

Holden

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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THE STRANGE, MELANCHOLY PROCESSION WOUND ITS WAY WITH MUFFLED DRUMS THROUGH THE PRINCIPAL STREETS OF THE TOWN.—DRAWN BY E. J. MEEKER.

See "A NEW DEPARTURE," Fourth of July Story, on next page.

THE FLAG OF FREEDOM.

BY BANCROFT GRIFFITH.

Flag of Freedom, now unrolled
In the pure and scented air;
Dawn shall gild it with bright gold,
Every patriot bless by prayer!
Flag of Freedom, in the light,
Long as blooms the springing vine,
Spread on sea, or mountain height,
Glorious symbol to shine.
Precious banner, Heaven lit,
On this glorious natal morn,
Millions prize and honor it,
Millions will, as yet unborn!

A New Departure.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY.

BY MRS. C. JEWETT.

IT was a bad day for the boys of Bradhurst when Judge Tappen took the matter of a celebration into his own hands.

An old man was the judge, whose many prosperous years had somehow dried all the enthusiasm and ardent zeal of patriotism out of his thin blue veins.

He hated noise, and he hated boys, almost as intensely as he loved his own way; and with the recollection of jangling bells and flashing rockets, of a half dozen incipient fires, and as many dangerous runaways, fresh in his mind, he determined for the once to put his foot down with sufficient force to stamp out the growing agitation in regard to a glorious good time.

A few of the town fathers, with a weak parental partiality for their own offspring, together with sundry blood stirring memories of past and gone muster and training days, had in the beginning mildly encouraged the idea of an old fashioned and unexciting celebration.

These gentlemen, however, upon learning Judge Tappen's unalterable opposition to the scheme, immediately abandoned it; and furthermore emphasized their mean spirited submission to moneyed authority by agreeing, one and all, to restrain their boys from any "tomfoolery."

America, as a free country, is not supposed to tolerate within her broad domains any recognized form of oppression; and yet in the very heart of New England may be found many an uncrowned sovereign whose authority is undisputed, and whose word is law.

Such an autocrat was the old judge, owner of the great factories that gave employment to half the inhabitants of Bradhurst. A man to be feared, in that he held mortgages which covered a good part of all the real estate in town. A man to be propitiated, in that he always had money to lend—upon good security.

The fathers and mothers, all of them sufficiently wise to keep on the right side of so influential a person.

The mothers, bearing in mind many former burns, bruises, and blood curdling frights, stood up for him to a woman. The girls, whose aprons and curls were always suffering, could not be expected to know anything about it, but the boys!

O the boys! In such self sufficient, unrestrained, authority defying, young reprobates!

They were so blind to their own interests as to rebel, loudly and furiously, against such wholesome and proper restraint.

So outspoken and unyielding in this rebellion did the interests of law and order demanded more stringent measures than he had at first proposed.

The extent and malignancy of his design was not fully exposed until a day or two before the Fourth.

Then an indignant juvenile crowd, composed of embryo American citizens, found itself confronted by the terrible alternative of submission or imprisonment.

The situation was indeed a serious one, and the boys so regarded it.

It was a sight to make the heart of the stoutest tremble when the selectmen, headed by the judge, and flanked by a policeman, filed into the school rooms.

There they stood, merciless, motionless, while these awe inspiring words dropped from the teacher's lips:

"Whereas, in times past, much wanton and malicious mischief has been perpetrated upon the fourth day of July, and much injury done to person and to property, it is hereby decreed that the coming holiday shall be observed in respectful and decorous fashion.

"That the use of firearms and explosives of all kinds be strictly prohibited, and that all unseemly and unusual noises be forbidden.

"And you are furthermore required to sign an agreement, promising to violate none of the rules and regulations herein enumerated.

"Any one breaking said agreement, or refusing to sign it, will, if found upon the street between the third and fifth days of July, be promptly arrested and imprisoned in the common jail."

The majesty of the law triumphed in the primary department, many of the little fellows mingling their trembling pithooks with frightened tears.

The intermediate and grammar grades also submitted in sullen silence to the inevitable; but the students of the high school refused absolutely, and as one young man, to barter their bright for the pottage of their personal liberty.

"We will never disgrace our manhood by yielding tamely to such oppression!" cried

Jerry Linscott, facing the judge defiantly. "We can spend the day in the lockup, sir! but if we do, every paper in the land shall chronicle the fact that we suffered imprisonment through a desire of doing fitting honor to national holiday."

"Stuff and nonsense!" retorted the judge; "the newspapers will have no room to print boys' bombastic folly; they will be full of accidents and deaths for a week after the Fourth; they always are. Just for a change, we have a fancy for a bloodless observance of the day, and fitting honor to national holiday." Your signing this paper, or refusing to do so, does not signify a penny to any one but yourselves. Mr. Heber, I would recommend you to add rhetoric and some practical instruction in respectful behavior to your regular course of studies. Good day, sir; young gentlemen, good day; and in your efforts to acquire knowledge don't forget to practice common sense."

After the judge had departed, Mr. Heber rang the bell for recess.

This the young gentlemen and ladies of the school enjoyed in common. For the boys and girls to "go out together" had been a thing unheard of in times past; but Mr. Heber, who firmly believed in the co-education of the sexes, had introduced the daring innovation.

He had been severely criticised by the more conservative portion of the community because of his new and unorthodox notions in regard to female rights and privileges; and never before had theories received such a glorious vindication as on that day.

At the close of the recess the obnoxious paper was handed to him, and he saw to his surprise and delight that it bore the name of every boy in school.

He had greatly feared evil results from the threat of a contest between the majority, authority and youthful independence; and while his heart leaned toward his pupils, of whom he was undeniably fond, his position as instructor necessitated upholding the unpopular side.

That the girls were at the bottom of this wise concession he could not for a moment doubt, but he never noticed their entreating faces and imploring gestures.

Judge Tappen called for the paper in the afternoon, and received it with marked approval.

"I think," said Mr. Heber, "that the young ladies of the school are responsible for this sea of change in the aspect of affairs, and I also think that the change itself shows, as nothing else could do, the wisdom of friendly and equal association between young people of opposite sexes. Your granddaughter, I am happy to say, exerted herself to the utmost to avert the threatened unpleasantness. I saw more than one name appended to this paper under her direct supervision.

"Ah, yes, yes!" said the judge, greatly pleased by the teacher's commendation of his heart's delight, a pretty, lady-like girl, who sat with downcast eyes and flaming cheeks all through the perfectly audible conversation.

She was a roll of paper in one hand, proof positive that her essay was original, consequently amusing and propitiating.

A little stir in the audience, caused by several of the older girls leaving the room, rather disconcerted her at first; but after a moment's hesitation she opened her MS., and read in a clear and perfectly modulated voice a rapid review of facts cited by previous speakers.

"We see," she continued, with heightened color, but unshaken self possession, "that since the world began, woman has shirked no duty, and has proved unfaithful to no trust which circumstances have thrust upon her.

"In the olden days of romance and chivalry, men have fallen on the field of battle, and they died, unconquered and unsubdued, their wives and daughters, their sisters and sweethearts, have caught their swords as they dropped from their nerveless fingers, and have fought on, until they wrested victory from the very threshold of defeat.

"Can we, representative women of the nineteenth century, do less?

"Think you that the grand old 'Spirit of '76' lives only in masculine remembrance? or that love of country, and respect for its ancient and honorable customs, forms no part of the education of today?

"Conquered by circumstances over which they had no control, we see our brothers and companions *hors de combat*; and so, as our ancestors, those noble women of the revolution would have done, we take their places, and in their stead, fittingly celebrate our nation's good old holiday."

Then she turned her hand and began to sing, while all about her, with nodding heads and pounding hands, and jiggling feet, sweet little girls, joined in "Yankee Doodle's" catchy chorus.

As this exhilarating and inspiring music filled the room, there arose outside of it such a wild discordant din, that the very air seemed clear and torn with crash after crash of reverberating sound.

At the same instant, from all the staid old steeples, the silent bells flung out, with clash and clamor their contribution to the mad acoustic carnival; and while the night air still palpitated with their resonant pulsations, there arose still another smaller psalter, more ear splitting chorus, of rattling tin horns, small firearms, and wild feminine shrieks and howls, indescribable, unnatural, and unearthly.

In the midst of the uproar, Miss Celia swayed lightly backward, bringing her sweet flushed face close to her grandfather's.

Her eyes were fixed on the old man's face, and she saw to her surprise and delight that it bore the name of every boy in school.

He had greatly feared evil results from the threat of a contest between the majority, authority and youthful independence; and while his heart leaned toward his pupils, of whom he was undeniably fond, his position as instructor necessitated upholding the unpopular side.

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ation by declaring that old Tappen's conscience sat heavy on his stomach.

Perhaps there was some foundation for a suspicion of mental and physical displacement, for he met in his eyes, as if in a most uncomfortable frame of mind and body.

"I do not know," said he, half apologetically, "that I ought to bring this unpleasant subject into an assembly held under the auspices of young ladies, who have proved themselves so friendly to reasonable restraint. I congratulate them for their energy and earnestness upon the appearance of the hall, and the size of the audience; and I wish to say to that same audience, embracing, as I suppose it must, today's offenders, that they will certainly be ferreted out, and as certainly arrested and properly punished. Ignoring altogether this morning's reasonable display, I would remind you that a taste of the national custom, and an alarm bell a village necessity. Fortunately no damage has resulted from the perpetration of a piece of boyish insolence, but the defiance and insubordination will not be overlooked. Were my own son guilty of such an offense against decency and good faith, he should not escape a taste of the national discipline."

This aggressive address somewhat dampened the hilarity of the occasion. Many of the boys fidgeted uneasily in their seats, and a look of anxiety crept into more than one motherly face—anxiety that gradually gave place to amusement, and then to puzzled solicitude.

For all these moans, lady-like young misses, with their crimps and curls, their rosy cheeks and dainty dresses, chose one strange, unsuitable, unfeminine theme, for reading and for singing, for recitation, and for declamation.

There was no change in the subject, as one after another stepped upon the platform. All these, in their earnest, earnest man's rights and wrongs, her toils and triumphs.

From the days of Miriam the prophetess, and Deborah the ruler, down through the ages they passed, culling here and there from the pages of history, sacred and profane, such names as live forever in song and story.

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"Isn't it a nice joke, grandpapa?" she queried; "and haven't we carried it out to perfection?"

"A joke!" roared the judge, for once thoroughly angry with the girl whose unflinching eyes were so like his own, and whose temper matched them.

"I see no joke, and if I did, it would be a sorry one for you, young woman," he added grimly.

"O, no, grandpapa!" she protested softly. "Not a sorry, but an amusing one; you must be amused, or else you are in a duty bound to arrest, and properly punish me."

For a moment the old gentleman hesitated, but the easy face, the dancing eyes, the coaxing lips of his granddaughter, together with the absolute truth of her assertion, carried the day.

"Ah!" she cried triumphantly. "You see the funny side of my jest at last; so laugh a little, and tell the people how diverting you find it; for they will all know in a very few moments that it is your own flesh and blood that deserves a taste of discipline."

There was no help for it. Slowly the old man arose, feeling, for the once, every one of his unprofitable years.

Feebly he lifted his hand, with a gesture that implored rather than demanded silence.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I think we must all acknowledge ourselves beaten. The young people of Bradhurst have doubtless enjoyed their little joke, and have given us in return a novel entertainment with an unexpected ending. Theoretically we may disapprove, personally we must admire. Let us bow to the inevitable." Then, with an indescribable contortion, meant for a smile, upon his discomfited face, he took a hasty and somewhat undignified departure.

His words deceived nobody, but they saved his granddaughter, and were greeted with one wild rapturous burst of applause from a hitherto silent portion of the audience—the boys.

Alone in the darkness, the judge heard the shout.

The firecrackers and torpedoes had burned themselves out; the rockets had burst and fallen; the swaying bells had proved too heavy a strain upon the little young arms, and had dropped into silence; only a confused babel of voices, and a few flashing lights, told of the evening's riotous outburst.

The old man looked back for a moment; then, from the depths of profound conviction, he spoke.

"Nanny boys, and Tommy girls," said he, "and the world turned upside down. There are two fools in this town, Heber and I; just a pair of us."

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"Well, no, sir; I am no sailor, as Gibbs is, and I should be of use before the mast. Besides, I am able to pay my passage, and I am willing to pay his, if his pride will let him accept such an offer."

"We will see about his pride, and I will send for him," and the commander went to the door.

Captain Wellfleet passed out of the cabin to the deck of the ship, where he saw that the tug had come alongside on the port hand, while the Medusa was on the starboard side of the Ganymede; and it was evident that the applicant for passage had not seen his friend Gibbs, as the officers had taken him into the cabin of the towboat.

Broucker's clothes had been taken off, and he had been put to bed in one of the berths, so that his wounds could be properly dressed, for he was suffering considerable pain, while Silky had been ironed, and sat on a divan.

Rowly wanted to tell the captain who the applicant for passage was, and he left the cabin to follow him, though not till he had written on a bit of paper that the stranger was Ashbank, and passed it to Captain Ringboom.

"You seem to know that man in the cabin, Captain Wellfleet," said the shadow, when he joined the captain in the wardroom.

"I don't know him; but there is a screw loose in him somewhere, and I suspect that he is a bank clerk, or something of that sort, running away with money that don't belong to him," replied the commander. "He has excited my curiosity, and I am going to call in Gibbs to see the sake of having the officers take a look at him."

"I can save you all that trouble, for I know him perfectly," added Rowly. "He is a noted burglar, and the husband of the woman I have told you about. He was Silky's pal in the attempt to rob the store of Brillant & Co., and was arrested yesterday afternoon."

"Whew!" whistled the captain. "He is bigger game than I supposed he was, and we shall have the pleasure of sending him back with the other two. If you are sure of the man, all we want is the officers; and I will send the mate and a couple of men to take care of the prisoners while they perform this new duty," continued the captain.

The mate and the men were sent on board of the Medusa, and Rowly went with them to explain the situation to the detectives, who made no difficulty in leaving their charge; but the captain of the Ganymede changed his mind, his curiosity and love of a stirring incident proving too strong to let the two burglars together in order to witness their confusion.

"Ashbank can have no suspicion of the real state of things on board of the ship and the steamer, can he?" inquired the captain, stopping short and looking back at the shadow, as the officer returned for the prisoner.

Rowly proceeded to take all he would not come on board of the Ganymede," replied Rowly confidently. "How should he know anything about what has been going on since the ship left her anchorage?"

"I give it up; but these fellows know more than the constitution permits, and why should this worthy invalid take all this trouble to get on board of the Ganymede?"

"Because he knew that his pal had shipped for this voyage! The two burglars were together no longer ago than yesterday morning."

The appearance of the officers with their prisoner interrupted the explanations, and the party proceeded to take all he would not come on board of the Ganymede," replied Rowly confidently. "How should he know anything about what has been going on since the ship left her anchorage?"

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"The gentleman did not favor us with his name; but now we know it. How is your wife, Mr. Maudleton? I don't like to be too familiar with a gentleman who honors me by selecting the Ganymede for his voyage to London, or I should say, 'How is Maggie?'"

Ashbank was so upset by these questions that he started back, and gazed at the captain with a lowering brow.

"I have no wife, sir," replied he, as he began to recover his self possession. "If I did not believe it was impossible in a gentleman of your standing and dignity, I should suppose you were amusing yourself at my expense."

"It's no use, Maudleton! Don't you see that I am in irons, that I have been arrested?" demanded Silky, as he moved a step nearer to his late associate.

"Arrested!" exclaimed Ashbank, starting back again till he came within reach of the officers.

"It is time you were put in the same box with him," said one of them, as he slipped the irons on his wrists, when the other drew them behind the prisoner.

"I don't understand this," said Ashbank, fixing his gaze on the smiling captain.

"It is all up with us!" said Silky. "I have no friend speaking the truth at this time, though in spite of his church relations, and his high moral character, he is not in the habit of doing so. I suppose he would even deny that he stole two hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, and would no more tell a lie than he would do such a thing," said the captain, rising from the table.

The diamonds were a new revelation to Ashbank. He now understood why his pal had deserted him.

CHAPTER XLIII.

AN EXCHANGE OF INFORMATION.

"I KNOW nothing of any diamonds," replied Ashbank, really puzzled by the allusion.

"That is quite true; he is entirely ignorant that his associate stole the casket of diamonds, and intended to dispose of them in London or on the continent; but it was done by his friend speaking the truth at the store of Brillant & Co.," interposed Rowly, who was better posted in regard to the intentions and movements of the burglars than any other person.

"Is that so, Gunnywood?" demanded Ashbank, elevating himself to the dignity of one who feels that he has been wronged.

"It was difficult to tell what their names were, so many different ones were applied to them."

"I knew there was treachery on your part, Gunnywood," snarled Ashbank.

"The pot need not call the kettle black," replied Silky, who appeared to be resigned to the situation, at least for the time being.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Maudleton, or Mr. Ashbank, as the case may be, but I supposed you were safely lodged in the Tombs, and it is rather a surprise to see you on the wave at this distance from the city," said Rowly, though he hardly expected the burglar would give him any information to gratify his curiosity.

"You did the best I could to procure your arrest."

"You did!" exclaimed Ashbank, looking at him with interest for the first time. "What did you do?"

"I pointed you out to the two officers that arrested you; and that was all I could do, or I would have done more," returned Rowly, warmly.

"Do you know me?"

"I shall answer that question by asking you the same one, do you know me?"

"I do not; I never saw you before in my life," replied the shadow.

"I was laboring under a mistake, for I saw you when you were in the store of Brillant & Co., where I worked."

"That is the young cub that we bound in the store," growled Silky, who was already pleading guilty, for he knew just how strong the evidence against him would foot up when the day of trial came. "But he has daubed his face, and put on a false mustache."

"Just as you have daubed your face and put on a false beard," retorted the young shadow, as he removed his unnatural hair, and, walking up to the burglar, snatched the false beard from his face.

"It took me some time to determine who you were, though I knew I had seen you before."

"She was not with us, and did not lift a finger to do anything with us," protested the burglar.

"But she enticed Mr. Amlock out of the store on the pretense that she was a sister of the junior partner; she gave him a dose of morphine, and stupefied him so that he did not know whether he stood on his head or his heels. If she did not lift a finger to help you, she did as much to aid you as though she had come into the store and held the senior clerk by the throat while you did your burglarious work," argued Rowly, with a good deal of enthusiasm.

"That is sound doctrine," said the captain of the Ganymede, laughing and clapping his hands at the vigor and earnestness of the young shadow.

"But interested as I am in this case, I must take my ship to sea."

"I did not finish examining the contents of the bag when Mr. Maudleton applied for passage. Perhaps you would like to know what else the bag holds," suggested Rowly.

"You did not take any stock in my story about the glass ware."

"I will be with you in a minute," replied the commander, as he went to the door and called the mate, whom he directed to shake out the topicals.

"The two hands short, and the rest of the crew are hardly shore enough to do any work," replied the mate. "We have been drifting in shore for the last hour."

"Then let go the anchor, and I will send up town for more men," said the captain, as he returned to his place at the cabin table.

"Now show me the plunder, Rowly."

The packages were all opened, and an inventory taken of those containing the diamonds, which was compared with the list the shadow had made, and not a single gem was missing.

A larger package was then opened, and was found to contain a portfolio, such as is used by bank officers, containing bank bills, checks, papers; and it was stuffed as full as it could be with money and bonds.

"Morgan Dykes," continued Rowly, reading the name on the inside of the portfolio. "That informs us where this money and bonds come from. But Mr. Maudleton, Mr. Ashbank, or Mr. Broucker, had a hand in the robbery of which this is the plunder."

