

GOLDEN ARGOZY

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❁ A BATTLE IN THE SNOWS; ❁

THE STORY OF A FRENCH CANADIAN.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

NO, sir—I am of the French Canadas. My mother was of Nova Scotia—that is why I speak your language as I do. But you comprehend me well? Yes? Then I will tell you of the stir here on my neck of which you ask.

It is to you of America a dreary country—this Canada of ours. But we find much of enjoyment in it even through the winters so long and icy. There are the soirees and the weddings—and sledge rides like those of Russia almost. Some of our people have dogs from our neighbors of Labrador which they harness to the sledge and go flying over the crust as in Lapland. But not for me the dog team. There is too much of the

whip. It has made my blood to be hot, as I have seen the dumb beasts cry and cringe under the lash and even the boot heel of the brute of two legs who drives.

Ah, no! The small horses of Canada—canucks, they call them—are of swiftness and strength enough for myself. And it was with such that I meet the adventure of which I have to tell.

His name was Bijou, for to me he was a jewel. He came one day as a young colt to our cabin—whence, I never discovered—and so I rear him for my own. As he grew strong and large I built for him a sledge of size to carry two with stores for hunting as well.

For in the winter Jean Baptiste of Pre-

vaux and I are hunters and trappers through the territory of the Northeast. Our pelts we sell to the Company of Hudson Bay. Skins of the deer and bear—the beaver, with now and then an otter or silver gray fox, for these through much hunting are scarce enough now. It is a wild life, with much of peril and hardship.

One must endure the cold as an Esquimau, and possess with the patience the craft of the Indian to be a hunter of success in the northern wilds.

Jean Baptiste was my brother. We never quarrel, that I recollect, in our life till this once of which I shall tell.

We were bound for the valley of the

Wasatch—it is now four years St. Martin's day. The winter was of severity unequalled, and we had hesitancy to go so far, but it was of necessity. There is the old mother and Pierre, who is blind, in the home, and Marie my wife with the child of tender years to care for. And oh, monsieur, we are very poor.

Jean and I were to camp near the head waters of Big River, where the year before we had success. It was in the gray of afternoon, and Bijou had done forty miles since the sunrise. The sledge, with two full grown men, our stores, and two guns, was a hard pull for so long a day's journey, and within ten miles of camp Bijou grew slower of speed,

Now we had great anxiety to reach the camp before dark, for this. The charges in our guns were all we had, for, to confess, there was not of money in the house to buy powder and ball from the post trader. And alas, we were indebted to him for the winter before, so he would give no more credit. But in a *cache* at our camping place there was abundant ammunition from the year before, well protected from damp. And once there we had no care.

But along the way we had seen from time to time the skulking gray wolf. Ordinarily, by himself even, he is ferocious. But in bands and ravenous through scarcity of game—ah, monsieur, the tiger of the tropic has not more ferocity!

All at once, as I endeavor to hasten the pace of Bijou, Jean Baptiste point behind. I have not the feeling of fear often, monsieur, but for the moment brief I feel that I shudder.

Twenty—I count them with my eye before speaking—twenty gaunt savage monsters of wolves, larger than any I have ever seen before or since, have broken from cover and speed toward the sledge. They have a swiftness incredible—it is hardly a minute from their appearance when I can see of him at the lead the eyeballs of fire—the slaver from wide open jaws dropping upon the snow—the cruel white fangs!

Not with howls did these come, understand you, but with a silence that had far more of terror to itself. Heavens! I sometimes cry aloud in sleep as the remembrance comes in a dream, and awakening find cold beads of sweat on my face.

Jean, who is reticent of speech, drew the guns from under the skins and placed one at each hand.

"Attend you to Bijou," he said in the quiet voice—"if there is an oversight—"

He had not need to finish. Too well I could understand what the overturn of the sledge should mean to us Both.

Recognizing the danger, Bijou had begun dashing forward with a speed marvelous considering the fatigue of the journey. His hoofs cracked like the snapping of whips as they threw back the snow in blinding showers. And on every side were the stumps of felled trees, and rocks half hidden in the crust of the drifts. Should the sledge runner strike one, our fate was certain.

The gun exploded, and I heard the howl of the wolf in agony. I dare not turn my head; to guide Bijou with the reins of deerhide was enough.

"Do not turn, brother, but listen. They gain on with swiftness! It is the question but of a few moments. There is not need that two shall perish—who then shall care for those at home? I have not the wife and child. Farewell, brother mine, God keep you!"

He had spoken in a tone rapid and with the confusion of excitement. I realized not his intention till the sudden lightning of the sledge told all.

Ah, Heaven, monsieur, the agony of that moment has not words. It was like the wrench of the heartstring of which one reads! Of what avail to follow his example—it was, as Jean had said, to leave those at home—my wife and child—to perish. And yet for an instant my fingers loosed the reins—I half turned.

The face of my wife and babe—agonized, imploring, came to my vision. But, monsieur, I swear to you that the awful struggle in mind for a moment was that which whitened my hair like that of one of eighty—for I have but thirty nine years of age.

I heard the report of his gun! Then the cry which for years has rung in my ears! And I sank to the bottom of the sledge, covering my ears with my hands.

But not for long. The wolves were upon me! A monster grasped poor Bijou by the neck, and his life blood dyed the snow! I had but the stick with which I had urged the poor animal, and my hunting knife within the folds of my fur *capote*. Forgetful for the moment of this, I struck madly with the stick at the fierce pack. Then I remembered, and drew forth the knife.

It is a terrible dream after that. There was a film of blood over my eyeballs. Fought! Monsieur, had there been fifty even fiercer, I would have fought to the death—not with thought of a possible saving of my life, but with the one idea to revenge my brother's death!

They sprang upon me again and again. My face, you see it. My arms and legs have scars more severe by far. Lunge after lunge I made with the fierceness of revenge and desperation! And when old Jansen, the Micopac Indian, with two trappers, came to the spot with a discharge of rifles that wiped out three and dispersed the rest, seven wolves killed by my own hand lay about me.

I was insensible then, and knew nothing of my wounds being bound up—or of afterward when all that remained of Jean Baptiste was placed beneath a heap of stones till the ground should thaw in the spring so that he might receive Christian burial. It was weeks I lay delirious in camp, and only for the mercy of Heaven, had never recovered. But I did, and am as you see me. But if it was the last bullet in my pouch I would use it to kill a wolf. *Bon jour, monsieur*, and thank you for your generosity. Adieu!

THE MAGIC OF BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL gems lie hidden
Under the fold of earth;
Even the slime hides a thought sublime
Till the time of the lily's birth.
Even the birds went creeping
Wingless and featherless
Till plume by plume as the roses bloom
They borrowed the singer's dress.
Beautiful birds have plumed
Beautiful thoughts fly high;
The poet's song cannot slumber long
Its track is the boundless sky.
Under the infinite heaven
Never a wing unfurled
But shall find its way to the verge of day
And flash on some wondering world.

[This story commenced in No. 293.]

THE Two Rivals;

OR,

THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER XL.

THE COMPACT.

EARLY the next day Randal Leslie was in the luxurious business room of *Baron Levy*.

"And this is all that he does for you!" cried the baron, pressing together the points of his ten taper fingers. "Had he but let you conclude your career at Oxford, I have heard enough of your scholarship to know that you would have taken high honors—been secure of a fellowship—have betaken yourself with content to a slow and laborious profession—and prepared yourself to die on the woolstack."

"He proposes to me now to return to Oxford," said Randal. "It is not too late."

"Yes, it is," said the baron. "Neither individuals nor nations ever go back of their own accord. There must be an earthquake before a river recedes to its source."

"You speak well," answered Randal, "and I cannot gainsay you. But now!"

"Ah, the *now* is the grand question in life—the *then* is obsolete, gone by—out of fashion; and *now*, my dear fellow, you come to ask my advice."

"No, baron; I come to ask your explanation."

"Of what?"

"I want to know why you spoke to me of Mr. Egerton's ruin; why you spoke to me of the lands to be sold by Mr. Thornhill; and why you spoke to me of Count Peschiera. You touched on each of these points within ten minutes—you omitted to indicate what link can connect them."

"By Jove," said the baron, rising, and with more admiration in his face than you could have conceived that face so smiling and so cynical could exhibit—"by Jove, Randal Leslie, but your shrewdness is wonderful. You really are the first young man of your day; and I will 'help you,' as I helped Audley Egerton. Perhaps you will be more grateful."

Randal thought of Egerton's ruin. The parallel implied by the baron did not suggest to him the rare enthusiasm of gratitude. However, he merely said, "Pray proceed—I listen to you with interest."

"As for politics, then," said the baron, "we will discuss that topic later. I am waiting myself to see how these new men get on. The first consideration is for your private fortunes. You should buy this ancient Leslie property—Rood and Dulmansberry—only twenty thousand pounds down; the rest may remain on mortgage forever—or at least till I find you a rich wife—as, in fact, I did for Egerton. Thornhill wants the twenty thousand now—wants them very much."

"And where," said Randal, with an iron smile, "are the twenty thousand pounds you ascribe to me to come from?"

"Ten thousand shall come to you the day Count Peschiera marries the daughter of his kinsman with your help and aid—the remaining ten thousand I will lend you. No scruple—I shall hazard nothing—the estates will bear that

additional burden. What say you—shall it be so?"

"Ten thousand pounds from Count Peschiera!" said Randal, breathing hard. "You cannot be serious? Such a sum—for what?—for a mere piece of information? How otherwise can I aid him? There must be a trick and deception intended here."

"My dear fellow," answered Levy, "I will give you a hint. There is such a thing in life as being over suspicious. If you have a fault, it is that. The information you allude to is, of course, the first assistance you are to give. Perhaps more may be needed—perhaps not. Of that you will judge yourself, since the ten thousand pounds are contingent on the marriage aforesaid."

"Over suspicious or not," answered Randal, "the amount of the sum is too improbable, and the security too bad, for me to listen to this proposition, even if I could descend to—"

"Stop, my dear boy. Business first—scruples afterward. The security too bad—what security?"

"The word of Count di Peschiera."

"He has nothing to do with it—he need know nothing about it. 'Tis my word you doubt. I am your security."

Randal remained silent, only fixing on Levy those dark, observant eyes, with their contracted, wary pupils.

"The fact is simply this," resumed Levy; "Count di Peschiera has promised to pay his sister a dowry of twenty thousand pounds in case he has the money to spare. He can only have it to spare by the marriage we are discussing. On my part, as I manage his affairs in England for him, I have promised that, for the said sum of twenty thousand pounds, I will guarantee the expenses in the way of that marriage, and settle with Madame di Negra. Now, though Peschiera is a very liberal, warm hearted fellow, I don't say that he would have named so large a sum for his sister's dowry, if in strict truth he did not owe it to her. It is the amount of her own fortune, which, by some arrangements with her late husband not exactly legal, he possessed himself of. If Madame di Negra went to law with him for it, she could get it back. I have explained this to him; and, in short, you now understand why the sum is thus assessed."

"But I have bought up Madame di Negra's debts. I have bought up young Hazeldean's (for we must make a match between these two a part of our arrangements). I shall present to Peschiera, and to these excellent young persons, an account that will absorb the whole twenty thousand pounds. That sum will come into my hands. If I settle the claims against them for half the money, which, making myself the sole creditor, I have the right to do, the moiety will remain. And if I choose to give it to you, in return for the services which provide Peschiera with a princely fortune—discharge the debts of his sister—and secure her a husband in my promising young client, Mr. Hazeldean, that is my look out—all parties are satisfied, and no one need ever be the wiser. The sum is large, no doubt; it answers to me to give it to you; does it answer to you to receive it?"

Randal was greatly agitated; but, vile as he was, and systematically as in thought he had brought himself to regard others merely as they could be made subservient to his own interest, still, with all who have not hardened themselves in actual crime, there is a wide distinction between the thought and the act. Thus nakedly and openly to accept a bribe for a deed of treachery toward the poor Italian who had so generously trusted him—he recoiled.

He was nerving himself to refuse, when Levy, opening his pocket book, glanced over the memoranda therein, and said, as if to himself, "Rood Manor—Dulmansberry, sold to the Thornhills by Sir Gilbert Leslie, knight of the shire; estimated present net rental two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds. It is the greatest bargain I ever knew. And with this estate in hand, and your talents, Leslie, I don't see why you should not rise higher than Audley Egerton. He was poorer than you once!"

The old Leslie lands—a positive stake in the country—the restoration of the fallen family; and on the other hand, either long drudgery at the bar—a scanty allowance on Egerton's bounty—his sister wasting her youth at slovenly, dismal Rood—his young brother Oliver debased into a boor!—or a mendicant's dependence on the contemptuous pity of Harley L'Estrange—Harley, who had refused his hand—Harley, who perhaps would become the husband of Violante!

Rage seized him as these contrasting pictures rose before his view. He walked to and fro in disorder, striving to re-collect his thoughts, and reduce himself from the passions of the human heart into the mere mechanism of calculating intellect. "I cannot conceive," said he, abruptly, "why you should tempt me thus—what is it to you?"

Baron Levy smiled, and put up his pocket book. He saw from that moment that the victory was gained.

"My dear boy," said he, with the most agreeable friendliness, "it is very natural that you should think a man would have a personal interest in whatever he does for another. I believe that view of human nature is called utilitarian philosophy, and is much in fashion at present. Let me try and explain to you. In this affair I shan't injure myself. True, you will say, if I settle claims, which amount to twenty thousand pounds, for ten thousand, I might put the surplus into my own pocket in-

stead of yours. Agreed. But I shall not get the twenty thousand, nor repay myself Madame di Negra's debts (whatever I may do as to Hazeldean's), unless the count gets this heiress. You can help in this. I want you; and I don't think I could get you by a less offer than I make. I shall soon pay myself back the ten thousand if the count gets hold of the lady and her fortune. Brief—I see my way here to my own interests. Do you want more reasons—you shall have them. I am now a very rich man. How have I become so? Through attaching myself from the first to persons of expectations, whether from fortune or talent. I have made connections in society, and society has enriched me. I have still a passion for making money. It is my profession, my hobby. It will be useful to me in a thousand ways, to secure as a friend a young man who will have influence with other young men, heirs to something better than Rood Hall. You may succeed in public life. A man in public life may attain to the knowledge of state secrets that may be profitable to one who dabbles a little in the Funds. We can perhaps hereafter do business together that may put yourself in a way of clearing off all mortgages on these estates.

"You see I am frank; 'tis the only way of coming to the point with so clever a fellow as you. And now, since the less we rake up the mud in the pond from which we have resolved to drink, the better, let us dismiss all other thoughts but that of securing our end. Will you tell Peschiera where the young lady is, or shall I? Better do it yourself; reason enough for it, that he has confided to you his hope, and asked you to help him; why should not you? Not a word to him about our little arrangement; he need never know it. You need never be troubled." Levy rang the bell: "Order my carriage round."

Randal made no objection. He was deathly pale, but there was a sinister expression of firmness on his thin, bloodless lips.

"The next point," Levy resumed, "is to hasten the match between Frank and the fair widow. How does that stand?"

"She will not see him, nor receive him."

"Learn why! And if you find on either side there is a hitch, just let me know; I will soon remove it. Has Hazeldean consented to the post obit?"

"Not yet; I have not pressed it; I wait the right moment, if necessary."

"It will be necessary."

"Ah, you wish it. It shall be so."

Randal Leslie again paced the room, and after a silent self communion, came up close to the baron, and said,

"Look you, sir, I am poor and ambitious; you have tempted me at the right moment, and with the right inducement. I succumb. But what guarantee have I that this money will be paid—these estates made mine upon the conditions stipulated?"

"Before anything is settled," replied the baron, "go and ask my character of any of our young friends, Borrowell, Spendquick—whom you please; you will hear me abused, of course; but they will all say this of me, that when I pass my word I keep it; if I say, 'My boy, you shall have the money,' a man has it; if I say, 'I renew your bill for six months,' it is renewed. 'Tis my way of doing business. In all cases my word is my bond. In this case, where no writing can pass between us, my only bond must be my word. Go, then, make your mind clear as to your security, and come here and dine at eight. We will call on Peschiera afterward."

"Yes," said Randal, "I will at all events take the day to consider. Meanwhile I say this: I do not disguise from myself the nature of the proposed transaction, but what I have once resolved I go through with. My sole vindication to myself is, that if I play here with a false die, it will be for a stake so grand, as, once won, the magnitude of the prize will cancel the ignominy of the play. It is not this sum of money for which I sell myself—it is for what that sum will aid me to achieve. And in the marriage of young Hazeldean with the Italian woman, I have another, and it may be a large interest. I have slept on it lately—I wake to it now. Insure that marriage, obtain the post obit from Hazeldean, and whatever the issue of the mere direct scheme for which you seek my services, rely on my gratitude, and believe that you will have put me in the way to render gratitude of avail. At eight I will be with you."

Randal left the room.

The baron sat thoughtfully.

"It is true," said he to himself, "this young man is next of kin to the Hazeldean estate, if Frank displeases his father sufficiently to lose his inheritance; that must be the clever boy's design. Well, in the long run, I should make as much, or more, out of him than out of the spendthrift Frank. Frank's faults are those of youth. He will reform and retrench. But *this* man! No, I shall have him for life. And should he fail in this project, and have but this encumbered property—a landed proprietor mortgaged up to his ears—why, he is my slave, and I can foreclose when I wish, or if he prove useless;—no, I risk nothing. And if I did—if I lost ten thousand pounds—what then? I can afford it for revenge!—afford it for the luxury of leaving Audley Egerton alone with penury and ruin, deserted, in his hour of need, by the pensioner of his bounty—as he will be by the last friend of his youth—when it so pleases me—me whom he has called 'scoundrel,' and whom he—"

Levy's soliloquy halted there, for the servant entered to announce the carriage. And the baron hurried his hand over his features, as if to sweep away all trace of the passions that distorted their smiling frontonry. And so, as he took up his cane and gloves, and glanced at the glass, the face of the fashionable usurer was once more as varnished as his shoes.

Randal's mind was made up. All he had learned in regard to Levy had confirmed his resolves or dissipated his scruples. He had started from the improbability that Peschiera would offer, and the still greater improbability that Peschiera would pay him ten thousand pounds for such information and aid as he could bestow in furthering the count's object. But when Levy took such proposals entirely on himself, the main question to Randal became this—could it be Levy's interest to make so considerable a sacrifice?

Had the baron implied only friendly sentiments as his motives, Randal would have felt sure he was to be taken in; but the usurer's frank assurance that it would answer to him in the long run to concede to Randal terms so advantageous, altered the case, and led our young philosopher to look at the affair with calm, contemplative eyes.

The cab stopped at the door of Lord Lansmere's house. Randal had suspected Violante to be there; he resolved to ascertain. He descended from his vehicle and rang the bell. The lodge keeper opened the great wooden gates.

"I have called to see the young lady staying here—the foreign young lady."

Lady Lansmere had been too confident as to the security of her roof to condescend to give any orders to her servants with regard to her guest, and the lodge keeper answered directly: "At home, I believe, sir. I rather think she is in the garden with my lady."

"I see," said Randal. And he did see the form of Violante at a distance. "But since she is walking, I will not disturb her at present. I will call another day."

The lodge keeper bowed respectfully, Randal jumped into his cab—"To Curzon Street—quick!"

CHAPTER XLII.

LOVE TO HATRED TURNED.

HARLEY had made one notable oversight in that appeal to Beatrice's better and gentler nature, which he intrusted to the advocacy of Leonard—a scheme in itself very characteristic of Harley's romantic temper, and either wise or foolish, according as his indulgent theory of human idiosyncracies in general, and of those peculiar to Beatrice di Negra in especial, was the dream of an enthusiast, or the inductive conclusion of a sound philosopher.

Harley had warned Leonard not to fall in love with the Italian—he had forgotten to warn the Italian not to fall in love with Leonard; nor had he ever anticipated the probability of that event. This is not to be very much wondered at; for if there be anything on which the most sensible men are dull eyed, where those eyes are not lightened by jealousy, it is as to the probabilities of another male creature being beloved.

It was that fresh, pure heart—it was that simple, earnest sweetness—it was that contrast in look, in tone, in sentiment, and in reasonings, to all that had jaded and disgusted her in the circle of her admirers—it was all this that captivated Beatrice at the first interview with Leonard. He never spoke to her of Helen—that reserve every reader can comprehend. To natures like his, first love is a mystery; to confide it is to profane. But he fulfilled his commission of interesting her in the exile and his daughter. And his description of them brought tears to her eyes.

She inwardly resolved not to aid Peschiera in his designs on Violante. She forgot for the moment that her own fortune was to depend on the success of those designs. Levy had arranged so that she was not reminded of her poverty by creditors—she knew not how. She knew nothing of business. She gave herself up to the delight of the present hour, and to vague prospects of a future, associated with that young image—with that face of a guardian angel that she saw before her, fairest in the moments of absence; for in those moments come the life of fairy land, when we shut our eyes on the world, and see through the haze of golden reverie.

Dangerous, indeed, to Leonard would have been the soft society of Beatrice di Negra, had his heart not been wholly devoted to one object, and had not his ideal of woman been from that object one sole and indivisible reflection. But Beatrice guessed not this barrier between herself and him.

Amidst the shadows that he conjured up from his past life, she beheld no rival form. She saw him lonely in the world as she was herself. And in his lowly birth, his youth, in the freedom from presumption which characterized him in all things (save that confidence in his intellectual destinies which is the essential attribute of genius), she but grew the bolder by the belief that, even if he loved her, he would not dare to hazard the avowal.

And thus, one day, yielding as she had been ever wont to yield, to the impulse of her quick Italian heart—how she never remembered—in what words she could never recall—she spoke—she owned her love—she pleaded, with tears and blushes, for love in return.

