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GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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Vol. VI. No. 39.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 299.



DRAWN BY W. PARKER BODFISH.

ON THE HOMESTRETCH.

CRIMSON FORGES AHEAD—AN EXCITING RACE ON THE HUDSON RIVER BETWEEN YOUNG OARSMEN FROM RIVAL COLLEGES.

See Story "A Race Within A Race," on next page.

THE SUN.

BY R. K. MUNKITZBERG.

It rises over yonder hill - A flaming golden cup; Its kisses light the crystal rill And wakes the flowers up. It makes the murky shadows fly, It makes the apples glow, And in the peaceful summer sky It sets the bright rainbow. It gilds the cloudlet's fleecy wing, It draws the purple sea, Spills roses in the lap of spring And wakes the belted bee. I see it now its tresses shake 'Way down the west, and know It flies to China land to make The sweet tea roses blow.

A Race Within A Race.

BY PERCY EARL.

"Joy, it's queer enough that we three chaps should all come up here with our shirts at time!"

The speaker was a young man in a crimson blazer, Reginald McGrath by name. He was standing on the end of the little pier that jutted into the Hudson for the accommodation of boating parties from the Hendrik House, Powskill. He was watching two young fellows of his own age, attired in blue and white and dark blue jerseys respectively, were pulling leisurely up to the landing after a spurt up and down the noble stream in their skeleton boats.

"Why should it be queer, Rex?" said the young lady, a cousin of McGrath's, who had accompanied him on a stroll from the hotel piazza. "Because, don't you see," replied Reginald, touching his crimson blazer significantly, "we represent three different colleges. Wonder who the chaps are?"

This question was solved after dinner that evening when a mutual friend introduced Reginald McGrath, of Boston, to Lawrence Rhineway, of New York, and Edgar Bell, of Hartford.

The three were soon chatting volubly of matters at their respective colleges, of the men they knew in common, and of the latest instances of record breaking in the recent intercollegiate games.

But the theme which carried them far into the night was boating, and early the next morning all three were afloat for a friendly pull against one another across the Hudson. And this was but the first of many such aquatic diversions.

The young ladies in the respective parties were inclined to feel a little jealous of the shells that deprived them so frequently of the society of their cavaliers.

"A shell is as fish as a bicycle," was Maud McGrath's opinion, which, coming to the ears of the boating trio, caused them to look grave, until Edgar Bell suggested that they should get up a race and stir a little general excitement into their pulls.

This idea, being broached to the ladies, was hailed by them with undisguised delight, for there was no denying the fact that thus far the present summer at Powskill had been distressingly uneventful. They volunteered to make a prize for the victor with their own hands, and invited the victor to work on a silk flag of unique design and dazzling effect.

The young men, meanwhile, had an excellent excuse for going out in their shells more frequently than ever, but where they had formerly pulled off in sociable companionship, they now stole forth, each in an opposite direction, one going up the river, another down, and the third across.

They did not wish to detract from the interest of the spectators in the race itself by permitting them to compare the respective merits of the competitors by seeing them side by side beforehand. The proprietor of the Hendrik House promised his hearty co-operation in the way of providing stakes, starters, and "grand stands," as indeed he well might, seeing that the letters his guests had written to their friends concerning the forthcoming event had already resulted in orders for rooms to the full capacity of the hotel.

Some anxiety was felt regarding the possible state of the water, for that all important day, when the Saturday selected dawned, all concern on this score was dissipated. It was cool, and yet not windy, than which no more favorable conditions for a boat race can be imagined.

Quite a crowd had collected on the river bank long before the hour for starting, to say nothing of the packed steam launches and small boats that hovered in the neighborhood.

At last the three handsome shells stood lined in line off the little pier, bows pointed up stream, their occupants waiting with every nerve strained for the pistol shot that was to send them off, like an arrow from the bow of the archer.

Although there was none but the friendliest rivalry between them, each felt that more than his own personal gratification at being the victor was at stake. He had the prowess of his college to uphold, and thus each considered himself the champion for the time being of the honor of his alma mater.

When the three had rowed up to their places the cheers for the blue and white, and the dark blue, had been about equally divided as to volume, but it was noticeable that the cries for crimson were few in the number of voices that

swelled them, although shrill and enthusiastic in tone.

And this was not difficult to account for. The two first named colleges were such near at hand that the one from which McGrath hailed, and hence it was not strange that their adherents on this particular occasion should outnumber those that yelled for crimson.

But this very fact was destined to turn the tide of the neutrals in favor of Reginald, and the cheer that attended the send off was almost equally divided among the three universities.

But little augury as to the result could be had from a mere comparison of the rowers.

Although Bell was somewhat taller than the other two, each had the broad shoulders and straight back of the athlete. At the start off Rhineway had shot ahead, but was speedily overtaken by the other two, and then, for two minutes the three were neck and neck.

Of course this increased the excitement among the spectators tenfold, and the cheers that were sent up quite drowned the shrieks of two small boys who slipped into the shallow water near the shore by reason of craning their necks overboard.

The course had been laid out with special reference to the convenience of the onlookers, and was quarter of a mile down the river to a stake boat, thence up stream half a mile to another, and back from this to the starting point at the hotel wharf.

One of the involvements of the rounding of two stake boats, where one might have sufficed, but as the rowers had set out to please the young ladies in the affair, they had determined to be content throughout.

Bell spurred just before reaching the first turning point, and made such a close shave of the boat behind, that he came near fouling McGrath as he swept back again, headed towards Albany.

He kept this lead until after they had passed the hotel, and the Dark Blues howled themselves hoarse with delight.

But half way to the upper stake boat, Rhineway let take the again, and sent blue and white to the front once more.

"By George!" ejaculated a dark blue alumnus, "who would have thought they were so evenly matched!"

The excitement was in fact far in excess of that which it was thought possible to awaken in such a "scratch" competition, got up between two colleges who had never seen one another before. And the end was not yet.

The next second McGrath had forged his way to second place, shot past Rhineway and led the van on the home stretch amid a deafening chorus of cries for Crimson.

But both the others were pressing the new leader, and the excitement grew intense.

Reginald's cousin became so wrought up that she declared she couldn't look any longer, and put her fan up before her eyes. But a fresh cry caused her to put it aside quickly, and strain her gaze eagerly in the direction whither all their eyes were now turned. And this was not to the front, but to the boat behind the victor. "Keep off! keep off!" yelled fifty voices, intermingled with minor comments such as "The idiot!" "Stupidity!" and so on.

For the puffing tug boat, which had for some time been approaching the spot from the other side of the river, was now bearing directly down upon Bell and Rhineway.

The two latter, absorbed in the race, paid no attention to the intruder until it was within ten yards of them, and then looked up, fully expecting that her pilot would give them the right of way. But her course was maintained unswervingly, and no sound of whistle was heard to warn them out of the path.

The Hartford man, it is true, had been silently answered the next moment when it became clear that there was nobody in the pilot house.

"Pull towards shore, Bell, for your life! Never mind the race," cried Rhineway. "The tug's a runaway."

But the tug and youth needed no second bidding. He perceived only too clearly the danger they were in.

With all his might he pulled on the starboard oar, nearly oversetting his shell with the suddenness in the change of direction.

Rhineway, for they were now side by side—as they had been for his example, but a murmur of horror ran through the spectators as the tug too altered her course, as if bent on running them down.

It was a race within a race, and for life!

Men shouted directions which there was no time to carry out, and rushed frantically up and down the bank, as if their own rapidity of movement could communicate itself to those in danger. Women covered their faces with their hands, and some even placed their fingers in their ears.

"But look there, to the rescue, to the rescue!"

The ladies fearfully lift their heads and see the tug behind her, if their own rapidity of movement could communicate itself to those in danger. Women covered their faces with their hands, and some even placed their fingers in their ears.

Had it rested with him to board the runaway tug, he would have had no chance of success, but the angle at which the steamer had rushed in between his shell and the other two threw open to him the possibility of reaching her side by a diagonal course.

But even then, it was an open question of whether he would be able to reach the distance before the tug had shot out of reach.

Breathlessly the onlookers watched the outcome of his mighty effort. If he should not succeed in boarding the tug, even should Bell and Rhineway escape, was it not possible that her erratic course would bring her crashing into the frail dock on which men, women and children were packed so densely? For those on the shore end were crowded so eagerly forward to see all that they could, that the structure could not possibly be cleared for several minutes, and all the steam and sail craft in the river were too far off to be of any service. On Reginald's success then many lives might depend.

One stroke, two strokes, three strokes, and half of a fourth, and he is alongside of the tug. But be quick, man, or she will have escaped you.

Letting his handsome sculls go where they will, and leaving his shell to its fate, McGrath, with two rapid movements, springs to an upright position, places two hands on the tug's gunwale, and vaults over her side.

No use for him to plunge down into the engine room directly in front of him, however. He knows nothing about machinery, and his meddling with levers and valves might result only in further harm.

One flashes straight up the narrow deck to the pilot house, and another, on careful observation of the men at the wheel on the Boston night boats, he is at home in this method of steering.

A few brisk turns of the wheel and the tug is headed for the middle of the river, while a mighty cheer goes up from throats but just now parted with grief.

A boy from the village at once put out in a skiff and rescued Reginald's shell, but what was to become of Reginald himself?

How was he to stop the mad career of the Tantalus, which was the name lettered on the tug's pilot house? One thing was certain, he was not the fellow to desert her until she was harmless.

So he kept straight on towards the opposite shore, where he knew was a town that had considerable commerce. And sure enough, before he was half over he was hailed by three men in a sail boat, who had started out in pursuit of the runaway tugboat.

It seemed that she had run aground in the fore part of the day, and been abandoned by the crew until the tide should rise. Meanwhile a meddlesome boy had happened along in his boat, and boarding the deserted tug, had thought to have a little fun by fooling about the machinery.

They proceeded to put the machinery in motion, and as the tide was pretty well up, the motor sent the steamer off the shoal, so terrifying the boy that he jumped into his boat and pulled away for dear life.

The crew now came aboard, the sail boat was put in tow behind, and Reginald carried back to Powskill in triumph, where an ovation awaited him that caused his blushes to vie with his jersey in hue. He was unanimously voted a victor in the race, and had in fact, so both Rhineway and Bell positively declared, won two of them, having got the better of the runaway tug.

And the ladies at the Hendrik House had enough excitement to last them the remainder of the summer.

CAREFUL MILLIONAIRES.

Two directors of railroads, banks, and other large companies are almost always paid five or ten dollars for attending each meeting of their respective boards; and with some leading financiers, who are connected with many corporations, these comparatively insignificant sums amount to a good deal in a year.

The New York Mail and Express observes that it is curious to notice the anxiety displayed by some of the wealthy men in Wall Street when there is a prospect that one of these regular meetings will not be held because of the lacking presence of a quorum, the rule being, in such cases, no meeting no pay.

The other day there was no quorum at an executive meeting of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad, and Russell Sage is represented to have worked himself into a very interesting condition of excitement over the absence of the necessary quorum and the consequent loss of the opportunity to charge up five dollars against the company. He said that the young men on the committee had no business to be on it, as his sense of responsibility was not at all properly developed. He was urging to tarry in the hope that others would soon put in an appearance, but he answered with prompt irritation that he couldn't afford to take the risk. He called the ten-dollar meeting, and the bank meeting paid ten dollars.

A somewhat similar story is told of another director of a great company. The other day a forgotten clerk neglected to give him notice of a meeting which had been sent to his office until long after the hour of the meeting had joined the vanished past. This forgetfulness cost the millionaire ten dollars, and for a time he thought very seriously of stopping that amount out of the clerk's slender salary.

THEY BELIEVED HIM.

Two ladies at the station asked the price of back fare, and finding it was twenty five cents, inquired—

"What do you ask for carrying baggage?" "Nothing," replied the clerk. "Well, you may carry the baggage, and we will walk," said the ladies.

A BLADE OF GRASS.

FOUND GROWING IN THE CREVICE OF A WALL IN THE HEART OF THE CITY.

O, TALL and tender blade of grass! Lifting thy slender sword of green To catch the sunbeams as they pass The glaring walls of stone between; Thou art a child of alien race, And unfamiliar with the town; Yet I admire thy modest face, And weave a song for thy renown.

What shrewd and daring wind of fate Discerned this naked grass of earth, And brought beyond the city's gate The living seed that gave thee birth? Between these rough and ragged stones, Lifting thy tender arms to heaven, Thou speakest in inspiring tones Of all the blessings God hath given.

[This story commenced in No. 291.]

THE Two Rivals;

OR, THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONCERNING HELEN DIGBY.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE arrived at his father's house after another period of residence on the Continent. The few years that had passed since we saw him last had made no perceptible change in his appearance. He still preserved his elastic youthfulness of form, and singular variety and play of countenance.

He seemed unaffectedly rejoiced to greet his parents, and had something of the gaiety and the tenderness of a boy returned from school.

His manner to Helen, whom he had sent on ahead, bespoke the civility that pervaded all the complexities and curves of his character. It was affectionate, but respectful. Hers to him, was subdued—but innocently sweet and gently cordial.

As soon as Harley was in his own room, his mother joined him.

"Well," said he, "I need not ask if you like Miss Digby. Who would not?"

"Harley, my own son," said the mother, bursting into tears, "be happy your own way; only be happy, that is all I ask."

Harley, much affected, replied gratefully and soothingly to this fond injunction. And then gradually leading his mother on to converse of Helen, asked abruptly—

"And of the chance of our happiness—her happiness as well as mine—what is your opinion? Speak frankly."

"Of her happiness there can be no doubt," replied the mother, proudly. "Of yours, how can you ask me? Have you not decided on that yourself?"

"But still it cheers and encourages me in any experiment, however well considered, to hear the approval of another. Helen has certainly a most gentle temper."

"I should conjecture so. But her mind—"

"Is very well stored."

"She speaks so little—"

"Yes, I wonder why? She's a woman!"

"Pshaw," said Harley, with a smiling, in spite of herself. "But tell me more of the progress of your experiment. You took her as a child and resolved to train her according to your own ideal. Was that easy?"

"It seemed so. I desired to instill habits of truth—she was already by nature truthful as the child; a taste for Nature's beauties, which seemed inborn; perceptions of Art as the interpreter of Nature—those were more difficult to teach. I think they may come. You have heard her play and sing?"

"No."

"She will surprise you. She has less talent for drawing; still, all that teaching could do has been done—in a word, she is accomplished. Temper, heart, mind—these all are excellent." Harley stopped, and suppressed a sigh. "Certainly I ought to be very happy," said he; and he began to wind up his watch.

"Of course she must love you?" said the countess, after a pause. "How could she fail?"

"Love me! My dear mother, that is the very question. I shall have to ask."

"Ask! Love is discovered by a glance; it has no need of asking."

"I have never discovered it then, I assure you. The fact is, that before her childhood was passed, I removed her as you may suppose, from my roof. She resided with an Italian family, near my usual abode. I visited her often, directed her studies, watched her improvement—"

"And fell in love with her?"

"Fall is such a violent word. No; I don't remember to have had as you may suppose, a smooth inclined plane from the first step, until at last I said to myself, 'Harley L'Estrange, thy time has come. The bud has blossomed into flower. Take it to thy breast.' And myself replied to myself meekly, 'So be it.' Then I found that Lady North, with her daughters, was coming to England, as you may suppose, to take my ward to your house. I wrote you, and prayed your assent; and, that granted, I knew you would obtain my father's. I am here—you will give me the approval I sought for. I will speak to Helen tomorrow. Perhaps, after all, she may reject me."

"Strange, strange—you speak thus coldly, thus lightly; you so capable of ardent love!"

"Mother," said Harley, earnestly, "be satisfied! I am! Love as an old I feel, alas! too well, can visit me never more. But gentle companionship, tender friendship, the relief and the sunlight of a woman's smile—hereafter the voices of children—music, that, striking on the hearts of both parents, wakens the most lasting and the purest of all sympathies. These are my hope. Is the hope so mean, my fond mother?"

Again the countess wept, and her tears were not dried when she left the room.

The next morning was mild, yet somewhat overcast by the mists which announce coming winter in the atmosphere. Helen walked musically beneath the trees that surrounded the garden of Lord Lansmere's house. Many leaves were yet left on the boughs; but they were sere and withered. And the birds chirped at times; but their note was mournful and complaining.

All within this house, until Harley's arrival, had been strange and sad. The countess, timid and subdued spirits, Lady Lansmere had received her kindly, but with a certain restraint; and the loftiness of manner, common with the countess to all but Harley, had awed and chilled the diffident orphan.

Lady Lansmere's very interest in Harley's case—her attitude toward Helen—her reserve—her watchful eyes whenever Helen shyly spoke, or shily moved, frightened the poor child, and made her unjust to herself.

The very servants, though staid, grave, and respectful, as suited a dignified, old-fashioned household, painfully contrasted the bright talk of her attendant. Her recollections of the happy warm Continental manner, which so sets the bashful at their ease, made the stately and cold precision of all around her doubly awful and dispiriting.

Lord Lansmere himself, who did not as yet know the views of Harley and little dreamed that he was to undertake daughter in law in the ward whom he understood Harley in a freak of generous romance, had adopted, was familiar and courteous, as became a host. But he looked upon Helen as a mere child, and naturally left her to the countess.

The dim sense of her equivocal position—of her comparative humbleness of birth and fortunes, oppressed and pained her; and even her gratitude to Harley was made burdensome by a sentiment of helplessness. The grateful longing to requite. And what could she ever do for him?

Thus musing, she wandered alone through the curving walks; and this sort of mope country landscape—London loud and even visible beyond the high gloomy walls, and no escape from the windows of the square formal house—seemed a type of the prison bounds of rank to one whose soul yearns for simple, loving Nature.

Helen's reverie was interrupted by Nero's joyous bark. He had caught sight of her, and came bounding up, and thrust his large head into her hand.

As she stopped to caress the dog, happy at his honest greeting, and tears that had been long gathering to the iris fell silently on his face (for I know nothing that more moves us to tears than the hearty kindness of a dog, when something in human beings has pained or chilled us), she heard behind the musical voice of Harley.

He softly she dried or repressed her tears, as her guardian came up, and drew her arm within his own.

"I had so little of your conversation last evening, my dear ward, that I may well monopolize you now, even to the privation of Nero. And so you are once more in your native land."

Helen sighed softly.

"May I not hope that you return under fairer auspices than those which your childhood knew?"

Helen turned her eyes with ingenuous thankfulness to her guardian, and the memory of all she owed to him rushed upon her heart.

Harley continued, and with earnest, though melancholy sweetness—"Helen, your eyes thank me; but hear me before your words do. I deserve no thanks. I am about to make to you a strange confession of egotism and selfishness."

"You!—oh, impossible!"

"Judge yourself, and then decide which of us shall have cause to be grateful. Helen, when I was scarcely your age—a boy in years, but more, methinks, a man at heart, with man's strong energies and sublime aspirations, than I have ever since been—bold, ardent, and full of life. He paused a moment, in evident struggle. Helen listened in mute surprise, but his emotion awakened her own; her tender woman's heart yearned to console. Unconsciously her arm rested on his less lightly.

"Deeply, and for sorrow. It is a long tale, that may be told hereafter. The world would call my love a madness. I did not reason on it—I cannot reason on it now. Enough; death smote suddenly, terribly, and to me mysteriously, her whom I loved. The love lived on. Fortunately, perhaps, for me, I had quick distraction, not to grief, but to its inert indulgence. I was a soldier; I joined our armies. Men called me brave, I flattered! I was a coward before the thought of life. I sought death; like sleep, it does not come at our call. Peace ensued. As when the winds fall the sails droop—so when exertion ceased,

all seemed to me flat and objectless. Since then I have been a wanderer—a self made exile. My boyhood had been ambitious—all ambition ceased. And now, when I did not mean thus weakly to complain—I to whom heaven has given so many blessings!

"I felt, as it were, separated from the common objects and joys of men. I grew started to see how, year by year, wayward humors possessed me. I resolved again to attach myself to some living heart—it was my sole chance to rekindle my own. But the one I had loved remained as my type of woman, and she was different from all I saw. Therefore I said to myself: 'I will rear from childhood some young fresh life, to grow up into my ideal.' As this thought began to haunt me, I chanced to discover you. Since with the romance of your early life, touched by your courage, charmed by your affectionate nature, I said to myself: 'Here is what I seek.' Helen, in assuming the guardianship of your life, in all the culture which I have sought to bestow on your docile childhood, I repeat that I have been but the egotist. And now, when you have reached that age, when it becomes me to speak, and you to listen—now, when you are under the sacred roof of my own mother—now I ask you, can you accept this heart, such as wasted years, and griefs too fondly nursed, have left it? Can you be, at least, my comforter? Helen, here I ask you: you are this, and under the name of—'Wife?'"

It would be in vain to describe the rapid, varying, indefinable emotions that passed through the inexperienced heart of the youthful listener as Harley thus spoke.

