

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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

Vol. VI. No. 40.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

TERMS: \$2.00 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 300.



RAMSUNA MADE A TREMENDOUS LUNGE AT THE EXPOSED BREAST OF THE TIGER AS IT SQUATTED ON ITS HAUNCHES TO TEAR AT THE BARS.—SEE STORY "HUNTING THE MAN EATERS," ON NEXT PAGE.

COMING HOME.

BY OLIVER DYER.

We love to hear from those who pine
Upon a foreign strand;
There is a pleasure in each line
Traced by the well-learned hand;
"O, the rapture of that hour,
When those beloved who roam
Have breathed those words of magic power:
I'm coming, coming home!"

Hunting The Man Eaters.

BY HENRY M. HAMILTON.

IFES, a hunter must have nerve," said Captain Scott, who has hunted all kinds of game in almost every country. "When you have just one shot left, and you are in the immediate neighborhood of an infuriated lion, a wounded tiger, or a charging elephant, it will not do to get flurried. If you do, your friends might as well write your obituary notice at once.

"To give an instance of the perfect coolness of a good hunter, I will tell you an incident that I witnessed several years ago.

"I was with a hunting party in a very wild spot in the district of Mysore, Southern India, about three days' journey from the town of Narasipore. The party consisted of two British officers and a regimental surgeon, who were stationed at Seringapatam, and were taking a brief holiday; my unworthy self, and another American, Jackson, who by the way had made a splendid record as a colonel in Lee's army during the war, had been desperately wounded at Five Forks, and was now traveling around the world for pleasure and health.

"As I said, we were in a wild spot, near the head waters of the Kaveri River. No shooting had been done in the neighborhood for several years, owing to a severe epidemic of fever among the natives, which had swept many of their villages entirely empty, those who escaped the plague having fled from the stricken settlements. Game, of course, had multiplied enormously in the district. A native hunter from Seringapatam, who with us, had made a record as a colonel in Lee's army during the war, had been desperately wounded at Five Forks, and was now traveling around the world for pleasure and health.

"As I said, we were in a wild spot, near the head waters of the Kaveri River. No shooting had been done in the neighborhood for several years, owing to a severe epidemic of fever among the natives, which had swept many of their villages entirely empty, those who escaped the plague having fled from the stricken settlements. Game, of course, had multiplied enormously in the district. A native hunter from Seringapatam, who with us, had made a record as a colonel in Lee's army during the war, had been desperately wounded at Five Forks, and was now traveling around the world for pleasure and health.

"We soon found that the report was not exaggerated, and that we had really struck a sportsman's paradise. Our camp was pitched near a small creek in a piece of ground that had once been cleared and tilled, but was now thickly grown over with bushes and weeds. Half a mile down the creek was an abandoned native village. We went into camp shortly before sunset on a hot October day, and while pitching the tents, a native servant killed a poisonous snake with its feet on a log, and a panther from a thicket of bushes. He sprang away and got off clear before any one could get a shot at him.

"Under the circumstances I thought it would be well to build some defense for our horses, as otherwise we should be likely to have them attacked by lions or tigers during the night. The others approved of my suggestion, and with the help of the natives we started to build a small inclosure of stakes and rails, with brush interwoven in the interstices. While this would not be a complete protection, yet it would avert many tentacles of the danger, as neither lion nor tiger will venture over this fence unless he is desperately hungry, or reckless through anger.

"The sun had just set, and we were putting the finishing touches to our rough stockade. A young native—the youngest in the party, not more than seventeen years old—had cut a load of brushwood at the camp, and was rushing to the workers at the inclosure, when without an instant's warning there was a stirring among some bushes about thirty feet away from him, and a huge tawny body shot through the air. It was an enormous tiger.

"The brute struck the poor fellow down on his face. It was right before our eyes; we saw it all, and heard the tiger's snarl and the gasping scream that came from the young native—the last sound he ever uttered. For an instant we stood as if paralyzed, while the great cat seized its victim by the neck, twisted him around as a man might sling his coat over his shoulder, and set off at a rapid pace into the jungle close at hand, from which it had sprang, but across a wide space of open ground toward the creek.

"The tiger was half way across the clearing before a man of the party recovered his senses. Then there was a mad scramble for the rifles, but none of them were right at hand. I ran mine to my shoulder just as the tiger reached the creek. There was a good chance for a shot, but I hesitated to fire, thinking that my bullet would be as likely to strike the young native as the tiger. The surgeon, however, who was a noted tiger slayer, shouted out for everybody to get drive. He knew, as I did not know then, that a man upon whom a tiger has pounced with one of his terrible springs is almost certain dead, and even if he were not it would be better for him to be killed at once by a bullet than to be devoured piecemeal by those merciless fangs.

"Two or three of us blazed away at the retreating animal, but whether he was hit or not I cannot say. At any rate he got clear off into the forest and went crashing through the underbrush at such a rate that our attempts at pursuit were utterly in vain.

"During the night we heard many strange

noises in the jungle around us—noises that are music to the sportsman's ear. The tiger's snarl and the occasional roar of a lion, the yelp of the jackal and the spit of the panther could easily be distinguished; but neither ourselves nor our horses were molested.

"The next morning we spent in putting the finishing touches to our camp. In the afternoon the rest of the party, with three or four guides and beaters, started up along the creek to look for game. I reluctantly stayed behind, as I had run a splinter into my foot, and needed a little rest before undertaking so severe a tramp.

"One of the natives who remained with me in the camp said that I could get a shot at a tiger without walking more than a few yards away, and told me that he knew how to manage it. Of course I jumped at the idea, and the Hindoo, whose name was Ramsana, proceeded to put his idea into execution.

"There was among our baggage a strong bamboo cage, intended to hold a lion or tiger, for we had some notion of trying to capture one of these monarchs of the jungle. Its top and bottom were of solid, heavy wood; its sides were stout bamboo rods, four or five inches apart. Ramsana had this cage carried to the edge of the clearing a short distance from the camp. Evening was now rapidly approaching, and soon after sunset we took up our positions in the cage, entering it through a trap door in the top, with a live goat, which was to serve as bait to attract the hoped-for game. I had my rifle, and Ramsana had his. I carried a long, heavy hunting spear with a broad blade.

"We had unusual luck, for we had not waited half an hour before there was a slight noise among the bushes close to the cage. Ramsana, who had been pinching the goat to make it bleat, motioned me to look out. I held my rifle in readiness, but I was not in a hurry to shoot. I wanted to see what the tiger and I could do with his long hunting spear, and resolved to give him the first chance at the game.

"It was pretty dark by this time, but a moment later I could make out two great glowing orbs slowly approaching the front of the cage. I knew that Ramsana telling me, that they were the eyes of a tiger.

"The brute came creeping right up to the cage, and began sniffing at us, trying to thrust its nose between the bars. Ramsana gave it a gentle prick with his spear, and the tiger sprang back, puffing like an angry cat. Then it came back to the cage, and with its second tooth of the sharp steel threw it into a regular fury.

"Waving its tail like a tom cat, it threw itself with tremendous force on the cage, and began tearing at the strong bars. The shock sent me head over heels on the floor, but Ramsana was better prepared, and kept his feet. The bamboo cage, however, was not so stout, and for a moment I thought the tiger would surely get inside and tear us to pieces.

"But Ramsana was watching his opportunity. Just as I picked myself up, he made a tremendous lunge at the exposed breast of the tiger as it squatted on its haunches to tear at the bars. The heavy blades of his spear went in deep and straight, and as the beast recoiled the blood spouted from a fearful wound. Then over and over the tiger rolled, tearing at the bushes in its death agony.

"A few minutes later the hunting party returned. They had had singularly bad luck. The only tiger they had seen went into a deep one or two bullets in him, into his lair in a deep, bush lined gully, which the oncoming of darkness had rendered it too dangerous to penetrate. Probably the tiger would be found in the same place on the morrow, and it was decided to start early and besiege the spot.

"The following morning we started next day that I accompanied the expedition, which started at sun up, and reached the gully without adventure. It was found that the ravine did not extend more than three hundred yards into the hillside, and a party of natives was dispatched over the rocks to beat the gully, while we took up our position in a crescent around its mouth. Some of the Hindoos held bows, while others kept up a fire of stones into the bushes beneath them, and we felt sure that the tiger might be expected to appear. The beaters had been at work a quarter of an hour when we heard a cry announcing that a tiger was coming down the gully toward the plain, growling defiance as he came.

"In taking up our positions it so happened that Colonel Jackson was on my right, in line with the mouth of the gully, and not more than twenty feet from my elbow. He had a double barreled rifle of heavy caliber, while I had a regular deer rifle. In three or four minutes after the cry of warning the tiger appeared in the mouth of the gully, head on to Jackson, and looking him straight in the face.

"Hold on! He's my meat!" shouted the officer, as he brought his gun up, and it became a point of honor with the rest of us to hold our fire. He took great and careful aim, but his bullet simply touched the skin between the tiger's ears. He dropped like a stone, but was up in an instant, and, with a roar to shake any man's nerves, he sprang forward at the colonel.

"In the tenth of a second I turned my eyes from the beast to the officer, and what was my horror to see a serpent forming itself about his leg and rearing its head on a level with his shoulder. I forgot all about the oncoming tiger, and for the first time in my life my blood seemed turned to ice.

"Jackson stood with his left foot ahead and his right brace, and as the tiger touched the

ground for his last spring the rifle spoke again and the beast rolled over with a ball through his brain. Then, while we all kept our places like so many blocks of stone, he dropped his rifle, seized the snake just below the head with his right hand, and came walking toward us. The serpent writhed and twisted about in its rage, and as it uncoiled itself from the man's leg he flung it thirty feet away. It was rushing back at him when one of the party, with a shotgun at his shoulder, blew its head off.

"Good shot," remarked Jackson, as he walked back and kicked up his rifle.

"We ran after him and shook his hand, and showered unstinted praise on him for his nerve, but he would not be a hero. It was the presence of the serpent, which was of a highly poisonous species, which had disturbed his first aim. He felt it under his foot, and realized that its bite meant death, and he did not give the snake a second thought.

"It was the most trying position I ever saw a sportsman placed in, and I am free to admit that it would have upset me."

Red Eagle, WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXXV.
THE ROYAL CAPTIVE.

THE guns of both Orris Ouden and Burt Pendleton were leveled directly at Red Eagle, the Iroquois chieftain, and a slight pressure was only needed to send the bullets through his heart and end his career forever.

But though Pendleton hated the Seneca with an inextinguishable hatred, and the resentment of Ouden was scarcely less, there was something in the shooting of the Indian, as he sat beside the cripple, listening to the sacred story of the Cross, and with no suspicion of danger, that stirred a revolt in the breast of Ouden.

Reaching out his hand, he softly grasped the gun barrel of his comrade and pulled it slightly aside. Pendleton glanced at him with an angry, inquiring look. Ouden shook his head and whispered,

"It won't do, Burt! Keep your gun pointed at him, but don't pull trigger, unless he kicks."

As he spoke, Ouden purposely disturbed a twig with his foot, so as to rouse the attention of Red Eagle, who, as I have told you, bounded to his feet, rifle in hand, and confronted his foes.

The first glance cast in the direction of the ominous sound showed him the two scouts, standing as erect as himself, and with their guns pointed at him. The brown barrels reflected the glow of the fire, and had the sun been shining, it could have looked into the muzzles of the weapons.

Ordinarily all this would have made no difference to Red Eagle, who, after the manner of his people, hardly knew the meaning of submission, but, like a cornered wild cat, would scratch and bite and fight when he knew that he was about to succumb to a superior force.

But, though roused to fury, and possessing his old courage, skill and hurricane-like impetuosity, the chieftain, even in that fearful moment, could not entirely throw off the spell of the strange words that had just been uttered in his ears.

Instead of throwing up his rifle and letting drive, or bounding over the bowlder with a yell of defiance, he gazed his gun and stared at the hunters, as though dazed.

"Stand still, Red Eagle, and you won't be hurt, but, if you stir, you're a dead Seneca as sartin as my name is Orris Ouden!"

The hunter took a couple of steps forward, whispering to Burt to keep his weapon at a level and to fire on the first move of the chief, but not otherwise. Then he walked on, extending his hand.

"That shootin' iron if you please, likewise the knife, and not fergittin' the tomahawk, if it's the same to you!"

Incredible as it may seem, the chieftain allowed these weapons to be taken from him, one after the other, without the least movement looking to resistance.

But if the Iroquois was bewildered, there was one in the party who was not. Little Benny Morris was as quick as the chief of glance across the camp fire and catch sight of the hunters standing in the dim light with their pieces pointed at Red Eagle, and the lad seemed to be quicker than he in grasping the meaning of the terrifying sight.

Hastily shutting the Bible, he caught hold of the edge of the bowlder and helped himself to his feet, seizing his crutch and leaning upon it for support.

But for his lameness, and the fact that his frame was too slight to serve the purpose, he would have flung himself in front of the Iroquois as a shield against the threatened shots; but the words of Ouden proved that they meant to take the leader prisoner.

Benny Morris was in a towering rage, if you can conceive it possible for such a loving lad to be really angry. His fine eyes flashed as the hunter came forward, and he demanded:

"What business have you to disturb us, Ouden?"

The hunter looked at him with a quizzical smile, not forgetting to hold the prisoner in the field of vision, and asked with an expression of comicality,

"Have you ever heard, younker, that Red Eagle has done somethin' in the way of bein' in 'white folks'?"

"But he isn't doing anything now."

"Cause he can't, and we don't mean to shall; he belongs to us now, and I reckon it'll be a powder over the easy capture of the most dangerous comicality."

Benny could not but see the warrant for Ouden's course. Frontier law would not have condemned him had he shot down the Iroquois without warning, and he was already liable to the charge of weakness for the mercy shown him.

"You have made a mistake, a great one," said Benny, seeing he was helpless to hinder the captive.

"You'll think different, when you git older," quietly replied the hunter, beckoning for Pendleton to approach.

The latter came forward, grinning with excitement over the easy capture of the most dangerous enemy of the frontier. Red Eagle remained emotionless, as if unable to rally from the bewilderment of the sudden change of condition.

"Come," said Ouden sharply, nodding to Pendleton; "we must be off.

"Where are we going to?" asked Benny.

"To the block house; that's no need of stayin' in here."

Ouden moved down the bluff, followed by Red Eagle, glum and silent, with Pendleton directly behind and close enough to strike him down should he offer resistance. At the rear was the white man, clutching his Bible, had all he could conveniently carry.