"How is that?" asked Captain Ringboom.

"This break took place last night, while the gentleman who wants a passage to London was locked up in the Tombs," replied Rowly. "His wife was present, but she only waited in the street for her husband."

"How did you know all this, my boy?" asked Ashbank, in a patronizing tone.

"I will make a trade with you, if you like, and swap off some of my information for some of yours," said Rowly, laughing.

"Silky has been a traitor to me and to my wife, and I can explain it all," added Ashbank, bitterly, as he bestowed sundry scowls upon his associate in crime. "He must have told you these things, or you never would have known them."

"I never told him a thing," protested Silky.

"Not too fast, Mr. Gunnywood," interposed the shadow. "If you will answer a question of mine, I will answer the one you have put to me."

"What is the question?" inquired Ashbank, apparently more anxious to convict his associate of treachery than he was to save himself.

"How did you get out of the Tombs?" asked Rowly.

The burglar knitted his brow, and seemed to be considering the matter for some time before he could decide what to do.

"By an arrangement months ago with a friend for the emergency; either of us was to serve the other in case of need," replied Ashbank at last. "I wanted a priest, and I sent for one, but he was laboring under a mistake, he was no priest, but he was my friend, and gave me his clerical dress, which I put on in the cell, and plenty of money. Then I went out without even being challenged. Silky had told me he intended to ship in the Ganymede, if he made a good haul at the jewelry store, and leave the country forever. This was the day she was to sail, and I rushed to the pier, and chartered the tug. My friend is still in the Tombs, I suppose, but aiding a prisoner to escape is not a burglary, and I hope he will get off easy."

"In return for your information, I can only say I retained my knowledge of your plans from Silky while concealed under the bed, or listening at the door of his room," replied Rowly, giving all the details.

The party went on board of the Medusa, and Captain Ringboom was deputed to send down the sailors by a tug.

But where is my clerk you were to bring down to the steamer, Ringboom?" demanded Captain Wellfleet.

Diligent search was made, but the captain's clerk could not be found.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE FINAL DISPOSITION OF THE STOWAWAY.

CAPTAIN RINGBOOM had certainly brought down a young man who was to act as captain's clerk, and, after his examination, he had been instructed to remain on board of the Medusa until he was directed to report on board of the ship.

Search was given to a search for him, and at last he was found stowed away in the stateroom of the engineer, of whose berth he had taken full possession, and his appearance indicated that he was not in a pleasant frame of mind.

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Captain Ringboom, who had been called as soon as the delinquent was found.

"I am sick; oh, sir, I am very sick! I am afraid I shall never live to see the blessed land again," groaned the sufferer, and he looked as though he had passed through a fever, he was so pale, and wore such a distressed expression.

"How come you in this room? Who told you you might turn in here?"

"No one, sir; ask them to excuse me if I have done wrong," pleaded the long roll of fat. "I was very ill on the forward part of the steamer, and I tried to go back where you were; but I thought I should faint away, and came into this room when I saw the door open. I did not shut the door; it was the motion of the steamer that did that."

The usual signs of sea sickness were apparent, though the Medusa had been subjected to very little of the ocean swell.

"It is nothing but sea sickness, my man," said the master of the Reindeer, in kinder tones than he had used before.

"Do you think I shall live to see the shore, sir?"

"The shore, my hearty! You will not see the land again for a month," said the captain. "But you must turn out and go on board of the Ganymede, for the captain is waiting for you, and wants you to do some writing."

"I cannot get up, sir; I shall faint away if I try to do so," groaned the long roll of fat.

It looked as though the captain's clerk was a decided and outspoken failure; and all the threats and persuasions of Captain Ringboom had no effect upon him. It did not look as though he could be of any service on board of the Ganymede, if he were carried to her cabin, and the disgusted old man concluded to report the situation to his friend.

"I am sorry for Wellfleet, for he has an aversion of writing which has just fallen on him, and he is not disposed to do it himself," said the captain, as he encountered Rowly on his way to the deck of the ship. "Do you know of another young fellow that can send down by the tug?"

"How is that?" asked the captain, curiously.

"I haven't told you how I got loose after the burglars had knocked me down, and tied me hand and foot between decks," continued Rowly.

"I did not even know that you had been knocked down and tied," said Captain Ringboom, halting in his stride to look at his friend.

"Well, Ringboom, have you found my clerk? I want him right off," interposed he of the Ganymede, as they came on board of the ship.

"I have found him, but he will be as useless to you as a case of freight," replied he of the Reindeer, as he explained the condition of the clerk.

"That is bad; that is very bad, for I have left all my writing for my clerk."

"Were you aware that Rowly had a battle below with the burglars at least an hour before the scare came off, Wellfleet?" asked the master of the Reindeer.

"Never heard of a word of it; we were too busy after the ship struck on the rock to talk over the news of the day," replied the commander of the ship, looking at the young shadow.

Rowly told the story of his encounter with the burglars, or rather explained in what manner he had been thrown down and made a prisoner, for he had no opportunity to defend himself, and then told the story of Ernest Balfour, who had so opportunely released him from his confinement.

"Then he was the one who brought the letter to me," added Captain Wellfleet.

"He was; and I wrote the letter as soon as I saw that things were in condition for the communication we had arranged."

"I hardly looked at him, though his face was new to me, and I concluded that he was some one that belonged on board of the steamer."

"Ernest Balfour saved the battle to us," continued Rowly; "and if it had not been for him my plan would have been a failure."

"And he was nothing but a stowaway," added the commander, with something like contempt in his tones and manner.

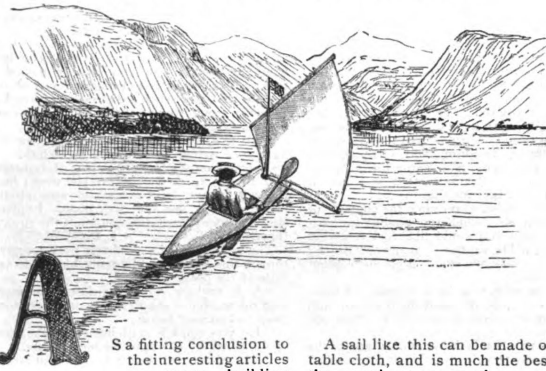
"That is just what he was; but he intended to pay his passage when the ship arrived at London. He tried to steal his passage, but he meant to pay for it in the end, and it was the luckiest thing in the world that he happened to stow himself away on board of your ship," said Rowly, very warmly. "I feel under very great obligations to him, and I have agreed to see that he is carried to London, even if I have to pay his passage in a steamer, which I am willing to do, and have money enough for the purpose."

"Fasten up your purse strings, for I will give him a berth to London without money and without price," laughed the commander, enthused by the earnestness of the young shadow.

"But I have another idea in my head, Captain Wellfleet; Balfour is well educated, and I have thought he could do duty as captain's clerk."

(To be concluded.)

THE A. B. C. OF BOAT SAILING.



A fitting conclusion to the interesting articles on canoe building which have recently appeared in the ARGOSY, we reproduce for our readers some clear and admirable directions for boys who want to learn the mysteries of boat sailing, given by a correspondent of the New York Star:

I have had, says the writer, several years' experience in boating about New York harbor, and have made many perilous passages up and down the East and North Rivers.

I have been off Cape Horn when it blew "straight out" and it seemed to snow horizontally instead of perpendicularly. But there were forty hands to keep you company, a 3,000 ton ship under you, and nothing to do when everything was furling save a "storm staysail" or a bit of reefed foretopsail, but to crouch under the weather bulwarks and let her blow it out.

But in New York harbor, with seven ferry boats from either shore making directly for you, and one or two Sound steamers apparently bent on running you down, to say nothing of the tugs, sloops, smacks and schooners all about you, a lone man in a lone small boat has something else to think of beside the cut of his next pair of pantaloons.

I have used up three boats in New York harbor. The first was a flat bottomed skiff. I had not then ventured on using a sail. The skiff was stolen from me by the pirates of Staten Island. I bought next a skiff with a sail. She was old and rotten, but good enough to bang about in. She went to pieces on the Staten Island shore, near the Quarantine landing, in half a gale of wind. My last boat (a Whitehall) died peacefully of old age last fall. The immediate cause of her decease were two incurable ruptures or leaks in the bows.

You will observe that mine has not been fancy boating. I wanted a craft that I could "knock about" in, and that could stand beaching on stony shores and banging in bangle places. I think a cheap "tub" of any sort the best to commence with, for blunders and hard knocks come as a rule in commencing anything, from doctoring to boating, and it's better to have an old carcass of a boat to experiment on before you buy or use anything more valuable.

Perhaps the handiest boat for general use is one that you may row or sail as you please. Get one with a "step mast"—that is, a mast that can be set up or taken down at pleasure. The foot of the mast goes through a hole in a board, nailed about eighteen inches or two feet from the bow, and on the boat's bottom fits into a socket.

In a boat manageable with a pair of oars, you can, if becalmed or caught by an opposing tide, get back much sooner to your starting place; whereas in a boat manageable by sail only, you may drift helplessly for hours. Besides, you can "knock about" easier in the rowboat, and go up narrow creeks or haul it up on beaches which you wish to explore.

You can make almost any bit of cloth answer for a sail; and on commencing, if you are your own teacher, the sail need not be very large. Get used first to the handling of your bit of cloth. You may cut it in the shape of a triangle or jib; and at the lower end which will be nearest you as you sit in the boat's stern, fasten your rope or "sheet,"

A sail like this can be made of an old table cloth, and is much the best to gain the experience you need.

Your boat may have either a keel or centerboard. The centerboard is a movable keel. It may be raised or lowered at pleasure through a slit in the boat's bottom. It is the only keel which can be used on a flat bottomed boat.

The "lee" of the fence is the side you sit under to shelter you from the wind. The "lee" of your boat is the side opposite that from which the wind is coming. The "weather" or "windward" side is the side on which first the wind strikes. If you ship as "boy" on a vessel and attempt to throw water or ashes to windward, you will get as much of the water or ashes in your eyes as you can hold, and thereby make one of your first marks as a "greenhorn."

The use of the keel or centerboard is to "hold on" to the water. If the wind is directly "aft," or behind the boat, there is no "holding on" to be done. The wind's force then drives your boat ahead as you drive your sled ahead by pushing it from behind.

But you can sail your boat very near the direction from which the wind comes; that is, you sail it "on the wind" or actually against the wind. Here the keel or centerboard plays an important part.

Turn the boat's head so that the wind strikes the sail "abeam," that is, directly against the boat's side. This result is as if you were shoving the boat yourself broadside against the water. But that part of the boat under water and the keel prevent much advance in the direction you are pushing or that in which the wind is pushing.

The boat slips away in a direction between the resistance of the water pushing against the keel on one side and the wind pushing against the sail on the other—something as an orange or apple seed when tightly pressed between thumb and forefinger is squeezed or snapped out across the room. The seed represents the boat, the forefinger the water pushing in one direction, and the thumb the wind pushing in another. This is sailing with the wind abeam, or, as otherwise called, "on the wind" or "near the wind."

Sailing in this way the helm and keel prevent our boat from "slipping off" to leeward—that is, being forced directly in the direction the wind is blowing. Your rudder is really the movable portion of the keel, and the more you press this movable portion against the water, the more you keep the boat headed as near as you wish in the direction from which the wind comes.

There must be a constant play of the rudder to and fro, so as to catch the greatest amount of wind force on the sail, and at the same time to let off this force when it is too great and threatens the capsizing of the boat. This play, or working of the helm, you must learn from instinct, as you will learn if there is any boatman in you. It's a knack of the same order as skill in riding or driving a horse.

If under sail or through force of the wind the boat so careens as to take in water, or there is risk of its doing so, let go your tiller instantly. The tiller is the handle to the helm or rudder. I am using the plainest terms I can find for the benefit of boys who may not be living near lake or sea; because so many of these phrases, belonging to some partic-

ular business or profession, are held as clearly understood by all when they are not. Worst still, many who do not clearly know are ashamed to ask their meaning for fear of exposing their ignorance.

So let go your helm when the boat seems in danger of capsizing and she will instantly stand on an even keel. I do not say that the experienced boatman does let go the helm in such cases. But I am talking now to some boy unused to a boat, who wants to learn to manage one, and who for lack of a teacher is trying to teach himself, as I did.

One thing, besides, is of great importance to your safety. Keep always the "sheet" in your hand. The sheet is the rope made fast at the end of the sail or boom, and leading into the boat. It is by the management of the sheet and the helm that you regulate the amount of force with which the wind presses on your sail. You want as much of that force to drive the boat through the water as your boat can stand without upsetting. You will allow your boat to be careened over by this force until the top of her side to leeward of the gunwale touches the water, or comes within two or three inches of it.

In sailing on or near the wind, when you let go your helm, or, in other words, cease the pressure of the tiller, letting go of it altogether if you please, you throw the wind out of the sail and take off the pressure against it. The boat's head then comes up into the wind—that is, it turns naturally toward the direction from whence the wind comes, as it would do if tied to stake or anchor.

Now, do this if caught in a squall or by a sudden fling. Let go all, both tiller and sheet. Your boat is then simply afloat, without any pressure against her, and if the sea is not too high you are in comparative safety. Never mind how much your sail flaps and slats about. That is only noise, not danger.

If during the squall the sea is heavy and looks as if it would come over the side or stern and swamp you, get the boat's head toward the direction from whence the waves come. Any craft will float far more safely head on to the rollers. That's the rule at sea in a gale of wind. They turn the ship's head toward the seas, "lie to," and ride out the angriest part of the blow. If there's no lee shore within a few miles—that is, a shore toward which the vessel is drifting and may touch in a few hours—a gale, when all the canvas is "stowed," is an easy time for the sailor.

But keep the sheet always in your hand, so that you may let it go at a moment's warning. See also that this rope is all clear of everything that is in danger of catching or being entangled with any nail of the boat or anything in the boat, in case it should suddenly run out. Nine tenths of your safety depend on this care of the sheet. The sheet is really the knot by which you fasten a certain amount of wind force in your sail. You want to have it always in such position that you can at a moment's warning spill every bit of wind out of the sail.

"Spilling the wind out of the sail" is a term used by sailors when at work folding up their great heavy sheets of canvas on the ship's yards. So long as the wind is in the sail, even after it is clewed up, it is often an unruly, restless, flapping monster, slapping the men in the face, or throwing its great heavy folds of wet cloth over them, and sometimes dragging or knocking them off the yard. The men, in so spilling the wind out of the sail, throw on the distended parts as much of the weight of their bodies and arms as they can in a position where "it's one hand for themselves and t'other for the owners."

I think that two fifths of the boat capsizings come of carelessness in the management of the sheet.

To "luff" is to bring the boat's head toward the wind as before spoken of. To "keep her off" is to turn in a contrary direction, that is, away from the wind. Or, in other words, to take more of the wind's force in your sail by turning the sail in such position that more wind strikes against it.

"Tacking" is working your boat in a series of zigzags against the wind. Suppose the wind is coming from the north. You will on one tack send your boat, say, half a mile to the northwest. Then you

come up into the wind, that is, head for the north. Well, the north wind won't allow you to go directly in that direction. But you can slip along at a slant to the northeast. You sail on that "slant," or tack, half a mile. In doing this you have gained perhaps a quarter of a mile of "morning." You may see by the position of objects on shore that you are a quarter of a mile farther north than when starting on the tack. Now you luff or come up into the wind again, heading north-west, and on your northwest zigzag you gain another quarter of a mile north.

Sailing with the wind aft, that is, directly behind the boat, is a very pleasant way of slipping through the water, but is not without its peculiar danger, and a good deal of it, too, in case there is much wind and the water is rough. Your boom is then away off from the boat, and the straighter the wind blows against it—that is, the straighter you are going in a line with the wind—the more danger is there of "jibing," and about two fifths of the capsizings come of jibing.

Jibing means that the wind gets on the other or forward side of the sail, forces it to the other side of the boat, and it is then, of all times, if the sheet is fast or entangled, that over goes the boat; because the whole force with which your boat was being shoved through the water is suddenly changed from pushing her from the stern to pushing her over sideways. If the sheet is fast that force is jerked against the boat. If the sheet is free the force is spilled out of the sail the moment the sail or boom is blown at a right angle with the mast, for there is nothing to press against.

If your mother objects to your boating, for fear you will be drowned, tell her there is quite as much danger for you on land, every time you ride in wagon, carriage, or railway train. Tell her that the time must come as you grow up when you must face danger and run risks somewhere. Tell her that boating is a healthy, manly exercise, and one of the best methods for cultivating presence of mind. Tell her that presence of mind is worth dollars and cents to you, and possibly to her, in any position in life you may fill. Tell her that in handling a boat a boy learns to think quickly and act quickly, and to learn this is another great help in life and in business.

Tell her that a man who has become the least bit of a sailor and learned to be a bit of a carpenter and rigger and painter and calker, as he must if he takes care of his own boat (and take care of it he must, to be the least bit of a sailor), learns in doing all this how to do anything quickly, or how things ought to be done, and that is another great advantage in any sort of business.

PATTING EMINENCE ON THE HEAD.

THE airs that young beginners in the learned professions are apt to give themselves sometimes descend in boomerang current on their own heads, to the no small confusion of themselves and the amusement of by standers. An instance in point is given by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of London:

There is a story going about so good that it ought to be made public, and so improbable that it must be true. A very eminent London surgeon observed a gentleman fall in the street. He went to his aid, and found he had broken his leg. It was only a simple fracture, but the man was badly hurt. The surgeon used his umbrella as a splint, and with his own and borrowed hands he bandaged the limb tightly, put the patient in a cab, and drove to the nearest hospital. There they were received by a young surgeon or his deputy. "You've bandaged this very well," said the hospital surgeon.

"You flatter me," said the great gun. "Not a bit," said the other. "I suppose you've been attending an ambulance class. They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but the little you've learnt you've put to good account. I can't give you your umbrella now, but if you leave your address it shall be sent home."

"I had best give you my card," said the eminent surgeon.

"And he did so."

JUST TO LOOK AT IT.

HUMOR is oftentimes closely allied to the pathetic, as in the following touching bit, which we quote from the Boston Transcript:

Young Victor, who had been for three weeks lying ill with pneumonia, asked one day to see his overcoat. It was brought out with no little wonderment by his mother.

"Hang it on the foot of the bed, won't you, mamma?" he asked.

"Yes, my boy, if you wish; but why do you want to have it out here?"

"Just to look at 'em, mamma. It's been such a long time since I've seen 'em."

THE WOODLAND SHADES.

I SPENT in woodland shades my day
In cheerful work or happy play,
And slept at night where rustling leaves
Threw moonlight shadows o'er my eaves,
I knew you young, and love you now,
O shining grass and shady bough.

[This story commenced in No. 289.]

**Red Eagle,
WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.**

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XI.

ORRIS OUDEN'S MISTAKE.

AT the moment Orris Ouden uttered his exclamation, he was rounding the bend in the Catsuga, and the cause of his astonishment was the sudden gleam of two camp fires, one on either side of the river!

He had come back to the stream at a point above instead of below the Iroquois encampments.

"It may be another party," suggested Jack Morris, who, like his brothers, knew what it all meant.

"No, sir," was the decisive reply; "it's the identical old show under Red Eagle!"

It was indeed a mystery, the scout how he came to make such a strange blunder though he had an explanation that would have satisfied any one but him.

He recalled that after starting up the river in the canoe, he had traveled quite rapidly, and the labor of groping through the forest, with the boat resting on his shoulder, caused the distance to seem much greater than it was.

