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# GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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DEAN SPRANG INTO THE BOAT AND PUSHED OFF FROM THE SHORE TO RESCUE THE CASTAWAY, LEAVING BRANDON BATES IN THE BOAT HOUSE, FURIOUS WITH RAGE.

See new serial "Dean Dunham; or, The Waterford Mystery," by Horatio Alger, Jr., on next page.

## AT LOW TIDE.

The sands on the beach are brown and bare,  
The sun has set, and the tide is out;  
There are no boats in the inlet, where  
A while ago skimmed a score about.  
Out there, where the curving channel gleams  
And grows like a burnished scimitar,  
The sea now follows the sea and screams  
At the waves that bear his prey afar.  
Full orbed and fulgent the harvest moon  
Looks down on meadows the sea has shorn;  
So tender the night in the tones of her  
Its dreams must fade in the wakeful morn.  
Finer each moment and fainter grows  
The silver line that the channel makes,  
And the sloping bowl of the basin shows  
An empty bed where no billow breaks.  
There are gleams of sapphire in the sky,  
With tints of topaz and hyacinths;  
And through gates of pearl air, the eye  
Sees arches pillared on jeweled plinths,  
And streets of gold in a city fair.  
Oh wonderful beauty, such as he  
Who dwelt upon Patmos witnessed where  
The world he viewed had nor shore nor sea.

## Dean Dunham;

OR,

## THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Author of "Luke Wallon," "The Young Acrobat,"  
"Ragged Dick," "Tattered Tom,"  
"Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER I.

## ADIN DUNHAM SURPRISES HIS WIFE.

"I've been looking forward to this day for weeks, Sarah," said Adin Dunham, as he rose from the breakfast table on a certain Wednesday morning in the early part of June.

"Why, father, what do you mean?" asked Mrs. Dunham curiously.

"Because today I am to receive a thousand dollars—a thousand dollars in hard cash," answered her husband in a tone of exultation.

"Well, I declare!" ejaculated his wife in amazement. "Who on earth is going to give you a thousand dollars?"

"No one is going to give it to me; it's my own."

"How strangely you do talk, Adin Dunham! You ain't out of your mind, are you?"

"Not as I know of," answered her husband with an amused smile.

"Is it really true that somebody is going to pay you a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, it is."

"And you say it is your own?"

"Yes."

"I don't understand it," said Mrs. Dunham, with the air of one to whom a puzzle is propounded and who gives it up.

"Then I'll explain. You know when Uncle Dan died he left me a piece of stony pasture land in Rockmont?"

"Yes, I know. You never could sell it, I've heard you say ag'in and ag'in."

"Well, I've sold it at last. There's a company going to put up a big hotel just on that spot, and they've offered me a thousand dollars for the land."

"Couldn't they find a better buildin' lot than that?"

"Well, you see it's located near the lake, and though it's barren enough it's well situated, and there's five acres of it, plenty of room for all the buildin's required. They offered me first seven hundred, then eight hundred, and finally when they got up to a thousand I caved in."

"You what?"

"Well, I agreed to let 'em have it. I'm goin' over today to get the money."

"Why, it'll make us rich, Adin. I never expected you'd be worth a thousand dollars."

"I wonder what Uncle Dan would have said if he'd thought I would have got so much for the land. He never cared much for me, and he only left me that because he thought it wasn't worth anything. He did better by me than he expected."

"What are you going to do with the money, Adin?"

"I don't know yet. I'll keep it by me till I've decided. Perhaps I'll invest in gov'mt bonds. I guess they're about as safe as anything."

"So I've heard, Adin. I suppose the gov'm't ain't likely to fail."

"If it is, I guess all the banks will fail too."

"How are you goin' over to Rockmont?"

"I'll borrow neighbor Gould's horse and buggy. That horse is pretty strong, and he won't mind the twenty miles—ten there and ten back."

"I don't like to have you travel 'so far with all that money. S'pose you should meet with robbers."

"There ain't any robbers round here, Sarah. This is a respectable community."

"You might meet a tramp."

"Well, the chances are that he'd be more afraid of me than I would be of him. I ain't a child, Sarah. I can hit a barrel of potatoes and put it in a wagon as easy as most men."

"Well, Adin, you know best. Hadn't you better take Dean with you?"

"Why should I take Dean?"

"It would be safer for two than for one."

"You don't mean to say that I need a boy of sixteen to protect me? If I thought I did, I'd stay at home and send Dean by himself."

"Well, Adin, I don't want to interfere. It wouldn't be much use, either, for you generally have your own way. Have you told any of the neighbors that you are goin' for some money?"

"No, except Lawyer Bates."

"What made you tell him?"

"Well, I was in his office the other evenin', and somehow I was led into tellin' it. I gave a sort of hint, and the lawyer he drew it out of me. Them lawyers are great on cross-examinin', you know."

"What did Squire Bates say?"

"He told me I'd better not tell anybody else. He talked for all the world just like you did, Sarah. You haven't been chattering with the squire, have you?"

"Adin, I don't like him well enough for that. I never fancied the squire. He's always showin' those long front teeth of his, like a wild beast."

"They ain't very handsome teeth, I'm bound to admit, Sarah, but the poor man can't help himself. He's as God made him."

"He gave you good advice at any rate, Adin. There's so many dishonest people in the world that it's best to be careful. Did you tell him when you were goin' for the money?"

"I don't exactly remember. I guess I did."

"Do you think Squire Bates is a rich man, Adin?"

"I don't know. He's a lawyer, and keeps his affairs mighty close."

"That boy of his—Brandon—is his very image, even to the teeth."

"Well, he does favor his father considerable."

"Dean doesn't like him. He's a very big feeling boy. He looks down on Dean because he is the nephew of a poor man."

"O, he'll get wiser in time. We mustn't mind them young folks so much. Boys will be boys."

"So they will, but there's different kinds of boys."

"I guess there's room enough in the world for both of them. If they don't like each other they can keep apart."

"Dean is an excellent boy. I don't know how we should get along without him."

"I indorse all that, wife," said Adin Dunham heartily.

"He's always cheerful and willin'—always ready to do chores and give up his own pleasure. I remember last winter he'd set his heart on going with a skatin' party, but when I was taken sick, he stayed at home and tended me, without a word of complaint. He couldn't have done no more if he'd been a son instead of a nephew."

"Just so, wife! Just so! He's a likely boy, and if he keeps on as he's begun he'll surely do well."

"He deserves to prosper, and I hope he will. I wish we could do more for him."

"So do I, but a carpenter that gets work only about half the time can't do what he'd like to."

Just then Dean came into the house—a broad shouldered, strongly built boy, with a frank, open countenance and red cheeks.

"Dean," said his uncle, "won't you go over to neighbor Gould, and ask if he will lend his horse and buggy for the day? I'm goin' over to Rockmont."

"Going to Rockmont?" repeated Dean eagerly. "Will you take me, uncle?"

"Not today, Dean. It's a long ride, and it'll be easier on the horse to carry one than two."

Dean looked disappointed. A ride to Rockmont, which was a considerably larger place than Waterford, would have been to him a very agreeable recreation, but he was not a boy to complain or tease when a favor had been refused. So he indulged in no remonstrance, but went over to Mr. Gould's dwelling, only twenty rods away, and preferred the request.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gould pleasantly. "So your uncle has business in Rockmont, has he?"

"Yes sir, I suppose so, but he didn't tell me what it is."

"Well, tell him not to over ride the Captain." (This was the rather peculiar name of Mr. Gould's horse.)

"I don't think there's any danger," said Dean smiling, for he knew that Adin Dunham was one of the most deliberate of men, and permitted a horse to select his own pace.

## CHAPTER II.

## SQUIRE RENWICK BATES.

ADIN DUNHAM got into the buggy, took the reins from Dean, and drove away. The pretentious house of Squire Bates stood a little way back from the road a quarter of a mile further on. The lawyer stood in front of his gate. He smiled as Adin Dunham drove by.

"Well, Dunham," he said, "so you are on your way to Rockmont?"

"Yes, squire."

"And bound on a pleasant errand, too," continued Bates, with a second smile.

"Yes, squire. I can't believe it hardly. It's a new experience for me. I never thought I should be worth a thousand dollars."

"Yes, it's quite a sum. What do you propose to do with it?"

"I may pay up the mortgage on my place."

"But suppose you don't want to receive it?"

"But why wouldn't you want to receive it?"

"Oh, it's paying me farish interest, and I should have to look up another investment."

"But you could do that better than I."

"Come and see me when you get back, and

I'll give you advice. I wouldn't trouble myself for every one, but you are a friend and neighbor," said Squire Bates, smiling and showing the long white tusks that gave him so peculiar an appearance.

"Your advice ought to be good, squire. You are used to investin' money."

"Yes, I have a good deal to invest," said Bates. "Which way shall you return?" asked the squire carelessly.

"I thought I might take the creek road, squire."

"If it were my case, I would come through the woods. It's half a mile shorter."

"That's so, and I did think of it, but you and my wife talked me about robbers, till I began to think the creek road would be safer."

Squire Bates laughed in an amused way.

"I rather think your wife and I talked like old women," he said. "It seems rather ridiculous to think of robbers in this neighborhood."

"So it does!" said Adin Dunham eagerly.

"I told Sarah so."

"Then you'll come through the woods?"

"Yes."

"About what time?"

"Oh, I shan't stay very long after my business is done."

"You'll probably pass through about three o'clock."

"Well, say four. I've got a cousin in Rockmont that I shall take dinner with, and that'll take up part of my time. Then I've got one or two errands to do at the stores there. I'm to buy my wife a pair of shoes at Ingalls's store. He knows just what she wants, and always fits her."

"There's one thing I would advise you not to do, neighbor Dunham."

"What is that?"

"Don't invite any one to ride home with you."

"Why not?"

"Well, you'll have considerable money with you, and it might prove a temptation even to a respectable man. You see to most people it is a large sum—not to me, for I am better off than the average, but I've read in my law books of a good many crimes that were the result of a sudden impulse. There's no reason to be nervous, but it's well to be prudent, neighbor."

"That's good sense, squire. Thank you for your caution. Well, I must be getting on."

"Good luck to you," said Bates, as he turned and went into the house.

Squire Bates had been for three years a resident of Waterford. He appeared to have plenty of money, though it was a mystery where it came from. He professed to be a lawyer, and had an office, but beyond writing a will or a lease, or some such matter, had no practice to speak of. This, however, did not seem to trouble him. It was a popular belief that the care of his property gave him considerable to do. He had no investments in Waterford except the house he lived in, and a mortgage on the house and small landed property of Adin Dunham. The assessors got very little satisfaction out of him when they questioned him about his taxable property.

"I am taxed elsewhere," he said briefly.

"But you have some personal property?"

"Oh well, you may put me down for a thousand dollars."

"It is generally supposed that you have a much larger personal property than that."

"I have, gentlemen," answered Bates frankly, "but you know that government bonds are not taxable."

That explained it. The board of assessors journeyed to the conclusion that Squire Bates had a large sum in government bonds, and did not pursue their inquiries further.

There was one thing that puzzled Waterford people about the lawyer. He often absented himself in a mysterious way, sometimes for weeks at a time. He never told where he went, nor did his wife and son when questioned appear to know. At any rate they never gave any information. He would reappear as suddenly as he had disappeared, and always explain briefly that he had been away on business. What the nature of the business was he did not state, a sensible thing probably, but his reticence excited considerable remark among his fellow townsmen, who did not approve of it.

When Squire Bates re-entered the house he went up to his room—his library was on the second floor—and locked the door. He sat down in a rocking chair, and seemed plunged in thought.

"A thousand dollars!" he soliloquized. "It is a good sum of money. It would be a great lift to Adin Dunham. It would enable him to pay off the mortgage on his place, and that would not suit me. I prefer to foreclose by and by. Upon the whole the money will be better in my hands than in his. It was well I suggested to him not to come home by the creek road. That is too open, and would not suit my plans."

Lawyer Bates rose, and, taking a key from his pocket, opened the door of a small closet. It was a clothes closet evidently, but its contents were of a curious character. There was one suit that a fastidious tramp would have scorned to wear. There were several masks, three wigs, one red, and false beards. Of what earthly use could these articles be to a respectable country lawyer?

Not even Mrs. Bates had seen the inside of this closet. Once she suggested cleaning it, but the curt refusal with which her proposal was received prevented her making it again.

"I keep my papers in there," said her husband, "and I am not willing that they should be disturbed."

"I would be very careful, Renwick," said Mrs. Bates. "I would attend to it myself."

"You will offend me if you say more Mrs. Bates," said her husband, looking displeased, and she took the hint.

Mrs. Bates was a pleasant, gentle woman who did not put on airs, and she was much more popular in the village than her husband, who had a singularly disagreeable expression, especially when he smiled, for then he showed his long white teeth, which, as Mrs. Bates expressed it, were like the fangs of a wild beast. His son Brandon was like his father, even to the teeth. He was a boy of cruel irony, haughty and imperious, and disposed to look over his schoolmates and companions. He was heartily tired of Waterford, and had more than once suggested to his father that it would be wise to leave it.

"When I want your advice, Brandon, I will ask for it," said Squire Bates briefly.

Brandon did not press the matter. He knew his father too well, but he complained to his mother.

"What on earth can father be thinking of to stay in such a quiet hole as Waterford?"

"It is a pleasant village, Brandon," said his mother gently.

"What is there pleasant about it?"

"The people are pleasant."

"I have no fit associates."

"There is Dean Dunham, who is about your age."

"I hate him!" said Brandon passionately.

"Why do you hate him, my son? Mrs. Dunham tells me he is a great comfort to her."

"I don't know anything about that. He is very impudent to me. He seems to think he is my equal."

"I am afraid you are too proud, Brandon."

"Isn't father the richest man in Waterford? I'd like to know? Dean Dunham is the nephew of a poor carpenter, who keeps him out of charity."

"Ah, Brandon, you shouldn't value people for their money."

"Dean Dunham is no fit companion for me. If I were in the city, I should find plenty of associates."

Gentle Mrs. Bates sighed. She could not approve of her son's pride.

## CHAPTER III.

## BRANDON'S JOKE.

ABOUT quarter of a mile from the village was a pond of small size, not over a third of a mile across, but it proved to be the best of the village for a great deal of amusement. In the summer it afforded chances for bathing and boating, in the winter for skating.

Among the boys who had boats on the pond were Dean Dunham and Brandon Bates, but there was a considerable difference between them. Dean's was an old flat bottomed boat, which he had bought for a dollar from a man who had used it for half a dozen years, while Brandon's was spick and span new, a very handsome craft, and by all odds the finest on the pond.

Brandon was not, however, the best rower, though he considered himself such. That distinction belonged to Dean, whose arms were strengthened by labor, and whose constant practice gave him unusual skill.

Directly in the middle of the pond was a small island, not over half an acre in extent, which naturally enough was often visited by the boys of Waterford.

On the day of Adin Dunham's journey to Rockmont, Brandon, having nothing else to do, for there was a vacation in the village school, sauntered down to the place where he kept his boat. He had had a small boat house constructed, where he kept his boat under cover. It had been built by Adin Dunham, the village carpenter, and excited the admiration of the other village boys, who did not aspire to such a luxury.

"Why don't you get your uncle to build you a boat house, Dean?" asked Brandon, satirically.

Dean laughed good naturedly.

"My old boat isn't likely to be injured by exposure to the weather," he answered.

"That's true. How would you like to have a boat like mine?"

"I should be delighted; so if you are thinking of giving me one, I hope you will go ahead and do it."

Brandon shrugged his shoulders.

"It is too expensive for a working boy," he said.

"I know of one working boy who would appreciate it. I suppose you'd call yourself a working boy."

"I am a gentleman's son," said Brandon haughtily.

"And gentlemen's sons don't work, I presume."

"They don't work for a living."

"There are different ways of working; working with the brains, for instance."

"Of course I do that."

"I do, I too."

"I don't approve of a superior education for the lower classes," remarked Brandon.

"Whom do you mean by the lower classes?" asked Dean, his face flushing.

"Oh, working boys and working men, and so on."

"Some of our most successful men used to be working boys."

"A few," Brandon admitted reluctantly.

"I mean to become one of those few."

Brandon laughed sarcastically.

"You'd better be contented with your station in life," he said.

"Thank you for the advice, but I shan't follow it."

"It won't make much difference, I fancy."

This conversation took place three months before, soon after Brandon's boat house was completed.

When on this June day Brandon loosened his rope, and prepared for a row, he was alone.

But just as he was pushing off he caught sight of a small boy, ten years old, the son of a poor Irish widow in the village, who regarded him and his boat wistfully.

"Give me a ride, Brandon," he asked.

Ordinarily Brandon would have answered in the negative, and indeed he was on the point of doing so, when a sudden idea entered his mind.

"Well, jump in, you little brat!" he said.

Tommy Boyle was only too glad to do so, and he did not trouble himself to resent the rough form of invitation.

"Thank you, Brandon," he said.

"Look here, youngster, don't call me Brandon."

"Why, isn't that your name?" asked Tommy, in wonder.

"It is not respectful. You must call me Mr. Bates."

"But Mr. Bates is your father," objected Tommy.

"That is my name, too. My father is Squire Bates. Did you ever go to the island?"

Tommy did not pay much attention to this explanation, for he was paddling his hands in the water.

"Lemme row," said Tommy, suddenly.

"Let you row? You can't row."

"Yes, I can," Dean lets row."

"That doesn't make much difference about his old tub," said Brandon, scornfully; "you can't row in this boat."

"Why not, Brandon?"

"Didn't I tell you not to call me Brandon?"

"Mr. Bates, then."

"Perhaps I'll let you row when we come back. Did you ever go to the island?"

"Yes, Dean took me there one day."

"We are going there now."

"Are we? Cricky, ain't that fun?"

Brandon smiled unpleasantly, showing his teeth after his father's fashion.

"He'll be singing a different tune before long," he said to himself.

"When I'm a big boy I'm going to have a boat, too," said Tommy.

"Perhaps Dean will sell you his, then," suggested Brandon, amused.

"He says he'll give it to me."

"I'll be a splendid craft, then. Is he going to do without one?"

"He says he'll have a boat some time that'll beat yours, Brandon—I mean Mr. Bates."

"Oh, he says that, does he?" asked Brandon, showing his teeth again, but in a less good natured manner.

"I should like to know where he's going to get it from. Do you know how much his boat cost?"

"No."

"It cost fifty dollars," said Brandon, in an important tone.

"Is that a good deal of money?"

"I should say it was. It'll be years before Dean Dunham sees as much money as that."

"Dean is a nice boy," said Tommy, surmising that his favorite was spoken of slightly.

"Oh, he's well enough in his place, but he's a poor working boy."

"My mother says he's awful good to work," asserted Tommy.

"Well, that's what he's made for. But here we are at the island. Wouldn't you like to land, Tommy?"

"Oh, yes—Mr. Bates."

"All right, then! Jump out."

Tommy jumped out, and scrambled up the bank. Then he turned round, expecting Brandon to follow.

But Brandon instead pushed off from shore till his boat rode twenty feet away. Then he turned a laughing face towards his young passenger.

"Ain't you comin' too, Brandon?" asked the little boy, in surprise.

"That did I tell you?"

"Mr. Bates."

"No, I'm going back."

"Wait for me."

"No, I'm going to leave you here a little while. You'll have fine sport," and Brandon burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh, I'll take you off!" exclaimed Tommy, in dire alarm. "I don't want to stay here."

"You'll be like Robinson Crusoe. You'll have a fine time."

"I don't know Crusoe—I want to go home."

"It's the best joke I ever heard of," said Brandon, laughing heartily. "You will be king of the island, Tommy—King Tommy the First."

But Tommy did not enjoy the joke, he begged and entreated Brandon to take him away, but the hard hearted boy, by way of answer, impelled his boat vigorously, and poor Tommy, sitting down on the bank, and digging his fists into his tear stained eyes, felt that he was without a friend in the world.

"How the little chap roars!" said Brandon,

turning with a smile to watch the forlorn cast-away.

It did not take him long to reach the boat house, where he coolly proceeded to put up his boat. He was just hauling it on shore when Dean Dunham made his appearance.

"What are you laughing at?" he asked.

Brandon pointed over to the island, where poor Tommy was still mourning his captivity.

"Look there!" he said.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### TOMMY BOYLE IS RESCUED.

"WHO IS THAT?" asked Dean, quickly.

"It is Tommy Boyle."

"How did he get there?"

"I carried him in my boat."

"And left him there?"

"Yes," answered Brandon, with an amused laugh.

"Didn't he want to come back?"

"Of course he did. He was awfully frightened to be left there alone. I told him he would make a good Robinson Crusoe, but the little beggar never heard of him."

"Why did you do such a mean thing, Brandon Bates?" demanded Dean.

"That's my business, Dean Dunham," answered Brandon, in an offended tone.

"Then I'll make it my business," said Dean, sternly. "Get right into your boat and go after Tommy."

"Why, you impudent beggar!" exclaimed Brandon, almost foaming at the mouth with rage, "how dare you say that to me?"

"There's no courage needed," said Dean, dryly. "Are you going to do as I ask you?"

"No, I'm not," said Brandon, shortly. "Be off with you, if you know what's best for your self, or I may take it into my head to thrash you."

"I am ready—any time, except now. I have something else to do."

Brandon Bates was standing with the boat rope in his hand, preparing to draw it into the boat house. He was by no means prepared for what was coming. Dean with a quick movement snatched the rope from him, jumped into the boat, seized the oars, and before the owner had recovered from his astonishment, was two lengths away, rowing in the direction of the island.

"Come back here, you rascal!" exclaimed Brandon, almost purple with rage, and stamping in his fury.

"I have no time," answered Dean, coolly.

"What do you mean by stealing my boat?"

"Your boat is safe, I have only borrowed it."

"I never saw such impudence! I will have you arrested!"

"Do so, if you want to. I am going to rescue the poor little fellow you have left on the island."

"Then take your own boat."

Tommy went over on your boat, and he's going back on the same."

Brandon called out again, but Dean was now too far away to hear him.

The temper of Brandon Bates was not the sweetest, but it is doubtful whether he had ever been more angry than at the present moment. He felt that as his dignity had been outraged, and himself insulted, and that too by a working boy.

"I'd like to shoot him!" he vociferated, shaking his fist in impotent rage at the rapidly receding boat.

Tommy meanwhile had seen what was going on, and he felt considerable joy.

As soon as he saw that his situation was known to Dean, the little fellow's excitement and alarm subsided.

"Dean will come for me, and take me home," he said to himself.

When he saw Dean's bold seizure of the boat, he raised his hands in joy.

"Dean's a good deal better boy than Brandon," he said. He rose from his place, and stood watching eagerly for the coming of his deliverer.

"Hallo, Tommy!" called out Dean, when he was within hearing distance.

"Hallo, Dean!"

"Were you very much frightened?"

"Yes; I thought I'd have to stay here all night."

Swiftly the boat sped through the water, till it grazed the pebbly shore.

"Jump in, Tommy!"

Tommy needed no second bidding.

"Oh, Dean, I'm so glad you came for me."