He mused all the prayers of anage, compassion, tender respect, which had never crossed her mind; that she had never contemplated him in the character of wooer; never even sounded her heart as to the nature of such feelings as his image had aroused.

"My Helen," he resumed, with a calm pathos of voice, "there is some disparity of years between us, and perhaps I may not hope henceforth for that love which youth gives to the young. Permit me simply to ask, what you will frankly answer—can you have seen in our quiet life abroad, or under the roof of our Italian friends, any one you prefer to me?"

"No, indeed, no!" murmured Helen. "How could I? Who is like you?"

Then, with a sudden effort, for her innate truthfulness took alarm, and her very affection for Harley, childlike and reverent, made her tremble lest she should deceive him—she drew a little aside and spoke thus:

"Oh, my dear guardian, noblest of all human beings, at least in my eyes, forgive, forgive me if I seem ungrateful, hesitating; but I cannot, cannot think of myself as worthy of you. I never so lifted my eyes. Your rank, your position—"

"Why should you be eternally my curse? Forget them, and go on."

"It is not only they," said Helen, almost sobbing, "though they are much; but I, your type, your ideal!—I! impossible! Oh, how can I ever be anything even of use, of aid, of comfort, to one like you!"

"You can, Helen—you can," cried Harley, charmed by such ingenuous modesty. "May I not keep this hand?"

And Helen left her hand in Harley's, and turned away her face, fairly weeping. A stately step passed under the wintry trees.

"My mother," said Harley L'Estrange, looking up, "I present to you my future wife."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF INFORMATION.

WITH a slow step and an abstracted air, Harley L'Estrange bent his way toward Egerton's house, after his eventual interview with Helen.

He had just entered one of the streets leading into Grosvenor Square, when a young man, walking quickly from the opposite direction, came full against him, and drawing back with a brief apology, recognized him, and exclaimed: "Here you are in England, Lord L'Estrange! I accept my congratulations on your return. But you seem scarcely to remember me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Leslie. I remember you now by your smile; but you are of an age in which it is permitted me to say that you look older than when I saw you last."

Leslie resumed: "Perhaps you are on your way to Mr. Egerton's. If so, you will not find him at home; he is at his office."

"Thank you. Then to his office I must direct my steps."

"I am going to him myself," said Randal.

L'Estrange had no prepossession in favor of Leslie, from the little he had seen of that young gentleman; but Randal's remark was an appeal to his habitual urbanity, and he replied with well-bred readiness: "Let us be companions so far."

Randal accepted the arm proffered to him, and Lord L'Estrange, as is usual with one long absent from his native land, bore part as a questioner in the dialogue that ensued.

"Egerton is always the same man, I suppose—too busy for illness, and too firm for sorrow?"

"If he ever feels either he will never stoop to complain. But indeed, my dear lord, I should like much to know what you think of his health."

"How? You alarm me!"

"Nay, I did not mean to do that; and, pray, do not let him know that I went so far. But I have fancied that he looks a little worn and suffering."

"Poor Audley!" said L'Estrange, in a tone of deep affection. "I will sound him, and, be assured, without naming you; for I know well how little he likes to be supposed capable of human infirmity. I am obliged to you for your hint—obliged to you for your interest in one so dear to me."

And Harley's voice was more cordial to Randal than it had ever been before. He then began to inquire what Randal thought of the rumors that had reached himself as to the probable defeat of the government, and how far Audley's spirits were affected by such risks. But Randal here, seeing that Harley could communicate nothing, was reserved and guarded.

"Loss of office, could not, I think, affect a man like Audley," observed Lord L'Estrange. "He would be as great in opposition, perhaps greater; and as to emoluments—"

"The emoluments are good," interposed Randal, with a half sigh.

"Good enough, I suppose, to pay him back about a tenth of what his place costs our magnificent friends—no, I will say one thing for English statesmen, no man among them ever yet was the richer for place."

"And Mr. Egerton's private fortune must be large, I take for granted," said Randal, carelessly.

"It ought to be, if he has time to look to it."

Here they passed by the hotel in which lodged the Count di Peschiera.

Randal stopped.

"Will you excuse me for a instant? As we are passing this hotel, I will just leave my card here." So saying, he gave his card to a waiter lounging by the door. "For the Count di Peschiera," said he, aloud.

"L'Estrange started; and as Randal again took his arm, said:

"So that Italian lodges here? and you know him?"

"I know him but slightly, as one knows any foreigner who makes a sensation."

"He makes a sensation?"

"Naturally; for he is handsome, witty, and said to be very rich—that is, as long as he receives the revenues of his exiled kinsman."

"I see you are well informed, Mr. Leslie."

And what is supposed to bring hither the Count di Peschiera?"

"I did hear something, which I did not quite understand, about a bet of his that he would marry his kinsman's daughter; and so, I conclude, secure to himself all the inheritance; and that is, therefore here to discover the kinsman and win the heiress. But probably you know the rights of the story, and can tell me what credit to give to such gossip."

"I know this at least, that if he did lay such a wager, I would advise you to take any odds against him that his backers may give," said L'Estrange, and while his lip quivered with anger, his eye gleamed with arch, ironical humor.

"You think, then, that this poor kinsman will not need such alliance in order to regain his estates?"

"Yes; for I never yet knew a rogue whom I would not bet against, when he backed his good luck as a rogue against Justice and Providence."

Randal winced, and felt as if an arrow had grazed his heart; but he soon recovered.

"And, indeed, there is another vague rumor that the young lady in question is married already—to some Englishman."

"This time it was Harley who winced, and said: "Good Heavens! that cannot be true—that would undo all! An Englishman just at this moment! But some Englishman of corresponding rank, I trust, or, at least, one known for opinions opposed to what an Austrian would call necessary doctrine."

"I know nothing. But it was supposed, merely a private gentleman of good family. Would not that suffice? Can the Austrian court dictate a marriage to the daughter as a condition for grace to the father?"

"No—not that!" said Harley, greatly disturbed. "I was preserved in the position of any minister to one of the great European monarchies. Suppose a political insurgent, formidable for station and wealth, had been proscribed, much interest made on his behalf, a powerful party striving against it, and just when the minister is disposed to relent, he hears that the heiress to this wealth and this station is married to the native of a country in which sentiments friendly to the very opinions for which the insurgent was proscribed are popularly entertained, and thus that the fortune to be restored may be so employed as to disturb

the national security—the existing order of things. Suppose all this and then say if anything could be more untoward for the hopes of the banished man, or furnish his adversaries with stronger arguments against the restoration of his fortune? But,shaw—this must be a chimera! If true, I should have known of it."

"I quite agree with your lordship—there can be no truth in such a rumor. Some Englishman hearing, perhaps, the probable pardon of the exile, may have counted on an heiress, and spread the report in order to keep off other candidates. By your account, if successful in his suit, he might fail to find an heiress in the bride?"

"No doubt of that. Whatever might be arranged, I can't conceive that he would be allowed to get at the fortune, though it might be held in suspense for his children. But, indeed, it so rarely happens that an Italian girl of high name marries a foreigner, that we must dismiss this notion with a smile at the long face of the hypothetical fortune hunter. Heaven help him, if he exist!"

"Amen!" echoed Randal, devoutly.

"I hear that Peschiera's sister is returned to England. Do you know her too?"

"A little."

"My dear Mr. Leslie, pardon me if I take a liberty as warranted by our acquaintance. Against the lady will be our match, and the more revered our age. You agree with me?"

And Harley suddenly turning, his eyes fell like a flood of light upon Randal's pale and secret countenance.

"To be sure," murmured the schemer.

Harley, surveying him, mechanically recoiled, and withdrew his arm.

Fortunately for Randal, who somehow or other felt himself slipped into a false position, he scarce knew how or why, he was here seized by the arm; and a clear, open, manly voice cried: "My dear fellow, how are you? I see you are engaged now; but look into my rooms when you can, in the course of the day."

And with a bow of excuse for his interruption, to Lord L'Estrange, the speaker was then turning away, when Harley said:

"No, don't let me take you from your friend, Mr. Leslie. And you need not be in a hurry to see Egerton; for I shall claim the privilege of older friendship for the first interview."

"It is Mr. Egerton's nephew, Frank Hazelden."

"Pray, call him back, and present me to him. He has a face that would have gone far to reconcile Timon to Athens."

Randal bowed; and after a few kindly words to Frank, Harley insisted on leaving the two young men together, and walked on to Downing Street with a brisker step.

To a reader happily unaccustomed to dive into the deep and mazy recesses of a schemer's mind, it might seem that Randal's interest in retaining a hold over the exile's confidence would terminate with the assurances that had reached him, from more than one quarter, that Violante might cease to be an heiress if she married himself.

"But, perhaps," suggests some candid and youthful confidant—"should absolutely die in love with this fair creature?"

Randal in love! No! He was too absorbed by harder passions for that blissful folly. Nor if he could have fallen in love, was Violante the one to attract that sullen, secret heart; her instinctive nobleness, the very stanchness of her beauty, wamanlike and manly, was, as he had seen that a kind may love some slave—she cannot lift their eyes to a queen. They may look down—they cannot look up. It is not in them.

But, on the one hand, Randal could not resign altogether the chance of securing a fortune that would realize his most dazzling dreams, upon the mere assurance, however probable, which had so dismayed him; and, on the other, should he be compelled to relinquish all idea of such alliance, though he did not contemplate the base peridy of actually assisting Peschiera's avowed designs, still, if Frank's pend upon her brother's obtaining the knowledge of Violante's retreat, and that marriage should be as conducive to his interests as he thought he could make it, why—he did not then push his deductions further, even to himself—they seemed too black; but he sighed heavily, and that sigh forebode how weak would be honor and virtue against avarice and ambition.

Therefore, on all accounts, Kicabocca was one of those cards in a sequence, which so calculating a player would not throw out of his hand. Intimacy with the Italian was still part and parcel of that knowledge which was the synonym of power.

(To be continued.)

FOREIGN LUNG TROUBLE.

BROWN—"You don't look well lately, Robinson."

ROBINSON—"No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble."

BROWN—"Nonsense; your lungs are all right."

ROBINSON—"Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's."

FORTUNE'S ARROWS.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.

LET Fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
I have a soul, that like an ample shield,
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.
Fate was not mine, nor am I Fate's;
Souls know no conquerors.

Archery.

BY EDWIN C. BRIDGMAN.



ARCHERY, as the reader is probably aware, is one of the most ancient of

arts. For at least two thousand years it played a most important part in the history of warfare, from the time when the arrows shot by the soldiers of the Scythian queen Tomyris utterly destroyed the army of the Persian monarch Cyrus, to the days of Poitiers and Grece, when the shafts of the stalwart English yeomen carried death and dismay among the ranks of the French chivalry.

After the introduction of firearms, the bow went out of use as a military weapon, and with it perished much of the picturesque of mediæval combats. Archery lingered long as a pastime, but after the reign of Elizabeth it went completely out of fashion in England, and was almost lost in the forgetfulness of the past, when, like many other old things, it was revived and once more brought into favor during the last two generations.

While some other pastimes are more popular and widely known, yet archery, the sport that has Robin Hood and Maid Marian for its patron saints, has many enthusiastic votaries in this country. It deserves to have them. In spite of its disadvantages—the cost of a good outfit, the difficulty of procuring a suitable ground, and the long practice necessary to acquire any degree of skill—it is recommended by several peculiarities. It is one of the few sports in which men and women, boys and girls, can meet on terms of friendly and equal rivalry. It depends mainly on skill, not on strength; and at the same time it gives very healthy exercise to the muscles, and there is nothing like it for expanding the chest and shoulders. It would do untold good to many a girl. It takes her out of doors into the breezy sunshine, and that regularly, if she is ever to hit the target; it knits together her thews and sinews, gives her decision and promptness, and that nice correspondence between eye and hand which lies at the root of all excellence in art, and furnishes her with an object in life, and something which day by day may stir her emulation, and prevent her pulses from stagnating in idleness. In a word, shooting with bow and arrow will speedily turn, if any sport can do it, a pale, dyspeptic girl into an active blooming Amazon.

Then, again, there is a fascination about archery which fills its adherents with such enthusiasm that they consider it the most delightful and enjoyable as well as the most health giving and picturesque of pastimes.

There are four parts of the country that form the centers of this archery enthusiasm. These are New York, Washington, Ohio and California. Probably Ohio is stronger in the element than any of the others, as it has for outlying support clubs in the neighboring States of Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky, and Indiana. There is a strong club in New York City, and one in Brooklyn, while

California boasts of an organized band of archers. Washington has had a club for a number of years, and it is said that the latest recruit to the ranks is none other than the mistress of the White House.

There is a National Association of Archers, which has a meeting every year, with championship matches. This year's convention is to be held at the Soldier's Home, Dayton, Ohio, on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of August. The gentlemen's championship is now held by Mr. Clark, of Wyoming, Ohio, and the ladies' by Mrs. Phillips, a Michigan archer.

THE ARCHER'S EQUIPMENT.

To shoot well the beginner needs a good bow. The enthusiastic archer who shoots from dawn till dusk the longest of these long summer days will tell you that there is nothing like yew. A straight bit of yew without a knot in it is the archer's ideal, and the young aspirant, if he can send abroad for it, may send from \$100 to \$250 after that same beautiful embodiment of elasticity and spring.

A good bow is like a fine old violin; its owner makes a baby of it, and passes a hand lovingly over every inch of its polished wood, never thinking of reproaching it for the extravagance it bred.

Equipped for the field, there are two preliminaries for the beginner to manage. He must learn to string the bow, and he must learn how to stand.

The archer's position is a peculiar one. The bowman who would master it must take his place with his left side turned toward the target, feet squarely on the ground, heels some few inches apart, the toe of the left foot pointing to the right of the target, face turned over the left shoulder looking straight at the gold.

This is on the assumption that the bow has already been strung. To perform this delicate operation, the handle of the bow is grasped with the left hand, the bottom end resting against the inside of the left foot. The back of the bow is thus pulled toward you steadily with the left hand, while the right carries the string and slips its loop into the notch at the upper end. The point on the string where the arrows should be nocked, opposite the upper line of plush which marks the bow handle, is always indicated by the good archer with a bit of colored thread so that the arrow may be correctly placed every time.

To get a correct draw, the bow is held horizontally by the handle with the left hand, while the right takes the arrow from the quiver and adjusts the neck on

80 yards and 60 yards, the standards for men, but the ladies' range as recognized by the clubs calls only for arrows at 90 yards, 40 yards, and 50 yards in shooting for prizes. These ranges are much shorter than those shot by the lady archers in England. There are women who have practiced archery all their lives; here Maid Marian commonly shoots for a season or two only, while it is in fashion.

The young archer will find it hard at first to hit the target at all, even at a short range, much more to strike the "gold," or bull's eye. The following directions, given by an expert, may be of service to him:

While you are placing your arrow in its place for a shot, your bow should be held horizontally. When you are ready to shoot, take such a position with reference to the target that you are at right angles to it, but you turn your face over your left shoulder so that you look directly at it. The arrow being nocked, you now place the first three fingers of the right hand under the string and hook them upon it with the arrow between the first and second fingers. Turn the bow to a perpendicular position, the arrow resting on the knuckle of the first finger of the bow hand and against the bow.

Don't attempt to take aim. Fix the eyes upon a mark and draw the arrow back until you can feel that the head is just about to touch the bow hand. But do not take your eyes off the target to determine this.

When the arrow has been drawn back its full length let go at once, for it will not do at all to keep it in position to get a better sight. You must practice to get a correct aim by simply glancing at the target, while drawing the arrow back.

Of course, if the target is far away, one has to consider the degree of elevation according to which the arrow must be shot to make it reach the target at all; but that is learned only by actual experience, and cannot be taught without the bow in hand.

The novice is likely to draw the string back too low. The right hand should always be just above the ear when the arrow is ready to be loosened. This is hard and awkward to begin with, but it is the only way to shoot, and should be insisted on with all archers.

In conclusion, a few historical details may be of interest. It is only within a hundred years that firearms have been able to beat the most skillful archers. In 1791 a match was shot at Chalk Farm, now part of London, between a Mr. Glynn, an archer, and a Dr. Higgins, who used a rifle. The target was four feet in diameter and distant 100 yards. Each contestant had twenty one shots. The result will make modern riflemen laugh, for Dr. Higgins is credited with "hitting" the target twelve times. No account is taken of bull's eyes; a man who did not send the bullet whistling into the next county was thought to be a crack shot. Glynn did better with his bow, for he hit the target fifteen times out of his twenty one trials, and thus won the match.

As late as 1812, when the French were getting away from Moscow as fast as possible, some Tartar archers followed the retreating army at such a distance that the French muskets did not reach them, and yet worried and decimated the fleeing ranks by bow shot.

The longest distance that an arrow has been sent from a bow, the record of which may be regarded as authentic, is 972 yards. This tremendous feat was accomplished by Selim, Grand Seigneur of Turkey, in 1798. The record was carefully taken by Sir Robert Ainslie, at that time British representative at the Turkish court.

The bows of today could not throw an arrow under the best conditions half that distance. The Turks made their bows to use as weapons, and they were accordingly long and heavy, and the arrow that Selim shot was a light one. One of the best long records ever made in England was also the work of a Turkish bow and a Turkish archer. It was in 1792, when Mahmood Effendi, Secretary to the Turkish Embassy, shot an arrow a distance of 482 yards. The best bows of the present time find their limit at about 400 yards.



FOLLOWERS OF MAID MARIAN AND ROBIN HOOD.

Not, however, that one need to spend any such sum. Lancewood, lemonwood, snakewood, beefwood bows, either in one piece or backed, that is made of two pieces glued together, come very much cheaper, almost indeed at any price you choose to pay. Five dollars is as low as it is economy to go, and a \$10 or \$15 bow will give better satisfaction in the long run.

Maid Marian's bow is lighter than Robin Hood's. He shoots with a thirty five to fifty pound bow. Forty pounds is perhaps his average, though if his muscles are well seasoned he may not stick at sixty pounds.

Maid Marian begins at twenty to twenty two pounds, and unless she shoots a great deal seldom gets above twenty five. There are good bow women in Brooklyn and New York, however, who shoot habitually with a man's bow of thirty to forty pounds.

Pounds, the expert will explain to you, means the power required to bend a bow sufficiently to draw the arrow to the head.

Next after the bow come the arrows, of seasoned pine, straight, smooth, feathered with peacock feathers, and of lighter weight for a lady's bow, proportioned to its drawing power.

The quiver is a thing of fancy, as ornamental as you please. When a target has been provided, \$20 is the sum which will cover an economical bill.

The left hand now lifts the bow as high as the shoulder, turning it almost but not quite perpendicular, the top leaning a trifle to the right, while the fingers of the right hand are hooked round the string, the arrow resting between the first and second fingers.

The right hand now draws the string back straight from the center of the bow, while the eyes are fixed on the target, and when the arrow has been fully drawn to its head it is at once and smoothly let go.

"There are just two requisites for a good score in archery," said a good archer recently, "always taking patience and practice for granted. One of these is a quick eye, the other is steady nerves. Nobody who is flurried can shoot. More than that, though the hand may seem firm at the moment, if the mind is, or has been recently, preoccupied or worried, good by to your chances. A lady who is one of the best archers in the country called a meet on her lawn one pleasant day this spring. She had been making exceptionally fine scores every morning at practice, but that day with the care of her guests on her shoulders, she made the most wretched showing of anybody there."

Women who shoot well are not by any means few, though the range employed is commonly much shorter than for men. There are archers feminine here and there who try their arrows at 100 yards,

THE HAPPY FARMER.

BY E. C. S. BROWN.

At last, at last, the evening shadows fall,
And wearily but happily I lie me home
While in my heart I hear the welcome call
That bids me from the hillside to the hearthside
come.
O parting day, that brings the parted near!
O dusky shade, when higher lights appear!
I welcome thee, with heart and carol free,
I welcome thee, blest hour, when fond hearts wel-
come me!

[This story commenced in No. 293.]

**THE
Old Man of the Mountains**

OR,

THE RAILROAD AMONG THE ANDES.

By **GEORGE H. COOMER,**

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

CHAPTER XX.

A WONDERFUL CAVE.

WHEN the barricade had been erected, the cavern was very dark, although some streaks of light still came through chinks in the rude door. These streaks seemed to cut the darkness like knives, and had the appearance of thin partitions reaching out through the gloom.

Rupert had never before felt how precious a ray of light may be.

After a time he realized that the walls of his prison, the rock floor beneath him, and the rock roof overhead, all began to be faintly perceptible, though there was no more light than at first. His eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness; and it occurred to him that, after all our talk of night and day, a human being might, perhaps, by force of habit arrive at the condition of an owl, so as to have no need of the sun except for warmth.

Nevertheless he felt himself very far from this condition at present, for he could not see the rats that went scampering across the cave, though an owl, he believed, would have had no difficulty in doing so. He thought of the solitary prisoners of whom he had read, such as Baron Trenck, and the Man in the Iron Mask, and their fate appeared to him more terrible than it had ever done before.

