

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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

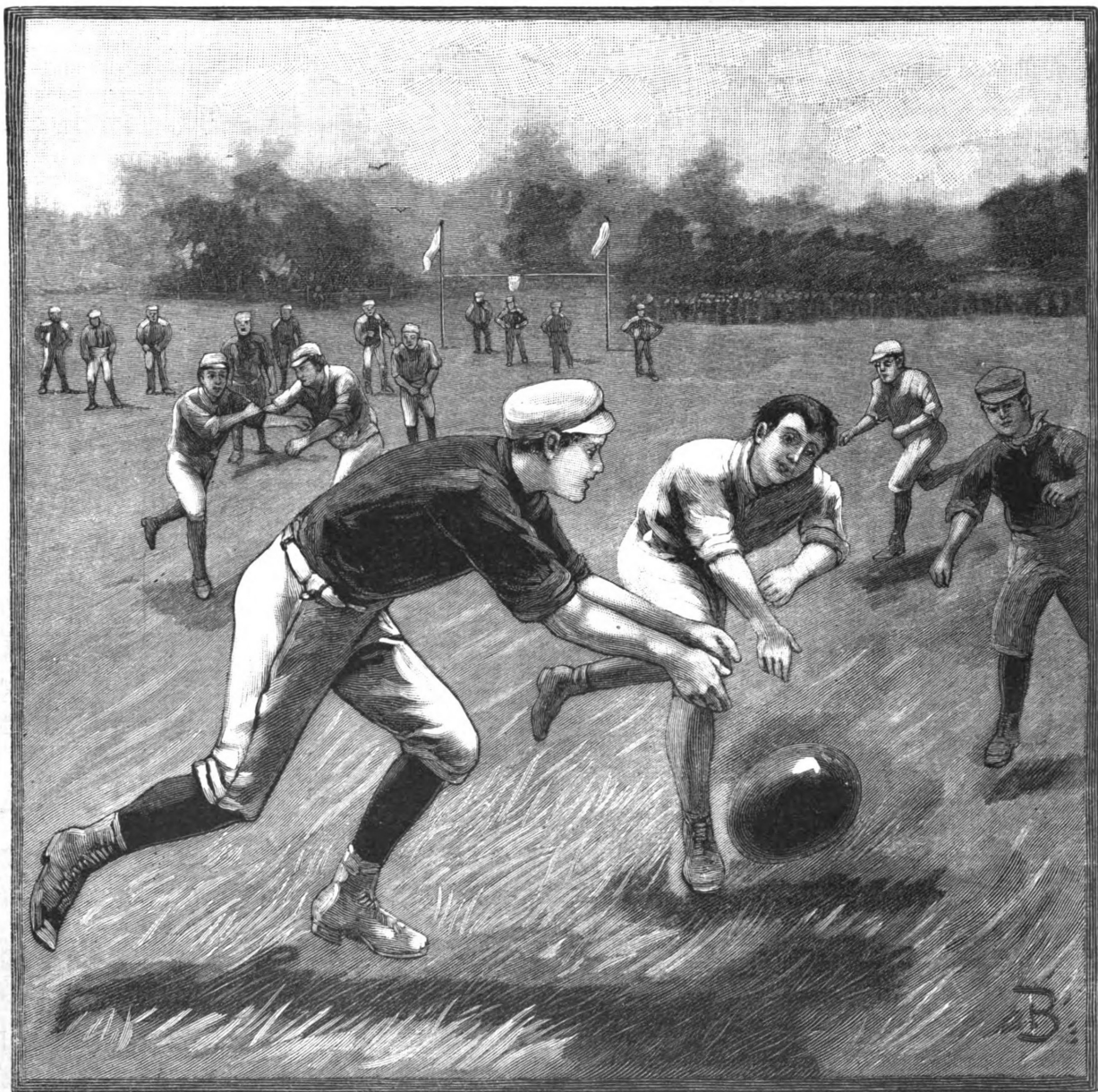
Vol. VI. No. 46.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

TERMS: \$3.00 PER ANNUM,
IN ADVANCE.

Whole No. 306.



DRAWN BY W. P. BODFISH.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL

A CRITICAL POINT IN AN EXCITING GAME OF FOOTBALL—THE SHARP PRACTICE OF THE BRIGHTSIDE CAPTAIN, AND ITS CURIOUS RESULT.

See Story "A Disputed Game," on next page.

AN AUTUMN SIMILE.

BY M. C. PECKHAM.

ALONG New England hedges, when at first
The reddening sumach signals coming snow;
Half broken hearted with a breezy woe
A milkweed army from their tents have burst
For miles of brownling lanes they fly dispersed
In silvery legions scouting to and fro:
The children take them captive as they go
Like eerie soldiers fairly born and nursed:
Even so when frosty winter nears their heart
Released from camps of care, a white haired band
Plant in our homes the winged seeds that start
To childish love and reverence on each hand
Half of the earth they seem, yet half apart,
Keep, kindly God, the grandmas of the land.

(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 XIV.

RAY CREATES A SCENE.

WHEN Ray was finally seated in the car, he had an opportunity to reflect more at leisure on the errand upon which he had so hastily embarked. "Would it not have been wiser," he asked himself, "to have remained at home and seen whether Clifford did not turn up all right in the course of an hour or so? I'm afraid it's going to be worse than looking for a needle—"

At this juncture an outcry from the front platform diverted his thoughts into a new channel. Everybody in the car sprang up to see what was the matter, and a seedy looking man next to Ray pressed close against his side in his eager curiosity.

The cause of the excitement was an impending collision between the car and a brewer's wagon, which was escaped by merely a hair's breadth. Everybody drew a long breath and sat down again. Ray took out his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and as he restored it to its place he recollected the precious MS. which he had neglected to leave in his room when he was at the boarding house.

"He's going to get off," decided Ray, and springing after him, he laid his hand on the fellow's arm just as he reached the door.

The man shivered as he felt the touch, and turned a frightened face over his shoulder. But Ray was angry clear through.

"Will you please hand over that package you took from my pocket, before you leave this car?" he said, in very decided, distinct tones.

As may readily be conceived, the sensation created by this request was only less intense than that caused by the threatened collision.

A thin lady with yellow curls and a green bird on her hat clutched at the pocket of her dress convulsively, and edged away from the seedy man so recklessly that she found herself fairly in the lap of an old gentleman who was just in the act of sneezing.

Of course you did, so come now and deliver it up," went on Ray, looking very threatening as he squared his broad shoulders and pointed a forefinger suggestively at the bulge in the man's coat.

"I vow on my honor that I did not take it, that I know nothing of it," declared the other, making an effort to extricate himself from Ray's grasp and spring off the car.

