

# GOLDEN ANCHOR

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

Vol. VI. No. 30.

FRANK A. MUNSEY, 181 WARREN ST.,  
PUBLISHER, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 290.



## MAN OVERBOARD!

By FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THE Bonnibel's crew, like all sailors, were superstitious. Captain Tower was not. The men commented gloomily on the fact that the brig had left port on a Friday. And still more startling was the presence of a black cat on board—only discovered when the brig was well out to sea.

Captain Tower laughed good naturedly when through the second officer he was apprised of the unpleasant prophecies of his crew. The sailing day couldn't be helped, he said, and as for the half starved cat—why, it was his duty to keep her; the Bonnibel was overrun with rats,

and Nig, as he at once named the thin feline, would come in handy as a mouser.

"Somethings bad will happen to ter brig or ter cap'n long as ter black cat stays aboard," was the oft repeated prophecy of old Geordie, a Russian sailor.

But Nig waxed fat and saucy as the days went by, growing more and more in favor with Captain Tower, who laughingly declared that the black cat was a good, not an evil spirit.

For from the day when Nig crept up from the vessel's hold, where she had stowed herself while in port, a succession of fair winds and favoring gales had

sent the brig flying to the southward—the equator being crossed in twenty three days from port, which was better time than the Bonnibel had ever made before.

"Wait till we git off the Cape er Good Hope—that's where we'll ketch it on account of havin' that cat aboard," growled Marlock, another chronic grumbler.

But Marlock proved a false prophet. The run round the stormy cape was made with exceptionally good weather and strong westerly breezes. And Captain Tower chuckled to himself as he saw how far the sailors' prognostications came short of fulfillment.

"You've brought me good luck instead of bad, Nig," he would say, as the cat, purring contentedly, trotted after him like a dog as he paced the quarter deck.

So on toward her destination sped the brig till the Straits of Sunda, once the lurking place of bloodthirsty Malay pirates, were reached. And here, as is by no means uncommon near the change of the monsoon, the wind died out, leaving the brig totally becalmed. One—two—three days the surface of the oily sea, unbroken by a ripple, seemed to fairly smoke in the quivering heat of the sun rays from a sky like burnished brass.

Another day dawned, and except for a slight thickness of the hazy atmosphere the situation was unchanged. All the while unseen currents were drifting the brig toward the southern shore of Sumatra. Grumbling both loud and deep was freely indulged in forward.

"I knowed that 'ere cat would bring us 'ad luck in some shape," repeated Marlock, with a sort of surly triumph, for at least the twentieth time since the calm commenced, as the watch sat about the windlass toward the close of the airless day.

"You vait," responded Geordie, shaking his head, sagaciously. "Dis night, so sure de black beast come down der main deck, I chucks her over ter rail on ter sly. Dot'll bring der wind, and don' you forgets."

"Maybe it'll bring mor'n we bargain for," suggested another. But generally speaking a Jack Tar prefers a gale to a calm, so no notice was taken of the last remark.

Twilight came on. The curious haziness of the atmosphere had slowly increased and veiled the stars. The full moon rose from the sea like a great globe of dull fire, throwing a ghastly light over the oily surface.

"There's no change in the barometer," said Captain Tower, addressing Mr. Brace, his chief mate; "but I don't like the look of the weather for all that. Let 'em stow the light sails and haul up the foresail."

This was soon done. Captain Tower went below for another look at his chart. Nig, contrary to her usual custom, walked forward on the rail in place of following her master below.

"Now's your chance, Geordie," whispered Marlock, nudging his shipmate.

Geordie hesitated, but only for a moment. Snatching the cat from the rail, he tossed poor Nig some distance away from the vessel's side.

Unluckily or luckily as the case may be, Captain Tower came out of the forward cabin at that very moment, just in time to see the act and hear poor Nig's afflicted wails.

With one bound he was forward and on the rail.

"I'll settle with you when I come aboard," he wrathfully exclaimed, as Geordie shrank back. "Mr. Brace, get the boat over—I'm going after my cat."

With the words Captain Tower went over the side like a shot, and struck out for Nig, who was swimming as best she knew how. She lost no time in climbing to her master's shoulder.

"Stand by to jump into that boat, a couple of you," roared Mr. Brace, and the order was instantly obeyed. But hardly had they pushed clear of the vessel's side, when, with a suddenness only known to tropic dwellers, a thunder squall broke upon them.

In ten seconds the air was filled with driving rain and spray blown from the tops of the waves, which rose almost instantaneously at the command of the storm fiend.

"Pull for the brig, Geordie, or we'll lose her!" yelled Marlock, forgetting in his excitement that Mr. Brace in the boat's stern had command.

"Pull the boat's head round! Hang the brig! We're after Captain Tower." Thus roared Mr. Brace, whose voice could be heard above the howling of the gale. And the sailors dared not disobey.

"I see him," hoarsely shouted the mate a moment later, pointing to windward through a rift in the murk. "Slings over that life preserver—quick!"

Over went the article in question, but with renewed fury the squall swept down, half swamping the boat. All that could be done was to keep her head to wind and sea till the fury of the tropic tempest should abate. A vivid lightning flash showed the brig on her beam ends, drifting past them with her upper topsail and half furling mainsail blown to ribbons. Then thick darkness shut down again, and for four hours the occupants of the clumsy boat had all they could do to keep her afloat.

About midnight, as nearly as they could tell, the squall began to break. And, to their joy, the moon, breaking through the scattering clouds, revealed the brig lying to about half a mile distant. After rowing round as long as their strength would permit in vain hope

that Captain Tower might have reached the life preserver, Mr. Brace (who himself told me the story) reluctantly gave command to return to the vessel.

But here a new difficulty arose. The intensity of the gale had forced the brig nearer and nearer the shore until the breakers were plainly discernible. And the stiff breeze which had replaced the squall itself was blowing directly on to the land. On every side were islands or exposed reefs, and being thus embayed it was impossible to work out into the open water of the straits without a shift of wind.

Mr. Brace held a hasty consultation with Stevens, the second officer, and, as their only chance of safety, the brig, under short sail, was brought to under the lee of a heavily wooded island a mile distant. Letting go an anchor within a few cable lengths of the shore, they waited impatiently for day dawn.

With its first gleams the boat was put over the side, and, taking a couple of water casks in tow, Mr. Brace was pulled ashore by Geordie and Marlock, who generally acted as the boat's crew.

Mr. Brace gave variety to the pull by soundly rating Geordie for throwing the cat overboard.

"I consider that you alone are responsible for Captain Tower's drowning, you old renegade," he said, sharply, "and it wouldn't surprise me if his ghost came back to haunt you, and Nig with him."

This was added for the reason that like all Finn or Russian sailors, Geordie was terribly superstitious. And as Mr. Brace told me, he wanted to make the old mariner as uncomfortable as possible. Geordie's weather-beaten face blanched slightly, but with dogged obstinacy he stuck to his original text.

"It vos all troo ter blamed cat bein' kep' aboard," he grumbled between his teeth, and nothing more was said till the boat had reached the hard coral beach.

"Blest if there ain't one of them Chinese junkies driv up high and dry," exclaimed Marlock, calling Mr. Brace's attention to a clumsy half hidden by a growth of mangroves bending over the shore.

So there was, but Mr. Brace had no desire to investigate just then. He had brought his gun with him, and, leaving the men to get out the water casks and hunt up a stream or brook, he plunged into the dense underbrush in search of some sort of small game.

No sooner had Mr. Brace disappeared than Marlock nudged his companion significantly.

"By the look of her, the wreck ain't been there no great while. Likely as not we'll find somethin' to drink aboard; arrack or samshu. Come on, Geordie."

The Finn, nothing loath, obeyed, and, climbing aboard by the clumsy rudder, they looked about the deck, which was lumbered with the broken bamboo masts and yards and coir rigging.

"I'll go for'ard and have a peek in the hold, Geordie," said Marlock, "while you're searchin' the cabin. Sing out if you find anything."

Geordie nodded, and, pushing open a door in the high gilded poop, entered the square apartment before him. But it was a barren looking interior, with matting on the floor, Chinese mottoes painted on the sides, and a shrine containing a very ugly "joss" or idol.

"Not'n to drink here for certain," muttered Geordie; "mebbe dis lead to der pantry."

Opening another door, Geordie stood for a moment aghast. Stretched on a pallet of straw work was a man of large stature, in complete Chinese costume, whose face was turned to the wall.

"He must be dead, I see him not breathe," said Geordie, aloud. "Perhaps there shall be monies in ter clo'es."

Stepping beside the prostrate form, Geordie inserted his hand beneath the blue blouse in search of a pocket.

Suddenly the presumed corpse gave a deep respiration, and, twisting over on his back, seized the sailor's wrist in a vise-like clutch. A pair of hard, steely eyes, such as no Chinaman ever owned, stared for a moment mutely into his own, while a grim and ghastly smile flitted across the pallid features half covered by a matted gray beard.

"Ter cap'n's ghost," yelled Geordie, dropping on his knees, while at the same moment a drenched black cat, suddenly

appearing from beneath the cot, began spitting and swearing furiously at the affrighted sailor.

The shout of terror that escaped poor Geordie's lips at this final corroboration of his fears, reached the ears of Marlock, who at once ran aft, scenting a find of drinkables.

Without speaking a word or relaxing his grip, the captain's presumed ghost raised himself to a sitting posture, just in time to confront Marlock, who fled with a terrified cry, closely followed by Geordie.

Captain Nathan Tower laughed till he was purple to his very ear tips, as he rose and hurried out on deck, where Mr. Brace found him a few minutes later, alternately wiping his mirthful eyes and patting Nig, who, barring her wet fur, seemed none the worse.

Mutual explanations followed. Captain Tower had succeeded in grasping the circular life preserver, by the aid of which he reached the island shore, with Nig clinging for dear life to his shoulder. Having discovered the wrecked junk he took possession of a stateroom, and, exchanging his wet clothing for a dry Chinese garb, lay down for a nap, from which he was roused by the action of old Geordie.

This was not all. The junk proved to contain a valuable cargo of expensive teas, silks, sandalwood, and the like, which later on was transferred to the Bonnibel's hold, after which the brig resumed her voyage.

"Under the circumstances, Geordie," said Captain Tower, grimly, "I'll let you off this time. But don't you ever dare to lay a finger on Nig again, calm or no calm, for as sure as you live Nig is a veritable witch."

Which Geordie devoutly believes to this day.

[This story continued in No. 278.]

## THE Casket of Diamonds;

OR,  
HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAILE WINTERTON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.  
A PANTON ON THE GANYMEDE.

THE stowaway on board of the Ganymede had rendered Rowly a most important service; but so great was his timidity that he turned away to conceal himself again in his hiding place among the vessel's cargo.

"You need not go back to your hole, my good friend; there is no longer any need for you to conceal yourself," Rowly interposed.

"I should be afraid to allow myself to be seen," replied Balfour.

"You need be afraid of nothing now, unless it be of those two men, and even they have no desire to harm you," continued the shadow.

"If you knew what I have suffered, you would not blame me for my timidity," sighed Ernest. "My people are rich; I loved a dear, good girl who worked in a shop, and they would not let me marry her. I ran away with her to America; but we were shipwrecked on the coast of Long Island. We were both saved, but poor Marie caught a cold, had the pneumonia, and died. My money was gone; I could not get employment, for no one knew me. I suffered from cold and hunger. I was too proud to write to my father, though he told me if I would leave poor Marie he would take me back to our home. I have left her in a sand-pit, on Long Island, and am stealing my passage home." And he wept bitterly.

"We will talk about that another time," added Rowly, too much absorbed in his mission to think of anything else. "I want you to go on deck for me, and speak to the captain."

"If you want to tell him something, why don't you go yourself?" asked Ernest, terrified at the idea proposed to him.

"In the first place, those men you see by the open hatch would fall upon me, and perhaps kill me, if I should show myself to them," replied Rowly.

"Perhaps they will fall upon me and kill me," suggested the timid man, as he glanced in the direction of the hatch.

"No, they will not; they don't know you, and have nothing to fear from you. In the second place, I want to carry out my plan to recover the stolen property, and it is necessary for me to keep those men in sight all the time."

"Then the captain knows that you are here, doesn't he?"

"He knows that I am on board of the ship,"

"Then why didn't he come down here and let you loose after he had gagged and bound you?" asked the suspicious Briton.

"He did not know that anything had hap-

pened to me," replied Rowly, impatient under the avalanche of questions put to him. "I will tell you what I will do: I will pay your passage to London. I will give you the money now, and you can go to the captain, and offer to pay him for a cabin passage."

"This idea seemed to please the stowaway, and his looks indicated that he was inclined to consent to the arrangement.

"Suppose those men should attack me?" suggested he.

"Then I will go to your assistance," answered Rowly, taking the handsome revolver from his hip pocket, where he had carried it most of the time since it came into his possession. "But they will not meddle with you."

"If they speak to me what shall I say?" asked Balfour.

"Don't say anything; don't take any notice of them, and go on deck as fast as you can. If they meddle with you, cry out as loud as you can for help," replied Rowly, as he took Mr. Balfour's letter from his pocket and began to write on the blank side of the sheet.

He stated that he had been captured by Gibbs and Gaultbert, and had been released by his friend, the bearer of the letter. He asked the captain not to call the two men from the place where they were at work, and to signal Captain Ringbom to have the "scare" come off as soon as possible, for he judged by the mention of the ship that she had passed through the Narrows.

He added the note as it had been before, and placed it in the same envelope, writing the captain's name on it after crossing off his own.

"Put this letter in your pocket, and don't let those men see it," said the shadow. "Don't take any notice of them, and if they meddle with you, sing out as loud as you can."

"I will do everything you tell me," replied Balfour, as he buttoned his coat, and the letter to protect the letter.

"I am not a coward, and I am only timid of doing anything wrong. Now that I have the money to pay my passage, I am not afraid of anything; but I should die in despair if I were sent back to New York to suffer again, as I have endured."

"Good! I am glad to hear you say so. You shall not be sent back; if you are I will pay your passage on the next steamer that sails for England," said Rowly, pleased with his new friend now that he had stiffened up his back.

"That isn't all; if these men attack me, I shall give you a good account of myself, and you will see that I am not a simpleton, though I have behaved like one in my terror," replied Balfour, as he started with a firm step towards the after part of the ship.

The shadow retained the revolver in his hand ready for instant use, for he was confident that he should need it before his mission was fully accomplished, as he knew that the "scare" he had organized would render active operations necessary.

Noticing that the backs of Gibbs and Gaultbert were turned towards him, he crept silently and rapidly to a pile of goods stowed about thirty feet nearer the open hatch than the spot where he had been captured by the burglar and his confederate.

From this point he could see much better what transpired as Balfour went on deck; and he could hear what was said if they spoke to him.

"Who are you?" demanded Gibbs, as he discovered the approach of the stowaway.

Balfour did not make any reply, or even look at the speaker who had addressed him, and Gibbs made a movement as though he intended to dispute his farther progress.

But the bearer of the letter to the captain leaped lightly on to the deck, and passed without meeting him face to face, hastening to the notched stanchion which formed a sort of ladder abaft the hatch.

"Who is that fellow, Gaultbert?" asked Gibbs, evidently disturbed by the appearance of the stranger between decks.

"I don't know; I never set eyes on him before," answered the other.

"The forward hatch is not off, and he could not have come below that way," continued Gibbs. "He must have been here when we upset Rowly, and perhaps he knows all about it."

"I don't believe he does, for that was done over half an hour ago, and he would have let on before this time if he had known anything."

"I don't know about that; perhaps he has let the young duck loose. We must see to this. Go forward, Gaultbert, and see if he is where we left him," said Gibbs, evidently greatly disturbed by the suspicion which had entered his mind.

Gaultbert started to obey his superior in burglary, though he did not appear to be at all alarmed at the prospect before him.

"Here, you fresh water lobster, where are you going?" demanded the mate, appearing at the hatch at this moment. He had been sent by the captain as soon as he had read the first part of the penciled note to see that the shadow's request was complied with. "Put your shoulder to that bale, and stow it on the plankshear."

Gaultbert halted, for he was afraid of the mate.

"I was only going for my coat, sir," replied he, as he returned to the vicinity of the hatch.

"Now, take hold of that bale, lively, and turn it over. You will freeze to death if you don't wake up. Do you think a ship bound out is the place for idlers?" shouted the mate in a loud voice from the deck above.



Rowly had crawled below a bale which had not yet been properly stowed, and listened to the mate's recital of his orders, most of which were unintelligible to the green hand; but his mind was filled with expectation and anxiety, for the moment for very decided action was close at hand, and there would be a tremendous excitement on board of both vessels in the course of a few minutes, and perhaps in a few seconds.

He grasped the revolver in his right hand, and did all he could to prepare himself for the scene he anticipated, and which he had planned himself.

Balfour had reached the deck without any difficulty, and found the captain standing near the cabin door; and without saying a word, had handed him the letter, which the captain opened without any remark, though he did look rather sharply at the bearer of it.

When he had read the beginning of the letter he sent the mate to keep Gibbs and Gaultbert where they were; then he read on, and a moment later he waved his handkerchief in the direction of the Medusa.

The steamer immediately stopped her screw and as she lost her headway, fell back against the ship.

There was some heavy bumping after it, and the Ganymede was shaken and jarred as though she had struck upon a rock.

"The ship is lost! She is on a rock, and she will go to the bottom in two minutes!" yelled Captain Kingboom, as he leaped from the rail of the Medusa to that of the ship.

"Stand by to lower the boats!" shouted Captain Wellfleet. "The ship will be under water in two minutes! Let every man keep his weather eye!"

The two captains and the mates of the ship yelled at the top of their lungs, assisted by the officers of the steamer. Of course there was a terrible panic on board the Ganymede.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ROWLY'S PLOT SUCCEEDS.

ALTHOUGH the situation was hardly a dangerous one, with so many vessels at hand, and so near the shore, there was a tremendous excitement, and there seemed to be no order or system on board, for all were yelling, and even the captain did not exhibit the coolness and self-possession which might be expected of the commander in a trying time.

The sailors lost their heads entirely, as they might be excused for doing when the officers set such an exceedingly bad example for them, and they belted for the Medusa, giving no heed to the order, repeated by the mate, to stand by and lower the boats.

Captain Kingboom belied the old saying that rats leave a sinking ship, for he leaped on board of the Ganymede in the moment of her peril, and just as it was announced by the captain that she would go to the bottom in two minutes.

He yelled, and roared like a mad bull, and no reasonable owner would have given him a ship on the recommendation of his wild conduct on the present occasion. The redeeming feature of his conduct was that he did not regard any merely personal peril, and whatever else he was, he demonstrated that he was a brave man, and did not fear to go where the danger was the greatest.

But he did more than merely to go on board of the Ganymede, for he did not stop on the deck. He rushed to the open hatch of the ship, looked down, and then began his descent by the rope which he had fastened to the hatch, and he was in what he saw that there was a single person in the hold or below decks.

But he had scarcely reached the lower deck before he heard the report of a pistol in the forward part of the ship, and heedless of the imminent peril in which the vessel was said to be, he hastened in the direction from which the sound came.

Ernest Balfour remained on deck after he had delivered the letter to Captain Wellfleet, for Rowly had given him no instructions in regard to his conduct after he had done the duty assigned to him, and very likely he regarded his chances of reaching London in the Ganymede as very few and remote.

Rowly had watched the progress of his messenger to the captain with the most intense interest, for, as before indicated, he expected an extraordinary excitement would soon prevail on board of the ship. It did not come any sooner than he anticipated, and he was ready for the event as soon as the commotion on deck announced its approach.

He was completely sheltered from observation in his retreat behind the bales of merchandise, and he was not at all startled by the terrible cry that the ship was going to the bottom in two minutes.

He was extremely anxious in that momentous instant of peril; but he did not feel the slightest impulse to escape from the interior of the vessel, which the cry indicated must soon be overwhelmed with the raging waters. On the contrary, he placed himself in a position to observe the movements of the two men, Gibbs and Gaultbert, near the open hatch, and he was completely absorbed by the intensity with which he watched them.

The moment the uproar on deck began, the doughty mate, who had been directing and stimulating the movements of the two men at work, abandoned his position, and the sailors were left to escape in whatever manner they thought best.

It is "every man for himself" after the ship

is doomed, and the mate appeared to act on this theory, though he evidently knew what he was about and understood his duty thoroughly.

"The ship has struck on a rock!" exclaimed Gibbs, suspending his work on the bales, and gazing out at the open hatch.

"She is going to the bottom in two minutes!" gasped Gaultbert; and it was evident to Rowland, who could plainly hear every word they said, and even distinguish the expression on their faces, that they were duly and properly impressed by the imminence of the impending calamity.

"We must save the swag!" almost shouted Gibbs, in his excitement, as he threw up his arms, and indulged in a series of tragic gestures, and a string of profanity that might have shocked the roughest seaman sleeping off his debauch in the forecastle.

"We have no time," cried Gaultbert. "We shall be drowned if we stay here a minute longer," and Rowly fancied the green hand could hear the roar of the rushing waters as they poured in through the hole in the bottom of the Ganymede.

"I would rather die than lose the treasure!" added Gibbs, speaking as though he meant what he said. "It will not take half a minute to get it, and you must help me!"

Gaultbert seemed to be the slave of the adroit burglar, and he followed him, as he followed his associate, and Rowly drew back to escape observation as they passed. They were too intent on saving their ill-gotten treasure to heed him, even if he had taken no pains to conceal himself.

Rowly understood the situation better than the other two, and he followed them, as he surely, taking care not to be seen by them, though they must be too busy to bestow much attention upon him. Carefully concealing himself behind the bales of goods, he succeeded in reaching the foremast without being seen, and the great size of it enabled him to secure a safe position in its shadow.

"Live!" Gaultbert!" shouted Gibbs, abandoning all precautions in his haste to secure the treasure, which, by the shadow, was supposed to consist of the diamonds, the money taken from the house of Morgan Dykes, and such other plunder as they happened to have on hand.

Gibbs seemed to be on such intimate terms with his comrade that Rowly could not help asking himself whether the latter was really a burglar, rather than a simple confederate for a particular job, as he had at first supposed.

Bronker, which was the name by which he had been known in a store, had been in the employ of the firm about three months; and it was not improbable that he had secured the place for the purpose of assisting in the robbery at the favorable time for the undertaking. Without any information on the subject, it was reasonable to conclude that he was to receive some share of the plunder, and it was disposed of on the other side of the Atlantic; otherwise he would not have been willing to risk his life to save the "swag" concealed in the forward part of the Ganymede.

As he endeavored to inspire his companion with renewed zeal in recovering the treasure, Gibbs laid hold of his shoulder, and he, in turn, grasped all his strength in an effort to move it alone, in which he failed.

"Take hold here, Gaultbert!" he shouted, with a heavy oath, which seemed to be out of place in his mouth, for he had always talked like a gentleman in what the shadow had seen of him.

"Give me a chance, and I will," replied the assistant; and he bent his back to the task before him.

The box came out of its place in the twinkling of an eye, and was shoved out of the way by Gaultbert, who was much stronger than his principal. Smaller boxes, bales, and packages were tumbled in hot haste from their places where they had been stowed for the voyage, and pitched indiscriminately in every direction. It was plain that Gibbs and his companion had built a fortress of merchandise over and around the treasure.

Suddenly the heavy work ceased, and the principal snaped over the pile that surrounded him, and dived down to the bottom of the pile of freight, and was lost for a moment to the sight of the observer behind the foremast.

"Here it is!" shouted Gibbs, as he emerged from the litter of boxes and packages with a bag made of bed ticking on his shoulder.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

THE bag which Gibbs bore on his shoulder was not a large one, and only a small portion of its available space appeared to be filled; but even two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and the money and securities stolen from Morgan Dykes, would not make a very bulky package.

The din on deck continued, or rather it had just begun, for the burglar had rushed to the forward part of the ship at the very first alarm, and before Captain Kingboom had leaped to the top of the doomed ship.

If Rowly had looked at his watch before and

after the movements of Gibbs and Gaultbert, he would have seen that less than two minutes was occupied in securing the bag, though the time to him seemed more like half an hour.