This explanation, as I have said, would have sufficed for almost any person, but Orris Ouden could never entirely acquit himself for committing so egregious a mistake.

He checked the forward motion of the boat by a tremendous sweep of his paddle, and with an exclamation much more forcible than the former.

"Boys," said he, "when we get down to the settlements, don't tell this, or I will have your ears!"

His companions were anxious enough to reach that refuge to give any promise. The prospect of landing and making another tiresome tramp through the woods was most unwelcome to them, really there was no help for it.

The hunter had allowed the boat to approach nigh enough to the camps of their enemies to gain a glimpse of the scenes that had already become familiar to him.

A superficial glance, such as he was forced to take, showed no evidence of the excitement that must have reigned among the Iroquois a short time before.

The fires were burning as brightly, different from the strolling aimlessly back and forth, and everything indicated a calm, in striking contrast to the tumult in the earlier portion of the evening.

The only point of difference consisted in several canoes drawn against the bank, where they were brought prominently into sight by the bright glow of the camp fire. This proof was not needed to show that the warriors whom they had located by the glow of their pipes were on their way to enlist for the war under the great chief Red Eagle.

"That's one thing sartin'," added Ouden, for the comfort of his friends, "we won't have to walk as far as we did a while ago." "On which side do you mean to land?" asked Benny.

"I'll try the southern shore this time," he replied, driving the boat in that direction.

"Don't forget that some of them may be peering over the river as they were when we were here before." Benny, who had his old seat in the prow, ducked his head to avoid the branches brushing over him; and immediately after all stepped out on land.

"We'll travel the same as before," said Ouden, as the boat was lifted to the shoulder of himself and Jack. "and I'll make sartin' of not comin' back to the river to soon, if I have to walk all the way to the settlements to be sure of it."

There was no chance of an error this time, for they were so near the stream that the boys themselves would have detected any such blunder, before it could be carried out.

There was no need now of stopping to catch the murmur of the river to guide their footsteps; they were too near the camp of their enemies. When the guide, with a low, warning sound, checked himself and companions, it was to listen for that which they did not want to hear—the stealthy footsteps of the red men, trying to steal upon them unawares.

The hunter trended so far to the south, that they left the glimmering lights out of sight; and when they came back, they were still invisible around the bend above.

"Wall," said Ouden with a sigh of relief as the canoe was once more lowered to the water, "thar ain't no mistake about our sarcumventin' them camp fires this time. We've got plain sailin' now, always provided as sartin' that thar ain't another passel of 'em roostin' further down stream."

"Ah, see there!"

It was Tom who uttered this exclamation. Though no one could tell the direction he indicated in the gloom, yet they knew to what he referred. A silvery light was making itself manifest above the tree tops, and increasing every minute.

"The moon has risen," said Jack. "And that proves it is close to midnight," added Benny. "But isn't it singular?"

The fact to which he alluded was the course of the river, which was such that the moon appeared exactly between the two shores, thus

That which caused Orris Ouden immediate concern was the certainty that still other Indians would interfere with their progress down the river. He suspected that the prime object of the meeting of so many warriors up stream was for council. Not only was Red Eagle there, but he had with him several sub-chiefs belonging to the Senecas and Oneidas. While waiting for all his men to come in, those already gathered were taking precautions to prevent any one going to the relief of the settler's family, confident that by doing so the whites would drop into their hands like ripe fruit.

The Morris affair, therefore, may be set down as in the nature of a side issue to the real enterprise on which they were engaged.

The hunter had deferred to the wishes of his young friends, but he was far from feeling easy over the matter; yet he looked upon the step as having been taken, and did not allow them to know that he felt any misgiving on the point.

"There's a good three miles," said he, "afore this confounded river takes a turn, and till then it'll be powerful hard to keep out of sight of any of the varmints along the shore."

"And it won't be much better even then," remarked Benny, "for by the time we get so far, the moon will be so high that it will strike the river no matter what course it takes."

"But thar'll be a line of shadder on one of the shores that I can make use of. Howsumever, since the time has come when we can turn our eyes to some account, I want you all to do your best, for I can tell you we'll need it."

Thus admonished, you may be sure the boys

points along the Catsuga, a fact that had not occurred to the boys until Ouden reminded them of it.

At the distance named, was an open space fully an acre in extent, which was once a favorite spot for the council fires of the Six Nations. It was on the northern bank of the stream, and I have no doubt that in the long ago, before our grandfathers were born, forest and river rang with many of the most stirring bursts of native American eloquence that ever fired the hearts of the dusky warriors of the forest.

Of late the proximity of the white settlements had lessened the popularity of this resort as a meeting place for the red men. Whenever hostilities, however, broke out between the Indians and settlers, the red men gathered there, though it had become secondary to the one further up the river where Red Eagle and the main body of warriors were encamped.

The hunters and his companions ordered why the assembling had not taken place at the Old Council Ground, as it was called, but they felt warranted in believing that some of the Iroquois were there, at the same time that the larger party were collected above, though the hunter had escaped them in paddling down stream.

From this you will see the ground for regarding on the part of our friends, as they resumed their voyage; but, as if there was not enough in what has been stated, Ouden made clear some other facts that not only were singular but alarming to a degree.

First of all, should it be found impossible to pass the old Council Ground, the present plan would have to be abandoned for another.

On the southern bank was a stretch of swampland and tangled forest through which it was impossible to transport the boat except by daylight, and even then few would like to undertake the task.

The same difficulty presented itself on the northern shore, though the ground there was higher, but the wood was so interlaced with undergrowth, running vines, and dense vegetation, that the work was equally impossible.

It was certainly strange that this combination of circumstances should exist immediately above the Council Ground, of the necessity for another laborious detour was likely to arise; but such was the fact, and our friends had to accept and prepare for it.

"Ouden," said Benny at the moment he beat the stillness around them was like the tomb, "there's something wrong."

"I'm of that opinion myself and have been for a minute or two," was the calm answer of the hunter. "What do you see it?"

"There's something moving in the undergrowth on the right, and a pretty good ways ahead."

"Gracious, Benny!" said Jack, "you've got mighty good eyes to be able to see when there's so little light."

"It is not much that I can make out, but twice, while watching the spot, I have noticed a flash, such as a fish would make in leaping out of the water into the air."

"I observed it only once."

"Maybe it was a fish," suggested Tom.

"Praps," was the remark of the hunter, "but bein' it's so close to the old Council Ground, it's more likely to be some of the varmints on the watch for us."

"If that is so," said Tom in some excitement, "it won't do to keep on this way."

"It is, and we've got to stir things up," was the quiet remark of Ouden, who turned the boat abruptly to the right as he spoke.

"Now," said the hunter, "comes the tug of war; if we can git by the Council Ground, we can keep straight on to the settlements."

"What are we to do?" asked Jack.

"You three must pick your way through the woods to Old Rupert's house, which is a fourth of a mile below the Council Ground. Thar you'll come to the river side and wait for me."

"For how long?"

"Not long; if you git through all right, I'll be ahead of you, for I'll have a good deal of distance to travel, and can do it 'bout ten times as fast as you."

"But something may delay you," said Benny, following his brothers out of the boat; "and there ought to be an understanding as to how long we are to stay here. The night is going fast, and daylight won't be far off when we are through our tramp."

Ouden was silent a moment. He felt the force of what the little fellow said, and it did not take long to form his conclusion.

"If I git into a row—and thar's a powerful chance of my doing so—you'll hear a gun or two go off; like enough several yells will be blown in. If you should be favored with that sort of music, you needn't wait more than a quarter of



THE MARKS OF THE INDIANS' BULLETS TOLD THE STORY OF OUDEN'S FATE.

throwing its light full upon the water. Since the stream would flow in another direction above, the rays would not fall on the surface in front of the party until the orb rose over the tree tops. The course of the Catsuga below being direct, they could keep within the light for several miles, even if the moon remained where it was; but, since in the order of nature it must steadily climb to the zenith, they were sure to have the illumination at their disposal all the way to the settlements.

While this might have its advantages, yet there was enough before the party to make all serious. Ouden referred to several points, as they placed themselves once more in the canoe, and resumed the voyage, keeping close to the southern shore.

I have no doubt it has occurred to you that it was incredible all the preparations I have named as having been made by the Iroquois, should have been for the simple purpose of entrapping the family of Varnum Morris. Not only would the game be not worth the candle, but such a proceeding was out of keeping with the habits of the Indians, and absurd itself.

The hunter had seen enough to convince him that fully a hundred red men were on the war path, in the immediate neighborhood of the Catsuga above the settlements. It followed, therefore, that they had in view more important objects than the capture of three boys, one of whom was a cripple.

There were other exposed houses between the home of the Morris and the destination of the lads. These were sure to receive the attention of the dusky marauders, who, it was not improbable, would gather enough strength to risk an attack on some of the smaller block houses and settlements.

followed the advice of the hunter. Little Benny seemed to have a mortgage on the front of the canoe, where he settled himself into a comfortable position and scanned the river and shores with the closest attention. His power in that respect was superior to that of either of his brothers, for, as I have said, nature seemed to make some strange compensations in this remarkable youth.

Next to him sat Jack, with Tom at his elbow, while Ouden held his place near the stern. The lads asked the privilege of helping with the other paddle, but the guide preferred to be left alone in the management of the craft. There were likely to come demands for sudden changes in the course they were following, changes that would have to be made before he could ask or receive the help of any one, and which, therefore, were more liable to be retarded than helped by the most willing hands.

The larger boys held their peace, using their eyes and ears for all they were worth, while it need not be said that the hunter himself called his utmost skill into play.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD COUNCIL GROUND.

AS the craft moved silently down the river, with every occupant on the watch, the hunter, holding the paddle in hand, directed his companions' attention to the exceedingly peculiar situation in which they were now placed.

Aside from the fact that there was scarcely any available shade for several miles, there was the best reason for fearing that at or before the termination of this moonlit stretch of river, they would approach one of the most dangerous

an hour for me, but push on to the settlements as fast as you can travel. That won't be much show for me to give you help.

"These were serious words, and all appreciated their import.

"Why not let the canoe go?" was the important question of Benny. "If we can walk to the settlements, you can do the same without running any such dreadful risk as this."

"I've made up my mind; it's settled; off with you."

And, as if to signify that discussion was ended, the hunter gave the canoe an impulse which carried it beyond sight of his young friends. He kept so close in shore, that the undergrowth brushed him as he forced his way through it.

"There's no use of staying here," said Jack; "but I don't know which has got the most dangerous task before him—Ouden or we."

"Somehow or other I have a feeling that we shall not see him again," added Tom, who followed his brothers, Benny as usual being between them.

"They made no answer to the remark, which, in truth, voiced their own sentiments, but addressed themselves resolutely to the work, upon the accomplishment of which it may be said their lives now depended.

The start was barely made, when all three realized that the hunter told the truth about the impossibility of carrying the canoe over the same path. The boys were certain they had never struck such a dense piece of forest. It was hard to force their way alone, without anything in the nature of luggage. Several times they were brought to a stand still, and found themselves obliged to make several detours that would have of them utterly astray had their journey been lengthy.

As you have learned, however, Jack and Tom were used to the woods, and they kept within reach of the murmur of the Catsuga, noting carefully their progress, and aiming to return to the stream at the point named by Ouden. With this guide, Jack was able to retain his bearings and to advance surely, even if forced to do so slowly.

The Council Ground, you will remember, was directly on the river, so that it was in sight from the water. It was this fact which made it so perilous for the party to paddle by, when they would be in plain view of any Iroquois lurking in the neighborhood.

The boys veered enough to the right to pass far around this open space. Whether their enemies were there or not, was not for them to determine; that was the task of Orris Ouden, while their own was to effect all the progress they could while the night lasted.

As the miles passed, and the brothers worked steadily forward without hearing any sound from the direction of the river, their hopes grew stronger. They began to believe he had passed the danger point, and would be found waiting for them, when they returned to the stream below the Council Ground.

"I fancy he felt pretty sure of succeeding," said Tom, "but he didn't want us with him, for we would have hindered him."

"If that splashing which he and I saw," remarked Benny, carefully picking his way along on his crutch, "meant what I think, then he is sure to have a brush with the Indians."

"He is sure to have a brush with the Indians," added Tom, "and I ain't much afraid he won't be able to fight his way out, but I don't believe he will save the boat."

"Why not?"

"How can he?" was the pertinent question of Tom; "we all saw how he peppered his canoe, when he was by Red Eagle's party, and half as many shots as were fired at that will riddle our craft and anything inside of it."

"They may not fire, because they hope to take him prisoner," suggested Jack, though he doubted the probability of such a thing.

"The Indians don't take any more chances that way than they have to; and, if they suspect who he is, they'll let drive every chance they have. Whew! but this is hard work," added Tom, as all three came to a halt for a breathing spell.

"How far have we come, Benny?" asked Jack.

"I've kept the best account I could, and think it is about time to begin working to the left, so as to reach Old Rupert's house."

"That's my belief, too, so we'll do it. If we are above the place, we can move along shore to it. I don't think there is any danger of our striking the river."

"Hark!" exclaimed Benny in a frightened voice.

No need of his appeal for silence, for at that moment the reports of three rifles in quick succession struck their ears, instantly followed by the unmistakable shouts of Indians.

Said to say there was no room for doubt. The direction of the alarming sounds showed that Orris Ouden was involved in one of the hottest conflicts possible with the Iroquois along the Catsuga.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE EMPTY CANOE.

HAD the rifle shots been aimed at the boys, they scarcely could have produced a greater shock, coming as they did at a time when they were almost certain that the hunter had passed the old Council Ground in safety and was awaiting them at a point below.

For a minute or two no one spoke. They had halted at a spot where enough of the faint moonlight penetrated the partly denuded branches overhead to allow them to see each other. The expression of the countenances was not visible, nor was it necessary, for all felt the same.

"Ouden has made the worst mistake of his life," quietly remarked Benny, returning his hat to his head, after mopping his brow; "he ought to have let the boat go and kept wading."

"There must come a last time with such ventures of his," said Jack, "and it has come sooner in his case than he or any of us expected."

"It looks bad, I admit," added Jack, "but we are not sure he is dead and buried. It isn't the first time he has been fired upon, and there's no certainty that he hasn't pulled through again."

"I don't see that there's any need of our going on to the river," said Tom; "for if he is safe, he won't dare to wait for us where he said he would."

"We must keep our part of the agreement," remarked Benny, in his quiet, decisive way, that left no room for argument; "Ouden may manage to do what he promised, and, if he does, we shall have no excuse for failing in ours."

"And suppose he isn't there?"

"Then we must get to the settlements as best we can; lead on, Jack; we're losing too much time."

Jack kept the advance, but carefully graduated his pace to that of the lame one, whose injured crutch caused him some trouble. But Benny was brave, and he pushed on with a vigor which more than once almost brought him again to the leader.

"We mustn't imagine we are out of danger," he remarked, during one of their breathing spells; "for if the red men have caught him, they may be close to us."

The chances, however, of running against their enemies in this part of the wood was so slight, that little alarm was caused, but manifestly the danger increased as they neared the river.

"We struck it pretty well," said Jack a few minutes later, when they halted once more.

The reason for this remark was the sight of a small, low structure, standing a short distance back from the Catsuga, whose gleaming surface was visible beyond. It looked like some huge, uncouth creature asleep on the ground, without a light or sign of life around it.

This was Old Rupert's house, of which I shall soon have more to tell you, it being the spot whither Orris Ouden had directed his friends to go, were their way open and return.

Without halting at the cabin, the lads carefully kept on for a hundred feet past it, and found themselves on the margin of the stream they had left a short time before, all hopeful of soon meeting the brave hunter at the point where they now looked in vain for him.

The spot was close to the water, and deeply wooded, so that none of the moon's rays reached them. They were in utter darkness, but they stood close together, listening and conversing in the faintest whispers.

The scene was impressive. The bend of the Catsuga was still some distance below, but by this time the moon was high enough in the sky to show them much shadow, and rather what the course of the stream happened to be.

The upper portion of the sky was without a cloud, so that the orb, which was half full, shone fairly upon the river, lighting it to the opposite shore, which looked dismal and forbidding in the gloom. Leaning as far forward as he could, Jack peered up and down the stream.

"Do you see anything?" asked Benny, in a guarded undertone.

"Nothing; I am afraid it is all over with Ouden, for, if he had escaped the red men, he would have found some way of reaching this spot."

"I think so, but there is hope yet. They may have shut him off from arriving here as soon as he expected."

"Shall we wait a while?"

"It will be best, for we want his company, if we can get it, to the settlements."

The brothers seated themselves on the ground, oppressed and gloomy beyond measure. The night was so advanced that it was impossible for them, under the most favorable circumstances, to reach a point of safety before sunrise. If the Iroquois, who, there was reason to believe, were not far off, should press their search for them, it was more than likely they would strike the trail of the fugitives.

"If there were some canoe we could make use of for a short time only," said Tom, "we could hide our tracks, and might be able to give them the slip."

"But where shall the canoe be found?" was the query of Benny; "if the Iroquois have boats of their own anywhere near, we have no chance of stealing one."

"I would try it," said Jack, thinking any venture preferable to staying idly in the lonely place.

"Don't build any hopes upon such a scheme. We will follow Ouden's counsel, which, you remember, was to push on to the settlements if he did not show up within a quarter of an hour."

"You must be pretty well tired out," remarked Tom, "and when we start we'll give you a lift."

"I don't need it," was the reply; "when I do, I shouldn't hesitate to let you know."

"Sh!"

What seemed the faint hooting of an owl trembled from a point on the other side of the river, and a distance above where the brothers were grouped together.

"That's one of their signals," said Benny; "but I can't imagine what it means—there goes the answer!"

A similar call quivered from the shore on which the three sat, and so near to them that all were startled.

"My gracious! They are nearer than I thought," said Benny; "who knows but that signal refers to us?"

"How can that be?"

"I don't doubt that Red Eagle and his warriors have held some communication with the Iroquois near the Council Ground. They know because of your experience with them, that there were two boys beside the hunter on the river. They may not have learned anything about me, but, after shooting Orris, and finding he was alone in the boat, they could not fail to understand that both are somewhere in the neighborhood."

"But they have no means of knowing where," "Not unless some of them have caught a glimpse of us, which I admit is impossible. But I cannot see that they have any call to signal to each other about Ouden."

Jack and Tom had such confidence in the sagacity of their elder brother, that they credited what he said, though his theory was unlikely in more than one respect.

The growing conviction that they were wasting valuable time by staying where they were rendered all uneasy. Tom proposed they should press down the river to the settlements without further delay, but Benny insisted on waiting a short time longer, in the hope that something definite would be learned about their absent friend.

"Jack," whispered Benny, a minute later, "it seems to me I heard a rustling just above us, as though some one was moving through the bushes."

All held their peace for a brief interval, when the truth of the remark was evident; there was a soft sound, just as would have been made by the means named.

"I'll take a look," said Jack, rising to his feet.

Before he could move away, Benny reached out his hand.

"Hold on a minute; it's too risky; keep your guns ready."

"There! I see it," said Tom, who was seated on the left; "it's a boat."

The end of a canoe suddenly swung round in front of them, as though one part had caught against the overhanging undergrowth, and the other portion was floating freely in the rapid current.

It made another half circle, and then came in plain sight in the moonlight, drifting so aimlessly downward that it was apparent it was without any occupant.

"It may be what we want," whispered Jack, in a low tone, rising to his feet; "I mean to find out."

Catching hold of a branch with his left hand, he leaned as far out as he could, and, grasping the muzzle of his gun, hooked the stock over the gunwale, and readily drew the boat to shore, where, as you may believe, it was examined with interest.

"My gracious!" whispered the sharp eyed Benny; "it's our canoe!"