"And I'm glad I saw you. What made Brandon play such a trick on you?"

"I don't know. When I begged him to take me back, he only laughed."

"He doesn't look much like laughing now," said Dean, smiling, as he saw Brandon still standing at the boat wharf, shaking his fist angrily.

"I hope he won't fight you, Dean," said Tommy, rather troubled.

"He may if he wants to. I think he will get the worst of it."

Meanwhile Brandon caught sight of the village constable, walking along the road a few rods from the shore of the pond.

He ran to the road and intercepted him.

"Mr. Pray," he said.

"Well, Brandon?"

"I want you to arrest Dean Dunham."

"What am I to arrest Dean Dunham for?" asked the constable in surprise.

"He took my boat from me by force, like an

impudent young loafer as he is, and is out in the boat rowing."

"Yes, I see him. Tommy Boyle is with him. How does that happen?"

"He went over to the island and took him off."

"I don't understand. How came Tommy on the island?"

"I took him there."

"You took him there? Did he want to stay?"

"No, I left him there—as a joke."

"You left the poor little boy there to get off as he could!" said the constable, indignantly.

"It didn't do him any harm," said Brandon, sullenly. "There are no wild animals there that I ever heard of," he added sarcastically.

"And Dean Dunham took your boat to go after him?"

"Yes, he did. He took it away from me without asking my permission."

"He did perfectly right. Would you have had him leave poor Tommy there?"

"Why didn't he take his own boat, then?" said Brandon, in a sullen tone.

"Because he didn't want to leave Tommy there any longer than was necessary. He has only done what you ought to have done."

"He had no business to steal my boat. I want him arrested."

"I am more likely to arrest you for kidnapping."

"You don't seem to know who I am, Mr. Pray," said Brandon, angrily.

"Oh, yes, I do. You are Brandon Bates, but you are not so important a person as you suppose."

"If I am not, my father is, and he'll have you turned out of your office."

He expected the constable to show dismay at this threat, but Mr. Pray, who was very independent, only laughed.

"All right!" he answered. "I am glad you let me know what's going to happen. I'll see what else I can find to do. How soon do you think I shall lose my place?"

Brandon turned from the constable in disgust. Everybody seemed to be in a conspiracy to insult him.

Dean was now very near shore, and Brandon's attention was called elsewhere. The constable remained, a little curious to witness the interview between the two boys. Perhaps because he could not find words to express his feelings, Brandon did not say a word while Dean was landing his young assenger. As he jumped out himself he held out the rope to the angry owner.

"I have brought back your boat safe," he said.

"You'll pay for this, Dean Dunham!" said Brandon, as he took the rope with a red face.

"Can I help you put the boat into the boat house?" asked Dean calmly.

"I want none of your help. Never dare to touch my boat again!"

"When don't you play any more such dirty tricks on my friend Tommy! Tommy, I wouldn't advise you to go out rowing with Brandon again."

"I won't," said Tommy, fervently.

"You won't get a chance, you dirty little brat!" snarled Brandon.

"Come away, Tommy. When you want a boat ride come to me. I'll give you a ride any time."

"It's a great privilege riding in your old scow," sneered Brandon.

"I don't think much of the boat myself," said Dean, smiling. "I've seen those I liked better."

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W. L. Galligher, 405 East Main St., Xenia, O. A press, and 4 books, for a photo outfit.

Ralph L. Thompson, Box 237, Lisbon, Me. A bicycle, for 5 amps; and stamps, for coins.

W. B. Hale, Williamsville, Mass. Stamps, for the same; foreign stamps, for U. S. stamps.

S. B. Perry, Lowell, Mich. A book by Alger, for any number of MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

A. Streeter, Box 470, Somerville, N. J. An old copper cent, for every U. S. Department stamp.

J. W. Eymann, 72 East 3d St., Mansfield, O. Type, for the same; and 848 tin tags, for stamps.

J. R. Simpton, 1120 Shotwell St., San Francisco, Cal. A clarion, with music, for a 5 string banjo.

H. Mahony, 29 7th St., Cambridge, Mass. Six boys' books, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

M. C. Watters, 234 Franklin St., Allegheny, Pa. Fifteen different foreign stamps, for every half cent.

Huron N. Blodgett, 38 Snell St., Brockton, Mass. A \$10 violin and bow, for a field glass of equal value.

Clark Groninger, 238 Vine St., Chillicothe, O. A book by Castlemion, for No. 1 of MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

Fred Heydler, 4 Oregon St., Rochester, N. Y. Six hundred and fifty different postmarks, for fishing tackle.

Joseph Myers, Lincoln, Ill. "All Adrift," by Optic, for "The Sportsman's Club Album," by Castlemion.

Leigh Call, Box 730, Springfield, Ill. A pair of ice skates, or a pair of roller skates, for a reel, or fishing tackle.

A. E. Knecht, 152 York St., Cincinnati, O. A number of articles, for a press with or without type. Send for list.

Charles Barker, 160 East 8th St., New York City. A new 1.0t power screw saw, valued at \$12, for musical instruments.

Thomas P. Nolan, 134 West 28th St., New York City. A small hand inking press and outfit, for a fishing rod and reel.

Ernest L. Snook, 696 Lexington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Stamps, for the same. Correspondence with collectors desired.

Charles Kiralfy, 39 West Washington Sq., New York City. Six books by Alger, Castlemion, etc., for a pair of fencing foils.

S. Cochrane, 59 Maiden Lane, New York City. A photo camera and outfit, with tripod and dry plates, for a canvas canoe.

Charles F. Brown, 244 East 81st St., New York City. A pair of extension roller skates, valued at \$3.50, for a catcher's mask.

W. D. Brodhan, 227 South Main St., Wilkes Barre, Pa. A polyopticon with 248 pictures, for a New Eclipse camera and outfit.

Robert Thomann, 240 East 24th St., New York City. Five thousand white cards, for books, plays or recitations preferred, or tools.

John M. Hubbard, Lake Village, N. H. Two hundred foreign stamps, for every 100 U. S. revenue or square cut envelope stamps.

Charles J. Gunderson, 624 Minnesota Ave., Sioux Falls, Dak. A set of 4 boxing gloves, and a New Rogers scow saw, for a photo outfit.

Clair Newton, Mendota, Ill. A 2 1/2 by 3 1/2 press, and 4 books of adventure, for a small camera, type, or a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Walter H. Clare, 304 Center St., Dunkirk, N. Y. A 3 1/2 by 4 1/2 photo camera, with plate holder, trays, etc., for a tent or a 4 draw telescope.

Maurice V. Samuels, 713 Post St., San Francisco, Cal. A patent lined 3c. pink envelope of 1804, for 1c. U. S. adhesive envelope stamps.

J. C. Barker, 57 Fairmont St., Cambridgeport, Mass. A pair of skates, a book by Castlemion, and 2 paper books, for a double canoe paddle.

G. W. Woolsey, care A. Clarke, 248 Smith St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A set of drawing tools, valued at \$7, for a violin and bow of equal value.

W. W. K. Campbell, 120 Castle St., Boston, Mass. One hundred and two U. S. and foreign stamps, for the "Arabian Nights." Massachusetts offers only.

Alfred Ward, 181 8th St., South Brooklyn, N. Y. A violin and bow, a banjo, a 3 by 4 press, with type, etc., and books, for a watch and chain or ring.



## THE LISTENING POET.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

WHEN evening's shadowy fingers fold  
The flowers of every hue,  
Some shy, half opened bud will hold  
Its drop of morning dew.  
Sweeter with every sunlit hour  
The trembling sphere has grown  
Till all the fragrance of the flower  
Becomes at last its own.  
We that have sung perchance may find  
Our little meed of praise,  
And round our pallid temples bind  
The wreath of fading bays.  
Ah, poet, who has never spent  
Thy breath in idle strains,  
For thee the dewdrop morning lent  
Still in thy heart remains.

## ARMS AND METHODS

OF

## CIVILIZED WARFARE.

BY LIEUTENANT W. R. HAMILTON.

Author of "Popular Military Instructions."

## PART V.

**A**T first all hand firearms were discharged by means of igniting a coil of yarn or small rope held in the hand, but this gave way to the match lock, which was a contrivance for holding the coil of ignited rope in a cock, and at the pull of the trigger causing it to fall on a pan full of priming powder. Early in the sixteenth century the match lock gave way in turn to the wheel lock,



THE FIRST MUSKET.

and this about 1600 to the flint lock. In the former, a wheel containing iron pyrites was made to revolve rapidly against a cork head, and the sparks then produced fell into the powder pan.

But I think all boys will be very much amused to know of the origin of the flint lock. It was invented by the Dutch. Certain Dutch marauders, called *snap-haems*, or "hen snappers," who were too poor to afford wheel locks, devised the "snap-hance," as the gun was first called. It consisted of the usual barrel and stock, but the hammer held a piece of flint, and when it came down at the pull of the trigger it struck a piece of steel, and the sparks made fell at once into the pan of priming powder.

The next advance was not made till the present century, when the invention of detonating powder brought about the percussion lock.

Then came the breech loaders. The first of these to attract much attention was the Prussian needle gun. In this the hammer drove a needle-like piece of steel clear through the head of the cartridge, through the powder, and at the base of the bullet, just in front of the powder, was the percussion cap, which was exploded by the blow. The cap was then, in our present system, moved back to the base of the powder, so that a

strong blow on the head of the cartridge at a certain point would explode it.

And now in these days we find the breech loading gun to have developed into a magazine or repeating gun. A number of cartridges are so arranged that, as fast as the soldier can aim and fire, the gun is reloaded, and the empty cartridge shells thrown out.

A late invention has made a gun which shoots a small cartridge in which the bullet, being steel, is heavy, and has a greater range and penetration than the old lead bullet. This powder is of greater force, and is smokeless when fired. A little electric battery is stored in the stock, and the gun discharged by electricity; and, as the cartridges are much smaller, it is possible with this gun to shoot twenty cartridges in twenty seconds.

But great as the improvements have been in small arms, they have been far more wonderful in cannon. After the bombard was invented, it was made larger and larger, until towards the end of the fourteenth century we find it throwing stone balls weighing 200 lbs.

The process of loading was very slow and tedious. First the chamber had to be charged with powder, and then the barrel loaded with the ball, after which the barrel was fastened to the chamber, and the iron stirrup attached. The piece was then fired by inserting a red hot wire through the vent. But as this method of firing was dangerous on account of the liability of the piece to burst, it gave way to the following method: the vent was filled with quick burning powder, and to this was attached a slow match, which was lighted, and while burning allowed the cannoner to gain considerable distance from the gun before it went off.

The heavy guns were at first laid on the ground, afterwards on a couple of pieces of timber. Soon this gave way to the necessity of moving them around, and they were therefore mounted on wheels; and during Gustavus Adolphus's time, this facility of movement was one reason of his success in war.

In the reign of Louis XI of France, guns of a lighter construction were introduced, so as to be more movable, and iron balls were first cast, and superseded the stone balls. Shortly after, cannon were made of bronze in one casting, and from that time to this there has been a rapid and steady advance in the size, accuracy, and power of heavy ordnance.

At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, the largest cannon then made threw round balls of not over 30 lbs. in weight, and for a not greater distance, accurately, than a mile and a half. Before the first year of the war had closed, however, the rifle gun on a large scale made its appearance, throwing a shot of 200 lbs. a great distance; and, by the end of the war, the largest gun the world ever saw up to that time had been turned out by the United States—the 20 inch gun. This huge monster, whose breech was 6 feet in diameter, and bore 20 inches, weighed 116,000 lbs., or 58 tons, threw a round shot of 1080 lbs. weight, and required a charge of powder of 100 lbs.

Since then, the rifle has superseded the smooth bore, and today the huge guns made by the English and Prussians weigh over 110 tons, and throw projectiles of 2200 lbs. a distance of eight or ten miles, requiring as much as 800 lbs. of powder for a single charge.

Then the breech loading principle has been applied to all these large guns, and now the revolving cannon, firing its eight shots a minute, the Gatling gun firing its 1000 shots a minute, and the Maxim gun that, once loaded and put in position, needs but the pressure of a spring to put it in motion, and off it goes by itself, without any further care, and keeps it up till its 666 shots are all gone—these seem to indicate that the time must soon come when destruction of life

in war must be so terrible as to make us believe was impossible in the future.

And how have gunpowder and firearms changed systems of fighting? In many ways. The number of ranks of men in line of battle have been continually growing less and less, while the lines have grown larger and larger. Where before was a dense mass of men, now are a number of slender lines.

Napoleon did not change the system

pass through a half dozen men before it is stopped.

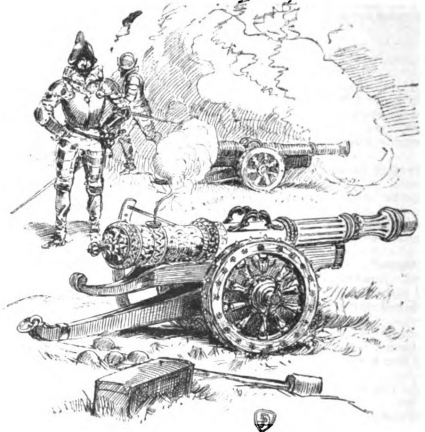
The use of cavalry in modern war is always to push out ahead and discover the whereabouts of the enemy, and by celerity of movement to conceal our army and mislead him. Artillery is now brought up on the skirmish line, and must therefore be as quick as infantry. And infantry fight in long, thin, wavering lines, continually reinforced.



BREECH LOADING CANNON, THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

of fighting to any extent. He was, on the other hand, only an adapter, but so perfectly did he adapt his soldiers to all and any situations, that he was the most wonderful master of military science the world has ever seen. He reduced the number of ranks in infantry to three, but he always made his cavalry charge in great masses. Thus at the battle of Austerlitz the Imperial Guard were 12,000 strong when they made their grand charge. But Napoleon's success was due to the marching powers of his

But in no way has modern war made such a change as in the character of the courage it requires. In the olden times men fought face to face, and a soldier was obliged to kill his foe in order to protect himself. All the animal part of his nature was aroused, and the sight of blood was very common. Courage came of itself, as it was incited by feelings of revenge and blood. Nowadays, men fight almost out of sight of each other, and when a man is killed no one can say who killed him. It requires a vastly



CANNON OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

men as much as to fighting, and it was through the wonderful celerity of movement that he succeeded in concentrating at all times a larger body of his men on a single part of the enemy, and beating him before reinforcements could be brought against him.

Since then the number of ranks has been reduced. In the War of the Rebellion the battle line was but two men deep, and now, in modern war, there is but a single line of men, standing at intervals from each other. This is made necessary because of the terrible power of firearms, as a bullet now will

higher sort of courage to stay on the field of battle and see comrades continually falling around, and not knowing from whom or when one's own turn may come.

Bravery today consists in obeying orders, in the full knowledge that it means death quick and terrible, and liable to come at any instant, and the only motive we have to incite us is that it is duty. Yet I am sure there is not a boy who reads these articles but is willing in any good cause to give his life for his country's sake at any time.

THE END.



**FAITHFUL FRIEND OR DEADLY FOE.**

BY T. CRABBE.

Out, conscience! conscience! Man's most faithful friend,  
How canst thou comfort, ease, relieve, defend!  
But if he will thy friendly checks forego,  
Thou art, oh, woe for me! his deadliest foe.

[This story commenced in No. 293.]

**THE**

**Old Man of the Mountains**

OR,

**THE RAILROAD AMONG THE ANDES.**

BY GEORGE H. COOPER.

Author of "The Mountain Cave," "The Boys in the Forecastle," etc.

**CHAPTER XVII.**

**THE RESULT OF A CHASE.**

**T**HE spectacle that riveted Rupert's attention after his sudden awakening, was that of a large, lithe animal, mounted on the neck of the horse he had himself ridden, while another beast of the same sort was tearing away at the poor creature's flank.

The Chilians were a little behind, as Rupert had been the first to take the alarm, but he could hear them rushing out after him, cocking their guns as they came.

Running up a few paces nearer, in order to make sure of his mark, he threw his rifle to his face and fired at the animal on the horse's back. At the report both the fierce assailants abandoned their prey and went bounding off like a couple of huge cats.

"Bang! bang! bang! bang!" went the boy's trusty repeater, four times in quick succession; while the Chilians, getting only an indistinct view of the fleeing game, did not fire at all.

"Where is he?" cried one.  
"Gone!" answered another.  
"I didn't see him!" said a third.  
"What was he?" asked a fourth.  
"Did you hit him, Rupert?" inquired Joaquin Morina.

"Don't know," replied Rupert, gazing off intently in the direction the beasts had taken.

"I thought I saw two," said Joaquin, "but I had no good chance for a shot."

"Yes," replied Rupert, still gazing after the animals; "there were two, and I ought to have hit the one I fired at."

"Likely enough you did," was the answer; "they are hard to kill. What is that dark spot away yonder?"

"That is what I am looking at," said the lad. "It may be only a rock, but I'll run out there and see."

He ran to the spot, then turned towards his companions with a shout.

"Here he is!" he cried. "I've fixed him! He's dead as a stone!"

In a few moments the whole band stood around the dead animal, all pronouncing it a mountain lion, and a very large one.

It was dragged to the fire, which being kindled anew to a strong blaze, revealed the stout form of the cat-like beast to good advantage. The creature was of a yellowish gray color, about five feet long from the nose to the root of the tail, and with such legs and claws as indicated immense muscular power.

"So this is a real mountain lion," remarked Rupert. "I have seen such fellows in cages, but I never expected to kill one."

Rupert's horse was so badly torn that they were obliged to shoot it upon the spot to end its sufferings.

The fire now blazed up brightly, and as it was still only a little past midnight, the men once more lay down about it as they had done at first.

The horses had become quiet and were again feeding, and everything was as peaceful as if no startling episode had occurred in the rude little camp. But Rupert lay long awake, the excitement of the incident having made his mind active.

He fell asleep at last, however, and when he next awoke, daylight was on the Andes.

Raising himself upon his elbow, Rupert lay for a short time gazing at the rugged scenery about him, lighted up as it was by the dawning day.

Presently his attention was attracted to a number of animals, about the size of ordinary sheep, which stood upon a cliff in such relief against the sky that he could see them with some distinctness in the gray light, although they were too far off to offer a successful shot.

He believed them to be vicuñas, an animal resembling the llama, although considerably smaller. He had seen specimens of this animal at San Felipe, and had heard the Chilian hunters describe it in its wild state.

Taking a careful survey of the surroundings, it seemed to him that by creeping quietly from the place where he lay and getting into a hollow at a little distance, he would be able to steal upon the creatures without discovery.

No one else was awake, and he thought of

the welcome surprise he might give his companions by providing them with the steak of a fat vicuña for breakfast. So taking up his rifle, and creeping off on hands and knees, he soon found himself in a position where he was protected from the view of the game.

He now made his way along very fast in a stooping posture, but presently, looking up through a fissure of a rock, he saw that the animals had disappeared, having probably gone behind the cliff on which he had seen them standing.

Upon this he ran on with long strides, but still took good care not to place himself in a position to be seen by the vicuñas, should they return to the point where they had been at first.

At length he reached a spot near where they had stood, and climbing the cliff, peered over, but could see nothing of them. With his head just above the rock, he gazed all about, well knowing that they could not be far off, and at length caught a glimpse of one of them just as it passed down a declivity and out of sight.

He followed on, dodging here and there, but found that they traveled faster than himself. It might be, he thought, that they had

the grass, then waited a few moments to recover breath and nerve. There were four of the vicuñas, and they presented a pretty sight, as they fed close together like so many graceful deer.

Having recovered a little from his "shakiness," and lying flat on the bank in such a manner as to get a rest with his elbow, Rupert aimed at a buck which was the nearest of the four—and then, "crack!" went his repeater.

The buck sprang into the air, staggered a little as he came down; then, making a great effort, he dashed off after his companions.

No less than eight more shots Rupert let fly successively, but to no purpose. The animals were now in such rapid motion, that, holding out his rifle without a rest, as he was now obliged to do, he found it impossible to get anything like an accurate aim. An old hunter would probably have dropped at least one or two of the swift footed creatures, but young Oswald had not yet arrived at such proficiency. The buck, however, at which he had first

"I suppose the men will be searching for me," he reflected, "but I am as likely to be going away from them as towards them. I have not the least idea of the direction I ought to take."

He continued traveling at a venture for a time, alternately climbing up cliffs and descending into chasms, but all the while in ignorance of the proper course.

At last, to increase his uneasiness, he observed the approach of a thick, tunnel shaped cloud, so black as to appear really terrible. He had heard what fearful cyclones at times sweep through the passes of the Andes, perhaps caused by the peculiar formation of the valleys, and it was evident that one of these was now at hand. Running for protection to the base of an overhanging cliff, Rupert waited the approach of the storm.

Rain, hail, snow and wind all came at once. The uproar of the gale was deafening. Shrubs were torn away, stones overturned, and the air was almost as black as night.

If anything had been wanting to complete the young wanderer's bewilderment, it was supplied by this fierce tornado. When it was over he ventured from his covert to find the sky overcast with clouds, and the atmosphere very cold.

He now ascended to a great height upon the mountain cliffs, hoping thus to gain some correct idea of his position; but high as he might climb, there were cliffs still higher to interfere with his view, so that he was no better off than before. Besides, in this ascending, he found that the air grew colder as he mounted, till at last it became so piercing that he found it necessary to seek a region of less altitude.

It was night almost before he was aware of it, and an exceedingly lonesome night it proved to be, although he had now so far descended as to find the air quite comfortable.

In a little nook where stunted trees were growing between the rocks he built a fire; but he had nothing to eat and was unable to find a single drop of water.

The fire had an extremely sad and lonely look, as he remembered the stout, cheerful group of Chilians who had sat with him about the broad blaze of the previous evening; and his weariness and hunger gave all things a dreary aspect. He had observed game several times in the course of the day, but had not attempted to secure it, as he now wished that he had done.

The want of water, however, was much worse than that of food.

What, he asked himself, had become of his late companions? Were they searching for him among the mountains? or had they turned their horses homeward to report his mysterious disappearance?

The poor fellow ached in every limb with a feverish pain; his throat, too, was parched, and his stomach felt hollow and faint. What would he do should he find no water the next day? Tired as he was, he was yet unable to sleep, he was too tired to rest.

While he lay thinking of water, and how good a draught from the old bucket at home would taste, his attention was arrested by snoring sounds, apparently not far off, which soon grew into loud roars of rage.

Instantly all weariness was forgotten, and springing up, he started hurriedly towards the scene of the tumult.

It was evident that two or more animals were engaged in fight, and he believed that with his repeater he should be able to hold "the balance of power" between them.

Getting near the place, he was approaching it cautiously, when there was a rush in his direction, and a large black animal ran swiftly past him, pursued by another of the same appearance.

This turn of affairs was so sudden that it took Rupert by surprise. Seeing both the creatures almost at the same instant, he hesitated to fire at the first one, not knowing what might be expected from the other.

The fugitive escaped, but its pursuer, upon discovering a human spectator, stopped short, and rising upon its hind legs, stood erect, looking like a great black hog when it rears itself against a fence.