Ouden led the way to the canoe, which he had left a short distance above the spot where The Wild Cat had paid with his life the penalty of his faithfulness.

It must have been that in the few minutes between the summons to the boat and the arrival at the foot of the bluff, the Iroquois leader believed the Mohawk, whom he had fully trusted, had after all proved a traitor. How else could the white men have stolen upon the camp without detection and made him captive?

His furious resentment, therefore, was turned against the warrior rather than against the captors; and, as he quietly followed the former down the slight slope, the greatest benefit that he asked just then was the chance to punish the ingrate.

But the black eyes which darted here and there in the gloom told him the impressive penetrating glance at the body and heavy arrival at the foot of the bluff, the Iroquois leader believed the Mohawk, whom he had fully trusted, had after all proved a traitor. How else could the white men have stolen upon the camp without detection and made him captive?

It told the story. The Iroquois cast a single, penetrating glance at the body and heavy arrival at the foot of the bluff, the Iroquois leader believed the Mohawk, whom he had fully trusted, had after all proved a traitor. How else could the white men have stolen upon the camp without detection and made him captive?

Arrived at the canoe, there was a moment's hesitation by the prisoner. It may have occurred to him that he was acting the part of a submitter without protest to his degradation. True, his weapons were in the possession of his enemies, but what was to hinder him from making a single terrific bound among the trees and delving them? The risk was no greater than he had run scores of times, and fear was unknown to him.

Benny guessed the conflict in the mind of the chieftain. Laying his hand on his arm, he said in his native tongue,

"Step in the canoe, father."

The Iroquois silently obeyed, placing himself near the middle. Pendleton sat behind him, where he could watch every movement, while Ouden, just ahead of the middle of the boat, raised the paddle, Benny once more taking his old seat in the prow.

Though the hunters felt in a jubilant mood, they refrained from any expression of their feelings, not out of sympathy for their royal captive, but because of Benny Morris, whose grief touched them.

"I don't blame the younker for feelin' sorry for the varmint," thought the hunter, as he plied the paddle in a leisurely way, "for Red Eagle done more for him than he ever done for any other chap that didn't belong to his own people; but the cat he had no different. The chief is gettin' all his warrior's together and want to sartin to wipe out a good many of our folks afore he would be willin' to wash off his war paint."

"Spose me and Burt had shot him as we meant to," he added, following out the train of thought on which he had started. "I don't believe it would have been half so good as this way. General Greenfield said that as long as Red Eagle was alive, that could never be any peace along the frontier, but that if he was out of the way, the Iroquois could be conquered.

"Maybe he's right, but I ain't sure of it. I've thought on which he had started. "I don't believe it would make all the tribes of the Iroquois so much madder than afore, that they would fight ten times harder than ever. Instead of bein' scared, they would be like a painter when the hunter shoots one of her young; they would sail in harder than ever."

How to Camp Out.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.



HE month of September is perhaps the most delightful time of the year to camp out.

The sun is warm, but rarely too hot, the nights are cool, and the

weather is generally settled and pleasant.

Camping out is a science and art in itself, and experience will suggest many points useful in extracting the greatest amount of enjoyment from a week or month in the wilds. Fishing and hunting from time immemorial have afforded sport and healthful exercise for mankind of all ages, countries and conditions. But the actual catching of fish and the killing of game generally occupy a comparatively small part of the time spent in the pursuit. Much of the fun, healthfulness and profit of the excursion depends on the ability of the hunters to camp out well.

No amount of fish or game will altogether compensate for dirt, wet, discomfort, bad temper, wretched cooking or hunger in the camp; while good food well prepared, comfortable beds, dry clothes, order, neatness, and comfort, will often more than compensate for lack of game, and make the hunters gather round the nightly camp fire and forget in good humored fun, song and story the empty baskets and lean game bag.

To the inexperienced camper the advice given below will perhaps be of value.

THE CAMP OUTFIT.

The first necessity of the camper is a shelter. This may take many different forms, from the fifty thousand dollar cottage or sporting lodge of the millionaire, to be seen on some of the Adirondack lakes, to the two dollar sleeping bag of the solitary trapper through the woods. The cottage may be dismissed, as being unworthy of the name of camp. Tourists who, to use a Hibernicism, do not intend to be tourists, but to sojourn in one spot only, may, if they have time, erect such a shanty as was described in a former number of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY (No. 252).

Then come tents of various sizes and shapes. The United States Army officer's tent with a fly or double roof is as nearly perfect as a tent can be. It may be improved by adding a floor or bottom of heavy canvas, sewn to the lower edge of the walls on the back and both sides. Such a floor reduces the area through which insects can find their way, renders it comparatively easy to find the small articles that are always getting lost in camp, and can be conveniently swept, or turned inside out on cleaning days.

If such a tent is too elaborate, a good substitute is found in a square of canvas with rings or grommets along the edges and at the corners. Such a piece of canvas, say twelve feet square, with a lot of small rope for guys and the like, should not cost more than five dollars.

An ordinary army regulation tent fly is just about the right size and can usually be had ready made.

Such a piece of canvas affords a capital wrapper for the rest of the outfit. In it may be securely packed for transportation nearly all the equipments of a considerable party, care being taken, of course, to prevent any metallic points or edges from pressing against the canvas.

When the camp ground is reached, the canvas may be set up as a lean to, or as an "A" tent, with both ends open, or it may be suspended by the four corners and center as an awning. The "A" arrangement is usually best, for one end can be closed and thatched with boughs in case of need, while the sides can be raised for coolness as desired.

If the camper wishes to construct a tent for himself, directions may be found in a recent number of the ARGOSY (No. 297). Or a good shelter can be built of thick leaved boughs placed close together, and cemented with sods or mud to keep out the rain. Indeed, when properly constructed, this is preferred by many to a canvas covering.

But a tent is not a necessity, after all. If you want to do without it, buy five yards of brown drilling at a dry goods store at a cost of ten cents a yard. Fold it over once and sew up the edges with an over and over stitch, using coarse thread, thus making a bag 7½ feet long and as wide as the stuff. Hem the top with a broad hem, putting in a stout puckering string.

Then if the tourist does not own a blanket he must borrow or buy one. Supposing him to own one, he must fold it over lengthwise and sew it into a bag the full length of the blanket and half its width. Put the blanket bag inside the

an inch or two thick, ten inches wide and eighteen inches long. It may be made of several folds of blanket or may be a regularly constructed mattress. Its purpose will be understood by any one who has attempted to sleep on the soft side of a board without anything under him. Unless he can sleep on his back he will soon become aware that the hip bones are the weak points of his armor, and if he has a little mattress to place under them he will find it a very great comfort.

Of course the camp beds that are made in such variety nowadays are much better, and when spruce twigs or other shakedown can be procured there is no need of a little "ten by eighteen," but there are many occasions when it will be found an indisputable blessing, and when not wanted for a mattress may serve very nicely to eke out the usually scant materials for a pillow.

Plates, omitted from the lists of necessities, may be counted at least among the most excusable of luxuries. The

cooked and prepared oatmeal, grits, rice or any of the other excellent cereal preparations with which the market is so abundantly supplied.

Some cans of soup, a few pots of Liebig's Extract, some preserved fruits, two or three dozen lemons or limes, and one pound of loaf sugar per week for each man, with a pint or so of salt in a water tight jar, a box of pepper, and a lot of matches in a tightly corked bottle, so nearly completes the list that we may now specify the crowning accessories of luxury of the camper, namely, coffee. Of this you should take a pound per week for every member of the party.

THE CAMPER'S DRESS.

First of all comes the helmet of East India pith. These helmets cost from \$1.50 to \$3.50, or more, according to the fashionable standing of your hatter; but the lower price ones are quite as good as the others. The one fault of the pith helmet is that if it gets wet it is apt to pucker out of all shape. It is therefore necessary either to provide a light removable cover of oiled silk or the like, or to have the helmet itself permanently covered with some water proofed woolen material that will shed rain.

The helmet is intended for protection against the sun. If that is not required there is nothing equal for all round work to the light, soft felt hat, which can be slept in, and worn in rain or shine all over the world.

The trousers may be either knee breeches or the ordinary kind, according to taste. If you wear the former, a pair of stout canvas leggings is advisable in case you are walking through underbrush, or where mosquitoes are plentiful. It is certainly a great comfort when the day's tramp is over to loaf about a camp in knickerbockers until the mosquitoes begin to bite, when leggings or else the common domestic trousers have their obvious advantages.

Two flannel shirts as large, when new, as can be worn with comfort (for they will shrink if washed by mortal hands) are the next requirements. If they are partly cotton they will shrink less and are equally good for practical purposes. See that the buttons are all firmly sewn on before you leave home. The quiet grays or browns are recommended for all articles of wearing apparel.

Canvas shoes are cool and pleasant while fishing or lounging around the camp, but for long walks you will need stouter soles to prevent footsoreness.

The Norfolk jacket is perhaps the best outer garment. Each may follow his own taste, but at all events let the pockets be as deep and as numerous as possible in coats and trousers, and if occasionally found in shirts they will not come amiss.

Two large pocket handkerchiefs and one good sized towel complete the list.

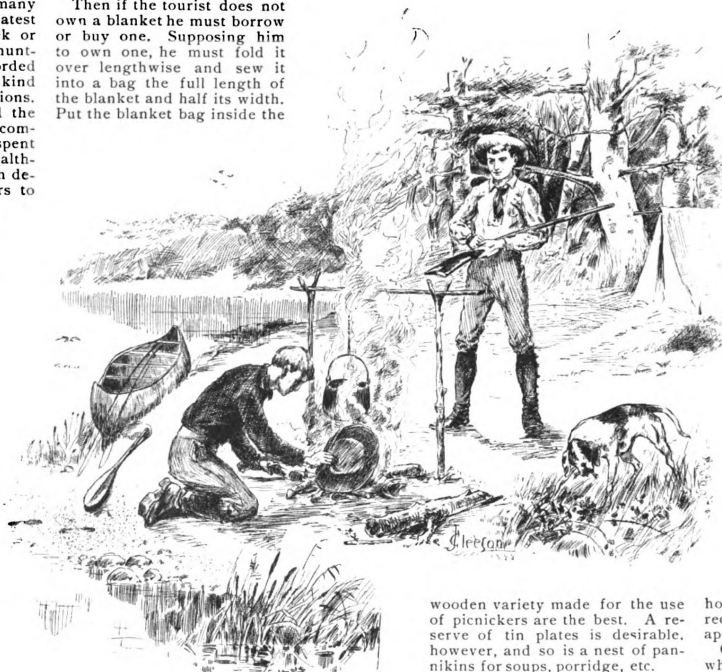
PAPER HARMONIES.

It seems that an end has not yet been set to the manifold uses to which paper may be put. Car wheels, boats, houses, have all been made from it, and now a French journal comes forward with the information that a paper organ is among existing facts.

A very original musical instrument has recently been constructed at Milan—an organ whose pipes, instead of being of metal, are of paper pulp. Its history is quite curious. Father Giovanni Crispi Rigghizzo, having learned that the parish dell'Inconata, at Milan, was destitute of music for the services, conceived the idea of devising a cheap material that would permit of constructing organs under such conditions that the most unpretending communities could purchase them.

This monk, who had passed his life in poverty, was confronted by lack of money, and, notwithstanding his efforts to carry out his undertaking, was beginning to despair of success, when he had the fortune to meet an artisan, Luigi Colombo, who understood the construction of the instrument and was good enough to aid him.

They both went resolutely to work, and finally, in June, 1886, finished the instrument in question. Unfortunately, by reason of lack of funds, they could not exceed 22 registers, 44 pedals, and 120 pipes. The final result, however, is extremely interesting, since it is generally agreed that the instrument possesses great power and a sweetness of tone not found in organs hitherto constructed.



AN "AL FRESCO" MEAL.

drilling bag, and the tourist has what is known as a sleeping-bag.

If the blanket is of double thickness, the tourist will find it warm enough even for winter weather and snow storms, if he crawls in feet first and draws the puckering string tight.

The rest of the outfit should consist of the following articles:

A rubber poncho of the army pattern, with a hole in the middle, through which the head can be thrust, the poncho being worn as a waterproof cloak in rainy weather.

Each person should have an old table knife and fork, a spoon, and a tin cup.

The solitary camper should carry in his belt either a light hatchet or a heavy hunting knife to be used as a hatchet. One hatchet, however, will do for a party of several, and this may serve as an instance of how burdens may be lightened by judicious distribution.

A tooth brush, comb, towel, and soap will serve for the toilet.

It is advisable to add to these a small bunch of old linen rags for use in case of hurts, a small ball of twine, a needle with long thread in it for possible rents in clothing, and a number of pins. The things so far enumerated will weigh nearly four pounds.

An easily portable luxury is a cushion

wooden variety made for the use of picnickers are the best. A reserve of tin plates is desirable, however, and so is a nest of pannikins for soups, porridge, etc.

For general cooking utensils an iron frying pan, one or two stew pans and a tin coffee pot are all that ordinary campers require. They may be multiplied to any extent, as may also tents and bedding and the like, but for all these things each party must be a law unto itself.

If you have built a shanty or established a more or less permanent camp, you will probably want a small cook stove, such as can be bought, with all necessary utensils, for \$10; but most campers will prefer to get their "grub" in true woodland style, like the young fellows in the illustration.

THE CAMPER'S LARDER.

With regard to provisions individual taste must be consulted. Roughly stated, a pound of meat and a pound of bread is an ample per diem allowance for each individual. Practically and in view of the variety of modern canned goods, this quantity may be safely halved. Take along a quantity of pilot bread or hardtack, such as is used in the army and navy. It may be toasted over the fire, or pouched up and cooked over again, or used in the soup, or to drop poached eggs upon, and, moreover, is always ready to be eaten without any preparation whatever, if any one is seized with a feeling of "goneness."

Allow rather more than half a pound of hard tack a day for each man, and say a quarter of a pound a day of partly

PARTING AND MEETING.

BY OLIVER DYER.

'Tis sad to take the parting gaze For long, long, weary years, As onward through the gathering haze The gallant bark careers...

[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 VIII.

WHAT WAS FOUND IN THE WOOD.



"STANDS for Bates," said Dean to himself. "Perhaps Uncle Adin may not be so far wrong after all. But how strange it would be if a rich and prominent man like Squire Bates should have stopped such a crime! I find it very hard to believe."

Dean's perplexed look gave place to one of firm determination. "I mean to look up this matter," he said resolutely. "and if my uncle has been robbed of his little fortune by this man, I'll bring him to justice if I can."

