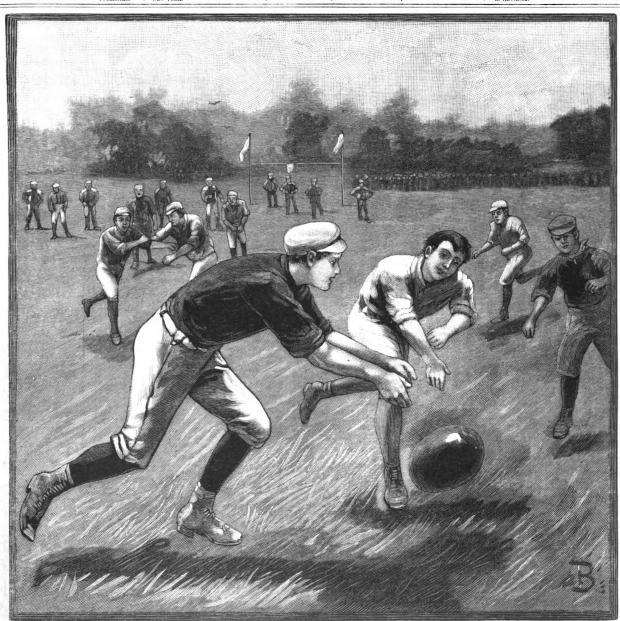
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DRAWN BY W. P. BODFISH.

## **₩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 Came," on next page.

#### HERE AND YONDER.

BY EDWARD J. WILLETT.

I WALK in the crowded city,
And the pavement pans my feet,
And an orbing but piles of buildings
Shut in the stones of the street;
But I only see the meadow
And the woods so cool and sweet.
I walk in the crowded city,
And mix with the noisy throng,
And mix with the noisy throng,
Ol a great, incessant gong;
But I only hear the brook flow
And the brown woodthrush's song.
I walk in the crowded city,
And daily the many grow more,
And they fill up the street like a mill race
As hither and thither they pour;
But I only see a cottage.
I walk in the owded city,
I walk in the owded city,
I walk in the owded city,
I walk in the cowded city,
I wa

And a maiden at the door.

I walk in the crowded city,
And buy and sell in the mart,
But still in its crush and clamor
I feel that I have no part;
For the sweet, fresh life of the country
Forever abides in my heart.
I walk in the crowded city,
But see the great meadow still,
And through the piles of buildings
To the woods that crown the hill,
And alone with the cottage maiden
I wander afar at will.

## A Disputed Game.

A FOOTBALL STORY. BY EUGENE K. WILLIAMS.

OUL, foul!" "Bring the ball back!" "Stop the game!"
Loud and confused cries went

up from an excited group of young fellows in football costume, gathered at one end of the Westville College grounds. A match was in progress between the Westteam and the Brightside boys, and as these two were the leading colleges of two neighboring States, there was a good deal of rivalry between them. This feeling culminated at the annual football match, which was always eagerly anticipated and keenly fought out.

The game had been commenced about a quarter of an hour before, and the home team had had a good deal the best of it. They had not succeeded in scor-ing any point as yet, but they had driven the ball down very close to the Brightside goal line, and held it there in spite of all their opponents' efforts to break away, when the interruption occurred. The Westville boys loudly claimed that a foul had taken place just before one of the Brightside half backs got possession of the ball, and, with a sharp drop kick, sent it half way up the ground.

All was confusion for a moment, and most of the players on both sides seemed to forget all about the ball, and turned to torget an about the ball, and utried their attention to the umpire, who could not give a decision instantly with such a chorus of conflicting cries around him. But a wise captain will always instruct But a wise captain win always mistract his men to go on playing, in case of a dispute, until the umpire actually orders the ball back, and a few of the Bright-side players remembered the rule and followed up the ball at the top of their speed, while the Westville back and half

backs flew to intercept them.

Harry Roberts, the Westville back, and
Gordon Dykeman, the captain and fleetest rusher of the Brightsides, reached the ball almost simultaneously as it bounded over the short grass of the ground. The two boys came from the same country town, and had known each other ever since they could remember. Their since they could remember. Their fathers were competitors in the same line of business, and there was not the best of friendship between the two families. of friendship between the two families. This was especially the case with Gordon and Harry, as had been proved, in their juvenile days, by numerous fistic encounters, in which first one and then the other proved the conqueror. Gordon was nearly a year the older of the two, but tall, sturdy, light haired Harry was fully as strong as his dark skinned, lithe, and active rival. active rival.

When young Dykeman went to Bright-side College, it was not strange that Harry Roberts preferred to enter at Westoutdoor sports, and shone especially on the football field. Dykeman had reached the tootball field. Dykeman had reached his junior year, and was captain of his college team, while Roberts, now a sophomore, was one of the best back players Westville had ever had.

It was rather strange that circumstances should bring the two together to fight a sort of duel for the ball, at a distance from most of the other players. Very seldom did Roberts let an opposing

runner pass him, and he was determined not to do so this time. His sure hands had almost closed upon the ball when quick as lightning Dykeman dashed had almost closed upon the ball when quick as lightning Dykeman dashed across his path, and stooping low, struck the ball with his right hand, and sent it flying forward out of Roberts's grasp. Flying onward like the wind, the Bright-side captain overtook the ball, picked it up, and, beyond all pursuit, sped up the ground and grounded it directly behind the Westville goal posts.

e Westville goal posts.
It was a flagrant violation of the rules, which expressly forbid players to knock the ball on with their hands. Of course Roberts at once claimed to have the ball brought back, and the situation, already a confused one owing to the dispute near the Brightside goal line, was now ren-

dered doubly perplexing.

As the reader is probably aware, it is usual for each side in a college football match to have a "judge" to decide disputed points; and when the two judges disagree, the matter is referred to a third person, the umpire, who settles the ques Now in this case both judges and the umpire were down at the lower end of the ground, trying to effect a settle-ment of the dispute there in progress; consequently none of them had seen Captain Dykeman's offense.

Unfortunately for the Westvilles, the Unfortunately for the westvines, the original question was finally decided against them, and thus, unless Roberts could establish his claim against Dykeman, the Brightsides would be able to man, the Biglishues would be asset as score a goal, or at least a try, from the touchdown their captain had made. And despite the vigorous protests of the Westville captain and team, this was the conclusion at which the umpire arrived. He said that he could not allow either of claims made by the home players. and that the Brightsides must have their

try at goal.

Loud were the shouts of disapproval from the spectators, who fringed the picturesque, tree shaded football field, and deep was the indignation of the Westville team. They felt they were un-fairly treated, but what could they do? Nothing, unless they refused to continue the game, and so unsportsmanlike a course as this did not find favor with Somewhat discouraged, they took up their positions along their own goal line, while one of the Brightside boys came to pick up the ball, made a mark with his heel beside one of the posts, and walked out a few yards into the ground. There was a moment of breathless excitement as he held the ball ready for another member of his team to make the try at goal, and when at last the leather touched the ground, the Westville line charged forward with upraised hands.

Although the try was an easy one, the kicker failed to lift the ball sufficiently, and it was charged down and carried out to the middle of the ground with a rush.
All through the rest of the game the All through the rest of the game the struggle was hotly fought; but though the Westvilles had considerably the best of it, and forced their opponents to make two safety touchdowns, yet they failed to score anything to offset the try which the Brightsides had obtained in so unsat-

isfactory a manner.

Thoroughly disheartened at the result, the Westville players were leaving the ground, their short white trousers stained, by frequent contact with Mother Earth, to almost the same hue as their chocolate jerseys and stockings. At this juncture, Gordan Dykeman was observed to be conferring with the umpire; and a moment later that functionary loudly moment later that functionary loudly summoned the two judges and the captain of the Westvilles.

After a brief colloquy between them,

some curious news spread rapidly among the two teams and the spectators, many of

whom had eagerly crowded around.

Captain Dykeman had acknowledged that his touchdown had been scored that his touchdown had been scored through a violation of the rules, and he was ashamed to accept a victory won by this means. He was manly and straight-forward enough to go to the umpire and request him to overrule his previous de-cision and to declare that the try should not be counted, even though this involved the award of the game to the other side. This honorable action evoked a hearty

cheer from the Westville boys. Harry Roberts went up and grasped his old rival's hand, and on that occasion at least all enmity between the two was for-

#### THE MAGIC OF MERIT.

BY ALEXANDER POPE. What then remains but well our power to use, And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose? And trust me, dear, good humor can prevail When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding

fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,

Charms strike the sight, but ment wins the soul.

[This story commenced in No. 298.]

## Dean Dunham;

#### THE WATERFORD MYSTERY. By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

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

#### CHAPTER XXV. AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETINO.

R. GUNNISON had several children, including one boy of about Dean's age, who was disposed at first to regard our own of the control of the control

"I say," he remarked, "I thought you wouldn't have anything to say to a fellow like me."

me."
"Why not?" asked Dean innocently.
"Oh, because you're a big gun."
"How's that?"
and have your n You give concerts, and have your name in

the papers."
"Oh!" said Dean smiling, "I have to do that for a living, you know. I'm only a boy

And do you like to play baseball?"

"I only wish I had a chance."
"Do you?" said Gus Gunnison, brightening "Do you?" said Gus Gunnison, brightening up. "Well, our club is going to play the Resolutes from the next town this afternoom. We are one man short. Will you take his place?"
"Yes, I shall be glad to."
"What place do you prefer?"
"I'll take any you choose to give me."
"Can you catch?"
"I like it better than anything else."
"Then that's settled. Come over and I'll show you the ground, and introduce you to some of the fellows."

of the fellows When the members of the Carterville club

learned that the famous young musician, Dean Dunham, had agreed to play on their side, they were very much elated. There was, however, were very much elated. There was, however a slight uneasiness lest he should not prove skillful player, as they were eager to beat the visitors. A little practice playing, however showed them that Dean was quite equal to a one in their club, and they became eager for the

one in their club, and they became eager for the Fax.

Dean did not disappoint them. He entered into the game with enthusiasm, and played with by a score of 18 to 8, and the victory was largely attributed to the good playing of the new catcher, who proved equally good in batting.

The members of the club came up and tendered their thanks to Dean.

"I you can play on the harmonica as well as you can play balt," said Gus Gunnison, wou'll do. Our club will attend the entertainment in a body, and hear you."

"I hope you won't be disappointed," said Dean smiling.

Evening came, and Dean was called upon to play at four different points in the entertainment. On the front seast just facing him were nodded to them from the platform, and they

ment. On the front seats just facing him were the members of the Active basebali club. Dean nodded to them from the platform, and they felt proud of such a public recognition.

Dean was stimulated to do his best, as he did not wish his new friends to be disappointed. During the day he practiced "Home. Sweet Home" with variations, partly original, partly remembered from a performance to which he bad listened at a public entertainment a year or two previous. His efforts were crowned with success. The applause, led by the members of the Active club, was tumultuous, and Dean was compelled to repeat his performance.

He did so, but towards the close he nearly broke down in consequence of a surprising discovery that he made. In looking round the audience, not far from the center asile his glance chanced to fall upon a face which he had the best cause to remember.

It was no other than Mr. Peter Kirby, whose presence will be afterwards explained.

will be afterwards explained. presence will be afterwards explained.

Mr. Kirby on his part was even more amazed to find the country boy whom he had left to his own resources emerging in such a conspicuous manner into public notice. He had thought of Dean as wandering about the country a forlorn near as wantering about the country a forform and penniless tramp, begging for charity. How on earth he had managed to achieve the posi-tion of a musical star performer he could not inveite.

imagine.
"That boy is getting dangerous," thoughthe, "If the captain knew of his success he

he. "If the captain knew of its success he would feel very nervois."

Mr. Kirby was in Carterville as the guest of Dr. Sidney Thorp, a wealthy gentleman, into whose good graces he had ingratiated himself at a hotel where they chanced to meet. He had accepted Dr. Thorp's invitation to spend a couple of days at his house, with the intention

of robbing his hospitable entertainer if he should have the opportunity.

"A remarkable young performer!" said Dr. Thorp, as Dean closed his playing.

"Yes," assented Kirby absently. "How does he happen to be here?"

"He had been giving an entertainment in a town near by, in connection with a variety actor. Our committee, finding that he gave satisfaction, invited him to play here this evenium."

ing."
"Do you pay him anything?"
"Certainly," answered Dr. Thorp, with surprise. "We couldn't expect to obtain a performer of so much talent gratuitously."
Kirby opened his eyes in surprise at hearing his quondam secretary spoken of in such

Do you know how much he is to be paid?"

"I believe he agreed to come for five dollars, considering that the entertainment was for a charitable purpose."

Kirby could scarcely refrain from whistling, so great was his surprise.

He recognized Dean some time before his former secretary's glance fell upon him. Dean's start showed that the recognition was mutual.

"I am going to speak to this boy—Dean Dunham," said he to Dr. Thorp, when the entertainm nt was at an end.

"Mr. Gunnison will introduce you. Shall I ask him?"

"I need no introduction. The boy and I

"I need no introduction. The boy and I have met."

have met."

Dean was standing on the platform watching the departing audience, when he saw Mr. Kirby approaching. He felt a little nervous, not knowing what the intentions of his old emknowing what the intentions of his old employer might be.

Kirby paused a moment, and a peculiar smile overspread his countenance.

"I presume you remember me?" he said.

"Yes," answered Dean, coldly.

"I am rather surprised to meet you again under such circumstances."

"I am rather surprised myself—at the circumstances."

stances."
You have become quite a star!" said

"You have become quite a start" sau Kirby, with a sneer.

Dean answered gravely, "I had to make a living in some way. It was an accident, my trying this way."

"Would you like to return to me—as my

secretary?"
"Thank you, Mr. Kirby, I prefer to travel independently."
"Suppose I should tell why I discharged you? That might prove inconvenient to

you? That might prove inconvenient to you."

"Then I should have a story to tell that might prove inconvenient to you, Mr. Kirby."

Dean looked Kirby straight in the face, and the latter saw that he no longer had an inexperienced country boy to deal with, but one who might prove dangerous to his plans.
"On the whole," he said, after a pause, "suppose we both keep silence as to the past."

I will do so, unless I should have occasion

"I will do so, unless I should have occasion to speak."

No one was near enough to listen to this conversation. Now Dr. Thorp came up, and Kirly said with an abrupt turn of the conversation, "I am glad to have met you again, my young friend. I wish you success."

Dean bowed gravely, but didn't speak. He was not prepared to wish success to Peter Kirby, knowing what he did of him.

During the evening Dr. Thorp called at the house of Mr. Gunnison, but unaccompanied by his guest. Dean had heard meanwhile at whose house Kirby was staying, and he fet that he ought to drop a hint that would put the unsuspecting host on his guard. He finally decided that it was his duty to do so.

"May I speak with you a moment in private.

"May I speak with you a moment in private.

Thorp?" he asked, as the guest arose to

go. "Certainly," answered the doctor, in some

surprise.

Dean accompanied him into the hall.

"Do you know much of the gentleman who is staying at your house?" asked Dean.

"No; why do you ask?"

"Recause I have reason to think that he is a professional thief."

"Good Heaven's Lyndard or you mean?"

professional thief."
"Good Heavens! what do you mean?"
Dean briefly recounted the robberies of
which he was himself cognizant, adding that
he gave this information in strict confidence, "I
thought I ought to put you on your guard," he

concluded.
"Thank you, Mr. Dunham," said Dr. Thorp, warmly. "You have done me a great service. I happen to have a considerable sum in money and bonds at my house. I shall look out for Mr. Kirby," he added, with a grim nod.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

IR. THORP'S CABINET.

I.R. THORP'S CABINET.

R. THORP had been pleased with Peter Kirby, who had laid himself out to be agreeable, and the doctor was far from suspecting his real character. When this was revealed to him by Dean, he quickly decided to test it for himself.

Some men, inclined to be nervous and timid, would have had their apprehensions excited, and dreaded an encounter with a professional criminal. But Dr. Thorp was cool, resolute and determined. He proposed to facilitate Kirby's disgus, and catch him in a trap.

When he reached home he found Kirby smoking on the piazza,

ing on the piazza,

"Have you been taking a walk, doctor?" he

asked.
"Yes," answered Dr. Thorp. "I made a call on a neighbor. I hope you have not been

"Oh, no! Your daughter has enabled me to pass the time pleasantly. But I am glad to see

you back."

Had Kirby known that Dr. Thorp had had an interview with Dean Dunham, his anxiety would

"By the way, doctor," said Kirby with appar-"By the way, doctor," said kirrly with apparent carelessness, "I have a little money to invest. Can you recommend any form of investment?"
"You might buy a house in the village and settle down. I believe the next estate is for

settle down. From the sale."
"It would certainly be an inducement to be come your neighbor," said Kirby politely, "but I am a rolling stone. I am always traveling. I couldn't content myself in any one place, not in always array." Tam a rolling stone. Tam any one place, not even in a large city."

"I suspect your mode of life makes frequent removals necessary," thought Dr. Thorp, though be did not say so.

"Well, if you don't care to invest in real estable of the property of the p

tate," he said a moment later, "you might pur-chase government bonds or railroad securities." tate.

which do you give the preference

"To which do you give the preference?" asked Kirby.

The doctor smiled inwardly. He saw that Kirby was trying to ascertain whether he had any negotiable securities in his possession, but he was ready to play into his hands.

"Well," he said, "I think well of both,"

"I had some government bonds at one time," said Kirby, "but they were stolen. That has made me cautious."

"Perhaps you were careless."

"No doubt I was. I kept them in a trunk at my boarding house. I presume you wouldn't venture, even in a quiet village like this, to keep bonds in your house?"

"Oh yes, we never receive visits from thieves

Oh yes, we never receive visits from thieves ourglars. I don't consider trunks so safe as that cabinet

He pointed to a black walnut cabinet with everal drawers standing in one corner of the

room,
Kirby's face lighted up. He had got the information he desired; but he resumed his indifferent manner.

"I think you are right," he said. "Besides, in atom like Carterville, as you say, thieves are hardly likely to be found."
"Oh dear, no!" said Dr. Thorp yawning, "I have no occasion to borrow trouble on that score."

score."
"Living as I generally do in large cities where
members of the criminal class abound," said members of the criminal class abound," said Kirby, "I am naturally more suspicious than you. I confess I wish I lived in a place of Article in the confess I wish I lived in the confess I wish I wish I wish I wish I wish I wish I lived in the confess I wish I

Kirby, "I am naturally more suspacious manyou. I confess I wish I lived in a place of Arcadian innocence like this."

Dr. Thorp smited. He was amused to hear one whom he believed to be a professional thief discourse in this manner.

"You might find it dull," he said, a little satircially. "It would lack the spice and excitement of wickedness."

At a little after eleven Kirby signified that he was tired, and was conducted to his bed chamber. Dr. Thorp remained behind, and opening the lower drawer of his cabinet removed therefrom a roll of bank bills and a five hundred dollar government bond.

from a roll of bank bills and a five handred dollar government bond.

"I think these will be safe in my trunk tonight," he said to himself. "Now, Mr. Kirby, you can explore the cabinet at your leisure. I doubt if you will find enough to repay you for your trouble.

Kirby occupied a chamber just over the sitting room. He didn't undress himself, but threw himself on the bed to snatch a little rest.
"I found out very cleverly where the doctor kept his bonds," he solitoquized. "He is an innocent, unsuspicious man, luckly for me. So no thieves nor burglars ever visit Carterville," he repeated with a soft laugh. "The good doctor would have been mightily surprised had he known the character of the man with whom he was talking. It is hardly a credit to take in a simple minded man like the doctor. I very he was talking. It is hardly a credit to take in a simple minded man like the doctor. I very much regret the necessity of repaying his hospi-tality as I shall, but I need the bonds more than

Kirby did not allow himself to sleep.

he does."

Kirby did not allow himself to sleep. There was important work to be done, and he must not run the risk of oversleeping himself.

He waited impatiently till he heard the public clock strike midnight, then taking off his shoes descended in his stocking feet to the sitting room. There stood the cabinet plainly visible in the glorious moonlight that flooded the room, making artificial light unnecessary.

"It's an easy job for a man of my experience to open it," thought Kirby. "I hope the doctor is sound asleep. He looks like a man who is safe to sleep all night."

From his pocket he produced a bunch of skeleton keys, which he at once set himself to use. The lock on the drawer of the cabinet was a simple one, presenting no difficulty, and in less than five ninutes he opened the upper drawer. A glance satisfied him that it contained nothing that he could make available. In turn he opened the other drawers, with equal ill success.

