

# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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THE TWO SET OUT TOGETHER FOR THE GREAT METROPOLIS, LEONARD HIGH OF HOPE AND BLISSFULLY IGNORANT OF WHAT LAY BEFORE HIM.—SEE NEW SERIAL "THE TWO RIVALS," ON NEXT PAGE.



## BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY JOHN JAMES PIATT.

I STOPPED to read the milestone here,  
A lagging schoolboy, long ago;  
I came not far—my home was near—  
But, oh! how far I longed to go!  
Behold a number and a name—  
A finger, westward, cut in stone;  
The vision of a city came,  
Across the dust and distance shown.  
Around me lay the farms asleep  
In hazes of autumnal air,  
And sounds that quiet loves to keep  
Were heard, and heard not, everywhere.  
I read the milestone, day by day;  
I yearned to cross the barren bound,  
To know the golden far away,  
To walk the new Enchanted Ground!

## THE

## Two Rivals;

OR,

## THE ROAD TO FAME.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE DISCOVERY OF A MYSTERY.

THE twilight lasts long at midsummer in England.

In an upper room of a little cottage on the outskirts of the village of Hazeldean, a boy was taking advantage of this prolonged daylight to amuse himself at his favorite pastime. He was a "well looking" boy, as the old phrase goes, apparently about fifteen years of age, and he was whistling merrily as he sawed and hammered, planed and chiseled, at the model of a water wheel of his own invention. He intended to try it the next morning in the brook that ran through Dr. Riccabocca's garden, where he was employed to assist Jackeymo, the man of all work, whom the eccentric Italian had brought with him when he came as a political refugee to England.

For Mrs. Fairfield, the boy's mother, had been obliged to work herself at the homes of her wealthier neighbors since her husband died.

Suddenly the whistle stopped, and a frown puckered the boy's forehead.

"I can't do another thing without a gimlet," he muttered, throwing down his knife and rummaging among the tools he had laid out on the table by his side.

But there was no gimlet there.

"There's one among father's things, I know," he exclaimed the next instant.

He hurried from the room and into an adjoining one, or attic. On one side of this apartment, close by a window, stood a large, strongly made box.

Instinctively the boy's face grew grave as he approached it, for it contained memorials of his father, Mark Fairfield, the village carpenter. These relics the faithful widow guarded with jealous care, and although she permitted Leonard to use such of the tools as he wanted from time to time, she could not be prevailed upon to formally give them up to him.

Reverently the boy raised the lid of the box, for this was the first time he had ever gone to it himself. Hitherto when he had wanted anything out of it his mother had always been by to get it for him.

Once, as a little boy, he remembered she had said to him: "Lenny, there are other things besides tools in the box that you will like to see when you are older. Some letters and writings of your father's, who was what your poor mother is not, my son, smart at book learning."

But tonight Mrs. Fairfield was out, visiting a neighbor, and Leonard was very anxious to obtain the gimlet and go on with his work before darkness fell. He had never been forbidden to go to the box, and therefore felt no hesitation in opening it now. And the first thing his gaze rested on was a bundle of letters, tied up with black ribbon and faded yellow with age.

Instantly all thoughts of the waiting water wheel and the needed gimlet passed out of his mind. Although an active, healthful boy, he was possessed of that poetic temperament and love of books that caused many of the Hazeldean folks to open their eyes with surprise when they compared his attainments at ten with those of his mother at forty. His compositions had been the wonder of the school, and it was even whispered that he sometimes wrote verses.

But then this last seemed very doubtful when his absorption in a game of ball with his friends on the common, and his aptness at turning out mechanical contrivances came to be considered.

"Mother said I could read these when I grew older," was the thought that came to him instantly now, and without more ado he sat down on a little chair that he had used as a child, and began to look over the letters.

He had read several of them when he suddenly came across some papers in a different handwriting, a woman's hand, the letters small and fine and exquisitely formed. And the matter was not letters, but poems, and young as Leonard was, he knew that they were the product of genius.

His father's letters went the way of the gimlet and the water wheel—into temporary forgetfulness, and the boy sat absorbed, reading poem after poem until he was suddenly startled by his mother's voice.

"Why, Leonard, what are you doing?"

But her hero's start was not a guilty one. He knew that he had not been transgressing rules;

besides, his mind was full of eager questions he wished his mother to answer.

"I wanted a gimlet to finish my wheel with," he explained. "I knew you wouldn't mind if I got one out of father's things. And I want to know who wrote these, mother," and Leonard held up the poems in the lady's hand for Mrs. Fairfield's inspection.

The widow grew suddenly pale as she saw the packet. She uttered a faint exclamation, and reeled—almost fell. Indeed she would have fallen had not Leonard sprung to his feet and caught her.

He assisted her to an old lounge that stood in one corner of the room, and thought for an instant that she had fainted. But she still held the poems tightly against her breast, and now opened her eyes, in which Leonard thought he caught traces of a great fear.

What was the cause of it? It could not have been the shock occasioned by the discovery that he had opened the box himself, for she had expressed only surprise then. It must be something, then, Leonard concluded, connected with those poems about which he had asked. But what?

Mrs. Fairfield had now in a measure recovered her composure, and Leonard pressed for an answer to his question.

"Whose writing is this?" he asked, laying his finger on the packet which his mother still held so tightly.

"Oh, Lenny, Lenny!" was all the response he got, and then, in a softer tone: "Poor, poor Nora! Her eyes were so like yours; but what am I saying?" and the widow bowed her head and swayed slowly from side to side.

As may be imagined, Leonard's curiosity was in no wise diminished by this proceeding; and, although he was sincerely grieved for the sorrow this revival of unhappy memories caused, still, he was but a boy, with all a boy's love for the clearing up of mysteries.

"Mother," he pleaded, "what oughtn't you to say, and who is Nora? And you say her eyes were so like mine! She must have been some relation to me, then. But I never had a sister. How, then—"

But here Mrs. Fairfield sat erect, and seemed to take a sudden resolution.

"Nora was my sister, Leonard," she said.

"Your sister!" exclaimed the boy, in great surprise. "I didn't know I had an aunt. Why didn't you ever speak of her before, and where is she now, mother?"

"She is dead, my boy. Dead for fifteen years. Don't talk of her any more, Lenny. It—it makes me sad."

"Only one thing more, mother. These verses are—are beautiful. And the writing is so clear and pretty. My Aunt Nora must have been very smart."

"Smarter much than your poor mother," responded the widow. "Lady Lansmere, up at the Hall, took a great fancy to her when she was a little girl. She sent her to school, and Nora was so clever that nothing would do but she must go to London as a governess."

"But it's strange that my eyes should be like hers. They're not like yours, and father's were brown, you say. Maybe that's the reason I'm fond of poetry and stories, because I have eyes like Aunt Nora."

Mrs. Fairfield had dropped the packet, and, as Leonard picked it up, his eye fell on the signature to one of the poems. It was the letter L.

"Why does she sign herself L, when Nora begins with N?" he asked.

The widow, who again appeared much agitated, replied that Nora was only the pet name, the full one being Leonora.

"Leonora—and I am Leonard. Is that how I came by the name?"

"Yes, yes—but don't talk, boy! Don't talk of it! I didn't know those letters were in there. Mark must have kept them. And—and, Leonard, don't talk of your aunt to the Riccaboccas, or—or to anybody." So saying, the widow took the manuscripts from her son, hid them in her dress, and hurriedly left the room.

Leonard sat long in the darkness that had finally descended, trying to puzzle out the mystery that had suddenly sprung up in his hitherto prosaic life. There seemed to be a curious link between himself and this talented dead aunt of his, with a name like his own, and whom he, too, must somewhat resemble in appearance.

The water wheel was not touched again that night, and when Leonard finally went to bed it was to dream of his Aunt Nora urging him on in the path to fame and honor.

## CHAPTER II.

## RANDAL LESLIE.

THE next day was Sunday, and Leonard slept late. So late, indeed, that by the time he had finished breakfast, his mother had started off to church.

Contrary to her usual custom, the widow had not wakened him that morning. Leonard dimly wondered whether the strange conversation of the previous evening had anything to do with it, for this morning he could not help noticing that his mother treated him with an increased gentleness.

"If you feel too tired to hurry and get ready for church," she said, "you need not come this morning."

But Leonard fully intended to go. He enjoyed the singing, and then Parson Dale was a very good friend of his—had lent him books and told him about his grandparents, for the parson was once stationed at Lansmere, where the Avenels, his mother's family, lived. Soon

after his mother's departure, Leonard started out, arrayed in his Sunday best, down the pleasant, hedge bordered road, past Squire Hazeldean's, towards the village green, behind which stood the pretty, vine covered church.

When he reached the green he turned his head instinctively to glance at the stocks, that revival of a middle ages punishment which the squire had lately caused to be made to the no small exasperation of the villagers.

"But there have been altogether too many poachers in my preserves and too much defacing of the park these last few years," the squire had declared. "If I make an example of one or two of the trespassers publicly, the thing will stop!"

So the stocks had been built and given in charge of Stirn, the squire's gamekeeper. But as yet nobody had been made an example of, and, what was worse, the stocks themselves had been dishonored.

Derisive epithets had been inscribed upon them, and the squire was very wroth, and had charged Stirn that a strict watch be kept for the offenders. And this was the duty in which the gamekeeper was engaged when Leonard crossed the green that Sunday morning.

Now Stirn had no love for Leonard Fairfield, who had outdistanced his son at school and won a prize that Master Stirn Junior had been extremely anxious to capture. But he was a man much feared by the village lads, as being invested with great powers by the squire; hence when he called out to Leonard, the boy halted at once.

"Where are you going so fast, Master Leonard?" he asked.

"To church. I'm late."

"Of course you are. The bell's done ringing long ago. Don't you know the parson is very angry at them as comes in late and disturbs the congregation? You can't go to church now."

"But my mother expects me."

"I say you can't go to church now." This from Stirn in a louder tone, that no Hazeldean boy would think of ignoring. "You must learn to think a little of others, lad. There's the parson for one thing, and the congregation for another, and the squire for another. Poor man, he is cut that awful over these goings on at the stocks! You don't know who did it, eh?"

"I, sir? Indeed, I don't, Mr. Stirn."

"Well, you see you can't go to church—prayers half over by this time. Besides, I want you to watch these stocks for me. I've got to go over to t'other end of the village. And don't you let no man, boy, woman or child touch them stocks till I come back. I put them under your 'sponsibility."

And not paying any attention to Leonard's half uttered remonstrance, the gamekeeper pointed to a hedge behind which the young guardian of the stocks might conceal himself, and walked off.

Leonard felt very much like walking off in the opposite direction himself, but aside from the awe with which Mr. Stirn inspired him, was the sense of duty to Squire Hazeldean to restrain him. For the squire was a very good friend to Mrs. Fairfield, allowing her to have the cottage she occupied at much less rent than he could have got for it from other parties, and had on more than one occasion spoken of Leonard as "a very promising lad." Hence our hero threw himself on the soft grass behind the hedge with the determination to discharge his disagreeable duty as faithfully as he could.

Mr. Stirn might have been gone a quarter of an hour when a boy came through a little gate in the park, paused on the green for a moment or so, and then advanced under the shade of the large tree that overhung the stocks.

Leonard pricked up his ears, so to speak, and watched eagerly.

He had never seen the boy before. He was sure he did not belong in Hazeldean. And such a condition as he was in! His coat was covered with mud, while his hat was bent all out of shape, with a gap between the rim and crown.

"That path leads to Thorndyke," Leonard suddenly recollected. "There's a pretty wild set down there. I shouldn't be surprised if some of them had done that scribbling on the stocks. I guess I've got business before me."

To be sure, the path also led to Hazeldean Hall, the squire's residence, but it seemed highly improbable that a boy of such appearance could have been visiting there.

The stranger advanced straight to the stocks, read the deriding inscription on them with a smile—a disagreeable and sinister smile it was, too—then deliberately seated himself on one end of the stocks, rested his heels profanely on the lids of two of the four round eyes, and taking out a pencil and notebook, began to write.

"Don't let anybody so much as touch the stocks," had been Mr. Stirn's injunction, and here was a disreputable boy actually sitting on them and no doubt planning further depredations.

Leonard's duty was plain.

Creeping out from behind the hedge, he walked firmly up to the offending youth and said: "The squire doesn't want anybody to touch the stocks. I've been left here to guard—"

"You insolent young puppy! What do you mean by ordering me about like that?"

The blood flew to Leonard's cheeks at this insulting rejoinder to his very mild hint. He had never been spoken to in that manner in his life, and his pride was up in arms in an instant. Besides, he felt that the squire was insulted as well as himself.

As a hint had failed to have the desired effect, he now advanced a step nearer, and repeating his request that the stocks be vacated, gave the intruder what he meant for a shove, but which the other took for a blow.

The stranger was on his feet in an instant, striking out straight from the shoulder. So unexpected was the movement that Leonard went down under it, but he was up again in a trice, and forgetting his usual abhorrence of fights, that it was Sunday morning, that he had on his best clothes, forgetting everything but the fact that he was mad clear through, he struck and parried like a veritable pugilist.

The battle was at its hottest, with the victory still doubtful, when stentorian tones cried out, close at hand:

"You wipers, what are you a doin' of?"

It was Stirn.

Taking the two boys roughly by the shoulders, the gamekeeper tore them apart, and then sternly demanded what was the cause of this unseemingly desecration of the Sabbath.

"You told me to watch the stocks," responded Leonard, as plainly as he could for the heaving of his chest and the trip hammer beating of his heart. "And this fellow came and sat on them, and wouldn't get off when I asked him to, but struck me and—"

Stirn did not wait for Leonard to finish, but turned at once to the strange boy, who had boldly reseat himself on the cause of all the trouble.

"What are you doing there, you young willain?"

"Viewing the landscape: out of my light, man."

This reply instantly inspired Mr. Stirn with misgivings. It was a reply so disrespectful to himself that he was seized with involuntary respect. Who but a gentleman's son would dare to speak so to Mr. Stirn?

"And may I ask who you be?" he said flatteringly, and half inclined to touch his hat.

"What's your name, pray, and what's your business?"

"My name is Randal Leslie, and my business was to visit your master's son—that is, if you are, as I guess from your manner, Mr. Hazeldean's plowman. But I was so unfortunate as to fall into a ditch and soil my clothes. I sat down on the stocks to write a note to Mr. Frank, explaining why I could not come up to the Hall, when this meddling cub presumed to dictate to the son of a gentleman."

Mr. Stirn was by this time fairly foaming at the mouth with rage and mortification. To think that a visitor to the Hall had been insulted by a boy like Leonard Fairfield, a delver among weeds!

"You young willain! You howdacious wiper! So you has been a fitting with a young gentleman and a wisiter to the squire, on the very place of the paridge hinstitution that you was to guard and perfect! But I'll show Mr. Frank's friends that we don't allow sich breadges of hettiquette to go without makin' them as commits 'em suffer for it. Here you," and before Leonard could quite realize what was to be done with him, he was seized by the collar, plumped down upon the bank of earth behind the stocks, and his feet inserted in the disgraceful eyes.

Randal regarded him with another of his disagreeable smiles for an instant, then tossed him half a crown, with the words: "Let that pay for your bruises, and remember another time how you speak to a gentleman. As for you, fellow," and he pointed a scornful hand towards Mr. Stirn, who, with his mouth open and his hat now fairly off, stood bowing to the earth, "as for you, give my compliments to Mr. Hazeldean and say that when he does us the honor to visit us at Rood Hall, I trust that the manners of our villagers will make him ashamed of Hazeldean."

Having uttered this cutting taunt, Randal turned away, with the gamekeeper ambling after him, trying to explain matters.

Leonard, in a humiliation of spirit it would be difficult to describe, was left sitting in the very stocks he had been deputed to guard.

## CHAPTER III.

## LEONARD'S HUMILIATION.

A BURNING sense of injustice was the uppermost feeling in Leonard Fairfield's breast as Mr. Stirn and Randal Leslie disappeared from view, leaving him ineffectually struggling to free himself from the hateful bondage.

He had—it might be with mistaken judgment, but yet with all honesty, earnestness, and zeal—executed the commission which, against his will, had been intrusted to him; he had stood forth manfully in discharge of his duty; he had fought for it, suffered for it, aye, bled for it. This was his reward! He had been wronged, and had no means of righting himself. He was oppressed with a wrathful, galling sense of impotence.

Then came another sensation, if not so deep, yet more smarting and envenomed for the time—shame!

He, who had been the pattern of the school, the pride of the parson, and the boast of the squire, he to be made, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, a mark for opprobrium, a butt of scorn, a jeer and a byword! Was he the same boy who had been whistling so contentedly last night over his water wheel, who had fallen asleep wondering over the strange link between himself and his Aunt Nora?

He wrestled, and struggled, and strove to



wrench his limbs out of those graceless eyes, but all in vain. And now he heard voices. Church was over, and presently half the village would pass that way, and discover his humiliation. He ground his teeth together, and looked wildly in the direction in which Mr. Stirn had gone, determined to call him back and beg to be set free.

But there was nothing living to be seen in that direction except a pair of happy robins, darting hither and thither in the sunshine.

So time went by till church was out, and then there came a rush of boys across the green to see whom the stocks had caught at last. And when they saw—they, his late schoolfellows—what jeers and taunts and galling reminders of his fallen estate they heaped upon his head!

And poor Leonard was compelled to sit and hear it all, and see the older people draw gradually nearer, and then, as they caught sight of him, throw up their hands in horror and amazement, and call one another's attention to the spectacle.

Then, as they came up, some stopped to pity him, others to ask why he was there, while a few nodded their heads sagely, as if to intimate that they had long ago prophesied such a fate for the village paragon.

Now Leonard knew very well that he was by no means a paragon, and rather resented being alluded to by that name; but at the same time he was not at all willing to pose as the village scapegrace, and the tortures he endured that Sunday noon lingered like cruel arrows in his soul.

The crowd about him grew denser, but to all questions put him the boy vouchsafed no reply. At length a portly man, accompanied by an extremely handsome boy of Leonard's age, appeared upon the scene. The crowd gave way before them, and the next moment Squire Hazeldean and his son Frank stood face to face with the victim of Stirn's rage.

"Leonard Fairfield!" exclaimed the farmer. "You, in the stocks!"

Before Leonard could reply, the gamekeeper came bursting in among the throng, with a very red face, and shaking his fist at Leonard threateningly.

"You wilyun," he cried. "See how you have disgraced Hazeldean!"

Then, catching sight of the squire, he stopped abruptly, to get breath to start off on a new tirade against young Fairfield, but this time in the third person instead of the second.

"Have you heard what this 'ere rapscaillon's been a doin' of, squire?" he demanded, and then went off in an excited and highly colored account of Leonard's encounter with Raqdal Leslie.

"What, you insulted my friend, who was coming to call on me!" burst forth Frank Hazeldean, when the gamekeeper mentioned the other boy's name.

Poor Leonard! He had always had a great admiration for Frank, and to have the latter's anger directed against him doubled the humiliation he felt. His resentment against Stirn's injustice burned furiously within, and now burst its bounds.

"I'm very sorry for the mistake I made, Squire Hazeldean," he said. "I didn't want to watch the stocks. I was on my way to church, but Mr. Stirn made me stay here, and told me not to let anybody so much as touch them. And he called Mr. Leslie names before he found out who he was."

The gamekeeper had his mouth open to justify himself, but the squire waved him to close it again, and then requested that Leonard be immediately liberated.

"You had no business to set him such a task, Stirn," he said, "and still less to put him in the stocks after he had consented to oblige you. Release him instantly."

Very much crestfallen, the gamekeeper bent down and raised the yoke that held Leonard's legs confined. The latter, with one grateful look at the squire, drew his feet out, sprang upon them, and then darted off like a deer across the green till he came to the first lane that struck off from it towards the open country. Down this he turned, and still ran onward, although it was in just the opposite direction from his home.

His sole desire was to get as far away as possible from Hazeldean, where he had been made to suffer such shame and contumely. It was a beautiful day, and rapid motion in the fresh, invigorating air seemed to soothe Leonard's wounded spirit as nothing else could.

But presently, after he had gone perhaps three miles, his footsteps began to lag. He was growing tired, and yet how could he turn around and face those villagers who had seen him in the stocks?

Then he thought of his mother and of what her feelings would be when she heard of his disgrace.

"I must go back and explain to her," he told himself; "then I will ask her to let me go away. I can't stay on in Hazeldean after this."

So he struck off across the fields and reached the widow's cottage just as she arrived there from Mrs. Jordan's, a sick neighbor, to whose home she had gone immediately after church.

Thus it happened that she had not crossed the green and knew nothing of the scene at the stocks until Leonard told her himself.

She was of course greatly excited when she heard the story, but tried to induce Leonard to change his mind about going away. She would be so lonely without him.

"Besides, where can you go?" she asked.

"To Lansmere, to Grandfather and Grandmother Avenel," he replied, "They can get

me some place to work, and by and by you can come and live there too."

Mrs. Fairfield seemed very much averse to the idea, but she finally gave her consent, and, with many a sigh, began to pack Leonard's things, while Leonard himself went over to tell Dr. Riccabocca of his proposed departure.

Thus did the simple fact of Mr. Stirn requesting Leonard to watch the stocks result in a change in our hero's prospects that was to have a marked effect on his future life.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LEONARD'S DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

EARLY the next morning Leonard took the coach for Lansmere and reached his destination in the course of the afternoon.

He inquired the way to Mr. Avenel's house, and, with his knapsack on his back, knocked at the door. On asking the servant who opened it if he could see Mrs. Avenel, he was shown into a room where a feeble old man sat by the window and a stern looking woman, her hair only beginning to turn gray, was busy at her spindle.

Leonard timidly announced his name, on hearing which the old man started up, exclaiming: "Leonard, Leonard! And he has Nora's eyes! Poor Nora!"

"Hush, John!" spoke up Mrs. Avenel quickly. Then turning to Leonard she said coldly, "I cannot tell you I am glad to see you. You can perceive how the sight of you affects my poor husband. But—but you may stay overnight if you like, and I will see if we cannot find—"

Leonard did not wait to hear the rest. With wounded pride and keen disappointment struggling for the mastery in his heart, he turned away and left the house without a word.

And no one called him back. As he went out of the gate, however, he met a tall, handsome gentleman, dressed very finely.

"Who are you, boy?" he asked abruptly.

Leonard gave his name.

"What, you are sister Jane's son!" exclaimed the other. "Well, you do her proud. But come, how is it you are going away from the old people?"

"You are my Uncle Richard, then, who has been in America so long," returned Leonard, his saddened heart much cheered by this warm greeting. Then he briefly told of the reception that had been accorded him.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the uncle, on hearing the story. "I'll take you myself. And you shall come back to Mayborough with me tomorrow morning. Come, we will go to the inn. I won't go to see the old folks now."

Richard Avenel was a man who had gone to America without a penny and returned with a fortune. This he had invested in manufacturing interests in the town of Mayborough, where he had built himself a handsome house.

Leonard gladly consented to place himself under the protection of this open hearted relative, whose existence he had almost forgotten, supposing him still to be over the sea. On reaching the inn he was about to sit down forthwith and write his mother the good news, when his uncle interfered.

"I will do all the writing to her myself, Leonard," he said. "You will only dazzle her, perhaps, by false hopes of what I may do for you, whereas I may do nothing at all! Do you see, we may not get on together after a trial, and then how disappointed poor Jane would be after having told the neighbors what a fine gentleman you had become! No, no, this is to be an experiment. You are bright, have a great air of refinement, and will, I think, give my house what it lacks when you grow up. When I see that I am right we can send for the mother, and all be happy together."

This sounded very sensible, so Leonard acquiesced. He had already discovered that his uncle was of rather eccentric character, bold and outspoken, with a dash of recklessness and roughness to his speech and manners that formed as great a contrast as could be imagined to Leonard's refined, dignified demeanor. Indeed, it was probably because he felt the need of a balance wheel of this nature in his establishment at Mayborough that Richard Avenel had made the offer of semi adoption to his nephew.

"You can have the best masters, Leonard," he said, "and after a while, if you have a mind, you can go into my office and become a man of affairs."

