

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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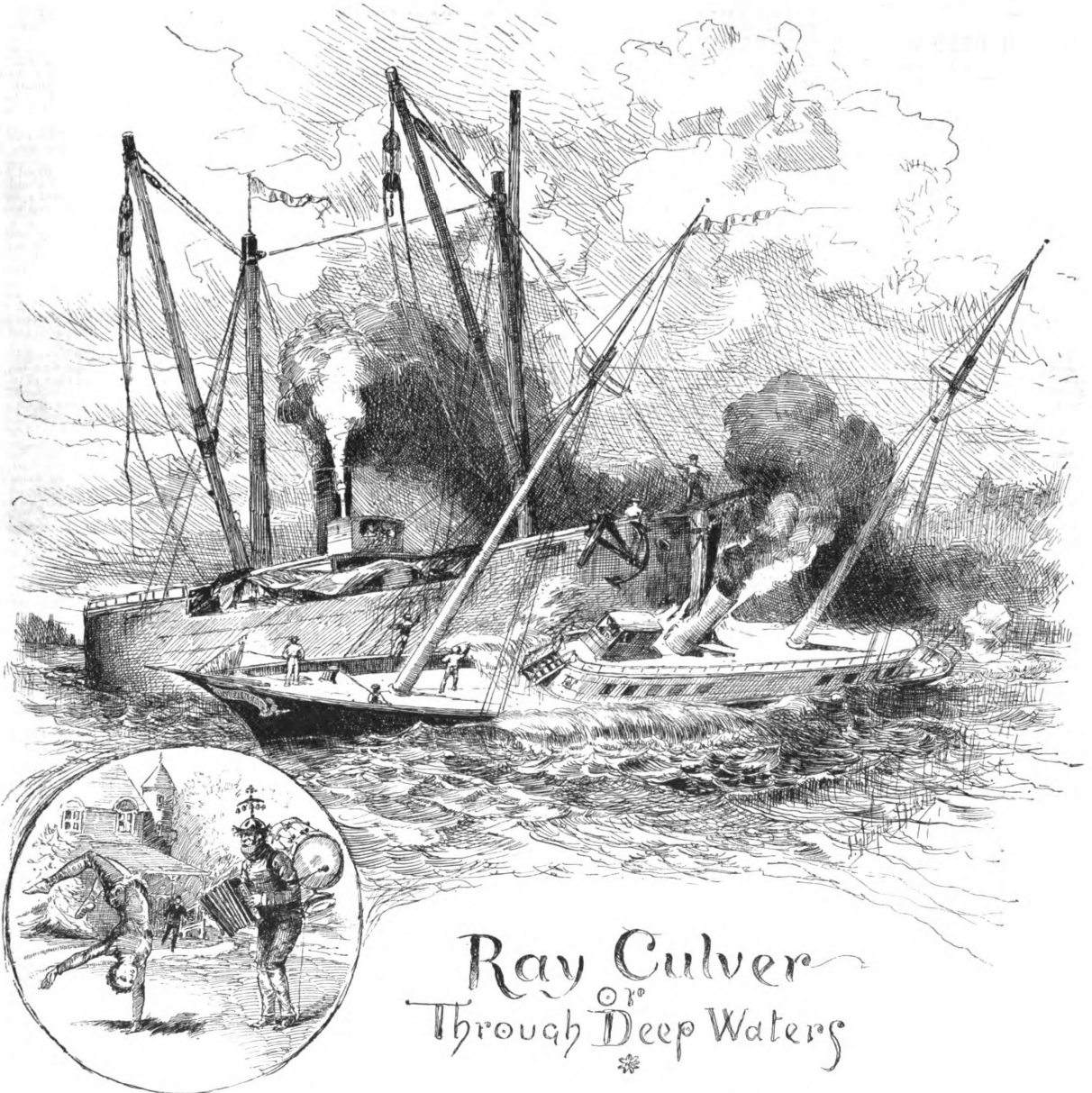
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Ray Culver or Through Deep Waters

THE HEADWAY OF THE VIXEN COULD NOT BE STOPPED UNTIL SHE HAD CRUSHED THE SIDE OF THE IMPERIAL LIKE AN EGGSHELL.

See new Serial "Ray Culver," by Matthew White, Jr., on next page.

AN OCEAN LONGING.

BY WILLIAM H. HAYNE.

I long for the lyric beat,
The voice of the willful sea,
Where the wind is fast, and the ocean blast
Is roaring o'er the sea!
I yearn for the rush of surf,
With its rhythmic stress and strain,
Where the jewels glisten of liberal light,
Are quivering o'er the main.
I long for the island marsh,
The shimmer of drifted sand,
Where gray gulls fly, and the curlew's cry
Is welcome to wave and strand!
I yearn for the soft and slow
In the breath of the buoyant breeze,
For ships at rest, on the ocean's breast,
And the green palmetto trees.
I long for the swallow's voice,
His gush of innocent glee,
Like the under sound of a wave aground
On a radiant run of sea!
I yearn for the ebb and flow
Of the water wide and wide,
Its roll and roar, on the island shore,
And the strength of the tamese tide!
[The Christian Union.]

Ray Culver;

OR,

THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

Author of "Three Thirty Three," "Eric Dane,"
"Camp Blunder," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

FEARFUL TIDINGS.

IT was a suffocating afternoon in September. Even on the shady lawn of a handsome residence in one of Philadelphia's suburban towns, there was but little relief from the torrid heat.

Two boys lay at full length on the grass beside a smooth shaven tennis court, with their handkerchiefs in constant service to wipe away the perspiration that even doing nothing brought out on them.

"You can't play a day like this, Ray," said the younger of the two, a boy of about eleven, with just enough of resemblance to the handsome lad he addressed to suggest to a stranger that they might be brothers, which was the case. "It's exactly the sort of weather it was in a story I was reading the other day. Two brothers had some fellows to play tennis with them, the same as we are now, and it was too hot to do anything but loiter about on the grass. Then all of a sudden came a telegram that their father was dead."

"What sets you to making such cheerful comparisons, Clifford?" returned the other, snatching up a racket to make a slap at a horsefly that had been buzzing within an inch of his Roman nose. "There goes that telephone bell! Perhaps it's a message from the Drakes to say they won't come."

Ray Culver rose to his feet and started at a half run across the grass to the house.

Clifford turned lazily over on his side and looked after the boy as he disappeared into the library, which opened on the piazza nearest the tennis ground, saw him take down the ear piece of the telephone, and then put his mouth to the instrument.

"I'll watch Ray's face, and see if I can make out from his expression just what he hears," said the younger boy, leaning over to an easy position on his elbow, plucked a long grass blade to draw back and forth between his white teeth, and fixed his gaze on the library window.

He had sharp eyesight, and the next minute not only saw his brother half reel and clutch at the curtains, but also noted how the color all fled from his face.

"What's the matter, Ray?"
"Clifford sprang to his feet, oblivious of the heat—all else save that look of horror on his brother's face. He dashed across the lawn, up the steps, and plucked Ray by the arm of his red and white striped tennis jacket."

"Tell me, Ray," he cried, "what has happened? You wouldn't look like that just because the Drakes couldn't come."

Ray made an imploring gesture for silence with his free arm, then resolutely across his younger brother's shoulder in a half caress, of which the boy did not understand the meaning until afterwards.

"Yes, I'll be at once. Where to?"
Ray's voice sounded as if it belonged to another person. Clifford looked up at him with a great fear in his wide open eyes.

"Is it anything about the yacht—papa and mamma?" he whispered.

Ray wanted to call through the telephone, "Yes, in twenty minutes," then dropped into the arm chair that stood between the windows, pulling his brother down to a seat on his lap for half a second.

Ray whispered something in his ear, but both arms about him for an instant, then, leaving the younger boy with his face buried in the cushions of the chair, hurried out of the house and over the grass to the gateway, looking at his watch as he ran.

Down the quiet, shaded avenue he sped, and as he neared the pretty, vine covered station at the foot of it, a train slipped up, giving Ray just time to board the last car.

Flustered, breathless, humming faintly with a heat that he did not feel, he sank into the cor-

ner seat and tried in vain to realize that he was the same Ray Culver who, eight minutes before, had been lying on the grass, fanning himself with his flannel cap, with not a care in the world but the heat of the day.

The train rushed on, and the country side looked no different from usual. There were no evidences of an earthquake shock having spread its devastating traces over the landscape, such as Ray felt dumbly ought to be the case. The earth he had straddled in his own life so swiftly, without a moment's warning, was so terrible that it seemed to the boy as if he could not contain it all himself—as if nature must suffer with him.

The people about him were chatting on the every day affairs of life. The car was filled with ladies going in to do an afternoon's shopping. It seemed heartless in them to be so cheerful, and to nod merrily to friends at the various stations, while he, who the very last time he had gone over this road, but two days previous, had been in companionship with those who nevermore would bear him company on earth.

The Culvers were comparatively new comers to D'Dulow, so that as yet they had not many acquaintances among those that traveled on the road. Yet, as Mr. Culver had rented the handsomest place in the town, drove the highest stepping horses, and was credited with having the largest bank account of any of its residents, a great number of them knew him and his family by sight.

"I wonder if they have heard?" Ray asked himself, as once in a while he noticed some one casting a glance towards him.

Then his thoughts, with the swift flights that they always take at such times, went back to Clifford.

"Poor little chap!" he muttered, "It will be even harder for him than for me."

He had his handkerchief out, wiping the perspiration and cinders from his face as the cars ran into the Broad Street Station, and in the act he caught sight of himself in the mirror between the windows. He had forgotten till then that he had on his red and white "blazer." He shivered as he looked at its reflection in the glass and realized its incongruity with the errand on which he was bound.

Then with a rush the one great crushing fact swept back upon his mind, and it was only by a series of the most powerful self-control acquired when he was training with the boating crew at school, that he kept himself from breaking down utterly, and making a scene in the car.

He hurried out of the station and boarded a Market Street cable car, the regular tinkle of whose bell, attached to one of its wheels, sounded like a dirge in his ears. His destination was a lawyer's office in one of the large buildings on Chestnut Street, in the neighborhood of Independence Hall, so that the ride was a long one.

But it came to an end at last, and Ray sprang off the car, dimly conscious that many glances were being cast at him. He had forgotten for city wear—as he made his way to the rear platform.

On reaching the number which had been given him through the telephone, he entered the lofty doorway and paused to find the name he wanted in the directory of tenants, chiseled in gilded letters on either side of the marble corridor.

He ran his eyes rapidly over the extensive list on the right, then turned to the left, and near the bottom rested them on the name and number: "Gordon Tresham, 21." Then he hurried on to take the elevator to the sixth floor.

He had never happened to meet this Mr. Tresham, his father's lawyer, and as the elevator ascended, Ray wondered what sort of a man he would prove to be. He knew that he was the junior member in the firm of Greenleaf and Tresham, and that, until Mr. Greenleaf's death a few months before, Mr. Culver's dealings had been principally with that partner, whom Ray knew very well, and thought a very pleasant old gentleman.

"I hope Mr. Tresham will be like him," the boy said to himself, as he advanced down the passage way pointed out by the elevator attendant.

On the door at the end of it were the words:

LAW OFFICES OF

GORDON TRESHAM,

the latter name standing out very prominently by reason of the freshness of its gilding.

A clerk in his shirt sleeves was fanning himself with a page of the brief he was engaged in copying when Ray entered. But he was evidently expecting him, for he pointed to a door on the right, and in a tone of sepulchral gravity said, "You will find Mr. Tresham in there."

Ray bowed and entered the private office.

CHAPTER II.

MR. GORDON TRESHAM.

"MY poor, dear boy!"

Mr. Tresham had advanced to the doorway, where he met Ray, and he had a hand lightly on his shoulder.

It was a very white hand, much whiter than Mr. Tresham's face, which seemed to be affected by permanent sunburn. But he was young, and otherwise rather good looking, with a small yellow mustache, carefully trained, and hair of the same color, parted scrupulously in the middle.

He wore a white vest, a gray Norfolk jacket

of some light material, and a pink and white striped tie, made up into a bow knot, under his bicorne collar, which "humidity" had not dared to wilt.

All these details of costume and appearance Ray took in, half mechanically, in the brief pause that followed his entrance, at the same time feeling that he had expected and hoped Mr. Tresham would be altogether different than this. "Here rest yourself on this lounge, and take this fan," Mr. Tresham began bustling about the office in a manner that was evidently not usual with him. He pushed a leather covered lounge toward Ray, and when he had given the latter a fan, called out to the clerk:

"Jordan, a glass of water, if you please."

Then, turning to Ray, he went on: "This is a terrible affliction, my poor young friend."

Ray buried his face in his hands. Somehow he hated to look at this man when he talked of the great grief that had befallen him.

"Tell me all," he said, softly, after an instant.

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melted at once, and took the hand, the other extended to him. Then, after a moment's silence, except that Tresham said something in the corridor about ordering some mourning, Ray thanked him, gave him a few directions, and neither spoke again until they were in the cab, rattling over the Chestnut Street pavement in the direction of the Delaware.

The reason I wish you to make a personal search, then began Mr. Tresham, "is simply because the only will of which I have any knowledge, practically disinherits you."

As the lawyer made this announcement, he cast his eyes solemnly down towards the feet of the hansom, but a sharp observer might have detected that a corner gaze was directed from each of them towards Ray's face.

But the latter was so astonished by the statement that he was incapable of betraying any feeling in the matter, beyond a mechanical repetition of the words in a questioning tone, as though they conveyed no meaning to him.

"Practically disinherits," he repeated, daintily wiping the perspiration from his brow with a first handkerchief, which he shook out of its folds with a little flourish of the hand, on which a diamond sparkled. "According to the terms of this will, everything of which your father possessed goes to—his eldest son."

"But," went on Mr. Tresham, "I have explained involuntarily, turning his front blue eyes to you, on his companion. "What do you mean, Mr. Tresham? I don't understand at all."

The merest shadow of a smile lurked in the corners of the young lawyer's mouth, beneath the irreproachable upward curl of his white mustache ends. It was strangled in its birth, however.

"Pardon me, my dear boy," he said slowly, "You are your mother's oldest son, but not your father's."

As he spoke, Mr. Tresham lifted his right hand to rest it softly on Ray's shoulder, as if by this outward sign of personal sympathy to break the force of the blow his own words were to deal.

Ray turned half around in his seat with a suddenness of movement that threw the hard off his shoulder, and exclaimed, with more spirit in his voice than it had had at any one since that momentous message through the telephone. "How comes it that you are telling me, Mr. Tresham? How comes it that you know so much about these matters, and how can I be my mother's oldest son, and not my father's?"

"Simply because your father married twice," the words came softly, yet with terrible distinctness through the white cover of the lawyer, who had himself turned so as to meet his companion's glance with a full one of his own.

Ray sank back into his corner of the cab, closed his eyes, and leaned his head against its side.

But it was not of the inheritance possibly lost to him he was thinking. He felt hurt, stung by the fact that this man should know more of his father's private life than he, the son, did.

"And the only will of which we have any knowledge," pursued the lawyer, "devises all property of which he may die possessed to the son of this first marriage. Now do you see why I was anxious that you should search for yourself to see if any change had been outlined in any shape or form? But here we are," he added, as the hansom came to a halt before a sail maker's establishment on Delaware Avenue, around which a crowd had collected.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE RESEMBLANCE.

THE double funeral was over, and Ray and Clifford had finished their first meal since the house had been deprived forever of the presence of those who had made it home to them.

"Isn't it awfully still and—lonesome, Ray?" said the younger boy, as the brothers stepped out from the large dining room to the corner of the broad piazza, where the hammock swung and in which the family had been wont to gather for a cosy chat over the happenings of the day after tea.

"Shall we stay on in this house, Ray, just we two?" went on the younger boy.

"I can't tell, Clifford, until tomorrow, after Mr. Tresham has been here. Perhaps—indeed it seems very likely that we shan't have anywhere to live, except some place where I can pay for our board."

The boy opened his eyes wide, and leaned forward in his chair to put both hands on his brother's knees and look up into his face with wondering inquiry.

"No place to live!" he exclaimed, "Why, I thought—I thought papa was rich!"

"So he was, but—Clifford," Ray suddenly broke off, to begin again with solemn earnestness, "did you ever hear father, or mother either, say anything about a former marriage of father's?"

Clifford glanced up in dazed surprise for an instant. Then his white brow wrinkled in deep thought, while a perplexed half-frightened look came over his face, as he replied, "Maybe that was what mamma meant once when I heard her and papa talking while I was lying half asleep in the hammock, and I guess they didn't know I was about."

Ray started.

"Quick, Clifford, tell me all you heard," he exclaimed, "Why didn't you speak of it before?"

"O, it all went out of my head, for right after that papa gave me my pony and cart."

"Yes, yes, I understand. Now tell me what was it you heard?"

"Why, Ray, what makes you so excited? Is it so awfully important?"

"Yes, because I may show me that a man whom I distrusted is worthy of confidence after all. Now what was it you heard?"

"Only this, Mamma said, 'Did Philip look like you?'"

"Yes, and what did father say?"

"Why, he said, he said," Clifford hesitated, as if trying to remember the exact words. "Oh yes, he said he was the very spirit and image of his mother."

"Was that all?"

Ray leaned back in his chair with what sounded very like a sigh of relief. Then he added: "Don't you see, Clifford, that that doesn't prove anything? A body said that this Philip was father's son. It may have been his brother."

"But I never heard of our having an Uncle Philip, did you, Ray?"

"No, still that is no reason why there shouldn't have been such a person. He might have died when he was a baby, you know, or a very little boy."

There was silence for a moment or two. The sun had just sunk out of sight and the katydids were beginning to pipe up for their nightly chorus. The eyes of both the boys on the piazza wandered over the smooth shaven lawns and brilliant flower beds, then Clifford said, in a low tone:

"Who is the man you distrust, and do you think he is all right now?"

"It is Mr. Tresham, the lawyer, and I don't know what to think. Sometimes it seems to me that he must be trying to deceive us, but then he has been ever so kind, and whenever I have felt that he has done anything especially suspicious, it has turned out to be to help me all he could."

"It's awful not to have any relations nearer than California, at a time like this, isn't it Ray? I wonder if Uncle James wouldn't come on if we sent for him?"

"He can't afford the money for the journey, nor to lose the time it would take to make it."

"But why can't we pay his way for him? We must have money enough for that."

"Oh, I suppose that could be done. But what good would it do? He has his hands full to make both ends meet as it is, and support a big family, and we don't want to saddle two nephews on his hands besides."

"Then won't we have a cent to live on? What's going to become of it all—our father's railroad bonds and property, and things?"

"Well, this place is only rented, you know, by the month, and all the rest goes to our half brother Philip."

"Who said that was so?"

Clifford spoke with great emphasis, and got up out of his chair to stand in front of Ray, with his hand on the latter's shoulder.

"Mr. Tresham, that's what he wanted me to do down in the city with him for, the day—the day he sent me that message through the telephone. He thought, you know, that father might have indicated on a scrap of paper that he wanted his will changed when he saw the danger, and put it in his pocket. But I searched and could find nothing."

"How does Mr. Tresham know about our father's will?" asked Clifford, with considerable penetration for one so young. "It must have been made before father married Mamma, because I'm sure papa would never have forgotten her and what she said."

"I asked him that, and he said that Mr. Greenleaf told him about it. Mr. Greenleaf knew father years ago before he went to South America, and he says that he had him make it out then. And he told me that on his death bed Mr. Greenleaf cautioned him to speak to father about altering it, as he had intended to do, but kept putting it off from time to time."

"But why do you suppose father didn't alter it himself?" inquired Clifford.

"Mr. Tresham says he is sure he intended doing so, but kept putting it off the way he did getting his life insured, thinking he could do it any time. Go away, don't come here!"

Ray had sprung to his feet and was waving his hand sternly towards the gate, through which a man and a boy had just entered.