"The doctor must have fooded me!" he muttered impatiently, "or is there some secret drawer that I have overlooked?"

This question he asked himself, but he was far from expecting an answer.

"You have examined the cabinet pretty thoroughly, Mr. Kirby," said a cool, calm voice.

Kirby sprang to his feet in wild dismay, here, looking at him from the doorway, was r. Thorp, his host, whom he was conspiring to There, looking at him from the doorway, was Dr. Thorp, his host, whom he was conspiring to rob.

"You are an early riser, are you not, Mr. Kirby?" said the doctor composedly.

Kirby quickly decided upon his course.

"Where am 1?" he asked, passing his hand over his face in a bewildered way.

"Where are you?. Dow't you recognize the

over his face in a bewildered way.

"Where are you? Don't you recognize the room? A more pertinent query would be, What are you doing?"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Kirby—"!—! see it now. That unfortunate habit of walking it my sleep! What can you think of me?"

"Do you generally carry skeleton keys about with you when you walk in your sleep, Mr. Kirby?" asked the doctor pointedly.
"!—! really don't know how to explain," stammered Kirby. "The keys! I found in my room on the morning after! I was robbed. I took them with me, thinking they might be of use if! I should lose my regular keys."

"Very ingeniously explained, upon my word!"

It isn't possible, Dr. Thorp, that you really me for a thief! I hope you have more confidence in me.

confidence in me."
"Well, it really did occur to me that you were a professional burglar. Your last words which I overheard before intruding upon you

which I overheard before intruding upon you seem to bear out that supposition."

"What were they?"

"Is there some secret drawer that I have overhooded?" Perhaps you will do me the favor to explain them."

"I can't. They were spoken unconsciously, I assure you. This habit of walking in my sleep has got me into trouble several times before."

"Then take my advice and discontinue it."

"I will. I should have asked you to lock me in my chamber if I could have foreseen what has happened."

f."

Kirby," said Dr. Thorp sternly, "you "Mr. Kirby," said Dr. Thorp sternly, "you must think I am a simpleton to be taken in by such a transparent falsehood. I was deceived in you, I admit, but now I understand your real character. I won't have you arrested, though I ought, but I require you to leave my house at

In the middle of the night?" said Kirby in

"In the middle of the high dismay, "Yes. I cannot agree to shelter you even for the balance of the night." "Tell me one thing," said Kirby, changing his tone; "did any one put you on your guard against me?"
"Yes."

"It was Dean Dunham.

"It was Dean Dunham,"
"You can form your own conclusions,"
"That is all you need tell me. I understand it all. I will go to my room and secure my luggage, and then bid you good by."
"I will wait for you."
"I owe you another debt, Dean Dunham!" said Kirby, as he left the house with the pleasant prospect of a sleepless night.

#### CHAPTER XXVII. THE LONELY CABIN.

EAN had left the breakfast table the next EAN had elt the breakrast table the next morning, and was considering what would be the next stage of his journey when Dr. Thorp was announced.

Whr. Dunham," he said, "I have come to thank you for your warning of last evening."

"I hope it was of service to you, sir."
"It was of essential service. 'J our old ac-

nope n was of service to you, sir."

It was of essential service. Your old acquaintance had planned to rob me of a sum of money and a quantity of government bonds, but being on my guard I was able to frustrate his designs."

designs.

"How did it happen?" asked Mr. Gunnison, its curiosity excited.

"In the middle of the night, or rather a little after midnight, I heard some one going down stairs softly. I followed unobserved, and caught my guest opening the drawers in my cabinet."

"Where is he now?"
"I ordered him out of the house. He stood

"Where is he now?"
"I ordered him out of the house. He stood
not upon the order of his going, but went at
once. Where he is now I cannot inform you,

"I ordered him out of the noise. He stood not upon the order of his going, but went at once. Where he is now I cannot inform you, but presume he has placed several miles between himself and Carterville. Fortunately he went empty handed, and my money and bonds are still in my possession. But for our young friend here I should hardly be able to say that.

"You are indebted to me for bringing him to carterville. Dr. Thorp," said Mr. Gunnison in a fear room. "How much are you going to a "You are amply repaid by his services," said the doctor, "judging from the comments I have heard upon his performance. I am under obligations to him, however, which I ought to acknowledge. Mr. Dunham," he continued, taking from his pocket a small gold watch and chain, "I see you have no watch. Please accept this with my best wishes."

It was an Elgin gold watch of neat pattern which he offered to Dean.
"It is not quite new," proceeded the doctor. "I bought it of a young man in need of money, and baving paid him its full value I have no scruple in giving it away."

"Thank you very much," said Dean, his face showing the satisfaction he felt. "I have felt the need of a watch ever since I began to travel, but never dreamed of anything better than a silver one. I shall be very proud of this one."

"And I am very glad to give it to you. In what direction do you propose to journey?"

"Westward, sir. I haven't any very clear ideas further than that."

"Yes, sir; I think so."
"Yes, sir; I think so."
"Yes, sir; I think so."
"I have a nephew out there somewhere—
Henry Thorp—a young man of twenty five. He is probably mining, but I don't know his location. Should you run across him, ask him to communicate with me. His aunt and myself will be glad to hear from him."
"I will not forget it, sir," said Dean, though he thought it quite improbable that he and the nephew referred to would ever meet.
Dr. Thorp took his leave, and Dean soon after took leave of the Gunnison family. He was pressed to remain and play another game of

was pressed to remain and play another game of baseball, but felt that he could not spare the

baseball, but felt that he could not spare the time.

A week later found Dean only a hundred miles farther on his way. He might have accomplished this distance on the cars in a few hours, but he preferred to make a leisurely trip, looking out for a chance to earn money on the way. But after a season of prosperity a dull time had come to him. During the week he did not make a single dollar. He encountered several fair sized towns, but did not feel able to give an entire entertainment himself. His stock of money dwindled, and he began to feel anxious. Towards nightfall he found himself apparently at a distance from any town, and began to

Towards nightfall he found himself apparently at a distance from any town, and began to feel some solicitude as to where he could pass the night. It was a mountain region, and the day seemed to be shorter than on the plains. The air was chilly, and Dean felt that it would be daugerous to spend the night out of doors. In this emergency he was pleased to descry a rough cabin a hundred feet from the road. "There is shelter at any rate if they will take me in," thought Dean. "I will take care not to wander into such a wild region again." He went up to the door, and knocked with his bare knuckles. He heard a shelfling noise inside, and an old woman, with gray hair, unconfined and hang-

He heard a shufffing noise inside, and an old woman, with gray hair, unconfined and hanging loose like a horse's mane, faced him.

"Who are you?" she inquired abruptly.

"A traveler, "answered Dean.
"What do you want?"

"I have lost my way. Can you let me stay here all night?"

"This isn't a tavern," she responded in a

"This isn't a tavern, survive surfy tone.
"I suppose not, but I am willing to pay for suppose not a lodging. I don't see any other house near by, or I would not trouble you."
The old woman eyed him with a curious scrutiny which made him vaguely uncomfortable, so weird and uncanny was her look.
"Have you got any money?" she asked at last.

A little," answered Dean, growing sudden-

ly cautious.
"Well, you can come in," she said after a

Dean entered, and cast a glance about him.
The cabin was certainly a primitive one.
What furniture it contained seemed home made,
put together awkwardly with such material as
came to hand. In place of chairs were two
boxes such as are used to contain shoes, placed
bottom up. There was a small stove, the heat
of which seemed grateful to the chilly young
traveler.

traveler.
"It is cold," remarked Dean, by way of open-

"It is cold," remarked Dean, by way or open-ing the conversation.
"Humph!" answered the woman. "Have you come all the way to tell me that?"
"Evidently the old woman isn't sociable," thought Dean.
"Where do you live when you're to home?"

"Where do you live when you're to home?" asked the woman after a pause.
"In New York State."
"What did you come out here for?"
"I had my living to make," answered Dean, feeling uncomfortable.
"I haven't found any, and I've lived here goin' on ten years. I suppose you want some supper," she continued ungraciously.
"Yes, I am very hungry. I am sorry to put you to any trouble."
The woman did not answer, but going to a rude pantry took out a plate of meat, and some dry bread. The former she put in the oven, and proceeded to brew some tea.

rude pantis, the former she pussion of the proceeded to brew some tea.

Dean watched her preparations with eager interest. It seemed to him that he had never been so hungry. He had probably walked ten miles with and the exercise had tired to the plain, and the exercise had the plain. Dean watched her preparations with eager interest. It seemed to him that he had never been so hungry. He had probably walked ten miles over a rough path, and the exercise had tired him as much as twice the distance on the plain. Besides he had his values with him, and had found it decidedly an incumbrance.

From time to time the old woman paused in her preparations and eyed him searchingly. What it was that attracted her attention. Dean could not guess till she suddenly pointed to his chain, and asked, "I st there a watch at the end of that?"

"Yes," answered Dean with a sudden feeling of apprehension.
"Let me look at it."

Reluctantly he drew out the watch, and into the woman's eyes crept a covetous glean, as she advanced and took it in her hand.
"It's pretty," she said. "What's it worth?"

I don't know," answered Dean. "I didn't buy it. It was a precent to me.
"I called the said of the said of the woman's dear the result of the said of the result of the said Dean hurriedly.

"We've got nothing to tell time be," said the woman slowly will even be the work with with week with even with week with with week with week with week with week with even a lower the woman slowly will even the week with with week with with a week with even with week with week with week with a week with week with week with with a week with a week with a week with with week with with week with week with week with week with week with week with

friend," said Dean hurriedly,
"We've got nothing to ttell time by," said
the woman, slowly, still eying the watch with a
fixed look, "except the sun."
Dean did not reply,
"How do you wind it up?" asked the
woman after a pause. "Do you have a key?"
"No; it's a stem winder,"

"What's that?"
"I will show you," and Dean wound the watch as far as it would go.
"I never saw the like of that," said his hostess with a look of mingled curiosity and sur-

She released her hold upon the watch, and Dean put it back in his pocket, rather relieved to have recovered possession of it again.

Five minutes later the meal was ready, such

as it was.
"Set up," said the woman.
Dean obeyed with alacrity.
He tasted the meat. It was not unpleasant,
but the taste was peculiar.
"What kind of meat is it?" he asked.

O'Dear meat "

"What kind of meat is it?" he asked.
"Bar meat."
"Are there bears in these mountains?"
"Yes; my son killed this one. He's killed
many a b'ar, Dan has. He's a master hand
with the rifle. There's none that can beat him."
"Isn't it dangerous to tackle a bear?"
"No; the b'ar's a nat'rally timorous animal.
I've killed more'n one myself."
As Dean surveyed his hostess, he thought her
quite capable of encountering a bear. Her
walk and air were masculine, and there seemed
nothing feminine about her.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

DAN.

EAN did not allow his speculations as to his hostess to interfere with his appetite, but he ate with an enjoyment which he had seldom before felt the food set before

him.

"Pears to me you've got a right smart appetite," said the woman.

"Yes, I have," said Dean frankly. "I don't know when I've been so hungry. I am ashamed of my appetite, but I can't help it."

"Young folks is mostly hungry," said the

Especially when they have such nice things set before them.

"Especially when they have such nice things set before them."

The woman, rough as she was, seemed pleased by this tribute to her culinary skill.

"Well, you needn't be afraid to eat all you want to," she said encouragingly.

Dean took her at her word, and when he rose from the table, he had made way with a large share of the repast provided.

It had grown quite dark in the deepening shadows of the hills, but it was a twilight darkness, not the darkness of midnight,

"I think I will go out and take a walk," said Dean, turning to his hostess.

"You'll come back?" she asked with apparent anxiety.

ent anxiety.
"Yes, for I don't want to sleep out of doors.

"Yes, for I don't want to sleep out of doors. I can settle for my supper now if you wish."
"No, you can wait till morning."
"Very well!"
Dean left the house, and walked some distance over the mountain road. Finally, being a little fatigued from his day's travel and the hearty supper he had eaten, he lay down under a tree, and enjoyed the luxury of rest on a full stomach. stomach.

In the stillness of the woods it was possible to

In the stillness of the woods it was possible to hear even a sound ordinarily indistinct. Gradually Dean became sensible of a peculiar noise which seemed like the distant murmur of voices. He looked about him in all directions, but failed to understand from what the voices proceeded. It seemed almost as if the sounds came from below. Yet this seemed absurd.

"There can't be any mine about here," reflected Dean, "If there were, I could understand a little better about the sounds."

Certainly it was not a very likely place for a mine.

ne. "I wonder if I am dreaming," thought Dean. He rubbed his eyes, and satisfied himself that was as much awake as he ever was in his

life.

He got up and walked around, looking inquisitively about him, in the hope of localizing the sound. Suddenly it stopped, and all was complete silence. Then he v as quite at a loss.

"I don't know what it means. I may as well."

lie down and rest again. I imagine lady won't care about seeing me before it is time

to go to bed."
With this thought Dean dismissed his conject-With this thought Dean dismissed his conjectures, and gave himself up to a pleasant reverie. He didn't worry, though his prospects were not of the best. He was hearly out of money, and there appeared no immediate prospect of carning more. Where he was he did not know, except that he was somewhere among the mountains of Colorado.

"I wish I could come across some mining settlement," thought Dean. "I couldn't buy a claim, but I could perhaps hire out to some miner, and after a while get rich enough to own one myself."

one myself."

Suddenly his reflections were broken in upon by a discordant voice.

"Who are you, youngster, and where did you drop from?" "Who are you, youngster, and where did you drop from?"
Looking up quickly, Dean's glance fell upon a rough looking man, in hunting costume considerably the worse for wear, with a slouched hat on his head, and a trife in his hand. The man's face was far from preposessing, and his manner did not strike Dean as friendly,
"My name is Dean Dunham," he said in answer to the first question, then paused.
"How came you here?"
"I am traveling."
"Where from?"
"New York State."
"What brings a boy like you so far from

me ? Is there any one with you ?" demanded

home? Is there any one with you-the man suspiciously.
"No; I wish there was. I had a companion, but he got a call to go home on account of his mother's sickness."
"And you pushed on."
"Yes."

"Yes. What are you after—it isn't game, for you've got no gun."
"No; I'm after a chance to make a living, as much as anything."
"Couldn't you make a living at home?"
"Not one that satisfied me."
"Can you do any better here?"
"I can't tell yet," answered Dean, while an expression of genuine perplexity overspread his face. It was a question which he had often asked himself. "I think if I could come across some mining settlement I could work for mysome mining settlement I could work for my-self or somebody else."
"Are you goin' to stay out all night? There ain't many hotels round here."

"Are you goin to stay out at might? There ain't many hotels round here."

"I have had supper, and am going to spend the night at a cabin about a mile from here."

"You are!" exclaimed the hunter in a tone of profound astonishment. "How did you get in?"

"I asked a woman who lives there if she would let me stop over night, and she was kind enough to say yes."
"Then you have had your supper?"
"Yee"

"Yes."
"And are you goin' to sleep in the cabin?"
"Yes. Do you live anywhere near it?"
"Well, I should smile! Youngster, that's
where I live, and the woman who gave you your
supper is my mother."
"Then you are Dan?" said Dean, eagerly.
"How do you know my name?"
"Your mother told me you killed the bear
whose meat I ate for supper."
"That's correct, voungster. I killed him.

"That's correct, youngster. I killed him, but it's nothing to kill a b'ar. I've killed hundreds of 'arm"

It's nothing to all the desired as a second of 'em."

I should be proud if I could say I had killed it," said Dean, his eyes sparkling with excite-

ment.
"Il you stay round here long enough, you may have a chance. But I'm goin' home. It's growin' dark and you may as well go with me."

Dear rose from his recumbent position, and drew his watch from his pocket.

"Yes," he said, "it's past eight o'clock."

"Let me look at that watch. Is if gold?" asked his companion, and his eyes showed the same covetous gleam which Dean had noticed in the mother.

"I wish I had hidden the watch in an inside pocket," he thought, too late. "I am afraid it will be taken from me before I get away from these mountains."

"What might it be worth?" demanded the other, after fingering it curiously with his clums hands.

clumsy hands.
"I don't know," answered Dean guardedly.
"I did not buy it. It was given to me."
"Is it worth a hundred dollars?"
"I don't think it is. It may be worth fifty."
"Humph! are you rich?"
"No; far from it! I am a poor boy."
"The doesn't look like it."
"The watch was given to me by a rich man to whom I had done a service."
The man handed it back, but it seemed with reluctance.

reluctance. "Youngster, what do you think of my other?" he asked abruptly.
"She treated me kindly," answered Dean, ther embarrassed.

rather embarrassed.
"Did you agree to pay her for your lodg-

ing?"
"Yes."

"I thought so. Mother ain't one of the soft kind. Did she strike you as an agreeable old lady?"

"I only saw her for a few minutes," said

His companion laughed, and surveyed Dean

His companion laughed, and surveyed Dean quizzically.

"You must stretch your legs, youngster, or mother'll get tired waitin' for me. She might take a notion not to give me any supper."

It was not long before they came in sight of the cabin. Here a surprise, and by no means an agreeable one, awaited Dean. On a bench in front of the cabin sat a man whom he had good reason to remember, and equal reason to fear—Peter Kirby. good reason to ..... fear—Peter Kirby. (To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-

#### A SUCCESSFUL AUTHOR.

It is not very often that a new author's first book goes off like fire, as writers know from hard experience. Yet it does occur sometimes, and to the well known James Russell Lowell it happened in a rather singular way, according to the Publishers'

Circular:

The cost of publishing his first book was borne entirely by Mr. Lowell himself, the edition being a plain but substantial one of five hundred copies. The author left the usual pride in his achievement, and hoped for almost immediate fame, but only a few copies of the work were sold.

Soon after a fire occurred in the publishing house where the volumes were stored, and they were destroyed. As the publisher carried afful insurance on the stock, Mr. Lowell was able to realize the full cash value of his venture, and he had the satisfaction of the stock of the collision was exhausted immediately after publication.

# →Some Conjuring Tricks. ←



people, as well as most of those of a more mature age. Many a boy has wished that he too, like some performer he has seen at an entertainment, was able to collect silver dollars from the air and new laid eggs from old gentlemen's whiskers, and to cause all sorts of objects to appear and disappear at will.

Now for most of these tricks sleight of hand is required, and to gain this power much practice must be gone through. There are, however, a number of amusing and astonishing tricks that almost any one can perform with a few common and inexpensive chemicals, and without long preliminary practice, though we should advise him to rehearse carefully several times before he attempts to make any public display of his powers. Here are a few recipes which the reader may like to try:

#### TO SET WATER ON FIRE.

Add gradually one ounce, by measure, of sul-phuric acid to five ounces of water in an earth-enware dish, and then add, also gradually, three quarters of an ounce of granulated zinc. A rapid production of hydrogen gas will in-stantly take place. Then add from time to time pieces of phosphorus of the size of a

pea. Hundreds of gas bubbles will be produced, which will take fire on the surface of the effer-vescing liquid. The whole surface of the liquid will become luminous, and fire balls with jets of fire will dart from the bottom through the liquid with a hissing noise. It makes a beautiful effect.

ful effect.

Or again, by wetting a piece of fine loaf sugar with phosphorized ether, and throwing it into a basin of water, the surface of the water will become luminous in the dark, and, by gently blowing upon it, phosphorescent undulations, will be formed, which illuminate the air above the fluid to a considerable distance. In winter the water must be rendered slightly warm. If the phosphorized ether be applied to the hand or other warm objects, it renders them luminous in the dark. in the dark.

To cause a brilliant explosion under water To cause a prilliant explosion under water drop a piece of phosphorus the size of a pea in a tumbler of hot water, and, from a bladder furnished with a stopcock, force a stream of oxygen directly upon it. This will cause a beautiful explosion under water.

#### TO SET THE AIR ON FIRE.

Dissolve camphor in spirits of wine and deposit the vessel cortaining the solution in a close room where the spirits of wine will evaporate. If any one enters the room with a candle the air will inflame, making an effect as bright and sudden as lightning, but there is no danger whatever from this sparkling effect.

#### THE MAGIC FIRE POWDER.

A powder which catches fire when exposed to air can be prepared in this way. Put three ounces of rock alum and one ounce of honey or sugar into an earthen dish, keep the mixture over the fire until it becomes dry and hard, then pound it to a coarse powder. Put this into a bottle, leaving part empty, and, having placed it in a crucible, fill up the crucible with fine sand and surround with burning coals.