Up to this moment he had been on duty as a sentinel rather than an actor in the scene; but now the moment for decisive operations had come, for he had already decided that the plunder must not be carried on the upper deck.

Doubtless the officers which the master of the Reindeer had placed on board of the Medusa had already come on board of the ship; and if Gibbs realized that he was defeated and was to be arrested, he would not hesitate to throw the treasure overboard so that it should not bear witness against him.

Rowly had decided that he must not be allowed to do such a disastrous thing to the interests of the diamond heiress, and he was willing to take the chances of a shot or two from the burglar's revolver, for he was confident he carried such a weapon about him, rather than reduce Hope Everton to poverty again.

"I don't mean to lose any time that we need; but I don't want to get on deck till the last minute, for some one may want to know what is in this bag," retorted Gibbs, who recovered his self-possession before his wind.

"But they are keeping up the racket on deck," replied Gaultbert, who was also panting from his exertions. "We have no time to lose."

"I don't mean to lose any time that we need; but I don't want to get on deck till the last minute, for some one may want to know what is in this bag," retorted Gibbs, who recovered his self-possession before his wind.

"Well, don't stay here, so far from the hole to get down to this place. We will wait till you get ready where we were at work; and then we can get out in a second when the right time comes."

"All right," replied Gibbs, to whom this sounded like prudent advice, as he looked about him in the darkness.

Rowly, in about two minutes more," said Gaultbert, when he divined what his principal was looking for as he gazed in the direction where they had left the young shadow, bound hand and foot.

"He will certainly be drowned when the ship goes down, and I don't half like the idea," remarked Gibbs, as he moved aft a few steps, as if to improve his view of the surroundings.

"It will be one witness against you out of the way, for dead men tell no tales," said Gaultbert, with something like a chuckle. "Perhaps they cannot find you guilty without any evidence."

"The contents of this bag would be enough to convict me without the evidence of this young cub," replied the principal. "But I don't mean that the bag and what is in it is still used against me, for if I get into a tight place I shall just toss it overboard."

"I don't mean that the bag and what is in it is still used against me, for if I get into a tight place I shall just toss it overboard."

"I wouldn't kill the young cub unless I was obliged to do so; and if he is drowned in this scrape it will make it all the worse for me if I am arrested," reasoned Gibbs. "There is the place where we left him; but I don't see anything of him."

"Oh, well, he must be there." "I don't believe it was possible for him to get loose, as he did in the store, for I put good knots and enough of them into the line with which I tied him."

"But the fellow could not have been between decks when we tipped the young cub overboard, the shadow moving around the mast as he passed it."

"He is not here!" exclaimed Gibbs; and his tones indicated that he was not a little disturbed by the discovery of his absence.

"That fellow could not have been between decks when we tipped the young cub overboard, the shadow moving around the mast as he passed it."

"He couldn't have taken that rope off himself, I know," continued Gibbs. "He has had some assistance."

"It must have been the fellow that passed us and went on deck just before the ship struck on the rock," suggested the assistant.

"And by this time he has told the captain and others all about the affair," continued the principal. "No; he could not have said anything, or they would have been down after Rowly before this time, and there was too much of a row on deck for him to say anything."

"And if this fellow left him loose he would have gone on deck before this time," said Gaultbert. "The fellow could not have been here while we were digging out the bag."

Gibbs made no reply; and, having recovered his breath in the brief period he had been inquiring into the situation of Rowly, he resumed his walk towards the open hatch.

"I don't go on deck; I have been waiting for you," shouted the shadow, coming out from behind the mast, ready for the desperate scene which he expected would follow.

"Lay hold of him, Gaultbert! Knock the breath out of his body as quick as you can!" cried Gibbs; but he did not drop the bag, for he appeared to think his associate needed no help in handling a mere boy.

But Rowly was not disposed to allow the breath to be knocked out of his body by such a ruffian as Gaultbert, and he realized that his chance would be small in a hand to hand encounter with the late assistant porter in the store.

"Down with him, quick, Gaultbert!" shouted Gibbs, who did not seem to fear interference from any source, and had abandoned all precautions. "Kill him! Use your knife!"

This speech indicated that the affair was to be fully as desperate as Rowly had anticipated, and he decided not to allow the ruffian to lay his hand on him. There was only one thing he could do, and he did it.

Raising the handsome revolver he carried in his hand, he aimed as well as the necessity for extreme haste would permit, and fired, retreating a few steps as he did so, to escape a blow directed at his head.

Gaultbert dropped his uplifted arm, and uttered a groan, falling to the deck as he did so; but he was not killed, for he instantly raised himself, and seemed to be feeling with his left hand for a weapon.

Gibbs said his bag on a bale of goods, and rushed towards the shadow as though he intended to do what his accomplice had failed to do; but Rowly was able to retreat a few steps more, when he raised his revolver and discharged it a second time.

"The principal left the hand he was raising with a pistol in it, and I am sure certain that he had been hit in the arm or shoulder."

By this time Gaultbert had succeeded in taking a long sheath knife from his pocket with his left hand, and was advancing upon Rowly, when a new actor appeared on the scene of operations.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as space permits. About six weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this column.

DECLINED with thanks: "A Startling Adventure," "Pigeons," "A Case of Reaction."

F. G. T., Peoria, Ill. Coin dealers' addresses appear in our advertising columns.

T. C., Pottsville, Pa. Lieutenant Hamilton's address is Governor's Island, New York.

L. A. C., Port Chester, N. Y. We may possibly print an article on fencing in the near future.

DANSY T., Brooklyn, N. Y. There are thirty five police precincts in New York, and sixteen in Brooklyn.

N. T., Pine Plains, N. Y. Send to D. Van Nostrand, Warren Street, this city, for a book on locomotives.

H. A., Decorah, Ia. Yes, we will mail you Nos. 21 and 29 of Vol. V on receipt of the price, six cents each.

E. R. L., Philadelphia, Pa. The St. Mary's is solely for the benefit of New York boys. Write to Secretary of Navy at Washington, expressing your desires.

T. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. 1. In a city like New York a boy begins to be called "Mr.," by the fair sex of his own age when he is about fifteen. 2. The average height of a girl of sixteen is 5 ft. 3-1/2 in.

F. R., Peabody, Mass. For list and cost of articles necessary to equip a boy's military company, see last chapter of Lieutenant Hamilton's series of "Popular Military Instructions," page 452 of No. 337 of the ARGOSY.

MAGC, Sandwich, Ill. 1. We fancy that the process of drawing invisible pictures on glass is a trade secret which the proprietors would not care to have divulged. 2. Manufacturers of stained glass make use of acids in their work.

NAMELESS CORRESPONDENT, New York City. You are mistaken. If you will refer to Vol. I of the paper mentioned you will find there *both* the stories named. Furthermore, the journal in question last fall announced that it was about to begin a series of republishations.

P. W., Philadelphia, Pa. As you are a resident of a city that abuts on the banks of both rivers named, we think you are in a better position to plan out such a route as you wish than we. Ask for suggestions from some members of the Fairmount boat clubs.

THREE THIRTY THREE, Sing Sing, N. Y. 1. We may possibly at some time print sketches of one or more assemblies. 2. We do not think interest in chickens is sufficiently widespread among our readers to warrant us in publishing an article on the subject. 3. Yes, the Argosy's publishing offices are at 81 Warren Street.

H. N. B., Brockton, Mass. 1. Whalebone is a substance that grows in the shape of blades in the mouth of the right whale. 2. Russia is ruled by an emperor under the title of Czar Alexander III. 3. A boy who has been through the high school should be fitted to fill the position of book keeper, cashier, or entry clerk.

F. J., New York City. We cannot print all the prophecies of Mother Shipton in this department; besides, they are scarcely worthy of it, as the principal one, "and the world to an end shall come, in eighteen hundred and eighty-one," fell so ignominiously short of fulfillment. In justice to the old lady, however, it should be added that she hit upon the truth in the case of the coming railroad traffic when she declared that "carriages by fire shall run."

**HOW COMES THE NIGHT?**

How comes the night?  
As a curtain  
Close shuts from sight  
The last uncertain  
Rays of waning light?  
Nay; as the tender clasp  
Of mother love  
Doth in its grasp  
A solace prove  
For sounds that waking rasp.  
So comes the night,  
And on her soothing breast  
The painful light  
Is veiled in darkness best;  
Care takes to flight  
And sorrow lulls to rest.  
*[The Current.]*

**Canoes**

AND

**HOW TO BUILD THEM.**

BY STEPHEN TRUSTY.

**PART III.**

**T**HE canoe is now assuming its final shape, and the hardest part of the work of construction has been accomplished. Some important steps, however, still remain to be taken.

Next come the ribs. These are the strips of oak 4 feet by 3/8 by 1/4 inches. If they will not bend easily they must be steamed. Make a box 5 feet long and 4 inches square, with a hole in one end to go over the tea kettle spout, and a close covered hole at the other end to put the

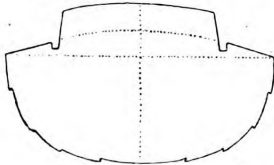


FIG. 1.—MOLD NO. 10.

ribs in at. Put 5 or 6 ribs in at a time. When they are well steamed take them out (putting others in their places) and bend them across the knee until they just fit the inside of the boat. Then nail them to the keel 6 inches apart, at the rows of inch nails which you left when riveting. Drive these up through the ribs and rivet down tight over burrs, commencing at the keel. Also put a nail through the middle of the garboard and each rib, to prevent warping.

Do not put a rib at the 10 foot mark, but fit a bulkhead as follows: Take a piece of 1/2 inch plank 16 inches wide, and cut out mold No. 10 according to table. Fit this very carefully, so as to be water tight, to the inside of the boat. Shape the upper part as shown in the il-

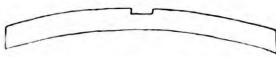


FIG. 2.—DECK BEAM.

lustration, (Fig. 1), to fit the deck, well gunwales, and coaming, and screw fast to the sides and keel of the boat.

The gunwales come next, of oak 1/2 inch thick, 1 1/2 inches wide at section 9, tapering to 1 1/8 inches at bow and 1 1/4 inches at stern. Fasten this with inch nails. Cut out the deck beams for sections 1 to 4 and 12 to 15 of the width given in the table, 1/2 inch thick and 1 inch deep, with a crown of 3 inches in 30, as shown in Fig. 2.

Cut a notch 1/2 by 1 inch, to receive the partner beams. Put molds 4, 9, and 12 in place and draw the sides in to them to get the shape of the boat, and fasten the deck beams with a 2 inch No. 9 brass screw from each side, through the gunwales.

The knees supporting the coaming and well, Nos. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 11, are cut from the remainder of the hackmatack and are of the shape shown in Fig. 3, 3/8 inch thick, 6 inches deep, and their width is the half width at that point less 1/2 inches—9 inches for well, 1/4 inch for coaming, 1 inch for well gunwale, and 1/4 inch for siding. They are fastened with a 2 inch screw at the top, and a rivet at the foot.

Now cut a round block 1 inch thick and 2 inches across, and screw it firmly down

to the inside of the keel at the 12 foot mark for a mast step. Do the same at the 1 and 3 foot marks in the bow, supporting the forward one by a triangular block.

Now fit the partner beams (P P in Fig. 4) at the 4 inch water line. These are 4 inches wide and 1/2 inch thick, and fit nicely into the notches in the deck beams. Cut the mast holes 2 1/2 inches in diameter, at the 1, 3, and 12 foot marks. Fasten in the well gunwales (G G), 1 inch square and 8 feet long, sinking them in notches in the bulkhead and deck beams 4 and 12, and screwing them fast to the knees.



FIG. 3.—A KNEE.

To shape the ends of the well, cut chocks C C as shown in Fig. 4, out of 1 inch plank, bevel the forward pair outward so as to give the proper flare to the coaming. The shape of the coaming is got by a piece of thin plank bent to shape for one side and tacked in temporarily while a pencil mark is drawn around it at the line of chock and gunwale. Trim the lower edge of your strip of 1/4 inch oak to shape by this pattern; then bend it in and fit finally, making it 3 inches high at the point and 2 inches at the ends. Take it out and lay it aside for the present.

Give the inside of the boat, from bow to section 4 and from the bulkhead to stern, a coat of lead colored paint, and varnish the inside between those stations. Also paint the deck and partner beams. Then unscrew the deck and partner beams.

Now for the deck. Lay one of the pieces of pine got for that purpose down so that the edge runs along the middle of the partner beam as shown in Fig. 5, and trim it to fit. Do this with all of the four pieces. Paint the under side with

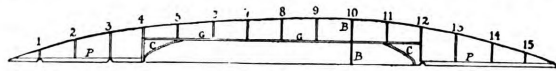


FIG. 4.—HALF WIDTH.

B, Bulkhead; C, C, Chocks; G, G, Gunwales; P, P, Partner Beams.

the lead colored paint, and screw them down tight to the gunwales and partner beams. Fit a strip 3 by 1/4 inches down the seam in the center, and rivet a strip under the cross seams amidships. Put all deck screws 4 inches apart, and be sure to get a water tight fit along the bulkhead and after chocks. Cut the mast holes through the deck, and fit mast tubes to them. These are brass or copper tubing, 2 inches inside diameter and 16 inches thick. The length is got by a stick run from the lower side of the block on the keel, over which they just fit, to the upper side of the deck. Now screw the mast plates over them. These plates

Put a small chock in the corner to strengthen the joint screw into the bulkhead at the upper edge.

To make the stern compartment entirely water tight, we bend a strip 1/2 inch square and screw it firmly to the inside of the coaming and bulkhead, so as to form a ledge 1/2 inch wide and 2 inches below the top of the coaming. Tack a

Cut out the floor ledges to the shape of molds 5 to 8, and 2 inches deep, and screw them down one foot apart.

Their shape is shown in Fig. 7. The notches are to allow any water which may get in the boat to run freely. Cut the floor boards of 1/4 inch stuff to fit the inside of the boat.

Now go over the entire boat with sand

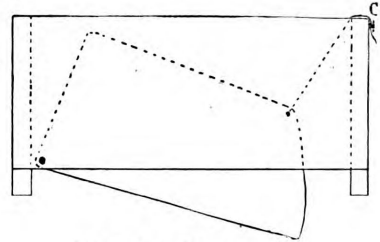


FIG. 6.—THE CENTER BOARD.

strip of 1/4 inch rubber tubing all around the upper edge of this ledge, and cut a piece of 1/2 inch plank just the shape to fit nicely on this tubing. A chock on each side 1 inch from the top of the coaming holds an oak strip 1/4 by 1/2 inch at ends and 1 by 1 inch in the middle; and a thumb screw supplies the pressure which brings the board down on the rubber tube. Thus we get a chamber 6 feet long, which will keep bedding, stores, etc., dry and free from damp, and which will also serve as an air chamber to float canoe and owner in case of a capsizing.

We now need a deck hatch. This is a piece of 1/4 inch stuff cut the shape of the upper edge of the coaming, and projecting 1/4 inch all round the bulkhead and coaming. A 1/4 inch strip riveted all around comes down outside and holds the hatch on. This deck hatch serves to protect the hatch proper from knocks or moisture, and is besides a good seat when sailing.

Next comes the centerboard. If you intend to sail mostly alone, or to race, use a plate board such as will be de-

scribed; but if you wish to carry a passenger, either use a keel or a folding board. Of these two are in common use the Radix and the Atwood, either costing about \$8.

To fit the plate board, cut out two pieces of plank 8 inches wide, 33 inches long and 1 inch thick at bottom, tapering to 1/2 inch at top. Also two pieces of oak 1/2 by 1 by 10 inches. Rivet the oak strips between the sides of the board, first painting the insides well. Paint the lower edges, and, putting the projecting oak ends through the slot in the keel, thump the trunk down well, and fasten with 3 inch No. 9 brass screws, put 2 inches

paper and scraper, plug up all holes and give the body a coat of raw oil. Stain the deck and hatch to imitate mahogany or other dark wood. When this is dry give the whole two coats of spar composition varnish, and allow full time to dry before using.

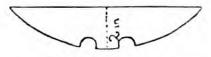


FIG. 7.—A FLOOR LEDGE.

The rudder is cut as shown in Fig. 8, of 1/2 inch cherry, and hung to the stern post in the usual way.

To make the paddle, get two pine planks 4 1/2 feet by 8 by 1 1/2 inches. Cut the shape out as shown in Fig. 9. Round off the handle to 1 3/8 at the end and 1 1/2

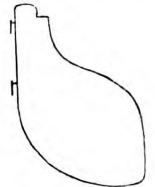


FIG. 8.—THE RUDDER.

at the blade. The blade is thinned off with plane, draw knife, and spokeshave to 1/8 inch thick at the edges, working from the center, and leaving a ridge down the middle for strength. Get a strip of thin copper 1 by 4 inches; double this, and rivet it to the end of the blade to protect it from wear.

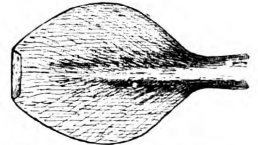


FIG. 9.—BLADE OF PADDLE.

To joint the paddles, put a piece of brass pipe 6 inches long 3 inches over the end of one half the paddle, and fit a piece 3 inches long and just large enough to fit nicely in the first piece over the other half

(To be continued.)

**TIME'S WHIRLIGIG.**

RETURNED PAID (in Vermont).—I used to live here, but everything is so changed I can't find my way. Can you direct me to Bullfrog Hollow, Mud Pond, or Skeeter Swamp? If I can get to any one of them I can strike the old road to the farm.

Native.—It's a lucky thing you met me, for hardly any one knows them places by the old names. You're Daddy Doodle's boy, ain't you?

"Yes."  
"The old man'll be glad to see ye. He's sold most o' the farm to city folks, and is livin' on his money, but he's in the old house yet. Just you follow this bridle path to Prospect Terrace, then go around Crystal Lake to the Garden of the Gods an' you'll strike the road leading past the Palisades Summer Hotel. Just throw a handkerchief over yr' face when ye enter the Garden of the Gods. That useter be Skeeter Swamp."

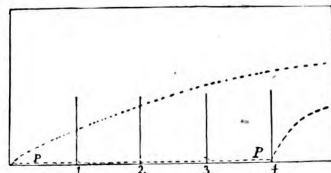


FIG. 5.—LAYING THE DECK.

will cost about 30 cents apiece, if plain and round, or 40 cents fancy shape. They just fit over the tubes and are a great protection and strengthener to the deck. A square piece of 1/4 inch wood may be fitted but it is neither so durable or so sightly. Use the plates if you can get them.

Be very careful to make water tight joints with these tubes. Now screw the coaming in for the last time. The upper edge of the forward ends must be bent outward and then cut slanting so as to give the pointed flaring form,

apart, and a 3 inch nail through the keel and the oak strips. All painted joints should be thoroughly fastened when wet or they will leak.

The board is merely a brass or galvanized iron plate 1/8 inch thick, 1 foot wide, and 30 1/2 inches long on lower end, shaping off to 28 inches long on top. It is hung on a 1/4 inch bolt put through the lower forward corner of the case, and raised or lowered by a cord attached to the upper after corner, running up through the slot and fastening to a cleat on the outside of the trunk.



NOTES FROM NATURE.

BY PAUL H. LEAR.

I LOVE these gentle tenants of the wood. The timid hare, the flibustering jay, Who, fitting here and there throughout the day, Fill with discordant notes the solitude. The chattering squirrel, with plumes of red and gray; The woodpecker, beating off his reveille; The partridge whirring rapidly away To denser covers where no eye can see. And often, when beneath the silver moon, Placid and still the basking river lies, The far off wail of some belated loon Floats faintly up to purple evening skies; While swaying pines, with soft Æolian tune, Forever join in nature's symphony.

[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 XVII.

THE MEETING AT THE LAKE PARK HOTEL.

BY this time the rain had ceased, though the lightning flashed and the thunder muttered in the distance; but Captain Greenway would rather have faced the storm than the crowd of curious people that confronted him when he went ashore. They looked at him with interest, not to say with admiration, for he had certainly done a bold and courageous deed in saving the crew and passengers of the Excelsior, in the very teeth of the storm, though it had subsided to a considerable degree when he reached the wharf. Possibly the privacy with which he had surrounded himself in his new home and in his movements about the lake magnified the interest of the dwellers at the resort, and made him more of a hero than he really was, or at least modestly thought himself to be.

Wabash Winestone had done not a little by his evasive answers, and by the general air of secrecy he affected, to make the mystery of the young man's existence more profound than the occasion required; but the young captain of the Hebe appeared to have a stock of dignity hardly belonging to his age which made him equal to the occasion.

No one said anything to him as he landed on the pier, for all seemed to feel that it was useless to ask him any questions, as he was the embodiment of a mystery, and had so far kept aloof from all who had the special business with him; and he had a look which was rather freezing to mere idle curiosity.

The captain walked up to the hotel without a challenge from any one, and without any annoyance from the idlers, who observed his movements with so much interest, mingled with respect on account of his bold and skillful management of the steamer he sailed.

"I am glad to see you, Captain Greenway," said Mr. Harrington, the proprietor of the Lake Park Hotel, who appeared to be on the piazza on the lookout for him.

"Can I see Mrs. Forbush yet?" asked the hero of the hour, and it was plain that the guests gathered near the door had been informed who he was, as he approached, for all eyes were turned to him, and not a few left their chairs to obtain a nearer view of him.

"She asked me to send you up to her parlor as soon as you came," replied the landlord, leading the way to the rotunda, where the orchestra was playing an afternoon concert.

The captain of the Hebe was clothed in a yacht uniform of blue, and wore a white cap; but he was as thoroughly wet as the ladies had been, and he did not feel that he was in condition to attend a ball in the dining room.

Several ladies and gentlemen spoke to the landlord in a low tone, as he conducted the captain into the house; and as the hero, for some reason or other, possibly modesty, kept his gaze fixed on the floor, he did not heed the movements of the guests.

Captain Greenway obstinately refused to look at any one, but as he had proved himself to be, and he even displayed a certain degree of timidity, as though he who had not been afraid of the angry billows lashed by the hurricane, was really terrified when he was subjected to the gaze of so many people.

"These ladies and gentlemen request me to introduce them to you, Captain Greenway," said Mr. Harrington, taking the hero by the arm as he showed a disposition to get out of the crowd as soon as possible.

"I hope they will excuse me; I am wet and dirty, and not in condition to be presented to

ladies and gentlemen," replied the captain, evidently very much startled at the proposition. "I am in a hurry to get away, and the lady is waiting to see me."

"Everybody in the house has been talking about you, and they are very anxious to make your acquaintance," persisted the landlord. "There are some people of note here, and it will do you no harm to know them."

"I must be excused, sir; I shall have to run away if I can escape in no other manner," said the captain, very decidedly. "You must not do that, and I will say no more about introducing the guests. Mrs. Forbush would never forgive me if I let you go without seeing her," added Mr. Harrington, as he led the way to the stairs, informing the importunate guests that he must defer the presentation to another time, though his charge intended that he should do nothing of the kind in the present or the future.

"I suppose there are some St. Paul people here," said the captain, as they ascended the stairs.

"None today, for I was looking over the register just before the shower came up. Not a great many ever come here, for most of them go to White Bear Lake. Are you acquainted in St. Paul?"

"I have been there," replied the captain, evasively. "This is Mrs. Forbush's parlor," said the landlord, as he stopped in the hall. "She was very much afraid that you would go off without seeing

"If you keep your promise, you can hardly be our Conny," said the lady. "I am not your Conny, I assure you," protested the captain, smiling at the absurdity of the situation as it seemed to him. "You are entirely mistaken, madam."

"Don't call me madam again, Conny, call me mother, as you did before."

"Why should I call you mother when you are not my mother?" demanded the young man.

"Because you are my son by adoption, and you always used to call me mother," she replied, as though she believed she gave a sufficient reason.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Forbush, but I never called you mother in the whole course of my life, and never even saw you before today," protested the captain warmly, though he was very anxious to obtain a solution of the strange conduct of the lady.