All that passed was to her as a dream—a dream from which she woke with a fierce sense of agony, of humiliation—woke as the "woman scorned."

No matter how gratefully, how tenderly, Leonard had replied—the reply was a refusal. For the first time she learned she had a rival; that all he could give of love was long since, from his boyhood, given to another.

For the first time in her life that ardent nature knew jealousy, its torturing sting, its thirst for vengeance, its tempest of loving hate. But, to outward appearance, silent and cold she stood as marble.

Words that sought to soothe fell on her ear unheeded; they were drowned by the storm within. Pride was the first feeling that dominated the warring elements that raged in her soul.

She tore her hand from that which clasped hers with so loyal a respect. She could have spurned the form that knelt, not for love, but for pardon, at her feet. She pointed to the door with the gesture of an insulted queen. She knew no more till she was alone.

Then came that rapid flash of conjecture peculiar to the storms of jealousy; that which seems to single from all nature the one object to dread and to destroy; the conjecture, so often false, yet received at once by our convictions as the revelation of instinctive truth.

He to whom she had humbled herself loved another; whom but Violante?—whom else, young and beautiful, had he named in the record of his life? None! And he had sought to interest her, Beatrice di Negra, in the object of his love—hinted at dangers, which Beatrice knew too well—implied trust in Beatrice's will to protect.

Blind fool that she had been! This, then, was the reason why he had come, day after day, to Beatrice's house; this was the charm that had drawn him thither; this—she pressed her hands to her burning temples, as if to stop the torture of thought. Suddenly a voice was heard below, the door opened, and Randal Leslie entered.

Punctually at eight o'clock that evening, Baron Levy welcomed the new ally he had secured. The pair dined together, discussing general matters till the servants left them to their wine. Then said the baron, rising and stirring the fire—then said the baron, briefly and significantly: "Well!"

"As regards the property you spoke of," answered Randal, "I am willing to purchase it on the terms you name. The only point that perplexes me is how to account to Audley Egerton, to my parents, to the world, for the power of purchasing it."

"True," said the baron, without even a smile at the ingenious and truly Greek manner in which Randal had contrived to denote his meaning, and conceal the ugliness of it—"true, we must think of that. If we could manage to conceal the real name of the purchaser for a year or so—it might be easy—you may be supposed to have speculated in the Funds; or Egerton may die, and people may believe that he had secured to you something handsome from the ruins of his fortune."

"Little chance of Egerton's dying?"

"Humph!" said the baron. "However, this is a mere detail, reserved for consideration. You can now tell us where the young lady is?"

"Certainly. I could not this morning—I can now. I will go with you to the count. Meanwhile I have seen Madame di Negra; she will accept Frank Hazeldean, if he will but offer himself at once."

"Will he not?"

"No! I have been to him. He is overjoyed at my representations, but considers it his duty to ask the consent of his parents. Of course they will not give it; and if there be delay, she will retract. She is under the influence of passions, on the duration of which there is no reliance."

"What passions? Love?"

"Love; but not for Hazeldean. The passions that bring her to accept his hand are pique and jealousy. She believes, in a word, that one, who seems to have gained the mastery over her affections with a strange suddenness, is but blind to her charms, because dazzled by Violante's. She is prepared to aid in all that can give her rival to Peschiera; and yet, such is the inconsistency of woman" (added the young philosopher, with a shrug of the shoulders), "that she is also prepared to lose all chance of securing him she loves, by bestowing herself on another!"

"Woman, indeed, all over!" said the baron, tapping the snuff box, and regaling his nostrils with a scornful pinch. "But who is the man whom the fair Beatrice has thus honored? Superb creature! I had some idea of her myself when I bought up her debts; but it might have embarrassed me, on more general plans, as regards the count. All for the best. Who's the man? Not Lord L'Estrange?"

"I do not think it is he; but I have not yet ascertained. I have told you all I know. I found her in a state so excited, so unlike herself, that I had no little difficulty in soothing her into confidence so far. I could not venture more."

"And she will accept Frank?"

"Had he offered today she would have accepted him!"

"It may be a great help to your fortunes, my dear fellow, if Frank Hazeldean marry this

lady without his father's consent. Perhaps he may be disinherited. You are next of kin."

"How do you know that?" asked Randal, sullenly.

"It is my business to know all about the chances and connections of any one with whom I do money matters. I do money matters with young Mr. Hazeldean; so I know that the Hazeldean property is not entailed; and, as the squire's half brother has no Hazeldean blood in him, you have excellent expectations."

"Did Frank tell you I was next of kin?"

"I rather think so; but I am sure you did."

"I—when?"

"When you told me how important it was to you that Frank should marry Madame di Negra. Do you think I am a blockhead?"

"Well, baron, Frank is of age, and can marry to please himself. You implied to me that you could help him in this."

"I will try. See that he calls at Madame di Negra's tomorrow, at two precisely."

"I would rather keep clear of all apparent interference in this matter. Will you not arrange that he call on her?"

"I will. Now then let us go to the count's."

CHAPTER XLIII.

A TRAP FOR FRANK HAZELDEAN.

THE next morning Frank Hazeldean was sitting over his solitary breakfast table. It was long past noon. The young man had risen early, it is true, to attend his military duties, but he had contracted the habit of breakfasting late. One's appetite does not come early when one lives in London, and never goes to bed before daybreak.

"I can't bear this," he exclaimed, suddenly, and springing to his feet. "This woman, I cannot get her out of my head. I ought to go down to the governor's; but then if he gets into a passion and refuses his consent, where am I? And he will too, I fear. I wish I could make out what Randal advises. He seems to recommend that I should marry Beatrice at once, and trust to my mother's influence to make it all right afterward. But when I ask, 'Is that your advice?' he backs out of it. Well, I suppose he is right there. I can understand that he is unwilling, good fellow, to recommend anything that my father would disapprove. But still—"

Here Frank stopped in his soliloquy, and did make his first desperate effort to—think!

But in the midst of his cogitations there came a single man's elegant rat-tat-tat at the street door.

"One never has a moment for thinking," cried Frank, as he called out to his valet, "Not at home."

But it was too late. Lord Spendquick was in the hall, and presently within the room. How d'ye do's were exchanged and hands shaken.

"I have a note for you, Hazeldean," said the visitor.

"From whom?" asked Frank, lazily.

"Levy. Just come from him—never saw him in such a fidget. He was going into the city. Dashed off this note for you—and would have sent it by a servant, but I said I would bring it."

Looking fearfully at the note, Frank said—"I hope he does not want his money yet. *Private and confidential*—that looks bad."

"Deuced bad indeed."

Frank opens the note and reads half aloud, "Dear Hazeldean,"

"Good sign!" interrupted Spendquick. "He always 'Spendquick's' me when he lends me money; and 'tis 'My dear Lord' when he wants it back. Capital sign!"

Frank reads on, but to himself, and with a changing countenance:

DEAR HAZELDEAN,

I am sorry to tell you that, in consequence of the sudden failure of a house at Paris, with which I had large dealings, I am pressed, on a sudden, for all the ready money I can get. I don't want to inconvenience you; but do try and see if you can take up those bills of yours which I hold, and which, as you know, have been due some little time. I had hit on a way of arranging your affairs, but when I hinted at it, you seemed to dislike the idea; and Leslie has since told me that you have strong objections to giving any security on your prospective property. So no more of that, my dear fellow. I am called out in haste to try what I can do for a very charming client of mine, who is in great pecuniary distress, though she has for her brother a foreign count, as rich as Croesus. There is an execution in her house. I am going down to the tradesman who put it in, but have no hope of softening him; and I fear there will be others before the day is out. Another reason for wanting money, if you can help me, my boy. An execution in the house of one of the most brilliant women in London—execution in Curzon Street, May Fair! It will be all over the town, if I can't stop it. Yours in haste,

LEVY.

P. S.—Don't let what I have said vex you too much. I should not trouble you if Spendquick and Borrowell would pay me something. Perhaps you can get them to do so."

Struck by Frank's silence and paleness, Lord Spendquick here, in the kindest way possible, laid his hand on the young guardsman's shoulder, and looked over the note with that freedom which gentlemen in difficulties take with each other's private and confidential correspondence. His eye fell on the postscript.

"Oh, ding it," cried Spendquick, "but that's too bad—employing you to get me to pay him! Such horrid treachery. Make yourself easy, my dear Frank; I could never suspect you of anything so unhandsome. I could as soon suspect myself of—paying him—"

"Curzon Street! Count!" muttered Frank,

as if waking from a dream. "It must be so."

To thrust on his boots—change his dressing robe for a frock coat—catch at his hat, gloves, and cane—break from Spendquick—descend the stairs—a flight at a leap—gain the street—throw himself into a cabriolet; all this was done before his astonished visitor could even recover breath enough to ask, "What's the matter?"

Arrived in Curzon Street, Frank leapt from the cabriolet—knocked at the door, which was opened by a strange looking man in a buff waistcoat and corduroy breeches. Frank gave a glance at this personage—pushed him aside—and rushed up stairs.

He burst into the drawing room—no Beatrice was there. A thin, elderly man, with a manuscript book in his hands, appeared engaged in examining the furniture and making an inventory, with the aid of Madame di Negra's upper servant.

The thin man stared at Frank, and touched the hat which was on his head. The servant, who was a foreigner, approached Frank, and said, in broken English, that his lady did not receive—that she was unwell, and kept her room.

Frank thrust a sovereign into the servant's hand, and begged him to tell Madame di Negra that Mr. Hazeldean entreated the honor of an interview. As soon as the servant vanished on this errand, Frank seized the thin man by the arm: "What is this? an execution?"

"Yes, sir."

"For what sum?"

"Fifteen hundred and forty seven pounds. We are the first in possession."

"There are others, then?"

"Or else, sir, we should never have taken this step. Most painful to our feelings, sir; but these foreigners are here today, and gone tomorrow. And—"

The servant re-entered. Madame di Negra would see Mr. Hazeldean. Would he walk up stairs?

Frank hastened to obey this summons. (To be continued.)

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

WHY NEW YORK STANDS FIRST.

In a volume of reminiscences recently published by a well known New York broker, many interesting glimpses are given of the sayings and doings of some of the great money kings with whom the writer came in contact. Among them is a characteristic story of the late William R. Travers, the celebrated financier, who moved his headquarters from Baltimore to New York some years ago.

It will be remembered by many Wall Street men that prior to the advent of Mr. Travers the rivalry among several of the seaboard cities on the Atlantic coast was very keen. Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore were each in turn disposed to claim pre-eminence, and the leading position of New York was by no means unquestioned. Thanks to this Wall Street magnate the matter is now no longer in dispute. It was finally decided in this way:

One day after Mr. Travers became one of ourselves an old friend from Baltimore met him in Wall Street. As it had been a long time since they saw each other they had a considerable number of topics to talk over. They had been familiar friends in the Monumental City, and were not, therefore, restrained by the usual social formalities.

"I notice, Travers," said the Baltimorean, "that you stutter a great deal more than when you were in Baltimore."

"W-h-y, y-e-s," replied Mr. Travers, darting a look of surprise at his friend: "of course I do. This is a l-l-long sight bigger c-city."

That settled it. Since this famous interview, and this scientific explanation given by Mr. Travers to his old friend, no skeptic has had sufficient temerity to entertain any doubt regarding the financial and commercial supremacy of New York.

AN ACCOMPLISHED ECHO.

The Savannah News tells an amusing story of the way a boastful citizen was beaten at his own game by his own side.

Talking about echoes, Colonel Ogeechee claimed that he had one on his place, a few miles from Savannah, which beat anything he had ever heard or read about; one, in fact, which would clearly repeat whole sentences. The party of gentlemen were interested, but incredulous, and arranged to accompany Colonel Ogeechee home the next afternoon to test the wonderful echo.

The colonel found, on getting back, that in the heat of the discussion he had claimed more than the facts justified. Determined not to be beaten, he called his Irish laborer.

"Pat," said he, "some gentlemen are coming home with me tomorrow afternoon to hear the echo. Now, I want you to go across the river before the time for me to arrive, so you can answer back whatever we may call out."

"You mane fur me to play ikker, sorr!" asked Pat, grinning.

"That's it, exactly," said the colonel. "Now, do you thoroughly understand that you are to answer back exactly what we say?"

"Oh, ys, sorr! ye can depend on me entoirelv."

Next afternoon the colonel took his friends to the river bank, and all were ready for the experiment.

Making a speaking trumpet of his hands, the colonel roared:

"Are you there?"

Back came the echo with startling distinctness: "Yis, sorr. O've been here sence four av the clock."

DUTY'S CALL.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight have gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has a part to play;
The Past and the Future are looking
In the face of the stern today.

Hints on Stamp Collecting.

BY W. C. FLOOD.

MOST people have some particular hobby. It may be the formation of a gallery of pictures or a collection of old china or old coins to which they devote their spare time and money; but pictures and pottery take up a good deal of room, and are more or less expensive, so that large collections can only be made by the wealthy. Within the last fifty years, however, postage stamps have come into use, and as a not unnatural consequence there has arisen a fancy for making collections of them.

This hobby has certainly many advantages which ought to recommend it to popular favor. In the first place, stamps occupy but very little space compared even with coins, so that a large and valuable collection might be contained in a moderate sized album. Moreover many stamps may be obtained at a price which places them within the reach of those who cannot afford to spend more than a few cents at a time.

Most schoolboys become more or less ardent philatelists during some period of their school days, and we have seen very interesting and fairly representative collections of stamps which have been made by them at a trifling outlay.

Philately, as stamp collecting is called, must not, however, be looked upon as a mere schoolboy's amusement, nor must it be thought that the value of all old stamps is small. On the contrary, many philatelists value their collections at amounts which to the uninitiated would appear almost incredible. A few years ago a collection was sold for forty thousand dollars, and some are said to be worth much more than that amount.

A black penny English stamp containing V. R. in the upper angles will sell for about \$25, and a blue ninepenny Natal for \$75. Many other stamps are equally valuable—some in fact being much rarer—and ranging in market price up to five hundred dollars or more.

Most of the older stamps, which are no longer used, having been superseded by new kinds, are every year becoming rarer, so that some which can now be obtained for five or ten cents, may in a few years' time be worth as many dollars.

It has been urged by some of its advocates that stamp collecting greatly assists one in acquiring a knowledge of geography, and for this reason, if for none other, it deserves support. We have derived from the study other benefits which should not be lightly ignored. The necessity, for instance, of closely examining each stamp to detect any difference in water mark, paper, perforation, or method of printing, and any slight variations in design or shade of color, is excellent training for the eye, and causes one to acquire the habit of searching for and observing small details which might escape the notice of ordinary persons.

We will not encroach further on the reader's patience with our preliminary remarks, but will proceed forthwith to give a few practical hints and suggestions, which we trust will prove useful and instructive to those who are interested in collecting old stamps.

The beginner invariably takes anything which may come to hand, but the advanced collector more often devotes his attention to one particular branch of philately. Stamps may be primarily divided into two kinds, postage and fiscal, and these, again, are capable of subdivision. Thus we have adhesive stamps, envelopes, postcards, and news bands. But of course it is for the collector himself to decide what he shall gather together.

In the first place, the philatelist requires an album in which to keep his specimens, and books made especially for this purpose may be obtained at various prices; but we should not advise the purchase of an expensive one to commence with.

Most of the cheaper kinds have their

pages ruled into squares of equal size, but such books, although they answer very well for beginners, are of little use for holding large collections.

Many of the larger albums contain catalogues of stamps, and have their pages divided into numbered spaces, the numbers corresponding with those of the catalogue, and each space being the size and shape of the stamp which is to be inserted in it. These albums are very convenient, saving, as they do, much time and trouble in the arrangement of the stamps; but, on the other hand, they have one great drawback, for they leave the philatelist no option as to what he must or must not collect.

Besides, it frequently happens that there is no room for the insertion of newly issued stamps, although this is of less consequence, as several of the better class albums of this description have supplements to them published from time to time as occasion may require.

Advanced collectors, and those who do not wish to be restricted in any way, either in what they choose to collect or in the arrangement of their specimens, will no doubt find albums with blank pages most suitable for their requirements.

With regard to the arrangement of the stamps, a few words will probably be of service to our readers. Of course, our remarks will not apply to those who possess albums in which a numbered space is provided for the reception of each stamp, as they should experience no difficulty in this matter.

In order to know what stamps have been issued by each country, a catalogue is indispensable; and very good ones are published by the leading stamp dealers.

The young collector with a small album will probably find it of little use attempting any complicated arrangement of his stamps beyond classifying them according to the countries by which they were issued; and, before buying a large album for the permanent reception of his collection, he had better wait until the latter has attained goodly proportions, and he has acquired a sound knowledge of philately.

We will assume, however, that he has already a moderately large collection, which he is about to mount in a systematic manner.

The stamps comprising each set should be arranged, according to their facial value, from the lowest to the highest; and the sets should be inserted in the chronological order in which they were issued. Moreover, it is advisable to keep the various issues quite distinct, and not place two different sets in the same row. Of course, a large set may occupy several rows across the page; otherwise, even if one contains but two or three stamps, it is as well, perhaps, to give it a line to itself.

Many collectors content themselves by inserting in their album only one stamp of each distinct kind, but some collect also any specimens which may show a variation from the usual color, or which may possess a different watermark. When the latter course is pursued it will, perhaps, be found most convenient to arrange the sets sufficiently wide apart to allow an additional row to be inserted between them. Each variety can then be placed immediately beneath the stamp from which it differs.

Postcards and envelopes, if inserted in an album with adhesive stamps, should be placed after the latter and not mixed with them indiscriminately. Where possible, however, it is a better plan to keep them in a separate book, as they occupy a good deal of space if inserted entire, and cutting them detracts considerably from their value.

When entire postcards or envelopes are kept in an album devoted exclusively to their reception, much space may be saved by mounting them on paper hinges in such a way that one partially overlaps another.

In the arrangement of fiscal stamps, a plan may be adopted similar to that which we have recommended for postal adhesives, only instead of inserting them chronologically, it is better, perhaps, to classify them in the first place according to the purposes for which they are used. Thus we would have in separate divisions Bill Stamps, Match Stamps, Medicine Stamps, etc.; but of course in each of these classes the chronological ar-

rangement of the sets should be followed.

Having decided what to collect, and become possessed of an album, the next step is to stick the stamps into the latter, and this operation, simple as it may appear, is one in which the young collector stands in much need of advice.

To begin with, any pieces of paper adhering to the backs of the stamps must not be roughly torn off, but should be carefully removed, and this is best effected by floating them, face upwards, in water, until the paper can be easily peeled away from them. Care should always be taken that the face of the stamp does not get wet, for, although many kinds may be plunged into water without injury, some, such as those of Russia, are printed in ink that will readily wash off.

When all pieces of paper have been removed and the stamps are quite dry, they are ready to be mounted in the album, and the best method of doing this is by what is known as the hinge system. A strip of thin paper, about an inch long, and rather narrower than the stamp, has half its length gummed to the latter, and the other half folded back and gummed to the album, thus forming a hinge.

The great advantage of this method is that the stamps can be easily removed from the album without the slightest injury to the latter or to themselves; moreover, those collectors who are interested in watermarks can easily examine them without detaching the stamps. Thin pieces of paper for mounting in this way, ready gummed and cut to the proper size, may be obtained from most stamp dealers.

There is another method of mounting stamps, which, if preferred, may be adopted by those collectors who do not take notice of watermarks, and therefore have no necessity for examining the backs of their stamps. The strip of paper in this case may be narrower than when used as a hinge, but it should be rather longer. The center is gummed to the stamp, and the two ends are turned back and fastened to the album.

On no account ought valuable specimens to be mounted by the rough and clumsy method of spreading gum over the backs of the stamps themselves, for, should their removal at any time be necessary, it could not well be effected without damaging them or leaving an unsightly mark in the album.

Whenever a chance may arise of making money by imposing on the unwary, there are always dishonest persons ready and willing to take advantage of the opportunity which presents itself. Thus philately opened up a good field to the forgers, and, consequently, numerous imitation stamps have been issued and sold as genuine ones; but let us hope that the trade carried on in these spurious articles is not so flourishing now as formerly.

It is impossible for us to lay down any hard and fast rules for distinguishing the forged stamps from the genuine; but if the collector carefully examines each stamp that passes through his hands, and when possible compares doubtful specimens with those that he knows to be genuine, he will gain more practical knowledge in the detection of forgeries than could be conveyed to him in a volume of printed instructions.

THE EARLY DAYS OF RAILROADING.

As the railroad is the quickest means of passing from place to place, so also has it advanced more rapidly to a state of perfection in its appointments than almost any other of the so called "modern conveniences."

A historical account of "Railway Passenger Travel," in *Scribner's Magazine* for September, gives some facts regarding this growth which furnish both interesting and amusing reading.

The first railway on which passengers were carried was the "Stockton and Darlington," of England, the distance being twelve miles. It was opened September 27, 1825, with a freight train, or, as it is called in England, a "goods" train, but which also carried excursionists.

An engine which was the result of many years of labor and experiment on the part of George Stephenson was used on this train. Stephenson mounted it and acted as driver; his bump of caution was evidently largely developed, for, to guard against accidents from the recklessness of the speed, he arranged to have a signalman

on horseback ride in advance of the engine to warn the luckless trespasser of the fate which awaited him if he should get in the way of a train moving with such startling velocity.

The next month, October, it was decided that it would be worth while to attempt the carrying of passengers, and a daily "coach," modeled after the stage coach and called the "Experiment," was put on, Monday, October 20th, 1825, which carried six passengers inside and from fifteen to twenty outside. The engine with this light load made the trip in about two hours.