So it was settled, and two days after his arrival in Lansmere, Leonard left it again—in state, one may say, for Mr. Richard Avenel always traveled as befitted a man of fortune in his opinion.

This was certainly a rise in the world for the young gardener, and for a time the humiliation of the stocks, and even the mystery connected with his Aunt Nora, were forgotten. He was dazzled by the fine rooms, handsome clothes, and sumptuous banquets to which he was introduced at Mayborough, and for a time his finer feelings, his poetic instincts, were lulled, or rather dulled into insensibility. His uncle seemed to be very well pleased with him, and certainly did not stint himself in the way of providing his talented young relative with the means of cultivating his signal abilities.

Thus time glided by, and Leonard grew older and wiser and more comely, till he became a youth of whom any uncle might be proud, to say nothing of what a mother might feel as she regarded him.

And it was just this matter of his mother that furnished to Leonard his sole source of uneasiness. He had not heard a word from her, or from any one in Hazeldean since his departure. He spoke of the matter once or twice to his uncle, who always turned it off in some such way as: "Poor Jane was never much of a scholar if I remember right, so how can you be expecting her to write you a letter? If she knows that you are all right, that is sufficient, isn't it?"

The truth of the matter was that Richard Avenel was ashamed of the sister who went out to days' work among her neighbors, and had taken pains that Mrs. Fairfield should not know her son's whereabouts. He did not relish the idea of such a woman's appearing at his home in Mayborough and claiming relationship. Therefore he evaded the issue with Leonard, and stifled his conscience by sending money to the widow.

But at last there came a crisis, and it arrived in the midst of a grand garden party which Mr. Avenel had designed should eclipse anything of the kind ever given in the county.

All the wealth and nobility of the neighborhood had been invited, including a certain widow, one Mrs. McCatchley, whom Richard was extremely anxious to make Mrs. Avenel.

The fete was at its height, and all the guests had assembled in such space as the tent left on the lawn, or thickly filled the walks immediately adjoining it. But Richard Avenel, with Mrs. McCatchley, had started towards a flower bed on the outskirts of the grounds, which the former had declared he very much wished the latter to inspect.

Mrs. McCatchley looked particularly charming that afternoon, and was, moreover, unwontedly gracious.

"What better opportunity can I have than the present to learn my fate?" Mr. Richard asked himself, and then cleared his throat to ask it of the lady, when the latter suddenly pointed with her parasol and exclaimed: "Dear me, Mr. Avenel, what can they all be crowding there for?"

Like all hosts who are striving to outdo themselves in their entertainments, Mr. Richard's mind misgave him at once that something had gone wrong, something that might make him a laughing stock among the townspeople.

At all events Mrs. McCatchley must not see it. "Excuse me," he said hastily. "I'll just go and see what's the matter. Pray stay here till I come back."

With that he sprang forward, and the next minute was in the midst of a group that parted with the most obliging complacency to make way for him.

"What's the matter?" he asked, impatiently, yet fearfully.

Not a voice answered. He strode on and beheld his nephew in the arms of a woman.

And such a woman!

She had on a cotton gown—very neat, perhaps—for an under housemaid; and such thick shoes! She had on a little black straw bonnet, and a kerchief that might have cost tenpence pinned across her waist instead of a shawl; and she looked altogether—respectable, no doubt, but exceedingly dusty! And she was hanging upon Leonard's neck, and scolding, and caressing, and crying very loud.

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Richard Avenel.

And as he uttered that innocent self benediction, the woman hastily turned round, and darting from Leonard, threw herself right upon Richard Avenel—burying under her embrace blue coat, moss rose, white waistcoat and all—with a vehement sob and a loud exclamation.

"Oh! brother Dick!—dear, dear brother Dick! and I live to see thee again!" And then came two such kisses—you might have heard them a mile off! The situation of brother Dick was appalling! and the crowd, that had before only tittered politely, could not now resist the effect of this sudden embrace.

There was a general explosion! It was a roar! That roar would have killed a weak man; but it sounded to the strong heart of Richard Avenel like the defiance of a foe, and it plucked forth in an instant from all conventional let and barrier the native spirit of the Anglo Saxon.

He lifted abruptly his handsome masculine head and looked round the ring of his ill bred visitors with a haughty stare of rebuke and surprise.

"Ladies and gentlemen," then said he, very coolly, "I don't see what there is to laugh at! A brother and sister meet after many years' separation, and the sister cries, poor thing. For my part, I think it very natural that she should cry; but not that you should laugh!"

In an instant the whole shame was removed from Richard Avenel, and rested in full weight upon the bystanders. It is impossible to say how foolish and sheepish they all looked, nor how slinkingly each tried to creep off.

Richard Avenel seized his advantage with the promptitude of a man who had got on in America. He drew Mrs. Fairfield's arm in his, and led her into the house; but when he had got her safe into his parlor—Leonard following all the time—and the door was closed upon those three, then Richard Avenel's ire burst forth.

"You impudent, ungrateful, audacious drab!"

"Drab!" faltered poor Jane Fairfield; and she clutched hold of Leonard to save herself from falling.

"Sir!" cried Leonard, fiercely.

You might as well have cried "sir" to a

mountain torrent. Richard hurried on, for he was furious.

"You nasty, dirty, dusty dowdy! How dare you come here to disgrace me in my own house and premises, after my sending you fifty pounds? To take the very time, too, when—when—"

Richard gasped for breath; and the laugh of his guests rang in his ear, and got into his chest and choked him. Jane Fairfield drew herself up, and her tears were dried.

"I did not come to disgrace you; I came to see my boy, and—"

"Ha!" interrupted Richard, "to see *him*!" He turned to Leonard. "You have written to this woman, then?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"I believe you lie."

"He does not lie; and he is as good as yourself, and better, Richard Avenel," exclaimed Mrs. Fairfield; "and I won't stand here and hear him insulted—that's what I won't. And as for your fifty pounds, there are forty five of it; and I'll work my fingers to the bone till I pay back the other five. And don't be afraid I shall disgrace you, for I'll never look on your face again."

The poor woman's voice was so raised and so shrill, that any other and more remorseful feeling which Richard might have conceived, was drowned in his apprehension that she would be overheard by his servants or his guests.

"Hush!" said Mr. Avenel, in a tone that he meant to be soothing. "There—sit down—and don't stir till I come back again, and can talk to you calmly. Leonard, follow me, and help to explain things to our guests."

Leonard stood still, but shook his head slightly.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Richard Avenel, in a very portentous growl. "Shaking your head at me? Do you intend to disobey me? You had better take care!" Leonard's front rose; he drew one arm around his mother, and thus he spoke:

"Sir, you have been kind to me, and generous, and that thought alone silenced my indignation when I heard you address such language to my mother; for I felt that, if I spoke, I should say too much. Now I speak, and it is to say shortly that—"

"Hush, boy," said poor Mrs. Fairfield, frightened; "don't mind me. I did not come to make mischief and ruin your prospects. I'll go!"

"Will you ask her pardon, Mr. Avenel?" said Leonard, firmly; and he advanced toward his uncle.

Richard, naturally hot and intolerant of contradiction, was then excited, not only by the angry emotions which, it must be owned, a man so mortified, and in the very flush of triumph, might well experience, but by much more wine than he was in the habit of drinking; and when Leonard approached him, he misinterpreted the movement into one of menace and aggression. He lifted his arm: "Come a step nearer," said he, between his teeth, "and I'll knock you down."

Leonard advanced that forbidden step; but, as Richard caught his eye, there was something in that eye—not defying, not threatening, but bold and dauntless—which Richard recognized and respected, for that something spoke the freeman. The uncle's arm mechanically fell to his side.

"You cannot strike me, Mr. Avenel," said Leonard, "for you are aware that I could not strike again my mother's brother. As her son I once more say to you, ask her pardon."

"Ten thousand devils! Are you mad, or do you want to drive me mad? you insolent beggar, fed and clothed by my charity. Ask her pardon? What for? That she has made me the object of jeer and ridicule? Hark ye, sir, I've been insulted by her, but I'm not to be bullied by you. Come with me instantly, or I discard you; not a shilling of mine shall you have as long as I live. Take your choice—be a peasant, a laborer, or—"

"A base renegade to natural affection—a degraded beggar indeed!" cried Leonard, his breast heaving, and his cheeks in a glow. "Mother, come away. Never fear; I have strength and youth, and we will work together as before."

And, placing his mother's arm through his, Leonard led her from the house.

## CHAPTER V.

## STARTING ON THE ROAD TO FAME.

BY a private path Leonard led the agitated widow out of the grounds, whence the sounds of music and mirth now came as hollow mockery to his ears, and along a quiet lane to the village inn. On the way Mrs. Fairfield explained that a traveling tinker from Hazeldean had chanced in his rounds to pass through Mayborough and catch sight of Leonard. He had reported the fact on his return, and the widow could not resist the temptation to make the journey and look upon her boy.

"Don't fret about it now, mother," said Leonard, reassuringly. "It is better as it is. I never could have been truly happy as a business man with Uncle Richard; I am too fond of books. No, I can't go back to our cottage again and become a gardener, but I will put you on the Hazeldean coach, and then I will start out for London."

"To London, Leonard! And alone?" exclaimed the widow, anxiously.

"Yes; why not? Does not some boy leave our village every year, and go and seek his



fortune, taking with him but health and strong hands? I have these, and I have more; I have brains, and hopes, that— No, no—never fear for me!"

The boy threw back his head proudly; there was something sublime in his young trust in the future.

"Well—but you will write to Mr. Dale, or to me?"

"I will, indeed!"

"And, boy, you have nothing in your pockets. We have paid Dick; these, at least, are my own, after paying the coach fare." And she would thrust a sovereign and some shillings into Leonard's waistcoat pocket.

After some resistance he was forced to consent.

Thus talking, they gained the inn, from which Leonard sent a messenger after a few of his clothes, with the following note, inclosing five pounds his uncle had given him, to make up the fifty Richard had remitted to Mrs. Fairfield:

I thank you for all you have done to one whom you regarded as an object of charity. My mother and I forgive what is passed. I depart with her. You bade me make my choice, and I have made it.  
LEONARD FAIRFIELD.

The next morning, as they stood at the forking of three roads, awaiting the arrival of the coach, Mrs. Fairfield was much subdued in spirits, and there was evidently on her mind something uneasy—some struggle with her conscience. She not only upbraided herself for her rash visit, but she kept talking of her dead Mark. And what would he say of her, if he could see her in heaven?

"It was so selfish in me, Lenny."

"Pooh, pooh! Has not a mother a right to her child?"

"Ay, ay!" cried Mrs. Fairfield. "I do love you as a child—my own child. But if I was not your mother after all, Lenny, and cost you all this—oh, what would you say of me then?"

"Not my own mother!" said Leonard, laughing, as he kissed her. "Well, I don't know what I should say then differently from what I say now—that you who brought me up, and nursed and cherished me, had a right to my home and my heart, wherever I was."

"Bless thee!" cried Mrs. Fairfield, as she pressed him to her heart. "But it weighs here—it weighs"—she said, starting up.

At that instant the coach appeared, and Leonard ran forward to inquire if there was an outside place. Then there was a short bustle while the horses were being changed; and Mrs. Fairfield was lifted up to the roof of the vehicle. So all further private conversation between her and Leonard ceased. But, as the coach whirled away, and she waved her hand to the boy, who stood on the roadside gazing after her, she still murmured, "It weighs here—it weighs!"

Leonard walked sturdily on in the high road to the Great City, for he could not afford to ride. The day was calm and sunlit, but with a gentle breeze from gray hills in the distance; and with each mile that he passed, his step began to grow more firm, and his front more elate. Oh! it is such joy in youth to be alone with one's day dreams. And youth feels so glorious a vigor in the sense of its own strength, though the world be before and against it!

Not till toward the evening did our adventurer slacken his pace, and think of rest and refreshment. There then lay before him, on either side the road, those wide patches of uninclosed land, which in England often denote the entrance to a village. Presently one or two neat cottages came in sight, then a small farmhouse, with its yards and barns. And some way further yet he saw the sign swinging before an inn of some pretensions—the sort of an inn often found on a long stage between two great towns, commonly called "The Halfway House."

Between our pedestrian and the inn there stood a church, and just before Leonard came up, a young girl passed slowly before him, her eyes fixed on the ground, opened the little gate that led into the churchyard, and vanished. He did not see the child's face; but there was something in her movements so utterly listless, forlorn and sad, that his heart was touched. What did she there? He approached the low wall with a noiseless step, and looked over it wistfully.

There by a grave, evidently quite recent, with no wooden tomb or tombstone like the rest, the little girl had thrown herself, and she was sobbing loud and passionately. Leonard opened the gate, and approached her with a soft step. Mingled with her sobs he heard broken sentences, wild and vain, as all human sorrowings over graves must be.

"Father! oh, father! do you not really hear me? I am so lone—so lone! Take me to you—take me!" And she buried her face in the deep grass.

"Poor child!" said Leonard in a half whisper—"he is not there. Look above!"

The girl did not heed him—he put his arm round her waist gently—she made a gesture of impatience and anger, but she would not turn her face—and she clung to the grave with her hands.

After clear sunny days the dews fall more heavily; and now, as the sun set, the herbage was bathed in a vaporous haze—a dim mist rose around. The young man seated himself beside her, and tried to draw the child away. Then she turned eagerly, indignantly, and pushed him aside with jealous arms. He profaned the grave! He understood her with his deep poet heart, and rose. There was a pause.

Leonard was the first to break it.

"Come to your home with me, my child, and we will talk of him by the way."

"Him! Who are you? You did not know him!" said the girl, still with anger. "Go away—why do you disturb me? I do no one harm. Go—go!"

"You do yourself harm, and that will grieve him if he sees you yonder. Come!"

The child looked at him through her blinding tears, and his face softened and soothed her.

"Go!" she said very plaintively, and in subdued accents. "I will stay but a minute more. I—I have so much to say yet."

Leonard left the churchyard, and waited without; and in a short time the child came forth, waved him aside as he approached her, and hurried away. He followed her at a distance, and saw her disappear within the inn.

## CHAPTER VI.

HELEN DIGBY.

ON reaching the inn himself Leonard procured an upper room for the night, and then made some inquiries concerning the little girl whom he had seen weeping in the churchyard.

"Ah, sir," said the landlady, putting the corner of her apron to her eyes, "it is a very sad story—I don't know what to do. Her father was taken ill on his way to Lunnon, and stopped here, and has been buried four days. And the poor little girl seems to have no relations—and where is she to go? Laryer Jones says we must pass her to Marybone parish, where her father lived last; and what's to become of her then? My heart bleeds to think on it."

"No relatives?" exclaimed Leonard. "Surely the child must have some in London? Did her father leave no directions, or was he in possession of his faculties?"

"Yes, sir; he was quite reasonable like to the last. And I asked him if he had not anything on his mind, and he said, 'I have.' And I said, 'Your little girl, sir?' And he answered me, 'Yes, ma'am; and laying his head on his pillow, he wept very quietly. I could not say more myself, for it set me off to see him cry so meekly; but my husband is harder nor I, and he said, 'Cheer up, Mr. Digby; had not you better write to your friends?'"

"Friends!" said the gentleman, in such a voice! "Friends, I have but one, and I am going to Him! I cannot take her there!" Then he seemed suddenly to recollect himself, and called for his clothes and rummaged in the pockets as if looking for some address, and could not find it. He seemed a forgetful kind of gentleman, and his hands were what I call *helpless hands*, sir! And then he gasped out, "Stop—stop! I never had the address. Write to Lord Les—something like Lord Lester—but we could not make out the name. Indeed, he did not finish it, for there was a rush of blood to his lips; and though he seemed sensible when he recovered (and knew us and his little girl too, till he went off smiling), he never spoke word more."

"Poor man," said Leonard, wiping his eyes. "But his little girl surely remembers the name that he did not finish?"

"No. She says he must have meant a gentleman whom they had met in the Park not long ago, who was very kind to her father, and was Lord something, but she don't remember the name, for she never saw him before or since, and her father talked very little about any one lately, but thought he should find some kind friends at Mayborough, and traveled down there with her from Lunnon. But she supposes he was disappointed, for he went out, came back, and merely told her to put up the things, as they must go back to Lunnon. And on his way there he—died."

"Had her father no money with him?" asked Leonard, who was much interested. "And how old is she?"

"Oh, she may be only about fourteen, sir, and that pretty, but so sad looking. As for money, there was a few sovereigns, sir; they paid for his funeral, and there is a little left still, enough to take her to town; for my husband said, says he, 'Hannah, the widow gave her mite, and we mustn't take the orphan's; and my husband is a hard man, too, sir. Bless him! Then the doctor—he was from Lunnon, and happened to be traveling in the coach with them when Mr. Digby fell sick—he was very kind, too, but he went away before the end. His name was Morgan.'"

"Perhaps he may help her," suggested Leonard. "Have you written to him?"

"But we don't know his address, and Lunnon is a vast place, sir."

"I am going to London, and will find it out."

"Ah, sir, you seem very kind; and sin' she must go to Lunnon (for what can we do with her here? she's too genteel for service) I wish she was going with you."

"With me!" said Leonard, startled; "with me! Well, why not?"

"I am sure she comes of good blood, sir. You would have known her father was quite the gentleman, only to see him die, sir. He went off so kind and civil like, as if he was ashamed to give so much trouble—quite a gentleman, if ever there was one. And so are you, sir, I'm sure," said the landlady, courtesying; "I know what gentleness be."

Leonard found that the girl's room was next to his own, and the next morning, when he heard her astir, he knocked gently at her door. A low voice answered, and he entered softly.

She was seated very listlessly in the center of

the room—as if it had no familiar nook or corner as the rooms of home have—her hands drooping on her lap, and her eyes gazing desolately on the floor. Then he approached and spoke to her.

Helen—for that was her name—was very subdued, and very silent. Her tears seemed dried up; and it was long before she gave sign or token that she heeded him. At length, however, he gradually succeeded in rousing her interest; and the first symptom of his success was in the quiver of her lip, and the overflow of the downcast eyes.

Little by little he gained her confidence; and she told him, in broken whispers, her simple story. But what moved him most was, that, beyond her sense of loneliness, she did not seem to feel her own unprotected state. She mourned the object she had nursed, and heeded, and cherished; for she had been rather the protectress than the protected to the helpless dead.

He could not gain from her any more satisfactory information than the landlady had already imparted, as to her friends and prospects; but she permitted him passively to look among the effects her father had left, save only that if his hand touched something that seemed to her associations especially holy, she waved him back, or drew it quickly away.

The letters, however, were but short and freezing answers from what appeared to be distant connections or former friends, or persons to whom the deceased had applied for some situation. They were all very disheartening in their tone.

Leonard next endeavored to refresh Helen's memory as to the name of the nobleman which had been last on her father's lips; but there he failed wholly. She might have heard her father mention the name, but she had not treasured it up; all she could say was, that she should know the stranger again if she met him, and his dog, too.

Seeing that the child had grown calm, Leonard was then going to leave the room, in order to confer with the hostess, when she rose suddenly, though noiselessly, and put her little hand in his, as if to detain him. She did not say a word—the action said all—said "Do not desert me."

And Leonard's heart rushed to his lips, and he answered to the action, as he bent down and kissed her cheek, "Orphan, will you go with me? We have one Father yet to both of us, and He will guide us on earth. I am fatherless like you." She raised her eyes to his, looked at him long, and then bowed her head on his strong young shoulder.

The landlord at first demurred a little at trusting Helen to so young a protector, but Leonard, in his happy ignorance, talked so sanguinely about finding out the lord whose name began with Les, or some other friends of the orphan, and then touched in so grand a strain, although with all sincerity, upon his own promising prospects in the metropolis (thinking proudly of the MSS. in his satchel) that, had he been the craftiest impostor, he could not more have taken in the rustic host.

And while the landlady still cherished the illusive fancy that all gentlefolks must know each other in London, as they did in a county, the landlord believed, at least, that a young man so respectfully dressed, although but a foot traveler—who talked in so confident a tone, and who was so willing to undertake what might be rather a burdensome charge, unless he saw how to rid himself of it—would be sure to have friends, older and wiser than himself, who would judge what could best be done for the orphan.

And what was the host to do with her? Better this volunteered escort, at least, than vaguely passing her on from parish to parish, and leaving her friendless at last in the streets of London. Helen, too, smiled for the first time on being asked her wishes, and put her hand in Leonard's. In short, so it was settled.

The little girl made up a bundle of the things she most prized or needed. Leonard did not feel the additional load, as he slung it to his knapsack; the rest of the luggage was to be sent to London as soon as Leonard wrote (which he promised to do soon), and gave an address.

And then the two set out together for the great metropolis, Leonard high of hope and blessedly ignorant of what lay before him.

(To be continued.)

## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

J. L. J., Jr., University, Miss. Consult our advertising columns for coin dealers' addresses.

BUSINESS, Boston, Mass. No. you do not require a license to style yourselves the So and So Card Company.

L. W. B., Eastville, Va. The book mentioned is not at all rare, and has therefore no special value attached to it.

J. K. VAN D., Fort Edward, N. Y. Your coin is a Jackson cent, or Hard Times token, whose value we cannot give precisely.

SPINK, Miss Jane Porter, author of the widely read novels, "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Scottish Chiefs," died in 1850.

JUMBO, New York City. Fatty and sugary foods tend to produce fat. Or you might try the method suggested in a paragraph on the editorial page of No. 287.

ALL BOYS in the New England States wishing to join the Hamilton Cadets may write to Arthur C. Bennett, Box 80, West Stratford, Conn.

LEGAL, Wilmington, Del. Your claim was in all probability outlawed long ago. However, it might be advisable for you to consult a lawyer.

F. E. D., New York City. If you wish to enter the army of the United States, apply at the headquarters in this city, 33 West Houston St.

COMPANY D., 1st Regiment, Hamilton Cadets, desires recruits. Address Second Lieutenant Wm. Lubosch, 118 South 8th St., Brooklyn, E. D.

A CONSTANT READER, New York City. The nearest company of the Hamilton Cadets to you is that under the care of E. Weill at 215 East 69th St.

F. F. L., Providence, R. I. No. 1, Vol. 1, of the ARGOSY was dated December 9, 1882, and the first story was "Do and Dare," by Horatio Alger, Jr.

B. O. ATER, Waterloo, Ioa. The present series on canoe building may possibly be followed at a future date by one on the construction of flat bottomed boats.

J. W. R., Lewisburg, Pa., and W. C. F., New York City. We have always found Munson's system of shorthand very satisfactory. Benn Pitman's is also widely used.

SQUIRE, Cincinnati, O. No steamship ever built can attain anything like an average speed of 35 miles per hour, the fastest on record being only about 25 miles per hour.

F. E. H., Lancaster, Pa., and others. For all information respecting value of old coins, you are referred to the article on the subject which appeared in Nos. 279 and 280.

W. F. C., New York City. The authors of our stories have nothing to do with supplying the illustrations that are made to them. Certainly such stories as we accept are paid for.

W. E. T., New York City. 1. Yes, the circulation of the ARGOSY is larger than that of any other paper of its class. 2. "Ned Newton" may be included in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

HUDSON, Haverstraw, N. J. 1. See answer to J. W. R. 2. The firm mentioned is one of the most reliable in the country, and it is very evident that your letter was never received by them.

E. T. R., Brunswick, Ga. You do not state very clearly just what you want. There is a book by P. Neison on "Boat Building for Amateurs," which D. Van Nostrand, of this city, sells for one dollar.

E. P., New York City. Certainly, only the rare coins were mentioned in our two articles on the subject. By sending a stamp to a dealer, you will receive a catalogue giving both selling and purchasing prices.

R. N., Astoria, N. Y. Not being a resident of New York City, you cannot join the St. Mary's. You might be admitted to the Minnesota, however. Write to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington for particulars.

G. C. S., Pittsburg, Pa. For method of procuring arms from the State for military companies we must refer you to Lieutenant Hamilton's suggestions in Chapter III of his series, p. 372, fourth column, in No. 232.

P. H. O'D., Pittsfield, Mass. 1. Chalk is sometimes very effective in removing warts. 2. You will notice that we have recently begun a story by Oliver Optic. Mr. Alger is now engaged in writing a new one for us.