"How can you treat me in this cruel man-

ner, had established the identity of her visitor precisely as she had stated it from the beginning, and the companion seemed to have a little doubt about it as her employer, though she did not even rise from her chair at some distance from her, to examine the marks; and even the lady herself had bestowed only a glance at them.

"You seem to be entirely satisfied," said Philip Greenway, astonished at the result of the test the lady had called for.

"I have no doubt whatever now that you are Conny Forbush, and that you came to live with me seven years ago," replied Mrs. Forbush, like one who had overwhelmed another in an argument.

"Then I went to live with you seven years ago?" asked the captain, opening his eyes and wondering whether or not he was dreaming the events, stirring as they were, of that day.

"Seven years ago; and I have told you all the particulars of my taking you as a child more than once," replied the lady.

"If you did, it is very strange that I have not the slightest recollection of those particulars," added Phil, shrugging his shoulders like a Frenchman, while he smiled at the earnestness of the new mother he had found.

"How can you say so, Conny, when I am just as sure as I can be that you are my adopted son? It was cruel of you to run away from me when I love you as though you had been my own son," continued Mrs. Forbush, reproachfully.

"I suppose you will not believe me, whatever I say, and I may as well say nothing," returned Phil. "It appears that the young man for whom you mistake me was not in the habit of telling the truth, and you insist that I shall keep up his reputation as a liar."

"You cannot deny that you ran away from me two years ago."

"On the contrary, I do deny it with all my might; and I repeat that I never saw you before today in my life."

"I am sure I cannot understand your motives for this strange conduct," said the lady, with no little bitterness and grief in her manner.

"Did I not treat you well? Did I not give you everything you wanted that was reasonable, and many things that were not reasonable?"

"I am not aware that you ever gave me anything, reasonable or unreasonable."

"I cannot understand it at all," she added, wiping a tear from her eyes, for the captain realized that she was actually suffering from the ingratitude of her protégé.

"I can understand it no better than you can, Mrs. Forbush; and I assure you that I would not willingly cause you pain or uneasiness. I do not mean to say that I never told a lie, or acted one; but I can truthfully say that I mean to tell the truth, and that I almost invariably succeed in doing so."

"That is not much like Conny, or he must have changed a great deal in the last two years," interposed Joanna, who seemed to be quite as much puzzled as the lady herself.

"I hope he has improved since he left me, though I am sure I did the best I could to make a good young man of him," replied Mrs. Forbush.

"We do not seem to get ahead any at all, and perhaps it is useless for me to remain any longer," suggested the captain, "though I am willing to afford you all the satisfaction in my power."

"Perhaps you will be willing to tell me where you went when you left Philadelphia," said the lady, unable to hit upon any better way to unravel the enigma.

"I would if I could; but as I never was in Philadelphia it is quite impossible for me to tell where I went when I left it, inasmuch as I never could have left it."

"You are very obstinate, Conny," added Mrs. Forbush, shaking her head and wiping away another tear.

"I should be willing to take my oath in any court in the land that I uttered only the simple truth to you," protested Phil, wondering if the interview was ever coming to an end.

"Yet you as good as admit that Philip Greenway, the name under which you are known at the lake, is not your real name," continued the lady, brightening up for an instant.

"It would have served my purpose better to say outright that my real name was Philip Greenway; and if I had been willing to lie to you, I should have said that it was not an assumed name," returned the captain.

Mrs. Forbush looked at Joanna, and seemed to be impressed by the truth of the young man's argument. The evident sincerity of the captain only increased her perplexity, and she had about come to her wit's end in the attempt to prove that the young man before her was her adopted son, who had run away from her two years before.

"Perhaps you will be willing to tell me something about the young man of whom you speak, and to whom you seem to be very much at-



CAPTAIN GREENWAY TOOK OFF HIS COAT, AND DISPLAYED THE LETTERS ON HIS ARM.

her, and she asked me to see that the Hebe did not leave the wharf. I was to send a steamer after her if you tried to get away," and he smiled as he gave this evidence of the solitude of the lady.

"I told her I would come up and see her, and I should as soon think of breaking my neck as my word," answered the young man.

The landlord knocked at the door, and Captain Greenway was promptly admitted, Mr. Harrington retiring when he had ended his mission.

"I was afraid you would not come," said Mrs. Forbush, now elegantly dressed, as she came to him with both hands extended to him.

"But I told you I would come," added the young captain, as he permitted the young lady to take both of his hands.

"I know you did, Conny; but you don't always keep your promises, as you are aware," replied Mrs. Forbush, with a smile to break and soften her rather harsh remark.

"I beg your pardon, madam; but as I said to the landlord just now, I should as soon think of breaking my neck as my promise; and I have felt so ever since I was old enough to feel anything," replied he, putting on some of his stock of dignity. "I am sure you do not know me, or you would not make such a charge."

ner, Conny, when I have not seen you for a long time?" asked Mrs. Forbush, who had occasion to apply her handkerchief to her eyes.

"I desire to treat you in the most respectful manner, Mrs. Forbush; but I do not at all understand what you have been saying to me. I never saw you before in my life till today, and my name is not Conny, and you are not my mother, real or foster," said Captain Greenway, in the most decided tones.

"What is your name, then?" she asked. "I call myself Philip Greenway," he answered, though with a little hesitation.

"You call yourself Philip Greenway; but will you say that is not an assumed name?" inquired Mrs. Forbush.

Philip Greenway seemed to be very much confused, and possibly he objected as strongly to a lie as he did to breaking his promises; at any rate he did not answer the question.

"I am confused; for reasons which involve no crime or meanness, I do not care to say what the name is assumed or not," replied the captain.

"Conny would not hesitate like that," suggested Joanna Barlows, the companion, who was in the room.

"I know that Conny would lie as readily as he would tell the truth; but, young man, whoever you are, please take off your coat, and show me your left arm," continued the lady.

Philip Greenway, as he called himself, complied with this request, and exhibited his arm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CONNY FORBUSH.

"HERE they are, Joanna!" exclaimed Mrs. Forbush, pointing to the two letters on the forearm, which were found there. "Have you any doubt that this young man is Conny Forbush?"

She spoke in tones of triumph, as though she

tached," suggested Phil, whose curiosity had not been at all modified.

"That would only be telling you what you know as well as I do," replied the lady.

"I have tried to show you that a lie would have served my purpose, for the moment, better than the truth to which I have confined myself, and it is useless for me to say that I am more in the dark than you are."

"Of course I am willing to tell you all about yourself, and I hope it will bring us to some point where we shall understand each other," continued Mrs. Forbush, as she bent her head down, and seemed to be considering what she should say. She looked up at the end of a minute or more, glanced at Joanna, and then fixed her gaze upon the young captain of the Hebe.

"Of course you know that I am the widow of Londyke Forbush, of Philadelphia," she began, with another look at Joanna, who opened her eyes as though something new had been the common course was in progress. "My husband was a very wealthy man, and as we have no children of our own, and as he had no near relations, he left me all his property in his will.

"I used to spend my winters in the south of France or in Malaga in Spain," continued the lady, glancing at Joanna again. "I spent my winter in Spain with Mrs. Forbush."

"In Spain?" said Joanna, opening her eyes again.

"Don't interrupt me, Joanna, even if I make a mistake. Conny has heard the story so often that he can correct me if I get it wrong, as I may, for my many sisters do not fail me," replied Mrs. Forbush, though she was hardly more than forty, and it was not time for any of her faculties to be impaired by years.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Forbush; I made a mistake," Joanna admitted, with the humility of a dependent.

"We were staying at the Hotel de la Alameda in Malaga, when I met a gentleman who appeared to be a Frenchman, though he spoke Spanish, as I did not, with a child of six or seven with him. I saw him kick and cuff the child in a very brutal manner, and I was so indignant about it that I spoke to the landlord."

"It seemed to me as though the wretch took the occasion to show me a little one who was very pretty and interesting child, whenever he happened to be in my presence, and his conduct made me very unhappy. The landlord told me that the child was English, and that its parents had died in Oran, in Africa, and he had been asked to take the little one to a gentleman in Malaga, but the gentleman had died a month before his arrival. The child was left on his hands, and he did not know what to do with it."

"The landlord brought the man and the child to me. I was very much pleased with the little one, who spoke English fluently, and told me his name was Conny. I was glad to know his surname. It ended in my taking the child under my protection; and I hoped when I went to England, on my return home, that I should be able to find his relations. Before I left Malaga I was so fond of the child that I was very willing to adopt Conny as my own son, and though the gentleman had died in London no answer came to me, and I brought the boy to my home. Since that I have kept you, and done the best I could to educate and make a good boy of you."

"Not of me, for the story is entirely new to me," added Philip Greenway, who had listened attentively to the narration.

Mrs. Forbush was more than ever perplexed.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### THE LETTERS ON CAPTAIN GREENWAY'S ARM.

**B**OTH Mrs. Forbush and Joanna, plainly more puzzled than ever, looked intently at Phil as he continued for the first time to be studying his expression with the utmost care, as though the narrative would afford the means of bringing about an understanding between the rich widow and the captain of the Hebe.

Captain Greenway, though he had been interested in the relation of Conny's earlier history, did not seem to be impressed in the manner his two auditors evidently expected he would be, for he remained as dignified as before, and his expression was as blank as ever, so far as any comprehension of the subject before them was concerned.

"I have told you this story within three years, Conny, and you must be able to recall it," added the lady, when she had studied his face for a considerable time.

"I am sorry to say that I do not recall it," replied Phil with a smile. "I never heard it before."

"Did you notice any variation in the narrative, as compared with the last time you heard it?" she asked, apparently disappointed at the result of the story.

"As I never heard the story before, of course I did not notice the slightest variation," replied the captain, who could hardly keep from laughing as he realized the absurdity of the situation.

"We may as well give it up, Joanna; Conny is too much for me, and he is a good deal more shrewd and intelligent than I supposed he ever would be," said the lady with a sigh over her failure to convince the captain that he was her adopted son.

"I don't see that there is any other way for you to do so," replied the companion. "It seems as though he must have noticed the difference

in the story, for even Conny knew his geography very well."

"Then as you seem to be satisfied that I am not Conny, perhaps you are willing that I should take my leave," suggested the captain.

"I am far from satisfied that you are not Conny," said the lady. "Do you think I could be mistaken in a boy who has lived with me for five years, upon whom I had bestowed a mother's care? I am not, I cannot be mistaken! And Joanna is as certain as I am that you are Conny."

"In some things he is very different from Conny," added Joanna; "but there has been time enough for him to change a great deal in two years."

"I do not wish to deceive you, Philip, and the story was false in regard to the names of the places, though it is all true in regard to the main points. Instead of Malaga, in Spain, it was in Dresden, in Germany, and the boy's parents died in St. Petersburg, instead of Oran," the lady explained. "I hope you would betray yourself by words or looks when I changed the names of the places."

"If I had ever heard the story before probably I should have betrayed myself," replied the captain. "What possible motive do you think I could have for denying all knowledge of you, Mrs. Forbush? You are a wealthy lady, and I might make my fortune by acknowledging the truth of all you have said, if it were the truth."

"He has grown larger and heavier since he ran away, and is browner than when he left home, but I think I should swear in a court that you are Conny," replied the captain.

"And you have the very letters on your arm which Conny had, though I did not notice them till he had been with me for a couple of years," continued Mrs. Forbush, rising from her chair; and the captain did the same. "It is not likely that two boys born in different parts of the world would have the same initials in the same place on their arms. Do you think such a thing is possible, Captain Greenway, as you call yourself?"

"I should say that it is hardly possible," answered the captain, candidly.

"Then the letters prove that you are Conny, and the you cannot be any one else," said she, triumphantly.

"The letters on my arm seem to be the only real evidence to sustain the position you have taken; and I confess that they almost convince me that you are right, even while I know that you are wrong. I do not know how the letters came upon my arm, though I have a very indistinct recollection of having suffered great pain when I was a small child," replied Phil. "But there they are, and though they do not stand for Philip Greenway, I know perfectly well what they do represent."

"How could they stand for Philip Greenway, or any other name with the same initials?" demanded Mrs. Forbush, discovering a discrepancy in the captain's statement, as she understood the matter.

"P. G. could easily stand for Philip Greenway, or any other name beginning with the same letters," advised Philip.

"I do not know," exclaimed the lady, approaching him as she spoke.

"Those are the letters on my arm."

"P. G.?" repeated she.

"P. G.," repeated the captain, giving particular attention to his enunciation.

"But the letters are not P. G., but C. G.," said the lady, beginning to believe they were coming nearer to a solution of the problem.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Forbush, but the letters on my arm are P. G., and it is not at all possible for me to be mistaken in this matter, for a P does not look at all like a C. I am afraid you did not stop to read the letters when I showed them to you," continued Philip, who only began to see a streak of daylight ahead of him.

"I hardly looked at them, I know; the sight of any letters where yours are satisfied me what they must be. Will you let me look at them again?"

"Certainly," answered the captain, as he took off his coat and turned up his shirt sleeve.

The lady and her companion looked with all their eyes at the marks on the young man's arm; and, though they were rather faint, they could still be distinctly seen, and it was not possible to mistake the two letters for others.

"The letters are certainly P. G.," said the rich widow.

"There can be no mistake about it," added Joanna. "I am as sure as I am of my own existence that the first letter on Conny's arm was a C."

"So am I, for I hoped that at some future day the mystery of these letters would be known," continued Mrs. Forbush. "But I am even more astonished than I was before. I believe after all that you are not Conny, though every feature and look about you are the same as Conny's. I am hardly willing to admit, though, that you are not my adopted son."

"I should think the evidence ought to satisfy you, even if you refuse to believe what I say," replied the captain.

"One letter is different; but that may have been changed," suggested Joanna, who was still as incredulous as her employer. "Two human beings could not be so near alike and not be the same."

"I do not believe that letters printed into the skin with India ink could be changed; but you will excuse me, Mrs. Forbush, if I decline to discuss the subject any more," replied Philip

Greenway, becoming impatient at further objections. "With your permission, I will return to the Hebe."

He moved towards the door as though he fully intended to end the debate at once; but he halted before he reached it, and seemed to be troubled by a reflection which came to him, for he looked upon the floor as he considered it.

"Don't go yet, Captain Greenway, for I had almost forgotten the debt of gratitude I owe you," interposed the lady.

"Never mind the debt of gratitude," he replied. "May I see you alone for a few minutes, Mrs. Forbush?"

"Certainly, if you desire it; but Joanna has been my friend and companion since the death of my husband, and I have no secrets from her," replied the wealthy widow.

"As Joanna has heard all that has been said, I had better speak in her presence," continued the captain, after a little reflection. "I have a favor to ask of you which shall cancel the debt of gratitude which you speak of. I desire to keep all that has passed between us today in this room and on the wharf as a profound secret."

"I give you my promise that not a word of it shall be spoken to any one," answered the lady. "And I will be as secret as the grave itself," added Joanna.

"Thank you both; and I have a little more to add, which is subject to the same secrecy. I was adopted by an elderly gentleman and his young wife, who live in St. Paul, and P. G. stands for Paul Gayland, which is my real name. Mr. Gayland, who is one of the best men that ever lived, died a few days ago, and I have a nephew and he has a nephew of eighteen, and they are the two latter made it very uncomfortable for me. I was in the way of the wife and the nephew, and I left one night a month ago."

"Poor fellow! I am really sorry for you," said the lady, taking his hand. "I wish you could be with me in place of Conny, if you are not he."

"I am not Conny. I am guilty of no crime, and the worst I have done was to leave my foster father when I made trouble all the time in the family with no fault on my part. You can see now why I wish to keep my affairs to myself."

Then your remarkable resemblance to Conny is only an accident, and I am confident I was mistaken," replied Mrs. Forbush.

"So was I," added Joanna.

Mrs. Forbush promised to explain that she was mistaken to those who had witnessed the scene on the wharf, and then made him promise to call upon her again, as she meant Joanna to show him the way out of the hotel by the back stairs, so that he should be seen by none of the guests.

(To be continued.)

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

#### WHY THE SEA HAS LOST ITS CHARM.

The life of a sailor, which a generation or two ago seemed surrounded with a halo of romance to the boyish mind, no longer possesses that charm which once lured ambitious youths away from home to rove the raging main and "rough it" adventurously before the mast. In an article treating of the decay of the American sailor, the *New York Times* prints the following as the result of an interview:

"What has become of the American sailor?" said an old ship broker who had been in the business for fifty years. "It is my opinion that he has given up the sea, and has found himself in more agreeable and better paying berth on shore. And I can't say that I blame him for looking at the matter in that light. He ought to imagine that the life of a seaman is a pleasant one."

"The common sailor on an American steamer receives about \$25 a month. He has to perform a great deal of hard work for this amount, and to expose himself to danger as well. On the American sailing vessel bound for distant points the wages for a seaman are about \$18 a month. His work is far more trying than that of the sailor on the steamer, although he receives less pay, but he sells his work by the whole, and of course gets less for it. His food is very poor, and his life in good weather is miserable. In bad weather it is simply torture. There is no calling on shore, no matter how trying or poorly paid, which is so little to be desired as that of a sailor." No wonder that the American sailor has bucked off the sea and employs himself at shore trades, which pay much better, and admit of far more comfort.

There are very few Americans, whose parents were born in this country, who buck off the sea and follow in nearly every respect that they would be if they now followed the sea. As long as the American can afford to hire any one to perform for him such labors as are dangerous and severe, why should he perform them himself? It may be that our shipping laws are not the wisest in use at the present day, and that their defects have had much to do in inducing our countrymen to do not wish to see any law that will render the condition of the native born American such that he will be obliged to follow the calling of a common sailor."

#### LEXICON ENGLISH.

A FIT appendage to the grasshopper joke, printed on the last page of No. 280, is the subjoined, from the *New York Commercial Advertiser*:

At Cannes, France, in front of a small boot-maker's shop, the English tourist may find the following inscription in his own language: "Repairs hung with stage coach." After long and anxious thought he may arrive at the cobbler's meaning, which he wishes to convey to his country patrons that "repairs are executed with diligence."

#### THE ART OF THE POTTER.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

A TOUCH of the foot on the treadle,  
And silent, swift, and still,  
The potter's wheel is in motion,  
Obeying the master's will.

A touch of the foot on the treadle,  
The touch of a skillful hand,  
And a beautiful form arises  
At the master's word of command.

Ah, the wonderful art of the potter!  
Where a mass of shapeless clay  
Grows up like a vision of beauty,  
Which never a touch of stray

We may listen to stories of magic,  
But where such magic as this?  
Where deft hands, touching lightly,  
Never their mission miss.

Ah, the wonderful skill of the potter!  
With a deft touch here and there,  
Fashioning forms of beauty,  
Wonderful, quaint, and rare.

#### THE

## Golden Magnet

#### OR,

### The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

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

#### CHAPTER XXXII.

##### TO THE RIVER.

**T**WICE more the cry rang out, evidently distant, but still plainly heard as it echoed along the ravine.

"It is some beast of prey, but it will not come near us," said my uncle to encourage Mrs. Landell.

"Harry, what is it?" whispered Lilla.

Her soft arm was passed round my neck as she lunged, trembling, to me, unable to master her agitation.

"We must push on," I said.

Once more the mules were in motion when the cry rang out again, louder and clearer this time.

I did not answer Lilla's question, for I thought it better not; but I had my own thoughts upon the subject, and I was wondering whether my uncle suspected the meaning of the cry, when I was startled by a voice which seemed to rise out of the darkness.

"Harry—Harry! I shall never forgive myself. Only to think of me being the one that tied the last knot, and then never to think of gagging him. He'll be there shouting till he brings down all the Indians within twenty miles. Let's make haste, for I shan't breathe till we get through these woods, and away to the river!"

The darkness was still so thick that we could hardly see the bushes against which we brushed, while even when passing beneath dense masses of foliage there seemed to be no difference. A hundred enemies might have been right in front of us, and we should have walked right into their midst.

It was a daring adventure; but it was only by keeping on that we could hope to escape, and if the black darkness did not prove our friend until we were clear of the ravine, I felt that we could hardly hope to get away.

The cries still continued at intervals; but now every cry seemed to me to be uttered to greater exertion, and at last they sounded but faintly under the impression that we were now past the entrance to the rift. I was about to tell Tom to try and bear off to the right, if the undergrowth would allow.

We had all drawn up, and the mules were reaching down their heads, tempted by the dewy grass, when Tom gave a warning whinny, and directly after, just to our left, came the sound of bodies moving through the bushes, coming nearer and nearer, till about abreast, when they turned off again, and seemed to be proceeding upon the ravine towards the cavern.

It was a painful few minutes as we stood there, trembling lest one of the mules should shake buckle or strap; for no one there had a doubt as to the cause of the sounds. It was evidently a body of some half dozen men making their way as fast as the darkness would allow, and it was not until all was once more quiet that we could again breathe freely, and continue our journey as swiftly as we could pass through the trees.

We had no difficulty in journeying to the right, and it soon became evident that we were out of the rift; but I had very little hope of our being able to continue in a straight line, seeking the direction where we expected to find a river.

Our progress was necessarily slow, but every half mile, we all felt, was that distance nearer to safety. I was hopeful, too, about our trail; the dew fell heavily, and that and the elastic nature of the growth through which we passed, would, I thought, possibly conceal our track from our pursuers.

And so we journeyed on through that thick darkness, till the first gray dawn of day found us still hurrying through the foliage, dripping everywhere with the moisture deposited during the night.

Now we can see what we are about, Harry," said Tom cheerfully. "Look, there's the first step of where the sun's coming, and if we'd been boxing the compass all night we couldn't have been keeping our course straighter than we



are. Miss Lilla, keep up your spirits, and we shall soon be all right."

Lilla smiled a response, and, cheered by the bright day, we made good progress during the next two hours before the mules began to flag, when letting them graze, we made a short and hasty meal ourselves, each eye scanning the forest round for enemies, such as we knew might spring up at any moment.

An hour's rest taken of necessity, and then we were once more journeying on, hopeful that we might soon strike upon one of the great streams fed by the eternal snows of the mountains; but hours went by, and no sign of river appeared, till suddenly Tom, who was in advance, said softly:

"Here's water somewhere, not far off, Mr. Landell, for my mule's lifting his nose up, and sniffing the air."

There was no doubt of its being the case, for no sooner had Tom's beast given evidence of its power of scent, than similar manifestations followed from the others; and now, instead of flagging and laboring along, the hot and wearied beasts broke into a trot, and had to be restrained as they tugged at the bridles.

The character of the overgrowth now, too, began to indicate moisture, and the floods sometimes swept along the low flat jungle, where we with some difficulty forced our way. At last, almost overcome by the heat and excitement, we came suddenly upon one of the broad sluggish streams that intersect the forest lands, and go to form the vast water system of the Orinoco. The water, in spite of its slower current and the desolation of its muddy banks, whispered to us hope and escape from the pursuit that might be even now pressing upon our heels.

My uncle and I hurried forward to scan the bank, ready to shoot at any noxious reptile that might show itself. The crocodile, however, was not to be feared; for though a couple of large crocodiles scuttled off into the water, and once or twice there was a sharp rustling amongst the reeds, we were unmolested; and bringing forward our weaker companions, we made a temporary halt.

Now it is quite possible that, had I been a naturalist, I might have been a little regretful that I had not been a crocodile, for the crocodile is another name than crocodile; but even now, after consulting various authorities, I am not quite satisfied as to the proper term. The English speaking residents of the district all called them crocodiles, and to me they certainly seemed to differ from the alligator or cayman, whose acquaintance I afterwards made amongst the jagoons of the Southern States.

But to return to our position on the river bank. We knew that there was no time to be lost; and having cut a few stout bamboos, we incurred the further delay of cutting them without some difficulty, as they required soaking, and the tying up of one or two failing places.

Our little raft was at length made, and provided with a couple of poles, afforded easy means of escape for three—at a pinch for four.

And now came the arrangements for the raft. It seemed cruel, but situated as we were, what else could we do? I did not like the plan, but could see no alternative; so with Tom's aid the mules were unloaded, and we led the poor brutes into the leafy screen, so that Lilla and her mother might not be witnesses of how they were to be offered to the crocodile's gape.

For our plan was this—to slay the poor beasts, and with their inflated skins to try and make a raft that should bear Tom, myself, and the gold.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AN ATTACK IN THE DARK.