"Gentlemen," said our hero, turning half around to face the other passengers, "I leave it to you. Is this fellow's manner guilty or not? I had a very valuable manuscript in my pocket when I boarded this car. During the excitement of the collision we almost had, I felt this man pressing close against the pocket in which I had placed it. My coat was unbuttoned as you see it now, so that it would be a very simple matter for him to draw the document out."

"Search and see what he's got concealed under his coat. That's the only thing to do," suggested a business-like looking man, folding up the paper he had been reading.

This proposition was hailed with delight by the small boy, who had never before been so



"YE WON'T BE HARD UPON HIM, SORR, WILL YOU?"

any attention to the seedy individual till Ray's accusation had brought him into notice with a bound, as it were.

Once more the business-like gentleman came to the front with a suggestion.

"You can very easily satisfy everybody of your innocence," he said, "by unbuttoning your coat and showing us what you have underneath it."

The seedy man suddenly changed his tone, and folding his hands across his breast still more tightly, drew himself up with a feeble assumption of pride and responded: "Gentlemen, I am a free born American citizen like yourselves. I have given my word that I have not taken this package, and I protest against being searched. Conductor, I demand to be let off the car."

"And I demand that you give back that manuscript," cried Ray, who was beginning to lose all patience.

He put out one hand as if to tap the suspicious protuberance under the threadbare coat, but the man, by a convulsive effort, wriggled himself free, and would have sprung off the platform to the street, had not the conductor grabbed him.

"Search him by force!" exclaimed several voices now. "He must have the package or he would not fight shy of being examined."

Upon this, two or three passengers, assisted by the conductor, held the fellow firmly by the arms, while Ray proceeded to unbutton his coat.

He struggled desperately, and begged and implored that they leave him be. But more convinced than ever that the valuable document was just within his reach, our hero was deaf to both asseverations and entreaties.

With very little ceremony he threw open the coat, thrust his hand into the breast pocket and drew out—a whisky flask.

But instead of appearing triumphant, the seedy man hung limp in the arms that held him, and groaned in despairing tones.

"And only last night I signed the pledge. But I must have it! Oh, gentlemen, don't take it away from me, don't, don't!"

The wretch managed to get his hands sufficiently close together to clasp them, and even in his mortification over his mistake, Ray could but think that no more effective temperance sermon could be preached than was conveyed by the spectacle of this nerveless man, begging for the poisonous stuff he had vowed never to touch again.

"Come, don't be a baby now," roughly cried the conductor, to whom Ray had handed the flask as soon as he found out what it was. "We don't want nothin' from you but the thing this young man has lost."

"I told you I didn't have it," murmured the seedy man, fixing his bleared eyes reproachfully on Ray, who felt, as may be imagined, anything but comfortable.



THE SEEDY MAN IS SEARCHED

Looking to see if it was all right, he found it gone.

A sort of cold chill ran through all his nerves on this discovery. How could he have been so careless? But perhaps it was on the floor of the car at his feet.

Anxiously he looked, and then on the seat at either side of him, and thus his eyes chanced to fall on his neighbor, the seedy man, whose coat was buttoned tightly up to his chin with a strange bulge on the right side over the breast pocket.

Instantly the recollection of the way in which the fellow had pushed against him during the recent excitement flashed into Ray's mind, and as if to confirm suspicion, the man even now rose and hurried to the rear platform.

near being concerned in a "real, live adventure."

"I'll search him for you, sir," spoke up the conductor, thinking the dignity of the road now demanded that he "have a finger in the pie."

"Don't—I beg of you—submit me to that indignity!" wailed the seedy man in almost a woman's voice, and crossing both hands firmly across his breast. "I affirm before Heaven that I have not touched a thing belonging to this young man. I leave it to any gentleman in this car if my coat was not buttoned over a package in just this way when I came aboard at Thirtieth Street."

He glanced around at the half dozen passengers appealingly, but no one spoke. The truth of the matter was that nobody had paid

"I don't believe you have," he said gravely. "I beg your pardon, but if you had consented to show what you did have under your coat in the first place, there needn't have been any scene."

"Why, didn't he steal what you lost, mister?" inquired the small boy, in a disappointed voice.

"No," replied Ray rather shortly, resenting the implication that the whisky flask could possibly have been his property.

"What was it you lost, then?"

"A packet of papers."

"Was it white?"

"Yes."

"And about so long?" holding his hands some six inches apart.

"Yes. What do you know about it?"

"Oh, I don't know anything about it now, but if you'd told me it was nothing but some sheets of paper you'd lost, I could have told you I saw them tumble out of your pocket when you jumped aboard the car."

"You did!" Ray's exclamation was almost a shout in its fierceness. "Why on earth didn't you tell me of it at the time?"

"Because I thought you saw it go, and that it was only blank sheets anyhow."

CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR.

RAY'S feelings, when the small boy had at last made matters clear, would be hard to define. Disgust over the timidity of the boy, mortification at his own recent false accusation of an innocent person, dismay



RAY SURPRISES THE MARKET BOY.



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.
 Club rate.—For \$5.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addresses.
 Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.
 The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.
 Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number opposite your name on the printed slip can be changed.
 Every Subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.
 In ordering back numbers include 5 cents for each copy.
 No rejected Manuscripts will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.
 FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
 81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

ANOTHER NEW STORY NEXT WEEK.

We are certain that a host of ARGOSY readers will be greatly gratified to learn that in No. 307 we shall begin the publication of a new serial by an author of whom they have written in terms of highest praise. "Mr. Halgröve's Ward" was one of the most popular stories the ARGOSY ever printed, and

MY FRIEND SMITH,

BY TALBOT BAINES BRED,

will, we are confident, meet with an equal degree of favor.

The story is told in the first person by the hero, Fred Batchelor, and while it starts with an experience at boarding school—where he first meets his friend, Jack Smith—the scene is speedily transferred to the great city and the business house in which Fred finds so much to try his pride and test his fidelity. The narrative throughout is full of brilliant touches, both of the humorous and pathetic nature, and we congratulate our readers on the treat in store for them.

CONVENIENT FOR SHARKS.

A CURIOUS example of the inconveniences that follow in the train of modern improvements is reported from the southern shores of Europe. The Suez Canal, which has proved so tremendous a benefit to commerce between the East and the West, has also opened up a new world to the man eating sharks who infest the Red Sea waters. Passing through De Lesseps's big ditch, they have appeared in the Mediterranean in such numbers that bathers at some of the Italian seaside resorts have been badly scared. The landlords of the summer hotels are much disgusted, and wish that British ships had to go all around the globe to reach India, rather than that their boarders should be frightened away by these man eating interlopers.

QUICK WORK.