Peter Cooper, of New York, constructed a locomotive and made a trial trip with it on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, but not meeting the requirements of the company, it was not put into service. The trip incidentally brought out a demonstration of the Marylanders' belief in the advantages of horse flesh over all other means of locomotion, and to prove the superiority of this favorite animal, a gray roadster was brought out and entered for a contest of speed with the boasted steam power, and it is asserted that he beat the locomotive in a break-neck race which became as famous at the time as the ride of the renowned John Gipin.

The first five years of experience showed marked progress in the practical operation of railway trains, but even after locomotives had demonstrated their capabilities and each improved engine had shown an encouraging increase in velocity, the wildest flights of fancy never pictured the speed attained in later years.

When the roads forming the line between Philadelphia and Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were chartered in 1835, and town meetings were held to discuss their practicability, the Honorable Simon Cameron, while making a speech in advocacy of the measure, was so far carried away by his enthusiasm as to make the rash prediction that there were persons within the sound of his voice who would live to see a passenger take his breakfast in Harrisburg and his supper in Philadelphia on the same day.

A friend of his on the platform said to him after he had finished, "That's all very well, Simon, to tell to the boys, but you and I are no such infernal fools as to believe it." They have both lived to travel the distance in a little over two hours.

There were in those early days no double tracks, and no telegraph to facilitate the safe dispatching of trains. The springs of the car were hard, the jolting intolerable, the windows rattled like those of the modern omnibus, and conversation was a luxury that could be indulged in only by those of recognized superiority in lung power.

The brakes were clumsy and of little service. The ends of the flat bar rails were cut diagonally, so that when laid down they would lap and form a smoother joint. Occasionally they became sprung; the spikes would not hold, and the end of the rail, with its sharp point, rose high enough for the wheel to run under it, rip it loose, and send the pointed end up through the floor of the car.

This was called a "snake's head," and the unlucky being sitting over it was likely to be impaled against the roof, so that the traveler of that day, in addition to his other miseries, was in momentary apprehension of being spitted like a Christmas turkey.

JOHN CHINAMAN ON THE DIAMOND.

THE fun to be obtained from seeing a lot of girls play baseball must now give place to the mirth provoked by the spectacle of Chinamen disporting themselves in the national game. We quote from a Chicago news item in the *New York World*:

If laughter be a criterion of success, the most successful baseball game ever played in Chicago was played yesterday afternoon at the League Park. It was the first regular game of the Chinese teams, known respectively as the Pi Pittahs, of Chicago, and the Vanquishers of the Dragon, from San Francisco.

From beginning to end the spectators were in a delirium of mirth. They fell off the benches from laughing. They rocked to and fro holding their sides. The lad who sells peanuts showered cascades of fruit over the stand in the excess of his hilarity. No "roaring farce" at a theater ever produced such roars as these. Yet the occasion was wholly serious to the Chinamen.

The Vanquishers of the Dragon were attired in dark blue shirts. Their captain had said to them: "If the ball comes in your direction place yourself boldly in front of it. If it lodges in your clothes extricate it. But in no case run away from it." They obeyed these instructions literally.

Whenever they saw the ball coming they faced it heroically. They let it strike them wherever it pleased, in the face, or body or legs. As a rule they fell when it hit them, and the ball, ricocheting on another player, bowled him over too. Thus there was occasionally presented the spectacle of all the players lying prone upon the field like nine pins.

And meanwhile, goaded by the spectators, the man at the bat would run around the bases until he was tired. In this way the Vanquishers of the Dragon put nineteen runs to their credit in the first inning. Only three innings were played before darkness stopped the sport. The score then was: Chicago, 26; San Francisco, 38. The spectators declared they would rather see one such game than a thousand league contests.

THE HAMMER AND THE SAW.

There's the music of the birds,
And the music of the bees;
There's the music of the forests
In the grand old trees;
Nature's symphony is sweet,
And without a single flaw,
Yet there's nothing like the music
Of the Hammer and the Saw.

The man may not be skilled
For the zither or the lyre,
But have caught an inspiration
From ambition's noble fire.
"I'll earn my bread and bed,
"Though," he cries, "a crust and a straw,
While I'm climbing to the music
Of the Hammer and the Saw."

[This story commenced in No. 296.]

The Lost Race,

AND

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

By DAVID KER,

Author of "Drowned Gold," etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

NIGHT came on, black, cheerless, ghostly, suiting well with the grim work that was just about to begin. The doomed ruffians in the slaver's camp were counting their gains, and gleefully reckoning the richer profits still to come, little dreaming that the sword of vengeance was already outstretched above them to smite one and all.

Along the bank of the river—the only side, as they thought, on which they could possibly be attacked—a few sentinels had been planted, but more as a mere matter of form than with any thought of actual danger. Who would dare to assault a fortified camp, garrisoned by more than three hundred well armed men?

And so, while their captives writhed and moaned around them, the man stealers fell to their supper as gayly and confidently as if they had been at home in Zanzibar.

But they might have felt a little less secure, perhaps, could they have seen what was going on at that moment about a mile to the north-east of them.

Stanley had mustered his men a little way farther up the river, and had got them under arms as soon as night fell, ably seconded by Mr. Goodman, who, missionary though he was, had been trained into a practiced soldier by the many stubborn fights in which he had been forced to bear his part beneath the burning sun of Southern Africa, during the ceaseless wars between his Griqua converts and their Mantati enemies, in the old days of Dr. Moffat's mission.

Meanwhile the invaluable Nkosi was dispatched to observe the enemy, and to bring word as soon as all was quiet in their camp.

But it was not enough to attack and defeat these human tigers. Their retreat must be cut off, and not a chance of escape left to them; and for this also the great captain had taken thought.

"Go down along the bank till you come to where their canoes are moored," said he to two of his native hunters—men to whom a venture upon apparently certain death was quite an every day matter—"and then hide yourselves among the bushes. When we make our attack, and the firing begins, the sentinels along the river (if they happen to have placed any) will be sure to leave their posts and run towards the camp. The moment they're gone, you jump out and cut the boats adrift, and then we'll have these fellows in a trap."

In such work as this Stanley was in his element. The more difficulties and dangers thickened around him, the cooler and readier he seemed to be; and his followers—many of whom had faced death with him once and again—appeared to catch all the fire of their leader's spirit, as they watched his dark, resolute face, and heard his clear, confident tones.

Only one thing now remained to be done, the doing of which had been reserved by Stanley for himself. Coming suddenly up to Tiago Valdez (who was watching the preparations with visible anxiety), he sternly ordered him to get into one of the smaller canoes—a command which the treacherous Portuguese obeyed with evident disquiet.

Stanley himself followed, with a loaded rifle in his hand; and two of the Rubunga boatmen, obedient to their leader's sign, paddled them out into the stream, and soon brought the boat alongside of a small islet, or rather crag, in the middle of the river, to the clefts of which a few stunted goblin-like trees clung here and there.

"Now," said Stanley to the Portuguese, "with a significant movement of his rifle, "just step ashore here, and stay still till we come back. I know you'd be quite ready to play traitor on both sides, if you could, but I don't think you'll have much chance of doing it here."

And away went the canoe, leaving the traitor on the rock, gnashing his teeth in baffled rage.

Scarcely had Stanley rejoined his men, when old Nkosi came back with the welcome news

that the enemy seemed to be all asleep, and that now was the time to make the attack.

The word was at once given to set out, and the long train of dusky figures, following close at the heels of the veteran warrior, who alone knew the secret of the path, began to wind their way in single file, noiselessly as shadows, across the treacherous surface of the terrible swamp.

It would have been hard to find two braver men in their several ways than Robert Goodman and Hercules Hardhead, while Pat O'Connor, with his headlong Irish courage, and his utter forgetfulness of self in the hope of rescuing "Master Charlie," was fully equal to either of them. But never had any of the three had their firmness so sorely tried as now.

The risk of being killed in battle they had all faced again and again, and they thought lightly enough of the tremendous odds against which they were just about to contend. But this cold, creeping, ghostly march, in utter darkness, over fathomless depths of slime, in which one false step might engulf them for ever, was a trial far

of them, which they knew at once was the stockade that defended the Arab encampment.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PRISONER ON THE ROCK.

ALL this while the traitor Valdez, imprisoned on his lonely rock in the midst of the rushing river, was in a state of almost equal anxiety. Now that he had leisure to think over his position, it appeared anything but satisfactory.

It was impossible for him to carry out the plan which Stanley had so shrewdly guessed: namely, earning a reward by betraying the white men to the Arabs, after ransoming his life by betraying the latter to the whites.

Moreover, if Stanley's party had the better in the impending fight, he thought it pretty certain—judging of them by himself—that they would save themselves all further trouble by killing him on the spot, now that he could be of no more use to them.

On the other hand, if they should be beaten

path through the swamp, and been sucked down into its hideous depths? Had the Arabs taken the alarm at the last moment, and removed their camp to some safer spot? All these suppositions were equally possible, and all threatened equal danger to himself.

But hark! what was that? A sudden glare through the universal blackness, a crash of musketry amid the dead silence. The grim work had begun at last!

And now there came floating upon the night breeze fierce shouts and shrill yells, screams shriller and louder still, fresh volleys of musketry, the crash of falling timbers, and all the mingled uproar of a battle for life and death.

The rock on which Valdez was perched lay some distance further down the river, and consequently, nearer to the scene of action, than the point from which Stanley's band had started, and thus he was able to hear everything quite distinctly.

But although there was plenty to be heard, there was nothing to be seen except the flashes of the guns, which broke the gloom ever and anon, like lightnings in a moonless sky. For several minutes—each of which seemed as long as an hour—the anxious watcher remained in a torturing uncertainty as to how the fight was going.

But presently the firing began to slacken, and the din of the battle to grow fainter, while at the same time a lurid glow began to peer through the black mass of forest, deepening suddenly into a fierce red glare, that lighted up the whole bank of the river.

"The Arab camp is on fire!" muttered the Portuguese through his chattering teeth. "The white men have the best of it."

With this thought another and worse terror seized the miserable scoundrel.

The victory of Stanley's party meant the release of the slaves, and no one knew better than himself what fearful revelations those slaves could make about him. Such stories, told to men whose blood was already boiling with the fury of battle, would be more than enough to destroy his last hope of mercy; and the least that he could expect was to be given up to the vengeance of the natives, who would like nothing better than a chance of exhausting all their dreadful ingenuity of torture upon the man who had injured them so long and so cruelly.

As the hideous thought forced itself upon him, the coward gathered a momentary courage from the very extremity of his terror. Come what might, he must make an effort to escape; for nothing that might befall him in the attempt could be worse than the certain doom that awaited him if he remained where he was.

To swim ashore, indeed, was, as he well knew, absolutely impossible; but he might keep himself afloat till the powerful current either drifted him to the bank, or landed him upon one of those wooded islets which are so numerous on the Upper Congo. Even if he were drowned, such a death would be mercy compared with being thrust alive into an anthill, or having his flesh cut from his bones strip by strip,

as the men of this district had done to many a prisoner before his own eyes.

It was decided; he must try it at all hazards. Down the rock he scrambled, in such frantic haste that he more than once lost his footing, and only escaped by a hair's breadth from being precipitated to the rushing river below.

At length he reached a broad flat ledge only a few feet above the water, and in another moment would have plunged headlong in, when suddenly there rose from the swirling eddies a huge, black, pointed muzzle, a dull, horny eye, and two gaping jaws armed with spiky fangs, one snap of which would have crushed a buffalo. The African crocodile had scented its prey, and the one monster was waiting to devour the other.

Sick and dizzy with horror, the doomed man staggered and sank half fainting upon the ledge, forgetting that it was near enough to the water to be almost, if not quite, within reach of the crocodile.

The next moment the monster's hideous head appeared over the edge of the rock, and the huge jaws snapped together within a foot of Valdez's face. The hunted wretch sprang up with a shriek of terror, and clutching convulsively at the drooping boughs of a tree that clung to the rock above him, swung himself up into it, and was safe.

"Safe!"

Even as he uttered the word, its ghastly mockery burst upon his mind with crushing force. Safe from one form of death, only to be reserved for another more frightful; safe to be kept prisoner by this awful sentinel till the victorious white men should come back to doom him to die.

And then there rushed back upon his memory, with grim and terrible vividness, the recollection of the words which he had uttered close to this very spot on the memorable night when his last and foulest treason sent to destruction, in order to save his own worthless life, the two brave lads who had trusted and befriended him.



THE ESCAPING PRISONER STEPPED CAUTIOUSLY OVER THE SLEEPING SAVAGE'S BODY.

harder to bear; and even their stout hearts quailed at the thought of being stifled like drowning rats in this hideous quagmire before the very eyes of their powerless comrades, as they felt the ground tremble under their feet, and heard the unseen water gurgle up around them through the rotting sedge and the foul oozy mud.

How long that terrible march lasted, none of those who took part in it could ever have told. It was like one of those frightful dreams in which one keeps flying frantically onward forever, without seeming to advance a foot, in a vain effort to escape some horrible peril.

Worse than all was the dreadful sense of loneliness forced on them, even amid so many comrades, by the haunting thought that all these scores of strong arms could do nothing to save them if once sucked into the morass, where they must perish within sight and touch of their friends as surely as if utterly alone.

Compared with the slow torture of such a strain as this, the prospect of the deadly battle awaiting them seemed a positive relief; and the leaders drew a long breath, like men suddenly freed from some intolerable burden, as the pale glow of a dying camp fire revealed a long, dark, shadowy mass looming just in front

and forced to retreat, they would doubtless do so without troubling themselves about him; in which case he must either remain upon the rock till he starved, or fall into the hands of the natives, who, now that they knew (as they almost certainly did) that he was in league with the hated slavers, would be likely to show him small mercy.

Look at it which way he would, the prospect was anything but a pleasant one, and the villain's spiteful rage at being balked of his expected profit and his meditated vengeance began to melt into abject terror as he realized the hopelessness of his situation, and tried in vain to think of any means of escape from the deadly snare in which he was caught.

Slowly and heavily, as if it would never end, the weary night crept on. Hours seemed to have passed since Stanley's little band of heroes began their adventurous march, and still no sound of fighting reached the ear of the lonely watcher who sat crouching upon that dismal crag in an agony of cowardly fear and hatred, with his wolfish eyes strained towards the black mass of shadow that covered the southern shore.

Had the assailants changed their plans, and postponed the attack? Had they missed the

Every detail of that black deed rose up before him as if written in fire—the stealthy, crawling approach to the canoe—the sudden slash of his knife—the “snig” of the rope as it parted—the cries of the boys as the fatal current whirled them downward to their doom—and then his own fiendish laugh as he muttered, “All is safe!”

And now the vengeance which one of his victims seemed to have risen from the grave to demand was fast nearing its accomplishment, and the same spot which had seen his crime was about to witness his punishment.

By this time the flames of the Arab camp had risen high into the air, lighting up the whole country far and wide with a grim and unearthly splendor. Beneath that ghastly luster the river seemed to run blood, the rocks of the further shore took the glow of molten metal, and the tall, gaunt trees along the bank stood out against the flaming background like giant skeletons.

In the camp itself the light of the burning huts and stockades showed a strange and terrible sight. Scores of wild figures were running and scrambling in the very midst of the fire, leaping, striking, thrusting, grappling man to man, while others writhed and gasped on the ground, or lay motionless, with outstretched arms and upturned faces. In the red glow of the firelight the glitter of the spears and cutlasses ran through the dark mass ever and anon like a shower of sparks.

What with the black skins and savage faces, the flashing eyes and grinning teeth, the furious gestures and ear piercing yells, and the glare of the flames over all, the whole scene looked less like any combat of earthly beings than like a host of demons breaking forth from the fires of their place of torment.

Valdez, who had instinctively scrambled up the rock again, in order to get away as far as he could from the dreaded crocodile, kept his haggard eyes fixed upon this battlefield of spears, with a faint hope that if the defeated party were forced to escape across the river, one of their boats might come near enough to his prison to be reached by a headlong plunge before the monster could seize him.

This question would soon be settled, for the fight was evidently near its end. The Zanibar, whom Valdez knew by their white dresses (Stanley's blacks having thrown aside almost all their clothes, in order to be less visible in the darkness), were seen to give way and rush pell mell down to the river, toward the place where they had moored their canoes.

Just then several of the huts fell in at once, and the thick black smoke that arose from the ruins made everything pitch dark for a moment; but through the gloom there broke forth a wild cry of despair, which was heard above all the surrounding uproar.

The canoes were gone!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAITING FOR DEATH.

“TOMORROW we eat white boy yonder; Niam Niam hunter tink white boy plenty good for eat.”

“How Niam Niam get white boy? Take him in war one time?”

“No, find him in forest, take him 'way, make good meat for big chief. White boy good find, when Niam Niam chief make feast.”

And a hideous grin, which showed all the huge white fangs that the speaker had filed to a sharp point, gave a ghastly significance to his words.

This talk was being carried on in a mixture of broken Portuguese and the harsh Niam Niam dialect. The speakers were one of the cannibal chiefs and a Portuguese trader, one of the few white men who dared to venture among these human beasts of prey, confident that his character as one of their chief sources of supply would bear him harmless.

The place was a Niam Niam village on the Wellé Makua—that mysterious river respecting which Stanley himself was still in the dark; and the white boy who was to be eaten was no other than Charlie Thorne. The sun was already setting, and when it rose again he must die.

Poor Charlie! He had indeed gained his object of seeing the White Africans and reaching the Unknown River, but at what a cost! Many a time had he faced danger and death without flinching; but to lie here waiting for death, far from the brave comrades who would gladly have risked their lives to save him, surrounded by the hideous faces of the cannibals, in the foul and murderous longing of whose hungry eyes he could plainly read his doom—to feel that in a few hours more these black, grinning, misshapen monsters would be tearing and gnawing his flesh while it was still warm—above all, to think that his fate would remain an eternal mystery and that no one would ever know how far he had penetrated, or where he had died—this was, indeed, hard to bear.

The Portuguese trader, in whom even the brutalizing influences of a life that had brought him into contact with the very scum of mankind had not extinguished all human feeling, cast a glance of momentary compassion at the doomed boy; but a sharp, suspicious look from the sullen eye of the savage by his side warned him of his imprudence.

“What for Portigee man look so at white boy?” growled the cannibal. “S'pose Portigee man try help off Niam Niam prisoner, Niam Niam eat Portigee man too!”

The Portuguese answered this threat (which he well knew to be no empty menace) only by

drawing a small flask of rum from his pouch, and holding it out invitingly.

At sight of the well known liquor the brute's bloodshot eyes lighted up with a foul glimmer, as he extended his huge black paw to clutch the bottle, from which he took a hearty draught. Then they walked amicably away together, the trader talking and the chief sipping.

But Charlie Thorne, lying bound to a heavy log in front of one of the huts, had seen all that had passed, and caught a gleam of hope from what he saw.

Desperate as his case appeared, our hero had never once lost his head or given up in despair. Stanley's lessons, and his own repeated escapes from seemingly certain death, had added to his natural self reliance that cool daring which enables men to look upon danger as their native element, to lay their plans in the face of a deadly peril as calmly as if they were safe at home, and to be always ready to seize the first chance of escape the moment it offers itself.

Come what might, he must not perish tamely and helplessly, like an entrapped wolf. If death were inevitable, he would at least die in doing his best.

As matters now stood, there were, at all events, two points in Charlie's favor. The cannibals, who valued him just as more civilized gluttons value a plump partridge or a fine haunch of venison, had taken all possible care of him in the long and weary march hither, in order that the dainty meat which their good luck had sent them might arrive in prime condition for eating. Hence his strength was but little decayed, and he felt quite equal to the execution of any plan which he might form.

Moreover, the savages themselves had unconsciously removed one great difficulty from his path.

From first to last, he had felt that his only avenue of escape was the river, knowing that he could never find his way alone through the trackless forests traversed by his captors in their homeward march. And now the Niam Niam had brought him right up to the river bank, and his road to safety lay plain before him, could he but get free from his bonds.

But how was this to be done?

What he had just seen, however, gave him a new hope of deliverance. It was plain that the Portuguese was inclined to aid him, if he could do so without risk to himself; and he knew enough of African customs to feel certain that the trader must have brought with him an abundant supply of rum, and that the savages would make sparing use of it.

The ropes that bound him were merely twisted grass, easily cut or untied; and when once his hideous guardians had fallen into the heavy, stupefied sleep in which their drinking bouts always ended, his Portuguese ally might easily free him if he really meant to do so.

But the cunning of the African savage keeps pace with his ferocity, and Thorne soon found to his cost, that he had underrated the shrewdness of his enemies.

Just as the red sun had sunk into the sea of tangled leaves that stretched along the western sky, two powerful warriors came striding up to the spot where our hero lay bound, while behind them stalked the tall chief who had been talking to the Portuguese, and whom Charlie knew only too well as the commander of the party that had taken him prisoner, and the greatest man of the whole tribe after the king himself.

Though such brains as he had were reeling with the strong liquor given him by the trader, the Niam Niam leader had still sense enough to secure his captive before sitting down to finish his debauch.

They unbound the boy, and led him away to a high palisade that inclosed a space twenty yards square around an enormous tree, which seemed to overshadow the whole village. This stockade was encircled by a ring of spears stuck point upward in the earth, and Charlie's bold blood ran cold as he saw on each spear point a gory and disfigured head, the trophy of a sharp fight with the neighboring Waikato tribe, which had taken place during Charlie's journey through the forest with his captors.

But all this was nothing to what followed.

As they led him into the inclosure by an entrance barely wide enough for one man at a time, Thorne saw that the lower boughs of the tree were literally studded with white grinning skulls, and that numbers more lay piled in two great heaps among its gnarled roots.

Midway between these fearful pyramids stood a strong post about six feet high, to which the half intoxicated chief bound Charlie with his own hands, although they shook so that he could hardly fasten the ropes. Then the savages withdrew, leaving their doomed victim alone with the dead.