Scarcely had this purpose been formed when he heard the sound of wheels, and not caring to be found by one who might ask curious questions, he concealed himself behind a tree.

What was his surprise when as the buggy stopped he found that its solitary occupant was the man who had been foremost in his thoughts—Squire Bates himself.

"What does he want here?" thought Dean. From his post behind the tree he glanced curiously at the new arrival, and watched what he should do.

Squire Bates descended from the buggy, and then walked to the very tree under which Adin Dunham had, according to his own account, found himself lying unconscious. Then he walked in different directions around it, peering carefully at the ground, as if in search of something.

"He's looking for the button!" thought Dean in growing excitement.

Then, as if distrusting his eyes, Squire Bates put on a pair of glasses, and once more resumed his search. But it proved unavailing.

"I must have dropped it somewhere else," Dean heard him mutter.

"That settles it!" thought our hero. "He means the sleeve button without doubt. My uncle is right after all, but," he added after a pause, "no one would believe the story. I must wait for additional proof. I wonder what the squire would say if he should find me here. Would he look guilty?"

Upon the impulse of the moment, not stopping to consider whether he was acting wisely or not, Dean determined to let the squire know that he was present. He did not care to arouse his suspicion, however, by letting him think that he had been watched. He therefore glided swiftly a short distance to the right, and then, showing himself openly, advanced towards the squire, whistling carelessly.

Squire Bates turned quickly at the sound, and looked annoyed when he saw who it was that intruded upon him.

"You here, Dean Dunham?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it's Squire Bates," said Dean, as if surprised. "Yes, it is I."

"And why do you come? It is a long walk from your house."

"That's true, but it is the place where Uncle Adin was robbed, and I thought I would come and see if I could discover anything of the money, or anything that belonged to him."

"This is the place, then? I thought it might be," said the squire composedly. "I am on my way to Rockmount, and the same idea occurred to me. But it isn't of much use. If your uncle was robbed, the money is far away by this time."

"Do you think so?" asked Dean, fixing his eyes attentively on the squire.

"Why, it is natural to suppose so. How is your uncle?"

"I left him in bed. He was upset by the shock."

"How sad! In what condition was he found?"

"He seemed bewildered, and hardly conscious when he was."

"The effect of the chloroform!" thought the squire.

"I have thought, Dean," he said in a confi-

dential tone, "that perhaps he fainted away and fell from the buggy."

"But the money was missing."

"To be sure! Probably some tramp came along, and finding him unconscious robbed him as he lay powerless."

"I thought of that, but if he had fallen from the buggy he would have been bruised."

"And he was not?"

"There was no sign of hurt or violence, only that he seemed upset by some shock."

"What account did he give of the robbery—if there was one?" asked Squire Bates, his face expressing keen interest.

"He said that a man stopped his horse, climbed into the buggy, assaulted and robbed him."

"Humph!" said the squire, with an expression difficult to read. "Did he describe the person?"

Dean hesitated. Should he, or should he not, let Squire Bates know that he was suspected? He decided to hail reveal the secret.

"He thought it was some one that he knew," he answered briefly.

"Any one living around here?" asked Squire Bates nervously.

"Excuse me, Squire Bates, but at present I think I would rather not tell. The party may be perfectly innocent, and my uncle's mind may be affected."

"Very true! It would not be at all surprising if that were the case. If you do care to take any one into your confidence, please remember that I am your uncle's friend, and might have it in my power to help you in your search."

"Yes, sir, I will remember that. I shall probably some time wish to consult you about the matter."

There was a significance in Dean's tone that made the lawyer uneasy, but he had self control enough not to show his feeling.

"As we are on the spot suppose we make a search of each of us proposed. Did your uncle lose anything except the money—his watch for instance?"

"No, his watch was all right."

This had not occurred before to Dean as singular. Now it tended to confirm him in the thought that it might have been Squire Bates, and not some common thief, that had robbed his uncle. The plain silver watch, never very valuable, which Adin Dunham had carried for twenty five years, might have presented a temptation to an ordinary tramp. A genteel highwayman would not have thought it worth his while to take it.

"Really that is very singular," said the squire. "Thieves generally take whatever they find, and are not very likely to leave a watch behind."

"It seems to show that the thief was no ordinary one," said Dean.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the lawyer suspiciously.

"It was a high toned robber who wouldn't care to be burdened with an old silver watch such as Uncle Adin carried."

"True! Your remark shows penetration. I shouldn't have thought of that. Perhaps, however, there was another reason."

"What?" asked Dean, his curiosity aroused.

"The watch would easily have been identified, and might have led to the apprehension of the robber."

"Yes, there is something in that."

Meanwhile Dean and the squire continued their investigations. Dean, however, merely made a show of searching. He felt convinced that the only thing worth discovering he had already found, but of course he had no intention of making this known to his companion.

"It would be refreshing if we could find your uncle's lost wallet—did he carry his money in a wallet?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"But we can hardly expect it."

"No, there is very little chance of it, I am afraid."

"Ha, what is this?" exclaimed the squire, who had wandered some little distance from the tree.

Dean looked up eagerly.

"Why, that is Uncle Adin's wallet," he said surprised.

"Unfortunately it is empty!" said the squire, opening it.

"Yes, it seems. Where did you find it?"

"Just here. It is clear that the thief took the money, and threw it away."

"I suppose so," answered Dean slowly.

"You had better take charge of it. And now I think I must resume my journey to Rockmount."

Dean sat down to think. He was puzzled by the discovery of the wallet, for he had looked in the very spot where it was found before the squire's arrival, and seen nothing. It looked as if the squire had produced it from an inner pocket, and thrown it down before picking it up, and announced its discovery.

There is something very queer about all this!" said Dean to himself, as he walked slowly homeward.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SQUIRE'S BOLD STROKE.

"WHAT boy evidently suspects me," thought Renwick Bates, contracting his forehead. "He is altogether too smart. With the help of his uncle, whose suspicions are already excited, he may make me trouble. I must take a bold course, and make their accusations look ridiculous."

Squire Bates kept on his way till he reached Rockmount, and drove at once to the office of Thomas Marks.

"How do you do, Squire Bates?" asked the agent politely.

"Very well, thank you. I suppose you have heard of the robbery?"

"To what do you allude?"

"Adin Dunham was stopped on his way home yesterday, and robbed of a thousand dollars!"

"You don't mean it?" returned the agent.

"Why I paid him that money with my own hands."

"So I supposed. Why didn't you give him a check?"

"He preferred the bills. Besides, as you have no bank at Waterford, he could have done nothing with the check."

"That is true; I didn't think of that. But it's a pity as it happened."

"Can you tell me any of the details of the robbery?"

"I talked with Dean Dunham, the nephew, only this morning. I have not seen Adin himself."

"What does the boy say?"

Squire Bates repeated what he had heard from Dean, though he might have gone into details from his own knowledge. This, of course, he could not venture upon.

"It seems extraordinary," said Thomas Marks, thoughtfully. "How could the robber have known that Adin Dunham had received any money?"

"He might have seen him at your office."

"I don't pay money to every one that calls upon me," said Marks, smiling.

"No, or I should call for my installment," returned the squire jocosely. "Perhaps it might have been some one connected with the hotel company. I suppose they knew the money was to be called for today?"

"By the way, in what shape did you pay the money?"

"In fifty dollar bills."

"Twenty fifties then?"

"Yes."

"That information may prove important. Were the bills all on one bank?"

"No, from several. Some, I think, were silver certificates."

"If this had happened in England the numbers of the notes would have been noted."

"Exactly. That is one advantage the English detectives have over ours. May I ask if you have been retained by Adin Dunham to work out the case?"

"No; I haven't even seen him since the robbery, but as he is a neighbor I naturally take an interest in the affair. If I can do anything to ferret out the thief, or recover the money, I will do so gladly, and it shall cost Dunham nothing."

"Your words do you credit, Squire Bates," said the agent, warmly.

"I think I have misjudged Bates. He is a

better man than I gave him credit for," reflected Thomas Marks.

"I sympathize with the poor man heartily," continued the squire, following up the favorable impression which he could see that he had made. "A thousand dollars is a fortune to him. To us, Mr. Marks, it would not be so important."

"Speak for yourself, squire. I am by no means a millionaire."

"Nor I," rejoined Squire Bates, laughing. "The assessors of Waterford would be glad if I were."

"Still I don't think you are in any danger of going to the poor house," continued the agent.

"Well, no, perhaps not. But I must be getting home. I suppose you will warn the merchants here to look out for any fifty dollar bills that may be offered them."

"Yes; it is a good suggestion. I don't think, however, that the robber will be apt to spend his money in this neighborhood."

"I presume not. From all I can gather he is a wandering tramp, who possibly only expected to get a few dollars, and will probably be quite bewildered when he finds what a haul he has made."

"I hope for poor Dunham's sake he will be found out."

"Amen to that!" said Squire Bates, with a queer smile.

"What a droll world it is!" soliloquized the lawyer as he turned his horse's head towards Waterford. "How that worthy Marks would have been astonished if he had known that the bold and audacious robber had been holding a conversation with him! I must send away those fifty dollar notes. Their use in this neighborhood would be suicidal."

"I think my call upon this man Marks is a clever stroke!" the squire complacently continued musing to himself. "I must venture upon a still bolder stroke, and call upon Adin Dunham, though under the circumstances I feel rather nervous about it. If that young Dean were out of the way I should feel more comfortable. It may be necessary to get rid of him, but that can wait. I understand from my boy Brandon that Dean treated him very disrespectfully, not to say insolently, only yesterday. As Brandon truly remarks, the boy is as proud as he is poor, and doesn't know his place. A working boy occupies an humble position, and owes deference to his superiors in station. I might have him arrested for taking possession of Brandon's boat by violence, but at present it would not be politic. Our turn will come after a while, and then Dean Dunham must look out!"

When Squire Bates reached Waterford he drove to the house of Adin Dunham.

Dean was standing in the yard.

"Please hold my horse, Dean," said the squire pleasantly. "I am going to call upon your uncle."

"I don't know whether he can see you, sir," said Dean, doubtfully.

"I am sure he can. I will ask I called on Mr. Marks, from whom your uncle received the money."

"Did you learn anything, sir?"

"Yes, I learned that the money was paid in fifty dollar bills—just twenty of them. You can see that this is important. If any one in this neighborhood offers a fifty dollar bill in payment for any article it should be investigated."

"Yes, sir."

Dean regarded the squire with a puzzled expression. He seemed to take so much interest in the matter of the robbery, to be so desirous of throwing obstacles in the way of the thief, that Dean began to think his suspicions unwarranted. Yet there was his uncle's description of the robber, and again there was the tell tale sleeve button in his pocket.

"It beats me!" was Dean's conclusion. "Things may clear up, but at present it seems particularly foggy."

"Please ask your aunt if I may see Mr. Dunham," said the squire. "I will tie the horse."

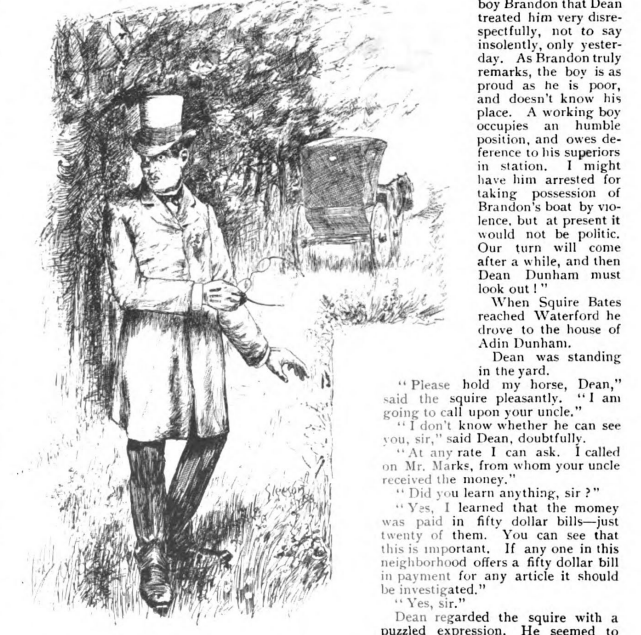
Dean went in and proffered the request, adding, "Squire Bates has just returned from Rockmount, where he had an interview with the man who gave uncle the money. He says it was all in fifty dollar bills."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Dunham, doubtfully. "Perhaps it may be as well to let the squire go in. We ought to be down' somethin' to catch the thief, and the squire's a lawyer."

So it happened that Dean's notification to Dunham she entered the sick room followed by the squire.

"Adin, I've brought Squire Bates to see you," she said, soothingly.

Instantly Dunham became excited and manifested alarm



SQUIRE BATES TAKEN BY SURPRISE.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$3.00 per year, payable in advance.
 Club rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.
 Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.
 The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.
 Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.
 Every subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.
 In ordering stock numbers include 6 cents for each copy.
 No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.
 FRANK A. MERRILL, PUBLISHER,
 81 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.

OUR THREE HUNDRETH NUMBER.

WITH the present issue the ARGOSY enters upon what may be termed a new century of existence. Its triumphs achieved in the 299 weeks of consecutive publication since December 2, 1882, have been unparalleled, but when we compare the first issues comprised within that period with the last, the reason for this marvelous growth in popularity is not far to seek. The paper itself has at no time stood still, but has constantly improved on itself.

New ideas, original methods, an unflinching determination on the part of the publisher to keep up with the times in typographical and artistic appearance, have been marked characteristics of its history. And they are but prophetic of what is in view for the future.

Already preparations are on foot for unique and attractive features that cannot fail to greatly please our grand army of old friends, as well as win us hosts of new ones. Fuller particulars will be given in the course of a few weeks. Meanwhile we shall announce in our next number a new serial by an author, who, to judge from the many comments on his stories, is undoubtedly a prime favorite with our readers.

BALM FOR POOR POLKS.

A WESTERN paper recently contained the subjoined paragraph:

"The cheeriest person the writer saw in town today was a bright faced girl, who goes around the world on a crutch and earns her own living. Right behind her came the richest man in the place, whose gloomy face suggested despair."

Cannot almost all our readers testify to the truth of the above out of their own experience? If some of them have not happened to observe this tendency of human nature, however, suppose they take a turn at doing so.