As his first emotions, which were chiefly those of anger and scorn, began to subside, he reflected upon the probable consequences of what had taken place. He did not believe his life to be in danger, but he thought that Mr. Orne would probably keep him a prisoner for a considerable time—at least until after Isabel's fate should be decided, if not longer.

"I don't know what he can expect to do with me then," he thought, "for I shall still be in his way as much as ever, but perhaps he imagines he can bring me to some kind of terms; so that I will say nothing about the distillery business. At all events he wants to have the affair of Bel settled before he has any trouble about the other. O, if I could only get him arrested for breaking the revenue laws, I might find Bel and save her! But, dear me, at present I look much like that now! Here I am—a prisoner!"

He could not help seeing how serious his predicament was. Here, completely in the power of these outlaws, he must, perhaps, remain for a long time, or at least until there could be no further hope of rendering Bel assistance.

After all had become silent outside of his dungeon, Rupert worked desperately upon the clumsy door which shut him in, trying with might and main to force aside some portion of the heavy barricade, but found that he could not move it in the least.

Firm and steady as his nerves generally were, they almost gave way under the terrible strain now imposed upon them.

"Must I remain here," he asked himself, "and either be starved to death or fed like a convict by these villains? I must be more hungry than I am now before I touch a morsel of anything to eat from their hands! And yet, what am I to do? How can I help myself?"

For a time he felt as if he should go wild, but at last he calmed himself, with a sullen resolution to hold out in mind if he could not hold out in body.

There was a small quantity of trumpery lying about the rock floor, and in order to see if there was among it any weapon which would serve him for a seat or a bed better than the rock itself, he lighted a friction match, as he had done several times before while he was attempting to force the barricade.

Holding it at arm's length, he was taking a hurried survey of the few articles scattered about, when he discovered among them a large lantern standing near the cavern wall. Picking it up, he found it to be in good condition, and full of oil. No doubt many lanterns were used about the distillery, and probably this one had been left where it was last used.

Rupert lighted it and felt a sort of relief at sight of the clear, steady blaze that seemed such friendly company in the midst of that black darkness. The rays shone upon the rough walls and reached for a good distance back into the cavern.

A sudden thought possessed the young prisoner, and he determined to explore the place as far as possible. It might be that some avenue of escape could be found. He had, of course, little hope of this, but at least the exploration would help to divert his thoughts.

"It would be useless to think of sleeping," he said to himself, "so I will see what the place looks like."

He entered a passage that seemed no more than a narrow fissure in the rock, and which at many places would not have admitted two persons abreast. At irregular intervals it zigzagged sharply to right and left, but as it was not crossed by other passages, there seemed to be no danger of getting lost while exploring it.

"Probably," he thought, "those fellows behind me know all about this cave; and yet if they think it haunted, as they seem to, it may be, after all, that they take good care to keep out of it, and they will never follow me."

peared to be hardly less than a hundred feet above him.

The immensity of the cavern struck him with wonder, for, turn where he would, it still reached beyond him; and as he continued to discover rift after rift in the roof, his hope was strong that when day should come outside, it would show him some fissure through which he could escape.

At length he saw that it was morning. This he could easily discover by the flashes of light that shot into all the crevices and made long, golden bars through gray darkness. Still, however, he could see no opening, large or small, which it was possible to reach. All were as high above him as the dome of a church is above the aisles below.

At many points within the cave it was now as light as it is outdoors in an ordinary moonlight night; yet there were other parts still wrapped in profound darkness.

Rupert wandered on and on, hoping that the lofty roof would soon begin to pitch downward, or the low floor to slant upward, so that some of those tempting rifts would become accessible. But as yet there was no sign that such was to be the case.

hung precisely such another grove, but with the branches pointing downward, like boughs reflected in the water. It was a strangely beautiful spectacle.

Rupert kept on through the seeming grove till he reached what appeared to be the very last of these stalagmites and stalactites; but as he approached the spot there was something about it which drew his attention more and more strongly at every step. At length he stopped short. His lantern rays fell upon the stony shape before him, that, like all the others, reminded him of an old tree trunk; but it was not this which brought him to the full stop he made; it was an object reclining against it.

CHAPTER XXI.

DESPAIR AT LAST.

RUPERT friend held his lantern now high, now low, now to right and now to left, trying to throw the best possible light upon what he saw.

A strange sensation crept over him; his hair almost rose. What was it that he looked upon? In every respect it had the appearance of a human skeleton!

He approached a step or two nearer, and saw that he could not be deceived. There grined the ghastly death's head; there were the arms, the ribs; the very feet, with the small, complicated bones. The hands were there, too, looking like vulture's claws.

At first Rupert thought it possible he might be laboring under an illusion, as when he mistook the stalagmites for trees; but a close view told him that this could not be the case. He possessed a manly courage and unusual powers of reasoning; but in spite of these he was dreadfully startled. Beyond doubt, he saw before him the skeleton of a human being, and one who, like himself, had been a lost wanderer in this vast and solemn cave.

The form was in a sitting posture, with the head supported by a projection of the pillar against which it rested. Upon a finger of one of the long hands a diamond ring glistened, and close beside the figure lay a small book; but not a vestige of clothing was to be discovered.

Rupert hurried away from the spot, sickened by what he had seen. He thought how greedily a prowling robber, unless prevented by superstitious terrors, would have snatched that diamond ring; but for himself he would not have touched it had it held a fortune.

Here the floor of the cave showed a number of fissures, some of them two or three feet wide, others only a few inches. In stepping over one of the open seams, not more than half a foot across, Rupert found his attention attracted by the sparkle of something at the bottom of it which shone as dead wood or fungus will in the dark.

He could not help looking down at it with a feeling of curiosity on account of its steady brightness in that gloomy place. He saw that, whatever it might be, the glowing substance was divided into many small parts, most of which were clustered in a mass, while the rest were scattered for a yard or two on each side along the fissure.

He could hardly believe that the gleams were those of decayed substances. There was a sparkle about them which was peculiar, and which he had never observed to be thrown out by such matter, although, of course, he knew very little of such things.

"It is something that the cave produces," he thought, "just as it produces those strange icicles. But oh, how I wish it had such shining eyes all around its walls! Then I should know better which way to go. I suppose, though, they are not formed except in such dark holes, and where there is a peculiar kind of rock."

Then the thought of the fearful skeleton he had just seen returned upon him so vividly that he hurried from the place, feeling that he must get as far as possible from such a ghastly spot before stopping to sleep or rest.

"No wonder," he reflected, "that the fellows yonder think the cave haunted, if they have ever traversed it as far as I have! I know, of course, that it *isn't* haunted, as they understand such things, for I don't believe in supernatural appearances; but I know there is something horrible in it, and that is sufficient for me."

Still, for a thousand skeletons he would not have gone back to the dark hole from which he had escaped.

"Live or die," he said, "I am able to bid those villains defiance. Anything but to be a prisoner to those wretches and have them exit over me! It begins to look as if I might die here in this cave, but I'll hope as long as I can, and try as long as I can. If I am never to get out, what will mother do? Oh, what a sorrow it will be to her! I do hope I shall live, if only for her sake. And then, too, there is poor Bel. If I never get out, she will never get home. But I will get out—I'll find a way somewhere and somehow!"

His lantern he knew could not burn many hours, and without it he would not be able to traverse the darker portions of the cave. Between the intervals of dim light there were long stretches of total blackness, and here the lantern was absolutely necessary.

Whenever he had passed one of the fearful



RUPERT PLUNGED HEADLONG INTO THE CHASM BELOW.

The strange tunnel ran on and on, and Rupert, in following it, half forgot his troubles in his curiosity to discover where it would end. At length it broadened so suddenly that he was taken completely by surprise. All about him were lofty pillars, with passages winding in every direction; and almost instantly he discovered that the passage by which he had come was so confounded with the rest that he had lost it. Should he find it again it could be only by accident.

Soon he perceived a streak of light stretching out like a bow along the vast roof. He knew that it was night outside as well as inside, so that it could be only the moonlight which he saw; and he felt, therefore, that when the sun should be up the streak would be much brighter, probably admitting light enough to aid him considerably in discovering the secrets of this wonderful place.

The rays of his lantern did not reach far, but they enabled him to see all objects immediately around him, and as the floor was level, he went on somewhat faster, all the while looking for some opening which he might be able to reach by climbing. The one which he now saw ap-

peared to be hardly less than a hundred feet above him. At length he came upon a spot more remarkable than any he had yet found. It contained what appeared to be a grove of fossil trees. The light which poured through a long rift directly above this spectral grove, permitted him to discover the forms of objects through a space sixty or seventy yards in diameter; while his lantern, which was still burning, was of great assistance in revealing the exact shapes of those which were close at hand.

The resemblance to a grove was so complete, as seen at first in that dim light, that his illusion was very natural. But still there remained the mystery, beyond all explanation, as to how a roof of rock could have been formed above the petrified trees, leaving this vast hollow where they stood.

In a few minutes he saw his mistake. "They are only stones," he said, "but they do look like trees with the top branches gone."

They seemed, upon a closer inspection, like enormous icicles that had grown up by degrees from the floor of rock, and he knew that they must be stalagmites thousands of ages old.

From the roof above, as he could see by the sunlight that glimmered through the rifts, there

black belts that lay across his path with an utter eclipse, where night reigned forever, he would again see far ahead of him some streak of the glorious day peering in through a rent in the roof. But so high—oh, so high!—a hundred feet above the sad, dark floor of the cave.

Where was there any side wall? When would he arrive at one? And would he find such rents in it as were in the roof? If so, how easy his escape would be!

The hope of finally making such a discovery cheered him on, and especially so at all those points where the lofty arch above appeared to be not quite so high as at other places. He could not help thinking the rock a mere shell, and surely, at last, there must be some low opening which would let him out, like a chicken out of an egg.

So he traveled on, the lantern showing the way through the darker sections, and those high, strange windows making a twilight whenever he had passed certain points.

As he emerged from one of the gloomy streaks, he was surprised to feel something in contact with his feet, the touch of which he minded him of a cloth. Upon picking it up, he found that it was a man's coat. This surprised him greatly, and he was still further mystified upon finding near it other articles of wearing apparel. There were a pair of pantaloons, a shirt and a hat, all covered with a thick mold.

What could be the meaning of this discovery he was at a loss to imagine, but he kept on, feeling that he had no time to lose, as his lantern might go out at any moment.

Hungry, faint, and tired, he gazed about, till at length it seemed to him that he had reached another mimic grove, precisely like the one he had first seen. There were the same stony semiblanches of the rock, the same air, the same feeling that he had no time to lose, as his lantern might go out at any moment.

He was almost ready to drop with exhaustion and disappointment; but, boy though he was, the indomitable courage of his nature came to his aid.

"I won't give up!" he thought. "There must be a way out of this place, and I'll find it! I'll start again, and I'll take care not to turn, I'll take ranges ahead—first this light in the roof, and then that, in a straight line."

He started off, directing his course with the utmost care, and looking anxiously to his lantern, fearing that its oil could not hold out much longer.

Again he saw the glow in the crevice, and, tired as he was, could not help wondering what caused it. He thought of diamonds; but this fancy was quickly dismissed. It seemed absurd to suppose that such a cluster of precious gems could be found among the rocks. Indeed, he did not much care what the substance was; he was too weak to give much thought to anything but the chances of escape from the cave.

This time he felt sure that his course was straight; and a straight course, he reasoned, must at last bring him to some termination—some wall of this remarkable cave that would either open to him a way out, or show him the end of all hope.

At last he saw that the roof suddenly lowered, pitching down so that it was but a little higher than his head. For a considerable space a streak of light streamed through it, and this he followed—but then all was blackness.

"I'll go on," he resolved, "and perhaps at the next crevice I shall be able to get out." It was pitch dark where he now was—dark that the rays of the lantern were swallowed up at the distance of only a few feet. He could touch the roof with his hand—and oh, if a wide crevice, like many of those he had passed, would now appear in it, what a joyful sight it would be!

Suddenly a dimness fell upon the small ring of light about him. With a sickness at his heart he looked at the lantern. Its flame was low and feeble—it was going out!

CHAPTER XXII.

A WILD LEAP.

FOR a few minutes the blaze flickered, and then it was gone. The very sparks that clung to the wick were precious to Rupert, but these too died out. Darkness like a solid wall lay around him. The boy raised his hand before his eyes, but could not see to cover it. Had a thick bandage been placed over them it would have made no difference.

Now he had not the least idea of which way he ought to turn. One course was as likely to be right as another, and as likely to be wrong.

"But oh, how tired he was! Could he move another step under such discouragement? At first he felt that he could not. If he were to die, as it seemed to him that he must, he might as well die there as to wander farther.

He sat down on the rock floor to rest and to think. He could almost feel the intense blackness which lay upon him, and it appeared to him that every movement he made must leave its imprint on it.

However, he was soon so utterly exhausted in mind and body as to realize his desperate situation less than he would otherwise have done. He lay upon his back, flat on the stone floor, trying to rest, and ere he became aware

of his drowsiness, he was almost asleep. Visions of the skeleton he had seen floated through his brain, and he thought that sometime his own form would be found here as a second skeleton. The thought did not add anything to his unhappiness; he was too far gone for that—too full of miserable aches and too near the climax of despair.

As he lay thus, with his tired eyes just closing, and his brain only half conscious, he was suddenly startled into complete wakefulness. A long, deep, hollow sound rolled along under his hard floor, and the next minute the floor itself shook violently.

Rupert was instantly upon his feet. All drowsiness had fled, all weariness was forgotten. Another and another shock succeeded. He braced himself to keep from falling, and stood waiting in the pitch dark for what might come.

At the third shock, there was a rending noise somewhere about the cave, and then straining his eyes in the direction from which it appeared to come, he perceived at a little distance a gleam of light, though he could not see what it came from.

Groping his way towards it, he found that it broadened as he advanced. The roof ahead of him descended so low that to pass under it he was forced to creep on hands and knees for a number of yards. Then all at once it rose, the rock going up at the sharp angle to a height of fifty feet, the light being thrown in upon it through a long fissure that reached from top to bottom of the cave, and which it was evident that the earthquake had just opened in the side wall.

Rupert's heart bounded at the sight. The sun was near setting, and its slant beams glittered through the long aperture and were shot into the cavern like arrows.

In an instant he measured the seam with his eyes. Near the foot it was too narrow to admit his body, but it widened above, so that were he to climb a little way up, his exit, he believed, would be easy.

How was he to climb that little way? Standing upon it, he felt that the rock cut high as possible, but found no projection which would afford a hold for his hands or a rest for his feet.

There was great danger of getting wedged in the fissure, should he attempt to reach the higher and wider part of it. He looked about him for something with which to fill up the narrow rent and afford him a foothold.

Finding a few loose stones he threw them into the sharp seam and then mounted upon them. Still he was not high enough. The rent would not let him through. But how plain it could now be seen that the volcano on the mountain had burst into full activity, and its mighty flame pierced the very sky. He could smell the sulphur in the air. Perhaps the earthquake had caused the outburst, or at all events, perhaps the same forces which caused the earthquake were now flinging vent from the enormous mountain chimney.

He clambered down inside, looking for more stones, and finding a few which answered his purpose, tossed them up so that they became wedged on top of the others.

"I needn't hurry now," he reasoned; "I'm sure of escape, and I may as well fix things as they ought to be."

He was still the same brave boy who had worked patiently with the four men where four hundred were needed.

Again he climbed up; and now it was possible to force his body through the crevice. But what a sight presented itself as he did so!

The sun, as if all at once, shone down in depth yawning below him; and a leap from his present position would be a leap to certain death!

It need not be said that his disappointment was terrible. He felt almost like flinging himself from the cliff in utter despair.

But as he gazed downward, he saw shelf after shelf projecting from the rock; and again his courage rose. It would be an awful experiment, but he would try it—he would lower himself little by little down the ragged side of the cliff and trust to fortune for the rest.

The sun had now set; but all the while the glare of the volcano made the scene as light as day, and all the while the wind was blowing, our smell of the burning mountain flavored the air, as if a great pit of brimstone had been fired somewhere in the neighborhood.

The descent was perilous in the extreme. Clinging to the side of the rock, the boy came down step by step, often with the shelf on which he stood no more than a foot wide. At the start he was at twice the height of an ordinary steeple; and the reader may imagine what courage it required to descend from one projection to another, clinging now to this protuberance and now to that; where the least misstep, or the least loss of balance, would have been instantly fatal.

At last a shelf was reached which seemed to be the final one. It was thirty feet above the ground—as Rupert calculated—and there was not another stair.

Must he jump? He hesitated in a sort of dismay. Thus far he had escaped broken bones, and it seemed hard to spoil all now by making himself a cripple for life.

With his back against the rock, he stood calculating the chances. The volcano, a little to his right, sent its flame and smoke soaring to the clouds, making the evening like noon.

It seemed to him possible to make the leap with safety, but the chances were much against this. He looked in front, he looked to right and to left—but nothing remained for him except to climb back to that dreary cave, or to jump from where he stood.

Thus for a few minutes he stood undecided; then his mind was made up—he would leap and take the consequences.

As he was in the very act of springing out, he caught sight of a living figure at the bottom of the chasm. It was a human form with long white hair and beard, and it seemed to be waving him back. But the gesture came too late. Already he had thrown out his arms for the leap, and his balance was lost.

He endeavored to regain his poise, but the result was a fall instead of a leap. With arms and legs wildly flying, down he went for the thirty feet between the shelf and the ground.

He struck the top of a small scrub pine, which, of course, gave way beneath him, but which, at the same time, luckily broke his fall; and from this he rolled upon the earth, where he lay for a sensible, his head having received a severe blow.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 285.]

The Young Hermit

OF
LAKE MINNETONKA.

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

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

CHAPTER XLII.

THE NEW PILOT OF THE HEBE.

THE resemblance between the young man in the bank and the young captain of the Hebe was so strikingly remarkable, even if they had been dressed alike, it would have puzzled a keen observer to tell one from the other.

Still there was something in the expression of the stranger which was not that of Captain Greenway; something that was at least a shade less open, honest and manly, though one would hardly have noticed this difference unless he were skilled, as the ex detective was, in reading faces.

"But isn't that the young fellow in command of the steamer?" asked Mr. Westlaw, turning his back to the stranger so as not to excite his attention.

"Captain Greenway could not have changed his clothes since he left us in the street just now, even if he had had another suit with him," replied Cavan. "Besides, I am beginning to note a shade of difference between the two."

"I can't see a point of variation between the faces or forms," said the gentleman from Chicago.

"I see it all now!" exclaimed the agent, clapping his hands together, and walking away from the stranger, who seemed to be aware that he was under notice, and was moving towards the outside door.

"What do you see?" asked Westlaw, impressed by the manner of his companion.

"I have two cases on my hands; and it seems to me now that they are beginning to run together, and I am afraid I shall get them mixed," said Cavan, leading the way out of the bank, after he had again spoken to the cashier.

"What do you mean by that?" inquired the other, for the agent had said nothing of his mission to the lake with the captain of the Hebe.

"We shall be likely to see this young fellow that looks like the captain again, for the steamer is coming down to this place again to-day," replied Cavan, as they walked up the street to the hotel.

"I never saw such a close resemblance between two human beings as between the captain and that fellow in the bank. I wonder where he has gone," remarked Westlaw.

"You will see him again soon, and I believe your affair is coming out all right," answered the agent, as they went into the hotel, and the subject was dropped.

At breakfast, though it was pretty near a country dinner hour, nothing was said about the matter, for there were representatives of each of the ex detective's cases present, and for reasons of his own he was not ready to mingle them.

"I suppose you will be back in the course of two or three hours, Captain Greenway," said Cavan, when he had returned to the wharf.

"I shall, if I am not detained on the way," replied Phil. "But if I am to leave you here, I do not yet understand how I am to act as pilot of the steamer on the next trip without being recognized by Gay Sparkland."

"No matter what you will agree to my plan," added Cavan, as he took from his pocket a couple of old corks he had picked up near the hotel. "But here is the key to the difficulty."

"Those corks?"

"These corks. If I am not mistaken, you took part in an amateur minstrel show last winter with my boy. I was in the audience, though I did not know one person from another."

"I see what you mean; and I am to go into burnt cork," said Phil, laughing at the idea.

"All but the opera, for you will not have to sing, unless you prefer to do so," replied Cavan.

"I don't object to the singing, though Gay might recognize my songs or my voice."

"Do as you like about that. Have you any other clothes on board?"

"I have a suit that I put on when I have an dirty work to do."

"All right; and you had better put on your other rig before we leave, for I have business. Excelsior which will keep me here, apart from my desire not to embarrass the movements of the happy pair at the other end of the lake; and you can put on your war paint as well here anywhere else."