It was midnight. The moon was just beginning to peer above the black tree tops, making the hanging skulls look whiter and ghastlier than ever, and giving a horrible semblance of life to the distorted heads on the spear points.

The uproar of the hideous revel had died away, and the wild figures, that had been leaping and howling like demons around the fires which they had kindled, had vanished one by one. Even the sentinel placed by the tall chief at the entrance of the inclosure had given way at last, and his huge limbs lay loosely across the doorway in a heavy, torpid sleep.

Now was Charlie's time. The Portuguese had either lost heart or been detained by the savages, for nothing had been seen of him; but our hero had been unexpectedly assisted in another way.

He still wore his famous ivory bracelet, the Niam Niam having been equally unwilling to injure the ornament by breaking it, and to spoil the flavor of Charlie's flesh by cutting his hand off. The chief, in his haste and semi-intoxication, had fastened the rope over the armet instead of Thorne's wrist—a fact not lost upon our hero, who, now that all was quiet, began to work his arm to and fro till the cord slipped off the armet on to his wrist, where it lay so slack that he easily disengaged his right hand, and then freed himself from the rope altogether.

But his difficulties were only beginning yet. So tightly had his ankles been bound that at first he could hardly stand, and to restore the circulation by rubbing and chafing the benumbed limbs was the work of many minutes, each of which seemed like an hour.

More than once he thought he heard a movement on the part of the sleeping sentinel, whose great black body he could plainly see, barely ten yards away.

If this man awoke, all was lost. But, no; the fierce guardian slept on, and Thorne stepped cautiously over him, picking up, as he did so, the heavy knife which the Niam Niam's relaxing hand had let fall.

“This time, at least,” muttered our hero, setting his teeth savagely, “they shall not take me alive.”

And now the nearest huts were left behind—and now he had passed those beyond them—and now but a single hovel lay between him and the river, when suddenly the pale gleam of a half extinguished fire showed him several dark figures lying right in his path.

He was picking his way among them as carefully as he could, when all at once he saw, with a thrill of indescribable horror, the nearest cannibal's eyes open and fix themselves upon him, first with a vacant stare, and then with a fierce flash of recognition, as the savage sprang to his feet with a demoniacal yell that awoke the whole village.

(To be continued.)

WONDERS WITH THE WHEEL.

To the novice the art of riding a bicycle at all seems a miracle of skill. The *Denver News*, however, prints some descriptions of fancy riding calculated to impress the reader with the fact that after all this to simply mount and go straight ahead is mere child's play.

Turning the machine completely over, known in bikeology as “the summersault,” without dismounting, is one of the grandest triumphs in bicycle juggling.

Riding on the big wheel alone is not so easy. It is a difficult feat until the rider gets up courage enough to start fearlessly ahead and then keep the machine going. The heavy backbone and the weight of the small wheel act as a balance, so that many riders now perform the trick with grace as well as apparent ease.

Another trick that strikes the reader as being extremely simple is that of riding the machine backward with both wheels on the ground. The feat is in reality a triumph of balancing, as everything is indeed hind end first, and it requires much practice to perform the feat.

The tricks performed with the bicycle at a stand still are the most difficult of any, as it requires the finest sense of equilibrium and steady nerves. There have been several champions developed in this department of the art of cycling. Canary was the inventor of these feats, although he is successfully copied by many riders.

Another pretty feat is that of disjoining the machine and using the big wheel alone, the standards acting only as a source of rest for the hands. The rider who performs this trick successfully has certainly gone through a thorough school of patience and innumerable dismounts. Few riders can accomplish the feat successfully, and it is the most difficult of bicycle tricks.

In the balancing line it is common to see the rider spin along with his arms folded, or to throw his legs over the handle of the machine and go down grade as straight as an arrow, scarcely swaying from the course first taken. But this is simple and only needs practice for a short time after the formality of learning to ride is gone through.

But a most difficult feat is that of running the machine at a high rate of speed and then climbing into the saddle, and lying down on the back, keeping the machine balanced with the lower thighs resting on the handles.

A “WHAT IS IT” BANK BILL.

COLLECTORS of rare pieces of money now have another curiosity to fight for the possession of among themselves. A late August issue of the *New York Tribune* prints the following description of it.

It is a National currency bill issued by the Second National Bank of Springfield, Massachusetts, bearing the date January 5, 1864. On one side of the bill is the denomination “\$10,” while on the other side is the denomination “\$20.” It has been pronounced genuine National currency by the Chemical National Bank and the Traders' and Importers' Bank of this city.

It is one of four bills which were struck off in a sheet together, and before the mistake was discovered one of them was already in circulation, but the other three were secured and destroyed. This bill ultimately fell into the hands of A. M. Craig, of Southerton, Connecticut, and has just been sold by him to Charles S. Upton, proprietor of the Rochester Lamp Company, for \$200.

AN INTERCHANGE OF FRANKNESS.

EXCHANGE FRIEND.—“Whenever you want my advice don't hesitate to ask for it.”

EDITOR.—“Thanks; I would like some advice just now.”

“All right; I shall only be too happy.”

“Can you tell me how in the world I can induce you to leave without hurting your feelings?”

AUTUMN.

Over the purple seas
A fragrant wand'ring breeze
Comes from some sunny island of the South;
Where tall and vernal pine
Gives out a breath like wine,
And stoops to kiss the creeper's scarlet mouth.

Across the limpid lakes,
The light in blushes breaks
From roseate sky with white clouds mottled o'er
While billows rise and fall
Against the breaker's wall,
Or greet with coy caress the circling shore.

Afar in musky wood,
Where stately trees have stood,
And kept their watch and ward for ages past;
Dead leaves of burnished brown
Reluctantly drop down,
As if they knew on earth they'd looked their last

[This story commenced in No. 298.]

Dean Dunham;

OR, THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XX.

MR. KIRBY WRITES A LETTER FOR EFFECT.

ANY lingering doubts Dean might have were of course dissipated by the sight of the watch. It was evident that his employer was a professional thief and pickpocket. The question arose, ought he or ought he not to expose and denounce him?

Should he do so he would find himself adrift, without money or situation. Moreover, he would lose the chance of proving Kirby the accomplice of Squire Bates in the robbery of his uncle. On the whole, he decided to wait, and conceal from Kirby the knowledge that he had acquired concerning him.

Kirby remained but a day in Boston. What business he attended to Dean didn't know. He was left to his own devices, and managed to see Boston Common, Bunker Hill Monument, and to ride out on a Washington Street line of cars to Roxbury. Late in the evening he started for Chicago with Mr. Kirby, and two days later the two registered at the Commercial Hotel, corner of Lake and Dearborn Streets. Dean enjoyed the journey. He caught sight of the famous falls of Niagara, and would like to have stopped for a few hours there to see the cataract at his leisure, but of course didn't venture to make such a request of Mr. Kirby, who, as he knew, was traveling for his own purposes, not for the gratification of his private secretary.

They reached Chicago in the morning and took breakfast at the hotel.

After breakfast Kirby said, “Come out with me, Dean; I will show you a little of the city.”

Dean accepted the invitation with alacrity. The two walked through some of the principal thoroughfares. Dean was impressed by the large and handsome buildings everywhere to be seen in the business portions of the city. Finally they turned into a minor street, lined with smaller and less pretentious structures.

Peter Kirby halted at last before a pawnbroker's office, with the three golden balls displayed above the entrance.

“Oh, by the way, Dean,” said Kirby, suddenly, “I am a little short of money, and must borrow some on an article I don't need at present.”

“Yes, sir?” said Dean, inquiringly.
“This is a pawnbroker's office. Take this watch, and ask the pawnbroker to lend you twenty five dollars on it. You can give him your own name, and for address you may say Buffalo.”

“But I don't live in Buffalo.”
“That doesn't matter. He will be more apt to let you have the money if he thinks you came from a distance. It isn't necessary to give the correct address.”

Mr. Kirby drew from his pocket the gold watch which Dean had seen in the stateroom of the Pilgrim, and which he was sure had been stolen from the elderly gentleman who had complained of being robbed.

Dean started and flushed, as Kirby held the watch in his hand.

“Is that your watch?” he asked.
“No; it belongs to my wife. I shall redeem it before I return East. If the pawnbroker won't give you twenty five dollars, get as much as you can. You look like a boy sharp at a bargain. Say that it belonged to your uncle.”

“Mr. Kirby,” said Dean, “I would rather not do what you ask me.”
“What do you mean?” demanded Kirby, angrily.

“What I say. I would rather not pawn that watch for you.”

“Look here, boy,” said Kirby, roughly, “are you aware that you are behaving in a very foolish, not to say impudent manner?”

“I have my reasons for declining,” said Dean.

“Why do you think I pay you wages?” asked Kirby, frowning.

“I understood that I was to be your private secretary.”

“And a mighty easy place you have had so far!”

"That is true, sir."
 "This is almost the first thing I have asked you to do, and you refuse."
 "I told you that I had my reasons for it," said Dean, resolutely, though his look was troubled.
 "The boy suspects me," thought Kirby. "It is time I got rid of him."
 "We will discuss this matter hereafter," he said quietly. "We shall have to come to an understanding. Stay here till I come out."
 He went into the pawnbroker's, and in less than five minutes returned with a roll of bills.

"It appears that I have to do my own work, though you are in my employ," he said with a sneer.

Dean didn't reply. He began to suspect that he would not long retain the place which he at present filled. He resolved to look about him, and if he saw anywhere a chance to get into the employ of some one else to take advantage of it. In a money way he might not do so well, but he did not wish to remain connected any longer than he could help with a man of Mr. Kirby's character.

At the Commercial Hotel, Dean and his employer occupied the same room. They remained in the Lake City for a week.

Dean's labors were very light, being confined to writing four letters, one of which is subjoined as a specimen. It was addressed to a certain John Carver, of San Francisco. It ran thus:

DEAR SIR:
 You may sell out the two hundred shares of mining stock which you hold of mine as soon as a satisfactory price can be obtained. I think I ought to get twenty dollars per share, but will accept eighteen, if you think it best. The amount you can deposit to my credit in the Bank of Nevada.
 Yours truly,
 PETER KIRBY.

Kirby watched Dean's face when he was writing this letter. It was intended for effect simply, and to dispel the suspicions of his young secretary. But Dean had been gaining rapidly in knowledge of the world, and especially in the knowledge of his employer, and he had little belief in his mining property.

"How much do you think that mining stock cost me, Dean?" asked Kirby, in a confidential tone.

"I couldn't guess, sir."
 "Four dollars and a quarter per share. How much would that be on two hundred shares?"

"Eight hundred and fifty dollars."
 "Correct! I see you are quick at figures. Now, even if I sell at eighteen, and I am certain to get that, I shall make a very tidy profit. Let me see, it would foot up thirty six hundred dollars—a profit of twenty seven hundred, allowing the extra fifty for broker's commission."

"Are you going to San Francisco, Mr. Kirby?" asked Dean.

"I may; I am not quite sure. It is a lucky city for me. Whenever I go there I make money."

Dean could not help wondering whether he made it in the same way as on the Fall River boat.

"I have been rather short of money lately," continued Mr. Kirby, "because I was not willing to sell out my shares except at the top of the market. However, I think I may venture to sell now."

Dean made no comment. He did not believe that Kirby owned any mining shares at all.

"Shall I mail the letter for you, Mr. Kirby?" asked the young secretary.

"No; I shall be going out myself," answered his employer. "You may hand me the letter when you have put it in the envelope."

Kirby carelessly dropped the letter into his pocket, and when Dean was out of the way he destroyed it. It was never intended to be mailed.

"The boy looks skeptical," said Kirby to himself, as he sent Dean to the office to buy a postage stamp. "It isn't easy to pull the wool over his eyes. I must get rid of him, and that soon."

CHAPTER XXI.

DEAN BECOMES HIS OWN MASTER.

TWO days later Dean and his employer reached a small town in Iowa which we will call Clifton. They passed the night at the American Hotel, and occupied a room with two beds. Kirby rose first in the morning, and went out, leaving Dean asleep.

When the boy awoke, he rose and dressed himself. He was putting on his coat when he noticed an open letter addressed to Kirby which had fallen on the floor. Dean picked it up, and was about to put it away to return to Kirby when his eye caught the postmark "Waterford" and the signature Renwick Bates.

Though under ordinary circumstances Dean would not have felt justified in reading a letter not addressed to himself, the peculiar circumstances, and the suspicion he entertained relative to the share these two men probably had in the robbery of his uncle, decided him to take advantage of the opportunity which presented itself to him of acquiring some information on the subject.

This was the letter, which Dean read with an interest that may be imagined.

FRIEND KIRBY:

I have not received the government bonds which you purchased with the bills I gave you to dispose of. How did you send them? I cannot understand how such a package could have miscarried if prop-

erly addressed and forwarded with suitable precautions. I shall hold you responsible for them, and say emphatically that I regard the failure to reach me as something strange and mysterious. I do not like to express distrust, but I require you to send me the receipt of the express company to whom you committed the package.

In regard to the boy Dean you understand my wishes. I don't wish him to return to Waterford. It will be easy to get him into trouble at such a distance from home that he will find it hard to get back. You can write me a letter which I can show at my discretion to his friends, which will discredit any stories he may invent about you or myself.

RENWICK BATES.

Dean read this letter with eager interest. He felt that it would be a formidable proof against Squire Bates, and he carefully concealed it in his inside vest pocket.

"So Mr. Kirby means to get me into trouble," he soliloquized. "I shall have to be on my guard."

Dean went below and took breakfast, not being in the habit of waiting for his employer. Mr. Kirby entered the breakfast room as he was leaving it.

"We take the ten o'clock train," he said briefly. "Don't leave the hotel."

"All right, sir, I'll stay in the office."

At ten o'clock they stepped on board a Western bound train. Dean feared that Kirby would miss his letter, and make inquiries about it, but its loss appeared not to have been discovered. They took seats, and the train started. Dean caught Kirby regarding him with a peculiar gaze, and it made him uneasy. Was he devising some plot, of which Dean was to be the victim?

Two hours later the train had traversed fifty miles. The train boy came through the car, carrying a supply of the latest novels. Kirby was not in general much of a reader, but on this occasion he stopped the boy and looked over his books.

"I think I will take this book," he said, selecting a Pinkerton detective story.

"I sell a good many of that series," said the boy glibly.

Kirby put his hand into his pocket, and withdrew it with a startled expression.

"I can't find my pocket book," he said.

Several of the passengers looked round, and apprehensively felt for their own wallets.

"When did you leave it last, sir?" asked an old gentleman in the next seat.

"At the Clifton railroad station, sir. I bought tickets there."

"Are you sure you put back the wallet into your pocket?"

"Yes, I am positive."
 "There must be a pickpocket on the train then."

"But I haven't exposed myself," said Kirby puzzled. "I took my seat here, with my boy, and have not stirred since."

"Your son, I suppose?"
 "No; he is a boy in my employ."
 "Humph!" said the old man, eyeing Dean dubiously.

"You don't mean that you suspect him of taking it?" said Kirby in a low tone.

Dean heard these words, and he exclaimed indignantly, "I am not a thief, if that is what the gentleman means."

"Of course not," said Kirby soothingly—"Still, just to convince him, you may as well search your pockets."

Dean thrust his hand into his right pocket (he wore a sack coat) and it came in contact with something unexpected. He drew it out, with the lost pocket book in it.

"Is it possible?" ejaculated Kirby.
 "Just what I thought!" said the old man, nodding emphatically.

"I wouldn't have believed it," said Kirby.
 "Mr. Kirby," said Dean, his face flaming with indignation, "do you mean to charge me with taking that pocket book?"

"What else can I think? Oh, Dean, I am grieved to find you dishonest."
 "I know nothing of how it came into my pocket," said Dean hotly, "but I suspect."
 "What do you suspect?"
 "That you put it there to get me into trouble."

"You hear him!" said Kirby, turning to the old man.

"What shameless effrontery!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I don't know what the world is coming to. Have you ever missed anything before, sir?"

"Two or three articles of jewelry," answered Kirby, "but it never occurred to me to suspect the boy."

"It seems pretty clear now."
 "Yes I should say so."

Meanwhile Dean, with flushed and angry countenance, looked from one face to another, but everywhere he met looks of distrust. It was clear that the majority of the passengers believed him guilty. He understood now the nature of the plot against him, and the letter in his pocket would be a sufficient proof of it. But he did not wish to produce it. He chose rather to keep it on account of the evidence which it contained against Squire Bates.

"What shall you do about it?" asked the old gentleman, who seemed to feel particularly hostile against Dean.

"I don't know," answered Kirby hesitating.
 "The boy ought to be punished. If it were my case, I would have him arrested."

"No, I don't care to do that. He belongs to a respectable family."

"Surely you won't keep him in your employ?"
 "No, I shall feel compelled to discharge him.

Dean, you can leave the car at the next station. You are no longer in my employ. For the sake of your uncle and aunt, I shall not have you arrested, but I must decline to employ you any longer."

"Very well, sir!" answered Dean. "If you will pay me what you owe me for services, I will leave you."

"Pay you what I owe you!" replied Kirby, as if surprised.

"Yes, sir; you promised me twenty five dollars per month, and I have been with you three weeks."

"You have received money from me at different times, and I owe you nothing. Besides, the jewelry which you have taken will amount to more than your wages."

"Mr. Kirby, I have taken no jewelry, and you know it."

"How can you tolerate the boy's impudence?" said the old man.

Kirby shrugged his shoulders.
 "I have been very much deceived in him," he answered, "but I cherish no revengeful feelings. I hope he may see the error of his ways, and resolve to lead an honest life."

"You are too merciful, sir."
 "It may be so, but he is young, and there is hope of his repentance."

"Mr. Kirby, do I understand that you wish me to leave you?" asked Dean.

"Yes. You had better get out at the next station. Here is a dollar. I don't want to leave you altogether penniless. Of course I must report what has happened to Squire Bates, who stood sponsor to you."

The train began to slow up, for the next station was near at hand.

"I don't want the dollar," said Dean. "I understand your object in accusing me of theft. I could clear myself now if I chose, but I am willing to wait."

Dean rose from his seat, and with flushed cheeks and head erect walked to the end of the car, and stepped out on the platform. He stood there, and watched the departure of the train, bearing his late employer farther West. He did not even know the name of the station at which he had disembarked.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FRIEND—IN NEED.

THE suddenness with which Dean found himself cast adrift, and thrown upon his own resources, was enough to take away his breath. As merchants from time to time take account of stock, he felt that it would be wise now that he was about to set up for himself to ascertain the extent of his means.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out a small collection of silver coins and pennies. All told he found he had but sixty seven cents, and he was probably twelve hundred miles from home. The chances were that it would cost him at least three cents a mile, or thirty six dollars, to get back to Waterford. He would have been glad to have the thirty six dollars, but he had no intention of going back until he could carry something with him. He did not want to acknowledge that he had made a failure.

Dean ascertained that the town in which he was stranded (for he hadn't money enough to get out of it) was Granville. The village appeared to be half a mile away, and might at a rough guess contain a thousand inhabitants. Like most small Western towns, it consisted of one main street, with short side streets opening out of it. For a place of the size it seemed to be wide awake, and enterprising, more so than a village of corresponding population at the East.

After spending a few minutes at the depot Dean took his valise, and trudged on in the direction of the town. What he should do when he got there he hardly knew. He was ready for anything that might turn up, and he did not worry as much as he would if he had been twice as old.

Dean had accomplished about half the distance when a voice hailed him, "Halloa, youngster!"

Dean turned in the direction of the voice and his glance fell on a man of perhaps twenty five, who was stretched comfortably under a tree by the roadside. He had a knapsack and wore a velvet suit. Something in his appearance gave Dean the impression that he was an actor.

Responding to his greeting, which was accompanied by a pleasant smile, Dean answered "Good day!"

"Where are you traveling, young chap?"
 "I don't know," responded Dean. "I suppose I am on my way to the village."

"Do you live about here?"
 "No, I live in New York State."
 "So do I, when I'm at home, but I'm not often at home."

"Are you an actor?"
 "That's what I call myself. That's what I am styled by admiring friends, though some of the critics are unkind enough to express doubts. At present I am in hard luck. I came West with a dramatic company which has gone to pieces. I am traveling homeward on my uppers. Permit me to introduce myself, and he doffed a soft hat which he wore, "as Cecil Montgomery, not wholly unknown to the metropolitan stage."

There was something attractive in his good humored recklessness that impressed Dean favorably.

"My name is Dean Dunham," he responded, "not known on any stage."

"Excuse the impertinence, but are you a young man of fortune?"

"Yes, if you call sixty seven cents a fortune."
 "Dean, my boy, you have ten cents the advantage of me. If you have any plans that with our united capital we may be able to carry out, my wealth is at your service."

"I have no plans except to get something to eat," said Dean.

"I am with you there," said the actor, rising with alacrity from his recumbent position.
 "Know you of a hostelry?"

"If that means a restaurant, I think we may find one in the village."
 "Wisely guessed. If you have no objection to my company, we will walk together."

"I shall be glad of your company, Mr. Montgomery."

"You do me proud, Mr. Dunham," and the actor once more doffed his hat, and bowed low.

"If you don't mind, my boy, suppose you tell me what brings you out here, so far from home? I came with a combination, as I have explained."

"I came as private secretary with a gentleman—no, a man named Kirby. He chose to charge me with stealing his pocket book, and discharged me on the train, refusing to pay me back wages."

"Steal—with that honest face! Why, I'd trust you with my entire wealth—fifty seven cents—and wouldn't lose a minute's sleep."

"Thank you," said Dean, smiling. "I hope I deserve your confidence."

"So it seems that we are both in very much the same plight. We must hustle for a living. I wish you were an actor."

"Why?"

"We might give a joint performance, and so pick up a few pennies. Can you play on any instrument?"