MY heart failed me as the faithful brutes, that had brought us thus far, turned their great soft eyes up to mine. For a few minutes I hesitated, trying to think out some other plan for our escape, when a warning cry from my uncle brought Tom and myself back to the river bank, where we could see, half a mile higher up the stream, a couple of canoes, each containing two Indians, who were lazily paddling down towards where we were.

At first we took them for enemies, and gave ourselves up for lost; and I was about to beg of my uncle to risk flight with Lilla and my aunt upon the little raft, while I and Tom covered their escape with our guns; but the distance being lessened each moment, we could make out that these men belonged to one of the inoffensive fishing tribes who live upon the rivers and their banks; and a new thought struck me—one which I directly communicated to my uncle.

"Keep strict guard," I then said, "and mind this—a loud whistle shall bring us directly back to your help. Come, Tom—bring your gun."

The next minute Tom and I were upon the raft, dragging ourselves slowly up stream by means of the bamboo, and that overhanging the river, till we found that the Indians could see our coming, when we began to paddle the best way we could out towards the middle.

As I expected, the Indians first stopped, and then made as if to turn round and flee, raising their paddles for a fierce dash, when—

"Now, Tom!" I exclaimed; and, standing up together, we presented our guns as if about to fire.

"Ah! they're like the crows at home," muttered Tom; "they know what a gun is."

Tom was right; for the poor fellows uttered a wail of misery, held up their paddles, and then

suffered their canoes to drift helplessly towards us.

"Quick, Tom!" I now exclaimed; "lay down your gun; and try and fight against this stream, or we shall lose them after all."

Tom seized the bamboo pole, and by rapid beating of the water continued to keep the raft stationary till the Indians were nearly abreast, when, pointing to the bank from which we had come, and still menacing them with my gun, I made the poor timid creatures slowly precede us, and towing us well, to where my uncle was anxiously watching.

Upon landing, the poor fellows crouched before us, and laid their foreheads upon the muddy grass; when, after trying to reassure them, my uncle, who knew a little of their barbarous tongue, explained that we only wanted their canoes; when, overjoyed at escaping with their lives, the poor abject creatures eagerly forced the paddles into our hands.

"Tell them, uncle, that we don't want their fishing gear," I said; when there was a fresh demonstration of joy, and Tom threw out their rough lines and nets on to the grass.

"They may as well help us load, Harry, mayn't they?" said Tom—a proposition I at once agreed to.

In a very short space of time the gold was all placed in one canoe, while we tethered the other by a short rope to the raft; this boat contained the provisions and ammunition, and in this Tom and I were to go, towing the gold canoe. Tom was to take the gold canoe, Harry—and then the raft, upon which more convenient place my uncle, armed and watchful while we paddled, was to sit with Lilla and my aunt.

It was nearly dark when our arrangements were at an end; and thankful that, so far, we had been uninterrupted, I drew the raft close in, secured it to our canoe, and Tom took his place, paddle in hand. My uncle made a couple of light fires, and, as the night advanced, then took his place beside them, and no nothing was wanted but for me to take a paddle beside Tom, when he exclaimed:

"This stuff makes the canoe all hang to the stern, Harry. Tell you what, I'll go in that canoe for the present, and get the freight shifted to the join you mean."

I nodded acquiescence, and then turned to the poor miserably creatures whom we seemed to be robbing, and who now stood, dejected of aspect, watching us.

"What shall I give them?" I thought. "A new knife or two? Fish! how absurd! Here—here!" I exclaimed, catching the nearest savages by the hand and hastily drawing them into the brake, when the others followed. "One apiece for you, my good fellows, and you gain by the exchange."

"They could not understand my words; but, as I pointed to the animals tethered in the canoe, and then to the brake, they broke into a run, and the four men's hands, their joy seemed unbounded, and, with a nod and a smile, I was turning to depart, eager to continue our flight, when a wild cry from the raft seemed to fix me to the spot.

It was repeated twice before I could make a dash through the thick swampy growth towards the bank.

"Quick—quick, Harry! They are here!" "Harry!" cried Tom, in a piteous voice.

The next moment I was on the trampled bank a little below where we had landed, to see in a moment that the little raft was being dashed to the right and left, and my enemies had approached us, and I bitterly repented that I had not joined Tom instead of wasting time over the fishers whose canoes we had taken. I knew that not a moment had been wasted, and that it would have been impossible to have made another raft by this time; but the means of escape were still open to me, and so I was fairly lightheaded. Now I was in despair.

"Those were terrible moments! As I emerged from the brake there arose a fierce yell; there was a scattered volley, and the flashes gave me a momentary glimpse of the pale face of Lilla upon the raft. Then there was the loud splashing of the water, and the hurrying to and fro of dimly seen figures—for the darkness was now deepening with that rapidity only known in equatorial regions.

"Uncle!" I gasped, in a voice that did not sound like mine; and as I spoke I grasped the cold barrel of the gun.

There was a loud ejaculation, a faint cry, hands were holding mine, I could feel the raft rocking and rolling, as if about to be overturned; and then, as I felt that I was drawn upon it—that I was saved—my senses reeled, and my mind became dark as the sky which hung over the river.

I believe my swoon did not last many minutes. How could it, when my head was being held to my aunt's breast, which heaved with emotion, and hot tears were falling upon my forehead?

"Lilla?" I whispered. "Harry!" I was breathed upon my cheek as she came forward.

But this was no time for talking, and rallying my strength I rose to my knees.

"I thought I should never have reached you, uncle," I said.

"I did my best, Harry," he whispered; "but I felt that when those bloodhounds leaped suddenly out from the brake that I must push off."

"But what was that struggle I heard? Did I not hear Garcia's voice?" "Yes, yes, my uncle, huskily. "And where is Tom?" My uncle was silent.

"Poor Tom?" I said, in an inquiring voice. "Yes," said my uncle, huskily. "It seemed to me that Garcia and another reached the canoe. Tom was in—the gold canoe, Harry—and then there was a desperate fight, which lasted some minutes. I had seized the paddle, and tried to make for where the struggle seemed to be going on; but first there was a faint, gurgling cry, and then utter silence; and though I softly paddled here and there I could find nothing. Harry, that canoe was heavily laden with gold, my dear uncle, and—

"And it took down with it what was worth ten thousand times more than the vile yellow trash," I cried, bitterly—"as true a heart as ever beat. Oh, uncle—uncle! I have murdered as noble a fellow as ever breathed, and as faithful a friend. Oh, Tom—Tom!" I groaned, and hid my face in my aunt's bosom.

"And it took down with it what was worth ten thousand times more than the vile yellow trash," I cried, bitterly—"as true a heart as ever beat. Oh, uncle—uncle! I have murdered as noble a fellow as ever breathed, and as faithful a friend. Oh, Tom—Tom!" I groaned, and hid my face in my aunt's bosom.

"And it took down with it what was worth ten thousand times more than the vile yellow trash," I cried, bitterly—"as true a heart as ever beat. Oh, uncle—uncle! I have murdered as noble a fellow as ever breathed, and as faithful a friend. Oh, Tom—Tom!" I groaned, and hid my face in my aunt's bosom.

"And it took down with it what was worth ten thousand times more than the vile yellow trash," I cried, bitterly—"as true a heart as ever beat. Oh, uncle—uncle! I have murdered as noble a fellow as ever breathed, and as faithful a friend. Oh, Tom—Tom!" I groaned, and hid my face in my aunt's bosom.

"And it took down with it what was worth ten thousand times more than the vile yellow trash," I cried, bitterly—"as true a heart as ever beat. Oh, uncle—uncle! I have murdered as noble a fellow as ever breathed, and as faithful a friend. Oh, Tom—Tom!" I groaned, and hid my face in my aunt's bosom.

"And it took down with it what was worth ten thousand times more than the vile yellow trash," I cried, bitterly—"as true a heart as ever beat. Oh, uncle—uncle! I have murdered as noble a fellow as ever breathed, and as faithful a friend. Oh, Tom—Tom!" I groaned, and hid my face in my aunt's bosom.

"And it took down with it what was worth ten thousand times more than the vile yellow trash," I cried, bitterly—"as true a heart as ever beat. Oh, uncle—uncle! I have murdered as noble a fellow as ever breathed, and as faithful a friend. Oh, Tom—Tom!" I groaned, and hid my face in my aunt's bosom.

Theo. L. Morris, Jr., 2227 West Norris St., Philadelphia, Pa. An autophone, 28 pieces of music, and a box of tricks, for a mandolin.

E. A. Mordant, 92 White St., New York City. Old pictures and books, for any 1850 nickel cent, or an 1852 half cent, in good condition.

Roy F. Greene, Box 232, Arkansas City, Kan. Curiosities, printing material, and "The Boat Club," for a snare drum and sticks.

Albert Robinson, 820 North 44th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A box and checker board, 637 tin tags, and 5 books, for a 10-cent accordion.

R. F. Walters, Box 647, South Framingham, Mass. A file, a pair of nickel plated roller skates, and a stamp, for a Waterbury watch.

George Eden, 3803 Butterfield St., Chicago, Ill. A Lester jig saw and turning lathe combined, valued at \$10, for a self inking press and outfit.

J. C. Mechalny, Stamford, Conn. A banjo, an accordion, and a fageolet, all valued at \$8, for a magic lantern using slides about 1 1/2 in. wide.

H. U. Fenton, 314 Old St., Kansas City, Mo. An Imperial album with 160 stamps, of 300 different tin tags, for a 4 draw telescope or field glass.

C. W. Marsharis, Defiance, O. Minerals, shells, curiosities, and 125 tin tags, for minerals, shells, and curiosities, especially from the Pacific coast.

C. Greenwell, 1011 G St., S. E. Washington, D. C. A small hand inking press and a font of fancy card type, for a telegraph key and sounder.

L. Wainwright, Waukegan, Ill. One hundred foreign stamps, all valued at \$8, for a magic lantern using slides about 1 1/2 in. wide.

J. B. Price, Mansfield Valley, Pa. Five boys' books, and 200 different tin tags, for a pair of 5 to 6 cent boxing gloves, or a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

J. F. Cully, 426 3d Ave., New York City. A 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 hand inking press and some Old English type, for a set of boxing gloves of a magic lantern.

John C. Macfarlane, 87 6th Ave., New York City. Nine books, 450 foreign stamps, and coins, for a press or photo camera, not less than 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 with outfit.

Robert Ottens, 721 North Wood St., Chicago, Ill. A pair of No. 9-12 nickel plated Acme club skates, for a set of boxing gloves, or a pair of fencing foils and masks.

George Aspin, Ansonia, Conn. A 1 1/2 inch nickel plated shell snare drum, a Prize Holly scroll saw and patterns, and some reading matter, for a press worth \$14.

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

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, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchange of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers of 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 in file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

E. Hussey, 132 West 42d St., New York City. Old letters, from 1775 to 1874, for an 1800 cent.

Frank Mehlhag, 423 Wythe Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Two hundred stamp in a small album, for coins.

Hugh A. Merrill, Yarmouth, Me. "David Copperfield," for Nos. 1 to 26 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Charlie A. Parker, Brockport, N. Y. A pair of 10-12 nickel club roller skates, for job and card type.

C. F. Dacy, Woodstock, Ill. Books, for Graham's Photography, or a 10 to 12 Hill's blotter bath.

J. Seidler, 411 Palisade Ave., Jersey City, N. J. A stamp album and stamps, and a pair of ice skates, for type.

L. Douglas, Grand Island, Neb. A 5 by 7 self inking press, with type, etc., valued at \$75, for a typewriter.

P. J. Keneally, 535 West 10th St., New York City. A magic lantern, and "The Mountain Cave," for 600 stamps.

Clarence M. Peatman, Box 101, Larimore, Dak. An organette, with 40 pieces of music, valued at \$20, for a silver watch.

Henry Klein, Janesville, Wis. Two thousand five hundred tin tags, for a fan tailed dove, or a 12 hole post stamp in a small album, for coins.

W. D. Kaufman, 1223 Ellsworth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Fifteen pounds of long primer type, for a B flat cornet or a guitar.

F. R. Hall, Box 168, Oakland, Me. A pair of No. 9-12 ice skates, for "The Lost Trail," or "Campfire in Wigwag."

William Elmer, Jr., Trenton, N. J. A 4 1/2 by 7 1/2 foot power self inking press, with 12 boxes of type, for a camera and tripod.

W. S. Huss, Gardner, Ill. A stylographic pen, cost \$140, and 450 foreign stamps, for "Alloa in a Great City" and other books.

Oscar Keller, Box 241, Wilson, Kan. A large font of brevier type, for any bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY except Vol. V.

I. M. Sitar, Washington, Ioa. Fifty stamps, and 150 tin tags, for any number of MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, except Nos. 2 and 5.

Cleaver Glascock, Saverton, Mo. A muskrat trap and 5 books, for a miniature steam engine or a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Walter C. Young, 18 Mulberry Place, Newark, N. J. A set of 42 boxing gloves, valued at \$4, for a coat of 4 boxing gloves.

James Cook, 38 Lincoln St., Portland, Me. A 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 press, with 2 fonts of type, etc., for a football or a pair of boxing gloves.

Walter C. Young, 18 Mulberry Place, Newark, N. J. A set of 42 boxing gloves, valued at \$4, for a coat of 4 boxing gloves.

James Cook, 38 Lincoln St., Portland, Me. A 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 press, with 2 fonts of type, etc., for a football or a pair of boxing gloves.



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 appearing your name on the printed slip can be changed.  
 Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of the subscription, and, if he does not renew, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.  
 In ordering back numbers increase 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

## THE TWO RIVALS; OR, THE ROAD TO FAME.

We are constantly on the watch for stories of superior excellence. We employ nearly all of the old and tried writers, who stand at the head of juvenile fiction in this country and Europe. We read a vast number of manuscripts, searching for treasures for the ARGOSY. It is not, however, always easy to select the story that will please our readers most.

The serial bearing the above title, which will commence next week, is one concerning the popularity of which we feel uncertain. On this point we are divided among ourselves. One of our editorial force thinks it a splendid story, but fears it is too old for the ARGOSY. Another was fascinated with it himself, but hesitated about recommending it, as he does not feel sure that you would care for a serial so much out of your usual line. The publisher, on the other hand, thinks that "THE TWO RIVALS" will prove one of the most interesting stories we have ever brought out. He was extremely interested in it himself, and takes the ground that it is none too old, and that it is a mistake to think that you require such very young stories. That you will fully understand the trickery and intrigue practiced by Randal Leslie, and that you will appreciate in the highest degree the manly course of Leonard Fairfield, he feels sure. Thus with him rests the responsibility of publishing "THE TWO RIVALS." We all agree, however, that it is a marvellously interesting tale, and shall await with much interest your opinion when you have read it throughout. It grows better and better to the very end, and is full of surprises and strong, dramatic situations.

### POINTS ON PICNICS.

We are now in the midst of the picnic season, when storm clouds do gather at inopportune times in the afternoon, and the industrious ant makes good time from his native hills to the sugar bowl and cream pitcher.

Somebody—evidently the "funny man"—furnishes the following "timely advice" to the readers of an afternoon contemporary:

Never take food to a picnic. Take plenty of wholesome drink and something to drink it from. Never go to a great distance. Never take very small children. Do not stay long. Have a hearty meal as soon as you get home. Don't go to a picnic.

But some of our readers may be members of societies whose annual custom it is to make an excursion by water. For their benefit we can state that a steamboat may be hired for from \$100 to \$250, a propeller for \$50 to \$100, and a barge for \$50 to \$125. In these charges the grove is counted in, and the figures will, we hope, furnish a sound basis on which to discuss ways and means to bring about an outing of the order mentioned.

### THE A B C OF PHYSICAL TRAINING.

INQUIRIES are not infrequently sent us by our readers concerning the best means of developing their muscles, increasing their weight, improving their wind and rounding out the physical man generally.

From time to time we aim to print special articles on these and kindred subjects, meanwhile a few hints will be acceptable.

The great thing to be attained in training of this sort—or of any sort, for that matter—is reg-

ularity and moderation. Of almost equal importance is the eating of plain, wholesome food, the securing of a generous quantity of sleep, and indulgence in the daily bath followed by brisk rubbing. The observance of these rules, and the careful avoidance of tobacco and stimulants, should give any young man a robust physique, a clear, healthful skin, and firm, hard muscles.

It should be added that our authorities for the foregoing A B C of physical training are three well known athletic trainers, who recently contributed their views on this important subject to a New York daily paper.

HAVE an aim. Work with an aim in view. What sort of a race would it be if the competitors in a running match started off without an idea of what they wanted to do? And yet how many men young "drift" through life, their only desire to get through their work as soon as may be, their aim to enjoy themselves in "off time?" Make up your mind to take an interest in your work, whatever it may be, and then seek to do it better day by day. Try it. It will pay you.

### A SUGGESTIVE THOUGHT.

SOME time since a man was seen to be frantically endeavoring to stop a runaway horse. The man was on the sidewalk when the horse started, with the lines in his hand, and he still continued to hang on to them desperately.

But the horse was strong and the reins were on the point of being wrenched from his grasp when he threw them around his neck. He was in danger of being dragged to a frightful death, and some spectators of the exciting scene cried to him to let the horse go and save himself.

But this he refused to do, until finally help arrived and the maddened animal was subdued. Then, when questioned why he had run such a risk, he replied: "Look in the back of that wagon. Do you see that little boy? That's all the boy we have. Sir, have you got a little boy?"

As we read the pathetic incident, the thought occurred to us: Do little boys—and big ones—do young men—appreciate the "strong love with which they are loved," or realize the pain it gives to other hearts when they go astray?

### "THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE; OR, WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR?"

THIS book, which is now ready, forms No. 11, the June issue, of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES. It is written by Annie Ashmore, whose serial "Warren Haviland" elicited so many words of praise from our readers during the past spring. "THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE" is a story that holds the interest enchained from the first page to the last by a sort of spell.

The hero, Fred Somerset, will at once win the admiration of all, while his young cousin Frank's devotion to him through his trials will gain scarcely less favor for this participant in the strange test which the three cousins are called upon to undergo.

The book bristles with incident and adventure, with a touch of the pathetic now and then that serves as an excellent balance wheel. Taken as a whole, it is one of the most thoroughly interesting stories that has thus far appeared in this series, which has already achieved such a high reputation.

The volume is handsomely illustrated by Albert E. Sterner, and sells for the usual price, 25 cents. You can procure it from your news-dealer, or it will be sent post paid from this office on receipt of that amount.

### "IT HEADS THE LIST."

ADMIRATION for the ARGOSY is not confined to the United States. Among the letters we find room for this week is one from an enthusiastic Canadian reader.

IRVING, ILL., May 17, 1888.  
 THE GOLDEN ARGOSY may rightly be called "the paper of all papers." It heads the list.  
 JOE W. WHITNEY.

BANK OF BRITISH COLUMBIA,  
 VICTORIA, B. C., May 9, 1888.  
 While looking about for a better paper than I came across the ARGOSY. I saw at a glance that it was just the paper to suit me. Its thrilling but moral stories were such as I had never before seen, and I ordered my stationer to alter my paper to THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, to which I have been a subscriber for the past year.  
 P. A. JENNS.

HARTFORD, CONN., May 10, 1888.  
 I am a weekly purchaser of four boys' papers, but must say that I like the ARGOSY best of all. I would not be without it for fifty cents a week, because not only are the stories good, but the sketches of noted men are excellent.  
 ADOLPH CLARENBACH.

### HON. LELAND STANFORD,

#### United States Senator from California.

"It is not what a man says, but what he does, that makes him useful to the world." This is said to have been Leland Stanford's favorite motto in early life, and it may well be taken as the text for a sketch of his career. He is a practical man in the highest sense, one of the busiest workers of this busy country, and the most munificent public benefactor in an age of wealth and generosity.

He was born in Albany County, New York, on the 9th of March, 1824. His father, Josiah Stanford, was a prosperous farmer, who also took contracts for the building of roads and bridges, and helped to construct the Albany and Schenectady railroad, one of the earliest iron ways in America, now forming a part of the New York Central system.

Leland was the fourth of seven sons, a tall, strong and good looking boy. His first twenty years were spent on his father's farm, where he worked hard and spent most of his spare time in study. In 1846 he entered a law office in Albany, and three years later was admitted to the bar of New York State.

Then he moved westward, settling at Port Washington, in Wisconsin, on the shore of Lake Michigan, where for about four years he practiced his profession, with a moderate degree of success. In 1852 he had a severe loss in the destruction of his library and all his property by fire.

This calamity, however, proved to be the foundation of his fortune. It determined him to push farther west, and on July 12, 1852, he entered the State which he now represents at Washington. Three of his brothers had gone there before him, and had established a considerable business, with headquarters at Sacramento and stores in many mining towns. They took Leland into partnership, and gave him charge of their branch at Michigan Bluff, in Placer County.

Mr. Stanford's great business ability now began to find scope, and his management was extremely successful. Four years later he was able to move to San Francisco, and found an independent mercantile house on a much larger scale. His firm became known as one of the most reputable and substantial on the Pacific coast, and Mr. Stanford as one of the most prominent men in California. He was an early member of the Republican party, and in 1860 was a delegate to its convention at Chicago. Here he made the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln; and on the inauguration of the martyr President in 1861 Mr. Stanford spent some time in Washington, to give information and advice relative to the Pacific coast and its attitude at that critical period of the national history.

In the fall of the same year he was elected Governor of California by an overwhelming majority. The character of his administration may be inferred from a resolution unanimously voted by both political parties in the two branches of the Legislature, tendering to Governor Stanford, on his retiring from office in 1863, "the thanks of the people of California for the able, upright, and faithful manner in which he has discharged the duties of Governor for the past two years."

Mr. Stanford had already, before his election as Governor, been chosen president of the newly formed Central Pacific Railroad Company; and

when he left the Governor's chair his whole energies were devoted to the execution of the great task thus undertaken. The management of this company has unfortunately become a matter of bitter political dispute, and in connection with it charges and countercharges have been made which cannot be investigated here. It is agreed, at any rate, that the work was of incalculable importance, and that national gratitude is due to the master hand that executed it.

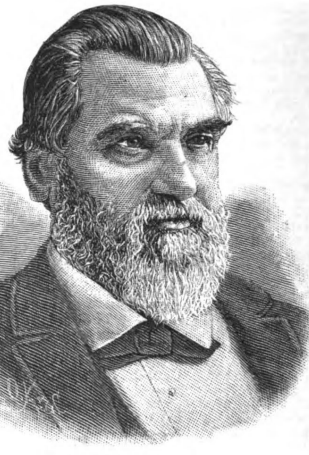
While the Union Pacific was being built from Omaha to Ogden, the Central Pacific was to reach from Ogden to San Francisco, forming the last link in the chain from ocean to ocean. The natural difficulties were great, and the work had to be done quickly. Part of the route lay through level plains, and here it was pushed as railroad building had never been pushed before. Ten miles of track were laid in a single day, and 530 miles in 293 days. The rest of the road lay among the wild crags and deep ravines of the Sierra Nevada, where it seemed almost incredible that a locomotive could ever climb. Here the cost of construction was colossal, over twenty millions of dollars being spent on a hundred miles of the line.

The labor and anxiety which this great task entailed upon its director were immense, but Mr. Stanford's energy triumphed over every obstacle, and on the 10th of May, 1869, the work was done, the last spike being driven by his own hand. The silver hammer which he used on that occasion had a telegraph wire attached to its handle, and at the stroke the news flashed afar that the Pacific was joined to the Atlantic with links of iron.

Mr. Stanford's name will be best remembered by posterity as the founder of the Leland Stanford Junior University, at Menlo Park, about thirty miles from San Francisco on the Southern Pacific Railroad. The sad death of his only son left him without an heir to inherit his wealth, and he determined to dedicate much of it to a noble educational project. To the establishment of this he devoted his splendid estate of Palo Alto, (named from a single tall redwood tree), where are his country residence and his famous stock farm, the entire value of the endowment, in land and money, amounting to nearly twenty millions of dollars. Here indeed is munificence surpassing that of princes.