Such was the fact. Enough moonlight struck the craft for all three to recognize it beyond mistake.

"Look!" added Tom; "every shot must have hit it."

There was no paddle within, and the bottom was covered with water. One or more of the bullets had pierced it below the water line, causing it to fill until the buoyancy of the material left it afloat.

"Poor Ouden!" was the involuntary exclamation of the tripple, who echoed the sentiments of his brothers.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSING WITCH.

In a series of stories about actors, published in the *Detroit Free Press*, occurs almost the oddest instance of absent mindedness that has ever come under our notice.

When the eccentric Harry Webb was lessee of the Queen's Theater in Dublin he produced "Macbeth" with new scenic effects. Among the rest was an arrangement of clouds to accompany the exit of the three witches in the first act. Webb, anxious to discover how the scene worked, passed from the stage to the front, but he saw only two witches instead of three.

Rushing back on the stage he asked: "Where's the other witch?" Then to the stage manager: "Fine him, sir; fine him a week's salary."

"Please, sir," explained that perturbed functionary, "it's yourself that missed the scene."

"Bless me, so it was! Dear me, give me a cloak; I'll go on in the next scene; and Jenkins, fine yourself five shillings for suffering me to neglect my business."

"Sir!" exclaimed the dumbfounded Jenkins. "Yes, five shillings. It ought to be ten, but I'll take five."

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"CHR'S US-NATURAL HISTORY" (Frederick A. Stokes and Co.) is a very amusing book of humorous sketches and descriptions, from the pen of the clever artist whose drawings have so often been the last but not the least of the Argosy's weekly attractions.

THE CORNFIELD.

BY E. STEIN.

In fields of corn the sunbeams creep,
Where cups of crimson poppies steep
And drop their drowsy dreams untold,
The little winds grow faint and still,
On murmuring leafy seas asleep,
In fields of corn.

The yellow kernels fold and keep
The mellow wheat the seasons reap,
And happy orioles pause and thrill
In fields of corn.

In fields of corn the truant tassel peeps,
Through red tipped tangled tassels peeps,
Where silky tufts in crinkles spill,
From silver sheaths the ripe ears fill
Like golden sweets my heart hoards deep,
In fields of corn.

The Young Hermit

LAKE MINNETONKA.

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. ARNOLD BLONDAY.

BASHY heard the order, and obeyed it with his usual promptness, starting the engine in the proper manner, and hastening to the pilot house to look out for the steering.

"Was the little girl drowned?" called one of the men on the launch.

"No!" shouted Captain Greenway, who thought this was a question that ought to be answered.

The Hebe went ahead, and the line straightened as she did so, though it was plain that the people on the launch had no idea whatever of what the young man in the boat had been doing.

As the line came up out of the water, Phil noticed it, and the tow-line, as he had it in his grasp, when he unshipped his oars, and hauled himself to the Hebe by the rope.

As soon as he came on board, he secured the little boat, and hastened to the pilot house to relieve the engineer of a part of his double duty, though he had certainly performed both in a satisfactory manner.

The Hebe had no difficulty in bringing the launch out of her proximity to the shore, and she seemed to go off into the wind with hardly diminished speed; for the captain intended to run under the lee of Northwood, and there ascertain what was the pleasure of the passengers on board of the tow, as he was not informed where they belonged, or who and what they were.

After the experience of the forenoon with the passengers of the Excelsior, he was not at all inclined to pay another visit to any hotel; if he did he was likely to lose his character as the Hermit of Minnetonka.

"How is the little girl, Bashy?" asked the captain, after everything had begun to go along as usual on board, for he had not thought of her as long as his mind was occupied with the safety of the people on board of the launch.

"She is all right, and says she feels warm and comfortable now," replied the engineer, as she could not well help barging in the intense heat of the engine room. "Her clothes are almost dry, and she says she should like to see you."

"Time enough to see me before she goes ashore," returned Phil. "I am going to stop her under the lee of the land ahead, and then we will see the people in the launch."

This was said in a low tone, as Bashy need not drive the engine, and he did not shovel any more coal into the furnace, as he would otherwise have done; and in a little while the bell came to stop her.

Phil went aft, and hauled in the tow line as the launch forged ahead after the engineer had backed the Hebe so as to stop her headway, and without much effort, when Bashy came to his aid, the tow was hauled alongside the steamer, for the water was quite smooth under the lee of the shore.

The captain had gone to the little wheel of the launch, but the rest of the party remained in the bow, where they had been since the Hebe hauled her off the lee shore, the lady springing to her feet as soon as she saw that the boat was coming alongside the Hebe.

Though she appeared to be wet, and her clothes to have been a good deal deranged by her experience in the launch, Phil could see that she was dressed in costly garments. Bashy had no doubt she was a member of a wealthy family, as were most of those who spent much time at the hotels on the lake.

Though the captain guessed that she was from thirty five to forty years old, she was still a handsome woman; but there was something in her expression that he did not like. He had no much like that of Mrs. Gayland, whom he had come to know thoroughly.

By her side was a gentleman, who looked as though he was somewhat older than the lady, and was dressed as finely as she was, with an evident air of the man of the world about him. Phil concluded that he was the lady's husband and the father of the little girl in the engine room, though this of course could be nothing more than a guess.

"Where is my daughter?" called the lady, as soon as the launch came abreast of the Hebe, with all the anxiety any mother might feel under such circumstances.

"She is in the engine room, drying her clothes; but she is all right now, and you need not be at all disturbed about her," replied the captain in the most assuring tones he could command.

"Oh, I am so rejoiced!" exclaimed the lady, who also appeared to be shivering with the cold, though perhaps it was partly her nervous anxiety. "Can I see her?"

"Certainly you can, madam," said Phil, getting out of the gang plank for her use. "I was sure she would be drowned! And you have saved her?" exclaimed the lady, as she walked to the place where the captain had placed the plank. "How shall I ever reward you for what you have done?"

"The engineer says the little girl is doing very well, and she has been in his room ever since she came on board," replied Phil, while he heeded the grateful expressions of the fond mother, as she really appeared to be, in spite of the diamonds that sparkled in her earrings and on her fingers.

"I don't know you, young man, though we have been at the lake for the last two weeks," interposed the gentleman, who kept close to the lady.

"That is Captain Philip Greenway," said Bashi, who had come to the after part of the steamer to assist with the gang plank. "He is the captain of the Hebe, which is the name of the boat."

"I am glad to know you, Captain Greenway," said the gentleman, extending his hand to the hero of the occasion. "This lady is Mrs. Austin Goldson."

"I am particularly glad to make your acquaintance, Captain Greenway; for you have saved my only child, and I am under a debt of gratitude to you," said the lady, who, with Mrs. Goldson, extending her jeweled hand to him.

"And you are Mr. Austin Goldson, I suppose?" inquired Phil, turning away from the lady when she began to talk of her gratitude, though he did not doubt her sincerity.

"No, I am not," replied the gentleman very promptly. "My name is my sister, and I am the uncle of the little girl whose life you have saved. My name is Arnold Blonday."

"Arnold! The young captain had studied American history, and he wondered how any native could call his son by such a name; but Mr. Blonday behaved himself with strict propriety, and personally he was not at all disagreeable.

Phil showed the lady and her brother to the engine room, where the mother folded her daughter in a long and hysteric embrace, while her uncle only took her hand and kissed her just once.

The captain did not think it would be polite to witness the interview, and he left the family to rejoice alone in their reunion with the one who was so nearly lost to them, for even Phil could not explain how the boat had kept right side up so long.

On his return to the deck, he thought he should make a more presentable appearance with his coat on when it should be his duty to look out for the comfort of his passengers; but the skipper of the launch confronted him before he could get to the pilot house, and he was not cold.

"You have done a handsome thing for my party," said Captain Floyd, addressing him of the Hebe.

"We did as well as we could for you, in spite of all the yelling you set up," replied Phil. "How did that little girl happen to get adrift in that boat?"

"You see we got caught in the storm, but I made the lee of the point by Huntington's house; and we began to drift as you found us," said the captain, who was smiling at the water was smooth enough there in the worst of it," returned Captain Floyd. "That rowboat belongs to Miss Sibyl, and we took it with us so that she could have a row when we landed at the Hotel St. Louis. While we were waiting here the little girl got into it, unknown to any of us, and we didn't find it out till we heard her scream, for she had got out into the big waves. She couldn't row there, and she began to drift off. Her mother was scared almost to death, and I started the Violet after her. I hadn't any more than got into the big sea before my tiller ropes broke. I could not do a thing, and we began to drift as you found us."

"At this moment Mr. Arnold Blonday came out of the engine room, just as the captain was pulling down his sleeves and going for his coat. "What is that mark on your arm, Captain Greenway?" demanded Mr. Blonday, putting his finger upon the initials on his arm.

"The letters are the initials of my name—Philip Greenway."

Arnold Blonday was terribly shaken by some emotion which Phil could not understand.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE EXCITED PASSENGER.

THE day of the tempest was certainly a very eventful one with Captain Philip Greenway, for it had made him acquainted with the rich widow from Philadelphia, and now the remarkable conduct of Mr. Arnold Blonday indicated that he had some strange interest in him, judging by the depth of his emotion when he accidentally saw the letters on his arm.

As the P. G. had been on his arm ever since he could remember, he had become accustomed to the sight of them himself, and they had long since ceased to excite his wonder as to how they came there.

He had half suspected that they stood for his real name, and, reasoning from the strong affection which Mr. Gayland manifested toward him he could almost believe that he was the son of that capitalist, and that he was the fruit of some unexplained marriage, concealed for reasons which he could not fathom.

He had asked the occupant of the elegant mansion on the Hill, in his last interview with him, about the letters; but the only reply he had ever received was that they were on his arm when he was brought to the hotel at Nice; and, though the last letter was the initial of his surname, he did not know for what the first one stood, and he and Mrs. Gayland had agreed to call him Paul, after a brother of the lady, in order to make his name correspond to the letters.

On leaving the elegant mansion, when he found it advisable, if not absolutely necessary to assume a new name, so as to prevent any report of him from being carried back to St. Paul, he had selected Philip Greenway so that it should agree with the initials on his arm in case they could be seen by any person.

Bashi had spoken to him about them when they were swimming in the lake; but as they stood for the captain's name, as the engineer knew it, it was not at all strange that those particular letters should be there, if any; and the bearer of them explained that sailors and fishermen on the sea were very apt to have such marks upon them.

The engineer had introduced his captain to Mr. Blonday and his sister, using his full name, which clearly accounted for both initials, and Phil could not imagine what there was to call out so much emotion on the part of the passenger.

A gentleman and a man of the world, as Mr. Blonday appeared to be, would not be startled out of his stoicism and even his self-possession by discovering a couple of letters on the arm of a stranger, especially if they were in accord with his announced name.

Probably the initials on his arm had not been the subject of so much remark with Mrs. Forbush only a couple of hours before, he would have been less astonished at the impression they produced upon his present passenger; and, as he had never seen or heard of Mr. Blonday or Mrs. Goldson before, he was utterly unable to suggest any explanation of the behavior of the former.

Mr. Blonday even turned pale, and his lips quivered when he saw the initials, and he gazed at them as though he were spell bound by the sight. As he had taken hold of the captain's arm with one hand while he pointed to the letters with the other, he seemed to have been paralyzed in this position, like the characters in the tale of "The Sleeping Beauty," and it looked as though he would remain so long as they did.

"Do you think it is anything very strange that I should have the initials of my name on my arm, Mr. Blonday?" asked the captain, who looked in silence at the apparently petrified form in front of him.

"Those are the initials of your name, are they?" said the passenger, without removing his gaze from the characters which seemed to be so impressive to him.

"My name has been mentioned to you, and you can judge for yourself," added Captain Greenway.

"I have really forgotten your Christian name, captain," continued Mr. Blonday, looking up at him for the first time since he discovered the letters.

"Philip Greenway was the name which the engineer gave me when he introduced me," said Phil. "Greenway" repeated the characters in a more sinister expression than the captain had observed before in his face. "You are right, and the initials do stand for that name."

"Of course they do," said Phil, his wonder and dislike of the man increasing with every word that came from his mouth. "It is a thing very strange in the fact that P. G. stands for Philip Greenway?"

"I can't say that there is; but it seems to me that I have seen those initials on the arm of some other person," replied Mr. Blonday, suddenly recovering the self-possession he had lost when he caught the captain's arm, and conjured up an enticing smile on his thin lips, as if he felt that he had been "giving himself away."

"Where I have seen them, I cannot for the life of me remember."

"It cannot have been on my arm, at any rate, for I never saw you before in my life," remarked the captain.

"You have rendered my sister a very great service, my young friend, and I shall not attempt to express her gratitude or my own to you at this time; but you may be very sure that we shall not forget what you have done today; and every time we look upon the little girl, after she has reached the years of maturity, we shall be apt to think of you, who have given us back the life that had been lost without your assistance," said Mr. Blonday, evidently thinking it was time to change the subject.

"It looks as though it was going to blow pretty fresh the rest of the day," remarked Phil, pointing the new subject introduced by the passenger.

"I am not weather wise," answered Mr. Blonday, trying to smile, though the effort was hardly a success. "How long do we remain here, captain?"

"I ran up under the lee of the shore to enable you and the lady to see the little girl; and I am ready to leave at your pleasure, if you will tell me where you wish to go."

"We have been boarding at the Hotel Lafayette for the last two weeks, and we still have apartments there," replied the passenger. "We go out on the lake every pleasant day, and have employed the steam launch on our excursions; but the Violet does not seem to have been put together in a very substantial manner, or she would not have broken down today; and we shall doubtless take some other boat in future."

"An accident is likely to happen to any steamer, sir," suggested the captain.

"But we should prefer such a steamer as this one; and my sister will be very glad to engage the Hebe for that I believe is the name of your boat," added Mr. Blonday, in a patronizing tone, though this was doubtless halfhearted rather than put on with reference to the gallant young captain, whose services ought to have exempted him from anything of that kind.

"The Hebe does not carry any passengers," replied Captain Greenway, rather stiffly.

"You don't say so, captain," cried the man of the world, apparently astonished at the reply.

"Never, sir, unless we pick them up in distress, as we did you, and as we did another party today," added Phil.

Mr. Blonday wanted to know about the other party, and the captain, who had named particulars without enlarging upon the side incidents of the affair at the Lake Park Hotel.

"Now, Mr. Blonday, if you are ready, I will take your party to the Hotel Lafayette," suggested the captain.

"I hope you will stay to dinner with us; and I am sure you will be glad to see me, if you are one who has made so good a record for himself as you have, Captain Greenway," replied the passenger.

"You must excuse me, sir; and I have no desire to meet the guests of the hotel," replied Phil, with all the dignity he could command, and with an impression that the gentleman was patronizing him, and that was something which he could not endure.

"But I hope we shall see you again; and I am sure my sister will be very much disappointed if she fails to meet you again in the near future."

The captain made no reply, but went to the pilot house.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PRESSING INVITATION.

WHEN Captain Greenway reached the pilot house of the Hebe, he put on his coat; and he had almost vowed never to go to the city, or to reside in Philadelphia, if it was not for the fact that he had to roll up his shirt sleeves so that any one could see the initials on his arm, for he felt as though he had nearly betrayed The Hermit of Minnetonka.

He rang the bell to start the engine back, and as soon as the Hebe was well off the shore, he rang the bell to stop, and he pointed her out into the rough water again.

Phil found that he had enough to engage his thoughts for hours to come, though he was utterly unable to make anything of the situation in which he found himself on this eventful day. Mrs. Forbush had mistaken him for her adopted son, and he had resided in Philadelphia, it was not probable that the genuine young man with C. G. on his arm could be anywhere in the vicinity of Lake Minnetonka.

The only important fact which interested him in regard to "Conny" was that he had initials on his arm, in the same place as his own; and now he looked just as though Mr. Arnold Blonday knew something about the letters on his arm.

The captain cudgeled his active brain with the utmost vigor, but he could make nothing of the meager particulars which had come to his knowledge; and the more he racked his thinking powers, the more fathomless became the whole subject.

It is not to be wondered at that he could not comprehend, he was compelled to conclude that all which was strange and unexplainable was merely an accident, for the pricking of names and other devices on the arm was a very common practice, not entirely confined to those who follow the sea.

When Mr. C. G. might stand for a hundred names; and he amused himself in recalling all the letters he could think of that would fit the initials; and with this disposal of the whole subject he was fully satisfied, and discharged it from his mind.

He had hardly set his mind at rest before the third passenger on board appeared on the forward deck, holding on with all their might to prevent themselves from being thrown overboard by the motion of the steamer, which was now approaching the pier at Minnetonka Beach. There was not a single craft of any kind moored there, for the hurricane raked squarely across the lake, and even since the change of wind the bay was not protected.

If the dangerous situation of the Violet had been seen at all from the shore, as it could hardly have been, there was not a steamer available in which to go to her assistance, for all of them had sought shelter in a less exposed locality beyond the storm; and it had been quite impossible to see the little boat which drifted with its single passenger on the angry waves.

"I hope you feel better than you did, Miss Sibyl," said the captain, as the lady and her daughter took a position beneath the front windows of the pilot house, both of them supported by Mr. Blonday.

"Oh, I feel very nicely now, I thank you," replied the little lady. "I am just as warm as toast, and I know that you have saved my life, and shall always be the best friend you have in all the world."

"I am very glad I was able to help you, Miss Sibyl; and I shall be glad to have as good a friend as I know you will be," said the gallant captain, with a pleasant smile, for there was nothing sinister or unreal about the child, however it might be with her mother and her uncle.

"But you must come up to the hotel to dinner with us, for I want to see more of you on the dry land," continued the little maiden; and it was plain enough that she had been instructed to say this.

"I thank you very much, but I have to go home, for I have been out on the lake ever since early this morning; and I am not dressed up to dine with such fine people as you and your mother," replied the captain. "You must excuse me this time, and some time I may be able to see you again."

By this Phil noticed that the mother of the child was looking at him, and studying his features, with an absorbing interest which was very strange to him; and it looked just as though her brother had communicated to her some of his own emotional impressions, for she certainly had not seen the initials on his arm.

"Couldn't you stay with us today?" asked the lady, with a fascinating smile, or one that must have been put on as such, for the sharp eyes and close observation of the captain had enabled him to discover that she was even more embarrassed than her brother had been in his presence.

"It would be quite impossible for me to do so, madam," he replied, with an earnestness begotten by a fear of something he could not define.

Looking at Mrs. Goldson and her brother in any manner he could, and struggling to be both just and charitable in judging them, was something sinister in their expression.

"Will you come tomorrow, then?" persisted Mrs. Goldson, though she dropped her gaze to the deck when she realized that the young pilot was looking into her very soul, as it were.

"If I decline your kind invitation for the present or the future, I hope you will excuse me, for I never go to any such occasions, and I do not feel at home in these hotels, or even in a private house. I assure you, madam, that the greatest favor you can do me is to let me off from anything in the shape of a dinner, a party, or a gathering of any kind," pleaded the captain.

"Buck says you are the hermit fellow that lives up to Hasted's Bay, and interposed Captain Floyd of the Violet, who was standing on the deck near enough to hear the conversation.

"I am called so sometimes, though it is not a character of my own choice," replied Phil. "I suppose the name was given me because I mind my own business, and shun all company except that of an engineer."

"You are rather young to be a hermit," suggested the lady.

"I am not a hermit in any proper sense of the word. I am not a religious devotee, and I do not live alone. I choose seclusion for reasons of my own which concern no other person, and I am guilty of no wrong or crime which should drive me from the society of my returned Phil. "With this explanation of my mode of life, I am sure you will excuse my absence from your table."

