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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 plicasure in each line
Traced by the well known hand;
"10. the rapture of that hour,
waten those beloved who roam
Have breathed those works of magic power:
Tm coming, coming home!

# -Hunting+The+Man+Eaters.\*-

BY HENRY M. HAMILTON.

FES, a hunter must have nerve," said Captain Scott, who has hunted all kinds of game in almost every country, and you, are in the immediate neighborhood of an infuriated lion, a wounded tyeer, or a charging elephant, it will not do to get flurried. If you do, your friends might as well write your obstuary notice at orce.

"To give an instance of the perfect coolness or 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 sport in the district of Mysore, Southern India, about three days' journey from the town of Narsipore. 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 by name, who 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 Katuveri River. No shooting had been done in the neighborhood for several years, owing to a severe epidemic of fever among the natives, which had sweet many

several years, owing to a severe epidemic of fever among the natives, which had swept many of their villages entirely empty, those who esfever 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 Sernigapatam, who was with us as guide, told us that hours, tigers, and other large game had taken refuge in these lonely forests until literally 'the woods were full of them.'

"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 busbes and weeds.

head 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 our native servants killed a poisonous snake eight feet long, and routed out a parther 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 tais would not be a complete protection, yet it would avert

neigh of the harves we stated to bindo a shail inclosure of stakes and rails, with brush intersection in the interstices. While tails would not be a complete protection, yet it would not be a complete protection, yet it would aware the state of the state of the state of this kind under the state of the state of this kind under the state of t

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 had mine to my shoulder just as the tiger reached the creek. There was a good chance for a shot, but I heistated to fire, thinking that my builet 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 let 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 certainly dead, and even if he were not it would be better for him to be killed at once by a builet than to be devoured piecemeal by those merciless faings. The tiger was half way across the clearing

mgs. wo or three of us blazed away at the re-"Two or three of us blazed away at the re-treating 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 under-brush, at such a rate that our attempts at pur-suit 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 car. 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, stated up along the creek to look for game. I reluctantly stayed behind, as I had run a spiinter 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 Ramsuna, proceeded to put his idea into execution.

to put his idea into execution.

Hindoo, whose name was Ramsuna, 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. Ramsuna had this carried out 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 Ramsuna brought with him 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. Ramsuna, 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 use it, as I was curious to see what the Hindoo could do with his long hunting spear, and resolved to give him the first chance at the

doo 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 orps slowly approaching the front of the cage. I knew, without Ramsuna telling me, that they

orns slowly approaching the front of the cage. I knew, without Ramsuna 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. Ramsuna gave it a gentle prick with his spear, and the tiger sprang back, fuffing like an angry cat. Then it came back to the cage, and a second touch 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 Ramsuna was better prepared, and kept his feet. The bamboos cracked under those huge paws, and for a moment I thought the tiger would surely get inside and tear us to pieces.

"But Ramsuna 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 broad bladed spear went in deep and straight, and as the beast recoiled the blood spurted from a fearful wound. Then over and over the tiger rolled, tearing at the hushes in its death agony.

"A few minutes later the hunting party returned. They had had singularly bad luck.

its death agony.

"A few minutes later the hunting party returned. They had had singularly bad luck, The only tiger they had seen had escaped, with 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.

"My foot was so much better the next day.

cided to start early and besiege the spot.

"My foot was so much better the 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 disparched over the rocks to beat the gully, while
we took up our station in a crescent around its
mouth. Some of the Hindoos blew horns,
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 we heard a cry announcing that a tiger was coming down the gully toward the plain, growl-ing defiance as he came.

coming down the gully toward the plain, growling defance 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 repeater. 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 cool 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 twining 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

seemed turned to ice.
" Jackson stood with his left foot ahead and his right braced, 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 store, 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 picked 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 food, and realized that its

He felt it under his foot, and realized that bite meant death, but a maddened tiger was before him, and he did not give the snake a sec-

ond 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."

[ This story commenced in No. 280.]

# Red Eagle, WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS, Author of " The Young Ranger," " The Last War Trail," etc.

CHAPTER XXXV THE ROYAL CAPTIVE

HE guns of both Orris Ouden and Burt Pendleton were leveled directly at Red Eagle the Iroquois chiertain, and a slight pressure was only needed to send the bullets through his heart and end his career for-

ver.

But though Pendleton hated the Seneca with
n inextinguishable hatred, and the resentment
f Ouden was scarcely less, there was something
n 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.

surreu 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

gry, inquiring look. Ouden snook nis nead 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 foot.

foes.

The first glance cast in the direction of the 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, he could have looked into the muzzles of the weapons.

Ordinarily all this would have made no difference to Ked 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 had but to surrender to save his fise.

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 grasped 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.

but not otherwise. Then he walked on, extending his hand,
"That shootin' iron if you please, likewise the knife, and not forgittin' the tomahawk, if it's all 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 to glance across the camp fire and catch sight of the hunters actions was as quick as the chief to 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.

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 empression.

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

but the words of Outlier 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, On

den?"

The hunter looked at him with a quinca.

The hunter looked at him with a quinca. smile, not forgetting to hold the prisoner in El-field of vision, and asked with an expression of

field of vision, and asked with an expression of comicality.

"Have you ever heard, younker, that Relagle has done somethin in the way of botterin' white folks?"

"But he isn't doing anything norm."

"Cause he can't, and we don't mean!—shall; he belongs to us now, and I recken atl.—a pewerful while afore he gits a chance to temhawk any more women and children."

Benny could not but see the warrant for the chart of the control of the cont without warning, and he was already liable to

"You have made a mistake, a great one, said Benny, seeing he was helpless to beiness

said Benny, seeing he was helpless to beined the captive.

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

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

tion.
"Come," said Ouden sharply, nedding to

"Come," said Ouden snarply, nesda Pendleton; "we must be off."
"Where are we going?" asked Benny
"To the block house; than's no need o

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

Ouden moved down the bluff, followed by Red Eagle, glum and silent, with Pendeton directly behind and close enough to strike him down should be offer resistance. At the rear was the lad, who, burdened with his Bible, had

all he could conveniently carry.

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

It must have been that in the few minutes between his summons to surrender and the arrival at the foot of the bluff, the Iroquois leader believed the Mohawk, whom he had fully frusted, had after all proved a traitor. How else could the white men have stolen upon the camp without detection and made him capture? His furious resentment, therefore, was turned against the warrior rather than against his captors; and, as he quietly followed the former down the slight slope, the greatest boon that he asked just then was the chance to punish the ingrate. It must have been that in the few minutes be

But the black eyes which darted here and

But the black eyes which darted here and there in the gloom told I im the impressive truth. During the last few minutes, the mon had climbed high enough in the sky for its light to fall upon the Catsuga. Partly holden in the shadow of the trees, lay the form, sid and stiffening where it had fallen under the crushing attack of Burt Pendleton.

It told the story. The Iroquois cast a single, penetrating glance at the body and heaved a sigh. The attention of Benny happened to be elsewhere at that moment, and his thoughts were so proccupied that he did not learn the truth until some time later.

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

Benny guessed the conflict in the mind of the

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 cance, father."

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

Though the hunters felt in a jubilant mord, they refrained from any expression of their feel-

Though the hunters felt in a jubilant mood, they refrained from any expression of their fedings, not out of sympathy foasheir roy alcaptive, but because of Benny Morris, whose grief touch-

I don't blame the younker for feelin' sorry "I don't blame the younker for feelin'sorny for the varmunt," thought the huntrer, as he pied the paddle in a leisurely way, "for Red Eagle done more for him than he ever done for early other chap that didn't belong to his own arace; but that can't make no difference. The chief is gettin' all his warriors tegether and would be sarfunt to wipe out a good many of our folks afore he would be willin' to wash off his war paint. war paint.

war paint.

"S'pose 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 as good as this way. General Greenfield said that as long as

lieve it would have been now. A pay way. General Greenfield said that as long as Red Eagle was alive, thar could never be any peace along the frontier, but that if he was out of the way, the Injins could be conquered.

"Maybe he's right, but I aim't sure of it. I've thought sometimes that if we should kill Red Eagle, it would make all the tribes of the Iroquois so much madder than alore, that they would fight ten times harder than ever. Instead of bein's cared, they would be like as he painter when the hunter shoots one of her young; they would sail in harder than ever.

# THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

"But s'pose we've gothim prisoner; we can nd word to the Sir Nations, that as long as seep behave them selves, the first white person they harm, off goes a scath."

nis scalp!"
This theory sounded reasonable, but as the hunter gave it fuller thought, he saw there were

hunter gave it fuller thought, he saw there were grave objections.

However, the problem of establishing and preserving peace along the frontier was one that had bathled wiser heads than his, as the history of our settlements prove, and the hunter was content to leave its solution to those that were higher in authority.

He had performed his part in the humbler sphere of duty, and was warranted in claiming that the most brilliant achievement of his eventful career was that which he had just accomplished.

# CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CONFERENCE.

LTHOUGH General Greenfield left the impression on Ouden that it was a death of Red Feet. impression on Ouden that it was the death of Red Eagle he desired, rather than the possession of the chieftain, it officer was not without doubt of the of slaying the terrible leader of the yet that

yet that officer was not without doubt of the wisdom of slaying the terrible leader of the Iroquois.

The reward offered the scout was for the capture or death of the sachem, and, when late that night the capture was brought into the block house, the general could hardly credit the good news.

good news.

His worriment over the uprising of the Iro-His worriment over the uprising of the Iroquois confederation amounted to the keenest distress. The rumors had been coming to his ears for weeks, and he had done all in his power to allay the excitement among the tribes. But for the fact that the emissaries of the national enemy were bestiring themselves with equal vigor and greater cunning, the threatened storm could have been averted.

To put the matter in another form, but for the implicable foe of the settlers, Red Eagle, the e-orts of the white men would not have come to naught. Every advance to the Iroquois leader was rejected with scorn, until the officer was forced to believe that a cruel border war was inevitable.

was inevitable. was at this critical juncture that Red Eagle became a prisoner and was brought to the block house. What wonder that General Greenfield

became a prisoner and was prought to the book house. What wonder that General Greenfield was in high spirits over the exploit? The rough structure in which the officer made his headquarters was not fashioned with apartments intended for prisoners, for, truth to tell, such individuals were not taken in very large numbers in those days along the frontier. Still, it is probable no place would have been as secure as one of the rough strong rooms, where a captive was sure to be under the eyes at all times of some of the guard.

The hour was so late when the captive was brought in that the officer had retired, but he arose and met the captives whom he had never met, though he had heard so much of him during late years.

him during late years.

General Greenfield was too thorough a gen-General Greenfield was too thorough a gen-teman to allow the grim prisoner to discover any evidence of the pleasure he felt over his downfall. He merely gave him one searching look, and then directed his captors to take him to the cabin, standing hardly a hundred yards from the block house, and which had been used on several occasions for the confinement of troublesome characters.

"Good night," said Benny, as he started to walk away. Red Eagle accepted the extended hand, but did not return the pressure, nor did the coopery lips break the silence he had main-tained from the moment he allowed his weapons to be taken from him.

the coppery lips break the silence he had maintained from the moment he allowed his weapons to be taken from him.

"I will see my father tomorrow," added the lad, for his comfort, while his own heart was incepressibly saddened by what had taken place. At this late hour there was no one awake in the settlement beside the garrison of the block house, and the few sentinels kept on duty at the outskirts, since the discovery of the hostility of the lroquois. Benny therefore accepted the invitation of General Geenfield to stay in the fort for the few hours that remained of night, deferring his visit to his sleeping brothers until the morrow, when, as you may suppose, they were astonished to learn what had taken place while they were asleep.

At an early hour on the morrow, General Greenfield held an earnest talk with Orris Ouden and Burt Pendleton. He had slept little himself, and was still in doubt as to the best course to take with the royal prisoner.

The latter was confined in the simplest kind of a prison that can be imagined. It was a structure of substantial logs, and about a dozen feet square, without a window, or opening, except the door through which the chief was pushed. The floor was of logs, but there was no fire place, and nothing in the shape of furniture, unless the two bison robes in one corner beclassed as such. If it should fall to the lot of any offender to be confined in this guard house rely long during the wintry weather, the principal punishment must have consisted in the discombert of the place.

Two guards continually paced back and forth

discomfort of the place.
Two guards continually paced back and forth in front of the primitive prison, with orders to allow no one to approach or communicate with the captive.

When it became known that Red Eagle had when it became known that keep ragic has been brought in a prisoner, and was in confinement at that moment, there was naturally great excitement and curiosity to see him.

"I have been thinking over this business," said General Greenfield to the hunters, "ever since you brought the Iroquois in, and I'm blessed if I know what's the best thing to do."

"I hain't been in any doubt since we grabbed him," remarked Pendleton, with the manner of one who pitied a mind so constituted that it couldn't see things as he did.

"What is your plan?" asked the general.
"Draw bead on the varmint and let fly; Ouden never orter interfered last night,"
"I wouldn't said nothin," remarked Ouden, "if it hadn't been just as it war; but I couldn't do it when he war listenin' to the younker readin' from his Bible."
"Whether or not a mistake was then made, it is too late now to think of anything of the kind," said General Greenfield, who, thorough soldier as he was, half regretted that the scout prevented the shot that would have forced matters to a speedy issue.

ers to a speedy issue. But the Iroquois was now a prisoner, and, so long as he remained such, no harm could be offered him, though I have no doubt you know that Osceola, the famous leader of the Semi

long as he remained such, no harm could be offered him, though I have no doubt you know that Osceola, the famous leader of the Semi noles, years after the incidents I am describing, was made a prisoner under a flag of truce, and kept in confinement until he died.

"I have about decided," added the general, after a moment's silence, "to follow the plan that Ouden has recommended—that is to notify the Iroquois that we have Red Eagle, and intend to hold him as a hostage for their good behavior."

"They may rally and rush down here, determined to have the old varmint; they'll make a good fight for him."

"They have a right to do that, of course, and I should be prepared for it. There would be some lively fighting, especially if they knew that the moment we found we couldn't hold Red Eagle we would let daylight through him."

"But," said Ouden, more impressed than his companion by the difficulties in their way, "how are we going to get word to the Senecas, Mohawks, and other tribes, that we've got him, and that we mean to hold on to him as long as we choose?"

"Can't you go and tell them?"

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be healthy for me," replied the hunter, shaking his head, with a laugh; "Spose I should walk into thar camp and explainify matters, don't you s'pose they would drop down onto me quicker'n lightning, and wouldn't they hold on to me and send word to you that if Red Eagle wasn't let loose inside of three seconds and a half they'd carve me into bits? Butt, wouldn't you like to be the messenger to walk into the Injin camp with the news?"

"Not just yet," replied Pendleton, while General Greenfield saw there was a big difficult in

Not just vet," replied Pendleton, while Gen-

"Not just yet," replied Pendleton, while General Greenfield saw there was a big difficulty in the way of which he had not thought,
"There seems to be only one feasible plan," added the officer, partly amused by the manner of the hunters; "and that is to go out and catch another Indian, drill him awhile in his lesson, and then send him back to his people."
"I don't know how we are going to catch him," said Pendleton, "for we ain't likely to have things fixed as well as they were with Red Eagle."

have it!" exclaimed Ouden; "it can be

"I have it!" exclaimed Outen; "it can be settled without any trouble at all."
"I shall be greatly relieved to know how,"
"Thar's one person who needn't fear to go among the varmints: that's young Benny Morris, the lame boy, who was with Red Eagle when we gathered him in."
"But will be go?" asked General Greenfeld.

heid.
"He won't hesitate a minute."
"But if he is lame, how can he manage it
We must not put too great a burden on his
shoulders."

shoulders."

"I'll paddle up the Catsuga till we're so close to the old Council Ground, or the other encampments, that I can step ashore and let him go the rest of the way a lone."

the rest of the way alone."
"That sounds feasible enough," observed General Greenfield, looking thoughtfully at the floor; "but are you sure the resentment of the Iroquois will not be turned against the little fellow himsel? And if it isn't, how is be to get back, since it "ill hardly be safe for you to wait to help him or?"
"Let's have him in here and talk it over."
Ouden sprang up and left the block house, returning a few minutes later with Benny, who naturally wondered what could be wanted of him. the rest of the way alone."
"That sounds feasible enough," observed

situation was quickly explained.

The situation was quickly explained.
"I'll go," he said, as soon as the project was clear; "I'll bear the message to the Iroquois."
"But they may hold you as hostage," suggested General Greenfield, unable to feel entirely at ease over the plan of the hunter.
"I am not of sufficient importance," replied the lad, with an amused smile.
"We cannot be sure they will not think you are."

are."
"No; but what of it? Perhaps they will fall on me and cut me to pieces, but they won't do it until after I have delivered my message, and that's all you want."
"Not by a good deal!" exclaimed General Greenfield, amazed to hear the lad discuss his own probable death with such coolness; "if there's any risk to you, you don't go—that's all!!"