J. D. M., Jr., Baldwin, Kan. We have never heard of a book that gives directions how to become an editor. The great majority of members of the profession enter the office in a subordinate capacity, and *work*—not read—their way up.

F. B., New York City. 1. Send for a price list of rowboats to one or the other of the sporting goods houses advertised in the ARGOSY. 2. If you want a neat, serviceable boat for long pulls we would advise you to get a round bottomed one.

Boys between the ages of 14 and 18 desirous of joining the 32d Regiment Cadet Corps can obtain full information by calling on or addressing Charles Rubly, 611 Gates Ave., or John Andros, cor. Bushwick Ave. and Troutman St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

R. A. T., Fitchburg, Mass. 1. A boy of 16, weighing 108 pounds, should use Indian clubs not heavier than six pounds. The clubs are always weighed by the pair. 2. The pay of a boy in a lawyer's office ranges from three to five dollars a week.

S. M. L., New York City. 1. Almost any style of paper will answer for story writing provided it be not mailed rolled. If there is any choice, congress note size might be named. 2. Phosphorus will throw out a luminous light when placed in a dish of water in the dark.

J. E. L., Livonia, N. Y. 1. About as good trapping as can be found in Maine is in Aroostook County. There is also trapping at Moosehead Lake and also in the Adirondacks. 2. For a full list of the fur bearing animals in these localities, inquire of some such periodical as *Forest and Stream* or *Outing*.

A READER, Chelsea, Mass. The game of jack straws consists in bunching the jacks, scattering them on a table, and then with a crook trying to see how many single straws can be removed from the pile without moving any of the others. As soon as another is stirred, the player must relinquish his turn to the next in order.

H. A. M., Yarmouth, Me. 1. The longest serial in the ARGOSY was "Ned Newton," by Arthur Lee Putnam, the shortest "Camp Blunder," by Matthew White, Jr., both published in Vol. V. 2. Six of Mrs. Denison's stories have been published in the ARGOSY. 3. Some of the numbers containing "Tom Tracy," which began in No. 109, are out of print, but you can now obtain the story in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

STUB, Marshall, Mich. 1. Emin Bey is an Austrian surgeon, whose real name is Schmitzer. He served as surgeon general in Chinese Gordon's army and was appointed governor of Egypt's equatorial provinces under the title of "bey" in 1878. Since 1882 he has been cut off from the outside world, and it is to effect his release that the Stanley expedition was sent out last year. You will find an illustrated article on the subject in No. 241 of the ARGOSY. 2. John J. Ingalls, of Kansas, is president of the Senate. 3. Harry Castlemoore's real name is Charles A. Fosdick. 4. Yes, Sol Smith Russell, the son in law of Oliver Optic, is still living.



HAPPINESS.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!  
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name;  
That something still, which prompts th' eternal  
sigh;  
For which we bear to live or dare to die;  
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,  
O'erlooked, seen double by the fool and wise,  
Plant of celestial seed!

[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 VIII.

HEADING UP STREAM.

OUR friends were silent a little while, during which they heard the numerous signals of the Iroquois, who seemed to be on every side prosecuting their search for those that had dared to approach such a formidable war party and shoot one of their men.

"I'm goin' to try a trick on 'em," remarked the scout somewhat later.

"What's that?" asked Benny, deeply interested, like his brothers.

"Wait and you will see."

"I can't see much chance for any trick," remarked Jack Morris, unable to understand how the frontiersman could feel in such merry spirits, when they were literally surrounded by peril.

"Wal," replied Ouden in his droll way, "bein' it's so dark I don't expect you to see much of anything, and I observe that you don't seem to feel like splittin' your sides laughing, but, if I ain't powerfully mistook, you'll do more grinnin' in the course of an hour than you have in a week—sh!"

The hunter suddenly awoke to the fact that he was more careless than he was prudent, for at that moment the sounds near at hand showed that two of the keen scented Iroquois were not only approaching the spot where the canoe lay against the bank, but that they had learned it was there.

There were two canoes lying under the bank, the hunter and three boys being seated in the larger one. Probably it was the incautiously loud words uttered by Ouden himself that directed the two Iroquois groping near the spot to the precise place where the little party were awaiting a favorable chance to steal out and resume their journey to the settlements down the Catsuga.

The footfall of the red men had hardly been observed, when a faint sound like the hissing of a serpent fell upon the ears of the listeners, who knew what it meant. It was the announcement of one of the red men to his companion that he had made an important discovery.

Instantly the hunter dipped his paddle deep, and drove the canoe from under the bank out into the stream, where it was invisible to any one along shore. In doing so, the rush of the blade through the water produced a rippling which in the stillness could have been heard several rods away.

It seemed to the boys that the hunter was strangely careless, but in truth he purposely caused the noise.

As he forced the boat containing himself and occupants into the current, he gave the other a shove which set that also adrift. Not only that, but it was impelled further out in the stream than his own, and went floating down the Catsuga, so that, if unchecked, it was sure to pass between the fires in plain sight of the warriors on the shores.

That the Iroquois who had threaded their way to the spot knew they had found the hiding place of the whites, was proven by the vigorous signals they sent forth, some of them consisting of whoops which they must have known would be understood by their enemies as well as friends.

Not only that, but both discharged their rifles by guess, the balls whistling much closer to the fugitives than was pleasant.

None of the boys ventured to whisper to each other. Everything was left to their companion, who was a famous expert at the business in which he was now engaged. The four occu-

pants were closely crowded, but there was room for him to swing his long muscular arms that swayed the paddle.

"I could drop one of them varmints," he thought with a glance toward the spot whence came the flashes, "but it ain't worth while, bein' as it would show them just whar to send the next shots after us."

Suddenly the listening ears caught another peculiar sound. No one suspected its meaning beside Ouden, and he ventured to whisper.

"The fools are going to try to swim to us."

As he spoke he worked the canoe further out in the stream, and several rods above the point where he had been holding it motionless. The situation gave a view of the empty canoe drifting between the camp fires. He was interested in the result, and made known to his companions that the trick he intended trying on the red men was the very thing that was now brought about by their own action. He meant to set the canoe afloat, with a view of making the Iroquois believe its occupants were trying to steal by them.

If one or two Indians entered the water to push their search, they had an almost hopeless task, since they were at great disadvantage, and could only expect to open the way, as may be said, for the other warriors. What they meant to accomplish, however, was checked for the time by what took place further down stream.

It will be remembered that all through this trying ordeal our friends were but a brief distance above the camp fires, and hardly a full

that it was possible for a skillful backwoodsman so to surround himself, while crouching in the bottom of the boat, that he would be beyond reach of all the bullets that could be driven through the delicate sides.

To prevent any escape by that means, several of them leaped into the river and began swimming hastily out to the craft.

Orris Ouden smiled grimly, for that was the very result for which he hoped.

The distance was comparatively short, and before the canoe could drift into the gloom below, a couple of the Iroquois were at its side, but, brave as they unquestionably were, they hesitated about raising their heads far enough to take a peep into the interior. If a wounded white man was there, he would be quite sure to give sharp attention to any such intruder.

One of the warriors, however, was seen to seize the stern of the craft with both hands and slowly raise himself. He was in such plain sight at the time, that all four of our friends noticed the front of the boat rise and the stern sink, as he drew down upon it.

One glance, and the head of the Indian was lowered so quickly that the whites, had they not known the truth, would have believed the motion was to dodge a blow.

But the next instant the head and shoulders were lifted again, and the Indian learned the truth; the canoe was empty of all except the water that had oozed through the many bullet holes.

It followed, therefore, that the owner or own-

"What of that?" asked Jack.

"They will be on the watch to head us off. Instead of finding the way clear to the settlement, we are likely to run right into their arms, or, if we don't do that, we'll have to dodge around until after daylight, when they will strike our trail, and it will be all up with the whole party; for, as I take it, Ouden himself isn't smart enough to pull out of such a fix as that would be."

"There is sense in what the lad says," was the comment of the hunter, who, it must be borne in mind, was steadily working the canoe up stream and further from their enemies.

"Then, too," added Tom, "I don't see why there should be any trouble in managing the boat. Jack and I can carry it alone."

"It ain't *that* so much as it is twistin' about among the trees with the confounded thing. However, if it's the wish of all of you to stick to the river, I'm willin'; what do you say, my little man?" he asked of Benny.

"I'm in favor of sticking to the canoe."

"Then it shall be done," was the decisive response.

CHAPTER IX.

SEVERAL POINTS OF LIGHT.

ONE of the little company was incautious enough to speak as loud as the hunter had done when resting under the shore of the river. They were further from their enemies than at that time and it would seem the need of caution was not so great, but the Iroquois were active, and probably were dangerously near.

Ouden was gradually working the boat closer to the northern shore (that being the one on which he had met the boys), when Benny startled every one by the whispered exclamation.

"I tell you the Indians are following us!"

"What do you mean?" asked the hunter, holding his paddle still, and leaning forward, so as to bring his head as close as he could to the lad.

"They are in the water alongside and—*here they are!*"

The boy was sitting with his left hand on the gunwale, his right grasping his crutch, when the cold wet hand of an Iroquois swimmer was carefully raised with the intention of grasping the gunwale of the boat. It so chanced that instead of doing so, he placed his palm and fingers directly over the small hand of Benny, who uttered the alarming exclamation.

The darkness was so profound that no one could see the intruder, though the agitation of the canoe showed that he had seized it, and there was some fear that he might overturn it. There was a general shrinking back to avoid his treacherous blow, while the larger lads and Ouden grasped their knives and eagerly groped about to discover

a target in which to drive them. The impact of the damp hand gave the information to Benny that for the moment was denied the others. Snatching back his hand as if from the contact of a crawling snake, he quickly placed it alongside the other, which was closed around his crutch. In the same breath, this was lifted as high as he could reach, and brought down with a whack that could have been heard a hundred feet away.

Though the lad could not see the savage, he knew just where he must be, and, when the staff came down, it landed squarely on his crown. The recipient must have seen more stars just then than ever adorned his firmament before.

Then, too, you must not forget that Benny had had a good deal of practice in banging his big brothers about with his crutch. As the vigorous blow descended, the lad commanded in English, "Let go! we don't want you here!"

A grunt escaped the warrior, who loosened his hold and fell back in the water. As he did so, Benny let drive again, but missed his victim, bringing down the collar of his crutch with such force that the water was splashed over himself and the rest.

Ouden had thrust back his knife and seized his gun. Could he have but caught a glimpse of the redskin, he would have given him the contents of his weapon, but the splash was all that told him where he had sunk back in the current, and it was hardly worth his while to risk the shot.

All sat silent for a minute or two, their senses on the alert, but not the slightest sound indicated that other enemies were in the neighbor-



THE INDIANS FIRE ON THE DRIFTING CANOE.

minute had gone by after the Iroquois undertook to swim out into the river, when Orris Ouden's boat, drifting aimlessly with the current, entered the area of light, and was observed by the Iroquois on the banks, their numbers being probably one half of the entire force.

The excitement for the moment was unbounded. The whooping and signaling must have hurried nearly all the Indians that were groping through the woods to the spot, under the belief that the whites had been entrapped. It is not improbable that the Iroquois believed that the random shots fired from the bank a few minutes before had killed the man or men within the boat, for as yet they were without the means of knowing how many of their enemies were in the neighborhood.

The conclusion, however, was reasonable that there was but a single person, who had been harmed to such an extent that he was unable to manage the craft. It was not unlikely, therefore, he had fallen forward on his face in the canoe, and was lying in the bottom, where he could not be seen from shore.

Whatever the conclusion of the Indians, they at once opened a scattering fire on the boat, which was struck again and again from both sides of the stream. There was something in its action very like that of a living creature, for it turned first one way and then another, according as the volleys from either side exceeded the other, as if it were blindly trying to extricate itself from the deadly sleet rattling around it.

All the time it was floating steadily downward, and, unless checked, must reenter the gloom below and become invisible to the redskins who were paying such close attention to it.

Those sagacious warriors must have recalled

ers had either been killed or had abandoned the craft. At any rate, they were beyond reach of the vengeful red men.

During this peculiar exhibition, our friends gave their full attention to it, and, it may be said, enjoyed every phase. At any rate, all gained a vivid idea of what was sure to befall them in case they undertook to run the gauntlet of the war parties.

"I reckon we've seen enough," remarked Ouden, who now began using his paddle so quietly that none would have suspected it, but for the impetus of the boat under them.

"What do you mean to do?" asked Benny.

"Paddle up stream till we're safe above 'em, and then land and foot it to the settlements."

"It's the only thing to be done," said Jack, "unless we carry the canoe to some point below, just as you carried yours around the Iroquois in coming up stream."

"I'm afeared the thing is too heavy to manage among the trees, though I ain't sure I won't try it," returned the hunter.

"I'm in favor of using the boat," said Tom decisively.

"Why?" asked Ouden.

"Well, in the first place, though it isn't more than a dozen miles through the woods, and we ought to reach the settlements before daylight, we may find the Iroquois ahead of us."

"What do you mean?" asked Benny.

"This: Yesterday, and indeed this morning, there wasn't one of the Indians in this neighborhood; now they are everywhere. They have gone into the business of shooting white folks with a rush. They will know we have left the house, and that we are as likely to start through the woods as to stick to the river."



hood, and the one that had received such a stunning welcome took himself off with a stealth that prevented the ear locating him.

"Wal, that *was* qu'ar," remarked Ouden with a chuckle, when convinced that no immediate danger threatened.

"How do you suppose it came about that he found the canoe?" asked Jack Morris.

"He didn't find it: the canoe found *him*. He war one of the varmints that went further up the river than most of the rest, and then like enough started to swim to t'other shore; and as luck would have it, he run right into us."

"Why did he grab hold of the boat?"

"He knowed we war inside, and he meant to draw himself up high enough with one hand to give his right arm all the leverage he wanted when he war goin' to make one blow that would have killed wherever it landed; and then he would have been off afore we could have wiped him out."

"And why didn't he do that?"

"Benny's blow came down too suddint."

"And I know he can hit a pretty good one," said Jack, "for I've felt it often enough."

"I'm with you there," added Tom with a laugh.

"I'm afraid I broke my crutch," remarked Benny, feeling it in the dark.

"More likely you broke the redskin's head," said Tom; "for I guess you struck pretty hard."

"Harder than ever before in my life—yes—the crutch is broken; what shall I do when we land?"

"We can manage to fix it for you; and if we can't, why, we'll give you a boost, as we have often done before."

"I'm pretty sure he will have a head ache for a while, if it isn't any worse," said Benny, feeling somewhat proud of his exploit, which was assuredly a creditable one.

"If you had been a second or two later, I'm sartin you would have got his knife," observed Ouden, "so you've earned a ride, even if your crutch isn't hurt."

"I guess it can be made to answer," replied the lad, finishing the examination of his staff. "Any way, it's good for another whack if a second Indian wants to run the risk, and will do for *your* heads if you don't behave yourselves, boys."

It would seem that our friends were warranted in believing they were rid of their enemies for the time, but, when all were breathing more freely, the hunter uttered the warning "*Sh!*" that had apprised them of danger more than once before.

This time it was their eyes, instead of their ears, that told them they were not yet free of peril.

Only a short distance up stream, a tiny point of fire seemed to be floating downward on the surface of the water straight toward them.

No sound was heard, and Ouden caused not the slightest ripple, as he sheered the canoe toward the southern bank, so as to take it out of the course of the approaching object, whatever it might be.

No one spoke, but all understood the meaning of the strange sight; it was the gleam from the pipe of some person coming down the river in a boat like their own.

There was a possibility that he or they were white people like themselves, abroad on that eventful night, but the chances of this were so slight that no one dare attempt to open communication with them. More likely the strange boat contained several warriors, one of whom was indulging in a smoke, while his companions were swinging the paddles with almost noiseless skill.

Every eye was fixed on the point of light, which advanced with a slow, graceful motion that under the circumstances was impressive.

The whites were gazing silently at the glimmering point, when a second appeared so far behind it as to show that it was in another boat. Hardly was it noticed, when two others seemed to rise from the water, so near together and yet so far removed from the rest as to show they were in a third canoe.

"I'll be hanged!" whispered Ouden, "but there's a big party of them; I reckon they have paid a visit to your home."

The boys answered not, but were of the same opinion.

If such were the fact, the Indians could not have gone up the stream from the main party under the command of Red Eagle, since they would have encountered the canoe in which the brothers floated down the river. They must have entered the water at some point further up, thereby emphasizing the truth of what one of the lads had said to the effect that the surrounding country was swarming with their enemies.

There were three canoes at least, and possibly more, though the glow from the pipes disclosed only the number named. They were descending the river in Indian file, just as the occupants walked when threading their way through the forests and across the clearings.

As they came nearer, the faint sound of the paddles could be detected, and, when the leading boat was almost opposite that of our friends, one of the men made some remark to his companions.

The gruff guttural words left no doubt of their identity: they were Indians on their way to join the forces of Red Eagle down stream. The great war chief must have sent a summons through the country, and his warriors were obeying it with an alacrity that showed how congenial such work was to them.

The hearts of the lads almost stood still, when they realized that every one of the boats must pass within a rod of their own, resting quietly on the water.

Ah, if there was a moon in the sky, or if any mishap should betray their presence, what direful consequences must follow.

The Iroquois could handle a boat with as much skill as Ouden the hunter, and they would be upon them before they could reach the shelter of either shore. Even if unable to do that, a volley from their rifles would kill or maim every one of the occupants.

There was not one of the lads who did not feel sure their friend was running unwarrantable risk in holding his place so near the middle of the current, instead of running under the other bank, as he had the chance of doing when the gleam of the first fiery point broke upon their vision.

But it was too late now to shift their position, since a ripple inaudible to ordinary ears would tell the fatal story.

And so, sitting thus, the whites in the canoe waited until the other three passed by so close that a biscuit could have been tossed into each boat, though it was invisible to the eye.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THROUGH THE FOREST.

ORRIS OUDEN waited only until sure that all of the Iroquois had passed, when he headed the canoe toward the northern bank, against which the prow gently touched a minute later.

Before any of the party stepped out Benny remarked:

"There's a light in the sky off yonder."

His companions noticed a glow that was plainly seen above the tree tops on the other side of the river.

"It must be the moon rising," remarked Tom.

"No, it isn't," replied his brother; "there will be no moon for a couple of hours yet."

"You don't know what it means, eh?" asked the hunter, significantly; "wal, s'pose you tell me which way your house is from here."

"It's where we see the light—my gracious, Ouden, can it be that they have set fire to our home?"

"Thar ain't the fust doubt of it."

"And everything will be burned up."

"Rayther say that about everything has been burned up by this time, for the fire must have been going awhile afore we seen it."

The hearts of the brothers were saddened by the sight, for, as will be remembered, they had not brought any of their treasures away, with the exception of the Bible, which Benny had taken good care of up to this time.

But there was a bright side to the affliction: the beloved parents were beyond the reach of the red men, and the boys had left soon enough to escape the peril that must have been very close at the moment they embarked in their canoe.

"Don't forget to think how much worse it might have been," observed Benny with a cheerfulness that rarely deserted him; "no doubt there will be hundreds of others that will be far less fortunate than we, for all the settlers are not in the villages and block houses."

"And we haven't arrived at the settlement ourselves," commented Jack, "though we're pretty well on the road."

"I wish we war through that stretch of woods," said the hunter, showing more concern in his voice than at any time since joining his young friends.

"You expect to make it, don't you?" asked Jack in some surprise.

"I do, but I can tell you it's no easy job."

"Why do you take a gloomier view than you did awhile ago?" inquired Tom.

"Wal, the truth is I didn't think thar war many of the varmints up to mischief, exceptin' them that's down the river with Red Eagle, but we've just seen some more, and it shows that the uprising is bigger than most people think. Howsumever," added the hunter more cheerily, "it's no use of standin' here and talkin' about matters that can't be settled by talkin'; let's pitch in."

Instead of inverting the canoe and carrying it somewhat after the fashion of an umbrella, it was now lifted in its natural position with the front resting on the shoulder of the hunter, and the rear end on that of Jack Morris. Within the boat were placed the two rifles of the porters, as they may be called, the Bible of Benny Morris, and the two paddles used in propelling the craft when in the water.

An examination of the lad's crutch showed that while the upper portion had been fractured by the ringing blow on the scone of the Iroquois, it was still capable of good service, if handled with care. Ouden offered to wait and help repair it, but the owner said it was not worth the time required. It would be soon enough to do that when it gave out.

Since the hunter was most familiar with the woods he took the lead, Benny following immediately behind the canoe, while Tom brought up the rear, ready to take his turn whenever his brother should find the load burdensome.

It was at this time that the fugitives would have welcomed the light of the moon, however faint, for you can readily see the difficulty of the task they had taken upon themselves.

It was necessary to journey fully three fourths of a mile before daring to return to the Catsuga again, and this was through an expanse of

forest in which the darkness was impenetrable. You may say that such a feat is impossible even for one who has spent all his life studying woodcraft; and such manifestly is the fact, if the guide is deprived of every means of knowing the course he is following, for then he would be literally blindfolded. Since, therefore, Ouden could not make use of his penetrating vision, he was forced to rely on his sense of hearing. Despite the soft flow of the Catsuga through the unbroken wilderness, it gave forth a low sighing murmur which the trained ear could identify for some distance.

It was this almost inaudible sound, like the voice of silence itself, upon which the hunter depended. By keeping that within hearing, he could assure himself he was not wandering away from his bearings.

The start had hardly been made when the entire party gained a vivid idea of the difficulties in their path.

The first notice to the leader was when a projecting limb slid under his chin, and, as he expressed it, sawed his neck half off. This took place, too, when he was groping his way with one hand thrust in front of his face.

Jack thought he had the easiest task of all, since the canoe established close relations with his guide, and he had only to walk as the other led. No doubt it was this belief which caused him to be somewhat careless, as was proven when he caught his toe in a root, and narrowly saved himself from going headlong to the ground, and bringing down the boat in a general smash upon him.

Benny turned his head to warn Tom to have a care, when the lower part of his crutch became entangled in a vine, and he came nigh falling. Finding his brother was not injured, Tom indulged in a quiet little laugh, and had just added some wholesome advice when he banged against the solid trunk of a tree with such force that for the moment he believed he had cracked his noddle. These little warnings served their purpose of making all parties more careful, even though it was at the expense of progress.

Ouden said nothing, but pushed on with the grim resolution natural to him, literally feeling every step, until he must have passed several hundred yards. Then he checked himself for a minute or two, but without lowering the boat, which was not heavy enough to cause any discomfort. Jack, however, at the request of Tom, exchanged places with him.

"Do you hear anything?" asked the hunter, by way of explaining the cause of their stoppage.

All listened. The faint sighing of the river came to their ears as you have noticed, when standing close to a forest on a still summer night.

"It is on our left," said Jack.

"That's where it oughter be," remarked Ouden, "and it shows we're travelin' the right course."

"It comes to me as though the river lies to the right," remarked Tom.

"That can't be unless we've swum across it with the boat on our shoulders," said Ouden; "do any of you youngers remember doin' that since we started, being as I don't?"

"Ah, I forgot," the facetious lad hastened to say; "I am facing the opposite way from you; that's the reason."

"How are you making out?" inquired the hunter, addressing himself to the lame member, who replied that he was doing well, was not tired, and his staff still held out.

Everything being in satisfactory form, the laborious work was resumed, and pushed with the same care as before.

By and by the guide began bearing to the left, occasionally pausing for a second or two, to listen for the sound that was his sole guidance. Despite the care that was used every member of the party, with the exception of the hunter, met with one or more mishaps.

Tom, while holding up his end of the canoe, came down to the ground with a violence that endangered the craft itself. Jack fell twice, but was not hurt, nor was Benny, who tumbled once.

Once more the strange procession came to a halt, and each one listened for the sound that had guided them thus far. They had been considerably more than an hour working their passage. The boys were sure they had traveled over a mile, and were nearly that distance below the Iroquois, whose camp must have been left so far to the south that no one caught the first glimmer of it.