There could not have been a fairer shot. The creature was scarcely twenty feet off, and its breast was completely exposed.

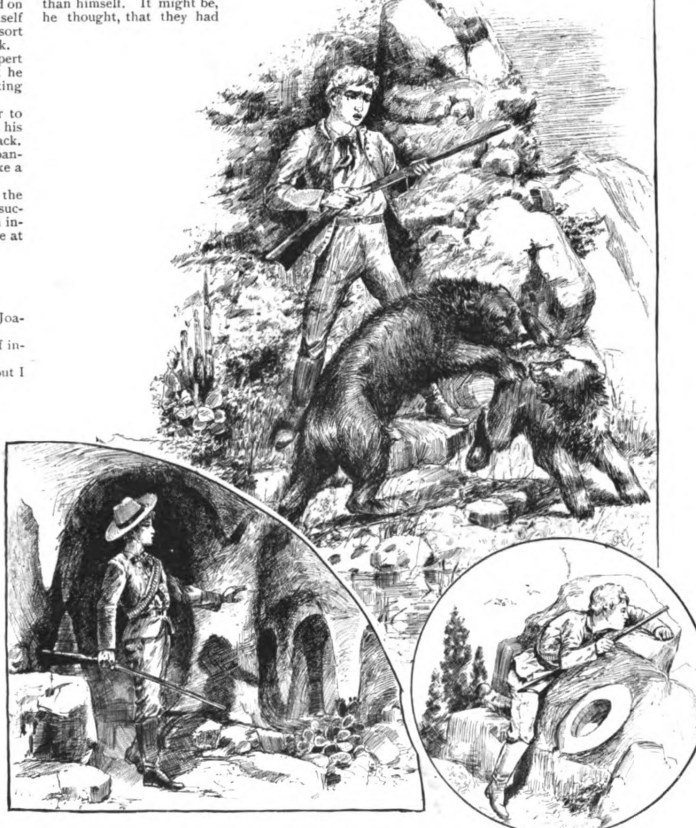
"Crack! crack! crack!" went three of Rupert's cartridges, as fast as he could fire them, and the animal tumbled over, expiring after a few kicks.

It proved to be a black bear; and, to the surprise of his slayer, its hair was dripping wet.

"There must be water close by here," thought Rupert, "and perhaps they got into it while fighting. I'll look, and see where it is."

Sure enough, a few yards off he discovered a deep spring, so hemmed in by rocks as to be reached only through a narrow opening, and then the cause of the ursine encounter was plain. The bears had both arrived at the drinking place at about the same time, and as neither would give precedence to the other, a fight had ensued, in the course of which, or if not both of the combatants had received a ducking.

Rupert fell flat upon his stomach and drank



RUPERT WITNESSES A BEAR BATTLE.

caught sight of him; but as they merely walked off instead of running, he was in constant expectation of seeing them come to a stand.

Before he was aware of it he had gone a mile or two, and still the game kept out of range, or at least so far away that a hunter so inexperienced as Rupert could have hit them only by mere chance; and he was reluctant to frighten them by firing when by a little more patience he might, perhaps, obtain a successful shot and return to his companions in triumph.

"Why, at a quarter of a mile," he said to himself, "I couldn't hit the side of a barn; and they are all of that distance off."

At length, when he had nearly given up the hope of approaching them nearer, he observed that they had come to a halt and begun feeding on the grass of a small plateau, upon one side of which was a ridge that would afford him protection in trying to steal upon them.

All the hunter's instinct was aroused within him as he crept along behind the friendly cover, once or twice just peering over it, with his head laid sidewise, to ascertain the exact position of the animals and see if he were yet near enough to them.

Presently he judged himself opposite to the unsuspecting creatures, and cautiously opening a tuft of grass on the ridge, he looked through it to see that they were not more than twenty rods off. With his exertions, and the excitement he was under, his hands trembled so that he was doubtful of being able to take a steady aim. He pushed the muzzle of his rifle toward

aimed had evidently received a mortal wound. After going about fifty rods his speed slackened, and in a few moments he fell. But he was up and off almost as soon as down.

Rupert gave chase, hoping to get close up with him so as to deliver a finishing shot. After a few rods the buck fell again, but again leaped up and ran, although with more difficulty than before. It seemed almost certain that he would soon give out entirely, and so the young hunter continued the pursuit.

Several times he fired, but without effect, as the animal succeeded in keeping forty or fifty rods ahead; and it was not till the chase had continued for two miles that the tough old buck went down for the last time. It was dead when Rupert reached it, having run as long as life remained.

It proved to be a sleek, plump creature, which no doubt had a plenty of appetizing steak beneath its hide; but, tired as he was, and at the distance at which he must be from the camp, the successful young hunter did not feel like attempting to appropriate any portion of his prize.

"I'll tell the men about it," he thought, "and perhaps some of them will come back with me to get it. We might throw it across a horse and take it along on our tramp home."

He started to return, but soon found that he had lost his way. The place where he had made the first shot at the vicuña he was unable to find; and everything looked new and strange to him.

with a relish as great as if no bear had ever wet his shaggy coat in the sparkling water.

Then, slashing the tough skin of the animal, he cut out a large piece of steak, and hurrying back to his fire, proceeded to broil the delicious prize in true hunter's fashion. He had about him not an atom of salt, but in the present state of his appetite this deficiency was of little account.

It was a late supper that he made, but to him an excellent one.

There by his roaring, crackling fire, with the darkness lying all about his camp, he devoured a generous quantity of the juicy steak, and then, after taking another refreshing drink at the spring, lay down in comparative comfort.

He had still a very lonesome feeling, but it did not prevent him from sleeping soundly.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

IN the morning Rupert found that his fire had gone out; but he rekindled it and then went down to the spring to examine the battle ground by daylight. Both in and near the pool he found plain marks of the conflict. And he thought it probable that while one of the bears was drinking, the other, being very thirsty, had attempted to push it aside, thus shoving it into the water. Then the first brute had rallied, perhaps, and driven back the other. There were tracks at the bottom of the fountain, and on its margin wherever there was earth enough to show them.

He went back to his fire and broiled another piece of steak; but his appetite was less sharp than on the evening previous. Then, having finished his meal and taken a last refreshing draught at the spring, he once more set out upon his tramp in search of the open country.

As the sun now shone brightly, he could get a correct idea of the general course necessary to be followed; but there were so many unavoidable turnings on account of the huge barriers in the way that he still could not help getting woefully confused at times.

Sun or no sun, it is less easy for one to trace his way through a savage region where there is he is totally unacquainted than the experienced reader may imagine. And especially is it so where the traveler at almost every mile meets some insurmountable barrier which compels him to change his course. Nevertheless, Rupert knew that, upon the whole, he must be getting towards the open fields of Chul, just as a ship, tacking against the wind, is still slowly approaching her port.

"There is the sun," he said to himself, "and however things may look to me, the sun must be right!"

At times he was upon a cliff a thousand feet high; at other times he was in a gorge where trees grew, and shrubs and grass sprang up. On the mountain sides, the air was cool, but in the deep dells the sun was excessively hot. In one of these gorges he saw an anaconda basking upon a pile of rocks where it lay coiled in hideous, loathsome rings.

He was almost upon the reptile before discovering it. Then he stopped in horror. The snake moved its ghastly head, raised it three or four feet above the coils, and looked at him with its small, glittering eyes, as if curious to know what sort of a creature he might be.

Rupert's blood ran cold; he felt as if he could find anything but snake—but oh, those horrid, scaly coils! I suppose the monster should touch him—only just touch him—would it not be worse than death?

Is there a single one of my readers who does not shudder at the sight of a snake? What then would he do should he come upon one thirty feet long? Think of those horn-shaped head—the slim, little neck—the hideous middle folds—the tail, running off to a sharp, horrid point!

All this Rupert saw at a glance; and to crown the rest, the lizard-like mouth flew open, and a long, loathsome tongue began playing out and in like forked lightning.

"I must be steady now," thought the brave boy, "or I am gone. No shaking. Good old rifle, do your best!"

Yet in spite of his utmost resolution, he did shake. And when his good repeater was brought up, he was not sure that he could hold it steadily on the mark, although that mark was not fifty feet from him.

But by a strong effort he conquered his nervousness for the moment. What, he reasoned, had he to fear? Was he not sure of victory, when he could pour out eighteen charges in rapid succession? It was only the horrid idea that his game was a snake which so unnerved him.

He clapped the breech hard against his shoulder, brought his face down to a level with the sights, took a keen, sure aim, and pulled trigger.

Oh, what a slating and crushing and tumbling about there was! Again, again, and again—"bang! bang! bang!" the good repeater spoke; and finally the struggles of the wounded monster began to subside. He had been hit fairly in the head at the first fire, and the succeeding shots stretched him out beyond any chance of recovery.

When all was over, Rupert's knees became so weak that they would hardly support him. He was ashamed of himself, but he could not help it. There is not one person in a thousand who can kill even a common black snake without something of his feeling.

The ground color of the serpent was a light

gray, and this was mottled with darker hues, in such a manner that the whole had the appearance of a roll of oil cloth. By measuring with his hands, Rupert judged the entire length to be about thirty two feet, while the thickness of the largest part was ten or twelve inches.

In the middle of the day, the young wanderer made a dinner upon a bird which he shot, and then he continued his journey.

Towards night he arrived at a spot which excited his curiosity very much.

Before him lay what seemed the mouth of a cavern. Entering it, he found that so much light was admitted through rifts in the rock above that no lantern was needed to show the way within. These rifts served the purpose of stars and moon.

Sometimes, too, there would be a very long one, like a mighty sword; and through it the long rays of light would pour down with a singular and almost startling effect.

He kept on for a considerable distance, all the while wondering where the cavern was to end, and asking himself if he had not better turn back. But the place had a fascination which it was hard to resist.

At last the rays from above no longer penetrated the strange tunnel, and he concluded to retreat, thinking that all beyond must lie in total darkness.

As he was about turning in his tracks, however, it seemed to him that he could discover a faint gleam of light still further on.

Groping his way towards this, he found that the strange tunnel, as he advanced, led to a retreat, thinking that all beyond must lie in total darkness.

This he presently discovered to be the case. The tunnel grew wider and lighter, and he perceived that he had reached its end. Instead of burrowing into the depths of a mountain it simply terminated in a shallow bed of rock and emerged into the open air.

But at what a remarkable spot it ended! The boy stopped in profound surprise, as he saw before him a sort of amphitheater shut in by ragged walls that rose hundreds of feet high.

These great, sweeping walls had innumerable angles and jutting, and at some places they arched far over the open area. Between them, and separated from the main rock, were pillars in all manner of fantastic shapes; while the vast walls themselves seemed to contain caverns that extended far under them.

There was a labyrinth of passages between the various pillars and piles of loose stones, and along one of these passages Rupert made his way, wondering and half bewildered. What a wild, strange scene it was, he thought.

But presently he heard sounds of life. This greatly surprised him. He passed on a little farther and caught sight of human figures. The sensation as he advanced led to a ledge employed in some ordinary occupation. What, he asked himself, could they be doing here?

He had just resolved to advance boldly towards them, when he found himself close upon two persons engaged in conversation. They were hardly ten feet from him, but were hidden by a projection of rock, as he stood in one of the strange passages of this very strange place.

At first he thought of stepping forward and revealing himself to them at once, and he was upon the very point of doing so, when something in the tones of one of the speakers caused him to hesitate.

"He was startled. Had he not heard that voice before? Was it not the same which had inquired for Mrs. Orne in Cedarville? Was it not the same which only a few evenings since had told him that he was 'only a boy,' and that American boys were 'very forward—altogether too much so?'"

#### CHAPTER XIX.

##### AN UNWELCOME RECOGNITION.

"YES," said the familiar voice, "I there is some profit in the business, or I should not be at all this pains. The government tax, as you know, is high, and

where a large distillery can be carried on free of that burden, it is like taking gold from a mine."

"The tax, I suppose," said the other voice, "would amount to several thousand dollars a year."

"Yes," was the reply; "last year it would have been thirty thousand."

"And all this you pocket, besides the legitimate profits of the business. You are doing a good thing for yourself, certainly."

"That is what I intend to do, at all events—it is what I am here for."

"I should think the government officials would be apt to get track of you. Here you are, close to San Felipe and Santa Rosa."

"O, there is very little danger. It does not cost much to keep things quiet. The officers are not obliged to know every hole and crevice in the mountains, or see everything that comes out of them. Of course, it would be to carry on such a business right under their noses, but here I am all right."

"I see," replied the other. "And now about my daughter," continued the first speaker. "She is very young, and the idea of marriage does not enter her mind. I am afraid we may find trouble in effecting the arrangement. Not that she would have any objection to you, personally, but she is a mere child, and the thought of the thing may startle her."

"She cares very little for money and show, I suppose," was the remark of the other person.

"Nothing at all!" replied the father.

"So the hundred thousand dollars I speak of would have no effect, you think?"

"Not the least."

"I will make her the absolute mistress of that amount, as I have for you."

"You are worth two millions, it is supposed."

"Yes, I can easily satisfy both you and her on that point."

"I should be happy to see my daughter so well situated, but I am afraid your case is hopeless. I should not feel like compelling her to act against her inclination in the matter."

"Do you really think she would not listen to my proposition, were I to make it personally to her?"

"I am very much afraid she would not."

"But, Mr. Orne, would not your influence do much in the case?"

"No doubt; but I cannot resort to compulsion. You perceive that I myself am to gain nothing in a pecuniary way and so have no motive to urge my daughter to any step against her will."

"Mr. Orne," replied the rich suitor, "you cannot suppose that I would fail in gratitude to you for any effort you might see fit to make in my behalf. Money is of little account to me where the whole happiness of my life is concerned."

"It is of much account to me," was the reply. "I should hope that Isabel's good fortune might be of some benefit to myself."

"And for a consideration may I hope that you will consent to Isabel and yourself to exert your authority in my favor?"

"It is certainly in my power to turn the scale either way, Señor Almeda, but without some great inducement I could not venture to use anything like authority in the premises."

"Suppose, sir, that I divide the hundred thousand dollars between you and myself?"

"That would hardly answer, Señor Almeda. I should be loath to deprive my daughter of half her fortune."

"But, sir, she would be the wife of a man worth two millions; and should she outlive me?"

"Oh, that is all very well, but you have spoken of giving her a hundred thousand dollars in her hand."

"Well, sir, what are your terms?"

"A hundred thousand to Isabel, and a hundred thousand to me."

"And in that case you insure my success in my suit?"

"I do; I shall not permit my daughter to cross her own fortune."

"Then, Señor Orne, it is a bargain. We will have it in black and white; and the hour that Miss Isabel becomes my wife shall see you in possession of the sum you name."

"And when do you wish it to take place?"

"As soon as it can be brought about. Say, in a month—in one month from today."

"Very well; I will see that the contract is fulfilled on my part. I think I am acting for Isabel's good."

Rupert was amazed at what he heard. First it seemed wonderful to him that he should happen to fall upon Bel Orne's father at such a time and in such a spot; and next, the cool, calculating selfishness manifested by both parties to the transaction appeared to him so monstrous that he was shocked and sickened by it.

He was in hopes that they would say something of Bel's present whereabouts, but they did not; and at length, fearing that they would discover him, he made a movement to retreat. In doing so he stumbled over a loose stone, and the noise caused the two men to look around the projection of the rock behind which they were.

"What you, fellow!" cried Mr. Orne. "Who are you? and what are you doing here?"

"I am here by accident, sir," replied Rupert. "I have lost my way among the mountains."

Mr. Orne looked at him sharply.

"Oh, I see!" he said; "you are the American boy I spoke with the other evening. You seem to be in the habit of putting yourself where you are not wanted. How long have you been standing here?"

"A few minutes, sir."

"And listening to my conversation with this gentleman?"

"I have not tried to overhear it, sir."

"But you have overheard it. You are an eavesdropper!"

"I am no eavesdropper," replied Rupert, with a touch of indignation in his tone. "If I have overheard anything it has been by accident."

"Some one has sent you here as a spy, I believe. What business could you have among the mountains?"

"Some of our mules were stolen, and I came out with a party to look for them," explained Rupert. "I got separated from the rest and lost my way."

"I have a good reason to think you a meddling upstart boy, always putting yourself where you have no right to be," said Mr. Orne. "This gentleman and myself were speaking of business matters that concern only ourselves. Now tell me how much of our conversation you overheard. Do not prevaricate, or it may be the worse for you."

It was characteristic of Rupert that he could bear nothing in the nature of a threat. Let the circumstances be what they might, this always roused him to defiance. Still worse was the implication that he could think of shielding himself by a falsehood.

"Mr. Orne," he said, "do you suppose I am coward enough to tell a lie? You can murder me if you like, but I despise you! I have heard every word that you have said about seeing your daughter to this man, but it is just what might have been expected, for you were you stole her from her mother!"

It was an incautious outburst—yet hardly an outburst either; for it was delivered in a tone as hard as iron, and full of a cold, calm scorn.

"You are an impertinent little villain!" said Mr. Orne, "but I shall not bandy words with you. I'll see that you are taken care of."

Then, turning towards a number of men whom Rupert could see at a little distance, he called out to some of them by name:

"Here, you, Antonio, Ranon, Gabriel! Take this young scamp and shut him in the cave yonder. Don't you let him out, either, till further orders!"

The men approached, and, seizing the young lad roughly, proceeded to obey the command.

Rupert might have turned, and, perhaps, made his escape before they laid hands on him, but he was too indignant to do this. His native pride stood in his way.

"No," he thought, "I'll not run off like a criminal; I'll stay and face them. I've done nothing that I should be ashamed of."

So they thrust him into a dark, wretched hole, and put up in front of him a barricade which he could not hope to break through. He heard them bracing it with bars, as if they thought him a wild beast. To them, no doubt, he was a dangerous spy; and they probably thought no paying of him so severe for obeying.

They laughed, and, calling to him through the openings in the barricade, asked him how he liked his tenement, and if he intended to set up a distillery there.

"You'll find the cave haunted, too," they said. "Look out that something don't catch hold of your coat in the dark! You'll see a plenty of spirits there!"

But the young captive was too indignant and full of defiance to heed any of their unfeeling flings at his situation, or even to realize how serious that situation actually was.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 29.]

## THE Two Rivals; OR, THE ROAD TO FAME.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### A CROSS PURPOSE TALK.

RANDAL rose at the sound of the first breakfast bell the next morning, and on the staircase met Mrs. Hazelden. He gave her back a book she had lent him, and as he was about to speak, she beckoned to him to follow her into a little morning room appropriated to herself.

Seating herself in a large chair in this sanctum, Mrs. Hazelden looked calmly at her son.

"Fray," said the lady, coming at once to the point of a direct and straightforward candor, "what is all your usual have been saying to my husband as to the possibility of Frank's marrying a foreigner?"

"Would you be as averse to such a notion as Mr. Hazelden is?"

"Such a question, instead of answering mine."

Randal was greatly put out in his fence by these rude thrusts. For, indeed, he had a double purpose to serve—first, thoroughly to know if Frank's marriage with a woman like Madame di Negra would irritate the squire sufficiently to endanger the son's inheritance; and secondly, to prevent Mr. and Mrs. Hazelden believing seriously that such a marriage was to be apprehended, lest they should prematurely address Frank on the subject, and frustrate the marriage itself.

Yet, withal, he must so express himself, that he could not be afterward accused by the parents of discussing matters. In his talk to the squire the preceding day, he had gone a little too far—further than he would have done but for his desire of escaping the cattle shed and short horns. While he mused, Mrs. Hazelden observed him with her honest, sensible eyes, and finally exclaimed:

"Out with what, my dear madam? The squire has sadly exaggerated the importance of what was said mainly in jest. But I will own to you plainly, that Frank has appeared to me a little smitten with a certain fair Italian."

"Italian! cried Mrs. Hazelden. "Well, I said so with the first, Italian!—that's all, is it?" and she smiled.

Randal was more and more perplexed. The pupil of his eye contracted, as it does when we retreat into ourselves, and think, watch, and keep guard.

"And perhaps," resumed Mrs. Hazelden, with a stern expression on her countenance, "you have noticed this in Frank since he was here?"

"It is true," murmured Randal; "but I think his heart or his fancy was touched even before."

"Very natural," said Mrs. Hazelden. "How



could he help it—such a beautiful creature! Well, I must not ask you to tell Frank's secrets; but I guess the object of attraction; and though she will have no fortune to speak of—and it is not such a match as he might form—still she is so amiable, and has been so well brought up, and is so little like one's general notions of a foreigner, that I think I could persuade Hazelden into giving his consent."

"Ah!" said Randal, drawing a long breath, and beginning with his practiced acuteness to detect Mrs. Hazelden's error, "I am very much relieved and rejoiced to hear this; and I may venture to give Frank some hope if I find him disheartened and desponding, poor fellow!"

"I think you may," replied Mrs. Hazelden, laughing pleasantly. "But you should not have frightened poor William so, hinting that the lady knew very little English. She has an accent, to be sure; but she speaks our tongue very prettily. I always thought that she's not English born. Ha, ha, poor William!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Randal. "We had once thought of another match for Frank—a girl of good English family."

"Miss Stickright's?"

"No; that's an old whim of Hazelden's. But he knows very well that the Stickrights would never merge their property in ours. Bless you, it would be all off the moment they came to settlements, and had to give up the right of way. We thought of a very different match, but there's no dictating to young heads."

"Indeed no, Mrs. Hazelden. But since we must understand each other so well, excuse me if I suggest that you had better leave things to themselves, and not write to Frank on the subject. Young hearts, you know, are often stimulated by apparent difficulties, and grow cool with the obstacle vanishes."

"Very possibly; it was not so with Hazelden and me. But I shall not write to Frank on the subject, for a different reason—though I would consent to the match, and so would William, yet we both would rather, after all, that Frank married an Englishwoman. We will not, therefore, do anything to encourage the idea. But if Frank's happiness becomes really at stake, then we will step in. In short, we would neither encourage nor oppose. You understand?"

"Perfectly."

"And in the meanwhile, it is quite right that Frank should see the world, and try to distract his mind, or at least to know it. And I dare say it has been some thought of that kind which has prevented his coming here."

Kandal, dreading a further and plainer explanation, now rose, and saying, "Pardon me, but I must hurry over breakfast, and be back in time to catch the coach," offered his arm to his hostess, and led her into the breakfast parlor.

Devouring his meal, as if in great haste, he then mounted his horse, and, taking cordial leave of his entertainers, trotted briskly away. All things favored his project—even chance had befriended him in Mrs. Hazelden's mistake. She had not unnaturally supposed Violante to have captivated Frank on his last visit to the Hall.

Thus, while Randal had certified his own mind that nothing could more exasperate the spirit than an alliance with Madame de Negra, he had yet assured Frank that Mrs. Hazelden was all on his side. And when the error was discovered, Mrs. Hazelden would only have to blame herself for it.

Still more successful had his diplomacy proved with the Riccaboccas; he had ascertained the secret, he sought to discover; he should induce the Italian to remove to the neighborhood of London; and if Violante were the great heiress he suspected her to prove, whom else of her own age would she see but him? And the old Leslie domains—to be sold in two years—a portion of the dowry might purchase them!