The man had a drum strapped to his back, a chime of bells on his head, a pair of castanets fastened to one leg, and an accordion in his hands. He was accompanied by a boy of about Clifford's age, dressed fantastically in an acrobatic suit, one side of it blue, the other red. He carried clappers in his hand, and his clothes were ornamented with silver bells which jingled as he walked.

The man seemed not to notice Ray's impatient gesture, or else refused to pay heed to it, for the next instant he had come to a standstill, and began to play a lively tune with his one man orchestra. At the same time the boy commenced to turn handspins on the lawn with the agility of a squirrel.

Expressively annoyed, Ray ran down the steps, determined to turn the couple out of the place by force, if necessary.

The man stopped his pandemonium on noticing his approach, and called out to the boy, who ceased his tumbling, and snatching his cap from his head, hastened to meet Ray, holding it out in his hand.

"But when within half a dozen feet of him, Culver stopped short as though an arrow had

pierced him. For the face of the fantastically attired boy before him was almost the exact counterpart of his brother Clifford's.

And as the boy came closer, the resemblance grew still more striking, although the expression of the face was entirely different. There was a depth of sadness in the eyes which even the terror of his late bereavement had failed to impart to Clifford's, while the cheeks were thin and wasted, and the blue veins were plainly visible through the deadly pallor of the beautifully shaped temples.

Ray's astonishment left him speechless, so that he suffered the boy to come directly up to him. Not a word did the little fellow utter, merely held out his blue and red cap with such a mute appeal in his upturned eyes that Ray's hand mechanically sought his pocket.

He drew out a silver half dollar, dropped it in the cap, then placing his hand on the boy's shoulder, said softly: "Do you understand English?"

"Oh, yes, I am an American," was the prompt reply, in a voice that was even more like Clifford's than the face was.

"Then please go away at once. We do not want any music here now. We——" and Ray finished by touching his black cravat expressively.

The boy understood, said "Thank you, sir," and putting his cap on to tip it, hastened over to the orchestra man, to whom he said a few hurried words, and then walked slowly, and with much apparent weariness, before him to the gate.

Ray stood and watched them out of sight like one in a dream.

CHAPTER IV.

DISTRUST OR CONFIDENCE?

RAY decided to say nothing to his brother about the striking resemblance the wandering acrobat bore to him.

Clifford had not left the piazza, and at that distance it was not likely that he had noticed anything peculiar about the boy except his costume.

Indeed, Ray himself forgot all about the incident before they went to bed that night. The morrow was to be a momentous day, and his mind had much to occupy it in anticipation of the outcome of Mr. Tresham's search for a later will.

That gentleman arrived promptly, according to appointment, by the 10:20 train, looking as fresh as though the thermometer was not again making a rapid climb of it up into the nineties.

He wore a straw hat, bordered by a black ribbon with little blue figures in it, and carried a heavy silver topped cane, which he twirled from the middle as he walked up the gravelled path from the gate in a manner to suggest the vacuous minded dandy rather than the grave and learned lawyer.

"Beautiful place you have here, charming," he said, as he shook hands with Ray, who had been sitting on the piazza waiting for him.

"This is my brother Clifford," returned our hero, without noticing the other's remark. "He will help us in our search. You know he has been about the house more than I have, and may be able to offer some useful suggestions concerning the best places to look."

Mr. Tresham's smooth brow was ruffled by the merest indication of a frown, but if Ray noticed it, he only thought it more in keeping with the occasion than the man's late jaunty manner was. Clifford eyed him closely, however, and it was easy to see that he was not favorably impressed by what he saw.

"Mr. Tresham's smooth brow was ruffled by the merest indication of a frown, but if Ray noticed it, he only thought it more in keeping with the occasion than the man's late jaunty manner was. Clifford eyed him closely, however, and it was easy to see that he was not favorably impressed by what he saw.

"Please step into the library for a few moments' conversation before we begin our search, which perhaps may not then be necessary. Clifford, you can remain here."

It was wonderful what a change had come over our hero since he lay on the tennis grounds that hot afternoon. Then, in look and manner, he was the light hearted, care free boy, with nothing more burdensome to look forward to than a winter in Italy, studying art. Now his handsome face was cast in lines of deep responsibility, and the tones of his voice were measured and grave.

The lawyer lifted his eyebrows in surprise. It could not be the shock of his parents' sudden death that had wrought the whole of this transformation in the boy whom he—Mr. Tresham—had always considered in the light of a rather shallow, unpractical sort of fellow, versed in the use of his pen and brushes, and, for the rest, bent merely on having as good a time as the next rich man's son.

Now it seemed that he had been mistaken. What did that accented sentence in the boy's last remark portend? Had the lawyer pursued too far on his ignorance of legal and business methods? If so, it was fortunate that he had discounted this very thing—as indeed, to be the wily, accomplished scoundrel he was, it was necessary that he should—and provided himself with another iron in the fire that would not be easily dislodged.

Therefore, keeping a careful guard over the verses that controlled his conversation, Gordon Tresham signified his entire readiness to grant his young client the desired interview.

"Did you bring that early will of my father's along with you, Mr. Tresham?" began Ray, when they were both seated in the library, one at either side of the flat topped desk.

"No, though I told you that that was filed away among a mass of my late father's

papers that I would not be able to get at for several days."

The lawyer spoke in his usual calm, even tones, raising his eyes to meet Ray's all the time he was speaking. He was, as has been said, a wily scamp; he knew that to have looked at the boy too steadily would have been suspicious in itself; made it seem as if he were trying to draw it out.

"Oh, I suppose it makes no matter," returned Ray, in a tone of well feigned indifference, but watching the man opposite him as a cat does a mouse; "for of course you know, although it seems strange that you did not intimate as much to me, that marriage and the birth of a child after the making of a will, revoke it."

"May I inquire where you got your information?" asked the lawyer, betraying no disturbance, and gazing as calmly at his young companion as though the latter had merely observed that he preferred a cool day to a hot one."

For answer Ray stepped to one of the low book cases along the wall, and selected the volume in the cyclopedias marked "Pan Zym." Placing it on the desk in front of Mr. Tresham, he turned to the final pages, and opening at one on which the word "will" appeared, placed with his forefinger to the following paragraph:

As to revocation, the common law rule was, that a marriage and the birth of a child after the execution of a will revoked it.

"Surely, Mr. Tresham, you, a lawyer, knew that," added Ray, turning to look the dandified attorney full in the face.

"Why, my dear fellow, most certainly I did," was the other's reply, lifting his eyes with a serene smile in them. "And I knew this, too," he added, removing Ray's finger from the page with his soft, white hand, and reading on:

And this rule has much force in this country now, although it is variously modified by statute.

"Yes, I read that, but it surely doesn't mean that just in our particular case the revocation can't take place?"

In spite of himself Ray's voice dropped back into its uncertain, boyish strain. This man seemed so self possessed, so unmoved by this discovery that his intended victim was wiser than he thought! Was it not possible that he might be all right, after all? Besides, how could it advantage him if somebody else besides the two sons of the second wife got Mr. Culver's fortune?

"Why, Raymond, my boy, what would be the good of us lawyers if everybody could find a hole in every single law, by going to the cyclopedias or the dictionary?"

This was Mr. Tresham's question as he closed the book and tapped Ray lightly on the back of the hand with two of his fingers. He paused for an instant, then went on: "I think I shall be able to make the matter clear to you if it comes to that. But I hope that will not be necessary."

He smiled meaningly, and Ray caught at the straw of hope thus held out.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed eagerly, forgetting for the moment all suspicions and theories of his own.

"I resumed the lawyer, throwing himself lightly back in his chair and emphasizing his words by light tapping on the desk with a little silver paper cutter in the form of a dagger. "Since I saw you last it has come to me that your father had several private interviews with my father just before the latter's death. It may be that he being an old friend, Mr. Culver preferred to have him personally, rather than the firm, draw up his new will, and that this instrument he retained in his own keeping. And I am therefore very sanguine of finding it here this morning. Shall we begin the search now?"

For reply, Ray turned to the safe, of which his father had shown him the combination only a few days before his death. While he was unlocking it he called to Clifford, and the boy was at his side in an instant.

The ponderous doors swung back, and reaching down over Ray's head, Mr. Tresham took out a bundle of papers that occupied one of the upper pigeon holes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but from the shape of these documents I should say it was more likely to be among—but stay," he interrupted himself to add, as Ray turned quickly round to look at the lawyer, "I have a book behind that book in the end compartment."

Ray at once transferred his attention back to the safe, and Clifford, too, removed his gaze for an instant from the lawyer, whom he had been narrowly watching, to concentrate it upon the roll of paper which his brother was obliged to make a long arm to reach. But after all it proved to be merely the lease of the house they were now in, and Ray was about to tumble out a set of check books on the floor to search behind them, when an exclamation from Mr. Tresham attracted his attention.

"Ah! I my theory was correct. Here we have it at last," and the lawyer happily unfolded a paper which he had selected from the bundle of those he had just taken from the safe.

It was very short, so that Ray and Clifford were able to become possessed of its contents in the five minutes' gaze they concentrated upon it with the first look. And their eyes dilated and their cheeks paled as they read.

(To be continued.)

A PEEP AT "CENTRAL."

We dare say that many a time when our readers have called up "Central" on the telephone, they have wondered what sort of a place this same mysterious region was. A reporter for the New York Star paid a visit to the switchboard department of the great telephone exchange in its new building the other day, and here is what he saw:

Imagine a huge fence eight feet high, extending around two sides of a large room, with a ledge forming a desk projecting before it, and before this ledge nineteen girls, and you have some idea of this operating room.

Stepping nearer it was seen that the switchboard is divided into spaces, each one being faced by a young woman with a box before her, very much like one of the ordinary telephones, and into this she readily poured by soft, sweet voices countless answers to questions asked from all parts of the city. The carpiece is entirely different from the one in ordinary use, and passes over the head, being held in position by a steel hand. Just above the ledge were a number of small shields, provided with little doors that drop, revealing the numbers by which the different subscribers are known.

Immediately above the little shields is a row of holes, arranged in series of 100, and numbered, representing the boxes in use. Running up from the top of the switchboard is a network of cords and balance weights, whose uses seem puzzling until you notice that when a little black peg stuck in each hole is released, the weight and cord quickly pull it into its proper place on the frame of a long box that projects from the upper part of the switchboard.

Step nearer and you will see the use to which this complicated mechanism is put. A sharp click, and one of the little shields in front of the operator drops, displaying the number of the box that has "rung up" the exchange. Quickly one of the black pegs is pulled down, and the frame of the girl, with but a glance, finds the aperture corresponding to the number ringing, and inserts the peg.

The small lever connecting with the peg just placed is removed, and through the carpiece is heard the questioning voice, perhaps several miles away. A number is called, and the frame of the girl just placed is pulled down, inserted in the hole whose number is called, and the touch of a button rings the telephone bell on the box called up, the entire process taking less than half a minute.

LUXURIES OF THE ANT HILL.

THE ant is undoubtedly the most interesting of the insects so far as its habits are concerned, and Sir John Lubbock, says a writer in the Star, thinks he discovers in some of the ant species an intelligence nearly like that of man than appears in any other of the lower animal creation. They have even fallen victims to some of his vices.

The ant is so celebrated for its thrift and industry that it is used as the symbol of these virtues. But in an evil day it occurred to certain of the marauding families to capture and enslave their weaker neighbors, and for this purpose expeditions were formed, and the ants of the weaker families were captured and officered than theirs, and they are excellent soldiers.

The booty they brought home consisted of the undeveloped young of their fallen enemies, and they these carefully reared. As the little captives grew old enough, they were forced to perform the offices hitherto performed by their masters. They provided food; they tended the babies, and this, among ants, is a very important and laborious duty. Later, they even fed their masters, and carried them about on their backs. This might be witnessed any day in the slave holding communities of the ants.

The ants decline to fight the battles necessary to capture larvae wherever they reach their homes. Slavery, when practiced among ants, has consequences no less evil than when practiced among men. The ants decline to fight the battles necessary to capture larvae wherever they reach their homes. Slavery, when practiced among ants, has consequences no less evil than when practiced among men.

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Athletics and Health.

BY GORDON STABLES, AUTHOR OF "HEALTH UPON WHEELS," ETC.

PART I.



HERE never was a boy yet, I do believe, who did not envy and appreciate

brawn and muscle, perhaps even more than brain. At school I know, when I was a youth, the lads who could strip well by the river side, when we were going in for a swim, were kings of the castle.

As far, too, as my experience extends, pluck always goes hand in hand with a well developed chest and a Highland leg.

Let me see, now. There comes up before my mind's eye, as I write, a vision of days gone by. It is a little lake in Scotland, with birch clad braes rising up at one side of it, and a hill at the other, covered with golden gorse and musical with the songs of linnet and thrush—the lintie and the mavis.

It is a lovely afternoon in early summer, and on the brink of the little, dark, deep loch stand, or squat, seven of us schoolboys. We have been bathing and swimming and splashing and laughing till the very welkin rang again with the glad and gleesome sound of our voices.

We have finished "a Roman race," as we called it, round the lake, and are dressing. We haven't got much on yet, because we have been taking stock of each other's form—measuring legs, feeling arms, trying hard knuckles, and so forth.

But the center of attraction is two boys whom I will call Geordie Rayner and Willie Bruce. Both the same age and height, but Geordie has it in girth of leg and chest, only he is round faced and fat.

"It's all creesh [fat]," Willie tells him, disdainfully, in answer to Geordie's boasts. "You're blawn up, man! You're saft and flozen."

"And you're a cuddy, Willie Bruce; a cuddy [ass]! That's what you are."

Fire flashed—or seemed to—from Willie's eye. He clinched his fist—it was a terribly hard one—and advanced as if to strike.

"Eat in your words!" he cried. "Never! No' for the like o' you!" Willie paused while you might have counted five.

"Man," he said, slowly, "if I were to hit ye your mither wou'dna ken ye! Your saft face would be like a frostbitten tattie! But I'll gie ye a bit o' a lesson!" He tripped Geordie up as he spoke, and next moment had taken him bodily by a leg and a wrist and pitched him far into the dam.

As poor Geordie was half dressed at the time, it was somewhat hard on him, but it was a fair example of the superiority of muscle over fat.

Stripped of this latter useless commodity, Geordie would have looked a "skinny malink" beside Willie Bruce. And in courage the latter was far superior—for, let me tell you, boys, that the heart is a muscle, and if the body is in good form that vital organ will not be far behind.

Can the heart, then, be increased in bulk and in strength? The answer that

is born not only of theory, but of experience, is—it can be so increased in the young, and even in the middle aged.

It has been too much the practice with those who have, or fancy they have, weak hearts to abjure nearly all exercise, and to crawl about as much as possible on level ground. Now remember this, that in all species of athletics I am very much against hard *sputing*, unless, indeed, there may be a race, or something to be gained by it. But *sputing* is at all times dangerous to both lungs and heart.



ON THE BRINK OF THE LAKE.

On the other hand, a boy or man with weakened internal muscularity benefits by plenty of exercise. If he nurses himself too much, and is afraid to walk or run or ride or cycle, why the muscles of his whole economy degenerate into poor weakly stuff.

I have used the expression "internal muscularity" advisedly, because I wish to call your attention to the fact that not only is the heart muscular, but so is one of the coats of the stomach, and intestinal canal also. Now note, please, the effects on the health that must follow want of tone in the muscular tissue of the digestive canal.

Take the stomach first. It receives the food from the mouth, and while the glands spread out on its surface keep pouring in the gastric juices necessary for reducing, by a chemical process, the food to a digestible pulp, the organ itself keeps on mixing and kneading all by means of its muscular coat.

The process is somewhat like that of mixing cement or mortar. There would be no good pouring on water unless you kept stirring, would there? But if the muscularity of the stomach has lost tone it will not keep stirring. The food, therefore, is but slowly and impartially digested; it causes flatulence, sourness, and it ferments and breeds all kinds of

mischief. Indigestion, in some form or another, is the inevitable result, and the victims of it are those same boys who write to the editor to prescribe for them simple remedies for pimples, redness and roughness of the skin, disposition to chilblain, and nervousness.

These boys think we should recommend some medicine or another, tell them that such and such a tincture or syrup or application is a grand "cure" for this, that, or t'other, forgetting that it is the blood making process in their systems that has got out of order, and forgetting these truthful words:

"Good blood from food is made,
But not from physic."

Well, the muscular coat of the stomach being weak, digestion is feebly performed, the blood becomes thin and watery because it is imperfectly fed, every organ of the body loses tone in consequence, the bowels become irregular in their action, the breathing or staying powers are lowered, the heart flutters as it beats out the blood that it seems heartily ashamed of, the nerves are starved, and all kind of trouble, real and imaginary, is generated.

The symptoms of such a bodily or blood condition are not the same in all. Your fat boy degenerates into a bag of unwholesome tallow, spiritless and unambitious; your lanky lad becomes a little old woman in boy's clothes, with all an old woman's whims, and even

Thirdly, I will give you advice about getting strong, and about athletics, so that when you grow men you will be strong enough to roll over a bullock on the plains of Texas with one blow from your fist—more or less.

Now about health. You are young now, you know, so you cannot expect to be very hard. What you want to get inside your veins and arteries is pure blood, and enough of it. I have already told you that blood is made from food, but over eating, or the eating of indigestible substances, will heat the blood and render it impure.

In the remarks which follow I wish you to believe yourselves going in for training. Remember that no boy can safely undertake a course of athletic exercises till he has first and foremost prepared the body for so doing, else he will go to the wall. There is no secret about training, it is all a matter of common sense; but for a boy who does not enjoy robust health to jump up from his desk and begin at once serious work with dumb bells, chest expanders, clubs, or even a cycle, would be very injurious indeed.

As regards food. Fortunately, perhaps, for you, others have the preparing of it, so that you have really little option as to its kind. Still there are a few things you must bear in mind if you mean to train at all.

Breakfast, then, should not be taken immediately after you come down stairs. Out of doors with you, and take a quarter of an hour's walk, or do a bit of gardening for the same time, or longer if you can afford it.

Do not touch tea or coffee or cocoa till you have first and foremost laid in a solid foundation, and do not take much fluid food then. Milk is far better for getting up muscle than anything else. Porridge made of medium oatmeal, not fine nor round, is excellent food, but it must be thick, and not too long boiled. If boiled for half an hour it is only fit to use as paste to paper walls.

Eat slowly, the first part of digestion takes place in the mouth. If you bolt your food you will never get into any kind of training.

For dinner do not have soup, let your food be all as solid as possible, that is one of the secrets of success. Take time to eat, use vegetables in moderation, bread in abundance, only a modicum of salt, a very little pepper and mustard, and no other condiment or sauce of any kind.

Wine or beer of any sort is poison to a boy. Puddings and fruit are good, and so is cheese in moderation. You cannot go wrong if you follow this advice.

Do not jump up immediately after you have done a meal. At all events, a little rest should be taken, only it may be best taken moving about out of doors.

Never eat between meals. Get your meals as regularly as possible. Do not take late suppers, but if you have had an early one, and feel a little "peckish" before going to bed, a lunch biscuit with a little butter and half a tumbler of milk will do good rather than harm.

Do not take tea at all in the afternoon, unless it be a meal. If it is, bread and butter is what you ought to eat with it. Not meat, or the tea will form a tannate, and you may as well eat a bit of shoe-leather.

Fish is an excellent change, but you need more of it than you do of meat to get the same good out of the meal.

A word about the bath. Ablution of the whole body is most essential to health and lightness. A man or boy whose skin is not in good working order cannot be said to live, he only exists. Nor can his blood be pure, for the skin has to carry off from the body a vast amount of impurity which, if retained, dulls the mind, blunts the faculties, throws extra strain on the liver, and creates all kinds of mischief.