The captain did not object, and procuring his old clothes, he dressed himself for his part in the forward cabin, though not till he had prepared his cork under the boiler; and in less than half an hour, with the assistance of Cavan, who had had experience in this department of professional work, he appeared on deck as a young colored man, who got his complexion from the burnt cork.

The laying on of the color was done better than it is sometimes. He was not so black that charcoal would make a white mark on him, but just dark enough to show that he was not a white man; and his dress was carefully arranged to keep up his character.

Mr. Westlaw was smoking his cigar on the fore-castle, and Bashy was at work in the stateroom, getting ready for the trip, and expecting to get the bell to back her every moment.

"Where is Captain Greenway?" asked Bashy, when Cavan showed himself at the stateroom, the curtains of which had been rolled up.

"He does not go with us," replied the agent, with a twinkle of the eye, as he glanced at the dark skinned pilot at his side.

"The captain doesn't go with us!" exclaimed the engineer, pausing in his occupation with surprise.

"Of course not; one of the passengers you will see as they come down from the Hermitage would recognize him if he were on board, to which all of us object," replied Cavan; but he thought the engineer ought to know more than he did about the situation, and he explained as much of their movements as he deemed expedient.

"I knew there was something out of the way, and I don't want to take all this trouble for nothing," added Bashy, opening his eyes very wide. "But we can't get along without a pilot."

"The pilot has just come on board," said the agent, pointing at the young colored man.

Bashy looked at him, and did not seem to be particularly delighted with the change, and possibly he had some prejudices against the face to which he appeared to belong; but he said nothing in the presence of the new pilot, who was directed by the agent to take his place at the wheel, which he did, though not till he had looked the engineer full in the face without being recognized.

"I don't care about this business," said Bashy, shaking his head when the pilot had gone to his station. "I thought I knew every man on the lake that knows how to steer a steamer, but I never saw that darky before, and I don't believe he knows the navigation through Priest's Bay."

"I am sure you know the way as well as Captain Greenway himself," Cavan insisted; and then, after speaking with Mr. Westlaw, he went on shore.

The new pilot cast off the fasts, and rang to back her, though Bashy was very confident that the Hebe would come to grief before she reached the good end, and he kept a very close watch upon the course of the steamer after she got away from the wharf.

The boat took her usual course, and after she had gone a couple of miles, keeping in deep water all the time, the engineer began to have more confidence in the new pilot, though he was quite sure that the passage through Priest's Bay would bother the colored fellow.

"You seem to be a new hand," said Mr. Westlaw, when he had finished his cigar, as he stepped in front of the pilot house.

"Yes, sir," replied Phil, when he found that the passenger did not know him. "But I think I know my way about this lake."

"No, that is not it," said the captain, telling you that I was to be left at the Hotel Lafayette?"

"Yes, sir; he told me all about it; and I know the name of the man you want to serve here," answered Phil, somewhat exhilarated by the success of his disguise.

"What is the name of the hotel on the left? Isn't that the Lafayette?"

"No, sir; that is the Lake Park."

The gentleman from Chicago was satisfied that he was not going astray in the new hands to which he had been committed, and he seated himself to look at the scenery.

In a short time the Hebe was approaching Minnetonka Beach at full speed, for the engineer had been cautious at first.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A LADY AND GENTLEMAN TURN PALE AND RED.

AS the Hebe approached the wharf in front of the hotel, she picked up a row of seats with a gentleman and lady, in front sheets, pulled by a little girl, in whom he recognized the one he had saved from the angry waves the day before.

Miss Sibyl promptly identified the Hebe, and

stopped rowing, while she spoke to those in the stern of the boat, when all of them began to wave their handkerchiefs at the steamer, and the pilot rang the bell to stop her.

"What is the matter?" called the engineer through the tube, for he felt that, in the absence of the captain, he ought to exercise some supervision over the management of the steamer.

"Nothing at all; we are all right," replied a voice through the tube.

"What are you stopping here for, then?" demanded Bashy.

"I know what I am about," responded Phil, rather sharply, and forgetting that he was a person of another color, whom the engineer did not know. "Mind your bells, and don't meddle with my department."

Bashy did not like this sharp answer; but he knew that the engineer was subject to the orders of the pilot, at least so far as the bells were concerned, and he went to the side of the boat to ascertain the occasion of the stoppage.

"Mr. Westlawn, that is the gentleman in the boat that you wish to see," said the pilot, calling to the passenger.

The gentleman from Chicago rose from his seat, and looked at the party in the boat with the most intense interest as Phil judged from the expression on his face.

"Where is Captain Greenway?" asked the little girl at the oars; and by this time the Hebe had forged ahead so far that the little boat was abreast of it when she lost her headway.

"He is on board," replied Bashy, and the little Bashy, who was now nearer to the little maiden than the pilot was.

"Not on board!" she exclaimed, evidently much disappointed. "I wanted to see him ever so much."

"We left him at Excelsior," added the engineer, speaking what he believed to be the truth. "He will be on board again this afternoon, or by tomorrow."

"Where is the captain?" repeated Mr. Arnold Blondy. "I have a very important letter for him."

"He stopped off at Excelsior; but he will soon be on board again," replied Bashy. "I will give him your letter as soon as I see him."

"But it is a very important letter, and I would not have it lost for a thousand dollars," added Mr. Blondy.

"You had better give it to the engineer," added the colored pilot, who had left the wheel and come out on deck.

Mr. Blondy consulted with his sister, and after he had done so the boat came alongside the steamer, and the letter was handed to Bashy, who assured the gentleman that it would be perfectly safe.

"Good morning, Mrs. Goldson. How do you do?" interrupted the gentleman from Chicago at this moment, as he took off his hat, and bowed low to the lady.

"Why, Mr. Westlawn! Can that be you?" exclaimed the lady; and Phil thought she was not half so glad to see the passenger as she wished to make it appear.

"If a ten pound weight had been suddenly attached to the chin of Mr. Blondy, his jaw could not have dropped lower than it did; and it was true, and not a fancy of the captain of the Hebe, that both the gentleman and the lady turned pale as soon as they recognized the gentleman from Chicago.

"I am very glad to see you, and I hope you are going to stay a day or two with us," continued Mrs. Goldson. Phil was sure that she was lying, for her tones and her looks indicated it; and he concluded that the relations between his passenger and the lady and her brother were not the most cordial in the world.

"Thank you, Mrs. Goldson! I am most happy to accept your kind invitation, for I have some very important business with you and your brother; and I have come to this lake on purpose to see you. In a word, I have some news from Paris."

If Mrs. Goldson and her brother were pale before, they both turned red now, and looked each at the other, as though the situation were exceedingly embarrassing to them.

"I shall be very glad to see you," replied the lady, who was the first to recover her self possession. "I am sorry this boat is so small that we can't take you in."

"The steamer will put me on the wharf, and I will meet you at the hotel," added Mr. Westlawn, as he nodded to the colored pilot, and the boat pushed off.

Phil rang the bell to back her in order to get out of the way of the boat, and not trouble the maiden at the oars; and he was wondering, all the time what it was that made Mrs. Goldson and her brother turn pale and red by turns.

Then he could not help thinking of the emotion of the gentleman when he accidentally discovered the letters on his arm; and, though he could make nothing of the situation, he felt just as if there was going to be a great commotion when the gentleman met the two guests at the Lafayette.

But it was none of his business what happened at the hotel, for all the actors in the coming scene were almost strangers to him, and he rang the bell to go ahead as soon as the Hebe was clear of the boat.

In a few minutes more he had landed his passenger on the wharf, and his mission in Minnetonka Bay was ended, though the gentleman lingered on the wharf by the side of the pilot house, and seemed to be in deep thought.

"You are going back to Excelsior, are you not?" he asked, turning to the colored pilot.

"Yes, sir; if we are not detained at the head

of the lake, we shall be back there in a couple of hours," replied Phil. "But I believe we have to take a party back to the other end."

"Shall you see Mr. Cavan when you get to Excelsior?" asked Mr. Westlawn.

"Who is Mr. Cavan?" asked the pilot, more for fun than for anything else.

"The pilot don't know him; but I shall see him," interposed Bashy, who was standing near the pilot house.

"Will you be kind enough to tell him that Mr. Westlawn wishes to see him before night, if possible?"

"I will tell him so," answered the engineer; and the gentleman walked to another part of the wharf, where he could see the boat rowed by the little maiden.

The fasts were cast off, and the steamer was soon under way again, and headed for the Narrows, through which she had to pass on her way to Cape Cod; but when she reached the canal, the Belle of Minnetonka, the largest steamer on the lake, with apparently a thousand passengers on board, was just entering the passage, and the pilot stopped the engine to wait for her to get through.

He had run the Hebe out of the way of the big steamer, and when she had lost her headway, he came out of the pilot house, and met the engineer in the waist.

"You have a letter for the captain, Bashy," said the pilot, when he realized that he and the engineer were the only persons left on board.

"That's so; I have a letter for the captain," replied Bashy, and his tone indicated that he intended to keep it.

"I think you had better give it to me," suggested Phil.

"Give it to you?" exclaimed Bashy, thoroughly indignant. "Not if I know Wabash Wingston. I think I know him better than any other fellow."

"I am the pilot, you know," added Phil. "And I am the engineer, you know," replied Bashy.

"I think the letter is for me: will you show it to me?"

"No; I will not even show it to you! When anything is left with me for Captain Greenway, he will get it if the round earth holds together long enough for me to deliver it," protested the engineer.

"I think you don't know me, Bashy," said the captain, laughing.

"I don't wish to know a fellow, white or black, that wants to meddle with letters that don't belong to him."

"But you don't know me, Bashy."

"That is just what I say. I never set eyes on you before."

"I am the captain of the Hebe, and you don't know me, Bashy."

"So is my great grandmother the captain of the Hebe!" exclaimed Bashy, with the utmost contempt in his looks and tones.

"I tell you the truth, though I have colored my face," replied Phil, unbidding his vest, and showing his name on the front of his shirt bosom.

But the engineer was incredulous, and the pilot removed his clothes enough to show a portion of his white skin; and then he produced his pocket book, in which his name was written, and began to tell him about events in the past which no other person could have known.

"I give it up; and here is the letter," said Bashy at last. "I have been looking out for you ever since my left Excelsior, for I was afraid you would sink the steamer; and you were Captain Greenway all the time!"

The captain opened the letter.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WHAT MR. CAVAN DID WHILE WAITING.

THE letter which Captain Greenway opened was a rather thick one, and he was not a little surprised to find that it contained a number of bank bills, the one on top being a hundred.

As in the letter of the day before, there were ten of this denomination; and the captain was aware that the liberality of Mrs. Forbush had been made known in the two hotels near the middle of the lake, if it had not been published in the newspapers.

"More money," said Phil, as the Belle of Minnetonka came out of the Narrows. "We may as well divide it as we did yesterday; and he handed the engineer three of the bills.

"Now I know you are Captain Greenway, for no other fellow in the world would do such a thing," said Bashy, in tones of admiration and gratitude, as he put the bills in his pocket. "I can buy a steamer now; and I will give you six hundred dollars for the Hebe as soon as you will say the word."

"I shall not say it at present," replied Phil, as he went into the pilot house.

Bashy went along again, and in half an hour she was off Cape Cod, whistling for her passengers who were to go to Excelsior; and when they appeared, they were brought off by Bashy in the boat, who told them that he had found a ducky who was a pilot, but not an engineer, so that he was obliged to attend to the machinery himself.

This explanation satisfied the passengers, and they only glanced at the pilot, as they saw him through the window at the wheel; though Phil, fearing that Gay might recognize him, pulled down the old soft hat he wore over a part of his face.

Bashy and Gay appeared to have changed their appearance somewhat, for they had evi-

dently daubed their faces with the mud they found at a spring near the house, and had combed their hair in an odd fashion.

They went immediately to the after cabin, which Bashy opened for them, and they were not seen again till the steamer arrived at her destination, and had made fast to the wharf.

Mr. Cavan had gone ashore as soon as the colored pilot took his place at the wheel after he had changed his appearance. As he had himself suggested, he had business in Excelsior other than merely keeping out of sight of the sappy pair who were to be passengers in the Hebe from Cape Cod. He had not told Captain Greenway what this business was, and he seemed to have become very reticent, so far as the young man was concerned, however it may have been with his friend from Chicago.

As soon as the Hebe had sailed, he walked out the rear door of the bank, where he looked all about the building, possibly to inform himself still better in regard to the premises, in anticipation of the robbery which he believed was to take place there.

He went into the bank, after he had looked all about it; and he was not a little surprised to see the young man who so closely resembled the captain of the Hebe at the counter, where he had asked to have a fifty dollar bill changed.

He held it in his hand, but he seemed to be surveying the premises inside of the counter all the time while the cashier was taking the smaller bills from his drawer.

He held it in his hand, but he seemed to be surveying the premises inside of the counter all the time while the cashier was taking the smaller bills from his drawer.

"Find out who that young fellow is, if you can," said Cavan in a whisper and without letting the subject of his request know that he was in the cashier's room. "It may be important to you."

The cashier bowed and returned to the counter, where he proceeded to ask general questions, and finally if he was staying at one of the hotels, to which he only replied that he was going to camp out for a fortnight with some friends who would come for him some time that day.

Cavan heard all that the young man said, and was at the front of the counter by the time he had put his money into his pocket.

"How are you, Conny?" said he, walking up to the stranger and extending his hand to him, which the young man took, apparently surprised into this concession.

"You have the advantage of me, for I don't think I know you," replied he, with no little hesitation and embarrassment.

"You don't know me, Conny Forbush!" exclaimed Cavan, for who was certainly a good actor.

"I did not leave Philadelphia?"

"I did not leave Philadelphia; and I am not the person you take me for," protested Conny, so called.

"Nonsense, Conny! What sort of a lark are you on now that you don't know your old friends?" continued the agent, in a tone of railway.

"But I am not there!" said Conny, beginning to be indignant at the persistency of his new friend.

"If you are not, you will be soon, for the train leaves for Lake Park in twenty minutes, and you are going over there with me," continued the agent, in a matter of fact way, and as though he intended to carry out the programme he had indicated.

"I am not going over there with you or any other person," stormed Conny. "You are a stranger to me, and your conduct does not please me at all."

"I am sorry for that, though I can't help it," added Cavan, as good natured as though he had just sold a corner lot at a big price.

"I think you had better take me into your confidence, or I shall take you into mine, Conny."

"Don't call me Conny again, for that is not my name."

"Well, Chick Gilpool, if that suits you any better, and I judge that it does, as you sometimes call yourself by that name. I shall not call you Conny Forbush, if you don't like it, for I don't believe that is your name any more than I do," returned Cavan.

Conny, or Chick, whichever he was if he was either, had evidently been hit where he was raw, for he shrank back and turned pale, looking at his tormentor with something like horror rather than astonishment.

"The C. G. on your arm stands for either of your names, but neither of them is the right name," said Cavan, who seemed to be better posted than any other person who had tried to interpret the mysterious letters.

"I see that you know me," gasped the owner of the names.

"Better than you know yourself," added Cavan. "Now will you go over to the Lake Park Hotel and see your foster mother?"

"I cannot go today; I expect a couple of my friends to come after me soon to camp out with them."

"It is to keep you from meeting them that I wish you to go. Lark and Rocky will only get you into trouble; and you never will get your share of the six thousand two hundred dollars your party of three took from the mansion in St. Paul."

"You know all!" gasped Chick. "You mean to arrest me!"

"You are not to arrest me. I wish to save you." "Then I will go anywhere with you."

In less than an hour they were in the parlor

of Mrs. Forbush at the Lake Park, waiting for her to come out of her chamber, from which she presently appeared; and the moment she saw Conny, she threw her arms around his neck, and embraced him as though he had been her own son.

"She did not seem to fear that he might be the one she had met before, and possibly she saw something about him that enabled her to identify him certainly this time.

"Where have you been all this time, Conny?" she asked, still holding him as though he might fly away if she released her grasp.

"I think he will not tell you, Mrs. Forbush, and you had better not insist on an answer," interposed the agent. "Are you satisfied this is your adopted son, for you were mistaken once before?"

"I am satisfied, and I was satisfied before; I think I had better look at his arm," replied the lady.

Conny offered no objection to the examination, and the initials of his two names were found there, to the great satisfaction of the rich lady; and she and Joanna examined them with the utmost care.

"C. G. is just what it always was, and the letters stand for Conny Forbush," said she, very much excited.

"Hardly, Mrs. Forbush, though they enable you to identify the young man," laughed the agent.

"The first one stands for Conny is what I mean to say."

"Not even the C for Conny; but both letters stand for the true name of the young man, which is Conrad Goldson."

The lady looked inquiringly at Cavan.

(To be continued.)

LETTER CARRIER'S LIFE.

Few business, as a rule, are more welcome than the mail carriers, and their life of routine work and exposure to cold, heat, and wet, is often varied by the adventures of the city streets and the queer glimpses they get of high and low life.

"I don't know of any business where we see more of human life than ours," said a veteran letter carrier to a reporter of the New York Star. "The lights and shadows are pretty distinctly marked and we see them both. Sometimes we feel just as much pleasure in delivering a letter as the receiver in getting it. Sometimes when an ominous black bordered envelope falls into our hands we are sorry that we have to deliver it. Our duties are pretty onerous. In branch offices collectors have to report as early as 4:40 o'clock in the morning, or five minutes before the regular time for starting out. Forty five minutes are then consumed in collecting from the various boxes, after which we return to the station with the mail. Then we start to face up."

"You don't know what facing up means? Well, that is what we call sorting our mail and getting it in order for our route. Facing up takes all the time up to 6 o'clock. Then we start out and deliver the letters. We make a prompt return to the office. Collections have in the meantime been made and again we start facing up."

"Every trip is but a repetition of the other. We make it then hourly, and are kept constantly on the move until 11 o'clock. Then we swing. That is what we call taking a rest. In other words, there is no work for us to do until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Then we come on again and work until the darkness of evening has fallen over the city."

"You want to know what we see on the route? Well, it is funny, and then again it is sad. The saddest of all my experience occurred one day when I delivered a letter to an old man who lived alone in a dilapidated house on Park Row. It was a mourning letter, and as I handed it to him the old man's fingers trembled. Here it open convulsively, and as he read the lines he tottered and fell into my arms. The letter was from his daughter, who lived with her brothers in a fashionable house up town. It stated that her mother, the old man's wife, was dead and would be buried that afternoon. The girl also was dead, and he had to attend the funeral or there would be a scene, as his own sons would not permit him there."

"I remember taking a letter to an old woman, who lived in the eighth ward one time. It was postmarked Leadville. She had a boy out there, one who had started out to make his fortune in the gold fields, but I remember after the look of joy that stole over the old woman's face as she received it. It was not from her son, however, but was concerning him. It informed her that the mine he had been working caved in, and her boy was dead."

"Do we make any money from tips? Well, not so much as you'd imagine. For my part I prefer a ten-cent trolley every time. There is much more money in it. At New Year's all these poor people will give something. Collections are taken up in every house for the letter carrier, and sometimes it amounts to a good deal. It is not the amount that makes it welcome, but the way it is given."

"We meet all nationalities, and hear all kinds of languages spoken. We get letters with writing such as none could understand, we have to look out for log letters, and are held responsible for any error. Log letters are misdirected ones. We are supposed to know all our routes, and see that each gets to its proper destination. Well, it is time for me to start, so good by."



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 FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
 31 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

ONLY the high dare stoop the lowest. This was exemplified not long ago in London, when the daughter of a famous actress was to play a prominent part in a little comedy to be presented by a certain amateur society to which she belonged. The most insignificant part in the piece was that of "Mary Jane," a servant girl, who had only two appearances to make, one of them holding a dog. And none of the ambitious young ladies on the amateur society's list would consent to demean her talents by appearing in such a thankless role.

Thus a very decided hitch arose in the preparations for the performance, and it looked as if there would be either no Mary Jane or no play, when the famous actress solved the difficulty by playing the part of Mary Jane herself. Needless to say that she played it well, for the name that was opposite the housemaid's on the bill was that of Ellen Terry.

PARIS POSTERS.

WE have not been in the habit of looking upon street posters as very high art, except sometimes in a literal sense. But in artistic Paris they are much admired, and have lately become the talk of the town.

This is in a great measure due to one M. Jules Chéret, whose representations of scenes from the plays at the various theaters have turned the streets of Paris, to quote from a writer in one of her periodicals, into a gorgeously colored picture gallery.

The same author tells an interesting story of the origin of the system of street placards in the gay capital, when a man who wished to advertise a certain style of umbrella, walked along with a large box strapped to his back. Presently he stopped and rested the box against a wall as if to rest himself. A child was concealed in the box, who took this opportunity to paste the placard in place, for the government's permission to thus make a commercial use of the boulevards had not been obtained.

CURIOSITIES OF COURAGE.