Flushed by the triumph of his craft, all former vacillations of conscience ceased. In high and fervent spirits he passed the Casino, the garden of which was solitary and deserted, reached his home, and walked thence to meet the coach and regain the capital.

On reaching home, he heard mixed and contradictory rumors in the streets, and at the clubs, of the probable downfall of the Government at the approaching session of Parliament.

Randal, whose whole prospects at present were but reflections from the greatness of his father, was alarmed. He sought Egerton, but the minister was impenetrable, and seemed calm, confident, and unperturbed. Somewhat relieved, Randal then set himself to work to find a safe home for Riccabocca; for the greater need to succeed in obtaining fortune there, if he failed in getting it through Egerton.

He found a quiet house detached and secluded, in the neighborhood of Norwood. No vicinity more secure from espionage and remark. He wrote to Riccabocca, and communicated the address, adding fresh assurances of his own power to be of use.

The next morning he was seated in his office, thinking very little of the south, which he mastered, however, with mechanical precision, when the minister who presided over that department of the public service sent for him into his private room, and begged him to take a letter to Egerton, with whom he wished to consult relative to a very important point to be decided in the cabinet that day.

"I want you to take it," said the minister smiling (the minister was a frank, homely man, "because you are in Mr. Egerton's confidence, and he may give you some verbal message besides a written reply. Egerton is often over cautious and brief in his writings."

Randal went first to Egerton's neighboring office—he had not been there that day. He then took a cabriolet and drove to Grosvenor Square. A quiet looking chariot was at the door. Mr. Egerton was at home; but the servant said:

"Dr. Foster is with him, sir; and perhaps he may not like to be disturbed."

"What, is your master ill?"

"Not that I know of, sir. He never says he is ill. But he has looked poorly the last day or two."

Randal hesitated a moment; but his commission might be important, and Egerton was a man who so held the maxim that health and all else must give way to business, that he resolved to enter; and, unannounced, and unceremoniously, as was his wont, he opened the door of the library. He started as he did so.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## EGERTON'S VISITORS.

WHAT which caused Randal to start was the sight of Audley Egerton leaning back on the sofa, with the doctor, on his knees before him, applying the stethoscope to his breast.

Egerton's eyes were partially closed as the door opened.

But at the noise he sprang up, nearly overstepping the doctor.

"Who's that?—How dare you!" he exclaimed, in a voice of great anger.

Then recognizing Randal, he changed color, bit his lip, and muttered dryly:

"I beg pardon for my abruptness; what do you want, Mr. Leslie?"

"This letter from Lord Fox; I was told to deliver it immediately into your own hands; I beg pardon—"

"There is no cause," said Egerton, coldly. "I have had a slight attack of bronchitis; and as Parliament meets so soon, I must take advice from my doctor, if I would be heard by the reporters. Lay the letter on the table, and be kind enough to wait for my reply."

Randal withdrew. He had never seen a physician at that house before, and it seemed surprising that Egerton should even take a medical opinion upon a slight attack.

While in the anteroom there was a knock at the street door, and presently a gentleman, exceedingly well dressed, was shown in, and honored Randal with an easy and half familiar bow.

Randal remembered to have met this personage at dinner, and at the house of a young nobleman of high fashion, but had not been introduced to him, and did not even know him by name. The visitor was better informed.

"Our friend Egerton is busy, I hear, Mr. Leslie," said he, arranging the camelia in his buttonhole.

"Our friend Egerton!" It must be a very great man to say, "Our friend Egerton."

"He will not be engaged long, I dare say," returned Randal, glancing his shrewd, inquiring eye over the stranger's person.

"I trust so; but time is almost as precious as his own. I was not so fortunate as to be presented to you when we met at Lord Spendquick's. Good fellow Spendquick; and decidedly clever."

Lord Spendquick was usually esteemed a gentleman without three ideas.

In the meanwhile the visitor had taken out a card from an embossed morocco case, and now presented it to Randal, who read thereon:

"Baron Levy, No 15 1/2 Bruton Street."

The name was not unknown to Randal. It was a name too often on the lips of men of fashion not to have reached the ears of an *habitué* of good society.

Mr. Levy had been an attorney by profession. He had of late years relinquished his ostensible calling, and not long since, in consequence of some services toward the negotiation of a loan, had been created a baron by one of our kings. The wealth of Mr. Levy was said to be only equalled by his good nature to all who were in want of a temporary loan, and with sound expectations of repaying it some day or other.

You seldom saw a finer looking man than Baron Levy—about the same age as Egerton, but of a more vigorous and so well preserved—such magnificent black whiskers—such superb teeth!

Vulgar, some might call Baron Levy, from his assurance, but it was not the vulgarity of a man accustomed to low and coarse society—rather the low tone of a person not sure of his own position, but who has resolved to swagger into the best one he can get.

When it is remembered that he had made his way in the world, and gleaned together an immense fortune, it is needless to add that he was as sharp as a needle, and as hard as a flint. No man had had more friends, and no man had stuck by them more firmly—as long as there was a pound in their pockets!

Something of this character had Randal heard of the baron, and he now gazed, first at his card, and then at him, with admiration.

"I met a friend of yours at Borrowwell's the other day," resumed the baron—"young

Hazelden. Careful fellow—quite a man of the world."

As this was the last praise poor Frank deserved, Randal again smiled.

The baron went on:

"I hear, Mr. Leslie, that you have much influence over this same Hazelden. His affairs are in a sad state. I should be very happy to be of use to him, as a relative of my friend Egerton's; but he understands business so well that he despises my advice."

"I am sure you do him injustice."

"Injustice! I honor his caution. I say to every man, 'Don't come to me—I can get you money on much easier terms than any one else; and what's the result? You come so often that you ruin yourself; whereas a regular user without conscience frightens you. 'Cent per cent,' you say; 'oh, I must pull in.' If you have influence over your friend, tell him to stick to his bill brokers, and have nothing to do with Baron Levy."

Here the minister's bell rang, and Randal, looking through the window, saw Dr. Foster walking to his carriage, which had made way for Baron Levy's splendid cabriolet—a cabriolet in the most perfect taste—baron's coronet in the dark brown panels—horse black, with such action—harness—just relieved with plating.

The servant now entered, and requested Randal to step in; and addressing the baron, respectfully assured him that he would not be detained a minute.

Egerton, the minister, sealing a note, "take this back to Lord Fox, and say that I shall be with him in an hour."

"No other message?—he seemed to expect one."

"I dare say he did. Well, my letter is official, my message is not; beg him to see Mr. Percival before we meet—he will understand—all rests upon that interview."

Egerton then, extending the letter, resumed gravely:

"Of course you will not mention to any one that Dr. Foster was with me; and the health of public men is not to be suspected. Hum—where you in your own room or the anteroom?"

"The anteroom, sir."

Egerton's brow contracted slightly.

"And Mr. Levy was there, eh?"

"Yes—the baron."

"Baron! true. Come to plague me about the Mexican loan, I suppose. I will keep you no longer."

Randal, much meditating, left the house, and re-entered his cab. The baron was admitted to the statesman's presence.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

## A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

EGERTON had thrown himself at full length on the sofa, a position exceedingly rare with him; and about his whole air and manner, as Levy entered, there was something singularly different from that staidness of port common to the austere legislator.

The very tone of his voice was different. It was as if the statesman—the man of business—had vanished; it was rather the man of fashion and the idler, who, nodding languidly to his visitor, said:

"Levy, what money can I have for a year?"

"The estate will bear very little more. My dear fellow, that last election was the very deuce. You cannot go on thus very much longer."

"My dear fellow!" Baron Levy hailed Audley Egerton "as my dear fellow." And Audley Egerton, perhaps, saw nothing strange in the words, though his lip curled.

"I shall not want to go on thus much longer," answered Egerton, as the curl on his lip changed to a gloomy smile. "The estate must, meanwhile, bear £5000 more."

"A hard pull on it. You had really better sell."

"I cannot afford to sell at present. I cannot afford to have men say, 'Audley Egerton is done up—his property is for sale.'"

"It is very sad when one thinks what a rich man you have been—and may be yet."

Baron Levy glanced toward the thick mahogany doors—thick and impervious as should be the doors of statesmen.

"Why, you know that, with three words from you, I could produce an effect upon the stocks of three nations, that might give us each a four hundred thousand pounds. We would go shares."

"Levy," said Egerton coldly, though a deep blush overspread his face, "you are a scoundrel; that is your lookout. I interfere with no man's tastes and consciences. I don't intend to be a scoundrel myself. I have told you that long ago."

The baron laughed, without evincing the least displeasure.

"Well," said he, "you are neither wise nor complimentary; but you shall have the money. But yet, would it not be better," added Levy, with emphasis, "to borrow it, without interest, of a friend, 'L'Estrange'?"

Egerton started as if stung.

"You mean to taunt me, sir!" he exclaimed, passionately. "I accept pecuniary favors from Lord L'Estrange! I!"

"Tut, my dear Egerton, I dare say my lord would not think so, ill now of that little act in your life which—"

"Hold, hold!" exclaimed Egerton, writing. "Hold!"

He stopped, and paced the room, muttering in broken sentences:

"To blush before this man! Chastisement, chastisement!"

Levy gazed on him with hard and sinister eyes.

The minister turned abruptly:

"Look you, Levy," said he, with forced composure—"you hate me—why, I know not. I have never injured you—never avenged the inexplicable wrong you did me."

"Wrong!—you a man of the world! Wrong! Call it so if you will then," he added, shrilly, for Audley's brow grew terrible. "But have I not atoned it? Would this country have lived in this palace, and ruled this ever as one of the most influential of its ministers, but for my management—my whispers to the wealthy Miss Leslie? Come, but for me what would you have been—perhaps a beggar?"

"What shall I be now if I live? Then I should not have been a beggar; poor perhaps in money, but rich—rich in all that now leaves my life bankrupt. Gold has not thriven with me; how should it? And this fortune—has passed for the main part into your hands. Be patient, you will have it all ere long. But there is one man in the world who has loved me from a boy, and who you if ever he learn that he has the right to despise me!"

"Egerton, my good fellow," said Levy, with great composure, "you need not threaten me, for what interest can I possibly have in tale telling to Lord L'Estrange? As to hating you—pooh! You snub me in private, you cut me in public, you refuse to come to my dinners, you'll not ask me to your own; still there is no man I like better, nor would more willingly serve. When do you want the £5000?"

"Perhaps in one month, perhaps it not for three or four. Let it be ready when required."

"Enough; depend on it. Have you any other commands?"

"None."

"I will take my leave, then. By the by, what do you suppose the Hazelden rental is worth—net?"

"I don't know or care. You have no designs upon that, too?"

"Well, I like keeping up family connections. Mr. Frank seems a liberal young gentleman."

Before Egerton could answer, the baron had glided to the door, and, nodding pleasantly, vanished with that nod.

Egerton remained standing on his solitary hearth. A drear, single man's room it was, from wall to wall, despite its fretted ceilings and official pomp of Bramah escutcheons and red boxes. Drear and cheerless—no trace of woman's habitation—no vestige of intruding, happy children. There stood the austere man alone. And then with a deep sigh he muttered:

"Thank Heaven, not for long—it will not last long."

Repeating those words, he mechanically locked up his papers, and pressed his hand to his heart for an instant, as if a spasm had shot through it.

"So—I must shun all emotion!" said he, shaking his head gently.

In five minutes more, Audley Egerton was in the streets, his mien erect, and his step firm as ever.

"The man is made of bronze," said a leader of the opposition to a friend as they rode past the minister. "What would I give for his nerves!"

(To be continued.)

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

## DICTIONARY ENGLISH.

Book learning, while generally accounted to be of great value, is apt to lose its potency when solely relied on for the acquirement of a foreign language.

A lady who had learned English in a school in Europe, says a writer in the *Providence Journal*, where she was accounted remarkably proficient in our tongue, came to this country to take charge of an establishment. Brought face to face with the practical requirements of every day life, her English proved less comprehensive and accurate than might have been wished.

On one occasion she wished to direct a servant to kill a chicken, and, after plucking it, to bring her the feathers. The form which her directions took was—"De me that beast and bring me his vestment."

Perplexing as the servant must have found this order, his astonishment can hardly have been equal to that of a carpenter, to whom she addressed a still more amusing blunder by this lady. She had an interview with him in reference to some alterations she thought of undertaking in her dwelling, but found the estimates he made so large that she determined not to have the work undertaken.

In a short time, however, she found herself so incommoded by the state of the house that she decided it would be necessary to have the alterations made, even at the figure named by the carpenter. She accordingly sent for him, and once more carefully explained what she wished to have done. To her surprise, the man promptly named a price for the work which was considerably in advance of his previous estimate, and his feelings may be imagined when, in her consternation, her peculiar English betrayed her into saying: "Why, sir, you are dearer to me than when we were first engaged." If the carpenter appreciated a joke he should have scaled down his figures.





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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.

#### MATTERS WEATHERWISE.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY EIGHT bids fair to go down in history alongside of the famous "year without a summer" in the early part of the century. First and foremost, of course, stands the memorable March blizzard, coming at a time when everybody thought winter was over, this capped by an abnormally wet May, followed by an unprecedentedly hot June, crowned in turn by the coolest July since the weather report bureau was established. And who knows what new phenomenon may have succeeded the latter between this writing and the time this number reaches our readers?

#### IS IT TRUE?

A WELL known New York lawyer says he believes that small people are in many ways superior to their taller fellow mortals. His observation tells him, he asserts, that little men and women are generally more good humored, more agreeable, more quick witted, and truer friends than those of greater stature.

Is this the fact? Are the old proverbs "All weeds grow space" and "Blessings come in little bundles," which we suspect were invented by a short man, really true after all? We leave the interesting question to our readers, as a fruitful subject for discussion. It has one disadvantage, however; both tall and short people approach it with a prejudice, while those of medium height don't seem to care about it.

Perhaps the New York lawyer's evidence is rendered less reliable by the fact that he is one of the most diminutive citizens of the metropolis.

#### PRESENT POPULARITY OF THE PAST.

STRANGELY enough, two absorbing passions of the age are diametrically opposed to each other. The one is that of constantly inventing "some new thing," the other, that of reviving in its original state and glory some time worn, out of date institution of by gone years.

In our own country we have the scheme of transporting Laby Prison, famous during the Civil War, to place it on exhibition in Chicago, while the late craze for spinning wheels, old china and rickety furniture may be set down in the same category of revamped antiquities. And now two Yankees have gone even further back in their efforts to meet the popular demand for age incusted relics.

They are said to have purchased the ruins of Babylon, the ancient city of grandeur, might and wickedness, and propose to make as good as new—or rather old—for sight seekers, not only the fiery furnace of Bible memory, but also the very den which Daniel once shared with the lions.

#### A RICH AND POOR MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

It does certainly seem as if a little chip off the millennium had found a resting place in New York this summer. For several seasons past, large hearted but slim pocketed philanthropists have lamented the fact that while the

poor sweltered during the heated term in the same crowded tenement that furnished them but cramped and suffocating lodgment during the winter, the comfortable and spacious homes of the rich are empty and comparatively cool, for block after block. Every now and again these closed houses, with their tempting contents, would fall a prey to the prowling burglar. So here were two classes of needs; the poor needed purer air and more roomy quarters, and the rich needed some one to guard their premises during their own absence at seashore and mountains. Could not these two needs be made to fit into one another?

The rector of one of New York's largest churches thought they could, and this summer the experiment is being tried, many wealthy members of his congregation having placed their city homes in the hands of the committee whose business it is to find worthy and deserving occupants and guardians for them from among the poor families on their list.

It is a common saying that nowadays man can do anything short of interfering with the laws of nature. But in certain cases, it appears, even the latter are no longer a barrier to him.

Housekeepers can now be supplied with seedless raisins—which are produced artificially by cutting short the complete development of the fruit in its grape stage. At the period of half ripeness, an end of the vine is buried in the ground, which simple device checks the growth of the seed without damaging the flavor.

#### NATURAL GAS.

NATURAL gas is rapidly taking an important place in the life and business of several States in the Union, especially Western Pennsylvania and New York, with large portions of West Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, and districts in Michigan, Kansas, and elsewhere. Its cheapness and convenience has enabled it to supersede coal to the amount of twenty million dollars a year.

Like many other modern novelties, natural gas has been known for centuries in China, and a good many people have been frightened by a story that a whole province of the Celestial empire was once destroyed by the explosion of a vast subterranean reservoir of the gas, which was ignited by a back draught from a burning well.

The idea is a terrible one, but fortunately such an occurrence is impossible. Gas cannot explode unless it is in contact with plenty of air, which of course could not be found in the recesses of the earth. Experience shows that enough wells have been accidentally ignited in this country to blow up all Pennsylvania, but no disaster has ensued, and all fears of a colossal upheaval may be dismissed.

Another interesting point may be gathered from the Flowery Kingdom. Over thirty years ago, during the Tai Ping rebellion, one of the Chinese wells was set on fire by the rebels; and the flame has been burning ever since, with such force that no native engineer can extinguish it. This is strong evidence against the predictions made by some, that the gas supply is limited, and will soon be exhausted.

Whatever may be the future of natural gas, wonderful indeed is the manner in which an element practically unknown four years ago has come to be recognized as an important factor in American industry, and a new source of wealth to the country.

#### THE BEST OUT OF MANY.

PAPERS may come and papers may go—as they very often do—but the ARGOSY seems to gain steadily in its hold on the affections of its readers. These unsolicited testimonials have rained down upon our offices in greater quantities than ever during the past few weeks.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., July 10, 1888.  
 I have taken THE GOLDEN ARGOSY for the last six months, and can truthfully say that it is the best paper I ever read. While there are plenty of good papers issued, there is not one that can hold a candle to the ARGOSY.

PATERSON, N. J., July 9, 1888.  
 The ARGOSY is indeed one of the best story papers published, and in my opinion every boy in the land should have it instead of the dime novels which are so numerous.

M. W. HIGGINS.

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 10, 1888.  
 I have taken about eight or ten of the best juvenile papers in this country, and think the ARGOSY goes ahead of them all.

JOHN CANFIELD, JR.

#### GEORGE HEARST.

##### United States Senator from California.

THE junior Senator from California is one of the well known group of men who amassed colossal fortunes in the early days of the Golden State. Wonderful indeed is the oft told story of these men's lives, and not the least remarkable career is that of Senator Hearst, the Missouri farmer's boy who fought his way to millions and to a seat in the United States Senate.

He was born in Franklin County, Missouri, on the 3d of September, 1820. He graduated in a local mining school when he was eighteen, and then for several years worked on his father's farm. He was thrifty and industrious, qualities that stood him in good stead when in 1850 he joined in the great rush of gold seekers then hastening toward the Pacific coast.

He went overland to the California gold fields, and was one of the few who, while thousands around them failed, made a large fortune. His success was due to his wonderful skill in determining the value of mines; he is still admitted to be the most expert prospector and judge of mineral properties in the country. So extraordinarily clever is he in locating the hidden treasures of rocks, that in miners' parlance he is said to be able to "smell ore."

Becoming chief partner in the firm of Hearst, Haggin, and Tevis, he conducted a large and profitable business in buying and selling claims and developing mining enterprises; and the firm grew to be the largest mine owners in the United States, with the exception of a few public companies. Its reputation was excellent, and though the dealer in mining property is generally supposed to be as tricky as the proverbial horse trader, no sharp practice was ever alleged against Mr. Hearst and his partners.

In his busy life Mr. Hearst has found little leisure for attention to political affairs, though frequently urged to come forward by the Democratic party to which he belonged. In 1865 he was elected a member of the California Assembly. On another occasion his friends sought to make him a candidate for the office of Governor of the State, but unsuccessfully. In 1885 he received the nomination of his party for United States Senator; but it was merely honorary, as the Republicans held a majority in the Legislature.

The following year, however, General John F. Miller, one of California's representatives at Washington, died, and the choice of a successor falling to the Governor, he named Mr. Hearst, on the 23d of March, 1886. Taking his seat on the 8th of April, Senator Hearst filled out the remainder of the unexpired term, and in January of last year was reelected, his political friends having meanwhile gained control of the California Legislature.

Senator Hearst is a plain man; indeed, his opponents call him uncultivated. Still, though he is not an orator, and lacks the learning of some of his colleagues, his business-like qualities, his wide knowledge of the Pacific coast, and his sturdy integrity, make his services valuable to the august body of which he is a member.

He has zealously served the interests of his adopted State as a legislator, and has done much to develop modern methods of gold mining. He is also engaged in farming and stock raising on a large scale, and is the principal owner of the *Examiner* of San Francisco. Not all his ventures have proved profitable, and his long list of successes has been checked

with several failures. Only a few years ago, indeed, his "pile" was said to be reduced almost to nothing by unfortunate investments; but he went to work promptly to recover his losses, and his property today is estimated at a goodly number of millions.

The Senator is a good judge of human nature as well as of rocks and ores. He appreciates honesty. On one occasion a Democratic candidate for office in California had not given his views on the railroad question, then a burning one in the State, as fully as some desired, and Senator Hearst was urged to force the candidate into more definite promises. This he declined to do, saying: "This gentleman once had a chance to beat me and my friends out of a hundred thousand dollars on some land surveys and did not do it, and would not take a cent for his honesty either, so I guess his bare word is good enough for me." And the Senator's judgment proved entirely correct.

Senator Hearst is popular at Washington, not merely for his wealth, for few millionaires in the country depend less on their riches for the friends they have than he does. He is tall and thin, and has, in spite of his nearly three score and ten years, the most erect and soldierly figure in the Senate. His wife, who is a good deal younger than her husband, is like



HON. GEORGE HEARST.

From a Photograph by Bell.

him a native of Missouri, where the Senator married her during a visit to his old home.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

#### BRIGHTER THAN SOLOMON.

A FAIRER red stands blushing in the rose than that which on the bridegroom's vestment flows;  
 Take but the humblest lily of the field,  
 And, if our pride will to our reason yield,  
 It must by pure comparison be shown  
 That on the regal seat great David's son,  
 Array'd in all his robes and types of power,  
 Shone with less glory than that simple flower.  
 —M. Prior.

#### GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

PRaise undeserved is satire in disguise.—Broadhurst.

THE virtue of prosperity is temperance.—Bacon.

ACCUSE not Nature, she hath done her part;  
 Do thou but thine.—Milton.

FOSTER the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.—Schiller.

MANNERS must adorn knowledge, and smooth its way through the world.—Lord Chesterfield.

THERE is no courage but in innocence, no constancy but in an honest cause.—Southern.

SOMETIMES a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.—Dwight.

THE passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—Plato.

How'er disguised in its own majesty, it is liveness.—Wordsworth.

THE plain rule is to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing underhand or mysterious.—Dickens.

A GREAT result cannot be achieved at once; and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk, step by step.—Smiles.

THE book to read is not the one which thinks for you, but the one which makes you think. No book in the world equals the Bible for that.—McCosh.

HALF the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence, and humanity.—Addison.