Therefore I advise you to tub every morning. You do not require to remain more than a minute in the bath, but you must have a good big sponge, souse the head and face before you go in, then the legs, standing, then sit down and sponge the whole body from each shoulder. Now jump up, and dry with one towel and rub down with another.

In my next article I will finish with the golden rule of health, and go on to boys' complaints.

(To be continued.)

WINGS.

BEAUTIFUL birds have plumage Beautiful thoughts have wings, Stars shine high above the sighs Of earth's vague whisperings. Under the earth's broad bosom Never a beauty lies. But flash burn its way to the rim of day And dash thro' our wondering eyes.

[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 XIV.

DEAN IS ENGAGED AS PRIVATE SECRETARY. "BRANDON," said his father, "I would like to have you call at Adin Dunham's with a note.

Brandon frowned. He did not fancy being employed as an errand boy. "Can't you get somebody else?" he asked. "I wouldn't mind going to any other place, but I don't like to go there on an errand."

"Perhaps that will overcome your objections," said his father, producing a silver dollar. "Thank you, papa, I'll go," said Brandon with alacrity, for he was always in want of money. "Who is the note for?"

"For the boy—Dean." "Oh!"

Brandon's face changed. "Seems to me Dean Dunham is getting to be a person of a good deal of importance."

"What is the note about? If you're going to haul him over the coals I won't mind taking it."

"On the contrary, Mr. Kirby, our guest, is going to offer him a position as his clerk and private secretary."

"And did you recommend him to Mr. Kirby?" asked Brandon, considerably disgusted.

Squire Bates was sharp enough to understand the cause of Brandon's dissatisfaction. "I don't mind telling you confidentially," he said with a smile, "that I don't envy the boy who works for Peter Kirby."

"Then it isn't such a great chance after all?" "I suspect that Dean will be sorry he engaged to work for him within a week. But of course you won't let drop a word to prejudice the boy against accepting Mr. Kirby's offer."

"You may rely upon me, papa," said Brandon with a chuckle.

Dean was reading aloud to his uncle when there was a knock at the door which was answered by Mrs. Dunham.

"Brandon Bates!" she said in surprise. "Yes, Mrs. Dunham. Is Dean at home?"

"Won't you come in? Yes, he's at home."

"I won't stop. I should like to see him a minute."

"Dean, here's Brandon Bates wants to see you a minute," said his aunt.

Dean shared in Mrs. Dunham's surprise. He laid down the paper from which he was reading, and went to the door.

"Good evening, Brandon!" he said politely. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes. I've got a note for you. I happened to be coming this way, and I told my father I'd take it," continued Brandon, anxious to have it understood that he was not specially sent to the cottage.

"Thank you, Brandon. Won't you come in while I am reading it?"

"No, but I'll wait. I think it's short." Dean tore open the envelope, and read as follows in the handwriting of Squire Bates:

"DEAN DUNHAM, I understand from my son Brandon that you are seeking employment, and have no objection to leave home. A gentleman at present visiting me is in want of a clerk and secretary, and would like to have an interview with you. As he leaves town tomorrow, I send for you this evening."

"RENEWED BATES."

Dean felt that nothing would suit him better. He felt grateful to Squire Bates for what he regarded as a piece of unexpected kindness.

"Your father is very kind, Brandon," he said as he folded up the note. "He offers me a position with a friend of his."

"He just mentioned the matter to me," Brandon said indifferently. "I wonder if the gentleman is one to whom I showed the way to your father's house this afternoon!"

"Like as not. I don't know him; I never saw him before."

"Then you don't know whether he lives far from here or not?" "No."

"I wonder whether I shall suit him," queried Dean anxiously. "My father seems to think you will," answered Brandon. "Of course I don't know anything about it."

"I will try to suit him at any rate," said Dean earnestly. "Do you think your uncle will let you go?"

"Yes, it is a fair chance. I've talked over the matter with him and he sees that there isn't anything for me to do in Waterford, and that I shall have to leave town to get a place that is worth having."

"I shall envy you for one thing," said Brandon. "What is that?"

"Because you will be leaving Waterford." "It is a pretty village."

"I am sick and tired of it. There is nothing going on here. I don't see why a gentleman of my father's wealth should bury himself in such a one horse place."

"It isn't very lively," Dean admitted. "I should say not. Why even the circus doesn't come any nearer than ten miles. I shall tease papa to go to New York to live. I should like to live on Madison or Fifth Avenue."

"Then that's settled."

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"Is your uncle willing to have you leave home?" asked the squire. "Dean made the same answer as he had done to Brandon."

"Then there will be no difficulty there." "How soon would you like to have me begin sir; that is, if you are willing to engage me?"

"Well, you can report at French's Hotel on Saturday—day after tomorrow. I suppose you can find your way to New York alone?"

"Oh yes, sir. I have never been there, but I am sure I shall have no difficulty."

"I will give the boy the necessary directions, Kirby," said Squire Bates. "He has a tongue in his head and can ask questions."

"What salary do you expect, Master Dunham?" asked Kirby. "I will leave that to you, sir."

"I am willing to pay a fair salary, say twenty five dollars a month, and your board and lodging thrown in. Will that be satisfactory?"

"It is more than I anticipated," said Dean, quite dazzled by the offer. He reckoned that he would be able to send some money home to his uncle and aunt every month—and thus have the pleasure of making up to some extent for

and he had never got over the impression made on him on the day of the robbery by the long tusk-like teeth of the masked figure.

"Father," said Mrs. Dunham anxiously, "do you think it's safe for a boy as young as Dean to go out into the world alone? He's only a child."

"I'm almost sixteen, aunt," said Dean mortified. "But you don't know nothin' of the world."

"Neither do you or I, wife, though we're both risin' sixty. Dean has got to take his chances. I hope this Kirby's a likely man. What does he look like, Dean?"

"Well, I don't fancy his appearance much," Dean admitted. "He is very dark and sallow, and there's something queer about the eyes. But I suppose he can't help his looks."

"Handsome is that handsome does," replied Mrs. Dunham. "I've heard tell that villains is sometimes very scrumptious in appearance."

"I guess he's all right, aunt. He didn't make himself, you know."

"I wish you hadn't got to go to New York alone, Dean. Don't you think Mr. Kirby'd wait a day, and then you could go with him?"

"I want to go alone, aunt. I hope I'm smart enough to find my way."

"We'll trust him, wife," said Adin Dunham. "He means well, and if he's keeryful he'll come out all right."

At length the morning came for Dean's departure. He bade good by to the old folks, and walked proudly to the railroad station with a bundle of clothing under his arm.

Rather to his surprise he found Squire Bates at the little depot, walking up and down on the platform.

"So you're starting, are you, Dean?" said the squire. "Yes, sir."

"I hope you'll do your duty by your employer."

"I shall try to do so, sir."

"I have indorsed you, and he has taken you on my recommendation."

"I ought to thank you for that, sir."

"I take it for granted that you will verify the good things I have said of you. If you don't—if you throw discredit on me and on your worthy uncle and aunt, why then—" and he paused.

Dean listened to hear how he would end the sentence.

"Then," resumed the squire, "I honestly advise you to stay away, and not return to Waterford."

"I won't come back unless I can come back with a good record," said Dean impetuously.

"A good resolution! Stick to it, my lad."

The train came up with a rush, and Dean got on board. He was a little disturbed by the squire's parting words. Why should he harp so much on Dean's acting discreditably?

"It almost seems as if he expected I would," soliloquized Dean. "If I know myself, I know that I am honest, industrious and faithful. Mr. Kirby won't be disappointed in me, unless he is an unreasonable man."

Waterford was about fifty miles from New York, and the journey consumed two hours. Dean was considerably interested in looking out of the window at the towns along the railroad. But besides this, he scanned the faces of the passengers around him.

Just behind him was a boy about his own age, who after a while leaned over and said, "Come back here and sit with me."

Dean was of a social disposition, and needed no second invitation.

His new acquaintance was a pleasant looking boy of sixteen, with dark hair and dark eyes, and a bright, alert look.

"Where are you going?" he asked. "To New York."

"Do you expect to stay there?" "No, I am going to work for a gentleman whom I am to find at French's Hotel."

"Yes, I know where that is."

"Do you?" Then you have the advantage of me. I was never in New York since I was a very little boy."

"Oh, it's easy enough to find it. We shall land at the Grand Central Depot. You can take a Fourth Avenue car in front of it, and it'll carry you right by French's Hotel."

"Is it far?" "About three miles, I guess."

"That's a good distance."

"It isn't much in the city. I didn't know you had a place. I was going to ask you to join me."

"Why, what are you going to do?" Dean asked in some curiosity.

"You won't give me away, will you?" "What's that?"

"I mean you won't tell my plans to any one?"

"Not if you don't want me to."

"Then I'm going out West," said the boy, nodding impressively.

"You are? Have you got friends there?"

"No, I'm going in for a little excitement. I'm going out West to hunt Indians!" and the speaker eyed Dean to see how he was impressed by the declaration.



MR. KIRBY WAS COUNTING A NUMBER OF \$50 BILLS

the expense which they had incurred on his account.

"Then that matter is settled. Here is a card with my address on it. You will find me at French's Hotel at one o'clock in the day. If anything occurs to detain me, you can wait in the office till I return. My friend Bates here will supply money for your journey."

Dean understood that there was nothing more to be said, and he rose and took his leave. He went home in a fever of excitement, for he felt that he was about to enter the great world of which he had heard so much, and which he so earnestly longed to see.

CHAPTER XV.

DEAN MEETS AN ADVENTUROUS YOUNG MAN.

ADIN DUNHAM and his wife were surprised and dazzled by the brilliant prospects of their nephew.

"Did this Mr. Kirby really agree to pay you twenty five dollars a month, Dean?" asked the carpenter.

"Yes, uncle, and he asked if it would be satisfactory."

"It seems strange," mused Adin. "Why, when I was your age I was workin' for fifty cents a week and my board."

"I get board too, Uncle Adin."

"It's a great offer. And you're a stranger to him too!"

"Yes; he took me on Squire Bates's recommendation."

"I should have thought he'd have wanted the place for his own boy."

"Brandon would like to leave Waterford, but I don't believe he wants to work. It is all the better for me."

"I don't believe in boys' bein' idle, but there's no call for Brandon Bates to work if he can't get to it. The squire's rich enough."

And then the carpenter's brow contracted in perplexity. He couldn't understand why a rich man should take what did not belong to him,

"But what good is that going to do you?" asked Dean, perplexed.

"Oh, there'll be no end of excitement. It'll show what I am made of. I shouldn't wonder if some writer would make a story out of my adventures."

"But suppose the Indians should hunt you?" suggested Dean.

"I must take my chance of that," answered the boy loftily. "If there wasn't any risk, there wouldn't be any excitement or glory."

"Are your folks willing you should go?" queried Dean.

"No, they don't know where I am. I left home on the sly."

"Won't they worry about you?"

"Just at first, but I shall write to them when I am far enough away. They'll be proud enough of me, when they read about my exploits. Maybe there'll be a play written about me. When I get home I shouldn't mind going round, playing in it myself. Have you got any money?"

"No, only my fare to New York and a quarter over."

"Then it would be no use for you to go with me. I'll take money to get out West, and to pay for a gun and ammunition. I shall get that at Chicago, I think."

"Have you considerable money with you?" Dean ventured to inquire.

"A little over a hundred dollars. You see I had that much in the Savings Bank. It's presents I've got from different persons in the last five years. I drew it all out a day or two since, and decided to take a successful manufacturer."

"I don't think you ought to go without letting your folks know about it," said Dean.

"Oh, they would oppose it, of course. They think I'm a baby, but I'm a year older than Daredevil Dick, the Young Hunter of the Rio Grande. I suppose you've read about him?"

"No, I never read of a successful manufacturer."

"I thought everybody had heard of him. I think I'm smart enough to do as much as he did."

Dean learned that his young companion's name was Guy Gladstone, and that his father was born in England, but had come to America at an early age, and was a successful manufacturer.

Guy would not tell him where his parents lived. As their train ran into the depot, Guy said, "I guess I'll go to French's with you and stay one night. I shan't remain in the city any longer for fear my friends will track me."

CHAPTER XVI.

DEAN TAKES MR. KIRBY BY SURPRISE.

DEAN found it to his advantage to have in his company one who was familiar with the city. Together he and Guy boarded a Fourth Avenue car and rode through Fourth Avenue into the Bowery, and later through Central Street.

Guy pointed out prominent buildings as they rode along, among them the Cooper Institute and Tombs Prison. Dean's interest was strongly excited.

"I should think you'd rather live here than go out West," he said in a tone of relief.

"I'm sick of civilization," answered Guy rather grandly. "Give me the wild, untrammelled life of the plains."

"But I don't see what it's going to lead to," objected Dean. "You can't make money out there."

"I'm not after money; I want glory," answered Guy.

"I prefer money," said Dean, "just at present."

They reached French's hotel, and entered. This was some years since, before the temporary closing of this old established house for travelers.

"You'd better go up to the register and see whether your friend has a room here," suggested Guy.

Dean adopted the suggestion, and looking over the record found this entry:

PETER KIRBY, Chicago. Room 107.

"Yes, he's here," he said in a tone of relief. "Is Mr. Kirby at home?" he inquired.

"I will send up and see," said the clerk. "Do you wish to go up at the same time?"

"Yes, sir."

"I'll wait down here," said Guy. "If Mr. Kirby doesn't expect you to room with him, we can take a room together."

"Yes, I should like that."

Dean followed the bell boy up stairs to one of the upper floors. He had never been in a large hotel before, and as he saw door after door opening on the corridor he thought the hotel must be one of the largest buildings in New York. In this, of course, he was very much mistaken.

"That's Mr. Kirby's room," said the bell boy, pointing to 107. "Shall I knock, or will you?"

"I'll go in; he expects me," answered Dean; and, with a want of ceremony which was the result of his inexperience, he did not stop to knock, but opened the door.

Sitting at a table was his employer, with a number of bank bills spread out before him, which he appeared to be engaged in counting. Naturally Dean glanced at them, and his surprise was great when he recognized the denomination of the bills.

They were all fifties! What could it mean? Was this man Kirby the one who had robbed his uncle? But his intimate relations with Squire Bates presented another explanation. The bills might have been received from the

Dean's reflections were cut short by his employer.

With a look of alarm and annoyance he swept the bills together, and turning to Dean, said, harshly, "Why did you come in without knocking?"

"Excuse me!" said Dean, in a tone of apology. "I didn't think."

"It was positively rude," said Kirby, in an excited tone. "One would know that you had been brought up in the country."

"I haven't been round much," said Dean, "but I hope to improve, especially if I travel about with you."

"There is no harm done," said Peter Kirby, cooling down, rapidly concluding that Dean had seen nothing to excite his suspicions; "but I was a little startled when you opened the door. It's dangerous for a man to be seen with money in a large city like this, for there are plenty of designing persons who might seek to relieve him of it."

"I hope you don't suspect me, Mr. Kirby,"

"Certainly not. Well, you left Waterford this morning?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is your luggage?"

"Here, sir," answered Dean, showing his bundle.

Kirby frowned.

"It will never do to travel with a bundle like that. You must have a valise. I haven't time to go round with you. Do you think you can be trusted to find a place where they are sold?"

"I'll find a friend who will go with me."

"What friend?" asked Kirby sharply.

"It's a boy I got acquainted with on the train—a boy about my own age, named Guy Gladstone."

"Oh, a boy!" repeated Peter Kirby, evidently relieved.

"He would like to have me occupy a room with him, unless you wish me to be with you."

"I have no objection; but mind, I shan't allow him to join our party and travel with us," said Kirby suspiciously.

"No; he would not care to. He is going out West at once."

"Yes; he will only stay here one night."

"Here is a five dollar bill. You can take it and look up a valise. Three or four dollars ought to buy one. A small one will answer, judging from the size of your bundle. I suppose you have had nothing to eat since you left Waterford?"

"No, sir."

"You can go to a restaurant and get some dinner. The other boy will show you where to find one. I am obliged to go out on business. This hotel is on the European system, and doesn't provide regular board."

"Shall I take my bundle with me, sir?"

"Yes; you can transfer the contents to the valise when you have bought one. When you return you can put your name on the hotel book, taking a room with this Guy Gladstone."

"Thank you, sir."

Dean descended to the office, and communicated to Guy what his employer had told him.

"I have put my valise in the baggage room," said Guy, "and got a check for it. I am glad you are going to take a room with me. I wish you would join me altogether."

"Then you'd have to pay expenses for both, as I have no money."

"That would be an objection, as I have only about enough money for my own use."

The two boys went out together, but, both being hungry, decided to postpone purchasing the valise till after dinner. They went into a restaurant in Fulton Street, and ordered a dinner at moderate cost, which they enjoyed with great appetite. They were of an age to have a hearty appetite.

"It seems strange to me to be eating here," said Dean. "I never before ate at a hotel or restaurant."

"Your life must have been very quiet," said Guy.

"Yes; but I expect to have some excitement now."

"In what business is your employer?"

"I don't know," answered Dean.

Guy regarded him with surprise.

"You are going to work for him, are you not?"

"Yes."

"And yet you don't know what business he is in?"

"No."

"What are you to do? Have you any idea?"

"I am to be a private secretary, or clerk, I believe."

"Are you to get good pay?"

"Twenty-five dollars a month and my board," answered Dean proudly.

Guy looked amazed.

"That's a pretty steep salary to pay a green boy from the country. No offense, Dean. You are green, you know."

"Yes, I know I am, but I don't mean to stay so."

"I don't believe you will. You look as if you'd learn fast."

"I'll try to, at any rate."

After dinner they found a place near the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, where Dean bought a valise of neat appearance and good quality for three dollars. He adopted Mr. Kirby's suggestion, and, opening his bundle, put the contents into his new purchase.

"Now you don't look so contrived," said Guy.

They turned down Wall Street, looking curi-

ously into the windows as they passed. At once—a broker's office—Dean found something to surprise him.

At a large counter stood Mr. Kirby with a roll of bills before him—the same, no doubt, that Dean had seen him counting at the hotel.

He appeared to be purchasing government bonds, as a clerk passed him several, and gathered up the bills in exchange.

"What do you see that's so interesting?" asked Guy.

"That man at the counter is my employer."

"Humph! I don't like his looks. He seems to have plenty of money, though."

(To be continued.)

THE OLD HAMMOCK.

Soft the drowsy wind is blowing
Bearing perfume on its wings,
And the sound of cattle lowing
To my ear it faintly brings.

Here the sun above is shimmering
On the stubble and the corn;
O'er the window closely twining
Creep the vines that blush with morn.

"Neath the maple's branches shady
Swings the hammock in the breeze,
While the air from distant meadow
Mingles with the hum of bees;

Barrel staves, not costly netting
Woven in with rustic zest;
Large and roomy, most inviting,
Just the place to lie and rest.

Here I swing and dream of Heaven
Lulled by nature's kindly art,
Here I find a restful haven,
For a sad and weary heart;

On my lips the wind's soft kisses
Fainter seem, more distant still
Sounds the lowing of the cattle
In the pasture o'er the hill.

Hum of insects growing fainter
O'er my hammock languor creeps,
While in hazy drowsy swinging
The wind I seem to sleep;

And the south wind whispers sweetly
In my ear sweet lullabies;
While I swing, 'neath maple branches
Closed in sleep my drowsy eyes.

—[Nebraska Farmer.]

[This story commenced in No. 293.]

THE Old Man of the Mountains

OR, THE RAILROAD AMONG THE ANDES.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

A JOYFUL MEETING.

"WE are looking for a lost boy," said one of the party outside.

"A-ha!" thought Rupert, taking down the gypsy's double barreled gun. "I don't think you will get a live boy from here! This thing has come to a head at last. Now it's life or death!"

"He has been missing for ten or twelve days," continued the voice, "and we have just heard that such a boy has been in this neighborhood. I am from Mr. Bromley, the railroad contractor, and the men with me are some of his hands."