When the bottle has been kept at a red heat for some eight minutes remove: then ston it

When the bottle has been kept at a red heat for some eight minutes remove; then stop it with a piece of cork, and, leaving it to cool, preserve the mixture in small bottles well closed. If you unclose a bottle and let fall a few grains of the powder on a bit of paper or other dry substance, it will first become blue, then a pretty brown, and will finally burn the substance on which it has fallen.

#### A FOUNTAIN OF FIRE.

If twenty grains of phosphorus, cut very small and mixed with forty grains of powder of zinc, be put into four drachms of water and two drachms of concentrated sulphuric acid be added thereto, bubbles of inflamed phosphorated hydrogen gas will cover the whole surface of the fluid, forming a beautiful fountain of fire.

#### THE NUMBER ON THE ARM.

A curious trick is performed in this manner: Take a pin and dip into glycerine and mark on your arm any number whatever—say, 2,125—and let the marks remain. You must have a confederate, and, on joining a company, suggest that some one write some

Your confederate will quickly respond, writing the figures already on your arm on a piece of paper. Let him exhibit throughout the crowd and have him burn on a

plate.

After telling the company that you propose to make the identical figures appear on your arm, rub the ashes of the paper on the spot where you had previously put the glycerine, and you will have the numbers your confederate marked down on your arm in very bold figures.

#### THE MAGIC SPOONS

A very funny trick is done in this way at very little expense. Put into a crucible four ounces of bismuth, and, when in a state of fusion, throw in two ounces and a half of lead and one ounce and a half of it in. These metals will combine, forming an alloy, fusible in boiling water.

water.

Mold the alloy into bars and take them to a silversmith to be made into teaspoons. Give one to a stranger to stir his tea. As soon as the spoon touches the hot tea it will melt in his fingers, causing a great deal of merriment.

#### MELTING METALS

MELTING METALS.

To melt lead in a piece of paper wrap up a smooth ball of lead in paper, taking care that there be no wrinkles in it, and that it be everywhere in contact with the ball; if it be held in this state over the flames of a taper the lead will be melted without the paper being burnt. The lead, indeed, when once fused, will not fail, in a short time, to pierce the paper and run through. To melt iron in a moment and make it run in drops follow this rule:—Bring a bar of iron to a white heat and then apply to it a roll of sulphur. The iron will immediately melt.

#### INVISIBLE INK

Invisible ink can be made in this way: Dissolve green vitriol and a little nitrous acid in common water, write your characters with a pen. Next infuse small Aleppo galls, slightly bruised, in water. In two or three days pour off the liquor. By drawing a brush dipped in this second solution over the characters written with the first they will appear a brilliant black.

#### SYMPATHETIC INK.

SWMPATHETIC INK.

The most curious of all kinds of sympathetic ink is that from cobalt. It is a very singular phenomenon that the characters of figures traced out with this ink may be made to disappear or reappear at pleasure. This property appear or reappear at pleasure. This property is peculiar to ink made from cobalt; for all other kinds are at first invisible until some substance has been applied to make them appear, but when once they appear they re-

main.

To prepare this ink take zaffer and dissolve it in nitro muriate acid until the acid extracts the metallic part of the cobalt, which communicates to the zaffer in blue colors; then dilute the solution with common water. If you write with this liquor on paper the characters will be invisible, but when exposed to heat they become

#### A DISAPPEARING FLUID.

A DISAPPEARING FLUID.

Take a glass bottle, put into it some volatile alkali, in which has been dissolved copper filings, which will produce a blue color, looking like liquid of some kind. Ask some one to cork it while indulging in some pleasantry, and then call the attention of the company to the liquid, when to their astonishment, they will find that the supposed liquid has disappeared as soon as it was corked.

You can cause it to reappear by simply taking out the stopper, and this change will appear equally astonishing.

#### CHANGING COLORS.

CHANGING COLORS.

Put half a teaspoonful of syrup of violets and three tablespoonfuls of water into a glass; stir them well together with a stick and put half the mixture into another glass. If you add a few drops of acid of vitriol into one of the glasses and stir it, it will be changed to a crimson. Put a few drops of mixed alkali, dissolved, into another glass, and when you stir it it will change to green.

If you drop slowly into the green liquor from the side of the glass a few drops of acid of vitriol you will perceive crimson at the bottom, purple in the middle, and green at the top; and by adding a little fixing alkali, dissolved, to the other glass, the same colors will appear in different order, making a beautiful effect.

TO CHANGE A FLOWER'S COLOR.

#### TO CHANGE A FLOWER'S COLOR.

To change the color of a flower it is necessary to have earthen vessels which have littedges or rims near their mouths. You shou

likewise be provided with stoppers of cork of a diameter equal to that of their mouths. Make a hole in the stopper large enough to hold the stem of the flower, which must be suspended inside the vessel. Then you place at the bottom of the vase an ounce of quicklime and beneath that a quarter of an ounce of sal ammonise.

beneath that a quarter of an ounce of sal ammoniac.

When you perceive the effervescence commencing to take place you promptly insert the stopper, to which the flower is attached. The petals, exposed to the effervescent vapor, will become impregnated with the various colors produced by this chemical combination. Draw the stopper and the flower out in one or two minutes, and you will find the latter shows the curious results.

#### ARTIFICIAL ICE.

Pour ether upon a glass tube in a thin stream. It will evaporate and cool it to such a degree that water contained in it may be frozen.

#### A COIN TRICK.

Fix three pins in the table and lay a piece of money upon them; then place a heap of the flour of sulphur below the piece of money; add another above it and set fire to them. When the flame is extinct, you will find that a thin plate of metal has become detached from the coin, thus making two out of one.

This may sound like an ingenieus method of growing rich by turning every dollar into two dollars; but in reality its effect is the very opposite. It does not duplicate the coin used, but only spoils it; so it would be well to try the experiment with cents and not with silver dollars.

#### AN ARTIST'S TRICK.

AN ARTIST'S TRICK.

Take a piece of looking glass, rest it on a table in any angle in front of the object to be copied, then, having a piece of paper placed behind the mirror, by looking into it from the upper part of the glass with one eye, so to speak, and with the other make the axis of vision meet in the focus point of both, any object may be seen and sketched with singular beauty and accuracy. This will be found of great benefit to beginner in the art of painting.

### ONE WAY OF MAKING THE TOWN TALK.

Some of our readers may remember the excitement that was created in New York about fifteen years ago when a morning paper devoted a full page to a thrilling description of the escape of all the wild beasts from the menagerie in Central Park, and their subsequent incursions into the heart of the city. At the very end of the article a short sentence apprised the reader that all the fore going was simply what might happen. Hoaxes of this nature were more frequently perpetrated dur-ing the last generation than they are at present. when people have so many more things to oc-cupy their minds. A recent number of Lippis-cott's Magazine contained an article on the subject of this practical joking by the wholesale, from which we make the following extract:

cort is Aragaisme contained an article on the subject of this practical joking by the wholesale, from which we make the following extract:

Theodore Hook was a famous practical joker, and once, at least, he perpetrated a jest that disturbed all London and amused all England.

Berners Street in 1810 was a quiet thoroughfare, inhabited by well to do families living in a gented way. One morning, soon after breakfast, a wagos load of coals drew up before the door of a widow of the control of mourning coaches. Two fashionable physicians and a dentist drove up as near as they could to the door, wondering why so many lumbering whole of the control of

Hook's connection with it was not discovered till long afterwards. He had noted the quietness of the neighbor-He had noted the quietness of the neighbor-He had noted the ager with a brother wag that he would make Berners Street the talk of all London. A door plate had furnished him with the old lady's name, and he had spent three days in writing the letters which brought the crowd to her door. At the appointed time he had posted himself with two or three companions in a lodging letter with the deemed it expedient, however, to go off quickly into the country and there remain in hiding for a time.

#### AN AUTUMN SIMILE

AN AUTUMN SIMILE.

BY M. C. PECKHAM.

ALONG New England hedges, when at first
The reddening sumach signals coming snow;
Half broken her from the first state of the state of t

| This story commenced in No. 302.]

# Ray Culver;

### THROUGH DEEP WATERS. By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XIV.

RAY CREATES A SCENE.

CHAPTER XIV.

RAY CREATER A SCENE.

HEN 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 a addid—"

At this interver and the course of an hour of the course of an hour or so. I'm a dead —"

At this interver had been wiser, the seen he was a proposed to be a course of a mour or so. I'm a dead —"

At this interver had been seen he was a proposed to be a course of a mour or so was a proposed to be a course of a mour or so was a proposed to be a course of the section of the form of th

"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 each the subsequence of the second of the secon

with most guilty manner;
"Your—your—package? I—take your pack

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

ing as he souared 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 extrement of the consists we almost had, I can this man pressing close against the pocket in which I had placed it. My coat was unbrittoned 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 r ading. 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' accusation had brought him into notice with

accusation had brought him into nonce who abound, 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 unpluttoning your coat and showing us what you have underneath it."

The seedy man suddenly changed his tone,

neath 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."

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, writgled 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 hwould 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

convinced than ever that the valual was just within his reach, cur 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 Hast.

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 Fmust 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 meer 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.

"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

"Why, didn't he steal what you lost, mis-ter?" inquired the small boy, in a disappointed

"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,"
"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 just them to the car. Succeeding the country of the c

#### CHAPTER XV.

THE MAN WITH THE SCAR.

AYS 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



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.

pocket.
Instantly the recollection of the way in which the fellow had pushed against him during the recent excrtement 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 adven-

"I'll search him for you, sir," spoke up the conductor, thinking the dignity of the raad 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."

Street."

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



RAY SURPRISES THE MARKET BOY,

at the probable fate of the precious manuscript, all struggled for the mastery of his mind.

Meantime the car was going on, taking him further and further from the spot where the package had been dropped. Realizing this fact at last, Ray tarried only long enough to give a reproachful look to the small boy—the seedy man had already made his exit with his recovered flash—then sprang off the rear platform in time to board an upward bound car on the addioning track.

in time to board an upward bound car on the adjoining track.
But oh, how slow it seemed to move! Our hero remembered now just how and where the story must have slipped out of his pocket—when he dodged under that butcher cart. The latter was standing close by the sidewalk, so the manuscript had fallen almost into the gutter.

Wand if the there now when he got back.

Would some one have picked it up, or had the heavy downpour of rain carried it off into the sewer?

sewer?
Clifford, the "orchestra man," all else was for the moment forgotten, while Ray looked anxiously ahead up the avenue and checked off the streets as they were slowly left behind.
"What a fool I made of myself in that other cart!" he reflected, "and yet I can't imagine a case where circumstantial evidence could be

Atronger

But at last the point where he had made his wild dash from the sidewalk was reached. Eagerly his glance swept along that side of the street in the hope that the butcher cart would still be there, and thus afford him a convenient landmark at which to begin his search. But there was not a single wagon on that side of the block.

There's a market, though, next to the cor
"he reasoned. "The cart must have been he reasoned. in front of that.

He resolve the car, reckless of the mud, and hurried anxiously to the gutter. The latter, however, was running a rapid stream towards the sewer. Everything left in or near it must have been swept long ago into that black abyss where of course it would be beyond recovery. But, hoping desperately for the best, Ray reflected that somebody—with a few more atoms of common sense in his brain than the small boy had displayed—might have seen the package fall and have secured it in time to prevent its being carried off the surface of the earth, if not in season to apprise its owner of its loss.

being carried on the surface of the earth, it not in season to apprise its owner of its loss.

Entering the market, he accosted a freckle faced lad who was bunching celery in the

window.

"Did you happen to notice anybody picking up a package out of the gutter about fifteen or twenty minutes ago?"

The boy dropped his lower jaw and looked at our hero as if he thought he was a lunatic out

our hero as if he thought he was a lunatic out on a ticket of leave.

Ray appreciated his difficulty, and added a

Ray appreciated his dimently, and added a few more words of explanation.

"Oh," said the youth, "I wasn't in charge, perhaps pop could tell you," and going to the rear of the store he conversed for a few minutes with a fat man who was poring over the books as if taking the opportunity while his bookkeeper was at lunch to see if his accounts were all straight.

was at functions see it his accounts were an straight.

"Yep," reported the boy, coming back presently, "pop says he did see a chap pick up something out of the street a while ago,"

"Who was it, and where did he go?" asked Ray, in strong excitement.

The boy shrugged his shoulders.

"You'd better ask pop," he replied, as he hurried forward to wait on a young girl who had just come in with a basket on her arm.

Ray lost no time in presenting himself before "pop," who, with head bowed down over a column of figures, and lips in rapid, but silent, motion, pointed with one finger significantly at the sign to his left motion, pointed with the sign to his left-

"NEVER ADDRESS A REMARK TO A
PERSON WHO IS ENGAGED IN
ADDING. THERE IS NOTHING SO
DEAF AS AN ADDER."

Our hero took the hint, and waited as pa-

Our hero took the hint, and waited as pa-tiently as he could, although he was inwardly fuming at the delay. But at length the sum came out to the satis-faction of the butcher, who raised his eyes and lowered his finger as a sign that he was at liberty to be accosted. Our hero lost no time in put-tice, the wave tion, and, so proceed or concerned

lating of the order.

In the was at liberty to be accosted. Our hero lost no time in putting the question, and appeared so concerned about the answer, that the market proprietor dropped his pen and exclaimed:

"What, you lose some tousand dollars in bank bills mit dat package?"

"No, it wasn't money, but it is just the same hing—to me," replied Ray. "Please tell me if you know who it was picked it up."

"Vell, I does und I doesn'd, replied the old man, folding both arms on the ersk in front of him and settling down on the ersk in front of him and settling down on the ersk in front of him and settling down on the ersk in front on the esk in front of him and settling down ers. "It was a young man var I often see proing the shop by, but what he has for the erse when the was a former border in the vast in the him mark so"—drawing a crescent on a pad side of his chin, just the same as mine brinder in the vaderland got mit his duel in Heidelberg."

mine bruder in the vaderland got mit his duel in Heidelberg."

"And you don't know where this fellow lives, either?" asked Ray, fairly dancing from one foot to the other in his impatience.
The butcher shrugged his shoulders, as his son had done.

"No, not for sure," he answered, "but I haf once seen him come out of the hallway on the next block. It may be he lift there; may be only call on his friends," And another shrug

accompanied this unsatisfactory piece of infor-

mation.
Still it was a clew, and Ray was ready to

Still it was a ciew, and no multi-clutch at any straw.

"What hallway, the number of the house, please," he cried excitedly,

"Oho, I nefer remember numbers like dat. Let me see," responded the butcher, scratching his head ruminatively, "it vas between one barber shop and—and, ah ja, a Chinese laundry, vah—"

But with a muttered "much obliged," Ray was hurrying for the street, and inside of two minutes he was standing in front of the door between the barber's shop and Wing Wung's washing establishment, trying to decide which one of the four bells he ought to ring to obtain speech with the young fellow who had the cres-cent shaped scar on the side of his chin.

Just as he had about made up his mind to begin at the top and work his way downward, a young woman with a shawl over her head and in hand opened the door and came

out.
"Can you tell me whether a young man with a scar, shaped—."
"Third floor back."
"Third floor back."

with a scar, snapeu—.

"Third floor back."

The woman flung the response over her shoulder like the snap of a whip, and hurried off out of sight before Ray could thank her.

"Well, that's refreshing, after a dose of the slow paced old butcher," said our hero to himself, as he began the ascent of the stairs.

On reaching the designated story, he rapped at the door and was admitted by a neat appearing Irish woman.

"Does a young fellow with a scar on the side of his chin live here?" he began, feeling a little embarrassed at this awkward manner of describing the person of whom he was in search.

To his utter astonishment, the woman, on hearing this, threw her apron over her head

To his utter astonishment, the woman, on hearing this, threw her apron over her head and moaned dismally. "Ach, I expected it would come, but not on the day, ach hone, ach hone, and the fine bringin' up I gave the bhiy, too. But I'll not shield him from his just deserts, sorr, so come in, if ye plazes, and till me the worst."

Rather dazed, Ray obeyed, and entered the apartment.

apartment.

#### CHAPTER XVI.

AN END TO THE CHASE

AN END TO THE CHASE.

HE woman dusted off a chair with her apron, bade Ray be seated, and then, drawing in a long breath, said tremulously: "Ye won't be hard upon him, sorr, will you? He's niver taken a penny's worth that didn't belong to him afore, but I have all along been afeard that the temptation was too much for him."

Ray grew more and more bewildered. How in the mischief, he wondered, did this woman know he had come to charge her son with picking up a manuscript, and, more mysterious

ing up a manuscript, and, more mysterious still, how could she have foreseen that the op-

still, how could she have foreseen that the op-portunity to appropriate such an article would have been thrown in his way?

"Oh, I haven't the least intention of being hard on him," he replied. "I shall be only too glad to get the thing back. And now where can I see your son?"

"Sure, sorr, if he isn't at the store and isn't here, I'd never be able to tell ye," was the re-ply. "It's hockin' the jewels he'll be by this time. I fear me."

ply. "It's hockin' the jewels he'll be by this time. I fear me."
"The jewels!" ejaculated Ray, almost rising out of the chair in astonishment.
"Was it silver then he tuk, sorr?"
"Why, my good woman," exclaimed our hero, beginning to understand that the two must have been talking at cross purposes all this time, "whom do you take me for?"
"Sure, sorr, you are the detective from Tiffin & Co.'s, bean't ye, come to till me that Dinnis, as runs the elevator there, has—"
But Ray sharply interrupted with:

& Co.'s, bean't ye, come to till me that Dinnis, as runs the elevator there, has—"

But Ray sharply interrupted with:
"No, no, I didn't know your son had anything to do with a jewelry store."
"The Lord be praised, he's honist yet, thin," interjected the old woman, joyfully.

Ray continued rapidly: "Now won't you please tell me your son's full name? I want to see him on very important business just as speedily as possible."

Having learned that Dennis's last name was Hardy, Ray hurried off, wondering how much longer this chase after the MS, was to keep up its will o'the wisp nature.

He knew the store of Tiffin & Co. very well, having often been there with his father to make birthday and Christmas purchases when the family resided in New York. It had now ceased raining, and springing on a Broadway car, Ray was soon entering the extensive jewelry establishment on Union Square.

Glancing up at the clock over the doorway, he saw that it was after two. But he had not missed his lunch; he was far too excited to feel hunger.

Hastening directly towards the passenger

Hastening directly towards the passenger elevator, he pressed the electric button and eag-erly awaited the descent of the car. It appeared in a moment or two, and in the

It appeared in a moment of two, and in the young man at the rope Ray had no difficulty in recognizing the person of whom he was in search, for the crescent shaped scar was plainly visible, just beneath one corner of the small black mustache which the rather good looking

fellow wore.
"At last!" murmured our hero, and as soon as the ladies had left the elevator, he stepped up to the attendant and said pleasantly, "Your name is Dennis Hardy, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I understand that you picked up a package of papers out of the gutter on Sixth Avenue this morning."

"Yes, sir, I did. I thought somebody had thrown them away, but as there seemed to be so many together, I thought I'd pick them up and have a look at them."

"Yes, yes," interrupted Ray, impatiently. "They belonged to me. I dropped them out of my pocket, and they were very valuable."

"They were, sir!" sexlaimed the other in a tone of astonishment. "Why, it was only a story."

"And did you throw it away again?" faintly ejaculated our hero, almost collarsing against

"No, but I'm awfully sorry," was the reply.
"Wish I'd kept it now."
"What did you do with it, then? Not burn

it up?"
But the elevator had now filled again with

What do you do with it, then? Not ourn't up?"
But the elevator had now filled again with shoppers, and before he could reply, Dennis had to ask Ray to step inside, then close the door and start the car. Clearly our hero was to complete his interview under difficulties.

Between the first and second floors, Hardy snatched the opportunity to say:
"Oh, no, sir. It was too wet to burn. I just brought it along to the store here—Second floor, clocks and bronzes!"

Well, Ray tried to be as patient as he could, and by the time they had reached the fifth floor, he had ascertained, piece meal as it were, that Dennis, finding the manuscript to be a children's story, had given it to a small boy who was riding up and down in the elevator with him to kill time while his mother and sister were selecting stationery on which to send out invitations to the latter's wedding.