Let them look about among their fellow townsmen and acquaintances and see if it is always the well to do in this world's goods who are the happiest. We venture to predict that if they check the result off upon their ten fingers they will have more than enough on which to reckon the individuals who have both great wealth and great contentment, while they will have to borrow somebody else's hand on which to continue the count of those who, possessed of but a modest competency, yet get the most enjoyment out of life.

A LESSON IN CONTENT.

How prone we all are to be annoyed by mere bagatelles, especially when at work! A desk that is not quite level, the tinkle of a street car bell, the buzzing of a fly—who has not been disturbed by trifles such as these?

"To work to the best advantage, I want to be free to concentrate all my faculties on the labor in hand," we say.

But how about those men who have been deprived of the very faculty most useful to them in their chosen calling? Have they given up in despair?

Ask Herreshoff, the blind designer of the fastest steam yachts in the world, or Edison,

the perfecter of the phonograph, with his hearing almost entirely gone. Then read a biography of Beethoven, whose most magnificent symphony was composed when he was stone deaf, and of Huber, the German naturalist, whose sightless eyes did not prevent him from furnishing the world with a famous and most accurate treatise on the habits of bees.

If men like these have done what brings them renown in the world today under such difficulties, how ill it becomes us to fidget over a pin prick.

A PROTEST.

NATURAL history is certainly a commendable pursuit to engage the attention of young people, and when it can be pursued out of doors in a series of object lessons with living plants and creatures as the models, the effectiveness, as well as the fascination of the study is increased many fold. But when cruelty to one class of animals—however small—is encouraged in order to observe the effect on another class we think it time to call a halt.

A recent number of a juvenile magazine, popularly regarded as a model in its line and trusted as an infallible guide in the moral training of children, in a paragraph concerning the carnivorous habits of a sand spider, contained these lines: "Try also to force a cricket into one of these holes and see how loath it will seem to go in."

Now whether we like to admit the fact or not, we all know that most boys seem by nature to take delight in tormenting dumb animals, so that all the influence possible should be brought to bear in the opposite direction. We submit that the sentence quoted has a strong tendency to foster this spirit, and while perhaps of but small moment as far as a cricket goes, supplies that unexpected encouragement of which the cuteness of the youthful brain will not be slow to take advantage on other and more serious occasions.

AN IMPENDING CRISIS.

WHILE the great political parties are having it out with one another, tooth and nail, over the tariff and the best way to foster trade, one of our "infant" industries is threatened with utter annihilation, and no man in power lifts his voice in its behalf. We refer to the bootblacking profession.

As is well known, summer is the season when the plyer of the brush looks to reap his richest harvest, as the mud, snow and slush of winter effectually curtail outdoor custom for a good part of that period of the year. But the men who daily put on patent leather shoes are becoming more and more numerous, while, alas for the vender of shines, this permanently lustrous style of footwear nowadays costs no more, if as much, than the plain sort our fathers were content to wear.

It has been left for Dame Fashion, however, to strike the most telling blow at the Knights of the Polishing Brush. This season she has decreed that it is "the thing" for gentlemen traveling to and from their country homes every day, to wear in to business the russet leather shoes that were formerly used merely for lawn, beach, and piazza. And the custom is one that savors so strongly of both comfort and economy, that its wide spread adoption will not be easily checked.

And now, in view of these appalling facts, what is Congress going to do for the bootblack? The issue is certainly a vital one with him.

THE MOTHERS LIKE IT.

HIGH praise indeed is it for a paper when it finds favor with "mother," she who exercises such jealous guardianship over the reading of her boys. The ARGOSY has more than once been favored with such high indorsement.

SPARTA, Mo., July 12, 1888.
 Have been taking THE GOLDEN ARGOSY now for more than a year. I think it is the best boys' paper in America. My mother is reading it and she likes it very much.
 BERTIE LEW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 28, 1888.
 I wish to say that I am a subscriber for three story papers, and I think, as others do, that the ARGOSY is the best paper for boys in the country. The story entitled "The Two Rivals" can't be beat.
 ALEX. G. BRADLEY.

MORRIS PARK, L. I., July 24, 1888.
 I have been a reader of the ARGOSY for about fifteen months and like it very much. I like "The Old Man of the Mountains," "Red Eagle," and "Heir to a Million" best. I also read another paper, but do not like it so well.

FRANK J. VAN DEVERG.

DON M. DICKINSON.

Postmaster General of the United States.

"The least governed country is the best governed" is a familiar and true axiom of political science. From this same principal arises the strong objection that has always been felt in America to the plan of handing over to the government the railroads, the telegraphs, and other great undertakings now managed by private companies.

Only one such business is intrusted to our Federal authorities—the carrying of the mails; and this is a function which, from small beginnings, has grown with wonderful rapidity to be a most important department of the government of every civilized country.

It is not quite fifty years since the establishment of cheap postage in England marked the birth of the modern mail system, which has since increased by leaps and bounds, and nowhere more quickly than in this country. In other lands the post office has always been regarded as the legitimate source of a considerable revenue, while in the United States the sole aim of the authorities has been to provide as cheap and extended a service as possible, at a cost which has generally exceeded the receipts. This liberal policy has established a post office which has no superior, and which is a powerful instrument in promoting the education and general welfare of the country.

Many of the ARGOSY readers are interested in this great government department, which annually handles billions of missives, and whose yearly expenditure is over fifty millions of dollars. At its head is a comparatively young man, a prominent member of the President's cabinet, and one who seems likely to become yet more conspicuous in national politics—Don Manuel Dickinson.

Mr. Dickinson hails from Michigan, but was born in New York State, at Port Ontario, a little town in Oswego County, in January, 1846. His parents moved westward a few years after his birth, and lived for a time on one of the islands in the St. Clair River, on the eastern frontier of Michigan. Then they settled in the city of Detroit, where young Dickinson attended the public schools. He was prepared for a college under a private tutor, and entered the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, where he studied in the law department. He was a college boy while the civil war was in progress, and graduated soon after its conclusion. Then, at the age of twenty one, he found himself with the world before him, and his living to earn.

He hung out his shingle in Detroit, and went to work to build up a practice and a name for himself. Earnest effort brought success, and he advanced rapidly to a leading rank at the Michigan bar. He has figured in many cases of national importance. One of these was the contest against the Bell telephone monopoly, in which Mr. Dickinson was engaged as counsel for the Daniel Drawbaugh interest. He made the argument for his side before the Supreme Court, which finally decided the suit in favor of Bell by a narrow majority.

Another well known case in which Mr. Dickinson was engaged was the protracted conflict between the State and Federal authorities on matters arising out of the bankruptcy laws.

His first public appearance in politics was as secretary of the Democratic committee of his State in 1872, when he was a zealous supporter of Horace Greeley for the Presidency. Nom-

inated by a convention of independent Republicans, Mr. Greeley was, as our readers doubtless remember, indorsed by the Democrats, but the support given to him was very half hearted, and he was badly beaten at the polls.

Mr. Dickinson was so disappointed at this defeat that for two or three years he took no part in politics, and wrote a public letter resigning the position he held in the Democratic organization. In the following Presidential campaign, however, he came forward as a supporter of Samuel J. Tilden, and consented to serve as chairman of the State committee.

He attended the last two national Democratic conventions as a delegate, and is the member from Michigan on the national committee of the party.

Mr. Dickinson was appointed Postmaster General at the close of last year, to succeed Mr. Vilas, who exchanged the office for that of Secretary of the Interior. He has already shown himself to be a capable head of this great government department, a department in which doubtless there is more interest taken by the public than any other, and the capable administration of which is of the utmost importance to every citizen of the republic. Mr. Dickinson is a gentleman of education and refinement, with liberal and enlightened views, and a business ability that makes him a valuable public servant.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

PEACE ABOVE.

CALM soul of all things! make it mine
 To feel, amid the city's jar,
 That there abides a peace of Thine
 Man did not make, and cannot mar.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

VIRTUE is the first title of nobility.—Moliere.
 He who hunts two hares at once, catches neither.
 ONE word beforehand is better than ten afterwards.

SPRINKLING comes by nature, silence by understanding.
 The trident of Neptune is the scepter of the world.
 —Antoine Lemaire.

A MAN that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.—Bacon.

POWER multiplies flatterers, and flatteries multiply our delusions by hiding us from ourselves.

This praise of others may be of use in teaching us not what we are, but what we ought to be.

No one can be good, or great, or happy, except through inward efforts of his own.—F. W. Robinson.

For this of old is sure,
 That change of toil is toil's sufficient cure.—Lewis Morris.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way towards the value of the thing itself.—Seneca.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly on two words—industry and frugality.—Franklin.

Those who sneer habitually at human nature, and get to despise it, are among its worst and least pleasant samples.—Dickens.

ERRORS such as are but acorns in our younger brows grow oaks in our older heads and become inflexible.—Sir Thomas Browne.

He who has a soul devoid of gratitude should set his soul to learn of his body; for all the parts of that minister to one another.—South.

He that does not know those things that are of use and necessity to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.—Tillotson.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us. If all but myself were blind, I should want neither fine clothes, fine houses, nor fine furniture.—Franklin.

FRIENDSHIP hath the skill and observation of the best physician, the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse, and the tenderness and patience of the best mother.—Lord Clarendon.

If it is a little harder to build up character than reputation, it is only so in the beginning. For mere reputation, like a poorly built house, will cost as much for patching and repairs, as would have made it thorough at first.—Becher.



HON. DON M. DICKINSON.
 From a Photograph by Bell.

A PARALLEL.

CRUEL seems the grain of sand
Forced within the sensitive shell
But a pearl it generated, and—
Ah! you know the parallel:
Round our lives the water swirl
Says and sings, "No pain, no pearl."

A Trip to Moss Island.

BY CHARLES H. WILLARD.

"I'll bet a dime, Frank, that Ned's forgotten all about it. He's probably snoozing away up there while we're freezing. Here you, wake up." And a shower of pebbles went crashing against the window pane. "Don't, Joe, you'll break the glass. Here he is."

The window overhead opened. "What do you want, fellows?" said a sleepy voice.

A shout of laughter from the three young gentlemen below was the only answer. "Come, fellows, what do you want? Can't you see—the dickens! I had forgotten all about it. What time is it, Jack?"

"Eleven minutes of six," returned Jack, promptly. "Hurry up, can't you, Ned? We want to get over there early, and we've got some walking to do." Ned, thus addressed, withdrew his head from the window with a promise to be down soon. And here let us explain the occasion of this early call.

The four young gentlemen mentioned, Frank, Ned, Joe, Hastings, Ned Harley and Jack Glover, had agreed, the day before, to spend this day, a Saturday, and possibly the next, in a visit to Moss Island, a small island lying in a lake of considerable size in one of our Eastern States.

On Ned's failure to appear at the rendezvous agreed upon, the others had gone in search of him and found him, as described above.

In a few minutes Ned appeared, his knapsack on his back, a hatchet in one hand, and a large piece of pie in the other. The other boys were similarly fitted out—with the exception of the pie.

"Now, boys, with the best foot forward," said Frank, starting briskly ahead.

"What is that crowd over there? No, not there—over by Bailey's store."

"Never mind now," said Frank. "We can find out when we come back."

"No, let's see now," insisted Ned.

"Yes, Frank, just five minutes. It may be something of importance: dog fight, balky horse—anything, you know," supplemented Joe.

"Well, then," acquiesced Frank, knowing it impossible to do otherwise now. "But only five minutes."

The boys crossed the large square and joined the crowd which was gathered around the one jewelry store of the town.

"What's the matter?" asked Joe of a shabby individual on the outside of the crowd, who appeared to be enjoying himself immensely.

"You'll find out if yer use your eyes and ears—stop your shovin'," was the answer.

Joe, not at all abashed, followed the advice, which, though roughly given, was taken in good part.

"Great guns!" ejaculated he. "Bailey's store's been robbed. There's Bailey over there talking with the sheriff. Comic old gent, isn't he, Jack? I don't blame His Shabbiness back there for laughing at him."

"It strikes me that it isn't a very funny thing for Bailey. He does not look as if he enjoyed it much," said Frank.

"Say, can't you two fellows hush up and let me hear?" cried Jack, bestowing a nudge upon Joe.

"Yes, I know, Mr. Bailey," the sheriff was saying, "but you can't expect to have your place watched all the time. And four watchmen can't do everything. I believe you were one of those that voted against a larger force at the last town meeting, weren't you?"

"That's perfectly right. There's enough to watch the town if they do it properly. Well, I suppose the only way to get any one to exert himself is to have a robbery."

"Well, Mr. Bailey, will you please state your loss? and if you suspect any one?"

"My loss—let me see. A large diamond ring, gold cross set with small diamonds, four small gold watches, one large one, three silver watches, a tray full of gold rings, ten or twelve gold and silver scarf pins, and so on—that I drew last night. And the gold hands of the window clock are taken. Do you think that you could recover them?"

"How can I tell? Perhaps. Shall you offer a reward?"

"Yes, about \$100 or \$150, I think. The things are worth ten times that; and I'm no miser."

"There now, fellows, come on. You ought to be satisfied now," said Frank, adjusting his knapsack.

"All right. Forward march."

"I say, fellows," said Joe after tramping along a few minutes in silence, "it's queer how old Brindle disappeared."

"Bailey's dog? What about him?" asked Frank.

"Why, he was left in the store last night, and this morning he wasn't to be found."

"Oh, he'll turn up in the course of the day," said Ned. "Don't you worry about him."

Half an hour's trisk walk brought them to the shore of the lake.

"Boys," cried Jack, after a quick glance around, throwing his hat upon the ground and giving it a savage kick, "game's up. No trip to the island today. The boat's gone."

The boys stared blankly at one another.

"What do you say, Ned?" "I don't see but what we'll have to give it up."

grove there are some fine ones—dry, too. We can cut them in two and drag them over here," said the captain of the party, Frank.

"Lucky idea of yours, Ned—to bring ropes. You're good for something after all, old boy," and Joe gave Ned a pat on the back, sending that young gentleman to the ground so speedily that he forgot his reputation and plunged after the laughing Joe.

The logs were soon procured and dragged to the shore. Here another difficulty arose. Frank was for building a raft, but Joe insisted that it would take them too long to build it and that after it was made they would lose time ferrying it to the island.

"The best way, I think, is for each one to take two logs, and then make the voyage in better time. Besides, it would take three times as many logs as we've got to keep us above water if we make a raft. And the water is not cold. What do you say, Jack?"

"I think that's better than Frank's idea."

"Well, pick out your logs, then," said Frank, deciding the matter. "We can have three apiece, with two over." "Each of the four quickly tied his logs together with the long ropes they had brought.