Rupert dropped the gun and was out of doors in a moment. Whom should he see there but a company of his old railroad friends, among them the four good fellows who had so faithfully stood by him when all others refused to work.

"Joaquin Morina!" he cried, rushing up to the sturdy Chilean, "can it really be you? And here are Alfonso and Juan and Ricardo! I am so glad that I suppose I act like a fool."

"You are not much gladder than we are, I think," replied Joaquin, who had a real affection for the boy. "We've looked and looked and looked, everywhere but in the right place!"

But the leader of the band Rupert did not recognize, although at the same time there seemed to be something familiar in his face and form. He was a young man with a pleasing expression, and there lurked in his countenance a sort of quizzical smile as he stepped towards

his hero.

"Well, my boy," he said, "you've had a rough time of it, I should guess, and ought to be about ready to go home. I suppose you don't remember having seen me before?"

"No," said Rupert, "not exactly, but still it seems as if I had. I am trying to think."

"But you remember the old duck pond at the back of the house?"

"Yes!" was the surprised answer.

"And the big chestnut tree that you fell from one Saturday afternoon?"

"Yes, I was in it."

"And how the little black pony threw you over his head in the ten acre lot, and mother came running out, and I picked you up and carried you to the house, and—"

"Malcolm! Malcolm!" was the boy's glad cry, as he rushed into his brother's arms.

"The Chians and the gypsies stood in silence, looking upon the scene with intense interest."

"Oh, Malcolm," said Rupert, "how much mother has talked about you, and how glad she will be now!"

We need not detail all that followed. Malcolm was, indeed, the vigilante whom Rupert had met with at Lima, but the absence of the

peculiar dress now greatly changed his appearance, so that he did not look like the same person.

"I am a vigilante still," he said. "I came from Peru to Chili with a good recommendation, and secured a place on the police force of Santiago. Then I saw your advertisement in the papers, and hurried to San Felipe to find you, but I arrived there only to be told that you were lost among the mountains."

Rupert described what had taken place, and told Malcolm how anxious he was that Mr. Orme should be prevented from carrying out his scheme with regard to Isabel.

"We'll see what can be done," said the elder brother; "but first of all you must have a good rest. I wonder that you're not dead! Lie down and sleep, and tomorrow you will be able to start fresh. There's time enough yet, and I think we'll get your man."

"I could keep awake a week longer!" said Rupert. "I want to catch that man, sleep or no sleep. I feel as if Bel were in danger every minute."

"Well, she shan't be disposed of in such a way if I can help it," replied Malcolm. "All that is necessary to stop it is to get hold of old Orme. We have enough against him to spoil his little plan. Why, he's no better than a murderer."

"What could have made you turn vigilante?" asked Rupert. "I am glad you have, though, for now you can snap up these distillery folks whenever you happen to find 'em."

"Well, I was in Waterford. I found myself in Lima with nothing to do, and the freak took me to try that kind of life. Then, when I came to Chili, I took up the same business because I had with me the certificate of character that I spoke of."

"When you saw me in Peru, you knew that I was an American, I suppose," said Rupert.

"Oh, yes; but I don't know the thought of the little brother that I had left so long before in California. I took it for granted that he was dead, and that mother was dead, too, for the paper had said so."

"I suppose you have heard of the strange thing about the diamonds," said Rupert—"how some one has sent back their full value, interest and all?"

"Yes; I read of it in the papers. It was a strange thing, sure enough. I can't see how it came about. If my old enemies haven't given up suspecting me yet, they must think that I'm getting homesick, at least."

"I don't believe they suspect you any longer," was Rupert's reply. "They know well enough it couldn't have been you. What I want you to do now is to go home and see mother once more. You can't think how happy it will make her."

"I shall certainly go," answered Malcolm. "I would have gone before this time if I'd thought her living. Oh, by the way, I've an offer of business here in Chili, but I shan't accept it till I've been home. It comes from a man that you know very well—Senor Martinez, of Santiago. He heard my name accidentally, and asked if I was your brother. I told him that I was, and that I had just found out you were living. Then he made me go home with him, and he wants me to leave the vigilantes and enter his employ in some profitable business. He seems determined to do me some great favor. I can't understand it, unless it's because I am your brother. I like him very much."

"Oh, he is a noble hearted man," said Rupert, enthusiastically; "but he is not happy at all. His son was killed not long ago in a drunken fight at the Chincha Islands. I was there when it happened. Mr. Martinez was all broken down by it; and I don't wonder, for he thought a great deal of his son, and it was terrible to him to have him come to such an end."

"I should think so," replied Malcolm, feebly.

"Oh, you can't imagine what a cave I went through," said Rupert, "while I was getting away from those men after they had shut me up as I told you. But it is a horrid place, too! I came upon a skeleton there—the skeleton of a human being—and there were clothes scattered about, all covered with mold. I felt sick when I saw such things, but I had to go on. There was a watch lying close beside the skeleton, and not far off there was something down in a crevice that sparkled almost like fire."

"O-ho!" said Malcolm, "that must be just the place I would like to see! We'll go there some day and have a good look at it. I shall have to break up that distillery, and afterwards we'll explore further. But do you think you could find the skeleton again?"

"There," said Rupert, "I never thought of that! I got into it by accident before, and it might puzzle me to hit on the same spot again. I was completely lost at the time I found it."

"Never mind," said Malcolm. "I'll make some of the outsiders pilot me. Your friend Antonio would be an excellent hand. I'll frighten him into telling me all about it."

"O, yes! I see! That can be done, can't it? But do you mean to stop to catch Antonio now?"

"No; I shall go right on after Orme, for there isn't much time to lose. You say he has gone out of the mountains again?"

"Yes; I heard him tell Antonio that he was going to Santiago. I think it likely that Bel is there."

"Well, we won't mind anything about the distillery or Antonio, or look for anybody but Orme. We have enough against him to war-

rant his arrest. This last outrage would do the business for him if we had nothing else."
 "And must we wait here till tomorrow?"
 "Yes, you are almost dead for want of rest now, only you don't realize it. Lie down at once and go to sleep. You've kept awake for two or three days and nights, and I want you to make up for it all you can so that you may be fresh tomorrow."

Rupert obeyed the injunction. He took a good long nap that day, and after supper slept all the following night. Upon awaking in the morning he felt like a new boy, and as if he could go on for a whole week without again closing his eyes.

The mules being ready, the party mounted for the ride homeward.
 "Good-by Zavelito! good-by Zuringal! good by all!" cried Rupert. "For the present, I mean. You'll hear from me again if I live, and see me too! I shall never forget the kind people who saved my life!"

The Guitanos, standing in their bright colored garb before the little encampment, waved their guests adieu as they rode away.

The gypsy mother, true to the traditions of her race, had looked carefully in our hero's hand that morning, promising him success; and Zuringa, with a clear, gay laugh, had done the same, professing to know all the lines.

CHAPTER XXX.
 A NOTE FROM ISABEL.

AFTER so many days' sojourn among the mountains, the view of the open country was cheering indeed. It seemed to Rupert, when the broad fields of Chile once more lay fairly open before his eyes, that the world had suddenly grown larger. It was like being let out from prison walls.

Great was Mr. Bromley's surprise at the return of his young assistant, of whose safety he had almost entirely despaired.

"Why, Rupert," he exclaimed, "I can't tell you how glad I am! My men have looked for you till it seemed of no use to look any longer. Where on earth have you been all this time, and what has happened to you that you haven't been able to get back till now?"

"Well, I haven't been chasing those mules all the while," said Rupert laughing. "They won the race the very first day, and ever since then I have been trying to get back to tell you about it."

"So you have been wandering all this time! Why is it astonishing that you're alive!"
 "No, I haven't been wandering the whole time—I've been disabled for a part of it. But how's the railroad coming?"

"O, never mind the railroad! That's all right enough—everything's right enough now that I find *you* in the land of the living!"

"Have you heard anything of Isabel Orne?"
 "O, yes; my friends, the two young señoras, were here this very morning, and they brought a note for you that they said was from Isabel. She had written to them from Santiago, they said, and inclosed the note in her letter."

"A note for me!" said Rupert excitedly, "and you have it here?"
 "Yes, I put it up with a very little hope that it would ever be read by you."

"O, let me see it at once! I think I know what it is about. Her father is trying to have her married to a rich Chilean—trying to sell her for money! And I suppose she has written to me about it, because she knows I'm a friend to her."

The note was a delicate looking thing, very small and brief, as if Isabel had made it so in order that it might not attract attention by giving too great bulk to the letter inclosing it. This is what it said:

"MR. RUPERT OSWELL:
 I write this to you, because I have no other American friend in this foreign country, and because you have been so kind to me. I am in great trouble about something that my father is planning for me. He wishes me to marry a rich Chilean gentleman who is a friend of his, and since he informed me that I must do so, I have cried nearly all the time. I do not wish to marry *any one*. I wish to go home, that is all. Oh, I think he is so cruel! He says I will have a plenty of money and all the fine things that I may ask for. But I don't want the money and I don't want the fine things; I want to see mother once more, and be in my own dear home. Oh, I am so tired of Chile! When I tell him I cannot do as he wishes, he says that I *must do so*. He has set the time, and there is only a fortnight left me now. Oh, what am I to do? Please don't think me forward in writing this, for there is no one else for me to write to in English. I write just a little Spanish to Anita Castanos—very poor Spanish indeed—and I shall inclose this note in her letter. I am with a family named Romanay in the house in No. 44, Calle de Todos los Santos. Oh, how I wish I were home again! I can't help crying as I write this, so that I can hardly see the paper. But I must stop writing now, for I have come to the bottom of my sheet. I know you will be sorry for me. O, how wretched I am!"

"SANTA CRUZ."
 Rupert was moved almost to tears as he read the simple little note, but at the same time it strengthened the hope he already had of being able to assist his pretty schoolmate. He was so glad she had written it!
 "Now I know just what to do," he thought. "I'll know where she is. I'll be in Santiago by the first train tomorrow morning."

In the meantime Malcolm had given Mr. Bromley a brief account of what Orne had done to the lad, and the contractor's indignation was roused to a high pitch.

Our young friend read the note to them, and it moved the two men almost as much as it had done himself.

"The thing is outrageous!" exclaimed Malcolm. "Poor girl! She shall be saved though. I'll have my hands on that scheming villain before tomorrow night!"

"And he can be made to suffer dearly," said the contractor, "for what he has done to Rupert, to say nothing of his cheating the revenue."

"Probably we shall find him at this same house, No. 44," said Malcolm, "and if so I will save trouble. I will go there and inquire for him, but Rupert must keep out of sight."

"Yes," said Rupert, "he would think at once there was something wrong if he should see me."

"I shouldn't wonder!" observed Mr. Bromley. "But then suppose Bel should be there and he shouldn't, what would you do in that case?"

Rupert asked.
 "Of course I should have to let her alone for the time," replied Malcolm. "I would try to get an opportunity of speaking with her, though, in order to give her a hint of what we are doing."

"Now," said Rupert, "suppose I write her a note and you take it with you. Then you can inquire for Mr. Orne, and if he should be away you might find some opportunity of slipping the note into Bel's hand."

"O—ho! I see how it is," said Malcolm; "you rather like this sort of thing!"

"He is younger than you and I," remarked Mr. Bromley smiling.

Rupert felt a warm glow mount to his cheeks for a moment, but his earnest, honest purpose was superior to all else.

"Then she will know what to expect and what to do," he said.

"It would be a good plan," said Malcolm. "It is well to provide for all contingencies. Write your note and I'll take it with me."

"We'll see him tomorrow," said Malcolm. "Senior Martinez and his wife would be glad to have Bel come to them," continued Rupert. "They have told me so. They both felt very bad for her when I told them how she was situated. She might go to their house and they would do all they could for her."

"Oh, by the way," said Mr. Bromley, "I forgot to tell you that Mr. Martinez is quite sick—very sick, I think. He set to know if we had any hope of finding you, Rupert; and he wants Malcolm to come to him as soon as possible. He wants you both, but he was afraid Rupert would never be found."

"We'll see him tomorrow," said Malcolm. "We will call upon him as soon as we arrive in Santiago. Then we'll go about the other business. I am very sorry he is so feeble. He wasn't well at all when I left him a week or two ago."

All were sorry for poor Mr. Martinez, to whom wealth had given so little happiness. How kind and good he was, they thought, and yet how melancholy.

So Rupert wrote his little note, to be used or not, according to circumstances. In it he informed Isabel of what was in progress in her behalf, and bade her keep up good courage, as she had men who would not desert her. He suggested what she should do in case of certain difficulties that might occur, and told her that he would surely be at her side in the hour of need.

This done, he lay down to rest, full of hope for the morrow.

CHAPTER XXXI.
 LOOKING FOR MR. ORNE.

EARLY on the following morning, Malcolm and Rupert took the train for Santiago, which they reached in about two hours.

Here they made a brief call upon Mr. Martinez, and felt very sorry to find him even more ill than they had anticipated. The sight of Rupert was a great surprise to him.

"I had given you up," he said. "It seemed to me quite improbable that you would ever be found here. I supposed that you had fallen from some cliff and been killed. The sight of you gives me new life so far as anything can. I feel as if I would be glad to have you and Malcolm about me all the time while I remain."

He looked so feeble that his young friends could not wonder at his speaking as he did, for there could be little hope of his recovery.

In a few words they informed him of the business in hand, and with deep feeling he told them how welcome Bel should be to an asylum in his house should they succeed in effecting her rescue.

"I wish to do what good I can," he said; "and I have always tried to do so—and since I first heard of this affair, I have taken an interest in the case. I would like to be of some service to the little girl that you, Rupert, have so often described to me. I should be very glad to see her."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Martinez," said Rupert impulsively. "If I find Isabel I will tell her every word you say, and I'm sure she will be very grateful to you."

Leaving the home of the good Chilean gentleman, our friends lost no time in procuring a warrant for the arrest of Mr. Orne upon information furnished by Rupert with the authorities; and with this they sought out Number 44 in the

Calle de Todos los Santos, or All Saints' Street, which poor little Bel had given as her place of dwelling.

Malcolm took with him another *vigilante*, to assist in case of difficulty, but both were in citizens' dress in order that no alarm might be created. As they turned into the street, a gentleman was met who had just stepped from the door of one of the handsome mansions it contained.

"Pardon, sir," said Malcolm, bowing respectfully to him, "will you be so good as to tell me who is the owner of the estate No. 44, a few doors beyond us?"

"With pleasure, sir," was the reply. "It belongs to Senior Ignatio Almada, a very wealthy gentleman."
 "May I ask if he lives here at present, sir?"

"Not just at present, I think. He spends most of his time out of town at a large ranch which he owns at a place called Lago de los Pinos, about twelve miles from here."

"Is he to be found there now, you think?"
 "I should judge so, senior, though I am not positive."

"Pardon me, sir, but could you tell me what people occupy No. 44 at present?"
 "That I am unable to do, sir—perhaps only a housekeeper and other servants."

Malcolm thanked the gentleman, and the party proceeded.

"Almada," exclaimed Rupert, "why that is the very man Mr. Orne was bargaining with—the very man who is to give him a hundred thousand dollars for Isabel!"

"Yes," said Malcolm, "and probably the people who live in the house are dependents of the owner and have their orders to watch the girl and be careful as to whom they admit to visit her."

He rang at the door, while his fellow policeman and *vigilante* stood a little aside, so as not to be seen from within the premises.

A fine looking woman made her appearance, who in answer to Malcolm's inquiry informed him that Mr. Orne was absent.

"I am very sorry," said Malcolm, "as I have something of importance to say to him. Could I see his daughter, Miss Isabel?"

"She has gone with her father," replied the woman. "They went away together this morning. I would be happy to deliver any word you may wish to leave."

"Thank you," said Malcolm. "It is necessary for me to see Mr. Orne himself, or Miss Isabel at least. It is something which nearly concerns them. Can you tell me where they would be likely to be found?"

"I think you would find them at Mr. Almada's ranch, called Lago de los Pinos," was the reply. "Yes," said Malcolm, "I will be married to Miss Isabel."

"Indeed I do who is to be the happy man, if you will pardon me?"

"Senior Almada himself," replied the woman, with a smile. "Miss Isabel is a great deal younger than he, but she is fortunate to get him. He is very rich."

"Yes," said Malcolm, "she will have all that money can buy. She is delighted, so would she know that thousands of women would jump at the chance."

"No, she isn't delighted at all. She is a silly child that would put out her own eyes if she could. Such girls have no thought for their own good. She grieves all the time, but her father knows what is best for her, and she will have to obey him."

"I heard it was to take place," said Malcolm, "but did not know that it would be so soon."

"I think that something which Mr. Orne heard last evening caused him to change the day," was the answer. "I don't know what it was, but I overheard him speaking to Senior Almada about it, and they thought it best that the marriage should take place at once. So it will be, I think, this evening."

"And at Lago de los Pinos, you say?"
 "Yes."

"Thank you," said Malcolm; "I shall endeavor to see Mr. Orne, though I do hate to break in upon a wedding with business matters. Good day, senora."

"Good day, senior," was the smiling reply, and the door of Number 44 closed as he stepped into the street.

"Now we know just what to do, don't we?" said Rupert, coming out from his position. "I heard every word she said. How gossipy she was! But we must hurry matters and make no mistakes. I wonder what they heard that made them change the time set?"

"Perhaps Orne might have heard last evening that you had got back to San Felipe. Perhaps he has some friend there that informed him by telegraph. If so, he would wish to make sure of the hundred thousand dollars as soon as possible, and before you could enter your complaint."

"We mustn't lose any time in getting out to that ranch," said Rupert; "I'm afraid something may go wrong. Just a little slip might spoil everything now that the time is so short."

"We must go out on horse-back," said Malcolm. "It will be a ride of about an hour and a half. I shall take along two or three more men, though, for there is no telling what opposition may be met with, and I am not going to have the thing fall now."

He reported at police headquarters, and two additional men were furnished.

"Shall we bring in Almada, too?" asked Rupert of the captain of the police.

"No; not unless he commits some unlawful act. There is no charge against him. But be sure you don't let Orne slip through your fingers. The government wants to make his acquaintance!"

"And so do private individuals, too," replied Malcolm. "He can't shut people up in dark holes or send them off to be murdered by Indians, and have nothing said about it!"

Then at a brisk trot they rode out of Santiago and headed towards the Andes, among which, in a romantic valley, lay the ranch of Senior Almada, and the little Lago de los Pinos, or Lake of Pines—a water sheet too small to be given on a common school map, but large enough to be very beautiful in the landscape.
 (To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

WE are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such queries as are of general interest can receive attention. We face up the number of queries which will be answered in this column as soon as space permits. About six weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this column.

DECLINED with thanks: "How Sergeant Calm Awoke Camp," "Get Along," "Dorothy," "The Little Paper Sellers," "September," "Mirror Practice," "A Narrow Escape," "An Involuntary Excursion."

NIMBUSMATIC, and others. See articles on "Rare Coins" in Nos. 279, 280.

CHP, Pawtucket, R. I. 1. We believe so. 2. We never heard of the story named.

L. I., Washington, D. C. Read the editorial entitled, "Smoking Boys," in No. 279.

SIXTHED. We must refer all questioners to the articles on "Rare Coins" in Nos. 279, 280.

W. S. K., Wooster, O. Thirteen monthly numbers of MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES have thus far been issued.

I. N. K., Syracuse, N. Y. No, only a pensioned soldier himself is privileged to take up land in the West on special grant.

WEEKLY PURCHASER, Lawrence, Mass. Small cents were first coined in 1856, and have been issued every year since that date.

J. W. K., Philadelphia, Pa. Most certainly it is not necessary to obtain the mayor's permission to organize a boys' military company.

OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, Utica, N. Y. Perhaps the Syracuse boy who served on the St. Mary's was formerly a student of New York.

