty rough," shouted Bashy, raising his voice to the highest pitch in order to be heard above the uproar of the storm.

"Rather; but it is all right. See that your fire is doing well, and engine well oiled," replied Captain Greenway, in the same loud tone.

"I will look out for my end of the steamer, never you fear," returned Bashy, who did not like to be bossed in his own department any better than most other people. "My end will not go to the bottom till yours does."

"Keep your eyes open, and don't talk any more till there is something to say," added the captain, rather impatiently, for he had his hands full to keep the steamer from broaching to in the heavy sea, as he was willing to admit that it was, in spite of his general contempt for fresh water navigation.

The Hebe made very little progress through the water, though she carried a full head of steam, for the force of the hurricane offered a tremendous resistance to her progress; but she was not losing anything, as the captain realized when he frequently looked back at the Excelsior shore, for this was the name of the town opposite to the peninsula.

The extreme fierceness of the tempest did not continue more than a few minutes, and Captain Greenway soon noticed a decided reduction in the force of the wind, which was also indicated by the greater progress of the steam yacht through the water, as she increased her distance from the shore. The rain began to fall in sheets rather than in torrents, and it was so thick ahead that the pilot had no little difficulty in seeing where he was going, though he had resorted to his compass to assist him in keeping a straight course.

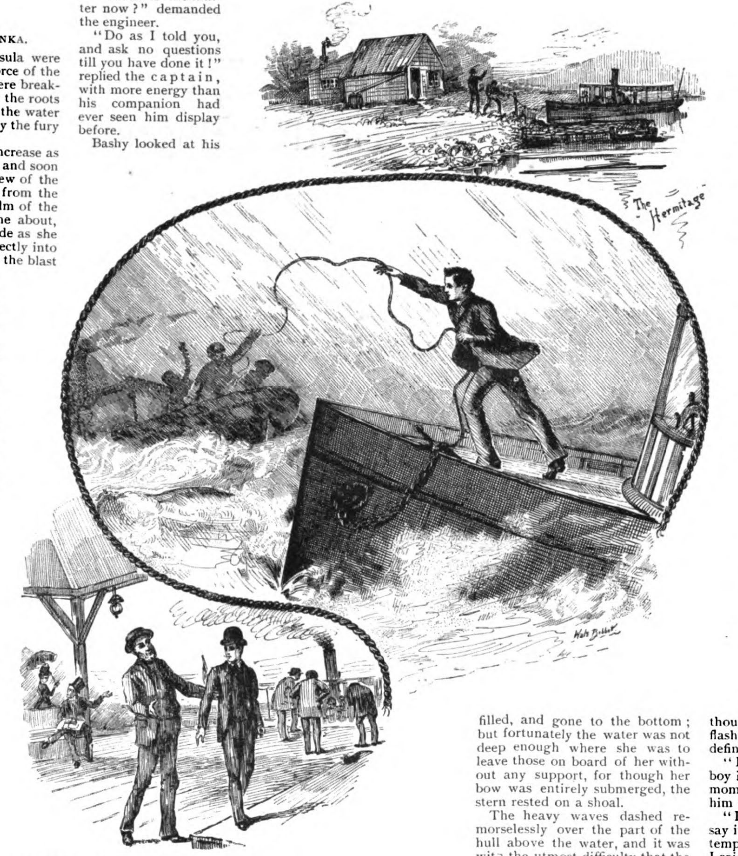
Suddenly, out of the thick atmosphere made by the rain and the mist, came several quick blasts from a steam whistle, which he concluded were from the Excelsior, for she must be directly ahead of the Hebe; and they were immediately followed by a succession of screams from females, which seemed to settle the origin of the call for assistance as given by the whistle.

It was evident enough to Captain Greenway that the Excelsior had met with some mishap, and if he had been in a talking mood he would have been willing to volunteer an opinion in regard to the nature of the disaster.

"More steam, Bashy! All you can get at a reasonable risk!" shouted the pilot at the top of his lungs through the after window of the pilot house.

"What is the matter now?" demanded the engineer.

"Do as I told you, and ask no questions till you have done it!" replied the captain, with more energy than his companion had ever seen him display before.



CAPTAIN GREENWAY THREW A LINE TO THE SHIPWRECKED STEAMER.

Bashy looked at his steam gauge, and then shoveled more coal into the furnace, arranging the drafts so that the fire would do its best. When he had done this, he looked ahead to see what had caused this order to be given, for he had not heard the screams of the ladies as they came over the stormy sea.

He could see nothing, any more than the captain, and no whistle followed the series that had been given a few minutes before; but a moment later, the ladies again rent the air with their screams, as though some new peril had overtaken them.

"I'll bet a wooden jackknife the Excelsior has gone to the bottom!" yelled Bashy, fearfully excited by the fact he pictured in his mind.

"Mind the engine, and don't let the fire down! Don't speak a word again!" returned Captain Greenway, in an earnest tone.

"Can't we do something for them?" shouted the engineer.

"Not unless you hold your tongue and mind what you are about! Stick close to the engine!" replied the pilot, without even turning his head.

As the hurricane continued to moderate, the Hebe made better progress through the water, and the screams, still continued, were more distinct, and rendered it clear to the captain that the ladies at least were not drowned or drowning.

The furnace roared in the fresh draft which the gale gave it, and shook with the fury of the intense heat, while the smoke stack belched forth dense volumes from the soft coal which supplied the fire, making a dense black streak, beaten down by the rain, that reached to the shore astern of the boat.

Bashy was attending closely to his duty, and, after the admonition given him, he did not again attempt to see what was ahead of the steamer, for he could not do so without leaving the hissing, shaking boiler, and he thought that being scalded to death by the explosion of the strained apparatus was even worse than being drowned in the cool waters of the lake.

Besides, the decision and energy displayed by the young captain had produced a strong impression on his mind, and he was more than willing to believe that the stout fellow in the pilot house was master of the situation.

In a few minutes more Captain Greenway discovered the hapless Excelsior, or what there was of her above water, with the crew and passengers clinging to her. From her position it was evident to the pilot of the Hebe that she had got into the trough of the sea, rolled over, filled, and gone to the bottom; but fortunately the water was not deep enough where she was to leave those on board of her without any support, for though her bow was entirely submerged, the stern rested on a shoal.

The heavy waves dashed remorselessly over the part of the hull above the water, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the ladies could avoid being wrenched from their hold.

"Stand by to catch a line!" shouted Captain Greenway, as the steamer approached the wreck on the lee side; and at the right time he rang to stop her, and rushing from the pilot house he seized a heave line, and succeeded in throwing it so that the captain of the Excelsior caught it, and made it fast.

On the lee side the water was comparatively smooth; the Hebe was brought alongside the wreck, and all hands were safely transferred to her deck. Captain Greenway cast off the line, and in a few minutes more he had conveyed the terrified party to the wharf at Lake Park.

"Why, Conny Forbush!" suddenly exclaimed one of the ladies, throwing her arms around the neck of the young captain.

"A mistake, madam; I never saw you before in my life," he replied.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HERMIT OF MINNETONKA.

CAPTAIN GREENWAY, of the Hebe, was, or appeared to be, very much astonished at the conduct of the lady who had thrown her arms around his neck, and clung to him as though he had been one of the long lost sons of the novels.

The woman was all of forty years of age, though she had not yet lost all her good looks, and her dress and manner indicated that she was a lady in every sense of the word; but she was wet to the skin, and was not in condition to make the best impression upon a stranger.

From the elegance of her drabbled garments, and the jewelry she wore, including large diamond drops in her ears, one might easily have believed that she was wealthy, to say nothing of the fact that she and her companion were voyaging alone in a steam yacht on the lake.

The other lady was not as richly dressed as the one who had suddenly become so demonstrative towards the captain of the Hebe; and from her manner, even under the trying circumstances of this occasion, one might have concluded that she was simply the humble companion of a wealthy lady, to whom she had taken a fancy.

"I am sure you are mistaken, madam," repeated Captain Greenway, with an effort to disengage himself from the arms of the lady. "My name is not Forbush, if that is what you called me, and I don't think I ever heard of it before."

Without wholly releasing him from her grasp with both hands, the richly dressed lady held him off at arm's length from her, and gazed earnestly into his handsome face.

"You are not Conny Forbush?" said she, shaking her head slightly to indicate her incredulity.

"I am not, madam; and I am quite sure I never saw you before in all my life," replied Captain Greenway, smiling at the earnestness of the lady, though he was not a little embarrassed at the scene in the presence of the crowd of spectators who had gathered around the party from the wreck of the Excelsior.

"You never saw me before, Conny! How can you say that?" demanded the lady, evidently very much distressed by the denial of the youthful captain of the Hebe.

"I can say it because it is strictly true, madam. I do not know you, and cannot even call you by name," persisted the captain.

"I am utterly astonished and deeply grieved to have you treat me in this manner," added the dripping lady, who seemed to forget her condition, though she occasionally shivered with the cold from the effect of the bath she had taken on board of the steamer.

"I am sorry to give you pain, madam, but I can only assure you that I speak the truth," added he.

"Can you say that you did not live with me in Philadelphia for several years?" demanded the lady, looking at him with even more earnestness than before, as if she thought her question would carry conviction to the mind of the obstinate commander of the Hebe.

"I can only reply that I never was in Philadelphia in my life," protested the young pilot.

"Is it possible that you can be so bold as to deny it, Conny?" asked the lady, with a slight wrinkling of her brow into a frown, as she concentrated her gaze anew on the face of the young man.

"My name is not Conny!" exclaimed the captain, rather impatiently, as he renewed his effort to break away from her, for the presence of the crowd under the roof, where they had fled to escape the rain, became more annoying to him.

But he had hardly uttered the words before he fixed his gaze on the plank floor of the building; his forehead contracted, and he seemed to be in deep thought, as though something had suddenly flashed on his mind; something that was too indefinite to be resolved into a clear idea.

"How can you deny your own name, my boy?" she interposed, after looking at him a moment, as if expecting his thoughts would lead him to acknowledge his name.

"I could not if my name were Conny, as you say it is," replied the captain, giving up the attempt to embody the indefinite idea. "And, as I said, I do not even know your name, madam."

"Have you looked at him, Joanna?" continued the lady, turning to her companion, who was shivering at her side with the cold.

"I have looked at him, Mrs. Forbush; and I have no more doubt than you have. But I am afraid you will catch your death of cold, and you had better go to the hotel at once," replied the plainer woman of the two, whose status as a "companion" seemed to be fixed by the lady's manner of addressing her.

"But I would not lose sight of this young man for anything in the world," replied Mrs. Forbush, with a convulsive shiver as she spoke.

"Perhaps he will consent to see you after you have put off your wet clothes?" suggested Joanna, putting it as a question to the captain as much as a reply to her employer.

"I shall be very happy to see the lady again, though she is utterly mistaken in regard to my identity, and I am as much puzzled as she is," replied Captain Greenway, anxious to escape the scrutiny of the assembled crowd, for there was a little history connected with his residence at Lake Minnetonka which stimulated the curiosity of the regular inhabitants of the locality.

"I shall be very grateful to you if you will call upon me in half an hour at the Lake Park Hotel," said Mrs. Forbush, looking very anxiously at the young man, as though she feared to lose sight of him even for the brief period indicated by herself.

"I will do so, Mrs. Forbush, without fail," replied the captain, noticing the extreme solicitude she betrayed in her expression.

"I have not forgotten the debt of obligation I am under to you for saving us from the wreck of the steamer, for I am sure we should all have been drowned if you had not come to our assistance," continued the lady. "I desire to express my gratitude to you in some more substantial manner than in mere words."

"Never mind that, madam; of course I could not help doing what I did."

"We will speak of that when I see you again; but you will not fail to come to me at the hotel, will you?" pleaded the lady, evidently fearing that the young fellow was annoyed by her demonstrations, and might desire to escape from any further expression of her feelings towards him.

"I will not fail to be at the hotel in just half an hour," replied the pilot, consulting his watch. "You may depend upon me."

Mrs. Forbush and her companion walked towards the hotel, attended by the proprietor, who had come down to the wharf to ascertain what mischief had been done by the hurricane, for such it had been for a few minutes, though it would ordinarily be designated as only a severe squall.

The crowd on the wharf, composed of boatmen and employees of the hotel, as well as guests of the Lake Park and the cottages, looked at the captain of the Hebe with no little interest, for, though he had been a dweller at the lake for over a month, he had never been seen in the vicinity of any hotel before.

All that had been ascertained in regard to him was that he lived in a kind of shanty at the extreme western point of the lake, on a little neck of land that projected out into Halsted's Bay, a portion of the lake which was but seldom visited at this time by any save an occasional fisherman.

The owner of the Hebe, on account of financial troubles, had been unable to retain her, and she had been bought by Bashy for his employer at a very low price early in the season; and he also purchased the finest row boat that could be had in Minneapolis, where very elegant ones are built.

Captain Greenway kept himself away from everybody, and if any one attempted to visit him at his shanty, which the engineer had christened The Hermitage, after reading the life of Andrew Jackson, the owner and occupant "took to the woods," for he did not wish to see any one.

The shanty was comfortably furnished, and in a more substantial manner than mere campers out would consider necessary, and contained three very small rooms, one of which served for a kitchen and living room, while each of the occupants had a chamber to himself.

Every day except Sunday the captain made a trip to some distant part of the lake, seldom landing; and his exclusive habits had caused his nearest neighbor to call him The Hermit of Minnetonka.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CAPTAIN LUBBOCK.

EVEN Bashy knew nothing at all of the history of his employer, and it had been part of the trade made when he was engaged that he should not talk about the affairs of the occupant of the Hermitage, for the captain accepted this name, and gratified his assistant by frequently using it.

The real name of the engineer was Wabash Wingstone, which had been given to him by the facetious clerk of a steamer on the Ohio River, after he had been picked up from a burning boat, near the mouth of the river which supplied his Christian name, the surname being that of the steamer destroyed.

No one claimed him, and he was not old enough to give his own name, so that it was clear that he was the son of poor people who had perished in the destruction of the Wingstone. The colored stewardess took a fancy to him, and the passengers on the boat made up a purse of sixty dollars for him.

Then he was adopted by one of the engineers, who sent him to school in Cincinnati for a few years; but the youth liked the deck of a steamer better than he did his books, and he had spent most of his life near an engine, so that he learned in a practical manner all about steam and the machinery.

Three years before the advent of the hermit at Minnetonka the owner of the Hebe had seen him on board of the steamer where he was serving as a sort of assistant, and had engaged him to go to the lake; and Captain Greenway had found him on board of the boat when he went to Excelsior to look at her.

Bashy, as everybody called him—for "Wabash" is not pronounced in the West as some of the dictionaries have it, "Wau-bosh," but "Wau-bash," as though the last three letters were the name of a certain tree—Bashy rather liked the mystery which enveloped the captain, as he called him from the moment he bought the Hebe for him, and his lips were as tightly sealed as though he had been under a solemn oath of secrecy.

He had been engaged not only as the engineer of the steamer, but as a general assistant about the Hermitage, and he never objected to any kind of work that was required of him, for the hermit treated him with the utmost kindness, did not put on airs, and made him his equal in all things, except the secret of his earlier history, and paid him promptly all the wages he had asked for his services.

Bashy had an easy time of it, and he liked the life he lived much better than being at the beck and call of a score of passengers and an employer who looked down upon him as though he had been a servant.

After living with him a month, Bashy did not believe there was another person in the world that could at all compare with Captain Greenway, and the experience of the day of the hurricane had deepened his devotion and appreciation even to intensity.

When the pilot and his passengers went on shore at the pier, Bashy, like a faithful engineer, remained at his post; and he had heard nothing of the remarkable claim to his acquaintance of Mrs. Forbush, and he was wiping the machine all the time during the absence of the hermit.

The captain was not inclined to make any talk with the people of the wharf, a considerable portion of which was roofed over, with stands for cake, candy, and mild drinks, as well as offices and store rooms for the boatmen. He was making his way to the Hebe as diligently as he could, without answering the numerous questions which were put to him, or rather at him, when the captain of the Excelsior took him by the arm, and insisted upon speaking with him.

"You handled your boat as though you were used to heavy blows," said Captain Lubbock, with a smile of appreciation on his bronzed face.

"I am used to heavy gales, and even hurricanes," answered Captain Greenway, still moving towards the pier where the Hebe lay, as he cast an uneasy glance at the crowd on the wharf. "Will you come on board of my boat, captain?"

The captain of the wrecked steamer accepted the invitation, and the gallant young fellow conducted him on board of the Hebe.

"I have seen your steamer, but I have not met you before," said the visitor, as he seated himself in the cushioned chair set for him in the little cabin.

"I am not much acquainted here," added the captain of the Hebe. "I don't exactly understand how your boat happened to come to grief," he added, wishing to change the subject to one less personal.

"I thought I should get to the wharf before the blow came on; but when I found I could not, I decided to get into the bay on the south of Big Island, under the lee of the shore," replied the captain of the Excelsior, who really wanted to tell his more fortunate companion how the disaster happened to him. "I threw over the wheel to head her to the northward, and as soon as she came about she began to roll till she took all the bay on board of her."

"Of course she did," added Captain Greenway, quietly. "Your coming about in such a sea was a fatal mistake. I beg you will excuse me if I speak too bluntly."

"Bluntly or not, I like to have a fellow tell me just what he thinks," added he of the Excelsior. "But I should like to have you tell me what else I could have done, for it was blowing a hurricane, and I thought the steamer was going to dive down to the bottom, never to come up again. I never was out in anything like this before."

"It certainly blew about as hard as it can blow; but I believe the top of the water is the proper place for a steamer, and that she ought to stay there as long as nothing breaks," said he of the Hebe, though there was nothing offensive in his manner as he delivered himself of his criticism.

"That is all very well; but if you are caught out in it, what can you do?" demanded the captain of the wrecked boat, who fully believed that it was the will of that Power who rules the storm that his boat should go to the bottom, and that nothing he could do would have saved her from her fate.

"When you changed your course you lost the battle with the tempest; that is, when you put her into the trough of the sea; for no boat of the size of the Hebe or the Excelsior, with an engine and boiler on her bottom, could stand such treatment as that. When I saw your boat on the top of the water for the last time, you were headed directly for this pier, and there was no good reason in the world why you should not have gone to it."