THE BOYS PULLED THE DOG OFF THE HERMIT BY MAIN FORCE.

"Just our luck. Something always steps in and breaks up our fun. Look at our picnics, and sails; just as sure as fate it always rains or something else. Well, I'm perfectly satisfied; and Joe flung himself down on the sand.

"Fellows, that island possesses certain charms for me, and I'm going over there today; and I've got the idea how to do it, too," said Frank.

"Well, you can't go over in the idea, that's certain. Something a little less frail for me," said Joe, lying back and sifting the sand through his fingers.

"Let's have it, Frank," said Jack.

"Well," replied Frank, "I say, make a raft of logs and paddle over."

Joe laughed. "You can laugh, Joe, but I'm going to. It will be half the fun, and quite an adventure."

Jack started up, giving his leg a clap with his hand, and cried: "You're right, Frank. I'm with you."

"Why, boys," put in Ned, "it'll take all day—a mile and a half, and paddling a raft. Let's cook our dinner here and go home."

"Ned, you're the laziest fellow ever made, and Joe's about as bad."

"No, I'm not. I'm with you," cried Joe, jumping up.

"Well, if the rest are determined, I might as well follow suit," yawned Ned, pulling his hat over his eyes, for the sun was beginning to grow very hot.

"Then for the logs. Over in Buchanan's

"What's the matter with putting the provisions on those two logs and towing them behind? In case one of us tumbled off, they wouldn't get wet, you know," said Ned.

"Ned, you're invaluable," said Joe, hastening to tie the two logs together and hitch them behind his craft.

"I don't like that plan," said Frank. "I'm afraid I'll miss my dinner."

"That's all right, Frank. It can't fall off or tip. Come on! Hurrah for the Squadron! Steamers for Moss Island just about to start! Visitors ashore!" and Joe, already seated on his conveyance, waved his paddle, a fence rail, aloft.

Slowly but surely the little fleet moved out of port, and the voyage was enlivened with jokes and conversation until the calm was broken for several minutes.

Joe, forgetting himself, leaned too much to one side to throw a chip of bark at Ned, when down bobbed a log and splash he went into the water.

He came puffing to the surface, and cried, as he shook his head and spurted the water from his mouth:

"Just my luck! The dinner's gone."

A chorus of exclamations answered him.

"Just as I told you," said Frank. "The hatchets are gone, too, I'll bet."

At last the voyage was completed. The logs were drawn up on the sand and the ropes detached. The hatchets were found to be safe, sticking in the logs.

"Now, the first thing to do, boys, is to make a fire and dry ourselves. I don't know what we can do for a dinner. We'll have to play Robinson Crusoe for a little while," said Frank, seated on a rock.

"That's a bright suggestion, Frank. Your matches are probably dry, aren't they? Mine are damper than fog," said Joe.

"I forgot about the matches," said Frank. "I don't see what we can do unless we try that Indian friction method, and I never could make that work. I wish we hadn't come over."

"Who said he was coming over here any way when the rest gave it up? Who persuaded us? We're over here now and we might as well stay for a little while. We can't starve. There must be some way to get something to eat, and if there isn't, why, we can sail for home," said Joe, who did not take a hard view of the situation.

"That's so," cried Ned, rousing himself. "We came out for a day's fun and adventure, and this is part of it. We've had fun so far without any suffering, and there's no use groaning in advance. And if your fellows can't think of anything, I can, that is—a visit to the Hermit of Moss Island."

"Hurrah!" cried Joe, which, together with Jack's "Second the motion," served to drown Frank's objections. It was decided in a second, and in a second more they were on the march.

Thomas Potter, the so called Hermit, lived in a habitation, half cave, half hut, about three quarters of a mile from the boys' landing place. Although a hermit, he was not a true recluse, for he made frequent journeys to the town to dispose of various plants and herbs which he gathered, being a skilled botanist.

The boys soon reached the hut. It was a queer looking affair, one end built in a large bank. The door was shut.

Frank strode up and gave a rattling knock.

At this summons, and before the door could be opened, a large mastiff came lying around the corner, and in a moment Frank was lying on his back.

"Here, Brindle, Brindle! Off, you villain!" cried Jack, seizing the dog by the collar and administering a few cuffs.

It was Mr. Bailey's mastiff.

Hearing Jack's voice, and seeming to recognize the boys, he crept up to them, cringing as if he expected punishment. Frank arose very much dazed and shaken up.

"What's the dog doing here?" he asked.

"You know as much about it as we do," answered Ned, turning to the door, which was now partially opened, revealing the Hermit. The dog, Brindle, could scarcely be restrained from rushing upon him.

"What do you want, boys?" said Potter, recognizing them. "We want to dry ourselves and get something to eat. We have been shipwrecked," said Joe.

He looked at them suspiciously, and then said: "Well, call the dog off, and I will let you in, if you will go away and take the dog with you when you have finished your lunch."

The boys of course consented. The dog was captured by a little stratagem and tied to a tree, and the boys entered the hut. A very modest lunch was set before them and speedily disappeared, and the boys, after obtaining a supply of matches, started for a convenient spot to dry themselves, leaving Brindle tied to a tree.

A crackling fire was soon built, and the boys hung their damp clothes on racks which they made for the purpose.

"Queer old chap, the Hermit, isn't he?" remarked Joe.

"Mean old fellow, I say," replied Jack. "Wouldn't let us stay long enough to dry our clothes. Hustled us right off."

Jack had mounted a rock from which he could see the Hermit's hut. Suddenly he seemed to have made a discovery. He motioned to the boys to keep silent. His manner was so full of mystery that the others immediately climbed up to his side.

"Look there—he is going to bury something," said Jack, pointing to the Hermit, who could be seen emerging from his house, a quarter of a mile distant, bearing a spade in his hand and a small box under his arm.

"Let's track him and see what it is. He won't know it," said Jack.

"Go back and bring our shoes and shirts, Joe," said Frank. "We will watch Potter so as not to lose him."

Joe returned in a few seconds with the required articles, and the boys hastily slipped them on.

The Hermit disappeared among the trees and the boys followed cautiously. When the boys

at the windows; and he has no doubt—not have I—that this is some spy or emissary of Peschiera's."

"Impossible; how could he discover you?"

"I know not; but no one else has any interest in doing so. The man kept at a distance, and Giacomo could not see his face."

"It may be but a mere idler. Is this all?"

"No; the old woman who serves us said that she was asked at a shop if we were not Italians."

"And she answered?"

"No; but owned that we had a foreign servant, Giacomo."

"I will see to this. Rely on it that if Peschiera has discovered you I will learn it. Nay, I will hasten from you in order to commence inquiry."

"I cannot detain you. May I think that we have now an interest in common?"

"O, indeed yes; but—let—your daughter! how can I dream that one so beautiful, so peerless, will confirm the hope you have extended to me?"

"The daughter of an Italian is brought up to consider that it is a father's right to dispose of her hand."

"And with this sentence ringing in his ears, Randal took his departure."

CHAPTER XXXI.
COUNTER PLOTTING.

RANDAL reached home in time to dress for the late evening at Baron Levy's.

The wands were exquisite, and the company select; the party did not exceed eight. Four were the eldest sons of peers (from a baron to a duke); one was a professed wit, never to be got without a month's notice; the sixth, to Randal's astonishment, was Mr. Richard Avenel himself and the baron made up the complement.

Randal was hurrying away with the rest at the close of the entertainment, when Levy, plucking him by the sleeve in the hall, whispered, "Stay; I want to talk to you."

The baron turned into his drawing room, and Leslie followed him.

"Pleasant young men, those," said Levy, with a slight sneer, as he threw himself into an easy chair and stirred the fire. "And not at all proud; but, to be sure, they are under great obligations to me. Yes; they owe me a great deal. *Après*, I have had a long talk with Frank Hazledane—a fine young man—remarkable capacities for business. I can arrange his affairs for him. I find, on reference to the Will Office, that you were quite right; the Casino property is entailed on Frank. He will have the fee simple. He can dispose of the reversion entirely. So that there will be no difficulty in our arrangements."

"But I told you also that Frank had scruples about borrowing on the event of his father's death."

"Ay, you did so. Filial affection! I never take that into account in matters of business. Such little scruples, though they are highly honorable to human nature, soon vanish before the prospect of the King's Bench. And, too, as you so judiciously remarked, our clever young friend is in love with Madame di Negra."

"Did he tell you that?"

"No; but Madame di Negra did."

"You know her?"

"I know most people in good society, who now and then require a friend in the management of their affairs. And having made sure of the fact you stated, as to Hazledane's contingent property (excuse my prudence) I have accommodated Madame di Negra, and bought up her debts."

"You have—you surprise me!"

"The surprise will vanish on reflection. But you are very new to the world yet, my dear Leslie. By the way, I have had an interview with Peschiera—"

"About his sister's debts?"

"Partly. A man of the nicest honor is Peschiera."

Aware of Levy's habit of praising people for the qualities in which, according to the judgment of less penetrating mortals, they were most deficient, Randal only smiled at this eulogy, and waited for Levy to resume.

But the baron sat silent and thoughtful for a minute or two, and then changed the subject.

"I think your father has some property in Dashshire, and you probably can give me a little information as to certain estates of a Mr. Thornhill—estates which, on examination of the title deeds, I find once, indeed, belonged to your family." The baron glanced at a very elegant memorandum book—"The manors of Rood and Dulmossberry, with sundry farms thereon. Mr. Thornhill wants to sell them as soon as his son is of age—an old client of mine, Thornhill. He has applied to me on the matter. Do you think it an improvable property?"

Randal listened with a livid cheek and a throbbing heart. If there was one ambitious scheme in his calculation which, though not absolutely generous and heroic, still might win human mind, it was the hope to restore the fallen fortunes of his ancient house, and repossess himself of the long alienated lands that surrounded the dismal wastes of the moldering Hall.

And now to hear that those lands were getting into the inexorable grip of Levy—tears of bitterness stood in his eyes.

"Thornhill," continued Levy, who watched the young man's countenance—"Thornhill tells me that part of his property—the old Leslie lands—produce £2000 a year, and that the rental could be raised. He would take £50,000 for it—£20,000 down, and suffer the remaining £30,000 to lie on mortgage at four per cent. It seems a very good purchase. What do you say?"

"Don't ask me," said Randal, stung into rare honesty; "for I had hoped I might live to repossess myself of that property."

"Ah! indeed. It would be a very great addition to your consequence in the world—from the mere size of the estate, but from its hereditary associations. And if you have any idea of the purchase—believe me, I'll not stand in your way."

"How can I have any idea of it?"

"But I thought you said you could."

"I understand the title deeds, but I have not sold till Mr. Thornhill's son came of age, and joined in getting rid of the entail."

"Yes, so Thornhill himself supposed, till, on examining the title deeds, I found he was laboring under a mistake. These lands are not comprised in the settlement made by old Jasper Thornhill, which ties up the rest of the property. The title will be perfect. Thornhill wants to settle the matter at once—losses on the turf, you understand; an immediate purchaser would get still better terms. A Sir John Spratt would give the money; but the addition of these lands would make the Spratt property more conspicuous in the county than the Thornhill. So my client would rather take a few thousands less from a man who does not set up to be his rival. Balance of power in counties as well as nations."

Randal was silent.

Then, once more suddenly changing the subject, he threw himself back in his chair, and exclaimed: "Leslie, it is lucky for you that you did not enter parliament under the government; it would be your political ruin."

"You think that the ministry cannot last?"

"Of course I do; and what is more, I think that a ministry of the same principles cannot be restored. You are a young man of talent and spirit; your birth is nothing compared to the rank of the reigning party; it would tell, to a certain degree, in a democratic one. I say, you should be more civil to Avenel; he could return you to parliament at the next election."

"The next election! In six years! We have just had a general election."

"There will be another before this year, or half of it, or perhaps a quarter of it is out."

"What makes you think so?"

"Leslie, let there be confidence between us; we will help each other. Shall we be friends?"

"With all my heart. But, though you may help me, how can I help you?"

"You have helped me already to Frank Hazledane—and the Casino estate. All clever men can help me. Come then, we are friends; and what I say is secret. You ask me why I think there will be a general election so soon? I will answer you frankly. Of all the public men I ever met with, there is no one who has so clear a vision of things immediately before him as Audley Egerton."

"He has that character. Not far seeing, but clear sighted to a certain limit."

"Exactly so—the rich Audley Egerton!"

"Rich!" repeated Levy in a tone impossible to describe, and accompanying the word with that movement of the middle finger and thumb, commonly called a "snap," which indicates profound contempt.

"I said no more. Randal sat stupefied. At length, the latter muttered, "But if Egerton is really not rich—if he loses office, and without the hope of return to it—"

"If so, he is ruined!" said Levy, coldly; "and therefore, from regard to you, and feeling an interest in your future fate, I say—Rest no hopes of fortune or career upon Audley Egerton. Keep your place for the present, but be prepared at the next election to stand upon popular principles. Avenel shall return you to parliament, and the rest is with luck and energy. And now, I'll not detain you longer," added Levy, ringing the bell.

The servant entered.

"Is my carriage here?"

"Yes, baron."

"Can I set you down anywhere?"

"No, thank you; I prefer walking."

"Adieu, then. And mind you remember the *saize* at Mrs. Avenel's."

Randal mechanically shook the hand extended to him, and went down the stairs.

The fresh frosty air roused his intellectual faculties, which Levy's ominous words had almost paralyzed.

And the first thing that the clever schemer said to himself was this:

"But what can be the man's motive in what he said to me?"

The next was:

"Egerton ruined? What am I, then?"

And the third was:

"And that fair remnant of the old Leslie property! £20,000 down—how to get the sum? Why should Levy have spoken of this?"

And lastly, the soliloquy rounded back:

"The man's motives! His motives?"

Meanwhile, the Baron threw himself into his chariot—the most comfortable easy chariot you can possibly conceive, and in a few minutes he was in the presence of Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera.

"My dear fellow," said the baron in very good French, and in a tone of the most familiar equality with the descendant of the princes and heroes of grand medieval Italy—"give me one of your excellent cigars. I think I have put all matters in train."

"You have found out—"

"No, my dear fellow," said the baron, lighting the cigar extended to him. "But you said that you should be perfectly contented if it only cost you £20,000 to marry off your sister (to whom that sum is legally due), and to marry yourself to the heiress."

"I did, indeed."

"I have no doubt I shall manage both objects for that sum, if Randal Leslie really knows where the young lady is, and can assist you. Most promising, able man is Randal Leslie—but innocent as a babe just born."