The university will be unique in many respects. Its architecture will be in the style of the old Spanish settlers, the buildings being of one story, twenty feet high, with immense windows, open fireplaces, and tiled roofs. There are to be thirteen of these halls, surrounding a spacious quadrangle, with cloisters recalling, though very different from, those of Oxford and Cambridge. Besides these will be a spacious memorial church, to hold eleven hundred persons, a handsome memorial arch, and various other buildings. Tuition will be either free or at a nominal cost; professors will be liberally paid, to attract the best talent; women as well as men will be admitted to the university; and there will be departments devoted to a wide range of sciences. Such are a few details of the founder's grand scheme.

Mr. Stanford was elected to the United States Senate in 1885. At Washington, though not an orator, he has made a good record for business-like qualities and insight into legislative work, and is noted as the most punctual and regular member in attendance to Senatorial duties.  
 R. H. TITHERINGTON.



HON. LELAND STANFORD.  
 From a Photograph by Bell.



THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth;  
The impulse to a wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longing after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better things—  
These things can never die.

[This story commenced in No. 288.]

Red Eagle,  
WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS,

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,  
Author of "The Young Ranger," "The Last War Trail," etc.

CHAPTER V.  
NIPPED IN THE BUD.

YOU may imagine the intensity with which little Benny Morris watched the approach of the Iroquois warrior with the flaring torch held above his head. He did not stir, nor did he seem to breathe, as he sat in the prow of the canoe under the overhanging bushes with his dark eyes fixed on the swarthy red man, who looked tenfold more frightful because of the reflection of the smoking brand that guided him to the spot.

The Indian showed more astonishment than did the boy. The sight of a youth sitting quietly in the boat, with a crutch against his arm and without any weapon with which to defend himself, was enough to startle the most stolid person.

After uttering his suppressed exclamation, he stood for a moment in a crouching posture staring at the lad, as though uncertain whether his senses were not playing him false.

"Well, Iroquois," calmly remarked Benny, speaking in Seneca, "what do you wish with me?"

Nothing could have added to the amazement of the warrior except to hear himself addressed in his own tongue. He had never seen the lad before, and was unprepared for the shock. There was something in the appearance of the boy, and his mastery of the Indian's language, that could not fail to impress the savage. It was so out of keeping with that to which he was accustomed that for the moment he was speechless.

Having asked his question, Benny continued looking fixedly in the painted countenance, as if waiting for the reply.

But if the Iroquois was surprised, he was quick to recover his self-possession. Straightening up, and lowering the torch so that it was below his knee, his countenance being thus partly thrown in shadow, he said,

"Who is my brother?"

"The friend of the red man," was the response.

"Why is he here alone?"

"He waits the coming of his brothers with their guns; they will soon be back, for they have gone but a short way."

This ought to have been a disturbing answer, but the warrior acted as though he doubted its truth.

"How does my brother speak in the tongue of the red man?"

"He learned to do so from Red Eagle and his warriors."

"The whelp of the pale faces lies!" This exclamation was made with a venom that left no doubt of the fury of the Indian. Benny had told the simple truth, but in doing so he went beyond the credulity of his hearer. The theory that the great war chief of the Six Nations, who had taught his tongue to this insignificant member of the race was so incredible that not for an instant did the listener credit it.

As he uttered his fierce words, he deliberately stepped forward into the canoe, took up one of the paddles, and showed the craft clear of the bank. Instead of lighting the torch overboard, he set one end in the bottom of the boat, leaving the flame burning so far above the gunwale that it did not endanger it, while it afforded an excellent light for his operations.

If any proof of the Iroquois's disbelief of Benny's story was needed, it was thus given. I refer not to the white man, but to Red Eagle teaching him the Indian tongue, but to the assertion that his brothers were near at hand.

If the youth was right, then the warrior was taking frightful risks, in thus exposing himself as a target to any friends of his prisoner who were in the vicinity. What better mark could Jack or Tom want than was thus offered?

The captor must have believed the lame lad had paddled thither without company, and discovering the camp fires below him, had run into shore to decide on the safest course to follow.

Benny's situation was most peculiar. He had no wish to be carried into the Iroquois camp, for despite a certain faith that more leniency would be shown him than to either of his broth-

ers, or indeed to any one else, he feared the results in the present inflamed disposition of the red men. He recalled the furious words of Red Eagle, when stretched on a blanket in Benny's home, and it agurred ill for any white person who should fall into his hands.

And where were Jack and Tom? It appeared to the cripple that they were long overdue, and must be somewhere near. If so, they could not fail to see the torch, which revealed both occupants of the canoe, and which would tell them the truth at a glance.

The lad looked to the right and left, but the shores were shrouded in shadow, made the more dense by the glare of the smoking torch which partly obscured his vision.

Turning his head, he could plainly see the light of the two camp fires burning opposite to each other, with the dark figures moving along the banks. A short distance further, and the canoe would enter the area of illumination, and be in full sight of every member of the war parties.

The red man had taken his place in the stern of the canoe, where one sweep of the paddle set it several yards into the stream; but after that he remained stationary. His rifle lay in the bottom of the boat, the polished barrel reflecting the light of the torch near it, while he sat

"I have no doubt many of them do, and your own people, Iroquois, can give a few lessons in the same business."

This remark, whose translation of course is quite free, was hardly understood in all its fullness by the Indian, though his answer showed that he caught something of its meaning.

"The red men have but a single tongue; it is the pale faces who steal their hunting grounds, and when they ask for pay, fire their guns at them; but it will not be so any longer."

"What means my brother?"

"The Six Nations have dug up the hatchet; they have put the war paint on their faces; they have taken the trail again; Red Eagle is their leader; they will drive the white men into the deep water, and these hunting grounds shall belong to the red men again, as the Great Spirit means them to belong."

"Red Eagle is not the first chieftain who has tried to take the forests and streams and mountains from the pale faces, but he is a couple of hundred years too late. Had the red men joined together like true brothers when the white people first came across the water, they could have kept them away; but one Indian hates all other Indians, and will bury his tomahawk in his skull as quickly as he will in the head of the babe and its mother."



THE INDIAN FELL FROM THE CANOE WITH A GASPING SCREECH.

like a statue, holding the blade of the paddle in the current but stirring it not.

He seemed to be gazing straight ahead, and was awaiting the moment when another sweep of the implement would send the craft skimming to the right or left bank, as he might choose for his landing place.

"You don't know the risk you are running," thought Benny, looking at the ferocious countenance as revealed in the dim light; "I have told you enough, and, if you choose to heed no my warning, I cannot be blamed for what follows."

"Why did the pale face come alone in the canoe?" asked the warrior in a low, guttural voice.

"Iroquois, I have answered you once, and I do not speak with a double tongue. I came not alone; my brothers were with me; they went ashore that they might look at the camp of the red men."

"The pale face lies," was the fierce comment of the savage.

"If the Iroquois believe him not, let him ask no questions," responded the lad.

This was not only dignified, but it was brave to the point of recklessness. The Indian had proven his fiery temper, and acted as though seeking some pretext for wreaking his fury upon one unable to help himself.

The warrior was quiet a second or two, as if nursing his wrath, and then added,

"All the pale faces speak lies."

"The whelp of the pale faces tells lies like those he has already told. Are not the Senecas, Oneidas, Mohawks, and all who make up the Six Nations friends? Do not they unite to fight the pale faces?"

"But what of the Delawares, the Wampanoags, the Narragansetts, and the tribes that live toward the setting sun?"

"They are the enemies of the Iroquois; they are not true Indians."

"That's their opinion of the Iroquois, and it's my belief that both of you are right."

"The whelp shall not see his brothers that he lies about! he shall not look upon his father and mother! he shall die as all his people shall die by the hatchet and rifle of the red men!"

The Indian with a quick, silent movement laid down the paddle in the boat at his feet and took up his gun.

Benny Morris read his purpose as plainly as if the savage had announced it in his own words. He could not help himself, but he did not shrink or show any evidence of fear in his countenance.

"The whelp of the pale faces shall die, for he is not fit to live," added the savage, in a voice all the more terrible in its intense hatred because the words were uttered scarcely above a whisper; "he shall die as the dog dies—"

The click of the upraised hammer followed, and the rifle was half raised, when the Iroquois uttered a rasping screech, sprang half to his

feet and went overboard with a splash, as dead as dead could be!

CHAPTER VI.  
BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

THERE was good reason for the continued absence of Jack and Tom Morris.

Upon leaving their lame brother in the canoe at the river side, they expected to return in a brief while, for, as will be seen, the apparent task before them was quite simple; they had only to make sure of the Indians encamped near. If they were in their war paint, it was proof of their hostility, and it would be unsafe for the boys to let their presence become known; and, since one good look at the warriors would bring the information wished, it would seem that a few minutes were sufficient.

And such would have been the case, but for a most unexpected turn to their reconnaissance.

In moving away from the canoe, Tom placed himself in front, his brother following close on his heels. They had to go but a short distance, when they saw the glimmer of a light among the trees, and their movements were pushed with the utmost silence and care.

They were yet too far off to gain as distinct a view as they wished, when Tom stopped, and, turning his head, waited for Jack to place himself beside him.

"This is getting rather ticklish," said the former; "there isn't one chance in a hundred that they are friendly."

"Shall we turn back?"

"No; let's make dead sure of it, but there isn't any use of both of us going quite near."

"Get out," replied Jack, in his good natured way; "I've as much right as you to run my head in the lion's mouth, but I don't calculate that either one of us is going to do that, because there isn't any need of it."

"All right," said his brother; "come on."

They were not fully pleased to observe that the wood grew more open as they approached the camp fire, which, you will bear in mind, was not on the same side of the river on which Red Eagle was standing with his warriors. This rendered great care necessary, but, as I have shown, the duty required of the brothers was not perilous enough to justify any great risks on their part.

"I guess this will do," said Tom, in the same guarded voice; "we have a pretty good view here."

"Yes; it's all we want."

At that moment they were standing perhaps thirty yards from the fire, around which they were grouped about the same number of Iroquois that I have described as being on the other shore. There was much similarity in their postures and movements, too. It being comparatively early in the evening, several were engaged in preparing supper, while others were loitering about in all sorts of lazy attitudes.

The first distinct glance the boys gained of the red men told the startling truth; all were on the war path, and the warning of Orris Ouden and The Wild Cat was fully justified. The boys had not taken their departure an hour too soon.

There was something fascinating in the scene in the dismal forest on that cool autumn night, and Tom Morris had stood but a moment when he quietly shifted his position to another tree somewhat to the right and a dozen feet in advance.

Jack saw no call for such a change, and he stayed where he was, assured that his view was as good as that of his brother.

The situation of the lads may be described as just beyond the margin of light thrown out by the large fire. They were thus in the darkness of the wood, where they were secured from discovery, so long as they used only ordinary prudence.

Jack had held his post for five minutes, when he began to wonder why Tom delayed his return. He must have forgotten their lame brother, waiting under the shadow of the bank and anxious for them to rejoin him.

It was too dangerous to signal to his companion, when both were so near their enemies, though Jack was impatient enough to do so, especially when he saw that the light from the fire actually reached the tree behind which Tom was standing.

"What can be the matter with him?" the wondering Jack asked himself; "he must know he is running into danger and that, too, when there isn't any call to do so."

The lad's heart gave a painful throbbing, for, at that moment, he discerned the shadowy figure of an Indian between him and his brother.

Where the savage had come from was a mystery, though from the fact that he had been invisible until that moment it was clear he must have been among the trees beyond the range of the camp fire, and as on his return when, as ill fortune would have it, he discovered one of the boys.

Jack was so far back in the gloom that he was confident he was not observed by any of their enemies, though he cast a furtive glance over his shoulder, as though half expecting to see a savage Iroquois.

Even with the help of the firelight, the obscurity was such that Jack could not discern distinctly what was going on.

"I don't know whether Tom suspects his danger or not," was the thought of Jack, "but, if that redskin fancies he's going to cut him down without warning, he'll find that Mr. Jack Morris has got something to say about it."

Tom's curiosity to gain a nearer view of the war party was not unnatural, for he fancied that among the Iroquois was one that had visited his home several times. He was a worthless vagabond known among the whites as Pete. His love for whiskey made him a nuisance, and more than one settler had thrust him out of his cabin as an intolerable affliction, though he had never received anything but kindness at the home of Varnum Morris.

The fellow was on the further side of the camp, where other warriors interposed to an extent that prevented a satisfactory view, and it was with a purpose of assuring himself on that point that Tom ventured closer than he meant to do at first.

Only a few minutes were necessary to gain the knowledge he was seeking; the warrior that had arrested his interest was old Pete, the vagrant that had sat at their table and slept on a blanket in the corner of their home many a time.

"And he was among the first to dig up the hatchet," was the truthful conclusion of Tom Morris; "if father had kicked him from the house, as other people did, he would have been more backward about wishing to drive the white men from the hunting grounds of his fathers."

"I can't be too thankful for one thing," added Tom, "involving a pleasant thrill that had stirred his heart more than once that evening; and that is, that father and mother are beyond their reach. They are safe, no matter what happens to us."

A sound like the breaking of a twig caused him to turn his head. Enough light penetrated the gloom for him to see a warrior within six feet of him, with his tightly clinched knife raised so that it would be buried in the lad's body, on the next step forward.

The young gentleman was not the one to stand still and yield in despair. The youths of the frontier were not trained in that fashion. He instantly recoiled, his rifle grasped in both hands, and at the same time drew back the hammer of his gun.

It was not necessary to bring it to a level to aim, for the space between him and the Indian was too slight to require that. He held the weapon in such a way that he had but to press the trigger to send the bullet through the breast of the savage.

But what a turmoil that would create among the Iroquois in camp! They would instantly flock to the spot, and escape for the three boys would be out of the question.

At such a crisis, however, the imperiled person has no time to think of after complications. But fortunately the use of the gun was not necessary, for it was at that juncture that Jack Morris took a hand in the proceedings.

He had seen enough to convince him of the imminent danger of his brother, and, stepping from behind the tree trunk that was serving him as screen, he brought his heavy rifle to his shoulder. At the same time he gave utterance to a "Huk!" meant to attract the attention of the warrior.

It could not fail to do so, and the Iroquois, while in the act of gathering his muscles for the spring that was sure to be fatal to himself or the lad, flinched his head part way round and saw in the gloom at the feet of the youth with his deadly weapon leveled at him.

It is not often that the American Indian is caught in such a situation that he is not only utterly unable to help himself, but sees that such is the fact. This case, however, was one of those few, and there was a second or two during which it is only truth to say he was paralyzed.

But he was a sagacious fellow, and he saw that both the youths had no wish to alarm the warriors in camp by firing their guns, for were it otherwise they would not have hesitated a moment.

This knowledge, or rather suspicion, on the part of the red man, opened the way for possible escape.

Without emitting any sound, and with his body bent forward as if about to leap, he began slowly retreating with his face toward the lads that held him at their mercy. This movement suggested that he was merely recoiling, like the runner who is in doubt whether he can leap the chasm that unexpectedly yawns in front of him.

But Tom and Jack read the meaning aright, and they were glad enough to remain neutral, as may be said, while the red man took himself from their presence. The gloom added to his fierceness, and even though, after he had retreated a step or two, they could discern nothing but his crouching posture, imagination intensified the frightful ferocity of his countenance.

Dimmer and fainter became the figure until it melted in the shadows beyond, and the brothers awoke to the fact that while they were still peering into the gloom they saw nothing.

The Iroquois had vanished, doubtless relieved beyond expression at his deliverance from that looked for the moment like certain death.

Jack and Tom appreciated the value of the seconds, and thrice none away by staying where they were.

"Hurry," whispered Tom, "and we can't leave too soon."

"I think we have learned enough."

Jack was now in advance, and he walked much faster from the spot than he had done to it. They had learned that the Catsuga was so closely guarded by savage Iroquois that it was impossible to pass between the camp fires. But the one course remained; that was to abandon their canoe, or to do as Orris Ouden had done in ascending the river.

The distance was slight to the edge of the water, and, though the gloom was impenetrable, the youths made their way with considerable certainty until within a few steps.

"What the mischief does that mean?" demanded Jack, abruptly halting and speaking incautiously loud.

Tom had also caught the glimmer of a light moving among the trees in front, and he quickly placed himself beside his brother.

"It is a torch, as sure as you live, and some one is carrying it!"

"No; it moves too smoothly for that; it is floating over the water; some one is swimming with it, or—come on!"

A few seconds brought them to the river side, where they saw a most alarming sight, as you can well understand from the description already given.

The canoe which they had left but a short time before was floating down stream. Near the middle rested a torch with the smoking flame above the gunwale. In the front sat Benny, and the reflection of the light on his white face showed no more perturbation than when his brother swung the paddle. At the stern was the Iroquois Indian, holding the motionless paddle, with one end resting in the water, while his baleful gaze was fixed on the little fellow in front.

"Great heavens!" whispered Tom; "he has made a prisoner of Benny."

"But he hasn't got away with him yet," added Jack significantly. "I reckon we'll have something to do with that."

"Hark! they are talking."

In the profound stillness the low murmur of the voices of the captor and captive reached the boys, who felt no more hesitation in shooting the savage, who he dared not molest their lame brother than they would in crushing the coiled rattlesnake in their path.

"There's only one thing to do," added Jack, the next minute; "we've got to plug him."

"There's no need of both firing; I'll pick him off, and it will be such a clean job that a second shot may be needed."

All right; I'll be ready to follow, if you should happen to make a miss of it."

But the distance was so short that Tom would not admit the possibility of failure.

Realizing the importance of what he was about to do, and compelled to aim in the dark, Tom showed commendable deliberation. At such a juncture may be said the skilled marksman feels how to make his aim accurate; but, as the youth brought his gun to a level, a ray from the moving torch shone against the barrel, and he knew his aim was certain.

But in the act of pulling trigger the Iroquois uttered his death shriek, and, springing partly into the water, where it was instantly extinguished.

Tom Morris restrained his fire, for it was not needed, since the Indian was slain by the rifle of some one else.

## CHAPTER VII.

### UNDER THE BANK.

IT may be said that Benny Morris was expecting some intervention like that which took place. In fact he wondered why it was delayed. Well aware that no risk was too great for his brothers to incur for his sake, he knew they would not remain idle so long as he was in peril.

He caught the flash of the rifle from the gloom along shore, and, despite the shocking fate of the Iroquois, he was quick witted enough to take instant advantage of it. Hardly had the splashing water been flung over his face when he crept forward, and, seizing the torch, flung it into the water, where it was instantly extinguished, the momentary flicker of light showing the black hair of the red man as he sank from sight forever.

Then, lifting the nearest paddle, he dipped the blade into the water, and headed the craft toward the point where he had caught the flash of the gun that saved him.

The crippled lad was not without considerable strength in his arms, and, as you are aware, it is skill more than power that is necessary for the successful management of one of those small craft used by settlers and Indians.

He observed that the gun was fired from a point some rods up stream, instead of opposite the boat that had drifted alarmingly near the illumination of the camp fires.

The canoe spun round like a top, and was skimming over the surface when the lad's calculations were knocked askew by a low whistle coming from a spot abreast of him. He instantly ceased swinging the paddle, uncertain what to do, where it was instantly extinguished, the momentary flicker of light showing the very one the brothers used in communicating with each other when it was imprudent to use their voices.

"How can that be?" he asked himself; "Jack and Tom could not have changed their situation as quickly as that. It must be an Indian who knows our signal."

Once more the faint call sounded, and in his anxiety Benny called in a suppressed voice, "Is that you, Jack or Tom?"

"Yes; hurry in here."

Hesitating no longer, the lad gave the craft an impetus that drove the prow underneath the shrubbery along shore, where he was instantly joined by his brothers.

"My gracious!" said the delighted Benny, "that shot of yours was just in the nick of time, but how did you manage to get down here so soon?"

"Neither of us fired the gun that killed the Iroquois," replied Tom.

"Who did it, then?"

"That's what we would like to know; I had my rifle leveled, and would have pulled trigger the same minute if some one hadn't taken the job off my hands."

"It must have been The Wild Cat," said Jack; "for I can't think of any one else."

"It wasn't he," Benny was quick to say; "for he would not dare do such a thing; he is friendly with his people and he likes us, but he would not risk life for that of our sakes."

"Sh!" admonished Jack, "some one is coming."

All became silent. The larger brothers were still standing on the bank close to the boat in which the cripple sat with paddle in hand.

The sound was peculiar. It was not like a person moving the leaves and through the undergrowth, but as if something was brushing past the vegetation.

"It's a canoe like our own," whispered Benny; "have your gun ready."

"Hello, then!"

The hail was scarcely louder than the softly spoken words of Benny, but the river-side listeners recognized it as the voice of Orris Ouden, the scout whom they supposed to be a long way from them at that hour.

"Is that you, Orris?" asked Benny, catching the soft rattle of the paddle.

I reckon it is, was the hearty response. "I've too much to say to you that, but you can't be fur off; whar's Jack and Tom?"

"We are all here," was the reply, whereupon Ouden forced his boat alongside the other, and greeted his three friends, whom he was on his way to help rescue from their peril when he encountered them on the river in this singular manner.

A minute or two was enough to exchange experiences and learn how the present situation had come about.

Meanwhile, as may be supposed, the crack of the rifle and the wild cry of the Indian had created something akin to consternation among the boys on the river side.

But it was not until they saw the boys that startling proof that the very parties for whom they were waiting had appeared among them in the most unexpected manner, and, for the present, had turned the tables alarmingly.

Their best scouts, including Red Eagle himself, instantly scattered to learn the meaning of the startling occurrence, and they were sure to scour the woods on both sides of the Catsuga and in every direction.

"Let them hunt all they want to," said Ouden with a chuckle. "So long as this darkness lasts they won't find us, unless one of you lights a torch to show 'em the way."

But if we do not side with them, they'll grab us in the morning," remarked Jack Morris, unable to share the hopefulness of the hunter.

"But we ain't goin' to stay here till morning."

At the suggestion of Ouden the two boys took their seats in their canoe, he doing the same, and installing himself master of ceremony.

His own boat was not buoyant enough to carry more than two persons, while the other readily supported double that number.

"What's the use of doing this?" was the query of Benny, "since it won't do to run by the fires."

"No," replied the scout; "when I paddled up the river I run into shore below and carried my canoe round the varmits, landing just above 'em on the other side. I crossed over here, and was just starting up stream for your place, when I found that was another boat on the river. I was tryin' to find out what it was, and I had no time to give my compliments to that redskin that won't try to head a torchlight procession down the Catsuga agin."

"Then we shall have to take the boat around the camp to a point lower down."

"That's what will have to be done, if we make the journey to the settlement by water."

"Why, then, do you wait that line, but their words were uttered so softly that they could not be overheard a dozen yards off, while he relied on his acute sense of hearing to discover the approach of danger in time to avoid it."

"It seems to me," said Benny, "that if we should push up stream far enough to get out of the reach of these warriors, and then start across the country on foot, it will give us better than to wait here and run the risk of capture."

"I've been thinkin' of that same thing," said Ouden, "and I don't know but what we'll do

it, arter all. It will be a good deal easier to foller the river than to tramp the woods till morning,—that is, I mean easier for you, my little man."

"Don't change any plan on my account," the lame lad hastened to say, "for I can walk a long way, and if I get tired, Tom and Jack will take turns in carrying me."

"It ain't no account of the burden you would be," added the scout, "for I wouldn't make any more of taking you on my shoulders and trotting off with you than I would in frolicking with a baby two years old, but, if we should happen to run into a hornet's nest, you can see how hard it would be to get along with you. Howsomever, as I said, we may try that if it turns out to be the best thing to do."

"It strikes me," said Tom, "that they must have known the shriek of the Indian you shot came from the river, and they will be likely to search there before anywhere else."

"You don't know that, though they may suspect it."

"Haven't they got any canoe of their own?"

"I don't know of a single one; I searched all I could, which wasn't much, and didn't get a glimpse of a boat anywhere along shore. The varmits ain't any reason to hide 'em, and, if they do, they'll get along together they oughter be in sight under the shores."

"Where did the Iroquois come from in reaching this spot?"