COURAGE is one of the most admired of human virtues, and a very interesting subject of discussion. It is also one of the most curious qualities in the way it demonstrates itself. Sometimes a brave fighter will flee in terror at the idea of risking the infection of a contagious disease; while a man timid and shrinking among his fellows will defy the powers of nature with the utmost hardihood. Women who faint at the sight of a mouse, will remain cool and collected on a shipwrecked vessel.

Again, there is a courage of manner and a courage of mind—an outward and an inward valor. The bravest soldier may be pale and nervous in situations where his neighbor, apparently unmoved, is on the point of running away. As General Horace Porter remarks in a recent article, the practice of "jacking-in," or dodging while under fire, was very common with many of the most gallant men who fought in the civil war; but such nervousness is no

more a proof of cowardice than is blinking when something is thrown in one's face. "I can recall only two persons," he adds, "who throughout a rattling musketry fire always sat in their saddles without moving a muscle or even winking an eye. One was a bugler in the cavalry and the other was General Grant."

The moral of this is that it doesn't do to be too ready to call a man a coward.

"THAT TREASURE."

The New Number of Munsey's Popular Series. MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES has now completed a most prosperous first year, and enters upon its second twelve months with every prospect of still greater success. The story chosen to open the new volume is an exceptionally good one, of Mr. Converse's very best.

"That Treasure; or, Adventures of Frontier Life," describes the strange experiences of the hero, Tom Dean, in the City of Mexico, and among the mountains and prairies of the far Southwest. The tale is so full of action and incident that we cannot outline its plot here, but would recommend all who like a dramatic narrative to procure the book itself. They will surely be intensely interested in the story of the Apache Indians' attack, the search for gold in the deserted Bonanza City, and the hero's adventures in the frontier mining town.

"That Treasure" can be obtained from any book seller or newsdealer, price 25 cents; or it will be sent post paid by mail from the publisher's office on receipt of the price.

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

"WATERARM PRACTICE."

THE man with a gun is popularly supposed to be able to carry everything before him. But one such was brought to terms not long ago in a quiet New York village with that extremely prosaic weapon—the fire hose.

A certain young man of the town had been arrested several times for burglary, and other misdemeanors, his latest being the locking up of his wife in her room, with the pleasing announcement that he would return anon to slay her. He was promptly arrested and thoroughly searched before being committed to his cell, but nevertheless he broke out, and when the jail door was opened in the morning, rushed past the constable into the street.

Chase was at once given, but the prisoner dashed into his own house, snatched up a rifle and ascended to the roof, whence he prepared to bid defiance to his foes. And it seemed that he would be successful in this till the constable bethought him of the village fire engine.

This was quickly hauled to a station in the street in front of the house, and a steady stream of water played on the fugitive till he yielded himself up.

The foregoing may furnish a useful hint as to the proper method of dealing with pistol-beset youngsters with a bloodthirsty ambition to go West and shoot Indians.

THE O. K. BRAND.

THE homeliness of the phraseology in which praise of a paper like the ARGOSY is often cast, is the surest evidence of the sincerity of the writer's convictions in the matter. We make no apology, therefore, for now and then printing an opinion couched in expressive, if somewhat unpolished terms:

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, N. Y., July 22, 1888.
 I have read THE GOLDEN ARGOSY for six months and think it a first class story paper. The story of the New York newsboy took my eye. Not only are the stories good, but the illustrations and sketches are O. K.

WILLIAM SCHULTZ,

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 8, 1888.

To say that I am pleased with the ARGOSY does not half represent my appreciation of your valuable paper. My Saturday would not be complete without it. Of the fifteen magazines and weeklies that I take, the ARGOSY is my favorite.

BENJAMIN D. JONES,

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL., July 12, 1888.
 I have been a constant reader of the ARGOSY for over three years, having commenced to take it with No. 38, Vol. II. I consider it better than any boy's paper now being published. Its stories are better, and its illustrations cannot be surpassed. Taking it all in all, it can't be beat. I have persuaded a great many of my boy friends to take the ARGOSY, and they all think as I do—that it is a dandy.

ALBERT ROGERS.

ANDREW G. CURTIN,
 The Famous War Governor of Pennsylvania.

WITH the close of the last Congress there retired from public life one of the most honored and notable figures of the stirring period of American history that opened with the two sections of the country arming for fratricidal war, and closed upon them reunited in fraternal bonds.

This was Andrew Gregg Curtin, perhaps the most renowned and popular of all the Northern "War Governors," of whom he is now one of the few survivors.

He is of Irish descent, his father, Rowland Curtin, having come to this country in 1793, and engaged in the Pennsylvania iron trade, on a scale then considered large. The son was born at Bellefonte, Centre County, on the 23d of April, 1817.

He was brought up to be a lawyer, studying first with a Dr. Kirkpatrick, at Milton, Pennsylvania, and then at Carlisle and Bellefonte, till about his twentieth birthday he was admitted to the bar, and began to practice in his native town.

As a young man he took an active interest in politics. In 1840 he stumped the State for General Harrison, and in 1844 he took a hand in Henry Clay's canvass. In January, 1855, the Governor of Pennsylvania appointed him Secretary of the Commonwealth and Superintendent of Public Instruction. His tenure of office proved to be an epoch in the educational history of the State, as during it was instituted the normal school system.

When the slavery question called the Republican party into being, Mr Curtin joined this new political combination, and in 1860, the year of its first great triumph at the polls, he was its candidate for the governorship of his State. He was elected, and the six years of his administration (for he was reelected in 1863) made him famous, and added a glorious page to the annals of Pennsylvania.

When the civil war burst forth, the sudden crisis found men ready and able to meet it. Among these Governor Curtin was one of the foremost. When President Lincoln issued his call for troops in April, 1861, he received the most earnest and effective support from Pennsylvania. "It is the first duty of the national authorities to stay the progress of anarchy and enforce the laws, and Pennsylvania, with a united people, will give them an honest, faithful and active support," Governor Curtin had said in his inaugural address, and his words were now put into action.

Massachusetts was the very first State to get men into the field, but Pennsylvania was little behind her; and Governor Curtin was not content with merely supplying the quota called for by the President's proclamation. He was one of the few who foresaw the long and terrible struggle on which the country was embarking, and the need of ample preparations; and he recommended and secured the immediate organization of no less than fifteen additional regiments of cavalry and infantry. Needless to say, these troops were soon required, and did valuable service at a critical time under the name of the Pennsylvania Reserve.

Throughout the war Governor Curtin's energy as an organizer never flagged. Not only his public services as Governor of the State, but his sympathy and friendship for the soldiers, his deep interest in them and their personal welfare, made him a regular hero among the

"boys in blue." More than twenty years after the war, on being introduced to a Philadelphia gentleman named Ker, he said as he shook his hand, "Ker, Ker; are you one of four brothers who went into the army together?" The answer was yes, and then the governor, without apparent mental effort, rapidly reviewed the military careers of the four young soldiers, two of whom fell in battle. He added that he could recall the name of any family in the State that sent two or more of its members to the war.

It was he, too, who established free schools for the orphan children of those who fell in defense of the Union.

When Mr Curtin left the governor's chair, he was looked upon as one likely to become a future President. Events, however, shaped themselves differently, and other men stepped to the front of the Republican party. In 1869 he accepted from President Grant the post of Minister to Russia. He spent four years at St. Petersburg, and was a prominent figure in the diplomatic and social life of the Czar's capital, spending considerably more than his salary.

In 1873 he was a delegate to the Pennsylvania National Constitutional Convention. His estrangement from his former political associations became wider, and in 1880 he was elected to the Forty-Seventh Congress as a Democrat, from his native district, the Twentieth of Pennsylvania. Still he did not lose his old friends, and few men are more generally admired and respected among both political parties.

After serving for three Congresses, and acting for some years as chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Mr Curtin has retired to a life of well earned leisure. He is now said to be compiling a volume on the part played by Pennsylvania in the civil war, a task for which he is preeminently fitted.

In appearance, although his hair is silvered and his face wrinkled by time, he is still hale and able to bear the burden of years. He is tall, and but little bent in figure, being over six feet in height. His dress is always plain, and his manners unassuming. He is a brilliant talker, full of original ideas and forcible diction. "To spend an hour with Curtin," said one who knew him, "is like breathing the tonic air of the mountains." In fine, he is a typical American, and one of the representative men of an eventful historical epoch.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

GOOD manners are made up of petty sacrifices.—Emerson.

PEOPLE who never have any time are the people who do least.

AFFLICTIONS are but the shadow of God's wings.—George Macdonald.

HE that loses by getting, had better lose than get.—William Penn.

POWER to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring.—Lord Bacon.

THEY are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

YOU may deceive all of the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but not all the people all the time.—Abraham Lincoln.

IN literature quotation is good only when the writer whom I follow goes my way, and, being better mounted than I, gives me a cast, as we say; but if I like the gay baggage so well as to go out of my road, I had better have gone afoot.—Emerson.

A TALKER'S measure of talk is till his mind is spent, and then he is not silenced but becalmed. His tongue is always in motion, though very seldom to the purpose; like a barber's scissors which are kept snipping as well when they do not cut, as when they do.—Butler.



HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN.

From a Photograph by Bell.

[This story commenced in No. 298.]

DEAN DUNHAM;

OR,

THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

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

CHAPTER V.

ADIN DUNHAM RECEIVES HIS MONEY.



DIN DUNHAM'S ride to Rockmount had been uneventful. He went at once to the real-estate office of Thomas Marks, the agent through whom the sale had been effected. When he entered the office it was with a light step and a joyful look, for it was on a very agreeable errand he had come.

Mr. Marks was seated at his desk, and looked up as Dunham entered.

"I thought you wouldn't fail to come, Mr. Dunham," he said with a smile. "If it were to pay money, there might have been some question of it, but a man doesn't generally miss an appointment to receive a payment of a thousand dollars."

"That's so, Mr. Marks. I've been looking forward to this day."

"I've no doubt of it. I suppose such occasions are rare with you."

"This is the first time I was ever lucky enough to receive a large sum of money. I can hardly believe I am so rich. You see, Mr. Marks, I am a poor man, and always have been. I inherited the place where I live from my father, but no money to speak of."

"Is the place clear?"

"No; it is mortgaged for eight hundred dollars."

"Who holds the mortgage?"

"Squire Bates, of our village."

"I know him. He is the man with very prominent teeth."

"Yes."

"Is he a rich man?"

"We all think so, but he keeps his affairs very close."

"Don't the assessors know?"

"He says most of his property is in government bonds, and these are not taxable, you know."

"To be sure."

"I don't know how it is," said the agent, thoughtfully, "but I don't like that man."

"He is always obligin' enough to me. Last time I made him wait a week for the interest, but he did not complain."

"I suppose he felt sure of getting it. How much interest do you pay?"

"Seven per cent."

"You ought only to pay six. You will find it hard to get more than that for your money. Shall you pay the mortgage with the money I am to pay you?"

"I did think of it, but the squire doesn't seem to care for me to do it. He says he can find a good investment for me."

"At what price do you value your house and land?"

"I don't suppose I could get over two thousand dollars for it."

"That would leave you twelve hundred after the mortgage is paid."

"Very well. If I pay it off with this thousand, there would be two hundred dollars left over."

"Exactly."

"To tell the truth, I think myself in great good luck to get so much for my land here. When Uncle Dan left it to me I didn't suppose it was worth over two hundred dollars altogether, and I don't believe I could have got any more. You see it is very poor land to cultivate."

"True enough, but the site was commanding. For the hotel company it is a good purchase."

"I suppose it is, but nobody thought of a hotel being built at the time I inherited the land from my uncle. Probably he thought it worth little or nothing, for he didn't like me over-much, and didn't care to do much for me."

"Then it is better for you that he couldn't foresee the prospective value of his bequest. It might have led to an alteration in his will."

"No doubt it would. When are the hotel folks going to build?"

"They have got the cellar dug, and the frame up already. Didn't you know that?"

"No; I haven't been up that way."

"Better go by it on your return. They would like to have had it ready for occupation this season, but they have begun too late for that. I understand that it may be thrown open for fall boarders if it should be completed by the middle of August."

"What would Uncle Dan say if he were alive to see it?"

"It would make the old man open his eyes, beyond a doubt. Now, Mr. Dunham, how will you receive this money? Shall I give you a check?"

"No; I shouldn't know what to do with a check. I never received a check in my life," said Adin Dunham, shaking his head.

All bank matters were unknown to the carpenter, except that he had once a small deposit in a savings bank, but he never could get rid of the fear that the bank would break, and he finally drew it out to get his mind at rest.

"A check would be safer, I think," said the agent.

"How can it be safer? The bank might break before I got the money."

Thomas Marks smiled.

"From what I know of the bank this is hardly likely, I think," he made answer. "However, I don't presume to advise. I mean that if you should lose the check, or have it stolen, it would not be a serious loss."

"Why not?"

"Because it will be made payable to your order, and unless indorsed by you, that is, with your signature written on the back, it would do the finder, or thief, no good."

"I don't mean to lose it, and I am not likely to meet any robbers, though my wife and Squire Bates told me I must be careful."

"Squire Bates told you that, did he?"

"Yes."

"He knows, then, that you are to receive this money today?"

"Yes; I told him."

"Did you tell any one else?"

"No."

"That is well. It is always best to be cautious in such cases; though I can hardly imagine, myself, that there could be any highway robbers in a quiet farming town like Waterford."

"Just what I told my wife, Mr. Marks."

"Then you will take the money in bills?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

The agent went to a safe on the opposite side of the room, and opened it.

"That's a queer sort of a cupboard, Mr. Marks," said Adin Dunham.

The agent smiled.

"Yes," he answered. "If you are going to keep the money in your house, you may have to buy one."

"How much does it cost?"

"I gave a hundred and twenty five dollars for this," he said.

Adin Dunham whistled. He had not supposed it would cost over fifteen.

"You had better not. You will soon be investing the money, no doubt, so that there will be no occasion. I would pay off the mortgage if I were you."

"It wouldn't seem as if I had the money at all if I did that. Besides, the squire says he will see an investment for me."

"Meanwhile I hope you won't be as foolish as a man I was reading of the other day, living in Vermont."

"How was that?"

"He put a hundred dollars in an air tight stove for safe keeping. He was afraid his wife would see it and want to spend it if he put it in a trunk or bureau drawer. As it turned out, he had better have taken his wife into his confidence. Not knowing that the stove was doing service as a bank, she kindled a fire in it one damp day, and that was the last of the hundred dollars."

"I don't think I shall put the money in the stove, though it is June," said Adin Dunham.

"Besides, my wife knows all about it, and she isn't one of the spendin' kind."

"That is lucky for you. Well, here is a pile of fifty dollar bills—twenty of them. I will count them before you, so that you may see they are all right, and then you may give me a receipt."

So the thousand dollars were counted out, and Adin Dunham put them into his capacious pocket, which perhaps in its history of five years had never contained in the aggregate so large a sum of money.

The carpenter breathed a deep sigh of satisfaction. The moment he had so long anticipated had arrived, and he carried with him a sum which seemed to him a fortune, all his, and all to be disposed of as he willed. He straightened up unconsciously, for he felt that he had become a person of importance.

He jumped into his buggy, and when he had finished his errands in Rockmount, he started in the direction of home.

CHAPTER VI.

DEAN DUNHAM FINDS HIS UNCLE.

WHEN Adin Dunham reached the fork in the road from which there were two different routes to Waterford, he halted his horse in indecision.

"Seems to me as if I'd rather go over the creek road," he said to himself. "I don't know why 'tis that I don't fancy goin' through the woods today. It's a silly fancy, no doubt, for I've gone that way hundreds of times, and I told the squire I'd go that way, and I'll do it, or he'll think strange of it."

So he turned to the left instead of the right, and continued his journey. Is it true that we have presentiments of coming evil? This was at any rate the case with Adin Dunham. He felt a growing uneasiness, especially when he drew near the tract of woods through which the road ran for nearly quarter of a mile.

"What is the matter with me?" he asked, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"I suppose it must be because I have so much money with me. I wish I had taken a check."

Then he tried to laugh it off, but he could not drive away the feeling of uneasiness. Somehow the thought of robbers would present itself to his mind.



DEAN FINDS A CLEW.

"I'd give a five dollar bill if I was safe at home," he said to himself.

He had reached the middle point of the woods, and was beginning to breathe easier. Neither before nor behind was any one in sight.

"It's all right!" he thought. "As soon as I get through these woods I shall have nothing to worry about."

But just then a noise was heard to the right, and a tramp burst out, his features concealed by a mask, and sprang for the horse's head.

"Halt there!" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice. Adin Dunham's tongue refused service, and with pallid cheeks, betokening intense fear, he stared at the apparition.

"What do you want?" he managed to ejaculate at last.

"Quick! Give me that money," hissed the stranger.

"What money?" asked Adin Dunham, aghast, though he knew well enough what money was meant.

"No trifling, or it will be the worse for you! Give me the thousand dollars you have in your pocket."

"Are you a robber?" asked Dunham, with blanched face,

"Never mind what I am! I want that money. It will be as much as your life is worth to refuse."

Adin Dunham was not a brave man, but the prospect of losing his fortune, for which he had waited so long, made him desperate. He drew out his whip and lashed the horse.

"Get up, Captain!" he shouted.

Then, he hardly knew how it happened, the tramp clambered into the wagon, and pressed a handkerchief to his mouth. He felt his senses going, but before he lost consciousness he saw something that startled him. The tramped his mouth, and he caught sight of the long, tusk-like teeth.

"Why, it's Squire Bates!" he ejaculated, in horror struck dismay.

Then he lost all consciousness, and knew not what followed.

"Confusion!" muttered the tramp. "Why did I open my mouth?"

He thrust his hand into Adin Dunham's pocket, after stopping the horse. Then, as it would not be safe to leave the horse under the management of a man in a faint, he took the passive form of the carpenter from the wagon, and laid him down under a tree by the roadside.

"There! It will be supposed that he fell from the wagon in a fit!" he said to himself, as he left the scene.

This was what had happened to Adin Dunham. How long he lay in his senseless condition cannot be told. At length he opened his eyes, and looked about him in a dazed way.

"Where is the horse and wagon?" he asked himself.

The horse and wagon were not to be seen. The Captain had waited patiently, looking round from time to time, and gazing in evident doubt at his driver, whinnying a hint that they had been stopping long enough. Probably he wondered what was the matter with Adin Dunham, who, though not his master, was well known to him.

At length the Captain decided that he must settle the matter for himself. He started for home at an easy pace, and arrived there at length, as we know, very much to the surprise of Mr. Gould, and the uneasiness of Dean Dunham. We have already related the sequel—

how Mr. Gould and Dean got into the buggy, and, somewhat to the dissatisfaction of the horse, started back on the road to Rockmount.

"I can't see what has happened to uncle," said Dean.

"Does your uncle ever—drink anything strong?" asked Mr. Gould cautiously.

"No, Mr. Gould, he is very temperate. He has often cautioned me about drinking."

"I always thought he was temperate," Dean, said Mr. Gould, "but I thought it just possible he might have met some old friends in Rockmount, and ventured upon a social glass."

"I don't believe he would do it."

"He might have got off for a minute, and the horse taken advantage and started without him. But that doesn't seem like the Captain. He is a very steady, reliable horse, and isn't up to any tricks."

"I hope uncle wasn't taken sick, and fell from the buggy."

"Has he ever been taken that way?" asked Mr. Gould quickly.

"Not that I ever heard. Aunt would know."

"We will ask her if we don't find him on the road. Do you know whether your uncle had any particular business in Rockmount today?"

self, for a while. He wished to have a talk with the pale face lad, and this was the best place that could be chosen, out of sight of the rest of the warriors. He signified to the Mohawk that even his presence was not desired, and The Wild Cat was not displeased thereat. He asked, however, to be allowed to act as sentinel during the meeting, for he was certain there would be a visit from their pale face enemies.

This request was conceded, and The Wild Cat walked slowly out in the gloom, taking a course toward the base of the bluff, where he stationed himself by the edge of the river, prepared to watch the interests of his chieftain with the unselfish loyalty of a mastiff; and the prayer that he might be permitted to do so at the risk of his own life was granted.

CHAPTER XXXIII. TEACHER AND PUPIL.

THE chieftain waited a few minutes after the Mohawk had vanished. He stood with the full glow of the fire falling upon his fine figure, and only a few paces from the lame lad, who surveyed him with wondering curiosity. The Seneca loosely grasped the barrel of his rifle, whose stock rested on the ground at his feet, and his left hand rested on the blade of his tomahawk slightly projecting from the girdle, the pose being that of a perfect athlete at rest.

Benny's crutch leaned against the boulder, on which he had seated himself, his feet hanging over the side toward the blaze, while the Bible lay on the stone beside him. Something told him what was coming, and, with a slight effort, he changed his seat, and the young man, his back being against the boulder, while the holy volume rested on his lap.

Looking fixedly at the lad for a second or two, the chieftain said:

"Red Eagle wants to hear his son talk about the Great Spirit of the white man."