"But she was leaping like a galloping horse, burying her nose in the water, and then lifting her head way up into the air so that I could not see anything over the bow; and the sea went over her from one end to the other," replied Captain Lubbock, his eyes almost sticking out of his head as he recalled the terrific scene. "I never saw anything like it in my born days."

"The water that went from stem to stern was nothing but spray, and that doesn't hurt anything. As long as you kept her head up to the sea you cheated the waves out of all their power by exposing only your sharp bow to them. It will not do to let a small craft like these steam yachts get into the trough of the sea."

"I don't know but you are right," replied the captain of the Excelsior, musing. "I did not have any trouble as long as I kept her head to the sea, as you say. The fact is that I don't know much about this business, for I was brought up on a farm. I bought that boat because I thought I could make some money with her in the summer; and I hired a man to run her till I thought I knew as much about steamboating as he did; and I got along very well till today. I suppose I am out just what that boat cost me."

"Not at all; she can be raised, and be as good as ever she was after she has been cleaned up," said Captain Greenway. "Do you know this lady that claims to be acquainted with me, though I never saw her before in my life?"

"I only know that she is a rich lady from Philadelphia, a widow, and that she hires my boat almost every day in the week, and never finds any fault with the price I charge her. But, captain, this day's work will ruin me, if you tell others what you have said to me," continued Captain Lubbock, anxiously.

"Not a word from me to any one. It is time for me to go to her."

Captain Greenway went ashore, and walked up to the hotel.

(*To be continued.*)

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CONCEIT.

BY LOUISE HOUGHTON.

THE shallow brook
That o'er its pebbles, brawling, runs away,
And turns with every break of land or stone,
Vexing the air with plaint of heavy burden
While but froth and straws it carries,
Knows not the deep, still lake so near,
That, silent, covers its unnumbered dead,
While on its broad breast, to and fro,
The thousand ships of commerce go.
So our lives.
The narrow mind, loud voiced o'er petty things,
Knows not the silent souls anear—
Dreams not of depths or heights beyond its own,
Or burdens borne in patient stillness.

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[*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 XXIX.

ILLAPA.

SEEING Garcia and his Indian followers gathered in a body, just within the mouth of the cave, Tom and I shrank back in the darkness of the cavern to a spot where we could see them, without any risk of being ourselves seen.

Garcia was urging the Indians forward, but they were evidently afraid to venture into the home of their superstitious terrors.

We heard the don utter what was evidently an angry order to advance.

"No, no, no!" chorused the Indians, giving vent to their negative in a wild despairing fashion.

Then they all threw themselves upon their knees upon the rocky floor and began to crawl back.

Garcia raged and stormed, but it soon became evident that if he explored the passage where we were, it must be alone. Superstitious dread was evidently at the bottom of it all, and I breathed more freely as I felt that, for the present, unless he could overcome his companions' terror, we were safe.

The Indians seemed to be willing enough though to pursue the other route, for as soon as they went back to the cave's mouth they began pointing up at the dark passage which led to the bird chamber, and gesticulating. Feeling probably that he must submit, Garcia changed the position of his sentinels, intending apparently to leave them to guard the passage where we were.

But here again there was a new difficulty; when the men found that the others were to depart, they refused at once to be left alone, and at last, after striking one of them down, Garcia had to submit, and sprang up the rocks, torch in hand, followed by all but two, the stricken man and another, who hastily retreated towards the mouth of the cavern.

We were safe yet, and I felt quite hopeful as I thought of what an advantage we, as defenders, possessed in the darkness over an attacking party advancing light in hand. The sight, too, of the superstitious terror of the Indians was cheering, and I again felt assured that should Garcia persevere in his determination to search our part of the cave, he would have to seek other companions, or else come alone.

"Tom," I said then, gently, "we have been away some time now; creep back to my uncle and tell him quietly that the Indians are in the cave, but at present there is no danger to fear. Ask him, though, to put out the light in case they should come this way."

Tom made no answer, but crept away directly, leaving me in that thick darkness watching for the return of the enemy, and wondering whether we should succeed in getting safely away.

My heart sank as I thought of our peril, with the cunning of the savage and the European mingled to fight against us; while, as to our position, we could set them, I was sure, at defiance here; but could we escape to the river?

I still hoped that they would not penetrate our part, forcing us to take to the raft; and at times I began to wonder whether it would not be better to resist their entrance for the sake of saving the mules, unless we could compel these to swim after the raft.

My reverie was broken by the return of Tom.

"All right, Harry," he said; "they're in the dark now; but I think Miss Lilla was disappointed because you didn't go. I'll keep watch if you'd like to go."

If I'd like to go! I fought down the desire, though, just as a distant echoing murmur, ever increasing, fell upon our ears, and we knew that the searchers were on their way back.

Another minute, and with their last torch burning dimly, they were scrambling down from the rift to the cavern chamber, and then hurrying away as fast as the obscurity would allow.

The hours glided by, and at last it became manifest that there was to be no further search that night, so, with Tom, I cautiously made my way to the mouth of the cavern. I found that the enemy had made their bivouac just by the barrier, a bright fire illumining the broad arch, and ruddying the swarthy faces that clustered round, some standing, some lying about upon the sand, while a couple were evidently sentries, and stood motionless a little farther in, gazing towards the interior of the cave.

"No more visitors tonight," whispered Tom.

Together we crept back—no light task—through the densely black maze, but at last we felt our way to where we had watched. Tom undertook to be the first guard, and I continued my journey to where Lilla, wearied out, was fast sleeping in her mother's arms.

I told my uncle how we were situated, and then, after partaking of the refreshment he offered me, I lay down for a couple of hours' sleep; but I'm afraid I far exceeded a couple of hours before I awoke with a start, to try and recall where we were. Soon after I was at Tom's side, and found that he had twice been to the cave mouth to see the sentries still posted, and the rest of the Indian party sleeping round the fire.

I should think that four hours must have elapsed, and then, at one and the same moment, I heard Tom's whisper and saw the distant glimmer of approaching lights.

"Look out, Harry!"

The lights grew brighter moment by moment, and then we could see once more the party of Indians coming slowly forward, headed by Garcia, upon whose fierce face the light of the torch he carried flashed again and again.

But it soon became evident that the Indians were advancing very unwillingly; and more than once, when, alarmed by the light, one of the great birds went flapping and screaming by, there was a suppressed yell, and the men crowded together as if for mutual protection.

At last they stood together in the center of the vault, and Garcia made a hasty survey, pausing at last by the passage, where we watched him hold up his light and peer down it, and then turn to his companions.

The conversation we could not understand, but it was evident that Garcia was urging them to follow him, and that they refused.

"Say, Harry," whispered Tom, "why, if we could be in the bird chamber and fire off both guns, how those Indians would cut and run like a lot of schoolboys."

"Hist!" I said softly.

For Garcia was now evidently appealing most strongly to one who appeared to be the leader of the Indians—a tall, bronzed giant, who pointed, waved his arms about, and made some long reply.

"I'd give something to understand all that, Harry," whispered Tom.

"He says that if the senor's enemies and the searchers for the sacred treasure are in this direction, the great spirit who dwells in this part of the cave has flown with them down into the great hole that reaches right through the world."

"Uncle!" I exclaimed, as he whispered these words close to our ears.

"I was uneasy about you, Harry," he replied. "But who is that—Garcia? Ah! he will never get the Indians to come here. They dread this gloomy place, and believe it is full of the departed souls of their tribe. I have heard that they will never come beyond a certain point, and this must be the point."

Standing where we did we could plainly see all that was taking place, even to the working of the excited countenances. Garcia was evidently furious with disappointment, and, as my uncle afterwards informed me, spared neither taunt nor promise in his endeavors to to get the Indians forward, telling them that they risked far more from their gods by leaving the treasure takers unpunished than by going in there after them. He told them that they must proceed now—that it was imperative, and as he spoke in a low, deep voice, it gave us a hint as to our own remarks, for the cavern was like some great whispering gallery, and the words came plainly to us, though few of them were intelligible to my ear.

All Garcia's efforts seemed to be in vain, and the Indians were apparently about to return, when our enemy made a last appeal.

"No," said the Indian, who was certainly the leader; "we have done our part. We have chased them to the home of the great god Illapa, and he will punish them. They took away the great treasure, but have they not brought it back? It would be offending him, and bringing down his wrath upon us, if we did more. If the treasure seekers should escape, then we would seize them; but they will not, for yonder is the great void where Illapa dwells; and those who in olden times once dared to go as far were swallowed up in the great home of thunder."

The Indian spoke reverently, and with a display of dignity, beside which the rage and gesticulations of Garcia looked contemptible.

As a last resource it seemed to strike him that he would once more have the bird chamber searched, and, appealing to the Indians, they unwillingly climbed up to the ledge for the second time, and disappeared through the rift, leaving Garcia, torch in one hand and pistol in the other, guarding the passage where we crouched; now walking to and fro, now coming close up to enter a few yards, holding his light above his head; but darkness and silence were all that greeted him.

I trembled, though, lest he should hear the whinnying of the mules, which, though distant, might have reached to where he stood. At last, to our great relief, he stepped back into the vault, and began to pace to and fro.

CHAPTER XXX.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

FOR full two hours Garcia walked impatiently up and down there by the torch he had stuck in the sand at the mouth of the passage, and then came the murmurs of the returning voices of the savages, accompanied by shriek after shriek of the frightened birds, scared by the lights which were intruding upon their domain.

As the searching party descended, Garcia hurried toward them, seeing evidently at a glance that they had no tidings, but now using every art he could command to persuade the chief to follow him. He pointed and gesticulated, asserting apparently that he felt a certainty of our being in the farther portion of the passage where his torch was struck. But always there was the same grave courtesy, mingled with a solemnity of demeanor on the chief's part, as if the subject of the inner cavern was not to be approached without awe.

"We are safe, Harry," my uncle breathed in my ear at last.

For it was plain that, satisfied that their work was done, the Indians were about to depart, when, apparently half mad with rage and disappointment, Garcia cocked the pistols he had in his belt, replaced them, and then, gun in one hand and torch in the other, he strode towards the passage, evidently with the intention of exploring it alone.

The next moment a wild and mournful cry arose from the savage party, while their chief seemed staggered at Garcia's boldness. Recovering himself, he dashed forward, caught the halfbreed by the arm, and strove to drag him back.

A fierce struggle ensued, during which, for a few moments, the Indian proved the stronger. Garcia's torch was extinguished, and the savage held him by clasping his arms tightly round his waist. Then, with an effort, Garcia shook his adversary off, snatched up a torch stuck in the sand, and was already half a dozen yards down the passage, with our party in full retreat, when, with a yell of horror, the chief bounded after him, overtook him, and the struggle began anew.

An instant more and Garcia's gun exploded, raising a roar of thundering echoes that was absolutely terrific. Rolling volley after volley seemed to follow one another with the rapidity of thought, the very cavern appeared about to be crushed in; and, as we paused for an instant to gaze back, we could see the chief and all his followers upon their knees, their faces bent to the sand, and a dismal wailing chorus of "Illapa! Illapa! Illapa!"—the Indians' name for the god of thunder—could be heard mingling with the rolling of the echoes.

The chief was in the same position, with a burning torch close to his head, for which Garcia now returned, and stood for a moment hesitating, as he gazed at the prostrate figures behind.

Would he dare to come on? Or would he retreat? These were now the questions we asked ourselves.

The answer came in an instant, for Garcia was coming slowly on. He paused for a few minutes when he reached the spot where we had watched from, and, stooping behind the rocks, reloaded his piece; then, with his light above his head and his gun held ready, he pressed on, lighting us, though we were invisible to him, as we kept about fifty yards in advance.

Twice over Tom wanted to fire; but he was restrained, for we hoped that, moment by moment, Garcia would hesitate and turn back. But no; there was still the fierce satanic face, with its retiring forehead and short black hair, glistening in the torchlight, ever coming forward out of the darkness, peering right and left, the torch now held down to seek for footprints in the sand, now to search behind some mass of crags.

On came the light, nearer and nearer, illumining the gloomy passage, and sending before it the dark shadows of the rocks in many a grotesque form.

From where I stooped I could just catch sight of the sardonic face, with its rolling eyes, which scanned every cranny and crag. Twenty yards—ten yards—five yards—he was close at hand now, when from far off came the low whinny of a mule, followed directly by another.

In an instant Garcia stopped short to listen. Then the sardonic smile on his face grew more pronounced, and, casting off his hesitation, he once more stepped forward nearer—nearer, till his torch, elevated as it was, shed its light upon us.

But he did not yet distinguish us from the rock around, and the next two steps bore him past, when his eye fell upon the flash of light from my gun barrel, and, with an ejaculation in Spanish, he turned upon me, and we were face to face.

Almost instantly Tom's coat was over his head, the torch fell to the ground, to lie burning feebly upon the soil, there was a fierce struggle and the swaying to and fro of wrestlers, the torch was trampled out, and then in the darkness there was the sound of a heavy fall, and, panting with exertion, Tom exclaimed:

"I'm sitting on his head, Harry, and he can't bite now. Just you tie his legs together with your handkerchief."

I had thrown the gun aside, and, in spite of a few frantic plunges, succeeded in firmly binding the ankles of the prostrate man together.

"Now, Harry," whispered Tom, "take hold of one arm—hold it tight—and we'll turn him over on his face, and tie his hands behind his back. Hold tight, for he's a slippery fellow, and he'll make another fight for it. He got away from me once, but I had him again directly. Now, then, over with him! Here, ask your uncle to hold his legs down."

There was a heave, a struggle, and then a half suffocated voice exclaimed:

"Tom! Harry! Are you both mad?"

"Oh, Tom!" I ejaculated; "what have you done?"

"Caught the wrong bird, Harry, and no mistake," muttered Tom, as he hastily set my uncle at liberty. "It was that darkness that did it. Garcia slipped away like an eel just as the light went out."

"Never mind," gasped my uncle. "But what muscles you boys have!"

"He did not go toward the entrance," I whispered excitedly, "and I have his gun. If we are careful we shall have him yet."

Then I could not help shuddering as I rejoiced over the merciful policy we had determined upon; for I thought how easily we might have caused the death of one of our own party.

"It was an unlucky mistake, lads," whispered my uncle; "but we must have him, living or dead."

The rest of the way to where we had left the companions of our trial was so narrow that by pressing cautiously forward I knew that we must encounter Garcia sooner or later.

As we reached the part where the track ran along a ledge, we divided, Tom continuing to walk along the ledge to where it terminated in the rocky tongue over the great gulf, while my uncle and I, trembling for those we loved, continued our search by the side of the little stream till we were where the passage widened into the vault where the mules were concealed. Then I stopped short, my uncle going forward to search the vault, while I stayed to cut off the enemy's retreat, or to spring up the ledge to the help of Tom.

I heard my uncle's whisper, and one or two timid replies, and then came an interval of anxious silence before my uncle crept back to me.

"I have been all over the place, as near as I can tell, Harry," he whispered. "Can he have passed us?"

"Impossible!" I said. "Uncle, we must have a light."

Without a word my uncle glided away; then I heard a rustle as of paper; there was the faint glow of a match dipped in a phosphorus bottle, the illumination of a large loose piece of paper, and then a torch was lit, showing us Garcia standing upon the extreme verge of the rocky point over the gulf. At the same moment he drew the trigger of a pistol, to produce only a flash of the pan, which revealed to him his perilous position.

"Senor Garcia!" I cried loudly, as I climbed up to join Tom on the ledge which he must pass, "you are standing with a great gulf behind and on either side. A step is certain death. You are our prisoner!"

With a howl like that of a wild beast he raised his other pistol and fired—the report echoing fearfully from the great abyss. Then, darting forward, he leaped upon Tom, overturned him, and the next moment he was upon me, and we were in a deadly embrace, rolling down the side of the ledge, over and over in our fierce struggle, till we reached the little stream, whose waters were soon foaming around us.

Garcia was active as one of the jaguars of the forest hard by; but I was young, and my muscles were pretty tough. And, besides, a faint shriek that I had heard as he dashed at me had given me nerve for the struggle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FLIGHT FROM THE CAVE.

IT is hard to say, though, who would have gained the upper hand, for my principal efforts were directed at preventing him from drawing his knife, while I had his arms fast to his side, he all the while striving to free himself.

I began to be hopeful, though, at last, when, by a feint, he got me beneath him, and the next moment he had forced my head beneath the icy waters of the little stream. Very few minutes would have sufficed, for I could feel myself growing weaker: but there was help at hand. We were dragged out, and by the time I had recovered myself sufficiently to wring the water from my eyes, and, with my temples throbbing, to gaze about, there was Garcia pinned to the ground by Tom, whose foot was upon the villain's throat, and his gun barrel pointed at his head.

"Now, then, Harry," said Tom, "we've got the right one this time, anyhow. Here, come and stick your torch in here, Mr. Landell, and we'll soon make it right."

My uncle did as he was requested; and then, once more, Garcia made a savage fight for his liberty.

But it was in vain; and while I helped to hold him down, Tom tightly bound his legs, my uncle performing the same operation with the prisoner's hands.

"That's no good, Mr. Landell," said Tom. "He'll wriggle them loose in no time. Look here, I'll show you. Turn him over."

There was no heed paid to the savage glare nor the muttered Spanish oaths of our prisoner, as he was forced over on his face. Producing some string, Tom placed Garcia's hands back to back, and then tightly tied his thumbs and his little fingers together with the stout twine. A handkerchief was next bound round the wrists, and Tom rose.

"He won't get over that, Mr. Landell. He'll lie there as long as we like; and he may thank his stars that he has got off so well. And now, Harry, I propose that we all go back and see what the Indians are doing; and if they are not gone, why, we'll all fire our guns off one after the other. That will scare them into fits."

Tom's advice found favor; but it was not until I had thoroughly satisfied myself of the security of my enemy's bonds that I had the heart to leave.

Then, and then only, we crept cautiously back, till, after a long and painful walk, we perceived the faint glow from the burning torches in the vault of the entrance to the bird chamber, and on making our way once more, as near as we dared go, we could see that the Indians were clustered together, and anxiously watching the passage.