THIS is not only the day of wonderful inventions, but of marvelous rapidity in the fashioning of things out of the raw materials. Everything has come to be so systematized and partitioned out to skilled workers in each particular branch that enters into its construction that a certain car company, for instance, has been known to build one hundred flat freight cars in eight hours.

Another instance is that of a lady who wanted to purchase an umbrella of a certain special kind. The dealer to whom she applied did not have one in stock, but said he could make one for her if she would wait. And he did, and it took him only twenty five minutes to do it, too.

ATHIRST FOR KNOWLEDGE.

A CORRESPONDENT from an Ohio town writes thus to the ARGOSY:

I saw some time ago in the ARGOSY that you gave advice to a young man who was in trouble. I wrote this with the hope that you will do me the same kind of service. I have neglected my education, and now I see my mistake. I begin to realize what it is to be without an education. I want to do something in this world if it is possible. Will you advise me as to the best course to take?

A neglected education is a serious misfortune, but it is one from which nobody need suffer very long, if he will go to work honestly and earnestly to remedy it. Our correspondent should get out some of his old school books, or invest a few cents in new ones if he has lost them, and spend an hour with them every evening, beginning with the most elementary and

gradually advancing, just as he would if he was attending a public school. If he can read, write and cipher well, then let him pass on to geography, history, the higher mathematics, languages and literature—the whole boundless field of knowledge will lie open before him. He can probably get valuable aid from some of his relations, or from some teacher or minister in his town; but he must rely mainly, of course, on his own efforts. Many great men have been entirely self educated, and our correspondent may yet follow in their footsteps if he has the necessary patience and perseverance. Earnest and regular study—that is the secret.

It did certainly seem that about all the evil things possible had been already charged up against ice. Ice water, the doctors have told us, is very injurious, whole families, it is claimed, have been poisoned by eating ice cream, and latterly much excitement has been aroused by the assertion that ice formed from the water of certain well known rivers contains the germs of malaria. And now, to cap all, an ice wagon was blown to pieces the other day by a dynamite capsule which, it is presumed, had become imbedded in one of the cakes during the freezing process.

"NATURE'S YOUNG NOBLEMEN."

OWING to the pressure upon our columns by the good things crowding our extra Autumn Number, we are late with our announcement of the September issue of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES. It has been out for some weeks now, and is one of the most attractive volumes in the list of fourteen that have thus far been placed before the public. "Nature's Young Noblemen" is the name, and the author is Brooks McCormick, in whose "Giant Islanders," now running in the ARGOSY, we are sure all our readers have already found much enjoyment.

Equally fascinating is the story just issued in book form. The two heroes are very attractive and manly young fellows, and the varied adventures through which one of them, Spink, passes from drudgery and friendlessness to fortune and a home, are all of surpassing interest. Opening in a Hudson River village, the story narrates a trip around the world, and includes some exciting incidents in Cuba, South America, and among the pirates of Borneo. The interest grows stronger throughout, and culminates in some dramatic scenes at the close when the two boys confront those who once disowned them and cast them out.

The book is for sale everywhere at 25 cents, or will be sent by mail for the same price from this office.

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

BRIGHT AND FASCINATING.

THE ARGOSY seems to be a universal favorite, not only in the sense that its popularity is spread over a wide extent of territory, but from the fact that its admirers are of all ages, old as well as young.

133 BROADWAY, BROOKLYN, N. Y., Aug. 26, 1888. I have been a constant reader of your paper for about two years, and the least I can say of it, is that it is A. No. 1 in every respect. My father reads it regularly.

JOHN C. MOORE.

ABERDEEN, MISS., Sept. 11, 1888. I would not be without the ARGOSY for anything. It is the best paper I ever saw. I like "The Lost Race" very much. The ARGOSY can't be beat.

J. B. McFARLAND.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Aug. 30, 1888. I have been taking the ARGOSY for over a year now and I like it very much. I used to take three story papers, but as soon as I started with the ARGOSY, I quit them all.

EDWARD CLARK.

SPARTA, ILL., Aug. 28, 1888. Although not a boy, being thirty years of age, I take the ARGOSY, and consider it the best paper for boys I ever saw, and it is a good one for older people too. Lots of boys have no doubt been helped by reading the editorial that appeared in the ARGOSY about a year ago, entitled, "How They Wrote."

W. A. GAULT.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Sept. 9, 1888. It affords me great pleasure to write to you and tell you how I enjoy your paper. It is simply great. I cannot get it soon enough, and heartily wish it were a daily instead of weekly. By lending them my papers I have secured a large number of readers. Reward? Both the reward and trouble. Why, it sells at sight, it is so bright and fascinating. Such a paper needs no book agents' talk.

HARRY E. KLUND.

DANIEL S. LAMONT,

The President's Private Secretary.

"THE power behind the throne" is a phrase that has frequently and not altogether inaptly been applied to Colonel Lamont. The intimate position he holds with regard to the chief magistrate, the implicit confidence reposed in him, and the important nature of the business that comes before him, render the private secretary at the White House a power in national affairs, even when the executive is as independent a man as the present President has undoubtedly shown himself to be.

The secretary's position is not exactly a partisan one, and certainly not in the case of Mr. Lamont. He is popular with all who know him, regardless of political parties; and even those most hostile to the policy of his chief generally have a good word for the genial gentleman who is his right hand in the transaction of business matters.

Daniel S. Lamont was born at McGrawville, Cortland County, New York, about thirty nine years ago, and is of that Scotch-Irish blood which has flowed in the veins of so many leading Americans. His father, a well to do farmer, sent the boy to the Cortland Normal School, and afterward to Union College, Schenectady. Before completing the regular course, however, he left college to take up the profession of journalism, which he entered as part owner and editor of the Democrat, published at Cortland, the county seat of his native county.

Early in life he manifested a strong interest in politics, and an unusual aptitude for public affairs. His talents were soon destined to find scope, for in 1870 he received an appointment as engrossing clerk to the State Assembly at Albany. This was a subordinate position, but faithful services brought promotion. The following year he became junior deputy clerk of the Assembly, and in 1875 engrossing clerk. Mr. Lamont has a gold watch and chain which was presented to him in the latter year by the members, as a testimonial to the efficient way in which his duties were performed.

In 1876 John Bigelow, who was then Secretary of State, had Mr. Lamont for his chief clerk, and the late Edgar K. Appar as his deputy secretary. This cemented the friendship between the two rising young men, which lasted down to the time of the latter's death. Both of them were able and valued lieutenants of Samuel J. Tilden, a man who was always ready to notice and to appreciate those who displayed a talent for political management.

When Governor Tilden's term of office was over, Mr. Lamont went to work upon the Argus, the leading Democratic journal at Albany, as Assembly reporter. He advanced rapidly, and it was not long before he became managing editor. With the late Daniel Manning, the chief editor of the Argus, and afterward Secretary of the Treasury, he was on terms of close intimacy and confidence.