Dean drew a harmonica from his pocket and displayed it.

"I can play a little on this," he said.
 "Give us a taste of your quality."

Dean put the harmonica in his mouth and played several popular airs in very creditable style. He had practiced considerably in Waterford, and when he left home chanced to bring his favorite instrument with him.

Mr. Montgomery applauded vociferously.
 "That's capital!" he said. "I have an idea. Our fortune is made."

"Is it? I'm very glad to hear it."
 "Let me explain. I am a dramatic Jack of all trades. I can sing, dance, recite, and give imitations. Why shouldn't we give a joint exhibition? I venture to say we can charm and astonish the good people of Granville, and gather in golden shekels for ourselves."

"But what am I to do?"
 "Listen! You are the world renowned Dean Dunham, the champion player on the harmonica, who have charmed tens of thousands, and whose name is a household word from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Do you understand?"

"I shall begin to think I am a humbug."
 "So be it! Humbug makes money and rides at ease, while modest merit goes barefoot and tramps over dusty roads."

"That is complimentary to us, for it happens to be our condition just at present."
 "Then let us abandon it! It doesn't pay. Will you join me, and try your luck with the good people of Granville?"

Dean hesitated a moment, but only a moment. He must do something, and nothing else seemed to present itself. If any one chose to pay for the privilege of hearing him play on the harmonica, he had no objection to receiving the money. Besides, he would be at no trouble in the matter. Mr. Montgomery would make all arrangements, and he would only have to take the part that might be assigned him.

"I am at your service, Mr. Montgomery."
 "Your hand on it! We will, we must be successful. In after years, when fame and money are yours, think that it was I, Cecil Montgomery, who assisted you to make your debut."

"I certainly will, Mr. Montgomery," said Dean, falling into his companion's humor.

By this time they had reached the village. A sign over a small one story building attracted their attention.

RESTAURANT AND COFFEE HOUSE.

"Let us enter," said the actor. "It is astonishing what an appetite I have. If we are to give an entertainment we must be fed."

Fortunately the prices at the restaurant and coffee house were very moderate, and the two travelers were able to make a plentiful meal, though it reduced their stock of money almost to nothing. After dinner Mr. Montgomery indulged in a five cent cigar, but Dean declined to smoke.

"Stay here, Dean," said his companion. "I hear there is a weekly paper published in Granville. I will see the editor, and ask him to join us in the speculation, sharing the profits. The paper appears tomorrow. He can give us a big puff that will insure our success."

"Suppose he won't do it."
 "Leave it to me! I have a most persuasive tongue. Granville must not let such an opportunity slip. It must hear me act and listen to your melodious strains."

Nearly an hour passed. Then Montgomery came back radiant. "It's all fixed," he said. "You make your debut tomorrow evening. I have engaged board at the hotel for us both."

(To be continued.)



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ANNOUNCEMENT.

One of the new serials to commence in next week's ARGOSY is entitled

THE GIANT ISLANDERS.

BY BROOKS McCORMICK,

Author of "Nature's Young Noblemen," and "How He Won."

The reputation already gained by this writer, whose two previous serials were very popular with our readers, will be widely extended by the remarkable story whose name is given above. The treachery of Captain Wellpool, the exciting race of the rival vessels to the treasure island of Isora, and their strange adventures among the gigantic savages, are told in a way that makes the tale one of the most interesting we have ever read. The other new story is

BOB LOVELL,

The Young Fireman of the Ajax.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Haunted Engine," "Red Eagle," "The Lost Trail," etc.

This is a railroad story of the most interesting description. The screech of the whistle, the dinging of the bell and the grating of brakes form an effective background to the narrative of a brave boy's battle with life that is certain to rivet the reader's attention from the very first chapter. In many respects the story is built on new lines, and will therefore charm as much by its refreshing novelty as by its well worked out plot.

The ARGOSY has published many splendid serials in the past, but from the skill with which the incidents are handled, the exciting nature of these incidents themselves, and the number of startling surprises they present, we predict for "The Giant Islanders" and "Bob Lovell" a success that will enshrine the stories for many years in the memories and affections of our readers.

Both will be finely illustrated, the one by A. R. Waud and the other by J. Steeple Davis.

ERASTUS WIMAN,

President of the Canadian Club—A Prominent New York Business Man.

IT would be hard to say who is the busiest man in the proverbially busy city of New York, but it is certain that there are few if any who can lay claim to that title more justly than Erastus Wiman. He has so many irons in the fire, and so large is the scale on which his projects are built, that he gets through his day's work only by the strictest method of apportioning a certain time to each duty, and by the exercise of the wonderful business ability which has helped him to rise from poverty to millions.

Born in Toronto, the capital of Ontario, in 1834, Mr. Wiman was educated in the public schools of that city, and at fifteen went to work as an apprentice in a printing office at a dollar and a half per week. Like many bright young printers, he got a chance of promotion, and rose rapidly to be city and commercial editor of the *Globe*, the leading journal of Toronto.

In this capacity he attracted general attention by the excellence of his reports of the cereal and other markets, and when the commercial agency of R. G. Dun & Co. established a branch in Toronto, Mr. Wiman was selected as local manager. This was shortly before the war; and during the ensuing conflict, while business in this country was generally thrown out of gear, the success of the Canadian department under Mr. Wiman's charge was so marked that in 1866 he was called to the head office in New York as a partner. From that time he has been a leading spirit in the company, whose operations he has helped to extend immensely. From sixteen, the American branches have grown to no less than 105 in number, with agencies in the principal cities of Europe, and a little army of employees. The great reference book, giving over a million names and ratings, which the firm publishes every three months, is under Mr. Wiman's especial supervision—a task that might well occupy the full time of an ordinary worker.

But this is only one of Mr. Wiman's many large undertakings. His name has become identified in the metropolis with the movement for the development of Staten Island. With its splendid situation at the mouth of New York harbor, he believes that the island, of which he is a resident and a large land owner, is destined to play a very important part in the commerce of the metropolis, and he is warmly interested in every scheme tending to advance its progress. By improving the means of transit to and from the city, he is endeavoring to make it a favorite spot for suburban residences; and it is one of his most cherished plans to bring a great trunk railroad to Staten Island, and establish there a terminus where the products of East and West can be shipped on lines of ocean going steamers. The day is not probably far distant when something of this sort will be realized, and a mighty revolution in the business of New York may owe its inception to Mr. Wiman.

Another and still larger project receives much attention from him—commercial union between the land of his birth and that of his adoption. He is known all over the country as the foremost advocate of closer relations with our northern neighbors, and is constantly delivering speeches on the subject to both Canadian and American audiences. Almost every day he devotes his earliest working hours in the morning to studying new phases of the question and to preparing matter for public addresses.

Another of Mr. Wiman's large interests is in telegraphs. He is a director of the Western Union, and president of the Great Northwestern of Canada, which is, next to the organization already mentioned, the largest system on the continent. Besides these, he is connected with a number of companies owning valuable patents of various kinds. Inventions are quite a hobby of his, and people come from all over the country to submit to him ideas of the most marvelous order, from a working model of a flying steamboat to a plan for extracting gold from Hudson River mud. Indeed, he says that he sees more inventors in a day than any one else sees in a month, but though ninety nine out of a hundred are mere cranks, and are got rid of as rapidly as he can without hurting their feelings, the hundredth man may have something that he wants. The reader may imagine the patience and good humor required to tolerate such an infliction, and the quick perception needed to select the rare sparkle of genius amid such a torrent of visionary schemes.

In spite of all these avocations, and of the flood of letters which several stenographers help him to answer, Mr. Wiman's time is not all devoted to business, either public or private. He is fond of outdoor life, and recruits energy for his hours of intense office work by morning rides or evening drives among the hills and dales of Staten Island. He takes a great interest in lacrosse and other Canadian sports, and has been one of the principal promoters of the very successful winter carnivals at Montreal. He is president of the Canadian Club in New York, and has helped it from very small beginnings to become a large and well appointed institution.

As the foremost of Canadian Americans, Mr. Wiman is frequently called upon for assistance by fellow countrymen in distress. It is marvelous how many of them have heard of his wealth and generosity, and a less warm hearted man would consider his reputation a misfortune. Mr. Wiman, however, seems to enjoy it, and his benefactions are wide spread. For instance, it is said that every winter he takes ten or a dozen overcoats out of pawn for needy Canadians.

Mr. Wiman believes in the old proverb about early rising, and gets to work as early as five o'clock in the morning. He leaves Staten Island on the eight o'clock ferry boat, transacts his multifarious business in New York, and returns between four and five. His evenings are devoted to home life, and he retires at an early hour. Like many others of the most successful men, he touches little liquor and no tobacco. He has six children, two daughters and four sons.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

NECESSITY is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.—William Pitt.

By the very constitution of our nature, moral evil is its own curse.—Chalmers.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.—Confucius.

It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the froward, wilful, ignorant, peevish and perverse hath true charity.—Thomas a Kempis.

WHEN I consider the wonderful activity of the mind, so great a memory of what is past, and such a capacity of penetrating into the future; when I behold such a number of arts and sciences, and such a multitude of discoveries thence arising, I believe and am firmly persuaded that a nature which contains so many things within itself cannot be mortal.—Cicero.



ERASTUS WIMAN.

OUR GUIDE.

BY BENNETT BELLMAN.

WITHOUT a guide! our compass hath been lost—
Drifted by careless winds upon the tide,
Lost mariners at sea and tempest tossed
Without a guide—

Surely some star in heaven must abide
Above this sea where many souls have crossed,
Although its light is oft to us denied.
Beyond the mist are sunlit leagues of sea
And towering peaks by lingering sunshine kissed.
Where heaven's light doth shine eternally,
Beyond the mist.

[This story commenced in No. 302.]

Ray Culver;

OR,

THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER VIII.
IS HE PHILIP'S SON?

THERE was not much sleep for Ray that night, nor for Charley Kip either. They occupied the same room, and talked far into the small hours of the morning over the startling possibilities involved in the likeness of the little acrobat to Clifford Culver.

"He may be miles from here by this time," lamented Ray. "And I'm afraid such as he are not apt to look in the papers often, so an advertisement wouldn't do much good."

"Why don't you put the whole thing into the hands of your lawyer, and let him set detectives on the track?" suggested Charley. "There's a regular clew to go by in the search for your half brother now, for this boy will probably turn out to be his heir."

"He may not; it may only be a remarkable resemblance after all," rejoined Ray, with the fluctuating hopes born of strong excitement. "But I'll mention the matter to Mr. Tresham when he comes on Monday."

Charley remained at Dellwood over Sunday, and cheered the brothers not a little in their loneliness. He recurred to the matter of Ray's coming to New York when their home was broken up, and promised to see his friend DeLancey about getting an introduction for Ray to the editors of some of the illustrated papers.

He went away by an early train Monday morning, and two hours later appeared Mr. Gordon Tresham, to arrange about giving up the house to another tenant the following week.

"Mr. Tresham," said Ray, after he had mechanically shaken the soft hand which the dudish lawyer extended to him, "I think I have discovered a clew to the whereabouts of the first heir under my father's will."

"You have?"

There was no mistaking the genuineness of the stare of astonishment the lawyer gave. His eyes and mouth opened simultaneously in very undignified fashion, and his silver topped cane slipped from his fingers and fell with a crash to the floor of the piazza.

"But it is not my half brother himself whom I think I have seen," went on Ray, when he was interrupted by another amazed exclamation from Tresham.

"Seen!" exclaimed the latter. "You say you have seen Philip Culver! It can't be possible."

"Why can't it?" Ray put the question rather sharply, adding: "you speak as though you knew something definite about Philip, Mr. Tresham; either that he is dead, or else on the other side of the world."

"Oh, you mistake me, my dear boy, entirely mistake me," rejoined the other, recovering his usual suave and unembarrassed manner; "I was only surprised—overjoyed, I should say—to hear such good news."

"But I didn't say I had seen Philip," returned Ray, who sometimes found a boyish satisfaction in giving this immaculate young bar-bister a sudden "letting down," so to speak.

"Oh, ah, I certainly understood you that way," rejoined the other, with a slight contraction of the forehead, as though inwardly chafing at the idea of having a boy like Ray put him on tenter hooks. "Who was it you saw, then?"

"Philip's son."

The lawyer had himself well in hand now, and did not manifest the full depth of the perplexity that took possession of him at the other's words.

"Philip's son?" he repeated. "Did he declare himself to you, and are you positive of his identity? He may be an impostor who has in some way heard of the nature of your father's will and is seeking to trade to his own advantage upon it."

"He did not declare himself, nor am I quite positive of his identity. Still, I can think of no other way in which to account for his extraordinary likeness to my brother Clifford;" and Ray then proceeded to relate the incident of the young acrobat's appearance on the grounds the evening after the funeral.

Although the lawyer strove hard to repress all indication of the utter bewilderment in which the possibilities of the other's narrative involved him, there was yet that in his glance and manner that Ray could not quite fathom.

"Now," the boy concluded, "I want you to help me find this acrobat. It will do no harm to investigate this case, at any rate. I read in the papers only the other day that large numbers of children are stolen every year in this country, not in the old fashioned way by gypsies, but by men who wish to train them to become infant phenomena in circuses. I am sure if father were alive he would authorize you to spare no expense in ferreting out this man and boy. If I had only been convinced when I saw him that I really had a half brother, I would have plumbed the mystery to the bottom then and there."

The business in hand, that of going over the house checking off the articles called for in the owner's inventory, was then taken up, and the subject of the little traveling tumbler was dropped until just before the lawyer's departure, when Ray handed him a slip of paper, asking him to see that it was inserted in the *Ledger and Press* every day for the ensuing week.

Mr. Tresham unfolded the slip and read as follows:

THE undersigned wishes to secure the services of the traveling musician and his young acrobat who visited Dellwood on September 16th, for an entertainment he desires to get up. All traveling expenses will be paid and a liberal compensation given.

Address, as soon as possible,
CHARLES F. KIP,
The Martindale, New York City.

"Why, what does all this mean?" asked Mr. Tresham, when he had perused the foregoing. "Who is this Charles Kip?"

"He is the friend I spoke of," replied Ray. "But why do you have him sign the notice?"

"Because of the *fete* element in the advertisement. Naturally I do not wish to seem connected with anything of the sort at this time."

"But why introduce that element at all?" went on Mr. Tresham. "Why not simply offer a reward for information leading to the discovery of the persons you wish to find?"

"That would very likely put the man on his guard, don't you see? My plan of working the thing avoids that. It was Charley's suggestion."

"But does your friend really intend to give an entertainment?"

"Well, if we discover what we are aiming at I think we will feel like celebrating it in some fashion or other," answered Ray, with a smile.

"Ah, yes, I see. A very bright scheme—very bright indeed. I will see that this no-

tems of Mr. Culver's last will, would no doubt have made the two boys what the world calls wealthy. Even advertisements inserted in all the prominent daily papers of the country, as well as in mining journals and stock reporters, were utterly without avail.

Mr. Tresham had been most active in making use of all such devices for the elucidation of the mystery, and when they failed to produce any result, no man could be more astounded—to all outward seeming—than he.

"It must be," he told Ray, "that the company or companies holding the securities mean to take advantage of these untoward circumstances to retain the dividends in their own keeping. But trust me, my dear boy, to ferret out matters for you in time. Such wholesale misappropriation of funds cannot long go undetected."

No better success attended the publication of the notice respecting the wandering musician and the young acrobat. At least Charley had not yet reported any results, and it must be confessed that Ray was anything but sanguine in the matter.

At the time of the accident on the river he happened to have in his possession a check for a hundred dollars, with which he had intended to pay his passage to Liverpool the next time he went to Philadelphia. This he had had cashed and used it to defray the expenses incident to removal, etc., and it was to this sum he alluded when he told Clifford that there was only thirty seven dollars left.

It seemed quite homelike to Ray to be riding through the streets of New York. He could, of course, remember much more distinctly than Clifford the period of their last residence in the metropolis.

We say it seemed homelike, but the sensation was born but to die in the anguish of recollecting that their arrival would be marked by no welcoming voice or hand of loved ones. Even Charley could not be there to greet them. At the last minute he had been obliged to go to Boston on business for the firm with which he was connected, so that our two boys must introduce themselves to their landlady.

Leaving the cars at the Thirty Third Street Station, they walked up Sixth Avenue a few blocks and then turned into the street Charley had named in his letter.

"That must be the house, down yonder, with the cab standing in front of the door," said Ray, after glancing up at a number and making a mental computation.

"Look, Ray," added Clifford. "Somebody's having a fuss with the cabman, I guess."

For the latter individual was standing up in his seat, pointing to the trunk beside him with one hand, and gesticulating violently with his whip held in the other in the direction of a lady on the sidewalk.

Just as the boys came up, the whip chanced to strike the horse on the flank, causing him to start up suddenly. The movement had the effect of sending the excited driver violently down in his seat, which did not tend to improve his already much inflamed temper.

"You not pay me to put down the box; I drive off with him," he cried, and snatching up the lines, he made as if to put his threat in execution, when the lady, whom Ray now discovered to be a young girl, no older, if as old as himself, called out entreatingly:

"Oh, don't take it away! But you said you would do it all, carry it up stairs for me and everything, for two dollars. I am sure you did," and the girl lifted her face towards the cabman with tears almost welling up into the large blue eyes, the pathos and misery of which one might think would have penetrated a heart of stone.

But the hack driver's organ of feeling was evidently made of sterner stuff.

"I know not then how heavy, how *schwer* he is," he retorted, pounding one fist vindictively on the trunk beside him, which was really of quite modest dimensions.

The girl's look of distress went straight to Ray's heart. Taking off his hat he asked if her destination was Mrs. Fanshawe's.

"Yes, I have just arrived," she replied, "and I know this man is trying to impose on me because—because I am young and—and alone."

"It is a shame," exclaimed Ray. "My brother and I are also going to Mrs. Fanshawe's, and if you will permit us to assist you, I will be only too glad to do so. The trunk is small, and I know Clifford and I can carry it into the house for you without any trouble."

"Oh, you are very kind," and the look of relief that succeeded to that of worry on the pretty face was all the thanks that our hero could desire.



RAY AND CLIFFORD TRANSFERRED THE TRUNK TO THE SIDEWALK IN SPITE OF THE DRIVER'S PROTESTATIONS.

"'Tis a pity you hadn't," said Mr. Tresham, "but you may rely on it that I shall work my hardest to rescue this poor little fellow from his terrible position. His discovery will release you from your present difficulties, as no doubt he will authorize an equal apportionment of his inheritance among you three till the mystery surrounding yours is cleared up. Of course, I understand that this is not your motive in pursuing this quest so earnestly," the lawyer hastened to add, warned by the sudden flash in Ray's eyes, "but I sympathize with you so truly in the present unfortunate condition of your affairs, that I cannot refrain from holding out to you any ray of hope that may chance to present itself. Which reminds me to inquire if you have yet made any definite plans for the future. If I were only at housekeeping I should say at once, come with your brother and stay until you have got solid ground under your feet once more."

"Thank you," responded Ray, trying not to make the phrase too cold, "but I expect to go to New York. I have a friend there."

Mr. Tresham's face had lighted up at mention of New York, but fell again when he heard the word "friend."

"Oh, yes," he said, tentatively. "Some acquaintance of your father's, I presume?"

He spoke carelessly, but there was a half-repressed eagerness to hear Ray's answer that a close student of physiognomy might have detected.

"No, it's an old schoolmate of my own," Ray answered.

"Oh, a boy," commented Tresham. "It will be very pleasant for you both, I have no doubt, to be together."

Ray's face had lighted up at mention of New York, but fell again when he heard the word "friend."

"What in the name of all confusion can this affair of Phil's son be?" he reflected. "Why, I feel positively creepy, as if I had called a ghost into being that had proceeded to raise a brood of ghostlets. But there can be nothing in it, still I wish I dared tear this notice up. He'll be sure to look in the papers for it, though. What if I put in a corrected notice on my own account, one that will tend to put this kidnaper on his guard in the very way that fellow feared! But this, too, is risky. He may see it and take to inquiring into my motives rather too closely. Pshaw! what am I worrying myself over the thing for? There can no more be a Phil's son than there can be a—"

and the lawyer completed the murmur with a sardonic smile.

CHAPTER IX.

IN FRONT OF MRS. FANSHAW'S.

WE'VE got just thirty seven dollars left. Remember that when you see our room, Clifford."

It was a week after the events recorded in the preceding chapter, and Ray, with his brother, was riding up town on board a New York elevated railroad train to take possession of the quarters that had been secured for them by Charley Kip at Mrs. Fanshawe's boarding house.

The most thorough investigation had failed to reveal any clew to the nature of those investments the dividends on which, according to the

"Just catch hold of the other end when I let it down to you," he said to his brother, dropping his handbag, cane and umbrella on the sidewalk, and springing on the hub of the forward cab wheel.

Although the driver snarled and grunted, he could find no pretext for refusing to let our hero touch the baggage, with the owner thereof standing close by looking on with grateful eyes at the gallant work of the two goodly looking young knights who had come so opportunely to her assistance. He therefore contented himself with muttering maledictions in German and not stirring a finger to help in the transfer.

But the trunk was even lighter than it looked, so that Ray and Clifford lifted it down and then carried it up the stoop with the greatest of ease.

"I'm so very much obliged to you both," said the girl when they returned to the sidewalk for their things, and the three ascended the steps together. "I hope you didn't mind it very much. You don't look—well you don't look as if you were used to making porters of yourselves."

This was added with a half hesitating air as if the speaker was not quite certain how it would be received. Her eyes glanced involuntarily from the neat fitting suits of the brothers to the nickel finished satchels and silver topped umbrellas that they carried.

"Mind it?" echoed Ray, and the interrogation point of amazement with which he uttered the exclamation was emphatic enough to bring the color into the cheeks of the maiden whose battle he had fought.