As soon as the elevator reached the ground floor again, Ray hastened to the stationery department, and soon succeeded in identifying the mother and daughter who had recently been there as Mrs. and Miss Vanderpoole, of Cincinnati.

"And have they give back there again?" exclaimed Ray, aghast.

"No, I believe they do not return before to morrow," replied the clerk. "I promised to send some samples of invitations up to their hotel this afternoon for them to decide on this evening."

"What Pierces" we seek a prevent.

what hotel is it?" asked Ray, quickly.
"The Riviera," was the answer, and possessing himself of the address, Ray was soon on the wing again.
His sole source of anxiety now was that the boy might have read the story through and thrown it away. He considered that he had been singularly fortunate to have traced it as far as he had, and now to lose it after all would be expressed in the had been singularly fortunate to have traced it as

far as he had, and now to lose it atter all would be exasperating to the last degree. A short ride in the car brought him to Hotel Riviera, where he presented himself at the desk with a query for Master Vanderpoole.

"Not home. They've gone to drive," was the reply.

the reply.
"I will wait till they come back then," said

Ray.

He turned to the register, lying open on the counter, and mechanically began to run his eye down the list of arrivals. Suddenly his listless gaze changed to one of the most rapt intens-ity, and his finger seemed fairly to burn itself into the page where it rested on the name

## PHILIP D. CULVER, Farmborough, N. Y.

Farmborough, N. Y.

"Is Mr. Culver in?" he asked of the clerk, in a voice husky with excitement.

"Yes, I think he is. What name, please."

"The same—Culver," replied Ray, on which the clerk pressed a button, and then placed a speaking tube in one of the many brass mouthed pipes behind the desk.

"Will be an excession."

speaking two in one of the pipes behind the desk.

"Will you please go straight up to his room, roo, third floor," he turned to say the next minute.

"I wonder how he'll receive me? I he must have known just who it wa when he asked me to come up. But why hasn't he let us hear from him before, or answered some of the advertisements Mr. Tresham has put in the papers for him?"

for him?"
So ran Ray's thoughts during the brief passage from the first story to the third. Then the elevator stopped, and the attendant pointed to a door almost directly opposite the

pointed to a door assistant.

Ray knocked, wondering if the act a turning point in as great a turning point in had Ray knocked, wondering if the act was not to usher in as great a turning point in his life as the accident on the Delaware had caused. But so absorbed was he in his reflections that his rap was too faint to be heard, and after waiting a considerable time for an answer, he was about to knock again, when the elevator halted at the floor once more to let out ayoung lady, an elderly one, and a little boy.

"I'll get that manuscript back first," our hero resolved, on the spur of the moment.

Turning quickly he tapped the boy on the shoulder and said: "What did you do with that story the elevator man at Tiffin & Co.'s gave you?"

gave you?"
"Oh, I read it and it was a tip topper. Then "Oh, I read it and it was a tip topper. I nen I let the pages fly off one after another out of the carriage window up by McComb's Dam. It was as good fun as so many kites. But I say, how did you know anything about it?" (To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-

#### NEVED SAV PAIL

KEEP pushing; 'tis wiser
Than sitting aside,
And dreaming, and sighing,
And waiting the tide.
In life's sorest battle They only prevail
ho daily march onward
And never say fail!

[This story commenced in No. 241.]

## THE Two Rivals;

## THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER XLVI.

A CUNNING SCHEME.

A CUNNING SCHEME.

"HE man spoke as a relation, and excused his intrusion: "For," said he, "I come to suggest to the daughter the means by which she can restore to her father his country and his honors."

At the word "father" Violante roused herself, and all her love for that father rushed back upon her with double force. It does so ever—we love most our parents at the mement when some tie less holy is abruptly broken; and wenn the conscience says, "There, at least, is a love that never has deceived thee!"

She saw before her a man of mild aspect and princely form. Peschiera (for it was he) had banished from his dress, as from his counterance, all that betrayed the worldly levily of his character. He was acting a part, and he dressed and looked it.

"My father!" she said quickly, and in Italiar. "What of him? And who are you, signor? I know you not."

Peschiera smiled benignly, and replied in a continuous much great respect was softened by a finite in wears I termiers.

Peschiera sinied beinginy, and reprint in tone in which great respect was softened by a kind of parental tenderness. "Suffer me to explain, and listen to me while

Doubtless you have heard of the Count di

I heard that name, as a child, when in Italy

"Pount's you have near of the Count of Peschiera?"

"I heard that name, as a child, when in Italy. And when she with whom I then dwelt (my father's aunt,) fell ill and died, I was told that my home in Italy was gone, that it had passed to the Count di Peschiera—my father's foe."
"And your father, since then, has taught you to hate this fancied foe?"
"Nay my father old but forbid me ever to breathe his name."
"Alas! what years of suffering and exile might have been saved your father, had he but been more just to his early friend and kinsman; nay, had he but less cruely concealed the secret of his retreat. Fair child, I am that Giulieranini, that Count di Peschiera. I am theman you have been told to regard as your father's foe. I am the man on whom the Austrian emperor bestowed his lands. And row judge if I am in truth the foe. I have come hither to seek your father, in order to disposess myself of my sovereign's gift. I have come but with one desire, to restore Alphonso to his native land, and to surrender the heritage that was forced upon me."
"My father, my dear father! His grand heart will have room once more. Oh! this is noble ennity, true revenge. I understand it, signor, and so will my father, for such would have been his revenge on you. You have seen him?"
"No, not yet. I would not see him till I

him?"

"No, not yet. I would not see him till I had seen yourself; for you, in truth, are the arbiter of his destinies, as of mine."

"I-count? I-arbiter of my father's destinies? Is it possible?"

Teschiera exclaimed, with a look of compas-

tinies? Is it possible?" Peschiere exclaimed, with a look of compassionate admiration, and in a tone yet more emphatically parental, "How lovely is that innocent joy; but do not indulge it yet. Perhaps it is a sacrifice which is asked from you—a sacrifice too hard to bear. Do not interrupt me. Listen still, and you will see why I could not speak to your father until I had obtained an interview with yourself. See why a word from you may continue still to banish me from his presence.
"You know, doubtless, that your father was one of the chiefs of a party that sought to free Northern Italy from the Austrians. I myself was at the onset a warm participator in that scheme. In a sudden moment I discovered that some of its more active projectors had coupled with a patriotic enterprise schemes of a dark nature—and that the conspiracy itself was about to be betrayed to the government. I wished to consult with your father; but he was at a distance. I learned that his life was condemed. Not an hour was to be lost. I took a bold resolve, that has exposed me to his suspicions, and to my country's wrath. But my main idea was to save him, my early friend, from death, and my country from fruit-less massare. friend, from death, and my country from fruit-

less massacre.
"I withdrew from the intended revolt. I sought at once the head of the Austrian government in Italy, and made terms for the lives of Alphonso and of the other more illustrious chiefs, which otherwise would have been forfeited. I obtained permission to undertake myself the charge of securing my kinsman in

#### THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

order to place him in safety, and to conduct him to a foreign land, in an exile that would cease when the danger was dispelled. But un-happly he deemed that I only sought to destroy

happily he deemed that I only sought to destroy him. He fled from my friendly pursuit. The soldiers with me were attacked by an intermeddling Englishman; your father escaped from Italy—concealing his retreat; and the character of his flight counteracted my efforts to obtain his pardon.

"The government conferred on me half his revenues, holding the other at its pleasure. I accepted the offer to save his whole heritage from confiscation. That I did not convey to him, what I pined to do—the information that I held but in trust what was bestowed by the government, and the full explanation of what seemed blamable in my conduct—was necesgovernment, and the full explanation of what seemed blamable in my conduct—was necessarily owing to the secrecy he maintained. I could not discover his refuge; but I never ceased to plead for his recall. This year only I have partially succeeded. He can be restored to his heritage and rank, on one proviso—a guarantee for his loyalty. That guarantee the government has named; it is the alliance of his only child with one whom the government can trist. trust.

can trust.
"It was the interest of all Italian nobility,

can trust.

"It was the interest of all Italian nobility, that the representation of a house so great falling to a female, should not pass away wholly from the direct line, in a word, that you should ally yourself with a kinsman. But one kinsman, and he the next in blood, presented himself. Brief—Alphonso regains all that he lost on the day in which his daughter gives her hand to Gluilo Franzini, Count di Peschiera!

"Ah," continued the count, mournfully, "you shrink—you recoil. He thus submitted to your choice is indeed unworthy of you. You are scarce in the spring of life. He is in his waning autumn. Youth loves youth. He does not aspire to your love. All that he can say is, love is not the only joy of the heart—it is joy to raise from ruin a beloved father—joy to restore, to a land poor in all but memories, a chief in whom it reverences a line of heroes. These are the joys I offer to you—you, a daughter, and an Italian maid. Still silent! Oh, speak to me!"

Certainly this Count Peschiera knew well how

to me!"
Certainly this Count Peschiera knew well how woman is to be wooed and won; and never was woman more sensitive to those high appeals the earnest womanhood which most move all true earnest womanhood

which most move all true earnest womanhood than was the young Violante. Fortune favored him in the moment chosen.

Harley was wrenched away from her hopes, and love a word erased from her language. In the void of the world, her father's image alone stood clear and visible. And she who from infancy had so pined to serve that father, who had first learned to dream of Harley as that father's friend, she could restore to him all for which the exile sighed; and by a sacrifice of self.

Self sacrifice, ever in itself such a temptation

all for which the exile sighed; and by a sacrifice of self.

Self sacrifice, ever in itself such a temptation to the noble! Still, in the midst of the confusion and disturbance of her mind, the idea of marriage with another seemed so terrible and revolting, that she could not at once conceive it; and still that instinct of openness and honor, which pervaded all her character, warned even her inexperience that there was something wrong in this clandestine appeal to herself.

Again the count besought her to speak; and with an effort she said, irresolutely:

"If it he as you say, it is not for me to answer you; it is for my father."

"Nay," replied Peschiera. "Pardon, if I contradict you. Do you know so little of your father as to suppose that he will suffer his interest to dictate to his pride? He would refuse, perhaps, even to receive my visite-the hear my

iather as to suppose that he will suffer his interest to dictate to his pride? He would refuse, perhaps, even to receive my \(^\*\)situate to hear my explanations; but certainly he would refuse to buy back his inheritance by the sacrifice of his daughter to one whom he has deemed his foe, and whom the mere disparity of years would incline the world to say he had made the barter of his personal ambition.

"But if I could go to him sanctioned by you, if I could say, Your daughter overlooks what the father might deem an obstacle—she has consented to accept my hand of her own free choice—she unites her happiness, and blends her prayers with mine—then, indeed, I could not fail of success; and Italy would pardon my errors, and bless your name. Ah, signorina, do not think of me save as an instrument toward the fulfillment of duties so high and sacred—think but of your ancestors, your father,

toward the fulfillment of duties so high and sacred—think but of your ancestors, your father, your native land, and reject not the proud occasion to prove how you revere them all!"
Violante's heart was touched at the right chord. Her head rose, her color came back to her pale cheek—she turned the glorious beauty of her countenance toward the wily tempter.

She was about to answer and seal her fate, when at that instant Harley's voice was heard at the state of the properties of the seal her fate when at that instant Harley's voice was heard at the state of the properties of the seal her fate.

when at that instant Harley's voice was heard at a little distance, and Nero came bounding toward her, and thrust himself, with rough familiarity, between herself and Peschiera.

The count drew back, and Violante, whose eyes were still fixed on his face, started at the change that passed there. One quick gleam of rage sufficed in an instant to light up the sinister secrets of his nature—it was the face of the baffled gladiator. He had time but for few words. words.

I must not be seen here," he muttered; "I must not be seen here," he muttered;
"but tomorrow—in these gardens—about this
hour, I implore you, for the sake of your father
—his hopes, fortunes, his very life, to guard the
secret of this interview—to meet me again,
Adieu!"

dieu!"
He vanished amidst the trees, and was gone
noiselessly, mysteriously, as he had come.

His last words were still ringing in Violante's ears when Harley appeared in sight, and the sound of his voice dispelled the vague and dreamy stupor which had crept over her senses,

At that voice there returned the consciousness of a mighty loss, the sting of an intolerable anguish. To neet Harley there, and thus, seemed impossible. She turned abruptly away, and hurried toward the house. Harley called her by name, but she would not answer, and only quickened her steps. He paused a moment in surprise, and then hastened after her. "Under what strange taboo am I placed?" said he gayly, as he laid his hand upon her shrinking arm. "I inquire for Helen—she is ill, and cannot see me. I come to sun myself in your presence, and you fly from me as if the gods and men had set their mark on my brow. Child!—child!—what is this? You are weeping?" At that voice there returned the consciousne

"Do not stay me now—do not speak to me,"
answered Violante through her stilling sobs, as
she broke from his hand and made toward the

house, "Have you a grief, and under the shelter of my father's roof? A grief that you will not tell to me? Cruel!" cried Harley, with inexpressable tendemess of reproach in his soft tones. Violante could not trust herself to reply, Ashamed of her self betrayal—softened yet more

Ashamed of her self betrayal—softened yet more by his pleading voice—she could have prayed to the earth to swallow her.

At length, checking back her tears by a heroic effort, she said, almost calmly: "Noble friend, forgive me. I have no grief, believe me, which—which I can tell you. I was but thinking of my poor father when you came up; alarming myself about him, it may be, with van superstitious fears; and so—even a slight surprise—your abrupt appearance, has sufficed to make me thus weak and foolish; but I wish to seemy father—to go home—home!"

"Your father is well, believe me, and pleased that you are here. No danger threatens him:

"Your father is well, believe me, and pleased that you are here. No danger threatens him; and you, here, are safe.
"I safe—and from what?"
Harley mused irresolute. He inclined to confide to her the danger which her father had concealed; but had he the right to do so against her father's will?
"Give me," he said, "time to reflect, and to obtain permission to intrust you with a secret which, in my judgment, you should know. Meanwhile, this much I may say, that rather than you should incur the danger that I believe he exaggerates, your father would have you he exaggerates, your father would have you have a protector—even in Randal Leslie."

Violante started.

Violante started.

"But," resumed Harley, with a calm, in which a certain deep mournfulness was apparent, unconsciously to himself—"but I trust you are reserved for a fairer fate and nobler spouse. I have vowed to live henceforth in the common workday world. But for you, bright child, for you, I am a dreamer still!"

Violante turned her eyes for one instant toward the melancholy speaker. The look thrilled to his heart. He bowed his face involuntarily.

When he looked up, she had left his side.
He did not this time attempt to follow her, but

He did not this time attempt to follow her, but moved away, and plunged amid the trees. An hour afterward he reentered the house, and again sought to see Helen. She had now recovered sufficiently to give him the interview requested.

He approached her with a grave and serious inteness.

He approached her with a grave and gentleness.

"My dear Helen," said he, "you have consented to be my wife, my life's mild companion; let it be soon—soon—for I need you. I need all the strength of that holy tie. Helen, let me press you to fix the time."

"I owe you too much," answered Helen, looking down, "to have a will but yours. But your mother," she added, perhaps clinging to the idea of some reprieve—"your mother has not yet—"

the idea of some reprieve—"your mother has not yet—"
" "My mother—true. I will speak first to her. You shall receive from my family all honordue to your gentle virtues. Helen, by the way, have you mentioned to Violante the bond between us?"

tween us?"
"No—that is, I fear I may have unguardedly betrayed it, against Lady Lansmere's commands

-but-but-"
So Lady Lansmere forbade you to name it to Violante. This should not be. I will answer for her permission to revoke that interfict. It is due to Violante and to you. Tell your young friend all. Ah, Helen, if I am at times cold or wayward, bear with me—bear with me; for you love me, do you not?" to'Violante.

### CHAPTER XLVII.

CONCERNING FRANK HAZELEDAN.

CONCERNING FRANK HAZELEDAN.

ARLY the next morning Randal received two notes—one from Frank, written in great agitation, begging Randal to see and propitiate his father, whom he feared he had grievously offended; and then running off, rather incoherently, into protestations that his honor as well as his affections were engaged irrevocably to Beatrice, and that her, at least, he could never abandon.

And the second note was from the squire himself—short, and far less cordial than usual—requesting Mr. Lesile to call on him.

Randal dressed in haste, and went at once to Limmer's Hotel.

He found the parson with Mr. Hazeldean, and

He found the parson with Mr. Hazeldean, and endeavoring in vain to soothe him. The squire had not slept all night, and his appearance was

"Oho! young Mr. Leslie," said he, throwing himself back in his chair as Randal entered— It hought you were a friend—I thought you were Frank's adviser. Explain, sir; explain,"

"Gently, my dear Mr. Hazeldean," said the parson, "You do but surprise and alarm Mr. Leslie. Tell him more distinctly what he has to explain."

Leslie. Tell mm more unantic to explain."

"Did you or did you not tell me or Mrs. Hazeidean, that Frank was in love with Violante Rickeybockey." demanded the squire.

'I! Never, sir!" exclaimed Randal, as if in deep amazement. "I feared, on the contrary,

Hazeldean, that Frank was in love with Violante Rickeybockey?" demanded the squire.

'11 Never, sir l' exclaimed Randal, as if in deep amazement. "I feared, on the contrary, that he was somewhat enamored of a very different person. I hinted at that possibility. I could not do more, for I did not know how far Frank's affections were seriously engaged. And indeed, sir, Mrs. Hazeldean, though not encouraging the idea that your son could marry a foreigner, did not appear to consider such objections insuperable, if Frank's happiness were really at stake."

Here the poor squire gave way to a burst of passion, that involved, in one tempest, Frank, Randal, Harry herself, and the whole race of foreigners and women.

While the squire was still incapable of hearing reason, the parson, taking aside Randal, convinced himself that the whole affair, so far as Randal was concerned, had its origin in a very natural mistake; and that while that young gentleman had been hinting at Beatrice, Mrs. Hazeldean had been thinking of Violante. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in conveying this explanation to the squire, and somewhat appeasing his wrath against Randal.

And the dissimulator, seizing his occasion, then expressed so much grief and astonishment at learning that matters had gone so far as the parson had informed him—that Frank had actually proposed to Beatrice, been accepted, and engaged himself before communicating with his father; he declared so carnestly, that he could never imagine such evil—that he had had Frank's positive promise to take no step without the sanction of his parents; he professed such sympathy with the squire's wounded feelings, and such regret at Frank's involvement, that Mr. Hazeldean at last yielded up his heart to his consoler—and gripping Randal's hand, said, "Well, well, I wronged you—beg your pardon. What now is to be done?"

"Why, you cannot consent to this marriage—impossible," replied Randal; "and we must hope therefore to influence Frank, by his sense of duty."

"That's it," said the s

That's it." said the squire: "for I'll not give

"That's it," said the squire; "for I'll not give way. Pretty pass things have come to, indeed! A widow, too, I hear."
"But," said the parson mildly, "perhaps we may be unjustly prejudiced against this lady. We should have consented to Violante—why not to her? She is of good family."
"Certainly," said Randal.
"And good character?"
Randal shook his head, and sighed. The squire caught him roughly by the arm—"Answer the parson!" cried he, vehemently.
"Indeed, sir, I cannot speak ill of the character of a woman, who may, too, be Frank's

"Indeed, sir, I cannot speak ill of the character of a woman, who may, too, be Frank's wife; and the world is ill natured, and not to be believed. But you can judge for yourself, my dear Mr. Hazeldean. Ask your brother whether Madame di Negra is one whom he would advise his nephew to marry." "My brother!" exclaimed the squire furiously. "Consult my distant brother on the affairs of my own son!" "He is a man of the world," put in Randal. "And of feeling and honor," said the parson; "and, perhaps, through him, we may be enabled to enlighten Frank, and save him from what appears to be the snare of an artful woman." "Meanwhile," said Randal, "I will seek

what appears to be the share of an artist woman."

"Meanwhile," said Randal, "I will seek Frank, and do my best with him. Let me go now—I will return in an hour or so."

"I will accompany you," said the parson.

"Nay, pardon me. But I think we two young men can talk more openly without a third person, even so wise and kind as you."

"Let Randal go," growled the squire. And Randal went.

"Let Randai go, g. on. Randai went.