# (To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-SY. He can get you any number you may



#### CORRESPONDENCE.

CURRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to blige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. We have on the anumber of queries which will be an About as weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this column.

DECLINED with thanks: "An Optical Illusion,"
"The Parting," "Pink Eye and Black Eye," "Fishing for a Whale," "My First Experience at Camp-

D. N., New York City. See reply to No Body in

S. B. K., Milwaukee, Wis. See article, "Rare Coins," in Nos. 279-280.

Coms, in Nos. 279-280.
A. C. S., Gilmantown, N. H. 1. See reply to No Body in 297. 2. Probably not,
G. C., Jr., Hoboken, N. J. As we have already stated several times, we cannot say whether a story will prove available until we have examined it. G. R. W., New York City. To clean your valise ry saturating a flannel rag in milk, afterwards ubbing it on Castile soap, and then applying to

J. R., Anderson, Ind. You will find considerable information about the Naval Academy at Annapolis in an editorial in No. 264 and in another in No. 271.

NO. 271.

CONSTANT READER, Trenten, N. J. The only sure method of eradicating superfluous hair is a troublesome and expensive electric process. Consult a good physician.

sun a good paysician.

A. R., San Bernardino, Cal. We doubt if the first named gentleman ever writes any more stories. The other contributes serials to the Akwasy under another non de planne.

another nom de planne.

C. H. P., South Rehoboth, Mass. Watch the announcements of the new issues in Manney's Populars Senses as they are made in the Arkoosy from month to month.

Horace W. Terry, 186 Broadway, Chelsea, Mass, would like to hear from boys in and around Chelsea destrous of Johning Company A, National Cadets of Massachusetts.

Boys wishing to organize, or having organized military companies, and wishing to join the Hamilton Cadets, will please address James W. Dalgliesh, 88 East 109th St., New York City.

N. M. CARRIER, 60 fast 7th St., Oswego, N. Y. rould like to hear from boys in Northern, Central r Western New York, who would like to form ompanies of the 7th Regiment National Cadets.

MUSICAL GLASSES, Jersey City, N. J. Music can e-produced with ordinary glass goblets filled with rater to different heights, and rubbed along the sew with a finger moistened with water containing citric acid.

ittric acid.

S., Conshocken, Pa. Yes, we pay for such es and articles as we accept. We are not at ent in pressing need of an increase in our sup-We are glad to hear that you are so well sed with our short stories and editorial page.

pleased with our short stories and editorial page matter.

F. B., Worcester, Mass. 1. The old school registers, if preserved, would show the date at which the pupil entered. 2. A person born abroad, unless he is the son of American parents, cannot be supply to take about nine hours sleep. A boy of 15 ought to take about nine hours sleep. A. V. Lieutenant Hamilton's "Popular Military Instructions" appeared in Nos. 250 to 237, which will be sent post poid on receipt of 48 cents. For information relative to the Hamilton Cadets apply to Mr. T. E. Willson, Jr., 242 East 123d St., New York City.

Amos Qurp, Butler, Pa. 1. For the invention of gunpowder, see page 580 of No. 297. 2. New York's police force includes about 3,000 men. 3. "Walter Griffith" will probably appear in Messey's Port-Law Senter Islater on. 4. Eacelsior, High-filers, or Hercules might do as names for your base-ball citb.

ball club.

C. A. B., Troy, N. Y. 1. Your wish for an article on camping out is gratified this week. 2. The best thing for the bottom of a canoe is a neat platform of movable boards, or a lattice work. See page 364 of No. 244. 3. It is impossible to say which is the "best trade." Different callings suit different people.

K. W. Albany, V. V. Albany, J. V. Albany,

which is the "best trade." Different callings suit different people.

K. W., Albany, N. Y. Although your little brother ought certainly to obey you, as being older and more experienced than himself, we think, as to administer whatever chastisment is necessary, 2. It is no longer the custom to teach children to say "yes, ma'am, no ma'am," etc., "yes, mother, no, sister," and so on being substituted.

R. P. P., Furman, Ala. 1. So far as we know, no man has as yet so far wasted his time as to find out. 2. As we have alfready more than once announced, the longest verse in the Bible is the ninth of the eighth chapter of Exther; the shortest aparticle material which the wasps spin out of their own bodies. 4. There are fifty two numbers of the Ascosy in a volume.

Ciery, Jr., Atlantic City, N. J. 1 and 2. For

of the Assosy in a volume.

Crey, Jr., Allantic City, N. J., 1 and 2, For full information concerning rides and uniforms, see the military articles by Lieutenant Hamilton, the chapters in No. 26 and 22, and for that touching the organization known as the Hamilton Cadets, write to T. E. Wilson, Jr., 242 East 123 Cs., New York City, 3, Most certainly a company formed in a village or town is not compelled to admit every one who applies for membership.

Drake De Kay, Cincinatt, O. 1, You doubt-tess refer to the serial, "A Child of Fortune," by Arthur Hamilton, which appeared in Vol. IV. 2. Not at present. 3. See answer to No Body in No. 2021. 4. A portrait and biography of Oliver Optic appeared in No. 213; also one of Mr. Alger in No. 150, Vol. III. We shall probably print a larger one of the latter to match that of the former, and

it is possible that the other authors named may be treated in the same way. 5. Yes, on receipt of \$1.25 we will send you Alger's "Farm Boy to Sen-ator," bound in cloth, postpaid.

D. F. E., Manhattanville, N. V. It is not neces-D. F. E., Manhattanville, N. V. It is not necessary to copyright a book, but you may do so if you wish to prevent others from reprinting it. A copy of the title page must be sent before publication of the title page must be sent before publication with so cents copyright; and on publication, two complete copyright; and on publication, two complete copies of the book must be sent to the same official. You must print in your book the words "Copyright, 1888, by ——," or "Entered accomplete copyright; 1888, by ——," or "Entered accomplete copyright is the complete copyright of the Librarian of Congress at Washington."

#### EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to sub-scribers and weekly purchasers of The GOLDEN ARGOST, but we cannot publish exchanges of fire-time, brid's eggs, but we cannot publish exchanges of fire-time, brid's eggs, articles; nor exchanges for "olders," nor any exchanges of paper, except those sent by renders who wish to ob-ligation of the publish of the publish of the publish of we must disclaim all re-joundality for transactions made through this department. All who intend to nake an exchange should before long so write for par-explange.

ulars to the address given by one problem is a continuous. Which will be well as the confidence of exchanges, which will be ulashed in their turn as soon as space permits. R. H. G. Scott, Verndale, Minn. A silver watch, alued at \$2.50, for a press and outfit of equal

George McMullin, C. L. and C. Railroad, Colum-us, O. A violin, bow and case, for a saddle and

George Hindenach, Jr., Marshall, Mich. Scott's tamp album, and 30 U. S. stamps, for Vol. V of the Golden Argosy.

H. M. Mead, 3070 North 3d Ave., New York City, A 4½ by 2½ Baltimorean self inking press, for reading matter by Optic, etc.

R. S. Clifton, Box 632, Hyde Park, Mass. racket saw, with saws and patterns, for a vind outlit. Massachusetts offers preferred.

C. A James, 8:8 Lenk St., Toledo, O. A 16 bracket banjo, and a silver watch, for a nickel rimmed banjo with not less than 20 brackets.

A. E. Brown, Box 228, Muncie, Ind. Indian clubs, pearl opera glasses, books, games, stamps, coins, and autographs, for a guitar or banjo.

H. Toelles 288 Center 1: 18

ciuos, pearl opera glasses, books, games, stamps, coms, and autographs, for a guitar or banjo.

H. Toeike, 188 Greene St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Forty foreign stamps, for 3 Guatemala stamps of 1882. Would like to correspond with collectors.

F. Irving Bond, 263 Sumner Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Articles valued at \$40, for tools, musical instruments, or a boat or canne. Send for list. George MacIlvain, 462 Carlton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A combination telegraph key and sounder, with battery, for a velocipede, size a preferred.

Frank E. Moran, care F. Hiscox, 823 Broadway, New York City. A miniature rosewood theater, with scenery, etc., for U. S. and foreign stamps. Charles S. Lewin, 66 Columbia St., New York City. A small self inking press and outifi, for a small double cased watch. New York offers only. William M. Forest, 288, 8th Ave. New York City. William M. Forest, 2284 8th Ave., New York City, "King Solomon's Mines," and 380 U. S. and for-eign stamps, for a fishing rod and reel valued at \$3.

eign stamps, for a lishing red and reel valued at §3.

M. R. Etheridge, Charlotte, N. C. A photo outfit, a pair of skates, 5 books, tin tags, and stamps, for a 4½ by 7½ sell inking press and outfit.

W. E. Bent, Box 226, Waltham, Mass. One hundred and fifty postmarks, for No. 8 of Mexsery Professor, and ico postmarks and 50 foreign stamps, for No. 6.

stamps, for No. 6.

W. C. Kelley, Charlottesville, Va. A 2½ by 3½
press, a pair of No. 10 all clamp lever ree skates,
inflares and outfit,
inflares and outfit,
was the former without Kan Anti-dong
primer type, "She" "Allan Quaterman," and so
cost except Vol. V.
John Grasser of Carrier States and She She
John Grasser of Carrier States

Lohn Grasser of Carrier States

W. C. Kelley, Charlottes AreLohn Grasser of Carrier States

Lohn Grasser of

John Greaves, 567 Grand St., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y. A small hand inking Victor press, with 2 fonts of type, for an old bicycle, small model engine, or camera and outit. George H. Wheeler, 44 Heard St., Chelsea, Mass. Over 250 different stamps, 50 sea curiosities, and a rosewood awl with a combination of tools, for a light pair of Indian clubs.

light pair of Indian clubs.

Robert J. Caldwell, Bay Ridge, N. Y. "Deep Down," by Ballantyne, and "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," for Vol. I of The Got Des Abcosy or a books by Elins.

John L. Sticht Canajobarie, N. Y. Indian wampum, beads, arrow heads, etc., U. S. stamps catalogued at \$10, and merals, for a telescope, microscope, photo outift, or stamps.

G. J. Richardson, Lowell, Mass. Six new books, y Ellis, Optic, Scott, and Dickens, valued at \$4, or a telescope of equal value, or volumes of The otters Argosy before the fifth.

The decreespe of equal value, or volumes of The Golden Ancory before the fith.

Val H. Rochfort, 405 West 5sth St., New York City. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," for The Golden Ancory, Vol. II, Nos. 50 and 37; and 3 books, for Vol. I, Nos. 42 to 52 inclusive.

Eugene Z. Cushing, Redding, Cal. "The Fur Country," and "1 wenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," for "Dick Sand" and "A Voyage to the Moon," in Seaside Library form.

Brainard Platt, Box 804, Madison, Ind. A canvas canoe and outfit, for a photo outifit valued at \$12. A pair of extension roller skates, and a hand scroll saw, for a set of boxing gloves.

Joseph Murray, 306 East 8:4 St., New York City. Two presses, 5 by 7½ and 3½; by 4, 8 fonts of type-5 cuts, a 6 drawer and a 3 drawer cabinet, and a pair of Indian clubs, for a B flat corner or violin and outfit.

David R. Long, Jr., 400 Dean St., Brooklyn, N.

and outfit.

David R. Long, Jr., eo Dean St., Brooklyn, N. V. Stay three different U. S. cents, including 1903 and others rare, 17 different half cents, and Connecticut and Massachusetts cents, war tokens, and foreign coins, tor a good camera.

D. P. Osborn, Jr., Box 14, Norwalk, Conn. About 1,000 different scrap pictures, a pair of club ice skates a pair of catcher's gloves, boxes of water colors and capture of the property of the colors of the

# How to Camp Out.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.



weather is generally settled and pleas-

ant.

Camping out is a science and art in itcamping 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 ing 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

No amount of fish or game will altogether compensate 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. dirt, wet, discomfort, bad tem-

To the inexperienced camper the advice given below will per-haps 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 the fifty thousand dollar cottage or sporting lodge of the million-aire, to be seen on some of the Adirondack lakes, to the two dollar sleeping bag of the soli-tary tramper through the woods. tary tramper 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).

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. or the wais 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.

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. 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.

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 Akgosy (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.

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. Hen the top with a broad hem, putting in

a stout puckering string.

Then if the tourist does not own a blanket he must borrow 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 "AL FRESCO" MEAL.

drilling bag, and the tourist has what is

drilling bag, and the fourist 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

which the head can be thrust, the ponchobeing 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 ray serves as an inof several, and this may serve as an in-stance 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 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

an inch or two thick, ten inches wide and 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 or course the camp beds that are made in such variety nowadays are much better, and when spruce twigs or other shakedowns 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 neces-

sities, may be counted at least among the most excusable of luxuries. The

wooden variety made for the use

wooden variety made for the use of picnickers are the best. A re-serve of tin plates is desirable, however, and so is a nest of pan-nikins for soups, porridge, etc. For general cooking utensils an

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 estab-lished a more or less permanent camp.

If you have built a shanty or estab-lished a more or less permanent camp, you will probably want a small cook stove, such as can be bought, with all necessary utensils, for \$\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi}\tilde{\psi

THE CAMPER'S LARDER. With regard to provisions individual

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 pounded up and cooked over again, or used in the soup, or to drop poached egrs upon, and, moreover, is

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

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 Lie-big's Extract, some preserved fruits, two big'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 necessitous 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.

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 coy.

helmet itself permanently cov-ered with some water proofed woolen material that will shed

rain.
The helmet is intended for The neimet 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. world.

The trousers may be either The trousers may be either knee breeches or the ordinary kind, according to taste. If you wear the former, a pair of stout canvas leggins 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 leggins or else the common domestic trousers have their obvious advantages.

Two flannel shirts as large,

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

home. Canvas shoes are cool and pleasant

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. not come amiss.

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

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 Giovanin Crispi Rigghizo, having learned that the parish dell Incornata, at Milan, was destitute of music for the serious contains a thing, was destitute of music for the serious contains and the most unpretending communities could purchase one.

This monk, who had passed his life in poverty, was confronted by lack of money, and, notwibstanding his efforts to carry out his undertaking, was beginning to despair of success, when he had the fortune to meet an artisan, Lung Colombo, making the contains of the mistrument 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 4copipes. 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.

# THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

# PARTING AND MEETING.

BY OLIVER DYER.

'Tis sad to take the parting gaze 'Trs sad to take the parting gaze For long, long, weary years, As orward through the gathering haze The gallant bark carees. But joy untold the boson swells, When o'er the dashing tam We mark the whitening sail that tells The loved are coming home!

This story commenced in No. 298.]

# Dean Dunham;

# 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 stooped to 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 be 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 found that its solitary occupant was the state of the solitary occupant was the state of the state of the solitary occupant was the state of the state of the solitary occupant was the state of the st

uncle was robbed, the money to the 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 chock."

'How sad! In what condition was he

found ? He seemed bewildered, and hardly conscious

re 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 see he law proverless." lay powerl e lay powerless." I thought of that, but if he had fallen from

"I thought of that, but if he had fallen from the buggy he would have been bruised."
"And he was not?"
"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."

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

person?"
Dean hesitated. Should he, or should he not, let Squire Bates know that he was suspected? He decided to half reveal the secret.
"He thought it was some one that he knew," he answered briefly.

he answered briefly.

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

"Excuse me, Squire Bates, but at present 1 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 nower to help you in your search."

in my power to help you in your search."
"Yes, sir, I will remember that. I shall pro-

bably some time wish to consult you about the

baby some time wish to consuit 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, as 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 Dunbam had carried for twenty five years, might have presented a temptwenty five years, might have presented a temp-tation to an ordinary tramp. A genteel high-wayman would not have thought it worth his

wayman wound not nave thought it worth ms 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."

snouldn'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."

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?"

in a wallet?"
"Yes, I believe so."
"But we can hardly expect it."
"No, there is very little chance of it, I amorfaid" afraid

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

ee.
Dean looked up eagerly.
"Why, that is Uncle Adin's wallet," he said

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

"Unfortunately in Issuery of Depthing it."
"Yes, so 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."
""" "" "" " " " Was puzzled by

mount."

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.

"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 "He stories identify 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 homas Marks

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!"

ars!"
"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?"

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 robbers?"

"Can you can me and robbery?"
"I talked with Dean Dunham, the nephew, only this morning. I have not seen Adin him-

self."
"What does the boy say?"
Squire Bates repeated what he had heard from Dean, though he might have gone more into details from his own knowledge. This, of

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

money ?" He might have seen him at your office.

"He might have seen him at your office."
"He might have seen him at your office,"
I don't pay money to every one that calls
"I me," said Marks, smiling.
"Nee," said Marks, smiling.
"Nee," in the squire cookey. "Perhaps it
right have been some one connected with the
hotel company. I suppose they knew the
money was to be called for today?"
"Yes," "The same in what share did you pay the

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

better man than I gave him credit for," re-flected Thomas Marks.

flected 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."