In 1882 the present President was elected to be Governor of New York, and soon after he came to Albany he met Mr. Lamont. The acquaintanceship had not long been formed—was, indeed, it is said, only a few hours old—when the new governor tendered him the position of private secretary to the executive.

The offer was at first declined, but when again urged to accept Mr. Lamont finally yielded, and has from that time followed Mr. Cleveland's fortunes, for two years at Albany and for nearly

four more as his private secretary at the White House.

For such a post Mr. Lamont is exceedingly well fitted. He is an industrious and faithful worker, a man of wide observation and information, a good judge of men and affairs, careful and methodical in habits, and of a strongly secretive tendency. When he speaks on public matters it is always in a most guarded manner, and his utterances are received with the greatest attention.

Mr. Lamont married Miss Kinney, the daughter of a neighbor in his home at McGrawville, and has two children.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.

A NEW YORK daily, which like the ARGOSY is often requested to supply suggestions to young men seeking to better themselves, recently gave, in answer to two correspondents, some sensible remarks agreeing with the advice we have ourselves offered to other boys at different times. One of the two young men alluded to wrote that he was twenty three years of age, and established in a paying business, but would prefer to become an actor. The other, of about the same age, was a commercial traveler, who, tired of "living in a handbag and a sample case," had saved \$500,

and was anxious to start in business for himself. Both asked for advice, and were reminded that a change of occupation is always a serious and often an unwise step.

Men are naturally restless, and this is especially the case with the ambitious, pushing young fellows who have in them the germs of success. They will do all the better by avoiding haste and hurry in working their way. It would be foolish indeed for a man who has the unusual good fortune to be established in a paying business at twenty three, to throw this up for so difficult and uncertain a calling as the actor's, which he would have to enter at the very bottom of the ladder. Even the young drummer is more likely to gain success by sticking to an occupation which gives so good a business training, and by patiently waiting and preparing for a favorable opportunity to set up for himself, than by making any premature move from mere restlessness and discontent.

The desire for change for the change's sake is a great mistake. Stick to your business!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

The great successes of the world have been affairs of a second, a third, nay, a fiftieth trial. I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, lose us.—Dickens.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.—Colden.

High minds are as little affected by unworthy returns for services, as the sun is by those fogs which the earth throws up between herself and his light.—T. Moore.

We understand what we ought to do; but when we deliberate we play busy against ourselves; our consciences direct us one way, our corruptions hurry us another.—L. E. Strang.

THOUGH years bring with them wisdom, yet there is one lesson the aged seldom learn, namely, the management of youthful feelings. Age is all head, youth all heart; age reasons, youth is under the dominion of hope.

This evil fortune which attends extraordinary men hath been imputed to divers causes that need not be set down when so obvious a one occurs, that when a great genius appears the dunce are all in conspiracy against him.—Swift.

The willow which bends to the tempest often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence of mind sooner than those of a loftier character.—Sir Walter Scott.



DANIEL S. LAMONT.
 From a Photograph by Bell.

THE POWER OF THE WILL.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

ALL is waste and worthless, till Arrives the wise selecting will. Then temples, roses, towns and marts, The shop of toil, the hall of arts; Then flew the sail across the seas; To feed the North from tropic trees; New slaves tilled the poet's dream, Galvanic wire, strong shouldered steam.

[This story commenced in No. 305.]

The Giant Islanders.

BY BROOKS MCCORMICK.

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

CHAPTER VI.

A TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

"WHEN the schooner had sailed without me!" exclaimed Livy Wooster, as soon as he could get a chance to speak. Captain Ridgefield and Landy had done all the talking after the astounding discovery that Captain Wellpool had sailed in the Vulture.

"Why didn't you go on board of her instead of waiting for Dunk?" asked Landy.

"I was afraid to go on board without him," replied Livy.

"Did Captain Wellpool know that his son was to rob my house and set it on fire?" inquired Captain Ridgefield sternly.

"I don't know whether he did or not; Dunky did not tell me about that."

"Did he tell you what was in the tin trunk he wanted to get?"

"He didn't say a word about any tin trunk, nor what he wanted to get in your house," tested the assistant. "He only said he wanted to get a lot of money, and he would keep watch outside of it if I would keep watch outside."

"You can go now," said Captain Ridgefield somewhat to the astonishment of Livy.

"Where shall I go?"

"Livy blankly. "Go where you like; we want you for what we can find the master of the Vulture."

"If the Vulture hain't got any plumb, I hain't got a cent," replied Livy, despairing in his heart.

"You may care fast in about it, where the boat was is there now, and he can about Dunk and said the captain, who got rid of the fellow present."

Livy promised to go to the place indicated and to the house of Captain Wellpool; and he left by the front door.

"That boy is a simpleton, and I don't think he knows anything at all about the affairs of Wellpool, or what his intentions are," said Captain Ridgefield.

"He shipped in the Vulture for this unknown voyage, and Dunk has used him as he thought proper, though he would have done better to let him alone."

"Do you mean to let him go, father?" asked Landy.

"You can't do anything with him till you get hold of his principal; and I should not like to have him punished for what Dunk did without his knowledge."

"But Livy knew that the house was to be set on fire, and he was to have half of the money," suggested Landy.

"He was afraid of Dunk for some reason, and whatever he did he was bullied into it. Let him go for the present; he hasn't brains enough to do any mischief."

As he spoke, Captain Ridgefield unlocked the drawer in the desk where he had put his money and papers when he emptied the tin trunk, and then seated himself at the desk to look them over.

"Dunk would have made a good haul if he had got what was in the trunk," said the captain, as he picked up the money, after he had opened the pocket book in which it had been placed.

"You said there was over a thousand dollars in it," remarked Landy.

"Yes; and I collected it to carry with me on the voyage to Isora, to pay the bills on the way; but I don't think the money was what Dunk was after," continued the captain, as he picked up a document which was written in Spanish.

"This is what he wanted."

"That is the concession, or grant, I suppose."

"It is; and it cost me a good deal of time and trouble to obtain it. I would not have parted with it for ten thousand dollars."

"Dunk must have known all about it, or he would not have taken the trouble to steal it."

"Of course his father told him about it, and perhaps told him to get it if he could; but I can hardly believe he would have sent him to rob and burn my house, for such an undertaking was altogether too risky. I am more inclined, after

thinking the matter over, to believe Dunk did the job on his own account."

"But his father hates you badly enough to lead him to do such a thing," suggested Landy.

"We were once the best of friends, but I was a great deal more prosperous in my business than he was. When I made five thousand on a venture to Cardenas, he lost about the same amount. I lent him my gains on a bottomry bond to enable him to bring home a profitable cargo."