"Of course I shall not insist on your dining with us against your will, though Sibyl and I will be very glad to see you again," said the lady.

"Won't you let me see you again, Captain Greenway?" pleaded the maiden, so sincerely that Phil could hardly resist her.

"I shall be very glad to see you again," he replied.

"I am not company, you know, for they send me to bed when they have a dinner party," interposed the little lady.

"I suppose you often row in your little boat; and you may see the Hebe coming out of the Narrows," answered Phil. "If you hail her by waving your handkerchief, I will take you on board, and give you a seat in the pilot house on a trip over the lower lake." I suppose your mother will not be afraid to trust you with me."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Goldson. "I give my consent, though I hope you will let us know that you have taken her on board so that I need not worry about her."

"I will agree to do that," replied the captain, and he rang the bell to stop the engine near the pier of the Hotel Lafayette.

"I am very glad that Captain Floyd knows where to find you, for I may possibly have occasion to send a messenger to you, though I will promise not to interfere with your seclusion."

"I cannot imagine what occasion you may have to send a messenger to after the explanation of my habits I have given, but the Hebe can be hailed almost any day on the lake," suggested Phil, who did not like the idea of having any visitors at the Hermitage.

By skillful management, Captain Greenway landed his passengers safely at the pier, and they all took him adieu, as it were.

(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.

OUR NEXT SERIAL.

We know that the announcement we have to make this week will be hailed with great delight by all our readers, for, judging from the marked hit scored by Mr. Coomer's books, a new work from his pen will be an event of no small importance. It gives us great pleasure, then, to state that next week we shall begin in the ARGOSY.

The Old Man of the Mountains;

OR,

THE RAILROAD AMONG THE ANDES.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER,
 Author of "The Mountain Cave," "The Boys in the Forecastle," etc.

From the very opening sentence this is a story that will capture and retain the reader's interest. It is built on new lines, and the narrative moves smoothly onward, graced with all this practiced writer's ease of style, and endowed with the wealth of picturesque local color to be derived from its South American setting. It has been handsomely illustrated by a new artist, specially engaged, and will undoubtedly form one of the most attractive features of the ARGOSY for many weeks to come.

WANTON WASTE.

THE world is certainly not yet ripe for the millennium by any means. Charitable societies send out urgent appeals for money with which to feed and clothe the poor, ministers urge the same duty upon their hearers from the pulpit, and here the other day in New York two whole shiploads of fresh fruit and vegetables were dumped into the harbor rather than that they should be sold at the low prices an overstocked market at that time put upon them.
 Surely wanton waste is not a commendable specimen of business sagacity.

PROMPTNESS FOR DUTY.

THE longer one looks forward to a difficult task, the harder it becomes. Putting off a duty only increases the irksomeness of it, in very much the same manner as we have heard people affirm that the anticipation of the tortures of the dentist's chair are more excruciating than the actual endurance of them.
 "Do it and it will be done," is a motto that an American mother affirms has reduced for her and her boys many a mountain of difficulty to a hill easily surmounted. Say what you will, there is an inspiration in work once entered upon that more than compensates for the toil involved in its execution.

MODERN MUMMIES.

A GHOSTLY means of livelihood, with death as its prime factor, is reported from Egypt. It seems that the demand for mummies as curiosities has exceeded the supply, especially in the line of the well preserved article. Some enterprising individuals, therefore, it is now asserted, with more cupidity than conscience, agree to give the tramps and vagabonds of the country a sum sufficient to enable them to live riotously during their declining years, provided they will

turn over their dead bodies to the company at the end of them. It is said that whole rows of these preserved corpses can be seen hanging in Egyptian smoke houses.

Thus does the rage for adulteration accompany mankind even beyond the grave.

A SPLENDID SERIES.

THE authors represented in MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, now nearing the close of its first volume, form a galaxy of talent not approached by any library of the sort ever placed before the public. HORATIO ALGER, JR., FRANK H. CONVERSE, GEORGE H. COOMER, ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM, MARY A. DENISON, CAPTAIN SOUTHWICK, ANNIE ASHMORE and CAPTAIN C. B. ASHLEY are all writers who have been tried in the balance by ARGOSY readers and not found wanting.

If by any chance you have not yet seen one of these pretty, terra cotta covered volumes, purchase at once from your newsdealer the latest issue, No. 11, "The Smugglers' Cave," by Annie Ashmore. It contains over 200 pages, is handsomely illustrated, and costs only 25 cents. After reading it you will be sure to want the rest, which are got up in similar style and retail for the same price.

HAIL TO THE FOURTH.

WHAT boy is there among the readers of the ARGOSY who does not awake on the morning of July Fourth with an entirely different feeling within him from that which animates his breast on the other holidays of the calendar? If there are such, we advise them to cultivate the sentiment of patriotism with all diligence.

For surely what country can more justly claim admiration and service at the hands of her sons than our own United States? The most successful republic in the world, and by far the most prosperous of all nations so far as its commercial interests are concerned, America, for these two reasons alone, should cause the hearts of her children to beat fast with pride.

But this is not all. The strides she has made in literature, in education, in mechanics and invention have been unparalleled in history. Indeed, in the magnitude of her engineering feats, the United States easily leads the universe.

One thing more, of minor importance comparatively speaking, to be sure, but of interest as contributing to the picturesqueness of embodied patriotism, the stars and stripes form, as all must acknowledge, the noblest of all flags.

Others, belonging to older nations, may be more clustered about with endearing memories, but ours has many of these already, and will be constantly gaining more, while its artistic blending of colors makes it an object of deepest admiration for itself alone.

Let there be plenty of flags waving then on the nation's holiday. The most delicate nerves cannot object to that, and the fluttering folds of the star spangled banner contain more inspiration than a whole cannonade.

"Flag of Freedom, waving high,
 Emblem of a mighty host;
 All its hues delight the eye,
 Every star our pride and boast!"

"FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY PAPER OF ITS KIND."

IT is certainly very gratifying to us to be continually favored with such flattering opinions of our paper, which from all parts of our broad land, and from readers of all ages, form a regular portion of our daily mail.

NOTRE DAME, IND., JUNE 1, 1888.
 I have taken the ARGOSY for several months, and am very much pleased with it. The general opinion among the boys is that the ARGOSY is the best story paper for boys. CHARLES J. SENN.

HOPKINSVILLE, KY., JUNE 3, 1888.
 We are weekly purchasers of your valuable paper, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. We are now taking five papers altogether, and we pronounce yours the best of the lot. We highly recommend it to all lovers of serial stories, thrilling incidents and adventures. It is the nearest and clearest printed sixteen page paper of its kind.

AS. C. SIMMONS,
 WALTER BAYNE.
 HARLEM, NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1888.
 The undersigned, are weekly purchasers of your excellent paper, THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, and we consider it far superior to any paper of its kind we have ever taken, as the stories are just the kind boys like. We think that the best stories in it at present are "A New York Boy," "A Casket of Diamonds," also Oliver Optic's new story.
 HARRY LOUD,
 WILLIAM L. LOUD,
 OSCAR STEHLE.

JAMES DONALD CAMERON, United States Senator from Pennsylvania.

THE senior United States Senator from Pennsylvania is one of the most popular, wealthy, and prominent men at the national capital and in his own State. He is so generally known as Don Cameron that some readers may perhaps not recognize him by his full name, which appears at the head of this column.

He is the son of a father no less famous than himself—General Simon Cameron, who was his predecessor in the seat he now holds in the Senate. He was born at Middletown, Dauphin County, Pennsylvania, not far from Harrisburg, on the 14th of May, 1833, and was educated at Princeton College, where he graduated in 1852. His father's wealth did not inspire young Cameron with a desire for an idle life, and soon after leaving college he went to work as a clerk in the Middletown bank.

He worked well, too, and was promoted on his merits, becoming chief cashier and afterwards president of the bank, with which he is still connected. Rising to larger fields of business, in 1863 he became president of the Northern Central Railroad of Pennsylvania, a position in which he was enabled to do some real service to his country. His railway was the principal artery of communication between Washington and an important section of the Keystone State, and its president did good work for the Union cause in maintaining its efficiency in spite of the raids of the Confederate troops, who more than once cut the road.

After the war, Mr. Cameron extended the railroad northward to Elmira, New York, thus gaining an outlet toward the great lakes in the one direction and the Atlantic seaboard in the other. He remained president of the concern for eleven years, until, in 1874, the Northern Central was leased by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, of whose system it now forms a part.

The eminence of his father, who was elected a United States Senator as early as 1845, naturally brought Mr. Cameron into the field of politics, where his own ability soon made him prominent. Both father and son had belonged to the Democratic party, but they left it on the burning question of slavery, and joined the newly formed Republican organization. Simon Cameron was an active supporter of General Fremont for the Presidency in 1856, served as Secretary of War under Abraham Lincoln, and was elected and re-elected to the Senate by the Pennsylvania Legislature. His son held no office until 1876, when President Grant offered him the position once held by the elder Cameron—the Secretaryship of War. He had meanwhile been a delegate to the national convention of the Republicans at Chicago in 1868.

Mr. Cameron remained in Grant's cabinet from May 22, 1876, to March 3, 1877, when he resigned, and was at once elected to the United States Senate, to fill the vacancy caused by his father's retirement from office. He has now held the seat eleven years, having been reelected for six year terms in 1879 and 1885. Besides attending the Presidential convention of his party at Cincinnati in 1876, he was Chairman of the Republican National Committee in 1880, and a delegate to the convention of that year at Chicago.

Mr. Cameron's home is at Harrisburg, the Pennsylvania capital, but much of his time is spent in Washington, where he has a handsome

residence, and where he is deservedly popular. He has several grown up daughters, the children of his first wife, and a two year old girl by a second marriage. Martha—the baby—is the acknowledged pride of the Cameron clan, and has frequently accompanied her father into the Senate chamber and received the homage of the assembled statesmen.

The Pennsylvania Senator's fortune is a large one, he having added to his railroad and banking interests connections with the coal and iron industries of his State, and he is one of the wealthiest residents of the national capital. He bears his honors with unassuming modesty. Here is an amusing story, told by an acquaintance of his, which illustrates his dislike of ostentation:

Most public men have some more or less recognized name to their names, and when one registers at a hotel, the clerk, anxious to display the distinction of his guests, often adds the prefix, whatever it may be, making it appear that General So-and-so has deliberately written his title. Senator Cameron found this practice extremely disagreeable. He expressed himself forcibly on the subject on several occasions, but as his simple request to leave off the handle did not have the desired effect, he hit upon the idea of writing his signature in hotel registers thus:—

—J. D. CAMERON,
 with a long dash preceding the name, beginning where the page of the book is fastened in place.

The hotel clerk, however, is proverbially a person of resources, and he soon found a way of defeating the modest statesman's precaution, by adding the word "Senator" after his name. Increased vigilance was necessary, and Mr. Cameron found that he had to sign himself

—J. D. CAMERON.—
 This double dash, extending the entire width of the page, finally checked all attempts to honor him out of season.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

THE best kind of glory is that which is reflected from honesty.—Croker.

THERE is nothing more troublesome to a good mind than to do nothing.—Bishop Hall.

A TIMID person is frightened before a danger, a coward during the time, and a courageous person afterwards.—Kichter.

HALF the miseries of life might be extinguished would man alleviate the general curse by mutual compassion.—Addison.

WHERE is the holiest place on earth? Where souls breathe the holiest vows and execute the most heroic purposes.—E. W. Robertson.

FEW things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.—Rochefoucauld.

OPPORTUNITY has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—From the Latin.

THERE is no action of man in this life which is not the beginning of so long a chain of consequences, that no human providence is high enough to give us a prospect to the end.—Thomas of Malmesbury.

THE true way to be humble is not to stoop till you are smaller than yourself, but to stand at your real height against some higher nature that shall show you what the real smallness of your greatest greatness is.—Phillips Brooks.

THE great error of our nature is, not to know where to stop; not to be satisfied with any reasonable acquirement; not to compare with our condition; but to lose all we have gained by an insatiable pursuit after more.—Burke.

THE fruits of the earth do not more obviously require labor and cultivation to prepare them for our use and subsistence, than our faculties demand instruction and regulation in order to qualify us to become upright and valuable members of society, useful to others, or happy in ourselves.—Barrow.



JAMES DONALD CAMERON.

From a Photograph by Bell.

THE LESSON OF THE FLOWERS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

THESE flowers are God's own syllables
They plead so lovingly, they lead
So gently upward to his hills!
If we might only learn to read!
If we might only learn to read and know
Christ's book of eighteen hundred years ago!
And this the lesson, this the book
That lies wide open now and then,
Come, read one syllable, come look
How broader than the books of men!
Catch, catch the paths of His harmony
Of beautiful truth—then all the world is free!

[This story commenced in No. 201.]

THE
Two Rivals;

OR,

THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER VII.

A SECOND MEETING.

HE weather was propitious, but even so Leonard took care that their day's journey should be a short one. Hence it took them a good part of the week to reach London.

By the long, lonely way, they grew so intimate that at the end of the second day they called each other brother and sister; and Leonard, to his delight, found that as her grief, with the bodily movement and the change of scene, subsided from its first intensity and its insensibility to other impressions, she developed a quickness of comprehension far beyond her years. Poor child! that had been forced upon her by necessity.

She listened to the story of his life with eager attentiveness, but when he burst out with his enthusiasm, his glorious hopes of what the future had in store for him—and her—then she would shake her head very quietly and sadly. Alas, young as she was, she knew more of real life than he did!

Leonard was at first their joint treasurer, but before the second day was over Helen seemed to discover that he was too lavish; and she told him so, with a prudent, grave look, putting her hand on his arm as he was about to enter an inn to dine.

She felt he was about to incur that ruinous extravagance on her account. Somehow or other, the purse found its way into her keeping, and then she looked proud and in her natural element.

Ah! what happy meals under her care were provided; so much more enjoyable than in dull, sanded inn parlors, swarming with flies and reeking with stale tobacco! She would leave him at the entrance of a village, bound forward, and cater, and return with a little basket and pretty blue jug—which she had bought on the road—the last filled with new milk, the first with new bread, and some special dainties in radishes or water-cresses.

And she had such a talent for finding out the prettiest spot whereon to halt and dine; sometimes in the heart of a wood—so still, it was like a forest in fairy tales, the hare stealing through the alleys, or the squirrel peeping at them from the boughs; sometimes by a little brawling stream, with the fishes seen under the clear wave, and shooting round the crumbs thrown to them.

"Shall we be as happy when we are great?" said Leonard, in his grand simplicity.

Helen sighed, and the wise little head was shaken.

He told her much about his life at Hazeldean, of Violante, the pretty, light hearted little daughter of Dr. Riccabocca. She was the child of his first wife, and had been born in sunny Italy, from which land she had lately come to join her father in his exile.

At other times he would ask her to tell about the great city towards which they were traveling.

"And is this London really very vast? Very?" he inquired one day, when they had stopped to dine beside a babbling brook.

"Very," answered Helen, as abstractedly she plucked the cowslips near her, and let them fall into the running waters. "See how the flowers are carried down the stream! They are lost now. London is to us what the river is to the flowers—very vast—very strong; and she added, after a pause, "very cruel!"

"Cruel! Ah, it has been so to you; but now—now I will take care of you!" he smiled triumphantly; and his smile was beautiful both in its pride and its kindness. It was astonishing how Leonard had altered since he had left his uncle's.

"And it is not a very handsome city either, you say?"

"Very ugly, indeed," said Helen, with some fervor; "at least all I have seen of it."

"But there must be parts that are prettier than others? You say there are parks; why should not we lodge near them, and look upon the green trees?"

"That would be nice," said Helen, almost joyously; "but—" and here the head was shaken—"there are no lodgings for us except in courts and alleys."

"Why?"

"Why?" echoed Helen, with a smile, and she held up the purse. "Pooh! I always that horrid purse; as if, too, we were not going to fill it. Did I not tell you the story of Fortunio? Well, at all events, we will go first to the neighborhood where you last lived, and learn there all we can; and then the day after tomorrow I will see this Dr. Morgan, and find out the lord—"

The tears started to Helen's soft eyes. "You want to get rid of me soon, brother."

"I! ah, I feel so happy to have you with me, it seems to me as if I had pined for you all my life, and you had come at last; for I never had brother, nor sister, nor any one to love, that was not older than myself, except—"

"Except the little girl you told me of," said Helen, turning away her face; for children are very jealous.

"Yes, I loved her, love her still. But that was different," said Leonard, with a heightened

Yet Randal Leslie was altered. His dark cheek was as thin as in boyhood, and even yet more wasted by intense study and night vigils; but the expression of his face was at once more refined and manly, and there was a steady concentrated light in his large eye, like that of one who had been in the habit of bringing all his thoughts to one point.

He looked older than he was. He was dressed simply in black, a color which became him; and altogether his aspect and figure were not showy indeed, but distinguished. He looked, to the common eye, a gentleman, and to the more observant, a scholar.

Helter skelter!—pell mell! the group in the passage—now pressed each on each—now scattered on all sides—making way—rushing down the shed—against the walls—as a fiery horse darted under shelter; the rider, a young man, with a very handsome face, and dressed with that peculiar care which we commonly call dandyism, cried out, good humoredly, "Don't be afraid; the horse shan't hurt any of you—a thousand pardons—so ho! so ho!"

He halted the horse, and it stood as still as a statue, filing up the center of the passage. The groups resettled—Randal approached the rider.

in the old Hall, and take to farming. Time enough for that—eh? By Jove, Randal, how pleasant a thing is life in London!

"Don't you find it rather expensive in the Governor, as you call him, used to chafe a little when you wrote for more pocket money; and the only time I ever remember to have seen you with tears in your eyes, was when Mr. Hazeldean, in sending you £5, reminded you that his estates were not entailed—were at his own disposal, and they should never go to an extravagant spendthrift. It was not a pleasant threat, that, Frank."

"Oh!" cried the young man, coloring deeply. "It was not the threat that pained me, it was that my father could think so meanly of me as to fancy that—well—well, but those were schoolboy days. And my father was always more generous than I deserved. We must see a good deal of each other, Randal. Do call soon."

Frank swung himself into his saddle, and rewarded the slim youth with half a crown; a largess four times more ample than his father would have deemed sufficient. A jerk of the rein and a touch of the heel—off bounded the fiery horse and the gay young rider.

Randal mused; and as the rain passed, and the passengers under shelter dispersed, and went their way. Only Randal, Leonard, and Helen remained behind. Then, as Randal, still musing, lifted his eyes, they fell full upon Leonard's face. He started, passed his hand quickly over his brow—looked again, and stared and piercingly; and the change in his pale cheek to a shade still paler—a quick compression and nervous gnawing of his lip—showed that he too recognized an old foe.

Then his glance ran over Leonard's dress, which was somewhat dust stained, but far above the class among which the peasant was born. Randal raised his brows in surprise, and with a smile slightly supercilious—the smile stung Leonard—left the passage, and took his way toward Grosvenor Square. The Entrance of Ambition was clear to him.

Then the little girl once more took Leonard by the hand, and led him through rows of humble, obscure, dreary streets. It seemed almost like an allegory personified, as the sad, silent child led on the penniless, low born adventurer of genius, by the squalid shops, and under the winding lanes, which grew meaner and meaner, till both their forms vanished from the view.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FALL OF AN AIR CASTLE.

LEONARD and Helen settled themselves in two little chambers in a small lane. The neighborhood was dull enough—the accommodation humble; but their landlady had a smile. That was the reason, perhaps, why Helen chose the lodgings; a smile is not always found on the face of a landlady when the lodger is poor.