Stepping back, then, thirty or forty paces, we fired off six barrels in quick succession, with an effect that startled even ourselves. Had the thundering roar been followed by the falling in of block after block of stone, I, for one, should not have been surprised.

It seemed as though the noise would never cease; but when, with the last reverberation dying away, we crept forward, it was only to find that there was darkness everywhere, for the Indians to the last man had fled.

It was with a feeling of thankfulness that can be well understood that we returned once more to the small cavern, to seek the rest and refreshment of which we were all so much in need.

The words of encouragement we were able to utter respecting our present safety were most thoroughly needed, while the lights we now ventured to burn took off something of the sense of oppression caused by the darkness.

Our arrangements were soon made for one to be always on guard, and, trusting to the dread of the Indians for our safety in other directions, we gladly partook of the welcome rest.

At the end of some hours we were seated together to consult upon our future operations, and arrived at the decision that the sooner we set off the better, and the next night was fixed upon for our departure.

"You see, Harry," said my uncle, "that the difficulty is in journeying through the forest; if once we can strike a stream, the rest is easy."

"Or would be if we had boats, uncle, or——"

I stopped short, for I had recalled the skin raft once more, and the possibility of increasing its size. As my uncle had said, if once we could hit upon a good stream, the rest would be easy, floating ever downward from stream to river, and from river to one of the great waterways.

Then came the subject of the treasure.

"But are you sure that you have it safe?" said my uncle, anxiously.

"As safe, uncle, as I soon hope to have our other treasures," I said, cheerfully.

A visit to the mouth of the cave showed that all was still, and the valley to all appearance deserted.

But our walk was not unprofitable, for we were able to collect a good bundle of pine wood for torches, left behind by the Indians—brightly burning, resinous wood, which cast a powerful light when in use.

We found Tom watching his prisoner on our return, and my aunt and Lilla ready to welcome us gladly. But not a sigh was uttered—not a question as to when they might expect to escape; they were patience exemplified.

As to the prisoner, Tom said that he was as sulky as a bear with a sore head. It was a great tie upon us, but upon retaining him in safety rested our success; for it seemed evident that the Indians believed that their share in the matter was at an end, and had gone away strengthened in their belief that it was death to him who penetrated the mysterious portion of the cave, sacred to the thunder god, Garcia not having returned.

Watching and sleeping in turns, the next morning arrived, and we once more journeyed to the mouth of the cave. All in the vale was silent as the grave; not a leaf rustling.

On returning, the mules were well fed, only leaving one more portion. We breakfasted, and the prisoner, compelled at last by hunger, condescended to partake of some food; when we afterwards moved to a narrow part, where our proceedings were invisible to him.

A rather anxious question now arose: what were we to do with him? We could not leave him bound, to die of starvation in the darkness of the cavern; humanity forbade the thought for an instant. We could not take him with us, neither could we take his life in cold blood, even though our safety depended upon it.

"We must take him a part of the way, and then leave him in some track, where there is a possibility of his being found," said my uncle. "He ought to die, Harry; but we cannot turn murderers."

My uncle's seemed the only plan that we could adopt; and leaving him in charge, Tom and I fixed our light at the head of the raft, and, to the horror of Lilla and Mrs. Landell, set off upon our subterranean voyage—one which produced no tremor in us now, for familiarity had bred contempt.

The passage was safely traversed till we came to the hiding place of the treasure, when, after a few attempts to fish up the packages, we found that there was no resource but for one of us to plunge boldly into the icy water.

Tom would have gone, but I felt that it was my turn. After divesting myself of my clothing I lowered myself over the side of the raft, waded a little, and then, after a few tries, succeeded in bringing up, one at a time, the whole of the treasure. Then we floated back in triumph to where, torch in hand, stood Lilla, gazing anxiously along the dark tunnel, and ready to give a joyous cry as she saw our safe return.

I sent Tom to relieve my uncle's guard, and he hurried excitedly to my side and helped me to unload.

"Harry, my boy," he exclaimed huskily, as we lifted the packages on to the rocks, "I can hardly believe it. Is it true?"

I smiled in his face, and then with more rope we bound the packages securely before leaving them to drain off the water.

Our next act was to carefully take the raft to pieces and save the bands by which it was secured. This was no easy task, for the water had saturated and tightened the fastenings, which we did not cut, because they would be extremely valuable in fastening it together again.

It proved to be a very, very long job, but we worked at it with all our might, knowing as we did that our future depended upon our getting the pieces of our pontoon safely with us to some stream, where we could fit it once more together, and use it to help in floating down to a place of refuge.

At last we had all the ties secured together in a bunch, ready for immediate use—the poles bound in small bundles, and the skins fastened together by their necks, they having the advantage of being very light.

Then followed a pause for rest and refreshment, with a short consultation between my uncle and me as to our plans, which resulted in a busy hour at work, two of the mules being laden then with the gold.

The next task was to apportion the remainder of our extremely reduced stock of provisions between the two mules that my aunt and Lilla were to ride; and upon these mules, on the off side away from the stirrup, I secured the light poles and skins of the raft.

Towards evening, according to arrangement, Tom led the way with one of the gold mules; my uncle followed, leading another, and bearing a light, and the others required no inducement to keep close behind.

Garcia must have imagined that he was to be left to starve, for he did not see me as I stood back listening to the pattering of the mules' feet upon the hard rock, and the silence that fell directly after when they touched sand; and, raising his voice, he gave so wild and despairing a shriek that my uncle came hurrying back.

"Harry, my dear lad, surely you have not——"

"No, uncle," I said, contemptuously, "I had not even spoken. It was his coward heart that smote him."

Loosening his legs, which of late we had slackened so as to guard against numbness, we made him rise; and then, forcing my arm under his, I led him along till we overtook the last mule, bearing my aunt; and then our slow, dark journey was continued till, nearing the entrance, the lights were extinguished. Tom stole forward, and returned in half an hour to say that the sun had set, and that, though he had watched long and carefully from the very mouth of the cave, there was nothing to be seen.

We went forward then, to rest for fully an hour in the cavern close to the barrier. The darkness fell swiftly into the ravine, rolling, as it were, down the mountain sides; and then, with beating hearts, we prepared to start, our course being along the little valley to the entrance, and then, according to my uncle's plans, as nearly southeast as we could travel until we could hit upon a stream.

The time for starting at length came, and, after a little further consultation, Garcia was once more carefully secured and laid upon his back in the mouth of the cave, that being the only plan we could adopt; and then, panting with excitement, each man with all his weapons ready for immediate action, we started in single file and began to move down the ravine.

I should think that we had gone about a quarter of a mile, straining our eyes to catch sight of an enemy on either side, as we made our way through what was like a dense bank of darkness, when, loud and clear upon the night air, rang out a wild, strange cry, which made us instinctively stop to listen.

(*To be continued.*)

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ONE OF THE EDITORS.

VISITOR—And so you are a newspaper man now, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; I'se de editor ob de job depa'tment.

Visitor—Editor of the job department?

Uncle Rastus—Yes, sah; I carries in coal, an scrubs de flo', an' washes down de windows, an' all sech editin' as dat, sah.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

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.*

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WHALING IN THE INTERIOR.

RAISING whales by hand, so to speak, seems a strange industry. And yet, if a newspaper story is to be believed, this is what has been done by an Englishman.

The experiment began some fifteen years ago when, after a two years' cruise, two young whales were captured at sea without injury. They were shipped by rail in immense tanks to a creek emptying into Great Salt Lake, in Utah.

A wire fence was built across the mouth of the inlet, and the whales were turned loose inside, where the experimenter fondly hoped they would grow and multiply, and eventually bring him in a fortune, as in the comparatively limited space their capture would be a very simple matter. But alas for such "great expectations."

The whales straightway broke through the fence as if it had been paper, and are now, with their progeny, disporting themselves in the great lake itself, so that inland whaling may yet become an American industry.

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WHISTLING BY THE WHOLESALE.

IT seems there is a language stranger than Volapuk. It ought to be a great favorite with the boys, too, because it is not spoken at all, but whistled. It is used by the inhabitants of an island in the Canary Archipelago, where such a system of communication is necessitated by the many deep gulches that traverse the country. When calls are exchanged between neighbors, for instance, a circuit of many miles has to be made and much time lost, although the two houses may be within a short distance of one another, but with the gully between them.

The art of whistling has, therefore, been cultivated to an extent unknown elsewhere, and it is said that the natives can by this means say anything they may desire to one another.

We can see only one drawback to the system: as it is a language common to the entire populace, everybody must know everybody else's secrets.

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A FIELD FOR TRIUMPHS.

Do we hear some of our boy friends wishing that they had been born a few years earlier? "Then," they say, "*we* might have invented the coupling pin, the plate arrangement for switching street cars, the 'bobtail' fare box, or any one of the hundreds of other things that seem so simple that everybody wonders why they weren't thought of before. Now everything has been pounced on, and we don't stand a fair chance."

Oh, yes, you do. Just read these words from a writer in the *Forum*, and then set your wits to work:

"I have often taken occasion to remark that the world is awaiting the appearance of three inventors, greater than any who have gone before, and to whom it will accord honors and emoluments far exceeding all ever yet received by any of their predecessors.

"The first is he who will show us how, by the combustion of fuel, directly to produce the electric current; the second is the man who will teach us to reproduce the beautiful light of the glow worm and the fire fly—a light without heat, the production of which means the utilization of energy without the serious waste now met with in the attempt to produce light; while the third is the inventor who is to give us the first practically successful air ship."

To be sure, these are not simple, trifling problems, but then neither will the reward be trifling; and besides, the inventor of today has the benefit of all the suggestions to be obtained from the marvelous scientific attainments of the past.

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THE PERFECTED PHONOGRAPH.

IN the early part of last month that conqueror of electricity, Thomas Alva Edison, announced that he had at length perfected the phonograph so that it could at once be brought into practical, every day use, along with the telegraph and the telephone. The importance of this latest triumph of America's famous inventor can scarcely be over estimated.

In its early stages the machine was furnished with a layer of tinfoil, on which the sound vibrations were to be received, while the cylinder was turned by hand. The result, however, was not altogether satisfactory, and the recent improvements include the substitution of a sheet of wax for the tinfoil, while an electric motor turns the crank.

Weird indeed it must be to listen to the voice of a far distant friend, or reproduce for one's self in the wilderness the thrilling music of a city orchestra.

And who knows but that the ARGOSY of the future may go to its readers literally in the very words of the authors and editors, spoken into a twentieth century phonograph, with stupendous duplicating powers!

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EVERY BOY'S OPPORTUNITY.

THERE is no country in the world that presents such grand opportunities to young men as our own. Truly, as the recently appointed Chief Justice put it in a eulogy on Stephen A. Douglas, "the republic is opportunity."

Let our boys read this extract from Justice Fuller's speech and be inspired to carve fame and honor for themselves out of adversity and failure:

"Fifty five years ago a penniless youth of twenty entered the town of Winchester, to use his own language, on foot, with his coat upon his arm, without an acquaintance within a thousand miles, and without knowing where he could get money to pay a week's board. In the twenty eight years that followed, schoolmaster, lawyer, State's Attorney, member of the Legislature, Land Office Register, Secretary of State, Judge of the Supreme Court, four years member of Congress, eleven years United States Senator, the beloved leader of hundreds of thousands of devoted followers, he died amid the mingled lamentations of friend and foe, in possession of a fame which passed far beyond the confines of his country."

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"AN IDEAL PAPER."

OUR readers seem never to tire of expressing their high appreciation of the handsome and valuable paper we are giving them every week. And have our friends noticed what a wide variety of tastes the ARGOSY satisfies?

41 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK CITY,
May 14, 1888.

The ARGOSY is the Greatest Boys' Paper I have ever read, and I have read a good many. I began to take it when "School and the World" commenced in Vol. IV, and have taken it ever since. It would be useless for me to attempt to tell you how much better its illustrations are than those any other paper has. The ARGOSY has the leading staff of juvenile authors and artists, good editors, and a publisher who is always trying to make the paper better each week.

I may also add that MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES is the neatest library of popular books I ever saw.

EDWIN HAMMOND.

11 PROSPECT ST., PORTLAND, ME.,
May 13, 1888.

I think that without doubt the ARGOSY is the best publication for boys and young men now published; in fact, a periodical employing such a brilliant staff of writers could not well be otherwise. I particularly admire Oliver Optic and Frank H. Converse. In addition to the stories the sketches of prominent men of today cannot fail to instruct both young and old. The "Golden Thoughts" are choice gems from the pens of the greatest writers, and are well worth the reading. Take it all in all, the ARGOSY is an ideal paper, and long may it gladden and purify the hearts of our young men is the earnest wish of

FRED M. HARMON.

A GREAT RUSH FOR BOOKS.

Nothing like it ever known since we have been in business. Cart-loads of good stories shipped daily. Every one wanted a book and got it almost hot from the printing press.

This is how it happened. We commenced in Number 285 a new story by OLIVER OPTIC, entitled ***The Young Hermit of Lake Minnetonka.*** The week before commencing it we inserted a notice in the ARGOSY, saying:

BOYS Here is Your Chance. Any one of the following Books Free:

We stated that as this was an extraordinary story, we wished to get it into the hands of boys and girls who were fond of reading, but who were not at present taking the ARGOSY. And we offered to give any of the following books for every copy of the ARGOSY sold to such boys and girls.

THIS IS THE LIST OF FREE BOOKS.

"A VOYAGE TO THE COLD COAST; or, Jack Bond's Quest," by FRANK H. CONVERSE, tells the story of a plucky American boy who set out into the world to seek his fortune, and relates the strange quest that led him to the African coast.

"THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE; A Story of Real Ships and Real Sailors," by GEORGE H. COOMER. This is one of the very best of Mr. Coomer's healthy, manly stories. Every reader will be deeply interested in the adventures of Bob Allen and Tom Dean.

"THE FORTUNES OF A YOUNG ARTIST," by MARY A. DENISON, is a pathetic and delightful tale, and the sympathy and interest of every reader will certainly go out to Duke and Barbara Gower while following the strange life history of these two very attractive young people.

"NUMBER 91; or, The Adventures of a New York Telegraph Boy," by ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM, author of "Walter Griffith," etc. This is an extremely dramatic and interesting story of life in the great city.

"JACK WHEELER; A Story of the Wild West," by CAPTAIN DAVID SOUTHWICK. A spirited and stirring narrative of life among the ranchmen and the Indians on the great prairies.

"THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND," by FRANK H. CONVERSE, is another striking story. The strange adventures of the hero, Roy Cole, and his clever efforts to trace the missing jewels, are told in this popular author's best style.

"THE YOUNG ACROBAT," by that universal favorite, HORATIO ALGER, JR., is a thrilling story of circus life. It narrates marvelous adventures, and strange and mysterious experiences.

These books contain between two and three hundred pages, and they are beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound. They are the best stories of the very best authors—such stories as are usually sold for $1.25.

You should have seen our mail directly after this notice appeared—thousands of letters from eager boys anxious for some of these charming books poured in upon us. We were deluged with orders, and had to work like beavers to keep from being buried out of sight as the postman dumped bag after bag of letters at our feet. It seemed as if everybody in Christendom wanted a book, and wanted it right away. We did our best to gratify them. The printing presses awoke to the emergency, and turned off the beautifully printed sheets like magic. In almost no time they were folded by nimble hands, bound into books, and mailed—rushing across the continent drawn by mighty engines of the rail. Then a slight lull came, and we thought we were out of the rush, but we never fooled ourselves so nicely before. We had hardly had time to get our breath when the second orders commenced to rush in upon us without mercy. Nearly every boy who got one book was so delighted with it that he lost no time in getting others of his acquaintances to take the ARGOSY so that he could get the remaining six books. Thus it happened that our second orders called for many more books than the first. But this experience has taught us to be prepared another time when making such offers to the readers of the ARGOSY.

And we are now prepared to repeat this offer on Mr. Ellis's new story, which is entitled

RED EAGLE,

WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

This is a marvelously interesting story—Mr. Ellis has never written a better one. It bristles with exciting incidents, and is a feast for any one who loves good reading. We are very anxious to get this week's ARGOSY into the hands of boys and girls who are not now reading it, or perhaps never read it, and know nothing of its fine stories. We therefore make you the following offer:

For every copy of this week's Argosy you will sell to such boys and girls we will give you for your trouble any one of the above books you may select. If you sell one copy you will get one book. If you sell a dozen copies you will get a dozen books. You must, however, send THREE TWO CENT *stamps to pay postage and packing on* EACH BOOK. *This you must not fail to do.*

You can get the papers from your newsdealer for your friends if he happens to have any extra copies on hand. If he has not, he can order them for you, or you can get them direct from this office. If your newsdealer has none on hand, you could probably save time by sending the money right to this office with your order for books. Six cents must be inclosed for each copy—stamps will be taken as payment. These copies must be sold to those who do not now buy the ARGOSY. Our object is to get new readers started on this extraordinarily good story, hoping thereby to still further increase our circulation. Otherwise we could not of course afford to give you these books.

These seven books make the foundation for a fine library, such a library as any boy could well be proud of, and by a little effort you can get them free. Address

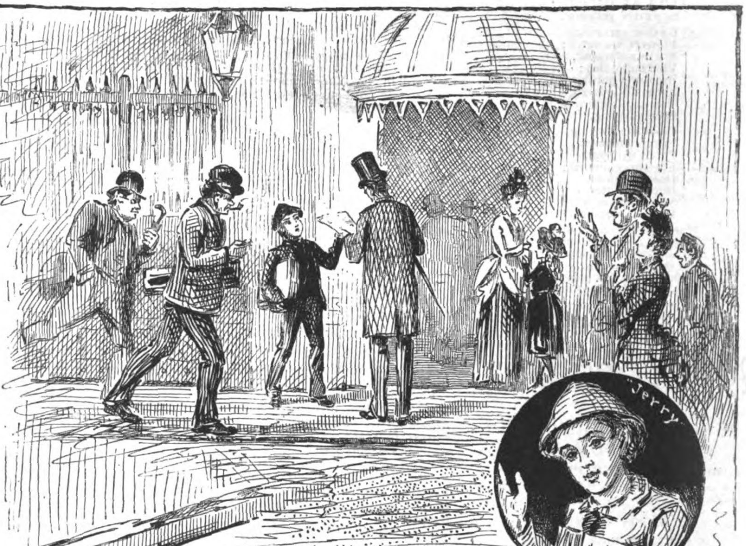
FRANK A. MUNSEY, Publisher,
81 Warren Street, New York.