"Ha, ha! Innocent?"

"Innocent as this cigar—strong, certainly, but smoked very easily."

CHAPTER XXXII.
LEONARD'S SUCCESS.

WITHIN a small room, the single window which opened on a fanciful and fairy-like garden, sat a young man alone. He had been writing; the ink was not dry on his manuscript, but his thoughts had been suddenly interrupted from his work, and his eyes, now lifted from the letter which had occasioned that interruption, sparkled with deep thought.

"He will come," exclaimed the young man; "come here—to the home which I owe to him. I have not been unworthy of his friendship. And she"—his breast heaved, but the joy faded from his face. "Oh, strange, strange, that I feel sad at the thought of seeing her again. See her—Ah, no!—my own comfort—Helen—my own child angel! Her, I can never see again! The grown woman—that is not my Helen."

He rose, lost fast, and went to the window. The fountain played merrily before his eyes, and the birds in the aviary caroled loud to his ear.

"And in this house," he murmured, "I saw her last! And there, where the fountain now throws its stream on high—there her benefactor and mine told me that I was to lose her, and that I might win—fare. Alas!"

At this point, a woman, whose dress was so different from her usual attire, and which, though not without a certain respectability, were very homely, entered the room, and, seeing the young man standing thus thoughtful by the window, paused.

She was used to his habits; and since his success in life, had learned to respect them. So she did not disturb his reverie, but began softly to arrange the room—dusting, with the corner of her apron, the various articles of furniture, putting a stray chair or two in its right place, but not touching a single paper.

The young man turned at last, with a deep, yet not altogether painful sigh.

"My dear mother, good day to you. Ah, you do well to make the room look its best! Happy news! I expect a visitor!"

"Dear me, Leonard, will he wait lunch?"

"Nay, I think not, mother. It is he whom we owe all—it is Lord L'Estrange."

The case of Mrs. Fairfield (the reader has long since divined the name) changed instantly, and betrayed a nervous twitch of all the muscles, which gave her a family likeness to old Mrs. Avenel.

"Do not be alarmed, mother. He is the kindest."

"Don't talk so; I can't bear it!" cried Mrs. Fairfield.

"No wonder you are affected by the recollection of all his benefits. But when once you have seen him, you will find yourself ever after at your ease. And so, pray, smile and look as good as you are; for I am proud of your open, honest look when you are pleased, mother. And he must see your heart in your face as I do."

With this, Leonard put his arm round the widow's neck and kissed her. She clung to him fondly for a moment, and he felt her tremble from head to foot. Then she broke from his embrace, and hurried out of the room.

Once more left alone, Leonard's mind returned to the state of reverie, and his face assumed the expression that had now become to it habitual. Thus seen, he was changed much since we last beheld him.

His face was more pale and thin, his lips more firmly compressed, his eye more fixed and abstract. You could detect, if I may borrow a touching French expression, that "sorrow had passed by there." But the melancholy on his countenance was ineffably sweet and serene, and on his ample forehead there was that power, so rarely seen in early youth—the power that has conquered, and betrays his conquests but in calm.

From this reverie Leonard did not seek to rouse himself, till the bell at the garden gate rang loud and shrill; and then starting up and hurrying into the hall, his hand was grasped in Harley's.

A full and happy hour passed away in Har-

ley's questions and Leonard's answers; the dialogue that naturally ensued between the two, on the first interview after an absence of years so eventful to the younger man.

The master had at first employed his pupil in arranging and compiling materials for a great critical work in which Norreys himself was engaged. In this stage of scholastic preparation, Leonard was necessarily led to the acquisition of languages, for which he had great aptitude—the foundations of a large and comprehensive erudition were solidly constructed. But Norreys did not confine him solely to the mere study of a library; he introduced him to some of the first minds in art, science and letters—and active life.

"These," said he, "are the living ideas of the present, out of which books for the future will be written; study them; and here, as in the volumes of the past, diligently amass and deliberately compile."

By degrees Norreys led on that young ardent mind from the selection of ideas to their aesthetic analysis—from compilation to criticism; but criticism severe, close and logical—a reason for each word of praise or of blame. Led in this stage of his career to examine into the laws of beauty, a new light broke upon his mind; from amid the masses of marble he now peeped around him, rose the vision of the statue.

And so, suddenly one day Norreys said to him: "I need a compiler no longer—maintain yourself by your own creations."

And Leonard wrote, and a work flowered up from the soil, and burst and shone, and cleared to the rays of the sun and the healthful influence of expanded air.

The first work did not penetrate to a very wide circle of readers, not from any perceptible fault of his own—there is luck in these things; the first anonymous work of an original genius is rarely at once eminent and successful. But the more experienced recognized the promise of the book.

Publishers, who have an instinct in the discovery of valuable talent, which often forestalls the appreciation of the public, volunteered liberal offers.

"Be fully successful this time," said Norreys; "think not of models nor of style. Strike at once at the common human heart—throw away the corks—swim out boldly. One word more—never write a page till you have walked from your room to Temple Bar, and mingling with men, and reading the human face, learn why great poets have mostly passed their lives in cities."

Thus Leonard wrote again, and woke one morning to find himself famous. So far as the chances of all professions dependent on health will permit, present independence, and, with foresight and economy, the prospects of future competence were secured.

"And, indeed," said Leonard, concluding a longer but a simpler narrative than is here told—"indeed, there is some chance that I may obtain at once a sum that will leave me free for the rest of my life to select my own subjects and write without care for remuneration. This is what I call the true (and, perhaps, alas! the rare) independence of him who devotes himself to letters. Norreys, having seen my boyish plan for the improvement of certain machinery in the steam engine, insisted on my giving much time to mechanics. The study that once pleased me so is no longer now seemed dull; but I went into it with good heart; and the result is, that I have improved so far on my original idea, that my scheme has met the approbation of one of our most scientific engineers; and I am assured that the patent for it will be purchased of me upon terms which I am ashamed to name to you so disparagingly, and do not feel sure of the value of so simple a discovery. Meanwhile, I am already rich enough to have realized the two dreams of my heart—to make a home in the cottage where I had last seen you and Helen—I mean Miss Digby; and to invite to that home her who had shared my infancy."

"Your mother? Let me see her."

Leonard ran to call the widow, but, to his surprise and vexation, learned that she had quitted the house before L'Estrange arrived.

He came back perplexed how to explain what seemed ungracious and ungrateful, and spoke with hesitating lip and flushed cheek of the widow's natural timidity and sense of her own humble station.

"And so overpowered is she," added Leonard, "by the recollection of all that we owe to you, that she never hears your name without agitation or tears, and trembles like a leaf at the thought of seeing you."

"Ha! ha!" said Harley, with visible emotion. "Is it so?" And he bent down, shading his face with his hand. "And," he resumed, after a pause, but not looking up—"and you ascribe this fear of seeing me, this agitation at my name, solely to an exaggerated sense of—the circumstances attending my acquaintance with yourself?"

"And, perhaps, to a sort of shame that the mother of one you have made her proud of is but a peasant."

"That is all," said Harley, earnestly, now looking up and fixing eyes in which stood tears, upon Leonard's ingenious brow.

"Oh, my dear lord, what else can it be? Do not judge her harshly."

L'Estrange rose abruptly, pressed Leonard's hand, muttering something not audible, and then, drawing his young friend's arm in his, led him into the garden, and turned the conversation back to its former topics.

(To be continued.)

AUTUMN.
 BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.
 Down the crisp meadow path
 In wayside mazes,
 Brightening the lichened ledge,
 Bloom purple daisies;
 Sweet fern and golden rod
 Crowd close together;
 Thistles are blown about
 In the wild weather.
 Crimson the hillside glows,
 Scarlet the valley;
 Sumach and blackberry vine
 Make a grand rally.
 Woodbine creeps in and out
 With five fingers rosy;
 Ghollyy drop down the plain
 Gleams Indian pony.
 Whorls of clematis fall,
 Light as a feather,
 Hiding the wilding grapes
 Clustered together;
 Maples are touched with flame,
 Elm trees are yellow,
 Apples drop down the boughs,
 Red streaked and mellow.

[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 XLV.
 CAPTAIN GREENWAY IS UTTERLY CON-
 FOUNDED.



CONNY FORBUSH was as much astonished to find that he had more names than he had supposed as the lady was to hear the real name of her *protégé*; but both of them were silent, waiting for Mr. Cavan to make further developments of his knowledge.

"You were informed that this boy was an orphan when he was in Dresden, where you assumed the care of him, and the statement is true now, as it was then," continued the agent, thoughtfully, and with the evident intention of not saying too much. "You have brought him up so far, and have been very kind to him. Though he is an orphan, he is not a child of poverty, and all that you have expended upon him will be paid back to you."

"Paid back to me?" exclaimed Mrs. Forbush. "I would not take a penny for anything; and the only question that troubles me now is whether or not I am to lose him. The boy got wild, and left me; but I have always believed he would come back to me, for he has often written to me for money, and I have sent him what he wanted. He said he should soon come home."

"He has come back to you," replied Cavan, looking sharply at the young man. "and I trust he will remain with you for the present; if he does not he will make a bad mistake. Though I am not authorized to say anything about the matter, I think you may reasonably expect him to remain with you, for he will have no other home, unless one is made for him," and the agent began to move towards the door.

"I have always done well by Conny, and I have become very much attached to him," added Mrs. Forbush.

"I should like to live with mother," said the young man, whom the sharp practice of the ex-detective had plainly brought to his senses.

"Very well, madam; I shall leave Conny here. If he runs away again, or fails to behave himself like a gentleman, I desire you to inform me at once," continued the agent, as he handed her his business card.

"But can you tell me where the other young man is that looks like Conny, Mr. Cavan?" asked the lady.

"That will have to remain an open question for the present, and I must take my leave of you now," replied the agent, as he left the room, followed by Conny.

"Am I to be arrested?" asked the returned runaway, as he closed the door behind him.

"For the present there is not the slightest danger of it; but if you leave Mrs. Forbush, or communicate with Roddy, you may be sure that you will share his fate," replied Cavan impressively.

"I will, not leave her, and I will have nothing more to do with Roddy."

"If you do either, you may be sure that you will spend the next few years of your life in a prison," said the agent, as he hastened away, and Conny returned to his foster mother.

Cavan was in season for the next train, and returned to Excelsior after an absence of less than two hours, entirely satisfied with what he had done, and some time before the Hebe

arrived with the passengers from the Hermitage.

He took a seat on the wharf, and began to examine some papers he took from his pocket, on which he had doubtless made memoranda relating to the business in which he was at present engaged; but in due time he discovered the Hebe approaching the wharf.

"You will be ready to take us back as soon as we find the young man who is to spend a week or so with us, will you?" asked Roddy, as he and Gay came out of the cabin.

"We won't keep you waiting a minute; and the sooner you are ready the better we shall like it," replied Bashy, to whom the question had been addressed.

"We shall not remain long, for if we don't find our friend, we shall not wait for him," said Roddy, as he and his companion walked up the wharf.

Cavan kept out of sight till the happy pair had left the wharf, and then he went on board to hear the report of Captain Greenway in regard to his trip up the lake, and to the Hotel Lafayette; and Phil did not fail to describe the changes in the complexion of Mrs. Goldson and her brother when they recognized Mr. Westlawn.

But Cavan was still reticent, though he had spoken in the parlor of Mrs. Forbush to some purpose; yet he said not a word about what he had done during the absence of the Hebe to the captain, who looked so much like Conrad Goldson; and the latter had no suspicion of what was coming in the near future.

Roddy and Gay were not absent more than a half hour, for they could not find Chick Gillpool at any of the hotels, or anywhere about the town, for the very good reason that he was not there, as he had promised to go, though they took a look at the bank as they passed.

"You will find me at the Hotel Lafayette when you come down from the Hermitage," said Cavan, as he beat a hasty retreat on the approach of Roddy and Gay. "I am going on the St. Louis, which is now at the wharf."

"She goes to the Hotel St. Louis on her way up the lake, and I shall be at the Lafayette almost as soon as you are," added Captain Greenway, as he returned to the pilot house.

Roddy demonstrated the fact that he was in the habit of using profane language when he came on board of the Hebe; and he did not hesitate to apply some of it to the friend who had not kept his promise, in the presence of Bashy.

The happy pair went into the after cabin again as soon as they came on board, and the engineer cast off the fasts when the pilot whistled for him to do so, and the steamer went off on her trip.

Bashy knew that he had a competent pilot at the wheel, and he did not spare the coil, so that the Hebe made one of her shortest passages to the head of the lake, and the passengers were landed in the boat without any incident worthy of note.

The Hebe started on her return trip without any delay; but off Enchanted Island the colored pilot rang to stop her, and left the wheel, hastening to the forward cabin, where he procured a basin and some soap, and proceeded to wash the burnt cork from his face, with the assistance of the engineer.

"The fun is all over, is it?" asked Bashy.

"I don't know that there is anything more for us to do in this business; but I have no need to wear this mask any longer, for no one will recognize me now," replied the captain. "Is it all off my face?"

"Every bit of it, and you look like a white man now," answered Bashy.

"Then I will put on my uniform again; and in a few minutes more he came out of the fore cabin in his usual dress.

In a short time the Hebe was made fast to the wharf in front of the Hotel Lafayette, just after the St. Louis had made her landing, and Captain Greenway saw Cavan waiting for him.

They walked up to the hotel, where Cavan inquired for Mrs. Goldson, and they were shown up to her apartments, which appeared to be among the best in the house.

The agent knocked at the door, which was opened by Mr. Blondy, after considerable delay; and it was evident from the sounds that came from the room that a somewhat excited conversation had been going on.

"I wish to see Mr. Westlawn, who is here," said Cavan; and he could not help noticing that Mrs. Goldson's brother was not in good humor.

"Mr. Westlawn is engaged at present," replied Blondy, in curt tones, as he proceeded to close the door.

"Not so much engaged that I cannot see that gentleman," interposed the gentleman from Chicago, hastening to the door. "As Mr. Cavan, at the door, manages this matter for me, I shall ask to have him admitted, with Captain Greenway, who is also interested in the business before us."

"I object!" exclaimed Blondy, with the sinister expression on his face which Phil had noticed very much intensified.

"Then I will retire myself, and proceed in the manner already indicated," said Mr. Westlawn, in a tone which indicated firmness enough for a martyr in any cause.

"Don't be rash, Arnold," interposed Mrs. Goldson, who appeared to be in a state of extreme agitation. "Let the gentleman and the captain of the Hebe come in, for we must settle this business in some way."