"We must be close to the Catsuga," remarked Benny, who, like his brothers, was struck with the distinctness of the sound.

"So we are," said Ouden; "we orter be within a hundred yards of it this very minute, and I guess we are."

There was general rejoicing at this announcement, which was confirmed a minute later, when the canoe was once more placed in the stream from which it had been lifted. An examination showed that it had not suffered from its rather rough usage, and the delight of all was marked, as they found themselves again floating with the guiding paddle in the hand of the backwoodsman who had proven such a valuable friend to them.

"Now, if the road is clear," said Tom, "we ought to be at the settlements before daylight."

"That's what I expect," was the confident reply of Ouden, "purvided always thar ain't too many varmints in the way!"

"We are going fast," remarked Benny, lying back in the boat and enjoying the rest

after his laborious walk, "and I'm quite sure we shall arrive on time."

"It don't do to be too sartin—wal, I'll be hanged!"

Orris Ouden had made a most wonderful discovery.

(To be continued.)

[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 XX.

#### SHOUTS FOR ASSISTANCE.

CAPTAIN GREENWAY was very anxious to escape from the hotel, though he believed that the gratitude of the rich lady would protect him from any exposure of his secret, if he could succeed in keeping out of the way of other people.

He believed that he had disarmed Mrs. Forbush by making her his confidante, even to telling her his real name, if the reader had not before recognized in "The Hermit of Minnetonka" the former resident of the elegant mansion on the hill, Paul Gayland.

He had left the home of his benefactor soon after the family had all retired the night before the robbery of the safe, taking with him all his clothing, books and such other things as he desired, packing them in his large valise.

Besides the thousand dollar bill which Mr. Gayland had presented to him as the basis of his future income, he had some other money, with which he could pay his expenses for a time, and he took the last train for Minneapolis without any well defined idea of what he was going to do with himself.

It was with genuine sorrow that he left the house of his benefactor; but he felt that he was the cause of so much discord in the family that he ought to leave, though it was not his fault that Mrs. Gayland made trouble on his account.

Whether he was mistaken in his idea or not, he certainly left the house because he felt it to be his duty to do so, for he was not the son of the rich man, and he realized that he was stepping in between Sparks, if not the wife, and his reasonable expectations.

As he made his way to the railroad station with his hat pulled down over his eyes so that he should not be recognized, he shed hot tears at the necessity which had confronted him, and driven him away from what had once been a delightful home to him. He was now alone in the world, willing as his benefactor was to care for him, and even love him as a son; but Paul felt that he could not live in the midst of such strife, and that he was really doing a kindness to Mr. Gayland in relieving him of his presence in the house.

He went to a hotel of the smaller class in Minneapolis, and the next day took the tram for the lake, where he had found Wabash Wingstone at Excelsior. The engineer was then in charge of the Hebe, pending the sale of her to the highest bidder.

Philip Greenway, as he chose to call himself from the time he reached Minneapolis, liked the looks of the little steamer, and entered into conversation with her engineer, who told him she was for sale for the most she would bring.

Bashy volunteered to show up the steam yacht, if the visitor had any intention of buying her, and Phil hinted that he had the means to do so if she did not cost too much; and the engineer procured a pilot at once.

The passenger intimated that he should like to visit the most unfrequented part of the lake, and he was taken to Halsted's Bay, where he discovered the very locality he most desired to find; and then he sounded Bashy in regard to the probable value of the Hebe.

He found the sum less than he had supposed it would be, though more than his means would permit him to give; but he made an offer of six hundred dollars, with which the engineer promised to wait on the assignee of the bankrupt owner.

Somewhat to the astonishment of the hermit, as he intended to make himself, the offer was accepted, the large bill was changed at the bank, and Phil, or Captain Greenway, as the engineer called him from that hour, became the owner of the Hebe, one of the finest steam yachts on the lake.

Bashy had spoken an early word for himself, and he was engaged to serve as engineer and general assistant at the shanty when it should be erected. A rowboat was purchased, and in less than a week the Hermitage was completed. The assistance of the pilot was secured for a few days, and the Hebe was going about all the time to enable the new owner to learn the navigation of the lake.

As has been said before, Philip Greenway, as he had named himself to fit the initials on his arm, kept himself out of the way of everybody, and he did not even begin to read the *Minneapolis Tribune* on Sunday till he had lived two weeks at the Hermitage. He had never heard of the robbery of the elegant mansion on the hill at St. Paul, and he had not the



remotest suspicion that he was charged with participating in the burglary.

But even if he had read the papers, and learned that the house had been entered, with a loss of over six thousand dollars, he would not have known that he was believed to have been concerned in the break, for Cavan, for reasons of his own, had caused this fact to be suppressed in the interests of justice; and even Mrs. Gayland and Sparks dared not disregard the injunction of secrecy.

Philip, as we will call him in deference to his desire, had no doubt that Mr. Gayland would seek to recover him again, as he had done on the former occasion; but he thought he would be more likely to look for him in Chicago, or at the seaboard, than in the immediate vicinity; and for this season he decided to spend the summer at Lake Minnetonka, where he had been only once before.

When he had escaped from the hotel, after his interview with Mrs. Forbush, without passing through a crowd of the assembled guests, he took a path by the lake shore to the wharf, and went on board of the steamer, where he immediately gave the order to cast off the fasts, though he did it himself in the absence of any deck hand.

The Hebe backed out from the pier without affording any of the people there an opportunity to talk with the captain about himself or the thrilling incident of the day; and in the pilot house, he began to review what had passed since he went to the assistance of the Excelsior.

The clouds still hung over the lake, and though the tempest had passed away, the wind still blew more than half a gale from the northwest, and the water was rough; but the captain of the Hebe rather enjoyed handling his craft when there was sea enough to shake her up.

He headed her for the north, through the passage between the peninsula and Big Island, beyond which was the Narrows, through which he had to pass in order to reach the Hermitage; but he had no more than got through the channel before his attention was attracted by the vigorous shouts of a man who must be at a considerable distance from him, judging by the sound.

He saw a steam launch at the south of the Northwood Park as he came through the passage, but he did not bestow a second glance upon her till he heard the yells, which he soon decided came from her.

A second look at her assured him that she was disabled, and was drifting before the wind on the rather heavy sea in that exposed part of the lake, and he immediately threw over the wheel so as to overhaul her.

But he had made but a short distance before he heard the scream of a woman, and he concluded that the Excelsior was not the only craft that had suffered from the hurricane of that day.

The steam launch, being quite small, was rolling in the trough of the sea in a manner that must have been very trying to the nerves of a woman, or even a man of little experience in a heavy sea.

The scream was repeated several times, and the captain of the Hebe concluded that the situation on board of the steam launch was more trying than he had supposed it could be, though the Hebe made tolerably good weather of it, and did not even mind the trough of the sea.

"Bashy, give me more steam!" called the captain through the speaking tube. "There is a boat disabled off here!"

The engineer proceeded to obey the order without asking any questions, for he had learned more of the humor of the captain that day than he had ever known before.

The screams of the woman and the yells of the man became more frequent and vigorous, and Phil hoped the boat would not go to the bottom before he could reach her.

As he continued to watch the launch, he saw a man at the bow, for she was drifting stern foremost, making the most energetic gestures for his benefit, though for some time he could not make out the meaning of his demonstration.

"There is a small boat off to windward of us!" shouted Bashy, from the port side of the steamer, near the engine.

Captain Greenway looked in the direction indicated by his assistant, and for the first time he discovered a very small boat, which seemed to be making very bad weather of it.

A second look assured him that there was a young girl in the boat.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### A MAIDEN IN PERIL.

AS soon as he discovered the small boat containing the young girl, Captain Greenway began to have a better idea of the situation. Leaving the disabled steam launch to take care of itself, he changed the course of the Hebe, directing her towards the smaller craft, which was in the greater peril.

It was evident from the screams that came from the launch that there was a woman on board of it, and it was clear that the danger to the young girl was the occasion of the vigorous yell of the man and of the shrieking of the female; and the belief was soon confirmed by the cessation of both cries.

The pilot took a marine glass from the brackets, and gave a closer scrutiny to the little boat and its single passenger; and he had no difficulty in realizing that the girl was in imminent peril, for the boat was in the trough of a sea which was altogether too much for a craft of

its size, and the waves seemed to be breaking into it at every roll it made.

After changing her course the Hebe was headed into the eye of the wind, and she made good weather of it, hardly minding the waves that were a sore trial to the steam launch, floundering about in the trough of the sea.

Bashy was hurrying her all he dared, for he could see that the young girl was in great danger of being swamped, or washed out of the boat. He went to take a look at her as often as about once a minute, saying something to the captain each time he did so.

"Do you know what boat that is?" asked Phil Greenway from the pilot house, after Bashy had made one of his remarks about the situation of the smaller craft.

"I haven't the least idea; but I think the steam launch belongs to the Hotel Lafayette, for there is one like that kept over there," replied the engineer. "There are a dozen boats like that little one about the lake, but I reckon it belongs at Minnetonka Beach."

This was near the Hotel Lafayette, the largest at the lake, situated on a peninsula at the northern shore of Holmes Bay, where the Manitoba Railroad has its terminus, though the information afforded the captain no solution of the situation of the two crafts then in sight.

It is natural for almost any one to ask how anything happened, and that was what Phil tried to reason out as he watched the launch and the little rowboat, though he had no facts on which to base any theory.

The hurricane had spent its fury more than an hour before, though it was possible that the launch had been disabled by its violence; but he could form no opinion as to how the girl happened to be adrift at least half a mile from the little steamer or the nearest land.

The Hebe had perceptibly increased her speed against the smart gale which was blowing at the time, and she cut the water with her sharp bow as though she scorned the resistance the waves presented to her progress. Not a little of the moisture from the lake was dashed upon the deck of the steamer, and even into the face of the bold pilot who directed her movements.

As the Hebe approached the light craft, and the girl could be seen clinging convulsively to the rails on each side of her, her screams became audible; and any one would have been willing to excuse her for being frightened under such circumstances.

"Hold on, and you are a" right!" shouted Captain Greenway, at the top of his lungs, when he thought he was near enough to be heard by the little miss, who appeared to be quaking with terror.

The hail, intended to encourage the girl, was answered by a shrill scream from the sufferer, as she gazed with the most intense earnestness at the approaching steamer.

"She ain't used up yet," shouted Bashy, when he had heard the scream, which assured him that there was some vitality left in the maiden, in spite of all she had endured.

In a few minutes more the Hebe was near enough to make it necessary to prepare to save the girl from her perilous position, for the captain realized that a mistake in the measures adopted to take the maiden on board might result in the loss of the one they sought to rescue, as even a slight collision with the frail rowboat might smash in its side, and throw the girl into the water, where she would evidently be helpless, and might sink at once in her partially exhausted condition.

It was a nice maneuver to approach such a feather weight as the light rowboat in such a sea as surrounded it without sinking it, and the captain saw the necessity of careful calculation, for the Hebe was leaping and plunging in the opposing waves.

"Stand by the engine, and look sharp, Bashy!" shouted the pilot, as he rang the bell to stop her.

A noise of hissing steam was all the reply he could hear, for the engineer eased off the boiler as he shut off steam from the machinery; but the captain saw that his order was promptly obeyed, though the steamer continued to approach the boat under the impetus before acquired.

When the bow of the Hebe was almost up with the rowboat, the captain threw over the wheel, and the steamer circled part way round the boat, till her hull was exactly to windward of the little boat, and not more than ten feet from it, when he rang to back her.

Bashy obeyed the order on the instant, and the effect of the backing was to deprive the boat of its headway by simply checking her momentum; but the instant her progress ceased she began to roll in a manner that would have been dangerous to a smaller craft.

As soon as he had the boat as nearly at rest as the angry waves would permit, Captain Greenway darted from the pilot house as though he had been shot by some invisible weapon, and made his way to the waist of the vessel, abreast of which was the rowboat containing the terrified maiden, whom Phil judged to be about ten years old.

Taking a heave line in his hand as he stepped down from the pilot house, upon which he had fixed his eye while making his calculations for the rescue, he made one end of it fast to the rail, and waited for the steamer to drift up to the light boat; and he was so near that he had to remain idle only the fraction of a second.

"Stand by here, Bashy, with a boathook," said he to the engineer, to whom no call from the pilot house could now come.

"Here I am," replied the assistant, picking

up the implement which lay by the side of the engine.

Phil decided that it was not prudent to ask the little maiden to do anything for her own safety, for he realized that she must be almost paralyzed by the cold water and the terror of her situation.

In another moment the Hebe had drifted upon the boat, and the captain, with the rope in his hand, dropped adroitly into the frail little craft, which was now comparatively at rest under the lee of the steamer.

"Fend off the boat with the boathook," said Phil, with no appearance of excitement in his manner. Perhaps the thrilling events on the other side of the island had made the present one a tame affair.

When he had made fast the heave line to the boat, the captain did not lose a single instant in proceeding to the momentous business of his mission. Without a word, he gathered up the little maiden in his strong arms, and lifted her from her seat on the bottom of the boat.

"Stand by, there, Bashy!" he called to the engineer. "Never mind the boathook now, but take the girl, and handle her carefully."

The Hebe was low enough in the water to enable Bashy to obey the order, and he took the maiden in his arms as carefully as though she had been a basket of eggs, in spite of the rolling of the steamer, and deposited her on the leather cushion in what was called, by courtesy, the engine room, though it was not inclosed from the rest of the craft.

As soon as the captain saw that she was safe, he cast off the heave line, and went on board of the Hebe with the painter of the rowboat in his hand; and, carrying it aft, he made it fast at the stern of the steamer.

The moments of peril to the maiden were past, and the Hebe was in no danger at present; the captain therefore went to ascertain the condition of his little passenger before he returned to the pilot house. He found that Bashy had changed her sitting posture to a recumbent one, and had put his overcoat under her.

The engineer dropped the canvas curtains that inclosed the boiler and machinery, and the place was soon as hot as an oven.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### AN EXCITING CHASE.

"WHAT is your name, little miss?" asked Bashy, when he had sheltered the maiden from the savage blast that came from the northwest.

"Sibyl Goldson," she replied, shivering with the cold so that it was with the greatest difficulty she could answer the question.

"Don't talk to her, Bashy; she is not in condition to answer questions," interposed Captain Greenway. "Let her entirely alone till she gets warm and comfortable; and it will soon be hot enough to toast her here."

"All right, captain; not another word," answered the engineer, as he left the little passenger to look after the engine.

"We will go ahead now, for I think that party in the steam launch will be glad to see us as soon as we can overhaul her," continued the captain, as he left the engine room and went to the pilot house.

In a moment more the bell rang to go ahead, and Bashy started the engine again, though he kept one eye on the guest of the engine room, for he feared that she might roll off the cushioned seat which served for her couch, in the lively motion of the craft while she was at rest.

The Hebe came about, making some tremendous lee lurches as she did so, and went off before the wind, though her motion became sensibly less as she darted over the dashing waves.

The steam launch had drifted at least half a mile since the captain of the Hebe had given any particular attention to her, and the change in the direction of the wind from west to northwest had carried her towards the eastern part of Big Island, where she was in danger of going ashore before the needed assistance could be rendered to her, and a heavy sea was breaking against the beach.

"Keep her moving as lively as you can, Bashy," called the pilot through the speaking tube.

"What is the matter now, captain?" inquired the engineer, through the same channel.

"The steam launch is drifting towards the shore of Big Island," replied Phil. "She may knock a hole in her bottom before we can reach her."

"All right; she shall do her best," added Bashy. "Miss Sibyl is getting warm, and says, without any asking, that she feels better."

"Glad to hear it; but keep the engine jumping, or the rest of these people may need us more than the little girl did."

The effect of this request was soon apparent in the motion of the Hebe, for, though she leaped and buried her bow in the waves, she was making rapid progress through the water, and Captain Greenway had a lively hope that he should be able to prevent the launch from pounding on the shore.

The disabled craft was ahead of him, and he applied his marine glass to her to ascertain how many persons were on board of her. After a while he was able to count four, though there might be more whom he could not see.

The party appeared to consist of a lady, two men, and a boy; and the captain concluded, from the screams she had given while Miss Sibyl was in such imminent peril, that the female was the child's mother.

As the Hebe came nearer to the chase, two

of the men made signals with their handkerchiefs, though, as the steamer was doing her best, the captain of the steamer gave no heed to them, for there was nothing to be done that he was not already doing.

The launch was every moment getting nearer to the shore, and, however well she was built, the sea was heavy enough to give her a severe shock if she struck the hard gravel or packed sand. As the distance to the island became less, the signals became more forcible and imperative; and the captain was now near enough to see that one of the men was pointing nervously at the land on his starboard hand.

As before stated, the steam launch was much smaller than the Hebe, and a new difficulty was presented to the pilot of the latter, for his own craft drew twice as much water as the other, and he was liable to get aground before he could reach the disabled boat.

He realized that it would be bad policy for him to run the risk of knocking a hole in the hull of the Hebe, for then he could do nothing for his own people or for those in the launch.

"We are scraping on the bottom!" suddenly yelled Bashy, through the speaking tube.

The captain put the helm to starboard, for he suspected that the Hebe had thumped once or twice on the bottom, and the steamer stood away from the perilous locality; and this movement brought a yell of indignation from the launch, whose people evidently did not understand the reason for this change of course.

But Captain Greenway gave no heed to this demonstration, and only took the trouble to satisfy himself that the launch was still afloat; then he came about, and took a position abreast of the disabled craft and fastened the wheel amidships as he rang to stop her.

Then he took off his coat, which the coolness of the weather rendered necessary on the lake, and rolled up his shirt sleeves, as though he had some difficult work before him.

Leaving the pilot house, he went to the waist, and raised the curtain of the engine room, where the sweat was pouring off the forehead of Bashy in the heat he had got up for the benefit of the little passenger.

"Bashy, keep her moving just enough to prevent her from drifting towards the shore, for I have secured the wheel amidships, though you must attend to her steering if her head falls off too much," said Phil, in a clear and calm voice, though the men on the launch were yelling with all their might at him.

"All right, Captain Greenway; I have done that thing all along before, and I know just how to do it, and the Hebe will mind me as though she had brains of her own," replied the faithful engineer.

"Whether the Hebe has brains or not, you have, Bashy, and I leave the steamer in your charge. Do the best you can with her, and that is all I ask," added the captain, as he walked to the stern of the boat.

On his way he took a coil of rope, which was the longest single line on board, and secured one end of it very carefully to a cleat used to moor her alongside a wharf; and, taking the other end in his hand, he stepped into the little rowboat, and made it fast at the stern.

Taking the oars from the bottom of the little boat, he cast off the painter, and began to pull towards the launch, which was nearly abreast of the Hebe, both craft looking directly into the wind.

It was not an easy task to pull a boat of that size in such waves, and the tender of the steamer, which the captain did not need, as he did not intend to make a landing in his cruise, had been left at the Hermitage; but the rower was evidently accustomed to pulling in a heavy sea, and he soon displayed his skill in a manner which astonished Bashy, who did not let a minute pass without looking at him.

The men on board of the launch, whether they had come to an understanding of the real situation or not, had ceased to yell, and all on board of her were watching the little boat with the most intense interest, no doubt with a mingling of anxiety for the success of his efforts, whatever he intended to do, for they did not seem to comprehend his movements.

When Phil reached the bow of the launch, his boat was half full of water, for his course had kept him in the trough of the sea, and it was only with great difficulty, and the exercise of a skill which experience alone could give, that he had been able to keep it right side up.

Bringing the light boat under the lee of the bow of the launch, he made fast the long line he had brought through the water from the Hebe to a ring in the stem of the disabled craft, even before the captain of it could determine what he was about.

Without waiting an instant after he had accomplished his mission at the launch, Phil pulled back to his own steamer, though he was again greeted by the yells of the two men.

"What are you about? Are you going to desert us now? We shall be broken up in three minutes on this shore," yelled one of the men.

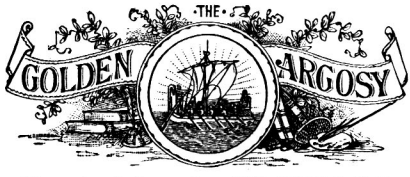
"It is all right, and I am doing the best I can," replied Phil, who had no wind to spare after his desperate exertion in explaining his plan.

"We shall all be drowned!" screamed the lady.

The captain of the Hebe had enough to do to handle his feather weight boat, and he made no further reply; but as soon as he saw Bashy in the waist of the Hebe he yelled to him to go ahead, full steam.

(To be continued.)





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#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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

#### A USEFUL RECIPE.

As this is the season of travel and of open windows too, we think our readers will thank us for passing on a timely item that we read somewhere the other day. It was relative to the method of extracting a cinder from the eye, and the method was certainly simple, although apparently most anomalous. The victim must rub the other eye—that is, the eye in which the cinder has not found lodgment.

As we all know, the common practice is just contrariwise. What is to be done when cinders get in both eyes, is not stated.

#### COUNT THE COST.

PROMPTNESS and ambition are qualities in a man or boy most certainly deserving of encouragement. But they should always be weighted by the balance wheel of prudence.

Not long ago the proprietor of a mill noticed that the belt on one of the driving wheels had slipped from its place. He thought he could put it back without the loss of time that would be incurred by the stoppage of the machinery, and therefore put up his hand to readjust things himself.

But he made a miscalculation. His arm was dragged into the relentless cogs and fairly wrenched from his body. He lingered for a week and then died. Five minutes were saved and a life lost.

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

#### PROFITABLE PROVERBS.

WE print below four Arabian proverbs, which a contemporary recently placed very conspicuously at the top of one of its pages. They will bear close study, and the direct admonition attached to each one leaves the reader in no doubt as to the manner in which he can profit by their perusal.

He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is stupid. Shun him.

He that knows not, and knows that he knows not, is good. Teach him.

He that knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. Arouse him.

He that knows, and knows that he knows, is wise. Follow him.

#### IN NEED OF A CURB.

DAME NATURE appears to be a little inclined at this time to resent the servitude into which her forces have been driven by man. It would seem as if she wished to remind us that, although we are very smart, very far seeing and very inventive, she is still more powerful than we, and only consents to serve us because she cannot help herself, and is harnessed, so to speak, to our desires.

In two directions, however, these fetters have of late been snapped. In Buffalo natural gas

suddenly rises in its might and wrecks a church, while in New York and elsewhere electric light wires begin to give out death shocks with alarming frequency.

Indeed, so imbued has the public become with dread in this latter direction that now, when a wire falls across a street, there is a universal scramble to get out of its way, whereas when such a contingency occurred a few months since, the first thing thought of was to throw it aside and lift the blockade to traffic.

But we may rest assured, from the triumphs of the past, that man will yet find means to conquer these new difficulties.

#### A STRANGE PRINTING HOUSE.

A PUBLISHING house that turns out 1,504,647 volumes a year and yet that has not a single type setter in its employ certainly seems something of an anomaly. And yet such is the case with a large establishment in the central part of New York City, an establishment with twenty one printing presses in one room and rows upon rows of folding machines. All the work, in short, is done on the premises, the books issued being in the various languages of the world.

But how is all this accomplished without a compositor, you ask, that adjunct the most important of all in a printing house? The explanation is simple.

The book is the Bible, the firm is the American Bible Society and all the type setting was finished years ago, since when the printing has been done entirely from electrotype plates.

#### THE MODEL PAPER.

PARENTS, children, all seem to agree that there is no paper like the ARGOSY. Read the spontaneous testimonials printed below, which are only a few out of the many of the week's accumulation.

NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS., May 5, 1888.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY is the best toned paper for young people that was ever printed.

FRED L. DARLING.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., May 20, 1888.

I take your paper every week, and many other papers also, but my father wishes me to take one only. He told me the ARGOSY would be the best to take, though that was the one I had selected anyhow.

JULIUS ALBRIGHT.

CINCINNATI, O., May 17, 1888.

I have been a reader of your invaluable paper for several years, and in all of that time the ARGOSY has been overflowing with the choicest of literature. I must congratulate you upon securing "Mr. Halgrove's Ward" for the ARGOSY. I consider it the best story of its kind I ever had the pleasure of reading. Hope to have the pleasure of reading another story by the same author.