And out of their windows they caught sight of a green tree, an elm, that grew up fair and tall in a carpenter's yard at the rear. That tree was like another smile to the place. They saw the birds come and go to its shelter; and they even heard, when a breeze arose, the pleasant murmur of its leaves.

Leonard went the same evening to Captain Digby's old lodgings, but he could learn there no intelligence of friends or protectors for Helen. The people were rude and surly, and said that the Captain still owed them for rent. The claim, however, seemed very disputable, and was stoutly denied by him.

The next morning Leonard set off in search of Dr. Morgan. He thought his best plan was to inquire the address of the Doctor at the nearest chemist's, and the chemist civilly looked into the Court Guide, and referred him to a house in Bulstrode Street, Manchester Square. To this street Leonard contrived to find his way, much marveling at the meanness of London; Mayborough seemed to him the handsomer town of the two.

A shabby man servant opened the door, and Leonard remarked that the narrow passage was choked with boxes, trunks, and various articles of furniture. He was shown into a small room, containing a very large round table, whereon were sundry works on homeopathy.

In a few minutes the door to an inner room opened, and Dr. Morgan appeared, and said politely, "Come in, sir."

The doctor seated himself at a desk, looked hastily at Leonard, and then at a great chronometer lying on the table. "You're late, sir—going abroad; and now that I am going, patients flock to me. Too late. London will repent its apathy. Let it!"

The doctor paused majestically, and, not remarking on Leonard's face the consternation he had anticipated, he repeated peevishly—"I am going abroad, sir, but I will make a synopsis of your case, and leave it to my successor. Hum! Hair chestnut; eyes—what color? Look this way—blue, dark blue. Hem! Constitution nervous. What are the symptoms?"

"Sir," began Leonard, "a little girl—"

"Little girl! Never mind the history of your sufferings; stick to the symptoms."



THE GROUP IN THE PASSAGE WAS SCATTERED BY A FIERY HORSE.

color. "I could never have talked to her as to you; to you I open my whole heart; you are my little Muse, Helen."

At noon the next day, London stole upon them, through a gloomy, thick, oppressive atmosphere. For where is it that we can say London bursts on the sight? It stole on them through one of its fairest and most gracious avenues of approach—by the stately gardens of Kensington—along the side of Hyde Park.

As they came near the Edgeware Road, Helen took her new brother by the hand and guided him. For she knew all that neighborhood, and was acquainted with a lodging near that occupied by her father (to that lodging itself she could not have gone for the world), where they might be housed cheaply.

But just then the sky, so dull and overcast since morning, seemed one mass of black cloud. There suddenly came on a violent storm of rain.

The boy and girl took refuge in a shed, in a street running out of the Edgeware Road. This shelter soon became crowded, and the two young pilgrims crept close to the wall, apart from the rest.

Presently a young gentleman, of better appearance and dress than the other refugees, entered, not hastily, but rather with a slow and proud step, as if, though he deigned to take shelter, he scorned to run to it. He glanced somewhat haughtily at the assembled group—passed on, through the midst of it—came near Leonard—took off his hat and shook the rain from his brim.

His head thus uncovered, left all his features exposed; and the village youth recognized, at the first glance, his old assailant on the green at Hazeldean.

"Frank Hazeldean!"

"Ah—is it indeed Randal Leslie!"

Frank was off his horse in a moment, and the bride was consigned to the care of a slim 'prentice boy holding a bundle.

"My dear fellow, how glad I am to see you. How lucky it was that I should turn in here. Not like me either, for I don't much care for a ducking. Staying in town, Randal?"

"Yes, at your uncle's, Mr. Egerton. I have left Oxford."

"For good?"

"For good."

"But you have not taken your degree, I think? We Etonians all considered you booked for a double first. Oh! we have been so proud of your fame—you carried off all the prizes."

"Not all; but some, certainly. Mr. Egerton offered me my choice—to stay for my degree, or to enter at once into the Foreign Office. I preferred the end to the means. For, after all, what good are academical honors but as the entrance to life? To enter now, is to save a step in a long way, Frank."

"Ah! You were always ambitious, and you will make a great figure, I am sure."

"Perhaps so—if I work for it. Knowledge is power!"

Leonard started. That was his own motto. So he and his foe of the stocks were to be rivals in the race for fame!

"And you," resumed Randal, looking with some curious attention at his old schoolfellow. "You never came to Oxford. I did hear you were going into the army."

"I am in the Guards," said Frank, trying hard not to look too conceited as he made that acknowledgment. "The governor frowned a little, and would rather I had come to live with him

"You mistake me, doctor; I have nothing the matter with me. A little girl—"
 "Girl again?—understand. It is she who is ill. Shall I go to her? She must describe her own symptoms—I can't judge from your talk. You'll be telling me she has consumption or dyspepsia, or some such disease that don't exist; mere allopathic inventions—symptoms, sir, symptoms."

Leonard saw that he would have to force his way.
 "You attended her poor father, Captain Digby, when he was taken ill in the coach with you. He is dead, and his child is an orphan."
 He then proceeded, with some difficulty, to bring Helen to the recollection of the homœopathic, stating how he came in charge of her, and why he sought Dr. Morgan.

The doctor was much moved.
 "But really," said he, after a pause, "I don't see how I can help the poor child. I know nothing of her relations. This Lord Les—whatever his name is—I know of no lords in London. I know lords, and phisicked them, too, when I was blundering allopathist. There was the Earl of Lansmere—has his many a blue pill from me, sinner that I was. His son was wiser; never would take physic. Very clever boy was Lord L'Estrange—I don't know if he was as good as he was clever—"

"Lord L'Estrange—that name begins with Les—"
 "Stuff! He's always abroad—shows his sense. I'm going abroad too. But I forget. Boy! what can I do for the orphan?"
 "Well, sir," said Leonard, rising, "Heaven will give me strength to support her."

The doctor looked at the young man attentively.
 "And yet," said he, in a gentle voice, "you, young man, are, by your account, a perfect stranger to her, or were so when you undertook to bring her to London. You have a good heart—always keep it. Very healthy thing, sir, a good heart—that is, when not carried to excess. But you have friends of your own in town?"
 "Not yet, sir; I hope to make them."
 "Bless me, you do? How?—I can't make any."

Leonard colored and hung his head. He longed to say, "Authors find friends in their readers. I am going to be an author." But he felt that the reply would savor of presumption, and held his tongue.

The doctor continued to examine him with friendly interest.
 "You say you walked up to London—was that from choice or economy?"
 "Both, sir."
 "Sit down again, and let us talk. I can give you a quarter of an hour, and I'll see if I can help either of you, provided you tell me all the symptoms—I mean all the particulars."

Then, with that peculiar adroitness which belongs to experience in the medical profession, Dr. Morgan, who was really an acute and able man, proceeded to put his questions, and soon extracted from Leonard the boy's history and hopes. But when the doctor, in admiration at a simplicity which contrasted so evident an intelligence, finally asked him his name and connections, and Leonard told them, the homœopathist actually started.

"Leonard Esmond," he exclaimed, "grandson of my old friend John Avenel of Lansmere! I must shake you by the hand. Brought up by Mrs. Fairfield! Ah, now I look, strong family likeness—very strong!"
 The tears stood in the doctor's eyes. "Poor Nora!" said he.
 "Nora! Did you know my aunt?"
 "Your aunt! Ah—ah! yes—yes! Poor Nora! she died almost in these arms—so young, so beautiful. I remember it as if yesterday."

The doctor brushed his hand across his eyes, and swallowed a globule; and, before the boy knew what he was about, thrust his benevolence thrust another between Leonard's quivering lips.

A knock was heard at the door.
 "Ha! that's my great patient," cried the doctor, recovering his self-possession—"must see him. A chronic case—excellent patient—tic, sir, tic. Purchasing his mother's charge. If I could take that tic with me, I should ask nothing more from Heaven. Call again on Monday; I may have something to tell you then as to yourself. The little girl can't stay with you—wrong and nonsensical. I will see after her. Leave me your address—write it here. I think I know a tidy country chaise, and charge of her. Good-bye! Monday next, ten o'clock."

With this the doctor thrust out Leonard, and ushered in his grand patient, whom he was very anxious to take with him to the banks of the Rhine.

Leonard had now only to discover the nobleman whose name had been so vaguely uttered by the Captain Digby. He had again recourse to the *Court Guide*; and finding the address of two or three lords the first syllable of whose titles seemed similar to that repeated to him, and all living pretty near to each other, in the regions of Mayfair, he ascertained his way to that quarter, and, entering his mother wick, inquired at the neighboring shops as to the personal appearance of these noblemen.

Out of consideration for his rusticity, he got very civil and clear answers; but none of the lords in question corresponded with the description given by Helen. One was old, another was exceedingly corpulent, a third was bed-ridden—none of them was known to keep a great dog,

which Helen had described as being the constant companion of the nobleman whose name she had forgotten.

But Helen was not disappointed when her young protector returned late in the day, and told her of his ill success. Poor child! she was so pleased in her heart not to be separated from her new brother; and Leonard was touched to see how she had contrived, in his absence, to secure a certain comfort and cheerful grace to the bare room devoted to himself.
 He had arranged his few books and papers so neatly, near the window, in sight of the one green elm. She had coaxed the smiling landlady out of one or two extra articles of furniture, especially a walnut bureau, and some odds and ends of ribbon—with which last she had looped up the curtains. The fairies had given sweet Helen the art that adorns a home, and brings out a smile from the dingiest hut and attic.

Leonard wondered and praised, and they sat down in joy to their abstemious meal; when suddenly his face was overclouded—there shot through him the remembrance of Dr. Morgan's words: "The little girl can't stay with you, wrong and nonsensical. I think I know a lady who will take charge of her."

"Ah," cried Leonard, sorrowfully, "how could I forget?" And he told Helen what he had just said.

Leonard's first exclaimed that "she would not go." Leonard, rejoiced, then began to talk as usual of his great prospects; and hastily finishing his meal, as if there were no time to lose, sat down at once to his papers.

Then Helen contemplated him sadly as he bent over his delightful work. And when, lifting up his radiant eyes, he said, "This must succeed—and we shall live together in some pretty cottage, where we can see more from one tree—then Helen sighed, and did not answer this time, "No, I will not go!"

Shortly after she stole from the room, and into the garden, and kneeling in prayer, said, "Guard me against my own selfish heart; may I never be a burden to him who has shielded me."

The next day Leonard went out with his precious MSS. He had read sufficient of modern literature to know the names of the principal London publishers; and to the two or three in his way with a bold step, though a beating heart.

That day he was out longer than the last; and when he returned, and came into the little room, Helen uttered a cry, for she scarcely recognized him. There was on his face so deep, so silent, and so concentrated a despondency. He sat down listlessly, and did not greet her this time, and she stole toward him. He felt so humbled. He was a king deposed. He take charge of another life! He!

She coaxed him at last into communicating his day's chronicle. The reader beforehand knows too well what it must be, to need detailed recital.

Most of the publishers had absolutely refused to look at his MSS.; one or two had good naturedly glanced over and returned them at once, with a civil word or two of flat rejection. One publisher alone—himself a man of letters, ard who in youth had gone through the same trial of disillusion—had waited for him, and his village genius—volunteered some kindly though stern explanation and counsel to the unhappy boy.

This gentleman read a portion of Leonard's principal poem with attention, and even with frank admiration. He could appreciate the rare poet, and he said, "I am on the point of sympathizing with the boy's history, and even with his hopes; and then he said, in bidding him farewell:

"If I publish this poem for you, speaking as a trader, I shall be a considerable loser. Did I publish all I admire, out of sympathy with the self-proclaimed poet, it would be to suppose that, impressed as I really am with the evidence of no common poetic gifts in this MS., I publish it, not as a trader, but a lover of literature, I shall in reality, I fear, render you a great disservice, and perhaps unfit your whole life for the exertions on which you must rely for independence."

"How, sir?" cried Leonard. "Not that I would ask you to injure yourself for me."

"How, my young friend? I will explain. There is enough talent in these verses to call forth very flattering reviews in some of the literary journals. You will read these, find yourself proclaimed a poet, will climb the ladder of fame. You will come to me, and my poem, how does it sell? I shall point to some glowing shelf, and say, 'Not twenty copies!' The journals may praise, but the public will not buy. 'But you will have got a name,' you say. Yes, a name as a poet just sufficiently known to make every man in practical business disinclined to give fair trial to your talents in a single department of positive life; none like to employ poets; a name that will not put a penny in your purse—worse still, that will operate as a barrier against every escape into the ways whereby men get to fortune. But, having once tasted praise, you will continue to seek for it; you will perhaps never again get a publisher to bring forth a poem, but you will hanker round the purlieus of the Muses—fall at last into a bookseller's drudgery. Profits will be so precarious and uncertain that to avoid debt may be impossible; then, you who now seem so ingenious and so proud, will sink deeper still into the literary mendicant—begging, borrowing—"

"Never—never—never!" cried Leonard, veiling his face with his hands.

"Each would have been my career," continued the publisher. "But I luckily had a rich relative, a trader, whose calling I despised as a boy, who kindly forgave my folly, bound me as an apprentice, and here I am; and now I can afford to write books as well as sell them. Young man, you must have respectable relations—go by their advice and counsel; cling to me, and I will do anything for you in this city rather than a poet by profession."

"And how, sir, have there ever been poets? Had they other callings?"
 "Read their biographies, and then envy them!"

Leonard was silent a moment; but, lifting his head, answered loud and quickly: "I *have* read their biographies. True, their lot is poverty—perhaps hunger. Sir, I envy them!"

"Poverty and hunger are small evils," answered the bookseller, with a grave, kind smile. "There are worse—debt and degradation, and—despair."

"No, sir, no—you exaggerate; these last are not the lot of all poets."
 "Right, for most of our greatest poets had some private means of their own. And for others, why, all who have put into a lottery have not drawn blanks. But who could advise another man to set his whole hope of fortune on a lottery?—I mean, a lottery?—And such a lottery!" groaned the publisher, glancing toward sheets and reams of dead authors lying like lead upon his shelves.

Leonard clutched his MSS. to his heart, and hurried away.

"Yes," he muttered, as Helen clung to him, and endeavored to console—"yes, you were right; London is very vast, very strong, and very cruel," and his head sank lower 'd lower yet upon his bosom.

CHAPTER IX.

A FRIEND INDEED.

IN the midst of Leonard's despondency, the door was suddenly thrown open, and in, unannounced, walked Dr. Morgan.

The child turned to him, and at the sight of his face she remembered her father; and the tears that, for Leonard's sake, she had been trying to suppress, found way.
 "The good doctor soon gained all the confidence of these two young heirs. And after listening to Leonard's story of his paradise lost in a day, he patted him on the shoulder, and said: "Well, you will call on me Monday, and we will see. Meanwhile, borrow these of me," and he handed to slip three sovereigns into the boy's hands.

Leonard was indignant. The bookseller's warning flashed on him. Mendacity! Oh, no, he had not yet come to that! He was almost rude and savage in his rejection; and the doctor did not like him the less for it.

"You are an obstinate mule," said the homœopathist, reluctantly putting up his sovereigns. "Will you work at something practical and prosy, and let the poetry rest a while?"

"Yes," said Leonard, doggedly, "I will work."

"Very well, then, I know an honest bookseller, and he shall give you some employment; and I shall be at the ready to give him among books, and that will be some comfort."

Leonard's eyes brightened. "A great comfort, sir." He pressed the hand he had before put aside.

"But," resumed the doctor, seriously, "you really feel a strong predisposition to make verses?"
 "I did, sir."

"Very bad symptom, indeed, and must be stopped before a relapse! Here, I have cured three prophets and ten poets with this novel specific."

While this speaking, he had got out his book and a tumbler; and drew her to his knee, dissolved in a tumbler of distilled water—teaspoonful whenever the fit comes on. Sir, it would have cured Milton himself.

"And now for you, my child," turning to Helen; "I have found a lady who will be very kind to you. Not a mental situation. She is distressed, and drew her to his knee, on her—she is old and has no children. She wants a companion, and prefers a girl of your age to one older. Will this suit you?"
 Leonard walked away.

Helen got close to the doctor's ear, and whispered, "No, I cannot leave him now, he is so sad."

"Pshaw!" grunted the doctor, "you two must have been reading 'Paul and Virginia.' Listen to me, little girl; and go out of the room, you, sir."

Leonard, averting his face, obeyed. Helen made an involuntary step after him; the doctor detected it, drew her to his knee, and said:

"What's your Christian name? I forget."
 "Helen."

"Helen, listen: in a year or two you will be a young woman, and it would be very wrong then for you to live alone with that young man. Meanwhile, you have no right to cripple all his energies. He must not have you leaning on his right arm—you would weigh it down, and going away, and when I am gone there will be no one to help you, if you reject the friend I offer you. Do as I tell you, for a little girl so peculiarly susceptible cannot be obstinate and egotistical."

"Let me see him cared for and happy, sir," said she, "and I will go where you wish."

"He shall be so; and tomorrow, while he is out, I will come and fetch you. Nothing so painful as leave taking—shakes the nervous system, and is a mere waste of the animal economy."

Helen sobbed aloud; then, writhing from the doctor, she exclaimed, "But he may know where I am? We may see each other sometimes? Ah, sir, it was at my father's grave that we first met, and I think Heaven sent him to me. Do not part us forever!"

"I should have a heart as stone if I did," cried the doctor, vehemently, "and Miss Starke shall let him come and visit you once a week. I'll give her something to make her. She is naturally indifferent to others. I will alter her whole constitution, and melt her into sympathy."

Before he went, the doctor wrote a line to Mr. Prickett, bookseller, Holborn, and told Leonard to take it, the next morning, as addressed.

"I will call on Prickett myself, tonight, and prepare him for your visit. But I hope and trust you will only have to stay there a few days."

He then turned the conversation, to communicate his plans for Helen. Miss Starke lived at Highgate, a worthy woman, stiff and prim, as old maid sometimes are. But just the place for a little girl like Helen, and Leonard should certainly be allowed to call and see her.

Leonard, however, made no opposition; now that his day dream was dispelled, he had no right to pretend to be Helen's protector. He could have bade her share his wealth and his fame; his penury and his drudgery—no.
 It was a very sorrowful evening—that between the adventurer and the child. They sat up late, till their candle had burned down to the socket; neither did they speak a word. I fear, when they parted, it was not for sleep.

And when Leonard went forth the next morning Helen stood at the street door, watching him depart—slowly, slowly. No doubt, in that humble lane there were many sad hearts; but no heart so heavy as that of the still, quiet child, who in the front of her father's feet, had seen no more, and, still standing on the desolate threshold, she gazed into space, and all was vacant.

Mr. Prickett was a believer in homœopathy, and declared, to the indignation of all the apothecaries round Holborn, that he had been cured of a chronic rheumatism by Dr. Morgan. The good doctor had, as a consequence, seen Mr. Prickett when he left Leonard, and asked him a favor to find some light occupation for the boy, that would serve as an excuse for a modest weekly salary.

"It will not be for long," said the doctor; "his relations are respectable and well off. I will write to his grand parents, and I think I hope to relieve you of the charge. Of course, if you don't want him, I will repay what he costs meanwhile."

Mr. Prickett, thus prepared for Leonard, received him very graciously, and, after a few questions, said Leonard was just the person he wanted, and he assisted him in cataloguing his books, and offered him most handsomely £1 a week for the task.

Plunged at once into a world of books, vaster than he had ever before won admission to, that old divine dream of knowledge, out of which poetry had sprung, returned to the village student at the very first.

Nothing could be more dark and dingy than the shop. There was a booth outside, containing cheap books and odd volumes, round which there was always an attentive group; within, a gas jet burned night and day.