"Straight from their villages, a good many miles back. If they had paddled down the Catsuga they must have passed your house, and you would have seen 'em."

This was logical, and the boys accepted the theory. It could not fail to add to their sense of security, since, with Ouden controlling the canoe, and with the dense gloom favoring them, it must prove an exceedingly hard task for any company of Indians, no matter how numerous they might be, to get the upper hand of the little company on the river.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 275.]

## New York Boy;

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF RUFÉ RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM, Author of "Number 91," "Tom Tracy," etc.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

WILTON'S PERSECUTION.

"DO you feel sick?" asked Wilton, enjoying the effect of his announcement on Cole.

"N—no, a little faint, that is all," stammered Cole. "I am not very strong."

"You look rather fragile. You used to live in Syracuse, did you not?"

"Yes," answered Cole faintly. "I thought I could not be mistaken. You were in the employ of Morrill and Pearson, were you not?"

"I was," answered the unhappy salesman mechanically.

"What made you leave them?" asked Wilton pointedly.

"I—There was a little misunderstanding," answered Cole. "How much does he know?" he asked himself.

If Leonard Wilton had had a heart, he would have been touched by the sad, appealing look on the face of the man whom he was persecuting, and he never felt more satisfaction at the sight of his employer than when at this point John Badger entered the store. Leonard Wilton turned, and his face indicated annoyance at the interruption.

"I will call again," he said, as he took his purchase and moved toward the door.

"I never had the headache," said Badger complacently. "I take good care of myself, eat regularly, sleep regularly, and observe the laws of health."

"You don't have much to worry you, sir," said Cole.

"I don't know about that. Business has been so dull for the last two months that it's enough to worry anybody."

Cole could not help reflecting, however, that there was considerable difference between John



Badger, even with business dull, and himself, obliged to support a family on nine dollars a week, but he did not think it wise to say as much.

"I am not nearly as strong a man as you, Mr. Badger," he rejoined.

"I believe I am pretty strong," said Badger complacently, as he futively glanced at his reflection in a mirror. "Still I maintain that most of our aches and ills are the result of our own imprudence. Did you sell anything to that young man who has just gone out?"

"Yes, sir," answered Cole with a shudder. "What was it?"

"A cheap necktie."

"New customer, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; at least I have not seen him in the store before."

"I like new customers. Always treat them with extra politeness, and they may feel disposed to call again. A little cheerful joke doesn't come amiss, though I fear it isn't in your line."

"I will do my best, sir."

"And as I was saying just before I went out, don't look too much like an undertaker."

John Badger went to the rear of the store, while Cole asked himself ruefully, "How could I pass a joke with a man who knows my secret, and in all probability means to make use of it? It is out of my power."

Of course there was a possibility that the stranger had not heard this wretched story, and meant to harm him, but if he did intend the latter the consequences would be so serious that it took away hope and courage. If he had really committed a crime Cole would have felt that his anguish and unhappiness were in a measure deserved, but knowing that he was the unhappy victim of circumstances, while wholly innocent, made the trial a bitter one, and very hard to bear.

During the rest of the day and evening Cole tried to hide his mental disturbance under a cheerful exterior, but the effect was only partially successful.

"What makes the man so glum?" said John Badger to himself, with some impatience. "He has a good place and a good salary, is treated with consideration, and though the hours are long, the labor is very light."

This was from the employer's point of view. To him nine dollars a week seemed a handsome salary, though he would have found it very hard to live on that sum himself, without reference to a family.

At ten o'clock Cole put on his hat and started for home. He and his wife and children lived on the fourth floor of a tenement house, and it was with a weary step that he ascended the three long flights of stairs that lay between the entrance and his humble home.

As he opened the door his wife came forward with a cheerful smile.

"Welcome home, Robert!" she said. "You look very tired."

"I am tired," he answered, as he sank into a wooden rocking chair which his wife placed for him.

"Then you must rest, and try to forget your business. See, I have got your supper ready," he pointed to a neat tea table which was always ready for him.

He smiled faintly.

"It seems good to get home, Martha," he said.

"You have a very long day at the store," she responded in a tone of sympathy.

"Yes—but I don't complain of that, as long as I can provide food for you and the children, and keep a roof over your heads."

"Poor Robert!" she said, laying her hand lightly on his husband's forehead. "It is fortunate for you, and all hard workers, that Sunday comes to relieve you of the long strain."

"Yes, Martha I don't complain of long hours and poor pay, but I have something to worry me."

"What is it?"

"I fear that I may lose this poor chance."

"Why? Is Mr. Badger complaining of you?" said Mrs. Cole half indignantly. "If he is, he is very unreasonable and I should like to tell him so. Where could he find a more faithful, painstaking clerk?"

"He complains that I am not lively enough to please his customers."

"As if you could be in such a place, and on such a salary!"

"He wouldn't discharge me on that ground. That isn't the danger I apprehend."

"What then?"

"I will tell you, Martha—I fear that I have been recognized."

Cole vehemently. "Does he look like such a man?"

"I don't know what to think. He seemed to be very pointed in his inquiries."

"Why can't men mind their own business?" said Mrs. Cole angrily. "Why should he want to interfere with you?"

"Perhaps he won't. We will hope for the best. It may be a false alarm."

"Then don't let us say any more about it tonight. Let us dismiss all anxiety, and leave the rest with God. See how peacefully the children are sleeping."

In one corner of the room was a crib in which lay little Arthur, a boy of eight, while Rose, a little girl of four, slept with her parents. Both were sleeping peacefully.

"They little know what cares and troubles may await them in the life before them," murmured Cole, as he bent over and pressed a light kiss on the cheek of each. "It is well that it is so. They will be hard enough to bear when they come."

He sat down to the little tea table, and ate with relish the plain supper his wife had provided. There was a cup of hot tea, two slices of toast nicely browned, and a small slice of beef. His wife's face brightened as she saw that in spite of his anxieties he enjoyed his supper. Often he found it hard to force down the mouthfuls he ate.

"Now, Robert," she said brightly, "don't let us brood over the trouble. Let us trust to the goodness of God to save us from further anxieties and privations!"

The burden was lifted for the time, and Robert Cole slept soundly.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FORGING A LOAN.

WHEN Robert Cole went back to business on the following morning he felt brighter and more cheerful. He persuaded himself that he had nothing to fear from the young man, who had simply recognized him, and casually mentioned the fact. If he had understood the real character of this shameless fellow, he could hardly have taken so much comfort.

About the same hour as the day before Wilton again entered the store.

Cole's heart sank within him when, lifting his eyes, he recognized his visitor.

"Good morning!" said Wilton smoothly.

"Good morning! Have you come to make another purchase?"

"Well, not exactly," answered Wilton. "The fact is, I am rather short of funds, and must postpone making purchases."

Cole listened uneasily. "What was he hinting at?"

"To come to the point, Mr. Cole, I am going to ask a favor of you."

"A favor—of me?"

"Yes, as an old acquaintance, you know—"

"I never saw you to my knowledge before yesterday."

"I have seen you, and then we are from the same city."

"What is it you want?" asked Cole desperately.

"A slight favor—a loan of twenty five dollars. I'll repay you next week."

"Twenty five dollars!" gasped Cole.

"Yes, it isn't much, but I happen to stand in need of it."

"I haven't had twenty five dollars in my possession at any one time for years."

"That's what you all say when you don't want to lend," said Wilton playfully. "Of course I understand that."

"But it's true!"

"Of course that means merely that you don't want to lend."

"Do you know what pay I get in this store?"

"No."

"Nine dollars a week, nine dollars only, and I have a wife and two children to support. Do you think I am likely to have twenty five dollars to lend to a stranger?"

"I am not a stranger, as I told you. You may not have the money, but you or your wife may have articles on which you can raise the money."

"Cole grew indignant.

"What claim have you on me that I should do so much for you?" he said. "I have nothing on which I could raise so much money, but even if I had I should not feel justified in putting myself so much out of the way to oblige a stranger, whose only claim is that he once lived in the same city as myself."

"Wilton listened to this with a smooth smile upon his face."

"I think you had better reconsider your determination," he said.

"You were innocent, then, were you?" sneered Wilton.

"Circumstances were very much against me, I admit. But I was innocent, as no doubt many another poor fellow, who has been charged with crime, is. Some time I shall be set right with my employer, and with the world. I live in hopes of that. But for that hope I should be ready to die."

"All this is very touching," sneered Wilton. "You'd make a fine first class actor, Cole. By Jove, you almost impose upon me."

"I wish to impose upon no one."

"Let us come back to business. I am rather sorry for you, on my word I am. I don't want to interfere with you, unless you make it necessary for me to do so. Let us make an agreement. Lend me the twenty five dollars I ask for and I'll agree not to breathe a word of your past history to the worthy Badger."

"This is no more, nor less than blackmail."

"Don't use such language, my friend. It is only an interchange of favors. I oblige you, you oblige me. See?"

"But it is absolutely impossible for me to raise twenty five dollars—even if I were willing."

"Then," said Wilton significantly, "you don't appreciate your opportunities."

"What do you mean?" asked Cole, turning pale.

"You are alone in the store. What's to hinder you handing me what I want from the money drawer?"

"You dare to suggest such a thing to me! You ask me to become a thief!" ejaculated Cole.

"Is it any worse than being a forger?" asked Wilton sharply. "If you have any other way of raising the twenty five dollars, I am entirely willing that you should resort to it."

"You may as well give up all hope of getting any money from me. I see now that you are an unprincipled man and live by preying upon others."

"At any rate, Cole, I never was charged with forging, nor handing me what I want from the money drawer."

"I don't care to argue with you. I refuse to comply with your request."

"Of course you know the consequences."

"I can guess them," said Cole bitterly.

"Whatever happens, don't say I didn't warn you. If you choose to be a fool, don't blame me."

Wilton left the store, and five minutes later John Badger returned.

"How soon will the blow fall?" thought Cole, as he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his damp brow.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BLOW FALLS.

ABOUT nine o'clock the next morning, Cole and his employer both being in the store, the postman entered, and left a letter addressed to John Badger.

Cole kept about his work, while his employer went to the rear of the store and opened the letter. The clerk had no idea that this letter related to him, or that the bolt which he had been dreading had already fallen. John Badger read the letter twice through, his face assuming a stern expression. Then, with the letter still in his hand, he advanced to where Cole was standing, and in a stiff, constrained voice, which brought a look of nervous terror to the face of his clerk, said, "Mr. Cole!"

"Well, sir."

"What will you take the trouble to read this letter which I have just received?"

Mechanically Cole took the letter, and with dull glazed eyes, and a pain at his heart, read as follows:

MR. JOHN BADGER.

DEAR SIR: You are a stranger to me, but I feel it a duty to warn you that you have in your employ a man of shady reputation.

When I entered your store I thought his face looked familiar, and on calling him by name I found I was not mistaken. I have thought I ought to tell you his name and let you set upon him as you think best. As he is at times left alone in the store, with free access to the cash drawer, there is danger that you may return some day and find a serious deficit, both of money and goods.

I have now done my duty, and will close. If you have any doubts as to the truth of my story, question Mr. Cole, and judge from his manner whether I am deceiving you or not.

Yours very respectfully,

LEONARD WILTON.

Robert Cole read this letter through slowly, and his heart sank within him. He knew Mr. Badger, and was not surprised when on looking up he saw his employer's eyes fixed sternly and suspiciously upon him.

"Well, Mr. Cole, what have you to say?" asked Badger, after a pause.

"I should like to explain," faltered Cole.

"Make what explanation you like, I am ready to hear you."

"This man Wilton is a thief and a black-mailer."

"You know him, then?"

"I never saw him to my knowledge till yesterday."

"Did you ever live in Syracuse?"

"Yes, sir."

"He knew you there?"

"He says so, but I don't remember him."

"Why do you call him a black-mailer?"

"Because he threatened to bring this charge against me unless I would give him twenty five dollars."

"Ha! But why should he threaten you? Is what he charges true or false?"

"A part of it is true."

"What part?"

"I was employed in Syracuse by Morrill and Pearson, but I never forged a check for a thousand dollars or for any other sum."

"Why did you leave them?"

"Because such a charge was brought against me."

"Ah! we are coming to it. Then there is something in the man's story?"

"There is as much as I have told you."

"If that is true, you were discharged it appears that your employers believed that you were guilty."

Cole sighed sorrowfully.

"I am bound to say that they did, sir."

"Did you restore the money?"

Cole's mild eyes flashed with indignation.

"Did I not tell you, sir, that I forged no check?"

"But you drew the money from the bank?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do with it?"

"I handed it to another person who had sent me to the bank with the check. If any one forged it he did. But of course he denied all knowledge of the matter, and I was obliged to suffer the innocent for the guilty."

John Badger was one of those men who pride themselves on their sharpness, and have an overweening confidence in their own judgment. When a man was charged with crime he instantly pronounced him guilty, and did so in the present case.

"That is a very pretty story of yours, Mr. Cole," he said, "but it won't work. I say emphatically it won't work!"

"It is strictly true, sir."

"Your employers did not believe it evidently."

"That was my misfortune."

"Well, don't argue the matter. How much do I owe you?"

"You won't discharge me, Mr. Badger?"

"You certainly don't think I would run the risk of keeping you in my employment?"

"Out, sir, if of course you are innocent. Well, I would rather have a clerk who has never been charged with crime. I should feel safe."

"You cannot charge me with stealing a cent from you, Mr. Badger."

"Well, I don't know. Left as you have been alone at different times every day, I cannot tell what you may have done. You may occasionally have sold a necktie or some other article, and put the money in your own pocket. I can't prove it, to be sure."

"No, sir; nor can any one else."

"All the same, I should rather have a different clerk. Besides, you are not exactly the kind of man I want. I prefer a brisk, alert man. You can stay till this evening, and I will pay you for the whole week."

"There is no use in my saying anything more, sir," Cole responded with an air of dignity, the worst having come, "but I should like to say one thing before I go."

"Say what?"

"That letter would never have been written if I would have stooped to rob you."

"What do you mean?"

"That this Wilton, who wrote to you because he thought it his duty, proposed to me to take twenty five dollars from the drawer and give him. In that case, as I promised never to let you know my past history."

"Is this true?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you refused?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will give you credit so far. This man seems to be a contemptible villain. But that doesn't alter you."

"No, sir; I did not expect it would induce you to take me back, but I warn you not to trust Wilton."

"If the man shows his face here I'll kick him out into the street. You may rest assured of that!"

Cole was of a gentle disposition, but he was human, and he did feel a satisfaction in having shown up Wilton in his true colors, and insured him a suitable reception from Badger.

When the store closed he received his week's wages, and with a heavy heart walked homeward. Just outside he met Leonard Wilton.

"Well," said Wilton, "have you been discharged?"

"Yes, thanks to your meanness."

"You should have accepted my terms. Badger wouldn't have missed twenty five dollars."

"I am not a thief!" said Cole.

"All the same, you'll starve because you are so squeamish."

As Cole walked away without a reply, Wilton reflected:

"I will go round to see Badger tomorrow—I think I can strike him for ten dollars on the strength of my letter."

(To be continued.)



## ENDURING JOYS.

THE heart, unaltered in its mood,  
That joys alone in doing good,  
And follows in the heavenly road,  
And steps where once an angel trod,  
The joys within such heart that burn,  
No loss can quench, nor time o'erturn!  
The stars may from their orbits bend,  
The mountains rock, the heavens rend,  
The sun's last ember cool and quiver,  
But virtue still shall glow forever!

## An Island of Mystery.

BY JOHN V. CONDIT.

I WAS making my first trip to the West Indies in 1853 with old Captain Silas Green, of Westport, Maine, on board the schooner J. B. Dilloway, eighty tons burden.

We were bound for San Domingo with box shooks and staves, having a return charter of sugar and molasses. For reasons which will later appear, I did not make the return voyage.

We had a fairly good run to Caycos Keys, Windward Islands. Then the breeze died out, leaving the schooner totally becalmed.

"I don't like the looks of the weather, no how," I heard Captain Green say to Mr. Farr, the mate, as he came up from the cabin while I was at work in the main rigging.

Yet to my inexperienced eye there was nothing to call out the remark. A yellowish haze filled the hot, stifling atmosphere, through which the sun shone down with fierce heat. The schooner, no longer under steerage way, rolled lazily on the long, oily swells, whose surface was untroubled by the faintest catpaw of wind.

"Good time now to paint the schooner's bend," suggested the mate.

So the one big boat was put over the side, into which Manuel, a young Spanish sailor, and myself were ordered with paint and brushes.

It was tremendously hot work I remember, and we both grumbled continuously in subdued undertones while about our work with the paint pot.

Now the day before, while the boat was standing at the stern davits, Mr. Farr had struck a porpoise and left the old fashioned harpoon in the bow with its line, one end of which was made fast to a ring bolt in the steppeice.

And all at once the fin of one of the largest gray sharks I ever saw rose from the surface some ten feet away.

Manuel, who had once made a whaling voyage, dropped his brush and cast off the boat's painter from the fore channels. Seizing the iron, he pushed the boat away from the vessel's side.

"Hi there, you Manovil," called Captain Green from the quarter, but the warning was unheeded. Poising himself in the bows, Manuel sent the iron downward into the shark's back with all his force before I myself realized what he was doing.

The line attached to the harpoon staff straightened out—there was a swirl of water ahead, and in another moment the boat went flying over the swells at a tremendous rate.

"Cut the line, you young fool!" roared Captain Green, fairly dancing up and down with rage, as, from the schooner's quarter, he saw what had happened. And Manuel, repenting his impulsive rashness, made a grab for his sheath knife, which unluckily wasn't at his belt. And when I add that mine was

lying on the schooner's deck, you will see that the situation was rather serious. Particularly as all our search failed to find even so much as a rusty nail, which might serve to chafe through a strand of the taughtened line.

"Well, you *have* got us into a pretty scrape," I said in dismayed accents, as the schooner began to recede in the distance.

Manuel ruefully scratched his head. "I was one big fool, Jack," he replied; "but I no stop to think. Which way dat fish head, I wonder?"

"About northeast, as near as I can tell by the sun's position," was my answer. Then followed another futile search for something that might serve to sever the line, resulting only in the discovery of little Don, Captain Green's pet terrier, curled up asleep in the stern locker, which served him as a kennel.

As the wounded shark sped swiftly on, we saw the triangular fins of others fol-

lowing the schooner's deck, you will see that the situation was rather serious. Particularly as all our search failed to find even so much as a rusty nail, which might serve to chafe through a strand of the taughtened line.

But "the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" guided the boat through an opening into a sheltered lagoon beyond the breaking surf. And unable to bring the boat to soon enough, we ran her high and dry on a sloping beach of powdered coral.

"Guess dis Robison Crusoe Isan' for sure," said Manuel coolly, as, tumbling out on the beach, we began stripping off our drenched clothing and shoes that they might dry in the rays of the sun, which was just emerging from its ocean bed.

For not the slightest trace of life or the habitation of man was visible. Indeed, the steeply sloping sides, slanting upward to a "sawed off peak," some three hundred feet above us, offered no chance for a dwelling. Patches of scrubby bushes, interspersed with thorny cactus, were the only signs of vegetation. Which is not strange, for the sides of the mountain island—if I may



WE TUMBLED OUT ON THE BEACH, AND BEGAN STRIPPING OFF OUR DRENCHED CLOTHING.

lowing the bloody trail in the boat's wake. Then all at once the line slackened.

There was a great commotion under the boat, and the ensanguined sea told the story in a moment. The cannibalistic monsters had torn their wounded brother into pieces.

Scarcely, however, had we begun congratulating each other, when a breeze sprang up from the southwest. We set the sail, and headed back as nearly as possible for the schooner, which was invisible by reason of the distance and gathering twilight.

The breeze grew stronger. Then it began to lighten in the southwest. We reefed the sail to its snuggest proportions, and made ready for "dirty weather." Not a moment too soon either. For a thunder squall struck us five minutes later, and our only safety was to run before it.

Well, I shan't ever forget the perils and discomforts of that night. The boat, half full of water, flying over the storm tossed sea, we knew not whither. Thunder, lightning, and rain in sheets. It was not an enviable situation.

Some time toward morning the storm began to break, though the sou'wester still blew so heavily we dared not lay the old boat to the wind. And just as day dawned we found her in the midst of a circling line of breakers.

so term it—seemed to be for the most part decomposed masses of lava.

We managed to dry our clothing, after which the suggestions of healthy appetites began to present themselves. But excepting a few tough mussels adhering to the coral formation, and hermit crabs by the hundred, the prospect for breakfast was not encouraging.

Little Don, less fastidious than Manuel and myself, ate raw mussel meat with a relish, but we weren't hungry enough for that.

"Mus' be some ones lib here—look dem steps, Jack," excitedly exclaimed Manuel.

A short distance from the boat the lava had been cut into a succession of steps, leading irregularly upward toward the square summit. And followed by Don, we of course lost no time in beginning an ascent.

It was a hot, hard climb, and long before we reached the top we were both drenched with perspiration. But what a wonderful sea view from such an altitude! Though rather to our surprise, as far as the eye could reach, there was not a sign of another island. Far away in the hazy distance Manuel, whose eyes were far sharper than my own, declared he made out a sail. But that was all.

The upward steps terminated at a sort of rift in the mountain top. Making our way through this, we paused simul-

taneously. Manuel uttered an exclamation in Spanish. I only said: "Well, I am blest!"

For before us lay a cone shaped interior, perhaps a hundred feet deep. The sides were covered with the richest tropical verdure, in strange contrast to the scanty growth of the exterior. And descending steps seemed to end abruptly at the edge of a perfectly circular sheet of clear water, at least a mile in extent.

But as curiosity led us downward to the verge of the great basin, we saw that the steps extended far down into the crystal depths, and more than that. For through the translucent element our astonished eyes beheld a collection of what seemed to be dwellings of stone or light concrete, which perhaps were simply built from the interior lava formation itself.

The perfect purity of the water, together with a certain magnifying power it seemed to possess, made everything

beneath plainly visible. We could see the simple architectural designs—the verandas and courtyards, while near the center of the submerged town was a more pretentious structure, which might have been a place of worship, even to my comparatively uneducated sense, the record, though written in water, was intelligible. Some strange race of people had made the interior of a long extinct volcano their dwelling place.

About the borders of a small lake in the very center they had built their homes. Then had happened some sudden spasmodic action of the slumbering fires in the interior world beneath. The lake itself had been forced upward and expanded, overflowing the mountain city and its inhabitants as quickly as did the great tidal wave of the coast of Java.

And to us both it occurred that perhaps in these submerged houses were treasures of silver and gold such as are said to exist in those of the city which lies in twenty fathoms of water off the Peruvian coast.

It was a strange and eerie sight, which we both were glad to leave as soon as our curiosity was gratified. Though not until we had satisfied our hunger with luscious ripe bananas and sapodillas, which, with other tropical fruits, were growing in lush abundance on every side.

Then we made our way down on the other side to the shore, carrying with us great bunches of the same fruits.

Manuel, with the superstition of his race, stubbornly refused to remain on the island a single night—declaring it must be haunted by the spirits of the drowned denizens of the submerged settlement.

I reluctantly agreed to set sail that very evening—steering west and south, knowing that by thus doing we could not help sighting some of the numerous keys and islands in the Windward group. And toward evening two days later, we were taken aboard the bark Doris Ekhoft, bound for Havana.

But when we told our story it was pooh poohed at. According to the chart there was neither island nor reef within at least a hundred and fifty miles of the spot we had designated. But we were there, all the same, and perhaps some day I'll try to find it again.



DAWN.

BY HELEN MARTIN.

Is the still depths of a most silent night,  
When fitful winds had breathed their latest sigh,  
I waked, beneath the starry ministry  
That kept stern watch with me from out the height,  
And then it came with a resolute force,  
The infinite hush—the weight of mystery,  
That held me, crouching there in agony,  
Stretching wild hands as one bereft of light!  
At last, far off, the East began to pale,  
A faint breeze swept the chill of night away,  
The golden banners of the dawn unfurled,  
The earth took up her old accustomed tale—  
The first faint murmurs of the coming day,  
That whispered all: "A Soul is in the World!"

[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 XX.