THOSE who are quite satisfied, sit still and do nothing; those who are not quite satisfied, are the best benefactors of the world.—W. S. Lander.

ONE of the best rules in conversation is never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish we had rather left unsaid; nor can there be anything more contrary to the ends for which people meet together than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.—Swift.

IT was prettily devised of Æsop, the fly sat upon the axle tree of the chariot wheel, and said, "What a dust I do raise!" So are there some vain persons that, whatsoever goeth alone, or moveth upon greater means, if they have never so little a hand in it, they think it is they that carry it.—Bacon.

EACH HAS HIS PART.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Small service is true service while it lasts; Of friends, however humble, scorn not one; The daisy, by the show that it casts, Protects the ling'ring dewdrop from the sun.

Blanche Burton.

BY FRANK A. MUNSEY.

MR. DERNE, may I come in just a few minutes? I want to ask you something. I know your rules say, 'No one but employees allowed in the office,' but you will let me come in, won't you?"

The gentleman addressed as Mr. Derne seemed surprised at the request, but replied:

"Why certainly, Blanche; I shall feel flattered to receive a call from you. Come right in, and take a seat by the table. Our rules are simply to protect our patrons; and you won't let any secrets, because you can't read what the instruments say."

"I'm so glad!" replied Blanche; "if that's all the rules mean, then you can let people in here when you want to?"

"Yes; I sometimes make an exception to the rules, and let in a friend, as I did you, but do not throw open to every one."

"How nice it is to be a man, and have a neat, pretty office at my disposal, where you can have anybody come to see you that you choose, while those that you don't care for you can simply point to the company's rule; and then you know what telegrams everybody sends and receives. But how do you read those that come?"

Mr. Derne smiled at his little friend's idea of office life—at her bright picture of what was rather a dull monotony to him, and replied:

"I read them by the click of the instrument. On that one by your side, a message, dated Chicago, is passing through, and is to a banking house in St. John, making inquiries about a check; while this instrument over here is clicking out a conversation that is going on between a fellow in Boston and a young lady down on the coast."

"Did you say a lady?" interrupted Blanche. "Do ladies learn to telegraph, and can they do it as well as men?"

"Yes, indeed; there are more than a dozen ladies on this line, and they are very good operators, and earn almost as much salary as the men. They are all inveterate talkers, though, and whenever the lines are not occupied with business you can hear some of them chatting, and these conversations are often very amusing."

"Why, how jolly! It must be such fun to listen to them! But to read it as you do, I should think one would have to be awfully smart."

"No, not necessarily so very 'smart.' It is largely a matter of practice. I commenced when I was a boy, only twelve years old, and it came easy to me."

"What! only twelve years old?" said Blanche, as if surprised at the thought. "I should think so young could not learn telegraphy, it is so hard."

"Well you think as every one naturally does; but learning telegraphy is like learning a language. I have heard little German children speak very acceptable English after having been in this country only three or four months. Indeed, at the expiration of a few weeks, they could get along very well at play with American children, while their parents and older brothers and sisters could not master our language in years of study. So, in this business; after one gets to be twenty-one years old, if he attempts to learn it, he will probably make a bungler at it, and never be able to do first class work. But it is surprising to see how quickly a youngster will pick it up."

"I suppose one has to go to a telegraph school to learn. What one did you attend, Mr. Derne, and how long were you there?"

"No, my little girl; operators don't grow in what are termed 'telegraph schools.' Those that learn telegraphy there, with almost no exception, amount to but very little in handling real business; but whoever wants to become an actual operator—a live one—must go into an office and practice till he masters it."

"If that's the only way of learning, I don't

see where all of the operators come from. You have never taught any one, have you?"

"The most of them enter an office as messenger boys, and grow up in the service," said Mr. Derne. "No, I have not graduated an operator since being here, as Tom Baxter, my messenger, doesn't seem to care about learning, though I wish he had taken more kindly to it, both on his account and my own, as by this time he would have been able to manage the office whenever I might choose to go out. But I believe you came in to ask me something. We drifted into this talk from your questions, but now I am ready to listen to you."

Mr. Derne, of course, supposed they drifted naturally into the foregoing conversation, it being suggested by the surroundings, while to Blanche it was quite another thing—every question had a purpose, and they were put by her with such shrewdness that Mr. Derne did not suspect her aim, and committed himself upon every point, just as she desired. There now remained but one question that she cared to ask, and this was the main one, to which all the others led, and her real object in calling upon the telegraph manager; but before that is related, I will tell you something of the subject of this sketch.

Blanche Burton was the daughter of Arthur P. Burton, a dry goods dealer in a thriving New England village, the name of which I do not care to give, for fear it

strong will, was now bending every energy to this purpose.

To one of Blanche's make up, a right choice means everything, and, fortunately, she was influenced in this by reading a book that showed very clearly many of the follies of educating girls for helplessness, and the great advantage of their having a more practical education—knowing how to do some one thing well enough to earn a respectable and honorable living, should adversity overtake them. She was at once struck with the feasibility of the idea, and it so happened that the minister, where she attended church, soon after preached a sermon on the same subject, or, as he termed it, "The Practical Education of Girls." Very likely he had just read the same book that interested Blanche; however, his sermon was a good one, and, doubtless, fresh to the majority of his hearers. He went farther than the book, and cited many instances where girls who had been brought up

concerned, more than half won, and proceeded as follows:

"Well, Mr. Derne, I was almost afraid to come and see you, for I didn't know you would even let me in; but you did, and said you could when you chose, and that girls made good operators, and earn almost as much salary as the men, and that they should commence while young, and that the best place to learn is in a regular business office. Now I want to learn telegraphy. I came down to ask you about it, and to see if you would teach me."

Mr. Derne was amazed, and hardly knew what to say, or which way to look. He saw that he had so committed himself upon every point, that now there remained hardly an excuse in which to take refuge; and that he must either agree to her proposal or say plainly that he did not desire her as a pupil.

He was under too many obligations to her father to say this, and so told her she could come, while inwardly he was vexed, at having had so shrewd a part played upon him by a young girl, and at the idea of being bothered by a student.

One point had been gained, and the same evening the important part played for it was important to Blanche—came up at home for final settlement, when she told her plans and related her experience at the telegraph office. Mrs. Burton looked amazed; Mr. Burton was no less surprised, and was somewhat irritated to think his daughter had taken such a "wild notion," as he termed it, into her head.

At first he was disposed to refuse her proposition squarely, as it was contrary to his plans, while for once Mrs. Burton took a different view, and thought it not so bad an idea after all. She, too, had evidently been influenced by the sermon the day before, and a general discussion now followed, in which Blanche took an important part.

Mr. Burton noticed with evident delight his daughter's shrewdness in the bargain with Mr. Derne, and also in first getting his consent before mentioning the matter at home; he saw her idea was a very sensible one, and he felt a just pride in his little daughter and her practical ideas. He did not manifest this, however, but said, addressing his wife:

"Pooh! it's a whim she has taken into her head—only a girl's fancy, but, as it's vacation, I suppose we may as well let her go into the office long enough to get sick of her foolish idea;" then to Blanche he added: "If you believe all you read in books, I don't know what your end will be. What can you do, any way, at telegraphing? You don't think you are obliged to work for a living, do you? If you were a poor girl there would be some sense in your doing as you propose. Well, well, the novelty will soon wear off. You had better commence in the morning. A few days will tire you of office work."

Blanche, indeed, found the first few weeks' experience in the office dull and discouraging. Seemingly, she made no improvement. She couldn't understand anything the instrument said—all the sounds were alike to her. She began to wonder, more than ever, how one could get any meaning out of them. But, notwithstanding the unpromising outlook to her, she was determined to keep on, and show her father that she could accomplish what she undertook in real earnest.

I have not the space in this story to give the details of her office experience, neither is it my purpose to do so at this time.

At the expiration of a little more than two months' constant practice, Blanche found herself able to send a message, and could read slow sending quite well—so well, indeed, that she could converse with other students who were, perhaps, a hundred miles away, and as anxious for the novelty of talking by telegraph as herself. This lent a fascination to the practice, and changed the monotonous, meaningless click of the instrument into intelligible sounds.

When the fall term of school commenced, Blanche had to give up practice, all save Wednesday and Saturday afternoons; but her next vacation was spent with Mr. Derne, and, after that, more or less of her spare time, until she could run the office practically as well as the manager himself. Now, feeling that she knew the business, she gave her attention largely to her books and music, both of which she pursued with her accustomed faithfulness.

During this time, Mr. Burton's popularity continued, and he had served his town two win-



BLANCHE AT WORK IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

might be embarrassing to the parties of whom I am writing.

Mr. Burton's store was one of the largest in the place, and, as he was very popular, he had a large trade. He was also prominently connected with town and school matters, and his prospects for a successful career were surely flattering—none in town were more so, though he was yet young, and had won all he now possessed by hard work and shrewd management.

His wife was a pleasant, sweet dispositioned lady, but delicate and timid, while Blanche, his only child, was full of life and sunshine, and possessed the courage and ambition of her father. She was at this time thirteen years of age, and was unusually bright and attractive, with handsome blue eyes, full of mirth and good features, fine complexion, and lovely hair.

It is not surprising that her father was proud of her—for proud he really was, and intended to give her every advantage that he could afford for general culture and accomplishments.

As his income was ample, Blanche could very reasonably have looked forward to a boarding school "for finishing up," and possibly a trip abroad; but, being of a practical turn of mind, she took little delight in such a view of life, and secretly determined never to fall in with her father's proposals, as she had already formed a different plan for herself, and, possessing a

and educated in luxury, knowing nothing of the practical side of life, were made miserable by some sudden stroke of fortune, or rather misfortune, which left them in poverty, with no way of earning a living.

Blanche listened eagerly to the sermon for a time, or until she was satisfied that it ran in the same channel with her thinking, and then commenced stealing sly glances at her father, to see the effect upon him. I am disposed to think she was willing to accept the balance of the sermon without following it, just as some men sign papers without reading them through. Whatever her intention, I am quite sure this is just what she did do, for, in the brief time that followed before the close of the service, she perfected quite an elaborate scheme, which she decided to act upon the next day.

Monday morning Blanche started out from her home with girlish enthusiasm, and called upon Mr. Derne, the manager of the local branch of the Western Union Telegraph Company; and then it was that the conversation given at the beginning of this sketch took place between them.

In Blanche's questioning of Mr. Derne she had shown much sagacity in drawing him out before making known the purpose of her call; and his answers had been so satisfactory that she now thought the victory, so far as he was



ters in the Legislature. His business had grown larger, though he now found himself somewhat crippled for funds, the cause of which was due to large investments in real estate. He had made these investments believing there would be a marked advance in the village property. Indeed, there was every reason to expect this, but the hard times came, and so severe that building operations ceased, and his property became a burden to him.

Finally, he was obliged to sell, at a sacrifice of many thousands of dollars, that he might have the necessary amount to conduct his regular business; for he felt obliged to sell large quantities of goods on credit, and found it extremely difficult to collect his bills.

Notwithstanding this, he was determined to push ahead and build himself up again as before. He intended putting in a larger stock of goods than ever, and with this in view, went to Boston and made his fall purchases; but, in returning home, he was one of the victims of a terrible accident on the Eastern Railroad, where a large number of lives were lost, and many were horribly mangled. Mr. Burton had a leg and arm broken, and received internal injuries that caused his death in a few days.

He was not taken home until after he died, and, as Blanche looked upon the cold, lifeless body of her father, whom she loved so much, and who had loved her with the tenderest affection, she was almost beside herself with grief, while her mother was heart broken and prostrated by the sudden and terrible blow.

But a little time elapsed after the funeral before creditors in Boston and other places, from whom goods had been purchased, presented their bills and demanded a settlement. As they could no longer expect patronage from Mr. Burton, they felt free to urge an immediate payment of their claims against his estate. To meet these, the executor was obliged to sell the store and goods at a loss; and now came another heavy stroke of fate, in the appearance of a failure of a neighboring house, on whose notes appeared Mr. Burton's name for a large amount, so that when everything was settled, the widow and her daughter had barely their home left to them.

What were they to do now, with no income, and only one to provide for their necessities?

Mrs. Burton had hardly recovered from the shock of her husband's sudden death; and when she came to realize that they had no means of support, her anxiety for the future, mingled with grief, almost deprived her of reason, and she became dependent upon Blanche for counsel. The brave girl managed her affairs, and commenced rearing in her mind the thought: "How shall I earn a living for myself and mother?"

To be sure, she could telegraph, and could probably get a situation in some office at a good salary by leaving home, but her mother was too feeble to remain alone. However, something must be done, or their household would be mortgaged to pay living expenses. Blanche determined this should never happen if she could prevent it, and bravely set out to find a respectable employment of some kind.

After going from store to store, she at last procured a situation as clerk, at the miserable salary of three dollars a week. Her hours were long—from half past seven in the morning till nine at night—and the work so hard and wearing that Blanche, being young and unaccustomed to such labor, became fatigued almost beyond endurance. Still, she kept bravely on, until the wear and tear, and the anxiety of her work, had almost ruined her health. Her bed, her head weary and her whole heart faint.

Mrs. Burton saw it was useless for her daughter, whose life had been one of ease and comfort, to try to bear the drudgery of a store, and, as there seemed to be no other way for their support, she finally consented that Blanche should leave home, if she could procure a situation. But to both mother and daughter the thought of being separated—each bearing alone her burden of sorrow—renewed their grief, which was soothed only by their commingled tears and mutual sympathy.

So Blanche decided to see Mr. Derne, and ask to whom she had better apply for a position. On making her errand known to the manager, he said he had just received a letter from a friend, inviting him on a two weeks' trip to the Adirondack Mountains. "Will you take my place in the office so that I can go?" he asked.

Blanche was only too glad to comply with his request, and the next day found herself in charge of the bright, pleasant office. She was business enough to occupy a portion of her time, and what was the main object to her just then, a salary of twelve dollars a week. Contrast this situation with the one she had at the store, that paid her but twelve dollars a month, and you will see clearly the difference between the value of a skilled man in a shop, and one who contented in that position, and told her mother how pleasant her duties were.

"This seems like living again," she said; "almost as it did when I used to be in the office. Oh, how I wish I could have the position right along. I could support you, and we could be happy once more as a family, as we can be with our father," she added, with a sigh; "but what's the use of wishing? It will be but about a week longer before Mr. Derne will return, and then I shall hardly know which way to look."

The next morning, as Blanche was busy at her work, to her great surprise who should appear but Mr. Derne.

"Good morning, Blanche," said he, "I sup-

pose you are tired of the office by this time, and consequently, glad to see me back."

"No; I'm not tired of the work, but like it so much I'm really sorry to see you here so soon," replied she, and then said; "but I suppose it is ungrateful in me to say so. I believe I am really growing selfish now I have to look after myself."

Blanche had expected to earn another twelve dollars, and the disappointment meant much to her.

Mr. Derne noticed this, and hastened to explain as follows:

"In starting for the Adirondacks, I first had to visit New York, where I was to meet my friend. We were to have gone from there, but while in the city I called at the Western Union office, and, to my surprise, had an excellent situation offered me—one that pays much more than this. I accepted it at once, for, like all young fellows in the country, I have always been anxious to try city life. This necessitated my giving up the mountain trip, so I came back to settle up my affairs here. Yesterday I saw the superintendent, and he agreed to let me off. I then spoke to him in your behalf, and he gave me to understand that you should succeed me."

Blanche was almost beside herself with joy at the prospect of having the office permanently, and great tears of gratitude rolled down her cheeks. She thanked Mr. Derne over and over again for his kindness to her.

In a few days, and at the age of only sixteen, Blanche found herself actually manager of the office which three years before she entered as a student. She little dreamed then the change that these few days would make in her home and circumstances, nor did she fully realize how wise a decision she formed when she determined to learn some profession.

### FANCY.

BY JOHN MILTON.

In the soul  
Are many lesser faculties, that serve  
Reason as chief; among these fancy next  
Her office holds; of all external things,  
Which the five watchful faculties represent,  
She forms imagination's airy shapes,  
Which reason joining, or disjoining, frames  
What she affirms, or what denies, and call  
Our knowledge or opinion.

[This story commenced in No. 204.]

## Red Eagle, WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

### CHAPTER XXIX.

DOWN THE CATSUGA.

BENNY MORRIS said that Jack and Tom had almost given up the last lingering hope that their lives might be spared by the Indians, and he endeavored to encourage them as much as possible. But he could do little to give them any confidence. The lingering distrust which all felt of Red Eagle's intentions respecting the twins was deepened by his curious demeanor, following so closely upon his violent act in behalf of the one who was slain.

While the hunters were absent in the woods, the chief had walked out in the gloom, not returning until one of the Oneidas appeared with the carcass of a deer, which was hastily though rudely dressed, and broiled in large slices over the fire.

Then, when the leader came forth, he took the first piece, and seating himself on a fallen tree, where no one presumed to put himself beside him, he ate of it with the same silence he had shown for the last half hour.

The boys said nothing, but Benny watched him closely. He was on the point of crossing over and saying something to him, but his good sense told him the chief was in a mood which would render such an act unwelcome if not dangerous.

No one could say what thoughts were seething in that savage breast. Possibly the old Adam was striving with his better nature, and might get the mastery. He may have felt that he showed an unmanly weakness in befriending the members of the race whom he hated with an intensity beyond that of the ordinary red man. It would not have been out of keeping with his instincts, had he bounded to his feet and slain all three in quick succession. The American Indian is subject to such fearful outbursts, and there is no telling what the untamed savage will or will not do in unusual emergencies.

Suspecting the struggle that was going on, Benny Morris put up a fervent supplication to the Master of the human heart, begging him to guide the chief safely through the labyrinth of sin and temptation.

It was yet early in the evening, and the meal was hardly finished when Red Eagle abruptly rose from the tree on which he was seated, and fixed his gaze with such a burning intensity on Jack Morris that the hearts of the brothers stood still. During his absence, the chief must have approached the body of Pete, for his tomahawk was at its place in his girdle, alongside his knife, and he held his formidable rifle in his right hand.

The scrutiny lasted but a moment, when he

beckoned to Jack to approach. The lad instantly rose from the ground and obeyed.

Before he reached him, he made the same gesture to Tom and Benny in turn, and the next minute the three stood before him, like so many captives in front of their teacher, calling them to account for some misdemeanor.

Then Red Eagle said something to one of his warriors, who immediately advanced and handed to Jack and Tom each his rifle, while the brothers waited in wonder for the next orders.

Again without speaking, Red Eagle commanded them to follow him, as he turned about and stalked in the direction of the river near at hand.

It need not be said that the boys obeyed in the same silence that they received the command.

The long struggle that had been raging in the brain of the terrible chieftain was ended, and he resumed in earnest. He looked as if the good angel had triumphed, but even the wise Benny was not certain. He watched the Seneca closely, and was hopeful, but not altogether free from misgiving.

A dim, shadowy, awful fear haunted the lane one that Red Eagle meant to take him and his brothers by themselves, and put them to death at the sight of the others. Having saved them in the presence of his warriors, the chief might be ashamed to destroy them under the eyes of those who had witnessed his swift vengeance.

But the probabilities were against this theory. The tomahawking of the captives before the Oneidas would do much to wipe out the weakness of his resolution.

The strongest proof, however, was the surrender of the guns to the boys. When they were handed over by the fire, the owners glanced at the powder pans, and saw that they were full. Thus they were furnished with the most effective weapons for defense, and you need not be told how promptly they would use them in the hour of necessity.

All was dark on the margin of the Catsuga, but the sky was so clear, and the stars shone so brightly, that the movements of the whole party could be seen. The chieftain stooped and examined the interior of a large canoe lying against the bank. As he did so, glimpses of the boats were seen. The Oneidas must have had several at command.

"Go in boat," said Red Eagle, speaking for the first time, and the lads obeyed without hesitation, Benny being first.

"Where shall I sit, Red Eagle?" he asked, leaning on his crutch in the middle of the canoe.

"That suits me," replied the chief, "for I am used to sitting there; come on, Jack and Tom."

A gesture of the hand told them to place themselves at the stern, while Red Eagle took up the paddle, and sat near the middle. In accordance with the rule, he faced the front, thus placing his back toward the twins.

Seeing this, Jack, who was nearest the stern, leaned forward and whispered in the ear of Tom:

"We've got him; our guns are loaded!" Tom nodded by way of reply, and the hopes of the brothers rose higher than at any time since their capture.

Benny had hardly taken his seat when the warrior of the fierce Iroquois, there was a limit to his progress. He might consider himself the equal of several pale faces in a fair combat, but, if he should undertake to slay three boys, situated as they were around him, and with a couple armed and on the alert, he was sure to find it a task beyond his power. "I'll keep my eye on him," thought Tom; "if he means to paddle to some lonely place down the river and tomahawk us, it will be the last job he undertakes."

"I can tell what he intends to do in time to prevent it," said Jack to himself, following the same line of thought; "and the instant he stops paddling, I'll raise my rifle, and it'll then depend on who's the quickest. I don't think it will be he."

But you will admit that this was taking a most unreasonable view of the situation. If such was the intention of Red Eagle, I am sure we would all lower our respect for him.

Benny had hardly taken his seat when one of his feet touched something in the bottom of the canoe, and he leaned over to learn what it was.

"Good!" he called out to his brothers; "I have found my Bible!"

It was indeed the precious book which lay upon the floor at his feet. "I have found it!" he called out to his brothers; "I wonder how it got there?" said Jack, sharing the delight of the happy fellow.

"It is Red Eagle's doing," replied Benny; "it's just like him. The Great Spirit must love him."

The ardent tribute to the chieftain's kindness was understood by him, and must have kindled some appreciation on his part, though he did not speak. He had taken up the long paddle, and, dipping it first on one side of the craft and then on the other, sent it swiftly down the river. He veered to the middle of the stream, where he was clear from the overhanging shrubbery and gained the advantage of the narrow rapid current.

That canoe ride down the Catsuga was one no member of the party could forget during after life, for not only were the circumstances peculiar, but the time and surroundings were most impressive. The starlight was just strong enough to reveal the dark line of shore, while black clouds on every hand were as a shadow.

Turning his head after going a short way,

Jack caught a momentary twinkle of the camp fire they were leaving, but it instantly vanished under the motion of the boat, and no sign of life met the eye in any direction.

The listening ear took no note of any sound, save that faint murmur which is always perceptible near a stream in the forest. Little was spoken, but all gave themselves to meditation, the lads not forgetting to keep their eye on Red Eagle, and not yet wholly free of misgiving concerning him.

No one could have looked at the chief without admiration. He was a specimen of the perfect American Indian—lithic, graceful, quick, and as alert as a panther. The motion of his arms, in swaying the paddle on alternate sides of the canoe, was as regular and as free from apparent labor as the working of delicate machinery. It looked indeed as if he merely dipped the implement without pressing it against the water, and, but for the fact that the boys felt the impulse beneath them, as regularly as the breathing of a sleeping person, they would have believed he was merely toying with the blade.