But time passed quickly to Leonard. His mind, in the greatest freedom, he forgot his disappointments, he ceased to remember even Helen. O strange passion of knowledge! nothing like thee for strength and devotion.

Mr. Prickett was a bachelor, and asked Leonard to dine with him on a cold shoulder of mutton. During dinner the shop kept the shop, and Mr. Prickett was really pleasant as well as eloquent. He took a liking to Leonard—asked, and Leonard told him his adventures with the publishers, at which Mr. Prickett rubbed his hands and laughed as at a capital joke. "Oh, give up poetry, and stick to the shop," he cried.

"Not till night, when the store was closed, did Leonard return to his lodging. And when he entered the room, he was struck to the soul by the silence, by the void. Helen was gone!"

There was a rose tree in its pot on the table at which he wrote, and by it a scrap of paper, on which was written:

DEAR, dear Brother Leonard, God bless you. I will let you know when we can meet again. Take care of this rose, Brother, and don't forget poor Helen.

Over the "forget" there was a big round blistered spot that nearly effaced the word.
 Leonard leant his face on his hands, and for the first time in his life he felt what solitude really is. He could not stay long in the room. He walked out again, and wandered objectless to and fro in the streets.

He passed that stiller and humbler neighborhood, he mixed with the throng that swarmed in the more populous thoroughfares. Hundreds and thousands passed him by, and still—still such solitude.

All that seemed left to him now was his work, and the hours he passed in the dingy shop were his happiest ones.

Thus the days went by, and on the following Monday Dr. Morgan's shabby man servant

opened the door to a young man, in whom he did not at first remember a former visitor. A few days before, embrowned with healthful travel—serene light in his eye, simple trust in his careless lip—Leonard Fairfield had stood at that threshold.

Now again he stood there, pale and haggard, with a cheek already hollowed into the deep anxious lines that speak of working thoughts and sleepless nights; and a settled, sullen gloom resting heavily on his whole aspect.

"I call by appointment," said the boy testily, as the servant stood irresolute.

"The man gave way." "Master is just called out to a patient; please to wait, sir," and he showed him into the little parlor. In a few moments two other patients were admitted. These were women, and they began talking very loudly. They disturbed Leonard's unsocial thoughts. He saw that the door into the doctor's reception room was half open, and, ignorant of the etiquette which holds such apartments as sacred, he sought to escape from the gossip.

"He threw himself into the doctor's own well worn chair, and muttered to himself, 'Why did he tell me to come?—What new can he think of for me? And if a favor, should I take it? He has given me the means of bread by work; that is all I have a right to ask from him, from any man—all should accept.'" "While thus soliloquizing, his eye fell on a letter lying open on the table. He started. He recognized the handwriting. He saw his own name; he saw something more—words that made his heart stand still, and his blood seem like ice in his veins.

(To be continued.)

BEYOND THE MIST.

BY JOHN W. HALESS.

OUT of the mist the river glides to us,
Glides like a phantom strange and marvelous
Out of the mist.

Into the mist the river passes on,
With inarticulate murmur flows anon
Into the mist.

And yet, perchance, upon its infant rills
Fair shone the sun amid the cradling hills
Before the mist.

And when at last the full flood rears the main,
Perchance a glory crowns it yet again,
Beyond the mist.

[This story commenced in No. 282.]

New York Boy;

OR,

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF RUFÉ RODMAN.

By **ARTHUR LEE PUTNAM.**

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

RUFUS IS PROMOTED.

AT first Rufus was employed chiefly in packing, and was called to attend to any and every opportunity of showing whether or not he possessed any ability as a salesman. This state of things might have continued for six months or a year, but for an epidemic which prostrated so many of the clerks that their younger associates were called in as temporary substitutes. Among these were Rufus and Julius.

The latter was delighted by the promotion, and put on such airs as to excite amusement. He did not meet with much success, however, among customers. The complacent air and patronizing tone which he assumed failed to please them.

Rufus, however, found remarkable favor. He treated customers with deference, was never weary in showing goods, and manifested such a desire to please that his sales equaled those of veteran salesmen.

"You have done remarkably well, Rodman," said Mr. Parker, the superintendent. "Your sales would do credit to an experienced clerk."
"I am glad you are satisfied with me, Mr. Parker," said Rufé, modestly.
"I am much pleased, and will report your success to Mr. Seymour."

"Thank you, sir,"
Mr. Parker was regarded by some of the clerks as too strict, but he aimed to be just, and was always anxious to give credit where he felt that it was due. He kept his word, and in his next interview with the head of the firm he reported Rufé's creditable record.

"That boy is going to make a fine salesman, Mr. Seymour," he said. "He presses hard upon the old clerks in the saloons, and I think my niece Blanche will be glad to hear this. She takes an uncommon interest in the boy. Have you any recommendation to make in regard to him?"

"Yes, sir. Young Stickney is going to leave us for a position in Chicago. Instead of seeking a salesman elsewhere, I advise promoting young Rodman, and hiring another boy."

"I have every confidence in your judgment, Mr. Parker, and authorize you to make the promotion. How much do we pay young Rodman?"

"Six dollars a week."
"That is high pay for a boy, but too little for a salesman. You may raise him to ten dol-

lars a week. I think, as he is a favorite of my niece, I would like to make the announcement myself. Please send him to me."

When Rufus was told that Mr. Seymour wished to see him, he was somewhat startled. He feared that in some way he had incurred censure. But when he entered the presence of the great merchant he was reassured by his smiling face.

"Sit down, Rufus," said Mr. Seymour, kindly. "Mr. Parker has been making a very favorable report of you."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Parker," said Rufé, gratefully.

"He says you have succeeded remarkably well as a salesman."

"I have done my best, sir."
"And your best appears to be very good. In fact he recommends, as Mr. Stickney is going to leave us, that you be put in his place as a regular salesman."

"Rufé's face flushed with pleasure. He started the soiled and well worn suit, which had answered very well in his occupation as bootblack, 'I am afraid Mr. Seymour won't like to have me come to the store in them do,'"

"You are about right there, Micky," returned Rufé, smiling.
"Do you think I can get a new suit for two dollars and a quarter?" asked Micky, anxiously, as he drew out and counted the contents of his purse.

"No, I don't think you can, but you needn't worry about that. I can afford to give you a rig out, and I'm going to do it. We'll go round to some big clothing house, and I'll make a young gentleman of you in short order."

"That's under the line, Kufe. There ain't many chaps like you."
"You'd do the same for me. Micky, I consider myself your guarddeer, and you must do just as I tell you."

Rufé had about sixteen dollars in his pocket, which he had intended to put away in the savings bank; but he realized that, while it is a good thing to save money, it is still better to use it judiciously to aid those who stand in need of a helping hand.

Before the evening was over, all the money was spent, but in return Micky was rigged out from top to toe in a new hat, new shoes, new suit, and underclothing, and actually found it hard to recognize himself in the little looking-glass which did duty in their humble chamber.

"Now, Micky, let me recommend you to keep your face and hands clean—you're not always particular about that, you know—and I think Mr. Seymour won't find any fault with your appearance."

"I couldn't keep clean while I was blackin' boots," said Micky.
"No; and it wasn't expected. Now you're goin' to be a merchant—Micky straightened up with conscious dignity—you must act accordingly."

"So I will, Rufé. If I don't, you tell me."
"Well, here's one boy in the store that you will like—Julius Waite—but you needn't mind if he does look down upon you, and turns up his nose at you occasionally. That is the way he has been treatin' me."

"But now you're higher than he, Rufé."
"Yes. I am afraid poor Julius will feel bad when he learns that I am a salesman, while he is still a boy."

"Like me?"
"Yes, like you."
When Rufus entered the store the next morning, with Micky in tow, Julius was the first to see him.

"Who's that boy?" he asked, abruptly.
"Mr. Michael Flynn. He is to be one of your business associates, Julius."

"Who says so?"
"Mr. Seymour engaged him in my place, on my recommendation."

"In your place? Are you going to leave, then?" asked Julius, joyfully.
"No; I am promoted to be a salesman."

"WHAT!" exclaimed Julius, fairly green with jealousy.
Rufe repeated the statement.

The result was, that Julius, during the day, applied to Mr. Parker to recommend him for similar promotion, and received a curt refusal.
"I am as old as Kodman," said Julius, aggrieved.

"That isn't the question. When you have his ability as a salesman, I will see that you are promoted."

"I never saw such favoritism!" muttered Julius. "That fellow Rodman is put above my head, and I am forced to associate with a common street boy on terms of equality."

Julius felt that his case was very hard. It was evident that the world didn't appreciate him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RUFÉ IS INVITED TO A WEDDING.

In his new position Rufe felt more than ever the need of a better education. He secured a teacher, and spent an hour every evening with him, paying attention to the common English branches. His ambition was kindled by his business success, and he was willing to work hard, so as not to do himself discredit in the eyes of the world.

He tried to induce Micky, his room mate, to share his studies, but Micky shook his head.
"I was never cut out for a scholar, Rufé," he said.

"But, Micky, it won't do you any harm to read and write well."
"Yes," said Micky, thoughtfully.
"You'll find it necessary to know French, as much as that—not now, perhaps, but when you have been promoted."

"Don't it make your head ache?" queried Micky, cautiously.
"No," answered Rufe, smiling; "though I study harder than you will have to."

"Perhaps you agreed to make an effort to improve his education, so far as reading and writing went. He made progress slowly, but did improve some. He was lost in awe at Rufe's more advanced studies. Looking over his shoulder when Rufe was doing a sum in interest, he said, admiringly, 'I don't see how you can do it, Rufé. You've got a great head.'"

"I don't think I shall ever be a professor," remarked Rufe, smiling; "but I see that it is very necessary for me to understand figures pretty well if I am to be a business man."

"Then I'll never be a business man," said Micky, soberly. "I can't make head or tail of them figures."
"Perhaps you might if you tried."

"No, I shouldn't."
"Well, you can work with your hands, at any rate. When you get old enough, perhaps Mr. Seymour will make you light porter."

"That would suit me tip top," said Micky, in a tone of satisfaction.
"Then try all you can to please him."

Miss Blanche Seymour, who often visited the store, never failed to notice Rufus; and when she did not see him she inquired for him, much to the chagrin and envy of Julius, who would have liked nothing better than to have ingratiated himself with the young heiress.

One day the postman brought her a letter to the store, directed to Mr. Rufus Rodman. Opening the envelope, another was found inside, of cream laid paper, containing an invitation which read as follows:

MR. AND MRS. J. SEYMOUR

request the honor of your presence at the wedding reception of their daughter
BLANCHE

AND
MR. CLEMENT TREVOR,

Wednesday Evening, May Fifth,
At nine o'clock.
No. — Madison Avenue.

Rufe had heard of Miss Seymour's engagement, but had not dreamed of receiving an invitation to the wedding.

Julius, who was standing by when Rufe opened the letter, inquired curiously, "Is it a love letter?"

"By way of reply Rufe put the invitation in his hands.
Julius read it with a frown and a sneer.
"Of course you won't go," he said.
"Because you would only make yourself ridiculous."
"Why would I make myself ridiculous?" repeated Rufé, calmly.
"Because you are not used to fashionable society. It was only sent as a compliment because Miss Seymour has taken an interest in you."

"So that is it, is it? How well you seem to know Miss Seymour's views."
"Why, it stands to reason that I am right."
"Would you go if you were invited?"

"Certainly."
"Then I shall go."
Julius shrugged his shoulders.

"I wouldn't be in your shoes," he said. "You'll be like a cat in a strange garret. I am used to society, and of course it is different with me."

"Well, I must make a beginning."
Rufe sought out Raymond French, his fellow clerk, with whom he was now on very friendly terms, and showed him the invitation.

"It is quite a compliment, Rufus," said French. "Gladly you will accept."
"Julius thinks I will make myself ridiculous, and that it was not intended that I accept."
"Don't mind Julius."

"I dread it a little, though. Will you tell me what I ought to do? What is the meaning of those letters at the bottom of the invitation?"

"You mean, S. V. F.?"

"They stand for four French words, 'Repondez s'il vous plait.'"

"I am as wise as before," said Rufe, smiling. "They mean, 'Answer if you please.' That is, let them know if you accept the invitation."

"I suppose I must write then?"

"Yes. Come round to my room this evening, and I will tell you what to say."

"Is there a particular way, then?"

"Yes."

That evening Rufus went around to his friend's room, and, instructed by him, wrote the following acceptance:

Mr. Rufus Rodman accepts with pleasure the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. J. Seymour to the wedding reception of their daughter Blanche, on Wednesday evening, May fifth."

"Of course that is only one way of answering, but it will do very well," said French.

"It seems funny for me to speak of myself as Mr. Rufus Rodman."

"It is all right, though. You must follow the usual custom."
"Am I to sign my name at the bottom?"

"No, that would never do. You are writing in the third person."

"Thank you, Mr. French. I shouldn't have known the right thing to do if you hadn't told me."

"It could hardly be expected that you would. You are young enough to learn many things."

The next day at the store Julius said, "By the way, Rodman, have you that invitation with you?"

"Yes."
"Let me look at it. I suppose you know the meaning of those four letters."

"What do they mean?" asked Rufus, in apparent innocence.

"R. S. V. P.—why, rich super, veal pie."
"I shouldn't have thought they meant that," said Rufe, soberly, though he wanted to laugh.

"It does seem odd, I know; but of course you do not understand the ways of fashionable society."

"You are right. I thought they meant 'Answer if you please.'"

"Who told you that?" asked Julius, annoyed that his little deception had failed.

"A friend of mine."
"Have you answered it?"

"I haven't sent the answer."
"I'll write you one if you like."

"Very well. Suppose you write me one in pencil that I can copy."

A little later Julius handed Rufe the following:

DEAR SIR:
I accept your invite with great exuberance. You may expect me on time.
Yours respectfully,
RUFUS RODMAN.

"Is that the way you would answer, Julius?" asked Rufus.

"I write in about that way."
"Thank you for taking so much trouble."

"Oh, it's no trouble."
Rufe took the paper, and did not let Julius know that he made no use of it. Julius chuckled to himself at the excellence of the practical joke he had played upon Rufus, and made quite merry over it with his cousin, Frost, who liked Rufe no better than he did.

As the important day approached, Rufus felt rather nervous, particularly as he was told that he ought to appear in a dress suit. But he was not put to the expense of buying one. Raymond French was about the same size as Rufus, and he had having grown rapidly, and offered him the use of his. Indeed it was in the room of French that he dressed himself for the wedding. By special favor Micky was present, to catch sight of his friend in his unusual attire.

"Well, that beats the Dutch," said Micky. "Why, you look like a regular Delmonico swell!"
"I don't feel so, Micky, I can tell you that. I feel as strange as you would in petticoats."

"I haven't space to give a detailed account of the wedding. Rufus was kindly received, and when, following the crowd, he went forward and congratulated the bride, Miss Seymour, now Mrs. Trevor, regarded him with mingled surprise and approval."

"Really, Rufus, he shouldn't have known you," she said, smiling.
"I hardly know myself," answered Rufé, with a common glance at the mirror just behind the bridal pair.

"I understand now the truth of the proverb that 'fine feathers make fine birds.'"

"Then I am a fine bird! Thank you, Miss Blanche—I mean Mrs. Trevor."
So Rufe enjoyed the evening, and did not feel so much like a cat in a strange garret as he had expected.

(To be continued.)

AN UNCONSCIOUS ADMISION.

MISS GLADYS.—"You appeared very abruptly with your errand awhile ago. You must not come so suddenly into the room when Mr. Smithers is spending the evening with me."
Bridget.—"Sudden! And it is sudden ye call it, and me at the keyhole a full three quarters of an hour!"

JUNE DEPARTS.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

Oh stay, because thou art so fair,
Sweet rose month, green and sunny June!
With thee dies music from the air,
The blackbird's and the thrush's tune;
Oh! stay, sweet June, delay!
The woodland darkens with thy death,
The green leaves lose their freshest grace,
The year's of age; with thy last breath
Youth's laughing dimples leave his face;
Then stay, sweet June, delay!
The wild rose dances on its thorn,
Its grace and sweetness fill the air,
All loveliest things in thee are born,
Then stay because thou art so fair;
Oh! stay, sweet June, delay!

A Race for Life.

BY MRS. M. P. HANDY.

"AINTER gwine take er dar fum nobody, so I ain', dar now."
"Abum Linkum gawe Washington Jefferson, yer jis stop dat ar fool talk, now! S'posen sumbody dars yer fuhter set down on dat rail'oad track, en wait fuh de ingin? What yer gwine ter do den, ha'ah? Shet yer mouf, en go long ter de spring en bring me er bucket er water," and Aunt Mahala, "Abum's" mother, gave the clothes which were boiling in the great iron pot, swung gipsy fashion over the fire in the yard, a vigorous punching with her stick, after tossing Abraham the empty bucket.
"Nobody ain' gwine ter gimme sech a dar ez dat ar. I clum dat tree, en I didn' get nut nuther, of I did tar my britches."
"Yes, en yer daddy had ter git yer down wid er rope; ef he hadden yer'd a bin dar now. Yer's too brash entirely. Go long, I tells yer, en git dat ar water, fo I his yer," and thus adjured, Abraham picked up the bucket, and sauntered off in the direction of the spring.
Aunt Mahala had ample cause for her vexation. "Abum," as everybody excepting his mother when moved by righteous wrath, called him, was foolish to a degree. Let any one "dare" him to do any deed however foolish, and he was at once ready to risk it.
He had been half killed a dozen times, and, only the day before, had been with much difficulty rescued from a tree on an almost inaccessible crag, which he had risked his life to climb, because one of his play-fellows had dared him to do so when they were out hunting persimmons together.
His home was in the mountains of North Carolina, and a branch of the Norfolk and Western Railroad passed within a few hundred feet of his father's log cabin.
He came back with the water much more quickly than might have been expected from the leisurely pace at which he had set out. He was accompanied by another lad of about his own age.
"Oh, mammy, kin I go hyar huntin' wid Jeems?"
The consent was given, and Abe dashed into the cabin for his most cherished possession, an old shotgun, which represented the price of many a quart of berries and black walnuts, laboriously gathered in his leisure hours.
"Now mine yer itches me home a fat hyar, an' don' let nobody dar yer ter pint dat gun at yerself—you yehah now?" said his mother, as the boys, followed each by his pet yellow dog, set out on their expedition.
They were not successful, starting only one hare, which escaped both dogs and gun, and, after a couple of hours' tramping, were returning homeward, rather crestfallen at their failure, when suddenly Jeems caught sight of nobler game.
"Laud a' mussy, Abum, dars a big bar in Lawyer Brackinrige's tunup patch! jis look!"
Sure enough, there he was, a black bear, which seemed of monstrous size to the two boys who were looking at him, and wondering how they should get home without attracting his attention.
So far, he was busy munching turnips, with his back turned to them, and the chances were in all favor of their stealing off unseen.
"Les git off easy, and tell the folks ter

git thar axes an' come arter him," said Abram, and they were proceeding to carry out this plan, when the demon of mischief entered into Jeem's head.
"Abum," he said, in a low, excited tone, "I jis daars yer fuh ter shoot dar bar."
"Yer duz, duz yer? Well, I jis tell you I ain' gwine take a dar fum nobody," and so saying, Abram made straight for the turnip patch and the bear.
"Don' go, Abum, I didn't mean fuh yer ter do it, sho nuff," called Jeems, but Abram had already climbed the fence, and was whistling in vain for his dog Major, who at the first sight of the bear had tucked his tail between his legs, like the cur that he was, and fled precipitately.