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

"The assessors of Waterford would be glad it 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

"Amen to that!" said Squire Dates, who 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

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,

proud as he is p and doesn't know poor, place. A working boy occupies an humble position, and owes deference to his superiors in station. I might in station. I might have him arrested for taking possession of Brandon's boat by vio-lence, 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

Dean was standing

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.
"At any rate I can ask. I called on Mr. Marks, from whom your uncle received the money."
"Did you learn anything, sir?"
"Yes, I learned that the momex

"Yes, I learned that the momey 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."

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 control o

Bulman sie einered the sick room followed by the squire. "Adin, I've brought Squire Bates to see you," she said, soothingly. Instantly Dunham became excited and mani-fested alarm



SQUIRE BATES TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

"You mean in bills of what denomination?"

"Yes."
"That information may prove important.
Were the bills all on one bank?"
"No, from several. Some, I think, were silver certificates."

"Yes."
"In fifty dollar bills."
"Twenty fifties then?"

"Take him away!" he cried, apparently warding off an attack with his hands. "He is the man that robbed me!"

the man that robbed me!"

The squire was prepared for this, and he had decided what to do.

"What!" he exclaimed in a tone of con-

"What!" he exclaimed in a tone of con-cern, "is poor Dunham's mind affected?"
"Yes, I fear the shock was too much for him," said Mrs. Dunham, sorrowfully. "What in the world should have put such an idea into his head?"

his head?"
"I tell you he is the man that robbed me!"
exclaimed Adın Dunham. "I know him by
those long teeth. Give me back my thousand
dollars, Squire Bates!" he continued piteously.
"They were all I had."
"Poor man! I am inexpressibly shocked.
I see that my presence excites him, and I will
go."

go."
I hope you will excuse his words, squire.
He doesn't know what he says."
"Yes he does, and he means it too. That
man knew I was to bring back a large sum of
money, and he lay in wait for me."
"I had better go, I think," said the squire,

nervously Mrs. Dunham followed him from the room,

Mrs. Dunham followed him from the room, continuing her apologies.

"Don't say a word, my dear madam," said the squire in a sympathetic tone, "I feel for you, indeed I do. To prove it, I will head a subscription to make up to your husband a part of his loss. I will put down fifty dollars!"

"You are very kind, Squire Bates. How can I thank you?"

"Don't thank me at all, but rest assured that I will do all I can for Mr. Dunham, notwith-standing his strange delusion respecting myself."

"That's clever stroke number two!" thought the squire, as he rode homeward. "I thave thoroughly disarmed suspicion now.

#### CHAPTER X.

THE MISSING SLEEVE BUTTON,

THE MISSING SLEEVE BUTTON.

QUIRE BATES was as good as his word. He drew up a subscription paper, and headed it with a subscription of fifty dollars, and went through the village with it. At the end of three days he came again to Adin Dunham's plain home, and handed Mrs. Dunham a hundred and fifty dollars.

"It won't make up your husband's loss," he said, "but it is better than nothing. I wish I could afford to give more myself."

"How kind you are, Squire Bates!" said Mrs. Dunham, weeping softly. "God has indeed raised up a friend for us in our time of trouble."

rouble."

"Don't make too much of my poor service, Mrs. Dunham," said the squire modestly. "It is a great deal easier for me to give fifty dollars than for your husband to lose a thousand."

"True; but you are very kind, all the same."
When Mrs. Dunham told Adin what the squire had done, he kept silence for a moment, and was obviously perplexed.

"I don't understand it," he murmured.
"I hope, now, Adin, you will give up the ridiculous idea that the squire robbed you," said his wife.
"I can't," said Ad: "I saw him with these

ridiculous idea that the squire robbed you," said his wife, "I saw thou kit these very eyes. I saw those long teeth of his just as plain as I see you this minute. It's very queer. I can't understand it."

"Oh, Adin! I did hope you would get this out of your head. It almost seems as if your mind was upsot."
"Perhaps it is, but I can't give up the idea that the squire took my thousand dollars."
"It stands to reason, Adin, that if he had, he wouldn't have taken all this trouble to raise money for you. Why, he gave fifty dollars out of his own pocket."
"Did fifty dollars of this money come from the squire?"

"Did fifty dollars of this money come from the squire?"

"Yes. Just look at his name on the paper. His name is the very first one on it."

"Then," said Adin Dunham, carefully counting out fifty dollars from the roll of bills which had been placed in his hand, "I'll give back the money to you to do what you like with. The other money came from my friends and neighbors, and I'll keep it. But the squire's money I don't want."

"I'm afraid you are very obstinate, Adin. Why shouldn't the squire's money be as good as anybody's?"

"I'don't want to put myself under any obli-

Why shouldn't the squire's money be as good as anybody's?"

"I don't want to put myself under any obligations to him," said Adin stiffly.

"You are willin' I should keep the money?"
"Do as you please, Sarah. Only don't let me hear any more of it."
Sarah Dunham put the fifty dollars carefully aside. It seemed strange to her to have so much money in her individual possession. She felt grateful to the squire, if Adin did not. Weeks passed, and Adin Dunham was able to go about his work. But he seemed a changed main. All his ambition and energy seemed to be gone. He was no longer able to do as much work as formerly, and he went about the place in a listless manner, which made Dean and his aunt feel anxious. Whenever he caught sight of the squire he hurried away, apparently anxiot the squire he hurried away, apparently anxiother. aunt feel anxious. Whenever he caught sight of the squire he hurried away, apparently anx-

of the squire he hurried away, apparently ansions to avoid him.

Renwick Bates did not appear to take any notice of this silence, but it disturbed him.

"He hasn't got over the thought that I robbed him," he said to himself. "Why was I furnished with these wretched tusks? If I had teeth like other people, I should not have been identified. There's one good thing, nobody is likely to share his suspicion. That subscrip-

tion paper and my large contribution have completely blinded the eyes of people. If he persists in his charge, he will only convince his neighbors that he is a fit subject for an insane asylum."

There was one, however, who fully believed his uncle's story, and that was Dean, who also avoided the squire when it was in his power to do so. He still had in his possession the sleeve button that he had found in the wood, but he, had not yet shown it to any one. He was considering what to do about it. He had no doubt about its being the property of Squire Bates, and finally he determined to put it to the proof by letting Brandon see it accidentally. He waited for a favorable opportunity. One day when the boys were at recess, and Brandon standing only three feet distant, he plunged his had into his pocket, and drew out three pennies and the tell tale sleeve button, showing it so plainly that Brandon couldn't help seeing it. "Where did you get that button?" asked Brandon sharply.

Brandon sharply.
"What button?"

orandon sharply.

"What button?"

"The sleeve button marked 'B."

"I found it," answered Dean composedly.

"Where did you find it?"

"Why do you feel so much interest in it?"
demanded Dean. "I don't know that I am
called upon to tell you where I found it."

"I beheve you stole it!" said Brandon.

"Say that again, Brandon Bates, and I'll
knock you over!" retorted Dean with spirit.

"Do you mean to insult me?"

"I have a right to say what I did. That
sleeve button belongs to my father."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Dean, his
face lighting up, for he had made the discovery

I have seen the but-

Yes, I am sure of it. I have seen the b plenty of times. Besides, you know "Yes, I am sure of it. I have seen the button plenty of times. Besides, you know B stands for Bates."
"It also stands for Bunting," answered Dean,
"How do I know but it was lost by Sam Bunting?"

Sam Bunting was a poor, ragged, half witted ellow, who was the good natured butt of the village people.

nothing to joke about, Dean Dunham," said Brandon angrily. "I tell you the sleeve button belongs to my father. Give it to

me right away!"
"Hold on a minute! Don't be so impatient. Has your father mentioned losing a sie

ton?"
"No," Brandon was compelled to admit,
"Then you may be mistaken,"
"I know I can't be mistaken. Haven't I seen
the sleeve button plenty of times?"
"Very likely, but it may belong to some one
else, after all."

else, after all."
"Did you pick up the other also?" asked Brandon.

"DIG you pick up ""
"No,"
"Where did you pick it up?"
"I don't think it necessary to tell you."
"You'll have to tell my father,"
"That is just what I am willing to do. If you will find out whether your father has lost such a button, and will let me know, I will go and see him about it, and answer any questions he may choose to ask about where I found it."
"It will be just the same if you give it to me."
"Excuse me, Brandon, but I prefer to surrender it to your father,"
"That's fair enough, Brandon," said a boy who had listened to this conversation.
"I suppose Dean wants to sell it for old gold," said Brandon insolently.
"You needn't trouble yourself about supposing," said Brandon insolently.
"You needn't trouble yourself about supposing," said Dean coolly. "If I find the sleeve button belongs to your father, I shall be perfectly willing to give it up to him."
"Because you will have to."
"Put it that way if you want to. I don't care to keep what doesn't belong to me."
"How long have you had the sleeve button?"
"How long have you had the sleeve button?"
"About a week."

When Brandon went home from school he lost notine in reporting the matter to his father.

"Papa," he said, "Dean Dunham's got a sleeve button of yours."

"What!" exclaimed Squire Bates nervously, "One of the sleeve buttons marked "B." Did you know you had lost one of them?"

"No. So—the Dunham boy has got it?"

"Yes; he showed it to me at recess."

"Where did he say he got it?" asked Squire Bates, with a disturbed look.

"He wouldn't tell me. I asked him, but he said he wouldn't tell any one but you; and,

said he wouldn't tell any one but you; and, though I told him I knew it was yours, he wouldn't give it to me."
"The boy did right," said Squire Bates, recovering his self possession. "Perhaps it isn't

mine."
"But I know it is yours, papa!" persisted Brandon.
"Very well! You may ask Dean Dunham
"Very well! You may ask Dean Dunham

"Very well! You may ask Dean Dumman to bring it to me. I can soon decide that point."
"This is awkward!" said the squire to himself, as he paced the room after Brandon had left his presence. "I can guess where the boy found the button. I must put him off the track by as plausible an explanation as I can devise."

(To be continued.)

# MODERN ENTERPRISE.

"Well, James," said the chiropodist, " we must keep up with the times. Look at this new sign. "Capital!" exclaimed the assistant. "That will surely catch the public." Then he went out and tacked up a notice that read, "Corns Removed While You Wait."

#### THE DEAR OLD SONGS OF HOME.

THE DEAR OLD SONGS OF HOME.

O, winsel, sublime of tireless time,
Turn backward in your flight,
Ring out the chime in fairy rhyme
Of boyhood's music bright!
Like bells of joy outringing.
Those memories old are clinging
Now faint, new near, again I hear,
In accents clear where cher hear,
In accents clear where cher hear,
Singring, sweetly singing,
Singring, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.
Make me a boy, with boyhood's joy,
As in the days of old,
When ruddy blaze before our gaze
Went up in sparks of gold.
I see the kettle swinging,
The shadows round it clinging,
Till once again in sweet refrain,
On land or main, where er I roam,
I hear my mother singing,
Singring, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.
At set of sun when day was done,
Like silver chiming bells,
Rose on the air, with evening prayer,
The songs we loved so we ringing,
Like alternovies old are bringing.
Like and memories old are bringing,
Like and memories old are bringing,
Like and memories old are bringing,
With subtle power where'er I roam,
Of mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.
No time can blot this fragrant spot,
This chime of silver bells;
But oft my heart, with sudden start
The secret surely tells.
Then, 'mid the glad bells ringing
With holy thoughts upspringing,
Now faint, then near, again I hear,
In accents dear, where er I roam,
My mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing, Singing, sweetly singing, The dear old songs of home.

[ This story commenced in No. 293. ]

# Old Man of the Mountains

# THE RAIL ROAD AMONG THE ANDES.

By GEORGE H. COOMER,

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

> CHAPTER XXIII. NEW FRIENDS.

NEW FRIENDS.

THEN Rupert again became conscious it seemed to him that he had merely been asleep, and that, too, for only a very short time.

But where was he now? He tried to collect his senses, and in a few minutes the whole scene of his wanderings lay before him, ending with his leap from the cliff.

What human figure was it that he had discovered at the moment of lamching off, and which seemed to wave its arms in warning? He had caught but a moment's glimpse of that form, yet now with what distinctness he recalled it, standing there as it did in the full blaze of the volcano!

Was it not the very shape he had seen looking down on the railroad on the day when Isabel Orne's long hair, like Absalom's, was caught in a tree?

There was the same wonderful beard, snow white and a full yard in length, and the same wild headdress of feathers.

He b lieved he must have seen again the Old Man of the Mountains. Indeed there could be

wild headdress of feathers.

He b lieved he must have seen again the Old
Man of the Mountains. Indeed there could be
little doubt of it. And in what a commotion
of the elements the old fellow had appeared!
It seemed as if there might be some foundation
for the superstition of the peons. He had come
just after the long, terrible roll of the earthquake, and while the volcano was pouring out
its fires.

It seemed to Rupert as if all this had taken

It seemed to Rupert as if all this had taken place only an hour before, and that the weird old man must still be close at hand. He looked about hoping to see him and discover what sort of a being he was.
"I wonder where I am," he thought, "and who brought me to this place. It must have been the old man himself, I think, and now I may have an opportunity to find out something about him."

about him."

He sat up, feeling bruised and weak, but could see no living thing. Then he examined with his eyes the place where he was, It seemed to be a lodge of very simple construction, framed with saplings and woven twigs, and having a covering of skins. Through the open doorway he could see the trunks of large

open doorway he could see the trunks of large trees rising tall and straight, and shutting in the little cot with their close natural columns. While he sat wondering at his surroundings, there appeared at the door a vision which sur-prised him-not that of the Old Man of the Mountains, but of a far different being. It was the figure of a young girl of thirteen or four-teen years of age, and as pretty as the prettiest nicture.

picture.

She was of a dark complexion—it might have been called olive—but her features were perfect, and they expressed an artlessness which was

really bewitching.

A look of surprise took possession of her as she gazed modestly into the lodge, and then, with a quick cry, she ran lightly away as if to impart to others the welcome discovery that the young stranger had revived and was sitting up.

Then came a man, wearing a broad sombero, a boy of Rupert's own age, and a woman of about thirty years, still almost as pretty as the girl, who greatly resembled her in feature. Behind the others was the girl herself, he bright eyes peering in with a look of pleasure and expectancy, as she paused at the door. The man, woman and boy, were tasking to each other in a language which Rupert lad never heard before. It had not the most ustant resemblance to the Spanish, and he seposed it to be some Indian tongue, spoken by a tribe having its home in the Andes.

tribe having its home in the Andes.

tribe having its home in the Andes. In a moment, however, the man asked long, in good Spanish, how he felt. So at least they could speak Spanish, if they did not do so in conversing with each other.

Rupert replied that he felt very sore ard weak, and asked them to tell him how he came there.

there.
"O," said the man, "you couldn't beip con-

there.

"O," said the man, "you couldn't help coning here—we brought you! El Hombre fourd
you at the foot of a cliff—The Man, you know,
He helped us to bring you in—then he wagone. He is the Old Man of the Mountains,
but we call him just The Man—that is all."

"Then it was he that I saw before I leaped."

"Very likely. He told us nothing. He
never speaks."

"Never speaks."

"No; not one word."

"Who is he?"

"He is El Hombre. When I meet him I
cross myself—so all people do. He has no
words, but he brings earthquakes and all lad
things at his will; so we must treat him with
great civility. The Indians drop flat when they
meet him. They leave deer's meat where he
can get it; and they make great torches for him
so that he can find his way about the cavens—
"And he never says anything to them or to
you?"

"Not one word."

you?"
"Not one word."
"Where does he live?"
"Somewhere under the mountains—almost anywhere."
"When was he first seen?"
"Never till alter the great earthquake of ten

"When was he first seen?"

"Never till alter the great earthquake of ten years ago,"

"And was that the time when the railroad was destroyed?"

"Yes, there was an \*Americano\* building the road, and there came a great earthquake and swillowed it up."

"And after that the man came—the old man that we see now?"

"Yes; I think he does not like railreads. The new man that is building one will never finish it."

"I think you must be wrong," said Rupert: "he will finish it in spite of this old man. I am engaged on the railroad—I am an apprentice of Mr, Bromley, the contractor."

"Ah, indeed! Well, I am sorry for you! I wish The Man would give his consent; but you see how it has begun already. You are meeting with great misfortune."

"Are you a native Chilian?" asked Rupert.

"O, no; I am a Guitano. I came from Old Spain twelve years ago, when my girl there was a little thing of only a year and a half old."

So here was a gypsy family—a household of the famous Guitanos, from Old Spain itself.

Rupert's interest was thoroughly awakened. "So you are Guitanos," he said. "I have the famous contains, from Oid Spain fisen. Rupert's interest was thoroughly awakened. "So you are Guitanos," he said. "I have read of them in books. How good you have been to me. I can never thank you enough for

been to me. I can never thank you enough for what you have done. But I must get up and be off now, for I have friends that are expecting me. How long have I been here?