"I hope you didn't think it was because I was—well, mean, that I wouldn't pay him the twenty five cents he wanted," she went on after Ray had pulled the bell. "It's true enough that I couldn't very well afford it, but more than that, I didn't want to be imposed on. But I'm afraid I would have been if you hadn't have come up. I couldn't very well pick the trunk up and carry it in myself, you know."

The three laughed at this, and just then a maid servant, wearing a clean cap very much askew, as if put on hastily, and a tattered frock, opened the door.

"Mrs. Fanshawe?" said Ray interrogatively, quickly composing his face.

The girl stood for an instant with her mouth agape, looking at the trunk which Ray and Clifford had picked up, preparatory to carrying it into the house.

"What name?" she finally closed it to articulate.

"Culver!" answered our hero somewhat sharply. It was not pleasant to be kept standing on a front stoop holding up one end of a trunk, however light, while a servant girl took her fill of staring at you.

"Will ye walk inter the parlor?" then said the maid, and the three were about to march in solemn file into this apartment, when a shrill voice called out from up stairs—"betraying the fact that its owner had been listening over the bannisters—"Bridget, don't you know Mrs. Professor Gramplan has her meeting today?"

"Wait here if yez plazes," murmured the rebuked handmaiden, and then vanished down the back stairs as Mrs. Fanshawe herself appeared in the front hall.

CHAPTER X.

WILL IT PROVE TO BE THE RIGHT ONE?

MRS. Fanshawe was a tall, sallow faced woman, with her black hair brought around in two flat scallops, on either side of her forehead, in a fashion that reminded Ray of the bumpers they let down over a yacht's side to keep her from rubbing off the paint against the wharf.

Her eyes were of the gray greenish hue, and gave one the impression that they were continually seeing things not intended for their notice. Now, for example, they rested glaringly on the trunk, which Ray and Clifford had set down between them in the narrow hall.

"Good afternoon," said Mrs. Fanshawe, with a strong accent on the good, where most people would have placed it on the following word. This habit of the landlady's of emphasizing unimportant terms gave her conversation a solemn, unearthly sort of air.

"Mr. Culver, I believe," she continued, advancing towards Ray, who was at the rear end of the trunk.

As the hall was dark and the landlady's eyes were fixed on our hero's face, she was suddenly brought up standing, as the phrase goes, by coming in contact with that obstruction.

She fell forward, catching herself where her hands came in contact with the lid. Her expression of surprise and disgust was so comical that Clifford, unfortunately for himself, could not restrain his mirth.

He gave a faint, boyish giggle as he caught the young girl's eyes, in which there was also a mirthful gleam, and this act, which cost him Mrs. Fanshawe's friendliness, gained him the comradeship of her fair young boarder.

Ray sprang forward to offer his assistance and apologies. Mrs. Fanshawe declined the former with thanks, and accepted the latter with a freezing smile that struck terror to Clifford's soul, for the landlady's great round eyes were fixed on him with a baleful gleam as she assumed it.

"I am very sorry that my—"

Thus the young girl, stepping forward out of the shadow, when Mrs. Fanshawe interrupted her with a faint scream of a girl's nature, so utterly out of keeping with her age and appear-

ance that Clifford had all he could do to keep from again disgracing himself.

"Oh, I did not know that you had a sister," explained Mrs. Fanshawe, recovering herself. "Your friend did not mention the fact. But luckily there is still a room unoccupied adjoining yours. But it is a small one. Will you go right up now?" Mrs. Professor Gramplan, one of our literary lights and a woman of stupendous ability, is at present occupying the parlor with her weekly lecture on the habits of the ichthyosaurus."

This last was added in an impressive whisper.

Both Ray and the young girl were greatly embarrassed at this misconception of their relations to one another, and while they were each trying to master this sufficiently to explain matters, Clifford did it for them by bursting out with the boyish assertion: "We haven't got any sister. I wish we had."

"Who then is this—person?" the landlady's lips seemed framing themselves to add, when the subject under discussion interposed in a surprised tone:

"Why, didn't Alice Martin engage a room for me here?"

It then came out that the young girl, who gave her name as Bertha Douglas, had commissioned a friend of hers who had once lived in New York, to secure board for her, which the friend assured her had been done. But the letter must have miscarried, as Mrs. Fanshawe declared she had never received it. However, she luckily had the room which she had offered to Ray for his "sister," and after the cabman episode had been explained, the two brothers carried the trunk up stairs, and then the two parties retired to their respective apartments to prepare for dinner, which Mrs. Fanshawe announced would be served at 6:30, sharp.

All the mirth went out of Clifford's eyes when Ray closed the door, and the two boys proceeded to an inspection of the place that was now to be their "home."

Home! The word seemed a travesty when applied to that upon which their eyes rested.

A bedstead that looked as if it had seen several years of hard service on each of the lower floors in turn—the Culvers' room was on the fourth—stood in the nearest corner, closely abutting on a shabby washstand with three legs.

A chest of drawers, down the front of which a former occupant had evidently spilled a pinkish tooth wash, took the place of a bureau, an eight by ten mirror, with a crack down the middle having thoughtfully been hung over it. Between this piece of furniture and the bed, the faded carpet was worn into the threadbare semblance of a path, while of the three chairs the apartment afforded, no two were alike, and none looked thoroughly trustworthy.

"It is a good thing for Charley's credit that he wrote me Mrs. Fanshawe couldn't show him the room when he was here," remarked Ray, somewhat inconsovably, dropping into a chair by the window.

He had happened to select a cane seated resting place, and "rip—rip—rip" went the seat, and the boy sprang suddenly to his feet again with re-awakened energy.

But this was rather a fortunate introduction to the apartment on the whole, as it called forth a laugh from Clifford, and set both boys to viewing their situation from the humorous rather than the annoying side.

"This'll give me lots of ideas for comic pictures, Cliff," remarked Ray, as he proceeded to investigate the damage. "Then I can perhaps sell so many of them that we can afford to move into quarters where chairs are made to sit on."

The arrival of the expressman with the trunks made another welcome diversion, and when these two articles had been set down in the apartment there was so little of the carpet left visible that Ray declared he began to see some beauty in it.

Then the ringing of a harsh toned bell announced dinner.

Now in all their varied styles of living, neither Ray nor Clifford had ever before resided in a boarding house. The former had read much concerning this institution, and as he and his brother descended to the dining room in the basement, he tried to feel curiosity rather than desolation over the coming novel experience.

They were late, for they had had to get some clothes out of the trunks, and Mrs. Fanshawe's eyes seemed to rest upon them in mild reproof as they pushed open the door and stood there for an instant, a battery for the openly curious gaze of all the occupants of the opposite side of the long table.

Mrs. Fanshawe, who sat at one end, pointed to two seats half way down, but the brothers had scarcely got settled in them when one of the servants entered in considerable excitement, exclaiming: "Oh, mum, there's a man up at the front door lookin' like a tramp, with a lot o' drums and things strapped to him, sayin' he wants ter see Mr. Culver. I wouldn't leave him in, ma'am, for fear he'd steal something. An' he's a waitin' on the stoop now."

Ray pushed back his chair and rushed out of the room.

Clifford moved uneasily in his seat, for even without looking, he felt Mrs. Fanshawe's eagle eye of disapproval upon him for the sins of his brother.

"Ahem," said the lady, severely, after a minute, "may I ask if this tramp is one of your brother's particular friends?"

"I don't know. That is, I guess he only

came to see him on business," replied Clifford, confusedly, growing as red as Mrs. Professor Gramplan's gown. His only source of consolation was the kindly glance of sympathy Bertha Douglas gave him from the seat opposite.

"Business, eh," sniffed the landlady. "May I inquire again, Master Clifford, whether your brother manages a street band or is superintendent of a society for the relief of indigent vagabonds?"

Mrs. Fanshawe gazed around the table with a little air of triumph at the completion of this remark, which she fancied rather impressed Mrs. Professor Gramplan with a new idea of her—Mrs. Fanshawe's—abilities in the line of repartee.

But Clifford unconsciously turned the current the other way, and scored another black mark against his record in the landlady's books, by looking up from his plate and saying quietly, "What did you say, Mrs. Fanshawe? I didn't hear."

A young man at the lower end of the table with large ears, a cuff-like collar and a vest with a huge slice cut out of its front, tittered audibly, while Bertha Douglas was seized with a violent coughing fit.

Everybody looked amused, even the stately Mrs. Professor Gramplan, and Clifford's share of the pudding when it came on was reduced to infinitesimal proportions.

Meanwhile Ray was having a time of it on the front stoop.

(To be continued.)

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot publish exchanges of firearms, birds' eggs, dangerous chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles; nor exchanges for "offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange.

We have on file a number of exchanges, which will be published in their turn as soon as space permits.

● G. Arnold, Grand Rapids, Mich. Type and books, for a press or type.

E. B. Mix, Butler, O. A model 5 by 7½ hand inking press, for a typewriter.

G. G. Noble, 735 Brown St., Philadelphia, Pa. A gazetteer, for a violin and bow.

W. S. Kinzer, Wooster, O. A number of articles, for stamps and coins. Send for list.

A. K. Bates, Titusville, Pa. Articles valued at \$35, for a 5 by 8 press. Send for list.

Dexter Williams, Hackensack, N. J. Two books by Verne, for "Afloat in a Great City."

M. B. Bruggemann, 307 New St., Philadelphia, Pa. Reading matter, for a 3 by 5 press.

D. Gedney, 34 Burnet St., East Orange, N. J. Books by Castlemon, Optic, etc., for stamps.

Frank L. Sill, 7 Wall St., New York City. A number of articles, for a World typewriter. Send for list.

T. J. Armour, Benwood, W. Va. Six new books by popular authors, and a flute, for a set of boxing gloves.

W. H. Speck, 3 West 7th St., Wilmington, Del. Tin tags and postmarks in quantities, for foreign stamps.

E. L. Hilton, 11 Market St., Portsmouth, N. H. Volume V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, for any other volume.

L. M. Geer, Box 663, Corry, Pa. A number of articles, for a 48 or 50 in. rubber tired bicycle. Send for list.

George Randolph, Montclair, N. J. A pair of opera glasses, a small press, and type, for a violin and bow.

Rudolph Padley, 24 White St., Rochester, N. Y. Approval sheets of stamps to exchange with collectors.

Oliver Brastow, 162 Summer St., Somerville, Mass. An electric bell outfit, for a World typewriter.

Harold M. Sharpe, Tionesta, Pa. A recipe for making rubber stamps, for U. S. stamps not in his collection.

J. E. Harpel, 22 South Centre St., Pottsville, Pa. Stamps, for books. Correspondence with collectors desired.

Wallace Lay, Box 896, Michigan City, Ind. A number of articles, for a bass drum and cymbals. Send for list.

Charles Colgan, 887 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A 4 jointed fishing rod, with brass ferrules, etc., for books or coins.

W. A. Nichols, Arlington, Mass. A 52 in. rubber tired bicycle, for a canvas canoe. Massachusetts offers preferred.

Clarence Vreeland, care R. G. Dun & Co., Box 803, New York City. A Challenge hand press, and books, for books.

William B. Hale, Williamsville, Mass. Foreign stamps, Confederate money, and coins, for common U. S. stamps.

E. Pritchett, care of C. C. Righter, 60 Hasell St., Charleston, S. C. Two hundred and eighty four stamps, for coins.

C. F. Eustis, 92 Pine St., Portland, Me. "The Cruise of the Ghost," by W. L. Alden, for 90 different unused stamps.

C. W. Burnham, 916 H St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Stamps, for stamps. Correspondence with collectors desired.

Hugh Holbrook, 473 Church St., Norfolk, Va. A banjo, valued at \$10, for a silver watch or violin and bow of equal value.

George M. Fahy, 343 Cedar St., New Haven, Conn. Nos. 2, 3 and 6 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, for Nos. 1, 9 and 11.

S. A. Mier, Ligonier, Ind. A 42 in. steel spoked rubber tired bicycle, for a 4 by 6 self inking press and 4 founts of type.

George E. T. Kinsley, 11 Euclid St., Mattapan,

Mass. Three books, for Vol. I, II, III, IV, or V of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

H. S. Crouch, 57 Church St., New Brunswick, N. J. A canvas canoe, for a telegraphic outfit or a pair of Angola rabbits.

A. Leathers, 794 Main St., Cambridge, Mass. An 8 by 8 wall tent, for a boiler capable of running a 1-16 horse power engine.

Guy S. McCabe, 38 Monroe Ave., Columbus, O. A turning lathe valued at \$6, for a heavily strung tennis racket, 13½ to 15 oz.

W. A. Arnold, Willimantic, Conn. A new Rugby football, cost \$5.50, for fencing foils and masks; and minerals, for the same.

Thomas J. Regan, 174 Eldridge St., New York City. A Waterbury watch, for a fishing rod and reel, or a 7 by 10 ft. rubber blanket.

Albert A. Arnheim, 247 East 77th St., New York City. A number of articles, for a 52 in. rubber tired bicycle. Send for list.

Harry I. Martz, 409 Rural St., Emporia, Kan. One hundred tin tags each, for Nos. 2, 9, 11 and 12 of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

H. S. Clark, Mt. Union, O. A telegraph instrument, with key, sounder, battery, etc., for an E flat or B flat cornet, or an alto horn.

William Ward, Moravia, N. Y. A canvas canoe, with sail, rudder, center board, and paddle, for a 50 or 52 in. rubber tired bicycle.

A. J. O'Leary, Jr., New Brighton, N. Y. A baseball guide, and 2 books, for 2 books by Alger, or 3 nos. of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

J. T. Lawrence, 1111 East Main St., Richmond, Va. Three books, 75 foreign stamps, and postmarks, for a press or magic lantern.

William Stonebridge, Monroe Ave., New York City. A 15½ ft. ribbed boat, with oars, sail, etc., for a 50 to 56 in. steel spoked bicycle.

Benton Harshbarger, Bloomington, Md. Seven books by Alger, etc., for any 7 nos. of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES except Nos. 4, 8, and 9.

Gage W. Christopher, 216 Maple St. West, Lansing, Mich. A 50 in. rubber tired steel spoked bicycle, and 700 foreign stamps, for coins.

Willie Chichester, Eagle Pass, Tex. A 4 by 5 self inking press, and 10 books, for a telegraph key, sounder, and relay, Bunnell's preferred.

Harry Rieser, 842 2d Ave., New York City. A camera and outfit, a banjo, a magic lantern, and other articles, for a tricycle. Send for list.

Stephen Buttle, 99 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. A New Rogers scroll saw, and pairs of ice and roller skates, for a Hawkeye detective camera.

I. Rosenfield, Pleasant St., opposite Downer Ave., Dorchester, Mass. A violin and bow, for a field glass, opera glasses, or musical instruments.

H. B. Pogson, 353 West 14th St., New York City. A pair of all clamp extension roller skates, 10 books, and a set of boxing gloves, for a photographic outfit.

J. O'Reilly, 109 Turk St., San Francisco, Cal. Specimens of Pacific Coast wild flowers, books, and stamps, for Eastern wild flowers, stamps, or postmarks.

R. G. Dodge, 71 High St., Newburyport, Mass. A paper tobacco tag, or a foreign stamp, for every postmark from Oregon, Nevada, or the Territories.

Myron Wing, Green Bay, Wis. A topsail schooner, 30 by 3 in., and a horizontal steam engine with brass boiler, for a banjo with at least 15 brackets.

L. C. Stewart, 592 East 135th St., New York City. A pair of all clamp Union Hardware 10½ roller skates, for a set of 8 oz. boxing gloves to fit a boy 14 to 16 years old.

A. M. Jamison, Box 288, Troy, O. A 13 ft. canvas canoe, with 2 paddles, a \$20 violin, pairs of roller and ice skates, a small wind engine, etc., for a 48 to 56 in. bicycle.

Henry B. J. Craig, corner of 12th and Edwards Sts., Springfield, Ill. A 12½ ft. canoe, 28 in. beam, with double paddles, for a 48 or 50 in. steel spoked, rubber tired bicycle.

C. J. Johnson, Box 409, Red Wing, Minn. A small brass reel, "Tom Brown at Oxford," and 100 stamps, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or a set of boxing gloves.

W. K. Van Derveer, New Brunswick, N. J. Two presses and 3 founts of type, a pair of skates, and a fountain pen, all valued at \$5, for a Morse key, sounder, and battery.

Fred Northrup, Port Jervis, N. Y. Fifty different Central or South American stamps, for U. S. Department stamps, except Treasury; and 25 varieties, for the 24c. Treasury stamp.

Samuel Ross, 1029 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. An International album and 820 different stamps, valued at \$15, an 18 in. paddle wheel steamboat, and a book by Read, for a bicycle.

George Howarth, Box 248, Dunlap, Ioa. "The Mysterious Island," by Verne, 3 books by Alger, and others by Castlemon, etc., for Vol. II of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, bound or unbound.

C. B. Yarnell, 3721 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill. An ebony file, with German silver ends, and a pair of all clamp extension roller skates, valued at \$6, for a 3¼ by 4¾ camera and outfit.

C. D. Curtis, Framingham, Mass. A Prize Holly jig saw, and a pair of 3 lb. dumb bells, for a B flat cornet, or a pair of fencing foils and masks. A C file, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

H. E. Burns, Pox 998, New York City. A number of articles, for a set of boxing gloves, Vol. I, II, or III of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, or a bicycle suitable for a person 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Send for list.

R. M. Rowland, Box 157, New London, Conn. A 5 by 8 Waterbury camera and outfit, a \$15 tennis racket, and a press and type, for an upright steam, kerosene, or naphtha engine suitable for a launch, or a bicycle.

W. Galt Hill, Jr., 367 Hancock St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A pair of all clamp Raymond extension roller skates, and 5 nos. of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, for a bound volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, previous to Vol. IV.

J. E. Murray, 55 Rowland St., Detroit, Mich. An International album with 1100 stamps, valued at \$25, and a New Grenadilla flute with German silver cap, tuning slide, and keys, for a 4 by 6 self inking press and outfit.

THE WORLD.

A playground—oft with clouded skies
That o'er the rosebuds weep,
Where little troubles take the weight
Of sorrows far more deep;
Where loved toys break in tiny hands—
Sad symbols of the time
When hope shall cheat and joys depart
In life's swift passing prime.
A battlefield where forces meet,
And unseen hosts contend,
With truces all so short they seem
With the wild strife to blend—
Strife that leaves none of us unscathed,
Where'er the mastery be;
But who, till the Great Day, can tell
With whom is victory?"

[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 XXXV.

A SURPRISING OCCURRENCE.

THE two brothers remained for another day at Santiago, and then leaving Mr. Martinez comparatively comfortable, they returned to San Felipe with the intention of going immediately out among the mountains in search of the distillery.

"You have not been gone long," remarked Mr. Bromley upon meeting them and hearing their story, "but I have a little surprise for you, nevertheless. It seems to me that there is nothing but surprises just now! Since you have been away we have had another visit from the Old Man of the Mountains, and he is here now. He got too near one of our explosions and was hurt about the head by a stone. He has lain insensible ever since, and the doctor thinks he cannot recover. I am sorry for the poor old fellow; I suppose, of course, he must have been insane."

Just then a peon who had been appointed to attend the patient, came to say that the old man had revived and appeared to realize his condition.

"Come," said Mr. Bromley, "we will go and look at him."

The old man's face was very pale, but it had a gleam of intelligence.

"How do you feel now, sir?" asked the contractor.

"Not very well," was the reply; "how came I here?"

"You were hurt by a stone, and we brought you in here," was Mr. Bromley's answer. "It was done while we were blasting the rocks."

"Have I anything to do with a railroad now?"

"No, sir; I suppose you were looking on when you got hurt."

"But there is a railroad here—a new railroad. Who's building it?"

"Mr. Bromley, an American," replied the contractor. "I am Mr. Bromley myself."

"So am I!" said the old man.

"You?"

"Yes; that is my name."

"He isn't quite right in his mind yet," thought Rupert. "Poor old man!"

"And where are you from?" asked the contractor.

"I am from California; but how long I have been here I don't know."

"Are you sure your name is Bromley?" was the next question; "haven't you got my name mixed up with yours?"

"My name is Bromley," repeated the old man, "or at least it was once—but I'm confused a little now, I know. I feel as if I'd been in a dream. Where is the railroad I built?"

"Did you ever build a railroad?"
Yes; for the Chilians—and I remember now, it was destroyed by an earthquake."

The contractor was startled. He gazed fixedly in the old man's face, then took one of the shrunken hands in his.

"Did you ever have a son?" he asked, almost tremblingly.

"Yes; I had one son, and I hope he is living yet."

"What was his name?"

"Richard Bromley; and he was with me here on the railroad."

"Father," cried the contractor, no longer able to contain his feelings,

"don't you know me? I am that very son!"

"I ought to know you then," said the old man; "but Richard was a boy like this one here. You can't be Richard, can you?"

"Do you remember the scar on your son's right arm—the one he got in falling from a rock at the time you thought him killed?"

"Yes; I remember it very well."

"Does this look like it?" asked the contractor, pulling up his sleeve.

"That is the very scar!" exclaimed the old man. "Oh my son! where are we all? and what has happened to me that I am so confused?"

The younger Mr. Bromley was greatly affected. He explained gently to the sick man how it had all come about; and the sufferer appeared to comprehend what must have taken place.

To Rupert the scene was inexpressibly touching.

When he and Malcolm were once more alone with the contractor, they asked him how he could explain the singular case.

"It isn't easy to explain," he said. "It seems, however, that a mistake was made in regard to my father's death. The body of some other person must have been taken for his. I think he lost the power of speech at the time he became insane, and it would seem that the present accident has restored both reason and speech. He must have performed certain acts from force of habit, without fully realizing what he was doing or being able to connect things properly. I think it is likely that his silence has been a great cause of the dread that has followed him."