He spent some time with Frank, and the reader will easily divine how that time was employed. As he left Frank's lodgings, he found himself suddenly seized by the squire himself. "I was too impatient to stay at home, and listen to the parson's prosing," said Mr. Hazel-the challen Dale off,

"I was too impatient to stay at home, and listen to the parson's prosing," said Mr. Hazeldean, nervously. "I have shaken Dale off. Tell me what has passed. Oh! don't fear—I'm a man, and carr bear the worst." Randal drew the squire's arm within his, and led him into the adjacent park.
"My dear sir," said he, sorrowfully, "this is very confidential what I am about to say. I must repeat it to you, because without such confidence, I see not how to advise you on the proper course to take. But if I betray Frank, it is for his good, and to his own father—only conndence, I see not how to advise you on the proper course to take. But if I betray Frank, it is for his good, and to his own father—only do not tell him. He would never forgive me—it would forever destroy my influence over him."

—it would forever destroy my influence over him."

"Go on, go on," gasped the squire; "speak out, I'll never tell the ungrateful boy that I learned his secrets from another."

"Then," said Randal, "the secret of his entanglement with Madame di Negra is simply this—he found her in debt—nay, on the point of being arrested—"

"Debt!—arrested!"

"And in paying the debt himself, and saving her from arrest, he conferred on her the obligation which no woman of honor could accept save from her affianced husband. Poor Frank

-if sadly taken in, still we must pity and for-

—if sadly taken in, still we must pity and forgive him."
Suddenly, to Randal's great surprise, the
squire's whole face brightened up.
"I see, I see!" he exclaimed, slapping his
thigh. "I have it.—I have it. "Tis an affair of
money! I can buy her off. If she took money
from him, why, then, she'll take it from me. I
don't care what it gosts—balf my fortune—all!
I'd be content never to see Hazeldean Hall
again if I could save my see, my own son, from
disgrace and misery; for miserable he will be
when he knows he has broken my heart and his
mother's. And for a creature like that! My
boy, a thousand hearty thanks to you. Where
does the wretch live? I'll go to her at once in
my own person."

And as he spoke, the squire actually pulled
out his pocket book and began turning over
and counting the bank notes in it.
Randal'a first tried to combat this bold resolution on the part of the squire; but Mr. Hazeldean had seized on it with all the obstinacy
of his straightforward English mind. He cut
Randal's persuasive eloquence off in the very
midst.
"Don't waste vour breath. I've settled it;
"

midst.
"Don't waste your breath. I've settled it; and if you don't tell me where she lives, 'tis easily found out, I suppose."
Randal mused a moment. "After all,"
Kandal mused a moment be sure so to speak as to enlist her pride against himself, and to irritate Frank to the utmost. Let him
"O"

go."
Accordingly, he gave the information required; and, insisting with great earnestness on the squire's promise not to mention to Madame di Negra his knowledge of Frank's pecuniary aid (for that would betray Randal as the information). aid (for that would betray Randal as the inform-ant); and satisfying himself as he best might with the squire's prompt assurance "that he knew how to settle matters, without saying why or wherefore, so long as he opened his purse wide enough," he accompanied Mr. Hazeldean back into the street, and there left him, fixing an hour in the evening for an interview at Lim-mer's, and hinting that it would be best to have that interview without the presence of the parson.

parson.
"Excellent good man," said Randal, "but not with sufficient knowledge of the world for affairs of this kind, which you understand so

"I should think so," quoth the squire, who had quite recovered his good humor. "And the parson is as soft as buttermilk. We must be firm here—firm, sir."

parson is as soit as outtermik. We must be firm here—firm, sir."

And the squire struck the end of his stick on the pavement, nodded to Fandal, and went on to Mayfair as sturdily and as confidently as if to purchase a prize cow at a cattle show.

Kandal, thus left musing alone in the crowded streets, revolved with astute complacency the probable results of Mr. Hazeldean's bluff negotiation; and convincing himself that one of his vistas toward Fortune was becoming more open and clear, he turned with the restless activity of some founder of destined cities in a new settlement, to lop the boughs that cumbered and obscured the others.

And now Randal has reached Levy's dainty.

have settlement, or hy the coughs mad com-ben and obscured the others.

An and obscured the others,

An and obscured the others,

An and obscured have redeep in discussion
how to secure to himself, at the sense of his
patron, the representation of Campense of his
how to complete the contract which shall reannex to his forlorn inheritance some fragments
of its ancient wealth.

Meanwhile, chance fought on his side in the
boudoir of Mayfair. The squire had found the
marchesa at home—briefly introduced himself
and his business—told ther she was mistaken if

and his business—told her she was mistaken she had fancied she had taken in a rich heir his son-that, thank Heaven, he could leave his his son—that, thank rieaven, he could leave ma-estates to his plowman, if he so pleased, but that he was willing to do things liberally; and what-ever she thought Frank was worth, he was very

ever she thought Frank was worth, he was very ready to pay for.

At another time Beatrice would perhaps have laughed at this strange address; or she might, in some proudermoment, have fired up with all a patrician's resentment and a woman's pride; but now her spirit was crushed, her nerves shattered; the sense of her degraded position, of her dependence on her brother, combined with her supreme unhappiness at the loss of those dreams with which Leonard had for a while charmed her wearied waking life—all these came upon her.

She listened, pale and speechless; and the poor squire thought he was quietly advancing toward a favorable result, when she suddenly burst into a passion of hysterical tears; and just at that moment Frank himself entered the

At the sight of his father, of Beatrice's grief, At the sight of his father, of Beatrice's grief, his sense of filial duty gave way. He was maddened by irritation—by the insult offered to the woman he loved, which a few trembling words from her explained to him; maddened yet more by the fear that the insult had lost her to him warm words ensued between son and father, to

warm words ensued between son and rather, to close with the peremptory command and wehe-ment threat of the last, "Come away this instant, sir! Come with me, or before the day is over I strike you out of my will!"

me, or betore the day is over a service in my will!"

The son's answer was not to his father; he threw himself at Beatrice's feet.

"Forgive him—forgive us both—"

"What! you prefer that stranger to me—to the inheritance of Hazeldean!" cried the squire, stamping his foot.

"Leave your estates to whom you will; all that! care for in life is here!"

(To be continued.)



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be changed.

riber is notified three weeks before the subscription, and, if he does not renew, ped at the end of the time paid for. onck numbers inclose 5 cents for each copy Manuacript will be returned unless under the control of the control of

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. Halgrove's Ward" was one of the most popular stories the ARGOSY ever brinted, and

#### MY FRIEND SMITH. BY TALBOT BAINES BEED,

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 bathetic 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 The Suez Canal, which has proved so Europe. 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 inven-tions, but of marvelous rapidity in the fashioning of things out of the raw materials. Every thing has come to be so systematized and portioned 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 The dealer to whom she applied special kind. 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: I saw some time ago in the Argosy that you gave advice to a young man who was in trouble. I write 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 be 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 Aryosy is \$3 a year, \$1.50 for six months, \$1 for four months. For \$5 we will send two ies one year, to different addresses if de-

#### 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 about two years, and the least I can say of it that it is A No. 1 in every respect. My father rea it regularly.

John C. Moore

ABERDEEN, MISS., Sept. 11, 1888.
I would not be without the Argosy for anything is the best paper I ever saw. I like "The Los ace" very much. The Argosy can't be beat.
J. B. McFarland.

J. B. McFarland.
Youngstown, O., Aug. 20, 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.

EDWARD CLARK.

SPARTA, ILL., Aug., 28, 1838.

Although not a boy, being thirty years of age, 1 take the Akoosy, 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 the akoosy about a year ago, entitled. "How They Wrote."

W. A. GAULT.

WILMINGTON, DEL., SEPI. 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 traders, Reward? Bother the reviage number of craders. Reward? Bother the reviage and seen with the lending that the lending that were a daily instead of weekly. By lending readers, Reward? Bother the reviage and seen with the lending that the lending t

#### DANIEL S. LAMONT.

"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 gen-

erally 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 Al-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 bers, as a testimonial to the efficient way in which his duties were performed.

In 1876 John Bigelow, who was then Secre tary of State, had Mr. Lamont for his chief clerk, and the late Edgar K. Apgar as his deputy secretary. This cemented the friendship be tween 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 daughter of a neighbor in his home at Mc Grawville, and has two children.

#### STICK TO VOUR RUSINESS

A NEW YORK daily, which like the Argosy is often requested to supply suggestions to young

men seeking to betterthemselves, 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 t h e two young wrote that he was twenty three years of age, and established in a paying business, but would prefer to become an actor. The other, same age, was a commercial traveler, who, tired of "living in a handbag and sample case. had saved \$500,



DANIEL S. LAMONT. From a Photograph by Bell.

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 espec ially 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 alfairs 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, love us.—Dickens.

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

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 booty against ourselves; our consciences direct us one way, our corruptions hurry us another.—L' Estrange.

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.

ne dominon of nope.

This evil fortune which attends extraordinary nen hath been imputed to divers causes that need to be set down when so obvious a one occurs, hat when a great genius appears the dunces are ill 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 lotter character.—Sir Walter Soft.

#### THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

#### THE POWER OF THE WILL.

THE POWER OF THE WILL.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

All is waste and worthless, till
Arrives the wise selecting will.
Then temples rose, and 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 tuilfilled 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.

CHAPTER VI.

A TRECHEROUS FRIEND.

"HEN the schooner has sailed without me!" exclaimed Livy Wooster, as soon as he could get a chance to speak, for Captain Ridgefield and Landy had done all the talking after the astounding discoveovery 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 trun' nor what he wanted to get in your howestested the assistant. "He only said get a lot of money, and he would get a lot of money, and he would get a lot of money, and he would get a lot of would keep watch outsid."

"You can go now," said C somewhat to the astonishmer

"Where shall I go?"
Livy blankly.

"Go where you like:

"we want you for whith done, we can find the master of the?

"If the Vultu hain't got any p!
I hain't got a cerrepited Livy, we despair in his to "You may ce fast in about at.

"You may ce fast in about at.

you may ce fast in about at. A TREACHEROUS FRIEND.

"You may co you may go do where the boat w where the boat was is there now, and h can about Dunk and said the captain, who older to get rid of the fellow present.

said the captain, who object to get rid of the fellow present.

Livy promised to go to the plaindicated 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; and the 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 wo.ld have done better to let him alone."

"Do yeu 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 bulled 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

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

You said there was over a thousand dollars

"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

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 carreo."

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

"He coulon's monay,"
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 set-

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 anythin 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 Lan-

age 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 he 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 Well pool's house, and another family moved yesterday."

yesterday."
"Who is the fami" "The man's

over fro

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 salled 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

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 brass guns and the ammunition schooner; and to a mong the reconstruction of the control of the contro



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 onboard 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."

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 vould 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.

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 hen 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-

up to the place where we landed. Then I went down to the wharf, and a man told me the schooner had salled for New York, and that the captain was going to live there; but I knew he was not going there."

This 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.

A RACE OF GIGANTIC SAVAGES.

The was a full week before Captain Ridgefield was ready to sail for the divant 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 togo with him, consisting of his wife, daughter and son.

Nearly a year before he had purchased four twelve 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.

Live Wooster staid in Channelport, for the

least to the town in which the been spent.
Livy W coster staid in Channelport, 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.

about them?" replied the captain.

"They are called the Seris Indians, and it says they will average over six feet high. 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. Ridge-field, who was watching the receding shore with her daughter Melicent, whom everybody called

field, 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 we a gread get and gratitude to these big Indians for keeping all settlers, and even all visitors, from our island. In ever should have obtained the concession if it had not been that these giants of savages have rendered Isora practically of 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 iun 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

known acoust the known acoust 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, Lan-

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

suggested Landy, who could not help feeling a little apprehension.

"I hope you won't go there, Stacy," protested the wife.

I haven't the least fear of them," answered the captain. "I am as sure as I can be of any-thing that I can manage them without the least

difficulty."

"Do you think you can do so much more than anybody else has been able to do, Stacy?" asked the lady, asked the lady, and the state of the lady, and the lady of the lady of

would start with

atch, so that the captain need not be suspected

atch, so that the captain need not be suspected if avoring his son.

Before night everything on board was workg smoothly, and even the captain's wife and 
ughter were happy in the prospect before 
tem, in spite of the terrible giants of the island 
(Thire of the captain in the prospect before 
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Tiburon. However interesting the long voyage of near-

However interesting the long voyage of nearly four months was to the family of Captain Ridgefield, the limits of this story will not admit of any description of it, for nothing less than a volume could do justice to it.

The family circle remained unbroken, and they had ample room for housekeeping in the large cabin of the schooner, for when the captain built the vessel he had an eye to the comfort of his wife and children, who had occasionally made a voyage with him, and were almost as much at home on the ocean as in the house at Channelport.

They had left no one behind, as is generally say with voyagers on the sea, and they will have the control of the co

rasted, and none of it

are three or four boats, full of big Indians,

are three or four boats, tui of dig ammaking for the schooner!

"That vessel is the Vulture, and Wellpool has a good chance to be wiped out, with all his family," said Captain Ridgefield.

It looked as though an attack had been made.

(70 be continued.)

#### CHILDHOOD'S FAIRIES.

WHEN the wind comes cool from the drowsy west, And the sun goes down and the shadows die, And the sounds of the day are hushed to rest, And the stars are lit in the deepening sky, Then the tree toads lift their filckering cry, And the crickets chirrup their virelays, And I think at the flash of a glittering thy—These are the fairies of childhood days.

[This story commenced in No. 296.]

# The Lost Race,

THE UNKNOWN RIVER: A STORY OF CENTRAL AFRICA. By DAVID KER,

> CHAPTER XXXII. DEATH TO LIFE.

ament that the distant t that the distant white man was fol-by a dead The bare a white

He spoke truly, for Nkosi's canoe, urged by the old warrior's powerful arm, was already alongside the drifting boat. A few minutes more sufficed to bring both to the landing place, and the eager watchers on the bank started back with a muttered exclamation of horror at the sight which confirmed, and even surpassed, their

and the eager watchers on the bank started back with a muttered exclamation of horror at the sight which confirmed, and even surpassed, their worst fears.

Before them lay the long lost boy, so fearibly changed that almost the only token of his identity was the famous black and white bracelet which Pat O'Comor's eyes had recognized as it which Pat O'Comor's eyes had recognized as it drooped helplessly on the shrunken arm that changed the started body, which the few shreds of clothing that changed help the shrunder of the canoe. More than one terrible contained upon it but ill protected against the scorching sun. Burned, blistered, torn, covered with sores, and shriveded into a mere case of bones, which seemed actually pricking through with sores, and shriveded into a mere case of bones, which seemed actually pricking through help with sores, and shriveded into a mere case of bones, which seemed actually pricking through help with sores, and shrived a fine and of safety in the puckered skin, the disfigured form looked much more like a skeleton swathed in parchaent than a living body.

Becau more frightful was the change that had back and the shaded of the shaded which seemed transform and start of the shaded with the shaded with the shaded with the shaded winkled mask fersh, comely face of a fine lad of sixteen; they now beheld it as the faded, wrinkled mask of an old man of sixty. Indeed, few sixty year old Englishmen or Americans would not have looked quite hale and hearty beside this sunken, ghastly visage, out of which the hollow eyes looked being hale and hearty beside this sunken, ghastly visage, out of which the hollow eyes looked quite hale and hearty beside this sunken, ghastly visage, out of which the hollow eyes looked quite hale and hearty beside this sunken, ghastly visage, out of which the hollow eyes looked duited who appeared to have regained as habitual coolness as suddenly as he had lost feeling the living corpoes's pulse with one while he cautiously drew back the eyelid and the living or one o

d this agreeable intelli-ar's voice assumed a roll if he imagined himself ich he very probably

nce to our camp ring him rou

e hopefully than ime poor Charlie e most experienced whether life still lin-

who, to do him justice, o save the poor boy of ad spoken so coolly—was nat little could be hoped from the condition of the remedies that he condition that the condition of the remedies that he condition that the right, and still there was no

The stater night, and still there was no no famendment.

Ir. Goodman watched night and day beside mephew, seeming to require neither food nor As for poor Pat, he was completely en down, and would in all probability have from sheer despair, had not Stanley kept up by the assurance that, he being now vernor General of the Congo State, neither adile nor any one else was allowed. marile nor any one else was allowed to die within its borders without a special permission from himself, which nothing on earth could induce him to grant in the present case; and the official weight of this guarantee comforted bonest Par bot a little

official weight of this guarantee comforted honest Pat not a little, But, with or without the Governor General's permission, poor Charlie seemed only too likely to leave his bones on the outskirts of that wild region from which he had so strangely returned. At last, on the twelfth night after hir reappearance, the crisis came.

Mr. Goodman, whom Stanley had literally dragged away from his nephew's bec'side, had sunk into the heavy, torpid, unrefreshing sleep of utter exhaustion. From this he was sud-denly aroused by a hearty slap on the shoulder, and Dr. Hardhead's familiar voice saying in his ear—

All's well now, my old friend—he'll livet!"

"Thank God!" said the missionary, grasping his said till the joints cracked.

"Thank God!" said the missionary, grasping his hand till the joints cracked.

"Thank God!" eschoed Stanley, appearing in the doorway of the hut with a radiant face. But he was suddenly knocked aside as if by the rush of a lion, and Pat O'Connor, shooting like a rocket through the doorway, fung himself upon the little doctor's neck with such energy that they both rolled on the ground.

"Gently, Pat, gently," said Mr. Googman, catching him by the arm. "If you make a ratching him by the arm. "If you make a thin hack alter all,"

"Is it 'throw him back,' ye mane "? ricied Pat, with a look of dismay. "Troth, then; it's mysiff that'll go and how loutside; for if I don't get out a big hullabaloo some way, it's burstin! 'Ill be inthirely."

Out darted Pat, accordingly, and rushing into the forest, whooped and yelled till he had no voice left, and then came back as quiet as a lamb to watch his foster brother lying in a sleep so deep and dreamless that only Dr. Hardhead's practiced eye could distinguish it from death itself.

shoot those possessed arrows, Susan r" asked her husband.
"I don't believe they can send them even one mile, a half a mile or a quarter of a mile."
"Or even three hundred feet, while my brass guns are good for a mile. I promise as faithfully as a man can, that I will not let one of these bloodthirsty monsters come within a mile of you. I was in the army during the war, and I know how to handle a gun, for I was in a battery, and came out a captain, though I went in as a private."

as a private."

"Mr. Pitburn was in the same battery
Landy put in, referring to the mate of the

"So was Bockus Poole; and that makes three of us that know how to handle a field piece; and the rest of the crew can soon learn from

us."
"But there are three hundred of the savages,"

said the lady.
"The more the merrier, for we could take care of as many of them as can stand up this side of sundown."

stue of sundown."

Captain Ridgefield succeeded in producing in the minds of those who heard him some of his own contempt for the savages described in the article, which doubtless appeared in most of the papers all over the country.

the papers all over the country.

Possibly the master of the Albatross took al-Possibly the master of the Albátross took al-dogether too supercilious a view of the natives of the island, for if they had crossed over to the main land, and ravaged the homes of the set-thers there, they were certainly a foe that was not to be readily suppressed. Before noon the schooner was out of sight of lant, and the captain had given up the helm to the second mate, Bockus Poole, and the busi-ness of dividing the crew into two watches was in progress.

The captain kept the starboard watch himself, though the second mate was a member of it, and Landy, who was considered as good a seaman as any on board, was in Mr. Pitburn's terrible savages, if it proved to be possible.

"There is another island," shouted Landy from the forecastle, where he was observing the surroundings of his new home, as the schooner passed the last point of Tiburon.

"That's Isora," replied his father, who was in the waist.

in the waist.
"Where is it? Let me see it!" cried Milly,

as she went forward with her mother.
"It isn't a very big island," continued Landy, when all the family had gathered near the fore-

when all the family had gatheren near the foremast.

"It is less than four miles long, and about two in width," said the captain, as he brought his spyglass to bear upon the island. "It has one of the finest bays I ever went into at the farther end of it; and that is the only place on it where a landing can be made."

In half an hour the Albatross was approaching the entrance to this bay; but the passage to it was so narrow that the bay itself could not be seen, and the captain had taken the wheel to pilot the vessel into it.

"There is a schooner in the bay!" shouted

"There is a schooner in the bay!" shouted andy, who kept his place at the heel of the

bowsprit,
"What does she look like?" called Captain
"Does she show any colors?" Ridgefield. "Does she show any colors?"
"No colors in sight; but she looks like an American vessel. She is a schooner, about as big as the Albatross."

American vessel. She is a schooner, about as big as the Albatross."