C. W. KELLER, 673 Adams St., Chicago, Ill. Would like to hear from boys between 12 and 15 who wish to join the 1st Cavalry, Hamilton Cadets, in that city.

A. W. P., Waco, Tex. The notice "Entered according to act of Congress, etc.," secured a right on the paper. See answer to D. F. E. in No. 309. Your notice appeared in No. 293.

W. H. H., Chicago, Ill. We do not disapprove of political clubs, of whatever party, but we cannot insert notices of their meetings in the ARGOSY does not take any part in partisan politics.

J. B. N., Covington, Ky. For a brief account of West Point, see page 452 of No. 277. A slight transient affection such as you mention would not probably be a disqualification for admission.

ABDUL CLAESBACH, of 3d Brigade, 42d Division National Cadets, 372 Adams St., Hartford, Conn., would like to hear from all boys in his State over 5 feet in height, who wish to join the company.

H. A. P., Elyria, O. The vacancies among the second lieutenants in the army are distributed among the West Point graduates. Sometimes, however, there are not enough vacancies to go round.

RECRUITS WANTED between the ages of 14 and 18, and at least 4 feet 10 inches in height, to join the 18th Regiment Infantry National Cadets, North of Pennsylvania. Address H. W. Potter, 359 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

C. A. A., Newark, N. J. We believe that the steamer Oregon, sunk off Fire Island in 1856, had the largest fann of sails ever used in the world's harbor. They were oblong in shape, measuring about ten feet one way by eighteen the other.

SOFTY HAWK, Chicago, Ill. 1. A paper called *The Index and Record* is or was recently published at 76 East 12th St., New York. 2. The Western News Company and most newsdealers in Chicago are our agents—that is to say, they handle the ARGOSY.

F. N., Rochester, N. Y. We believe that game is abundant around Muskego Lake, Canada. It includes deer, foxes, mink, skunk, ermine, and other Northwestern species. There is no law discriminating against American sportsmen. The best time to hunt deer is during the summer and fall.

G. D. W., Trenton, N. J. "Nong parley fronsay" is not a French phrase, and doesn't mean anything. "Non parle Français" means "do not to speak French." 2. The distance from San Francisco to Canton is about 2,000 miles. 3. A horse power means the force required to lift 33,000 lbs. one foot in one minute.

ARGOSYANS. We certainly should not advise a boy of fifteen to go to the West or Northwest to start a sheep ranch. You would require capital, and above all, experience. You say you have a sticky position in a store; this may be less romantic than ranch life, but if you are wise you will stick to it until you are sure you have good opening elsewhere.

J. G. B., New York City. 1. You should add the "F." to your name as long as your uncle is alive, the same as if you had been called for your father. 2. To destroy cockroaches set out a saucer containing a tablespoonful of red lead, another of Indian meal, together with enough molasses to make a batter. 3. Consult your physician in regard to bites.

JACK WHEREVER, Detroit, Mich. 1. It would cost in the neighborhood of fifty cents to send a volume of the ARGOSY from Detroit to New York by express. By mail the charges would be greater. A bound volume cannot be sent by mail, as it exceeds the limit of weight. 2. We will buy a volume of the ARGOSY for \$1.25, exclusive of express charges both ways.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.
 Club rate.—For \$2.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.
 Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.
 The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.
 Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.
 Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.
 In ordering back numbers include 8 cents for each copy. No rejected Manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.
 FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
 21 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

LOGGING BY SEA.

REFERENCE was made in the ARGOSY last winter to the great raft of logs which an enterprising capitalist attempted to tow from Nova Scotia to New York. As will be remembered, the attempt proved a failure, for a storm was encountered which tore the raft to pieces and scattered the logs of which it was composed far and wide upon the waters, to the infinite dismay of navigators.

But the originator of this unique commercial venture had in him the "try, try again" spirit which the legends in the early copy books sought to inculcate. He soon ordered the construction of a second raft, which has made the trip in safety, marking an era in shipping annals. For as logs can be brought to market much more cheaply by floating them down in the form of a raft than by hiring vessels to carry them (it would have taken forty four schooners to convey the lumber recently brought to New York as a tow) it is extremely probable that rafting will be much in favor after this.

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

SUNSHINY TRIFLES.

MORE effective than strikes and lock outs in bridging the gulf between the rich and the poor are the little personal courtesies extended by individual members of the former class to the latter. And these, we are happy to state, are more plentiful than most people imagine.

Only the other day a great New York daily gave generous space to the record of a deed that, insignificant comparatively as it was, and lacking all those romantic accessories of beautiful maidens, picturesque woodland and dashing brigands of the Middle Ages, yet nevertheless showed on the part of its chief actor the possession of all the elements of true knightliness.

It was a hot day and the girl was barely eight years old, but she had a heavy child of two hanging over her shoulder, and two or three toddlers clinging to her skirts, which were eked out with a coffee sack for an apron. The girl's features betrayed too plainly the scant living to which she was subjected to be pretty, and truth compels the additional statement that they were not over clean. Altogether the little company was a most unprepossessing one.

Suddenly the girl's strength failed her. She sank down on the steps of an office in lower Broadway, even her fear of the "cop" not lending her sufficient strength to carry her burden further.

She gave a little moan, and pressed her hand to her side, while her companions looked about them in awesome fear of the stern policeman, with his remorseless "move on there!"

But instead there appeared a gay Wall Street broker, a young man out of whom stock reporters had by no means ticked the heart. He took in the whole scene at a glance, and, stooping over, picked up the baby, for whom he made a bed on the stoop with the coffee sack; next hurried to a neighboring fruit stand, from which he returned loaded down with bananas and peaches "for the crowd," and then left them to rest and regale themselves with the assurance that he would make it all right with the "bobby."

Another instance. A young man identified with a Broad Street banking house, and also a

prominent member of that set of New York's society men sometimes known as the *jeunesse dorée*, was hurrying recently from his office to the Long Branch boat, when he noticed a bare legged street urchin sobbing on the curbstone, nursing his foot, which he had cut in some way.

"Why, what's the matter, sonny? Here, let me look."

The young fellow stopped, and at the risk of missing his boat and with the certainty of soiling his hands, tenderly lifted the wounded member, brushed aside the dirt, made a brief examination, then assuring the boy that he was undoubtedly more frightened than hurt, went on his way.

Who can estimate the value of the impression made upon the natures of those two young persons by such a display of genuine sympathy flashed thus into their hard lives like an unexpected ray of sunshine?

As if the sea could not already produce dangers enough peculiar to itself, it has now taken to importing discomforts that it would seem should belong to the land alone. Not long ago a steamship *en route* from the East Indies to Suez fell in with a blinding sand storm on the Red Sea. It kept up for some eight hours, and was as bad to feel one's way through as the thickest kind of fog, added to which was the danger of having one's eyes put out by the blinding particles.

A NEW STORY, And Eight Handsome Books.

"RAY CULVER; or, Through Deep Waters," the new story which is begun this week in the GOLDEN ARGOSY, is a story of such unusual interest that we are especially anxious to get it into the hands of new readers. Moreover, the author, Matthew White, Jr., is a member of our editorial staff, and we are sure that all our friends, as well as ourselves, will wish to give his latest serial a good send off.

Let every one, then, try to get this week's ARGOSY into the hands of some who have never read it before. You can easily do this, and you shall not do it without reward. We offer you the following books as premiums:

No. 1, "THE MOUNTAIN CAVE; or, THE MYSTERY OF THE SIERRA NEVADA," by George H. Coomer. This is a thrilling tale of the strange experiences of a boy captured by a lawless gang among the mountains of California.

No. 2, "A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST; or, JACK BOB'S QUEST," by Frank H. Converse, tells the story of a plucky American boy, and relates the strange quest that led him to the African coast.

No. 3, "THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE; A STORY OF REAL SHIPS AND REAL SAILORS," by George H. Coomer. This is one of the very best of Mr. Coomer's healthy, manly stories. Every reader will be deeply interested in the adventures of Bob Allen and Tom Dean.

No. 4, "BARBARA'S TRIUMPHS; or, THE FORTUNES OF A YOUNG ARTIST," by Mary A. Denison, is a pathetic and delightful tale.

No. 5, "NUMBER 91; or, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK TELEGRAPH BOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam, is an extremely dramatic and interesting story of life in the great city.

No. 6, "JACK WHEELER; A STORY OF THE WILD WEST," by Captain David Southwick. A spirited and stirring narrative of life among the ranchmen and the Indians on the great prairie.

No. 7, "THE MYSTERY OF A DIAMOND," by Frank H. Converse, is another striking story. The strange adventures of the hero, Roy Cole, and his clever efforts to trace the missing jewels, are told in this popular author's best style.

No. 8, "THE YOUNG ACROBAT OF THE GREAT NORTH AMERICAN CIRCUS," by Horatio Alger, Jr. One of the best works of this famous writer for young people.

These premium books are very neat volumes, including only the best stories of standard authors, and at least equal in every respect, except the binding, to the ordinary \$1.25 books.

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You can order the extra papers from your newsdealer, or you can get them direct from this office by sending six cents for each paper.

RUFUS BLODGETT.

United States Senator from New Jersey.

THOSE of our readers who take an interest in politics, as every citizen or future citizen should, no doubt remember the prolonged contest which took place last year in the New Jersey Legislature over the choice of a United States Senator. Mr. Blodgett, who finally received a majority of the votes, was previously little known outside of his own State, and his election to the "most august legislative body in the world" surprised many observers, who turned with interest to inquire what manner of man the new Senator might be.

His record, private and public, is a good one. He is among the many practical railroad men whose rise from a humble position has been noted in THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. Like Vice

President Reed of the New York and New Haven, the late President Rutten of the New York Central, and others who are now at the head of great systems of transportation, Mr. Blodgett worked his way to success from his start as a day laborer.

He was born in Dorchester, New Hampshire, on the 9th of November, 1834. His name has frequently been printed Rufus W. Blodgett, but he was christened Rufus, without any additional cognomen. The extra initial, like those of Senators Preston B. Plumb of Kansas, and Henry B. Payne of Ohio, is an unauthorized interpolation.

Mr. Blodgett was apprenticed to a machinist, and, after serving his time, worked at his trade in New Hampshire for several years. Then he removed to New Jersey, and obtained employment with the New Jersey Southern Railroad company—now merged in the Philadelphia and Reading.

It was in the service of this corporation that he gradually worked his way up in the world, rising in the course of time from machinist to superintendent. Then, a few years ago, he was appointed to a similar position as manager of the New York and Long Branch Railroad, over which the Pennsylvania and New Jersey Central companies run trains by a mutual agreement.

Mr. Blodgett has taken a prominent part in New Jersey politics for the last ten years. He resided for a long time at Manchester, in Ocean County, which he was elected to represent in the State Assembly in 1878. He was re-elected for the two following years, and devoted himself energetically to his duties as a legislator. A measure which he was mainly instrumental in passing was the law which fixes the legal rate of interest in the State at six per cent, with forfeiture of the entire interest as the penalty for usury.

In 1880 Mr. Blodgett was a candidate for the State Senate from Ocean County, but missed election by a very narrow majority. Four years later, his influence with the party, and his talent for management, were recognized in his appointment as chairman of the New Jersey Democratic committee. In 1886 his friends sought to bring him forward for the office of Governor of the State; but the nomination went to Robert S. Green, the present executive.

Last year, as already mentioned, when the term of United States Senator Sewell expired, there was a long contest in the New Jersey Legislature over the selection of his successor. The opposite political parties were almost

evenly matched, and the Democrats could not secure a clear majority for their candidate, Ex Governor Leon Abbott. Ballot after ballot was taken in vain, till at length the Republicans, finding that they had no chance of electing their own nominee, voted solidly for Mr. Blodgett as a man who, though politically an opponent, yet commanded their confidence; and the votes of two or three independent Democrats gave him his seat in the Senate.

Senator Blodgett's home is now in Long Branch, the famous watering place. In the Senate, he does not rank high as an orator, but has gained a good reputation as a clear headed and business-like legislator. Physically he is remarkable as the tallest and finest specimen of manhood in that august assembly. "When he sits in his seat," remarked the facetious Wash-



HON. RUFUS BLODGETT.
From a Photograph by Bell.

ington correspondent of a New York paper, "you think he is standing, and when he begins to get up it reminds you of the unrolling of a fishing reel. He rises and rises until he overtops the Senate in the majesty of his six feet four inches, and as he talks with Mr. Spooner of Michigan, who is the shortest man in the Senate, it makes one think of Jack the Giant Killer in the presence of one of his foes."

Most of the published portraits of Senator Blodgett have represented him as wearing a full beard. This, however, like his middle initial, is an embellishment which he owes to an over generous public, as will be seen by a glance at the excellent likeness of the Senator which appears on this page.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

SHUN DELAYS.

SHUN delays; they breed remorse.
 Take thy time while time doth serve thee.
 Creeping snails have weakest force;
 Fly their fault, lest thou repeat thee;
 God is best when soonest wrought;
 Lingering labor comes to naught.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

Who dares not speak his free thoughts is a slave.
 He that would enjoy the fruit must not pluck the flower.

To be rich is not to have wealth, it is only to have enough.
 What makes life dreary is the want of motive—George Eliot.

The mill streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places.—Helps.

KNOWING, what all experience serves to show,
 No mud can soil us but the mud we throw.
 —Lowell.

DIE to the old, live to the new;
 Grow strong with each tomorrow.
 —Gorkh.

We want characters that will stand temptation,
 and not snap asunder under the sudden pressures of life.

We cannot conquer a necessity, but we can yield to it in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

BETTER to be despised for too anxious apprehensions, than ruined by too confident a security.—Burke.

WORK is not man's punishment, it is his reward and his strength, his glory and his pleasure.—George Sand.

EVERY good act is charity. A man's true wealth hereafter is the good that he does in this world to his fellow men.

I HAVE learned to seek my happiness by limiting my desires, rather than in attempting to satisfy them.—John Stuart Mill.

THE voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Ame. de Stael.

PASSIONATE expressions and vehement assertions are no arguments, unless it be of the weakness of the cause that is defended by them, or of the man that defends it.—Chillingworth.

WE are all of us workers, in one way or another, but how many are possessed with an earnest desire that the work we put from our hands shall be thorough, honest and faithful?

THISTLE DOWN.

The spirit of the summer seems to float
In the frail thistle down that drifts today
Across brown fields with blossoms once so gay.
The wood bird sings his plaintive autumn note—
A sweeter song than poet ever wrote,
Reminding us that winter cold and gray
Waits just beyond the autumn fields alway.
Hasten bright seed and moor each silken boat.

An Adventure with a Gorilla.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

It would require a long search through the animal kingdom to find an uglier looking creature than the gorilla. The bravest hunter might well shrink on meeting this frightful ape in the depths of the African jungle, especially when he knew the gorilla to possess prodigious strength and activity, and to be absolutely untamable in his ferocity.

The gorilla, when full grown, lacks but two or three inches of six feet in height. The skin is of coal black color. This, however, makes itself apparent only on the face, chest and palms of the hands, which are uncovered by the iron gray hair, two inches long, which envelops the rest of the body. The hair is quite dark on the arms, and rather odd, it grows upward on the forearm and downward on the main arm.

A look straight in the face of the gorilla will startle any one. The small, restless, piercing eyes glitter viciously from beneath the heavy frontal ridge; the enormous mouth, the thin black lips, without any red on their edges, the formidable double row of fangs, the crimson lined mouth, the almost human ears, the short, wiry hair covering his head, the flat crown, and the iron jaws possessing incredible strength, these are some of the characteristics, which, breaking suddenly on the bravest man, are enough to cause him to recoil in fright.

The resemblance of the gorilla to us human beings is remarkable, though much less than that of the chimpanzee, which looks indeed as if it were the famed "connecting link."

Besides the ears, the nose resembles that of a man more than does that of any ape. It has a projecting nose bone, though the organ itself is very flat, and repulsive in shape. Its chest and shoulders are immensely broad; it has no neck, and the abdomen is simply tremendous. The arms reach to the knees and possess a strength almost incredible. The legs are short, without any calf, the knees are bent at the joints, and the back has a forward stoop. It is a singular fact that when running on all fours, the hind feet of the gorilla leave no trace of their contact with the ground. Only the ball of the foot and the thumb, answering to our great toe, seem to touch.

The hand of the male gorilla is immense. The fingers are short and thick, the middle one at the first joint sometimes being more than two inches in diameter. The foot resembles a huge hand, the middle toe being longer than the others. Awkward and uncouth as is this extraordinary creature, its strength and activity are almost marvelous.

The home of the gorilla is in the gloomiest depths of the African jungles. Here are found other formidable animals, so that the savage fellow needs to possess great powers to defend his young and himself from their attacks. The male seems to be absolutely without fear. He never runs before the approach of man, and seems to feel a special ferocity toward the native African. He is always ready for a fight, and is not afraid of the lion, elephant, or any quadruped that may cross his path.

My friend, Jarvis Maggiore, one of the most famous of English sportsmen, penetrated the gorilla country with two companions as fond of wild hunting as himself. He had shot the lion in the hand of the Bushian and Hottentot, and had come within a hair of being torn to shreds by a royal Bengal tiger in the depths of Hindostan.

Being a man of means, Maggiore denied himself no comfort or convenience that money could procure. His companions were equally fortunate in that respect. They were well mounted when necessary, had the best of dogs and weapons, and procured the most experienced guides in whatever section they visited.

The three hunters were accompanied by a dusky native, who had led other parties into the country and who bore the rather curious name of Zigzag; this had probably been given him by some Englishman, and he had proudly adopted it in preference to his own.

Zigzag was an active, athletic fellow, who

also carried an excellent gun, and held the gorilla in more dread than any other inhabitant of the jungles. It was not until he was promised a very liberal fee that he agreed to accompany the trio of Englishmen into the gorilla country.

Three entire days passed without catching the first glimpse of the terrible creature. They hunted with the greatest care, and again and again detected the tracks of the gorilla, which are too peculiar to be mistaken; more than once they were sure they were immediately upon them, but they were continually disappointed, until the party began to feel something like disgust over the repeated failure to find the game which had brought them so far inland. Finally, one morning, when they were on the point of leaving camp, Maggiore said:

"If we don't get sight of one of our handsome relatives today, I shall favor a withdrawal from the country altogether."

"I think it will be better for us to separate," remarked his companion; "it must be the gorillas hear us and keep out of the way."

"But, from what Du Chailu and others, who are acquainted with the habits of the animals, say, the male does not give the road to man or beast."

"I think it is one of them," he answered. Before Maggiore could check his dog, the animal shot forward and vanished like an arrow from the bow. This was unusual for him, and his owner was angered, for it was likely to interfere with the sport he had in mind.

Almost the next instant, a peculiar, muttering roar was heard, quickly followed by a wild yelp of the dog, and then the dead body of poor Captain came flying end over end through the limbs and branches, clear beyond where the two hunters stood.

It fell limp and lifeless behind the dismayed Maggiore, who, in all his experience, had never known a canine to be disposed of in such a prompt and emphatic style.

"It was the gorilla," whispered Zigzag, turning his terrified face upon his master, who did not need to be told the fact, for nothing but that terrific king of the jungle could have slain such a magnificent dog as Captain in that hurricane fashion.

The canine, with more courage than judgment, must have rushed directly upon the gor-

obedience with his life, and there was no saying what the result would be to Maggiore and Zigzag, from the action of the latter.

The Englishman was not alarmed, as concerned himself, but it looked to him as if the gorilla was to be given a chance to pursue the tactics of Napoleon, that is, by defeating the hunters in detail. He had already disposed of the dog and doubtless would be speedily faced by the native with his loaded gun.

Zigzag was probably stung by the reproof of his master, and hurried forward to attack the formidable creature, with less discretion than he would have shown under other circumstances.

He had not passed more than a hundred feet beyond Maggiore, when he suddenly found himself face to face with one of the most gigantic male gorillas he had ever seen. The monster had just slain the dog, and probably suspecting that enemies were close at hand, he was simply waiting for them to appear so as to give him a chance to open the fight.