Finding that Abram was bent on pursuit of the bear, Jeems ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, as he afterward said, in pursuit of help.
Abram, finding himself unnoticed by the bear, waited until he got within twenty feet of him, and then blazed away with both barrels of his shotgun.
The small bird shot with which it was loaded made but little impression on the thick coat of the animal, except where two or three stray shot struck his ear, but the peppering roused and angered him thoroughly, and, with a savage growl, he ceased from his meal of turnips and made for Abram. The latter immediately took to his heels and ran for the railroad track, where the rugged ties gave him the advantage in the chase.

same," alluding to the bounty paid *per capita* by the State for beasts of prey—the ears being demanded as proof of their slaughter.
"I jis hopes you's satisfied now," said Abe's mother; "yer woul'dn' take er dah an' it come mighty nigh like being de def uv yer. Yer suttinny is one fool niggah."

But Abe answered, grinning over his recovered gun and the prospect of plentiful rations of bear meat:
"Well, I ain' dead yit, is I? En I ain' bin took er dar nuther."

Lost in the Grass.

It is not an uncommon experience for man to be lost in the woods, on the desert, and amid tea, but for a human being to go astray amid grass blades reads like a leaf out of Gulliver's

membered I had not eaten my supper in my ardor for sport. I retraced my steps, as I thought, toward the place where I had entered the grass. Judge of my surprise and horror when I found I had come upon the footsteps of a person wearing boots. I knew then but too well the footsteps were my own. I had been going in a circular direction, and was in fact lost in the grass.

There was no means of elevating myself above the grass to ascertain whereabouts I was and the nearest cleared land, as there were no trees growing there. I fired a few shots in rapid succession, but with little hope of success, for my people would think on hearing them that I was simply shooting at some game which I afterward ascertained was the case, and this I did not consider the shots as any indication of my being in any distress or danger.

After making further but ineffectual efforts to extricate myself and the Madrassee from this dense prison by following other paths I found crossing the one I had been pursuing, I thought it advisable to stop for a while and rest before taking further steps. The light was waning fast, as it does in the tropics, and it was now becoming dusk.

My wretched Madrassee boy was no comfort to me, being worse than useless. He now threw himself flat on the damp soil, howling and rubbing dirt upon his head, and invoking the aid of his gods, being a Hindoo. He confessed to all kinds of peccadilloes and vowed to make restitution if his deity would only forgive him and save his life.

I did not feel very comfortable myself, but with such an exhibition of groveing fear before my eyes, did not show any signs of weakness before my servant. I felt sure it was better to remain and wait where we were, occasionally firing a shot as an indication of our whereabouts, as I knew the old soldier would become alarmed when night came on and I had not returned.

It had now become quite dark, and I fancied I heard rustling sounds in the grass adjacent to our position. The poor boy also heard them and renewed his shrieks and prayers, calling out that we would soon be torn and devoured by tigers.

The situation was becoming decidedly interesting, when suddenly I heard a dog break the silence and commence to yelp and bark, apparently not far from us. I need scarcely say I made a rapid bee line for the place from whence the noise proceeded.

I soon emerged into an open and cleared country, and found that I was after all but a few yards from the edge of the grass, and within reach of safety without knowing it. A small house stood near the elephant grass, and it was from there I heard the dog bark.

How I loved that cur at the moment and blessed him for yelping! I called out to the people of the house to inquire where I was, and soon was informed that I had gone right through the patch of elephant grass and was some miles from the village I had left earlier in the evening, and in a direction higher up the river.

The Burman and his family were most polite, as I have ever found his countrymen to be, and offered to guide us back to our boats. As the route to them lay through the grass from which we had just emerged, I declined to trust myself again within its treacherous depths. Fortunately the man possessed a small dugout, in which we embarked, and without further contretemps reached our boats.

In my gift of gratitude to the Burman I did not forget to add a doucour for the benefit of the dog, and requested him to take good care of the beast. I did not trust myself in such grass without a competent guide during the remainder of my residence in Burmah.

I have heard of soldiers being overcome by drinking the fiery arisak solid contrary to law to them by Parsee storekeepers and wandering into this grass to sleep off its ill effects. Not returning to cantonments, they were supposed to have been killed, either by wild beasts or dacoits, until some hunter would find the bones of the unfortunate wretches, partly covered with tattered uniform, lying in the grass, perhaps not many yards from its edge.

The poor fellows had wandered round and round until, feeble from starvation, they had at length laid themselves down and died. The bones were always found picked clean by Johnny crows and vultures. We were fortunate to escape such a horrible fate.

BOUND NOT TO BE SWINDLED.

At a down town station on the elevated railroad. Farmer Oatcake—"Say, mister, how much is the rate to Fourteenth Street?" Agent—"Five cents." Farmer Oatcake—"Why, that's all it is to the end of the track." Agent—"Can't help it. Hurry up!" Farmer Oatcake—"Hanged if I don't ride to the end of the track an' walk back. You railroad sharks shan't swindle old Abner Oatcake!"



THE ENGINE WAS CLOSE UPON ABE AND THE BEAR.

He was a pretty fair runner, but the bear made good time also, and the race was a desperate one as they flew along the track. Abram threw his precious gun down the embankment, but the bear took no notice of the attempted diversion, and, tired with his tramp, the boy felt his strength failing him, when he heard the warning shriek of steam, and there, coming around the curve, directly in front of him, appeared the express, going at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Frantic with terror, Abram rolled down the embankment, choosing rather the risk of broken bones, than a general crunching up. Fortunately he fell into the spreading top of a thick pine, escaping with only a few scratches.

The furious bear, unversed in the ways of locomotives, saw in the advancing train only another enemy, and reared on its hind legs to give it battle. The iron horse swept on, the cow catcher lifted Mr. Bear and threw him from the track a mangled heap.

"It is a mon's u pity his hide is spiled," said Abe's father, as he stood over the dead brute, "but de years is dar, an' we uns kin git de dollar fur him all de

adventures among the Brobdingnags. A correspondent in Burmah furnishes the *San Francisco Chronicle* with a personal happening of the sort which we herewith reproduce:

On one occasion we stopped early for the night close to a village of considerable size, and here I had an adventure that I enacted over and over again in my dreams for some time after the event. On going on shore I met a Burman, who informed me that a tiger had been seen to enter the tall elephant grass, which commenced about a hundred yards from the one end of the village.

"Would the thaken like to go and kill it?" All white strangers are supposed to be hunters. I at once said I would try and kill the brute, and returned to the boats and procured my Winchester rifle and ammunition. Taking my Madrassee servant with me to carry the cartridge belt, off I started for a little sport before the night closed in.

I soon discovered the footprints of the tiger in the moist soil, and very incautiously entered the tall elephant grass, which grows to ten or twelve feet in height. I followed the trail of the beast, eager for a shot at him, without even taking thought of how I was to return. I traced the footmarks for about half an hour without any result—his royal highness of Bengal was not to be found.

Thinking it was about time to return to the boats, as the evening was closing in and I re-

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

The Old, so Wisdom saith, is better than the New,
Friends—like old Wine, old Books, old Days—
With age do ripen into mellow hue:
And Time, for what he takes, full oft repays
True hearts a hundredfold.

[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 XXV.
DOWN THE BOURE RIVER.

A CANOE was coming indeed, as Naqual had said. But its size and general appearance even at a distance was by no means of the reassuring nature suggested by the Zulu's animated voice and manner.

For Rafe had read of the war canoes of the more savage races. And as the long narrow craft swept down toward them, he could see that it was paddled by scores of blacks, who were bending to their task with a fierce energy, as though inspired by the sight of the occupants of the drifting island.

Rafe glanced at his friend, whose burning forehead the Massala woman was moistening with river water caught up in a papery leaf. Dick was muttering incoherently. And then, indeed, Rafe lost courage.

He cocked his rifle almost mechanically.

Naqual shook his head.
"There is no need," he said quietly. "A white man is in the boat."

A white man in one sense—yes. But Rafe had hard work to recognize in the thin, mahogany colored features of the personage who, clothed in rather dilapidated European garb, was standing beside the nearly nude African wielding a paddle in the stern—a fellow Caucasian.

An I yet, there was something familiar in the face turned so eagerly toward his own.

"Rafe is his name, isn't it?"
It was Mr. Parker's voice! And as the canoe came alongside the drifting mass, Kalaba rose from its bottom.

Greeting Rafe with a grave smile as the latter grasped Mr. Parker's outstretched hand, Kalaba sprang out.

"So the young coos has found his friend," he said quietly.

Raising Dick in his arms as though he had been a child, Kalaba bore him to the canoe where he laid him tenderly on a pile of mats beneath the awning. Then he signed to Naqual and the Massala woman, who, submissively obeying, took their places beside the half unconscious youth. A word to the blacks, and the canoe was again in motion, heading down the river.

For a few moments Rafe dared not trust his voice to speak. And seeing his too evident emotion, Mr. Parker turned his attention to Dick, who gazed from him to Kalaba, and then to the blacks.

"Give him plenty of the white powder, oh my father," said Kalaba, who had been eying Dick keenly. "The stars say that he shall not die."

Mr. Parker, who had already prepared a strong dose of quinine which he proceeded to administer, only smiled.

Duly refreshed by food, the rescued party were ready to exchange confidences with their rescuers. Dick subsided into a restless doze. Kalaba began talking in the native dialect with the Zulu and his wife. While Rafe, seating himself beside Mr. Parker, eagerly poured out his story, to which the latter listened with every appearance of wondering interest.

"Kalaba would not say that you were born under a lucky star indeed, Rafe," the latter remarked as the sunburnt young fellow concluded his narration. And then began his own explanation.

Rafe's sudden disappearance had been an unsolved mystery. Mr. Parker's own theory was that Rafe had been seized and destroyed by the lions, though all their search on the day following failed to show the slightest trace of such a tragedy. Kalaba, on the other hand, declared that "the young white coos" was alive, and that they should see him again, which shrewd guess had been thus strangely verified.

Accompanied by his own party, Mr. Parker had pressed onward, still hoping to enter the Boure country with the city of Sengar as his objective point. But on the very boundaries they were met by King Zabele's emissaries and

warned not to venture further. There was no resource but to obey, though how unwillingly the reader may perhaps guess.

Then Mr. Parker struck further south in search of large game, finding sport in abundance. Giraffe, elephant, a rhinoceros, and tawny lions had fallen before his bullets. But his bearers and guides grew tired and refused to go further. Mr. Parker would not yield. And lo, one fine morning he woke to find that they had decamped with such portable articles as they could lay hands on, leaving Kalaba and himself helpless, with stores, guns, and ammunition upon their hands, upon the banks of the Boure river, hundreds of miles from civilization.

By rare good fortune they fell in with the big canoe owned by a Portuguese trader descending the river. It was roomy and comfortable, and Mr. Parker drove a bargain with its owner to transport his stock of ivory and such other collections as he had made, together with Kalaba and himself, to the coast, whither the trader was bound. Then the floating island was met, and the rest we know.

Well, it would seem as though their African experiences were beginning to draw toward a close. Five

But added to all this was the unpleasantness of returning to his own land—for this he must do sooner or later—the color of coffee and cream, with no possibility that it would wear off or could be removed by chemicals. So at least Hassan had emphatically declared when applying the stain and asserting that to himself alone was known the only preparation which would obliterate it.

And after Kalaba's remark, Dick told him to the above effect.
"If Kalaba will restore the young man's skin, will he give the gun with two barrels?"
Dick in effect said that he would give two guns with ten barrels each and ammunition to correspond, which of course was wild exaggeration. Yet Kalaba seemed to understand.

So far as I know, Dick Morier has never told, even to Rafe, the entire details of his treatment. But I gather that he was subjected to a vapor bath in the first instance, to which the Turkish bath of civilization is an icy douche. A

strong belief in the influence of the planets upon individual members of the human race.
"But Naqual, who is quite as intelligent, believes only in the power of his fetich," observed Rafe, glancing at the Zulu, who, seated beside his wife in the bottom of the canoe, seemed to be listening intelligently.

"There is more than one fetich," was Naqual's unexpected response. "The chief, Parker wears one—why should not the poor Zulu save?"

"This rather unlooked for reference caused Rafe to follow Naqual's significant glance.

Around Mr. Parker's sunburned neck, from which the collar of his flannel shirt was thrown back, was a small gold chain, to which a locket of dead gold was attached.

Mr. Parker smiled half sadly as he noticed the glance of the one and the inquiring look of the other.

"I will show you my fetich," he said. Unclasping the chain, he touched a spring. The Zulu's unexpected response, displaying an exquisitely painted photograph in miniature of a woman perhaps twenty years of age, framed in clustering rings of short, curling black hair.

"It is the picture of my wife, who died when her namesake little Natalie was born," he said in a somewhat tremulous voice. The Zulu's guttural exclamation was echoed by one in a lower key from his Massala wife. For even semi savages are not insensible to European beauty.

But Dick started slightly and looked half inquiringly toward his friend as though to ask:
"Where have you and I seen some one resembling that picture?"

Rafe, literally dumb with astonishment, made no answering sign.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO SURPRISING DISCOVERIES.

"MY Natalie," said Mr. Parker, dreamily, "belonged to a wealthy Parisian family. Her beauty, goodness, and wonderful musical attainments brought her many suitors, but among them all she only seemed to show a slight preference for my unworthy self and an American, who I honestly think cared more for Natalie's money than for herself. However this may be, she married me, and alas, as I say, died, when little Natalie was born."

"Did the American seem to hold any ill feeling toward you because you were the successful suitor?"

Rafe was surprised at the steadiness of his voice as well as the seeming unconcern with which he made the inquiry. Possibly Mr. Parker was a trifle surprised at the question.

"Mr.—the gentleman in question I mean—fisked me very much. In fact, I was more than once warned against him. But after Natalie and I were married we never saw him again."

"And your little girl—"

"Was stolen while her nurse was taking her for an airing on the Champs Elysees. Half the detectives in Paris were employed, but to no avail. It was thought that a band of Bohemian vagrants were the abductors, though I would rather believe her dead. I spent nearly half of my fortune in the search before it was given up. And since then I have been a wanderer on the face of the earth."
Mr. Parker said this slowly and sadly, as, holding the open locket in his hand, he looked steadily at the picture it contained.

With trembling fingers Rafe took from his note case the photograph Natalie, the violinist, had given him. Mutely he extended it to Mr. Parker, whose face, even under its coating of bronze, took on a deathly pallor as he glanced from the photograph to the open locket.

The likeness between the two was more than unmistakable—it was a perfect one.

"What does it mean?" was his agitated inquiry.

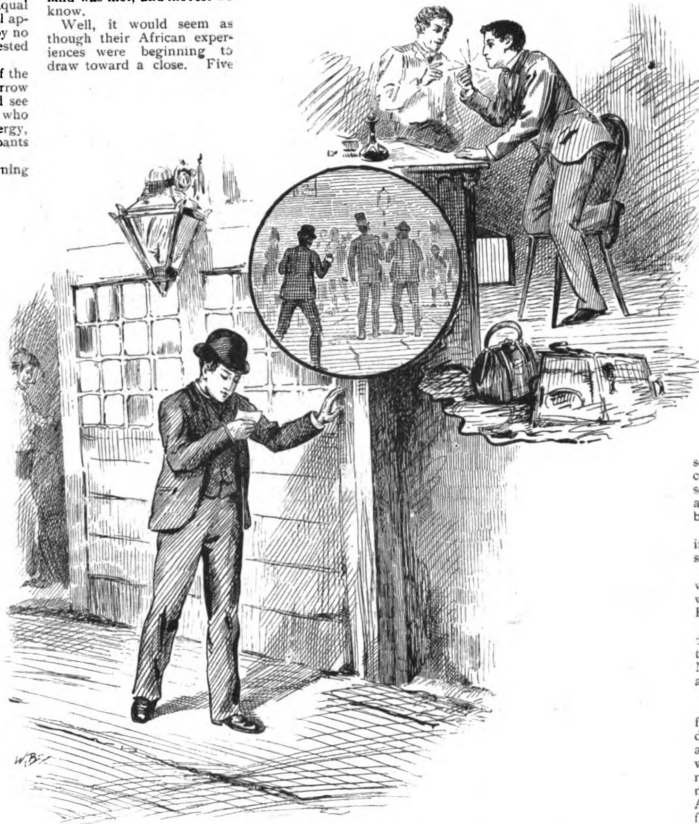
And then as calmly as he could Rafe, told all concerning Natalie with which the readers are familiar.

Mr. Parker did not speak for some little time. He was fitting together certain links of the chain of evidence in his own mind as well as his excitement would allow.

"If my lost Natalie, I am as sure of it as I am that I am alive!" he said at last in a tremulous voice.

Yet though he was thoroughly convinced that his daughter was alive—whither now should he go in search of her? She had told Rafe of a projected professional tour of indefinite extent. If this had been carried out, Natalie might even then be in India or England—Japan or South America—who should say?

A return to civilization from whence the starting point for a search might be established was of course the first thing. And I need hardly say that Rafe and Dick Morier heartily coincided. By rare good fortune a home bound steamer from Cape Coast Castle to London was taking in the balance of a cargo, collected along the coast, when the canoe reached the factories at the river's mouth. And Mr. Parker lost no time in



RAFE SNATCHED UP THE NOLE, AND READ ITS STRANGE CONTENTS.

or six days of swift paddling, aided by the current, would take them to the African town where Kalaba had joined them. Then to the coast factories at the mouth of the river they had ascended in the steam launch was but a journey of another day or two.

On the following morning Dick, though weak and dizzy, was able to partake of nourishment. His mind still wandered a little, but his strong constitution was greatly in his favor. The fever gradually yielded to Mr. Parker's skillful treatment so that, by the time King Combo's domains were reached, he was beginning to feel quite himself again.

"But why does not the young man return to his own color—does he like that of the Arab better?"

Such was the question of Kalaba on the morning when, loaded down with presents from his employer, he prepared to take his leave at his native village, where, at Mr. Parker's request, the trading canoe had touched.

"Easier said than done," was Dick's gloomy response.

For, I regret to say, his accumulated misfortunes, as he chose to consider them, were not having a beneficial effect on his usually sunny nature. He had missed securing perhaps almost unbounded wealth from the gold districts of Boure, to say nothing of the remote chances of becoming a ruler through marriage with a native princess. Perhaps he had tender reminiscences to recall as to his real feelings toward pretty Alifa, who possibly regarded him—even mourned for him—as being no longer among the living.

small inclosure, red hot rocks submerged in sulphurous water from a volcanic boiling spring, producing a scalding steam about which Dick cannot speak without a shudder—this seems to have been the initial stage. Dick I believe told Rafe in confidence that he should never eat lobsters again—he knew how they might feel during the boiling process.

Then a wash from some alkaline plant was applied. And when Dick again made his appearance on board the waiting canoe, he was, to speak within bounds, about three shades lighter than Rafe himself.

To say that Dick was rejoiced at this metamorphosis, is to put it mildly.

"I don't mind the rest of it so much," he said soberly, "for after all, I went away from Mapleton poor, and I shan't go back there any worse off to say the least. Still," he added with a half sigh, "I should have liked to have brought back something to show father that I am not the ne'er do well he thinks me."

"Perhaps you will, Dick," quietly suggested Mr. Parker. And Rafe, knowing something of the generous character of the speaker, together with his wealth, felt assured that he meant more than his words expressed.

Kalaba in his own way seemed to indicate a similar thought.

"Farewell," he said as the canoe pushed away from the embarkment. "The stars tell me that it will be well with all of you." And as they journeyed down the river, Mr. Parker spoke of this.

Kalaba's peculiar views, he said, were derived from his Arab descent, this people having a



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