The captain had been confident that he should reach Isora before the Vulture, and he was not willing to admit that the schooner was Captain Wellpool's vessel, even to himself, though the description fitted her.

At the right time the captain tacked ship, and stood directly towards the entrance to Perla Bay, as the Mexicans called it, and in a few minutes more he could see the schooner which Landy had described to him.

"There is a big row in there!" shouted Landy, who had gone a little way up the fore rigging to obtain a better view of the bay. "There

with his usual impetuosity, darted bank (learing his way recklessly through matted boughs and tangled creepers) in order to get a nearer view of the driftling boat, which approached with provoking slowness, the river being at this point very broad and muddy, and with the providing slowness to crinary some of the providing the providing store of the providing the p

flowing with much less than its ordinary speed.

Dr. Hardhead gave a half smile at Pat's head payed and payed and payed and a frightful cry came pealing from the gloomy thickets into which O'Connor had disappeared. It was unmistakably Pat's voice, but so full of grief, horror, and utter d spair, that the war whoop of a hostile trobe close behind them could be the control of the summer and the doctor were running like mad in the direction of the sound, while Stanley, shouting to Nkosi to push off in another cance to meet the one that bore the seeming corpose, flew after them at a pace that few men could have equaled.

But before they could come up with O'Connor, words reached them which made their sun browned faces turn pale to the very lips.

"Och, Masther Charlie, Masther Charlie I stirt have meet again? How could ye die and lave me lonesome in the world by mysilf? Bit is St last won't be long after ye, acushla. Be sing to the eye of the overly could be wid ye!" He strang to the edge of the overhammer bank.

id ye!"
He sprang to the edge of the overhanging bank

He sprang to the edge of the overhanging bank as he spoke, and in another moment would have plunged headlong into the river to reach his aroutie, had not Stanley's strong hand seized his arm in a grasp of iron.

"Gently, my boy, gently; don't be a fool! If this is really Charlie, you'll do more good by helping us to bring him round than by going and drowning yourself for nothing. He's likely enough to be still alive, for he was a fine strong fellow. See, Nkosi's got up to him already, and here's a first rate place to bring him ashore."

Charlie's recovery, once begin, progressed steadily, though slowly, and as soon as Dr. Hardhead thought it safe to remove him, the whole party headed down the river again to the Baondo village, at the junction of the Aruwini and the Congo, for by this time the rains were commencing in earnest, and to remain where they were would have been only adding the risk of fever to the other perils which threatened

risk of fever to the other peris when when them,
In fact, there was now nothing left for them to do. They had recovered their lost boy, they had made friends with the principal local chiefs, and no farther exploration was possible for the present.

"As soon as our invalid's fit to travel any distance," said Stanley, "we'll just carry him down to Equator Station. He'll be as snug there as anywhere; and there are one or two matters that I must see to among the people of the district."

the district."
All this while Charlie had not said a word All this while Charlie had not said a word about his adventures on the northern side of the Congo, and he showed such signs of distress and terror at any allusion to the subject, that no one liked to question him about it. But as his strength returned his nerves grew steadier, and one evening he agreeably surprised Mr. Good-

one liked to question him about it. But as his strength returned his nerves grew steadier, and one evening he agreeably surprised Mr. Goodman (who was sitting beside him) by saying, quite in his old cheery way:

"Uncle, I see you're all burning to know what I've been doing since you lost sight of me, and I'd have told you the whole story long ago, only I couldn't stand thinking of it while my head was so weak, because it made me feed just as if I were going through it all again. But now I don't think it'll hurt me to tak about it, and if you care to hear my adventures, I'll tell you as much as I can."

The missionary lost no time in assembling his companions, and in a trice our hero was surrounded by Stanley, Dr. Hardhead, and Mr. Goodman himself, while Pat O'Connor, squatting on the floor at Charlie's feet, drank in every word that his favorite uttered.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII. THE UNKNOWN RIVER.

EGINNING with the memorable night upon which he and Pat were cast adrift by the treachery of Tiago Valdez, Charlie told his adventures simply and clearly, his hearers listening with ever growing amazement, till at last he came to his meeting with the "White Africans."

the "White Africans."
At this point Dr. Hardhead gave a start, looked fixedly at the speaker, and then shook his head with an air of deep, though gentle, re-

his head with an air of deep, though gentle, re-proach,
"I saved this boy's life," said he, more in sorrow than in anger, "and now he's attempt-ing to upset my theory."
"Well, my dear doctor," remarked Stanley, trying hard not to laugh, "he can only tell what he has seen, you know."
"It that were all, I should have no objection to make," retorted the doctor, snappishly; "but a patient just recovering from fever and de-larium is rather apt to tell what he has not seen."

Our hero's farther adventures with the " Lost Race" were listened to with marked disap-proval by the learned doctor, and with undisguised interest by Stanley, who, when Charlie began to describe his captivity among the Niam

Niams, asked eagerly:

"Are you quite sure, my boy, that the river you were on was called the Wellé Ma-

"Quite sure," answered Charlie, firmly. "I heard them say it too often to make any mis-

heard them say it too often to make any mistake."

Stanley's face brightened visibly, while Dr.
Hardhead began to look as if he would like to
strangle Charlie on the spot.

There was no farther interruption, however,
until Thorne came to his being tied up to be
eaten. Here Pat O'Connor, driven wild by the
very thought of his foster brother's peril,
jumped up with a yell worthy of Donnybrook
Fair, and executed a kind of demon dance all
round the room, winding up by standing on his
head and turning three or four somersaults in
quick succession; after which he sat down
again with a perfectly grave face, as if it were
some one else who had been doing all this, and
he himself were quite ashamed of him.

"The moment I saw that savage wake up
and look at me as I was trying to steal off," resumed Charlie, "I knew that my only chance
was to make a dash for it. I snatched a brand
from the fire, and thrust it into the thatch of
the nearest but, which, being dry as tinder,
went up in one great blaze, crackling and hissing like anything. I fired three or four more
luits as quick as I could, and set up the Waikator yell ould enough to be heard a mile off, to
make them think the camp was being attacked;
and then I turned and bolted down to the river

and yell loud enough to be heard a mile off, to make them think the canp was being sittacked; and the tirmed and bolted down to the river as harri as I could pet.

"Three or four of the cannibals caught sight of me as I ran, and let fly their arrows after me; but by good luck they all missed. However, it struck me I might just as well let 'em think they'd done for me, so I gave an awfur struck, as if I'd been hard hit, and tumbled heard foremens tinto the river." All that was how the story got abroad that you'd been kiled in trying to escape, then?" said Mr. Goodman. "Upon my word, you seem have managed the whole thing admirably; I see you haven't been with Mr. Stanley for nothing:

"When I came up again," continued Thorne,

"I found myself close to a canoe moored under the bank, and scrambled on board, just in time to find myself face to face with a big Niam Niam! I suppose he'd been having a nap in the boat, and was awakened by the row from the burning village. I was just going to make a dab at him with my knife, but he started back so suddenly at sight of me that he lost his balance and fell overboard. One slash of my knife cut the mooring rope of dried grass, and away I went full split down the river. "Luckily, the paddles were in the canoe, and

kinte cut the mooring rope of dried grass, and away I went full split down the river.

"Luckily, the paddles were in the canoe, and so I could manage to guide her a bit; but it was tough work. I made for the other side at once, partly to put the river between me and the cannibals, and partly because, when we came up the stream before, I noticed that nearly all the villages were on the right bank. But it was 'out of the frying pan into the fire' with me in one way, for the left bank was all thick bushes and tall grass, and fairly swarming with gadflies, which kept on stinging me all over till I thought they'd have driven me stark mad, especially when they found out the cuts that the cords had made in my wrists, and the other raw places on my skin—and there were plenty of them, I can tell you.

"All the next day I went slowly down stream, keeping under the shadow of the bushes as

other raw places on my skin—and there were plenty of them, I can tell you.

"All the next day I went slowly down stream, keeping under the shadow of the bushes as much as I could, for fear some more savages should heave in sight; but that day I saw none. It was a tough job, though, for me to work the paddle at all; for I felt so sick and queer, that I hardly knew what I was doing.

"Luckily, my friend the cannibal had stowed away some plantains and dried fish in his cance, meaning to go out for a day's fishing, I suppose; so I was pretty well off for food the first day. But it down it saw at all. I kept on drinking though, as if I'd drink the river dry; but it wasn't a scrap of use. I seemed to be thirsty outside as well as in; and five minutes after I'd drunk fit to bust myself, I'd be just as bad as ever. My whole body seemed to be one big pain, with smaller ones shooting off from it; and the worst of all was that I felt as if I'd have given all the money in the Bank of England for one half hour's sleep, and yet I couldn't sleep to save my life.

"On the second morning I saw some black fellows fishing on the other side of the river, so I kept closer than before under the trees on my side, in spute of the gadfiles, which were worse than ever. By this time the food that I had found in the cance (which wasn't a very big supply, anyhow) was all gone, so that day I had nothing to eat at all; but I was so sick and broke up that if I had had food, I don't think I should have cared to eat it. Almost the only thing I managed to do was to get out the Niam Niam's net, and try for some fish; but it was no use: I never caught a thing.

"Towards noon on the third morning I saw something that gave me a fine start—two cances coming down stream on my side of the river, so list had that he can be a sin and broke up that if I had had food, I don't think I should have cared to eat it. Almost the only thing I managed to do was to get out the Niam Niam's net, and try for some fish; but I was no use: I never caught a thing.

"Towar

look. But the

ular, so in I went.
"I had hardly got fairly in when I heard the
black fellows' voices at the mouth, and it made
me feel rather uncomfortable to remember that

"I had nardly got fairly in when I neard the black fellows' voices at the mouth, and it made me feel rather uncomfortable to remember that there was no outlet, and that if Mey took it into their heads to come up too, I'd be regioned by the meaning the presently I heard the voices die away in the distance, and then, almost before and the meaning the state of the meaning that the state of the state of

and not a hundred yards up stream I saw a big cance with four black fellows in her, just getting her head round to give chase!

"Then there was a race, if you like! I never pulled half as hard in a boat race at home, I'll be bound; and luckily my cance was a good deal ligher than theirs, which kept things equal for a bit, even though they were four to one. But presently my strength began to fail, and I saw that they were gaining upon me. Then I got desperate, and felt for my knife; but all at once I heard a shout and a clatter, and, looking round, saw their boat hard and fast upon a sandbank. All four of the niggers jumped into the water directly, and set to work to haul

her off; but in the meantime I went down stream as hard as I could tear, and as night was now falling, I soon lost sight of them in the

her off; but in the meantime i wens ususstream as hard as I could tear, and as night was
now falling. I soon lost sight of them in the
darkness.

"What happened after that I hardly know
myself. The horror of that big snake licking
my foot seemed to be everywhere at once.
Every sound I heard, even the buzz of a fly or
the splash of a fish, made me jump as if I were
shot. I thought I heard church bells ringing
far away, and the woods seemed all on fire on
each side of me, and it was just as if the boat
and I were up in the air, and the river was away
down below; and then something came upon
my face like a cold blast of wind, and down I
tumbled, and remembered no more till I woke
upon the Aruwimi, and saw you all standing
round me."

There was a pause when the story ended,
and then Stanley cast a side glance at Dr.
Hardflead, whose expression at that moment
would have made the fortune of any painter.
The sudden discovery that all the things which
he had so often declared to be impossible, and
even proved so to his
mean and that the
mysteriotic Welle was the same river as the
Aruwimi—was so crushing a blow to him that
(as Pat O'Connor expressively remarked). "the
ould gintleman looked as iv he'd swalled a
carvin' fork wid the points foremost."

"I don't believe it!" cried the doctor,
fisrcley, "The boy's been dreaming, or else
he's taken the visions of his delirium for real
facts. I won't believe a word of it!"

"Well," said Stanley, laughing, "when a
boy loses his senses in a cance on the Welle,
and recovers them again in the same cance on
the Aruwimi, I don't think it's saying too much
to set down the two as one river. After all, it
was pretty much by the same kind of proof
that I made out the Lualaba to be the same as
the Congo; and as for the 'White Africans,'
he saw them long before is delirium began.
As soon as the rains are over, I'll send an expedition up here to explore; but meanwhile
Master Charlie has the honor of being the first
to navigate 'THE UNKNOWN RIVER."

## A R CORRESPONDENTS EXCHANGES \*

### CORRESPONDENCE.

of ware and the function of all only such questions as are of general interests can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in their turn as soon as soace permits.

About six weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this collimn.

question can appear in this column.

DECLINED with thanks: "The Drummer Boys'
Hunt," "A Boy's Revenge," "The GeorgetownPittsville Game," "A Daring Leap."

C. W. A., Albany, N. Y. It will cost you \$1.50.
H. S. H., Maysville, Ky. "Bob Burton," by loratio Alger, Jr., began in No. 208 and ended in

1 No. 223.

Jockey, New York City. We are neither able or willing to give you suggestions with reference becoming a jockey.

to becoming a jockey.

F. J. A. M., Jr., Pittsburgh, Pa. We cannot give
the premiums on old local issues. Write to a coin
dealer, inclosing stamp.

ealer, inclosing stamp.
P. G., New York City. The city of New York strends to the Yonkers boundary line, about seveneen miles north of the City Hall.

C. V., Catskill, N. Y. No, the Argosy has never printed an article on the skate sail. It is possible we may do so during the coming winter.

we may do so during the coming winter.

PAT O'CONOR, Akron, O. It is quite likely we shall print an article on the construction of ice boats during the approaching winter.

Gold Coast Grey, White Plains, N. Y. We cannot print business addresses, nor can we undertake to give the valuations of rare foreign coins.

C. A. CAMPBELL, Auburn, Me., will be glad hear from boys over 5 feet in height who may wit to join the 10th Brigade, 3d Division Nation Cadets.

Cadets.

Frank E., New York City. Yes, the application of nitric acid, to be obtained at any drug store, to the iron bar will eat it away so that you can easily break it. eak it.

HERR TO A MILLION, Chicago, Ill. A series of articles on canoe building appeared in Nos. 288-201; one on the construction of canvas canoes in Nos. 243, 244.

Druggist, San Francisco, Cal. The average drug clerk receives from \$12 to \$15 per week, although much depends, of course, upon his abilities and experience.

nd experience.

B. E. D., Medford, Mass. There are many trge lakes in Maine, but those where sport is good re remote from cities. Probably Rangeley Lake rould suit you best.

ould suit you best.

CITIZEN, East Branch, N. V. 1. The Manitoba w stamp is of no special value. 2. In walking ith a young lady, the escort should always take he outside of the sidewalk.

ne outstare of the souewark,
A Bircyclast, Brooklyn, N. V. To fit yourself to
bicycle, send your leg measurement to the
ianufacturers. Get a brother wheelman to judge
I the worth of a machine for you.

W. A. G., Sparta, Ill. A good average composi-tor can set about 6,000 cms of type in 10 hours, and earn about 8; per week. We expect to publish some articles on printing next winter. DEAN DUNHAM, New York City. 1. Apply be-tween 12 and 20 clock at the New York Bye and

Ear Infirmary, 2d Ave. and 13th St. 2. For average heights and weights see table in No. 283.

A Constant Reader, Philadelphia, Pa. Your measurements seem to be all right, but yerhaps you had better consult the two articles on canvas canoe building that appeared in Nos. 243, 244.

Regentry ways the design the state of the design that a specific and at least 5 feet 4 inches in height, to join the 13th Regiment, ad Brigade Cadet Corps. Address J. Porter Hunter, 84 Poplar St., Brooklyn, N. Y. R.S. G., New Castle, Ind. 1. The estimated presented the state of the state of

R.S. G., New Castle, Ind. 1. The estimated present population of New York City is 1,500,600; of Philadelphia, 1,624,658; of Brooklyn, 752,853; of Poretza Spiers will be announced from month to month as they appear.

Camper, Leadville, Colo. 1. Philip H. Sheridan, at the time of his death, held the rank of general of the United States Army, which was conferred on him by special act of Congress. Under ordinary circumstances, lieutenant general is the highest commission issued. 2. We believe that Mr. S. P. E. R., Wappingers Falls, N. V. 1. As to whether a naval training ship is a good school for a boy, that depends entirely on the boy himself, whether he is possessed of a strong character or not. The education received, so far as mathematics is concerned, is an excellent one. 2. Plumbing is generally considered to be a good paying trade. Sation, Baltimore, Mr. Vou will find an article

is generally considered to be a good paying trade.

SAHOR, Baltimore, Md. You will find an article
about West Point on page 452 of No. 257, and
concluing about the Naval Academy in Nos. 254
twice in our correspondence column to the Reveuue Marine Service. 2. To obtain an appointment to Annapolis, write to the congressman of
your district.

Our exchange column is enough reversely as where the same weekly murchasers of The Got folks Arcony, but we cannot publish exchanges of firements in the got and account of the same stricks; for exchanges for "diers," but any exchanges of papers, except those sent by readers who wish to obtain back numbers or volumes of The Gol Both Arcony, made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write to particulars to the address given by the person oftening the exchanges.

culars to the address grown as changes, which will be while an umber of exchanges, which will be ublished in their turn as soon as space permits.

O. L. Solie, Sioux Falls, Dak. Books, for reading matter or stamps.

N. E. George, Minneapolis, Minn. Stamps and postmarks, for the same.

postmarks, for the same.

C. E. Lloyd, Palatine, W. Va. Forty different postmarks, for every half cent.

James K. Boyd, 400 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa., N3, 80 fMrssey's PortLark Skentes, for No. 5.

Charles Thompson, 110 Church St., New Brunswick, N. J. Stamps, books, and tags, for the same.

William Hiscox, 30 Elm St., Westerly, R. I. One undred and twenty five different tin tags, for

nps. . N. McCandless, Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands. waiian stamps, for rare stamps from other

Harry Gage, Box 162, Mt. Union, Pa. A small tw and other articles, for a 46 to 50 in. bicycle.

Theo. Stoebling, 49 Ege Ave., Jersey City eights, N. J. A set of goat harness, cost \$10, 17 an A tent.

L. N. Preager, 635 North 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa. A magic lantern with 12 slides, and a book, for a photo outil.

Illiam P. Taylor, 139 South 5th St., Philadel-a, Pa. A one tune music box, and 150 tin tags,

or a printing press.

10r a printing press.
F. M. Carr, Cragie St., Somerville, Mass. A jig saw, valued at \$5, for a telescope of equal value.
Local offers preferred.

Local oners preterred.

Charles De La Force, 507 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md. Seven cloth bound books, by Ellis, etc., for a photo outfit.

J. Mahoney, 59 pth St., East Cambridge, Mass, Ten boy's books, for any volume of The Golden Argory, except Vol. V.

Ascosy, except Vol. V.
C. H. Branton, Box 37, Jamaica, N. V. Ten European stamps, for each stamp from Mexico, or South or Central America.
A. F. Chilson, 327 West Main St., Battle Creek, Mich. A violin, bow, and case, valued at \$5 for a scare drum of equal value.

are drum of equal value.

James D. Jones, Lansing, Mich. Articles valued

\$20, for a press and outfit, a camera and outfit,
r a typewriter. Send for list.

at \$20, for a press and outfit, a camera and outfit, or a typewriter. Send for itst.

George W. Morecraft, tob Leloup St., Baltimore, Md. Eighteen books, for any volume of Tue Goldber Akoosy, except Vol. V.

E. B. Mero, Box 619, Westboro, Mass. Reading matter, for a typewriter (Hall preferred), or press and outfit. Send sample of work.

A. F. Mack, Mt. Cobb, Pa. A 12½ ft. canvas cance and sail, valued at \$2,75, and hunting goods, for a bicycle for a boy \$ft. 3 in. tall.

D. Koch, 88 Ave. B. New York City. A pair of Indian clubs, "Our Baseball Club," and 2 albums, valued at \$4,50, for a photo camera.

R. J. Schirman, 655 West Saratoga St., Baltimore, Md. Vol. V of This Goldben Argosy, for Nos. 1 to 7 of Mussen's Povulan Series.

Charles P. Du Vergey, Box \$45, New York City.
A 14 ft. flat bottom center board boat, and other articles, for a 30 or \$44 in. Tubbet tired beyele.

Benjamin P. Thomas, Pemberton, N. J. Nine so, of Mussey's Povulan Series, and "Wonder Stories of Science," cloth bound, for stamps.

Charles Leininger, \$33, Sheirif St., Cleveland, O.