Captain Greenway wondered what possible interest he could have in the business, whatever

it was, as Mr. Westlawn intimated; but Blondy stepped one side at the words of his sister, and he followed Mr. Cavan into the parlor, where a storm was certainly in progress.

"Mrs. Goldson, let me introduce you to your step son," said Westlawn, leading the captain of the Hebe up to her. "This is Philip Goldson, the two own sons, twins, of your late husband."

Captain Greenway was utterly confounded.

CHAPTER XLVI.
 THE HISTORY OF A DARK TRANSACTION.

A SARDONIC laugh burst from the lips of Arnold Blondy when he heard the introduction of the captain of the Hebe to his sister; but his face was red with excitement, and his lips quivered as he endeavored to present this appearance of mirth, and to turn the proceedings of Mr. Westlawn to ridicule.

Captain Greenway was astonished to find that he had another name, and that "Philip Goldson" certainly corresponded to the initials on his arm, which had suggested both the one given him by Mr. Gayland and the one that he had chosen for himself.

The announcement of the gentleman from Chicago settled it that Mr. Gayland was not his father by some secret marriage; and Mr. Cavan had been earlier informed of the fallacy of his suggestion to the captain.

"It is easy to see that this is the son of my husband by his first wife," said Mrs. Goldson, after a long pause to digest the extraordinary statement of Mr. Westlawn, and apparently to allow others to do so. "But it is quite another thing to prove it."

"I am sorry for a moment suppose that I make this claim without abundant means of proving all that I have said, and a great deal more," replied Mr. Westlawn, with the air of one who felt that he was master of the situation.

"My husband left two children by his first wife, of course I shall not deny," added Mrs. Goldson, struggling to repress her violent emotion. "All the world knows that there were two children, and that they were twin boys."

"I certainly knew it, for they were the children of my only sister, and I felt as much interest in them as if they were my own," said Mr. Westlawn, manifesting almost as much feeling of a different kind. "On her death she bequeathed the little ones to my care, for she knew that her husband could not live many years, for even then the fatal malady had fastened itself upon him."

"Then you are my uncle, sir," interposed Philip Goldson, as we must now call the captain of the Hebe, since this appears to be his real name.

"I am your uncle; and you were old enough to call me 'Uncle David' before your mother died," replied the active man of the party, as he took his long lost nephew by the hand, and bestowed a look of affection upon him.

"I had no idea things were going to turn out in this way when you were called from your room at the Ryan this morning at one or two o'clock," said Philip, hardly able to realize the strange situation in which he found himself placed.

"You are a brave young fellow, Captain Greenway, but you are allowing yourself to be imposed upon," interposed Arnold Blondy, with an arrow on his thin lips. "This story is all a fraud."

"If you desire it, Mrs. Goldson, I will give you the whole history of the case, indicating the evidence I shall bring to prove all that I assert."

"Don't hear it, Janet!" exclaimed her brother. "It is all a fiction and a fraud."

"But it will do no harm to hear it, for it will amuse us for a time, if nothing more," replied the lady, struggling to breathe her handsome face in smiles.

"It is a downright swindle, Janet!" added Arnold Blondy. "It is entirely transparent, too, as an effort to extort money from you, Westlawn, what is your share of the plunder to be?"

"I am not here to settle this matter; the courts will do that. Now, Mr. Blondy, if you utter another word like those you have just spoken, I will get out a warrant, and have both you and your sister arrested for conspiracy against these twin heirs of my brother in law before the sun goes down tonight," said Mr. Westlawn, calmly, but with a firmness that awed the conspirators.

"I wish to hear the history of his operations, Arnold, and I must ask you not to interfere again," said the lady, with a look at her brother which he appeared to understand, for he retired to the farther corner of the room and seated himself there.

"I wish to desire to force my story upon you, though I am absolutely sure that justice will be done to my twin nephews in the end," said Westlawn.

"Proceed, if you please, sir," said the lady with a show of dignity.

"Let me say in the beginning that Conboie is in New York, ready to swear to the facts I shall give in relation to the residence of the boys in Paris," continued the uncle of the twins.

At the mention of this name Arnold Blondy sprang out of his chair, and looked like a maniac as he glanced at the speaker; but he recovered himself and resumed his seat.

"I have no doubt that Mrs. Londyke For-

bush and her companion, Joanna Barlow, as well as Mr. Ward and his wife, of St. Paul, can identify Conboie as the man who brought the children to them, one in Dresden and the other in Nice," the uncle proceeded, consulting a mass of papers in his hands, some of which had been handed to him by Cavan since he came into the room.

Mrs. Goldson dropped into a chair, and seemed to be oppressed for the want of breath, so violent was the emotion she was trying to suppress.

"Take off your coat, if you please, Philip Goldson," continued the speaker, and he rolled up the shirt sleeve of his nephew when he had done so. "I knew that you, madam, and your brother were plotting against these children; how I knew it matters not now. When your child Sibyl was born, the twins were taken to my house for two months to get them out of the way; and while they were there I had the initials of their names pricked into their right arms in India ink. It was a cruel operation, but it was necessary."

"They had entirely recovered from the wounds when you took them home. When the children were six years old, on the plea that your health did not permit you to take care of them, you sent them to Paris, though I protested against such a step, and you argued that they would be well cared for in a private school, would be educated better than they could be in this country, and would be able to learn the French language better than in after years; and as you were the legal guardian of the little ones you had your own way. About a year later, both of these children were stolen from the person in charge of them, and they have never been heard from since till today. The story was told me in the papers here and in Europe, and every effort was used to recover them, without success."

"Both my brother and myself were in New York at the time the children were abducted; but Arnold went to Paris, and did all he could to discover the child who had been stolen in England, France and Vienna," said Mrs. Goldson.

"The advertisements were shown to me; but I believed there was treachery to the children, and that to leave them in Paris would be the case for the time, though I employed Mr. Cavan to look it up; and his report satisfied me for the time."

"I went to Chicago with my business; but I failed three years ago, and could do nothing more till twelve months ago, when I got on my feet again. Then the whole matter came to me with more force than ever, and I put the case into the hands of my younger brother, who has talent for such work."

Frank began by shadowing, as Mr. Cavan calls it, your house; and through your man servant, got a sight at all the letters you and your brother mailed. Three were for Jules Conboie, of Paris, and his address was carefully noted."

"I sent Frank to Paris, where he had the skill to upset Conboie entirely by pretending to be your agent, and in the end he made a full confession that he had abducted the twins, to save himself from prison. Frank brought him to the United States, and he has him in New York where he can put his finger on him."

To this narrative Cavan added the history of the twins as he had learned it from Philip and from Mrs. Forbush.

Mrs. Goldson and her brother had to give it up; and the lady protested that she would not have done what she did if she had known that her husband's wealth was sufficient for the twins and her daughter Sibyl, for whose benefit the fraud had been committed."

Arnold Blondy wanted to "settle" the difficulty; but the Duke would listen to nothing short of the entire restitution of the shares of the twins in the estate of their father, as shown by the inventory at the surrogate office in New York.

The matter was arranged in this manner in the end.

(To be concluded.)

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

BY THE SKILL OF HIS TEETH.

What might be regarded as a stretch of the imagination in fiction was recently accomplished in fact. We quote from a news item in the *Seattle*, of Eastport, Maine.

During the severe blow last Wednesday night the fishing schooner *Randolph*, anchored at Har- bor Delude, in Campobese bay, and hoisted the ensign, and went adrift. There was one on board, as the crew all lived near by and were ashore for the night.

In the morning the skipper, Captain Mallock, went in search of his craft and found her on Spruce Island point. He harnessed her and hoisted the foresail. A stiff breeze from the west carried her off the rocks, but as a hole had been stove in her bottom, and she was half full of water, she capsized and sank in ten fathoms of water.

Captain Mallock jumped into the boat which was used to untie the line of the schooner. He tried to make fast to the stern of the schooner. He tried to make fast to the stern of the schooner. He tried to make fast to the stern of the schooner.

He had nothing with him to cut it, and as the boat was fast disappearing below the surface and he was nearly asphyxiated by the suffocating steam rising from the boiler, and by dint of a vigorous swimming finally succeeded in cutting in two a nine strand rope and freeing his boat, but not until his head had been drawn under water a number of times in his efforts to unfasten the painter.

AN AUTUMN LAY.

SWEET to rest, our labor ended,
By such joy and peace attended,
When the summer leans to autumn and the light is
in the west;
All the fever of endeavor
Seems to pass away forever,
And life's many cares and troubles like the great
sea sink to rest.

[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 XIV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

ABOUT a fortnight after the catastrophe that closed our last chapter, two men were pacing backward and forward on the bank of the Congo, in front of one of the principal villages of the Rubunga settlement.

"Well, doctor," said the taller of the two, who was no other than Mr. Goodman, "what do you think of him now?"

"Upon my word, I hardly know what to think," answered Dr. Hardhead. "Any other man than Stanley would have been dead a week ago, but he's plainly getting better every day. I can't say exactly how soon we shall have him on his feet again, but you may take my word for it that he won't be long."

"I do hope he won't," said the missionary, earnestly; "for so long as he's prostrated in

"H'm!" said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "I always find that the best way of dealing with such mysteries as that is a good strong dose of quietude."

Thus—as often happens—Mr. Goodman, following his own unaided instinct, all but lighted on the truth, while practical Dr. Hardhead, reasoning upon common sense grounds, threw him off the scent again.

The crafty Portuguese had, indeed, contrived to screen his own guilt with a story of using the wound inflicted upon him by O'Connor's rifle as an additional proof in support of the plausible story which he had concocted. Cutting loose two other canoes in addition to that containing the boys, as if the whole thing had been merely an attempt to steal the boats on the part of some marauding savages, he had then discharged all the barrels of his revolver in quick succession, and shouted lustily for help.

The hurt that he had received, though only a sharp flesh wound in the left arm, was quite serious enough to bear out his statement, which no one except Mr. Goodman had the least thought of doubting.

But even now that this crowning atrocity had not merely removed the only two witnesses who could have revealed his crimes, but had actually gained him credit as a watchful and fearless comrade, wounded in defending his allies' property, it was not without a severe inward struggle that the traitor made up his mind to remain among men who, had they but the faintest inkling of what he had done, would kill him like a dog.

A coward to his heart's core, he saw perils where none existed; and despite the advantages offered him by the friendship of Stanley and the various heads of stations on the Congo, he would in all probability have quitted his friends as soon after the catastrophe as he could venture to do without exciting suspicion, had nothing prevented him.

But the great loss of blood consequent upon his wound kept him inactive during the three or four days which immediately followed the fatal night; after which, finding that his story seemed to be universally accepted, and that not a shadow of suspicion appeared to rest upon him, he plucked up courage, and accompanied the expedition on its enforced return to Rubunga.

Happily for the whole Congo State, and the future of African civilization generally, Dr. Hardhead had not overrated the strength of Stanley's constitution. Once fairly "round the corner," the great leader improved rapidly, and, weak as he still was, resumed with all his wonted energy the care of the hitherto unfortunate expedition.

His first inquiry was whether any others besides himself had been prostrated by the fever; and being told that a good many had been attacked, although all were now in a fair way to recover, he insisted upon going to visit them himself.

On their way they passed the disabled steam launch, the repair of which had just been completed under the supervision of Dr. Hardhead, who was no competent mechanic. Stanley very carefully examined the damaged machinery, and finding all in order, announced his intention of resuming the voyage up the river as soon as everything could be got ready for the start.

"There's a man for you!" whispered Dr. Hardhead, admiringly, to Mr. Goodman; "at it again as soon as he's able to stand. 'Pon my word, I believe that if he were dead, and an exploring expedition came marching over his grave, he'd jump up again and join it!"

Stanley's illness having commenced before the return of Nkosi's party from their disastrous exploration, he was still ignorant of the fate of Thorne and O'Connor, which the doctor had strictly forbidden every one to tell him.

But this well meant precaution was unexpectedly defeated. Scarcely had they entered the quarters of the sick, when one of the Kinasha men, with whom poor Charlie had been a special favorite, asked eagerly whether anything had yet been heard of "Mwana Mputo" (Son of the Rapids), the nickname given to Charlie by the natives (as will be remembered) from his fondness for perilous exploits on the river.

"What does he mean?" asked Stanley, looking from the doctor to Mr. Goodman.

Dr. Hardhead saw that farther concealment was hopeless, and told the dismal story as briefly and plainly as he could.

"And why, then—?" began Stanley, in a tone of stern surprise.

"Why didn't I tell you before?" rejoined the doctor, firmly. "Why, because in the state in which you then were, it might have cost you your life."

Stanley said nothing more; but the moment he got back to his quarters, he sent for Nkosi and the Portuguese, and cross-questioned both as keenly as any lawyer. The old Bangala told all he knew, which was little enough; and Valdez—who had at first been somewhat disquieted at this unexpected summons—very speedily regained his composure, and repeated boldly the string of well framed lies which the doctor had laughed at Mr. Goodman for doubting.

"I tink dem boy gone prisoner to some tribe vere I trade," he concluded; "and if dat so, I know how to manage. I gif you my wort dat I safe dem."

"Will ye, thin?" roared a furious voice behind him, while a sturdy hand seized his throat in a strangling gripe. "Will ye, thin, ye thin, chatin', murderin' thief of the world that ye are? 'Twas yer own siff that sint Masther Charlie to his death, and now do ye dar' talk o' sartin' him? Tare an' ages! let me get at him till I pull the thraitorous heart out of his wicked old body!"

The speaker was Pat O'Connor.

CHAPTER XV.

PAT'S ADVENTURES.

BUT for the prompt interference of the bystanders, Pat would certainly have made good his threat; for Valdez was so petrified with horror at this amazing resurrection of one of his victims, and the blasting revelation of his guilt which accompanied it, that he was as powerless as a child to make any resistance.

As it was, before Mr. Goodman and Dr. Hardhead could separate Pat from his enemy, the Portuguese had received two or three blows of real Irish quality, covering his face with blood, and making his teeth rattle like a box of dominoes.

"What's all this about?" cried Stanley, stepping forward, and laying his hand on Pat's shoulder. "Where have you been, Pat? And why are you pitching into Valdez in that way?"

"I've been murdered, sure!" yelled O'Connor, "and there stands the vagabone that did it; and he's kilt Masther Charlie too! Och, lave hold of me, thin, till I tear him to sausage mate, ugly rapsallion that he is!"