This was uttered in Seneca, and the youth made answer in the same tongue:

"My heart is glad to tell you all I know, but the Great Spirit of the white man is the Great Spirit of the red man, and of all the people that dwell on the earth. He loves them, and wants them to love one another."

"Red Eagle has heard the missionaries say those words to the Indians, but the pale faces do not love each other; they fight as the Indians do."

"The words of the chief are true; there are many evil white men, as there are red men, and they care nothing for the smiles of the Great Spirit, but grieve him every day. But all white men are not so, and the Great Spirit does not grieve when his children fight to take care of their wives and children and lands."

"Then he loves the Indian when he fights the pale faces that steal away his hunting grounds."

The wise lad saw he must utter some unwelcome truths, and he did not hesitate.

"When the Great Spirit made the woods and rivers and prairies and mountains and plains, He meant them for all his children. There is room for them, whether they be white or red or dark, and He wishes them to live together in love toward one another. How much land does Red Eagle want?" asked Benny, looking him bravely in the eye; "there is more than he and his children need."

"But the Indian lived here first," said the chief, with something of impatience in his voice. "Why did not the pale face stay on the other side of the water, where the Great Spirit placed him? Why does he cross the great water to steal the hunting grounds of the Indian?"

"Do not the Indians fight with each other?" said the wise boy, who saw Red Eagle's face put it into the hearts of the Tuscaroras to join the Iroquois, that they might become the Six Nations, He meant that they should be the masters of the other Indians."

"Red Eagle is wrong; the Great Spirit does not wish any people to make servants of others; Red Eagle does not fight when he leads his warriors against the white settlers; he grieves the Great Spirit."

The chieftain maintained his immovable posture, but now and then his black eyes shone with a threatening light. His whole life had been in opposition to this strange doctrine of love and charity to which he was listening, and it was too much to expect the moral revolution to perfect itself in a few minutes, though it must be borne in mind that he had given much thought to this most important subject that can interest the human mind.

"My son once told me about one that died for us," he remarked in a tender voice, alling up the theme that had taken the strongest hold upon him.

"Yes; we have talked about it several times, Red Eagle; it is the sweetest and most wonderful story that was ever told. He had the power to slay all those who put Him to a cruel death, but He did not do so, and when they struck Him and one pierced His side with a spear, He knew His father was angry with His people who had done wrong, and the only way to drive the frown from His face was to suffer with His hands and feet nailed to the cross; so He died."

The lad now opened the Bible at an engraving of the Crucifixion, and motioned to the chieftain to place himself beside him. Red Eagle obeyed, and, as the light shone on the sacred page, he fixed his eyes with strange interest on the picture.

"There He hangs on the cross, between two evil men," added Benny. "You know that the chiefs of great nations wear crowns of gold on their heads; the pale people put a crown on the Saviour's head made of thorns, that added to his pain; a soldier thrust his spear in His side, and when He asked for water they gave Him that which did not quench thirst, but made Him suffer still more. He could have smitten all His death-blowers, He forgave them and bore His anguish in silence."

It was a theme almost beyond the grasp of the savage, but who shall say that a divine light was not beginning to steal into the dark breast, helping to make plain the simple and yet marvellous story of the Saviour of the world?

Red Eagle did not speak, but, seated beside the lame lad, he gazed with heaving breast on the picture. Benny waited a minute or two, and, with the book still open on his lap, said in his low, musical voice:

"He was the Son of the Great Spirit, and He too was the Great Spirit. He does not ask Red Eagle to die as He did, but He asks him to love his brothers just as He loves every one of His children."

"But if He died," said the chieftain, "how can He live and love the pale faces and the Indian?"

The lad turned the pages to the picture of the resurrection.

"They placed the body of the Saviour, as we call him, in the grave, but on the third day, his Father breathed life into it, and it became as it was before."

"Where did he go?"

"He stayed on the earth long enough for some of his friends to see and talk with him, and then He went beyond the clouds, where He is now looking down on Red Eagle and his warriors, and wishing they would bury the hatchet and live in peace."

This was plain doctrine, and it was hard to believe, but it lay down in the heart of the fiery Iroquois something whispered to him that the words of the boy were true.

Benny laid a hand on the brawny shoulder, and, looking into the painted face so close to his own, asked:

"Has not my father heard a voice when he was alone in the woods that whispered the words I have spoken to him? Has not something said to him, when he showed kindness, that he was pleasing the Great Spirit? And when Red Eagle's wrath has led him to bury the tomahawk in the brain of his foe, has he not felt saddened, because he thought that Manitou had veiled his face?"

The chieftain did not reply. His eyes still rested on the printed page, as though there was a fascination in it which he could not resist. His face was slightly lower than the youth's, for he was reclining on one elbow, while Benny sat upright.

"The words of the boy gave a quick throb, for strange sight! he saw that which no one had ever seen. Underneath each eyelid glistened a tear in the freight.

The Iroquois did not brush them away, and never knew that his young friend was aware of the extraordinary fact. He winked rapidly once or twice, and the tell tale moisture vanished.

"Tell Red Eagle more," he said, in a voice so low that, had not perfect stillness reigned, his words would not have been heard.

"The story is simple, and I can add little to it; all that I look place a great many moons ago, longer than the traditions that have come down to my father tell him about. The Great Spirit has His home beyond the clouds, and His eye is never closed. At this time, when the sun's face is hidden, He is looking down on the world and Hesses everything. More than that, not only does He see Red Eagle at this moment, but He knows every thought in his heart; nothing can be hidden from Him."

The Iroquois for the first time roused from the spell that had gradually taken possession of him. He abruptly came to the sitting posture, and there was no trace of tears in the flashing eyes he fixed upon the startled countenance beside him.

"Red Eagle was born a warrior," said he, with something of his old ferocity; "he learned to hate the pale faces who left their own country to steal his hunting grounds; he has sunk his tomahawk in their brain; he has fixed their skulls on their heads; he has met them in the woods and buried his knife in their hearts; he does not fear them, for Manitou has given him a strong arm, a quick eye, and a knowledge greater than his enemies."

Instead of replying by words, Benny quietly turned once more to the illustration of the Crucifixion, and, laying his finger on it, looked calmly into the watchful countenance.

The chief kept his eyes fixed on the face of the lad for a minute, as if fighting against some impulse tugging at his heart; but whatever the nature of that mysterious force, it prevailed. The flashing eyes dropped to the page, he quietly rested on his elbow, and fixed his attention on the wonderful scene.

What the result of this strange conference might have been, it is impossible to say; but, as the serpent crept into the garden of Eden, so stole the intruders upon the scene, which, for the time, scattered all the good seed to the winds.

Red Eagle and Benny heard at the same instant the fracture of a twig near them. They started, the chieftain grasping his rifle, which he had laid against the rock beside him, and landing upright on his feet at a single bound.

But incredibly quick as was the movement, it was too late!

CHAPTER XXXIV. THE LEVELED RIFLES.

ORRIS OUDEN had made his camp with Escape Greenfield, and, cruel as it may strike you, it must be remembered, where he had left his canoe.

The defensive by the settlers were placed on the Indian side, and the most powerful confederation of Indians ever known on the American continent. War is the essence of cruelty, and deeds which can only awake horror in times of peace are often made necessary by the law of self preservation.

Enough had passed between the officer and the hunter for them to understand each other perfectly; and, having bidden the general good night, Ouden withdrew.

Leaving the block house, he made his way at a leisurely pace between the cabins standing near, taking a direction which led to the Cattaraugus.

As he reached the spot he saw the outlines of a man attired somewhat like himself, who was pacing back and forth, as if impatient at the delay.

"Is that you, Burt?" asked Ouden as he approached.

"Yes," and I thought you'd never get through."

"It took time to put matters in shape," replied Ouden; "but it's all fixed now."

"How?"

"Five hundred dollars in gold; that's half to you and half to me, as soon as the job is done."

"It isn't going to be any child's play, either," said the other, who seemed less enthusiastic than Ouden.

"If it was, the general wouldn't pay five hundred dollars for the work."

With this Red Eagle take that lame boy with him; growled his friend, Burt Pendleton, who belonged to the garrison, and had a reputation as a scout hardly second to that of Orris Ouden himself.

"That's one of the whims of the chief, though I'm sorry, but I don't know as it will make any difference, for the younger is of no account in this business, and he may be the means of keeping Red Eagle from hurrin' back too fast."

"Little chance of that; git in; I'll use the paddle."

Ouden took his seat at the prow, Pendleton placing himself well toward the stern, and handling the blade with a skill equal to that of the other.

It would seem that the impatience of Pendleton was justified, for, since the campaign was to be a personal one against Red Eagle, valuable time had been lost by the interview between Ouden and the general Greenfield. On that night, however, fortune once more smiled on the daring scout.

Recalling the strange canoe and its occupant, who had withdrawn from the singular pursuit at a distance of about a mile from the block house, Ouden whispered to Pendleton to keep close to the southern shore, and to watch and listen for all he was worth.

By taking the bank opposite to that along which he had descended, there was less danger of running into any ambush the stranger might set for such a pursuit.

It was a wise move, for, at the very time that both were on the watch for danger, they caught the glimmer of the camp fire on the bluff. Instantly Burt Pendleton ceased paddling, and the two consulted for several minutes.

The fire was a mystery which, with all their sagacity, neither could explain. It had been set in obedience to a curious notion of The Wild Cat, and it would have been strange if the scouts, with their ignorance of the Mohawk, had rightly interpreted the meaning.

And yet Ouden struck an inkling of the truth. "From what that lame younker has told me about Red Eagle," said he, "and from what I've seen, that's a strange likin' between the two, and, if I'm not mistook, they're fond of talkin' religion atween 'em, which is mighty queer, when you think of the style of that same Iroquois; but religion is a subject, Burt, which it wouldn't hurt some other folks that I know to think about. I shouldn't wonder now if the young man has stopped the boat, gone ashore and built a fire, to have another talk with the younker on the same subject, though I admit it ain't very likely."

"What about t'other varmint that chased you down the river?" inquired Burt.

"I give that up; but let's investigate."

Their retrospection still close to the southern bank, until secure against discovery, when a few strong strokes sent the boat flying to the other shore. It was too soon for the rising moon, and they felt no misgiving that they had been seen by their enemy.

Ouden did not forget the stranger in the boat, they retrogressed, still close to the shore and built a fire, to have another talk with the younker on the same subject, though I admit it ain't very likely."

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The canoe was checked before reaching a point opposite to the foot of the bluff. The

scouts thought it best to land and push their investigations on foot, where they were able to advance without noise or the danger of detection.

In this Pendleton took the lead, stealing along the shore seemingly without any noise at all, while Ouden was just far enough behind to escape treading on his heels.

At such times the trained scout never allows his impatience to betray him into any undue or needless step. Without a whisper or halt they passed on until Ouden felt the hand of Pendleton touch his breast. He had reached back to signal his companion to stop.

Turning his head, the leader placed his mouth almost against the ear of Ouden, and whispered:

"He's thar!"

"I don't believe it; it's some one else."

"Wait till I find out."

With the same noiseless movement Burt handed his rifle to Ouden to hold until the question should be settled. He resumed his advance, and, in the gloom, the other hunter could barely distinguish the outlines of his head and shoulders.

A minute later there was a fall—the sound of a terrific struggle—hurried breathing, but no outcry—and then all became still.

"You war right," whispered Pendleton, as he rejoined his friend, speaking with more freedom; "it wasn't Red Eagle."

"Didn't you git scratched, Burt?"

"Nothin' of the kind; I cotched him foul; he had his back toward me, and the next thing he knowed he didn't know nothin'."

The Wild Cat had craved the privilege of risking his life to attest his loyalty to his chief, and the opportunity was given him. Not only that, but life itself was sacrificed as clearly as any person ever died for another.

"That must have been the varmint that followed me," remarked Ouden, no more moved by the fearful incident than if it had been a deer that he had brought to earth.

"I can't say for sartin, but it ain't likely."

"Red Eagle put him at the foot of the bluff to watch for just such gentlemen as us."

"Wal, he didn't amount to much as a watcher, and he won't be bothered with any more work of the kind. Do you s'pose that are any other of the varmints around?"

"Now for the camp fire."

"I'll take the right and you the left."

"Very well; and we'll come together on t'other side and fix things arter we learn just how they stand."

The hunters separated, and began feeling their way up the bluff with the same striking skill that enabled them to crush the Mohawk on guard, without giving him a chance to warn his chieftain by a single outcry.

So remarkably similar was their progress that they arrived at the point of meeting at precisely the same moment. As Ouden had suggested, it was beyond the camp fire.

They now stole forward once more until high enough to look upon the strangest scene of their lives. On the other side of the fire sat Benny Morris, with his back against the boulder, an open Bible in his lap, while he was talking in a low earnest voice to the mighty Iroquois chieftain, who was reclining on one elbow, with his gun leaning against the stone beside him, and his eyes fixed on the holy book.

The sight was enough to touch the sympathies of the most abandoned man; but there was no sentiment of pity in the heart of the two hunters.

A brother of Burt's had felt the weight of Red Eagle's vengeance, and Ouden had come within a hair of losing his scalp to the same terrible warrior.

They had the most dreaded foe of the frontier at their mercy, and they meant he should not escape.

The distance separating them from the Iroquois was no more than a dozen yards, and the glow of the camp fire, which was beginning to smolder, was reflected against the barrels of the guns as they came slowly to a level with the muzzles pointing straight at the breast of the unsuspecting savage, who at that moment was thinking of a question the opposite of war and bloodshed.

(To be continued.)

SEEKING STARS ON THE DIAMOND.

CAPTAIN. "What made you drop that pop fly? It was an awful error."

STOUGHTON. "I got so rattled that I saw six balls."

CAPTAIN (crossly). "I should think you might have caught one on the least."

AN HONEST DOORTEENDER.

RASTUS (a late acquisition from the cornfield, on presenting a visiting card to his mistress). "Mum, there's two of 'em waiting at the door."

MISTRESS. "Why on earth didn't you invite them in?"

RASTUS. "Sartinly, mum, you didn't want two to come in on one ticket, did you?"

A SHOCKING CASE OF BLACKMAIL.

VAT. "said the collector for a little German band to a citizen who sat in his front window, 'you no gif noddings for dot moosic?'"

Den v'ent a bent," replied the citizen, with hopeless emphasis.

"Den v'ent some more, dat's all!" threatened the collector.

The citizen produced a quarter at once.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles?
The old Greek Isles of the yellowbird's song?
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.
And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love, and a true man's Trust!
Lo! These are the isles of the watery miles
That God let down from the firmament.
So Duty and Love and a true man's Trust;
Your forehead to God, though your feet in the
dust.
So Duty and Love and a child's sweet smiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

A Brave Yankee Skipper.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

UNCLE BEN was long past going to sea, and his stories of the deep were always interesting, for they were tales of experience, and not of imagination. I recall one of them in particular, the incidents of which occurred in his youth a little previous to the war of 1812.

"Then," he began, "sailors had more to dread than now, for they were in constant danger of impressment by the British. Sometimes they would be picked up while on shore in the English ports, and whisked off on board men of war; but oftener they were seized on the broad ocean—taken right off their own decks, and compelled to serve among strangers."
"How would it look, at this day, for a foreign officer to come on board an American vessel, and order the captain to muster his crew, just as slaves were brought out for an auction sale in the West Indies? Think of it! What would the newspapers say? What would the people say? What would the Post-office say? Wouldn't there be a call to arms from Maine to California? And wouldn't every man in the country, capable of shouldering a musket, be eager to volunteer for the honor of our flag?"

Uncle Ben looked full of enthusiasm as he said this; full, too, of a just indignation at remembered wrongs. And we youngsters wondered at the forbearance which could, for a single month, have suffered such things to be.

"But habit," the old mariner resumed, "is everything. Our people had got in the way of looking upon England as having a kind of ownership in us, and it took them a long while to forget this inherited feeling."

"Before going to sea, I got what was called a 'protection,' telling where I was born, how old, and how tall I was, and what color my eyes were. The very fact that an American sailor could be allowed to procure such a writing, with such an object, was enough to fill one with shame. But, still worse, the thing did no good."

"A 'protection,' in so far as regarded the danger of impressment, was worth just its weight of blank paper, and no more. It is a kind of ownership in us, and it took them a long while to forget this inherited feeling."

"All my sea-going acquaintances had the like passports, subscribed and sworn to in proper legal form, and as for impressing, under the circumstances, as if in so many words they had asked John Bull to grant the bearers the liberty of sailing on his big pond."

"The one I carried answered very well for three years, simply because it never happened to be called for. Then, finding myself grown too tall and robust to come within the description, I got another."

"At this time I was going to Lisbon in the ship Rebecca. The captain was an excellent man, named Eddy, whose family lived directly across the street from ours, and who had known me from my birth."

"The entire ship's company was made up of our townspen, so that when we went out of port it hardly seemed like going away from home, we had so many familiar associates in common."

"The Rebecca reached Lisbon in about thirty days, and our stay there was very interesting. The foremast hands being all sober and well informed men, there became treasured up in the forecabin a great deal of entertaining knowledge concerning the Portuguese and their country."

"When, finally, we had secured our cargo of wine and dates, and were once more at sea, every one thought how much he would have to tell upon getting home; for all of us had friends, and dear ones, too, who would be glad enough to hear every little incident of the voyage recounted."

"We took the route usually followed in that day by vessels from the south of Europe—standing northwardly until in the latitude of the English Channel, although considerably to the west of it. Thence we headed nearly in a direct course for the United States."

"Our west longitude was now fast increasing, but we had not run long in this direction, when a sail was observed bearing down upon us, and, as she drew nearer, we discovered her to be a brig of war."

"She fired a shot ahead of us, and Captain Eddy gave orders to haul around the main yard. He looked terribly vexed and stern, but he was in the lion's mouth, and could not help himself."

"The British cruiser also hove to, with her jib and staysail loosely flapping, and the canvas on her mainmast holding her where she was. Then a lieutenant, with a number of marines, came on board of us. The vessel alongside, he said, was His Majesty's brig Falkirk, Captain Downs."

"First he asked for the Rebecca's papers, and, having read them, ordered our captain to have us all mustered aft."

"You have no authority," said Captain Eddy, "to command me in such a matter. My men, I presume, are all on deck, and you can see them. I shall make no special muster of my crew."

"The British lieutenant looked surprised and angry."

"Go forward, corporal," he said to the petty officer of the marines; "take a couple of men with you, and rouse out any of His Majesty's runaways that you may find in the forecabin."

I have known them from childhood, and have always been well acquainted with their families. If you take them, you commit an outrage such as even your own government would not sanction."

"I have heard such talk before," said the officer. "It is what they always say. You Yankees should have learned before this that the royal navy is not to be defrauded by your miserable evasions. Such papers as I have just thrown overboard pass among you from hand to hand, answering for Yankees and foreigners alike; but you see they have failed to serve their holders in this case."

"Then, turning to his marines, he added, 'Corporal, see that these men are got into the boat without delay.'"

"The red coated soldiers encompassed us, putting the points of their bayonets through our clothing," and the corporal himself attempted to take me by the collar, but recoiled upon seeing my fist drawn back for a blow."

"Captain Eddy looked sternly in the face of the lieutenant. 'So, sir, you are resolved?' he said."



THE REBECCA'S SAILORS ARE TAKEN ABOARD THE BRITISH BRIG.

"I will teach you, sir," he added, addressing Captain Eddy, "to respect an order coming from one who bears a commission from the King of Great Britain."

"No one was found in the forecabin, for the very good reason that we were all above board. And now the lieutenant proceeded to arrange us in a rank before him, ordering up his marines with their bayonets, to compel obedience."

"We numbered eight before the mast, all having 'protections,' made out in good faith, and supposed to cover the necessary ground. With a strong appearance of contempt the British officer went through the farce of reading them. Then he tore in two my own and those of three of my shipmates, crumpled them in his hand, and threw them overboard."

"You four are all English," he said; "that is plain enough. I care nothing for your lying 'protections'; you have only to get into that boat and return to your duty to your king and country."

"We refused positively. But what was the refusal of four unarmed sailors, with the bayonets of ten marines at their breasts, and a twenty gun brig of war lying hardly a cable's length away?"

"Sir," said Captain Eddy, turning to the lieutenant, "I appeal to your humanity and your honor. These young men are my neighbors when at home. They are true born Americans."

"Yes," replied the officer; "and I wish you to understand it. I have the power to take these subjects of the king, and that power I shall use."

"Very well," returned the captain; "I am helpless to resist. But, sir, if you can take my men, you can take my vessel. Here, on the spot, I surrender the ship Rebecca to Captain Downs of His Britannic Majesty's brig Falkirk! When you brace forward I shall follow you. You will probably out sail me, but, in that event, I shall make for the first English port, delivering up my ship as a prize captured upon the high seas by His Majesty's cruiser. I will test this matter of impressment to the very bottom; and, if Captain Downs shall be found willing to stand a trial upon the question in the courts of England, he may rest assured that I shall be there!"