Instead of thumping his chest and giving out that roar which startles all that hear it, the creature advanced straight upon the native without any preliminary demonstration. He was probably so infuriated that he could not restrain himself a moment before assailing an enemy.

Zigzag knew well enough that when such a meeting takes place it means certain death to the gorilla or the hunter. Planting one foot firmly in advance of the other, he raised his gun to his shoulder, aimed directly at the spot which he knew covered the heart of the frightful creature, and pulled trigger.

He missed! Why he did so could never be fully explained. Less than a dozen yards separated the native from the gorilla, and it must have been some unusual cause which interfered with the former's aim.

Possibly there was some defect in the bullet which made it swerve aside, or it may have glanced against some obtruding twig which a breath of air bent across its path at the critical moment; it may have been due to some other cause, for it is certain that Zigzag could not have missed through any fault of his own.

His bullet nipped the muscular shoulder of the gorilla, who made a couple of tremendous bounds and then landed directly upon the African.

When the latter saw that he had failed, he must have known what it meant. He lowered his piece and began hastily reloading it. He did not attempt to run, for it was useless, as indeed it was to seek to defend himself in any way.

The prodigious bounding of the gorilla showed that it was utterly out of the question for the native to reload in time. As a last desperate resort, therefore, Zigzag seized the gun by the barrel and brought down the stock with all the strength at his command.

It inflicted no more damage than if it had struck the trunk of a solid oak. Before the weak attempt could be repeated, the monster hurled down his hand like a pile driver, smashing the stock of the gun and the skull of the poor native, who sank to the ground with not a particle of life in his body.

No human eye having witnessed Zigzag's fatal encounter with the gorilla, it is manifest we cannot speak with absolute certainty, but subsequent investigation renders it quite probable that the course we have described is the one which he followed.

The report of the gun was the first notice Jarvis Maggiore received of what was going on. Knowing Zigzag to be an excellent shot, he had no thought of his missing his aim. His supposition was that he had killed the game that rightly belonged to him, and he stepped forward in anything but a pleasant mood.

He was horrified when he discovered his dreadful mistake. One glance at the inanimate and mangled body told the truth without looking further, Zigzag had met his death at the hands of an immense gorilla, who devoted in such haste that Maggiore failed to catch a glimpse of him.

It may be said that everything had gone amiss, so far as the calculations of Maggiore went. The gorilla had not behaved himself as was expected, from what he had read and been told about the creature. The animal almost invariably announces his presence by roaring and thumping his breast, and then approaches the hunter in such a deliberate fashion that the man has abundant chance to bring him down.

But, as yet, my friend felt nothing like fear,



THE GORILLA WAS CLOSE UPON MAGGIORE WHEN HE PULLED THE TRIGGER.

"Not when disturbed, but we haven't had much success in running across any sort of game, so there must be something in our style of doing business which they don't like."

"Very well; let us separate."

There were three excellent hunting dogs in the company, the best of which belonged to Maggiore. He was called Captain, and was as courageous as a fighting bull dog.

The company split in the middle, as may be said.

Maggiore, Zigzag, and the dog, Captain, composed one, the other two canines and their owners made up the other half. The understanding was that all should return to camp at nightfall, in accordance with the custom which they had followed ever since penetrating the country.

There must have been some truth in the theory that the party was too large to pursue the game successfully, for, before the sun reached the meridian, both companies had more than enough of gorillas.

These animals, as I have said, frequent the gloomiest depths of the jungle, and it is impressive indeed, even to the bravest hunter, when he stealthily picks his way through these almost impenetrable forests, expecting every moment to come upon one of the terrible monsters who fears him not and who will attack him with scarcely a hesitation.

It lacked yet considerable of noon, when Zigzag, who was a few feet in advance of Maggiore, suddenly stopped, raising his hand and inclining his head in a way which showed he had heard something suspicious, though Maggiore himself had detected nothing.

"What is it?" whispered the Englishman.

illa, which cared no more for him than if he were a kitten. When Captain came within reach of those resistless arms, the monster must have smote him as though he were made of pasteboard. Then, as if in contempt, he had caught up the crushed body and flung it with such fury through the woods that it rose fully ten feet above the heads of the two when it passed over them.

Maggiore saw that Zigzag was scared, though he strove hard to conceal it. The fact caused my friend to feel impatient, for, knowing the native to be armed as well as himself, he could not admit there was cause to be frightened at anything which tramps forest or jungle. A marksman, cool and collected, ought to be able to bring down any quadruped of the wilderness, from an elephant to a squirrel.

Maggiore spoke sharply to Zigzag, who made some answer in his own tongue which my friend did not understand. Then, without any explanation of his purpose, he stepped forward, disappearing almost as abruptly as did the dog a few minutes before.

It cannot be said that Maggiore was pleased in the least with this style of conducting business. His dog had paid the penalty of dis-

though the sight of the lifeless guide was enough to disturb the nerves of any one. He simply examined his gun to see it was all right and then he scrutinized the ground. There was the trail, so distinct that the eye could not be deceived. He noted the direction it took, and began cautiously following.

Determined not to be taken by surprise, Maggioro advanced with as much stealth as an American Indian. Looking in advance, and right and left, he had gone only a couple of rods, when he was startled by the shrieking and crying of a female gorilla, who had espied the hunter first and went scampering away to give the alarm to her mate.

This female had a small baby, which was nursing at her breast at the moment she described the danger. She went running and half leaping in an uncouth but rapid manner, paying no attention to the life she was in danger, for there was no cause for doing so. The baby threw its arms about its mother's neck and held on with such tenacity that there was no shaking it off.

Maggioro brought his gun to his shoulder and was in the very act of pulling the trigger, when he reflected that the male must be somewhere, and he was at hand, and he was the one who was to be feared rather than this female which was making such haste beyond sight.

So it proved. The Englishman had scarcely lowered his weapon when the male, the one who had slain the dog and the native but a short time before, put in an appearance.

He came from the depth of the jungle, announcing his approach by that diabolical roar to which I have referred and by pounding his chest with a vigor that gave a sound as if made by a bass drum. He was erect, but his walk was very awkward, being, in fact, a waddle. "I wonder how the female got her self possession," said Jarvis, in relating the incident to me, "for imagination alone cannot picture the horrible sight. The deep set eyes glowed like those of a cobra peering from under a rock; the features were twisted and contorted; the jet black skin was wrinkled into all sorts of creases and wrinkles, as if it were being pulled and drawn up so as to disclose the long fangs and vise-like jaws which are powerful enough to crush an iron gun barrel as though it were nothing but an eggshell."

But my friend did keep command of his nerves. He knew he had but the single shot, which would be the death of one of the two. With a vague dread, as he reflected on the unaccountable fate of his guide, he pointed his gun at the hairy covering over the heart of the monster.

He held his fire for a moment or two, for the gorilla was still advancing slowly and regularly, pounding his chest with utterance at intervals in his atrocious roar.

Jarvis Maggioro stood until the creature was within thirty feet of him, when he pulled the trigger.

That settled it. Despite the formidable strength and great ferocity of the gorilla, he is as vulnerable to a bullet as man or beast. The Englishman saw that the savage was beyond all power of inflicting harm, and then, as the true hunter always does, he reloaded his rifle before stirring from his tracks.

Moving forward, he drew a line from his pocket and measured the body of the fallen monster; it was fully five feet nine inches in height, and one of the most terrible of his kind.

Maggioro then made as careful an investigation as possible into the matter of Zigzag's death. The result of his conclusion I have already given in my account of the poor native's taking off.

When Maggioro returned to camp at sunset and met his two companions, he gave them a full account of his thrilling experience, and they in turn had a story to tell of how they had brought down a gorilla, which they measured and found lacking scarcely an inch of being as tall as the one he had slain.

TREATMENT FOR TICKLISHNESS.

WOULD YOU ticklish? readers like to know how they can make themselves impervious to the attacks of their fun loving companions? A writer in grave and dignified Science gives a very simple remedy.

I was a very ticklish youngster, and my comrades sometimes used that weakness for their own amusement. One day they used to show how little effect tickling had upon him; but one hot summer day, as he was lying reading, I tickled him on the ribs, and he almost went into convulsions. I found that he was far more sensitive than any boy in the company; and he revealed his secret to me under condition of my never telling any one else.

By holding his breath he became pachydermatous, and would let anybody tickle him as much as they pleased; but of course they always gave it up at once when they saw his stolid look. I tried the plan, and it worked admirably; and it is my only resource, even up to this day, for my cuticle is as sensitive as ever.

The deduction is simple: a man holds his breath and the tickler is baffled.

WHEN HE OFFERS BARGAINS.

A MAN went into a provision store in Boston, the proprietor of which was German. "How much do you ask for your sausages?" he inquired.

"Twenty cents." "I can buy them for twelve of Mr. Dobbs." "Yes, you do." "He was all out of them." "Oh! well, I sell mine sausages for twelve doo, ven I was out."

FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.

Down the barren pine clad mountain Runs the streamlet, cold and clear, Sprung from a bubbling fountain It begins its glad career. See! the stream has grown a river, Gliding on with stately sweep, On whose banks the rushes quiver, Mirrored in a glassy deep. Then it meets the mighty ocean, Leaps with joy to greet the foam; Mingling with the sea waves' motion, It has reached at last its home.

[This story commenced in No. 293.]

THE Two Rivals; OR, THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DR. RICCABOCCA'S NEW HOPE.

HARLEY now set seriously to work to save his friend from the toils of one whom he instinctively distrusted.

"No, no," he exclaimed; "your word is not passed, and shall not be passed. Nay, never look so piteously at me. At all events, pause till we know more of this young man. If he be worthy of her without a dowry, why, then, let him lose you your heritage. I should have no more to say."

"But why lose me my heritage?" "Do you think the Austrian government would suffer your estates to pass to this English jackanapes, a clerk in a public office? Oh, sage in theory, why are you such a simpleton in action?"

Nothing moved by this taunt, Riccabocca rubbed his hands, and then stretched them comfortably over the fire.

"My friend," said he, "the heritage would pass to my son—a dowry only goes to the daughter."

"But you have no son." "Hush! I am going to have one; my Gemima informed me of it yesterday morning; and it presents you that information that I resolved to speak to Leslie. Am I a simpleton now?"

"Going to have a son," repeated Harley, looking very much bewildered; "how do you know it is to be a son?" "Physiologists are agreed," said the sage, positively, "that where the husband is much older than the wife, and there has been a long interval without children before she conceives to increase the population of the world—she (that is, it is at least as nine to four) brings into the world a male. I consider that point, therefore, as settled, according to the calculations of statistics and the researches of naturalists."

Harley could not help laughing, though he was still angry and disturbed.

"The same man as ever; always the fool of philosophy."

"Cospetto!" said Riccabocca, "I am rather the philosopher of fools. And talking of that, shall I present you to my Gemima?"

"Yes; but in turn I must present you to one who remembers with gratitude your kindness, and whom your philosophy, for a wonder, has not ruined. Some time or other you must explain that to me. Excuse me for a moment; I will go for him."

"I will answer for his faith and discretion. Meanwhile, order dinner, and let me and my friend stay to share it."

"Dinner? What will Gemima say?" "Henpecked man, settle that with your conundrum tyrant. But dinner it must be."

I leave the reader to imagine the delight of Leonard at seeing once more Riccabocca unchanged, and Violante so improved; and the kind Gemima, too. And their wonder at him and his history, his books and his fame.

He narrated his struggles and adventures with a simplicity that removed from a story so personal the character of egotism. But when he came to speak of Helen he was brief and reserved.

Violante would have questioned him more closely; but, to Leonard's relief, Harley interposed.

"You shall see her whom he speaks of before long, and question her yourself." With these words, Harley turned the young man's narrative into new directions; and Leonard's words again flowed freely. Thus the evening passed away happily to all save Riccabocca.

But the thought of his dead wife rose ever and anon before him when he did, and became too painful, he crept nearer to Gemima, and looked in her simple face, and pressed her cordial hand.

Violante was in a state of blissful excitement; she could not analyze her own joy. But her conversation was chiefly with Leonard; and he, the most silent of all was Harley. He sat listening to Leonard's ramble, yet unpretending eloquence—that eloquence which flows so naturally from genius, when thoroughly at its ease, and not chilled back on itself by hard unsympathizing hearers—listened yet more charmed, to the sentiments less profound, yet no less

earnest—sentiments so feminine, yet so noble, with which Violante's fresh virgin heart responded to the poet's kindling soul. Those sentiments of hers were so unlike all he heard in the common world—so new to himself in his gone youth! Occasionally—at some high thought of her own, or some lofty line from Italian song, that she cited with lighted eyes, and in melodious accents—occasionally he reared his knightly head, and his lips quivered, as if he had heard the sound of a trumpet. The nervousness of long years was shaken.

When he rose to take leave, surprised at the lateness of the hour, Harley said, in a tone that bespoke the sincerity of the compliment, "I thank you for the happiest hours I have known in years." His eye dwelt on Violante as he spoke.

But timidity returned to her with his words—at his look, and it was no longer the inspired muse, but the bashful girl that stood before him.

"And when shall I see you again?" asked Riccabocca disconsolately, following his guest to the door. "To-day? Why, of course, tomorrow. Adieu! my friend. No wonder you have borne your exile so patiently—with such a child!"

He took Leonard's arm, and walked with him to the inn where he had left his horse. Leonard spoke of Violante with enthusiasm. Harley was silent.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BRIDGING PAST AND PRESENT

THE next day a somewhat old fashioned, but exceedingly patrician equipage stopped at Riccabocca's garden gate. The quantity of dust that fell from the wheels had caught sight of it winding toward the house, was seized with undefinable terror when he beheld it pause before their walls and heard the shrill summons at the portal.

He rushed into his master's presence, and implored him not to stir—not to allow any one to give the word to the enemies the machine might disgorge.

"I have heard," said he, "how a town in Italy—I think it was Bologna—was once taken and given to the sword, by incautiously admitting a wooden horse, full of the troops of Barbarossa, and all manner of bombs and Congreves."

"The story is differently told in Virgil," quoth Riccabocca, peeping out of the window. "Nevertheless, the machine looks very large and suspicious; unloose Pompey!"

"Father," said Violante, coloring, "it is your friend Lord L'Estrange; I hear his voice."

"Quite. How can I be mistaken?" "Go, then, Giacomo; but take Pompey with thee—and give the alarm, if we are deceived."

But Violante was right; and in a few moments Lord L'Estrange was seen walking up the garden, and giving the arm to two ladies.

"Ah," said Riccabocca, composing his dressing robe round him, "go, my child, and summon Gemima. Man to man; but, for Heaven's sake, woman to woman."

Harley had brought his mother and Helen, in compliance to the ladies of his friend's household.

And soon after, Leonard appeared. Harley had sent Lady Lansmere's footman to him with a note that prepared him to meet Helen. As he came into the room, Harley took him by the hand, and led him to Lady Lansmere.

The friend of whom I spoke, "Welcome to me, my dear," said he, "I have not seen you and then, scarcely allowing time for the countess's elegant and gracious response, he drew Leonard toward Helen.

"Children," said he with a touching voice, that thrilled through the hearts of both, "go and seat yourselves yonder, and talk together of the past. Signorina, let us see if we cannot find gentler sources for pity and admiration than war and warriors." He took Violante aside to the window. "You remember that Leonard, in telling you his history last night, spoke, you thought, rather too briefly of the little girl who had been his companion in the rudest time of his trials. When you would have questioned more, I interrupted you, and said, 'You should see her shortly, and question her yourself.' And now what think you of Helen Digby? Hush, speak low. But her ears are not so sharp as mine."

"Ah! that is the fair creature whom Leonard called his child angel? What a lovely innocent face!—the angel is there still."

"You think so, and you are right. Helen is not communicative. But fine natures are like fine poems—a glance at the first two lines suffices for a guess into the beauty that waits you, if you read on."

Violante gazed on Leonard and Helen as they sat; and Leonard was the speaking angel. Helen the listener; and though the former had, in his narrative the night before, been indeed brief as to the episode in his life connected with the orphan, enough had been said to interest Violante in the paths of their former position toward each other, and in the happiness they must feel in their meeting again—separated for years on the wide sea of life, now both saved from storm and shipwreck.

The tears came into her eyes. "True," she said very softly, "there is more here to move pity and admiration than in—" She paused.

"Complete the sentence," begged Harley. "Are you ashamed to retract? Fie on your pride and obstinacy."

"No; but even here there have been war and heroism in the comforter who shared it and consoled. Ah! however pity and admiration are both felt, something nobler than mere sorrow must have gone before: the heroic must exist."

"Helen does not know what the word heroic means," said Harley, rather sadly; "you must teach her."

It is possible, thought he as he spoke, that a Randal Leslie could have charmed this grand creature? No heroic, surely, in that sleek young placeman.

"Your father," he said aloud, and fixing his eyes on her face, "sees much, he tells me, of a young man, about Leonard's age, and the date; but I never estimate the amount of him by the parish register; and I should speak of that so called young man as a contemporary of my great grandfather—I mean Mr. Randal Leslie. Do you like him?"

"Like him?" said Violante, slowly, and after sounding her own mind. "Like him—yes."

"Why?" asked Harley, with dry and curt indignation.

"His visits seem to please my dear father. Certainly, I like him."

"Hum. He professes to like you, I suppose?"

Violante laughed, unsuspectingly. She had half a mind to reply, "Is that so strange?" But her respect for Harley stopped her. "The words would have seemed to her pert."

"I am told he is clever," resumed Harley. "O, certainly."

"And he is rather handsome. But I like Leonard's face better." "Better—that is not the word. Leonard's face is as that of one who has gazed so often upon heaven; and Mr. Leslie's—there is neither sunlight nor starlight reflected there."

"My dear Violante!" exclaimed Harley, overjoyed; and he pressed her hand.

The blood ran from her cheeks and into her brow; her hand trembled in his. But Harley's familiar exclamation might have come from a father's lips.

At this moment, Helen softly approached them, and looking timidly into her guardian's face, said, "Leonard's mother is with him; he asks me to call and see her."

"May you. A pretty notion the signorina must form of your enslaved state of pupillage, when she hears you ask that question. Of course you may."

"Will you take me there?" Harley looked embarrassed. He thought of the widow's agitation at his name; of that desire to shut him out which Leonard had confessed; and of which he thought he divined the cause. And so divining, he too shrank from such a meeting.

"Another time, then," said he, after a pause. Helen looked disappointed, but said no more. Violante was surprised at this ungracious answer. She could have blamed it as unbecoming in another. But all that Harley did was right in her eyes.

"Cannot I go with Miss Digby?" said she, "and my mother will go too. We both know Mrs. Fairfield. We shall be so pleased to see her again."

"So be it," said Harley; "I will wait here with your father till you come back. O, as to my mother, she will excuse the—excuse Madame Riccabocca, and you too. See how charmed she is with your father. I must stay to watch over the conjugal interests of mine."

But Mrs. Riccabocca had too much good old country breeding in her to let the countess and Harley was forced himself to appeal to Lady Lansmere. When he had explained the case in point, the countess rose and said— "But I will call myself with Miss Digby."

"No," said Harley, gravely, but in a whisper. "No—I would rather not. I will explain later."

"Then," said the countess aloud, after a glance of surprise at her son, "I must insist on your performing this visit, my dear madam, and you, signorina. In truth, I have something to say confidentially to—"

"To me," interrupted Riccabocca. "Ah, Madame la Comtesse, you restore me to five and twenty. Go quick—O jealous and injured wife; go both of you, quick; and you, too, Harley."

"Nay," said Lady Lansmere, in the same tone. "Harley must stay, for my design is not at present upon destroying your matrimonial happiness, whatever it may be later. It is a design so innocent that my son will be a partner in it."