"A week today," was the reply. "You have taken whatever we gave you, but have known nothing til now."

"Well, I am strong and must get up. There is something that I must attend to at once."

"You are not strong enough to travel," said the gypsy. "Wait till tomorrow and see how you feel then."

"But I feel strong," said Rupert; "let me get up."

"But I feel strong," said reapers, get up."

The woman and girl went out, and theoleaving his couch of skins, Rupert put on the clothes he had worn through the long tramp among the mountains and in the cave.

It seemed as if it had been his thinking powers that had been chiefly affected, for he ddreally feel a strength which under the circumstances was surprising.

When he was fully dressed the woman and girl again made their appearance. He found that the young girl was named Zuringa, and the boy, Zavello.

were so bright—so handsome—that could not help feeling himself drawn Rupert irresistibly towards them-especially, of course,

irresistibly towards them—especially, of course, the girl!

"The Man told us of you by signs," said the gypsy husband and father, "and we obeyed is motions. We were terribly afraid, but we thought that our safest way was to follow him. We brought you here with his help, and then he was gone suddenly. He never spoke one single word, and this made him appear all the more dreadful,"

Prescults, the woman, giving, out, "printed."

more dreadful."

Presently the woman, going out, returned with a bowl of soup, the very smell of which was reviving. Rupert swallowed a moderate quantity, and felt stronger for it. He could have made away with more, but the black eyed housewife would not permit him to do so at that time.

nousewife would not provide that time.

"You will be well in a few days," she said;
"then you shall have venison and all the good things we can get for you."

# THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

He thanked her with a full heart for what she had done and was still doing for him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FELV DAYS WITH THE GUITANOS.

A FEW DAYS WITH THE GUITANOS,

HE young patient recovered rapidly, and
in a few days felt himself able to walk
about the romantic valley where the
gypsies had their home.

It seemed to him that these simple people realized all his ideas of happiness, and of kindness
too. They were as free as the rabbits that ran
about the rocks, and as well satisfied with their
condition. condition.

"I wouldn't live in a city," said Zavello, "if could own one all process."

"I wouldn't live in a city," said Zavello, "if I could own one all myself. I want to be among the great trees and the high rocks. Our house is the best house lever saw;

"Yes, so I think, too," added Zuringa.
"I never saw a house with any better people in it," remarked Rupert, looking at the pretty girl, whose dark face grew suddenly flushed at the compliment.

"I'm glad you think so," she replied frankly; "and we are glad we found you, too! We are gypsies, but it does us good to help you, though you are no gypsy."

gypsies, but to use us good you are no gypsy."

"Why won't you be one?" asked Zavello.
"We would have such good times! You'd see gypsy girls and boys, and make pretty baskets, and catch birds and animals, and be at home anywhere under the great trees. No ra to make then. No big stones to break.

and catch birds and animals, and be at home anywhere under the great trees. No railroad to make then. No big stones to break. Only to go singing all day."

"Yes!" cried Zuringa, laughing and clapping her small brown hands that were beautifully shaped. "O, that would be fine! Then you'd never want to go back to make the railroad any more. You'd make just as good a gypey boy as Zavello, if you are an almericano!"

Rupert laughed too, and told her how delightful it would be to him to find himself a wild Guitano like the rest, with all the vast Andes for his range. And, indeed, at the moment, he could have said so in all seriousness as he looked at Zuringa's pretty face and figure, and thought what a picture she made among the trees and rocks.

Still he was very impatient to get away, for he thought of the danger in which, Isabel stood, and felt that he ought to inform her of it as soon as possible. He believed that he would be able to find her in some manner, but his hopes were fixed chiefly upon the Castanos girls, who might by this time have received some intelligence of her. He knew, too, that Mr. Bromley must be in great trouble about him, and so fel anxious to report himself without delay.
"But you cannot go yet," said Zuringa. "you will stay till the day after tomorrow at least. Why, how sick you have been. You would never live to get there."

"When you are mell promotion," said Zavello, "I will show you the way. You would never get out of the mountains alone. You are no gypy like 12d like to be, though, "responded our young."

out of the mountains alone. You are no gypsy like us,"

"I'd like to be, though," responded our young Californian, feeling for the moment just what the words implied. "I think your life is beautiful. But you do so much for me that I can pever pay you. I shall want to come back here and see you. I'm sure I shall. I've half a mind to turn gypsy myself."

"O, that would be so nice!" cried Zurnga, with innocent frankness. "We should be so glad!"

with innocent trankness. "We should be so glad!"
Rupert did, indeed, feel very weak, and finally concluded to remain for the two day which they set. No doubt Zuringa's pretty face had much to do with the decision. It would be foolish to think that it had not. He wondered if she knew that she was so pretty. Her only looking glass was a little spring of clear water, but he could not tell what her thoughts were as she bent over it.

It was lucky that he stayed—lucky for Zuringa and all the household—lucky, too, for himself, as it gave him an unexpected opportunity of paying something of the debt he owed.

On the day before that which he had set for his departure, he was out among the cliffs with his gypsy con-panions, trying to gain all possible

his gypsy con panions, trying to gain all possible strength for the journey before him. Flowering plants grew between the rocks, and it intervals there were clusters of large trees that

It intervals there were clusters of large tres that gave the scene the most picturesque effect imaginable.

Zuringa and her brother were in their element. She had a wreath of oak leaves about ier head and another about her waist, which made her look as if she were a part of the forest; and a very pretty part of it, too, as Rupert thought.

He was upon the top of a cliff, and she was gathering flowers from the bank of a little stream that ran gurgling below it, when on a sudden he heard her utter a terrified scream. Running to the edge of the high bank on which he was, and which on that side was nearly per-Running of the edge of the high data with which he was, and which on that side was nearly perpendicular, he beheld a sight which thrilled all his nerves.

In passing around a rock, Zuringa had come worn a foreign runn, with three cubs. The

In passing around a rock, Zuringa had come upon a female puma with three cubs. The ferocious animal, alarmed for the safety of her young, had rounded her back, dilated her long tail, and was advancing step by step towards the helpiess girl, who, unfortunately, was so stut in by the rock that she had no chance of

In a moment or two the beast crouched for a

spring.

A loose stone, weighing two or three hundred pounds, lay upon the very edge of the cliff.

This Rupert saw upon the instant. Indeed, his hands were touching it as he peered over. "Take care, Zuringa!" he cried, "I'm going to tumble down this big stone! Take care! Take care! Don't let it hit you!" Exerting all his strength, he rolled the great stone over, and down it went! Had the animal remained where it was, it would have struck a few feet ahead of her; but she sprang at the very moment that it was thundering down; and while she was in the air it struck her upon the head and shoulders, beating her down to the earth with hardly a spark of life remaining.

ing her down to the earth with hardly a 'spark of life remaining.

She struggled faintly, but by the time Rupert had run around the end of the cliff and reached the spot, she was still in death. The heavy stone, falling from such a hegilit, had crushed the life out of her.

He met Zuringa, who, wild with terror, ran fairly into his arms. Then Zavello came to the spot and all three examined the dead panther with feelings of awe at the narrow escape. Rupert and the gypsy boy chased the little cubs, and succeeded in catching them without much difficulty, as they were but just able to toddle about.

much difficulty, as they were but just able to toddle about.
"Now," said Rupert, "you will have some pets—jueer ones, too! One of these days I will buy these young mountain lions of you if you will sell them."
"I think they are yours now," said Zuringa, "but we'll keep them for you, and when you come back here you'll find them tamed. I was sure the panther would kill me. Oh, I can never thank you enough for saving my life!"
The panther cubs were like kittens, and the young people were delighted to find that the little creatures would suck rags dipped in goat's milk, of which the gypsy family had an abundance. They were pretty creatures, too, of a yellowish color, and with skins as elastic as india rubber.

ndia rubber. 'How frightened I was!" said Zuringa.

as india rubber.

"How frightened I was!" said Zuringa.

"The puma kept fixing her great claws for a spring, and I couldn't run away because the rock was behind me. O, how glad I was to see the big stone coming! I shouldn't have thought of such a thing."

But the next morning it was time for Rupert to go. He would wait no longer, and Zavello prepared to accompany him. The gypsy father was just then absent on a visit to some of his people, or perhaps he might have acted as guide. But Zavello would do as well—he was at home in all the mountain passes.

"We shall have to turn a hundred times," he said, "and you could never find the way alone. But I like to go. I want to see the new railroad that you tell me of, and I want to look out upon the open country, too, though I like the mountains best."

Zuringa, standing upon a rock, watched them

nise the mountains best."

Zuringa, standing upon a rock, watched them out of sight, and Rupert waved her a good by, which she returned with the grace of a fairy.

He was elated with the prospect of a speedy return to his old friends of the railroad; but it it was not to be as speedy as he hoped.

## CHAPTER XXV.

# A TREACHEROUS ENTERTAINER.

A TREACHEROUS ENTERTAINER.

HE gypsy boy carried a double barreled fowling piece, to be prepared for any chance game, but Rupert had no gun, his rife having been taken from him by the distillery hands, who had also relieved him of his watch and telescope—to keep them for him, as they said grimly. Bel's father had known nothing of this robbery, and probably would not have troubled himself much about it if he had-though, of course, he would not if he had-though, of course, he would not personally have stooped to such a petty act.

personally have stooped to such a petty act.

"People say that we gypsies are great thieves," remarked Zavello, "but the thieving don't seem to be all on our side. I never stole anything in my life, and I never will, if I am a gypsy! It is so mean to do such things."

"I am glad you feel so," said Rupert, "You have as good a right to be a Guitano as I have to be a Californian!"

"What would the distillery men do to you if they were to get you again, do you suppose?" asked the young Guitano.

"O, that I don't know—probably they might try to play some rough trick on me, because they think Mr. Orne has something against me and wants me punished. He wouldn't have

thy to had some tought that to the decrease they think Mr. Orne has something against me and wants me punished. He wouldn't have minded me at all, though, if I hadn't overheard his conversation about Miss Isabel," "How bad he must be to steal her away from her mother," said Zavello. "They accuse the gysises of stealing children, but it seems that other people can steal children, but it seems that other people can steal children too!" "Yes," replied Rupert, "and trade them off for money, which is what the Guitanos never do, I think." "No," said Zavello, laughing, "if they once get hold of them they keep them for their own and treat them well besides," "But do they ever really steal children?" "O, I suppose they do. I have heard them ell of such things. My father and mother are full of stories of Spain and the Guitanos they used to know there." used to know there.

used to know there."

The route they traveled was winding and difficult, and Rupert found his strength hardly equal to the journey, for he still felt the effects of his accident very painfully.
"Never mind," said Zavello, "we have all

"Never mind," said Zavello, "we have all the time there is, and whenever you are tired we will stop. We can make a camp almost anywhere. Besides, I know of places where people live, here among the mountains, and we can stay all night in some place of the kind if

you get too tired to finish up the travel to-

day,"
"O, I can go on," replied his companion; "I "O, I can go on, replied inscompanion;" I can go on—we must get out into the oper country before we sleep. I am in a great hurry to know what I can do about the affair I have told you of."

He had informed the young gypsy of his

told you of,"
He had informed the young gypsy of his
anxiety about Bel, and the necessity there was
of his heading off Mr. Orne in some way.
For a time they saw no human being, but at
length discovered a solitary peon, who was on
toot like themselves. He struck the path a
little in advance of them and waited till they
came un.

little in advance or them and came up.

"Good day," he said, cheerfully; "you seem to be going my way, so, if there is no objection, we will keep along together. It is picasant to have company on a road like this."

He had a flow of talk which made him quite an agreeable companion on such a lonesome way, and they felt glad to have fallen in with him.

way, and they telt glad to have failen in with him.

The peon had heard all about Mr. Bromley and the new railroad, and even about Rupert himself, whom he seemed to know by sight, although our young traveler had no recollection of ever having met with him before,

"I hear that your men are afraid of el Hombre," he said, "so that you have a great deal of trouble with them,"

"Yes," said Rupert; "it has been hard to keep them at the work sometimes. Did you ever see el Hombre? and what do you think he is?"

"O ves; I had a glimpse of him once," was

ever see et Homores and what do you think he is?"

"O yes; I had a glimpse of him once," was the answer, "and on the same day there was an earthquake. I hope I may never see him again. He is part man and part spirit, they say; but they call him 'The Man,' because that is short—and it sounds more dreadful than 'spirit,' I think, because it seems nearer to us."

"Yes," said Rupert; "I think so, too. But then it's all nonsense any way."

Then they talked of the secret places that might be among the mountains, and the peon said that probably there were caves which had never been explored.

never been explored.

Rupert spoke of outlaws—illicit distillers, and

the like; and the stranger replied that no doubt there were such, and that they ought to be brought to justice.

brought to justice.
"Have you ever heard of a man named Orne, who carries on a distillery here?" Inquired our young adventurer.
"Orne," repeated the peon reflectively; "let me see. Is he an Americano?—a stout, portly man?"

man?"
"Yes; that is he," said Rupert.
"Orne? Orne?" the peon still repeated in an interrogative manner: "yes, I have seen him, I think—what is his business?"
"He has a large distillery somewhere about here," was the reply, "and is cheating the government by not paying any tax."
"O, that is it, is it?" said the Chillian, "I suppose such thinks are due." Why don't won.

"O, that is it, is it?" said the Chilian. "I suppose such things are done. Why don't you complain of him? I should think the vigi?" antes would give him trouble. If you should put them on the track they would be likely to stir him up."
"I care nothing for his distillery," said Rupert. "I am no spy; and I found his place by accident; but I would like to get back about a hundred doilars' worth of things that his gang stole from me; and besides I want to stop him from doing a villainous thing that I know he is planning. Just as sure as I get back to San Felipe I'll have him arrested if I can."
"What thing is he planning?" asked the Chilian.

initian. "O something for his own interest, of ourse," answered Rupert.

He did not care to speak of Isabel; and bedes it occurred to him that he might already talking too freely with this an of whom he new nothing.

nothing. disability from which he was suffering at

The disability from which he was suffering at length made it absolutely necessary for him to stop and rest,
"I thought I could travel better than this," he said, with a feeling of disappointment,
"You look pale," observed Zavello, "But three is no hurry; we will make a camp at the next good place we come to, and tomorrow you will be able to group."

If the able to go on."

I live in a valley only a few miles from the control of t

will be able to go on."

"I live in a valley only a few miles from here," said the peon. "I am going home now, and if you will stay with me you shall be welcome to a shelter for the night."

After resting a while, Rupert felt much better, and the tedious tramp was continued until a hamlet was reached consisting of a number of small dwellings, situated in a valley about which the mountains towered on all sides. Such hamlets are common among the Andes, their inhabitants keeping cattle and other live stock, and tilling the land in a rude sort of way. The villagers, treated the boys very civily, and the peon with whom they had traveled, and whom they found to be called Antonio, was so demonstrative in his hospitality that it became almost troublesome.

But there was something in the man's appearance which Rupert did not like. Once or twice he detected Antonio casting a sinister glance towards him, and a remark or two which he overheard between the peon and his wife made him still more uneasy.

He thought of his adventures with the distillers, and of what he had said to Antonio about Mr. Orne.

"I was foolish to talk in that way to him." he

Mr. Orne.
"I was foolish to talk in that way to him," he reflected. "There wasn't the least need of it. Suppose I should find him to be one of Mr.

Orne's men himself. I'm completely in his

Orne's men himself. I'm completely in his power, and he might want to stop me from telling tales."

The suspicion was not a cheerful one, but it was a suspicion only; for what he had observed might after all have no real meaning. At all events, be the case as it might, there was no opportunity for escape at piesent, and the only thing to be done was to await whatever might come.

After a time, however, he had about arrived at the conclusion that his fears were groundless,

only thing to be done was to await whatever might come.

After a time, however, he had about arrived at the conclusion that his fears were groundless, "I won't be a fool," he thought, "and plague myself half to death by sup-tering these prophec, when they are probably just as good as other foilss. I'm tried enough to sleep any where,"

As to Zavello, he had not ap a ard to apprehend any danger, being, perhaps, less on the watch for it than his companion, whose late experience with the distillery men had left such a vivid impression on his naind.

So the two boys lay down together in a corner of the cabin, where a cemfortable bed had been spread for them by the black eyed Chihan housewife.

They were soon in a sound sleep, which, however, continued but a short time, when both were awakened at the same moment. There was a dim light in the room, by which they could see the forms of four or five men standing about them. Greatly alarmed, they made an effort to start up, but found the meetes unable to do so. Rupert discovered that his arms were pinioned close to his sides, and his ankles firmly bound tegether, while Zavello appeared to be in the same condition.

In fact the limbs of both were confined by strong slip nosses, and they could see that the men about them were pulling at the lines to keep them tax. In a few minutes a number of additional turns had been taken about the young prisoners, so that they resembled bundles of necrebandies.