"He couldn't find any fault with that," added Landy.

"But he did, in reality, for he became my enemy from that time, though we had always talked of making the voyage together to the Gulf of California, with our families, and settling there."

"Did you intend to remain there the rest of your lives?"

"That would be putting it rather strong; but we were going to live there some years, for we expected to work the silver mine we discovered. He was to sell his vessel, and both families were to go in the Albatross."

"Don't anybody else know about the silver mine?"

"So far as I know no one else knew anything about the silver mine, or the gold that wa

pears to be using the money he owes me to fit out his expedition to Isora, and rob me of my share of the treasure. But I shall see that he does not succeed," said Captain Ridgefield, with energy, as he rose from his chair, and put the late contents of the tin trunk back into the drawer.

"The Albatross is at anchor in the channel, and you have been getting ready for this voyage to Isora for the last month," suggested Landy.

"Yes, and we have not a day or an hour to lose now, though I am sure I can beat the Vulture on the trip by at least a week."

They continued to talk about the voyage and the island till breakfast time, when Livy appeared again; and he looked as though he had made good use of his time.

"The boat was gone from the place where we left it," said the culprit, without waiting for any questions. "Then I went to Captain Wellpool's house, and another family moved."

"Who is the family?"

"The man over from Isora."

"So far as I know no one else knew anything about the silver mine, or the gold that wa

He did his duty so well that the captain decided in the end to ship him as one of his crew, though he had already engaged a lot of his old hands, including the mate who had sailed with him for years, for the voyage.

Everything that could possibly be required for the voyage and the colonizing of the island had been provided, and the ship's company appeared as soon as the Albatross returned from her trip.

Captain Ridgefield did not find it necessary to conceal his purpose in making this voyage from his men, though he prudently kept many of the details to himself, or at least within the knowledge of his own family.

His first duty on his return was to arrange his brass guns and the ammunition on the schooner; and to do this he called among the crew of the schooner.

"What are they called?"

"They are called the Seris Indians, and they live on raw food, and are terribly savage," continued Landy, reading the statement from the paper.

"I hope we are not going anywhere near such creatures as that," interposed Mrs. Ridgefield, who was watching the receding shore with her daughter Melicent, whom everybody called Milly.

"That is just about where we are going," added the captain, glancing at the female portion of the family. "Isora is within a few miles of Tiburon, and we all owe a great deal of gratitude to these big Indians for keeping all settlers, and even all visitors, from our island. I never should have obtained the concession if it had not been that these giants of savages have rendered Isora practically no value."

Captain Ridgefield thought he had better tell his wife the exact truth, and let her get accustomed to what was before her, for he believed she and Milly would soon get used to the idea.

"But we shall all be murdered, and perhaps eaten!" exclaimed the captain's wife; and Milly shuddered at the horrible description of the gigantic Indians of Tiburon.

"As they take their food raw, you will have the consolation of not being cooked before you are eaten, Susan," added the captain, laughing heartily at the fears of his wife.

"You needn't make fun of it! I don't believe I should have been willing to come if I had known about these Indians before," said the lady.

"You wouldn't? Then you would have been willing to have me eaten, cooked or uncooked, if you let me go alone. But they are not cannibals, and the paper doesn't say so, does it, Landy?"

"It does not; but it doesn't look to me as though these Indians would be very good neighbors, if Isora is within a few miles of them."



THE ALBATROSS FINDS CAPTAIN WELLPOOL IN A PERILOUS SITUATION.

ied there by a Spanish captain, who was murdered by the Indians."

"But the fellow that told you knew about it." "Of course he did; but he was sick when he gave us the information. We took him on board of the bark at another island, and Wellpool and I took care of him. In gratitude for what we did for him, he told us how to find the mine and the gold; and he died a few days after we sailed from Isora, so that the secret remained with us."

"But Captain Wellpool borrowed the five thousand dollars of you several years ago. Why didn't he pay it when he sold his cargo?"

"He was not honest enough to do so; and, my son, if you want to keep your friend, don't lend him any money," said the captain, with a deprecatory smile. "Wellpool said that he lost money on his sugar, and he said he could not pay me. Then he began to avoid me."

"I knew that he never came to the house."

"He used to be in and out every day when we were both ashore."

"Why didn't you attach his vessel, or do something to get your money, father?" asked Landy.

"Because I believed that he was really poor, and that if I took his vessel from him, he would not be able to support his family; and his wife and daughter, to say nothing of his son, cost him a great deal more than mine did me."

"I then he really meant to cheat you out of the five thousand dollars he owed you?"

"I have no doubt of that; and I am sorry now that I did not take his vessel; for he ap

pears to be using the money he owes me to fit out his expedition to Isora, and rob me of my share of the treasure. But I shall see that he does not succeed," said Captain Ridgefield, with energy, as he rose from his chair, and put the late contents of the tin trunk back into the drawer.

The information was all discounted in advance by the captain, though he had wondered what his former friend had done with his house. It only remained to race the Vulture to Isora.

CHAPTER VII.

A RACE OF GIGANTIC SAVAGES.

IT was a full week before Captain Ridgefield was ready to sail for the distant island which had been the subject of his dreams for so many years, though he made all possible haste to expedite his departure.

He had to provision the Albatross for two years, for he was not willing to incur any risk, as all his family were to go with him, consisting of his wife, daughter and son.

Nearly a year before he had purchased four two-pound brass cannons, with an abundant supply of ammunition for them, which had been stored in a building he owned near the wharf. He had brought these from New York, though he kept his own secret in regard to them.

But he was obliged to make a hasty trip to Boston to procure many needed articles, and the whole family went in the schooner, for Mrs. Ridgefield and her daughter had to supply themselves with suitable clothing for an absence of several years.

The captain sold his house at a considerable sacrifice, for he had some doubt whether he should ever return to his native land again, or at least to the town in which most of his life had been spent.

Livy Wooster staid in Channelpport, for the captain was not disposed to prosecute him in the absence of his principal, and he made the trip to Boston, as the captain was short handed.

THE TRUEST JOY.

Can the wiles of art, the grasp of power, Snatch the rich relics of a well spent hour? These, when the trembling spirit wings his flight, Four round his path a stream of living light, And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

Bob Lovell;

THE YOUNG FIREMAN OF THE AJAX.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "The Haunted Engine," "The Star of India," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V. THE FALL OF AJAX.

WHETHER the displacement of the rail was the work of the touselled tramp, or whether it was done by the great storm, can never be known; but we will be charitable enough to lay it to the latter cause, since subsequent investigation pointed that way. I have heard people express wonder that when a locomotive has fallen through a bridge, the engineer and firemen did not save themselves by leaping clear of the wreck and ruin; but such persons do not know what an accident of that kind means. It comes with such awful suddenness that no man can help himself.