"Such a declaration would have been astounding to the British lieutenant could he have believed the American shipmaster in earnest; but as it was he replied simply by some allusion to 'Yankee insolence,' and repeated his command to the corporal to bundle us into the boat."

"A semicircle of bayonets fairly pushed us to the gangway, and, though we turned desperately upon the sharp steel, it was only to receive wounds which, if not deep, were at least painful."

"Captain Eddy, forcing his way between the soldiers and ourselves, shook hands with us heartily before we went down our good ship's side into the English boat."

"Don't be down hearted, my good lads," he said; "I'll see you through. This mayn't be to stop here! If they take you, they take me. And remember," he added, with emphasis, "that even English law does not sustain this thing. The officer at my elbow knows this as well as I do. Or at least if you do not, sir," he continued, addressing the lieutenant, "you are ignorant of the laws of your own country."

"No sooner had we reached the Falkirk's deck than the order was given to brace forward, and shrilly repeated by the boatswain's whistle. This whistle had for us a most depressing sound, and I have never heard one since without a kind of sad feeling at my heart. It seemed, beyond all else, to tell us where we were. Every command on a lower deck, and of war, as you may have heard, is first given in words and then emphasized by the pipe."

"With a large number of hands at the after braces the yards were swung around till the sails were filled and the brig gathered headway. All except ourselves were for the moment busy, but we, who had as yet no station allotted to us, stood looking on. Our eyes were directed toward the Rebecca, and we saw also her main yard swing around in the same manner. But, instead of standing upon her original course, she followed straight after the Falkirk."

"We had seen Captain Eddy himself, putting all his strength upon the main brace, to assist his sorely diminished crew in hauling the yard around; and now we perceived him at the huge tack of the mainsail—his own head and those of his few men being in plain view above the bulwarks, and a long line, and a strong pull, and a pull all together" was given upon the heavy rope."

"The Rebecca was by no means a dull sailing ship, and she was now walking right along. It was not to be expected, however, that she could keep up with a brig of war, and the Falkirk dropped her somewhat astern, although the difference in speed was much less than would have been looked for."

"On the following night it was almost calm. The Rebecca, however, fell upon a stronger current of air than ourselves, and in the morning was found to have got ahead of us."

"For three days, with intervals of light breezes, calms, and fogs, we continued near the 'Chops of the Channel,' the vessels changing, more or less, their relative positions with the unsteady puffs of air, yet never getting very far from each other, and a low, dark, Captain Downs seemed in a state of irritation."

"On the evening of the third day we were once more decidedly ahead, and before morning saw the steady beacon from the lighthouse on the western end of the Isle of Wight. We were nearing the great naval anchorage Spithead, between the island and the main land, where the harbor of Portsmouth is situated."

"As the day broke, a ship was observed off our quarter. Lighter and lighter grew the sky, and more and more familiar the appearance of the accompanying vessel."

"'Confound the miserable Yankee!' cried Captain Downs at last, out of all patience, and grown terribly nervous with his three or four days of suspense."

"Can it be possible that he really means to follow me into port? P'd no idea the fellow would carry his contemptible folly to this extent!"

"He had, indeed, good reason to feel disturbed; for there, before his eyes, and not two miles off, was the Rebecca, bearing straight up for Spithead."

"No doubt he thought of the Board of Admiralty, the Court of the King's Bench, the interminable discussions in parliament, and all the wearying complications, both national and international, which this vexatious matter involved. Upon his own side, he might plead the immemorial custom; but would he not be confronted with that great principle of English law which is the guarantee of personal liberty?"

"Suddenly Captain Downs stopped in his fidgety walk."

"Lieutenant Vane," he said, "see the brig brought to the wind, and the main yard laid aback!"

"Soon the Falkirk was lying motionless."

"Now," continued the captain, "see the cutter called away. Put those four Yankees into her, and send them aboard their ship!" Then with a sorry attempt to cover his mortification, he added: "Possibly there has been some mistake. At all events the fellow has followed me long enough to do me something at my heels, and he is welcome to the lubbering scoundrels!"

"In fifteen minutes we were on the Rebecca's deck. As we climbed over the ship's rail, Captain Eddy seemed as much rejoiced as our selves. Home and happiness were before us, and in a few weeks we reached the United States, there to relate to wondering ears our four days' experience as pressed sailors, and tell every one how much we owed to a captain who had proved himself such a friend in need."

TAKE NO THOUGHT.

BY J. GAY.

Wise lose we life in anxious cares
To lay in hoards for future years?
Care these, when tortured by disease,
Cheer their sick hearts or purchase ease?
Can these prolong our gasp of breath,
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

[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 XI.

AN ANCIENT MAP.

STANLEY, the doctor, and Mr. Goodman were amazed beyond measure to see that the chief's fetich was a parchment map of Africa, bearing the date of 1573.

Even in the first shock of this discovery, however, the habitual caution learned in their dealings with the natives warned all three to curb their emotions before the chief, who had luckily mistaken their excitement for admiration, and looked greatly flattered thereby. Assuming an air of indifference, they began to inspect the mysterious map.

Rudely drawn as it was with simple pen and ink, it had evidently been a work of time and labor, and probably represented the discoveries of some early Portuguese explorer, for not only were all the names Portuguese, but in one corner was a partly effaced note in the same language, stating that the map was made by Dr. John Nunez, by order of the noble gentleman Dom Michael da Silva, A. D. 1573.

As is usual in old fashioned maps, lions, elephants, giraffes, etc., were roughly sketched over the districts frequented by them, and the map bristled with such notes as "Gold said to exist here," "Sandy wastes inhabited by monsters," "Fool believed to be unfathomable." But the vast curving line of the Congo was drawn exactly as Stanley's discovery had placed it, marked throughout as the "Congo or Zahir," and the great central lakes were pretty accurately delineated.

"I won it in battle," said the chief, proudly, "from a white warrior with woolly hair."

Stanley looked at Dr. Hardhead. Dr. Hardhead looked nowhere in particular.

"One of the White Africans who 'don't' exist," I suppose," said the great leader, dryly.

"Well, it's rather hard that I should just have been doing over again what was done three hundred years ago; but, anyhow, we must have this map."

"You won't take it from him by force, surely?" said Mr. Goodman.

"Not I; but fair exchange is no robbery. Wait a moment."

He went into the house, and came back again almost immediately, carrying in his hand one of the new colored maps of Africa published by the International Association.

"Your fetich is good, my brother," said he to the chief, "but it is growing old and weak now, and will soon lose its strength. Here is a new fetich of the same sort, as you see, a better and stronger one, which I will give you instead."

The chief, who had a true African love of bright color, agreed to the exchange the moment he was satisfied that the two fetiches had the same mark, and the priceless map passed into Stanley's possession.

CHAPTER XII.

AMONG BLACK KINGS.

WE will continue our narrative in the words of Charlie Thorne himself, by giving a letter which he wrote to Fred Wentworth, an old schoolfellow of his, from Stanley Pool and Rubunga on the Upper Congo. He arrived at these places some weeks after the events last narrated, Stanley having taken the boys with him on his journey of exploration.

"DEAR FRED—Since I wrote from Vivi, I've got your jolly long letter of March 1, which I ought to have answered before, only we've all been so awfully busy.

"It's great fun being here, though, for all that. Do you remember how we used to read

Livingstone's travels at night in the winter term, and talk about how we'd go to Africa some day, and shoot elephants, and make friends with black kings, and discover unknown rivers, and all that? Well, I've had a pretty good taste of that sort of thing already. I've had a shot at an elephant, and hit it too, although it was Uncle Robert that brought it down. I've dined with half a dozen black kings (one of whom gave me his knife in exchange for a red cotton handkerchief), and shaken hands with enough black queens to fill a museum. I've had a whole village crowding round me while I opened my watch and beat it up for them to look at; and, as for unknown rivers, if I don't have a try at that one that Stanley and the doctor are always fighting about, my name's not Charlie Thorne.

"By the by, that Unknown River's one of the things that's brought us up here just now. We're not regularly exploring it yet (I only just wish we were!) but we're getting everything in trim to explore it the next time we come this way. You see, Stanley takes a trip up the Congo every now and then to see that the different stations are getting on all right, and whether the native chiefs are behaving themselves, and all that. So this time we're going to kill two birds with one stone, by making friends with the niggers at the mouth of the

'the place where you've got to do all your navigation by land.'

"Well, the idea is to bridge over this awkward part by making a railroad along the bank. Some say the north bank's the best for it, some say the south; and some say a railroad will cost too much to pay its own expenses, and that the best plan's to make a road and start ox wagons on it, same as the Dutchmen in South Africa. But, as I've told you, nothing's settled yet.

"It's high time that something was settled, however, for it is fearfully bad traveling between here and Vivi. Down in the hollows you have the wild grass three or four feet above your head, and so twisted and tangled that you might as well try to walk through a brush fence; and every stem and blade's as wet as it can be, so that you get a shower bath at every step. Then there's not a breath of fresh air to be had for love or money, but it's all a damp, sticky, choky, steaming kind of heat, that makes you as limp as a wet rag. First thing you know, your helmet's knocked over your eyes, and then a coil of grass catches you under the chin and nearly jerks your head off; and then half a dozen prickly burrs get down your back, and touch you up till you almost jump out of your skin; and just as you're going to put your foot down, you hear a hiss like an upset

"Dr. Hardhead, as usual, wanted to go poking about along the shore, to see if he couldn't find some three eyed monkey or two headed boa constrictor. So he got into one of the canoes, and I went with him to see what was to be seen, and Uncle Robert went too; and we pushed our way up the bank, which had halted a little way below, but the only outlandish thing we saw was a brace of birds that the doctor brought down with his double barrel, saying they were ducks; and sure enough they did look like it, only they'd been sitting right up in the top of a big tree, and I never saw ducks living in trees before.

"But just as we'd got well into the stream again, and were working across to meet the launch as she came up, our niggers suddenly began pulling away as if they'd gone mad, keeping time to every stroke with a screech like fifty scalded parrots all singing out at once. I couldn't think what was up, for there was no sign of anything wrong, except perhaps three or four little whiffs of slate colored cloud far away in the distance.

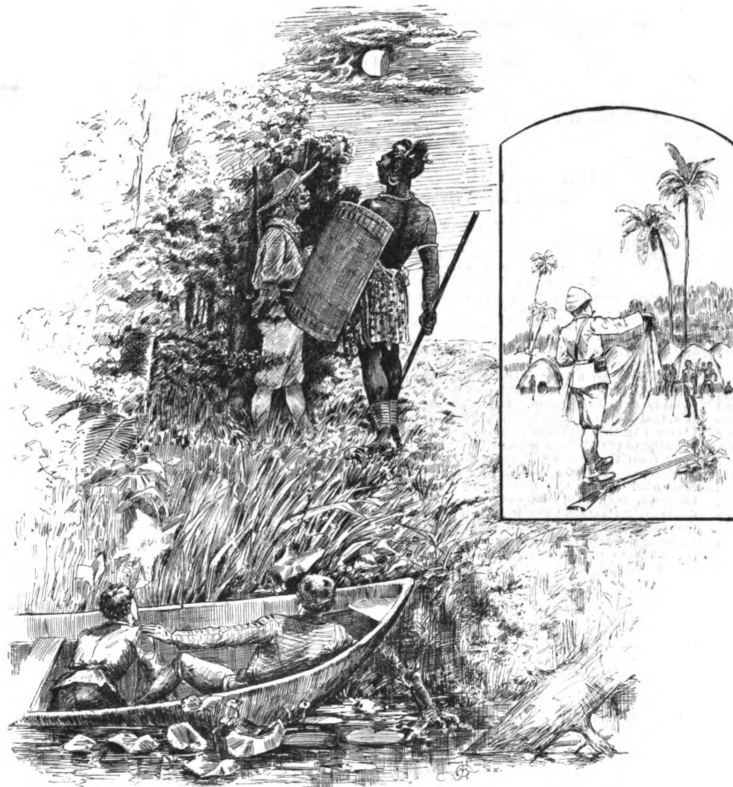
"But the way those clouds spread was a caution. In two minutes all that part of the sky was as black as a boot, and all at once there came a roar of wind and a hiss of rain, and I was knocked down into the bottom of the boat, and the doctor tumbled over me, and Uncle Robert tumbled over him, and the niggers fell atop of us all; and everybody was everywhere, and nobody where he ought to be; and the wind was tossed and banged about like a tennis ball, and the rain poured in from above, and the water poured in from below, till we had all as wet as sops; and we had a hard time to get on board the launch again.

"On the march from Manyanga to Leopoldville (the station at the entrance of Stanley Pool, named after King Leopold of Belgium), we dropped in upon Lutete, a big chief who lives about eight miles back from the river, on the native road down to the coast. When we went up to his house—one of those long, low, grass roofed affairs with a porch in front—there was the usual chorus of 'Mbote,' which is a regular maid of all work in this language, meaning 'All right,' 'Good morning,' and pretty nearly anything else you like. The first thing I saw inside was a portrait of the Prince of Wales out of an illustrated paper, stuck up against the wall for a fetich! The chief (a great hulking fellow whom I'd sooner shake hands with than fight) hallooed to his slaves to bring some 'devil water.' I thought he must mean poison, and was just wondering what I should do if he invited us to drink his health in prussic acid or corrosive sublimate, when in came four or five bottles of soda water, which he uncorked himself, grinning at the bang of the corks like a small boy letting off a cracker. Then he gave us some queer looking stuff called 'kikwanga,' a sort of sour dough made of pounded manioc root, which tasted like new bread soaked in beer; but it wasn't so bad when you eat it.

"But I should never be done if I were to tell you all the queer things that we saw. One of the best sights was a big waterfall (which looked at a distance just like a great white sheet spread out among the dark green rocks) made by the Edwin Arnold River dashing down into the Congo.

"At another place I found a rope of twisted grass stretched between two poles, with three or four net work bags like butterfly nets hanging from it; and the niggers told us that these were traps to catch bats, and that they'd just been eating a lot which were caught during the night. They offered me a bit of one to taste, but I didn't care to try it—it seemed too much like eating an umbrella.

"I can tell you I wasn't sorry to get to Leopoldville, where there are a right snug quarters. You can't think how jolly it is to sit out here on the veranda over your early tea and biscuit and bananas, in the cool morning air, with the whole country spread out before you like a map. Right across the river—which comes down here among the islets as if it would sweep the whole plain away in a great green huts peeping out from among the great broad banana leaves, with a thick black mass of forest behind; and that's Brazzaville, a French settlement. Down to the water's edge from our block house on the hill, after you pass the row of clay huts where the natives live, it's all bananas and vegetables of all sorts, and trees; and you can hardly see the path leading down to the little creek where our other steam launch lies. Away to the right is Stanley Pool (which is just a big bulge of the Congo, sixteen miles broad) like a looking glass in a frame of carved oak. The air's so clear that it seems as if you could throw a stone over the trees to the islands in the middle of the Pool, and you can



CHARLIE AND PAT OVKRIHEAR VALDEZ'S TREACHEROUS PLOTS.

Aruwini (that's the one that Stanley says is the same as the Unknown River, though the doctor declares that it's not) and getting them to be ready to help on our expedition when it does come on, and have plenty of food for it, and all that sort of thing. We're going to pass a whole lot of the places that Stanley talks about in 'The Dark Continent,' and won't it just be fun seeing them all, and hearing him tell about what he did there when he fought his way down the river in '77! I only wish I'd been with him then—don't you?

"You asked me about this Congo railway business. Well, there is nothing actually done yet, but let me tell you what we're thinking of doing. You see, the Congo's something like an hour glass—two broad bits and a narrow bit between. You can get over the 110 miles from the sea to Vivi well enough in a small steamer; and then again above Stanley Pool (which is 235 miles beyond Vivi) the river's all plain sailing for 1000 miles and more. But the hitch comes in between Vivi and Stanley Pool, where the river's jammed up in a rocky gorge about ten sizes too small for it. So then, of course, not having room to stretch itself properly, it begins to boil, and roar, and kick about, making all navigation stark impossible; and that, you see, is the bad bit that has to be skipped somehow, or, as Pat O'Connor said yesterday,

and up jumps a thundering big snake as long as a coach whip, all ready to fly at you; and of course you feel very comfortable and happy, and just in trim to enjoy yourself.

"All at once you come out upon a bit of rising ground, where the grass is short; and you begin to brighten up a bit, and to think that your troubles are over. But are they, though? Directly you get to the top of it—all in a rousing perspiration, of course—a sharp wind catches you and chills you through and through; and then, before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' you find your teeth rattling like a box of dominoes, and there you are, in for a good bout of African fever.

"That's the sort of fun that our overland journey was between Vivi and Stanley Pool; and the spell of boating that came in the middle of it, where the Congo's navigable for 88 miles between the two sets of catnachs, wasn't much better. Our little steam launch, of 35 tons was a daisy, and took the water like a duck; but working up against the current of the Congo, which runs six knots an hour if it runs an inch, is as bad as shoving a cart up hill, especially when you have a lot of canoes in tow, as we had. It took us a long time to do that little distance, and we didn't get through it without an adventure which I, for one, shall not forget in a hurry.

see as plain as print the great white wall of Dover Cliffs standing out along one side of it, and Stanley Hills rolled up like a huge dark wave on the other.

"I almost forgot to tell you, by the by, that a queer fashion of trading they have here. Money's not a bit of use, and, instead of pounds or dollars, they use a sort of thing worth no more than brass rods, or so many cloths. At Vivi and Isangila the currency's red handkerchiefs, striped cloths, and brass tacks. Blue beads are all the go in Manyanga, while here at Stanley Pool nothing will do but brass rods. The bother of it is that a kind of bead or rod which is worth any number in one village may be no good at all in another only a few miles off; and if you haven't got just what the fellows want, they'll see you hanged (or rather starved) before they'll sell you so much as a banana."

"RUBUNGA, June 10.
"I've been in a regular battle at last. After leaving Stanley Pool, we got on all right till we came to Equatorville, one of Stanley's new stations. It's a snug little place, close to the mouth of the Ikelemba River (which is 1000 yards wide where it goes into the Congo), and just on the equator. I asked Pat to come out and try if he could jump over the Line, but the old boy wasn't to be caught; for he remembered how, on the voyage here from England, one of the officers made him look through a telescope with a horse-hair stretched across it, and told him that was the Line.

"The head of the station gave us a rattling good dinner, mostly stuff brought in by the natives, for the station itself doesn't produce much yet, although there's any amount of coffee growing up all round it. And then we drank our healths, and we drank his, and there was a whole lot of singing and speechifying and telling of stories, and altogether we were as jolly as sandboys.

"The next morning, just as we were going to start, a canoe was seen coming across the river, and who should it be but our old friend, Valdez, that friendly Portuguese trader whom we used to see at Vivi, and who helped Stanley to drive away those slave hunters. He seemed pleased to meet us, and gave me a native armband, and old Pat a colored scarf that made him look as grand as a peacock in full feather; and he asked would we take him with us on the river, because he'd sent off nearly all his men with the goods that he'd been buying, and he was afraid of being attacked if he ventured past the higher villages with only one canoe. So we agreed at once, and he came aboard the launch, while his boat was taken in tow with the rest.

"When we reached the country, our old hunter, Nkosi (who's a very swell among them, you know), had a quick reception. The moment the fellows caught sight of him, they swarmed down to the bank and crowded round him like reporters interviewing the murderer of the season. Such a lot of them came on board the launch that things began to look rather nasty for all the place, where there were too fond of each other, and if they got up a free fight among themselves, we should stand a good chance of being polished off in the scrimmage. So our engineer suddenly blew off steam with a scream and a roar that frightened the beggars out of their senses, and the sight of the black-flopping boat, with its anchor swimming ashore for the bare life, was enough to make a cat laugh.

"After that everything went on swimmingly for a bit, except that now the river was all full of wooded islands, the same among which Stanley had such a tough time in '77; and when we got in among them, they were thick with about fifty million mosquitoes, and pretty nearly as many gadflies. If they had all been of one mind, they might have flown away with us bodily, boats and all; and even as it was, poor Uncle Robert's face looked like a map of Switzerland with the mountains in raised scale. We got past a lot of the Sankuru all right; but when we were about half way between it and the Ukéré, our stores began to run short, for Valdez and his eight men hadn't brought much food with them, and had brought nice uncommodious good appetites. So we decided to land at the first big village we came to, and try if we could get some grub from the natives.

"Well, that very afternoon we came to a little creek, along the inner side of which lay a patch of cleared ground covered with young bananas—a sure sign in these parts that there's a village not far off. So we ran the launch and canoes into the creek, and Stanley jumped ashore.