"Ah, you fine bird!" sand Antonio, speaking to Rupert, "we've got you now! You are going to inform against Mr. Orne, are you? Well, it will be a long time before you do that !! He is coming here tomorrow, and then I shall tell him all about your threatenings. I will keep the gyps, too, till I know better what to do with him."

Awakender from a sound sleep to find themselves has seed like wild beasts, the beys were so were believed.

do with him."

Awakened from a sound sleep to find them-selves lasseed like wild beasts, the boys were so overwhelmed with astonishment that neither of them uttered a single word of inquiry or remon-

them dutered a single strance.

After a time some of the turns about their bodies were loosened, and then, with their hands tied behind them, they were confined, each with a lasso around his waist, to separate corners of the room, like a couple of goats. Still neither spoke a word, for both knew that words would be useless.

(To be continued)

# THE ROMANCE OF A "SHINE."

THE ROBANCE OF A "SHINE."

On the Ancows's editoral page this week will be found an article concerning the threatened annihilation of the bootblacking industry. In case this should become a lost art, we make haste to print the following dissertation upon it, quoted from the columns of a contemporary.

print the following dissertation upon it, quoted from the columns of a contemporary.

"Dil it ever occur to you," said a chemst, "what a remarkeble and unique process the blacking of a boot is? You see, we smear the boot with a preparation of bone-black, which is entirely devoid of luster; and then, by the friction of a dry brush, make it shine like the sun. There is not another process like this anywhere in the arts, so far tifle explanation of the process. I have a thore of my own, however, which I will give you for what it is worth.

"The key to the mystery lies in the fact that a diamond is nething but crystalized carbon. The blacking is little in the than carbon paste, and the friction of a hair brush, bring one of the most efficiency of a hair brush, bring one of the most efficiency of a hair brush, bring one of the most efficiency of a hier brush between the soon as this is done, the boot is covered with millions of infinitely small diamends, and, of course, begins to shine, as a mass of diamonds would.

"Of course this is not a perfect explanation of the phenomenon. What part the other ingredients of the blacking play, and, especially, why it is perhaps some one else can. But I feel prefty sure that the bootblacks are engaged al' day in turning blacking into diamonds."

## GENIUS'S LABOR LOST.

It was Davy Crockett, the old Western hero, who is credited with the saying: "First be sure you are right, then go ahead." But the subject of the following sportive item from the Evening Sun should have seen to it that something was wrong

should have seen to it that something was wrong before he started to set it right.

An Illinois man spent \$50 perfecting a patent folding tennis racket to go into a trunk, when his wrife remarked that the ordinary tennis racket would go into a trunk without folding. The inventor badu't thought of that, and was so overcome by his wife's statement that he abandoned the enterprise entirely.

## EVERYBODY SATISFIED.

"Mr. Scrapem," said the hostess to an amateur violinist at an evening gathering, "you play the violin, do you not ?

violin, do you not?"
"Yes -after a fashion, you know," was the modest reply.
"How nice." murmured half the company.
"Did you bring your violin with you?"
"No, I did not.
"How nice?" he fashion, the shall of the company, in fervent unison.



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#### IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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

#### OUR THREE HUNDREDTH NUMBER.

WITH the present issue the ARGOSY enters upon what may be termed a new century of existence. Its triumphs achieved in the 200 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 unflagging determination on the part of the publisher to keen 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 FOLKS.

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 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

#### 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 footgear nowadays costs no more. if as much, than the plain sort our fathers were content to wear.

It has been jeft 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 Argory 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.

it very much.

Washington, D. C., July 98, 1888.

I wish to say that I am a subscriber for three story papers, and I think, as others do, that the Ascosy is the best paper for boys in the country. The story entitled "The Two Rivals" can't be beat.

ALEK. G. BRADIEN.

beat.

Morris Park, L. I., July 22, 1888.

I have been a reader of the Arcosy for about fiteen 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

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 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 post office

private companies.

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 Drawbaug 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. Dickinon 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 dispirited 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

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



From a Photograph by Bell.

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 after-ards,

Speaking comes by nature, silence by understanding.

The trident of Neptune is the scepter of the world. Antoine Lemierre

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

If ne nave lost no time.—*pacen*.

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

The 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. Robin-

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

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

THE way to wealth is as plain as the way to narket; it depends chiefly on two words—industry of frugality.—Franklin.

Those who sneer habitually at human nature, and et to despise it, are among its worst and least leasant 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 is soul to learn of his body; for all the parts of nat minister to one another.—South.

He that does not know those things that are of se and necessity to know, is but an ignorant man, thatever 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. Beecher.

A PARALLEL.

A PABALLEL.

CRUEL seems the grain of sand
Forced within the sensate shell
But a pearl it gendered, and—
Ah! you know the paralle!
Round our lives the water swirl
Says and sings, "No pain, no p

# 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

"What do you want, fellows?" said a steepy voice.

A shout of laughter from the three young gentlemen below was the only answer.

"Come, fellows, what do you want? Can't you—oh, 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

cano nere set us explain the oc-casion of this early call.

The four young gentlemen mentioned Frank and Joe Glover, had agreed, the day be-fore, to spend this day, a Satur-day, and possibly the next, in a visit to Moss Island, a small island lying in a lake of con-siderable 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.

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 Balley's store."

"Never mind now," said Frank.

"We can find out when we come back."

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

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 tonly five minutes."

The boys crossed the large square and joined the crowd which was gathered around the one jewelly 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 nmensely. "You'll find out if yer use

"You'll nind out it 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

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.

"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 rietht. 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 offer a reward."
"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 \$5°, 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

to be satisfied from the satisfi

"Balley'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 brisk 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.
"Well," said 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 laurching Ice.

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.

"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 groanling in advance. And if you fellows can't think of anything, I can, and that is—a visit to the Hermit of Moss Island."
"Hurrah!" cried Joe, which, together with Jack's "Second

can, and that is—a visit to the sland."

"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 dorore 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.

gathered, being a skilled botan-ist.

The boys soon reached the hut. It was queer looking af-fair, 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 mastif came flying around the corner, and in a mounty

Frank was lying on his back.

"Here, Brindle, Brindle!

Off, you villain,!" cried Jack,

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 a nd 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, turn-

"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.

Joe.

He looked at them suspicious-

He looked at them suspensionally, 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 boys of course consented.

The dog was captured by a little
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 still tiec' 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.

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 requisite articles, and the boys hastily slipped them on.
 The Hermit disappeared among the trees and

them on.

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



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, we 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, we can't go over in the idea, that's

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."

"I don't like that pian, "sau Frank," — mariad 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, aboft

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:

mouth:
'Iust my luck! The dinner's gone.

"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.

caught sight of him again, he had laid down

caught sight of him again, he had laid down his box and was just grasping his spade for an attack upon the earth.

Ten minutes' hard work followed, and the hole seemed to the boys to be two good feet deep. The Hermit laid aside his spade, and bending down, drew out a small wooden box. Having done this he sat down and rested, listening at the same time for any approaching noise. The boys in the meantime had gained a position where they could easily see all his movements. He appeared to be satisfied that he was in no danger of being discovered, and finally look from his coat pocket a small chief, with which he proceeded to pry off the top of the box. He then transferred the contents to the larger box which he had brought with him, making at the same time a minute enumeration making at the same time a minute enumeration of the articles in a small blank book, which he

of the articles in a small blank book, which he took from an inside pocket.

As he was about to replace the box in the hole, a growl and a rush were heard, and old limitle came tearing through the underbrash and sprang upon him. The man felt the dog's sharp teeth in his shoulder as he fell over backwards. The box dropped from his hands at the suddenness of the attack, and its contents were scattered about on the ground.

The contents were growing weight with the properties of the teach of the result o

didn't seem possible; and yet there were

the plane evidences of his guilt.

Meantime the dog had been again secured, and the boys stood waiting about the Hermit, who saw by their faces that they understood

all.

Looking at them keenly in turn, he drew out a crisp ten dollar bill and turned toward Joe. Seeing him hesitate, he produced another. But Joe's hesitation was not occasioned by a desire for more money, but by rising anger. Potter saw it.

Here," he whispered. "Twenty

"Here," he whispered. "Twenty five, thirty, fifty, Come, Fil give you fifty dollars to go and never breathe a word about this," "I don't want your money," said Joe. "Besides, it probably isn't yours. None of us want It. Boys, do you see the things there? This is the burglar that went through Bailey's store last nicht". night."
he boys stared at Potter, who in turn stared

at them menacingly.

"Now look here, boys. You've found me out, but I'm game for you. You just march yourselves—single file—down to my hut. You stay there until six o'clock, and then you can go home. I'll give you five dollars all 'round. How's that? If you don't do this, I'll kill you —I will, sure's my name's—Potter," The boys looked at each other and half

said: We're not much afraid. You can hardly

"We're not much afraid. You can hardly walk, and we are four strong, and—" "Don't flatter yourself on that, young fellow, I've a gun at home and I'll hunt you over the whole island. Come, give in." "You won't dare to stir from this spot!"

won't? Why?"

If you do, I'll set Brindle on you again," the answer

That settled it. The Hermit was forced to

well, what do you want?" asked he

"Well, what do you want?" asked he.
"Give us everything you have here, We will
return to Bailey what he lost, and, if no demand
is made for the rest, return it to you, or send it
to any place you want. And we won't tell on
you," said Frank.
At the first part of Frank's speech Potter
started up with a curse, but listened quietly to

the last part. "Well, it's worth thinking of. You won't

give me away—but give you the whole pot—no, I won't. I've worked too hard for it."

I won't. I've worked too hard for it."
"Come, Frank, that's too hard on him, and
you didn't find him out any way—I did," said
Joe. "Give us everything you took from
Railey, and we won't say a word for twenty
four hours. Then you can look out for ycur-

n." After a vast deal of haggling and threatenin After a vast deal of hagging and uncasening from Potter, these terms were arranged, and, after trying to cheat them out of part of Bailey's pewelry, the old man handed over the plunder, "Now lend me a hand, boys, back to my hut, loe, you carry my box, and Jack, you take care of that cursed pup—he ought to have a bullet in bis. head?"

his head."

Ned and Frank, a good deal surprised at
Potter's request, did not refuse it, however. As
they were about to enter the hut Joe suddenly

said:
"Hold on, fellows, a minute, and you too,
Potter;" and laying down the box, he entered
the house, reappearing in a few minutes with a
gun and a pair of pistols. "You may be all
right, you know, but it's just as well to be sure.
There may be some more there, but I know you
don't want to risk a fight, to kill one of us or

get yourself killed. We'll leave them for you at the landing place."

the landing place."
"You young fellows are too many for me,"
was the grim reply.
As they were about to leave Potter stopped

As they were about to leave Potter stopped them.

"Hold on a minute, boys, before you go—I want to say a word. Come in," and he limped painfully into the hut.

Inside, he drew out a drawer, and from it took three long paper knives of red cherry wood, the handles beautifully and daintily carved. These he presented to Ned, Jack and Frank respectively.

Then he drew forth for Joe a small Swiss clock, excelling the other presents in the beauty and delicacy of the carving. Before handing it to Joe he said:

to Joe he said:
"I want you to keep these things, boys, to "I want you to keep these things, boys, to remember me by. They are honest. I made them myself. I want you to know that I did some honest work in my life, not all bad. I'm not going to read you any lecture, for I don't think you need it. You're all good boys." The boys tried hard to blush. "Don't get into bad company. It's easier to keep out than to get out. Just you stick to virtue, boys, closer than glue, and you'll get there, in time. And here, Joe, is something for you. It's worth a great deal, for I'm a carver, but hope you'll never part with it. I've always thought well of you, and more today, when you wouldn't take the deal, for I'm a carver, but hope you'll never part with it. I've always thought well of you, and more today, when you wouldn't take the money. Now don't be ashamed of it. A fellow that can refuse fifty dollars when he can take it sately ought to be proud. There, shake hands, and good by—and my respects to Bailey."

Bailey."

The boys backed out, mumbling their thanks. The guns were leaning against the hut with Brindle mounting guard, but the boys laid not a hand upon them. They started for the fire and their clothes.

and their cothes.

Not a word was spoken until their arrival at
the fire, when they finished dressing and started
for the landing place where the logs were drawn

up.
"Oueer old fellow, isn't he?" said Jack at last; and Joe replied;

"Yes."
And those were the only words spoken until they arrived at the other side, the voyage being safely and more quickly accomplished than in the morning. Brindle seemed to understand that his duty had been fulfilled, and so followed the boys, swimming all the way back with his nose close to Joe's raft.

The boys parted with an understanding to meet at half past eight and proceed to Bailey's house. Joe retained the box.

Nine o'clock found them at the jeweler's, Joe handed over the box, and gave an account of the recovery of the stolen goods, omitting, of course, the name of the guilty party and the place.

place.
Then came the reward—\$100. Joe refused repeatedly to take it, and declared that he was fully repaid in the beautiful present he had received from the burglar. To convince Mr. Bailey

ceived from the burglar. To convince Mr. Bailey and the sheriff, who was also present, of his determination, he told them of the worth of the present and of the beautiful carving.

"Carving, did you say?" cried the sheriff excitedly, "Beautiful and delicate carving?"

"Yes," answered Joe, astonished at the suddeninterest manifested.

"It's old Carver Murdock, as sure as you live. Young fellow, you deserve that prize more than ever, you do—for beating him. I wonder how long he has been hiding round here."

Toe was then pressed again to receive the

ere."

Joe was then pressed again to receive the noney, and finally consented, sharing it with

money, and finally consented, sharing it with his companions. The Hermit, Thomas Potter or Carver Murdock, was, as the boys learned afterward, a famous burglar, who had suddenly disappeared four or five years before and was thought to be dead. That afternoon, the twenty four hours having expired, Joe told the sheriff the whole story, and a party at once set out for the island in the hope of capturing Potter.

"It's useless," said the sheriff, before starting. "He's a hundred miles away by this time. We'll take a look at his cabin, though." The sheriff was right. Potter was gone, and was never seen afterward in that part of the country.

Moss Island was visited many times afterward by the boys, and on each hut was made their camp. and on each occasion the Hermit's

## HE HAD A REASON FOR IT.

Woman (who has given something to eat to a tramp)—" You have a very awkward way of eating,

man."

TRAMP—"Yes, ma'am; I guess it's 'cause I'm out o' practice."

## BELYING HIS NAME.

Wuar's that awful racket in the back room? inquired a customer of one of the clerks. "Somebody trying to yell the roof off?"
"It's the silent partner, sir; the firm is after him for more money."

## A SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION.

MISTRESS (L) cook)—" Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same makes matters somewhat confused. How do you like, buy the name of Bridget?"

Coos. "Shure, mum, an' it's not mostle that's particular. Or m willun to call the young leddy onythin' ye loike."

#### SEPTEMBER.

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN. HERR's a lyric for September, Best of all months to remember; Month when summer breezes tell What has happened wood and dell; Of the joy the year has brought And the changes she has wrought. She has turned the verdur red; She the harvest moon has hung Like a silver boat among Shoals of stars—bright jewels set In the earth's blue coronet. She has brought the orothard's fruit To repay the robin's flute Which has gladdened half the year With a music liquid clear; And she makes the meadow grass Catch the sunbeams as they pass, Till the aduums shoot is rolled With a fragrant cloth of gold. BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

This story commenced in No. 201. 1

# THE Two Rivals;

# THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER XXX.

OWARD the evening, Randal was riding fast on the road to Norwood, the London retreat he had a month of the Road of NOWARD the evening, Randal was riding a fact to the road to Norwood, the London retreat he had secured for Dr. Riccabocca. The arrival of Harley, and the conversation that had passed between that nobleman and himself made him anxious to ascertain how far Riccabocca was likely to learn L'Estrange's return to England, and to meet with him.

For he felt that, should the latter come to know that the Italian, in his movements, had gone by Randal's advice, Harley would find that Randal had spoken to him disingenuously; and, on the other hand, Riccabocca, placed

that Randal had spoken to him disingenuously; and, on the other hand, Riccabocca, placed under the friendly protection of Lord L'Estrange, would no longer need Randal Leslie to defend him from the machinations of Peschiera. When Randal entered the house, Giacomo, with a smile of peculiar suavity, ushered him into the drawing room. He found Riccabocca alone, and seated before the fireplace, leaning his face on his hand.

The Italian received him as courteously as usual: but there was in his manner a certain

usual; but there was in his manner a certain serious and thoughtful dignity, which was, perhaps, the more imposing, because but rarely

assumed.

After a few preliminary observations, Randal remarked that Frank Hazeldean had informed him of the curiosity which the disappearance of the Riccaboccas had excited at the Hall, and inquired carelessly if the doctor had left instructions as to the forwarding of any letters that might be directed to him at the Castino

Casino.

"Letters," said Riccabocca, simply—"I
never receive any; or, at least, so rarely, that
it was not worth while to take an event so
little to be expected into consideration. No; if any letters do reach the Casino, there they

wait."