A veteran engineer, now sitting at my elbow, once went down forty feet into a tributary of the Delaware. It was on a dark, stormy night, just such as I am describing. He says everything was going smoothly, when there was a crash, and the same instant he found himself swimming in the rapidly flowing river.

Matt Field's thoughts were on the bridge, as the one place where peril threatened. After crossing, he thrust his head out of the cab window, and looked back to watch the train, as well as he could in the darkness, for the history of railway disasters proves that a heavy engine may pass safely over a structure, which is so weakened by the passage that it is liable to give way under a car which does not weigh a fourth so much.

The passenger cars were not yet over the trestle work, when Ajax sheered to the side and plunged down the embankment among the trees. The engineer could not have helped himself, for he had not time. Besides, experience convinced him that in times of accident it is as safe to stay on the engine as to leap off; so Matt stayed.

Bob Lovell was the first to comprehend what had taken place. Looking out in the gloom, he saw the engine, followed by two of the cars, rolling over on its way down the bank. The sight, as partly revealed in the gloom, was frightful. Fortunately the furnace door of the engine remained shut until it came to rest on its side at the bottom of the slope. Then the door was torn open, and the live coals, pouring out, gave a lurid illumination which made everything plain to the terrified youth, who, catching up the lantern at his side, leaped to the ground, shouting to the other brakeman and the conductor to follow him.

The slope was so steep that it required care to save himself from being precipitated to the bottom. He leaned so far backward that his shoulders almost touched the ground behind him. But in a twinkling he was at the bottom, where Ajax lay wounded and helpless, blowing off steam, one piston rod dangling by his side, the forward truck torn entirely free and lying a dozen feet distant, one cylinder so shattered and twisted that the steam in the boiler was rapidly finding vent through it, while levers, oil cans, waste, coal, shovels, raking rods, steam chest, whistle, bell, connecting rods, axe, tools, smoke stack, and all the varied parts which go to make that marvelous piece of mechanism called the locomotive, were scattered and mixed with each other in what seemed mextricable confusion.

But Bob Lovell cared nothing for all these; the fearful deed which with him was the fate of Matt Fields and Heff Putnam, the engineer and fireman. "Were they killed, badly hurt, or had they escaped? And what of the passengers in the two fallen cars?"

As he reached the prostrate and wrecked monster, he saw nothing of his friends; but by the light from the scattered and blazing coals,

he finally caught sight of Matt near the engine, where he was either too much hurt to help himself or was pinned fast under the wreck.

The steam was escaping through so many avenues that it quickly spent itself, and by the time Bob could reach the side of the engineer he was able to make himself heard without shouting. Holding his lantern to his face, he saw that it was pale, but the eyes were open, and something like a grim smile lit up the whiskered countenance. Before the frightened brakeman could give expression to his feelings, the engineer said in his usual firm voice:

"Helloa, Bob, is that you?" "Yes, Matt, Thank Heaven you're alive; what can I do for you?"

"If you will be kind enough to lift the front part of the engine off my leg why I'll feel sort of easier. If you can't do it alone, get young Worthley to help you."

No possibility of a man being badly hurt when he could jest in that style. Bob was relieved beyond expression, though by no means certain that his friend's life was not in danger. A hasty examination showed that his

opened his eyes and looked about with a faint wildness that showed he was slightly dazed. His eyes, naturally light gray in color, looked much darker.

"How do you feel, Heff?" asked Bob tenderly. He was silent a moment and then slowly swayed his head.

"I'm done for," he replied in a weak voice; "the engine rolled over me and I don't believe there's a whole bone in my body."

"It isn't as bad as that," said Bob with a cheeriness which it was hard to assume, for young as he was, something told him the man stretched on the ground in front of the three kneeling figures was mortally hurt.

By this time, the startled passengers were leaving the cars and carefully picking their way down the embankment. The Ajax had relieved itself entirely of the steam which caused such an uproar at first, and now lay still and motionless

walked to where the brave hearted engineer lay, his chief anxiety being to learn how his fireman was getting along.

"Can nothing be done for him?" asked Bob Lovell of the young man who had administered the spirits to the sufferer.

The medical gentleman shook his head. "He can't last much longer. There's no way of removing him, and, if there was, he wouldn't live to be carried half a mile. He is growing weaker every minute."

Kneeling beside him, the young man gave him another swallow of the fiery stuff, while Bob Lovell, on the other side, took his hand in his own and asked,

"Tell me something, Heff, that you want me to do."

"Tell mother and Allie that my last thoughts were of them; kiss Allie for me and tell her not to forget big brother Heff; God bless her! She couldn't forget me if she tried, and mother's

prayers have followed me night and day. Bob, do you know how to pray?"

"I pray every morning and evening."

"Pray for me, will you?" It was a strange sight, as, at the bottom of the slope, with the night wind moaning among the trees, amid the debris of the wrecked locomotive, the silent figures standing round, dimly shown by the lantern held in several hands, Bob Lovell knelt on the wet earth and offered his prayer for the soul that was fluttering on the verge. Every heart was touched by the sorrowful earnest petition, and they saw when it was finished and the lantern was held over the white face that the sufferer was dead.

The loving, w i d e d mother and the sweet Allie should feel the rugged arms of Heff clasped about their necks and his warm kisses pressed against their cheeks nevermore.

CHAPTER VI.

A GOOD SAMARITAN.

THE duty having been done to the dead, so far as it could be done for the time, the thoughts of all turned to the living.

Poor Matt Fields was still fast under the prostrate engine, and it was uncertain whether he was not injured more seriously than he himself believed. Not a passenger, except the few females, was left in the cars, but all gathered about the brave fellow, who bore his suffering with such fortitude as to compel the admiration of every one.

He had made several efforts to work himself free, but the pain was so excruciating that he was obliged to cease, and the medical student, who examined the limb as well as he could, assured him it was badly broken beyond all question.

Montague Worthley was so ailed by what he had seen and still saw that for once he was dumb, and left everything to those who were so much better qualified to do the best that could be done.

"It seems to me," remarked one of the passengers, "that with so many of us we ought to be able to lift the locomotive enough to allow his leg to be drawn from beneath."

"It might be possible," replied the conductor, "if we could apply our united strength to advantage, but not a quarter of us can get hold of the engine, and such a small number might as well try to tip over a mountain."

"Have you such a thing as a jack screw?" "There was an excellent one on the engine, but the lever was broken while the engine was turning somersaults down the bank, and it is useless."

"But we can place planking here, and by putting a number of strong saplings in the best position, we ought to be able to get enough leverage to do something."