"Yesterday we started alone in our boat," reflected Benny, "and had not gone far when we met Oris Ouden, who gave us great help. Little did we know that the latter part of the voyage would be made with Red Eagle, who is conspiring to massacre so many of our people. How strange that Tom or Jack or I should have had any distrust of him after he had slain Pete and grasped my hand before the Oneidas!"

From this you will understand that every misgiving at last was removed from the mind of the lame boy. It was about the same with his brothers, though they did not relax their watchfulness of him who was held in such fear along the frontier.

Those iron arms could have driven the boat at double the speed, and continued it for hours without tiring; but the distance to the block house was nearly as great, and the night was young, and there was no call for haste.

The course of the river was winding throughout its length, but the boys were familiar with every portion between their homes and the settlements. They had been over it times without number, and, despite the darkness, were able to locate themselves whenever they glanced at the dark shore on either hand.

When they saw they were approaching the block house which stood at the upper portion of the larger settlement, they were free of all suspicion of their escort. Had he meditated any wrong against them, it would have been revealed before this.

Jack, who had held the hammer of his rifle raised for most of the distance, softly lowered it again, and rested the weapon across the gun-wales in front. Tom had not taken such extreme precautions, but he breathed freely now that that peril no longer threatened. Benny had tamed the savage that was believed to be so untamable, and so far as the night and his brothers were concerned, they had nothing to fear from the chieftain whose tomahawk had been buried in the brain of so many of his enemies.

Suddenly, while all were looking ahead, and the boat was sweeping round another bend, a point of light gleamed across the water on the left bank, with a sigh that could not tell the unvarying distances apart, until fully a dozen shone like stars through the gloom.

"Had there's a settlement," said Benny, who had turned so as to look over his shoulder; "our journey is near its end."

"And it has been a pleasant one," added Jack, with a sigh that could not tell the unspeakable relief he felt at their deliverance from the perils by which they were environed a short time before.

"Yes; we can never thank Red Eagle enough," remarked Tom, stretching his limbs and yawning from the cramped posture he had borne so long; "he has been the best of friends to us."

Benny would not have uttered these words, for, with his knowledge of the Seneca's nature, he knew the charge he was likely to resent the most angrily was that of being well disposed toward the race that were driving him and his people from their hunting grounds.

True, he had proven himself in one friend in need, but you know there are some persons so oddly made up they cannot bear to be reminded of their good deeds. Strange that it is so, but none the less it is true.

The Eagle headed the canoe for shore, at a point above the block house, and beyond sight of the pickets, as that was likely to be on duty, since it was known that the Iroquois had taken the war path.

As the prow struck the bank, the brothers stepped lightly out, and turned to help Benny.

"Stay," said the chief; "he go wid Red Eagle."

The boys stood amazed at this, uncertain whether to give their assent or not; but the lame brother, retaining his seat, said:

"It is all right, boys; Red Eagle has some business with me; I am not afraid to trust myself with him, and I am sure you should not be."

### CHAPTER XXX.

THE COMPACT.

THE canoe of the Iroquois chieftain was not the only one that was stealing down the Catsuga on that cool autumn night. Only a short distance behind was a second, only a few feet as every hand was a shadow, keeping close to the northern shore, and so



graduating its speed to that of the one in advance, that at no time did the distance between them vary more than a few yards.

"Subtle, watchful, and keen of sense as was the great Seneca, he had no suspicion that another boat was so near him, and the reason was that in the other boat sat as consummate a master of woodcraft as himself. The name of this individual was Orris Ouden.

You have not forgotten his anxiety for the safety of the lads, from whom he was separated the preceding night. You will recall that, after delivering his important report to General Greenfield, notifying the pioneers at the lower settlements of their danger, and returning once more to the vicinity of the block house, he set out to search for the brothers, for whom he felt the gravest alarm.

The good fortune that had marked the steps of the hunter up to this point seemed to leave him for a while. In the face of his skill in tracing the faintest footprints in the forest, he was unable to strike the track of his friends until near the close of the day, when he was fortunately discovered in the hut of Old Rupert, where it would seem he ought to have looked for them long before.

But as yet he did not dream of the underground passage. While maneuvering around the Oneidas, with the hope of gaining more accurate knowledge of the situation, he came in collision with Black Buffalo, who was prosecuting a scout for himself.

The collision proved disastrous to Black Buffalo.

Ouden deemed it best to draw off, as he expected a lively search to be made for him. Finding the coast clear once more, he returned in time to witness a dramatic salutation between the Iroquois chieftain and Benny Morris.

This was a revelation to the hunter, but it gave no hint of the means by which the larger boys had left the hut, where they held off the Oneidas so long. His natural thought was that Red Eagle had convinced the youths of his friendship, and had voluntarily walked out and given themselves up.

The hunter let nothing escape him now. When the chieftain conducted the lads to the river side, he cautiously followed, and was near enough to understand what they were doing. It was an easy matter to withdraw one of the other canoes, and follow them, as I have shown he did.

It was not strange that Ouden should have shared the misgiving of the boys, for no white man knew the ferocity of the chieftain better than he, and it was inconceivable that an emotion like friendship or gratitude should exist in his heart toward any Caucasian, unless it might be the lad that was halt.

There was something in the latter beyond his helplessness which proved winsome to the wildest nature; and, since Red Eagle had shown a liking to Benny in days of peace, it might be he was still disposed to make an exception of him in his crusade against the pale faces; but it was incredible that he should include his lusty brothers.

Had Red Eagle attempted the wholesale destruction of his guests in the boat, Ouden would have darted his canoe like a swallow to the spot, and, to put it mildly, there would have been lively times out of that canoe for a while; but, as you know, nothing of the kind took place.

Jack and Tom, therefore, had no thought that their old friend was at their elbow, as they stood on the shore, looking after the canoe from which they had just stepped, and which was bearing away Red Eagle and his brother. The twins were not uneasy, for after their recent experience they could not doubt the love of the Iroquois for Benny.

"I wonder whether the chief is going to adopt him," said Tom, with a gentle laugh.

"Being a king of the Iroquois, it may be he has a young princess picked out for Benny's bride, and he wants to take him home to inspect the dusky beauty."

"Benny is getting old enough to think about young ladies, but I don't believe he dreams of anything of that kind now. Then I'm afraid," added Tom, "that the Iroquois maidens wouldn't take kindly to one who cannot fire a gun and run like a deer."

"There is something about our brother," said Jack, more seriously, "which attracts the chief. What it is I cannot define, any more than I can tell why he charms every one; it is the nature which God has given him. I wouldn't be surprised if he wanted Benny to go to his village and become his man."

"He may want to do that some day, but not just now."

"And why not?"

"Red Eagle is too busy plotting his devilry against the settlers to take any time with his family, where he would have to leave Benny. No; he wants him for something else."

"I'm hopeful the boy will get the chance to do me good by opening Red Eagle's eyes to the foolishness of fighting against our people."

"If there is such a chance, you may be sure Benny will see and take advantage of it."

"Well, there are out of sight," remarked Jack, a minute later, "and we may as well go into the settlement for the night."

The brothers had taken a few steps when they were checked by a familiar call:

"Helloa, thar, youngsters!"

It was Orris Ouden that walked out from the wood behind them and took the hand of each in turn. Glad were all to meet, and in a brief space the hunter had heard the whole story of his young friends.

"Whew!" he muttered, when they had finished; "and so thar's an underground trail atween the river and Rupert's hut! I never thought of that, though it won't do the old chap any more good, for he went under long ago."

"What do you suppose Red Eagle wants with Benny?"

"Don't know, but he's safe with him—you can depend on thar." However, what's the use of standing here? 'Tis getting late, and we may as well go up to the block house, whar I see a light is shinin'. The general will be glad to see us, and thar are several things I want to talk over with him."

"We would rather go to Mr. Jenkins's," said Jack, "for we have often stayed there overnight."

"All right," replied the hunter, walking with them to one of the substantial cabins, within which a light was shining.

Before reaching it, they were challenged by a picket, and compelled to make themselves known ere he would allow them to pass.

"Be the boys back their friend good night, and, after giving Mr. Jenkins and his wife an account of their stirring experiences, they went to bed and speedily fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Ouden was holding a conference with General Greenfield, who had been expecting him all the afternoon and evening, and was anxious for the meeting.

They sat alone in the apartment which the officer used as his headquarters in the block house. The garrison were on duty, and the space within the structure was so small, that the two had to keep their voices at a low key to prevent their words being overheard.

"The boys back their friend good night, and, after giving Mr. Jenkins and his wife an account of their stirring experiences, they went to bed and speedily fell asleep.

Meanwhile, Ouden was holding a conference with General Greenfield, who had been expecting him all the afternoon and evening, and was anxious for the meeting.

"Yes; Red Eagle is so disgusted that he doesn't mean to take his warriors near the place."

"How can you be sure of that?"

Ouden told what he had learned from the boys. The chieftain himself had surveyed the small settlement that very day, after hearing that the pioneers were alarmed, and, fiery and brave as he was, he saw the folly of making an attack at the time.

"Better yet!" was the comment of General Greenfield; "if the leader of the Iroquois was any one but Red Eagle, I would be sure the outlook would strike him so unfavorably that he would give over his designs against us. The settlements can never be safe so long as he is alive."

Nothing could exceed the impressiveness with which the sentence was uttered, and the action of General Greenfield was peculiar.

He was sitting at the opposite side of the table, and, without stirring a muscle or uttering a word, he looked at the scout who sat on the other side, gazing as fixedly upon his countenance.

The lips were silent, but the eyes spoke a language generally plain to both.

"I have funds from General Washington," finally said the officer, "and he tells me to expend them as I think best for the cause of American independence."

"How much is in this?"

"In Continental dollars."

"In Continental currency, I s'pose?"

"Every penny is yellow gold, and it shall be yours when Red Eagle can no longer hurl his warriors against the settlements. What do you say?"

Orris Ouden extended his hand and warmly pressed that of the general, who smiled and nodded as he bade him good night.

The compact was complete; the contract was signed, sealed and delivered.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

##### PURSuing THE PURSUER.

HAVE said that on the autumn night that Red Eagle paddled down the Catsuga, a second canoe took the same course, following so closely that the occupant never lost track of the chieftain, though he handled his own craft with such skill that the wily Seneca never suspected that he was shadowed.

And on that same evening, a third boat went over most of the course, a short way to the rear of Orris Ouden the hunter, as if its single occupant was also watching him. The solitary individual, who swayed the long paddle with a skill equal to that of the other two, was the Mohawk known as The Wild Cat.

Some peculiar business must have led him to make this trip, for it was without the knowledge of his chief, whom he seemed so anxious to avoid that he kept further to the rear of the white man than the latter did behind Red Eagle.

Probably half the distance between the camp at the old Council Ground and the upper settlement was passed, when Ouden was surprised to discover a boat following him.

His ear caught the faint ripple of a paddle, and he instantly ceased swinging his own, and, taking up his gun, waited for the stranger to approach near enough to risk a shot. He paused until he felt further behind Red Eagle than at any time on the way.

But The Wild Cat was too cunning to be

caught. He knew of the white man in front, and avoided him by slowing his own speed. His plan did not contemplate a fight, though, under different circumstances, he would not have shrunk from the test.

The hunter bent his head, peered through the gloom behind him, and knew the next moment that his pursuer, if he be considered such, had also ceased paddling. It followed, therefore, that he suspected the tactics of the white man.

"I don't know," muttered Ouden, taking up his paddle again, "but if it wasn't for this varmint in front, 'T'd mighty soon find out who you are. Just now I'm after bigger game, and I don't mean to be drawn aside by any one else."

For several minutes the hunter gave his whole attention to Red Eagle's canoe, for just then he was afraid the grim chieftain meditated treachery to the boys whom he was taking down the river. The presence of the third boat, far to the rear, added to Ouden's misgiving, and he believed a desperate struggle probable.

But he could not forget the dusky scamp dogging him, and the sharp eyes strove to pierce the gloom to the rear often times that they followed the shadowy craft in front.

The hunter swung his paddle so deliberately that, between each impetus he gave the boat, he held the blade suspended for several seconds in mid air, with the drops falling at his feet.

It was during these brief intervals that he listened for the dip of the paddle which caused him no little disturbance.

Rarely did he fail to hear it, for, though it was not heard by untrained ears, the hunter had the meaning aright, and began to bide his time, if he avoided a fight with the chieftain in front, he was in for one with the warrior at the rear.

With all his acumen, Orris Ouden could not explain satisfactorily to himself the presence of the second Indian (for he was certain it was not a white man) behind him.

The most probable theory, as it seemed to him, was that he was an ally, who, at a signal from his chief, was to dart forward with his boat, and take part in slaying the boys. But, if such were the fact, the hunter could conjure up no reason for it.

Beside the unquestioned prowess of the Seneca, who would have scorned to ask help in disposing of three youths, one of whom was helpless, he certainly was under no compulsion to adopt such an inconvenient plan. If he wanted a companion at the frightful moment, why should he not take him in his own canoe, which would readily carry several more, and thus have him at hand to prevent any possible miscarriage of his purpose?

However, although the hunter could not help speculating as to the cause of his pursuit, it was not necessary that at that time he should know the truth.

So extraordinary was Ouden's power of hearing, that, without once seeing his pursuer, he kept accurate track of him by the faint ripple of his paddle. You might think The Wild Cat did this purposely, but it was not so. He swung the implement with great care, and did not believe it was heard by the white man, though the action of the hunter told him his purpose had become known to him.

Matters continued in this peculiar form, until Red Eagle had approached within a mile of the block house. It was at that junction that Ouden, while holding his own or suspended in mid air, and listening with all his ears, became aware that the hunter had ceased paddling.

The hunter listened for some time, during which his canoe fell somewhat to the rear of Red Eagle, who advanced steadily; but the sound came not, and, driving his own boat forward with increased vigor to recover the lost ground, or rather water, he again listened for a while.

No; the paddle of the strange Indian was motionless.

"He has stopped, sure enough," was the conclusion of the hunter; "maybe he means to run along shore and give me a shot from the wood."

Little probability of that, since he would have been sure to betray himself to the scout who felt no fear of him.

At intervals he ceased his paddle, but he heard no more of his pursuer.

Then, as you have been told, the hunter ran ashore, so far to the rear of Red Eagle that the two were nearly as familiar to the settlement. He joined the boys just as they turned away to enter the settlement close at hand.

As I have said, Ouden was right in believing that for some cause his pursuer had landed, or at least ceased paddling. Previous to this, the hunter had concluded that Red Eagle intended to put the boys ashore near the settlement. A great burden was thus lifted from his heart and he dismissed the other warrior from his thoughts.

Meanwhile, The Wild Cat had pulled his boat far enough up the bank to hold it secure against being swept away by the current. He had chosen a spot familiar to him, and he had encamped there many a time while on hunting excursions of his own.

Like so many miles of the Catsuga, the bank was lined with dense wood and undergrowth, through which he was obliged to pick his way for several yards. It was his wish to keep near the river; and when he stopped he was not fifty feet from it.

He had selected a bluff, a rod in height, and from which a tiny stream of clear water would

into the current below, falling so gently as to cause scarcely a ripple.

A giant tree was surrounded by ashes, the remains of many former fires, more than one of which had been kindled by the Mohawk himself. A large flat stone rose a couple of feet from the ground, while the surrounding undergrowth shut out all wind that might have disturbed the campers.

A more pleasant place for forming a small camp could not be conceived. When I add that enough of the wood gathered on former occasions remained to keep a vigorous fire going several hours, you will agree that, since the Mohawk had decided to camp by himself, he had made a selection that could not have been improved.

Such was his intention, and, in less time than you would have supposed, the fire was under way. The Wild Cat, like many of his people, carried his flint and steel, and he could start a flame more quickly than it takes many a lad to build the morning fire for his parents.

He waited till the blaze was burning strongly, when he threw on more wood, and walked down to the river where he had left his canoe. Entering this, he paddled out a short distance, and, looking up the bank, was able to see the light among the trees and undergrowth.

This must have been what he wished, for he returned to land, drew up his boat, and then stood in the gloom, as if awaiting the appearance of some one.

Such was the effect; he had started the fire to attract the eye of Red Eagle, who, he knew, would soon be on his return from landing the boys near the settlement.

Looking out on the calm surface of the Catsuga, he saw nothing of the chief's boat, nor could he hear the sound of the paddle, which would tell of his approach before the eye could discover him.

Convinced that he would not appear for some minutes, the Mohawk returned to the burning wood, stirred it up, threw on more fuel, and then came back once more to his position at the foot of the bluff.

Yes; he heard the sound for which he was listening, and peering out in the darkness, discerned the shadowy outlines of a canoe ascending the stream.

The Mohawk did not stir for a minute or two, but never once removed his eyes from the object, which he regarded with intense interest.

He was surprised to observe that instead of one person there were two, but he quickly identified the smaller one seated at the prow, and, emitting a low whistle, had the pleasure of seeing the craft head for the foot of the bluff where he was standing.

(To be continued.)

#### A MACHINE WHICH FAILED.

In British India as many as fourteen thousand people are killed in a year by venomous snakes. Various schemes have been suggested to rid the country of the terrible pests, and of course the ingenious inventor has come to the front with sundry and manifold ideas:

One of these was the "asphyxiator," a device evolved by a wild-eyed British genius, which, when applied to a rabbit hole, compelled the rabbit either to bolt or suffocate. The inventor called the Secretary of State for India and induced him to order twenty asphyxiators to be sent to India in order that the snake might be treated even as the rabbit had been. A local official, whose name was Buckland, was ordered to make trial of the machine. It comprised a "sort of fire box in which a pestilently smelling paper was to be burnt." The turning of a wheel sent the smoke through a long nozzle, which was to be inserted into the snake's hole.

Mr. Buckland, having manned the machine with a crew of three men, was to strike and turn the wheel, another to direct the nozzle, and the third to stand by with a stick in case the snake elected to bolt, set out one day to make the trial. The snake was promptly induced into a snake hole, when out bolted a terrified rat. The man with the stick struck it madly, and broke the nozzle pipe; the man holding that fell back upon him that worked the engine, and both collapsed, and—the rat escaped!

After a native had lighted up this infernal machine to warm himself, and been found well asphyxiated, "the men," as Mr. Buckland naively put it in his report, "lost confidence" in it; and the official career of the asphyxiator in Bengal came to an end.

On the whole, it was lucky that the men in charge of it never encountered anything worse than a rat.

#### COULD PAY MORE THAN \$55.

Hotels at the sea side and summer resorts are accused of limiting their bills only by their ideas of the guests' total possessions.

A returned tourist from Florida, says the New York Sun, reports that things down there are mighty pleasant, but that even Florida has its drawbacks. For instance, the tourist stopped at one of the hotels from Saturday night till Monday morning, and was handed a bill for \$55.

"Take that back, young man," he said, "and tell 'em at the desk that I am worth more than that!" Our Boy—"Dar's a kyind ob cyard, sah, he grub me, but 'ain't got no spots onto hit—no'y'spell in."

#### HE ONLY KNEW PLAYING CARDS.

Our New Boy (whose credentials are coming in by mail)—"Dey's a jonlemon down stairs, sah, what was de ye?"

Oursel—"Did he send up a card?"

Our Boy—"Nossir."

Oursel—"What's that in your hand?"

Our Boy—"De card, sah, he grub me, but 'ain't got no spots onto hit—no'y'spell in."

## COMING HOME.

BY OLIVER DYER.

ADIEU! is uttered with a sigh;  
Farewell! we speak in pain;  
We ever part with tearful eye;  
We may not meet again;  
But oh, there is a blissful word,  
When breathers by those who roam,  
Which thrills with joy whenever heard  
"Thy coming, coming home!"

[This story commenced in No. 205.]

## The Young Hermit

## LAKE MINNETONKA.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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

## CHAPTER XL.

THE HAPPY PAIR PUT IN AN APPEARANCE.



AFTER the steamer was moored in her usual berth, the captain and the agent took another careful survey of the Hermitage and its surroundings; but there was no sign of life in or near the shanty.

"There was nothing more to be done, and the situation was beginning to be monotonous, so that both the captain and the agent began to gape fearfully, especially the former, for he had not slept a wink during the night.

"We are as quiet here as though we were on a desert island in the middle of the ocean," said Cavan, with a long yawn.

"I suppose you know what your next step is to be, Mr. Cavan," said Phil, giving this as a hint that he should like to know something more of his plans.

"I have no more idea what we shall do next than you have, Captain Greenway; if I had I should tell you at once," answered the agent with another long yawn.

"The next step will depend upon the movements of that happy pair, and our present purpose is simply to let them have their own way and lull them into security by all the expedients within our reach."

"That is just what I should have done last night if I had not been burdened with that money," replied Phil.

"I had that put into the safe at the Ryan while you were reading your time table, and I have a receipt for it," added Cavan. "We may have nothing to do for the next three or four hours, and we may as well turn in, and have a nap while we are waiting; but some one will have to be on watch where he can see what is done, if anything, on the point."

"Bashy had had about four hours' sleep, and he can keep the watch," suggested the captain, gazing till he had nearly dislocated his jaw.

Cavan went to the forward berth, and took possession of the four berths, while the captain called at the engine room to see Bashy, who was entirely willing to take the morning watch, and declared that he was not at all sleepy.

The captain took possession of another of the berths, and soon all in the cabin were sound asleep, for they did not need a brass band to lull them to slumber "after the occupation of the night.

Bashy had dropped the canvas curtains that inclosed the engine room; the fuel in the furnace had been exhausted so that no smoke issued from the smoke stack, and the Hebe looked exactly as she had the night before when the happy pair went to their beds in the shanty.

The engineer stretched himself on the divan abait the engine, after he had raised the curtain on the port side so that he could see the shore; but he was not as wide awake as he had professed that he was, for he could stand a great deal of sleep, and he was soon in the same condition as those in the cabin; but he was sure that any unusual thing would wake him in an instant; and the captain had suggested that he might sleep on his sofa if he was so disposed.

The bay was as smooth as glass in the early morning, for the morning wind had subsided, and there was not a ripple in the water; the movement of a human being to disturb him, and he slept as soundly as his companions in the cabin.

It was all of nine o'clock when Bashy came to a realizing sense that he was still a living being, and when he woke, he looked at the shore through the opening under the curtain, and the smoke was pouring out of the funnel which had been carried above the roof of the shanty, and it was evident that the occupants of the Hermitage had finished their long night of slumber.

In accordance with his instructions the engineer called the captain and informed him that the happy pair in the shanty were up, and appeared to be getting breakfast, for there were two uncooked hams, plenty of potatoes, a keg ofhardtack, and a supply of groceries, in the

closet, which they would have no difficulty in finding.

"Don't show yourself, Captain Greenway," said Cavan, when he was called. "Not more than one of our party must be seen by the cheerful couple. I have a plan, though it depends upon the movements of those fellows."

"You can go into the engine room, where you can see without being seen," suggested Bashy, with a hint that he would be called upon to take an active part in the drama which was to be played.

The captain and the agent adopted this suggestion, and passing out of the cabin went by the starboard side, where they could not be seen from the shore, to the engine room, leaving Mr. Westlawn still asleep in his berth.