"Do you think he will recover?" asked Rupert.

"No, I do not. He is worn out; and the present shock, although it has restored his reason, will exhaust whatever vitality remains. He has been a strong man, but now he will go suddenly."

Next day the old gentleman appeared perfectly restored in mind, and nearly free from pain. He talked calmly of his condition, and of other matters, but had not the least recollection of anything he had done or seen during the long years in which he had lived among the mountains. Of having warned Rupert by his gestures against leaping from the cliff, or of having unbound him and his companion when they were prisoners to the Indians, he retained not the faintest dream.

As our young adventurer looked upon his calm, pale face, it was hard to realize that these intelligent and perfectly rational features were, indeed, those of the Old Man of the Mountains—*el Viejo Hombre de los Montanos*—so long the terror of all the simple peons.

"And now," said Malcolm, "for our raid upon the distillery and our examination of the cave."

Rupert was impatient for the adventure, and, collecting a sufficient force, they were soon ready for the start, Malcolm, by virtue of his office, having command of the party.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

REVISITING THE DISTILLERY AND THE CAVE.

JUST before setting out, our friends were informed by telegraph from Santiago that Mr. Orne had died that very morning from a stroke of apoplexy.

"It is no more than I expected," said Malcolm, "for I never saw a man who looked more as if he might have a fit of that kind. Well, we are done with him, then; and perhaps it is better so—I think it is."

"And now Bel can remain in Chili as long as she pleases," said Rupert. "I felt as if she wasn't quite safe while her father lived."

"Ah, that is your first thought, is it?" replied Malcolm laughing; "I'm afraid you don't feel as bad as you should. But it is very natural, I know."

Upon reaching the little hamlet where Rupert had been so treacherously entrapped, and from which he had been sent off with the Indians, they found several fierce looking men about the place, and among the rest Antonio himself.

The swarthy mountaineer looked greatly startled at the reappearance of

the lad who had, as he thought, been so safely disposed of; and he stared apprehensively at Malcolm, who was now in the full uniform of a *vigilante*.

"Well, old friend," said Rupert, "I have finished up that little excursion and come back to thank you for my night's lodging."

The man stammered many excuses for his conduct, but both himself and his comrades were at once seized upon and informed that nothing could save them from severe punishment but a full revelation of the whereabouts of the distillery. This they readily agreed to make, and Antonio and one other were taken along as guides.

The secret manufactory which Mr. Orne had carried on was found to be a large one. It was now taken possession of in the name of the Chilean Government. Then Malcolm and Rupert ventured far into the cave, posting the others at intervals behind them, as a provision against getting lost. So much light, however, entered from the crevices above, that there was little danger of this.

They found the grim skeleton which Rupert had discovered, and on picking up the small Latin prayer book which lay beside it, read upon a blank page the inscription in a female hand—"To Manuel Orthes, from his mother."

So this reckless young man had kept a token from his mother in spite of all his crimes! Here then was the companion of Miguel Martinez.

A little farther on was discovered the fissure in the floor where Rupert had observed the sparkle of the unknown substance. With a considerable effort this substance was reached. It was found to consist of twenty seven diamonds of such remarkable brilliancy that it seemed no wonder they had been valued at a hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

The two explorers concealed them about their persons to avoid curiosity, and then, their mission completed, they rejoined their companions in waiting.

Upon returning to Mr. Bromley, they were glad to find his father considerably improved. The diamonds were deposited in a bank at San Felipe to the credit of Mr. Martinez, and next day they proceeded to Santiago to visit their old Chilean friend.

He, too, appeared better than when they left him, although, from the nature of his disease, his ultimate recovery could not be hoped for.

"I am delighted with your little friend Isabel," he said to Rupert. "Why not telegraph for her mother to come here? It would be a pleasant excursion for her. Indeed, she *shall* come. I will telegraph to her and there shall be no refusal. It will cost her nothing. My agent in San Francisco will attend to that. I have not long to stay, and I wish to see the mother of this beautiful young girl."

Isabel's mother came. But when she arrived, Senor Martinez was no more.

In his will he had left a hundred thousand dollars to Rupert, the same to Malcolm, and fifty thousand to Isabel. His widow, the excellent senora, received five hundred thousand; and the generous bequests had her entire approval.

Malcolm went home without delay to cheer his mother, who had so long mourned him as dead. But Mrs. Orne and Isabel remained for a number of months in Chili; and delightful were the excursions which Rupert made with them, as well to the beautiful cities of the republic, as among the grand and towering Andes.

Among other places, they visited the home of the gypsy family, where our young friend had met with such sincere kindness; and the dark browed Gitanos found that they had no reason to regret their former hospitality to the hapless wanderer.

Our hero remembered all his good friends among the peons with substantial gifts; and Isabel passed more than one pleasant hour in the society of Anita and Juniata Castanos, who had been so kind to her in her time of need.

Before the completion of the railroad, the elder Mr. Bromley passed calmly away. Isabel and her mother returned to California, and when his duties in the foreign land were accomplished, Rupert followed them.

The rest I leave the reader to imagine. He will feel that there can be only one sequel to such a chain of events; and

what that sequel has been he will see demonstrated by visiting one of the prettiest towns in Southern California, and inquiring for Mr. Rupert Oswald, the wealthiest and happiest man in all that pleasant region.

THE END.

A POOR MAN'S BLISS.

THE ARGOSY, both upon its editorial page and elsewhere, has had much to say on the subject of authorship, having reason to believe that it is one in which a large number of its readers are deeply interested. Herewith we give them a late utterance of Robert Louis Stevenson, the author of "Treasure Island" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," who in *Scribner's Magazine* contends that though the pocket book of the successful writer may be but of slim dimensions, yet the nature of his art itself should fill his life with such a completeness that money kings might envy him his happiness.

But alas, all of us are not successful writers, and to such of us that are, the wolf that sometimes knocks at our door presents a very gaunt and hungry look, in spite of Mr. Stevenson.

The direct returns—the wages of the trade—are small, but the indirect—the wages of the life—are incalculably great. No other business offers a man his daily bread upon such joyful terms. The soldier and the explorer have moments of a worthier excitement, but they are purchased by cruel hardships and periods of tedium that beggar language. In the life of the artist there need be no hour without its pleasure.

I take the author, with whose career I am best acquainted; and it is true that he works in a rebellious material, and that the act of writing is cramped and trying both to the eyes and the temper; but remark him in his study, when matter crowds upon him and words are not wanting—in what a continual series of small successes time flows by; with what a sense of power, as of one moving mountains, he marshals his petty characters; with what pleasure of both the ear and the eye, he sees his airy structure growing on the page; and how he labors in a craft to which the whole material of his life is tributary, and which opens a door to all his tastes, his loves, his hatreds and his convictions, so that what he writes is what he longed to utter.

He may have enjoyed many things in this big, tragic playground of the world; but what shall he have enjoyed more fully than a morning of successful work? Suppose it ill paid; the wonder is it should be paid at all. Other men pay, and pay dearly, for pleasures less desirable.

GRAVITY ON THE RAMPAGE.

THE nearest approach to a toboggan slide of which we have any knowledge is the roller coaster, with which many of our readers have doubtless made acquaintance at Coney Island and other similar resorts.

But some passengers in a New York street car had a summer coasting trip not long ago, all thrown in for the same fare. We clip an account of the incident from the *Tribune*:

A runaway horse car caused both amusement and excitement in Second Avenue yesterday. The car was No. 250, and it was making a regular down trip in care of Conductor McElliott. At Forty Second Street, on a down grade, the rod connecting the brakes suddenly broke, letting the car run on the heels of the horses. William McManus, the driver, twisted the brake to no purpose. The horses became frantic and unmanageable. With admirable presence of mind, McManus seized the car hook and pulled out the bolt fastened the whiffletree to the car.

Then the maddened horses dashed away and galloped down the avenue, with the loose whiffletrees rattling at their heels. They struck against pillars of the elevated road several times, but kept on running as far as Thirty Seventh Street. There two policemen succeeded in stopping them.

Meanwhile the car had kept on going down the avenue without the team, at increasing speed. The grade below Forty Second Street was steep enough to send it along swiftly, and the ride began to become alarming to the fifteen passengers in the car. Faster and faster it went until it was flying along at a terrific pace.

Several women in the car got up, screamed, and were jolted back into their seats. Some of the passengers tried to get out on the platforms, but they were restrained by McElliott and McManus, who stuck to their posts bravely as the car sped on. The conductor and driver knew that the safest place for them was on the car so long as it didn't run into anything.

The policemen got the horses off the track in the nick of time, and they were amazed at the speed at which the car shot past Thirty Seventh Street. Men and boys in the street shouted, and many of them laughed as they watched the rapid progress of the runaway team and noted the alarm of the passengers. The car finally came to a stop on the level at Thirty Third Street, and, as nobody had been hurt, everybody was happy.

FOR HIM WHO WAITS.

BY M. N. B.

PATIENCE, O mortal, patience yet awhile!
What though the man of feeble courage prates
Of dolor and of death, joy yet shall come
To him who waits.

Tho' fierce the fight that Want and Sorrow wage
With Man upon life's battlefield, yet fate's
Grim visage softens, and she smiles at last
On him who waits.

Patience, O mortal, patience yet awhile!
How long soe'er thy evils here, the gates
Of glory do but wait to open wide
For him who waits.

On the Pampas.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

WHEN about fifteen years of age, I accompanied an uncle of mine on a journey from Buenos Ayres to Mendoza, where he had a considerable trading establishment. Mendoza, by the way, is an emporium of great importance in the commerce between Chili and the cities that lie on the La Plata and the Parana. We went on horseback, and nothing could have been finer than our ride across the country.

Our cavalcade numbered fourteen persons, one of them being a boy of my own age, named Antonio, and all, except my uncle and myself, of Castilian birth. Uncle Albert could speak the Spanish language like a veritable don, and I also understood it tolerably well. The horses of the whole company were handsome, high spirited animals, and altogether we made, I think, a somewhat attractive appearance.

There was something to fear from jaguars, those terrible spotted creatures that infest all the South American wilds where there is either timber or brush, though they do not usually venture far out on the treeless pampas. We, however, were well armed, and would be able, under ordinary circumstances, to defend ourselves.

There were twelve pack mules in the train, carrying our tents and other luggage.

At night we would form a pleasant little camp, our small white tents having a very picturesque appearance on the broad, green pampas that stretched to the horizon, or looking still more romantic when we pitched them by some clump of trees on a partly wooded plain. But there was something of danger in the last named position, as we could not know but that some prowling jaguar or puma might have made the little thicket a lurking place.

At length, one evening, just as we had got the horses and mules fastened with the long lariats and were about arranging our tents, all the animals suddenly pricked up their ears, snorting as if terrified, and starting away as far as the tethers would permit.

All of us seized our guns, and Antonio and myself, feeling very brave, went to a distance of some rods from the others.

Looking toward the point to which the gaze of the horses seemed directed, we saw at first only an ominous parting of some tall grass; but a moment afterwards there appeared creeping stealthily out from it a very large jaguar. At least he seemed very large to us.

We both fired at him, but, with a roar, he bounded straight toward us, and I was struck completely insensible by a blow of one of his great paws.

On returning to consciousness I learned that the fierce animal had been killed, although not till he had bitten me severely and given Antonio a scratch or two.

Next morning I felt a fever in every limb; but we journeyed on and soon forded a shallow stream, where there were countless tracks of wild cattle and horses.

The pampa here was uneven, having gentle swells that would at intervals prevent us from seeing objects at a distance, so that we approached within a mile of a herd of bulls before discovering them.

The men of our party, even including my uncle Albert, were all sportsmen, and the prospect of such noble game delighted them. We halted in a hollow and preparations were made for the chase. The weakness of my condition prevented me from taking part in it, and so with Antonio, who was also sore from his scratches, I was left behind. There remained with us two of the horses and the twelve pack mules, the latter still loaded with the baggage. The hunters spread out, in order to flank the game, and the chase became exceedingly exciting, carrying them miles away. I never regretted any disability more than the one which prevented me from sharing so bewitching a sport.

An hour or two elapsed, and then, provokingly enough, there came on one of those fierce *pamperos*, as the western gales are here called, which are so dreaded in the Argentine States.

It was almost blinding in its violence, and would fairly have blown the poor mules and horses over, had they not turned their tails to it. Unfortunately, they had scarcely been fastened at all, and, as we afterward discovered to our sorrow, the whole of them made off before the wind with the slight pins to which they had been "anchored" dangling at the ends of their lariats.

The storm was bitterly cold—if it was in South America—and the air was thick as night, with a very fine and cutting snow, for it snows

here during such tornadoes much as it does in Texas and other of our southwestern States. Luckily, however, the tempest lasted only for an hour, and was succeeded by a clear sunshine, though the air was still cold.

The surface of the pampa was for the moment entirely white, and the tree trunk which, while we were coming from the river, had been observed standing black and bare considerably to our right, was now a very ghost. It was of great size, and probably the last relic of a period when there were other trees besides itself in the neighborhood of the stream.

What had become of our companions it was hard to say; but I imagined that, overtaken by the storm at a distance of many miles from us, they had been obliged to remain inactive while it prevailed, and that they would now soon return.

To overtake any of our stray horses or mules seemed out of the question, for Antonio was in no condition for running, while I was still more disabled. We would, therefore, wait where we were.

At last, while looking anxiously for the return of our friends, we observed a something



THE MIGHTY HERD OF WILD HORSES WAS CLOSE UPON US.

peculiar in a direction different from that which they had taken.

What could it be? Another herd of wild cattle? At first I thought so; but a few moments of intent gazing showed me that this was not the case.

Yet a mighty army of something was in motion—a cavalcade that to right and left seemed to reach the horizon. And, more than this, it was at no great distance and bearing directly down upon us. The whole meaning of the scene flashed upon me at once. What I saw must be a vast multitude of wild horses. Perhaps they had been excited by the storm just past, and were gall-ping merely to work off their superfluous energy; but more probably they were rushing to the stream to satisfy a thirst for water. At all events, we were directly in their course, and those nearest to us would not be able to swerve aside even if terror at our presence should inspire them with the wish to do so.

It was out of the question to attempt a flank movement. This would be certain destruction. Our only chance for life lay in the direction of the river. Toward this we turned in desperation.

Our wounds were forgotten and we ran with the speed of antelopes.

It soon became evident, however, that the stream was too far away. We must turn aside toward the old tree trunk. It was now upon our left hand, as it had before been upon our right.

The change in our course was dangerous and desperate,—but it was all that remained for us.

We could now hear the thunder of hoofs, like the dull, distant roar of breakers upon an ocean beach. On, on at a headlong gallop, came the mighty army as we struggled towards the tree. Not all the cavalry of Murat at Eylau or of the Mamelukes at the battle of the Pyramids, could have equaled what we saw.

Nearer and nearer and nearer came the fearful avalanche. How dreadfully fast the distance narrowed between the front rank and ourselves, and yet we had not reached the place of refuge!

The light snow which had fallen was hurled high over the backs of the thunderous living mass by ten thousand flying hoofs. The earth seemed to tremble. Manes and tails flowed out like banners. Heads were tossed aloft, and the shrill neighing of the confused and savage multitude seemed to pierce us through and through.

with thirst, rush down the river bank! They reared and plunged, they kicked and bit each other, and we could hear the splashing of the water even where we were.

Finally, all having drunk, they came out in irregular platoons, and stood in a vast, dense column by the stream. This, however, was but for a few minutes. Then those that were nearest to us, seeming all at once to realize the proximity of human beings, threw up their heads like startled deer and swerved quickly to right and left.

In the excitement of the previous rush even those which passed close to us had not fully taken in the nature of the case; but now the alarm spread rapidly. The heavy manes stood bristling up, the long thick sweeping tails were lifted in graceful arches, and then, what snorting, what neighing, what sudden darting aside!

A wild galloping now at once took place, the vast column breaking in the middle and the divisions going to the right and left of us, but giving our position a wide berth.

One of the most remarkable of the whole herd, so far as we could see, and which was among those nearest to us, was a huge mottled courser—red and white. We observed him in particular for his wonderful beauty, while close upon his flank, as he swept past, was a black steed, a trifle smaller, but almost equally handsome.

Having passed to a considerable distance beyond us, the two divisions reunited, the whole vast multitude then coursing away in a single mass as it had come, and having a most strange appearance as it rose and fell with the inequalities of the pampa.

The absent hunters presently returned, loaded with bull meat, and, after a time, our two stray horses were secured, together with nine of the twelve pack mules, the other three having been trampled to death by the wild cavalcade. Poor mules, we found them on the pampa trodden fairly into the earth by the tremendous army of hoofs.

Several of the wild horses were found dead in the river, having probably fallen amid the general confusion and been trodden upon by the others. No doubt the herd, having strayed to a long distance from the stream, had endured thirst till it became intolerable, and hence the prodigious rush.

We reached Mendoza with no further adventure of importance, and I would like to tell the ARGOSY reader something of this far away city at the foot of the mighty Andes, but will not do so at present, more than to say that we saw wild horses there which had been lassoed on the pampas.

It is, however, the least strong and fleet of the herd which can thus be taken, and hence these were not equal in appearance to most of the superb creatures with which we had met.

MARVELOUS MEMORIES.

A good memory is an invaluable boon to a man, but it sometimes causes consternation in the minds of those against whom it may be brought in play. In the course of an article on feats of memory, the *New York Commercial Advertiser* cites two remarkable cases that come under this category.

One is related by the old philosopher, Seneca, the master, and afterward the victim, of the Emperor Nero. He tells us how, on one occasion, a poet wrote a long poem, which he read before a distinguished audience. It was received with great applause, but suddenly, to the astonishment of the audience, and to the subsequent consternation of the author, a man started up and accused the poor poet of plagiarism, inasmuch as he had some time before written the piece which had been greeted with such well deserved applause.

This claim was indignantly denied, till, in proof of his assertion, the claimant recited the whole poem by heart, word for word, without hesitation, and defied the poet to do the same. This he was not prepared to do, and the audience decided that the one who knew the poem by heart must have been the author, till he frankly declared that he had never heard the poem before, but had learned it by heart while the poet read it. So "the honors were divided," the poet gaining applause for his verses, the other for his memory.

The French critic, La Motte, is said to have played the same trick on Voltaire, who, when quite a young author, once brought a tragedy which he had just composed to read over to the critic.

"It is all very beautiful," said La Motte, "but the second scene of the fourth act is copied word for word from a previous author;" and in proof, to the dismay of Voltaire, he recited every line of the scene without charging a word. Voltaire declared his honesty, and it was only when he saw how distressed the young author was, that La Motte acknowledged that he was so struck with the beauty of the scene that not a word of it escaped the tenacity of his memory.

A COMMON EXPERIENCE.

DUMPSY.—"Hello, Blobson! Seems as though you were looking pretty poorly."

BLOBSON.—"Yes, I'm tired to death."

DUMPSY.—"Tired? You need a vacation."

BLOBSON.—"Just got back from one."

EXTRAORDINARY POWER.

A writer says an ordinary beetle can draw twenty times its own weight. We have seen the insect move a woman weighing 165 pounds, by simply alighting within half an inch of her nose.

HAZEL BLOSSOMS.

The summer warmth has left the sky,
The summer songs have died away;
And, withered, in the footpaths lie
The fallen leaves, but yesterday
With ruby and with topaz gay.
The grass is brown on the hills:
No pale, belated flowers recall
The astral fringes of the rills,
And drearily the dead vines fall,
Frost blackened, from the roadside wall.
Yet through the gray and somber wood,
Against the dusk of fir and pine,
Last of their floral sisterhood,
The hazel's yellow blossom shine,
The tawny gold of Afric's mine.

The Misplaced Switch.

BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

MATTERS had gone hard with the Bailey family ever since Hezekiah broke his leg. There were five children besides Bob, who was the man of the household now that his father was unable to work. One could not expect a boy of ten to do very much, and then Bob was such a little fellow; still, he milked the cow night and morning, brought water from the distant spring, kept the wood box well filled, and looked out wonderfully for the other children.

One day he heard his mother say, with a sigh:

"I've took the last speck o' flour out o' the bar'l this mornin', 'Kiah!"

"Did ye?" said her husband, as he hobbled along on his crutches and looked in to the empty barrel to see if some corner had been overlooked. "Well, well; that may be a good thing after all, for too much flour bread isn't wholesome. Give us some Johnny cake, I say."

"Thee hasn't no meal neither," said Mrs. Bailey, curtly.

"Isn't there? Then Bob must take some corn to mill and have it ground."

"There's only a peck at most, and when that's gone the Lord knows where the next'll come from."

"Of course he does, so let's not borrow any trouble about it."

"We shall have ter borrow sumthin' r' starve, so fur's I c'n see, fur Ben Stokes hinted pretty plain, the las' time I's at the store, that he'd got a bout through trustin' folks."

"Ben Stokes needn't worry!" the man replied, as a slight flush came into his hitherto pale cheek; "I'm in the habit of paying for what I get."

This was true; for Hezekiah, though poor, was a high minded and even proud man. But his pride was not a foolish one. It only made him wish to live by his own exertions, and ask favors of no man.

While he had been able to follow his occupation of teaming to a distant city for the village traders, he had made a comfortable living; but the new railroad came, working its changes in the lives and fortunes of many, and he derived no benefit from it. Indeed, he found himself obliged to sell one of his two horses and do the best he could by picking up jobs about town.

Then came his accident. He was unloading some lumber from a freight car and a log rolled upon him—and the doctor said he would be kept indoors a month.

A month! and eight mouths to feed! It really seemed as if that railroad would be his ruin yet, for he could trace all his misfortunes to its advent. He did not

grumble—it was not his way; but he couldn't help thinking what might have been, for he was philosophical, and always connected causes and effects.