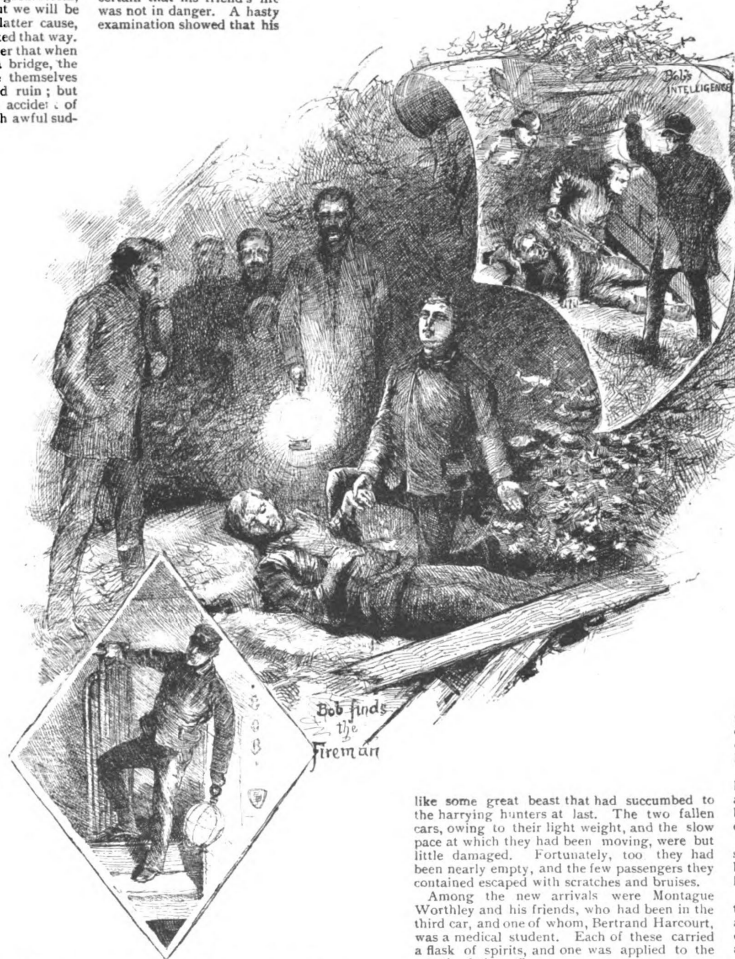
"I have been thinking of that," said the official, who was in much distress over the inability to do anything. "But the prospect is poor—hello! what now, Bob?"

The question was addressed to Bob Lovell, who approached with a shovel that had been taken from the baggage car.

"He's very kind," observed Matt, who had borrowed a pipe from one of the crowd, and was calmly smoking it; "he's going to dig my grave for me."

"Better than that, I hope, Matt," was the cheery response of the sturdy youth, who had a defined plan of his own; "now, if you folks will hold the lanterns to give me all the light you can, I think something will be accomplished."

"It's about time," growled the passenger who had just been speaking, who chafed at the sight of a strong man held a helpless prisoner when so many sturdy persons stood around him.



BOB LOVELL AT THE SCENE OF THE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

left leg was caught in such a position that it was probably broken, and it would be a difficult job to free it of the enormous load resting on it.

"But, Heff!" suddenly exclaimed the engineer; "what's become of him? Leave me alone; I'll keep for a while. Hunt him up; he must be in need of help."

The conductor and other brakeman were on the spot by this time, having carefully felt their way through the plowed earth and the coal, which was still sliding down the slope after the engine.

"Here's poor Heff!" called the conductor, who, like each of the brakemen, carried his lantern. The other hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, on the upper side of the embankment, as though he had composed himself to sleep on the ground, no portion of the locomotive being in contact with his body.

"I guess there's nothing much the matter with him," said the conductor, holding his light to his face.

"It couldn't be much worse," remarked Bob Lovell, stooping over and placing his hand on the clammy forehead. The touch seemed to revive the poor fellow, who, without stirring,

like some great beast that had succumbed to the harrying hunters at last. The two fallen cars, owing to their light weight, and the slow pace at which they had been moving, were but little damaged. Fortunately, too, they had been nearly empty, and the few passengers they contained escaped with scratches and bruises.

Among the new arrivals were Montague Worthley and his friends, who had been in the third car, and one of whom, Bertrand Harcourt, was a medical student. Each of these carried a flask of spirits, and one was applied to the mouth of the sufferer.

This quickly revived him, and his first inquiry was as to what had become of Matt. He was told he was somewhat hurt, and his friends were looking after him.

"I'm glad of that," said Heff; "bid him good by for me."

"What's the use of talking that way?" demanded Twomey; "you are worth a dozen dead men yet."

Heff looked sideways at the medical student, who stood near gazing down in his face with a fixed expression.

"I suppose you're a doctor," said Heff, "because I felt you examining my legs and arms and body; what do you say?"

"I do not think you can possibly survive." The young gentleman instantly added in a lower voice to those immediately around,

"I don't understand how he is alive at all; he is horribly crushed."

"This will be rough on mother and little Allie," said the fireman, his last allusion being to his pet sister; "I kissed them good by this evening, and Allie made me promise to be very careful, for she said if anything went wrong with me she would die. I'm more sorry for her and mother than I am for myself."

There was not a dry eye among the bystanders. The conductor was so oppressed that he



A WOULD BE WHEELMAN'S WOE.

THERE was a young fellow of Deal, With a longing to ride on the wheel, 'Tis as easy," he said, "As lying abed, If only the thing wouldn't reel." For many a time had he tried The spidery cycle to stride, But swift came to grief After never so brief A season of heart swelling pride.

"But stay," quoth this brilliant young man, "Methinks I have hit on a plan, To keep the thing steady And wait till I'm ready Ere depositing me on the tan. "I'll get me another machine, And then be the master, I ween; For astride of the two I am bound to get through, As one 'gainst the other can lean."



The trial came off the next-day, With ladies, in gorgeous array, Assembled to see What promised to be The theme for a laureate's lay.



But alas, the applause didn't thunder, Nor this fellow of Deal prove a wonder, For sad to relate, The one from his mate, Those bicycles parted asunder.

Cuthbert Carr.