"Then I can see no possibility of indiscretion; no chance of a clew to your address."

"Nor I either."

"Satisfied so far, and knowing that it was not in Riccabocca's habits to read the newspapers, from which he might otherwise have learned of L'Estrange's arrival in London, Randal then proceeded to inquire, without much seeming interest, into the health of Violante—hoped it did not suffer by confinement etc.

did not suffer by confinement, etc.

Riccabocca eyed him gravely while he spoke, and then suddenly rising, that air of dignity to which I have before referred, became yet more

striking.
"My young friend," said he, "hear me attentively, and answer me frankly. I know human nature."

nature."
Here a slight smile of proud complacency passed the sage's lips.
"I know human nature—at least I have "I know human nature—at least I have studied it," he renewed, more earnestly, and with less evident self conceit, "and I believe that when a perfect stranger to me exhibits an interest in my affairs, which occasions him no small trouble—an interest " (continued the wise man, laying his hand upon Randal's shoulder) "which scarcely a son could exceed, he must be under the influence of some strong personal

"Oh, sir!" cried Randal, turning a shade more pale, and with a faltering tone. Kiccabocca surveyed him with the tenderness of a superior being, and pursued his deductive

or a superior being, and pursued his deductive theories.

"In your case, what is that motive? Not political; for I conclude that you share the opinions of your government, and those opinions have not favored mine. Not that of pecuniary or ambitious calculations, for how can such calculations enlist you on behalf of a ruined exile? What remains? Why the motive which at your age is ever the most natural and the strongest. I don't blame you. Machiavel himself allows that such a motive has swayed the wisest minds, and overturned the most solid states. In a word, young man, you are in love, and with my daughter Violante."

Randal was so startled by this direct and unexpected charge upon his own masked batteries.

expected charge upon his own masked batteries,

that he did not even attempt his defense. His head drooped on his breast, and he remained speechless.
"I do not doubt," resumed the penetrating

judge of judge of human nature, "that you would have been withheld by the laudable and generous been withheld by the laudable and generous scruples which characterize your happy age, from voluntarily disclosing to me the state of your heart. You might suppose that, proud of the position I once held, or sanguine in the hope of regaining my inheritance, I might be over ambitious in my matrimonial views for Violante; or that you, anticipating my restoration to honors and fortune, might seem activated by the last motives which influence love and youth; and therefore, my dear young friend, I have departed from the ordinary custom in England, and adopted a very common one in my own country. With us, a suitor seldom presents himsel; till he is assured of the

tom in England, and adopted a very common one in my own country. With us, a suitor seldom presents himsel; till he is assured of the consent of a father. I have only to say this—if I am right, and you love my daughter, my first object in life is to see her safe and secure; and, in a word—you understand me.

Now, mightily may it comfort and console us ordinary mortals, who advance no pretense to superior wisdom and ability, to see the huge mistakes made by both these very sagacous personages—Dr. Riccabocca, valuing himself on his profound acquaintance with character, and Randal Leslie, accustomed to grope into every hole and corner of thought and action, every hole and corner of thought and action, wherefrom to extract that knowledge which is

wherefrom to extract that knowledge which is power!

For whereas the sage, judging not only by his own heart in youth, but by the general influence of the master passion of the young, had ascribed to Randal sentiments wholly foreign to that able diplomatist's nature, so no sooner had Riccabocca brought his speech to a close, than Randal, judging also by his own heart, and by the general laws which influence men of the mature age and boasted workly wisdom of the pupil of Machiavel, instantly decided that Riccabocca presumed upon his youth and inexperience, and meant most nefariously to take him in.

"The poor youth!" reflected Riccabocca, "how unprepared he is for the happiness I give

"how unprepared he is for the happiness I give

him! "The cunning old rascal!" thought Randal; "The cunning old rascal!" thought Randal; "The has certainly learned, since we met last, that he has no chance of regaining his patrimony, and so he wants to impose on me the hand of a girl without a shilling. What other motive can he possibly have? Had his daughter the remotest probability of becoming the greatest heiress in Italy, would he dream of bestowing her on me in this off hand way? The thing stands to reason." stands to reason

Actuated by his resentment at the trap thus Actuated by his resentment at the trap thus laid for him, Randal was about to disclaim altogether the disinterested and about affection laid to his charge, when it occurred to him that, by so doing, he might mortally offend the Italian—since the cunning never forgive those who refuse to be duped by them—and it might still be conducive to his interest to preserve intimate and familiar terms with Riccabocca; therefore subduing his first impulse, he exclaimed:

"O, too generous man! pardon me if I have so long been unable to express my amaze, my gratitude; but I cannot—no, I cannot, while your prospects remain thus uncertain, avail rayself of your—of your inconsiderate magnanimity. Your rare conduct can only redouble my own scruples, if you, as I firmly hope and believe, are restored to your great pressessions—you would naturally look so much higher than ne. Should those hopes fail, then, indeed, it may be different; yet, even then, what position, what fortune, have I to offer to your daughter worthy of her?"
"You are well born; all gentlemen are equals," said Riccabocca, with a sort of easy nobleness. "You have youth, information, talent—sources of certain wealth in this happy country—powerful connections; and, in fine, if O, too generous man! pardon me if I have

talent—sources of certain wealth in this happy country—powerful connections; and, in fine, if you are satisfied with marrying for love, I shall be contented; if not, speak openity. As to the restoration to my possessions, I can scarcely think that probable while my enemy lives. And even in that case, since I saw you last, some-thing has occurred "added Riccabocca with a strange smile, which seemed to Randal singu-larly sinister and malignant) "that may remove all difficulties. Meanwhile do not this, me so larly sinister and malignant) "that may remove all difficulties. Meanwhile, do not think me so extravagantly magnanimous—do not underrate the satisfaction I must feel at knowing Violante

the satisfaction I must feel at knowing Violante safe from the designs of Peschiera—safe, and forever under a husband's root,"
"Something has occurred!" echoed Randal, not heeding the conclusion of this speech. "Something has occurred!" My dear friend, be plainer. What has occurred!" Kiccabocca remained silent. "Something that induces you to bestow your daughter on me?"
Riccabocca nodded, and emitted a low chuckle.

Ricabocca nodded, and emitted a no-chuckle,
"The very laugh of a fiend," muttered Ran-dal, "Something that makes her not worth bestowing. He betrays himself. Cunning people always do."
"Pardon me," said the Italian at last, "if I do not answer your question; you will know later; but, at present this is a tamily secret. And now I must turn to another and more alarming cause for my frankness to you."

Here Riccaboca's face changed, and as-sumed an expression of mingled rage and fear.

fear, "You must know," he added, sinking his voice, "that Giacomo has seen a strange person loitering about the house, and looking up

at the windows; and he has no doubt-not have 1-that this is some spy or emissary of

Peschiera's."
"Impossible; how could be discover you?" "Impossible; now containe tascover 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 she was asked at a shop if we were not Ital-

And she answered?

"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 in-

quiry." 1 cannot detain you. May I think that we

have now an interest in common?"
...O, indeed yes; but—but—your daughter! how can I dream that one so beautiful, so peer will confirm the hope you have exte

The daughter of an Italian is brought up

The danghter 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 YYYI COUNTER PLOTTING.

COUNTER PLOTTING.

ANDAL reached home in time to dress for a late dinner at Baron Levy's.

The viands 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.

and Leslie followed.

The baron turned into his drawing room, and Lessle followed.

"Pleasant young men, those," said Levy, with a slight sneer, as he three 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. Aprops, I have had a long talk with Frank Hazeldean—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." 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

"Ay, you did so. Filial affection! I never "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."

"You know her?"
"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

now and then require a friend in the management of their affairs. And having made sure of the fact you stated, as to Hazeldean'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—"

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."

Lev's habit of praising people

Aware of Levy's habit of praising peo-

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. Thornbill—estates which, on examination of the title deeds, I find orce, indeed, belonged to your family." The baron glan-ed at a very elegant memorandum book—"The manors of Rood and Dulmonsberry, with sundry farms Rood and Dulmonsberry, with sundry farms thereon. Mr. Thornhill wants to sell them as thereon. Mr. Thornhill wants to sen such soon as his son is of age—an old client of mine, Thornhill. He has applied to me on the hint is an improvable propmatter. Do you think it an improvable prop-

Randal listened with a livid cheek and a 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 its way to a certain sympathy in the undebased 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—"Thornbill, continued Levy, who watched the young man's countenance—"Thornbill 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

convolution of the process of the state of the process of the proc

in your way."
low can I have any idea of it?"

"How can I have any idea of it?"
"But I thought you said you had."
"I understand that these lands could not be 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 of more consequence in the county addition of these lands would make the spratt property of more consequence in the county than the Thornhill. So my client would rather take a few thousands less from a man who don't set up to be his rival. Balance of power in counties as well as nations." Randal was silent.

in counties as well as nations."

Randal was silent.

Then, once more suddenly changing the subject, Levy 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 reginning 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

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 can 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 Hazeldean—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. No one better, therefore, knows public opinion, and its ebb and flow."

"Granted."

"Egerton, then, counts on a general election

Granted."
Egerton, then, counts on a general election bin three months; and I have lent him the

oney for it."
" Lent him the money! Egerton borrow

"Lent liim the money! Egetton borrow money of you—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.

He said no more. Randal sat stupefied. At length, the latter muttered, "But if Egerton is really not rich—if he lose 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 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, barno."

"Can I set you down anywhere?"

"No, thank you; I prefer walking."

"Adieu, then. And mind you remember.

" Can I set you down anywhere?"
"No, thank you; I prefer walking,"
"Adieu, then. And mind you remember
the soirree 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.

most 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! Les coordown—how to get the sum? most paralyzed.

property! £20,000 down—how to get the s Why should Levy have spokenof this?" And lastly, the soliloguy rounded back:

"The man's motives! His motives?"

"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 and the state of the monitor of the monitor of the said.

"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 mediaval Italy—" give me one of your excellent cigars. I think I have

put all matters in train."
"You have found out—"
"No; not so fast yet," 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."
Then I have no doubt I shall manage both bjects for that sum, if Randal Leslie objects for that sum, il Randal Leshe really knows where the young lady is, and can assist you. Most promising, able man is Randal Leshe—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. LEONARD'S SUCCESS.

LEONARD'S SUCCESS.

Of ITHIN a small room, the single window of 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 deliberations.

had occasioned that interruption, sparkied win delight.

"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 conforting Helen—my own child ange! Her I can never see again! The grown woman—that is not my Helen."

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

d to his ear. And in this house," he murmured, " I saw

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—fame. Alas!"

At this point, a woman, whose dress was somewhat above her mine and air, which, though not without a certain respectability, were very homely, entered the room, and, seeing the young man standing thus thoughful 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 mae 'the room look its best! Happy news! I expect a visitor!"

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

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

The face 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

betraved a nervous of all uscles, which gave her a family likeness to old

Mrs. Avenel.
"Do not be alarmed, mother. He is the kinde

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

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 Ldo."

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 cheek was more pale and thin, his lips
more firmly compressed, his eye more fixed and

ore firmly compressed, his eye more fixed and stract. You could detect, if I may borrow a abstract. You could detect, it I may wone 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

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-

lev's questions and Leonard's answers: the

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 mute world of a library; he introduced him to some of the first minds in art, scierce 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; and here, as in the volumes of the past, diigently amass and deliberately compile."

By degrees Norreys led on that young ardent

the volumes of the past, dilgently amass and deliberately compile."

By degrees Norreys led on that young ardent mind from the selection of ideas to their assistant of the selection of ideas to their assistant of the selection of order of the selection of the selection 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 piled 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 seed deep buried, and the soil well cleared to the rays of the sun and the healthful influence of expanded air.

influence of expanded air.

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 genus is rarely at once eminently successful. But the more experienced recognized the promise of the book.

Dok. Publishers, who have an instinct in the dis-overy of valuable talent, which often forestalls appreciation of the public, volunteered lib-

eral 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 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."

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. Norress, 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 greatly, 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 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 ashaned to name to you, so disproportionate do they seem to 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 I ast seen you and Helen—I mean Miss Digly; and to invite to that home her who had sheltered my infancy."

"Your morther? Let me see her."

"Your most P te the see her."

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

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

"And so overpowered is she," added Leon-

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!" 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—of the circumstances attending my acquaintance with circumstances attending my acquaintance with

"And, perhaps, to a sort of shame that the

"And, perhaps, to a sort of shame that the mother of one you have made her proud of is but a peasant." 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, muttered something not audible, and then, drawing his young frend's arm in his, led him into the garden, and turned the conversation back to its former topics.

(To be continued.)

#### AUTUMN.

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;
Thistes are blown about
In the wild weather.

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;
Ghostly across the plain
Gleams Indian posy,

Greams Indian posy.

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

# LAKE MINNETONKA.

BY OLIVER OPTIC, Author of "The Cruise of the Dandy," ways in Luck," "Young America Abroad Series," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

CAPTAIN GREENWAY IS UTTERLY CON-FOUNDED,



1.

0

1 ..

he had more names than he

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

"You were informed that this boy was 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.

come home,"
"He has come back to you," replied Cavan, looking sharply at the runaway, "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 teagent 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.
Ver well, madann I shall leave Comp.
The trust is a gentleman, I destal to behave home the same that the same than the same than the 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 onen question. He has come back to you," replied Cavan,

"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.

that you will share his fate," replied Cavan impressively.

"I wii, 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 Excelsion after the state of the season had to be shan two hours, entirely satisfied with what he had done, and some time before the Hebe

arrived with the passengers from the Hermit-

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 town.

'You will be ready to take us back as soon as we find the young man who is to spend aweek 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 keep out of sight till the happy pair

Cavan kept out of sight till the happy pair Cavan kept out of sight till the nappy parhad 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. estlawn. But Cavan was still reticent, though he had

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 hadron for the contract of the contract of the hadron of my where about the town, for the very good reason that he was not there as he had promised to be, 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 to using professe language when he

Roddy demonstrated the late 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 the happy pair went on board, and the

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 now that he had a competent pilot at the wheel, and he did not spare the coal, 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 not many 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 dark face 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 wharf in front of the Hotel Lafqyette, 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. Blonday, 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 "Westlawn is engaged at present," replied Blonday, 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,

for a martyr in any cause.
"Don't be rash, Arnold," interposed Mrs. "Don't be rash, Arnold," interposed Mrs, Goldson, who appeared to be in a state of ex-treme 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 Blonday stepped one side at the words of his sister, and he followed Mr. Cavan into the parlor,

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, one of the two own sons, twins, of your

Captain Greenway was utterly confounded.

# CHAPTER XLVI.

THE HISTORY OF A DARK TRANSACTION. SARDONIC laugh burst from the lips of Arnold Bloncay 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

Captain Greenway was astonished to find Captain Greenway was astomsned to meet that he had another name, and "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.

had chosen for himself.

The annot rement 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

hather of some secret marriage; and Mr. Custon had been earlier informed of the fallacy of his suggestion to the captain.

"It is easy to say 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."

"Do not 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 cell that he was master of the situation.

"That 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."

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 commended the little ones to my care, for she knew that her husband could not live many

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

tain 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.

placed.
"You are a brave young fellow, Captain Greenway, but you are allowing yourself to be imposed upon," interposed Arnold Blonday, with a sneer 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

ert."
'Don't hear it, Janet!" exclaimed her
other. "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 wreathe her handsome

face in smiles.

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

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. Blonday, 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 have no desire to force my story upon

himself there.

"I have no 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 Blonday sprang out of his chair, and looked like a ma-niac as he glanced at the speaker; but he recovered himself and resumed his seat.
"I have no doubt that Mrs. Londyke Forbush and her companion, Joanna Barlow, as well as Mr. Ward Gayland 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 parlor.

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.

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 gut 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.

I nad 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 hem, you sent them to Paris, though I protested against such a step. 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 in the papers here and in Europe, and every effort was used to recover them, without success."

"Both my brother and mwself were in New York was in the papers here and in Europe, and every effort was used to recover them, without success."

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 recover them. He advertised for them in England, France and Vienna," said Mrs. Gold-

The advertisements were shown to me: but I believed there was treachery to the children, I had to leave New York, and lost sight of the case for the time, though I employed Mr. Cavan to look it up; and his report satisfied me for

In and to leave New York, and lost sight of 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 of the control of

The matter was arranged in this manner in the end.

(To be concluded.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-SSY. He can get you any number you may

### 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 Sentinel, of Eastport, Maine.

fact. We quote from a news item in the Sentine', of Eastport, Maine.

During the severe blow last Wednesday night he fishing schooner Randolph, anchored at Hathor Deluse, Campobello, dragged from her moorings and went adrift. There was no one on board, since the sent of the sent and sent in search of his craft and found her on Spruce Island point. He boarded her and boated the foresail. A stuff breeze from the west carried her off the rocks, but as a hole had been sive and and sank in ten for the probe that the sent and sank in ten for the sent and sank in ten for the sent and the sent and was a sent and the sent and the

### AN AUTUMN LAY.

AN AUTUMN LAT.