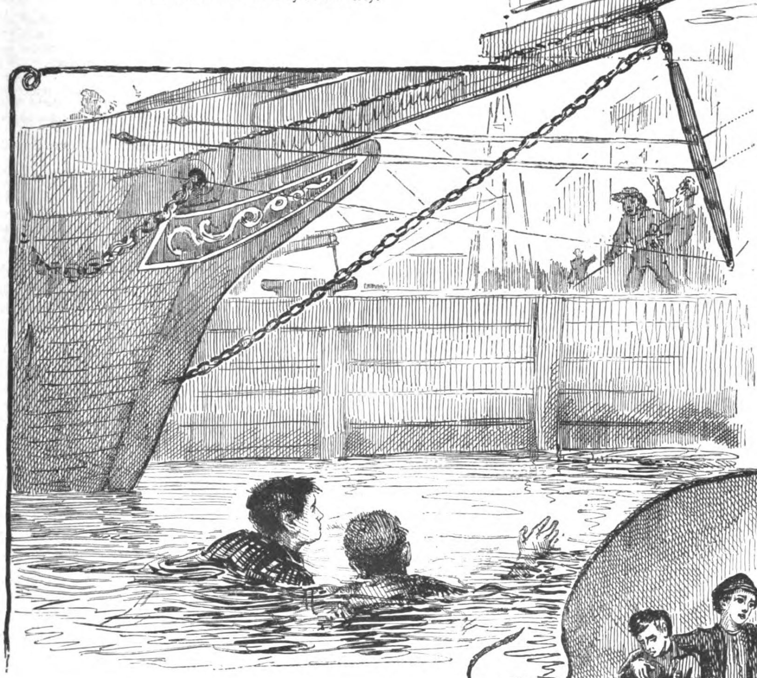
JERRY—A Newsboy.

by Malcolm Douglas.

EVERY day at the ferry gate
He takes his stand till the hour grows late,
Sometimes dodging with nimble feet
The heavy wagons that block the street,
While over the rumble of wheels you hear
His voice as it rings out loud and clear:
"*Mail and Express*, *World*, *Sun*, and *Star!*
All the newspapers—here you are!"
As the travelers go in a stream past Jerry,
The quick little newsboy at the ferry!

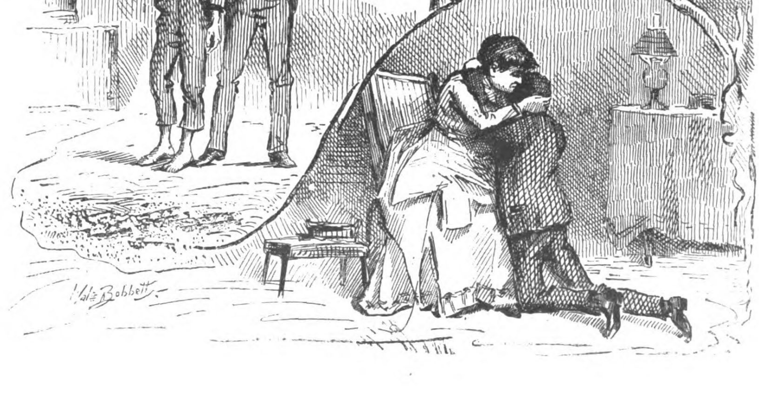
Clever is Jerry, beyond a doubt,
By the way he singles his customers out,
If one's eyes have a gleam of fun,
Promptly he proffers the *World* or *Sun*,
If another is grave and old,
The *Evening Post* he will outstretched hold;
While the laborer, ere he has time to choose,
Is quickly handed his *Daily News*;
And all have a nod and a smile for Jerry,
The shrewd little newsboy at the ferry.





Once, unnoticed amid the din,
A gamin down at the dock fell in;
And then, while feebly for help he cried,
Jerry looked down from the big wharf's side,
Splash he went—and a ducking braved;
Brought him up—and the boy was saved!
Dripping—wet as a water rat—
His papers stolen—but what of that?
The day was counted well spent by Jerry,
The brave little newsboy at the ferry!

Often out in the wet and cold,
A boy, with his papers still unsold,
Jerry has met, as the night came on,
And helped till his troublesome stock was gone;
And many an alley fight he's had
Over the wrongs of a weaker lad;
But few the Arabs with his young might,
And blustering bullies have fled in fight
Whenever they've tried to cope with Jerry,
The kind little newsboy at the ferry!


Val. Bobbett.

And over and over again, each day,
As he plods along in his sturdy way,
There rises a vision, sweet and dim,
Of the dear old mother who waits for him
With wistful eyes as the dusk comes down,
Bringing rest once more to the tired old town;
And it makes the blood in his young veins stir,
While work grows light at the thought of her—
Whose only hope and whose pride is Jerry,
The bright little newsboy at the ferry!

If your purpose be firm and true,
Few the things that you cannot do!
Step by step as you upward climb
The mountain's summit will gain in time.
Many a man renowned and great
Has sprung to fame from a humble state;
And, where each boy has a chance to rise,
Who knows but the nation's most sought for prize,
Through honest endeavor may come to Jerry,
The staunch little newsboy at the ferry?

FROM MY WINDOW.

BY EMILIE POUISSON.

GRASSES creeping,
Flowers spangled;
Rocks a-sleeping,
Vine entangled;
Brooklets purling,
Ferns uncurling,
Tree tops sighing,
Breezes dying.

Cloudlets shifting,
Insects humming,
Petals drifting,
Fragrance coming;
Dews a-glitter,
Birds a-twitter—
Shine and azure
Without measure.

World, so gray and olden,
Thou art new and golden!
Of all bloom and bliss
For thine adorning,
Nothing dost thou miss
This springtime morning!

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[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 XXIII.

A NEPHEW'S INGRATITUDE.

"I'LL give you change for your bill," said Rufe, quietly.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" replied Julius, looking decidedly annoyed, for he hoped to get off with paying three cents.

"Yes, I've turned up just in time. Where is the two dollar bill?"

Julius was searching his pockets.

"I believe I've got a nickel, after all," he said. "I won't trouble you to change the bill."

"He knew he had it all the time," thought Rufe.

"Where's your blacking box?" asked Julius, desirous of saying something unpleasant. "I would just as soon have patronized you as this boy."

"Thank you; you are very kind, but I never was in the business. If you want to learn at any time I can recommend Micky as a good teacher."

"Gentlemen never black their own boots," said Julius, coloring.

"Why should they, when they manage to get them blacked for three cents?"

To this Julius did not find it convenient to reply.

"Have you been to deliver Miss Seymour's letter?" he asked.

"Yes."

Julius shrugged his shoulders.

"I am going to work for Seymour & Co.," he went on, with an air of importance.

"You are?" exclaimed Rufus, in genuine surprise.

"Yes; one of the clerks there is a friend of mine, and he's got me a chance."

"I suppose they employ a good many boys."

"Yes; but it's hard to get in there."

"Then you're in luck," said Rufe, smiling.

"Oh, yes! It's a great thing to get into Seymour's."

"Do you think I'd stand any chance?" asked Rufe, demurely.

"Of course not. There are a plenty of gentleman's sons who are glad to take places there."

"Then you wouldn't recommend me to apply?"

"No; you'd only waste your time."

"Do they pay good wages there?"

"I am to receive four dollars a week, but my friend says I am pretty sure to be raised to four and a half or five by the first of January."

"When do you expect to go to work?"

"Next Monday."

"Perhaps I may see you there some day."

"I wouldn't advise you to call. I shall be busy, and, besides, we are only chance acquaintances."

Micky, who of course knew that Rufe was employed at Seymour & Co.'s, was on the point of letting the cat out of the bag, but a warning look from Rufe deterred him.

"Good morning," said Rufe, as the young dude walked away.

Julius nodded stiffly.

"I don't like that boy," he said to himself. "He don't know his place. It'll be just like his impudence to ask for a situation at Seymour's. Luckily, there is no chance for him to get in."

"That chap will have an agreeable surprise when he sees me next Monday," said Rufe, with a smile, to Micky.

"He don't seem to be much in love with you, Rufe. What a mean fellow he is! He wanted to put me off with three cents, and he would, but for you."

"He's careful and saving. He's afraid you might get dissipated if you handled too much money."

Rufe was gradually improving in his speech, and in particular he had learned to supply the final g in words where he had usually dropped it.

"Wasn't the diamond thief his uncle?"

"So it seems, but we won't twit the poor boy with that."

Julius didn't take this fact of relationship to heart; but, being cold hearted, showed a disposition to cut his uncle, who, whatever his faults, had been liberal to him in times past. Fletcher was still in New York, completing arrangements to go away, and only a few blocks after leaving Rufe and Micky, Julius met him.

"Hallo, Julius! Are you in town?"

"Yes," answered Julius, coldly.

"Is your mother well?"

"Yes."

"Is that all you can say to me?" said Fletcher, coloring.

"Please excuse me! I'm in a little of a hurry," responded Julius, who appeared ill at ease.

"I see," said Fletcher. "You have turned against me, like the rest of the world. Yet, after all the favors I have done you——"

"I have my prospects to consider," said Julius, uneasily. "It would do me harm to be seen talking to you."

"Then go! I don't care to see or hear from you again!"

"I'm glad to be rid of him," said Julius to himself. "How can he expect me to keep up the acquaintance after what has happened?"

Fletcher had his good points, though hitherto we have not seen many of them; and this cold avoidance on the part of a boy whom he had favored in many ways, cut him to the heart, while it also incensed him.

"If I ever redeem myself," he soliloquized, "and become prosperous, Julius will be glad to know me then; but he has shown me what he is. Hereafter I can only regard him with contempt."

Pursuing his way, Fletcher fell in with Rufe. The two recognized each other simultaneously.

"Will he cut me, too?" thought Fletcher, bitterly. "I should not be surprised. He has never received any favors from me."

There was a hopeless expression in Fletcher's face which appealed to the quick sympathies of Rufus. The boy understood the terrible downfall from a position of trust and respectability to dishonorable discharge for attempted theft. In spite of Fletcher's guilt he pitied him.

"Good day, Mr. Fletcher!" he said, respectfully.

"You are willing to speak to me, then?" replied Fletcher, bitterly.

"Yes."

"Knowing that I stole the diamonds from Higgins & Co.?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Higgins tells me that it is the first time you have taken anything."

"Does he still speak kindly of me, then?"

"Yes, sir; I think he is sorry for you."

"He is a good man," said Fletcher, his face softening. "I must have been mad to rob such a man."

"Why did you?" asked Rufe.

There was a frank friendliness in the boy's expression which prevented Fletcher from taking offense at this question.

"I was strangely tempted," he replied. "I had a special reason for desiring a large sum of money. Of course I ought not to have done it, but I want you to understand how it happened. Shall you see Mr. Higgins soon?"

"Yes, sir, I think so."

"Then tell him you met me, and I expressed my regret for what had happened. Tell him that I appreciate his merciful consideration in forbearing to prosecute me, and I hope sometime to show him that it was not wholly undeserved."

"I will do so, Mr. Fletcher. Shall you remain in the city?"

"No; I shall go where I am not known, and I shall endeavor to build up a good reputation."

"I wish you success," said Rufe, earnestly, impulsively offering his hand.

Fletcher took it, and appeared to be moved.

"You treat me better than my own nephew, Julius Waite," he said. "He wanted to cut me."

"I don't like him much, but as he is to work in the same place with me, I shall see something of him."

"Where is he to work?"

"At Seymour & Co.'s, White Street."

"And you work there?"

"Yes; I only commenced last Monday."

"I return your good wishes, my boy. Do your duty faithfully, and, above all, be honest!"

Rufe shook hands with Fletcher, and the latter walked on, feeling a little brighter at the thought that he was not despised by every one.

"I like the uncle better than the nephew," said Rufe to himself.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JULIUS BEGINS BUSINESS.

RUFUS was in the front part of the store, packing up some goods, on the next Monday morning, when Julius entered, and looked about him a little nervously.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked Raymond French.

"I have a cousin in the store—Mr. Frost. Can I see him?"

"He has gone to Brooklyn on a business matter for Mr. Seymour."

"I am to work here. Mr. Frost got me the place."

"Oh, you are the new boy, are you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Julius, more at his ease.

"We employ quite a number of boys. You will have to report to Mr. Parks, our superintendent. He is somewhere in the back part of the store."

"I am afraid I can't find him, as I don't know him by sight."

"Of course. I ought to have thought of that. Here, Rufus!"

Rufe came forward.

"Take this boy to Mr. Parks. He is a cousin of Mr. Frost, and is to come here on trial."

Julius opened his eyes wide in amazement as he saw that Rufe was already comfortably established in the store which he was so proud to enter.

"This way, Julius!" said Rufus.

"Are you working here?"

"Yes."

"How did you get in?"

"Mr. Seymour offered me the place."

"That is very strange!"

"You'll get used to it," said Rufe, smiling. "We shall have a chance to get better acquainted."

This did not seem to Julius a particularly attractive prospect, but he did not venture to say so, under present circumstances.

At the back part of the store, busy, bustling, Mr. Parks was found, issuing his orders to a dozen subordinates.

"Mr. Parks," said Rufe, "here is a new boy who says he has been engaged to work here. He is a cousin of Mr. Frost."

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Parks, in a quick, business-like tone.

"Julius Waite."

"Have you ever occupied a business position before?"

"No, sir."

"Then you need some instruction. Rufus, what are you doing?"

"Packing goods, sir."

"Take this boy to help you. He will be rather awkward, probably, but you can tell him how to work."

"All right, sir!"

Julius was intensely mortified to find that he was to act under the direction of the boy whom he looked down upon as his social inferior, but he had sense enough to refrain from expressing his disapproval.

"If you will follow me, Julius," said Rufe, "I will show you the ropes."

"You can't know much about them yourself," said Julius, sullenly.

Rufus laughed.

"At any rate I will show you what I do know. This way, please!"

He led the way to a pile of goods, and instructed Julius how to fold and pack them in wooden cases which were ranged along the floor.

Julius did prove awkward at first, and Rufe had to fold several articles after him. Our hero was a close observer, and had learned a good deal in a short time.

"I didn't expect to find you here," said Julius, in a discontented tone.

"No, I suppose not."

"Were you in the store when I met you on Broadway the other day?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought I would leave it as an agreeable surprise to you."

"Agreeable?"

"Yes; I thought you'd like to meet an old acquaintance here."

"How much do you get?"

"You can judge by what you get yourself."

Rufe didn't care to tell Julius that he received six dollars a week, as it would be sure to excite the envy of the newer clerk.

"I get four dollars a week."

"So I supposed."

"But I don't have to support myself out of that. My father will pay my board, or at any rate all but two dollars."

"That is where you are better off than I. I haven't anybody to pay a part of my board."

"I suppose your relatives are all as poor as poverty."

"I have no relatives in the city. My father and mother are dead," said Rufe, soberly.

"Have you got a watch?" asked Julius, espying the silver chain.

"Yes."

"Did you buy it yourself?"

"No; it was given me."

"Who gave it to you?"

"A friend," answered Rufe, briefly. He didn't like, from motives of delicacy, to say that it was given him by Higgins & Co., remembering that they had been the employers of Fletcher.

"Let me see it!"

"I will at noon. I don't like to leave off work. We might be scolded for not attending to business."

"My father has promised me a gold watch on my next birthday. I shouldn't care to carry a silver watch."

"Perhaps I shall get a gold watch sometime, but I am in no hurry."

When noon came the two boys went out together for lunch.

"Where do you get lunch?" asked Julius.

"At a small restaurant close by. Shall I show you the place?"

"Yes."

The restaurant was less than five minutes' walk from the store. The prices were moderate, and the articles supplied of fair quality. The two boys gave their orders, and were quickly served.

"I hope you will like working in the store," said Rufe.

"I guess I shall. My cousin, Mr. Frost, will see that I am promoted rapidly."

"Perhaps you may be over my head sometime," suggested Rufe, with a smile.

"It is very likely. Of course you have no one to push you along."

"I must rely upon myself."

"I am surprised that Mr. Seymour should have engaged you."

"Why?"

"Because you are a street boy."

"I was, but I am not now. Do you think that is going to hurt me?"

"Of course it will."

"Well, I must make the best of it. It don't worry me much."

"Does Mr. Seymour know that you were a street boy?"

"I don't know."

"It might be bad for you if he found out."

"You won't tell him?" said Rufe, with an expression of comic terror.

"Of course I don't want to get you into trouble, but, as he is sure to find out sometime, wouldn't it be better to resign your place, so as to save being discharged?"

"I'll think it over," said Rufe, gravely. "You are very kind to offer me such good advice without my asking for it."

Julius was not quite sure how far Rufe was in earnest, but the latter seemed serious.

"If I leave here, what business would you advise me to take up, Julius?"

"You might run a news stand of your own when you are old enough. I suppose you have been a newsboy?"

"Yes."

"I think some news stands pay as much as ten or twelve dollars a week."

"I don't think I could marry and support a family on that."

"Some people do."

"You expect to make more than that yourself, don't you, when you are a young man?"

"There is a great difference between us," said Julius, with an air of importance.

"Yes, there is some difference."

Returning to work, Julius very reluctantly acting under his orders, Rufe, about three o'clock, happened to look up in time to see a young lady enter from the street.

"There's Miss Seymour!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

Julius turned his eyes in the direction of the door, and saw that Rufe was right.

"Of course you won't claim her acquaintance?" he said, his lip curling.

But it was not necessary. Blanche Seymour caught sight of our hero, and looked surprised and pleased. Without ceremony she came up to where the boys were at work, and offered her hand to Rufus.

"You are my friend in need!" she said, smiling. "Are you really at work for my uncle?"

"Yes, Miss Seymour."

"I am *so* glad. Father is coming to the city soon, and will occupy a house on Forty Seventh Street. You will call and see me, won't you?"