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

SEE HERE! Why not save ONE-HALF on 1000 useful articles? Send for Catalogue. Big pay to agents. Chicago Scale Co., Chic., Ill. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Coleman Nat'l Business College NEWARK, N. J. National Patronage Best Facilities. Best course of Business Training. Shortest Time. Lowest Rates. Open all the year. Address H. COLEMAN, Pres. BRANCH SCHOOL, 264 & 266 West 125th St., New York City. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy

CLUBS THE GREAT CHINA TEA CO Give away as premiums to those forming clubs for the sale of their TEAS and COFFEES, Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets, Silverware, Watches, etc. WHITE TEA SETS of 46 and 68 pieces with \$10 and \$12 orders. Decorated TEA SETS of 44 & 56 pieces with \$12 and \$15 orders. STEM-WINDING SWISS WATCHES with \$15 orders. GOLD BAND or Moss Rose Tea Sets of 44 pieces, or White Dinner Sets of 113 pieces, with \$20 orders. Send us your address and mention this paper; we will mail you our Club Book containing complete Premium & Price List. THE CHINA TEA CO. 210 STATE STREET, BOSTON, MASS. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED must be endured." Fight dirt with SAPOLIO and you will win. Is there any melody in work? Work is considered tick-some-troublesome-pleasant. If it does not accord with our desires, it makes discord in our hearts. But to people who are trained to do it rightly, work is one of the best amusements, and knows no discord. There is melody in work. If the one who works uses the best methods and combines wisdom with the work, then it goes forward joyfully. Sapolio is the best method of doing all house cleaning. No. 20. STAMPS 150 Foreign Stamps, all different, for 10 cents and stamp. H. I. LABAR, Lambertville, N. J. An reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

"A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever"

Advertisement for Sun Stove Polish. Features the Sun logo and text: "BEST IN THE WORLD", "TRADE MARK", "SUN STOVE POLISH", "10 CENTS". Text below: "For beauty of polish, saving of labor, freedom from dust, durability and cheapness, unequalled. Beware of Paint and Paste Polish, said to be labor-saving, self-shining, etc., which stain the hands, pit the iron, and fill the house with poisonous and sickening odor when heated."

Advertisement for The World Type-Writer. Features an image of a typewriter. Text: "AGENCIES. THE BOWEN-MERRILL CO., Indianapolis, Ind. GEO. W. DEFFUS, 106 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill. ESTATE SAMUEL HILL, 725 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. H. E. BARNEY, Room D. King's Block, Denver, Col. JOHN BROOKER, 157 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass. BARKER & CREAMER, London, Eng. N. B. CLODFMAN, 87 Church Street, New Haven, Conn. O. M. MCCLINTOCK, 417 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas." Price: \$8.00. Text: "A thoroughly practical machine. Will answer the purpose of a high-price one for the larger majority of persons having use for a type-writer. Send to our agent located nearest to you for circulars and samples of work." "THE WORLD TYPE-WRITING CO., 30 Great Jones St., N. Y. IN REPLY TO THIS ADV. MENTION GOLDEN ARGOSY."

Grand National Award of 16,600 francs. PHONETIC SHORTHAND. The Most Successful Correspondence School in America. The Union, including Manual, Reader, and Dictionary, only Ten Dollars. Sent two-cent stamp for Synopsis. Books supplied for Self-instruction. W. W. Osgood, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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

Advertisement for Anchor Building Blocks. Text: "THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST IS THE 'Anchor' Stone Building Blocks. real stone, three colors. 1000 Pieces. PRESENT for children and adults. For \$1.75 or \$2.00 a good average box. Apply for Descriptive Catalogue, sent post-free, to F. A. D. RICHTER & CO., 310 Broadway, New York."

Advertisement for Plymouth Rock Hats and Pants. Text: "YOU CANNOT OBTAIN THESE GOODS Excepting by being measured at one of our stores or sending your order by mail. The reputation of these justly celebrated goods is now so widely known in every State in the Union that we have only to keep plainly in the public view, directions how to obtain the FAMOUS CUSTOM-MADE PLYMOUTH ROCK \$3 PANTS. Suits cut to order \$13.25. Overcoats cut to order \$12.00. A postal card sent to our Boston store, provided you MENTION THIS PAPER, brings by return mail 20 samples cloth to select from, self-measurement blanks and a line of time measure. 2. But if you have no time to wait for samples, tell us about the color you desire, and we will send you a waist, inside leg and hip measures, remit \$3, together with 50 cts. to cover cost of expressage or postage, and we will forward the goods prepaid to any address in the U. S., guaranteeing satisfactory and entire satisfaction or money refunded. Remember that for any cause we refund money. You may request upon return of goods, or modifications on new garments free of extra charge. Address all mail to Boston. PLYMOUTH ROCK HATS & PANTS CO., 18 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.; 285 Broadway, New York. A letter from the American Express Co. (capital \$20,000,000) about our standing and business methods may be obtained by writing to them at Boston. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy."

Advertisement for A.J. Reach & Co. Text: "A. J. REACH & CO. MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN GENERAL SPORTING GOODS. BASKET BALL, SPORTING VEHICLES, GOLF, TENNIS, GYMNASIUM, ALL KINDS OF SPORTING ARTICLES. AMERICAN ASSN. STORE: 322 MARKET ST. PHILA PA. In reply to this adv. mention Golden Argosy."

Advertisement for Gold Watches. Text: "BARGAINS IN GOLD WATCHES, YOU CAN GET THIS WATCH FREE. To introduce our SOLID GOLD and SOLID SILVER WATCHES and immense line of jewelry and secure agents alone, we make this Wonderful Offer by NOW OR NEVER IS YOUR CHANCE. To get the best and handsomest Watch ever offered, this Watch is entirely new. The case is a beautifully engraved, the same style and appearance as the case of a \$100 Watch, being made from fine quality Baltic Gold Plate. We guarantee them to stand the strongest gold test. The works are entirely new, nicely jeweled, lever movement. We guarantee to keep accurate at least time and to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. WE WANT YOU TO HAVE A WATCH FOR A PERIOD OF FIVE YEARS. In carrying this beautiful Watch you will have the credit of owning a \$100 solid Gold Watch, and for use it is just as desirable. We will send this beautiful Watch by registered mail post-paid for only \$25. If you want to see the Watch before paying for it, send us \$5.00 as a guarantee of good faith and we will send the Watch by express C. O. D. with privilege of examination at the express office, and if you do not find the watch just as represented you need not take it. To every person sending the cash with order (\$5.75), we will send a beautiful Gold Plated Chain Free. Our only object in selling this Watch at such ridiculously low price is to secure Agents for our Watches and Jewelry. As one Watch sold in a town is sure to sell many more for us. HOW YOU CAN GET THIS WATCH FREE. The price of our watches is \$25.00, (the price of four watches is \$100.00). We will send you 5 Watches, thus giving you one Watch absolutely free for your trouble. Any person can easily secure four subscribers in a single day or evening. Any Bank, Commercial Agency, Express Co., or the leading Newspapers of America will sell you our absolute reliability. Send all money by Post-Office Money Order, Express Money Order, Bank Draft, Postal Note or Registered Letter. Order now. Our Catalogue sent free. The Domestic Mfg. Co., Wallingford, Conn. IN REPLY TO THIS ADV. MENTION THE GOLDEN ARGOSY."