"Gently, my boy, gently!" said Stanley, who was beginning to understand the situation. "Tell us plainly what's happened, and what you accuse this man of doing."

To tell anything plainly was a hard matter for poor Pat at the best of times, and doubly so now, when he was half mad with grief and rage, and additionally disordered by the hated presence of his enemy. But Stanley, practiced as he was in extracting information from the savages of Central Africa—proverbially the most confused and rambling talkers in the world—was not long in guessing the real state of the case, after the abject terror manifested by the Portuguese at O'Connor's sudden reappearance.

When Pat came to speak of the rifle shot with which he had avenged Valdez's treachery, and pointed triumphantly to the traitor's bandaged arm in proof of his assertion, the latter's sudden change of countenance and muttered exclamation of dismay would have been more than enough to condemn him in any court.

"Well, what have you to say to all this?" asked Stanley, fixing his eye upon the unmasked villain with a look in which the traitor could read his doom.

away, whining piteously for mercy, while Stanley turned to O'Connor, and, having now time to survey him a little more attentively, noticed at once that, although the old Irish courage and droolery shone as brightly as ever in his blue eyes, his face looked fearfully thin, and pale as death now that the flush of excitement had left it.

"You look quite worn out, my poor fellow," said Stanley, kindly; "you must have some



KING PAT THE FIRST.

food before you think of telling your story or doing anything else."

"Food, is it?" cried Pat, whose eyes sparkled at the very word. "Sure, thin, it's I that could ate my ould grandfather himself this blessed minute, wid the leather leggins on him an' all!"

"Come along, then," rejoined Stanley, leading the way towards the house.

"Pat," cried Mr. Goodman, seizing the boy by the arm as they walked along, "tell me just one thing—is Charlie alive?"

"Troth, yer riverence, it's mysiff'd be gladder to know that same than to be king of ould Oirland," answered O'Connor, earnestly; "but I can't till ye—I can't indare. Sorra a taste have I iver seen or heard of him since that Portiege bla'guard tuk the liberty of murderin' us both!"

Pat had not exaggerated either his hunger or his powers of swallowing. The food set before him seemed to disappear not by mouthfuls, but by shovelfuls at a time, and the big wooden bowl which formed his dinner service was empty almost before he had well sat down to it.

Twice was it refilled, only to be emptied again as quickly; and Dr. Hardhead, who had been watching the performance with a look of amused astonishment, whispered behind his hand to Mr. Goodman:

"What a wonderful digestive apparatus that young fellow must have! If he happens to die while he's out here, I shall most certainly open his body, and make a careful study of his internal structure."

But even a lad of seventeen cannot go on eating forever, and in due time O'Connor's performance came to an end. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, remarked complacently that he had "made an illigant mate," and then, seeing that every one was eagerly awaiting the story of his adventures, he commenced it as follows:

"I've ould yer how I fired at that Portiege spalpeen, and how I got chucked into the water when the boat bumped agin the rock; but I somehow disremember what happened just after that. It staimed to me as if I was swimmin' wid all my stringth, and niver gettin' a fut further on for it all, and I didn't

dar' call out for help, for 'fraid the bastes of crocodiles' ud hear me, and do me the kindnence to fish me out bit by bit instid of all together."

"All to wanst, just as I thought it was drawin' I was, and began to wonder how it felt when one was dyin', I hit agin somethin' and what should it be but the branch of an



"YE MURDERIN' THIEF OF THE WORLD!"

this way, we're all at a standstill, and can't even do anything to find out what's become of poor Charlie and Pat."

"Oh! you may be quite easy as regards them," rejoined the doctor confidently. "They're undoubtedly prisoners in the hands of the natives, and sure to be taken good care of till it can be seen what's to be made of them in the way of ransom."

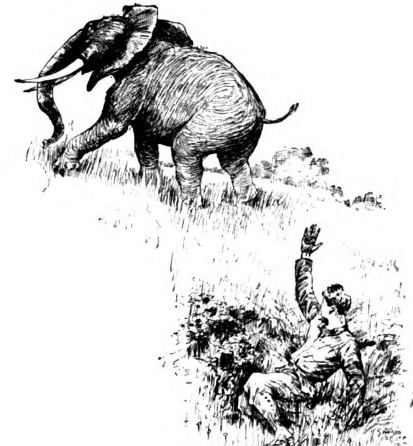
"God grant you may be right!" said Mr. Goodman with a deep sigh.

"Anyhow," resumed Dr. Hardhead, "the only thing that could be done, when Stanley and all those other men were struck down by the fever, was just to come right back to Rubunga, where they could be properly attended to, and the steam launch could be properly tinkered up. As for the other affair, I think Nkosi was quite right to rejoin us with his party as quickly as possible after such a business as that night attack and the loss of the three canoes."

"I never quite got at the rights of that story of the attack," said Mr. Goodman. "It always seemed to me as if there were something more in it than there appeared to be, though I can't tell what or why."

"Why, what more should there be?" retorted the doctor, somewhat impatiently. "The story, as we've got it, seems to me to be plain enough. The camp is alarmed in the middle of the night by several shots and a cry for help. The men rush out, and find Valdez lying bleeding on the bank. He tells them that some men came past in a canoe, and began to cut loose the boats; that he let fly at them, and was fired upon and badly wounded in return. Three canoes are found to be missing, and there is no trace of Pat and Charlie, who have probably been at their old trick of sleeping in one of the boats, and got carried along with them. Now, where on earth do you find anything mysterious or unaccountable in that?"

"That's just what I can't tell you," replied the missionary, with a troubled air; "I only feel that the affair's rather mysterious."

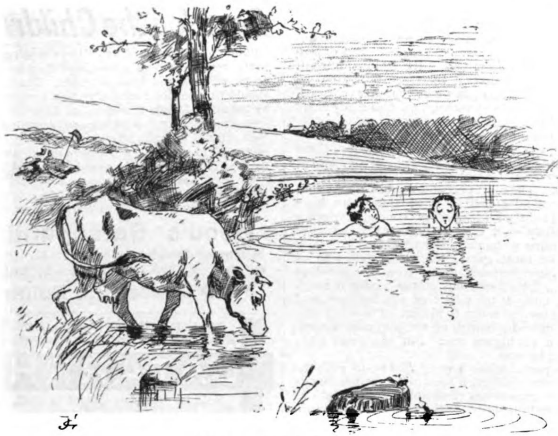


A DISCOURTEOUS ELEPHANT.

Valdez tried to falter a denial of the charge, but his voice failed him, and he stood mute and trembling before his judges.

"Take him away, and guard him well," said Stanley to the negroes who clustered in the background. "If it be as I think, he won't commit many more treasons in this world."

The traitor was accordingly seized and led



A MODEST YOUTH.

CITY BOY—"I wish that cow would go away!"
COUNTRY COUSIN—"You ain't afraid of a cow, are you?"
CITY BOY—"I ain't afraid; but I want to dress—and it's a female cow, ain't it?"

NEGLECTED TO WATCH HIMSELF.
WINKS—"Hello! Minks, I hear you have solved the burglar problem at last. They tell me you have imported a thoroughly bred watch dog from Europe; paid \$2000 for him."
MINKS—"Ye-s."

LOSING HIS LOAD.
It was his first visit to the city. As he stood on the curbstone shaking his sides with laughter he was accosted by a citizen.

AN OPEN AIR TRADE.
PRISON WARDEN (to new convict).—"We assign men here to work with which they are familiar. So if you have any special line, say so, and we will start you at once."

'CAMPAIGN BUTTON' BOTH PARTIES. RED AND BLUE LETTERS ON WHITE SATIN IVORY RIM. NEATEST THING OUT. EVERYBODY WEARS THEM. SEND 10c. SILVER FOR LARGE & SMALL SAMPLES AGENTS WANTED. UNION BUTTON CO., HINSDALE, N. H.

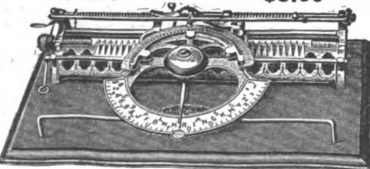
BEFORE YOU BUY A BICYCLE OR GUN. Send stamp to A. W. GIMP & CO., Dayton, Ohio. For latest, every new American Wheel, and 250 second-hand. Repairing and "Nickel" Bicycles and Guns. Open in trade.

GOOD NEWS TO LADIES. Greatest Bargains in Tea, Baking Powder and PREMIUMS. THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., 31 & 33 Vesey St., New York, N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT HOME. AMUSEMENT, INSTRUCTION, AND PROFIT. Our illustrated pamphlet, embracing "HOW I BECAME AN ARTIST," complete INSTRUCTIONS, and Catalogue, sent free to any address. THE HAWK-EYE DEVELOPING CAMERA, only \$10. BOSTON CAMERA CO., 341 India St., Boston, Mass.

AGENCIES. THE BOWEN MERRILL CO., Indianapolis, Ind. GEO. W. DUFFES, 106 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. ESTATE SAMUEL HILL, 725 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. H. E. BARNEY, Room 2, King's Block, Denver, Col. C. O. DEXFORD, 114 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. BARRE & CREAMER, London, Ohio. N. B. CLODDMAN, 87 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. O. N. MCCLINTOCK, 417 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

THE WORLD TYPE-WRITER. \$8.00 \$8.00



A thoroughly practical machine. Will answer the purpose of a high priced one for the larger class of persons having use for a typewriter. Send to our agent located nearest to you for circulars and samples of work. THE WORLD TYPE-WRITING CO., 30 Great Jones St., N. Y.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

SHORTHAND. Writing thoroughly in shorthand. Situations procured all pupils when competent. and for circular. W. C. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

HOPE FOR THE CONSUMPTIVE. In the use of WILBOR'S Compound of PURE COD LIVER OIL with PHOSPHATES, mild and agreeable in taste. Send for Illustrated Circular, FREE. DR. A. B. WILBOR, CHEMIST, Boston, Mass.

VOLUNTEER COLUMBIA. THE BEST \$100 BICYCLE ON THE MARKET. All the essentials of a high-grade Bicycle. Catalogue free. POPE MANU'G CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE LEADING "ENGLISH SPARROW" GUN. THE ENGLE. SPRING GUN. SEND 2c. STAMP FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS. BY EXPRESS, IN A WOODEN BOX PREPAID ANYWHERE IN U. S. WITH 125 PROJECTILES, \$2.00. ENGLE SPRING GUN CO., HALLETON, PA.

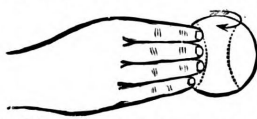
ONLY A POSTAL CARD. sent to our Boston store, with your name, and the name of THIS PAPER on it, will bring to your hand free, a package of 20 samples of cloth, from which we CUT TO ORDER THE FAMOUS Plymouth Rock \$3 Pants and Full Suits at \$13.25. Full particulars and GUARANTEED self-measurement blanks enclosed. Plymouth Rock Pants Co., 18 Summer Street, Boston; 285 Broadway, New York; Baltiside Bldg., Worcester, Mass.

AGENCIES. H. C. MCKNIGHT & BROTHER, 42 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa. A. J. THORPE, 99 West 4 Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. CHAS. H. CLARKE, 62 Wisconsin St., Milwaukee, Wis. REKRETT & POWERS, 227 East Main St., Richmond, Va. VICKERS & HENNE, 15 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md. S. A. SMITH, 1212 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. J. C. RANKIN, Mechanicsburg, Pa. H. E. TREMAIN, 90 Griswold Street, Detroit, Mich.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever"
BEST IN THE WORLD
PRICE 10 CENTS
STOVE POLISH
For beauty of polish, saving of labor, freedom from dust, durability and cheapness, unequalled.

AMERICAN CYCLES ALL STYLES & PRICES 64 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION GORRULLY & JEFFERY MFG CO CHICAGO, ILL.

BASE BALL BASE BALL



Base Ball 25c., Catcher's Gloves 25c. per pair, Score Book 25c., Art of Baiting 15c., Art of Pitching 15c., Base Ball Guide 10c.

Only \$1.00 for this "Little Beauty."



Weights from 1/2 oz to 4 lbs. This Steel Bearing Brass-Beam Little Scale with Brass Scoop is nicely japanned and is just the thing for House, Store or Shop.

A NEW COFFEE POT THAT BEATS THEM ALL. AGENTS COIN MONEY selling it. Housekeepers go wild over it. Apply for Terms and Territory at once. WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

QUINA-LAROCHE AN INVIGORATING TONIC CONTAINING PERUVIAN BARK, IRON, AND PURE CATALAN WINE. For the PREVENTION and CURE of Malaria, Indigestion, Fever & Ague, Loss of appetite, Poorness of Blood, Neuralgia, &c. 22 Rue Drouot, Paris. E. FOUGERA & Co., Agents for the U. S. 30 NORTH WILLIAM ST., N. Y.

CLUBS THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner Teas and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 14 pieces, of White Dinner Sets of 112 pieces, with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing a complete Premium & Price List. THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO. 210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES includes the best stories of the favorite authors, handsomely illustrated, with the finest of paper and printing, neatly bound with paper covers. The numbers now issued are: No. 1. "THE MOUNTAIN CAVE; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA," by George H. Coomer. No. 2. "A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST," by Frank H. Converse. No. 3. "THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE," by George H. Coomer. No. 4. "BARBARA'S TRIUMPHS," by Mary A. Denison. No. 5. "NUMBER 91; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK TELEGRAPH BOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam. No. 6. "JACK WHEELER; A STORY OF THE WILD WEST," by Captain David Southwick. No. 7. "THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND," by Frank H. Converse. No. 8. "THE YOUNG ACROBAT," by Horatio Alger, Jr. No. 9. "LUKE BENNETT'S HIDE OUT," by Captain C. B. Ashley, United States Scout. No. 10. "TOM TRACY; OR, THE TRIALS OF A NEW YORK NEWSBOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam. No. 11. "THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE," by Annie Ashmore. No. 12. "IN THE WILDS OF NEW MEXICO," by G. M. FENN. No. 13. "THAT TREASURE; OR, ADVENTURES OF FRONTIER LIFE," by F. H. CONVERSE. MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES is issued monthly, and the price of a year's subscription, which includes twelve numbers, is \$3. Single numbers can be ordered from any newsdealer, price 25 cents; or they will be sent direct from this office, postage paid, on receipt of 25 cents in stamps. Address your letters to FRANK A. MUNSEY, 81 Warren Street, New York.