Bob thought of many things, too, for a boy; he was something like his father; and when he overheard the conversation just recorded, he fell into such a deep study that his mother spoke to him three times before he heard her.

As there was so little corn, the boy finally prevailed upon his parents to let him put it on the back of old Whisker, the horse, and ride him to the mill instead of putting him to the wagon.

ing, Gerty must have been a highly intelligent child, for she displayed the utmost terror at this simple question, and set up such a terrified screech that her mother, saying that she "believed that young one was dead by the way she hollered," came flying to the rescue.

"Good morning, Mis' Penly," said Bob.

"Sakes alive! Bob Bailey, is that you? Why, I thought it must be the old boy himself by the way the baby yelled."

"No; it's the young boy this time," Bob returned, laughing; "but Gerty needn't run; I ain't after her."

back was turned toward the house, thought it a part of the original answer, whereas it was wholly caused by sundry vigorous shakes of the head and a mandatory scowl on the part of Mrs. Penly.

"Why don't ye let him help ye cultivate," she said at length, "instead o' changing 'long o' Caleb?" and the farmer, wisely construing this inquiry into advice, said he "guessed he would if Bob could go then."

A bargain was quickly struck, and, throwing the small sack of corn into the barn, Amos fitted the horse out with one of his own harnesses and led the way to the cornfield.

For full three hours Bob rode the horse up and down the dusty rows, until at last the cultivator struck a fast stone and stopped. So did the farmer, but Bob and Whisker kept on, breaking one of the traces and demoralizing the breastplate generally.

Amos "concluded that was about enough for one day," so they went up to the house, and, while Bob was regaling himself on a dish of bread and milk, the farmer consulted with his wife what it was best to give the boy for his services.

The man suggested "half price for a boy," but Mrs. Penly urged that he had done as much as a man would have done in his position, which her husband could not deny. Then she spoke of the hard fortune of Bob's father, and, finally, worked the somewhat "near" Amos up to the point of giving fifty cents, since Bob had furnished the horse, with the promise that he would engage the boy to help him again the next day.

When Bob came out, with a better feeling at his stomach than he had had for some time, he found old Whisker saddled with the bag of corn, while the farmer stood ready to help him mount.

"Here's your pay," said Mr. Penly, holding up a bright half dollar, "and if you'll take this 'ere breastplate down to Joe Town's an' git it mended, you may come and help me agin tomorrer."

Bob readily agreed, and set off in high spirits. He had actually earned some money for the first time in his life, and the next day he would have still more. He began to dream of supporting the family.

Arriving at the mill, our young friend found several others there before him; and, as the man of meal refused to consider any "grist," however small, except on the principle of "first come, first served," Bob saw that he must make the best of it and bide his time.

He carried the breastplate to Town, the harness maker, and had it repaired, laid out his fifty cents rather extravagantly in fresh beef, for his father's especial benefit, then wandered about the straggling village and back to the mill, which ground exceedingly slowly and not very small.

At last all was ready, and the lad mounted his horse just as the sunset tints died out of the sky and the full moon arose.

Bob knew that his parents had expected him home long before, so he set off at a rapid pace. The portion of harness which he was obliged to carry troubled him a



THE TRAIN WAS RUSHING ON TOWARD THE MISPLACED SWITCH.

"Look out for them cars!" shouted Mrs. Bailey after him as he started off.

"All right! I won't run over 'em!" floated back upon the breeze.

After riding half a mile or so at a brisk canter, Bob came to a long hill, and, while the horse was walking, he began to think again.

"I must earn some money!" he said aloud, and then shut his lips tight and nodded confidentially to himself. "Yes sir-ee!" he added, with an emphatic knock upon old Whisker's withers; "and I'll begin now!"

He had reached the top of the hill, on which stood a neat farm house. At the open door was a safety board, about two feet high, over which a baby, for whose especial protection it was designed, was desperately trying to fall.

"Hallo, Gerty!" said the boy. "Is your pa at home?"

If they that know nothing, fear noth-

atives. "Where's Mr. Penly?"

"Well, I guess he ain't fur off," said a gruff but kindly voice, which, with its owner, just then came around to the barn in season to catch Bob's last remark. "What's wanted now?"

"I want to hire out," said Bob, stoutly, sitting up straight on the horse that he might look as large as possible.

"Haw! haw! haw!" guffawed the farmer. "Well, a man wouldn't hev ter give ye much if he covered ye all over with dollar bills."

The boy, like most small people, was a little sensitive on the point of his size, but he repressed his indignation, and exclaimed:

"I mean it though! Hain't ye got something that I can do? I want some money."

"No, I guess not," said Amos Penly, slowly shaking his head—"not much," he added, so naturally that Bob, whose

little at first and hindered his speed; but he finally put it on over the horse's head and secured the traces over his back in a square knot; then all went well until he neared the crossing at the Milno station.

He had felt a little anxious to know at just what time he should reach this place, for the track ran very close to the highway for almost a mile, and Whisker was not yet on good terms with the cars.

So Bob hoped very much that he might pass this particular mile before the night train should become due; but as he did not know just when to look for it, he depended on chance and old Whisker.

The boy galloped on with lips slightly parted and a wistful look in his eyes, for he was a rather timid little fellow, when suddenly, as he was just on the crossing, the horse shied and came near throwing his rider. Glancing around to find the cause, Bob was horrified to see a man lying at full length upon the track, as motionless as if dead.

What should he do? There was no house within hailing distance, except the station house, for the railroad had been built at this point through a tract of timber land.

He shouted lustily, hoping to rouse the station agent; but no one answered, and all the little fellow heard was the rapid beating of his own heart as he gazed at the prostrate form.

"It won't do to leave that man till I know what it means," he said to himself. "If he isn't dead now, the train would certainly kill him."

So he dismounted, and having tied the horse to a tree, the little Samaritan swallowed a big bunch that kept rising in his throat, and, though trembling in every limb, walked bravely forward.

Just as he bent over the body, a bullfrog in a ditch near by gave a deep bass "ker-dum-m!" that nearly frightened him out of his wits for one second, but the next he laughed at his own folly, and, summoning all his courage, turned the man over so that the moonlight fell upon his face.

Then he saw why no one answered the call, for it was no other than the station agent himself, Bill Madden—not dead, but drunk.

Drawing a sigh of relief, Bob dragged the senseless fellow off the track to a place of safety, and started for his horse.

"I'll stop at the next house," he thought, "and send somebody to take care of him."

After a deal of trouble, for old Whisker seemed uncommonly nervous, Bob at last mounted, just as—"Ke-e-e-e!" sounded far behind him the whistle of the night express.

It was at a crossing, three miles away. It did not stop at Milno, but kept on with undiminished speed to Townsville, ten miles down the line. There was still a chance for Bob to reach the place where the railroad and highway separated before being overtaken, but it would be an exciting race.

Instead of dashing away at a mad gallop, however, as one might have supposed, Bob exclaimed, "O, gracious!" leaped off and again tied his horse with hands that fairly shook with excitement. A startling thought had struck him, and there was no time to lose.

The station agent was also the switchman, and it occurred to Bob that, perhaps, he had come out to set the switch and had yielded to the effects of liquor before discharging his duty. It was even so. A glance at the track showed it set so that the coming train would run directly into a line of freight cars that stood upon a siding with a high embankment.

Bob had often been to the depot with his father, and had seen the switch set so many times that he knew the theory perfectly well; so he seized the lever, but found it locked.

He then flew to the snoring station agent and searched his pockets. He found a bunch of keys, hurried back to the switch, tried all the wrong ones first, of course, but at last had everything ready for action. It was fortunate, for express trains are like time and tide.

The boy caught the lever and pulled with all his strength. There was a little creak of unoiled and rusty iron, and that was all—the rails would not stir. Bob struggled until the sweat rolled down his face and his eyes seemed to start from their sockets, but it did not

avail, and just then the oncoming train shot around the curve, a little more than a mile away, was visible a moment, then disappeared again, but came rattling on like Fate.

A few rods away there was another bend in the track, and the panting boy was wondering whether he could reach that in time to signal the engineer, when the horse neighed anxiously and gave Bob an idea. He darted to the tree, untied the rein by which the animal was fastened, unbuckled both reins from the bits, and led Whisker to the track. Then he backed him up to the switch lever, and loosed the reins that were lying on the horse's back, bound together in a square knot. He laid the bridle reins together and tied one end firmly around the switch lever and the other through the slits in the traces. But the old horse seemed to scent danger in the air, and was with difficulty kept in position by a constant succession of "whoas." Barely was the last knot fastened when the engine, whose puff and rattle had now become fearfully distinct, sent forth such an ear-piercing shriek as no horse with nerves could be expected to endure. So thought Whisker, and he bolted for home, dislodging his burden of beef and meal, breaking the bridle reins, and bending the switch lever—but changing the switch.

Before the reins broke, the rusty rails slid into place, and the train crashed by Bob, who stood with his mouth wide open, and one eye convulsively closed, gave a shrill "toot! toot!" as it passed through the station, and came to a standstill a few rods further on.

The quick eye of the engineer had seen that something was wrong, and several men came hurrying back to investigate.

Our young friend was still standing at the switch, with his brain in a whirl, and the torrent of questions that he was called upon to answer did not serve to lessen his excitement. However, he managed to explain matters, summoning as dumb but circumstantial witnesses to his strange story the still insensible Madden, the bent lever, and the broken reins. He gave his name, and then shouldering his bag of provisions, trudged homeward.

The conductor detailed a brakeman to look after the switch till some one else could be provided, and the express train sped safely on its way.

When Bob had traveled about half the distance home he was surprised to meet old Whisker coming back. It was nothing to the horse's credit, though, for, seated behind him, in a stout farmer wagon, sat Amos Penly, who burst into a laugh on seeing Bob, and asked if he wouldn't ride.

It seemed the horse had recovered from its fright, after running some distance, and getting tripped up several times by the loose traces, and finally had stopped in Penly's dooryard, with nothing except the headstall. The farmer knew that something must be wrong, and decided to investigate. So he harnessed the horse to his own wagon and started out, with what result we have just seen.

Bob was soon at home, where he found a family whose anxiety had made them forget their hunger; but they soon remembered it on finding that nothing evil had occurred, and while the hero related his adventures to an admiring party, Hezekiah broiled the steak, and his wife made mush, and corn bread, and meal fritters, and such variety of other dishes that no one would have suspected the poverty of her larder.

Though Bob protested that he had bought the beef for his father's sole use, the invalid declared that he never could enjoy it alone, so they all had a meat supper for the first time in many weeks.

Next morning Bob hurried away at an early hour to meet his engagement with Mr. Penly.

"Who's that, mother?" asked Hezekiah of his wife, as he heard the sound of wheels about the middle of the forenoon.

"Well, whoever 'tis, he's comin' here," she replied, wiping her hands upon her apron, and thrusting various emigrant hair pins into the depths of her "pug."

The stranger proved to be the president of the railroad, who had come to acknowledge Bob's service of the night

before. One of the directors had been upon the express train, on his way to a business meeting of the board, and had narrated the whole affair. It seemed fitting that such an act should be noticed in an official manner, so the president had come in person to present the Bailey family with a free pass over the road for the next ten years.

Hezekiah put on his spectacles and read the proffered pass from beginning to end. He then pushed it across the table toward the officer.

"I s'pose you mean all right, Mr. President," said he, "but we don't want no pay for savin' life, nor that little thing would do us no good either, for mother and I don't go anywhere, and the children are mostly too small to go alone, if they wanted to; so ye'd better take it back and give us your good will. Howsumever," he continued, seeing the officer hesitate, "if ye really want to do us a favor, couldn't ye give me a job as section hand, or something, in the course of a couple of weeks, when I get so I can work? That would help me, and I'd earn the money, too."

"Perhaps so. We'll see," said the official, thoughtfully, as he picked up the pass and took his leave.

He had hardly gone when the Bailey family had another caller, a fine-looking man, who inquired for Bob. He did not state his business, but, learning where the lad was at work, set out for Amos Penly's.

Bob did not return till nearly night, and then came with the farmer's big wagon, in which was a barrel of flour, a quarter of lamb, a keg of molasses, besides sugar, salt, saleratus, pepper, and other "kitchen fixings." He explained that the man who was looking for him was a lawyer, who had been among the number of the rescued that night. He went back to the station with the engineer and others when the train stopped, and heard the boy's story from his own lips. On returning to the cars he took up a contribution from the passengers in behalf of their preserver, and had come down to place it in Bob's own hand. The latter, not having as advanced ideas of honor as his father, accepted the gift without hesitation, and, borrowing Farmer Penly's wagon, hastened to the store for supplies.

There was rejoicing at the Bailey house that night, and even the doleful Hannah was seen to smile; but the joy was still further increased one pleasant June evening soon after, for the president of the company called to say that he had found work for Mr. Bailey.

"But how soon do you want me?" said the latter, who in his delight at the thought of future employment had entirely forgotten to ask what his duties were to be.

"Tomorrow," said the president, gravely, but with a sly twinkle in his eye.

Hezekiah's countenance fell. "It's too soon, I'm afraid. Not but that I'd do the best I could, but I have to use a cane still, sir, and I'm sure I couldn't do a full day's work with the other men."

"There are no other men," returned the president; "the one whose place you will fill leaves tomorrow morning, and you are chosen in his stead. But if you can't go I think I'll have to engage your boy and the old horse to do the work; they are capable, for they have proved it."

"Why, you can't mean—" and Hezekiah stopped short, as if he had already presumed too far.

"Yes," rejoined President Sharp, smiling, "I mean to say and I do say that I have inquired about you among your neighbors, and find that, while you have always been honest, sober, and industrious, you are not yet rich; moreover, the railroad, while benefiting nearly all the others in town, has positively injured you, since it has taken away your occupation."

"We discharged Madden at once after the express train came so near being wrecked through his drunken carelessness, and detailed a man from down the line to take his place till we could secure a permanent agent. Your request for a "job" the other day set me a-thinking. I inquired as to your capacity, and, being fully satisfied with the reports, recommended you to the directors as sta-

tion agent and switchman. They heartily approved, and the position will be open to you tomorrow at forty dollars per month."

It is hardly necessary to add that the offer was accepted, for forty dollars seemed a princely salary to the needy Baileys. Hezekiah drove to the station the next morning and was formally installed in office, and presented with the keys.

The place has grown much larger since that day, and his time is now fully occupied with selling tickets, while he employs another hand to look after the track. The other hand, you may be interested to learn, is Bob himself, now a lad of seventeen, and strong enough to perform the duty without the aid of horse power. He is a trustworthy fellow who never touches liquor, and we are confident that there is no danger of his ever leaving a MISPLACED SWITCH.

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

MAKING FARMERS OF GEESSE.

MANY of our readers have doubtless heard of dogs being set to work to do the family churning, but geese that earn their livelihood by other means than growing feathers for pillow stuffing and fat breasts for Thanksgiving tables, are decided novelties. We quote from the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

When I was in Alabama, said a recently returned traveler, between Porter's Gap and Miller-ville, I came to a country place where a man was driving ten or twelve geese from a brook to a cotton patch.

"For heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "what is it you have on the necks of those geese?"

"Those are gourds full of water," was the reply. "I drive the geese into that cotton patch and keep them there all day, weeding out the cotton. There is no water in the cotton patch, and I have to give them water in this way to keep them there. Those geese will weed out more cotton in a day than two people would. They will eat the grass and weeds, but they won't touch the cotton."

"But how do they get the water out of the gourds under their necks?"

"They drink out of each other's gourd. Each gourd has an opening in the side, so that another goose can put his bill into the gourd and drink. If you will stay here long enough you will see it for yourself."

I waited there half a day to see that performance, and finally I saw it. The geese did just as the man said they would. When a goose got thirsty he walked up to his neighbor and coolly drank out of the gourd on his neck.

When asked if he had yet made a crop with the help of the geese the man replied that he made a small crop last year, but then only had a limited number of geese, as he was only experimenting. This year he has over a hundred geese in harness, and they have succeeded in keeping his crop cleaned out so far. He has 100 acres under cultivation, and says that he will make the best crop he has ever reaped.

When asked how he came to think of using the geese as farm hands, he replied that two years ago he had a small patch of cotton near his house. In this patch the geese raised about his yard were allowed to run. He noticed that the cotton had little or no grass and no weeds at all, and began to watch the geese. He found that they literally ate every weed and every blade of grass, but they did not touch the cotton. Finding how valuable they were for this purpose he resolved to try them on a larger scale, and is delighted with his experiment.

His neighbors have paid close attention to the matter, and next year they will each of them start a large number of geese in harness in their cotton crops. If the farmer's experiment is as successful as he thinks it will be, it is only a question of a few years until the whole cotton crop of Alabama will be weeded out by the ordinary farm goose.

A CHARMED LIFE.

ALONG with other modern improvements, it would seem that the human body is toughening itself to a marvelously wonderful resisting point. A recent dispatch from Chicago to a New York paper tells of the extraordinary escape from death and injury of a citizen of the Lake City.

The outgoing train on the St. Paul road struck a man at Indiana Street crossing last night, and, before the cars could be stopped, dragged him about one hundred feet. He was found wedged under the engine in such a way that the locomotive had to be raised with jackscrews in order to extricate him.

He was taken out in an unconscious condition and removed to the County Hospital. While physicians were working over him he recovered consciousness, and after making a hasty examination of himself and finding that he was uninjured he bade the attendants good night and left for home.

HOW CONDUCTORS ARE COACHED.

ALL boys are interested in railroads and railroad life, so we feel certain our readers will be glad to hear something of the way in which conductors are trained for their work.

"Does a conductor have to go to a school for his train education?" innocently asked the newspaper man.

"Bless you," ejaculated the railroad. "Conductors are evolved, and from pretty poor stuff sometimes. All of us served an apprenticeship, first as brakeman and then as baggage master, before we were allowed to run a train.

"You see," he continued, "it takes considerable experience even to open a car door with a professional air and get the name of the next station distinctly, and to be perfect in handling the multitudinous and nondescript packages that are rolled or tossed into a car requires continuous practice.

"Well, if we are successful in answering these questions we are considered pretty good trainmen and fit to go to school. But before facing the terrible pedagogy we are examined for color blindness, range of vision and all defects of the eyes.

"Were you ever down at the company's office on Fourth Street?" asked the conductor. "You have been, eh! Well, did you ever go up to the fifth floor? It is so high that the elevator tires before reaching it and stops on the floor below. Up in that eyrie, where the sun's rays never cease to beat, and where the city zephyrs, laden with the perfumes of a hundred factories, float in the windows all day, the trembling applicants for a conductor's position are compelled to undergo a course of sprouts to fit them for handling the punch. First they are quizzed about the rule of three to see if they are mathematically capable of making up a train report. Then for three long days—and they were the longest days I ever had experienced—the men are initiated into the mysteries of local and foreign tickets; single trip, excursion and special excursion tickets; monthly, quarterly and family tickets; summer excursion tickets, some of which are a yard long and which enumerate half a hundred destinations; special train tickets; duplex slips; all manner of passes and in-describable train secrets. Then the general location of all the lines included within the system is drilled into their already bewildered noddles, and to wind up the torturing siege, a special examination of two hours is given each applicant to see how much of the mass of stuff he remembers. If all is satisfactory the applicants are placed on the promotion list in the order of their service, or sometimes in accordance to favoritism, and allowed to wield the punch when the occasion occurs.

"Did you ever hear of the New York division man who asked the examiner if the baby elephant could travel on a half ticket until it was twelve years old? No? Well, he was only equaled by a through conductor who thought that dressed beef rates ought to apply to the rates on passenger tickets."

RECOMMENDED FOR POETIC TROUBLE.

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a street car the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his joints with hartshorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a beefy looking woman with her market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

FILLING OUT THE LINE.

"YOUR name, my child?" inquired the matron, of the poor little waif that had applied for charity.

"Mary Haddell."

"Little lamb!" feelingly exclaimed the tender hearted matron.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.

"WHY, bless your heart, Erasmus, dis yere fotygraf ain't like you no how. It makes yer look ten years older dan you is."

"Dat's all right, honey. I needn't git anuder tooken for de nex' ten yars. See?"



THE LOG CABINS of America have been birthplaces of some of the grandest men. Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, first saw the light of day through the chinks of a Log Cabin. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla also originated in a Log Cabin and stands pre-eminent among the blood purifiers of to-day as Warner's "Tippecanoe" does as a stomach tonic.

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IN THE TRAIN OF THE PHONOGRAPH.

EDISON'S perfected phonograph is creating considerable of a sensation in England, and all sorts of stories are current regarding the ingenious contrivances that are to follow in its train. We capture a few of them from the London Pall Mall Budget, for the benefit of our readers:

That wizard Edison has invented a new dinner clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour it speaks it. At dinner time a voice issues from the clock which says "Dinner time;" also "One o'clock." "Two o'clock," &c., as the case may be.

Another device which he is perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face which he purposes to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow, and the fictitious lady will say, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, it is bedtime."

Still another wonder: he has also an instrument which is capable of being hidden away in a room and which will record all the conversation carried on there. It is evident that the phonograph is going to revolutionize journalism.

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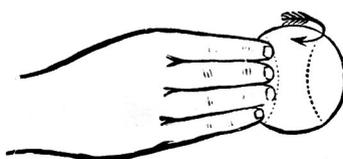
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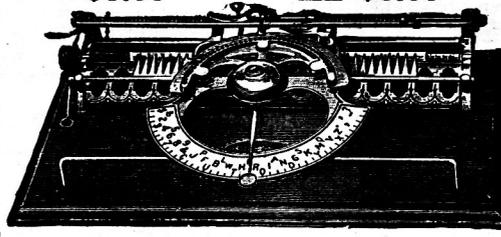
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