Here the countess put her lips to Harley's ear, and whispered. He received her communication in attentive silence; but when she had done, pressed her hand, and bowed his head, as if in assent to a proposal.

In a few minutes, the three ladies and Leonard were on their road to the neighboring cottage.

Violante, with her usual delicate intuition, thought that Leonard and Helen must have much to say to each other; and ignorant as Leonard himself was, of Helen's engagement to Harley, began already, in the romance natural to her age, to predict to them happy and united days in the future. So she took her step mother's arm, and left Helen and Leonard to follow.

"I wonder," she said musingly, "how Miss Digby became Lord L'Estrange's ward. I hope she is not very rich, nor very high born."

RED EAGLE,

WAR CHIEF OF THE IROQUOIS.

By EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XXXIX. CONCLUSION.



WHILE General Greenfield was dealing out punishment to the jailer who had betrayed his trust, Red Eagle, as you may suppose, improved to the utmost the liberty that he had secured by his daring exploit. Not a shot was fired after him, as he sped like a whirlwind through the wilderness. Recalling that he had given orders for the reassembling of the warriors at the old Council Ground, he made for that point.

He was without any weapons, but that was a small matter, since he could readily get all he wanted as soon as he reached his people.

So rapidly did he travel through the forest that he arrived on the scene shortly after Benny Morris, who, as you have been shown, was so precipitate in delivering his message that he therefore placed himself in personal peril.

The arrival of Red Eagle at the camp fire, when the vagrant Pete was on the point of slaying the lame boy, was not more timely than it was when the infuriated Leaping Horse refused to believe the message he brought.

But here was the Iroquois leader himself, and who should dare dispute his word?

Benny was thunderstruck. For an instant he could not believe his senses. He stared at the Seneca, unable to speak, until the chief did that which the lad did the evening before—extended his hand, and grasping that of the youth, said:

"Red Eagle is glad to meet his son."
"And, Red Eagle—I'm telling you the truth—I am glad to meet you here among your own people."

It was the truth. Aside from the self-evident fact that his presence guaranteed Benny's safety, the latter was relieved beyond expression to see the splendid leader among his own people, for he felt from the first that it was a most serious mistake to hold him captive.

He had said nothing of his belief to General Greenfield, but he meant he should hear it soon. Instead of cowering the Iroquois, the imprisonment of their chief would inspire them to tenfold daring. The lad was certain that, if the officer persisted in holding him captive, there would be such a furious attack on the settlement and block house that they could not withstand the onslaught; and, though it might mean the death of Red Eagle, yet it would be he that would insist on the vengeance at the cost of his life.

But was not the situation precisely the same, since the prisoner had not been set free, but had effected his own escape?

That was the question which most soon be answered.

Red Eagle was loved as well as feared by his followers, as was shown by their crowding round him to listen to the story of the indignity he had suffered. Their feelings were so stirred that he had but to say the word for them to rush like the cyclone to avenge him.

But he was not yet ready to sound the call. He told them he had one friend among the hated pale faces, and he pointed at Benny Morris, who, supported

on his crutch, listened to the words of his dusky ally.

The lad was thrown into dismay by the declaration of the chief, that, although he had just escaped from captivity, he meant to take the lame lad back to his friends. Benny's dread was that if Red Eagle attempted to do this, it would bring him in collision with Orris Ouden again.

How could he avert such a meeting, which was sure to prove fatal to one of the parties?

The chief asked Benny where he had left his boat. The boy said it was a little way down stream, but inasmuch as he had the current and plenty of daylight in his favor, he would not trouble his father to paddle for him. Red Eagle added that he would go with him, and the lad understood the red man too well to repeat what he had said.

Fortunately, Orris Ouden was stealthily watching proceedings all this time, and when he caught a glimpse of the chief escorting the boy to the canoe, he suspected the amazing truth and kept out of the way. It would have been easy for him to shoot down Red Eagle, even before he entered the boat, but the same chivalry that had restrained his arm before prevented him doing such a cowardly thing, for he observed that, although Red Eagle had been among his warriors, yet he had not so much as secured a hunting knife, and was, therefore, powerless to defend himself.

Benny Morris, resuming his old seat in the prow of the boat, looked earnestly in the painted face of the chief, who silently plied the paddle, and asked himself whether it was wise to utter the thoughts that were pressing him so hard. He was loath, and yet something impelled him to say the words on which so much depended.

"My father," he finally ventured, rousing himself to the effort, "will not close his ears to the words of his son, for the Great Spirit urges him to speak."

He paused, and waited for something from the Iroquois before continuing.

"The words of Red Eagle's son are music in his ears."

Could a neater invitation have been given? The brave lad hesitated no longer.

"My heart was sad when I saw my father a captive, but the Great Spirit did not forget him. The Great Spirit set him free that he might speak the truth to the Iroquois. If Red Eagle leads his warriors on the war trail, he will kill many pale faces, but they are like the leaves on the trees; they will spread over the land and drive all the red men into the great water. My father, will you not be wise as the Great Spirit wants you to be? Will you not send your warriors to their villages and bury the hatchet? Will you not live in peace beside the pale faces when there is abundant land for all?"

"My father, if you will do this the Great Spirit will smile on you, and you and all your people will be happy. Let my father ask the Great Spirit to tell him in louder words what he wants him to do. My father, I have spoken."

Benny awaited anxiously for the response to this appeal, but he took it as an unfavorable sign that there was none.

The lad was too wise to press him, and the rest of the voyage passed in silence.

Benny's anxiety now took a new turn. He expected, as a matter of course, that the chieftain would set him ashore far enough from the block house and pickets to make it safe for himself, but to his astonishment, he paddled straight to a point in full sight of the frontier fort, and then walked forward, as if he had decided to surrender himself again into custody.

But that was impossible, though what he really did was hardly less surprising. Presenting himself to the dumfounded guards, he told them he wished to see General Greenfield. Benny made as if to withdraw, but the chief would not permit.

General Greenfield, as you may well suppose, was astonished when he gave orders to bring the terrible visitor into his presence. Observing he was unarmed, the officer laid his own weapons aside, courteously saluted and asked the chief to be seated.

Red Eagle paid no heed to the invitation, but remained erect, and spoke in a low voice, devoid of all excitement.

"Red Eagle comes to his pale face father, because the Great Spirit has sent him. Red Eagle dug up the hatchet, and he and his warriors took the war path, and meant to fight till they drove the pale faces from their hunting grounds. But Red Eagle has heard words whispered in his ears, which he never heard before. They were spoken by the Great Spirit and they told Red Eagle he was displeased. They told him to wash off his paint and bury his hatchet."

"Red Eagle has done so. He wishes to do what the Great Spirit tells him to do."

"Red Eagle comes to his pale face brother and tells him he will be his brother. The hunting grounds are broad enough for the white and red man, and the Great Spirit wishes them to live in peace. Let us be brothers!"

General Greenfield stepped impulsively forward and extended his hand. His eyes were moist, as he said:

"The words of Red Eagle have sunk deep in my heart; they make me glad; we shall be brothers; let Red Eagle go back to his warriors and tell them the pale faces will be their friends; let him take a present from me, that will tell him when he is hunting in the woods of his brother in the fort, and make him feel he will always be his brother, and his heart will be glad when he can do aught for Red Eagle and his people."

Withdrawing for a moment, the officer quickly reappeared with a beautiful silver mounted rifle, presented to him a couple of years before by General Washington himself. This was handed to the Iroquois, who showed his delight in accepting the valuable token.

"This change in Red Eagle is almost too wonderful to be believed," added the delighted General Greenfield, "but I know it is genuine: what is the cause, my brother?"

The grim features of the iron warrior relaxed, and, placing his hand on the head of Benny Morris, he said in a low voice, with just a trace of huskiness:

"My son; it was the words which he read to Red Eagle from the book of the Great Spirit; he will come to the wigwam of Red Eagle and read to him again, will he not?"

"You may depend upon it I will," said the happy lad; "I can't hunt and shoot like the great chief and his warriors, but I can sit in his lodge and play with his children; I can read to him and his squaw, and I can tell him about the Great Spirit, and a good many other things which will please them all. Depend upon it, my father, your son will be there."

All the pledges made at that singular interview were kept. Red Eagle returned to his warriors and dispersed them to their homes. He told them the Great Spirit had whispered in his ears to do so, and nothing could prove more strikingly his matchless sway over the turbulent warriors that had rushed so eagerly to the war path than the fact that his unexpected command was obeyed without protest from any one.

And during the years that followed, Benny Morris spent many days and nights in the wigwam of the famous war chief of the Iroquois, who had two sons who promised to be worthy successors

of the wonderful hunter and warrior. No one was as welcome as the lame lad, who went back and forth, without weapon of any kind, generally carried most of the way thither by his big brothers, and helped back by the youthful warriors on the father himself.

No sight could be more touching than that of this remarkable boy, seated in the lodge of the chieftain with his family and perhaps several warriors gathered round, while he told them of the countries beyond the sea, of the strange people that lived there, and, more marvelous still, the story of the Babe of Bethlehem, of the manger, of the cross, the Crucifixion and the death of the blessed Saviour of mankind.

And the good seed that was sowed by that little humble toiler in his Master's vineyard never shall be fully known until revealed in the light of the resurrection morn.

THE END.

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

THE MAKING OF A STORY.

ON the last page of No. 296 we printed some directions given by Walter Besant on the best way to start a story. Herewith we add a few valuable suggestions from the same source on the art of carrying on a work of fiction.

Remember that your characters should reveal themselves in dialogue as much as in action. They must speak as they think, each after his own manner.

It is true that in real life most people seem to speak with the same forms and fashions and formulae; make the same little jokes, and employ the same little metaphors, going on with these without the least sense of weariness till the stage or the novel or a comic paper supplies them with a new set. You must, therefore, in dialogue, exaggerate—your talk must be crisp, it must never drag, and, above all, it must not be too long.

At every stage of the work compare your novel with a picture or with a play. If with a picture, then look out for faults of drawing, for bad grouping, for false effects of light. If with a play, consider that the dialogue must always belong to the action; no action, or little, without dialogue; what is called "business" on the stage—that is, action apart from dialogue—must be done in the novel by description. Therefore, make your description short, effective, and animated.

Animated—always be animated. Animation does not mean a great number of incidents; many beautiful novels have very little incident. It means rather that way of telling a story which shows that you are yourself deeply interested in it; that you feel no fatigue or weariness in your task; that you love your creations at every step more and more; that no one is more truly sorry when the story is told than you yourself.

The root of the whole matter lies in this: if you are yourself truly, genuinely, deeply interested in your characters; if, while you are at work upon them, their story becomes your own; if, when you think of them or write of them, your eyes become dim with tears and your voice chokes, or you break into laughter and smiles; if they have a hundred adventures which you do not set down—then, indeed, I think you will not be able to tell other people about them without moving their hearts as well and carrying them along with you. But you will do this the more readily if you have first studied the rules of the art which you wish to practice.

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTES.

THE truth of the adage that "one man's meat is another man's poison" becomes very marked when its application is extended so as to include all mankind.

An article in the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* quotes Wallace as authority for the statement that some of the Pacific Islanders will never eat hens' eggs, regarding them as unfit for food; but they sell them to sailors. The Esquimaux will not eat vegetables, considering it a perverted taste that will indulge in such stuff. The New Guinea natives refuse to eat bread and biscuits, and abhor sugar. On the contrary, such tribes enjoy ants, grasshoppers, monkeys, and snakes. Those Malaysians that collect edible birds' nests never can be induced to eat of them. African tribes that keep most cattle never taste milk.

Salt is where all the world finds kinship, for no nation or tribe but craves it, and needs it.

HOW HE VALUED THEM.

"No, ma'am," said the tramp, gratefully, as he shouldered his bundle and prepared to start on again; "I don't keer fur nuthin' more to eat, thank you, but I'll be obleeged if you'll give me two or three o' them there biscuits. I don't carry no weepins, and they've got a savage dog at that next house."

THE REWARD OF FAITHFULNESS.

I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty;
I woke, and found that life was duty.
Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dreams shall be
A noontide light and truth to thee.

[This story continued in No. 296.]

The Lost Race,

AND

**THE UNKNOWN RIVER;
A STORY OF CENTRAL AFRICA.**

By DAVID KER,

Author of "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

THE MYSTERIOUS HUNTER.

THIS sort of thing's not such bad fun, after all. Upon my word, if I could only be sure that Uncle Robert isn't worrying himself about me all this while, I should think being imprisoned amongst savages rather fun than otherwise."

In truth, Charlie Thorne looked as little as possible like a prisoner, as he sallied forth on a hunting expedition with a party of his new Basongo "brothers," one fine morning a few days after the departure of the messengers sent to negotiate with the white men for his ransom.

His skill in shooting, his courage in the fight with the leopard, his importance as the only person among them who possessed a "fire weapon," and the universal good humor produced by the approach of the time when the arrival of the ransom might be looked for, made our hero more like an honored guest of the tribe than a captive; and, with a true boyish enjoyment of the present moment, he set himself to "have all the fun he could," confident that the future would "come all right somehow."

A close observer would have noticed that Charlie looked rather pale, and that his movements lacked something of their wonted spry lightness. And well it might be so, for, in addition to the wound inflicted by the claws of the leopard, he had had a sharp attack of that terrible African fever which no one who ventures into the great Equatorial forests can hope to escape; but, thanks to the careful nursing of the Basongo (who were naturally anxious about the welfare of a captive for whom they expected a high ransom), he was now nearly well again.

The hunters were afoot by day-break, knowing well the importance of getting over their toilsome march through the woods before the merciless tropical sun had set the very air on fire.

Before noon they had reached a clearing in the forest, on the edge of which they halted to search for game, this being one of the likeliest places to find it; but no game was to be seen.

"White boy," said Chief Visiavisi, who, being one of the best hunters in the tribe, always took the lead in such expeditions, "you are the Basongo hunters' brother, now—you must find us some game."

"The game know that you are here, chief," answered Thorne, who knew enough of the Ki-Congo dialect (in which Visiavisi was addressing him) to catch the latter's meaning; "they won't venture within range of your rifle."

The skeleton chief grinned at the compliment, but he was not to be diverted from his object.

"The white men know everything," said he; "they see the rain before it comes—they have an Ibanza" (spirit) "that lives in a needle, and tells them where the north lies. The young white chief is our brother; let him find game for the spears of the Basongo hunters, and their old men will praise him."

Charlie was somewhat pained by the discovery that these savages were really serious in expecting him to supply them with game by art magic. But, determined not to be beaten, he drew himself up, struck an attitude, and taking out his watch (which he carried in a skin pouch at his side), held it close to his ear, while the natives—to whom the "tick tick spirit" was already an object of unbounded reverence—awaited the result in silent awe.

"We will halt and rest here," said he, in a commanding tone, "until the sun is lower; then we will move farther on, and the game will come."

The Basongo were all the more inclined to follow this counsel, when translated to them by Visiavisi, because it exactly squared with their own notions on the subject. They obeyed implicitly, and Charlie's credit as a sorcerer was vastly increased by the splendid "bag" which they made that evening in another part of the forest.

The cooking and eating of the game occu-

ried the greater part of the evening, Visiavisi himself eating so much that Charlie inwardly wondered where on earth it could all go to, and began to suspect that the redoubtable "All-Bones" must be hollow from head to foot, like a bamboo cane. But with the first gleam of dawn next morning they were astrig again, plunging deeper and deeper into the jungle.

At length, before the sun was yet high in the sky, they came out upon another clearing, with a small round pool in the center of it, around which the tracks of various animals were so strongly marked, that Visiavisi decided upon sending a few of his men into the thickets to start the game, while the rest stood in readiness for it behind the thorny clumps of mimosa that studded the clearing.

But in sport, as in other matters, success may at times be worse than failure. Scarcely had the beaters entered the cover when there came a terrific crash, a din as of five hundred cracked trumpets all blowing at once, a shrill scream of terror, and then the scouts were seen rushing back into the clearing like madmen, pursued by a herd of enraged elephants!

Never was there a more complete "stampede." Visiavisi's long, thin legs made such play that he looked like a pair of compasses turning head over heels, and all his men followed his example. Within two minutes of the first alarm, pursuers and pursued had vanished from the clearing into the forest beyond.



A STRANGE FIGURE ISSUED FROM AMONG THE TREES.

Meanwhile, Charlie, cut off from his comrades by the rush of the monsters, and having no time to reload the rifle which he had discharged at them, made a dash at the nearest point of the wood, and flew like the wind along the narrow path that traversed it, bumping against projecting boughs, tripping over wire-like creepers, and gashed in countless places by long spiky thorns.

Not till he had run himself quite out of breath did he at length begin to collect his scattered wits, and to notice that there was nothing chasing him at all.

But the path which he was following, narrow, crooked, and trodden so deeply as to be little better than a ditch, was unmistakably the work of the elephants themselves, and were he suddenly to meet one of these primitive "road commissioners" upon their own highway, it would go hard with him.

So quitting the path, he plunged headlong into the thickets, and after a struggle that almost tore off his back what little clothes he had, emerged into an open glade, which at first sight appeared to him, to his unspeakable amazement, the very clearing from which he had fled.

And yet, when he looked again—was it the same? There were the spiky mimosa clumps dotted over it, and there were the overarching branches of the bombax all around; but there was no pool in the center, and he soon became convinced that he had never seen the place before.

The first living creature that had ever set foot in it, for no sign of a path or opening of any kind was to be seen in the huge dark wall of matted boughs and tangled leaves that rose far above him, and shut him in on every side. He could not even tell at what point he had entered the glade. He was lost!

"Well," growled Charlie, "people talk about the blessings of liberty, but I only wish anybody would tell me what to do with mine, now that I've got it."

But our hero soon had something else to think about. The twilight dimness of the gloomy forest had hitherto concealed from him what he now saw plainly, the gradual darkening of the whole sky, which, combined with a dead, grim hush, as if all nature were holding its breath at the approach of some awful catastrophe, warned him of the coming of one of those terrific tropical storms.

What was he to do? He knew by fatal experience the consequence of getting wet and chilled in Equatorial Africa; and even should he survive it, the rifle, which was his sole de-

fense and provider, would be rendered utterly useless. Shelter of some sort he must find; but how?

All at once, as he glanced hopefully around the great wall of vegetation—knowing well that no tree, however spreading and leafy, could long protect him against the waterfall rain of the tropics—his eye caught a darker shadow, like the mouth of a cavern.

He sprang towards it, and sure enough it was a kind of cave, formed by two mighty bowlders, which, uprooted ages ago in some forgotten convulsion, had fallen against each other so as to form a sort of rude arch.

In another moment our hero stood within this natural gateway.

Although the sky was now black as ink, save one patch of sickly gray far away to the northeast, the grim stillness remained unbroken. Not the faintest quiver was to be seen among the countless leaves which drooped lifelessly upon the hot, close, breezeless air.

But suddenly they began to tremble violently, while from the far distance came a strange and unearthly sound, growing louder and nearer with every moment. In an instant Thorne seemed to be deafened, blinded and strangled all at once, and the whole air around him was one roar of wind and one crash of rain, through which came a fearful burst of groaning, shrieking, and wailing, as if uttered by thousands of human voices—the cry of the forest in its agony.

So grand was the spectacle that Charlie, familiar as it though he was, stood gazing at it as if he saw it for the first time. But he suddenly recollected that were the wind to shift, the rain would reach him where he stood, and drew further back into the cave.

As he did so, some light colored object in one

corner met his eye, and stepping towards it, he found three fuzzy little creatures, seemingly young lambs, lying all in a heap together. Queer wee things they looked, with their long solemn faces and their yellowish white fleece, as they lay cuddled up together, fast asleep.

"Funny little beggars!" said Charlie, eying them with a grin. "I wonder where papa and mamma can be. It must be rather dangerous leaving the children alone with all these wild beasts about."