DICK MORIER'S PREDICAMENT.

WELL, there was nothing very mysterious about that after all. Dick had intended outside the city walls, Alifa had been kidnaped, with two or three of the "common people," El Shereef being ignorant of her rank at the time. The kidnapers had made her assume the simple apparel in which Rafe mistook her for a boy, as he had adapted for the march. And the name "Alifa" was no guide as to the question of sex.

"You might have told me Alifa was a girl," grumbled Rafe, seeing that his friend was greatly amused at his mistake.

"You might have told me who you were in the first place," retorted Dick, with an exasperating chuckle.

But there were so many explanations to be made between the two friends that even pretty Alifa was for the time forgotten, as, sitting on the greenward in the cooling shade, Rafe and Dick talked till the going down of the sun.

"Old Hassan spoke fairly good English, with a dozen other languages," explained Dick for himself, "and when he told me that he meant to try the interior for a gold province that was said to be the richest in the world, I was not long in being adapted for Europeans were at a discount beyond the Bouré Mountains, and, for fear the party might be all grabbed up on account of one, Hassan stained my skin with some confounded stuff that won't come off till the end of time, except by applying a certain preparation, that he alone has the secret of."

"Of course my uncle was against the whole thing, but I was bound to go, and go I did. We had lots of curious adventures, but I adapted for Rafe, that comes up with what you've told me about yourself. Then outside of Sengar we were all taken prisoners, for King Zabele had just issued an edict forbidding any foreigners to enter the boundaries of Bouré, under penalty of death, till some question was settled between himself and the French authorities at Zanzibar. Hassan managed to get off with the others by bribing the guards. It was my luck to be brought before King Zabele, who was rather taken aback when I owned up to being an American.

"A—I don't know how it was," continued Dick, looking rather shyly from the corners of his eyes at Alifa, who, with her small, well shaped head a little one side, seemed as though she was trying to follow the conversation, but he took a sort of fancy to your humble servant. Not in any such foolish way as you are thinking of," Dick added, hastily, as Rafe smiled involuntarily, "but because I fixed up an old galvanic battery that some trader had left here, and she found I could tinkler round generally. And when I fixed up the fountain there," he went on, indicating it by a gesture, "King Zabele thought I was something out of the extra. First thing was to put this on my arm."

Throwing back his loose sleeve, Dick pointed to the cabalistic characters of which I have before spoken. Precisely the same "I—A—1," which, much to Dick's amazement, Rafe quietly displayed on his own arm.

"Well," said Dick, with a long inspiration, "nothing will ever astonish me after this!" And then he went on to tell Rafe of his being advanced to a position of considerable importance, of learning something of the language of Alifa in exchange for the few words of English which she readily caught from him, and so on.

The entrance of King Zabele, at whose coming his pretty daughter withdrew reluctantly, brought the talk to an end for the time.

As he told Rafe, Dick had contrived to pick up considerable of the language even during his short stay, while at the same time he had taught King Zabele and Alifa a few words of English. Aided by this, and a French or Portuguese expression introduced at intervals, King Zabele managed to express his gratitude to Rafe for saving his favorite child from the clutches of the kidnapers. I say his favorite child, for Rafe incidentally learned that King Zabele had a nice little family of his own. Sixteen or seventeen wives, and a corresponding number of children of different ages, so Dick asserted.

Later on Dick and his friend were served with supper in the comfortable quarters which the former occupied. It was one of some forty neatly constructed dwellings, not unlike the East Indian bungalow, which stood in a semicircle about the so called palace.

Dick's ingenuity was apparent here. The floor was hidden by skins of the leopard and hartbeest. He had constructed a sort of lounge, the horns of the wild buffalo forming both the legs and frame work. Over this were thrown two or three superbly dressed lion skins. A swinging cot and a hammock offered facilities for sleeping. And over them hung a very good substitute for an East Indian punkah, or swinging fan, that Dick had rigged in his spare moments to cool the air during the tropical nights.

It may be expected, the two talked until far into the night, and after all had been explained that was

"It isn't possible, Dick, that you've—er—fallen in love with Alifa!" he said, unconsciously lowering his voice.

Dick was silent for a moment. "No, it isn't that," he finally responded. "You know I don't go in for such things as most fellows do. Though, honest, I don't think King Zabele would object to me for a son in law. But don't you see, Rafe, I can't go back to the States with—with this copper colored face!"

Rafe wanted to laugh, serious as the situation was. But he prudently restrained himself. "Surely there must be something that will remove the stain."

"There is nothing; I am chemist enough to know that. That, is nothing but the Arab preparation of which Hassan has the secret. And Hassan has gone back to his own country, thousands of miles away in the Soudan. So I

Rafe, accompanied by his friend, drifted slowly through the market place, partly shaded by the wide spreading branches of the banyan, or wild fig.

It was, to put it mildly, a most remarkable scene. Here were blacks from the far interior, wearing a *barross* of leopard skin in place of the ordinary waast cloth. These, carrying in one hand a long, copper tipped spear, while the other was hidden by a shield of rhinoceros hide, brought with them elephant tusks and the undressed hides of the lion and leopard. Others had the skins of rare birds, wonderfully brilliant in hue, of which only the feather cloaks of African royalty are made.

Fish from the interior lakes, wild fowl, fruit, and vegetables, were offered on one hand, while on the other were collections of quaint pottery, of utensils hammered from copper, or cheap ironware from the coast traders.

Crude salt from the mines of Massa, grain, fowls, and native produce, generally, were offered by dealers from different sections of the Bouré districts. Men of Dahomey, or Ashantee, known as cannibals and "head hunters" was a system of exchange, and barter. Ivory was paid for in gunpowder, lead, and muskets, obtained from the coast traders. Second hand military clothing from the same source was given in exchange for native products from the cutting districts, and so on. But the greater proportion of the Bouré people carried quills and small packages of gold dust, which had a settled value, according to the size of the quill or package. And, judging by the quantities shown on every side, gold dust was more than plentiful in the vicinity.

By Dick's advice, Rafe succeeded in making a very advantageous sale of the Arab boat, to which he certainly had the only claim, under the circumstances, to a Zanzibar trader, who was bound to the coast. And the amount of gold dust Rafe received in payment caused him to open his eyes very wide indeed, especially when it was weighed out in a pair of ordinary scales, very much as tea or coffee might have been at home.

Perhaps it was this, as much as anything, that caused Rafe to decide to accompany Dick Morier in his proposed trip to the Bouré valley. Not that he had any particular personal interest in the result. As far as he was concerned, Rafe felt that if his million at home would not suffice, that he lived and returned home, it caused him no matter.

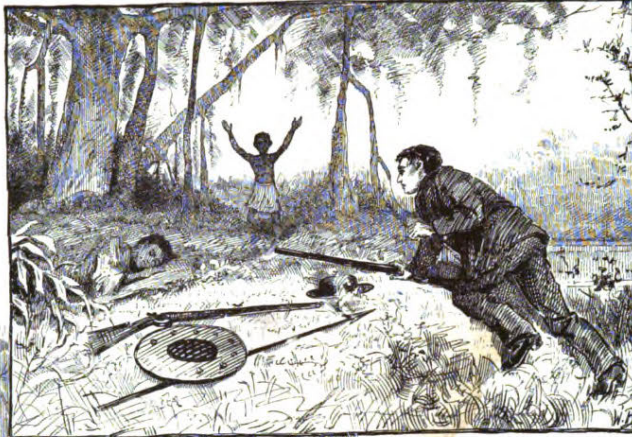
But with Dick Morier, he felt it was a very different thing. Even if Dick did not go back to America, Rafe knew his friend would like to feel that his father was placed beyond the reach of want. But Rafe was not yet thoroughly assured that Dick would never go back.

So it came about that a week after the two made their arrangements for the projected journey, with the full approval and concurrence of King Zabele, who indirectly expected to be benefited thereby. That is, having unlimited faith in Dick Morier's enterprise, he seemed to feel that he would perhaps discover or develop new mineral wealth in the adjoining regions.

Exactly how Alifa felt I have no means of knowing. Rafe's journal is rather reticent on this point. But it seems that on the morning when the little expedition passed through the western gate of the city, Alifa, with two attendants, was allowed to accompany it for a short distance.

"Good by, Alifa," said Rafe, carelessly, as he took her small brown hand in his own. Alifa was all very well in her way, but Rafe's somewhat fastidious taste drew the line at common courtesy. He did not think very much about such things; but for Rafe Dunton there was only one face in the whole world, more than another. And the countless presentation of that face was in the Russian's other note case, which, since reaching Africa, he had at some personal inconvenience carried in an inside pocket of his shirt.

But Dick Morier was rather more moved than Rafe had ever seen him. My impression is that behind a convenient acacia hedge, he kissed pretty Alifa when she returned to him in a quiet sure that she returned it in the most innocent manner, while tears stood in her dark eyes as she turned toward the city gates. But then, of course, her friend would come back again. And so they went their different ways. The two young Americans had quite a little retinue of their own. King Zabele had two men that, two stout Mandingoes acted as gun bearers. For in the heat of Central Africa and where one must, from the nature of the country, go on foot, even the weight of an eight and a



RAFE STARTED TO HIS FEET AT THAT CRY FOR HELP.

needed, Dick made a somewhat startling proposition to his friend.

The edict of Zabele would, of course, prevent Mr. Parker and his party from entering the city, or even making any incursion into the province itself. Thus it would be more than doubtful whether Rafe could rejoin them.

"I have full permission from the king to do a little gold hunting along the Bouré valley partly on my own hook," said Dick, "and this is one of the things that has kept me content to stay along as I have been doing. The country is full of gold—or, more properly speaking, gold dust—as it is found mostly in that form. If you will join me, I will engage, when the time comes round, to send you back to the coast, where you can sooner or later sail for the States, probably with gold dust enough to pay your expenses, and leave something over."

"But you, Dick?" exclaimed Rafe, wonderingly. "You speak as though you didn't think of going with me. Of course you don't mean it, though."

"It looks very much as though I should have to stay whether I wanted to or not," returned Dick, in rather a lugubrious tone.

Rafe raised himself on one elbow and stared at his friend as a straggling moonbeam made its way through the dense foliage without into the apartment.

don't see any resource but to stay here in Sengar, among people pretty much the same color and—"

"Marry Alifa, eh?" supplied Rafe, as his friend hesitated.

"I suppose it may come to that," was the reply. Yet such a *maladroit* is by no means uncommon in Eastern lands. Alifa's mixture of Arab and Moorish blood did not seem so very objectionable, in Dick's way of thinking, if this thing had to be. She was pretty, intelligent, and a princess in her own right. And perhaps, in the fullness of time, Dick Morier, chemist, of Mapleton, Massachusetts, might become the king of a half civilized African province. Stranger things happen every day. Wandering dreamily through the field of speculation thus opened up, Rafe fell asleep without definitely deciding what answer he should make his friend regarding the search for gold dust in the Bouré valley.

CHAPTER XXI.

GOLD GALORE.

THE following was the day of the great semi yearly market in Sengar, and one which, to both Dick and Rafe, was full of intense interest, particularly as few Europeans have ever been allowed to witness this strange gathering.

Although Rafe's bronzed features were nearly as dark as those of Dick himself, his European dress and appearance attracted much attention, as was quite natural. But the news had already spread abroad that he had rescued Alifa, the king's favorite daughter, from the slave catchers, and that King Zabele had made him an exception to the edict against foreigners. Added to which was the companionship of one of the chief officers of King Zabele's court, whose fetich gave him the power of doing all manner of wonderful things, even to speaking the language of the white stranger.

So, to a certain extent an "object of interest,"



half pound rifle is a burden in the day's march. Rafe had retained his Martini rifle, while Dick was furnished by King Zabele with a stout muzzle loading double barrel gun, with ammunition to correspond.

Four of the king's Wandang guards, armed with spears and shields, acted as an escort to the dozen blacks who carried the stores, provisions, and other necessities in wraps of grass cloth, which were slung by straps to their naked shoulders. In front were two experienced hunters and guides, armed with flintlock muskets.

"Does it seem as though this could be you and I, Dick?" was Rafe's very natural query as the halt was made for the night beneath a wonderful growth of tree ferns, which were, to all outward appearance, the ordinary ferns of the northern hemisphere growing under the tropical conditions of the southern.

"Well," was the slow reply, "so much has happened to us both, since the night we talked things over in the little back room of father's shop, that this don't seem so very strange after all. In fact," said Dick meditatively, "I don't think anything will ever seem strange, after this."

"Not even if finding a fortune in gold dust you should change your mind and go back with me to America?"

But Dick answered evasively. The first contingency he saw was quite as unlikely to fall out as the last. He wanted to satisfy King Zabele as well as himself as to the extent of the gold deposits in the Bouré valley. The gold washing, conducted even in the most primitive manner by the natives, had proved to the king that Dick's ingenuity might suggest a process by which the royal wealth could be largely increased. And, as he had already declared, he would not return to Mapleton to be a laughing stock, by reason of his change of color.

"They wouldn't laugh much if you carried back a fortune," said Rafe, sentimentally. "It would be the color of your money, not of yourself, that people would think most of."

But Dick would not reply, and very soon, with the exception of a couple of natives left on guard, the camp was buried in slumber.

Another thing which the king had proved to be set was that they might kill a lion—a black African preferred. Not only for the glory of saying that they had done so, either individually or unitedly, but it leaked out incidentally that he had promised Alifa that if possible he would bring back the skin of one for her room.

Rafe very early in the morning might have seen fifty miles of the so-called king of beasts. His one experience, already related, had quite satisfied him that no nearer acquaintance was desirable. And to Dick's assertion that from what he had been told by the Sengar hunters, the black rhinoceros was a far more dangerous animal to encounter, Rafe turned a deaf ear. He drew the line at lions, he said, and that was all there was to it.

But two or three days of the march passed without adventure or misadventure beyond the usual discomfort attendant upon African journeying. The evening of the fourth found them camped quite near the Bouré in the Bouré mountains. Here the Bouré River, beginning in Bague Lake, makes its way circuitously to the west, finally emptying into the Yolano, which flows down to the coast.

Here they found a Massala village, whose inhabitants bear the unpleasant reputation of being cannibals. The men and women, very black and unattractive, were seen from a hillside close by the village, the soil was excavated and brought back in calabashes. The husband attended in a perfunctory sort of way to this part of the duty when he felt like it, then sat down in the shade and drank *pombé* or native beer. Some one of his wives then washed the sandy soil in a gourd, pouring off the sediment. In the time the water was being poured, considerable quantity was left at the bottom. This was then deposited in quills, of which each Massala carries half a dozen or so stuck in his kinky locks for immediate circulation. The surplus is corked up in short sections of hollow reeds, or melted into crude rings of the virgin metal to swell the royal revenue of the king. "Gold dust?" The earth teems with it. The very clay composing the walls and floor of the thatched hut glisten in places with minute specks of the precious metal. No Massala woman would ever take the trouble to sweep the one room of her dwelling but for the resultant "pay dust."

It is not exaggerated the wealth of the kingdom of Bouré in the least. There is more gold to the square foot in the valley of Bouré (invariably in the form of dust or "pinhead" gold) than in any other known section of the world. A very few hours in the vicinity satisfied the two young explorers on that score.

Now among the Massalas was a character who, as he is destined to play a somewhat important part in this juncture of the story, deserves something more than passing notice.

This was Naqual (the strong one), a Zulu chief, who, at the close of the Zulu war, had drifted to the interior, attracted by the reports of the wealth of the Bouré districts. One of the most intelligent of an intelligent race, Naqual not only spoke the tribal dialects of the country, but English as well, though after the somewhat highfown, stilted manner of the better informed of his people.

Naqual at once attached himself to the new comers as "gunner, interpreter, and friend," to paraphrase the familiar quotation.

Through Naqual the errand of the two Europeans and their party was made known to Walaka, the chief of the village, whose attire consisted for the most part of a waistcloth, a battered plug hat, and a string of beads. And, as the strangers were under the special protection of King Zabele, Walaka, with his people, received them with an outward show of cordiality, which Naqual, however, more than hinted was feigned.

#### CHAPTER XXII. AMONG THE CANNIBALS.

THE village of the Massalas was a collection of about two hundred circular huts, having conical tops, thatched with palm spathes. Each had its little tract of yam, sweet potatoes, or maize, at the rear, and with its one street shaded by silk cotton, and giant palms, the little settlement seemed to outward appearance a small section of a tropical paradise.

But there was a suggestiveness of something quite the reverse in little rows of grinning skulls, from two to six in number, which, bleached to snowy whiteness, were ranged above the entrance of several of the little dwellings. "What are they?" asked the new comers, through the Zulu friend, that he saw were the craniums of the soko, or chimpanzee, utilized as fetiches. Which statement Naqual, in forcible English, declared to be an unmitigated lie.

Now at one side of the hill from which the Massalas brought the "pay dirt," a rapid torrent flowed down with the water of the Bouré River. And Dick promptly declared his intention of building a sort of substitute for a flume, like that used in mining countries.

"The plan is well, oh my masters," said Naqual, shaking his head. "But hear me: The Massalas are a greedy and jealous people, and the fetich man of the village has already cast upon you the evil eye. The people obey him as a god. Would my young masters wish their skulls to adorn the fetich house yonder?"

Both Rafe and Dick expressed themselves as having decided objections to anything of the sort.

"To do as you please will anger the Massalas," continued Naqual; "but while you seek the gold in your own manner, they will not harm you."

"Pooh, you are altogether too suspicious, Naqual," interrupted Dick, rather impatiently. He disliked to give up the project extremely. In imagination he saw the stream diverted from its course, flowing through the flume into which Rafe and himself shoveled the sandy soil from the hillside, and the accumulations of glittering gold dust caught up and held in place by the wooden "rifles."

"Naqual has spoken," was the response. And, in a rapid and sharp *karoo*, more mightily about his brawny shoulders, the Zulu stalked away as though offended at their reception of his advice.

"I think we ought to listen to Naqual, Dick," said Rafe, a little uneasily. But Dick's African experiences had perhaps made him over confident. He returned to the camp by the river, that he had seen enough of African life to know something of what he was talking about. The Massalas might be less intelligent than the people with whom he had been living, but he did not believe that they were treacherous. And so on, till Rafe very naturally began to fall in with his view.

"Tomorrow we'll look the thing over," said Dick, decisively, "and then go to work in earnest." After which he explained his idea to Rafe, which, in brief, was this: The sago palm, of which there was a grove at the summit of the hill, split in halves, and with the pith (which is the sago of commerce) removed, would be framed to serve as a sort of substitute, on a small scale, for a flume. They had brought two or three axes along, and the men of their own party would, of course, do the hardest of the work. The rest was easy enough—so Dick asserted confidently, and it seemed so, in theory at least, to Rafe. So they returned to the camp by the river, full of their plans for the morrow.

But who shall tell what a day may bring forth? For early in the morning their camp was—so to speak—in a state of revolt. Had the strangers from a strange land brought the followers of King Zabele from a land flowing (so to speak) with milk and honey, into the land of famine to starve and die?

Thus in substance demanded Atulata, the head man of their party, with great show of pantomimic energy and some small show of reason. For the fresh meat was all gone. And the stomach of the South African is both literally as well as figuratively a very tender point.

So nothing else could be attended to until the cravings of their followers' appetites were satisfied. And to eighteen or twenty hungry natives an eland or a waterbuck is only a bagatelle. Two would come nearer filling the bill, or one of the huge wild buffalo found in droves along the river banks and through the marshy districts.

Thus it was that in place of beginning to build the projected flume, Rafe and Dick found themselves started out for a day's hunting. Game of the various kinds abounded in the vicinity. A mile from the village were herds of eland and droves of buffalo, with occasional reports of a peculiarly mischievous rhinoceros,

that had laid waste some tiny plantation of maize or sugar cane.

Half a dozen natives accompanied the two young hunters, and by noon the party were on their way back to camp, carrying with them in sections the carcasses of a couple of springbok.

"I wish while we were about it," remarked Dick, who, with Rafe, was bringing up the rear, "that we could have run across a lion."

A tremendous roar from a neighboring thicket drowned—or rather checked—Dick's further speech. And into a small open glade, which intervened between the two and the bearers carrying the game to camp, sprang an enormous black male lion.

A magnificent animal truly, when seen from a point of safety. His heavy mane swept the ground, as half crouching, his glossy sides were lashed at intervals by his long, tufted tail, while his terrible gaze seemed vacillating between the two half paralyzed hunters in the rear and the bearers of the slain game, who were dashing through the underbrush in an opposite direction.

But as theirs was anything except a point of safety, neither Rafe nor Dick could appreciate the savage beauty of the so called king of beasts. Rafe, who was first to recover himself, drew back the hammer of his rifle, fired at the sharp click, the lion, uttering a snarl of rage, wheeled sharply round.

"Let him have it between the eyes, Dick," Rafe whispered, as he raised his rifle to his shoulder with a very shaky hand. And Dick mechanically obeyed, but perhaps it was quite as well that he had a moment's hesitation. For I think under the circumstances the aim of both would have been defective.

Before the finger of either could touch the waiting trigger, a sudden crashing through the underbrush diverted their own attention as well as that of the lion.

"Such was Dick's impulsive exclamation as he suited the action to the word. He had heard too much of the savage ferocity of the clumsy looking, but most formidable of four footed armor encased beasts, to care for a nearer acquaintance with the monster.

And in truth the pachydermal monster, with his lowered head, armed with its two curving, sharp pointed horns, and small, wicked eyes gleaming with a ferocity which the sight of the crouching lion seemed to increase rather than diminish—this spectacle was not a reassuring one to the inexperienced hunters, both of whom broke for the nearest thicket without further delay.

The lion held his ground for a brief moment. The two onlookers held their breath. For both expected to be witnesses to one of those terrifying combats which African travelers, with more regard for sensation than veracity, have so often described.

But all at once, to the astonishment, and I may add disgust, of both, the lion—a full grown one, at least seven feet in length and proportionately powerful—turned tail.

"Come back, you cur!" yelled Dick, under the pressure of his excitement; but almost before he had time to let his lips get thin, he was, with an agility one would hardly expect from such a huge, unwieldy looking animal, charged madly forward toward the king of beasts.

It is to be presumed that the former caught the latter somewhat as an irate bull might a big dog.

With a roar of mingled pain and anger, the huge carcass of the lion was suddenly uplifted and sent flying fully six feet in the air. The two breathless onlookers had a vision of a widely disheveled mane, of four huge paws cladding madly at nothingness, of gleaming tusks and glowing eyes. Then, of a black mass with down drooping tail scudding through the underbrush, closed upon by the enormous pachyderm, whose short, bristly tail stood perfectly erect, as its wrathful owner disappeared in the thickets.

"Alifa won't get her lion skin—this time, at least," remarked Rafe, as soon as he could pull himself together enough to prevent his voice from shaking—not so much from fear as excitement. And Dick was understood to say that, as the rhinoceros seemed to have the best of things, they had better wait for a more favorable opportunity.

Luckily, the appetites of the bearers had proved stronger than their fears, and the dismembered bodies of the springbok were spluttering over the camp fire by the time Rafe and Dick got back.

After a refreshing bath, the two enjoyed their own share of the game, and stretched themselves in the shade for a noonday siesta.

"No use to begin on the flume till tomorrow, in the cool of the morning," suggested Dick, and, as may be imagined, Rafe readily assented.

One by one the blacks, full to repletion, extended themselves on the turf under the big bayonet tree, whose branches on one side over-arched the river, which rolled sluggishly onward, as though affected by the intense heat.

On the turbid surface the Kungo fly hovered in thick, bluish clouds, so dense that, according to some travelers, they are caught in immense masses and pounded into cylindrical cakes by certain tribes, who eat them as a sort of relish.

Water lilies of enormous size sent out their heavy odors from among their surrounding leaves of such size and thickness as to form a resting place for the smaller aquatic birds.

And occasionally the rather amusing spectacle of a female hippopotamus carrying its calf—a squat miniature of the mother—might have been seen: swimming slowly across the current.

"Might have been seen," I say, because no one of the shore camp, excepting Rafe himself, was awake to observe these, with a hundred other strange sights peculiar to the waters of the African interior. And Rafe only saw them through the drowsy haze between waking slumber and real sleep.