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, fe's many cares and troubles like the great sea sink to rest.

[This story commenced in No. 296.]

# The Lost Race,

THE UNKNOWN RIVER:

A STORY OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

By DAVID KER, Author of "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

BOUT a formight 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 settle-

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 does of quinine."

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 wonderful skill, using the wound inflicted upon him by O'Connor's rifle as an additional proof in support of the plausible story which he had conoccete. 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 lustify 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

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

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.

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. Hardh e a d 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 the himself of the complete o

your life, 5 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 within waveneted summons—very speedly redez—who had at first been somewhat disquieted at this unexpected summons—very speedily re-gained 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 lyin', chatin', murdherin' thief of the world that ye are? 'Twas yer own silf that sint Masther Charlie to his death, and now do ye dar' talk o' satin' him? 2 Tare an' ages! let me get at him till I pull the thraitorous heart out of this wicked ould body!"

The speaker was Pat O'Connor.

CHAPTER XV.

CHAPTER XV.

PAT'S ADVENTURES.

UT for the prompt interference of the bystanders, Pat would certainly have made good his threat; for Valdez was so petrification of orth hand-citins, 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 murdhered, sure!" yelled O'Connor, "and there stands the vagabone that did it; and he's kitt Masther Charlie too! Och, lave hould of me, thin, till I tear him to sausage mate, ugly rapscallion that he 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 hortuguese at O'Connor's sudden teal 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 teappearance.

Pat came to speak of the rife shot with which he had avenged Valder'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 ould 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 drollery shone as brightly as ever in his blue eyes, his face looked fearfully thm, and pale as death now that the flush of excitement had left it 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, ist?" 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 mysilf'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 indade. Sorra a taste have I iver seen or heard of him since that Portigee bla'guard tut khe liberty of murdherin' 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, what a wonder—"What a wonder—"What a wonder—"What a wonder—"What a wonder—"What a wonder—"

man:
"What a wonder-

"What a wonderful digestive apparatus
that young fellow
m u st have! If he
happens to die while
he's out here, I shall
m ost 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 came to an end. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, remarked complacently that he had "made an illigant male," and then, seeing that was seen that was seen to be seen

"made an lilligant male," and then, seeing that every one was eagerly awaiting the story of his adventures, he commenced it as follows:
"I've tould yez how I fired at that Portigee spalpeen, and how I got chucked into the wather whin the boat bumped agin the rock; but I somehow disremi'm ber what happened just afther that. It salmed to me as if I was swimmin' wid all my stringth, and niver gettin' a fut furder on

gettin' a fut furder 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 koindness to fish me out bit by bit instid of all together.

gether.

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



"YE MURDHERIN' 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 form," rejoined the doctor confidently. "They're indoubtedly 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."

"Oh! you may be right!" said Mr. Goodman with a deep sigh. Hardhead, "the only thing armt you may be right!" said Mr. Goodman with a deep sigh. Hardhead, "the only thing armt you could be done, when Stanley and all those accould be done, when Stanley and the steam launch comperty attended to, and the steam launch comperty attended to, and the steam launch comperty attended to, and the steam launch comperty attended the steam launch controlled the steam launch controlled the steam launch controlled the steam launch controlled the steam stands and the loss of the three canoes,"

"In ever 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 missionry



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

ould three hangin' down into the wather; so I out three nargin down into the wather; so I fisted hould of it, and hauled mysilf up. But whin I kem to look, 'twas right across the sthrame on the other bank I was; and how I got there—whether 'twas a cross current tuk me, or what—it's mysilf can't tell to this blessed

day.
"The first thing I did was to look about for "The first thing I did was to look about for poor Masther Charlie; but sorra a sign of him could I see annywhere. I thried to shout for him, but I was too wake for that, and the only sound I could produce was a dead silence.
"Just thin a flare o' red light samed to pop up right opposite me, and there was a murdherin' big fire, and a whoule throop of haythen naygurs sittin' round it, atin' and dhrinkin' for the bare life."

naygurs sittin' round it, atin' and dhrinkin' for the bare life!

"Well, that was a dunner party where I wouldn't be offinded at not resaving an invitation, for among thim cannibal gintlemen I cut where I was table, or upon it; so I thought the best way was to run away. But a spalpeen of a root (bad luck to it!) thripped me up, and down I

kem on my nose,
"Before I cud say 'thrapsticks,' the vaga-

kem on my nose.

"Before I cud say 'thrapsticks,' the vagabones were all round me; but instid of gobblin' me up at wanst, as I expicted, they gev a big jump back, and saimed ivery bit as ready to run away from me as I was to run away from them.

"So thin I just sat down to warm mysiff by the fire. Thin they comminced shoutin' and clappin' their hands, as if there was a reward of five hundhred pounds in gold for whoever found me; and one skinny ould felley, wid but one eye, that I tak to be the king, bekase he was the ugliest blackguard of the whole batch, said somethin' to me twice or thrice over, as if 'twas axin' a question he was; but sorra a worrd cud I undherstand, for it sounded to me for all the world like a monkey crackin' nuts. So after that the conversation began to flag, so to spake; and very soon nothin' was to be heard but silence.

"The poor bastes wor mighty civil to me, though, for all that. They gev me the best place by the fire, and food enough to choke a rhinoceros. I ddn't think fit to ax whether 'twas man or monkey I was atin', for whin ye dine in company, it's not manners to ax questions; and, by the same token, I was too tired to be talkin' aiven if the haythens can have undherstood me.

"But 'twas little enough slape I got that

to be talkin' aiven if the haythens cud have understood me.

"But 'twas little enough slape I got that night, anshow; for before daybreak the naygurs wor all astir agin, and I could guess by their onasy looks, and the hurry they were in to be thravelin', that they wor expicting a mornin' call from some of their frinds in the nayborhood, and thought it best to be 'not at home.'

home."
"But whin I wanted to march wid the rest of thim, niver a toe would they let me budge, but tak and twisted three or four sthicks into a sort of a cradle, and carried me in it shoulder high, with it making they have of the 2.

tuk and twisted three or four sthicks into a sort of a cradle, and carried me in it shoulder high. It is it makin' me king they're afther? whils it makin' me king they're afther? whils I to myself. 'Troth, if it is, the first act in the reign of King Fat the First'll be to sind out an ispedition to find Masther Charlie.' So away we wint; but if I was to till yez all the advintures we had on the way, it's talkin' from now till Christmas Filbe. One toime we got right into a bog, the worst that iver I set eyes on—in Africa, I mane, for there niver was a bog on the face of the earth as bad as thim in ould Orland, good luck to it! Ye'd have thougat twas pay soup we wor wadin' in; and them boys that carried me wint in so deep, I thought they'd be afther comin' out toes foremost in South Americey, But they stuck to me all the toime like cobbler's wax—more power to them for that same!—and the others kem to the rescue, and somehow or another they got me through.

"Another toime a big thief of an illephant kem slap bang in among us. The minute the naygurs saw him comin' thumpin' in among thim wid his great black thrunk up, rasin' a hullabaloo like all the thrumpets in creation blowin' at wanst, they ran as if ould Oliver Cromwell himsilf was afther thim; and the tuboys that two 'carryin' me, in thryin' to escape, tumbled down, and chucked me head foremost into a thorn bush—bad luck to thim for that same!

"I'd only just got to my fait agin, when the

into a thorn bush—bad luck to thim for that same!

"I'd only just got to my fait agin, when the baste was close upon me; but all at wanst he gev a big snort, turned short round, and away he wint full tear into the forest, as if he seen the ghost of his grandfather. Thin the nay-gurs (bad manners to thim h kept shoutin 'and kissin' my fait, as if 'twas I that dhruw him away; but, in troth, I niver thought I was ugly enough to frighten an illephant.
"At last we kem in sight of a vilage, and by the huilabaloo the naygurs made, I guessed 'twas it that they wor bound for. Twas my-silf that was glad to see it, annyhow; for all the toime thim bastes wor carryin' me, I was mortal frightened they'd spill me down a hole, or chuck me head first into another thorn bush; and iv it wasn't for the honner o' the thing, I'd rather have walked.

rather have walked.

and it it wasn't o't the footies of the things, and the walked by sighted the village, I the minute of the count and they'd pute me town, and they'd pute me town, and they'd pute me town and lawe me towalk into the place on my own fait. But niver a bit would the spale peers do it. Instit of two men, four kem forward to carry me. Thin all the rest gathered on aich side, howlin' and scramin', and tossi'd their spears and bows, as if a school o' madmen had just broke up for the holidays; and in front wint an old riprobate wid his nose chopped off (though sure he was like enough to a monkey aiven witout that), who saimed, by the quare

things that wor hung all over him, to be the praist o' the place, or what thim naygurs call the 'fittish man.' Thin, whin all was ready, they formed me into a procession, and marched me into the village in thriumph.

"But whin we got there, and the fittish man pointed to me, and said just a worrd or two to the crowd that kem to mate us, there got up a yellin' and scraichin', as if fifty thousand mad cats wor fightin' wid a hundhred thousand parrots in a tub o' boiling wather, till the very head o' me sained to be tumblin' off wid the racket.

All at wanst I saw in front o' me out be-

"All at wanst I saw in front o' me, out bepart the vidage a bit, a mighty quare lookin'
thing inthirely, for all the world like a big cage,
big enough to hould an ostrich.
"Bad manners to thin! 'thinks I; 'do the
impident naygurs mane to shut up a dacent
Irishman in a cage, like a cockatoo or a salamander? Troth, if they do, there'll be some
black oyes to the fore prisently; ounly (worse
luck for that same J a black oi won't show upon
the likes of thim!' the likes of thim!

"On they wint, however, straight towards the cage or whativer it was; and the nearer we got to it, the quarer it looked. It stud upon a mound of earth, like one o' thim barrows that e ould ancient kings are buried undher in ild Oirland; and the whoule face of the ound was illigantly ornaminted wid colored

sitones.

"But whin we kem up to the cage, it wasn't a cage at all, at all, but a raal illigant ivory timple, all built wid thundherin' big tusks of illephants, just like that wan that Misther Stanley tould us of wan night when we wor down at Vivi.

"Whin we got right up to it, the four felleys that wor carryin' me sthonoed and set me down.

"Whin we got right up to it, the four felleys that wor carryin" me sthopped and set me down, and thin stipped back as sharp as if they wor afraid the timple 'ud git up and bite thim. Then the ould fittish man himsif opened a place in the side before I cud see how he did it,

Then the ould fittish man himself opened a place in the side before I cud see how he did it, and he popped me in and shut me up agin. "Inside the timple it was all as black as a bit o' bog oak, and I cudn't aiven see to think. But afther a bit my eyes begun to git used to the light, and I cud see in the dark as well as any blind man alive. Thin I made out an ould gintleman sittin' opposite me, all wrapped up in blankets, as if he was mighty bad wid the gout or the rheumatics.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, ould gintleman,' says I. 'I ax yer pardon if it's threspassin' I am, but sure 'twas no fault o' mine that I kem here, annyhow.'

"But niver a worrd did the ould felley spake, and I thought maybe 'twas dhrunk he was, or else stone deaf.

"Let's thry agin, annyhow,' says I. 'If ye plaze, sorr, might I ax, wid submission, who are ye at all, and what are ye doin' here?'

"But sorra an answer would he give, bad or good; and I commenced to git angry.

"Bad scran to ye, ye ould faggod! 'says I; 'tac ye spake name's Fat O'Ca croft party.' As are yellow and what are yellow of the proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As the proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As the proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As the proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As well as a proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As well as a proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As well as a proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As well as a proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As well as a proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As well as a proper of the human's Pat O'Ca croft party.' As well as a proper of the hould of his shouldber, and gow it a big of all say he was 't a biru'.'

ye betther mann-rs betore I ve done wid ye, or I'll know the rason why?

"Wid that I fisted hould of his shouldher, and gev it a big shake, and then the sthriped cloths fell off him, and I saw he wasn't a hvin' man at all, but ounly an ould wooden image that thim poor ignorant bastes had made an idol of.

"But the very next minute—for I could see pretty plain by this time—I made another discovery that was quarer still. The ould idol had a white face, and more than that, he had red hair the same as mysilf, turnin' up in a top knot for all the world like mine.

"Thim I saw the whole thing as clare as daylight. Thim black gorillas had been worshippin' a dacent Irish boy for a haythen god! "I can stand a good dale, but I/Ad/ was too much for me, inthirely. I sat down on the flure, and laughed till I hought I'd have blown the sides o' the timple out; and if anny of my worshipers wor within earshot, they must have thought the ould idol and the young idol wor havn' a mighty fine joke betune thin.

"Just at that minute the side o' the timple opened agin, and in ken the ould fittish man himsiff, with a big bowl in aich hand, that sint up a smell so sthrong that ye might have rested yer back agin it like a wall. He putt them down on the flure formist the ould idol, and wint out agin before I cud take notice (bad luck to me for a tool!) which way he kem in.

"Niver mind,' thinks 1; 'let's have dimerfirst, and thin well look for the dining room dow afther."

"1 Lared my own bowl in a pig's whisper."

door afther.'
"I clared my own bowl in a pig's whisper.

"I clared my own bowl in a pig's whisper. Sorra one o'me knows whether 'twas man or mouse that was in it; but the taste was bether than the smell, annyhow. Thin I turns to the ould idol, and I says to him, says I—
"Misther Idol, it's an illigant plateful ye have there enthirely; will ye kape it all to yersilf, or will ye be ginerous and lave it to me?—Well, stience gives consint, sure, so here goes.'
"And wid that I fisted hould of the other bowl, and didn't lave enough in it to feed a gnat's babby.

"And wid that I fisted hould of the other bowl, and didn't lave enough in it to feed a gnat's babby.
"Whin I'd done, I felt a hape aisier (for it's wonderful what heart a big dinner'll put into a man), and then I set to see which way the ould fittish man kem in whin he brought the dinner; for where he got in I cud git out, and whin wanst I had the latch key of the timple, so to speak, I needn't sit caged up all day like an ould rat in a thrap.
"The timple was made just like a big umbrella, wid thim ivory tusks for the whalebones,

and big sthrips of mattin' along thim inside, to do for the cover. "Twas clare enough to me that unless the ould naygur got in by magic, he must sartainly have moved one o' thim tusks; so I comminced to shake thim one afther another, to thry if they' d budge. But inver a taste cud I stir thim at all, at all; they wor all as fast as the bars of a county gaol.

"Bad luck to me for a fool! says I, 'that hadn't the sinse to watch the ould spalpeen and see how he did it. But I won't be bate yet; I'll thry agin.'

thry agin.'
"So I thried three or four o' the tusks near "So I thried three or four o' the tusks near about where the fittish man kem in; and all at wanst one o' thim saimed to break in two in my hands. Thin I saw how it was. The tusk had been sawed right through in the middle, and the top half turned wan way and the bottom half another, so as ye cud git out alsy.

"But although I had larned the thrick, I wasn't going to thry it just yet; for it was still some way off sunset, and I thought it mighthit be the thing for a rispictable idol to be seen takin'a stroll about the town in broad daylight like anny common nagur. So, faling dhrowsy

like anny common naygur. So, faling dhrowsy afther my dinner, I lay down and wint off to

afther my dinner, I lay down and wint off to slape.

"Whin I woke agin, 'twas dark night all round, as black as the fittish man's face: just the thing I wanted for my walk. So I listefned a bit to see if there was anny body stirrin', and not hearin' a sound, I left the ould idol to take care o'the house, and wint out and made my walk, and kem back agin, widout anny o' the naygurs known'n a thing about it, no more than the babe that'll niver be born.

"Well, gintlemen, that's how I lived for siveral days afther, turnin' day into night, like anny lord. All the day I did nothin' but ate and slape, and at night I wandhered about like a tom cat.

a tom cat,

"One night I'd gone out same as I always
did, and 'twas such an illigant fine night, so
fresh and cool after the hot smothered up rate
thrap I'd been sittin' in, that I wint furder than
I initided; and whin I wanted to go back, it
kem on so murdherin' dark that I cudn't aiven
find the way to my own timble! a tom cat.

kem on so murdherin' dark that I cudn't aiven find the way to my own timple!

"All at wanst the moon (that niver comes out whin she's wanted, and always whin she's not—bad manners to her for that same!) put the rould head out through the clouds, as if she was lookin' out of her bedroom windey; and stree enough! I was close to the river, and there, widin tin yards o' me, was half a dozen naygurs feshio!"

sure enough I was close to the river, and there, widn in yards o' me, was half a dozen naygurs fishin!