"I haven't landed here before," he said, "and I don't know whether the natives are friendly or not, so it'll be better for only three or four of us to land; for if they see a crowd coming, they'll think we mean to fight them, and either run away or attack us at once." Mr. Goodman, and you, Senhor Valdez, I shall want you, Ankoli and Gobilo" (these were two of his black boatmen) "had better come too. Dr. Hardhead, you will take charge of the boats in my absence. Charlie, I'm sorry I can't let you go, but it wouldn't do you remain here."

"And away he went, as cool as a cucumber, with only four men to back him against a whole tribe, just as he did at Bumbire.

"The moment he was gone, up jumped Dr. Hardhead in a thundering rage.
"I won't be treated like a child in this way! Here's a new and perfectly undescribed commodity of African aborigines, and I'm not to be allowed even to look at them! I won't stand it—I shall go ashore!"

"That spoiled all. I was half mad already at having to stay behind, like a sneak, when there was likely to be a fight. And when I saw the doctor jump ashore, I forgot everything—forgot Stanley's orders—forgot that he'd said he could trust me—forgot even (more shame for me) that I'd get poor Pat, who went wherever I went, to be a scrape. Were you, cousin?"

"Jack Robinson, we were both at the doctor's heels.
"The road to the village wasn't hard to find, for the bananas grew so thick that the only possible way through them was a narrow, winding footpath hardly wide enough for one at a time; and it showed up like a Hawkeye and his drum, Chingachgook, in Fenimore Cooper, following a Mingo trail through the forest. The great leaves rose high overhead on each side, and the ground was so muddy and slippery that we had to keep our feet from tumbling on our noses at every step; and altogether it wasn't a sort of place where you'd like to be attacked by a snout, and it was just like the place where somebody else would like to attack you.

"All at once we came to the edge of a little clearing, in the middle of which stood the little thatched huts of the village, dotted up and down like chess men. Stanley and his men were about half way between them and us, holding up heads and shouting just as they had done before, and in front of the nearest hut stood ten or twelve niggers, while a lot more were dodging in and out among the houses like rabbits.

"I saw directly that there was going to be a row. Instead of coming forward to meet us, the niggers stood sulky together, handling their spears and bows, and looking at us like the fellows behind the huts kept giving a nasty snarling cry, just like a dog when he means mischief.

"Suddenly Stanley laid down his gun, and went forward several paces by himself, right towards these savage brutes, who might shoot him dead at any minute, and peered up at his hand, and said, "Senemeh." "Peace!" It was the pluckiest thing I ever saw, and I can tell you I held my breath as he did it, expecting every minute to see half a dozen arrows go plumb into him.

"The niggers seemed puzzled, and began jawing away among themselves, and then one of them spoke to us with a face just like the black mask that somebody had sat down upon, stepped forward and said (of course I didn't understand him at the time, but I had it all translated to me afterwards)—
"Give us back our brothers, and we will make peace."

"Stanley seemed to know the language in which he spoke, and asked what he meant; and then began a long palaver, with enough grinning, chattering, and making of faces for a monkey or a Frenchman. But it all came to this, that some time ago a Mundélé (white man) [One like this Mundélé here, said the chief, pointing to the Portuguese trader,] had been taken away from them—some Portuguese doctor, I suppose, in want of a subject for dissection. Soon after that a lot of their people had died suddenly, both men and women; and these donkeys had actually got it into their heads that the white men had killed them by magic, and that the Portuguese trader was the cause of bringing 'em to life again, and make slaves of them! We, being white men too, were of course supposed to know all about it; and if we didn't bring their dead chums to life again pretty quick, they'd give it to us! "Then was their sentiments," as Artemus Ward says.

"Stanley tried to talk with 'em, but it wasn't a bit of use. The howling and snarling kept getting louder and louder, and men began to come sneaking out from behind the houses with spears and knives, seemingly egging each other on to rush at us.

"Just then I missed Dr. Hardhead, and when should he be but down on all fours under a tree midway between the village and the edge of the thicket, grubbing away at some rare plants that he'd espied there. The niggers (thinking he was digging up a body, I suppose) gave a horrible shriek, and whizz went a couple of arrows into the trunk within a foot of his nose. He jumped up pretty lively, but only one of those blessed plants, and he knocked down upon us like a wave.

"Pat and I were at Stanley's side in a second. Several arrows whizzed past us, and we were just waiting for the word to fire, when the doctor, who was running towards us with half a dozen of them at his heels, suddenly set, and fell dead on the spot, the nearest nigger dead on the spot, and then flew in among them with his clubbed rifle like a madman. We certainly thought he was one, but anyhow we had to back him up, so in we went too, and for about two minutes I was slashing and hacking away at everything human within reach, and only one of those blessed plants, and he'd been killed, and how long it would last. Pat, having shot a fellow through the arm, went in with his knife; but the doctor, right in the thick of the fight, threw himself on his knees, and snatched up something as if it had been the Koh-i-Noor diamond; and what was this, but one of those blessed plants, and he'd dropped in running, and charged in among the enemy single handed to pick up.

"Luckily for us, our men heard the firing, and came to see what was up. At sight of them the niggers turned tail, and we got back to the boats all right. Curiously enough, the doctor, though he'd killed one man, and knocked down seven more, hadn't a scratch; but Stanley got a dab with a spear in the shoulder, the Portu-

guese a cut on the arm, and Pat and I one or two licks that we could very well have done without.

"Stanley and Dr. Hardhead went down to the launch together, and I could see by the doctor's look that he had been getting sat upon pretty heavily. I was rather in a stew, thinking it would be my next turn; but Stanley only gave me a look that seemed to go right through me and out at the other side, and said, very quietly, but in a tone that regularly stung me all over—

"'Can't you obey orders yet?'
"I must break off now, for there's a messenger going down the river this evening, and he'll take this along with him. We're going to stay some time at Rubunga, so I'll have time to take notes for my next letter. Good by, old chap,
"C. THORNE."

CHAPTER XIII.

MIDNIGHT TREACHERY.

"IS this the Unknown River that ye would speak of, Masther Charlie?"

"It's an unknown river, Pat, but I'm afraid it's not the one; we'll have to go a good way farther up the Congo for that. I say, isn't that a thought of roosting here in the night on the bank? It's better to stay some time at Rubunga, so I'll have time to take notes for my next letter. Good by, old chap,
"C. THORNE."

A good deal had happened since the arrival of the expedition at Rubunga, chronicled by Charlie at the close of his letter. They had taken in abundant supplies there, as well as several experienced boatmen, and Stanley decided upon halting at the nearest village until the damage was repaired, and superintending the work himself. But, that the time might not be wholly lost, he sent a party, under Nkosi's command, to explore a small river that fell into the Congo a few miles higher up on the right bank of the main stream.

This was a serious disaster, the towing of the canoes up the river being thus completely stopped for the time being, and Stanley decided upon halting at the nearest village until the damage was repaired, and superintending the work himself. But, that the time might not be wholly lost, he sent a party, under Nkosi's command, to explore a small river that fell into the Congo a few miles higher up on the right bank of the main stream.

In thus dividing his force, Stanley took care to keep with him the mutinous Dr. Hardhead, whose flat disobedience of orders at the village where they had their skirmish was not to be easily forgotten. Mr. Goodman, however, got leave to accompany the explorers, and the two boats were allowed to go with him, no doubt being anticipated, as the Portuguese trader was also of the party, declaring that he could not think of losing such a capital chance of establishing trading relations in a new place.

The work of paddling the canoes against the strong current of the Congo seemed laborious enough, after being towed so far, but, once out of the main stream into the smaller river, they went along easily enough, and had already ascended several miles, when they were suddenly brought to a standstill by a formidable rapid, almost considerable enough to be called a waterfall. The labor of dragging the boats up the rocks was not a light one, and consumed the greater part of the day, and it was nightfall when they encamped, about a mile above the rapids, on a low wooded promontory that offered some shelter to the canoes, in one of which Pat and Charlie were now holding their whispered talk.

"The boat that I was in," said Thorne, peering out over the shadowy river, "for that skeleton chief of ours (the fellow who came to us at Vivi, you know, with that queer map of Africa round his neck) to come stalking along the bank like a ghost! I should almost take him for Death himself."
"But for the Masther Charlie; it's himself that cud make an illigant suit of clothes out of a water pipe. But I'll tell ye who I wouldn't like to see here—that naygur they call 'Mbazu.'"

"Mbazu!" cried Thorne; "I would sooner meet a hungry lion, if all's true that they say of him. Do you remember those fellows telling us how he set fire to a village with all the folks cooped up inside; and when some of them broke their way out, and he and his men forked 'em back into the fire with spears?"

"And how he strapp'd a livin' man hard and fast to a dead one, and sint 'im floatin' down the river for the crocodiles to ate."
"He must be a nice young man, or a small tea party, and no mistake," said Charlie; "but it's one comfort that there's no chance of meeting him here."

And then they both fell asleep.
But just about midnight Charlie awoke with a start, oppressed by that strange, indefinable feeling of something evil hanging over him, which every one has felt, but which no one can describe. Then his heart seemed to stand still as he heard a voice say in Portuguese, apparently only a few yards away from him:

"Have you men ready, then, to surprise the camp tomorrow night. There are several men of the party who would be glad to die for slaves; but you'll have to kill the Padre (priest) Goodman, for he'll never be taken alive. As for these two white boys, I know that Bula Matari would pay a high ransom for them, and if they can be carried off without suspicion, we'll divide the ransom by and by, when all's quiet again."

The speaker was their faithful friend Valdez, the Portuguese trader!

For a moment Thorne felt absolutely stunned. The treachery of this man, whom they had all trusted like a brother, was so frightful, so unexpected, and so awfully near its full accomplishment, that our hero, thus suddenly brought face to face with it, felt himself as lost and helpless as a terrified child. But he instantly remembered that his only chance of saving, not merely himself, but all his companions, was to keep cool and find out all he could. Keeping himself down inside the canoe as much as possible, he held his breath to listen.

"I carry dem off, anyhow," rejoined another voice in broken Portuguese, in tones like the low growl of a bear. Bula Matari great chief, but I no fear him. He no pay big ransom, no get back white boy so easy, once dey prisoner to Mbazu."

Mbazu!

Brave as our hero was, this second shock, coming so quickly after the first, almost overpowered him. Indeed, the sudden discovery that this atrocious monster, whose savage deeds were the terror of the whole Upper Congo, was actually within arm's length at that moment, and that they were being betrayed into his hands by the very man whom they had hitherto regarded as their trustiest comrade, might well have unstrung the nerves of any man, but not those of an untried boy.

Just then, as if to heighten the horror of this dreadful crisis to the utmost—Charlie felt his sleeping foster brother beginning to stir, at the very instant when a single incautious movement might betray their presence to these merciless enemies, who would undoubtedly kill them both without a second thought.

There was only one thing to be done, and Charlie did it. Quick as lightning, he clapped his hand on Pat's mouth as he lay in the bottom of the canoe, so as to stop any sudden outcry, whispering in his ear at the same moment:

"Danger! Lie still!"

"O'Connor did not understand in the least; but it was quite enough for him that 'Masther Charlie,' at whose bidding he would have jumped head foremost into the Congo without the slightest hesitation, wished him to lie still for some reason or other. He remained as motionless as a statue, and some one more bent his attention upon the talk of the plotters.

He could only catch a part of what was said, for they spoke in subdued tones, and Mbazu's Portuguese was so broken and barbarous as to be hardly intelligible; but he heard enough to unfold a tale of treachery, falsehood and cruelty which would have chilled the marrow.

He learned that for more than two years past Valdez had been availing himself of Stanley's confidence and protection to practice his occupation as a spy, and that while passing up and down the river as if for purposes of trade, he had in reality been noting the situation and the various villages, the number of men and women in each who might be worth seizing as slaves, the position of those settlements which could be most easily attacked, and the best way of attacking them. In a word, he had been the jackal of Mbazu's murderous raids, and had shared the latter's booty in the most unscrupulous manner.

More than once Thorne's indignation rose so high at these multiplied atrocities, that he could hardly keep from springing up and shooting the villain dead on the spot. But even if he killed Valdez, Mbazu would escape; and he resolved, if possible, to trap them both.

"The night was now rising, and a sudden stream of light fell over the bank and the thicket that fringed it, bringing plainly to view the figures of the two conspirators. Charlie cautiously raised his eye above the gunwale of the boat, feeling a certain bound curiosity, even in that deadly peril, to see what the redoubtable 'Fire King' was doing.

Mbazu's giant frame and brawny limbs certainly bore out the amazing feats of strength and daring ascribed to him by native tradition, but his face was hideous to the last degree. A skull as flat as a monkey's, slanting away in front while protruding enormously behind; small, deep set, rat-like eyes; a broad, flat nose, the gaping nostrils of which were almost as wide as the muzzle of a gun; a huge, projecting, ape-like under jaw, armed with fangs that might have made any wolf envious—all this, seen beneath the spectral moonlight, with the ghostly shadow of the thicket for a background, gave to his whole aspect something so monstrously brutal and terrific, that Charlie's horror and disgust at the thought of falling into the hands of such a monster were intensified a thousand fold.

The plotters started as the light fell on them, and Valdez muttered something to his companion which sounded like a warning that they might be seen. The 'Fire King' seemed to assent, and turned as if to go.

Then a wild thought flashed through Charlie's mind. Pat and he had their rifles with them—what if they were to jump up and shoot down the two ruffians, thus ending the difficulty once for all? But just then the plunging of the boat behind the thicket, and the light ever almost in darkness, while a faint rustling in the thicket told him that the conference had broken up.

"Pat," whispered Thorne to his foster brother, "Valdez is a traitor, in league with Mbazu, and we must warn Uncle Robert at once."

O'Connor gave a start, and incautiously raised his head above the stern of the boat.

It was the unluckiest thing that poor Pat ever

did in his life. Valdez, before following his comrade, had stopped to take one last look around him, in order to make quite sure that all was safe. At that very moment the moon broke through the clouds in all her splendor, and O'Connor's fiery red head, standing out in bold relief against the dark side of the canoe, was far too conspicuous an object not to be seen and recognized at once.

For an instant the traitor stood motionless from sheer terror. Pat, indeed, could not have understood his talk with Mbazui; but whenever Pat was, Charlie was sure to be, and he (as Valdez well knew) was sufficiently familiar with Portuguese to have followed the whole of their conversation.

Only one way of escape was left him now—these boys, who had discovered his secret, must never live to tell it. One slash of his knife cut the mooring rope of the canoe, which instantly shot away down the stream, like an arrow, straight towards the fatal rapids.

"All's safe now," said the rufian, with a fiendish laugh, as the doomed boat and its occupants rushed headlong to destruction. "The paddles, Pat, quick!" roared Thorne, snatching up one of them out of the bottom of the canoe. "Catch hold—we'll do it yet!"

But Pat's gun sprang up, in hand, in the stern of the boat, and shouting, "I'll pay the vagabone yet for that dirty trick!" fired point blank at the figure of the Portuguese. The flash and crack of the piece were answered by a sharp cry, as the traitor fell backward into the bushes. But at that instant the canoe was dashed with tremendous shock against an isolated rock in mid stream, flinging poor Pat headlong into the foaming water, while Charlie and the boat were whirled onward with terrific speed right towards the waterfall.

(To be continued.)

THE CANNIBALS OF THE CONGO.

PERHAPS the most horrible practice ever devised by the mind of fallen man is that of cannibalism, which is still firmly implanted among many millions of the human race. Indeed, it is today known to prevail far more widely than was believed to be the case twenty years ago. It was then generally supposed to be confined to a few of the Pacific islands, but recent discoveries have reported that the fearful custom is not unknown in the interior of South America, and that it is in vogue with many numerous and powerful tribes of equatorial Africa.

It is a striking illustration of the world's ignorance for ages of the Dark Continent, remarks a writer in the New York Sun, that until within the past few years we had not had the slightest conception of the appalling extent of cannibalism in Africa. This is because we have until recently known nothing whatever of the great Congo basin, to which the practice of anthropophagy in Africa is almost wholly confined.

And the facts about the Congo cannibals have been very slow in coming to the light. In the thousand or more pages of Stanley's last book the subject is not mentioned. The explorer was too busy founding his twenty stations to add fresh facts to the details in his "Dark Continent," about a practice which many of the tribes endeavor to conceal.

The Manyema, the first cannibal tribe of the Congo river who were made known to us, told both Livingstone and Stanley that they did not eat human flesh. When Stanley found at a village above Stanley Falls hundreds of whitened skulls arranged in rows around the huts, he was told they were the skulls of Sokos or chimpanzees, and that this species of the ape family was favorite food among the people.

He offered a hundred cowries for a specimen of the Soko, dead or alive, but it was not produced.

Two of the skulls were taken to England, where Professor Huxley promoted them as the skulls of a woman and a man. They bore the marks of the hatchet that gave the unfortunate prisoners their death; and Stanley said half the skulls he saw were similarly marked.

The cannibals of the Congo basin undoubtedly number several millions of people. They are found along the great river for a distance of about 1200 miles. They thicken people the banks of several of the largest Congo tributaries, and their villages are seen for hundreds of miles both north and south of the main river.

Indeed, they are the dominating peoples in nearly or quite one half of the Congo basin, and they occupy rather more than one-third of the area of the Congo Independent State. It is among these tribes, terribly degraded as they are in one respect, yet far superior in intelligence and in capacity for improvement to many savage peoples, that traders and missionaries and the influences of civilized government are now pushing. Cannibalism is being attacked in its greatest stronghold by influences to which the practice will certainly succumb in time, just as in many of the Pacific islands it is now known only in the history of former days of savagery.

There are no cannibals along the lower Congo, but the densely wooded regions between Nyangwe and Stanley Falls are the homes of many thousands. "Ah, we shall eat Wajimi meat today," was the cry with which the natives sallied forth here and there to do battle with Stanley. At Stanley Falls he sank in the river the bodies of two of his men whom they had

killed to keep them out of the clutches of the cannibals.

Further up the river are the Bangala, whose great villages are estimated by Grenfell to contain 110,000 people. Though among the most noted of Congo cannibals, they are regarded by the officials of the Congo State as the most useful, intelligent, and tractable of the natives, and hundreds of them are in the service of the State as soldiers, station laborers, and steambot hands.

The Bangala formerly waged incessant war upon their neighbors to provide victims for their funeral feasts, but under the influence of the whites cannibalism has largely diminished in the great tribes, and in a few years more it will probably disappear entirely. These people, who did their best to annihilate Stanley, and dined the word "meat" incessantly in the ears of the little party as they chased them down the river, are much pleased by the progress they are making under white tuition, and they delight to yell "savages, savages," at the old enemies they used to kill for food.

Cannibalism is found, too, both on the northern and the southern tributaries of the Congo. The traveler Von Francois, who explored a stream called the Tchupapi, which runs into the great river from the south, found with him an interpreter whose plumpness several times nearly cost him his life. The natives' mouths seemed to him at sight of him. Once some presumptuous fellows surrounded the big interpreter, pinched his arms, patted him on the back, cried "Meat! meat!" and begged the white to reward their friendship by making them a present of the man.

One of the northern tribes is the Akkas, a curious dwarfed race, who have learned cannibalism from some of their neighbors. One of them lived with Emin Pasha for years, but at length said he must go home, he was so tired of beef.

WHAT WILD BEASTS COST.

ALTHOUGH our readers may not be thinking of investing in a pet lion or procuring a leopard to take the place of a spotted coach dog, we think they will all be interested in knowing how much menageries and circuses have to pay for some of the wild beasts that form their stock in trade.

According to the Red Bank Register, a good male lion is worth \$1,000, and a tiger \$1,200; leopards cost \$350; for monkeys, from \$10 upward is paid, according to the species. The male East India African monkey is worth about \$10, and monkeys of rare species cost as high as \$30, \$40 and \$50 each.

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A vessel several years ago was found drifting with all sail set and not a soul on board. All her boats were on the davits, the materials for a mail were in the galley coppers, the chronometers, compasses, charts, and instruments were in the cabin, but no ship's papers. The name on the stern was painted out; nothing had been left by which to identify her.

Yet all these precautions had been taken deliberately, while the final evacuation seemed to have been effected with a suddenness suggesting mortal panic. The men's things were all in the topgallant forecastle; the captain's and officers' effects were all in their respective cabins under the poop. The whole appearance of the vessel indicated that her people had left on the spur of the moment, driven by some overmastering impulse or fear.

She had encountered no bad weather since the desertion. Her yards were braced up as for a trade wind, and there was no disorder on her decks or down below. No line of writing was found to give a clue to this dark secret of the sea, and to this day it has remained an insoluble puzzle to every seaman acquainted with the facts.

It should be added that she was not leaking, nor were her spars sprung or strained, and no reason could be perceived in anything about her for the disappearance of her crew and officers.

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When gathering material for the work, he is said to have visited the field of Waterloo, accompanied by an engineer who was with the Duke of Wellington in that memorable action. Scott asked the engineer to make him an accurate map of the battle field as it appeared when the principal forces of the allied powers and those of the French met for the last conflict. This was done with what is said to be marvellous accuracy.

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