Whether it was the excitement of the scene so recently described or the heavy meal he had eaten that kept Rafe from drifting into dreamland, is uncertain. Be this as it may, he was quite wide awake when a small Massala boy came dashing in among the other sleepers, as naked as when he was born.

"*Delaku—Naqual!*" (Help—Naqual!) Rafe, starting up with a shout which roused those about him, recognized in the black skinned boy Naqual's servant of all work, who, with Naqual's Massala wife, made up the Zulu's household.

Since his induction into the necessity for such precaution, Rafe never lay down, even for his siesta, without having his rifle close at hand. And, snatching it from the turf, he dashed forward toward the Massala village, followed a moment later by Dick with his double barrel, and far more leisurely by half a dozen of his escort, armed with spears and flintlock muskets.

(To be continued.)

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

#### Facts and Fancies About Mars.

THE planet Mars doth possess interests for more minds than all the other heavenly bodies. And this fact is easily accounted for, on the ground that there is more reason to believe the red planet to be inhabited by beings somewhat similar to ourselves, than that such life is existent on its sister stars.

The San Francisco *Call* has an article about the canals in Mars that our readers will be glad to dip into.

People who can obtain the privilege of looking at Mars through the Lick telescope should not neglect the opportunity. Several years have elapsed since this remarkable planet could be seen to such advantage as at present, and it will be three years before we have an equal chance again. It has certainly never been examined before through a telescope of such power as the monster refractor on Mount Hamilton.

It may be interesting to lovers of astronomy to know that the eminent French astronomer, M. Perrotin, has just completed the study of Mars, and that his discoveries confirm the views of M. Schiaparelli in every particular. It seems actually true that the longitudinal stripes which circle round the planet are bodies of water, which must, according to all laws of probability, be artificial. No one ever saw or conceived a system of parallel ridges from 200 to 200 miles long and straight as plumb lines. Even this is possible, of course, but such straight ridges it is impossible to reconcile with the principle of cosmogony as we understand them.

At all events, nature abhors a vacuum, and by analogy it should do so.

Yet, if these bodies of water are canals, as Schiaparelli believed, and M. Perrotin seems hardly to doubt, what monstrous works they must be! They are from 50 to 80 miles wide. Fancy the labor of digging such a canal, the time it must have taken, and the number of workmen it must have employed. The pyramids of Egypt are trifling in comparison. The Suez Canal is 100 feet wide at the bottom, the Nicaragua somewhat wider. Our canals in this one little globe are considered long when they reach 100 miles in length. The Panama Canal will be less than 60 miles long. The canals of Mars reach a length of 2000 miles—say as far as from Maine to Texas. What a traffic there must be to support such enterprises!

On the waterways of China travelers describe the incessant ebb and flow of multitudinous crowds, but to require canals of such dimensions as we have described, the movement of traffic in Mars must be far more prodigious. In fact, they imply a population which almost staggers belief; considering that the volume of the planet only one sixth that of the earth, the diameter being not only as against 800 miles, they warrant the wildest conjectures as to the density with which it may be peopled.

What manner of man lives in Mars, if there be men there, has always been a favorable topic of speculation. The law of gravitation tells us that he may be four times as big; not such a son of Anak as the inhabitant of the asteroids, but still one who would regard our tallest giant as a remarkable dwarf. Possibly the enormous public works on Mars may be explained on the theory that these tall fellows can work in proportion to their stature—that one citizen of Mars can shovel as much dirt as two and a half denizens of this world.

#### POURING WATER IN A SIEVE.

Doctor—Well, my dear girl, are you fond of taking cod liver oil?

Little Ethel—Oh, no, sir. It's such horrible stuff, but mamma always puts ten cents in my savings bank every time I take it.

Doctor—And what do you do with all that money?

Little Ethel—Oh, mamma always buys more cod liver oil with it.



A BOX BONANZA.

It seemed as if the limit of wonders in the machinery line had been reached when a printing press was made that would not only print a newspaper on both sides at once, but fold, cut and paste it as well. But this is a progressive age and the onward march of mechanical genius knows no pause. Says the Lewiston (Maine) Journal:

Wonderful is the paper box making machine that an inventor has just put into running order at a paper box factory in Auburn. The operator feeds in at one end of the box maker a squared piece of cardboard, and in less than three seconds out it comes at the other end, made up into a neat box, the corners neatly framed together and firmly sealed.

In the machine are five hundred pieces, and when in operation there are fifty distinct motions, each of which is dependent upon itself, there being no springs about it whatever. It has a capacity for turning out over twenty boxes per minute, from the time the board enters the feeder to the time it is delivered to the first floor above.

The operator starts the machine seated at the back on a high stool. First he takes about five hundred pieces of pasteboard, of perhaps three inches by six. One half of these he puts in at one side of the box shaped mold, and the other half at the other side. Then he takes the sheet of pasteboard, that has been properly fitted, and lays it on the machine table, in a position where the feeder roller will drag it into the machine, over the mold. The wheels all start simultaneously, and while one part of the machine is doing its work, another branch, further on, is getting ready to take a turn at the box.

After the pasteboard has been drawn in by the feeders, they are at once elevated out of the way, and the part called the "plunger" comes down and drives the pasteboard, which lies flat over the mold, down toward the bottom of the machine. At this stage of the work the sides of the box are formed, and also about a half inch from the end of the sides and bottom is turned up and pasted as the plunger forces it down past the paste rolls. Then come the end pieces, which are drawn into position by a chain passing under them with a weight attached, so that when two end pieces slip down into the box mold, the chain urges the rest forward to be in readiness for the next box.

Then, from behind, as it were like a mighty wave, the ends are pressed by the action of the machine at a pressure of about a ton. After this is done, the plunger is raised, clearing itself, as it does other parts of the machinery, from the box, which drops below. Here a wide belt, with cleats riveted to it, carries the box to the rooms above. All this is done in less than three seconds, or twelve hundred boxes per hour and twelve thousand per day.

A FORTUNE IN FROGS.

The art of turning an annoyance into a small fortune is a rapidly worth learning.

The croaking of frogs is unusual and rasping to the nerves, but a writer in the St. Louis Globe Democrat comes forward with a suggestion, not one by which the noise can be toned down, but which will render it less objectionable to the ear as the cheerer calculates by how much each additional croak is going to swell his income.

Any one who has a pond on his farm can try the experiment of raising his own frogs. First buy, say, six pairs of fine New Jersey breeders and dump them into the water. With these for a starter, you may select a quantity of domestic hatchlings, and then you will have the nucleus of a fortune. Don't interfere with your water investment for a year any more than to keep your growing stock well supplied with food. They require an abundance, but as they are not very dainty in their taste the expense account will be light. For a young farm two barrels a day of hot table scraps will keep the frogs in splendid shape, so that at the end of twelve months you can begin marketing all you can fish out at the same price as spring chickens. Give me the time and facilities, and I will wager that at the end of two years I will be living on an income of \$5,000, and my frogs will pay all expenses.

**SOMETHING NEW.** Dancing without a Teacher. A work containing a new complete self-taught system of popular dances. Figures and directions to lead a German. Beautifully illustrated. Send 50 cents to EMIE SULLIVAN, Publisher, 120 E. Street, Washington, D. C. Book sent by return mail. Mention this paper—Adv.

**FITS**—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise, 25¢. Free if sent free of charge to all who apply by mail or otherwise. It is the plainest and most reliable remedy ever published, being complete in description, explanation and illustrations. J. H. BUNNELL & Co., 115 Liberty St., New York.

TELEGRAPHY!

If you wish to know all about learning Telegraphy, continue and operating Short Lines, Telegrams, etc. send your address by postal card or letter, and get J. H. BUNNELL & Co.'s Manual of Instruction for Learners of Telegraphy, latest edition, which we will send free of charge to all who apply by mail or otherwise. It is the plainest and most reliable remedy ever published, being complete in description, explanation and illustrations. J. H. BUNNELL & Co., 115 Liberty St., New York.

Purify the Blood.

We do not claim that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only medicine deserving public confidence, but we believe that to purify the blood, to restore and renovate the whole system, it is absolutely unequalled. The influence of the blood upon the health cannot be over-estimated. If it becomes contaminated, the train of consequences by which the health is undermined is immeasurable. Loss of Appetite, Low Spirits, Headache, Dyspepsia, Debility, Nervousness and other "little (?) ailments" are the premonitions of more serious and often fatal results. Try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Facial Blemishes. Send Stamp for 50 page book. Dr. J. Woodbury, Albany, N.Y.

FREE SAMPLES. Elegant hidden name cards No postals. P. O. BOX 2433, New York.

SEND Stamp for WASHINGTON TERRITORY CATECHISM Eschelman, Llewellyn & Co., Seattle, Wt.

LADIES Send 4 cents in stamps for Sample Copy of large 16-page paper and 80-page Book mailed free. The Housekeeper, Minneapolis, Minn. In replying to this adv. mention The Golden Argosy

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. C. Simpson, Lebanon, Ohio. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

100 NICK CARDS. Your name on all 100 lovely scrap pictures. 1 autograph album. 3 other prizes, all mailed for 10c. Send 4c. for book elegant NEW sample cards and biggest terms ever offered agents. HOLLEY CARD CO., Boston, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$5.00 A DAY OR \$75.00 PER YEAR FOR AN ORGAN AND A FREE! To reduce our stock of music, we will send 64 complete pieces full sheet music, vocal and instrumental, for 25¢ postage. Faxon & Wynans, 142 S. Halsted Street, Chicago, Illinois. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WE WANT A live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment represents in every county. Salary \$75 per month and Expenses paid. Send 25¢ for prospectus. Free to parties seeking Permanent Employment. STANLEY WALKER CO., Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

\$3 Printing Press! For cards, ac. Circular size \$8. Press for small newspaper, \$44. Send 25¢ stamps for List, press, type, cards, to factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DR. OWEN'S BODY BATTERY FOR MAN AND WOMAN. Positively cures Lost Manhood, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, diseases of the Genito Urinary Organs, Irregular Menstruals and Female Complaints. Contains all degrees of strength. Current can be regulated and a battery applied to any part of body or limbs by whole family. Illustrated Pamphlet 5000 testimonials, free. Price \$6. Dr. Owen Belt Co., 191 State St., Chicago. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY A STORY OF STRANGE INCIDENTS. BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. Publisher of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

This story, one of the most popular that ever appeared in the ARGOSY, has now been issued in book form. It is a deeply interesting narrative of a boy who finds himself adrift in New York harbor, and, knowing neither whence he came nor whither he is going, it tells of the wonderful series of adventures that befell him, and of his heroic struggle to discover his parentage and reach the position which he believed to be rightfully his. "Afloat in a Great City" is an exceedingly handsome volume, and every reader of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY should have it for his library. It is beautifully bound in cloth, and costs \$1.25. It can be ordered at any book store, or we will send it from this office, 81 Warren St., New York, on receipt of the price.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. Publisher of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. Publisher of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. Publisher of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. Publisher of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY. Publisher of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

BOUND VOLUMES

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Two Handsome and Valuable Books.

We have now on hand Volumes IV and V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and they are two of the finest books in the market. They form quite a library of themselves, so varied and attractive are their contents. They include the following complete serial stories:

- IN THE WILDS OF NEW MEXICO; BY G. M. FENN.
- THE BOYS OF FARNBOROUGH GRANGE; BY J. ANTHONY DICKINSON.
- THE PENANG PIRATE; BY AN OLD TAR.
- AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY; BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.
- STRUGGLING UPWARD; BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
- THE DORRINCOURT SCHOOL; BY BERNARD HELDMANN.
- ONLY A BOY; BY MARY A. DENISON.
- NUMBER 91; BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.
- THE FUGITIVES OF WYOMING; BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.
- THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND; BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.
- PERILS OF THE JUNGLE; BY LEUT. R. H. JAYNE.
- WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR; BY ANNIE ASHMORE.
- SCHOOL AND THE WORLD; BY PAUL BLAKE.
- TOM TRACY; OR, THE TRIALS OF A NEW YORK NEWSBOY; BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.
- LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE OUT; BY CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY.
- THAT TREASURE; BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.
- BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
- MAKING A MAN OF HIMSELF; BY OLIVER OPTIC.
- THE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS; BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.
- ALWAYS IN LUCK; BY OLIVER OPTIC.
- THE BOY BROKER; BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.
- LITTLE NAN; BY MARY A. DENISON.
- NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMEN; BY BROOKS MCCORMICK.
- PIRATE ISLAND; BY HARRY COLLINGWOOD.
- THE LAST WAR TRAIL; BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.
- NED NEWTON; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK BOOTBLACK; BY ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.
- THE YOUNG ACROBAT; BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.
- DICK BROADHEAD; BY R. T. BARNUM.
- IN SOUTHERN SEAS; BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.
- CAMP BLUNDER; BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.
- THE HAUNTED ENGINE; BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.
- THE MINERS OF MINTURNE CREEK; BY JOHN C. HUTCHESON.
- THE YOUNG PILOT OF LAKE MONTAN; BY OLIVER OPTIC.
- DROWNED GOLD; BY DAVID KER.
- ERIC DANE; BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

Besides these serials, each of which would sell in book form at \$1.25, or \$4.75 for the 35 stories, these volumes comprise over two hundred short stories, a hundred biographical sketches of eminent men, and a great quantity of interesting and instructive articles and short matter. They contain over five hundred fine illustrations, and are strongly and handsomely bound in cloth, with leather back and corners, and gold lettering. Volume IV is a large book of 416 pages, and costs \$3. Volume V is twice as large, containing 832 pages, and its price is \$4, expressage to be paid by receiver. Ask your newsdealer to get these volumes; or they will be sent at once on receipt of the price by FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren St., New York.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indifferently miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Constipation of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other chronic maladies are quite liable to set in, and sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, through that great blood-purifying and cleanses the system of all blood-taint. It is purifies, from whatever cause, the Kidney, and is equally efficacious in curing all urinary diseases, and other excretory diseases. As strengthening and healing tonic, it promotes an appetizing, restorative, and healthy digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. It has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

**CURES ALL HUMORS,** from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or "Fever-sores," "Boils," "Ulcers," "Fistulas," "Gonorrhea," "Painful Swelling of the Skin," in short, all diseases of the skin, and all humors, are conquered by this powerful, purifying and blood-cleansing medicine. Great Eating Ulcers, and other diseases under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," "Gonorrhea," "Thick Neck," and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

**"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."** Thoroughly cleanse it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, and in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this new world-wide remedy, we cry to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which cleanses the whole system, and is a combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy. Sold by Druggists, at \$1.00, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

OPIUM HABIT Cured. Treatment sent on trial. HUMAN REMEDY CO., LaFayette, Ind.

200 Cute, Curious, Catching Pictures 10c. P. O. BOX 2433, New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

BOYS WANTED. Good pay. Easy work. POTTER & POTTER, Boston, Mass.

**CURE FOR THE DEAF** by Fren's Ear, Improved. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HENCOX, 953 Broadway, New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**DRUNKENNESS** and all other diseases of the stomach and bowels cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Pills. No pain or inconvenience without the knowledge of the patient. Cures effected by placing it in coffee, tea or articles of food. Cures effected by placing it in water. Send ten cents in stamps for a copy of the book. S. P. CINCINNATI CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



LEAVING HIM IN A BAD FIX.

Young Sinkins, having heard that green leaves would prevent sunstroke, put some in his hat, but unfortunately forgot all about it when he booted to Miss Van Dyke.

GIRLS ON THE DIAMOND.

A pleasing variety in reports of the great national game is furnished by an account of a base ball match played by girls in Savannah, Georgia, furnished to the News of that city by a small boy who peked through the fence:

I tell you it was a good game. The girls enghed it if they did tire themselves out trying to hit the ball. When a girl that understood how to most ball went to the bat, she made a home run the balffy time, although she may have knocked sec, it's thurble than the pitcher's stand. You joyed so say with them. They are all so over-themselves, an ball knocked that they quite forgetting "Run!" Every one of them turns to scream-ball until the girls, and nobody thinks of the them happens to have up all the bases. If one of pick up the ball, she has sense of mind enough to one on the other side. It's ably throws it to some very near squalling out to the pitcher, I came and throw it or put it in their pocket, but I didn't dare do it. They'd mob a fellow, but I didn't want to catch him. They are que- things, they are.

I thought I'd die when the umpire resigned, and nobody could be found to act. It was his way: the batter didn't hit her. But she stood there, unent conscious of the danger, and all at once they un-went the ball against her, and all at once they un-screamed, and she fell, and the pitcher and catcher picked her up. All of them had hold of something. Those that were unable to catch hold of the feet and hands of the wounded umpire caught hold of the pitcher and catcher and assisted them. They carried the umpire to a pump and bathed her head, and when they began to pump water on her face she became alarmed lest they might strangle her to death, and so she got well right away. When they came back they couldn't find anybody that knew enough about the game to be umpire, and so they played it out without one.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



**Coleman Nat'l Business College**  
NEWARK, N. J. National Patronage  
Best Facilities, Best course of Business  
Training, Shortest Time, Lowest Rates,  
Open all the year. Address  
**H. COLEMAN, Pres.**  
BRANCH SCHOOL,  
264 & 266 West 125th St., New York City.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE OR CUN**  
Send stamp to A. W. GUMP & CO., Dan-  
ton, Ohio. Agents—Bicycle repairing and  
Accessories. Bicycles and Gunstakon in trade.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**LEGS AND ARMS WITH RUBBER HANDS & FEET**  
The most natural, comfortable, and durable. Thousands in daily use. New Patents and Important Improvements.  
**U. S. GOVERNMENT MANUFACTURER.**  
A. A. MARKS, 701 Broadway, New York City.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Beware of PAINT AND PASTE POLISH said to be labor-saving self-shining, etc. which stain the hands, pit the iron, and fill the house with a poisonous and sickening odor when heated.



**THE RISING SUN POLISH** IS THE BEST RESULT OF TWENTY FIVE YEARS EXPERIMENTING.  
ONE SIX OUNCE PACKAGE SHAKEN UP WITH WATER WILL MAKE SEVERAL BOTTLES OF ODORLESS LIQUID OR PASTE POLISH, AND THE CONSUMER PAYS FOR NO EXPENSIVE TIN OR GLASS PACKAGE, WITH EVERY PURCHASE.

**LADY AGENTS** can secure permanent employment at \$50 to \$100 per month selling Queen City Supporters. Sample outfit free. Address Cincinnati Suspender Co., 11 E. Ninth St., Cincinnati, O.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**\$3.75 STEAM COOKER FREE!**  
We want an active and intelligent man or woman to represent us in each town. To those who are willing to work we promise large profits. Cooker and outfit free. APPLY AT ONCE FOR TERMS.  
**W. MOTT GASTLY & CO.,** Rochester, N. Y.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY**  
**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.**  
Greatest Bargains in Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and PREMIUMS. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**Columbias for 1888.**  
Bicycles, Tricycles, Tandems, Safeties.  
HIGHEST GRADE OF MACHINES.  
**POPE MFG CO., 19 Exchange St., Boston, Mass.**  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

We begin next September our usual heavy fall advertising. Before then we wish to know which papers will pay us best. Therefore we shall, until September best, send FREE to any one mentioning the paper in which he saw our advertisement, one package of 25 samples cloth, from which we cut to order the  
**FAMOUS PLYMOUTH ROCK CUSTOM-MADE \$3. PANTS,** and Suits at \$13.25. Each package contains guaranteed self-measurement blanks, and a linen tape-measure, with full instructions.  
**PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.,** 18 Summer St., Boston; 255 Broadway, N. Y. Address all mail to Boston Office only.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. 10 CENTS A BOX. PUT UP IN SIMILAR SHAPE AND COLOR INTENDED TO DECEIVE. EACH PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE BEARS OUR TRADE MARK. TAKE NO OTHER.

**Shot Guns & Revolver**  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**THE AMERICAN CYCLES**  
DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.  
**GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.,** CHICAGO, ILL.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSI**  
The Original! Beware of Imitations!  
Awarded Highest Prize and Only Me



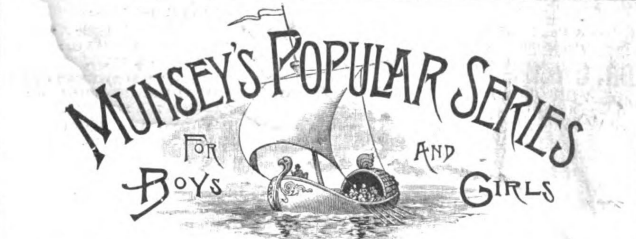
Paris Exposition, 1878. Highest Award New Orleans Exhibitor

**BASE BALL BASE BALL**  
Base Ball 25c. Catcher's Glove, 25c. per ft. Score Book 25c. Art. of Batting 15c. Base Ball Guide 10c.  
Each of the above sent on receipt of price, ALL for \$1.00.  
**A. J. REACH & CO.,** 1022 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

**Grand National Award of 16,600 francs**

**QUINA-LAROCHE**  
AN INVIGORATING TONIC CONTAINING PERUVIAN BARK, IRON, AND PUR CATALAN WINE.  
For the PREVENTION and CURE of Malaria, Indigestion, Fever & Ague, Loss appetite, Poorness of Blood, Neuralgia, & 22 Rue Drouot, Paris.  
**E. FOUGERA & CO.,** Agents for the U. S. 30 NORTH WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

**A BINDER FOR THE ARGOSY**  
We have now ready a neat binder for fill the successive issues of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY as they appear from week to week. It is not mere device for fastening the papers together the back, but takes the form of a regular book cover, with the name "THE GOLDEN ARGOSY" stamped in gilt lettering on the side. Each binder holds fifty two numbers, or a complete volume; it fits the paper neat and close and is extremely handy.  
We are prepared to furnish it in two styles flexible press board, price 50 cents, or stiff m. room cloth, 60 cents.  
When ordered by mail, fifteen cents addition must be inclosed in each case to prepay postage. Full directions for use accompany ea binder. Address,  
**FRANK A. MUNSEY,** 81 Warren St., New York.



MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES includes the best stories of the favorite authors, handsomely illustrated, with the finest of paper and printing, neatly bound with paper covers. The numbers now issued are:

- No. 1. "THE MOUNTAIN CAVE; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA," by George H. Coomer.
- No. 2. "A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST," by Frank H. Converse.
- No. 3. "THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE; A STORY OF REAL SHIPS AND REAL SAILORS," by George H. Coomer.
- No. 4. "BARBARA'S TRIUMPHS; OR, THE FORTUNES OF A YOUNG ARTIST," by Mary A. Denison.
- No. 5. "NUMBER 91; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK TELEGRAPH BOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam.
- No. 6. "JACK WHEELER; A STORY OF THE WILD WEST," by Captain David Southwick.
- No. 7. "THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND," by Frank H. Converse.
- No. 8. "THE YOUNG ACROBAT," by Horatio Alger, Jr.
- No. 9. "LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE OUT," by Captain C. B. Ashley, United States Scout.
- No. 10. "TOM TRACY; OR, THE TRIALS OF A NEW YORK NEWSBOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam.
- No. 11. "THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE; OR, WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR?" by Annie Ashmore.

MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES is issued monthly, and the price of a year's subscription, which includes twelve numbers, is \$3. Single numbers can be ordered from any newsdealer, price 25 cents; or they will be sent direct from this office, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Address your letters to  
**FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren Street, New York.**



**"MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES."**  
Clean your house betimes, and do it with  
**SAPOLIO.**

If you would use Sapolio every week in the year the dirt in a house would be kept down and when house-cleaning time came it would be a pleasant task instead of the dreadful tussle usually. No. 34.

**PHOTOGRAPHY AT HOME.**  
AMUSEMENT, INSTRUCTION AND PROFIT. Our illustrated pamphlet, embracing "HOW I BECAME AN ARTIST," complete INSTRUCTIONS, address. The best Camera in the world. Complete outfit, \$25, \$10, and \$15. THE HAWLEY DETECTIVE CAMERA, only \$10.  
**W. H. HAWLEY & CO.,** 36 India St., Boston, Mass.