But just then a strange, foul, sickening odor assailed his nostrils, making him draw back with a start. Where could it be that he had met with it before? And what were these smooth, slippery things that felt neither like stones nor like sticks, upon which his foot slipped as he stepped back?—Good heavens! were these seeming lambs, then, really—?

As if to answer the unfinished question, there pealed from without at that moment, distinct above the lessening din of the storm, a fearful sound, which Charlie had heard too often not to recognize at once as the roar of a hungry lion.

In an instant he saw it all. The lioness had been roused from her lair by the clamor of the hunters and the elephants, but the storm had driven her home again, to find him in her den and among her cubs.

He sprang out of the cave with his reloaded rifle, but it was too late. Just on the other side of the clearing he saw gliding swiftly and silently out of the bushes the long, gaunt, tawny body, the broad, flat, maneless head, and the fierce, yellow, hungry eyes.

All that followed was the work of a moment: the sharp crack of his piece, the short, angry cry which showed that the shot had told, the savage rush of the wounded monster, and then the report of an answering shot from the thicket behind him, and the low choking growl with which the lioness rolled gasping at his feet, struggling in the death agony.

As Thorne stood motionless over his fallen enemy, scarcely knowing yet what had really happened, a tall man, with a smoking gun in his hand, issued from among the trees, at sight of whom our hero started as if he had seen a ghost. The new comer wore the native dress, and had the crisp woolly hair of the genuine African; but his skin was white!

Charlie rubbed his eyes, and stared like one awaking from a dream. Yes, there could be no mistake about it: the stranger's complexion was not a whiter darker than that of many a Spaniard or Italian, and certainly quite as light as our hero's own sun-burned visage.

Like lightning there darted into Thorne's mind the recollection of Stanley's midnight argument with Dr. Hardhead about the Lost Race of Central Africa, and he knew at once that the man before him must be one of those mysterious White Africans, whose existence the doctor had denied, and whom Charlie Thorne himself had for many months so ardently longed to see.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WHITE AFRICANS.

THE stranger seemed as much surprised to see Charlie as Charlie was to see him, and for some moments there was a silence, which the new comer broke at length by asking our hero, in a mixed jargon of Portuguese and some unintelligible native dialect, who he was, and whence he came.

When Thorne replied, in such Portuguese as he could muster, that he had just escaped from captivity among the Basongo, the fierce gleam in the stranger's eye showed that he was no friend to the tribe; and when Charlie proclaimed himself a friend of "the great white chief, Bula Matari," the other repeated the name with a knowing nod, and a guttural "Bo, bo" (Good, good), which showed that, from whatever out of the way place he might come, Stanley's fame was known to him.

But now there came another unpleasant thought. Might not this man, whose skin was white, and who spoke Portuguese so glibly, be simply a Portuguese or a half caste, and not a White African at all? Where, then, would be all Charlie's dreams of the Lost Race? But, on the other hand, if this were so, how came the man to have the hair of a full blooded negro?

Such a doubt must be resolved at once, and Thorne asked a decisive question—"Did not some of your people come from Gambaaraga to help the Emperor Mesa against the Wanyoro, many moons ago, when Bula Matari was with him?"

"How you know that?" cried the strange hunter, starting. "You no can have there—too young, plenty much."

"No; it was Bula Matari himself who told me," answered Thorne. "Bula Matari great chief," said the other; "know everything. Good, then—you hate Basongo; I hate Basongo—you my brother. You help me take skin off lion, then we go home."

So saying, he proceeded to flay the dead lioness with great dexterity, while Charlie—who carried a Basongo hunting knife, in addition to his own flint-knife—held a will, inwardly chuckling all the time to think how he would make Dr. Hardhead growl and fume at his account of "the imaginary White Africans" when he got back to Vivi. For that he should get back to his friends all right somehow or other (although he might be lighter, or a how) our stout-hearted Charlie never doubted for a moment.

Having stripped off the hide, the strange hunter threw it over his shoulder, and, signing to Thorne to follow him, plunged into the pathless forest, the mazes of which he threaded with an unflinching confidence that amazed our hero, even after all the similar feats which the latter had witnessed among the Basongo.

And well it might. So thick and close were the great masses of foliage overhead, that although the storm had now spent itself, and the whole heaven was ablaze with the dazzling sunshine, Charlie and his comrade were marching in a cheerless twilight, without a glimpse of the sky.

All around the mighty trunks that towered up on every side of them, tall and straight as the masts of a three-decker, a perfect corollage of snaky creepers, crossing and recrossing each other like the threads of a cobweb, twisted themselves into an elastic network which the charge of an elephant could scarcely have broken.

Through this frightful and seemingly unending wilderness of over-abundant life, the two hunters struggled as best they might, now stooping, now dragging themselves along on their hands and knees, now heaving their way with their heavy knives for many yards at a time, and more than once actually crawling full length upon the ground.

In that hot, stifling vapor bath atmosphere, their clothes were soon as wet as if steeped in water, and their oppressed lungs seemed to burst with every laboring breath. Charlie, though he would have died rather than own himself fatigued, was heartily glad when his strange comrade, emerging suddenly upon the bank of a small winding stream, which seemed to wriggle its way like a snake among these forest giants, came to a halt, and sat down.

"Eat," said he briefly, producing from his goatskin wallet a few strips of dried meat.

Charlie fell to with the appetite of one who had been afoot since sunrise, and, while eating, took a more careful survey of his companion than he had yet had leisure to make.

The White African was fully as tall and sinewy as Visiavisi himself, though scarcely so utterly fleshless as that extraordinary living skeleton; and Charlie ceased to wonder at the activity which he had shown during their exhausting march, while eying the long, wiry limbs which the stranger's scanty clothing displayed to full advantage.

The features were quite European in their outline, and so regular as almost to be handsome, the only marked defect being that the eyes were somewhat deeply set and rather too close together. His age was not easy to guess, for although his muscular frame had the development of mature manhood, he showed no trace of a beard, and his teeth were as perfect as Charlie's own.

Having ended his meal, the stranger opened the large gourd that hung at his side, which Charlie, knowing the fondness of the African tribes for strong liquor, fully expected to see brimming with rum. But, to his amazement, it contained a thick, white, putty-like paste, in which Thorne recognized the peculiar kind of clotted cream which is a favorite dainty in Southern as well as Central Africa, and known to the Zulus (who are famous for their skill in preparing it) by the name of "maas."

"No! had you better," muttered Charlie, digging into it with a will.

"My people got plenty cool," said the stranger. "Drink plenty milk; eat plenty milk. Milk all man's food my country."

"Just what Stanley said about the White Africans of Gamaragara," thought Charlie. "My eye! what a stew the old doctor 'll be in when he hears all this!"

A draught of water from the stream completed this primitive lunch, and then the White African, springing up again as nimbly as if his day's work were only just beginning, started off once more along one of the elephant paths, at a pace which Charlie beheld with horror.

"What a fellow he'd be to run here in a paper chase!" said he to himself. "I say, my friend, added he aloud, in Portuguese, "how far do you call it to this place of yours?"

"When the thick white stuff be there," answered the stranger, concisely.

"Provided we don't burst on the road, that's to say," growled our hero under his breath, or what little was left of it. "It strikes me very strongly that if the sun don't sink soon, I shall!"

But the speed of which Thorne complained did not last long, for they soon quitted the path to dive once more into the thickets, through which Hercules himself could not have gone straight forward without being brought to a speedy halt.

The knives came into play once more, and by dint of sheer hacking and slashing they contrived to advance at the rate of about half a mile an hour.

"At this pace," muttered Charlie, savagely, "I shall get to this fellow's family mansion just in time to celebrate my coming of age."

But happily his patience was not fated to be so severely tried. Just as the sun was sinking towards the west, they emerged from the forest upon a narrow, open country, which lay between them and a bold, craggy hill, seemingly formed of three or four successive terraces of rock, rising one above the other, like the walls of a castle.

To this hill the White African pointed with an air of pride, as if the home of his people were a nation of great warriors. Charlie, who knew Charlie, who, accustomed though he was to all kinds of violent exercise, had never in his life done such a day's work as this.

At the same time, he could not help wondering how on earth they were ever to make their way in, for the whole side of the mountain immediately facing them was one vast unscalable precipice, rising sheer up to a height of several hundred feet, and stretching away to right and left as far as the eye could reach.

But when they had reached the foot of the cliff, Charlie's guide put to his lips the quaintly carved staff that hung from his neck, and blew three long, shrill blasts, with a slight pause after each.

At that signal, a face of the same type as that of the guide popped out, rabbit-like, from a cleft in the rock about fifty feet above them, and made a long and careful survey of them both. Charlie's conductor shouted something which our hero could not catch, and instantly a long ladder, made of stout saplings, bound together with twisted withes, was let fall from the cleft down to the spot where they stood.

"I say, friend," inquired Charlie, "is this the way you always go home?"

"One more way other side," answered his companion; "but one time black man attack us, and then we block him up so they no can get in. Now, you go up first; I hold ladder for you."

Charlie was anything but pleased at having to scramble up this overgrown fire escape at the end of the hardest march that he had ever made. But, tired though he was, he would rather have perished than have shown any sign of pain or fatigue in the presence of these two strangers; and he mounted the ladder with a nimbleness that drew approving glances from both.

On entering the cleft from which the ladder had been let down, our hero found himself in a narrow passage which seemed to lead right into the heart of the solid rock, and which became so utterly dark after the first three or four steps, that had not his two companions been there to guide him, he must certainly have knocked out his brains against a projecting crag before he had gone ten yards.

He could feel, however, as his guides led him along, that he was not nearly help himself, that he twisted a good deal to the right and left, tended constantly upward, and that, too, at a pretty steep incline. At length he came out into the daylight again with a suddenness which fairly dazzled him; and even when he was able to look around he could scarcely help himself, that his eyes must be playing him false, or that he was dreaming.

From the gloom and grimness of the sunless cavern he passed at one stride to a smooth green plain, upon which hundreds of cattle were feeding peacefully in the glory of the sunset, and just across the farther end of this rich meadow lay a vast breadth of purple shadow from the mighty precipices of black volcanic rock that towered overhead, with their frowning crags gaped and splintered into a thousand fantastic shapes.

Groups of stately trees dotted over the grassy surface, every here and there, gave to this strange place quite the aspect of a well kept park, while the palisaded gardens of banana, manioc, and sweet potato, out of which peered numerous low huts of wattled cane, thatched with the grass or palm leaves, showed that the inhabitants had turned its fertility to good account.

"Well," muttered Charlie, staring about him in undisguised astonishment, "catch me saying 'Jack and the Beanstalk' isn't true after this! Why, here's a country up in the air, just the same as that one; and this new chum of mine may be Jack himself, as likely as not."

Just then his conductor touched him on the arm, and, pointing out one of the nearest huts as his own, announced that Thorne was to be his guest, and on the following morning he would be presented to the king.

"What your name? How they call you?" asked he, as if wishing Charlie's introduction to his family circle to be as correct as possible.

"Carlo," answered our hero, thinking that this poetic version would be more easily pronounced by his new friend than "plain Charlie."

"Karlo?" echoed the other, with an air of surprise; "you got same name our king have. That good—king like man same name as he."

"Even kings are beginning to get civilized, it seems," growled the democratic Charlie. "What's your name?" added he aloud.

"Gato," answered his host.

Charlie was again puzzled, this being the Portuguese term for a cat, whereas the greyhound would have been a more appropriate emblem for his tall, slender, long limbed comrade. But there was no time to ask an explanation, for they were already at Gato's door.

The interior of the hut was like that of any other African hovel: an earthen floor, strewn with iron pots, earthen jars, mats of palm fiber, striped cloths, broken bits of wood, and what not; a low wooden platform along the wall, about two feet above the floor, by way of sleep-

ing place for the family; a perfect museum of household articles dangling from the posts which supported the thatched roof; a fine composition of green, blue, red, and white, but, and unwashed human beings.

Gato's wife and the four little woolly heads that made up the household seemed rather shy of the stranger just at first; but Charlie was always a good hand at making friends with children. Before supper came, our hero had had a "sit down" on each knee, while the two others were clambering up his back and pulling his curly hair, with shrill cries of delight.

As Gato had said, milk seemed to be the standard dish in the White African bill of fare. Fresh milk, sour milk, butter, cheese, clotted cream, together with freshly picked bananas and the queer potato-like "cassava bread," made from the manioc root, formed a repast to which Thorne did full justice after his day's work.

CHAPTER XXII. MET BY CANIBALS.

AT sunrise on the morning after his reception among the White Africans, Charlie was aroused by his new friend Gato with the information that as soon as they had breakfasted they must go to the king, who lived on the summit of the hill, "because king always got to live higher than other man."

Despite Thorne's splendid training, he found the climb pretty hard work, and rather envied the ease with which Gato sprang upward from ledge to ledge of an ascension that to many places was almost as steep as a ladder. Indeed, so little was the active hunter distressed by this break neck scramble, that he kept talking nearly all the time.

Among other things, he said that his tribe was called Fidaserra, which Charlie, after a good deal of puzzling, set down as a corruption of the Portuguese "Filho da Serra" (Son of the Mountain)—that the hill was known as Mount Gongo, from the supposed likeness of its shape to that of a cooking pot—and that the Fidaserra kept up a constant communication with their brethren of Gamaragara, who, having trading relations through Uganda with the East African coast, were able to supply them with guns and ammunition.

This last piece of information came just in time to relieve Thorne's perplexity at the abundance of firearms in that remote settlement, while his late comrades, the Basongo, had not a single gun among them.

But for this mention of the Gamaragara men as a separate community, Charlie might have thought that he had in some inconceivable way got to Gamaragara itself, or else that what Stanley had said from Mt. Mtesa's summit in 1876 about the white faced inhabitants of Mount Gordon Bennett was simply a confused account of this very settlement upon Mount Gongo.

Here, at least, were all the points of Stanley's description—the terraced rocks, the rich soil, the abundance of game, the staple diet, the king's abode on the summit of the mountain, the toilsome ascent thither, and the numerous habitations passed on the way. This mountain, too, was evidently an extinct volcano, and, though much smaller than its big southern brother, it had very much the same shape.

That the Fidaserra were as skillful in defensive warfare as their Gamaragara kinsmen, was manifest by the able way in which they had turned to account all the advantages of their strong position.

They took the path—which in one place ran along the brink of a tremendous precipice, and in another traversed a gloomy cleft between two perpendicular walls of rock, so narrow that one man might have held it against a host—was commanded so completely by the huts built on the cliff above, that it seemed impossible for living men to storm it in the teeth of such a fire as they must encounter.

But, as if all this were not enough, this formidable pathway presently passed right under a waterfall, which shot out in a wide arch of glittering spray from the brow of a projecting crag overhead; and Gato told our hero that in case of need they could easily change the course of the stream that fed it in such a way as to precipitate the whole volume of the cataract right upon the path itself, with a force sufficient to sweep away an army.

"To sweep away ever tried to storm this place, then?" asked Charlie.

"Basongo man try it once, same as I tell you last night. They come up other side, where path easy, when our best warrior gone hunting. Few men left—hard work. First we throw down big rock on them, burst them like ripe banana; they run, come back, run again, come back again. Two day we fight, fight all time—spear whistle, gun bang, man fall down dead, other man jump up instead of him. At last come our hunters back from forest, hear bang bang, run up quick—Basongo see him come, run away, no come back no more."

The dainty little patches of green upland that contrasted so prettily with the grim blackness of the lava rocks around them were very exact copies of the great plateau below, and seemed fully equal in richness to any plantation on the slopes of Etna or Vesuvius. Each had its own cluster of thatched huts peeping through the leafy gardens that covered it, and by the number of these which they passed on the way up, Charlie could easily guess what a powerful garrison this curious fortress must contain.

But all this while the mighty dome of black

lava which crowned the mountain seemed just as far above them as ever; and Charlie, wiping his dripping face for the twentieth time, was beginning to wish the king, and all belonging to him were at the bottom of the Congo, when he suddenly found himself in utter darkness, and groping his way along another rock tunnel, seemingly as narrow, and certainly quite as black, as that by which he had entered the Fidaserra stronghold the night before.

In a few moments more they emerged into a very circular hollow, which—as was plain from the charred and cindery surface of the great rock walls that shut it in, as well as the red and yellow seams that discolored them here and there—had once been the crater of the dead volcano. But it was not carpeted with a thick layer of rich soil, upon which various native plants were growing luxuriantly.

In the center of this curious garden stood ranged in an irregular oblong a number of thatched huts, larger than any that Thorne had yet seen on the hill. In front of the biggest of these—which was flanked by two open-sided dwellings so common in Central Africa, consisting merely of a heavy palm leaf thatch supported on poles—a tall man was throwing a spear with singular dexterity at a white patch on the bark of one of the trees, hitting the mark every time.

Upon seeing the new comers, the spear hurler stopped suddenly, and came forward to meet them, Gato having just time to inform our hero that this was the king himself.

King Karilo was dressed as simply as any of his subjects, but he certainly looked every inch a king; and there were a good many inches of him, too, for he towered fully half a head above Gato himself. His face was even lighter in color than that of the hunter, and would have been decidedly handsome but for a terrific scar across the forehead and left cheek, just missing the eye, and a pair of thin and slender limbs showed little outward sign of strength; but Charlie, remembering with what a shock his heavy spear had struck the tree after flying many yards through the air, inwardly decided that he would much rather shake hands with the king than with any other man.

"You are welcome, young chief," said his majesty, in a much purer dialect than Thorne had yet heard. "What have you seen among the Basongo? Tell me all."

Thorne told his story as briefly and clearly as he could, the king listening attentively. At the mention of Visiavisi, Karilo's eyes shot fire, and our hero, recalling the Skeleton Chief's story of having taken the mysterious map from "a white warrior with woolly hair," easily guessed why.

The king seemed pleased to hear that Visiavisi's party had so few guns, and the chief himself had lost his own; but there was unmistakable anxiety in his tone as he asked:

"The Basongo have asked guns, then, from the great white chief? Will he give them?"

"He won't now that I'm not there to be ransom for he doesn't want to give them firearms if he can possibly help it."

"Good," said Karilo; "let us eat."

When they had finished their meal—which, but for a few savory steaks from one of the wild goats that abounded among the rocks, was almost the same as the staple of the previous evening—the king announced to Gato (who had also been of the party) his sovereign pleasure that the young white chief should become his guest for the present.

Charlie's quarters in the palace, if not equal to Windsor Castle or the White House, were at least very snug and comfortable; but he had more than enough to do in answering Karilo's questions, the king being undoubtedly curious about the "smoke boats" moved by spirits, which the great white chief, Bula Matari, had set afloat on the Congo.

On the other hand, he was always ready to answer Charlie's questions, and to show him whatever he wished to see in any part of the settlement.

Charlie was surprised to see many of the Fidaserra, both men and women, so much darker than the rest, that the difference was almost as great as that between a Spaniard and a West Indian negro. The king told him that these had sprung from the intermarriage of the Fidaserra with various conquered native tribes, but that he and his family, having never mixed with the inferior race, had preserved their color.

At length King Karilo said one day, in the midst of a long talk:

"Your people are white, and my people are white—why should we not be friends and brothers? The Munduli Mpu" (white men from the sea) can do much to help us, and we can do much to help them. Stay with us yet a little while, and then I will send my people to take you back to Bula Matari, and make a league of brotherhood between him and me."

Thorne eagerly accepted the suggestion, and as fancy he saw him so directly restored to his friends, and astonishing them with his strange adventures, and his discovery of the Lost Race, Poor Charlie!

Our hero was naturally anxious to learn all he could about the mysterious race among whom he had been so strangely thrown, and he had no chance of questioning Gato and his other friends about the origin and history of their tribe.

But what they had to tell him amounted to very little, in reality. They said that their oldest traditions spoke of a time when the Fidaserra people had inhabited a rich and well



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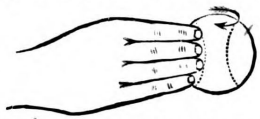
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