Charles Leininger, 831 Sheriff St., Cleveland, O. wo hundred tin tags, and 150 stamps, with album, or a small self inking press or athletic goods.

n a sman sett triking press or athletic goods.

F. P. Tonsor, 488 Broome St., New York City.

Ruhmkorff coil capable of producing a 1 in.
park, valued at \$35, for a lathe, with or without
the.

table.

F. W. Huber, 138 Maple St., Dayton, O. A \$15 snare drum and sticks, a foot power scroll saw, with lathe attachment, and a set of drawing instruments, for a 52 in. steel spoked rubber tired bicycle.

#### NATURE'S LESSON.

BY CLEMENT L. SMITH.

BARS thou hast two and mouth but one;
The intent dost seek?

Thou art to listen much, it means,
And little speak.

Eyes thou hast two and mouth but one; Is the mystery deep? Much thou shalt see, it means, or much Thy silence keep.

## A Change of Base.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

"OU'RE Sure you don't mind staying all night alone in the ranch, Bernard?"

"Perfectly sure, Uncle Joe. Only I wish the money wasn't here."

"Oh, that needn't trouble you. We don't have burglaries out here in Texas like you New Yorkers. And if any suspicious characters drift along, don't let'em in."

"All right, sir. You'll be back by tomorrow night, I suppose."

"Yes, if the stray cattle haven't wandered over the west range. If we're not here by noon, perhaps you'll ride over to Plattston and bank the money for me."

"Yes, I'd like to. If it wasn't so late I'd feel safer to go this afternoon."

Mr. Hadly, who was a good natured looking man in ranching costume, only laughed.

"You must get the tenderfoot rubbed out of you before you go back East, my

laughed.

"You must get the tenderfoot rubbed out of you before you go back East, my boy," he said pleasantly. "I thought you had rather more pluck than all that."

slight flush passed across Bernard's

cheek.
"It isn't myself I'm afraid for—don't think that," he returned hastily. "It's your money I'm thinking of."
"Well, I'll take the chances on that.

your money I'm thinking of."

"Well, I'll take the chances on that.
Now good by. Come on, boys."

Touching his bronco with his heel,
Mr. Hadly rode off, followed by two of
his herders—the remainder of his "boys"
being away on the round up.

Bernard watched them a little while and
then took his seat on the rough stoop before the long, one story ranch house with
its straggling outbuildings.

It was rather a pleasant prospect, even
if a bit monotonous. A wide expanse of
gently rolling upland covered with lush
green grass, dotted here and there with
"bunches" of cattle or half wild ponies.
A belt of woodland at the left, a mountain range on the right, and the bluest of
cloudless skies overhead.

But Bernard's eyes had taken in the
same surroundings every day for nearly
six weeks. He had been sent to his uncle's
Texan ranch for his health after recovering from a fever, and even in the short
time of his stay had gained wonderfully.
But Bernard had at last begun to tire of
the monotony.

Plattson was ten miles distant, and

But Bernard had at last begun to tire of the monotony.

Plattston was teri miles distant, and the nearest neighbor three miles away. The only faces he saw from morning till night were those of the herders and cowboys, always excepting the kindly visage of his uncle, and the yellow, ex-pressionless features of Sam, the Chinese cook

cook. We day before, Mr. Hadly had made a large sale of cattle to a drover, and the money, some five thousand dollars, was in his desk. And somehow Bernardhad a singular feeling of uneasiness regarding it, shadowed forth in his remarks to his uncle, as I have given them. Bernard at his solitary supper a little wifer sundown, and Sam, the cook, having cleared away, retired to his bunk in the loft overhead. Bernard, having lighted the kerosene lamp, tried vainly to interest himself in the columns of a three weeks old paper.

himself in the columns of a three weeks old paper.

A sudden rap at the door made him start.

"What a fool I am," he said half angrily, and rising answered the knock.

To his great astonishment, a young man, apparently two or three years older than himself, stood in the doorway.

"I've lost my way somehow," he said smoothly, "and it's grown dark so fast, I'm afraid I can't reach Plattston tonight. Could you give me shelter?"

Bernard was in a quandary. Texan hospital-

you give me sneiter?"

Bernard was in a quandary. Texan hospitality is well known and always expected. This young man with dark, resolute features and easy speech did not look like a suspicious char-

easy speech did not look like a suspicious character. And yet—
"My horse is about used up, and I've left him under the cattle shed—by your leave I'll oome in," very coolly continued the stranger, before Bernard could reply. And carrying his gun in the hollow of his arm, he deliberately stepped past Bernard into the room.
Of course there was no help for it, so, making the best he could of the matter, Bernard closed the door. Then he set the remains of the supper before his visitor, who did ample justice thereto.

After all the country of the suppersisting the set of the set o

thereto.

After all, there did not seem any cause for needless anxiety. The young man gave his name as Leesom, and his business as that of an agent for a cattle syndicate at Austin. He seemed to be well acquainted with Mr. Hadly, and spoke of his successful sale the day before,

remarking incidentally that the drover was an acquaintance, and had told him all about it.

So cleverly did Mr. Leesom play his conversational cards, that before long Bernard incautiously mentioned that the money was still in the house, and spoke of the vague uneasiness its presence caused him.

"The first thing tomorrow," he continued, laughing, "I shall strike for Plattston and bank it. Then I shall feel relieved of the responsibility."

Leesom smiled very peculiarly and rose to his feet.

feet.
"Perhaps I can relieve you of the responsi-bility," he said. And before astonished Bernard fairly realized what had happened, the muzzle of Leesom's shot gun was staring him in the

where it would appear one or two of the swan shot which penetrated his mattress had struck

nim. Sam agreed with the sentiment in pigeon English, and the two took turns at keeping watch till morning, Sam armed with the blunderbuss, and Bernard with his uncle's double

gun.

As soon as a hasty breakfast was swallowed,
Bernard placed the pocket book containing the
money in a haversack, slung at his side. Then,
calling a coupie of the dogs, he mounted his
bronco and rode off toward town.

calling a coupie of the dogs, he mounted his bronco and rode off toward town.

Half a mile from the ranch house, the dogs, that had plunged on ahead after the manner of their kind, set up a tremendous baying. Urging his bronco forward, Bernard saw, with feelings of amazement too great for utterance, the prostrate body of a man—whether dead or slive it was impossible at first to tell—lying on the green sward before him.

Springing from his saddle, Bernard hurried to his side. An exclamation of astonishment escaped his lips. Across the man's mouth was a strip of blanket, knotted securely at the back of his head. Arms and legs were tightly confined by many turns of a lariat.



BERNARD MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

would never have nerved himself to his sudden

would never have nerved himself to his sudden impulsive act.

For, with a sudden spring, he threw up the muzzle of the gun with one hand, while with the other he clutched at the stock, hoping to wrest it suddenly from the other's grasp.

Though taken completely by surprise, Leesom was not so easily caught. A firce struggle for the possession of the weapon took place, in the midst of which it was accidentally discharged, the charge passing through the thin floor boarding of the loft overhead.

"Ki—yi—ahhh!"

A shrick in a high falsetto was heard, and down the ladder in the scantiest possible raiment tumbled Sam, carrying in one hand an old Mexican trabuco or finitleck blunderbuss, having a muzzle like the big brass horn played by the "bass" of a little German band.

At this unexpected appearance, Leesom wrenched his own gun from Bernard, and fled through the door. Sam pointed the weapon at his retreating form, and, shutting his eyes, pulled the trigger. But only a few sparks from the flint in the hammer followed.

The clatter of hoofs was heard, and a moment later Leesom galloped away in the darkness.

"By Jove, that was a tight squak!" exclaimed Bernard, drawing a long breath. Then, having fastened the door, he turned to Sam, who with a rueful face was rubbing himself very hard just below the small of his back,

Bernard instinctively threw forward his Jouble

Bernard instinctively threw forward his Jouble barrel, as Leesom struggled painfully to a sitting position. But Leesom only laughed.
"All right, my lad—you've got the bulge on me now. I give in," he said coolly. "Now, what are you going to do with me?"
What indeed? Retributive justice would have suggested that the unarmed man be forced to walk to Plattston at the muzzle of Bernard's gun, and there be handed over to the authorities.

But Bernard was rather tender hearted—foolBut Bernard was rather tender hearted—fool-

But Bernard was rather tender hearted—foolishly so, it may be; and Leesom was not so very much older than himself.

ishiy so, it may ue, and very much older than himself.

"How did you get in this fix?" he asked, as Leesom began chafing his numbed wrists and ankles.

"Case of the biter getting bit," was the curt reply. "A couple of fellows ran across me just after daybreak, and made me throw up my hands. Then they went through me, took hands. Then they went through me, took everything I had, and left me trussed like a

turkey."
"Look here," said Bernard bluntly, "don't you think a fellow like you—young, intelligent and that sort of thing, might be in a better bus-iness?"

"Certainly," was the unmoved reply.
"Why don't you try something different,

then?"
"Let me go free, and I will," returned Leesom with perfect sang froid.

"Very well. And, what's more, I'm going to believe that you're telling the truth. Good

by."

And turning, Bernard remounted his horse, whistled to the dogs, and rode off, leaving Leesom staring after him in bewildered amazement.

Bernard reached town and deposited his recognitions for the second starting and deposited his

amazement.

Bernard reached town and deposited his money without further incident. And on Mr. Hadly's return he praised his nephew's pluck in no measured terms. But he regarded his act in letting Leesom go as one of Quixotic follow.

act in letting Leesom go as one of Quixotic folly.

"He's a jailbird with half a dozen aliases, and you've only let him loose to prey upon society," he said, with much more to the same effect, till Bernard began to be quite ashamed of his foolishly impulsive act.

But two years later, Bernard and his father were visiting the Exposition at New Orleans. Among the exhibits was a machine which commanded universal attention. Its inventor and proprietor was explaining its merits to the surrounding crowls.

rounding crowJs.

At the sound of the smoothly flowing voice Bernard started, and pressing forward stood face to face with Leesom, who coolly extended

"You see I've taken your advice and got into better business," he remarked in a rapid under-tone. "A business that's going to net me a clear ten thousand a year. Many thanks—dro! give me away." And then went on with his

clear ten thousand a year. Many thanks—d-n't give me away." And then went on with his explaining as easy and unmoved as possible.
"Very intelligent young man, and a remarkable genius evidently," observed Bernard's father, who had been greatly interested in the patent. "Where did you meet him, Bern?"

"In Texas, when I was visiting Uncle Joe," was the demure reply. "He was in a different line of business then, though, and very much pressed for money."

#### GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

THE bright side of the loss of the famous Leary raft of logs that went to pieces on its ocean trip from Nova Scotia to New York last December, has at last been discovered. And strange as it may at first sound, science is the thing that has benefited by the catastrophe. The manner in which this has been accomplished is told by the Galveston News.

ton News,
The raft was composed of thousand
of logs, and of course when it broke uj
each log became what may be termed a
special observing station for the hydrographic office. Since December each log
that has been observed has had its position
noted by passing vessels, and now, after
the lapse of several months, the office at
Washington has compiled three observations and issued a carefully prepared
nilot chart. pilot chart.

This chart, which represents the courses This chart, which represents the course which the logs took after the raft was broken up, and the points in mid ocean in which they were found, shows at a glance the general direction of the currents and gives an object lesson to the mariner that could scarcely have been given in any other way. other way.

Of course Mr. Leary's contribution to

other way.

Of course Mr. Leary's contribution to science was an involuntary one, but it has been no less valuable on that account, and has advanced the study of ocean currents in a way that no one deemed possible before the disaster occurred.

One of the peculiar features of the affair is that what happened was just what the scientists had long desired to do, but it was rather too expensive an experiment to be made voluntarily. Thousands of floating logs on the Atlantic meant too much danger for shipping to permit of the government placing them there. However, no serious disaster has occurred from collision with any of these logs, and the wreck of the great raft has therefore been both instructive and harmless, except to the gentleman who owned it.

#### TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Young Mr. Finn is evidently not a believer in the saying that "all things come to him who

A New York corporation recently advertised for a manager, stating that "only wide awake, competent, energetic, and reliable parties need apply, who are accustomed to earn \$5000 a year." Among the replies was this one, in a very neat hand:

hand:
"I am sixteen years of age and live with my parents, and seeing your advertisement in this morning's paper I would very much like to try the job. Yours truly,

THOMAS FINN. In the future that lad may not earn \$5000 a year, but he is likely to go a long way toward

#### A GAME TWO CAN PLAY AT.

"I CANNOT give you a definite answer to-night, Mr. Paperwate," said the girl, softly; "you must give me a month to think it over." "Very well," was the young man's response, "and meantime I can think it over myself,"

#### 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 sprit wings his flight, Pour 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.

HETALL OF AJAX.

WHETHER the displacement of the rail was the work of the tousled 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 accider of that kind means. It comes with such awful suddenness that no man can help himself.

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.

owing river.
Matt Field's thoughts were 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 proces 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

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 a safe to stay on the engine as to leap off; so Matt stayed.

as safe to stay on the engine as to leap of; so Matt stay-ed.

Bob Lovell was the first to comprehend what had taken place. Looking out in the gloom, he saw the engine, collowed 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 most everything plain to the most everything plain to the conductor to follow him.

The slope was so steen the total company of the conductor to follow him.

The slope was so steen the

ing 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, showels, raking rods, steam chest, whistle, bell, connecting rods, axe, tools, smoke stack, and all the varied parts which got o 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 anothing for all these; the fearful question 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.

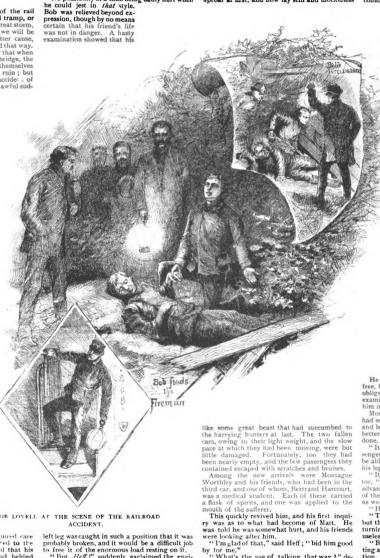
The steam was escaping through so many avenues that it quickly spent itself, and by the time Bob could reach the side of the engineer he was able to make himself heard without shouting. Holding his lantern to his face, he saw that it was pale, but the eyes were open, and something like a grim smile lit 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



BOB LOVELL AT THE SCENE OF THE RAILROAD

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 lamtern. 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 claumy forehead. The touch seemed to revive the poor fellow, who, without stirring,

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 darke. "How do you feel, Heff?" asked Bob ten-

"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 suffers.
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."

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"Tell me something, near, than your 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."

"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 lanterns held in several hands, Bob L o vel 1 kneeled 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

saw when it was finished and the lantern was held over the white face that the sufferer was dead.

The loving, w id o w ed 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.

HE 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 Poor Matt Fields was still fast under the prostrate en-gine, and it was uncertain whether he was not injured more seriously than he lim-self believed. Not a passen-ger, except the few lemales, was left in the cars, but all gathered about the brave fel-low, who bore his suffering with such fortitude as to compel the admiration of every one.

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 awed 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.

occuer quained 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."

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—helloa I 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 creative whe had itst been creative.

plished."
"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.

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 kim? 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.

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 Al-lie," said the fireman, his last aliusion 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

To the astonishment of the spectators, Bob began digging directly beneath the imprisoned limb. The engine resting on the whole length of its side was dependent on no particular spot of earth for its support. His theory was, that if an excavation was made of comparatively narrow width, at any point beneath the side lying on the ground, the mass of iron would retain its position.

its position. ou will see, therefore, that his plan was simple; it was to make an opening under the imprisoned limb of Matt Fields, into which it ld sink, while the locomotive remained mo

onless.

When the plan became clear to the rest, a eneral expression of surprise followed that it eas not thought of before, for nothing could

have been simpler.

Bob Lovell plied the shovel with vigor. The long rain had so softened the ground that the digging was easy, and he made good progress.
"Can you feel any difference?" asked Twomey, who fancied he saw a peculiar expression

mey, who fancied he saw a peculiar expression on the face of the engineer.

"Yes, I begin to feel queer—I wonder——"
The pipe dropped from the mouth of the sufferer and his head rolled back without sign of life.

He's dead!" was the exclamation that es-

caped several lips.
"No," said Harcourt, the medical young man; "No," said Harcourt, the meanear young man,
the has only fainted; that is because his limb
has been relieved of the fearful pressure; the
sudden restoration of his impeded circulation

Limit and the mineral state of the sudden restoration of his impeded circulation. has overcome him. He will rally in a few min-

utes."

The gentleman was right. A little water sprinkled in Matt's face, and a swallow of spirits forced between his lips, brought him quickly to himself again.

Bob Lovell had stopped in affright when his friend fainted, not understanding what it means

Bob Loven had stopped in arright when his friend fainted, not understanding what it meant, but on hearing the words of Harcourt he renewed his digging more vigorously than before. He was still at it, when Matt recovered, and made a movement which shifted the position of

made a movement which shifted the position of the imprisoned leg.

"It's all right," he called, "but I'm afraid to fool with it; handle me carefully."

No fear that that would not be done. He was drawn gently from beneath the mountainous weight that had held him captive so long, and the young physician examined the limb, which was found to be badly broken in two places.

The task of setting a compound fracture was more than the youth, who had not yet gained his diploma, dare undertake. He agreed to stay by the sufferer until removed to some point where he could receive proper surgical attention.

where he could research projection.

But another difficulty confronted them. How could he be carried to such a point?

They were in the woods. It was near midnight, and, so far as they knew, there was no house within miles.

I'll start down the road toward Ofalca," "I'll start down the road toward Ofalca," said Bob Lovell, "and travel till I find some-

But you may have to travel a week," sug-

"But you may have to travel a week," suggested the alarmed passenger, who had shown such interest in the proceedings from the first.

"It can't be as bad as that," replied Bob;
"I'll be sure to meet a train if I go far enough, and there's a station not more than twelve miles distant."
"There's a turn out, only two calls."

and there's a station not more than tweive miles distant."

"There's a turn out only two or three miles away," saud Matt Fields, who, thanks to his many friends, had secured quite a comfortable posture on the ground; "I shouldn't be surprised if you found the up freight there."

"Well, you won't see me back till I find something," replied Bob, who, with lantern in hand, began climbing the embankment slanting to the southeast, so as to gain what he could. The lantern was seen twinkling and swinging back and forth as he ascended rapidly, though somewhat unsteadily, until at last he reached the track above. His figure could not be discerned in the gloom, except as his moving knees were shown in the reflection of his own light, and a few minutes later vanished from sight. As he did so much praise was uttered concern!

and a few minutes later vanished from sight. As he did so much praise was uttered concerning him, for it will be admitted that he had earned it by his quick wit and his promptness in helping the sufferers. Then, too, his act in kneeling at the side of the dying fireman, and sending up a prayer in his behalf, touched a chord in almost every heart.

There were scoffers in that crowd, as alas I there seem to be in all such assemblages, but markind respects the one who has the courage of his convictions, and there were courage, manliness, and sincerity in the appeal to Heaven at such times and under such circumstances.

Matt Fields now inquired of the conductor

at such times and under such circumstances. Matt Fields now inquired of the conductor whether he had sent back any one to wain the train that might be following them. To his disaust, Twomey in the excitement of the moment had forgotten all about it. He ordered the other brakeman, who ought also to have remembered, to attend to that duty without another moment's delay.

The friethened fellow lost notime in obeying.

remembered, to a terrar to make any other moment's delay. The frightened fellow lost not line in obeying, the cars still rested on the trestle work, and he felt some misgiving as he hurried through them and leaped down from the roar platform. But the structure seemed to be firm, and, since the storm had ceased for some time, it promised to

storm had ceased for some tune, it promised to withstand the pressure against it.

Some rods distant, the brakeman stopped and fastened one of the well known railroad torpedoes to the right rail, then, running some distance further, he fastened a second to the left rail. Still further, he set down his lantern between the tracks with the red side turned to-

ward the Junction. An examination of the wick showed that it was likely to burn for several hours, but if it should go out the torpedoes were left, and it was impossible to believe that any engineer would fail to hear their explosion as the wheels of his locomotive pressed them. Feeling that he had done his duty, he now made haste to return to the swarm at the bot.