LENNOX C. GOODWIN.

ORANGE, N. J., May 4, 1888.

I have read your grand paper for nearly a year and have never read a better. The stories are perfect models and they grow more fascinating every week.

JOHN BRENNAN.

31 NORTH 7TH ST., ALLENTOWN, PA., May 23, 1888.

I have been taking the ARGOSY for about a year, and I like it better than any other boys' paper I have ever read.

FRED W. BOHLENS.

THE SERIALS NOW RUNNING IN THE ARGOSY, "THE TWO RIVALS; OR, THE ROAD TO FAME;" OLIVER OPTIC'S "YOUNG HERMIT;" ARTHUR LEWIS PUTNAM'S "NEW YORK BOY;" EDWARD S. ELLIS'S "RED EAGLE;" AND FRANK H. CONVERSE'S "HEIR TO A MILLION;" FORM A COMBINATION OF ATTRACTIONS BUT SELDOM OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC, AND WHEN TO THESE SUMMER TALES ARE ADDED "THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS," BY GEORGE H. COOMER; "DEAN DUNHAM; OR, THE WATERFORD MYSTERY," BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.; A MARVELOUS TALE OF A STRANGE TRIBE OF AFRICANS BY DAVID KER; A FASCINATING STORY OF FRIENDSHIP BY TALBOT BAINES REED, AUTHOR OF "MR. HALGROVE'S WARD;" A NEWSERIAL BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR., AUTHOR OF "THREE THIRTY THREE" AND "ERIC DANE;" "ARMS AND METHODS OF CIVILIZED WARFARE," A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MILITARY MATTERS BY LIEUT. W. R. HAMILTON, SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED, WE SHALL HAVE IN OUR PAPER A TOWER OF STRENGTH THAT NO OTHER JOURNAL IN THE WORLD CAN HOPE TO EQUAL. BUT THESE ARE ONLY HINTINGS OF THE LITERARY AND ARTISTIC FEAST THAT THE ARGOSY WILL WEEKLY SET BEFORE ITS READERS DURING THE PRESENT SUMMER.

#### ELIJAH A. MORSE.

Of Canton, Massachusetts—a Prominent Manufacturer, Politician, and Temperance Advocate.

THERE is no business man in New England more widely known or more generally respected than Elijah A. Morse, of Canton, Massachusetts. He is a self made man, a successful and wealthy manufacturer; and he is prominent in other fields beside. He has served in the Massachusetts Assembly, been twice elected to the State Senate, and will probably be a member of the next Congress. He is a leader in the cause of temperance, on which subject Mr. Morse has made about fifteen hundred speeches in ten years; he is a genuine philanthropist, and a warm supporter of every social reform.

He belongs to an old New England family, whose founder, Samuel Morse, settled at Dedham, Massachusetts, as early as 1634. He is the son of the Reverend Abner Morse, a cultured clergyman, and was born on the 25th of May, 1841. His birthplace was South Bend, Indiana, but he removed in early boyhood to the State of his ancestors, and there nearly all of his life has been spent.

Beginning his education in the public schools of Boston, he attended, later, the well known Boylston School in that city, and Onondaga Academy in New York State. He had just left school when the civil war broke out, and the young patriot of nineteen at once enlisted, and went to the front as a private in Company A of the Fourth Massachusetts Infantry. His brother Albert, afterward a partner in the firm of Morse Brothers, was also prompt to volunteer for service, but not in the same regiment, as he entered the Thirty Third Massachusetts.

On leaving the army, Mr. Morse joined with two of his brothers in establishing the manufactory which energy, integrity, and business ability have made so successful. This manufactory is the Rising Sun stove polish works, whose products have become staple commodities all over the country, and even far beyond its limits. The extensive buildings, which are located in the village of Canton, a few miles outside of Boston, are a model of their kind, and the prosperity of the firm, in which Mr. Morse is now the only remaining partner, may be judged from the fact that the daily shipments are reckoned by tons, and have reached as high as nearly thirty tons.

His handsome residence, built about nine years ago, stands on a slight eminence near the works, surrounded by well planted and laid out grounds. At one corner of these is a public drinking fountain, built on a site once occupied by a saloon—the tangible evidence, as it were, of a victory in the cause of temperance. Nor is this Mr. Morse's only benefaction to his fellow citizens. He gave them the ground for a Memorial Hall in memory of those who fell in the war for the Union; built a monument to Colonel Gridley, a Revolutionary patriot, and has proved his public spirit in many other ways. He is a generous employer of labor; at one time, several years ago, when in a period of severe business depression his factory was closed for some weeks, he paid his workmen half their usual wages, although there was nothing for them to do.

The raw material used in the works is mostly imported from Ceylon, and in Mr. Morse's finely furnished private office may be seen, besides other objects of interest, a collection of specimens and photographs illustrating the

mining of that mineral in the far off Asiatic island.

Mr. Morse was elected to the Massachusetts Assembly by his fellow citizens in 1876, and ten years later he represented the First District of Norfolk County in the State Senate. He was reelected last year, and it is probable that at the coming Congressional elections he may be sent to the national legislature by his district—the Second of Massachusetts, now represented at Washington by Congressman John D. Long.

He is a fluent and able speaker, and is frequently invited to address public meetings on various topics. His favorite subject, as already stated, is that of temperance, and he is an earnest crusader against the traffic in drink, in consequence of which, to quote from a speech he

recently delivered in New York, "in our country sixty thousand men are annually going down to drunkards' graves, five hundred murders are committed, five hundred ghastly suicides look to heaven, one hundred thousand men crowd our almshouses and swell our taxes."

Mr. Morse is still in the prime of life, and has, it is to be hoped, many years of usefulness and honor before him. He has already, solely by his own exertions, achieved what stamps him as one of the

most successful men of the day—one of those who have helped to place their country in the vanguard of the nations.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

#### SCARS.

SHE sought her dead upon the field,  
Her king of many wars,  
And finding him she cried, "'Tis he,  
"I know him by his scars."

O record of a soldier's fate,  
Whose light outshines the stars,  
When she who loved him best can say,  
"I know him by his scars."

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

HE that is ignoble in small deeds cannot act nobly in great deeds.

A MAN does harm to others by his actions, to himself by his thoughts.

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

THE happiness of your life depends upon the character of your thoughts.—M. Aurelius.

MEN exist for the sake of one another. Teach them or bear with them.—Marcus Aurelius.

THE effect of noble thoughts, just principles, and elevated conceptions, is never lost.—Alison.

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

I HATE to see a thing done by halves: if it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone.—Gilpin.

WHEN we have one fact found us, we are very apt to supply the next out of our own imagination.—O. W. Holmes.

IS not he imprudent who, seeing the tide making haste towards him apace, will sleep till the sea overwhelms him?—Tillotson.

HISTORY is a mighty drama, enacted upon the theater of Time, with suns for lamps, and Eternity for a background.—Thomas Carlyle.

HOLD fast by the present! Every situation—nay, every moment—is of infinite value, for it is the representative of a whole eternity.—Goethe.

THERE is but one way I know of conversing safely with all men; that is, not by concealing what we say or do, but by saying or doing nothing that deserves to be concealed.—Pope.

IF, in spite of wars and fevers and accidents, and the strokes of chance, this world be as rich and fair and green as we have found it, what must the coming world be like?—C. Kingsley.

BAD luck is simply a man with his hands in his pockets and pipe in his mouth, looking on to see how it is coming out. Good luck is a man of pluck, with his sleeves rolled up and working to make it come out right.

THE high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets, or broadswords, or canals, or songs.—Emerson.



ELIJAH A. MORSE.

From a Photograph by Holland & Roberts.



SUMMER.

BY E. R. SILL.

OVERHEAD the leaf song, on the upland slope; Over that the azure, clear from base to cope; Blanche the mare beside me, drowsy from her lope. Goldy green the wheat field, like a fluted wall In the pleasant wind, with waves that rise and fall, Moving all together, if it move at all.

Actions Speak Louder Than Words.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

SKIPPER BRUIN, I regret to say, was intoxicated. When Jack Landers first noticed the skipper heaving in sight and beating heavily to windward in the direction of the end of one of the Portland wharves, he felt a strong desire to retire. For Skipper Bruin was a Barmouth man—Jack a Barmouth boy. And when inebriated, the skipper was not a desirable acquaintance. But Jack was expecting the arrival of young Giltege's yacht the Vixen. He had heard that one of the crew was intending to leave on arrival, and Jack hoped to get the vacant berth. Thirty dollars a month for three—or possibly four—months, meant considerable to Jack and his widowed mother.

Carrying a half gallon jug in one hand, the skipper came reeling and rolling toward the end of the wharf where his catboat was moored. But recognizing Jack, Skipper Bruin was suddenly and visibly affected, even unto tears.

"Jack," he said brokenly, "I'm miser'ble wretch. Spent money for cup that cheers an' 'nebrates both together. The last mor'n the first. 'N' forgot all prescription doctor giv' me to get put up f'r Mis' Bruin."

"You're a fool, you mean," bluntly returned Jack.

He knew Mrs. Bruin was sick, and the medicine was probably needed very much. But the skipper had run a catch of fish into the Portland market that morning, with results not entirely unexpected.

"Hand over the prescription," said Jack after a moment's thought. And Skipper Bruin having complied with some difficulty, Jack departed up town with it.

A little later he returned with the medicine.

Skipper Bruin had clambered into his boat, and with his head pillowed on the jug was buried in the heavy stupor of intoxication.

"What's the good of Maine law, any way," was Jack's indignant thought, "when it can't or won't close up the open rum shops in Portland and Bangor?"

But no answer presented itself. And all this time Mrs. Bruin at home was waiting, and perhaps suffering, for her medicine.

"Well, I must take the boat back myself," said Jack with a sigh, "and likely enough that'll lose me my chance in the Vixen."

Yet Jack remembered how kind Mrs. Bruin had been when his mother was very sick the winter before, and how she had watched her night after night, refusing all proffer of pay.

And ten minutes later the skipper's boat was standing out past Peak's Island, in the direction of Barmouth harbor, ten miles away.

When Skipper Bruin finally roused himself from his drunken slumber, his boat was working slowly past Barmouth Point against a light westerly breeze. The skipper stared stupidly at Jack, looked round for his jug, and then with a sudden exclamation began groping in his pockets.

"Head her round fer Portland, Jack; I ain't goin' back to Barmouth 'thout Mis' Bruin's medicine," he exclaimed.

"Medicine's all right—I went up town and got it while you wer' asleep. And I've smashed the jug—so you needn't look round after that," was Jack's response.

"You're a good boy, Jack," said the skipper, gratefully: "a good boy, and I won't forget what you've done. I'm glad you smashed the jug—darn the plaguy stuff, any way! It was the fust I've tasted for nigh a year, and I reck'n it'll be the last fer another to come!"

"I hope so. Actions speak louder than words, though," was Jack's rather uncompromising reply. For he had little faith in the skipper's promises or amendment. "Better go about now so as to make a short and a long 'leg' up the harbor, hadn't we?" he asked, abruptly.

Skipper Bruin glanced ahead. It was nearly ebb tide, and the long chain of kelp covered rocks extending outward from Barmouth Point were nearly bare. Only for these a vessel could work into Barmouth Harbor at any tide, unless the wind was dead ahead and blowing heavily. As it was, a long tack had to be made to clear the point of rocks, unless the wind was perfectly fair.

"Keep her straight on through the ol' false channel, Jack."

"But I thought it choked up with sand shift

in the big gale last winter so even a catboat couldn't get through at dead low water," was Jack's reply. He had sailed in and out of Barmouth Harbor ever since he was big enough to hold the wheel of a coaster or fisherman, and secretly prided himself on his skill at piloting.

"So it did, my lad," returned the skipper, easing the main sheet a bit; "but though nobody 'ceptin' me has diskivered it, the spring tides cleared the sand out slick as a whistle. There's eighteen foot good in the false channel, an' deepenin' all the time."

This was news to Jack, who made a mental note thereof, little dreaming how soon he was destined to avail himself of the information. But catching sight of a trim looking yacht just coming to anchor a short distance from the harbor wharf, Jack uttered a joyous exclamation.

"There's the Vixen now, and I was expectin' her to come in to Portland all the time," he

So Jack, very light hearted, donned the jaunty yachting rig. The month's advance wages he turned over to his mother, after which the yacht ran down to Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where the "squadron" had anchored for a day or two.

Now young Giltege was a bit of a boaster. His horses and dogs, his guns, and finally his yacht, were all and each superior in their kind to anything owned by others.

In the same catalogue young Giltege reckoned the champagne he produced for a couple of the visiting members of the squadron.

"Betchu fellers," said young Giltege, hilariously—"betcher any 'mount you want to put up, the Vixen beats either the Fleet or the Seabird into Barmouth Harbor—all makin' same start tomorrow morning."

No matter how much the amount of the bet was finally fixed upon. It was a goodly sum, and young Giltege's two friends winked slyly at

sheer exasperation only from its extreme shortness.

"Dash it all—'tain't the bet I care for so much's the Vixen's reputation," he cried in wild despair. "Do all you know, Mr. Blake. Why, I'd give anybody a hundred dollars to beat this race for me!"

"Will you trust *me* to do it, Mr. Giltege?" suddenly queried Jack, who, with a couple of others, was at the main sheet in readiness for tacking.

"Why—er—what do you mean, Landers?" "The false channel is clear—I came through it on the ebb yesterday, and took the bearings. I can bring the Vixen through all right if you say so, sir," said Jack, respectfully.

"Ah—what do *you* say, Mr. Blake?" was young Giltege's agitated response.

"Humph! Old Bruin says Jack don't ever promise more'n he can carry out. Well, actions speak louder 'n words—go to the wheel! But mind you, Jack Landers, if you get the Vixen ashore, and me into a scrape, I'll lick you within an inch of your life!"

Thus Mr. Blake, and outwardly cool but with every nerve at a tension, Jack took the spokes from a sailor's hands.

"Ease the main sheet a bit, sir! Well, that!"

A tremendous slatting of canvas astern, and the following yachts went about, expecting the Vixen to do likewise. But instead she stood steadily onward through the false channel, and came to anchor inside the can buoy agreed as the limit of the race, nearly half an hour before her rivals.

Jack got his hundred dollars and a permanent position in the yacht Vixen. Some day he will go as sailing master, I doubt not. But he was very modest about the affair.

"I told 'em I could take the yacht through the false channel, and thanks to you I did, Skipper Bruin," he said, when speaking of the affair next day to old Bruin.

"So I told *you* I'd sign the pledge, an' thanks to you I *hev*," returned the skipper, with a twinkle in his faded blue eye. "Actions speaks louder'n words every time—eh, Jack?"

RAILROAD SPEED ON THE WATER.

OF late years it would seem that more attention has been paid to developing speed in marine than in railway engines. Each new season sees some surprisingly swift craft launched on our American bays or rivers. The contribution of 1888 to this series of nautical wonders is in the shape of a steam yacht designed by one Dr. Jackson of New York, and of which the *Sun* of that city gives the following description.

The new boat has absolutely no frames—simply a stem, keel, and stern post. They are of heavy white oak, and the keel is five feet wide at the center, the object being to have it sufficiently strong to sustain the combined weight of machinery and boiler. The hull is composed of three layers of white cedar planking, each plank being about an inch thick and six inches wide.

The first two layers are placed diagonally—that is to say, every two planks, reaching from the keel to the rail, cross each other, forming, as it were, a rounded letter X. When these two layers are bolted together the third is laid "fore and aft" as in other vessels, and all three are fastened with copper bolts, making the hull as strong, it is claimed, as if the planking was bolted on frames. To preserve the lines of the designer, while the planking is being done a temporary frame is put up, with adjustable screws, which is taken down as soon as the planking is finished.

There will be only a little more than five feet head room in the new yacht's main hold, but in the cabin, over the center of which a "trunk," or small house, will be built, there will be some seven feet of room between roof and floor. The machinery by which this strange vessel is to be propelled is simply a huge pump of tremendous power, which, with a boiler of special design, will rest on the widest part of the keelson amidships. There will also be a system of iron and copper pipes.

One of the pipes extends from the pump forward straight along the keel, and out through the center of the lower part of the boat, another reaches from the pump to the stern and out through the stern post at a point about a foot above its keel. As the yacht, with machinery, coal and provisions aboard, will only draw about three feet of water, the point of contact of this pipe will be two feet under water. Power applied to the forward pipe is supposed to be for the purpose of backing the yacht, the stern one being, of course to drive her ahead.

One of the important features about this new fangled machinery is its ability to push the vessel sideways without moving ahead or astern. Dr. Jackson hopes to be able to start, stop, and turn his new yacht more quickly than any other vessel. His claim to great speed is the result of experiments with the same class of machinery on smaller yachts.

He expects to make from 20 to 30 miles an hour and to steer her better without a rudder than other boats are steered with one.

HE TOOK IT THE OTHER WAY.

MISS BLUEBLOOD (indignantly)—"Waiter, you've got your thumb in my soup!"  
Green water (reassuringly)—"No matter, miss—it isn't hot enough to burn me."



THE YACHT RACE—AN EXCITING MOMENT.

said. After which Jack explained his errand on board.

The skipper nodded. "Jim Blake is the Vixen's sailin' master," he said, "and Jim served his 'prenticeship with me when I was pilotin' out o' Portland. Run alongside, Jack—mebbe I can put a spoke in your wheel kind of, in return for what you've done for me."

Which Skipper Bruin did decidedly. Young Giltege, who was a languid youth desirous of aping city manners, had "set up" a dog cart, a French valet, and a yacht, on his father's money—Giltege Senior having made a fortune in a new kind of soap.

Young Giltege, who wore the latest thing in yachting suits, looked Jack over and said he was too young, don'chu know. But Jim Blake, the sailing master, after a short talk with Skipper Bruin, peremptorily decided in Jack's favor.

"And the chap that's leaving is too old, any way. He knows too much," was Mr. Blake's curt response.

So the upshot was that Jack was enrolled in place of the disaffected sailor, who was put ashore with his clothes bag.

Promising to report early in the morning, Jack took his own departure with Skipper Bruin, and rejoiced his mother's heart with the good news a little later.

each other as they duly record it in their several notebooks. They knew that the Vixen, though a tolerably fair sailer, was inferior to either of their own sets.

The start was made quite early on the following morning, with the wind due southwest. And rather to the surprise of the other two, the Vixen held the lead by nearly half a mile till Barmouth light was sighted.

This was due to two important combinations of cause and effect. The cause was a skillful sailing master, quick to take the slightest advantage of wind, sea, and shore currents. As an effect the Vixen carried her balloon staysail in conjunction with her other canvas, despite the half a summer gale that was blowing.

But as Barmouth Point was neared, and the Vixen hauled more and more on the wind, it became necessary to take in this great volume of bellying canvas by reason of the danger to the slender foretopmast, which was bending like a coach whip. And then the following yachts began coming up hand over hand.

"The Fleet will overhaul us when we come about on the first tack for weathering the rocks yonder," said the sailing master quietly, as he closed his binoculars with a sharp snap.

Young Giltege, who had been in the highest state of exultation and excitement from the very start, banged his gilt banded hat violently down on deck, and would have torn his hair in



## FORTUNE.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

UNNUMBERED suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,  
A thirst for wealth, and burning to be great;  
Delusive fortune hears the incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate and fall.

[This story commenced in No. 282.]

— A —

## New York Boy;

OR,

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF  
RUFÉ RODMAN.

By ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.

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

## CHAPTER XXIX.

LEONARD WILTON FINDS MR. BADGER UN-  
GRATEFUL.

MR. BADGER was annoyed at the apparent necessity of dismissing his clerk. He was strict in his ideas about honesty, and felt unwilling to keep him, yet he was quite aware that he would find it hard to supply his place satisfactorily. Cole had always been faithful, never complaining of long hours as others had done, and his only defect was his lack of cheerfulness. Mr. Badger did not in his heart believe that there was the least danger of Cole's proving dishonest, but he was an obstinate man, and was resolved not to take him back.

When, therefore, Leonard Wilton called the next day in the hope of a reward for his revelation, it may be imagined that his chance of success was very small.

Mr. Badger was behind the counter, awaiting the arrival of a young man to whom he was to give a trial as a clerk when Wilton entered the store. Mr. Badger did not immediately recognize the new comer, but supposed him to be a customer.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"I see you have dismissed your clerk," said Wilton.

"Suppose I have!" retorted Badger. "I don't know what interest you have in the matter, unless you wish to take his place."

"Oh, no! I have no experience. I am the one who wrote you the letter about Cole, and the way he was imposing upon you."

"Oh!" ejaculated John Badger, his brows contracting in an ominous way.

"I thought it a pity that Cole should deceive and perhaps rob a confiding employer."

"You were very considerate!" said Badger, in a sarcastic tone.

"I try to be," said Leonard Wilton, modestly. "I like to do as I would be done by."

"So you knew Cole years since?"

"Yes; he basely deceived his employers in Syracuse. Everybody was surprised to hear that he had forged a check."

"Of course you wouldn't do such a thing," said Badger, eying Wilton sharply.

"I!" exclaimed Wilton, theatrically. "I would rather starve. I may be short of funds—temporarily—but no one can say that Leonard Wilton is dishonest."

"Are you in business, Mr. Wilton?"

"Well," said Wilton, hesitating, "I am interested in a business in Pearl Street, but of late it has not paid me very well."

"If you have no further business with me, Mr. Wilton, I shall have to ask you to call again, as I am busy."

"Well, ahem! I thought that in consideration of the service I had done you in unmasking your clerk you might oblige me with a loan of ten dollars."

"Ah! then you were not quite so unselfish as I supposed you to be."

"My dear sir, my principal object was to serve you, but I thought you might like the thought of making me a little testimonial of gratitude."

"For what?"

"For saving you from being robbed by Cole," answered Wilton, rather taken aback by Mr. Badger's abrupt manner.

"Look you here, Wilton! It strikes me you are a more dangerous character than Cole, who served me well, as far as I know. Didn't you offer to keep silence if he would take twenty five dollars from my cash drawer, and give you?"

"The scoundrel! So he told Badger that to revenge himself on me!" said Wilton to himself.

"Did Cole tell you that?" he asked, in feigned amazement.

"He did."

"Then he is more unprincipled than I thought. He wanted to get even with me for exposing him. I hope, Mr. Badger, you don't believe this discreditable story about me."

"It seems to me very probable," said Badger, coolly.

"Then, sir, I have only to bid you good morning. My good name is dear to me, and it hurts me to think a man whom I have so benefited should harbor such injurious suspicions. I had hoped you would consider my revelation worth at least five dollars. I am, I assure you, in need of even this small sum."

"If you don't get out of my store I'll kick you out!" said John Badger, who had become quite exasperated.

"It's no go!" thought Wilton. "I'd like to kick the mean old hunk!"

"I leave you," he said, theatrically, "to your reflections. I have no hesitation in saying that you are the meanest old skinflint I have ever come across."

John Badger turned red in the face, and seemed in danger of an apopleptic fit. He hurried from his place behind the counter, and if Leonard Wilton had not made haste to evacuate the premises, he would have been helped out by the irate storekeeper.

"I wish I'd kept Cole!" ejaculated John Badger. "This fellow has very likely been lying about him."

But then he recalled that Cole had not defended himself—that he had indeed admitted having been charged with perjury, and he reconsidered the matter.

"That's the pay I get for being a philanthropist!" muttered Wilton. "The fellow might have given me a dollar at least. I haven't been very lucky lately, and I really don't know how I am coming out."

Leonard Wilton kept a bright lookout in the hope of meeting some gentleman from the country from whom he might obtain a sum of money, but dupes seemed to be scarce.

Then a bright thought came to him. If he could only obtain possession of Rufe Rodman's bank book, he would be relieved from his temporary embarrassment. He remembered with interest Rufe's statement that he had several hundred dollars deposited in the savings bank. If this were true it would be a bonanza for him. There might be difficulties in drawing the money, but Leonard Wilton was a man of resources, and he did not allow himself to be disturbed in advance by what might prove to be imaginary obstacles.