"I shall be *very* glad to do so," said Rufe, with emphasis.

"And I shall be *very* glad to have you. Good morning!"

"She only asked you out of politeness," said Julius, looking very much disgusted.

"And I shall accept out of politeness," rejoined Rufe.

CHAPTER XXV.

FOLLOWING A CLEW.

LEONARD WILTON was walking with an acquaintance more respectable than himself on the Bowery, when a man of forty, but older in appearance, passed. His face was sad, and he looked like one who was suffering patiently from some great disappointment or wrong. The time when life was pleasant or attractive had evidently gone by. Hope and ambition seemed to have been crushed out of him.

Wilton's companion started, and eyed this man attentively, but without attracting the attention of the object of his scrutiny.

"What is the matter, Wilson? Do you know him?" inquired Wilton.

"Yes," answered Wilson, after a pause. "I knew him some years since, but I supposed he was dead."

"What made you think so?"

"He fell into disgrace, was accused of a crime, and disappeared."

"Where was he employed? What crime did he commit?"

"It was at Syracuse. He was assistant bookkeeper for a manufacturing firm there, and everybody thought him a model man. But one day he forged a check for a thousand dollars, and presented it at the bank. It was discovered, and the matter was laid before his employers. Of course he lost his place, but as he had been for a good many years in the service of the firm they declined to prosecute him. He left Syracuse, and I never knew what became of him."

"What is his name?" asked Wilton, eagerly.

"Cole."

"Has he a family?"

"Yes; a wife, and I think two children."

"What was the name of the firm that employed him?"

"Morrill & Pearson."

"How long ago did this happen?"

"Half a dozen years, perhaps."

"You are sure this is the man?"

"Certainly. I lived in Syracuse at the time, and saw him often. In fact, I used to work myself in the factory where he was employed. You seem to take a good deal of interest in the matter," added Wilson, in some surprise.

"Oh, well, it's rather an interesting story," said Wilton, carelessly. "By the way, I have an engagement, and must leave you."

Wilton turned quickly, and followed Cole till he ascertained where he was employed. Always keen to see how he could make a penny, honestly or dishonestly, it occurred to him that he could extort money from Cole by threatening to expose his secret. It would be a despicable thing to do, bût Leonard Wilton was not troubled by a conscience, and that consideration was not likely to deter him from any course likely to yield him money.

In a central portion of the Bowery is a furnishing goods store of medium size. It is kept, as we learn from the name on the sign, by

JOHN BADGER.

This was the store which Cole entered. Mr. Badger, the proprietor, a short, elderly man, with gray hair, on the entrance of the clerk, took his hat from a nail in the rear of the store, and prepared to go out.

"I may not be back for an hour, Mr. Cole," he said. "After lunch I have to go to Grand Street on business."

"Very well, sir."

"If Mr. Jones comes in, and seems disposed to buy any new articles, remind him politely that it is time his old bill was settled."

"All right, sir!"

"He ought not to run a bill at all," grumbled Badger, "for he has a handsome income paid monthly. But it is oftentimes those who are easiest in their circumstances who make tradesmen wait longest for their money."

"Just so, sir!" answered Cole, in a subdued tone.

"And, Mr. Cole, I don't want to find fault, but try to put on a brisker, more cheerful air. Really, I sometimes think you have mistaken your vocation, and ought to have been an undertaker."

Cole smiled faintly.

"I believe it is a paying business," he said.

"Well, yes; I should judge so, at least from the large bill handed in when my late mother in law was buried. Of course many men wouldn't grudge paying a large bill under such circumstances (Cole felt called upon to smile again), but I could see that there was a large margin for profit."

"Yes, sir."

"That man has the most solemn face I ever knew," muttered little Mr. Badger, as he bustled out of the store; he always did bustle, and gave the impression of being in a perpetual hurry. "He is a good, faithful man, and is perfectly sober. Besides, he is willing to work for nine dollars a week, which is a very small sum for a man of his age and experience. If, now, he would only look a little lively and cheerful, I wouldn't exchange him for any clerk I know. However, you can't get perfection in this world."

Cole took his place behind the counter, and began to pick up and replace some neckties which had been taken down to exhibit to a young man of nineteen, who did not appear to know his own mind, and finally went out without buying any.

He had just disposed of the last when a customer entered—a tall young man in a light overcoat. We have no secrets from the reader, and reveal to him at once that the young man was Leonard Wilton.

"Good morning," he said politely.

"Good morning, sir," responded Cole.

"I would like to look at your neckties."

Cole took down some from the shelves.

"Here are some at fifty cents," he said.

"Have you none cheaper?"

"Yes; we have a line at twenty five."

"That will do better. In these days a man must consult economy."

"I have to," said Cole sadly.

"Are you the proprietor?" asked Wilton in a careless tone.

"No, the proprietor has just gone out to lunch. I am only a clerk."

"A man at your age ought to have a store of his own."

"Perhaps so, sir, but I am not a fortunate man," and Cole sighed unconsciously.

"Have you always lived in the city?" asked Leonard Wilton.

"No, not always."

"The city is the place for young men, but when I get to your age—you are forty, I take it——"

"Yes, sir."

"And doubtless have a family?"

"Yes."

"Under such circumstances I should prefer to live in the country. A man with a small income can't live comfortably in New York."

"Do you see any neckties that please you?" asked Cole, who thought it time to recall the attention of his customer to business.

"Let me examine again. Here are two which I find it difficult to choose between."

"Then, sir, hadn't you better take both?"

"Ah, there speaks the true salesman. If you'll give me both for the price of one, I will take both."

"We could hardly do that," said Cole, with a faint smile.

"Then I will take this."

Cole picked it up and wrapped it in tissue paper.

As he handed it to Wilton the latter looked searchingly in Cole's face, and said pointedly:

"By the way, your face looks very familiar to me. I think I must have seen you somewhere."

"Indeed," said Cole uneasily.

"Yes; I associate it somehow with my early days—in the country."

"Where did you live?" asked Cole nervously.

"In Syracuse."

The salesman turned pallid and clutched at the counter as if he were afraid of falling. He was evidently much agitated.

(To be continued.)

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

THE Casket of Diamonds;

OR,

HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER AT HAND.

ROWLY was not a little astonished to find himself a gagged prisoner at the very moment when he thought his mission was progressing to a happy conclusion.

Neither his mother nor Captain Ringboom had been on the lookout for him in any other than his own proper character, while Gibbs was certainly on the watch for anything that was suspicious. He had seen enough of Rowly, both at the store and in his own room, to know him well, and he had every inducement to exercise the utmost vigilance.

The shadow realized when it was too late that the visit to the quarters of the crew, and his close examination of the trunk, were bad mistakes, and that they were the cause of his present misfortune. Perhaps the burglar had not suspected him till he saw him looking at his trunk.

It was light enough for the prisoner to see that his captors were Gibbs and Gaulbert; and as he had seen the former ahead of him a moment before, he understood that the latter had thrown him down by stealing up behind him.

Gibbs was the principal actor after the first blow had been struck, and it was he who applied the gag; and then, seizing the shadow by the collar of his coat, he dragged him forward, while his companion held his feet, of which the prisoner was disposed to make use, for he was nót inclined to submit to the discipline to which he was subjected.

Only the main hatch was open, and they dragged their victim to the forward part of the ship, where there was very little light, and where the "between decks" was more closely filled with freight.

"Did you bring a piece of small line with you, Gaulbert?" asked Gibbs, as he halted when he could go no farther.

"No, I didn't; you did not say anything about any small line," replied the assistant.

"How do you suppose we are going to fasten him without a line? demanded the burglar impatiently. "Go and find one as quick as you can."

Gibbs put his hand on Rowly's throat, and if he moved, he choked him till he was glad to desist.

"Keep still, or you will compel me to put a pistol ball through your head!" said Gibbs in a low but savage tone; and it was evident enough that he would not scruple to commit any act to insure own safety, and that of the treasure he was bearing to a safer clime.

Gaulbert was gone a long time, but at last he returned with the line; Rowly was bound hand and foot, and the handkerchief which served as a gag was tied into his mouth with a string fastened on the back of his neck. When this was done, his captors left him, and returned to the work in which they had been engaged near the after hatch, which was stowing freight.

So far as the prisoner could ascertain, Gibbs had done his work better than in the store of Brillyant &·Co., for he found it impossible to move his wrists at all, they were so tightly bound.

His ankles were not less securely fastened; and in addition to the bonds which held him hand and foot, he found that he was tied to a ring in the ceiling of the vessel, which he could see when had become accustomed to the semi darkness of the place.

For some time he struggled in the attempt to loosen the line that bound him, but without making any perceptible impression upon it. He tried to use his voice, but he was almost choked by the gag, and he could not make an audible sound, or at least one that could be heard twenty feet from the spot where he lay.

Rowly had been hopeful that something would transpire to release him from his bonds; that the mate would inspect the between decks, or that Captain Wellfleet would miss him; but no one came near him, and he could hear nothing but the tramp of footsteps on the deck above him, and the ripple of the water against the side of the ship.

The situation looked worse and worse as he contemplated it, and he could not imagine any avenue of escape, for Captain Ringboom was on board of the Medusa, and could not notice his disappearance. Gibbs and Gaulbert were still at their work, like two dragons who guarded the entrance to some dungeon where he was confined, and there seemed to be no hope in the future, still less in the present. Hope Everton would never receive the fortune sent to her by her deceased uncle, and if he ever returned to his home, it would only be after the lapse of weeks, if not of months.

The more he looked at the hopeless condition to which he had been reduced by his great enemy, the more deep was his despair, and at last he gave way to the violence of his emotions, and wept bitterly, sobbing and choking in the depths of his grief and agony.

"What is the matter with you?" said a voice quite near him, but in a low and guarded tone,

This sound of a human voice so near him, which was not that of either of his enemies, roused him from the stupor of his grievous situation, and inspired him with a renewed hope.

Who could it be that spoke to him out of the gloom of the place? He raised his head; but he could see no one, and he could not make an articulate sound in reply to what he judged was a friendly inquiry.

Rowly moaned again, and he tried to make the sounds convey some meaning to his prudent friend, as he took him to be.

"Why don't you speak, and tell me what the matter is?" added the dark stranger, rather impatiently, though not in an unfriendly tone.

Rowly moaned again, and then whined in the supplicating tones of a dog, which, without any words, clearly indicate that thé poor brute wants something.

"I am afraid to come out of my hole, and if I should be seen they would send me back to New York; and I would rather be thrown into the sea than be returned to my former misery."

The prostrate shadow did the best he could to make his inarticulate sounds intelligible; and he felt from what the stranger had said that he had assured him he was not an enemy.

"I am stealing my passage on board of this ship to my home in England, but I will pay for it, if I ever reach my home," continued the unknown. "I should think you might speak, and tell me what has happened to you. I am no man's enemy, and I should be glad to serve you if you would tell me what to do."

It was wholly impossible for Rowly to tell him what to do, and he could only moan and whine as he had done before.

The stranger seemed to feel that he was powerless, and he was silent for a time, waiting for some new development of the situation of the sufferer, as he could not help knowing that he was.

The unhappy shadow rolled over on the deck with some difficulty, and tried to rub the handkerchief which oppressed him out of his mouth; but all his efforts in this direction were useless, and he resumed the making of such sounds as his condition permitted.

Presently he heard a slight sound on the deck beside him, which was that of a cautious step, as if the mysterious stranger, though he was nothing but a stowaway, was approaching him, and this consciousness inspired him with a stronger hope.

Rowly lay upon his back, as the most comfortable position he could obtain after he had tried several, and he could see all about him. In an aperture in the freight he discovered a head in the direction from which the sound had come; and it was then apparent to him that the stranger had spoken to him from behind a bale of goods.

The head continued to advance into the dim light of the place, and was followed by the shoulders and the rest of the body, till only the legs were concealed from him, when the stranger raised his head, looked about him and listened for any sound that might be heard.

Rowly waited his further movements with the most intense interest.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE MELANCHOLY STORY OF THE STOWAWAY.

THE mysterious stranger had sufficiently explained himself to enable Rowly to know what he was, and that he was not an enemy, so that he had no fears of him in his helpless condition. He feared that he would do nothing rather than that he would act to his disadvantage, and he did all that his limited means permitted to encourage the stowaway to assist him in his dire extremity.

The unknown, after he had looked all about him, and listened for unfriendly sounds, crawled entirely out of the hole, which doubtless conducted to some larger space where he had remained concealed.

He did not venture to raise himself to the full stature of a man, but crawled on his hands and knees towards the extended form of the shadow, acting all the time with extreme care, and frequently stopping to listen for distant sounds. He had but a few feet to move, and when close to Rowly, he raised himself on his knees, and again looked about him; and when he discovered the two men at work at the open hatch, he seemed to be disposed to beat a hasty retreat.

A low moan and whine from Rowly then attracted his attention, for he had been so startled by the sight of the men that he had hardly glanced at the prisoner.

"What ails you?" he asked, and his tones indicated that he was moved by sympathy for the sufferer, and he bent over him as he spoke.

Then, for the first time, he noticed the gag, fastened into the mouth of the prisoner; and he appeared to understand why he had been unable to get a word out of him up to the present time.

"You are gagged and cannot speak," said he, as he placed his hand on the handkerchief. Rowly nodded, and moaned again, to assure his companion that he appreciated the interest he manifested in his situation. "I will untie the string that binds the handkerchief; but don't make a bit of noise, or you will betray and ruin me."

The shadow raised his head, and then turned partly over on his side so that his new friend could untie the string, which the stranger accomplished without any difficulty, and removed the gag from his mouth.

"Now you can speak, and will tell me what ails you," said the stowaway.

"Nothing ails me," replied Rowly, though his tongue felt as though it were twice its natural size. "You can see that I am bound hand and foot so that I cannot move."

"Are you a criminal, arrested for breaking the law?" asked the stranger, suspiciously, as he retreated a step from the prisoner.

"No, I am not; I was engaged in taking those who had broken the law, and they turned upon me, leaving me as you found me."

"Who are the men?"

"The two you see at work near the hatch. They tried to rob the store of Brillyant & Co., in Broadway; and one of them committed two other robberies. They are now trying to get out of this country, and have shipped for London. They have their plunder on board of this vessel, and I was trying to find it, when one of them took me in the rear, and brought me down. That is the whole story."

"I think you are telling the truth, and though I am stealing my passage to London, I am an honest young man, and shall pay for it as soon as I get home," said the stranger. "My name is Ernest Balfour, and I belong to a good family, and my father has a large fortune. I was——"

"If you will unfasten the line that binds my hands and feet, I shall be able to hear and understand your story better," Rowly interposed. "The cord is bound so tight that it hurts me, and I am suffering great pain from it."

"Shall I do right if I release you?" asked Ernest Balfour doubtfully.

"You will do just right, for I have told you the exact truth," replied Rowly, in an earnest whisper. "If you do not believe me, go on deck, and tell the captain I am here, and he will release me in the twinkling of an eye."

"Go on deck! Tell the captain! Either of these steps will ruin me; so it is perfectly safe for you to tell me to do such things," said Ernest, in a sickly tone, and with a sickly smile, which the shadow could just discern in the gloom between decks.

"You have nothing to fear; and if you will release me, I will guarantee your passage to London."

"I don't know; I have suffered so much, and have been so often kicked from pillar to post, that I can trust no one, and I am very suspicious," pleaded Earnest, in a sort of piteous tone, which assured the prisoner that he was sincere.

Just then Rowly remembered that he had a note in his pocket from his employers. He had thought it possible the day before that he might even have to go to London in the Ganymede in carrying out his mission, and he had written for an extension of his leave of absence in case he should find it necessary to prolong it.

He had found the note at the house when he went to change his dress, and had put it in his pocket; and it was likely now to be of essential service to him.

"Put your hand into my coat pocket, Mr. Balfour, and take out a letter you will find there," said he to his timid and broken down companion. "I hope it will satisfy you that I have told you nothing but the truth."

"I will do so," he replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Now open and read it. Brillyant & Co. is one of the largest jewelry houses in New York," said Rowly hopefully.

"I know it; I once applied there for employment, though I did not obtain it," replied Ernest, as he took the note from the envelope.

He turned it to the light and read it; and as Mr. Brillyant, who had written it, alluded to his valuable services in saving the store from being plundered as a reason for granting the favor asked, it contained just the information the Englishman needed to convince him.

"But I don't know that you are the person alluded to in this letter," said the stowaway, when he had finished reading it, greatly to the annoyance of the expectant shadow.

"Do you suppose I stole the letter?" demanded Rowly indignantly.

"Perhaps not; it is dated today," mused Ernest.

"Open my vest, and look at my shirt, under the bosom," added Rowly, hardly able to control his impatience.

The stranger complied with this request, and read the name of the wearer of the shirt, in his mother's handwriting.

"Do you think I stole my shirt too?" he inquired.

"Not so loud, if you please," said Ernest, raising his hand in a deprecatory gesture, as he glanced at the two men near the hatch. "I am satisfied now."

Ernest Balfour proceeded to untie the line which bound together the wrists of the prisoner, and then released his ankles from bondage.

"I thank you for what you have done, and you shall certainly lose nothing for it, for I will guarantee you a free passage to London; and I assure you I have the power to do so," added Rowly, taking the hand of the stowaway, and pressing it warmly.

(To be continued.)

WHITE CAPS.

BY HARDY JACKSON.

WHEN the wind is fresh and fair,
  Like the spirit of the day—
Rising here and falling there,
Glancing gayly everywhere—
  Come the white caps in the bay.

Landsmen know what sounds there be
  When the breakers meet and play;
But the sailor far at sea,
Longs to hear the harmony
  Of the white caps in the bay.

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Another of My Grandfather's Stories.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

THE woodcut below is a faithful transcript of a faded pencil sketch, unearthed from an old secretary by some of us boys. We had brought it out for Gran'ther Harrison's inspection.

The old gentleman peered at it through his spectacles for some little time in silence.

"How it brings back old times," he said finally, as, with a half sigh, he laid the sketch in his lap. And leaning back in his easy chair, Gran'ther Harrison sat staring mutely at the blaze in the old fashioned fireplace till my brother Jack spoke:

"Can't you tell us a story about it?" he asked.