"That smoke suggests breakfast," said Cavan after he had taken a full survey, in the better light of the sunshine, of the point and the shanty. "I suppose we are out on that score, and we shall have to let our stomachs grumble till those fellows will let us go to one of the boats."

"Not at all; we have crackers and cheese enough on board to keep you from starving, though they don't make a very nice breakfast for a gentleman," interposed the engineer.

"Trot them out, Bashy; they will do as well as anything while we are on watch," said the agent.

The bucket containing the food was brought into the engine room, and all then proved that they had appetites and were not epicures, for they used up a full half hour in eating the dry crackers.

From the sounds that came from the forward cabin, it is evident that Mr. Westlawn was stirring, and Bashy carried the crackers and cheese to him, with the request that he should remain where he was.

"We may have to stay here all day," suggested Captain Greenway, when his watch informed him that it was ten o'clock.

"Those fellows will be as discontented as we are for the want of something to do. I have no doubt they will hail the steamer if they see any one on board of her, as we must take care that they do."

"Bashy can show himself where they will see him," said Phil.

"No," interposed Cavan when the engineer rose to take the hint. "He must be the only one that is seen. There are the two villains on the shore!"

The agent unfolded his plan for the next move, and gave Bashy, who was to be the only actor in it, full instructions in regard to his duty. He was sent out where he could be seen by the intended victims of the strategy.

"Steamer ahoy!" shouted Gay Sparkland, from the nearest shore, though he could hardly be heard in the distance.

"On shore!" replied Bashy, whose lungs were good for half a mile. "Bring off that boat!"

Koddy and Gay seemed to be in consultation over this request; then they soon left the beach and walked across the point; but in less than half an hour a boat was discovered coming around the point, and it was seen that the happy pair were complying with the request made by the engineer.

"We must all go into the forward cabin with Westlawn," said Cavan, beginning to be fully alive again.

They retired to the cabin indicated, with the exception of Bashy, to whom the agent gave more particular instructions, and the door of the cabin was locked while the ex detective drew the curtains inside so that no sight of the interior could be obtained by the expected visitors.

The arrangements were hardly completed before the boat, which was the one belonging to the steamer, came alongside, and without waiting for an invitation the happy pair went on board.

"Good morning, sir," said Roddy, in his blandest manner. "I hope you are very well."

"I couldn't be any better if I had been in the hospital for six months," replied Bashy, with abundant assurance. "I am glad you brought off that boat, for I am a prisoner on board, as I can't swim a stroke."

"Are you alone here?" asked the chief of the visitors, while Gay was looking about the boat.

"Well, I couldn't be any more alone if I had been Mr. Adam in the Garden of Eden before he lost his rib. My engineer went ashore yesterday afternoon, and was to go over to the Chapman House to see his girl; and did not come back at six o'clock, as he promised. I pity the girl if she married him, for he is a drunken fellow when he gets off, and I suppose he found whisky."

"Who lives in this shanty?" asked Roddy, pointing to the shore.

"I do," replied Bashy.

"Then you are the man I want to see."

Bashy invited them to the engine room.

## CHAPTER XLII.

THE YOUNG STRANGER AT THE EXCELSIOR BANK.

BASHY seated himself and his guests in the engine room, and treated them with distinguished consideration, though he knew but little about them.

"We got caught here yesterday in the storm, and could not get away, for the waves were too big for our boat," said Roddy. "We knocked

at the door of the shanty; and as no one answered we went in and made ourselves at home there. We will pay for everything we had, however."

"Don't mention it; you did just right, and I am much obliged to you for using my humble abode," replied Bashy.

"We like the place so much that we should like to stay there for a week or two, and will pay a handsome rent for the shanty," continued Roddy.

"Don't mention it, for I shall be glad to have the cottage occupied, as I shall have to be away from it for a week or two," responded Bashy in the most gracious manner.

"That settles it, and we are already in possession."

"Some of the scallawags come up here in my absence, and make mischief in the cottage; and as you are gentlemen, I shall be glad to have you occupy the house to keep them out of it."

Bashy was so very obliging that it was quite unnecessary to resort to the claim which Gay had suggested, and the happy pair were evidently greatly pleased with the result of their visit.

"I am very much obliged to you for bringing my boat back, for now I can go up the lake and get an engineer," continued the representative of the Hebe.

"But how are we to get ashore if you keep the boat?" asked Roddy.

"I will pull you ashore, and bring it back with me."

"All right; we have a boat of our own. Do this steamer carry passengers?" asked Roddy.

"As a rule, she does not; that is, she does not carry them for money," replied Bashy, with abundant self complaisance. "I have got money enough to live on, and I only take my friends out in her; and some of them are staying at the hotels, so that I shall have enough to do for a week or two."

"We expect a friend to come up today, and we wish to bring him up here; but as you do not—"

"Yes, I do; I do anything of that sort; but if you should offer me any money for it, I don't know how I would lead to a duel," replied the engineer, very cheerfully. "But I can do anything for you till I find an engineer. I can run the boat alone down to the place where I expect to get one; for I won't have Banks after the trick he played on me yesterday."

"We are in no hurry, and any time today will suit us; and we are all ready to go ashore, and know how to open a window a little," said the chief. "It looked as though he did not trust Gay to say a word."

"No trouble at all!" protested Bashy. "I am so glad you have consented to look out for my cottage for me that I shall be happy to do anything for you."

The engineer pulled the happy pair to the shore; and they manifested no curiosity to know anything more about the Hebe or the apparent owner of her and the shanty; but before he started he lighted the fire in the furnace.

On his return he was warmly praised by Cavan, who had heard some of his remarks in the engine room by opening a window a little, and Bashy was as happy as though he had won a victory, though he did not understand the object of the plan in which he had been the chief actor.

Bashy attended to the engine, and as soon as there was steam enough the moorings were cast off, and the boat, which he had repaired all he desired, and even more, for it looked as though the unseem and cautious Chick Gillpool was to join the party at once.

Phil took charge of the engine while Bashy went into the pilot house to steer until the Hebe was out of sight of Cape Cod, as she was to be used in the narrow channel of the bay, when each of them resumed his usual duty.

"I think you have got me into a mess, Mr. Cavan," said the captain, when he took his place at the wheel, though he laughed to soften it.

"What makes you think so, Captain Greenway? We shall soon have that happy trio in a very tight place," replied the agent, rubbing his hands at the success of his plan.

"Of course Gay Sparkland will know when he comes on board of the boat, and it seems to me that will end the whole matter," said Phil, not a little discouraged.

"But it is not my intention to have him recognize you."

"How can you possibly prevent it, sir?"

"You must either get another pilot to take your place, or—"

"But I should say that it was necessary for us to watch these fellows all the time," interposed Phil, who did not like the idea of having another person run his steamer.

"I should say so myself; and if you don't object to the plan, I can fix things so that Gay will not know you. I have done such a thing when I wanted witnesses."

"I will do anything rather than hand the Hebe over to another pilot."

"Very well; we shall have plenty of time to attend to the matter before you return to the Hermitage," added Cavan. "Now, where did you say the man was stopping that was so much startled when he saw your arm?"

"I landed him at the Lafayette."

"Who did you say was with him?"

"A lady who was his sister, and her name was Mrs. Goldson; she had a daughter, Sibyl,"

replied the captain, who wondered why he put these particular questions at this time.

"Mrs. Goldson," repeated Cavan, as he wrote the name in his memorandum book. "Mr. Westlawn wants you to land him at the Lafayette."

"Do I land you there, or do you remain on board to make the trip with the happy pair?"

"No; I shall go to Excelsior to be sure and leave my friend at the Lafayette."

"Of course I shall do so, though it is somewhat out of the course to Excelsior," replied the captain, wondering if the agent thought he could forget to do so.

"On the whole, I think you had better leave him at the Lafayette after you have landed me at Excelsior," said Cavan, who seemed to be in deep thought all the time. "We had not finished our talk when you got to the cape this morning."

The agent joined the gentleman from Chicago in the after cabin where he had sent him, and nothing more was in view of future events, till the Hebe touched the wharf at her destination.

It had been decided that all hands should take breakfast at Excelsior, and they started for a hotel for this purpose; but when they were opposite the bank the ex detective wished to examine the premises in view of future events, and the captain and the engineer walked to the hotel to order the meal, leaving the two gentlemen in the street.

Cavan and his friend went into the bank and looked over the room; and after they had completed the examination they went to the door to leave, when the agent suddenly halted, as a young man came in.

"Look at him, Westlawn!" exclaimed Cavan, drawing his companion back so that he could see the person indicated.

The young man who had excited the attention of the ex detective was not more than fourteen or fifteen years of age, well dressed, and looked about him as though he had nothing in particular to engage his attention, for he did not go to the counter.

"How are you, Mr. Cavan?" said the cashier of the bank, recognizing the real estate agent.

"Do you know that young man who appears to be wandering about the bank without any business on his hands?" asked the agent, after he had talked a few minutes with the cashier.

"I never saw him before in my life," replied the bank officer.

"I suppose you know most of the people that live in this town?"

"About all of them who live here, but not all the summer boarders."

"That young man does not live here, then?"

"No; and I should say that he has not been here long, or I should have seen him before," added the cashier.

"He came up in the last train; I saw him," said a man at the counter.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" exclaimed Cavan. "He is the image of Captain Greenway of the Hebe."

Mr. Westlawn was even more astonished than the agent.

(To be continued.)

## COINS VALUABLE AND VALUELESS.

As a genuine silver dollar of 1864 is worth something like \$100, it is hardly strange that counterfeit specimens should from time to time appear.

A coin dealer in Washington recently told a reporter something about these bogus curiosities:

"Some of them are electrolytes, and some are 'altered dates,' said to be done by an expert engraver in Massachusetts. This man has counterfeited the 1864 silver dollar by changing the figures on genuine silver dollars. The Western towns have been salted with them, and some collectors taken in."

The placing of the counterfeits has been done in a curious way. A dignified elderly tramp of polished bearing lifts the collector a pathetic tale of his downfall from affluence. Reared in the lap of luxury, he has now nothing left but an old silver dollar, given to him by his grandfather, with the injunction to keep it always; he has been told that the coin is valuable, but he knows nothing about it, and he would like to sell it.

The result is he gets from \$50 to \$100 for it, and the papers come out with the statement that another 1864 dollar has been found. But as soon as the coin is submitted to an expert numismatist, the fraud is detected.

The same dealer narrated the curious way in which an old woman in Washington threw away \$50:

"The condition of the coin is everything in numismatics, and a fresh clean unused copper cent may be worth fifty or a hundred times as much as the same piece if a little worn, or even tarnished. An old woman in Washington had a number of old copper coins, and among these were two cents which I would have given her \$50 for. She refused to part with them, and I told her that she was making a mistake.

"The cents at this time had been carefully cared for, but now that she had learned their value she showed them to every one that came in, and let her friends handle them until they were practically ruined. The result was, when she wanted to sell them later, they were not worth \$50 apiece, and I could not buy them."

It is on this account that you cannot get perfect or fine coins from circulation or poor people. The pieces are too worn and defaced, and are in consequence of little numismatic value. The coins purchased and sought after in possession of persons in easy circumstances, who, while having no numismatic tendencies, keep the pieces as a matter of affection or sentiment. I meet with such at times, and the chances are that the specimens are as exciting as landing a trout or fine salmon.



THE SPRING.

BY W. WILSEY MARTIN.

SYMBOL OF youth and life! clear, bubbling spring. That pour't perennially God's crystal wine That all may quaff—I worship at thy shrine, The whole wide earth holds not a purer thing!

[This story commenced in No. 296.]

The Lost Race,

AND

THE UNKNOWN RIVER;

A STORY OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

By DAVID KER,

Author of "Drowned Gold," etc

CHAPTER VIII.

AT THE WHIRLPOOL'S EDGE.

IT was fortunate for Charlie Thorne and Pat O'Connor that old Nkosi, the Bangala chief, was there to help them in their perilous situation.

Two desperate strokes of the paddle brought the native's boat round alongside, just as the monstrous head of the hippopotamus rose above the surface. Charlie had barely time to spring into the other canoe and drag Pat in after him, when the whole side of their own boat disappeared with a horrible grinding crash, torn away like a shred of paper by the monster's teeth.

"A miss is as good as a mile," said Thorne, forcing a laugh.

But he soon saw that it was no laughing matter. Having demolished one boat, the hippopotamus turned savagely upon the other; and now they found themselves in a "fix" indeed.

If they tried to head back up the stream, it would simply be running right into the terrible jaws that had crunched their canoe like a nut; while if they did not, they would be carried down into the deadly whirl of the "Cal-dron." What was to be done?

Nkosi's set teeth and knitted brows showed that he fully realized the danger; but the old Bangala warrior was not one to be taken aback by any peril, however frightful or unexpected. He handled his paddle warily, steadying the boat rather than driving her on; for the current was carrying them quite fast enough as it was, and a hippopotamus, though wonderfully active for its bulk, can seldom, if ever, overtake a well managed canoe.

Meanwhile Thorne and O'Connor, thus reduced to complete inactivity, watched anxiously the progress of the game that was being played for their lives. Both invariably chafed at sitting idle in this deadly crisis, and seeing other men working for them; but what could they do? Their paddles were gone, and even had they had them, their resistance might very possibly have been more a hindrance than a help. There was nothing for it but to sit still and bite their lips.

Nearer and nearer came the dreadful whirlpool—behind them followed, open mouthed, the infuriated monster, and almost to capsize it, the boat's head down the stream, and still his companion, with a face immovable as a bronze statue, seconded him stroke for stroke.

All at once the Bangala shouted some order to his comrades, and with three or four desperate strokes they wheeled the canoe's head round to the right, and suddenly almost to capsize it.

For a moment Charlie thought that all was over. But Nkosi's strong arm had made its effort just at the right instant to catch the side current, which was their only hope of safety; and even on the brink of the whirlpool they turned away from it, and glided towards the shore. And now the hunters had the satisfaction of seeing their persecutor in trouble in her turn. The hippopotamus had been too spitefully eager in pursuing them to notice her nearness to the eddy, which otherwise she would certainly have avoided; for the great African river horse, in spite of its unwieldy bulk, and broad heavy face, is not by any means such a fool as it looks.

But the perilous whirlpool was now too close to be avoided, and the impetus of the huge, ponderous carcass, sent through the water at

its utmost speed, could no more be checked at a moment's notice than the "way" of a fifteen knot steamer. Just as the canoe darted away from the edge of the whirlpool, the pursuing hippopotamus went headlong into it.

Instantly the fierce snorting of the enraged brute changed to a hoarse grunt of terror, as it strove desperately to escape from the dizzy whirl that was spinning it round. But all its frantic efforts were of no avail. Round and round it went, grunting, spluttering, splashing, struggling; and the figure that it made was so unspeakably ridiculous, with its staring eyes and gaping jaws, its great floundering body, and its look of utter bewilderment, that Pat and Charlie laughed till every echo of the rocks had in chorus, and even Nkosi's iron face relaxed into a grim smile.

But the poor hippopotamus's involuntary gambols came to a sudden and disastrous conclusion. The eddy, gradually whirling it nearer and nearer to the great red cliff that towered overhead, ended by dashing it against a projecting rock, with a thump that made all its ribs crack again.

Bruised, battered, gasping, and terrified out of its wits, the discomfited monster went drifting down the stream, a helpless mass, just as Charlie and Pat came safely to land.

After a day of such excitement, our two heroes naturally found it no easy matter to compose themselves to sleep. For more than an hour they lay awake, talking over their adven-



CHARLIE MEETS AN AFRICAN CHIEF.

ture, and laughing at the recollection of the poor hippopotamus's astonished face when she found herself being danced round and round by the eddy.

And when at length Pat dropped off into a doze, Charlie found himself unable to follow his companion's example.

The more he tried to get to sleep, the more broad awake he seemed to be. First he grew hot and threw off his wraps; then he grew cold, and pulled them on again. Next came an irritation in his left shoulder blade, followed by another and a worse one in the small of his back. Presently his great toe began to itch; then the tip of his right ear; then the tip of his nose. After that he had a hunt for an imaginary mosquito, giving himself half a dozen rattling boxes on the ears, any one of which would have flattened a full grown cockroach. Then he lay on his left side; then he lay on the right side; then he lay on his face with his heels up in the air; and then, by way of a change, he put his heels where his head ought to be. At last, in sheer despair, he got up and went to the window.

But scarcely had he got there when he heard something which drove all thought of sleep out of his head. From the veranda outside came floating through the still night air, in Stanley's clear, decided tones:

"I hope to solve that mystery, too, before many months are over. It's one of the few puzzles still left in Equatorial Africa, and it's high time that somebody should get to the bottom of it."

"Provided it happens to have any bottom to get to," answered the deep and slightly mocking voice of Dr. Hercules Harthead.

Charlie Thorne's heart beat faster, and he bent eagerly forward to catch the next words. What mystery could it be which even Stanley had not yet penetrated? And that too in Equatorial Africa, through the deadliest regions of which the great explorer had forced his way in the teeth of all obstacles.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST RACE.

"SAY what you will, my dear doctor," resumed Stanley, "I'm positive that the Unknown River takes the course I've mentioned, and that the 'Lost Race' of White Africans (as scientific men call them) really exist as I have often said."

"Quite right, doctor," rejoined Stanley, with exasperating good humor, "that's always the handiest way to get rid of a disagreeable fact. But I assure you I haven't the least wish to convince you against your will. Seeing's believing, as they say. I've seen these people, and therefore I believe in them; you haven't seen them, and therefore you don't. But take my word for it, you'll believe in them one of these days as firmly as I do."

"Well, let us discuss the whole matter coolly and calmly," roared the doctor, getting purple in the face with rage, and kicking a camp chair to the other side of the veranda. "If there is a nation of White Africans, they must have some fixed habitation, mustn't they? They can't be scattered all over the continent like scraps of torn paper. Well, you saw them? I remember aright, away to the eastward, among the great equatorial lakes, not far from the head waters of the Nile. Now, the Portuguese talk of having seen them on the table land of the southwest. One of the later German explorers says he met them in the northwest, between Lake Tchad and Niger basin; and when I was in England last year, I came across a man who declared positively that he had fallen in with some of them on the borders of Abyssinia, far away to the northeast. Now, you can't all be right, so which are we to believe?"

"You're confirming my theory instead of upsetting it, my dear doctor," said Stanley, who seemed to grow cooler as the man of science grew hotter. "Don't you see that if all these men of different nations, without any collusion among themselves, agree in saying that they've actually seen the White Africans, it's a pretty strong proof that they must exist somewhere?"

As to the question of whom to believe, I should say you had better believe the one whose information is the most exact and circumstantial. Now, let me read you an extract from the journal I kept while I was marching through Unyoro with Mtesa's army in the end of 1875:

"With Colonel Sekajugu were four men of Gambara-gara, who were of a remarkably light complexion, and differed altogether in habits and manners from the Waganda. They possessed their own milk cows, and their diet appeared to consist entirely of milk. The features of these people, besides their complexion, were so regular and remarkable that my curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch respecting them. I had seen stray representatives of them at Mtesa's court, and I here set down what I gathered respecting them, both from their own lips, and those of Waganda."

"These light complexioned people are natives of Gambara-gara, a country embracing all the districts immediately neighboring the base of the lofty Mount Gordon Bennett, upon the summit of which (14,000 or 15,000 feet high) snow is often seen. The mountain springs up in a series of terraces from a level plain; numerous waterfalls plunge down its steep slopes, and two days are usually occupied in the ascent to the highest summit."

"The king, Nyika, and his principal chiefs, with their families, and snow during the time on the highest part of the mountain, which appears to be, from report, something like an extinct crater. It was described to me as a hollow surrounded by high walls of rock, which contains a small round lake, from the center of which rises a lofty columnar rock. It is very cold there, and snow frequently falls from the slopes, base, and summit are thickly populated."

"The king possesses several villages in different parts of the mountain, and appears to move from one to the other, as his numerous herds of cattle become stunted in their pasture. Milk being the principal diet of these people, it may be supposed that cattle are abundant. The Katkero part of U-ganda, in his great range on the region, is said to have collected 50,000 head of cattle."

"The people are a peculiarly formed race. At one time they are said to have been all white,

"With all possible respect for you, my dear sir," retorted the doctor, "I am equally certain that the Unknown River does nothing of the kind, and that the White Africans do not exist, never did exist, and never will."

"But I tell you that I've seen them myself."

"You've seen four light complexioned natives, with regular features—probably half castes or albinos—and from that you instantly conclude that there must be a whole nation of the same type. What would you say to me, now, if I were to believe in a nation of hunchbacks, or of men with one eye, on the strength of having seen three or four one eyed men, or three or four hunchbacks?"

"Well," said Stanley quietly, "why shouldn't there be a nation of hunchbacks? There's a nation of dwarfs—the Watwa—on the Upper Congo, as I can bear witness, for I have seen and spoken with some of them; and the first time I saw one, I took him for some deformed monstrosity who had been cast out by his own tribe. I won't pretend to say, till I've seen more of them, whether the White Africans are white by nature or from disease; all I say is that they are white, and that they're real men."

"Well," growled the scientist, who was beginning to get excited, "show me a fair sized colony of these wonderful fellows, or bring me any trustworthy witness who has actually seen a whole nation of them, instead of three or four scattered specimens, and I'll give in. Till then I won't believe a word of it."



and to have emigrated from Northern Unyoro, but at present the black and light complexioned are about equal in numbers. The blacks are the result of successive wars during ancient times, and intermarriage between the captors and captives, the result being a singularly long limbed and slender people. The royal family and the chiefs' families continue to preserve their exclusiveness, and hence the original color of the founders of the State has been preserved.

"The women are said to be singularly beautiful; I have seen several of them, and though I would not call them beautiful, they are superior to any women I have seen in Africa, and have nothing in common with negroes except the hair."

Here Dr. Hardhead, who had been listening with signs of growing impatience, broke out full mouthed:

"Proof? Do you call that a proof? So far as I know, it just confirms what I've been saying. The existence of these White Africans as a nation, remember, rests not upon your own personal observation, but solely upon the stories told by the Waganda; and we all know the value of any testimony given by men who believe that the English came down from the sky, and fell from the bottom of the trees, who took your fluffing for a spirit, and who will tell you quite gravely that their national hero, Wakinguro, killed six hundred men with his own hand in one battle without receiving a scratch! All the genuine specimens that you have to judge by are the four Gamba-ranga men whom you brought with you, the two taken three or four half castes or albinos, for an entire nation, and the sooner you admit the fact, the better."

"All very fine, my dear doctor," rejoined Stanley, as composedly as ever; "but would half castes have regular African wool on their heads, or would albinos have that same kind of eyes and hair as other people?"

For once in his life, Dr. Hardhead looked fairly nonplused.

"Well, I see it's perfectly useless to argue with a man who is obstinate in his opinion against all proof," he snapped, too angry to perceive how exactly this polite description of his opponent applied to himself. "But if you won't give up the Lost Race (which in my opinion is a lost race that has never been found) what proof have you of the course that you attribute to the Unknown River? Come, now, what do you say to that? You didn't see that with your own eyes, you know; that's purely a matter of native testimony, which is worth absolutely nothing."