It will be remembered that Wilton had on a previous occasion followed Rufe home, so that he knew where he lived. In the absence of any other way of getting money, he resolved at once to set about getting the bank book.

Though Rufe's circumstances had improved, he still lived in his old room, in the same house with the Pickett family, and Micky Flynn was still his room mate. During the day both boys were usually absent, Rufe in his store, and Micky on the street selling papers, or looking for a job. Upon this Leonard Wilton calculated, for it would be much more convenient for him to find the coast clear.

"I wish I knew what room the boy occupies," he said to himself, as he halted at the entrance.

At this moment Edith Pickett came out of the door with a tin pail, on her way to a neighboring grocery for her mother.

"Does my friend, Rufus Rodman, have a room here, my dear?" asked Wilton, with a genial smile.

"Rufe Rodman? Yes, sir."

"On what floor is his room?"

"Third floor back."

"Thank you. He asked me to call, and get a document for him. It is somewhere in his room."

"Yes, sir."

Edith had no idea what a document was, but she never thought of distrusting the seductive stranger.

"Good day, my dear. I am very much obliged to you."

"You're welcome, sir."

"What a nice gentleman he is!" thought simple minded Edith. "I will ask Rufe who he is."

Leonard Wilton ascended the stairs and entered the third floor back, which, as Edith had told him, was occupied by Rufus. It was a hall bedroom, very plainly furnished. There was a pine bureau at one side of the room, the drawers in which were chiefly used by Rufus, as Micky had very few extra garments.

Leonard Wilton glanced about him quickly.

"Where does the boy keep his bank book?" he queried.

The bureau appeared to him the most likely place of concealment, and he therefore approached it and tried to open one of the drawers. To his disappointment it resisted his efforts. It was evidently locked.

"Confound it all!" muttered Wilton. "I wonder if I have a key that will fit the lock."

He took from his pocket a bunch of keys which he had found somewhere, and kept to use in such a contingency as the present, and tried one after another. He was so earnestly occupied that he did not hear an approaching step. Rufus, for it was he, having returned from the store at an earlier hour than usual, regarded Wilton's efforts with an amused smile.

## CHAPTER XXX.

WILTON MEETS HIS MATCH.

AT last Wilton found a key that fitted the lock, and with an ejaculation of triumph he opened the drawer, and began to search eagerly among the contents.

"I wonder if he keeps his bank book here," said Wilton, half aloud.

"No, he doesn't," said a clear, distinct voice, that made Wilton turn swiftly. With all his assurance he looked panic stricken and guilty when he met the glance of Rufus fixed steadily upon him.

"What are you doing here?" demanded our hero, sternly.

Leonard Wilton had to hesitate ten full seconds before a plausible lie occurred to him.

"Is this your room?" he asked, in assumed surprise.

"Yes, and I suppose you called to see me—or my bank book."

"Upon my honor, I never was so mistaken in my life. I thought this was the room of my friend French, Nicholas French."

"So you wanted to see him?"

"No; I volunteered to come up to his room and get his bank book," explained Wilton, glibly.

"And he sent you?"

"Of course! He gave me this bunch of keys to open the bureau drawers. I began to think the right key was missing."

"What made you think this was your friend's room?"

"I got that impression from him. It is in this neighborhood, at any rate."

"Look here, Mr. Leonard Wilton!" said Rufe, firmly. "I know very well that you are lying, and that you came up here to rob me. Stop! Wait till I am through. You knew I had money in the Bowery Savings Bank, and you thought it would be a good time to search for it while I was at the store. I have a great mind to call a policeman."

"Boy, you insult me!" said Wilton, in a lofty tone, but not without a feeling of uneasiness.

"You must have been insulted in that way a good many times. You make your living by trying to swindle others."

"I won't stay here to be insulted by a half grown boy."

"You will stay, or else I will go with you to the street, and give you in charge."

Wilton made no further attempt to leave the room. There was something in Rufe's tone and manner that daunted him.

"I want to give you warning to let me alone in future. I keep my bank book in a secure place, where you won't find it. I don't keep anything else worth your stealing. Even if you had taken my book, I should have left notice at the bank, and you would have been arrested if you tried to draw money on it."

"You are an impudent boy!" said Wilton, fiercely.

"Then you probably don't care to stay any longer. You can go, Mr. Wilton, and I shall leave word below that you are never to be admitted to my room again."

Leonard needed no second hint. He hurried down stairs without the ceremony of saying good by, and Rufe was left alone.

"It was well I left my bank book in Mr. Seymour's safe," he replied. "If Wilton had got hold of it, he might have given me some trouble."

It is time to speak of Rufe's experience at the store. He found his position on the whole an agreeable one. He was in favor with Mr. Seymour, the head of the firm, and with Mr. Parks, the superintendent, but there were two persons in the establishment who regarded him with secret dislike. These were Julius Waite, and his cousin James Frost, who, except being older and more experienced, was not altogether unlike his cousin Julius.

Julius had ascertained that Rufus received two dollars a week more salary than himself, and this excited his dissatisfaction and jealousy—feelings which he communicated to his cousin.

"That boy Rufus," he said, disdainfully, "is only a common street boy. What on earth made Mr. Seymour hire him?"

"It was at the request of his niece, I believe. She is a great favorite with the old man, and can turn him round her finger."

"Oh, yes, she's infatuated about him. He isn't fit to be employed in the society of gentlemen."

"The boy dresses and appears very well," Frost answered, being less prejudiced than Julius.

"You ought to have seen him when I first met him. His trousers were patched, and there was a rip in his coat."

"He dresses better now."

"But he used to be a newsboy, or bootblack, or something low."

"All the same he is going to make a smart business man."

"You seem to like the beggar!" said Julius, in evident annoyance.

"No, I don't, but we must take him as we find him."

"Do you think it will do any good to tell Mr. Seymour that he was once a street boy?"

"No; I think you would get into trouble if you told him. He has taken the boy on his niece's recommendation."

"I think it is a shame that he should get six dollars a week, while I get only four."

"I wish you were paid more," returned Frost, who found that Julius, being always short of funds, had formed the inconvenient habit of applying to him for frequent small loans.

"Had I better go to Mr. Seymour, and ask him to raise me?"

"Mr. Parker is the one who attends to such matters."

"Then would you see Mr. Parker?"

"Well, you can do as you please! If you do ask him for an advance, don't bring in my name. I prefer not to get mixed up in this matter."

Julius naturally considered this as sanctioning his application, though his cousin had cautiously declined to recommend it. He accordingly took advantage of the first opportunity to speak to the superintendent.

"Mr. Parker," he commenced, clearing his throat in some embarrassment, "may I speak to you a minute?"

"Oh, it's you, is it, Waite? Go ahead!"

"Don't you think you could pay me a little more salary?"

The keen eyed little superintendent scanned Julius attentively, as he answered by a question.

"How much are you paid now?"

"Four dollars a week. I assure you, Mr. Parker, that, having been accustomed to live like a gentleman, I find it hard to get along on that and the allowance I receive from my father."

"How much of a raise do you desire?"

"He's going to grant my request!" thought Julius joyfully.

"If you could give me six dollars a week, sir."

"How long have you been in the store?"

"Four weeks."

"Do you know how long I had to wait for a raise when I first took a business position?"

"No, sir," answered Julius, feeling a little less sanguine.

"A whole year."

"But, sir, you probably began on more than four dollars a week."

"On the contrary, I began on three. Has any one advised you to make this application?"

"No, sir."

"I thought no older clerk could be so foolish."

"Then you don't think you can grant my request?" asked Julius disappointed.

"How can you expect it, after only four weeks service?"

"There is one boy working here who gets six dollars a week, and he didn't have to wait as long as I," said Julius, growing impudent in his anger.

"Who is that?"

"Rufus Rodman."

"Oh yes! I have nothing to do with that. His wages are fixed by Mr. Seymour himself."

"I don't think he earns any more than I do."

"In my opinion he does. He is an unusually smart boy. But his case, as I explained, is a special one. I advise you to discharge your duties as faithfully as possible, and in due time you will be promoted."

Mr. Parker walked away, and Julius saw that the interview must be considered closed.

In reporting his failure to his cousin, he said: "I wouldn't mind working for four dollars if that street boy got no more. I don't relish his being put over my head."

## CHAPTER XXXI.

IN SEARCH OF A PLACE.

ROBERT COLE was deeply depressed when he went home after being discharged from employment. He went up stairs with a slow, languid step, and there was a gloom on his face which he could not shake off.

"What is the matter, Robert?" asked his wife, who noticed at once her husband's discomposure.

"The worst has come!" he answered in a hollow voice.

"Are you discharged?" she asked quickly.

"Yes."

"Through the machinations of that man?"

"Yes; he wanted to extort twenty five dollars from me. You know how long it is since I have had that sum in my possession."

"Did you tell him how you were situated, Robert?"

"Yes."

"And he still persisted?"

"Yes; he told me that I could take twenty five dollars from the drawer."

"Why, he seems no better than a thief!" said Martha Cole indignantly.

"A blackmailer is far worse than a thief!" said Cole, with emphasis unusual for him.

"I think you are right."

"Well, being unable to obtain any money from me, he wrote a letter to Mr. Badger which he received this morning. Of course he discharged me."

"He believed it?"

"I told him it was true that such a charge was brought against me. This settled the matter. He is a suspicious man, and though he admitted that he had no complaint to make of me he still said that I must leave his employment. So here I am again, Martha, returned on your hands like a bad penny."

"Don't be discouraged, Robert!" said his wife in a soothing manner.

"I try hard not to be, but I have struggled so hard, only to meet with continued misfortune. I am afraid bad luck will follow me all the days of my life."

"No; I think the tide will turn. When things are at the worst it is often so. Let us hope still. You will try to obtain another position?"

"Yes, but this man Wilton will probably find me out sooner or later, and get me discharged once more."

"Won't he call on Mr. Badger and ask him for money in return for revealing your past history?"

"No doubt, but I have taken care that he shall not profit by it. I told Mr. Badger of his proposal that I should rob the money drawer. He won't be apt to get a very cordial reception after that."

"I am very glad of that. I am not revengeful, but when a man acts such a dishonorable part, I shall rejoice in his discomfiture. Now, Robert, let us try to forget this matter until tomorrow morning, when you will try to obtain another situation. I have faith that God will not wholly desert us."



"I don't know what I should do without you, Martha," said Robert Cole affectionately. "Often I should have lost heart and courage, but for you. I believe I have a tendency to look on the dark side, while you are more cheerful and hopeful."

"It is largely a matter of temperament, Robert. It is fortunate that it is so. Now let us try to look on the future more cheerfully. Something will turn up, I am sure. To begin with, I have a chance to earn something."

"How is that?"

"I went to a clothing store, and got a dozen vests to make. I am to receive only twenty five cents each, but even a little will be a help."

"I don't like the idea of your being obliged to sew for a living."

"Why not? Is it any worse for me to work than for you? Now I will make the tea, and we will sit down to supper. Tomorrow may bring better luck."

The next day Robert Cole bought a morning paper, and scanned the advertisements under the head "Help Wanted" with an eager eye.

A salesman was wanted in a furnishing goods store in Sixth Avenue. He presented himself, and applied for the position.

"Of course you have had experience," said the proprietor of the store.

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you work last?"

"At No—Bowery."

"How long were you there?"

"Six months."

"Why did you leave?"

This was the question which Robert Cole had foreseen from the beginning as likely to give him trouble.

"Mr. Badger discharged me."

"Why?" asked the advertiser suspiciously.

"He received an anonymous letter, bringing a charge against me."

"Ha! what charge?"

"That I had been discharged from a former position for forging a check."

"Was it true?"

"It was true that such a charge was made against me."

The proprietor's manner became even more cold and suspicious.

"Of course you were innocent?" said he sarcastically.

"As God is my witness, I was!"

"Your late employer evidently did not believe you."

"He is a suspicious man, and though he had no fault to find with me, he did not dare to retain me in his employment, so he said."

"Of course you can't blame him for that," said the advertiser coldly. "I don't think, Mr. Cole, that I shall have occasion for your services."

It was the answer that Robert Cole expected, but nevertheless it was a bitter disappointment.

Could he expect any better reception from others? As soon as his secret was told, he must expect cold looks, and a refusal.

"What, what shall I do?" the poor man said to himself. "How are my poor children and my wife to live? I wish to work, but the avenues to employment are closed to me, and yet I am innocent of all wrong. I feel sometimes that my burden is greater than I can bear."

There was still another place which he had marked down where a salesman was wanted. It was on Third Avenue.

He entered, and applied to the man at the desk, who proved to be the proprietor of the store.

"The place is filled," he answered briefly.

It is unnecessary to follow him in his vain quest for employment. Everywhere he met with refusals. At length he came to a store—this was about four o'clock—where there was a sign outside,

#### BOY WANTED.

He went in, and asked if the place had been filled.

"No," answered the trader. "Do you want it for your son?"

"No; my son is not old enough. I should like it for myself."

"For yourself?"

"Yes; I have tried in vain to get a man's place. I must earn something, for I have a wife and two children to support."

The trader regarded him with compassion.

"But," he said, "we only pay three dollars a week."

"It is better than earning nothing."

"You won't be satisfied."

"I will do my duty by you, at any rate."

"Then you can come tomorrow morning, and, as I don't want to be too hard on you, I will stretch a point and pay you four dollars."

It showed how humbled Robert Cole was by circumstances that he accepted even this poor offer thankfully. He would be earning something at any rate, and perhaps it might lead to something better.

"Well, Robert?" said Mrs. Cole inquiringly, when her husband reappeared a little before five o'clock.

"I don't know what you will say, Martha, but, unable to obtain a man's place, I have accepted a boy's at four dollars a week."

"It is better than nothing."

"So I thought."

"And you may be promoted."

"That idea came into my head."

"What do you think Arthur has been asking me?"

"What then?"

"He wants to sell evening papers. He knows a larger boy, who has a news stand, who has of-

fered him twenty five cents a night to help him from four to seven every day."

"I think we must let him go, Martha. That will make a dollar and a half a week, and that is nearly half as much as I shall earn."

"And quite as much as his mother earns," said Mrs. Cole laughing. "After all, Robert, half a loaf is better than no bread."

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 278.]

## THE BASKET OF DIAMONDS;

OR,  
HOPE EVERTON'S INHERITANCE.

BY GAYLE WINTERTON.

### CHAPTER XL.

THE PACKAGE OF GLASS WARE.

THE new comer was Captain Ringboom, who had heard the report of the revolver the first time, and did not lose an instant in placing himself at the side of his young friend.

Before he could do so, he encountered the wounded assistant; but he made short work with him. Being unarmed except with the weapons with which nature had provided him, he seized the ruffian by the collar of his coat, and hurled him as though he had been a pigmy upon a pile of merchandise.

The villain fell with a heavy groan, indicating that he had been severely hurt, and the captain threw himself on the principal.

Gibbs was nothing but an infant in the hands of Captain Ringboom, besides the fact that all the advantage was on the captain's side, for he approached the burglar, intent on overcoming the young shadow, in the rear. The shipmaster merely put his hands on the shoulders of Gibbs, gave him a twirl, and pitched him down on the deck, putting his foot on him to keep him in his place.

By this time the noise of the affray between decks was heard on the spar deck, and two men in blue clothes descended hastily to the scene of action. They were the officers who had been instructed to follow the captain from the deck of the steamer, and they did not let the grass grow under their feet, if grass could have grown on the lower deck.

The moment the two ruffians had been overturned on the deck, Rowly rushed for the bag, and took possession of it, for the battle had been fought for that, and he was not inclined to lose the fruits of the victory.

He had no little curiosity to examine its contents, but this could not be done at present, and he had to content himself with feeling for what he most desired to find; and he was satisfied that it contained several packages, corresponding in size with those he had seen in the stateroom of the captain's clerk.

The two officers took charge of the two prisoners, and conducted them to the hatch, where they met Captain Wellfleet, who wished to ascertain what was going on between decks.

The mate was standing on the deck where he could be seen from below, and he was laughing heartily, as were several others near him, for the captain had now announced to those who did not know it that the striking of the ship on a rock was all a fiction, a trick played on the two prisoners.

"Well, my lad, how did you come out?" asked the commander of Rowly, who was hugging the bag as though it were the best friend he had on earth.

"These fellows showed me where this bag was, and dug it out of its hiding place for me, sir," replied the young shadow. "I knew they would go for it as soon as they knew that the ship was going to the bottom."

"That's nothing but a bag, and it may contain nothing but shavings, or hay," remarked the captain laughing.

"Two fellows like these don't risk their lives to save a bag of shavings or hay from going to the bottom," said Rowly, with a knowing shake of the head.

"You may be right, youngster, and I will believe you are when I see what is in the bag," continued the commander, turning his attention to the two prisoners.

"I will open the bag in the cabin, sir, as soon as you are ready to look into the matter."

"Well, Gibbs, you seem to be in a tight place," said the captain of the Ganymede.

"Perhaps I am; but I have been in a tighter one," replied Silky in a surly tone.

"Indeed? What was that? In the Penitentiary?"

"No, sir; I lived in a gallon jug for six months once," replied the burglar, with a sneer.

"You lived on the whisky in it you mean, and had it filled every week. I suppose you have concluded not to make a voyage in the Ganymede," said the captain.

"This fellow seems to be badly wounded," said one of the officers, in charge of Gaulbert.

"Put him on the deck, and I will look him over," replied Captain Wellfleet, whose experience as a shipmaster had given him some knowledge of medicine and surgery.

The assistant was laid on the deck, and the commander looked at his wounds, one in his right arm, and the other in his side; but neither of them was dangerous.

Captain Ringboom was called in consultation, and agreed with his professional brother; and he assisted in binding up the wounds of the burglar's assistant. Silky had been hit in the arm, and it was only a flesh wound, though it had been severe enough to make the cracksman drop his hand when he was about to do Rowly mischief.

The officers conducted their prisoners to the upper deck, and were obliged to assist them both on account of their injuries, and they were immediately taken on board of the Medusa.

"Then the ship is not going to the bottom just yet," said Silky, bestowing a hateful look on the ocean swell.

"Not this time; in fact the Ganymede had no notion of going to the bottom at all," replied the captain laughing.

"You made racket enough to sink a dozen ships, and no vessel was ever handled any worse when she was in a tight place," added Silky, as a Parthian arrow shot at the dandy commander.

"She hasn't been in a tight place at all, my hearty. There is no rock anywhere near the vessel, and the commotion was only a trick of your very dear friend, Rowly, to make you show him where you had put the plunder you got last night at the house of Morgan Dykes, as well as the diamonds you stole from another house," replied the captain. Silky could not fail to realize that the young clerk in the store of Brilliant & Co. had vanquished him yet again.

Silky did not care to win anything more, and he only cast a look of hatred at Rowly, and no doubt he regretted the failure to take the life of the young clerk.

Captain Wellfleet led the way into the cabin, followed by Rowly, Captain Ringboom, and Ernest Balfour, who had been greatly astonished at the proceedings which had followed his delivery of the letter to the commander.

"What am I to do now?" asked Balfour, when they reached the vestibule of the cabin, where he pulled Rowly's coat to attract his attention.

"Do nothing at all, my good friend," replied Rowly, in the kindest of tones. "You have rendered a service which was worth enough to pay your passage across the Atlantic a dozen times."

"I don't ask anything like a reward, and you have given me the money to pay my passage in this ship," added Balfour.

"I will speak to the captain and arrange it all for you."

"Then take this money, please, and pay him, for I really want nothing but my passage, and I will accept nothing more, for my father is rich and I shall need nothing if I once get to London," continued Balfour as he thrust the bank bills into the hands of the shadow.

The stowaway was satisfied, and Rowly, anxious to investigate the contents of the bag, hastened to the cabin table where the others were already seated. Cutting the string of the bag, he poured its contents out on the table; and found that they consisted of various packages, one of which was much larger than the others.

Selecting one of the smaller packages, he removed the wrapper from it, and found a small pasteboard box, from which he took off the cover.

"This is glass ware, Captain Wellfleet," said the shadow with a triumphant smile on his face.

"Glass ware, as sure as you live!" exclaimed the ocean swell, as he took the box and gazed at the sparkling gems it contained. "I give it up now, and you were all right, my hearty, while I was all wrong. But I gave you every chance to work out your plan, and it has been a decided success."

At this moment, the cabin steward announced that a steam tug had just come alongside, putting a man on board who wanted to see the captain. He was invited to the cabin.

This man was Blook, alias Ashbank.

Rowly immediately recognized him, though he said nothing.

### CHAPTER XLI.

SOMETHING ABOUT A MODEL YOUNG MAN.

THE last that Rowly Parkway had heard of Ashbank was that he was a prisoner in the Tombs, and the young clerk could not imagine how he happened to be at liberty, and a passenger in the tug on a trip down the bay. He had not been tried, or even examined, on the charge for which he had been committed, and the only explanation which the shadow could suggest was that he had succeeded in making his escape from the prison where he was confined, though he could hardly understand how such an event was possible.

He was dressed precisely as he was when he had been arrested in the saloon, and it was hardly twenty four hours since he had been taken; but Rowly had seen enough of him to be satisfied that the man was the identical burglar that had entered the store of Brilliant & Co.

It was clear that his finances had been recruited in some manner since the interview with his wife in Central Park, or he would not be able to pay the bills for an excursion down the harbor in a steamer, for he had been "dead broke" at the time of his capture.

Rowly had gathered up the packages, and returned them to the bag as soon as the captain told the steward to send the stranger into the cabin, and he put the sack under the table where the visitor could not see it.

The moment he recognized Ashbank, he was

disposed to follow the bag under the table, for he did not care to have that worthy identify him as a clerk in the store he had attempted to rob; but on second thought he realized that he had changed his color and general appearance, so that the visitor was not likely to know him, and he permitted events to take their course in his presence.

"I understand that you are bound to London, captain," said Ashbank, after a hasty glance at the three persons around the cabin table.

"The Ganymede is bound to London," replied Captain Wellfleet.

"I am informed that this ship is one of the finest that sails out of New York," continued the burglar, in an insinuating tone, as though he had a point to gain in his visit to the vessel.

"That is a matter of opinion, though I quite agree with you," replied the ocean swell.

"From the hasty glance I have had at her, I am of the same opinion," added Ashbank.

"If you will excuse me, sir, I am only waiting for the steamer to cast off, and I am losing my time," said the captain, politely.

"Pardon me for detaining you, and I will state my business at once," answered the burglar, as politely as the dandy commander. "I am a person of sedentary habits, and my physician has insisted that I take an ocean voyage in a sailing ship, for he says a trip in a steamer amounts to nothing. He mentioned the Ganymede to me, and said she was to sail today or tomorrow, and advised me to go in her."

"Who is your physician, sir?" asked the captain.

"Dr. Reddyside," answered the applicant for a passage, promptly; but no one present had ever heard the name before. "I think he is acquainted with your owners."

"Do you happen to know who my owners are?"

"The doctor mentioned the name of the firm, but really I have forgotten it," replied Ashbank, who appeared to be trying to recall the name.

"Was it Peterson Brothers?" asked Captain Wellfleet, with a shrewd look on his fine face.

"That was it!" exclaimed Ashbank. "I wonder how I could forget so common a name."

Rowly knew that the captain himself owned half of the vessel, and that the other half was owned by Larkin & Son, for Captain Ringboom had told him all about the ship; and he saw that the commander was skirmishing with the applicant, and did not mean to take him as a passenger.

The shadow was not pleased with the situation, for he was confident that Ashbank had not left the Tombs by fair means, and that he must be a fugitive from justice; so he took a piece of paper, and wrote with his pencil, "Take him, if you please; I know him."

The captain took the paper when it was passed to him, read it, and glanced at Rowly, in whom he now had unbounded confidence, though he was satisfied that all was not right in regard to the visitor, even while he had no suspicion what was wrong about him.

"Did you apply to Peterson Brothers for a passage in the Ganymede?" asked the captain, as if to prepare the way for granting the application of the visitor.

"I did not, for I had no time; a friend of mine had told me that the ship was to sail this afternoon at three, and I chartered a tug to overtake the ship before she got out to sea," replied Ashbank.

"What was your friend's name?" asked the inquisitive captain.