"It seems as though it were only yesterday," remarked Gran'ther Harrison, as though in half soliloquy. "There were the 'good bys' being waved to shore friends—the bustle of getting the old transport ship Alert under way from Boston, the consciousness of a brass bound uniform such as the newly fledged 'middy' of the olden time delighted his soul in—then the awful seasickness for twenty four hours——"

"What year was this, gran'pa?"

The interruption proceeded of course from Jack, who must have been birthmarked—so to speak—with an interrogation point, so fond was he of asking questions.

"It was in revolutionary times—didn't I tell you so when I began?" severely answered gran'ther. None of us remembered that he *had* so stated, but for obvious reasons we did not say so, and gran'ther went on:

"As I was saying, the transport was bound to New York, with stores and supplies for our forces——"

"But," began Jack the irrepressible, "I thought the British fleet had blockaded all the harbors."

"John Henry Harrison," observed gran'ther severely, "who is telling this story—you or I?" Which, for the time, reduced my brother to silence.

"Somewhere between Block Island and what is now Stonington, we caught a tremendous gale blowing directly on shore. There wasn't sea room enough to beat off, so we came to anchor in twenty fathoms under the lee of the island. I was in the first anchor watch, and while on the t'gallant forecastle caught my foot in a coil of rope, and overboard I went.

"It was pitch dark—raining and blowing heavily, with a nasty chop sea even under the lee of the island. The tide was running like a mill race, and almost before I could kick my shoes off I was swept rods away from the old transport, whose riding lights I could see glimmering dimly through the murk.

"Swimming with one's clothes on is none too easy at best. And buttoned up in my tight fitting uniform, with my midshipman's dirk dangling at its belt, I had all I could do to keep my head above water.

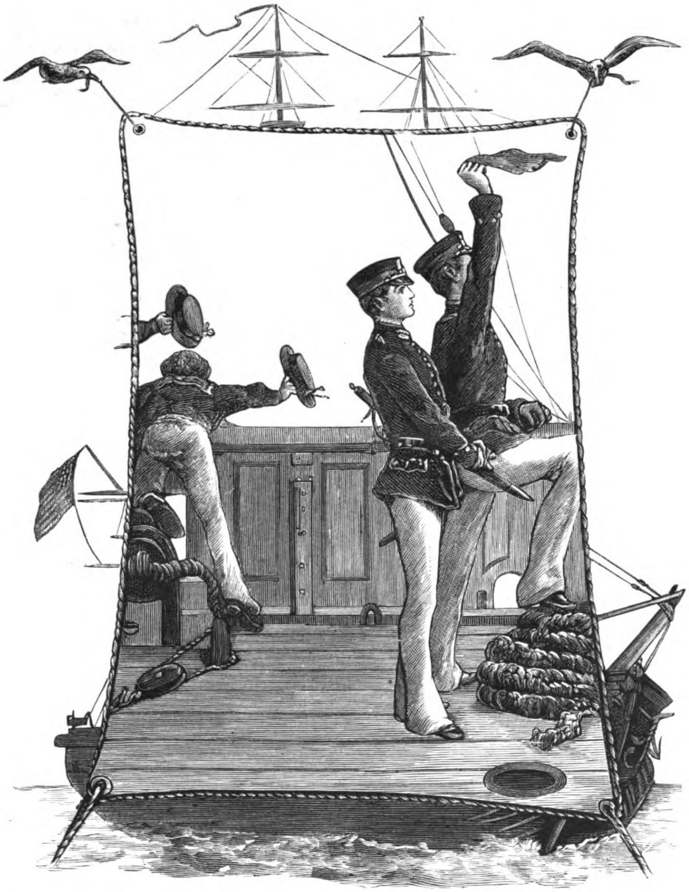
"I was just about giving up and resigning myself to my fate, when a dimly indistinct mass, which I knew to be a vessel's hull, loomed directly before me through the storm. A wave swept me toward it, and, instinctively throwing up my hands, I grasped the hemp bobstay extending from the end of the short bowsprit to the stem. Gathering my remaining strength for a final effort, I drew myself upward and succeeded in scrambling in over the bows.

"When I came to a little, half a dozen men in glistening oilskins were about me. One poured some raw spirits down my throat. Another, who seemed to be in command, bent over me with a lantern and examined the buttons on my uniform.

"'All right, boys—he's one of us,' I heard him say. And as soon as I could speak, I told my story—pointing out the transport's lights to windward, in part corroboration of its truth.

"'By thunder, we *did* come near makin' a mess of it,' exclaimed one of the men. And as a gust of wind blew aside the skirts of his oilcoat, I saw to my astonishment that he carried pistols and a short cutlass at his side.

"While a rapid consultation in an undertone was going on, I looked about me. The vessel was a small 'pink,' or 'pinky,' as they were more commonly called, of about sixty tons, evidently a shore fisherman. And I counted on her wet deck no less than one hundred stalwart men, whose oilcoats I felt positive concealed similar weapons to those I had just seen.



WAVING "GOOD BYS" TO SHORE FRIENDS.

"What it all meant I could not for my life understand. The course of the little vessel, under reefed foresail and stormjib only, would indicate that she was slowly beating up toward the anchored transport. But immediately after the consultation following the explanation I had given, the sheets were eased off, and the pink headed in the direction of Long Island Sound.

"I was taken down into the cabin and furnished with a dry suit. Knowing that I was among Americans, I gave myself no uneasiness at the half air of mystery connected with the whole procedure.

"A partial explanation was soon made by the skipper—one Peleg Macy, of Fairhaven:

"'One of our fellers came up to New Bedford this mornin', sayin' that the Corea, that's jest come over from England with stores for the Britishers, had put in to'ard Long Islan' Sound for anchorage. So a few of us got together, cal'latin' to pay her a little visit after dark. We took your lights to be her'n, an' came nigh makin' a pretty seri's blunder only for your tumblin' overboard. The Corea must a run furder inside the Sound. Any way, we're goin' to have a look for her.'

"Well, of course I was with them heart and soul, and so expressed myself.

"'Though I'm afraid what might be easily done under cover of darkness and storm may not be a success in open day,' I could not help adding.

"'Wall,' drawled Peleg, 'if wust comes to wust, we'll try an' show the Britishers a little bit of Yankee strat-egy!' and that was all I could get out of him.

"Toward morning the gale began to break. A man was sent aloft, who, shortly after it grew light, sung out:

"'Say, skipper, I see her. She came to under Greenpoint, an' now she's jest weighin' anchor, an' her tops'ls is bein' loosed.'

"As the storm mists gradually cleared away, the storeship could be plainly seen from the pink's deck. She was well inshore—perhaps two miles distant.

"The main hatch was taken off, and into the stifled, foul smelling hold tumbled ninety five hardy New England fishermen. A boy named Jerry Gifford, if I remember rightly, took the tiller, and the pink was brought to the wind. Five of us in sou'westers and oilskins ranged ourselves at the weather rail with lines as if 'fishing to a drift'—to use the technical term, when, without stopping to anchor, the shore fisherman sometimes 'tries the ground' over which he is drifting.

"In those days it was a common thing for the British vessels to rob our fishermen, and thus pleasantly substitute fresh cod or haddock for their own mahogany beef and hardtack. So, as soon as we were sighted, the Corea fired a shot across our bows. Not as a signal to 'heave to,' but simply, as we were supposed to understand it, to run alongside and turn over our fish.

"'We'll give him the hull ketch,' grimly remarked Skipper Macy, as, obedient to the signal, he nodded for Jerry to put up the helm.

"The Corea, whose light sails, not yet loosened by the topmen, strung along the upper yards, lay with the lower sails aback, while the anchor was being catted and fished, awaiting the coming of the clumsy looking Yankee 'double ender,' as they were pleased to call it.

"'Now, then,' bawled the red faced lieutenant on the deck, as Jerry put the tiller hard down, 'bring your old 'ooker alongside easy, so's not to scrape hour paint.'

"Jerry Gifford was equal to the occasion. He rounded the pink to as though it had been a sail boat. A couple of lines, thrown from bow and stern, were made fast on board the Corea.

"'Send up what fresh fish you've got in the 'old,' bawled the lieutenant, as we five stood seemingly waiting orders.

"'All right, cap'n,' returned Macy, in subdued tones; 'take off the hatches, a couple of you.' And the command was obeyed.

"Lord, how those Yankee fishermen swarmed out of the hold and up the sides of the deep loaded storeship! Never was so complete a surprise, and, without so much as a pistol shot being fired, the ship's company were made prisoners and put under hatches, securely bound.

"To make a long story short," added gran'ther, after a slight pause, "we took the ship up to New Bedford, and turned the prisoners, with the stores, over to the government. And if I remember, the Corea, being built of English oak good for a century at least, was after the revolution converted into a New Bedford whaler."

Let me remark in passing that I afterward knew this to be the fact. The Corea was one of the New Bedford whaling fleet, and either foundered at sea or sank at her anchors in 1855—I have forgotten which. But this is irrelevant.

Gran'ther, having finished his story, leaned back in his easy chair and bent his eyes on the half obliterated pencil sketch in his lap. The voice of an October gale roared in the wide mouthed chimney and sent its powerful breath downward to fan the cheery blaze in the open fireplace into greater activity.

"Gran'pa," said Jack, half hesitatingly.

"Well?" Gran'ther spoke a trifle snappishly, as though annoyed at the sudden break in his thread of reflection. Or possibly anticipating some "poser" from Jack, the demands of whose inquiring mind were not easily satisfied.

Jack winked at the rest of us, and glanced at the sketch lying on gran'ther's knees:

"I thought the midshipmen and naval officers in Revolutionary times wore knee breeches and spiketail coats: they do in the pictures I've seen," he said, meekly.

Gran'ther Harrison glared at Jack and cleared his throat. But he made no reply.

"I wouldn't have spoken of it," Jack went on, perfectly unabashed, "only on the back of that pencil drawing it says, 'George Harrison, U. S. N., 1830,' and that was father's name. *He* was in the navy when he was a young man, wasn't he?"

Gran'ther Harrison cleared his throat. No one of us young people allowed a shadow of a smile to appear on our faces.

But gran'ther was equal to the occasion.

"That *is* a sketch of your father in his midshipman's uniform," he said, mildly; "if you had given me time"—here he looked severely at Jack—"I should have explained that I simply used it to—er—illustrate my own story."

Which is one reason why I, the present narrator, used it for a similar purpose.

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REALLY REALISM.

USUALLY when one is so unfortunate as to spoil or destroy an article borrowed from somebody else, it is not a difficult matter to convince the owner of the fact. But according to the Philadelphia *Call* the reverse is the singular experience th recently befell a sleight of hand performer near that city:

In the course of one of his tricks he borrowed a silk hat from a fat man in the front row. It was a brand new eight dollar hat, and the professor looked at it affectionately as he made his way back to the stage, which was reached by a short step ladder placed there for the occasion. The professor accidentally made a misstep, the ladder slipped from under him, and he tobogganed on the hat several feet up the stage. As he picked himself up and looked at the crushed stovepipe in blank despair, the audience roared. No one laughed so heartily as the fat man who owned the wreck. The professor looked at the hat, the spectators and the wings.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he finally stammered, "this was an accident. If the gentleman who owns the hat will wait until tomorrow, I will try to buy him a new one out of the box receipts. Really I did not mean to fall. I——"

His voice was drowned in laughter and applause.

"Isn't he an excellent actor?" exclaimed the fat man, between convulsions, to his neighbor. "Never saw anything to beat it."

The professor turned his scared face about the stage. Escape was impossible. The more he tried to tell his auditors that the crushed tile was not a trick, but a good, wide and all wool reality, the more his auditors didn't believe him. He went down into the orchestra and whispered to the owner that he did not mean to fall on the hat, and that he would make restitution as soon as possible, but the owner wiped the tears off the end of his nose and found breath enough to remark that he knew all about it; this wasn't the first time he had been to a sleight of hand show.

At last the magician carried the cause of his misery back to the stage and ended his act by flight. While a young man was singing something about a girl who didn't want him, the professor hunted up a notary and came back before the curtain fell, with an affidavit that he did crush the hat aforesaid, without malice aforethought and with afterthought of making it as good as new again. Then the audience, including the fat man, believed him.

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JOHN WAS ELECTRIFIED.

"JOHN, dear, do they play ball by electricity?"

"Why, of course not. What made you think of such a thing?"

"Oh, nothing; only I saw in the paper that the Boston Base Ball Club had paid $20,000 for a battery."

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SOMETHING SEASONABLE.

RESTAURANT GUEST—Whew! The cook must have dropped her vinaigrette into the shortcake.

Waiter—I guess you've struck a strawberry, sah.

OUR BROTHER'S KEEPER.

BY HELEN A. MANVILLE.

If we saw the pitfall are we not to blame—
 In a measure—if we did not there kindly extend
The hand to his saving? The sin is the same,
 Be the victim a stranger, or be he a friend.
And once he has fallen—the wisest is he
 Who stops with a blessing instead of a curse—
With a heart full of pity—for lo! it may be
 In climbing the hill we might have done worse.

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[*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 XVII.

A TIMELY DELIVERANCE.

WELL did Rafe know the fate that awaited them all if recaptured. The mystic sign on his arm would not save him now. And as for the rest—death itself would be preferable to what *they* would have to endure, even before they reached the distant slave market.

Such were a few of the thoughts which coursed through Rafe's excited brain, as, taking up his rifle, he hastily pushed a cartridge into place, and then, casting a swift glance at the approaching canoe, set the sight on a two hundred yard range at a venture. Then he threw the weapon to his shoulder.

In target practice at home Rafe had made some fairly good amateur shots with his Winchester at a hundred and twenty five yards. But the Martini for long distance shooting was a comparatively new weapon to him, though a great favorite with the English hunter of large game.

More than that—a *human* target was something Rafe had never expected in the way of a trial of skill. Yet this was no trial of skill—it was a matter of life—or worse than death!

The crack of his rifle reverberated from the lake shores with startling effect through the strange stillness of the African morning.

And Alifa, who, with a sort of feverish eagerness, had stood glancing from the leveled rifle barrel to the distant canoe, uttered a little cry of astonishment, which was echoed in a louder and more exultant key by the blacks at the sweeps, who, facing aft, could see everything.

For almost simultaneously with the whip-like report, a paddle was seen to drop from the hands of one of the canoe men. Uttering a cry which came faintly to their ears, he fell forward, creating a momentary confusion among the rest.

But the check was only temporary. Fiercer and more pitiless than the bloodhound are the slave hunters of South Africa. The Portuguese half breeds, uniting their own vileness to that of the brutal negro, are merciless enough. Fifteen thousand wretched slaves are yearly seized and driven by them to the coast. But the Arab as a head, with half a dozen full blooded Kalahari negroes under his control, will, in the point of wanton cruelty, far exceed the former.

And why not? The slaves which are sold on the Mozambique coast have occasionally a chance of escape. But the slave, black, particolored or white, who once reaches the slave marts of the interior—whether of Timbuctoo or Bumah—may bid adieu to all hope.

So it was that with fierce cries Rafe's fire was returned by three musket shots, which fell short of the Arab boat. After which, successive strokes of the remaining paddles brought the canoe nearer and nearer.

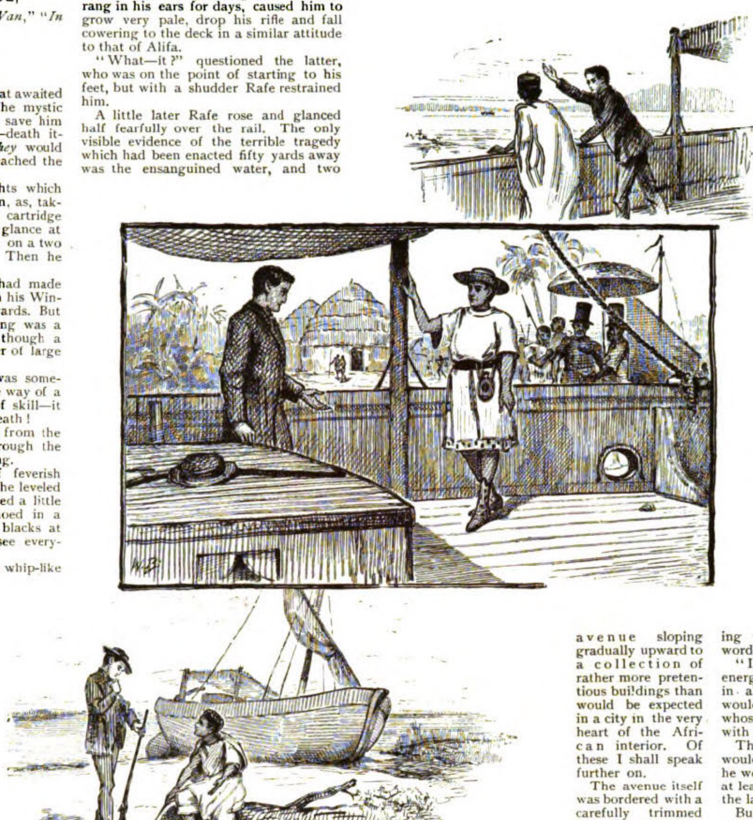
El Shereef, bare headed, his burnoose streaming from his shoulders, stood in the stern, urging the blacks on with fierce cries. He had thrown forward the musket snatched from the hands of the wounded black, who lay groaning in the bottom of the canoe, and was only waiting for closer range.

The negroes in Rafe's boat seemed to be completely demoralized at the near approach of their pursuers. They had drawn in the clumsy sweeps, and were crouching groveling on the deck after the first fusillade from the canoe.

Alifa, whose slender brown fingers were tightly interlaced, stood motionless, yet with a look of almost agonizing inquiry on his handsome, intelligent dark face. As much as to say to Rafe:

"You see what your superior weapon *can* do. Why do you not use it again and again, and thus save us all from a terrible fate?"

But though Rafe had once covered El Shereef with his rifle, perfectly assured that the touch of his finger on the trigger would send the wicked soul into eternity, he could not, even under these palliating circumstances, deliberately shoot a fellow creature in cold blood.



THE STRANGE MEETING OF TWO OLD FRIENDS.