"The minute they caught sight of my face, they gev a yell fit to raise the dead, and away they ran as if a mad illephant was afther them. I begun to look about for a canoe, thinkin' twas a good chance to make my escape; but sure there was no toime, for the whoule village woke up at wanst, and the naygurs kem roarin' and scraimin' round me as if they'd have aited me up. Thin up rushed the old fittish man, wid his eyes sthartin' out of his head, and throwin' his arms about. He pointed sthraight at me, and said somethin' in his own haythen gibberish; and in half a moment I was whisked up and carried off like a babby, and popped into the timple again, where I spint the rist o' the night in wondherin' what they'd be afther doin' to me for breakin' bounds. And what raily was to come of it, nayther I nor anny man livin' cud have tould.

"Early nixt mornin' I saw through a peep hole I'd made in the matting a big crowd of naygurs comin' rampagin' along, wid the ould thief of a futish man in front o' thim. At first I thought they wor comin' to kill me; but prisently I saw tin poor craythurs wid ropes round their necks, bein' dhragged along like calves to the butcher, towards a big three forminst the timple. Thin the bastes bint down the lowermost branches of the three, and tied the ropes to thim; and whin they let the boughs go agin, they jerked thim poor felleys sthraight up on to their fait, and sthretched out their necks so that an ould villain, who stud by wid a big knife, cud git a fair cut at thim; and so they wor hung and beheaded at wanst, which wasn't fair at all."

"That was a sacrifice to explate the guilt of your having come out of your temple," said Dr. Hardhead." "Yee seen the same thing many a

"That was a sacrince to explate the guit of our having come out of your temple," said Dr, lardhead. "I've seen the same thing many a me on the Niger."
"And so have I on the Upper Congo," added

thand the Niger."

"And so have I on the Upper Congo," added Stanley.

"But there was a rod in pickle for thim murdherin' haythens," resumed Pat, "that they didn't expitet a more than I did. Two murdherin' haythens," resumed Pat, "that they didn't expitet a more than I did. Two markes that have a more than I did. Two markes that have a more than I did. Two markes that have a more than the markes that have a more than I heard a quare sound away beyant the village like rain dhropping upon the leaves. But niver a dhrop o'r ain was there falling, and I begun to fale very quare enthirely, not knowin' whatever it cub be.

"Well, I thought I'd best crape into the bushes till I saw what was up, and I do unly jist got snugly hid, whin there came a yell like a menagerie broke loose, and the whoule village saimed to go up in one red blaze o' fire, and all in a moment there was nothing but fame, and smoke, and hullabaloo, guns firin' and women scraiching, men dhroppin' dead or dyin', and a fight goin' on that 'ud bate a Limerick election.

"All at wanst I heard a tirrible cry of 'Mbazu! Mbazu! Y and thin I remimbered the tales they used to till us at Vivi, about a dhreadful king that amused himsilf wid killin' everybedy, and sellin' all the rest for slaves. At that very moment there kem burstin' through the thick o' the scrimmage an ugly naygur as

big as Fin M'Coul; and havin' heard him deschribed so often, I knew him at wanst for Mbazu himsilf.

"Iverything saimed to go down before him like the corn whim the hail shrirkes it, for all the had nothin' in his fist but a kinfe—or not exactly a knife nayther, but more like a sword that hadn't come of age yet. I saw one man fiv at him wid a spear, that saimed as if it ought to go clane through him; but he just gripped the shaft, and broke the spear's head off wid one shaft, and broke the spear's head off wid the other, after a cut say and head off wid the other, after a cut say and head off wid the other, downly made him more rampagious; and all his min wor just as bad. Before the fire had toime to burn down, there wasn't a man left alive in the village."

"Can you make any guess how many men.

the village."
"Can you make any guess how many men
Mbazu had with him?" interrupted Staniey,
whose attention to the story had been redoubled
ever since the first mention of the Fire King's

name.
"Troth, it's I that can't tell ye that, Misther

"Troth, it's I that can't tell ye that, Misther Stanley," answered Par; "for ye know yersifi that it's not aisy to count by firelight, whin iverybody's lapin' about like the boys dancin' at a wake. And then there was no differ betune the work of the two sides that wor fightin'—they wor all naggurs togither. But whin Mbazu's min begun to dihraw togither a bit after the fight was done, they didn't look to be very many—rothin' like as many as the village folk, annyhow."

Stanley pondered. Could the Portuguese have outwitted them, after all? and was the Fire King really bound on one of his exterminating raids along the river, in which the projected attack upon Nkosi's party was merely a minor episode? On the other hand, was it likely that Mbazu, the most skillful warrior of the Upper Congo, should have set out upon such a formidable undertaking with a force far smaller than the population of a single native village? Look at it which way he would, the affair was a mysterious one; but Pat's next words threw unexpected light upon it.

"Whin all the min were killed, and all the women and childher tied hand and fut, Mbazu pointed to the ivory timple, and his rapsecallions flew at it like hungry dogs at a bit of mate, and comminced pullin' out the tusks, and rippin' up the mattin' and tattherin' down the whoule place as if the idol hadrit paid his rint."

"Aha!" said Stanley, "that explains it; I might have thought of that myself. Of course Mbazu must have heard of that temple, and when he found himself within easy reach of it, with a band of armed men at his back, he would naturally make a dash for such a heap of ivory, every tusk of which would be worth a whole boat load of slaves. Well, what next?"

"Why, thin I thought to mysiff that since they wore pullin' my house down, I'd betther be off before worse kem of it; so I dispersed at once, and scrambled away through the bushes, always kapin' as sthraight as I cud for where I thought the river must be. And sure enough, just about daylight, out I kem upon the bank.

"But

# CHAPTER XVI.

# THE TRAITOR UNMASKED.

THE TRAITOR CMMASKED.

AVING ended his story, Pat was dismissed to the repose which he greatly needed, while his three hearers proceeded to discuss what he had told them, and to consider their plans for the future. "Well," said Stanley, "one thing's certain, anyhow—our friend Charlie is much more likely to be alive than not." "What makes you think that?" asked Mr.

to be alive than not,"
"What makes you think that?" asked Mr.
Goodman, as eagerly as if his own life were
hanging upon the answer.
"Well, if Pat has escaped, why not Charlie?

"Well, if Pat has escaped, why nof Charlie? They were both in the same scrape. In fact, Pat was the worst off of the two, for he had to swim for it, instead of having a canoe to float him. To begin with, we have no proof that Charlie was ever carried over that rapid at all; and even if he was, I should judge by what Nkosi and you, Goodman, have told me about it, that it would be quite possible for him to come down it alive, if he hit it fair in the middle."

"If!" echoed Dr. Hardhead, meaningly.
"Well, we must look at every feature of the case if we mean to draw a fair conclusion, you know. Now, if Charlie's still alive, as I firmly believe he is:
"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Goodman, forvently."

Now. if Charlie's still alive, as I firmly believe he.

"Thack Go!" ejaculated Mr. Goodman, fervently,

"He must have been picked up by the matives," continued Stanley, "just as Pat was. Now, the next question is how we're to get him back; and that involves another question, namely, what to do with Mim?" shouted Dr. Hardhead, clinching his fists; "why, kill him like a dog, as he is, of course; what else?"

"He certainly deserves to die, if ever a man did," interposed Mr. Goodman, "but if, as he said just now, he is on friendly terns with the people into whose hands my poor boy is likely to have fallen, might it not be worth while to spare his life, and make use of him to get Charlie free again?"

"Just my idea, Goodman," said Stanley, nodding approvingly. "I'll take good care that he doesn't do any more mischief; but if, by killing him we're throwing away our best ethance of rescuing Charlie (which I strongly suspect to be the case), we'd better think twice before doing it, that's all."

"Perhaps you're right," said Dr. Hardhead, regretfully; "but I own I should have liked to dissect the heart and brain of a man who could be capable of such proceedings."

"Oho!" cried Stanley, laughing in spite of himself, "you want to kill him in the interests of science, then, as well as in those of justice. Well, don't be troubled about it, my dear doctor; the fellow's so sure to be lung sooner or later, that your pleasure in cutting him up is merely postponed a little, after all. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do—we'll have up this rascal at once, and tell him plainly how he stands and what he has to espect. He's cunning enough for anything, as we know to our cost; and when once he knows that his only chance of saving his neck is to produce Charlie safe and somehow, if he's above ground a little.

He gave the order, and in a few minutes two study blacks led or rather dragged in the prisoner, for he was so completely overcome with terror that his shaking limbs seemed almost incapable of supporting him.

"Listen to me!" Said S

somehow, if he's above ground at all."

He gave the order, and in a few minutes two sturdy blacks led or rather dragged in the prisoner, for he was so completely overcome with terror that his shaking limbs seemed almost incapable of supporting him.

"Listen to me!" said Stanley. "Do you know that scores of better men than you have been killed for doing less than a tenth part of what you've done?"

The traitor's white lips moved convulsively, but no sound came from them.

"I see you know what you deserve," pursued Stanley. "Now, look here: you've done you best to kill Charie Thorne, but nobody knows yet whether he's dead or alive. If he's still alive, and you can manage to restore him to us by any means, I may spare your life after all."

The prisoner's rat-like eyes lighted up with a sudden gleam, and he seemed about to speak, when he was checked by a significant movement of Stanley's hand towards his revolver.

"Now, Ive just one thing more to say to you," resumed Stanley," and you'd better pay attention to it. You've got to confess all your rascalities right here before us all; and you'd better take care to miss nothing."

This threat was quite enough for the terrified scoundrel, who, having no idea how much Stanley might know or guess of his misdeeds, thought it the safest plan to obey at once, and began the sickening recital of his crimes as eagerly as a soldier relating his exploits.

The effect produced by the tale upon his three hearers was absolutely overwhelming. As yet they knew nothing beyond Valdez's attempt upon the lives of the two lads, the motive of which was still a mystery to all three, for Pat could only tell them that he had been awakened by Charlie with a whispered warning of danger—that he had heard men talking close to them in a strange language—and that, just before the boat was cut loose, Thorne had told him that Valdez was a traitor, in league with Mbazu, and that Mr. Goodman must be warned cfit at once.

But now they learned for the first three had been any kent he had heard men talki

But now they learned for the first time that for more than two years past they had been protecting and befriending the most viliainous spy and tool of the slave hunters, his pretended betrayal of them being part of the plot; that the sanguinary and devastating raids, which Stanley justly called "the curse and ruin of the whole country," had been systematically aided, and in many cases actually planned, by the man who now stood before them; that even during their recent voyage up the Congo he had repeatedly communicated, by means of the native followers who accompanied him, with their worst enemy, Mbazu, the very life and soul of the local slave trade; that, but for Charlie's detection of him and its unexpected results, he would unquestionably have betrayed Nkosi's whole party into the hands of the Fire King; and that the damaging of the steam launch's But now they learned for the first time that and that the damaging of the steam launch's machinery was no accident, but the deliberate act of the Portuguese himself, as the readiest means of getting rid of Stanley's sleepless vigilance.

ance. With every word of these hideous confessions the amazement and horror of the listeners rose higher and higher, till at last they could no longer restrain themselves.

"As sure as I stand here," shouted Dr. Hardhead, springing to his feet, "if it wasn't for the chance of getting back poor Charlie, I'd vivisect you!"

said old Nkosi, stepping forward with an ominous gleam in his fierce eyes, which boded no good to the spy and accomplice of the man who had killed his only son.

"Let him be for the present," replied Stanley; "we haven't done with him yet."

And then he proceeded to cross question the culprit, and to sift his statements in every possible way, watching keenly for any contradiction or confusion. But nothing of the kind appeared, and the three judges were forced to conclude that for once in his life Valdez had spoken the truth.

peared, and the three judges were forced to conclude that for once in his life Valdez had spoken the truth.

But although he had actually done so, he had not spoken the whole truth even now. Wishing, at all hazards, to avoid Mbazu's vengeance, and confident that on that point there could be no proof against him, he contrived to make it appear that the Fire King's sole object had been the surprise of Nkosi's party and the kidnaping of the two lads, whereas Mbazu was at that very time preparing another exterminating foray against the villages on the northern bank of the Middle Congo, having received from Valdez, during that part of their talk which had passed before Charlie awoke, all the information necessary for enabling him to attack them at a disadvantage.

The examination being over, Valdez was led back to his place of confinement; but Stanley, while sparing his life for the present, fully redeemed his promise of rendering the villain powerless for any farther mischief.

The very next day was a great market, or, as the natives called it. "Selling day," at the vij.

powerless for any farther mischief.

The very next day was a great market, or, as the natives called it, "selling day," at the village where our friends were quartered; and men came flocking in with their produce from every tribe for miles round, till several thousand people were assembled.

Just when the crowd was at the thickest, Stanley brought out the Portuguese, bound with ropes of twisted grass, and leading him into the midst, bade all the different claus look well at him, and beware of him as a traitor and an enemy, who had helped the slave huntres to steal their children, and had brought in the terrible Mbazu to destroy their brothers higher up the river.

the river.

The effect of this sudden disclosure upon The effect of this sudden disclosure upon such men was naturally tremendous. The air rang with yells and curses, spears and knives were brandished on every side, and had not the prisoner been promptly removed, his treacheries would have ended there and then. Even as it was, there appeared little doubt that should the wretch ever show himself in that district again, he would do so at the cost of his life. "Now," said Stanley, "even if he should contrive to slip through our fingers (which isn't very likely, I think) his claws are clipped so far as this district's concerned, and I'll send up the river tonight a few men whom I can trust, to warn the higher villages about him. So now, Goodman, we have our hands clear to set about finding out what's become of poor Charle."

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-ISY. He can get you any number you may

## THE ROMANTIC SIDE OF THE OVSTER

ALTHOUGH the diamond is the most intrinsically valuable of all the precious stones, there is none whose origin is so romantic as that of

Some interesting facts regarding this gem of mysterious creation are given in a late number of a London magazine.

The pearl is simply a secretion of the common substance, carbonate of line, which is drawn in by the oyster from the water and employed, nixed with some fluid proper, and along with some extremely thin, almost transparent membrane, in forming the lining of its shelf. What is called the mantle of the bivalve is the medium of this secretion. The peculiar nacreous luster, the soft, shimmering, subdued gleam, is caused by these being laid on alternately in exceedingly thin layers in slow succession: these layers not being absolutely smooth, but having a gentle, almost unnoticeable series of waves or undutations, which are easily detected by scientific instruments, and are invariably present. This is so certain, says a good authority, Mr. Hugh Owen, that "a similar nacreous luster has been produced on buttons by engraving a steel die with a diamond point in a regular series of undulating lines, and then striking the button as a coin would be struck."

The gera is due either to some wound, which throws off osseous particles, or to some irritating substance, such as a grain of sand, finding its way within the shell against which the

The geal is due either to some wound, which throws off osseous particles, or to some irritating substance, such as a grain of sand, finding its way within the shell, against which the oyster fortifies itself by wrapping it round in layer after layer of the same substance as that with which it lines its shell. In the center of every pearl, it is said by scientific men, there will be found in cutting it some such particle as this,

will be found in cutting it some such particle as this.

The creature thus translates the cause of its pain or discomfort into a beautiful object which has given rise to many fine thoughts and images, and none, perhaps, is finer than that of Jean Paul Richter, the great German romance writer, when he says: "Afflictions and disappointments to the true character are only means to its beautifying and perfecting, as the oyster, when it is injured, closes the wound with a pearl."

"What shall we do to him, Bula Matari?"

The knowledge of this fact has led to no end of ingenuity in introducing particles of various

kinds within the shell of the bivalve. The Chinese perhaps have outstripped all others in this clever device. They introduce minute images of their gods, and grotesque figures of animals, into the open shell of the Chinese mussel, which after a certain time are found coated over with the secretion we call mother of pearl, They are then withdrawn, and find ready sale: some of them being of considerable value.

But though much has been made clear regarding the circumstances of production, there are points still unsettled. The bivalves abound, but they do not equally produce pearls in all localities. The most probable explanation is that the chemical constituents of the water have much to do with it, and, of course, they vary indefinitely—not only in different waters, but in the same waters at different times.

Unlike most gems, the pearl comes to us fresh, pure, lustrous, direct from the hand of nature. Other precious stones undergo much careful labor at the hands of the lapidary, and sometimes owe much to his art. Diamond cutting is indeed a branch of art, and cameo carving is a yet higher one. But the pearl owes nothing to man.

This perhaps has a good deal to do with the sentiments we cherish toward it. It touches us with the same sense of simplicity and truth as the mountain daisy or the wild rose. It is absolutely a gift of Nature's own.

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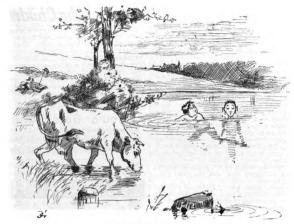
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the curbstone shaking his sides with laughter he was accosted by a citizen.

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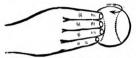
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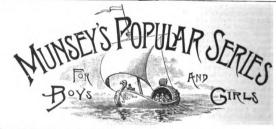
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