Feeling that he had done his duty, he now made haste to return to the swarm at the bottom of Dead Man's Hollow; for, though there was no prospect of being able to raise a hand in the way of help, yet there is a fascination in such gatherings which many people find themselves unable to resist.

Meanwhile Bob Lovell was making good time up the track in the direction of Ofalca, which was more than thirty miles distant.

"If there is no train on the sicfing," he reflected, "I have a good dozen miles to travel to reach the telegraph, and then it will take considerable time before help can be brought to the spot. It's lucky there are no trestle works or

siderable time before help can be brought to the spot. It's lucky there are no trestle works or shaky bridges for me to creep over."

The thought had hardly been formed, when the sound of running water struck his ear. He was so familiar with the road that he knew it was not crossed by any stream at that point. He paused and held his lantern over his head, but the circle of light was too small to discern anything that explained the sound, which came from some point ahead.

A few paces further, however, and he saw it. The torrent of water was rushing under the ties, which retained their places and looked as strong as ever.

ever. The embankment on which the rails rested at The embankment on which the rails rested at this point was only a few feet above the surrounding country, which like that in the neighborhood of Dead Man's Hoilow was quite thickly wooded. In some way the water accumulating on one-side had eaten through the earth, forming a cut a half dozen feet in width, which was spanned by the ties on which the rails rested

It looked indeed as if the order of things had been reversed, and that instead of the ties porting the steel rails, the latter were holding the ties in place over the muddy torrent below. The ends of the rails resting on the solid earth, their own strength was sufficient to sustain them their own strength was sufficient to sustain t after the earth was washed from beneath

after the carry middle.

They looked, as I have said, as strong as ever; but suppose a locomotive should trust itself to

Bob Lovell shuddered at the thought.

He reflected that no train could approach from the west, while he would be able to signal any one from the other direction. So he carefully the west, while he would be able to signal any one from the other direction. So he carefully picked his way across the narrow break and hastened over the ties in the direction of the turn out, where he hoped to find a freight train waiting for the passage of the Express. It seemed as if Bob was in luck that night, for he had gone only a short distance further when a small red light broke upon his sight. He recognized it as the red light on the rear of the caboose of a freight train.

caboose of a freight train.

"That's lucky!" he exclaimed, breaking into a run which speedily brought him to the car, a run which speedly brought him to the car, where the conductor and a couple of brakemen were impatiently awaiting the passing of the Night Express, which would give them the lib-erty to resume their sluggish progress toward

eity to resume their singisis progress toward Ofalca.

Bob's arrival and story, as may be supposed, created a sensation. It was decided that the freight engine should be detached and sent back to Dead Man's Hollow, to draw the passenger train to Ofalca. The accident had deranged everything on the road, but as soon as the first telegraph station was reached, communication would be opened with headquarters at Ofalca, and the business speedily adjusted.

The conductor walked with Bob to the engine at the head of the train, where the situation was explained to the engineer. Since it was necessary to make temporary repairs of the break a short distance back, one of the brakemen joined Bob on the engine, which began slowly backing in the direction of the Hollow.

The run was a short one, and an inspection

The run was a short one, and an inspection of the wash out convinced the engineer that it could be strengthened sufficiently to answer their purposes. It was noticed that the flow of could be strengthened sufficiently to answer their purposes. It was noticed that the flow of water was diminishing, and was likely to cease before morning. With a number of heavy timbers and braces, a rude framework was soon put in form under the rails, and when the loco-motive passed over there was no sign of yield-ing.

There was reason new to believe the way There was reason new to believe the way was clear for the few remaining miles; but an engine, when moving backward, is peculiarly liable to be derailed by any kind of obstruction, and, since the only light consisted of a couple of lanterns, held by Bob and the other brakeman, the progress was cautious and deliberate. The passengers and officials grouped around the wrecked Ajax had settled themselves for a tedious wait that was likely to last until daylight, when they were thrilled with pleasure by the long, resounding blast of a steam whistle which came from the direction of Ofalca.

"That's the freight!" said Matt Fields, who had been carried up the embankment and made as comfortable as possible on the cushions in the smoking car; "I can't make any mistake about that whistle."

Sure enough, the swinging lanterns on the

mistake about that whistle."

Sure enough, the swinging lanterns on the rear of the tender were seen a minute later, and the engine backed down with as much care as is shown by an elephant when stepping upon a treacherous bridge.

The plunge of Ajax from the track had wrenched one rail from its place and snapped

another in two. Conductor Twomey had so improved the absence of Bob Lovell that the rails were replaced, though the utmost care was necessary to prevent them giving way under the heavy weight of the advancing engine.

But the tender was linked to the third car of the passenger train and several screeness of the

But the tender was linked to the third car of the passenger train, and several screeches of the whistle warned all passengers to get aboard. A few minutes later the engine began moving toward Ofalca, drawing after it the Night Express, and all its regular passengers, including the wounded Matt. Fields and the remains of

the wounded Matt Fields and the remains of poor Heff Putnam.

The braces and planking under the wash out were re-examined and re-adjusted, and the train passed over safely. Torpedoes were then placed on the rails at each side, though there was little probability of them being needed, and the engine struck a sharper pace. Since it was built for strength rather than speed, it was was built for strength rather than speed, it was much slower than the Ajax, but it was fast enough for all demands that night.

ough for all demands that night.

A brief halt was made for a conference with
the conductor of the freight on the siding,
after which the rear passenger car was attached
to the forward one of the freight, and just as it
was growing light, the combination train
steamed into Ofalca, the eastern terminus '
the I. and O. railroad.

#### CHAPTER VII.

AN OMINOUS SUMMONS

TRUST that by this time you feel some interest in my hero Bob Lovell, of whom I hope to relate more that will prove entertaining and profitable.

Bob's father was a well to do merchant in Ofalca, with a promising future before him at the time his only son was born. Three years later, Meta, the sister of Bob, came into the household, bringing sunshine and gladness to the brother and the parents. These were the only children with which they were ever blessed, and they were a couple for which any father and mother would have been thankful.

Bob was one of the brightest and most popular boys that ever attended the Ofalca academy.

oou was one or the brightest and most popular boys that ever attended the Ofalca academy. He was a natural athlete, who never met his equal in running, leaping, swimming, rowing, playing ball or indeed in any of the sports that are such a delight to all American youngsters. He led his classmates in their studies, and, but for his assistance, Lloyd Montague Worthley, although a year older, would have fallen far behind in his classes. Indeed he was not the only pupil whom Bob helped to maintain his place by the stealthy aid given at critical times. This practice, although a violation of rules, was one for which a teacher would have been exceedingly harsh had he condemned the generous youth.

youth.

The father of Bob intended him for the legal profession, though his good mother had set her heart on his adopting the ministry as his calling. The lad was naturally of a religious bent of mind and would have preferred the latter profession; but while the question was in abevance, the future was clouded and both plans destroyed her believing which her the profession.

the future was clouded and both plans destroyed by a calamity which swept away every dollar of Mr. Lovell's fortune. The shock was more than the gentleman could bear, and a few weeks later he died, leaving his family unprovided for.

Bob at that time was nearly seventeen years of age, and was prepared to enter the sophomore class in Yale; for, as you have been told, he was unusually forward in his studies, and the principal of the academy had taken the utmost pains with him.

A college education was among the impossibilities. Had he been alone in the world, he could have secured aid enough to see him through; but he had a mother and sister to look after and he must obtain work without delay.

Such a bright, wideawake fellow needed not

delay.

Such a bright, wideawake fellow needed not to search long in this country for a situation. He could have entered the Ofalca Bank and had his choice of half a dozen stores; but he declined them all.

It was when Bob was a little fellow, and when his brain was overrunning with desire for knowledge, that the first locomotive which entered his native town steamed into the new station, decked with flags and streamers, loaded down with directors and reporters, and drawing a special car containing the guests of the road, which was opened that day from Irondale, over a hundred miles distant.

The impression made on little Bob Lovell by the strange sight was never effaced. Despite the attractions of the learned professions, there was a charm for him in the rathroad business which surpassed them all. He felt that his highest happiness would be to stand in the cab of one of those beautiful engines and guide it.

highest happiness would be to stand in the cab of one of those beautiful engines and guide it as it thundered across the country, drawing a train of cars behind it.

He did not expect to become a railroad man until after the wrecking of his father's fortune, followed so soon by the death of his beloved parent. He resolved then to carry out the desire which had been present with him for years.

years.

His mother's scruples were soon overcome, though the accounts of several railway accidents caused the good woman no little distress and misgiving, and Bob walked straight to the office of Cavarly Worthley, who at that time was superintendent of the Oflaca Division, comprehending the sixty five miles of line to the eastward of the Junction.

The stern railway official adjusted his glasses and looked over the lad from head to foot.

"You appear to be a bright young man,"

said he, plainly pleased with the handsome, in-telligent face and sturdy frame; "what posi-tion would you like?"
"I want to become an engineer,"
"That is a responsible position; how old are

will be seventeen next month.

"Too young! too young!" said the superintendent with a shake of the head; "eighteen is the youngest age at which we take firemen."
"I was afraid I was not old enough," said the disappointed lad, "but maybe there is some other place I can fill for a year or more."

ore."
"How would you like to enter my office?"
"I am willing to do anything by which I can
arn wages and help me on the road to an enineer's position." gineer's position.

"There is no vacancy at present, and you may not know that we have a score of applications for every possible opening that may occur in the next five years. However, I will take your name and your references, and possibly you may hear from me. I like your appearance, though it doesn't do to rely altogether on appearances."

This was the best Bob could do, and he withdrew disappointed, for he had been quite hopeful of securing employment at once.

To his astonishment, on the second day, just as he had decided to accept a place in a wholesale store, he received a note from the superintendent requesting him to call at his office. There is no vacancy at present, and you

supermement requesting min to can at no office.

Needless to say Bob was on hand within the following half hour.

"I have made inquiries concerning you," said the official, after greeting him, "and the result is so satisfactory that I have decided to break one of my own rules."

He paused with an odd smile and looked fixedly through his glasses at the lad, as if inviting him to guess his meaning. But Bob held his peace, wondering what was coming.

"There is need of a brakeman on the Night Express, since one of ours is about to enter the

"There is need of a brakeman on the Night Express, since one of ours is about to enter the employ of the 1. & Q. Strict justice would require that a freight brakeman should be advanced to the position, but I have decided to offer it to you."

Bob's face flushed with pleasure, for he felt that this was beginning high on the ladder he hoped to climb. Before he could express his thanks, the superintendent, who seemed to be in a gracious mood that day, leaned back in his chair, and, twirling his glasses with one hand, continued: continued

The duties of a brakeman on a passenger "The duties of a brakeman on a passenger train are responsible but less onerous than formerly. We call them brakemen, but there is little of that kind of work to do. You are aware that the old fashioned hand brake has been superseded by the air brake, which is operated by the engineer. Still, we preserve the old machinery, since the arr brake is subject to accident. You are to attend to the stoves and the ventilation, call out the names of the stations, see that the proper signals are displayed, hold yourself in readiness to obey the orders of the conductor, and in short concentrate your full interest on the train. I have a card of printed instructions which I will hand trate your full interest on the train. I have a card of printed instructions which I will hand you, and Conductor Twomey will give you any other information you may need. The pay will be fifty dollars a month, but twenty five will be deducted from the first month for the uniform with which you must be provided. Will you honor the I. & O. by accepting its proposition?"

"I do so gladly," replied the grateful Bob.
"When shall I report?"
"Tomorrow. Baumann, whose place you take, does not quit until the end of the week.

take, does not quit until the end of the week. I wish you to run over the road every day this week in order with his help to familiarize your self with your duties. It is not necessary that should ask you whether you ever touch liquor, and I have been told that you never smoke or chew tobacco. Am I correctly informed?" "You are, sir."
"That is to your credit. You must bear in mind, that the discipline on our road is strict, and that I have no patience with slovenly work, forgetfulness or carelessness. The moment I find you are afflicted with any one of those

forgetfulness or carelessness. The moment I find you are afflicted with any one of those curses I shall discharge you. That's all; good day."

Thus it was that Bob Lovell became a brake-Thus it was that Bob Lovell became a brake-man on the I, and O, road at an exceptionally early age. It doesn't require a very high order of intellect to master the rudiments of a brake-man's calling, and a few weeks were sufficient for Bob to feel at home in the forward portion of the Night Express. A few months later those who were acquainted with the youth pronounced him the best brakeman on the road. He was allett, active, powerful good tempered intellialert, active, powerful, good tempered, intelli-gent, and willing to help any one.

gent, and willing to help any one.

But singular as it may seem, those very qualities brought the first trouble to Bob. One day, when the rear brakeman was derelict, Bob, to save him from the consequences, left his own place and performed his duties. The president of the road happened to be on board, his presence unknown to all except the conductor, and saw the act. He suspended the other brakeman for a month, and warned Bob never to do anything of the kind again under penalty of discharge. discharge

The investigation into the Dead Man's Hol-Interinvestigation into the Dead Man's Hol-low disaster had been finished, the repairs were completed, Matt Fields was removed to his home, where he was doing well, the wrecked Ajax and the fallen cars were in process of being dragged up the bank for removal to the repair

shops, and the business of the road was running smoothly again, when Bob Lovell, to his amazement, received a peremptory summons to appear at the superintendent's office.

Such summonses were ominous. Bob had known of three, each of which was followed by the discharge of the employee thus called into the presence of Mr. Worthley, who had lately become superintendent of the entire road, and was said to be more strict in his discipline than ever.

become superintendent of the entire road, and was said to be more strict in his discipline than ever.

"I am afraid for you," said Twomey the conductor, to whom Bob showed the official note; "the old gentleman has been shaking things up since the affair at the Hollow. Have you had any words with young Worthley?" how you remember the little flurry in the train that I told you about? The fellow provoked me beyond endurance."
"I heard Montague boasting this morning that he had fixed you. He said, if it hade't been that Matt was hurt, he would be discharged too. I'm afraid it's all up. Bob."

With a heavy heart the young man made his with a heavy heart the young man made his missiping the office of the superintendent, his missiping the office of the superintendent in one of the chairs, where several were waiting their turn to see the all powerful official of the Irondale and Ofalca Railroad Company.

(To be continued.)

## A LAND OF WONDERS.

#### THIS is a big country, and many are the marvels of nature that it contains. The far Southwestern Territories are especially noted

as wonder lands. The surveyors for a new railroad in New Mexico have recently encountered some strange scenes, according to the

ered some strange scenes, according to the Swiss Cross.

Not far from Tula Rosa they passed along the lava flow which by the local population is called the Molpais. It consists of a sea of molten black glass, agitated at the moment of cooling in ragged waves of fantastic shapes. These lava waves or ridges are from ten to twelve feet high with combing crests. This lava flow is about forty miles long, and from one to ten miles wide.

For miles on all sides the country is the most desolate that can be imagined. It has been literally burnt up. It consists of fine white ashes to any depth which, so far, has been duying in a country equally desolate and arid, the surveyors have come upon the ruins of Gran Guivera, known already to the early Spanish explorers, but which have been visited by white men less often even than the mysterious ruins of Palenque in Central America.

Few travelers have been at Gran Guivera, because it is at present forty miles from water. The surveyors found the ruins to be of gigantic stone buildings made in the most substantial manner and of grand troportions. One of them was four acres in extent.

All indications around the ruins point to the existence here at one time of a dense population. No legend of any kind exists as to how this great city was destroyed or when it was abandoned.



Log Cabins can hardly b Log Cabins can hardly be considered handsome or elegant, but they were fit habitations for the rugged pioneers of America. Our ancestors were rugged specimens of noble manhood, complete in health, strength and endurance. Their wholesome remedies are reproduced to this later age, in Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla and Warner's "Tippecanoe."

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ddress: THE UNION NOVELTY CO., Alexandria, Vs.
replying to this adv. mention Golden Argony.

#### DESTROYING SANDS.

A SAND bank may seem at first sight to be a very harmless thing, yet sometimes it proves an irresistible destroyer. On many coasts drifts of sand are formed which gradually travel inland as the prevailing winds blow their minute particles onward; and they press slowly on, burying fields, woods, villages-whatever they find in their path, advancing more slowly, but more surely, than either fire or flood.

but more surely, than either fire or flood.

There are spots on the shores of the French province of Brittany where the spires of church towers may be seen projecting from a wide expanse of shifting sand, proving the presence of former dwelling places there. The northern extremity of Denmark has been entirely abandoned to the ravages of the strange conqueror. Some curious incidents have occurred on the southern shores of the Baltic Sea, where the sands travel on in vast, slow moving waves. A village named Pillkoppen was buried about a hundred years ago, and its inhabitants founded the settlement of New Pillkoppen at a little distance. Years passed; at length the old village was again laid bare as the sand swept onward, and its people returned; but the destroyer is again at work, and already lies a foot deep, and gradually deepening, around the doomed spot.

At another place a long strip of woods has

the doomed spot. At another place a long strip of woods has been attacked by the wind driven particles, which are devouring it with curious results. About ten years after a tree has gone into the southern side of the moving sand bank it emerges again from the north side, as the sand wave advances toward the south. But the boughs, which have been dried out and withered up during the interval, are broken, ground up, and reduced to atoms as soon as the sand has left them. The same occurs later to the rotted stems. Frequently the bark alone is left, while the wood has rotted away.

#### MORE AWFUL THAN MONARCHS.

MRS. DE TIMID (at Long Branch hotel table).-" I beg pardon, but didn't you say you were presented to the queen during your tour

HER DISTINGUISHED NEIGHBOR. - "Yes,

"And you spoke of other experiences of a

"I was presented to several of the crowned heads of Europe, talked with many of the great generals and noted diplomats and was granted

an audience with the pope."
"Weren't you scared?"
"Not at all."
"Then if you are not "Then if you are not afraid, I wish you would tell the head waiter that this salt box is

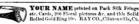
## What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE.
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention: it developed into bronchitis. and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians or dered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

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NAME on 25 Silk Fringe Floral Cards, 1 Pocket Pencil and Pen, 1 Ring, 1 Album, 50 Pictures, Book of 150 Cards, &c., 10c. KING CARD CO., North Haven, Conn.

120 Fringed Hid'n Floral Cards & Pictures 200 Games, &c., 1 Plain & 1 Stone Ring, 1 Scarf Pin & Agt's 32p Book, 10c, Dairy Card Co., North Haven, Ct.

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music, only 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Lozis, Mo.;
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#### A LAND OF ABOUNDING WORDS.

SCHOOLBOYS, who about these times are re-suming their tussle with Latin tenses and Greek roots, should find a source of consolation in the fact that the American school curriculum does not number among its list of languages the Chinese. Some idea of the intricacy of the tongue of the Celestials may be gained from an item in the Calcutta Gazette on the work required of a Chinese type setter.

quired of a Chinese type setter.

To see a Chinese compositor "setting up" is a sight. His case flanks him on three sides, and slopes from the ground to the height of about five feet. The type boxes number hundreds, and even then he has to have recourse to a type cutter every now and then for some character in the manuscript which he has not in his case, and which must be cut for him.

The editor has to alter the vocabulary so as to suit his supply of ready made characters as much as possible; and this is no easy matter when it is considered that the papers try generally to follow the high flown style of the classics, and the writers strive to display their

generally to follow the high flown style of the classics, and the writers strive to display their knowledge very often by the use of words of "learned length and thundering sound," much to the disgust of the pig tailed "sub," who truthlessly substitutes every day language for the studied elegancies of the leader writers.

Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Among the agongle experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of ametitic. Irremitarities of the howels wind or of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, etc., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are dis-couraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sar saparilla. It has cured hundreds; it will cure you.

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AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is the best of all cough cures. It allays inflammation of the throat and speedily removes irritating mucus from the bronehial passages.

Mrs. L. P. Cutler, 47 North Washington Sq., New York City, says: "When I was a girl of 17 I had a cough, with profuse night sweats, and Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me. I have recommended this preparation in scores of slimilar cases."

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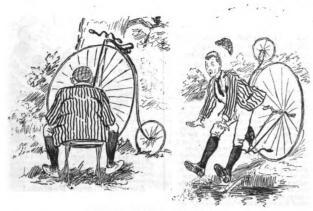


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#### A WOULD BE WHEELMAN'S WOE.

THERE was a young fellow of Deal, With a longing to ride on the wheel, "Is 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 me
"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 its mate. Those beyeles parted asunder. —Cuthbert Carr.



"WHAT CAN'T BE CURED

must be endured." Fight dirt with

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