"I—*cannot*," he said, half despondingly, as he took his rifle from his shoulder. And whether Alifa understood his words, or the peculiar sensitiveness which dictated them, is uncertain. But Rafe's action was unmistakable.

Alifa gave one despairing look at the rapidly nearing canoe, and, dropping upon his knees, buried his face in his hands without a word.

"By Jove, I can't stand *that!*" exclaimed Rafe, as he saw the mute despair expressed in the act. And recocking the Martini, he stepped resolutely to the low rail.

But a strange thing occurred. All at once a great swirl of water circled about the oncoming canoe, which itself was suddenly thrown upward and overturned in an instant.

Rafe saw the broad, dun colored back of the big hippopotamus that had unwittingly caused the disaster. Then he had a glimpse of dark forms madly striking out for the overturned canoe. But an agonizing scream, which rang in his ears for days, caused him to grow very pale, drop his rifle and fall cowering to the deck in a similar attitude to that of Alifa.

"What—it?" questioned the latter, who was on the point of starting to his feet, but with a shudder Rafe restrained him.

A little later Rafe rose and glanced half fearfully over the rail. The only visible evidence of the terrible tragedy which had been enacted fifty yards away was the ensanguined water, and two crocodiles swimming in concentric circles about an upturned canoe.

"S'pose *ponzab* (alligator or crocodile) no kill bad men. Where *we?*"

The speaker was Alifa, whose quick eye had taken in the situation at one rapid glance. His expressive face did not reflect Rafe's look of horror. Why should it? To Alifa what had happened to the slave dealers was simply an act of retributive justice.

In fact the blacks forward seemed to entertain even stronger views on the subject. With one accord they broke into a loud chorus of what was very evidently triumph and rejoicing. Yet as Alifa, with perhaps an intuition of Rafe's feelings, held up his hand and said something which they evidently understood, there was a sudden cessation of the outburst.

But with the uprising sun came a steady breeze from the shore, and very shortly the welcome ripple of water was heard about the bluff bows.

The women resumed their cooking, the men their indolent attitudes. The tall helmsman, standing as motionless as a statue cut out of ebony, held the tiller in his sinewy hand, and fixed his eyes on the distant headland by which he was steering. At a word from Alifa one of the women brought a copper tray aft, on which were two tiny cups of black coffee and some cakes, made, as Rafe afterward learned, from honey and rice flour.

This repast, which was only a prelude to a heartier meal of broiled fish from the lake and fowl stewed with rice and curry later on in the day, was more than welcome to the two, both of whom stood in need of refreshment after the exciting episode of the morning. And as the boat sped smoothly onward—every successive headland developing landscapes of rare beauty, Rafe began to wonder how far away the end of this Arabian Day's entertainment might be.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

THE narrowed in northern extremity of Lake Bagoe lies in a bowl shaped basin, from which on either hand rise hills of tropic verdure that are themselves lost in a green background of high mountain peaks.

An artificial embankment at the very head of the basin of clear water is the ending of a wide avenue sloping gradually upward to a collection of rather more pretentious buildings than would be expected in a city in the very heart of the African interior. Of these I shall speak further on.

The avenue itself was bordered with a carefully trimmed growth of palm, banana and plantain groves, among which were scattered neatly thatched one story dwellings, with walls painted a brilliant red, and small porticoes half hidden by flowering vines. Behind each house was a well cultivated garden, containing sweet potatoes, yams, maize and other vegetables. And far away on either side of the city suburbs might be traced the outline of the wall, which, five feet in thickness and twelve in height, surrounds the city of Sengar in the province of Boure—Central Africa.

A general view of the town which I have thus briefly described met Rafe's astonished eyes, as, three days after their final escape from the pursuing slave dealers, the Arab boat dropped her big lateen sail directly in front of a neatly constructed stone pier, where at least two score of different sized native craft lay moored to copper ring bolts.

It was high noon when their own boat was made fast, which may account for the small stir its arrival caused. A few sleepy boatmen roused themselves and peered drowsily from under their awnings, only to subside again into the noonday siesta.

Along the pier itself no one was visible. With the sun at 102 degrees in the shade and in ascending ratio outside, even the Sengar populace, all inured to the heat as they were, preferred dozing in the shade of their verandas or swinging in grass hammocks under the banana growth at the rear.

And now that he had arrived at Sengar, Rafe very naturally began to ask himself what he purposed doing. It is true that the Arab boat, to which he had the claim of possession, contained a variety of wares suited for traffic, beside being well provisioned and comfortably furnished as to the cabin, which Alifa had seemingly preferred to the open air of the deck, where Rafe slept from choice.

What if, while awaiting the coming of Mr. Parker, who had taken the longer land route, the people of Sengar should show the unfriendly—nay hostile front which they were understood to exhibit to foreigners since the invasion of the French, whose object a few years before was the possession of the almost fabulous wealth which the city and outlying districts were said to possess? And in the event that Mr. Parker never crossed the boundary of the Boure Mountains, what then? How would he—Rafe Dunton, of Mapleton, Massachusetts, U. S. A.—ever again reach the bounds of civilization?

Perplexing questions truly, and as Rafe sat under the awning languidly watching the blacks making his boat fast, the part Alifa might play in the strange African drama did not for the time occur to him.

Yet it was plainly evident that Alifa—for Africa at least—was "gentle born." Even the ignorant blacks, who but imperfectly understood his rendering of their own dialect, recognized this.

As Rafe, who had laid aside his pith helmet and thrown open the neck of his shirt for coolness, sat waving a big palmleaf fan before his sunburned face, Alifa came from the cabin, where he seemed to have been making certain additional touches to his toilet. Rafe laughingly told himself that Alifa was in a sense somewhat of a dandy. His hair, parted in the middle, was scrupulously arranged before coming on deck, while every fold and wrinkle of the cool linen burnoose, which had replaced his tattered tunic, seemed to show a sort of studied taste.

A curious shyness was apparent in Alifa's bearing, as, with an eager glance up the long avenue, he stepped toward Rafe and extended his hand, which, though brown, was as soft and well formed as a girl's.

"Alifa go—home," he said, in a clear, low voice, pointing to the cluster of dwellings on the elevation at the further end of the avenue.

"Glad of it, Alifa," Rafe returned heartily. Naturally he felt a certain degree of interest in the good looking young fellow, who, in such a singular manner, had been placed in his charge, so to speak. Yet to self reliant Rafe, Alifa, who seemed to belong to a more delicate order of being, was a mere stripling worthy of passing notice, but nothing further.

"You—stay," Alifa continued—having with some difficulty mastered the last word—"Alifa send some man sp'ik 'Merican."

"I hope to goodness you will," was Rafe's energetic response. Though he expected that in all probability the individual in question would be a Portuguese or some foreign trader, whose "'Merican" speech would be on a par with that of the Krooboys of the coast.

Then he began to wonder whether the blacks would go ashore and leave him, in which event he would have to cook for himself for a time—at least till he could pick up enough words of the language to hire some native cook.

But the ship's company showed no signs of taking their leave. In fact the most of them, with the perfect insensibility to heat peculiar to the African negro, had stretched themselves out on the hot deck for a noonday nap.

Well, the warmth and general drowsiness pervading the atmosphere *was* conducive to sleep, and so Rafe threw himself on the pile of grass mats close at hand for a short nap. During his sleep he had a curious sort of dream about returning to Mapleton, where all the church bells were rung, cannons fired, and a general jubilation enacted.

Part of it certainly proved to be real. That is, Rafe was [illegible] from his slumber by what he elegantly terms in his journal "a tremendous hullaballoo." There was no bell ringing to be sure. But if his ears did not deceive him he could hear the beating of a score or more of brazen gongs above the din of a tremendous drumming. And at irregular intervals came the popping of muskets very much after the manner of his early Fourth of July experiences.

Naturally Rafe's first waking thought was that some hostile tribe was making an attack on the city. Yet the few boatmen about him seemed to show no particular alarm. Rousing from their several siestas, they listened with a certain degree of interest to a slightly excited and partially inebriated African, who, appearing at the edge of the embankment, seemed to be explaining the cause of the general uproar.

"Possibly Alifa is some big man's son, and the jollification is in honor of his return," was the careless thought which drifted through Rafe's mind. "If that's the case, who knows but they may give *me* a reception?" he added, with a half laugh. "Wonder how I look, any way—haven't seen my face in a glass since I left the Esperance." Which was a fact.

Bringing a cracked hand mirror from the cabin vacated by Alifa, Rafe regarded his reflection in silent astonishment, not unmixed with dismay. The African sun and sirocco-like winds had baked and burned his once clear skin till it was almost mahogany color. And his cheeks were covered with a downy fuzz, which, to tell the truth, was not especially becoming.

"Goodness!" he involuntarily exclaimed with a grimace. "Why, my own—Mr. Dunton wouldn't know me! Or even Dick Morier," he added with a half sigh. Should he ever see Dick again, he wondered?

Thus meditating, Rafe laid aside the glass, and took another look up the long avenue. Signs of life were beginning to be visible. The popping of muskets had ceased, but Rafe could see white clad forms emerging from their several dwellings and making their way in the direction of the more pretentious structures at the elevated extremity of the down sloping street.

Presently, to the accompaniment of horns blown with more strength than skill, a little group of blacks marched gravely down the avenue in the direction of the pier. In front walked two copper skinned natives dressed in white tunics. Each wore on his bushy wool a tall silk hat of antiquated pattern, and the two were taking turns at carrying a big linen umbrella which shaded the brown face of a young man of rather athletic build, whose peculiar attire attested him to be a native of some consequence.

His tunic, reaching to his knees, was of fine material bordered with leopard skin. Neat buskins and sandals of the same covered his lower extremities. In addition he wore a wide brimmed straw hat girt by a gilt cord instead of a band.

"I hope he can speak English," was Rafe's thought, as he stepped forward from under the awning to meet the young stranger, who, motioning his attendants to stay where they were, sprang lightly aboard, eying Rafe with evident curiosity.

"You're an American, I take it," he said in a clear, well modulated voice, and Rafe started as though some one had run a pin in his leg.

Good Heavens! If that wasn't Dick Morier's voice! And—Dick Morier's thin, shrewd features, browned like those of an Arab. And then Rafe remembered what he had heard about Dick's staining his skin previous to joining Hassan's party.

CHAPTER XIX.

RAFE IS PRESENTED AT COURT.

RAFE saw at once that Dick, who was gazing at him with a half puzzled look, did not recognize him in the least. And a desire to mystify his friend, if possible, took possession of him. But knowing that his voice would inevitably betray him, Rafe spoke in low, husky tones, as though afflicted with a bad cold.

"Yes, they called me St. George on board the Esperance—an English steam yacht I left at the mouth of the Niger," he said, hardly able to contain himself.

"Well, my name is Morier, I—but we'll compare notes later on. Just now," added Dick, with a shadowy importance, "I'm King Zabele's chief officer——"

Dick was interrupted by a tremendous explosion of laughter from Rafe, to the manifest astonishment of the retinue on the embankment.

"I—beg your pardon," gasped the latter, "but it seems *so* funny! We two Yankee chaps meeting out here in the heart of Africa—and all that, you know." And Dick was forced to join in the other's mirth.

"It *does* seem—well, ridiculous," he said with a glance at the blacks on the embankment, the most of whom were grinning in sympathy. "But never mind that now. I'll explain later on. King Zabele is Alifa's father, and it seems in some way that you've rescued Alifa from the slave kidnapers. I'm not up in the language well enough to follow the talk between Alifa and the king, but you're wanted at headquarters."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" exclaimed Rafe, who could hold in no longer, "if all this don't beat the Dutch! Why, man alive, don't you know me—Rafe Dunton?" And Rafe literally fell on the neck of his friend, who, completely thunderstruck, could not speak or move for the moment.

"Rafe!" he muttered in a dazed sort of way. "Rafe Dunton?" And then, holding his friend at arm's length, he looked steadily in the sunburned face before him.

"Will some one of you colored gentlemen have the goodness to step aboard and kick me for five minutes or so?" he finally remarked, turning to the dark skinned retinue. "One of you with the biggest foot, please."

As none of them understood him Dick's request was unheeded. And Rafe laughed again, long and loud, as a sort of relief to his excited nerves.

"But this won't do," hastily exclaimed Dick. "King Zabele is waiting. We can talk as we go along. Come on!" And fairly hugging his friend in the exuberance of his joy, Dick motioned his retinue, and in another moment the two were walking arm in arm under the shade of the linen umbrella, surrounded by the black body guard armed with flintlock muskets.

"And so Alifa is the son of a king, eh, Dick," laughed Rafe. "I thought he had a rather effeminate look and appearance, though of course I didn't dream for a moment he was of royal birth. What's the matter?"

For his friend was staring at him with even more of ludicrous astonishment than when a few minutes before Rafe had made himself known.

"Oh, nothing, nothing at all," was the half ironical reply. "As you say," Dick went on hastily, "Alifa *is* rather effeminate looking, but—" and then he stopped abruptly. "But the people here," Dick went on irrelevantly, "are very superior to most tribes of which I ever heard or read. They are more Arab than African, both in looks and customs. Why, Rafe, they are far more than *half* civilized. But wait, you will see for yourself shortly."

"It seems then that you know Alifa pretty well," responded Rafe, considerably astonished, not only at the information itself, but at his friend's manner of imparting it. "Perhaps you and he are regular chums," Rafe went on laughingly; but Dick, who was seized with a cough just then, did not reply.

So, like one in the same strange dream of which he seemed to have been a part for so many weeks, Rafe, with his old time friend, ascended the sloping avenue, separated from the bordering groves of fig, bananas, plantain and palm, by high cane palings, with occasional openings leading to the shaded dwellings on either hand.

He noticed that the people who had begun to throng the clean, hard trodden thoroughfare, had not distinctively African features as a whole. Some few had the kinky hair, flat nose and thick lips peculiar to the negro race, but the great majority were, as Dick Morier had suggested, more after the Arab type. The men were straight and well formed, with rather intelligent faces, while the women might as a rule be called good looking despite their clear brown and bronze complexions.

As they approached what proved to be the royal residence, the crowd increased. There was an almost deafening noise of drum beating accompanied by various discordant sounds from native musical instruments. And thus heralded, Rafe, with Dick Morier, who took it very coolly, reached the large building with wattle clay sides, painted in alternate stripes of red and yellow, which Dick told Rafe was the "palace."

The walls inside were whitewashed, while the floor itself was laid in red and yellow mosaics of clay, beaten to the hardness of stone.

At the further end was a large chair—arms, legs and all being composed of elephants' tusks, beautifully polished. This was the throne of King Zabele, a well formed, intelligent looking man of forty or thereabouts, wearing a Turkish caftan, a pair of baggy red trousers of the old Zouave pattern, and shoes of soft, undressed leather.

Privately instructed by Dick, Rafe made a courtly obeisance, as, passing between the rows of tall black guards dressed in red coats and white trousers, he stood before the ruler of the Boure provinces.

King Zabele acknowledged the greeting, nodded familiarly to Dick, and motioned the latter to part a sort of heavy *portière* of native cloth, richly embroidered with gold, immediately behind the throne, after which he resumed his seat—it being, as Dick whispered, the day appointed for a general council of the city officials.

The room in which Rafe found himself with his companion was smaller, and had a certain appearance of civilization, if I may so express it.

That is, though the walls were whitewashed, there was a faded tapestry carpet on the floor and two rather dilapidated splint rockers ranged at either side, which, with a curiously carved chest containing the royal fetiches, comprised the furnishings of the apartment.

"A—lifa," called Dick, and from somewhere without a rather musical voice responded:

"*Mora fahnil.*" (Come where I am.) As one perfectly at home, Dick led the way through a doorway leading into a paved courtyard, completely shaded by a dense growth of fragrant flowering trees, ablaze with pink and white blossoms resembling the acacia.

In the center of the courtyard a miniature fountain was playing with cooling sound in a stone tank of clear water. Close by, in a hammock of twisted grass, sat a young girl swinging herself idly to and fro.

She was dressed in some cool white fabric, which left her slender but well formed brown arms bare to the shoulder. In her short clustering black hair was a bunch of scarlet flowers.

"You not know Alifa?" she said, turning her bright, dark face toward Rafe with a merry smile that showed her small white teeth.

(*To be continued.*)

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AUSTRIAN OSTRICHES.

CHILDREN, mules and the weather are very uncertain quantities in the line of what they will do next. The *San Francisco Chronicle* furnishes us with an anecdotal example of the truth of the foregoing statement in so far as the first named are concerned.

A proud father had, just before dinner, been telling the visitor how clever his little daughter was. He said it was not precocity. It was intelligence; when she learned a thing she knew its value, and she never was known, like other children, to ask foolish questions. "You'll see now. If that child asks a question about anything it will surprise you with its sense."

At dinner the conversation among the elders turned on Austria. The intellectual child was taking it all in. In a pause in the talk she piped out:

"Papa!"

"What is it, my dear?" said the proud parent with a pleasant smile, as he looked at the visitor, as much as to say, "Now's your chance; you listen." "Papa, are they all ostriches in Austria?"

THE TIME TO HATE.

BY ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

I HAVE a friend—I mean, a foe—
  Whom cordially I ought to hate;
But somehow I can never seem
  To lay the feud between us straight.
When apple boughs are full of bloom,
  And Nature loves her fellow men
With all the witchery of spring,
  How can you hate a fellow then?

And then when summer comes, with days
  Full of a long and languid charm,
When even water lilies sleep
  On waves without a thought of harm,
When underneath the shadiest tree
  My hammock hangs in idlest state,
I were an idiot to get up
  Out of that hammock just to hate.

The harvests come. If mine is big,
  I am too happy with my store;
If small, I'm too much occupied
  With grubbing round to make it more.
In dim recesses of my mind
  I have no idle hour to spend
In hunting up the bitter foe
  Who simply ought to be my friend.

In winter? Well, in winter—ugh!—
  Who would add hate to winds that freeze?
All love and warmth that I can get
  I want in such dull days as these.
No, no, dear foe; it is no use;
  The struggling year is at an end;
I cannot hate you if I would
  And you must turn and be my friend.

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[*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 XLIII.

THE HAPPY OUTCOME.