"His name is Gunnywood; and his business requires him to keep posted in regard to the movements of vessels. He informed me also that a mutual friend of ours, who had lost all his money in speculation, and had been reduced to extremities, had shipped in the Ganymede as a common sailor, which was an additional reason why I wished to sail in this ship."

"Precisely so; and what is the name of this unfortunate friend of Mr. Gunnywood and yourself, who is a sailor on board of the Ganymede?" asked Captain Wellfleet, glancing at Rowly.

"He shipped under the name of Gibbs, but that is not his real name, for he did not wish to have his family know what had become of him for a while."

"Do you mean his wife?"

"No, sir; he had no wife; his father, for his mother is dead."

"Ah, indeed! I gave him leave of absence to go and see his mother yesterday afternoon till this forenoon, for I always encourage young men to see their mothers as often as they can; and Gibbs must have known of my weakness about mothers, and lied to me," said the captain, with a significant smile.

"I think you must have misunderstood him, captain," added Ashbank, with a winning smile in response to that of the commander. "He must have said his father, for I know that he has no mother."

"Very likely I mistook what he said, for I take no stock in fathers, and I should not have let him go. I understand that he has several grandmothers; in fact, rather more of them than the law allows," added the ocean swell, with a twinkle of the eye as he looked at Rowly.

The cheeky burglar seemed to be embarrassed by this last allusion, and it was evident that Silky was in the habit of calling a professional operation a "grandmother."

"We will send for your friend Mr. Gibbs," added the commander, rising from his seat.

(To be continued.)



THE OLD CLOCK.

A FRIENDLY voice was that old, old clock,  
As it stood in the corner smiling,  
And blessed the time with a merry chime,  
The wintry hours beguiling;  
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,  
As it called at daybreak boldly,  
When the dawn looked gray o'er the misty way,  
And the early air blew coldly;  
"Tick! tick!" it said—"quick out of bed,  
For five I've given warning;  
You'll never have health, you'll never have wealth,  
Unless you're up soon in the morning."  
Still hourly the sound goes round and round,  
With a tone that ceases never;  
While tears are shed for bright days fled,  
And the old friends lost forever!  
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone,  
Its hands still move—though hands we love  
Are clasped on earth no longer!  
"Tick! tick!" it said—"to the churchyard bed,  
The grave hath given warning;  
Up! up! and rise, look at the skies,  
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

Canoes

AND HOW TO BUILD THEM  
BY STEPHEN TRUSTY.

PART IV.

THE question has often been asked the writer: "How much sail shall I put on my canoe?" The answer to this is very elastic, depending upon the kind of sail, size of the boat, weight, quickness, coolness, daring, and judgment of the skipper. One man may be a light weight but very active and cool headed, and could therefore carry much more sail than another who was heavier, but sluggish in moving and apt to become "rattled" or confused in an emergency. The one could race with 150 feet of sail, while the other would hardly be safe with 50.

In a long, narrow boat like a canoe, the sail should be well spread out and low down, so as to get as little heeling or tipping power as possible. For this reason, as well as for convenience in handling, it has become customary to use two sails, the main sail, and the dandy, sometimes called mizzen. The jib and other head sails are difficult to set, and only add to the number of lines, without a corresponding gain in sailing power.

In the illustrations (Figs. 1 and 2) we have the most common types of sails in use in this country. The Mutton Leg, or Sharpie, is the same rig as that used on Notus when she won the A. C. A.'s sailing trophy.

The New sail has lately appeared in various shapes, the one shown being that form which the Passaic River canoeists, Palmer, McLees, Holden and others are getting up, and is shown as a large racing size. The main mast in these two, Mutton Leg and New sail, is stepped in the forward mast tube.

For the first. The dimensions of the sails are:

	LATEEN.	
	MAIN.	DANDY.
Head and foot, 9 ft.	-	7 ft.
Leach - - -	9 ft.	7 ft.
Mast, - - -	3 ft. 6 in.	2 ft. 6 in.
Area, - - -	36 ft.	21 ft.

	MUTTON LEG.	
	MAIN.	DANDY.
Mast, - - -	13 ft. 9 in.	11 ft. 4 in.
Foot, - - -	9 ft.	6 ft. 9 in.
1st. Batten, -	8 ft. 6 in.	6 ft. 6 in.
2d Batten, -	8 ft.	
Luff, - - -	13 ft.	10 ft. 6 in.
Leach, - - -	14 ft. 7 in.	11 ft. 8 in.
Area, - - -	69 ft.	39 ft.

on head and foot. Then turn the piece over so as to lie as at B, baste the edges together and trim off at foot; turn, baste and trim at head, and so on until sail is shaped, trimming off the luff, throat and tack. Stitch firmly on a machine with a double row of stitches. Lay down smoothly on pattern again, and, using a batten as a guide, cut the head and foot with a curve of two inches, as shown by dotted lines in Fig. 3. Hem the head and each batten end put a triangular patch, as shown in the drawings, to strengthen those parts where the pull comes. Now fit a batten pocket, parallel with the foot of the sail and commencing just below the throat. Use wide tape for this, and make it just wide enough to

ring on the mast. Pass the other through the block on the yard, then through the block at mast head down to block at deck, through a loose block and ending in a hook. Be careful to keep the yard and boom on the opposite side of the mast from the halliard, and keep the jaw between the collars.

The reef lines are shown at R R R in Fig. 2. They commence at the batten to which they are tied, and pass down through small rings on the sails, larger rings on the booms, through the ring at the foot of the mast, and are made fast to the hook on the end of halliard. The sheet rope is 9 feet long on the main and 12 feet on the dandy. The main sheet is made fast 6 feet from the end of the boom, and passes down through a ring

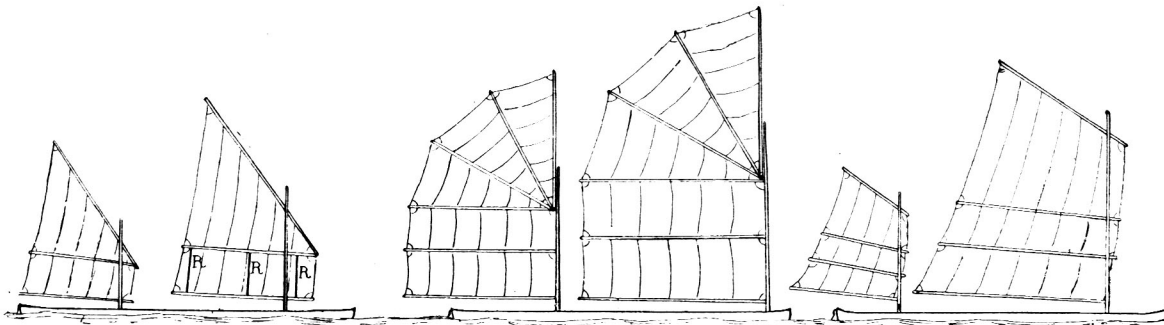


FIG. 2.—MOHICAN, NEW SAIL, AND STANDING LUG.

	STANDING AND BALANCE LUGS.	
	MAIN.	DANDY.
Mast, - - -	10 ft.	6 ft.
Head, - - -	7 ft. 3 in.	4 ft. 6 in.
Foot, - - -	9 ft. 8 in.	5 ft. 9 in.
Leach, - - -	10 ft. 9 in.	6 ft. 4 in.
Luff, - - -	6 ft. 10 in.	4 ft.
Area, - - -	70 ft.	25 ft.

	MOHICAN.	
	MAIN.	DANDY.
Mast, - - -	6 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.
Head, - - -	9 ft. 4½ in.	7 ft.
Foot, - - -	7 ft. 9 in.	5 ft. 8 in.
Batten, - - -	6 ft. 10 in.	5 ft. 2 in.
Luff, - - -	2 ft. 7 in.	1 ft. 6 in.
Leach, - - -	11 ft.	7 ft. 4 in.
Area, - - -	45 ft.	25 ft.

	NEW SAIL.	
	MAIN.	DANDY.
Masts, yards, booms and battens, -	9 ft.	7 ft.
Luff (including yards of 9 and 7 feet),	14 ft.	11 ft.
Leach on each triangle in upper part,	4 ft. 6 in.	3 ft. 6 in.
Leach on reefs,	5 ft.	4 ft.
Area, - - -	102¾ ft.	64¾ ft.

take a round batten ¾ inch in diameter. Work eyelet holes, or better, put in brass grommets six inches apart on head and foot; stitch ⅛ inch cord all round the edges for bolt ropes, and then turn your attention to the spars.

These will be of clear grained pine or spruce. Make the masts two inches in diameter at the base, tapering to 1¼ inches at the head, and of the length given in the table, adding the depth of the mast tubes.

Add 3 inches to the lengths given for batten and yard (which goes at head of sail), and 6 inches to boom (which goes at foot) for the lap at ends. This lap is to avoid getting new spars in case the sail stretches. Make the yards and booms 1½ inches at center, tapering to 1 inch at ends, and the battens ¾ inch at center, tapering to ⅝ inch at ends.

Put a screw eye in one end of the yard and batten and connect the eyes by an inch ring. Now fit the batten into the pocket and lace the yard to the head in such a way that the connecting ring comes at the throat. Make a separate lace to each grommet and pass the end lacings through holes in the spars. Next screw a jaw made of ⅝ inch half round brass rod to the boom, with the hollow 9 inches from the tack end, and lace to

or block on the floor at the 8 foot mark. The dandy sheet passes through a small block called a fairleader just in front of the rudder.

Your sails are now ready to hoist. Pull on the halliard, when the ring will slide up on the mast, taking before it the

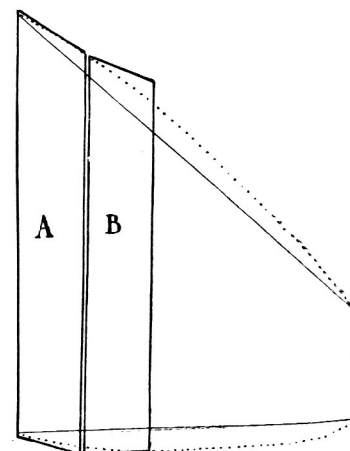


FIG. 3.—MAKING THE SAIL.

yard, and thus hoisting the sail. Pull as tight as you can, and make fast the tail of the loose block on a convenient cleat. To reef merely pull on the reef lines; the halliard will pass out through the blocks as the sail comes in, reefing down snug, with no loose ends to coil away.

The Balance Lug and Standing Lug are rigged in the same way, the only difference being in the Standing Lug's tack being at the mast foot instead of 6 inches beyond it. The New sail differs from these only in being entirely aft of and laced to the mast, and in having the yard perpendicular instead of slanting.

The Lateen has no halliards, but instead a ring lashed to the yard one third up. To set the sail, raise it in a bundle, and drop the ring over the pin at mast head. Let go the yard and pull the boom aft until the jaw slips into place, when the sail is set. This sail cannot be reefed, and has but one rope, the sheet rope.

And now that the canoe is finished, just a word of advice to the reader before saying good by. Don't ever try to take more than one passenger, unless you all are accustomed to small boat sailing. Don't attempt to sail much until you can swim at least a dozen strokes.

Don't sling your rig, paddles, etc., into a corner when you are done using them, but fold and wrap them up and stow everything away neatly before using.

That you may be successful in building and happy in sailing your canoe is the earnest wish of the writer.

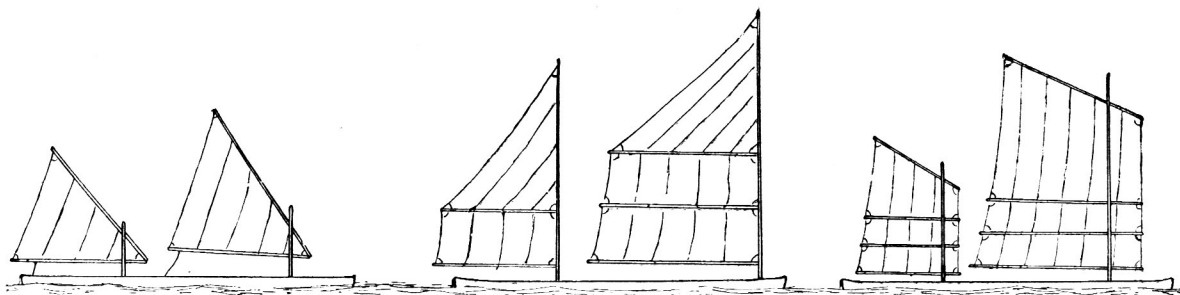


FIG. 2.—LATEEN SAIL, MUTTON LEG, AND BALANCE LUG.

The others are cruising rigs, ranging from 57 to 95 feet, and step in the second mast tube. Each of these rigs has its good and bad qualities. The Lateen is probably the best for small areas, is simplicity itself, with its one rope, and its short mast is handy for passing under bridges, but it bellies out too much and requires very long spars for a large area. The same objection holds good with the Mutton Leg, which requires a mast nearly 14 feet long to spread 60 feet.

The Balance and Standing Lugs are better for very large areas, but have a high mast, and the peak swings off alee too much. Perhaps the reader cannot do better than to adopt the Mohican, or a small size of the New sail,

Now that you have decided upon the size and kind of the sails, you must make them. Mark out on a smooth, clean floor the exact shape and size of your intended sail; put a tack at each corner and run a string around, stretching it tight. Now get, for the Mohican rig, about nine yards of the lightest and closest muslin you can, three feet wide, and have a double seam run down the center. This is to strengthen and keep the sail from stretching out of shape. The drawings of different kinds of sails show the way the seams run.

Tack one corner down at the clew of your pattern, carry the selvage edge along the leach, and cut along the head, as at A in Fig. 3, allowing about 2½ inches

the sail, lapping the spar 3 inches over each end of the sail. The yard and batten project only at leach and peak of sail.

Now drive a rod 6 inches long into the head of the mast, letting it project 2½ inches. 4 inches above deck nail firmly on two leather collars, projecting ⅜ inch and ½ inch apart, for the jaw to work between. Just under these lash a block and a ring 1¼ inches in diameter, side by side, and 1½ inches apart. Suspend another block to the pin at the mast head, and lash another to the yard one third of its length from throat. Put a ring 2½ inches in diameter on the mast.

For the halliard get 23 feet of ¼ inch braided cord for the main, and 12 feet for dandy. Tie one end to the large



THE FREE MIND.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.

WHERE honor or where conscience does not bind.  
No other law shall shackle me;  
Slave to myself I will not be;  
Nor shall my future actions be confined  
By my own present mind.

[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 XXIII.

NAQUAL'S STRATAGEM.

THE village was, comparatively speaking, empty. A few decrepit, half idiotic old men were squatted near the entrance of their several dwellings, with vacant eyes turned toward the distant hillside, which was literally black with the Massalas—men, women and children.

"Bala mane," (this way, my masters) yelled the youthful Massala, who had shown a strong attachment for his Zulu employer, perhaps for the reason that the latter was not in the habit of beating him as did the boy's own parents.

And a few moments later Rafe, with Dick close at his heels, stood for a moment spell-bound, and for the time helpless, at the startling, nay almost incredible sight which greeted their eyes.

Many hands had made quick work indeed. The hillside stream, which Dick Morier had purposed diverting from its course, was turned of a truth—but in a strangely different manner.

Taking advantage of a precipitous bluff at the left, a rude dam had first been constructed, thus turning the waterflow into a great cascade down the face of the cliff.

The dam, chinked with mud and clay applied by a hundred sturdy hands, rose higher and stronger until the original stream, flowing rapidly from its steep incline, had left the sandy bed exposed.

In the very middle a deep trench had been dug. A trench, I say, though in fact it was a grave, not for the dead, but for the living!

For bound and helpless beside it lay Naqual and his Massala wife—a dark skinned young woman, whose only claim to good looks was her expressive eyes, which turned appealingly to Rafe and Dick as they pressed forward unmolested by the excited Massalas. Not from any particular good feeling, please understand, but because every man present had seen or heard something about the wonderful musket which never seemed to need reloading, carried by one of the two foreigners.

Beside the two captive victims stood a hideous figure which Rafe at once recognized as the fetich man of the village, having seen him in one of the mummeries connected with the fetich house, which pass for worship among the more debased of the African tribes.

His face, ugly enough in itself, was smeared with red and yellow ochre—a large white circle around either eye heightening the general effect. A pair of buffalo horns, adorned (or disfigured) his woolly head, while a feathered garment, fearfully and wonderfully made, covered him as low down as the knees.

Such was the appearance of the Massala fetich man, whose influence over the villagers was simply unbounded. At the approach of Rafe and Dick, he uttered a prolonged wailing cry, which was taken up and threateningly echoed by the Massala.

"Cover that howling imp with your gun, Dick. Naqual, sing out to them that if a spear is raised, we'll blow their fetich man into inch bits—or words to that effect."

Dick's double barrel was at his shoulder in an instant, and as the fetich man glanced down the ominous looking muzzles, his threatening cry became a howl of terror.

Naqual's voice rose above the din, repeating Rafe's threat in the Massala tongue.

And as a sudden silence fell upon the astonished throng, Rafe, stepping to the side of the captives, severed their bonds in an instant.

Naqual sprang to his feet like lightning, and confronted the surging, swaying throng, who shrank before his flashing eyes. Snatching a spear from the nearest native, he shook it threateningly above his head.

"Dogs and jackals of the jungle that you are," he shouted hoarsely, "Naqual spits upon you! Let your two best chiefs step to the front, Naqual will engage them single handed, cowards from a race of cowards!"

At least so he afterward translated the words

which he thundered forth in his hot anger. Only, Rafe is inclined to think he used even stronger language than this.

But what was to be done? The fetich man cowering before the leveled weapon was their only hostage of safety. Only for him they would have been transfixed with a hundred spears.

Woman's wit suggested a way out of the difficulty. His wife spoke rapidly to Naqual in her own tongue for a moment, and his stern face relaxed.

Again raising his voice, he addressed the Massalas, who, with threatening murmurs, were consulting among themselves. And no less to the relief than the surprise of Rafe and his friend, the entire body turned back to the village, casting sullen, lingering glances at the singular tableau they were leaving.

"I told them as the woman here directed," said Naqual, "that they must go to their homes and allow the two foreigners to depart to the in camp by the river unharmed, else we would pierce their fetich man with bullets, and bury him in the grave where they would have placed the woman and me—alive. And then turn the stream back to its bed!"

"I've half a mind to chuck him in as it is," growled Dick, who had

safe even among Zamona's people. But Naqual must bring from his dwelling their great fetich—he will not leave it for the Massalas. And then, too, he has a little store of gold dust to take away."

Then Naqual briefly unfolded his plan, which, dangerous as it was, seemed the only feasible one, though Dick grumbled something to the effect that it was taking big risks for a three cent fetich. For that is the way Dick put it. Fetich and fetichism, of which he had seen and heard so much, were his special abominations.

Between the Massala village and the hillside was a thick, dense mimosa grove, while an elevation of the ground hid their movements still further from view.

In a twinkling the unfortunate fetich man was divested of his fantastic garb, which was transferred to Naqual himself. In the medicine

committed to the fetich man. He is bound by neither moral nor social law. He may accuse whom he will, and sentence them to most terrible death by torture. The belief in fetich or wizardry is so much a part of the native Africans' very being that he never for a moment questions the action of this ferocious high priest, who may, if he will, separate the son from his father, the child from its mother.

Secure in this knowledge as well as the protection of his hideous disguise, Naqual made his way back to the village without the slightest hesitancy or feeling of fear, as he afterwards told Rafe in describing what followed.

The Massalas welcomed him with a great shout, but raising both arms above his head, with the palms of both hands turned outwards, as he had seen the fetich man do, he caused the entire populace to shrink back and seek their dwellings.

Naqual walked deliberately to his own hut. If any one saw him it made no difference. He had a perfect right to despoil or burn if he so chose. Especially in this particular instance.

But the very knowledge of his power emboldened Naqual to go just one step too far. For emerging from his hut after a stay of a few moments, he took a lighted brand from a smoldering fire in front of the nearest dwelling, and coolly applied it to the dry thatch of the roof.

This of itself was perfectly allowable. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the flames from the burning hut, which stood somewhat apart, did not endanger the others.

Yet Naqual did not stop here. Still holding the flaming brand aloft, he walked rapidly toward the end of the street where stood the fetich temple, ghastly with human skulls. In the wide open entrance was a grotesquely carved wooden idol, hung about with votive offerings of different kinds, from a string of beads to an elephant tusk.

Naqual's first act was to throw down the wooden figure. He even spat upon it in his contempt. And despite the nature of his so called sacred office, a cry of horror arose from the few of the bolder Massala people who had ventured to peer from their doorways.

Then tossing the brand into the thatch of the temple, Naqual in his excitement forgetting prudence and all else, dashed the buffalo horns from his head, and with a triumphant shout disappeared in a plantain growth between the village and the river bank.

This was rather too much for even the priest ridden Massalas. The cry of horror swelled to a shout of fierce indignation as the flames shot upward from their burning temple. And when a few moments later the true fetich man, who in some way had managed to free himself, rushed into the village, fairly frothing at the mouth, there was a row.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ON THE FLOATING ISLAND.

THE frantic yells of the excited Massalas reached the ears of Rafe's party a few moments after Naqual came dashing in among them, breathless and triumphant.

Now, as I have before mentioned, Rafe was averse to anything like bloodshed, even in the very extreme cases where such possibilities had already presented themselves. And while Dick took certain reasonable exceptions to his friend's views, he reflected them as a matter of course.

Their retinue were evidently of similar mind, though perhaps from different reasons. For, as the noise of the oncoming assemblage grew louder, the blacks with one accord sought safety in flight.

Flight! But whither should the four who were left, flee? Naqual, who had armed himself with the musket and equipments of one of the escaping party, solved the question.

Extending out into the river from the bank itself, was a seeming peninsula on the smallest possible scale. An island it might have been called, only for a short, narrow neck of shore to connect it with the main land.

It was barren of trees, excepting for a girdling fringe of mangroves. The little tract of seemingly solid ground extending into the river comprised rather more than an acre in extent.

There was little time left for consideration. In front, and on the left and right, were heard the savage yells of the oncoming foe. No avowed protection of King Zabele—no fetich—nay, not even the mysterious characters imprinted upon the arm, would save them from the vengeance of the infuriated Massalas.

Naqual led the way, and it was quite evident that he knew what he was about. Extending his musket to his wife, who appeared the less excited of the two, he seized one of the broad bladed axes which had formed part of the party's outfit, and motioned the others to follow.

There was not much hesitancy. To be perfectly frank, I think neither Rafe nor Dick were sorry to recognize a leadership.

So without stopping for anything, the odd quartette dashed across the narrow neck. Rafe remembers a vague feeling of wonder not unmixed with half alarm as he felt his feet sinking in a spongy mass which vividly recalled



A SHOWER OF SPEARS FOLLOWED THE ESCAPING FUGITIVES.

lowered his gun, but still kept a vigilant eye on the movements of the unhappy fetich man, who, cowed and trembling, crouched abjectly before him.

But something definite must be determined upon, and that at once. The gauntlet had been thrown down, so to speak, and now between the foreigners with their party and the Massalas it was war to the knife.

"You, Naqual, with your wife, must go with us," said Rafe, after a moment of quick thinking. "It won't be safe to stay round here any longer—that goes without saying—and before sunset we must be off."

"Off where?" dolefully queried Dick.

Why, the sand upturned from the stream bed before him fairly glittered with specks of gold in the intense sunrays from a cloudless sky! And to think of leaving it all behind! Where, then, would be the fortune he had fondly hoped to make?

"Back to Sengar, I suppose," was the half hesitating response. For in fact, Rafe began to wonder what would be the end of this drifting about. How at this rate would they ever get back to civilization?

Meanwhile Naqual had been talking rapidly with his Massala wife.

"Listen, my masters," he said now, turning to Rafe and Dick. "Naqual and Zamona (his wife), must go with you. Their lives are not

bag at the wizard's girdle were the pigments with which he had "made up" his face. Skillfully the Massala woman imitated them on her husband's features. Then, donning the hair mask surmounted by its towering horns, Naqual stood before them, the counterpart of the fetich man, who had been sternly warned that a word or cry would insure his death.