"Well, I don't know about that," replied Stanley. "Dr. Schweinfurth, who discovered the source of the river, wasn't a native; and I who explored the mouth of it, am not one either."

"What you persist in calling the mouth of it, you mean," retorted the uncompromising doctor. "It's just the same story as before; you mistook three or four unique individuals for samples of a whole tribe, and now you're mistaking two distinct rivers hundreds of miles apart for one and the same stream."

"Well, let's see," rejoined Stanley, unfolding a large map of Central Africa. "Here's what I call the Unknown River, which Schweinfurth discovered in 1870, and marked on his map as the Wellé Makua. It flows westward, as you see, bending gradually to the south, so that it certainly can't fall into any tributary of the Congo. Then, again, it flows far south of the great central desert, to be lost in the sands, like some of the rivers of Central Asia; and so—"

"And so," interrupted the doctor with a hideous grin, "it must necessarily flow into the Congo, of course. Just in the same way, if I recollect aright, some ingenious gentleman proved that the Nile flows far south of the discovered America, because he sailed westward from England and never came back; so if he didn't go to America, where did he go?"

"Well, doctor, I'm always open to instruction, especially from a man of your superior African experience," said Stanley, with a quiet irony which was wholly lost upon his self-complacent adversary. "I say that the Wellé Makua flows to the west and southwest till it falls into the Upper Congo, under the name of the Aruwimi. Now, if it doesn't do that, what does it do?"

"I'll tell you what it does," answered Dr. Hardhead, as if in perfect confidence, as he produced a map of the Congo State. "It flows to the northwest, and is a tributary of the Logoné River, which falls into Lake Tchad."

"Well, doctor," returned Stanley, "we had better agree to differ, for I see we shall never convince each other. When I explore the Aruwimi, as I have to do long for I believe it will turn out to be navigable much higher up than people suppose, the question will soon be settled one way or the other; and, in the meantime, as we've got some hard work in hand for tomorrow, we might as well think about turning in."

The voices died away in the distance, but Charlie Thorne still remained leaning out of the window, motionless as a statue.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE CHIEF AND HIS FEELING.

WHAT Charlie had heard was indeed more than enough to set his excitable brain on fire. A Lost Race and an Unknown River, of which no one knew anything certain, and about whose character and position two such men as Stanley and

Dr. Hardhead were unable to agree in a single point, were things compared with which—in his eyes at least—all the wonders of the Arabian Nights seemed tame.

And then came another thought, more dazzling still. It happened it was possible to get leave to join the exploration which Stanley had declared his intention of making!

Why, then he—Charlie Thorne—might take his place in history as one of those dauntless men who had been the first to track the course of the Unknown River, and speak face to face, in the depths of the great equatorial forest, with the Lost Race of Central Africa. For although Dr. Hardhead had denied the existence of the White Africans, our enthusiastic Charlie had no more doubt that they really existed than if he had dined with half a dozen of them the day before.

The idea was so great and overwhelming that Thorne felt as if he could not live another moment without telling it to some one else. He sprang to O'Connor's bedside, and began to shake him as violently as Pat had shaken him half an hour before.

"Pat, Pat, wake up! The river! the river!"

"The river, is it, Masther Charlie?" said Pat, with his eyes wide open, and his hair, as well he might, poor fellow, at such an unexpected awakening. "Is it a flood ye mane?"

"No, no!" cried Thorne, indignantly; "there's an Unknown River somewhere, and we're going to discover it. Fancy what the fellows at our school will say, when they read our names in the newspapers, and see that we've been with Stanley in a place that no white man ever got to before!"

"That's an illigant idea, sure," cried O'Connor, broad awake in a moment. "Will we start at wanst, thin, Masther Charlie?"

And honest Pat was evidently quite ready to put his part of the business at the disposal of the moment to the Unknown River, or wherever else Charlie might think fit to lead him.

"Well, we needn't be in quite such a hurry as all that, Pat," answered Thorne, laughing in spite of himself. "We must wait till Mr. Stanley's ready to start with his expedition; and when he goes, I'll go too, as sure as my name's Charlie Thorne."

"And wherever ye go, Masther Charlie, it's Pat O'Connor that'll not be far behind ye anyhow."

"I know that, old fellow. Good night."

And Charlie fell asleep, and dreamed that he was wading down the Unknown River on the back of a hippopotamus (the face of which bore a singular likeness to that of Dr. Hardhead), while a group of White Africans, who were playing baseball on the bank, kept singing tauntingly an impromptu version of "Marching through Georgia":

"See the learn'd doctor now, who wouldn't believe

When Stanley tried to set him right, he made a precious fuss,  
So (serve him right!) he's turned into a hippopotamus.

And he goes sailing the Wellé.  
Hurrah! Hurrah! it's deathly sick he'll be,  
Hurrah! Hurrah! he'll be sore from neck to knee,  
And nibbling his tongue with a suicidal sea.

Till he has sailed down the Wellé."

But, full as Charlie's mind was of the Lost Race and the Unknown River, neither he nor any one living could have foreseen the astounding revelation which the next morning was to bring with it on that very subject.

It was, as might be supposed, late (as was only natural, after his disturbed night), and found Pat just beginning to dress.

At breakfast, Mr. Goodman noticed the pale faces and red eyes of our two heroes, and made some remark upon them; but Charlie never even heard him, so completely was he engrossed by the thought of the Unknown River and the Lost Race.

The meal had hardly ended, when a native came up and said something in an undertone to Stanley, who at once rose and went out with him.

Half an hour later, just as Thorne and O'Connor were wondering why Mr. Goodman did not appear to allot them their day's work, his voice was heard at a distance calling "Charlie!"

The boys, hurrying out to the terrace on the other side of the house, beheld a very strange and unlooked for spectacle.

He was, as if he meant to direct them under the shade of a broad leaved palm, with Mr. Goodman beside him. In front of them stood a tall black man, whose look of importance suggested that he must be a chief of some note.

A little behind the group, Dr. Hardhead, keeping his eyes fixed upon the African as keen as if he meant to dissect him on the spot, and was picking out the likeliest place to begin, seemed to be taking diligent notes either of his remarks or of his personal appearance.

The latter was certainly worth noting, for even in equatorial Africa it would have been hard to find a more extraordinary hobgoblin. He was immensely tall, and so thin that (as Pat observed with more frankness than courtesy) "his yaunt might cord a trunk wid him, asy." His gaunt, bright arms, disproportionately long even for his lanky body, might have roused the envy of a gorilla; and his nut shaped head had lost all its front wool by a terrible knife wound, the bald scar of which made him look very much like a parrot with its head feathers scalped off.

His dress was as extraordinary as himself. He had been tempted by the bright color of a red flannel shirt (the tarry blotches of which

showed it to have belonged to a seaman), and had put it on by thrusting his legs through the sleeves and drawing up the skirts round his waist, securing them there with a pair of striped cotton stockings twisted into a sort of girdle. A black broadcloth waistcoat, of unmistakably clerical cut, half covered his bony chest, across which it was fastened with loops of twisted grass.

"This is one of the chiefs of whom I told you the other day, Charlie, who come down sometimes from the upper river to trade with us," said Mr. Goodman, shooting a warning glance at his nephew, who was literally shaking with laughter. "I thought you'd like to see him, for if you go up the Congo with us on our next voyage, he may help you in seeing what you want."

Charlie, brimful of the Unknown River and the Lost Race of White Africans, looked quite radiant at this suggestion, and greeted the surprised chief with a hearty handshake and a boisterous greeting in Engilisa, of which his new friend understood not a word.

"Doesn't he understand plain English, poor old chap?" said Thorne, pityingly. "Well, just tell him, will you, Uncle Robert, that I want to shoot an elephant, and that if he'll put me in the way of doing it when I come to see him, I'll be awfully obliged to him."

When this was translated, the chief showed all his splendid white teeth in a broad grin, and made some answer, in which Charlie caught the words "Bula Matari" and the missionary. "That you seem to be such a keen hunter, you must be Mr. Stanley's son."

"Well, the old boy knows how to pay a compliment, and no mistake," cried our hero; "he won't beat that if he tries for a month. Ask him, please, how many elephants he's killed hunting in his amusemant."

The chief answered the question by picking up the gun which he had laid on the ground beside him, and holding it out towards Charlie, extending at the same time the five fingers of his other hand.

"What! Five elephants with that thing?" exclaimed Thorne in amazement, having seen that the natives hardly ever succeed in killing an elephant. "Why, it's only a flint lock—the regular old George the Third sort. What a hunter he must be!"

Charlie's manifest admiration evidently pleased the worthy savage, who exhibited with unmistakable pride the amount in which he carried his powder, curiously ornamented with rows of colored beads. Then he displayed his hunting knife, forged by a native smith, and fantastically decorated on sheath and handle.

But Charlie's eyes strayed from it to a small leopard skin pouch which was hung round the warrior's neck, a collar of twisted wire, similar to that which one sometimes sees among the Zulus and Basutos of South Africa.

Thorne pointed to the pouch with an inquiring look, to which the chief replied by an emphatic utterance of the single word "Fetich," which our hero had already heard often enough to be quite familiar with it.

"Fetich," cried Charlie. "It's a mighty queer one, anyhow. I say, let's see what's inside, will you?"

The chief paused for a moment when this request was translated to him, as if hesitating to show such a treasure, even to men whom he knew to be thoroughly trustworthy. Then he fetched to him the pouch, which seemed to be a folded sheet of very dirty paper, which he cautiously proceeded to open.

The three white men looked on carelessly, having already seen countless palm kernels and shreds of old handkerchiefs converted into sacred talismans, and supposing their goods to be of some trifling of the same kind. But no sooner was it fully opened, than Mr. Goodman and Dr. Hardhead started back as if they had seen a ghost, while even the iron nerved Stanley uttered a loud exclamation of astonishment.

(To be continued.)

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

#### THE TELEGRAPH IN ASIA.

FROM London to Calcutta, overland, is a distance of about eight thousand miles, and these two capitals of England and of India are connected by a curious and interesting telegraph line. Starting from Belgium, it passes through Germany and Russia to Odessa; then across the Crimea to Kerch, and along the Caucasian slopes to Tiflis; through Persia, passing by Teheran, Ispahan and Bushire; along the wild coast of Beloochistan to the Indian frontier.

It is, says Thomas Stevens, the bicyclist, in the New York Sun, the longest and best equipped telegraph line in the world. From the Belgian coast to far distant India there stretches one continuous long row of splendid iron poles, climbing over rugged mountains in the Caucasus, stretched out across the level Persian deserts in long, straight reaches, protruding like black, tapering stems from the sand wastes of Beloochistan.

To establish such a line was of course a work of enormous labor, and the difficulties were far from overcome when the posts were set up and

the wires strung on the insulators. For some years it was almost impossible to keep communication open between Teheran and Bushire. Here, for nearly a thousand miles the line follows along the greatest caravan route in Persia. The charvadars, or muleteers and camel men, regarded the long lengths of wire strung across along their route almost in the light of a special dispensation of Providence, sent to their favored country so that they might obtain all the material they wanted from time to time to mend their ramshackle pack saddles, chains and harness, without paying out any money. Whenever anything broke that could be mended with wire, the charvadar would simply shinny up a telegraph pole and help himself.

Next to the charvadars the wandering tribes were the worst depredators. The nomads of Persia are much given to embellishing their charms of person by means of thick wire bracelets. Copper or silver wire is their preference, but they have no objection to bracelets of baser metal, especially if they can obtain them without pay. To stretch a telegraph wire through their country was about the same thing as placing a pot of jam where it can be easily reached by a boy. Whenever anything broke that could be mended with wire, the charvadar would simply shinny up a telegraph pole and help himself.

Finding that they could be obtained for nothing by merely climbing up the iron poles and hacking off the wire, the popularity of the new wire bracelets spread far and wide among the tribes. The unsophisticated children of the desert, for a time, outdid even the caravan men. Ambitious young nomads thought they saw in the unlimited quantities of telegraph wire an opportunity to largely increase their wealth, and they began to carry the bracelets into the more remote regions, articles of commerce.

The English finally had to appeal to the Shah of Persia to protect the line. "Very good," said the King of Kings, blandly, "it shall be stopped." Orders were sent out to cut off the hands of people who were found wearing telegraph wire bracelets. Equally effective punishments were decreed for the caravan people. This had the desired effect, and today the telegraph wires are as safe in Persia as in any country.

#### HOW TO MAKE RUBBER STAMPS.

THE following directions for making rubber hand stamps have been furnished to us by a subscriber, and are more complete and practical than the brief recipe we gave some time ago:

Set up the desired words in type, and have the form tightly locked up. Take about 6 lbs. of French powdered chalk and 5 lbs. China clay, sift both together into a large tin pan, mix with water, and knead with the hands to the thickness of putty. Take a lump of this substance and dry it by laying it on the stove. This may be done before screwing up the type, as it must be perfectly dry when used.

Now take a smooth iron plate, with the sides raised so that the mold will be deep. Take some of the dried clay and chalk, and about half as much plaster of Paris, and mix together with a little dextrine and water, to make a putty. Spread this at once, before it dries, over the plate with a flat piece of metal, making it perfectly smooth and even.

Benize the type; put a piece of yellow tissue paper over the mold, and drop the plate gently on the type. Lift the plate up again, and pull off the paper; then apply the plate again to the type, this time without paper. Place the iron plate in a copying press, and screw down the wheel as if to copy a letter, but not so hard. Then loosen the wheel, and take out and separate the form and plate.

At this stage if the mold is still soft you must wait a while; when it becomes hard you can take the final impression. Again replace the plate on the form, being very careful that the type shall strike the mold in exactly the same place as before. Put them again in the press, and take the last impression by screwing the wheel as tightly as you can.

Now place the plate over a gas burner, and let it dry for three quarters of an hour. Sand-paper the mold, making it even and smooth. Then lay a strip of vulcanized rubber over the type, covering all of it, and place in the vulcanizer, which must be heated up to at least 200 degrees by gas jets beneath it. Press firmly again, screwing the wheel tight; then turn off the gas, and leave the mold in the press for ten minutes.

Then take out the mold, and pull the rubber from it. If you are making several stamps at once, cut them apart now. Glue each name to the hand stamp, or self inker, or whatever you wish to attach them to.

In making the mold, the best way to make sure that it will strike the type in exactly the same place every time is to have the type in a form that has a pin projecting from each corner, and to have corresponding holes in the plate.

#### A POOR AGENT OUTLOOK.

LIGHTNING ROD AGENT (to boy).—"Is that your father lying there in the shade, sonny?"

BOY.—"No, sir; pa's away, an' me an' ma is the only ones to home; that's a dead book agent. D'y'e want to sell ma anything?"

"Thunder, no!" said the lightning man, And he lit out.

THE GOVERNMENT'S YOUNGEST SERVANTS.

THE ARGOSY now and then receives inquiries concerning the pay, etc., of the Senate pages at Washington. Some interesting bits of information about these juvenile adjuncts to the wheels of government is afforded in the following article from the St. Louis Republican.

The Senate page corps numbers fifteen as bright and quick boys as can be found anywhere. They receive appointments on the recommendations of Senators, and come from all sections of the country. They are paid \$75 a month each during the session of Congress, which generally lasts about eight months for the long and three months for the short session, and at the close of the latter it is customary to vote them an extra month's pay in order that they may return to their homes.

In addition to their salary, the pages make quite a goodly sized sum by selling autograph albums containing the signatures of the Senators and prominent people whom they button-hole for their autographs. Their period of butterfly life is rather short, however, as it generally does not extend beyond two Congresses, the age limit being between ten and sixteen. After they reach the age of sixteen they are compelled to leave.

The pages are very neat in their dress, and pay great attention to style. They wear tunic coats and knee pants, generally of some dark material, and affect black silk stockings. Their work begins at their desks when they assemble in the Senate chamber and get the desks of the Senators in order for the day, arranging the several bills, petitions, etc., on them, after which, unless there are errands to run, they can amuse themselves until 12 o'clock, when the Senate convenes, at which time they station themselves on either side of the president's platform.

After the chaplain's prayer their work begins in earnest, and they are kept constantly on the run, answering the snap of the fingers of the Senators, carrying bills and papers to the president's desk, and executing the multitudinous demands of the law makers.

The Senate usually is in session till 4 o'clock, when it goes into executive session, releasing the pages from duty. As it is customary for the Senate to adjourn on Thursday evening until Monday morning, there is nothing for the pages to do in the interim, and they amuse themselves in various ways. Some are continually poring over novels of "The White Eagle, the Trapper," order, but the greater number are enthusiastic bicyclers, those who are not fortunate enough to own a wheel not begrudging paying sixty cents an hour for the rent of one, and many are the amusing squabbles among them as to how many minutes one has to ride it before another "takes it, they having hired it on shares. It cannot be denied, also, that some are confirmed "chewers."

The wide marble banisters on either side of the stairs leading to the upper floors offer a great temptation to them to slide down their head first, rather than walk down, and the velocity with which they go (when a fall to the tessellated floor beneath means certain death) would terrify their mothers.

They are all young politicians, taking a deep interest in the debates, and are thoroughly posted on all topics that come before the Senate, and religiously watch the position and merits of their respective senatorial favorites. It is not uncommon thing, after adjournment over some heated debate, for them to take sides and debate the arguments pro and con that they have heard. And they go at it with a vim, defying parliamentary law and grammar alike, and just as much in earnest as though they received \$500 a year for it.

But it is in their playroom—the awful mysteries of which they allow no other mortal eye to penetrate—where the pages kick up big jinks. For good and sufficient reasons, apparent to the most casual observer, this room is located in a distant and secluded portion of the capitol building, and there they shout, laugh and play to their hearts' content.

It is very seldom that quarrels among them ever result in blows, as it means a summons to appear before that awful tribunal, in the mind of a page, the sergeant at arms, to be followed by a suspension of two weeks or more, with loss of pay.

The pages are under the charge and direction of old Captain Bassett, who has occupied the position, it is said, ever since the memory of man. He started in as a page himself, and is now a hale, bald headed and white bearded old gentleman. Senator Gorman was also once a page, and the story is that he frequently had his ears pulled by Captain Bassett on occasions when he lapsed from grace.

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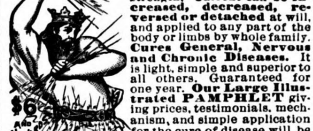
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A GREAT RUSH FOR BOOKS

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

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

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

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

THIS IS THE LIST OF FREE BOOKS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And we are now prepared to repeat this offer on our new story commenced this week, which is entitled

DEAN DUNHAM;

OR,

THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

We are very anxious to get this week's ARGOSY into the hands of boys and girls who are not now reading it, or perhaps never read it, and know nothing of its fine stories. We therefore make you the following offer:

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

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

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

FRANK A. MUNSEY, Publisher,

81 Warren Street, New York.





"Aw, I say there, boy, let me try your pony," said the dude.  
"You-you ride him, my bronco!" exclaimed the cowboy with surprise. "Wal yes, yes stranger. I allow you may," he added, as he dismounted with mischief in his eye.



HE TRIED THE BRONCO.

**LITERAL SIGN POSTS.**

The advent of the electric light has been hard on the publicly posted names of our city streets. It would take a race of giants to read them should they be suffered to retain on the new poles the positions they occupied on the old lamp posts, and yet when kept at their former level there is difficulty in deciphering them at night. A way out of the predicament might be had by adopting an old fashion prevalent in Yucatan, and which is thus described by the correspondent of an English paper:

Formerly all the streets in Merida were distinguished in a manner peculiar to Yucatan, by images of birds or beasts set up at the corners, and many still retain the ancient sign; for example, the street upon which we are living is called La Calle del Flamingo, because of a huge red flamingo painted on the corner house. Another is known as the street of the Elephant, and the representation of it is an exaggerated animal, with curved trunk and a body as big as a barrel. There is the street of the Old Woman, and on its corner is the caricature of an aged female, with huge spectacles astride her nose. The street of the Two Faces has a double faced human head; and there are others equally striking.

The reason for this kindergarten sort of nomenclature was because when the streets were named the great mass of inhabitants were Indians who could not read, and therefore printed signs would have been no use to them, but the picture of a bull, a flamingo or an elephant they could not mistake.

**CABLE CARS WERE NEW TO HIM.**

FARMER OUTCARE (who has just arrived in town, to his friend SCROGGES)—" Bless my soul! there goes a car without horses."  
SCROGGES—" Don't need any, it's a cable car, and the man on the platform runs it."  
OUTCARE—" Sh! Ye don't say? What a pow'ful strong chap he must be!"



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Best Facilities, Best course of Business  
Training, Shortest Time, Lowest Rates,  
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BRANCH SCHOOL,  
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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

**FISHING TACKLE Shot Guns Revolvers, Rifles, Etc.**  
Send stamp to  
Address  
Great Western  
For Price List, Catalogue, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
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in the use of WILBOR'S Compound of PURE COD LIVER OIL with PHOSPHATES, mild and agreeable in taste. Send for Illustrated Circular, FREE. DR. A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, BOSTON, MASS.  
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For cards, etc. Circular size \$5. Press for small newspaper \$14. Send 2 stamps for List presses, 151c, cards, to factory.  
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**GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.**  
Greatest Bargains in Teas, Coffee, Baking Powder and Premiums. For particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.  
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THE BEST \$100 BICYCLE ON THE MARKET.  
All the essentials of a high-grade Bicycle.  
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PRICE FOR 10 CENTS.  
BEAUTY OF POLISH, SAVING OF LABOR, FREEDOM FROM DUST, DURABILITY AND CHEAPNESS, TRULY UNRIVALLED IN ANY COUNTRY.  
CAUTION - BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS UNDER OTHER NAMES, PUT UP IN SIMILAR SHAPE AND COLOR INTENDED TO DECEIVE. EACH PACKAGE OF THE GENUINE BEARS OUR TRADE MARK. TAKE NO OTHER.  
MORSE BROS. PROPRIETORS  
BEWARE OF PAINT AND PASTE POLISH said to be labor-saving self-shining, etc. which stain the hands, pit the iron, and fill the house with a poisonous and sickening odor when heated.  
THE RISING SUN POLISH IS THE BEST RESULT OF TWENTY FIVE YEARS EXPERIMENTING.  
ONE SIX OUNCE PACKAGE SHAKEN UP WITH WATER WILL MAKE SEVERAL BOTTLES OF ODORLESS LIQUID OR PASTE POLISH, AND THE CONSUMER PAYS FOR NO EXPENSIVE TIN OR GLASS PACKAGE WITH EVERY PURCHASE.

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Send stamp to A. W. GIMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio, for price list of new American Wheel, and second-hand repairing and Nickel-plating. Bicycles and Guns taken in trade.  
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ALL STYLES & PRICES  
64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION  
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AN INVIGORATING TONIC CONTAINING PERUVIAN BARK, IRON, AND PURE CATALAN WINE.  
For the PREVENTION and CURE of Malaria, Indigestion, Fever & Ague, Loss of appetite, Poverty of Blood, Neuralgia, &c.  
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**AGENTS COIN MONEY** selling it. Housekeepers go wild over it. Apply for Terms and Territory at once.  
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