"YOU may as well surrender yourself," said Allan, but there was no need even for that.

Beaver had managed to keep up somehow, as long as he had any hope of escaping. Now, when he saw that all was over, there was no longer that nervous energy to inspire him, and as Allan's hand touched his shoulder, he sank, an exhausted heap, on the snow.

Although they had obtained that for which they had set out, it was not much like a triumphal procession that returned to the Benderman cottage some ten minutes later.

The young man in brown led the way, carrying the five shovels with the air of a grave digger, then came Arthur and Bert Merrill, walking single file, and bearing Tad between them as best they could under these awkward conditions; while the strong arms of Allan and the constable were required to half lead, half carry Beaver, who was far too much exhausted to attempt any resistance.

As soon as the constable had come up, Arthur had searched the robber's pockets and speedily drawn forth a package which he felt sure contained the missing $200,000, or part of it. Of course he could not make an examination out there in the darkness.

Polly Benderman was not the sort of woman to remain long crushed by misfortune. Sudden shocks she could not withstand, but once she had faced a calamity she possessed the strength of will to bear it bravely.

She met the young man in brown, when he knocked at the door, with a pale but composed face, and heard his story with calmness.

"I know now that he is unworthy," was all she said, then turned to receive the two who brought her brother back.

A sort of spasm passed over her face when Beaver appeared, but she set about doing what was necessary in the way of administering hot drinks and the like with no other outward show of feeling. To Beaver she never spoke a word, nor did he attempt to address her.

The fellow seemed completely cowed, to the great wonderment of the chums and their friends. But the young man in brown finally accounted for it by the fact that physical exhaustion for the time being overcame mental desires.

But the two members of the Benderman household were not the only ones who were pretty thoroughly tired out. Allan, Arthur, and the others of the party of pursuit had but little energy left in them when they regained the cottage. Allan could not sit down, however, till he had examined the package he had taken from Beaver's pocket. But when he found that it contained forty nine thousand dollar bills, five hundred dollar bills, one fifty dollar bill and $150,000 *worth of M., S. P. and B. railroad bonds*, he dropped into a chair, which fortunately happened to be behind him, and was incapable of speech for the moment.

Arthur, who had been looking over his shoulder, nearly collapsed likewise, for the discovery marked the completion of the long and adventurous chase, the success or failure of which meant so much to the fellow who was as dear to him as his very self.

Then the two clasped hands with silent lips, but eloquent eyes, while Arthur significantly tapped the pocket where reposed the Oppenheim scrap.

"There's only four hundred and fifty of it gone," he said then, adding: "But come on; the constable will watch our prisoner. Let's you and I go over to the Pattons' for supper. It's seven o'clock now and I'm as hungry as a stray dog."

So the two hastened back through the tunnel to the train where they found that the Pattons had already made two trips to the farm house to bring milk, eggs, coffee and chickens to the hungry passengers.

Neither of the two boys will ever forget that tea with the farmer's family.

The great responsibility on their minds removed, the quiet of the well ordered home, the kindly reception accorded them by the family, and the good cheer of hot muffins, fried potatoes, coffee, plum jam and angel cake—all this made it a gala occasion for the two Brooklyn lads, who had lately suffered so many misadventures.

"When do you think we can get a train to Albany, Mr. Patton?" asked Allan, just as he and Arthur were about to shut themselves into the room next to George's for the night.

"I heard in Hammondburg," was the reply, "that they hoped to start two engines, a snow plow and one car tomorrow morning."

"We'll be on hand," cried Arthur, heartily, and twenty minutes later the chums were sleeping like logs, for it had been a day of varied and trying experiences to them both.

The morrow's sun was bright and warm, and what with the combined powers of its rays and the snow plow already mentioned, the stalled train was released from its imprisonment, or at least the rear car of it was. Into this, the sleeper in which the mock trial had taken place, were crowded all the snow bound passengers, including our friends Arthur and Allan. The constable was left at the Bendermans', keeping guard over Beaver till it was convenient to remove him to the jail at Hammondburg, there to await the result of the investigation into his career which the chums were to set on foot as soon as they reached home. No one, not even the gentleman in the fur trimmed coat, offered to go bail for him.

After three or four detentions, the boys reached Albany, where they spent the night, which allowed Allan an opportunity for a long consultation with his mother.

The next morning he and Arthur continued on their way to Brooklyn, where they arrived early in the afternoon.

Then, accompanied by Mr. Seymour, they repaired to police headquarters and told their story. The scrap of paper Arthur had preserved under such strange circumstances was exhibited, compared with Mr. Trent's own handwriting, and then Arthur requested that Ben, the office boy, for whom he had sent, should be called upon to prove that he had seen Beaver in the act of copying the name from one of Mr. Trent's letters.

The authorities listened with respectful attention, and seemed to be impressed, but appeared likewise to be in no hurry to act in the matter. But Mr. Seymour threw his whole heart and soul into the affair, confident now that his friend Trent was the victim of a false accusation. The best of legal talent was engaged: one lawyer was sent to Placer City, in company with Allan, another to Tenbrook Falls with Arthur, while agents were dispatched to all parts of the country to look up persons who had been in Placer City at the time of the forgery twenty years before.

One by one links were forged in the chain of evidence convicting Paul Beaver of that most dastardly of crimes, causing another to suffer for an offense of which he is innocent, all growing out from that first link, molded by our friend Arthur from questions he had put to Ben, the office boy.

It seems that Beaver had at one time been clerk in a firm that had an extensive correspondence with the man by whom young Trent was employed in Placer City. Having unusual readiness with the pen, the constant sight of so many specimens of one man's signature had led him to attempt to imitate it, which he did in secret. Encouraged by the success which his own eye detected, he finally determined to turn his ability to account, which he did, with the result of fastening suspicion on the only person besides the proprietor himself who had access to the books of the sutler's store.

All this was brought out very clearly after suspicion had once been set on the trail. Beaver was sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary where he had once taken such satisfaction in calling the man he had wronged by his convict's number, which now, by an odd coincidence, he was compelled to bear himself. And so he passes out of our story.

Mr. Trent, who had now by act of legislature assumed the name by which he had so long been known and respected, returned to Brooklyn with his family early in June. The recovery of the stolen bonds enabled him to settle satisfactorily with his creditors; and his business and social friends tendered him a reception, at which the foremost men of the two cities at either end of the big bridge were present. His vindication was complete.

"And we owe it all to you, old fellow," said Allan to his chum at the close of the affair.

"Now, don't, Al," interposed the other. "If you get off that old chestnut about not being able to repay, and so on, I'll—I'll not tell you of the little adventure I had today."

"All right, I'll promise. Now for the adventure."

The boys were chatting late at night in Allan's room overlooking the river in the Columbia Heights house, which had been repurchased before there was a chance for any desecrating touches to be put upon it. Allan was a different fellow from the boy we have been accompanying during his days of trial. But we must not lose Arthur's reply.

"It's a trade, then. Well, I ran into the Astor House for a bite of lunch this morning, and stumbled right against—whom do you think?"

"Our friend in the brown overcoat?"

"No; no less a man than Ericsson. Yes, he's got rid of the court plaster, and you never saw a fellow so polite. He's invited you and me to come and spend the Fourth of July with him in Tenbrook Falls. So you needn't worry any longer, old man, about how that blizzard experience of ours is going to affect my standing in society. But what do you say to accepting, eh, Al?"

Arthur laughed as he put the question, but Allan shivered as if the gentle summer breeze that blew in at the open window chilled him.

"I want to forget, not remember, Art," was all he said. Then placing his hand on his chum's shoulder, he added, earnestly: "You surely don't want to accept, do you, old fellow?"

"Well, I guess there's no need," replied Arthur, with a roguish smile. "You know Floy and Reggie are going to the Profile House the same time we are in August. At least so Jessie Deane told me."

Then both boys smiled, which is a good point at which to drop the curtain.

THE END.

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An Indian Day's Entertainment.

INDIA certainly bears away the palm for extraordinary feats of legerdemain and jugglery, and to read about them fills the mind with almost as much wonder as the beholding of them would. We this week afford our readers an opportunity to be thus completely mystified by quoting from an article on the subject, contributed to the *St. Louis Sayings:*

While traveling through India, between Surat and Nagpore, my body servant one day informed me that a great juggler and snake charmer wished to have the honor of showing me something of his skill.

"What can he do?" I asked.

"Almost everything that is marvelous, I have been told," was the answer.

"Admit him."

My servant withdrew, and presently returned with a small, withered old man, about whom I saw nothing remarkable except the eyes, which were small, black and piercing, and seemed to have lightning imprisoned in them. I do not know whether the man could see in the dark like a cat, but there was at times that peculiar fiery appearance of the balls which is so often observable in night prowling animals.

He wore a white vest, Turkish trousers, a kind of crimsoned petticoat worked with strange devices, a turban of many colors, and morocco shoes, pointed and turned up at the toes. His arms and neck were bare, and with the exception of a couple of heavy gold rings in his ears, he displayed no extraneous ornaments. His age I judge to be sixty, and his short mustache was almost white. He made a slow salaam, and then appeared to wait to be addressed.

"Your name," said I, in Hindoostanie.

"Paunjar, your Excellency."

"I am told you wish to show me some wonders."

"If your Excellency wills."

"Well, what can you do?"

He suddenly produced—from where I did not see and cannot tell—a large ball of twine, which he appeared to toss in my lap, keeping hold of one end, so that it unrolled the whole distance between him and me—at least ten feet, saying as he did so:

"Will your Excellency please examine what you see?"

Now, I honestly aver that I saw that ball of twine when he threw it as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life—saw it come towards me, saw it unroll and apparently drop into my lap, so that I brought my knees quickly together to catch it, and yet when I put my hand down to take it and looked down for it, it was not there—nothing was there, and at the same instant I perceived the juggler dancing it on the end of his finger.

"Pshaw!" said I; "you deceived me by making me believe that you threw it towards me."

"Does your Excellency think I have it?" he said.

And before I could answer I saw in place of the ball a beautiful large red rose, which he was balancing by the stem—and yet he had not altered his position in the least, nor scarcely stirred a finger.

I began to be astonished.

While yet I looked, I saw in his right hand a cup, and in his left a rose. He stepped forward a few feet, laid the rose down on the ground, and placed the cup over it.

Here, it will be observed, there was no machinery to assist him—no table with its false top, concealed compartments and confederate, perhaps, to effect a change, as we see similar tricks performed in a place fitted by a magician for the purpose—but only my own quarters in the full light of day, with myself closely watching every movement within five feet of him, and my attendants grouped around almost as near.

Having covered the rose with a cup—as I would be willing to take my oath, for I saw the rose distinctly as the hollow vessel, held by the top, went slowly down over it—the conjuror resumed his former place, and said:

"Will your Excellency be kind enough to lift the cup and see what is under it?"

Of course I would have wagered a heavy sum that the rose was still there for one thing, because, expecting some trick, I had kept my eye on it to the last moment, and was certain there was no possibility of its being removed after a hand had let go of the cup at the top.

I complied with the request, stepped forward and raised the cup; but instantly dropped it with a cry of terror—for there, instead of the rose, was one of the little, deadly green serpents of India, coiled up and ready to spring, with its small, glistening eyes fixed intently on mine. Snakes of any kind are my horror, and this one not only horrified me, but all my attendants, who with cries of alarm enlarged the circle very rapidly, for they knew its bite to be fatal.

"No more such tricks as that, conjurer," I said sternly.

"It is perfectly harmless, your Excellency," grinned the old man, walking up to it, lifting it by the neck, putting its head in his mouth and allowing it to run down his throat.

I shuddered, and half believed that the juggler was possessed of a devil, if not a devil himself.

He next produced a tube that looked like brass, about two feet long and half an inch in diameter, and next the ball of twine again.

Where these things came from or went to I could not tell. They seemed to be in his hands when he wanted them; but I never observed his hands passing near his dress either when they appeared or disappeared. When I looked for the cup that I had lifted from the snake it was gone, and yet neither myself nor any of my attendants had seen this wonderful man pick it up. It was indeed jugglery, if not magic, of the most unquestionable kind.

Through the brass tube the conjurer passed one end of the twine, which he put between his teeth. He then put the tube between his lips, threw back his head and held it perpendicularly, with the ball of twine at the upper end. Then suddenly the ball began to turn, and turn rapidly, and gradually grow smaller, till it entirely disappeared, as if the twine had run off on a reel. What turned it or where it went to no one could see. The juggler then set the other end up, and a new ball began to form on the top, but apparently ribbon, of half an inch in width, and different colors. These rolled up as if on a bobbin, till it formed a wheel two or three inches in diameter, when the performer seemed to toss ribbon and tube over his shoulder, and that was the last I saw of either.

He next produced what appeared to be the same cup I had lifted from the snake, showing something that appeared to be an egg, advanced the same as before and placed the latter on the ground and the former over it, and again requested me to raise it, which I declined to do, fearing I should see another serpent, or something equally terrifying.

"Will any one lift the cup?" said he, turning to the others.

No one volunteered to do so, but all rather drew back.

At this he took up the cup himself and appeared to throw it in the air, and there sat in its place a beautiful dove, which flew up and alighted on his shoulder. He took it into his hand and muttered over some unintelligible words, seemed to cram it into his mouth, and that was the last I saw of that also.

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A COWBOY INDEED.

NOT a few cowboys go by that title when their heavy beards and grizzled locks seem rather out of keeping with the last syllable of the term. But the New York *World* prints a Fort Worth dispatch describing one of the *genus* who "fills the bill" in every sense of the word:

> The youngest cowboy in the world is at present visiting this city. He is Logan Mulhall, a herd owner in the Cheyenne nation, and he is just a month or so over six years old. The boy owns over a hundred herd of cattle, has his own brand, which is duly registered, and he does fully as much of his own work as any boy of six has done, even in the West.
>
> This very juvenile patriarch is a son of Zach Mulhall, well known throughout the cow country, and his father is firmly convinced that such another young prodigy has not yet appeared in the grazing lands. The young gentleman was formally put in possession of a herd some months ago. He has had made for himself a little Winchester rifle and a special revolver, with both of which arms he is said to be very expert.
>
> The boy has his own bunch of horses and hires, his own help, of course under the superintendence of his father, and during the past spring he rode every day a line of more than three miles about his herd.
>
> The boy is worth about $1,200 in his own right, and his profits will not be less than $500 a year, which is more than falls to the lot of the average six year old.

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THE LITERAL TRUTH.

SMITH—By the way, Bluff, how about that ten dollar bill you were to leave at the office for me today?

Bluff (impatiently)—Oh, that's neither here nor there.

Smith—Exactly what I expected.

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In 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.—Adv.

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FITS.—All Fits stopped free by **Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer.** No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

Scrofula

Probably no form of disease is so generally distributed among our whole population as scrofula. Almost every individual has this latent poison coursing his veins. The terrible sufferings endured by those afflicted with scrofulous sores cannot be understood by others, and their gratitude on finding a remedy that cures them, astonishes a well person. The wonderful power of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

in eradicating every form of Scrofula has been so clearly and fully demonstrated that it leaves no doubt that it is the greatest medical discovery of this generation. It is made by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass., and is sold by all druggists.

100 Doses One Dollar

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
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of all makes and 30 styles best new wheels at lowest prides. Easy terms. Send for cata.
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$3 Printing Press!

For cards, &c. Circular size $8. Press for small newspaper, $44. Send 2 stamps for List presses, type, cards, to factory.

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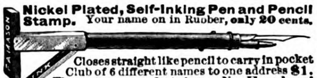

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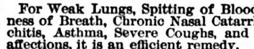

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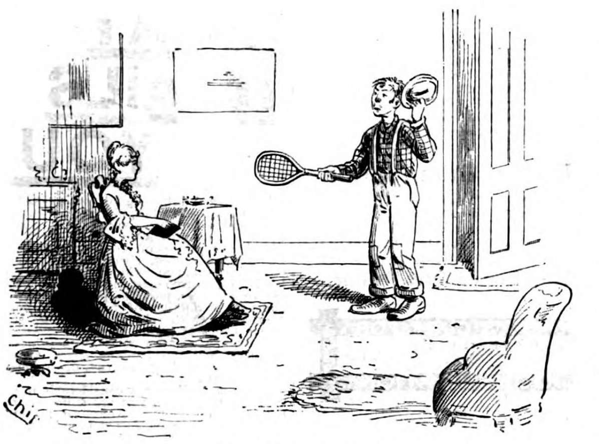

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Now, the translator had been evidently ignorant of the circumstances of there being any species of tree bearing this name. Having, therefore, looked out the word in his dictionary, and finding the definition to be given as "Les Sauterelles"—grasshoppers—thus he rendered it in the text.

Presently, however, he came across a paragraph in the novel in which it was stated that a visitor to the house of Mr. Wharton had tied his horse to a locust. Then it might be naturally supposed that the translator would at once have discovered his error. Not a bit of it! His reasoning would appear to have been somewhat on a parity with that of a celebrated countryman of his, when he declared that "if the facts do not agree with the theory, so much the worse for the facts."

Nevertheless, the writer seems to have been conscious that some explanation was due of so extraordinary a statement as that a horseman had secured his steed to a grasshopper. Consequently he went on to gravely inform his readers that in America those insects grow to an enormous size; and that, in this case, one of these—dead and stuffed, of course—had been stationed at the door of the mansion for the convenience of visitors on horseback.

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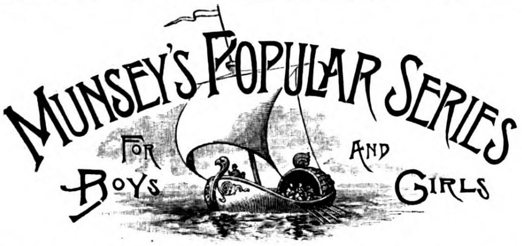

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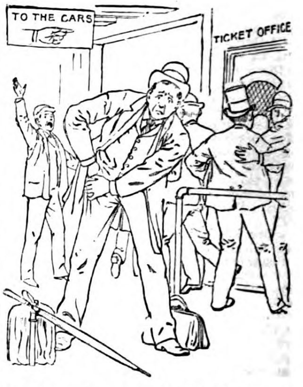

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