Without further ceremony the wretch who had caused the death of scores of innocent victims was bound, gagged with his own waist-cloth and bundled into the excavation in the stream bed. And only for Rafe and Dick I am not sure but the Zulu chief's powerful hands would have torn away the dam and let the stream flow back over the grave intended for its original victims.

Leaving the unhappy fetich man in the evident belief that such was really to be his fate, Rafe and Dick, accompanied by the Massala woman, took a circuitous route back to camp, while the disguised chief stalked boldly toward the Massala village. In reality, he had not taken so great a risk as Dick Morier thought.

The prestige of the fetich man is such that he may speak or be silent—may command by signs, or by one wave of his arm send his superstitious followers cowering into their homes, there to remain till he may choose to recall them.

Only those who have visited pagan Africa can form any conception of the fearful power



a "quaking bog" he had once crossed in his Adirondack tramp.

But there was not time to give this any particular heed. The Massalas were pressing them close. A dozen copper pointed spears followed their flight, one of which, grazing Dick's arm, brought blood.

Muttering something inaudible between his teeth, Dick wheeled about and fired right and left into the confused, dusky mass thronging the river bank.

"You have done well, my master."

For the double charge of swan shot sent their pursuers in various directions, yelling like fiends as they fled to cover.

But what was Naqual about? Had the Zulu chief suddenly gone mad?

For, swinging the axe above his head, he was dealing blow after blow with furious downward strength at the narrow neck of the spongy, yielding mass, in which the axe head was buried out of sight at every stroke.

Suddenly the seeming island began slowly swinging round in the strong current. In another moment, detached from the shore, it was swept downward with the sluggish tide.

There was no great mystery about the matter after listening to Naqual's explanation. A portion of the river and bank, held together by the fibrous grasses, tough creepers, and roots of mangroves, torn away by the headwater floods, had lodged lower down. Floating *débris* of various kinds—tree trunks and branches arrested by the obstruction, added themselves to it, and had been bound by the luxuriant interlacing growth till a miniature floating island was the result. Such as these are common on the lower Congo, and not infrequently are met with at sea several miles distant from the river's mouth.

Well, they had escaped a violent death at the hands of people accused of baking and eating their slain prisoners, which, really, when one comes to think of it, is adding insult to injury.

But they were entirely without supplies or provisions of any kind. Everything had fallen into the hands of the Massalas, whose yells of rage, as they saw their intended victims swept out of their reach, were quite appalling.

They had their guns and ammunition, and the axe, together with a few matches, and a burning glass for starting a fire, but not much else in the way of portable property. A decidedly dismal outlook for a party of four, nearly six hundred miles from the coast!

Supposing there should be a fall or a cataract, such as are peculiar to most African rivers of any size, further along? Rafe held his breath and listened intently as this unpleasant possibility presented itself to his mind. But nothing broke the intense tropic stillness excepting the faint cries of the distant Massalas, and the dull murmur of the river itself.

"A nice scrape that fetich of yours has got ds into, Naqual," grumbled Dick, who was the first to break the silence.

Naqual's fingers instinctively sought a curiously wrought pouch hanging at his neck. Then he smiled rather grimly.

"Naqual's fetich was too valuable to fall into the hands of the Massala dogs," he said, in a curiously significant tone. "And besides, he had his stores of gold dust to take away."

Throwing open the folds of the sash about his waist, Naqual displayed several short sections of hollow reed, carefully corked, in which was the hoarded dust of which he spoke.

But Dick, who was disposed to be despondent, hardly thought the game worth the candle, as he dubiously expressed it. Twilight was rapidly coming on, they had no means of guiding or checking the floating island, and even if they could effect a landing—what then? They had no guides to lead the way back to Sengar, no stores, no *anything*.

Thus Dick Morier spoke in his despondency, and Rafe not unnaturally took similar views—at least for the time being. In addition to his friend's forebodings were the possibilities of the deadly malarial fever which, with its accompanying ague, is the scourge of so many African travelers. And Rafe felt more or less uneasiness as to these unpleasant possibilities.

So the night which followed was anything but a cheerful one to at least two of the voyagers. Rafe and Dick made for themselves a sort of couch by bending down the papyrus and water reeds, but the mosquitoes, which swarmed in countless millions, were an effectual preventive of sleep. Naqual and his Massala wife, being acclimated, did not seem to mind them in the least, and so the night gradually wore away.

Morning brought but little change in the situation. The river alternately widened and narrowed, there was the same monotony of landscape, the same flocks of waterfowl, with crocodile and hippopotamus, floating beds of rushes, and reedy banks where wild buffalo and eland were disporting themselves. But alas—there was nothing to eat.

The lukewarm, muddy river water intensified rather than assuaged their thirst, even though, by Naqual's advice, each held a little in his mouth from time to time without swallowing it. Naqual, the half civilized, was simply illustrating the teachings of modern science in which we are told that it is the tongue rather than the stomach which is thirsty.

As the sun grew higher in the brassy, cloudless sky, even Naqual began to show symptoms of uneasiness. For the floating island was of course in the very center of the current, the speed of which Rafe had estimated at about two knots, or two and a half at the farthest. The shores, almost equidistant from a mile to

two miles away, were as unapproachable for them as though the floating island had been in midocean. And somewhere at the junction of the Bourre with the Yolano, were, as the Zulu knew, the falls of the Yolano. And it goes without saying that for the floating island to reach the rapids above the fall was a surety of certain death to them all. Even if escaping destruction by being dashed against the rocks as well as by drowning, at the foot of the falls there were the crocodiles—

Well, it was not good to dwell upon such things. Naqual, who for a so called savage seemed to think quite a good deal of his little Massala wife, whispered a word or two of presumable encouragement in her ear, and rose to his feet.

"What hope does your fetich give *now*?" was Dick's mocking query. But Dick was not himself when he thus spoke. The heat and deprivation of nourishing food had begun to take hold upon him.

Naqual did not reply. He motioned to his wife, who moved quietly to Dick's side, as he sat with his aching temples clasped by his feverish fingers.

Zamona without speaking drew Dick's head to her lap and began passing her small dark fingers over his burning forehead. And Dick, with a sort of hysterical sigh, closed his eyes—submitting passively to the soothing touch.

"Mother," Rafe heard him mutter incoherently, and then Rafe knew that the dread African fever had taken his friend in its delirious clutches. For Dick's mother, as in his own case, was simply the vaguest and most shadowy of childish recollections.

Then it was for almost the first time that Rafe began to lose courage. The peculiar emergencies before encountered, had seemed to call for a different show of courage and resolution. But this—Rafe, himself half sick, could see no way out of.

"Does not the young white master believe in the fetich of Naqual?" asked the Zulu with an inscrutable expression on his dark well cut features.

"No," shortly returned Rafe.

"It is well to speak as one thinks," was the imperturbable response. "But the day will be when my young masters will say that Naqual's fetich is all powerful." And then, without changing his voice in the least, Naqual said:

"I see in the distance a big canoe coming toward us." And turning, Naqual directed Rafe's attention to the direction from which they had been slowly drifting.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 280.]

## THE Golden Magnet

OR,

### The Treasure Cave of the Incas.

By G. M. FENN,

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

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### A MOURNFUL VOYAGE.

AT last I began to conquer my grief at the loss of Tom, and grew more calm, for there was work to be done. I found that we had floated on to a kind of mud bank, and were aground, and I had to help my uncle to get the raft off, which we managed by drawing the canoe up alongside, and then getting in and paddling hard. The raft floated off, and we retained our places in the canoe, guiding the raft down the swiftly flowing stream.

Morning at last, to bring no brightness to my heart.

We paddled on, the little raft, buoyant as possible, following swiftly in our wake.

"Harry," said my uncle, almost sternly, "I have thought it over during the darkness of the night, and I cannot feel that we have been wanting in any way. Poor lad! it was his fate."

"Uncle," I cried, throwing down my paddle, "I can bear this no longer. I must go back!"

"Harry, my lad," said my uncle, "take up your paddle, and use it. We have two lives to save; and, until we have them in one of the settled towns, our work is not done."

I took up my paddle in silence, and plunged the blade in the stream, and we went on, swiftly and silently, along reach after reach of the river.

Many hours passed without an alarm, and then, just as we were passing into another and a wider river, there came from the jungly edge of the left bank a puff of smoke, and a bullet struck the canoe.

"To the right," whispered my uncle softly; "we shall soon be out of that."

The paddles being swiftly plied, we made for the opposite bank, striving hard to place those we had with us out of reach of harm. But with bullets flying after us our efforts seemed very slow. The raft was struck twice, and the water splashed over us several times, before I felt a sharp blow on my shoulder—one which half numbed me—while a bullet fell down into the bottom of the canoe.

"Spent shot, Harry," said my uncle, striking on alternate sides with his paddle, for I was helpless for the next quarter of an hour. "There will be no wound, only a little pain."

The skin raft held together well—light and buoyant—so that our progress down stream was swift, but apparently endless, day after day, till our provisions were quite exhausted, and our guns had to be called into requisition to supply us with food.

We were suffering too much to appreciate the wonders of the region through which we were passing; but I have since then often recalled it, wondering often how it was that we managed ever to get down to a civilized town in safety.

There was, of course, always the consciousness of knowing that, if we kept afloat, sooner or later we must reach the sea; but what an innumerable way it was! At one time we were slowly gliding down a wide river whose banks were not only covered to the water's edge with the dense growth of the primeval forest, but the huge branches of the great trees spread far over the muddy flood.

These trees were woven together, as it were, by the huge cable-like lianas which ran from tree to tree. From others hung draperies of Spanish moss, while others were clothed with flowers from the water's edge to the very summits, whose sweet blooms filled the air with their spicy odors.

This wondrous wall of verdure rose to a great height; and when the current sometimes swept us near what was really a shoreless shore, great herons would sometimes take flight, or a troop of monkeys rush chattering up amongst the leafy branches, going along hand over hand with the most astonishing velocity, or making bounds that I would think must end in their falling headlong into the river. But no, they never seemed to miss the branch that was their aim, and this, too, when often enough one of these agile little creatures would be a mother with a couple of tiny young ones clinging so tightly to her neck that the three bodies seemed to be only one.

Curious little creatures these monkeys were, but as a rule exceedingly shy. Sometimes on a hot midday I would be seated listlessly, paddle in hand, dipping it now and then to avoid some mass of tangled driftwood, and then watching the great wall of verdure, I would see the leaves shake a little and then all would be still; but if I watched attentively as we glided by, it was a great chance if I did not see some little, dark, hairy face gazing intently down at me with the sharp, eager eyes scanning my every movement. If I raised a hand the little face was gone like magic, a rustling leaf or waving strand of some convolvulus-like plant being all that was left to show where the little creature had been.

At other times, instead of the winding river with its walls of verdure, we passed into what seemed to be some vast island studded lake, some being patches of considerable extent, others mere islets of a dozen yards across, but all covered with trees and tangled with undergrowth. Now and then there would be a swirl of the water beside them, showing where some huge reptile had dived at the sight of our boat and raft; while at other times a great snout, with the two eminences above its eyes, would be thrust out of the water and then slowly subside, to be seen no more.

At these times the current swept us through winding channels in and out among the islands, and if I could have felt in better spirits I should have found endless pleasure in investigating the various beauties of the vegetable world: the great trumpet shaped flowers that hung from some of the vines, with endless little fitting and poisoning gems of humming birds, feeding upon the nectar within the blossoms. Then squirrels could be seen running from branch to branch, at times boldly in sight, at others timid as the other occupants of the tree, the palmcats, that were almost as active.

Lilla shuddered on one occasion as I pointed out the long, twiny body of a large boa which was sluggishly making its way through the dense foliage of a rubber tree, apparently to get in a good position where it could secure itself in ambush, ready for striking at any bird that might come within its reach.

As it happened, the current drove us right in close to the tree and beneath some of its overhanging branches, with the result that the creature ceased its slow gliding movement through the dense leafage, and raised its head and four or five feet of its neck, swaying it slowly to and fro as if hesitating whether or no to make a dart at us.

It was by no means a pleasant moment, and I felt for the time something of the sensation that I had so often read of as suffered by people who have been fascinated by snakes. I had a gun lying close by me, but I made no movement to reach it; and though I had a paddle in my hand I believe that, if the creature had lowered its head I should not have struck at it. In short, I could do nothing but gaze at that waving, swaying head, with the glistening eyes, and the beautiful yellow and brown tortoise-shell-like markings of the neck and body.

Then the stream swept us slowly away, and we were beyond the reptile's reach.

Taking the recollection of these wild creatures of the South American forests, though, altogether, there was not so much cause for fear. As a rule every noxious beast seemed to aim at but one thing, and that was to escape from man. Even the great alligators, unless they could find him at a disadvantage in their native element, would rush off through the mud and undergrowth to plunge into the water and seek safety right at the bottom of the river.

The jaguars were timid in the extreme; and

though they would have fought perhaps if driven to bay, their one idea seemed to be to seek safety in flight. It was the same with the poisonous serpents, the most dangerous being a kind of miniature rattlesnake which was too sluggish and indifferent to get out of the traveler's way.

In fact the most dangerous and troublesome creatures we had to encounter on our journey down the river, excepting man, were the mosquitoes—which swarmed all along the river borders and pestered us with their bites—and an exceedingly small fish that seemed to be in myriads in parts of the stream, and to make up in absolute ferocity for their want of size. This savageness of nature was of course but their natural instinctive desire for food, but it was dangerous in the extreme, as I knew later on.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

##### A CANOE AHEAD.

ONE lovely afternoon we were floating dreamily along between two of the most beautiful walls of verdure that we had seen. Many of the trees were gorgeous with blossoms, the consequence being that bright winged beetles, painted butterflies, and humming birds abounded.

My uncle was seated half asleep with the heat, and his gun across his knees, waiting for an opportunity to shoot some large bird that would be good for food; I was dipping in my paddle from time to time so as to keep the canoe's head straight and away from the awkward snags that projected from the river here and there—the remains of trees that had been washed out of the bank by some flood—and thinking despondently about the loss of poor Tom Gilbert.

Then my thought reverted to home and those I had to meet there, with our accounts of how it was that poor Tom had met his death.

"All due to my miserable ambition," I said to myself; "a owing to my wretched thirst for gold. And what has it all come to?" I said bitterly. "I had far better have settled down to honest, straightforward labor. I should have been better off."

I gave the paddle a few dips here, and noted that the water was much purer and clearer than it had seemed yet. We were very close in to the shore, but we had floated down so far that we had ceased to fear the Indians, believing as we did that they were now far behind.

Then I began to think once more of how much better off I should have been if I had settled down to work on my uncle's plantation.

Not much, I was obliged to own, for my settling down would not have saved me from quarreling with Garcia, neither would it have cleared my uncle from the incumbrance upon his home.

"Perhaps things are best as they are," I said; and then I looked back to where Lilla was thoughtfully gazing down into the river from where she reclined upon the raft, and letting one of her hands hang down in the water, which she played with and splashed from time to time.

I was just going to warn her not to do so, for I remembered having read or heard tell that alligators would sometimes make a snap at a hand dragging in the water like that, when she uttered a sharp cry, snatching her hand away; and as she did so I saw a little flash, as if a tiny, silvery fish dropped back into the water.

"What is it?" I said.

"Something bit me—a little fish," she said. "It has nipped a morsel out of my finger."

She held up her hand as she spoke before wrapping a scrap of linen round it, and I could see that it was bleeding freely.

"Surely it could not have been that tiny fish," I said, thrusting one hand into the water and snatching it back again, for as it passed beneath the surface it was as if it had been pinched in half a dozen places at once; and when I thrust it in again I could see that the water was alive with little fish apparently about a couple of inches long, and instantaneously they made a rush at my hand, fastening upon it everywhere, so that it needed a sharp shake to throw them off; and when I drew it out, hardened and tough as it was with my late rough work, it was bleeding in a dozen places.

"Why, the little wretches!" I exclaimed; and by way of experiment I held a piece of leather over the side, to find that it was attacked furiously. Later on, when I had been fishing and had caught a small kind of carp, I hauled it behind the canoe, and in a few minutes there was nothing left but the head—the little ravenous creatures having literally devoured it, all but the stronger bones.

What more these little creatures could effect we had yet to learn, but we owned that they were as powerful in the water as the fiercer kind of ants on land, where they were virulent enough in places to master even the larger kinds of snakes if they could find them in a semitorpid state after a meal—biting with such virulence and in such myriads that the most powerful creatures at last succumbed.

At last, as the days glided on, we became more and more silent. Very little was said, and only once did my uncle talk to me quietly about our future, saying that we must get to one of the settlements on the Orinoco, low down near its mouth, and then see what could be done.

A deep, settled melancholy seemed to have affected us all; but the sight, after many days, of a small trading boat seemed to inspire us with hopefulness; and having, in exchange for



a gun, obtained a fair quantity of provisions, we continued our journey with lightened spirits. In spite, though, of seeing now and then a trading boat, we got at last into a very dull and dreary state; while, as is usually the case, the weakest, and the one from whom you might expect the least, proved to be the stoutest heart. I allude, of course, to Lilla, who always tried to cheer us on.

But there was a change coming—one which we little expected—just as, after what seemed to be an endless journey, we came in sight of a town which proved to be Angostura.

It was the afternoon of a glorious day, and we were floating along in the broiling heat, now and then giving a dip with the paddles, so as to direct the canoe more towards the bank, where we could see houses. There was a boat here and a boat there, moored in the current; and now and then we passed a canoe, while others seemed to be going in the same direction as ourselves.

"Harry, look there!" cried my uncle. I looked in the direction pointed out ahead, shading my eyes with my hand, when I dropped my paddle, as I rose up, trembling, in the boat; for just at that moment, from a canoe being paddled towards us, there came a faint but unmistakable cheer—one to which I could not respond for the choking feelings in my throat.

I rubbed my eyes, fancying that I must have been deceived, as the canoe came nearer and nearer, but still slowly, till it grated against ours, and my hands were held fast by those of Tom Gilbert, who was laughing, crying, and talking all in a breath.

"And I've been thinking I was left behind, Harry, and working away to catch you; while all the time I've been paddling away from you."

"Tom! Tom!" I cried huskily, "we thought you dead!"

"But I'm not, not a bit of it, Harry. I'm as live as ever. But are you not going to ask after anything else?"

"Tom, you're alive," I said, in the thankfulness of my heart, "and that is enough."

"No, it isn't, Harry," he whispered rather faintly; for now I saw that he looked pale and exhausted. "No, it isn't enough; for I've got all the stuff in the bottom here, just as we packed it in. Aren't you going to say 'hurrah!' for that, Harry?" he cried.

"Tom," I said, "life's worth a deal more than gold." And then I turned from him, for I could say no more.

We pushed it now to the landing place, with a feeling of awakened confidence, given—though I did not think of it then—by the knowledge of our wealth; and leaving Tom in charge of the canoes, we sought the first shelter we could obtain. Leaving my uncle to watch over the safety of the women, I set about making inquiries, and was exceedingly fortunate in obtaining possession of a house that was falling to ruin, having been deserted since quitted by an English merchant a couple of years before.

A few inquiries, too, led us to the discovery that there was an American vice consul resident, to whom I told so much of our story as was safe, mentioning the attack upon my uncle, and speaking of myself as having merely been upon an exploring visit.

The result was a number of pleasant little attentions, the consul sending up his servants to assist in making the house habitable, and sending to buy for us such articles of furniture as would be necessary for our immediate wants.

I took the first opportunity of impressing upon all present secrecy respecting the treasure, for I could not tell in what light our possession of it might be looked upon; and then I hurried down to the canoes to Tom with refreshments, of which he eagerly partook, as he said at intervals:

"I believe I should have been starved out, Harry, if there hadn't been some of the eatables stowed in my canoe by mistake; for I had nothing much to trade with the Indians when I did happen to see any shore."

It was then arranged that he should still stay with the boats till I could return and tell him that I had a safe place, while as Tom lazily stretched himself over the packages in the canoe, sheltering his head with a few great leaves, his appearance excited no attention, and I left him without much anxiety, to return to my uncle.

The discovery that Tom existed had robbed our perils of three parts of their suffering; and now, with feelings of real anxiety respecting the treasure springing up, I hurried back again to the landing place, to find all well, for the place was too Spanish and lazy for our coming to create much excitement.

It was, evident, though, that Tom had undergone a great deal, and was far from able to bear much more; for that evening, after telling the Indian porters that I was a sort of curiosity and stone collector, and getting the treasure carried up safely to the house which we had taken, he suddenly gave a lurch, and would have fallen had I not caught his arm.

"Why, Tom!" I cried anxiously.

"I think, Harry," he said softly, "it might be as well if you was to let a doctor look at me—it would be just as well. I've a bullet in me somewhere, and that knife—"

"Bullet—knife, Tom?"

"Yes, Harry, that Garcia—but I'll tell you all about it after."

(To be continued.)

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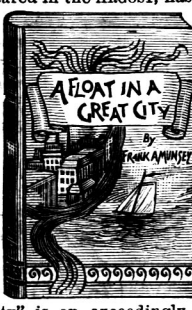
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*These books contain between two and three hundred pages, and they are beautifully illustrated and handsomely bound. They are the best stories of the very best authors—such stories as are usually sold for \$1.25.*

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*And we are now prepared to repeat this offer on our new story commenced this week, which is entitled*

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

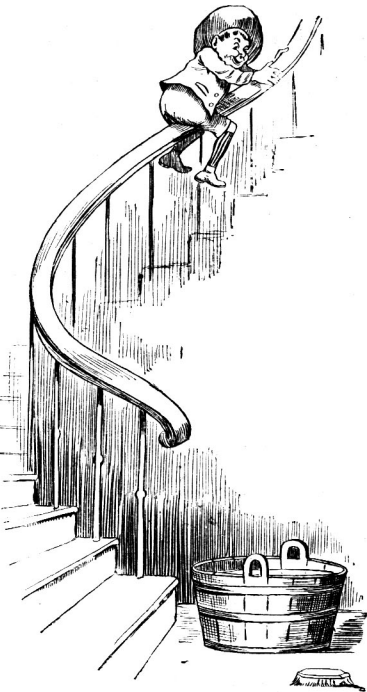
This is a story of even greater merit than those that went before it, and will prove more and more deeply interesting as it advances. We are very anxious to get this week's ARGOSY into the hands of boys and girls who are not now reading it, or perhaps never read it, and know nothing of its fine stories. We therefore make you the following offer:

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Whoop! Clear the track!

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One of the officers of the Larrabee Street police station has only been in this country two years. He was passing a vacant lot where a crowd of boys were playing base ball recently, and some of the remarks he overheard made him think he had fallen in with a gang of thieves.

One of the boys was telling a companion that he made a practice of "stealing bases" and "sneaking home," with other talk of like knavish sound, and the police officer looked him up as a thief. He arraigned his captive in court next morning.

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"What did he say?" asked the justice. "Why, he said he had a Charley horse, that it was his first one, and that he would like to dispose of it. I know this fellow never owned a horse and he must have stolen it."

Then he told the remainder of the conversation he had overheard, but by this time the justice, who was better posted in sporting phraseology, was purple with suppressed laughter, and when the officer got through he broke out into a guffaw that made the windows rattle. The prisoner was summarily dismissed.

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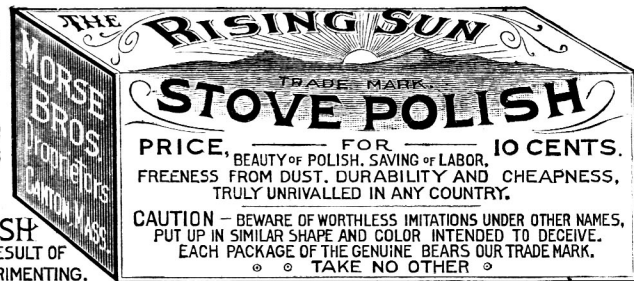


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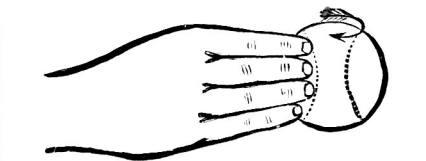
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