

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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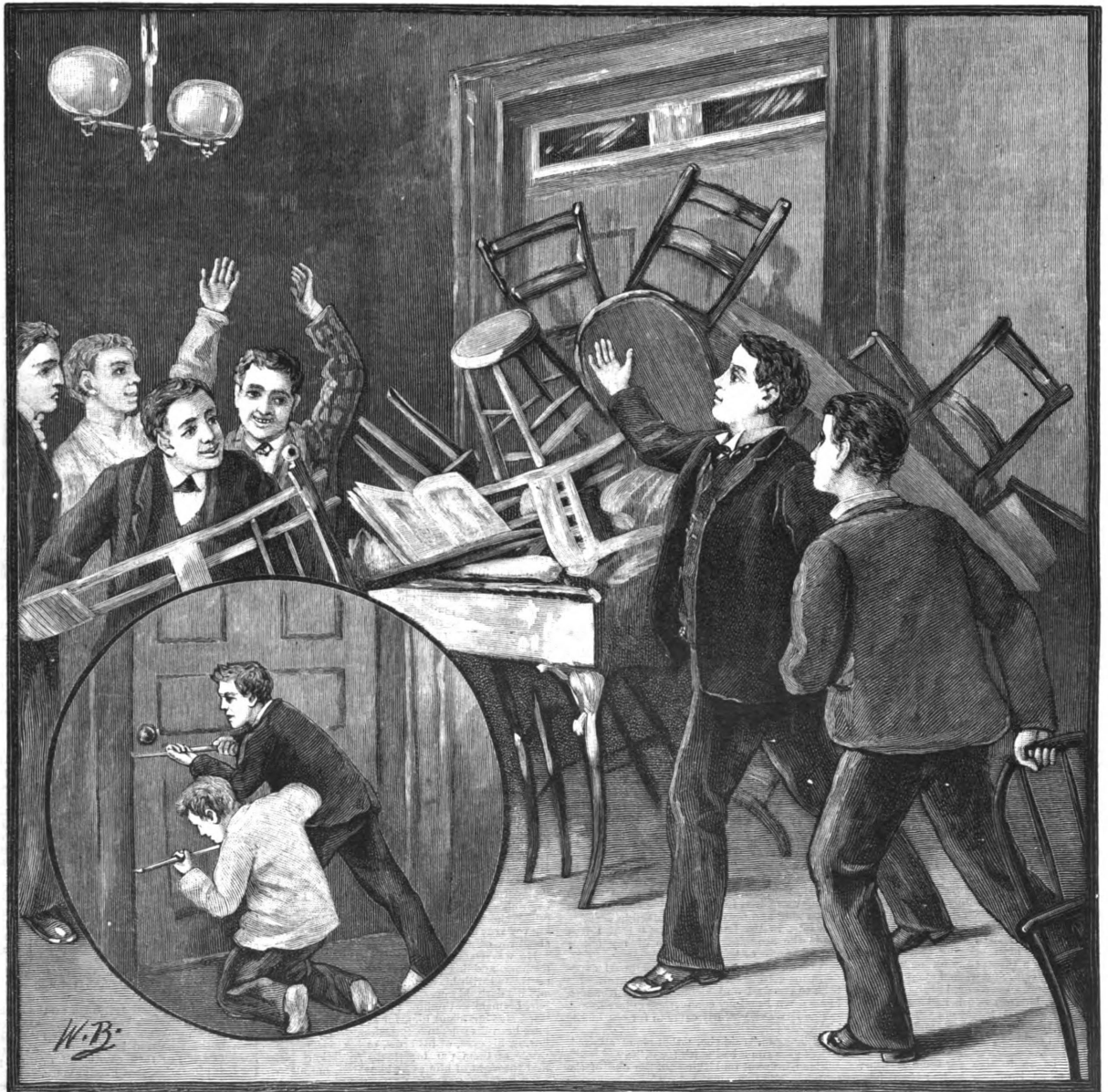
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DRAWN BY WALTER BOBBETT.

THE ENEMY WAS LOCKED IN, THE DOOR BLOCKADED, AND A SCENE ENSUED WHICH I SHALL NEVER FORGET.

See new serial "My Friend Smith," by Talbot Baines Reed, on next page.

ON THE HEIGHTS.

BY ANNA M. FORD.

CONTENTMENT may dwell in a valley— Aspiration tents on the hill! But if we must sit on the mountain, We must climb and climb with a will. Some high purpose ever before us, Life's work ever willing to do; We cannot afford to be cowardly, And we must be steadfast and true! To be ever kind and forgiving, And upright and noble and strong, Brave hearted, and earnest, and tender, And faithful, and guileless of tongue! The banner of freedom floats o'er us— The boom which so dearly we prize— Then let the free spirit's endeavor Be pure as the blue of the skies, O, cherish as precious and golden The graces of virtue and truth! For these are as gifts from the angels, To rout the ambitions of youth. O, cherish as precious and golden All beauties through life that you find; For "practice makes perfect" with every Resolve that adds grace to the mind.

My Friend Smith.

By TALBOT BAINEB REED.

Author of "Mr. Halgrove's Ward."

CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME TO BE SENT TO STONEBRIDGE HOUSE.

IT is perfectly plain, Hudson, the boy must not be allowed to remain any longer a disgrace to the neighborhood," said my uncle. "But, sir," began my poor old nurse. "That will do, Hudson," said my uncle, decisively; "the matter is settled—Frederick is to go to Stonebridge House on Monday." And my uncle, after taking a coat tail under each arm, established himself upon the hearthrug, with his back to Mrs. Hudson. That was always a sign there was no more to be said; and off I was trotted out of the dreaded presence, not very sure whether to be elated or depressed by the conversation I had overheard. And indeed, I was not very sure as to why, at the tender and guileless age of twelve, I was abruptly sent away from my native village of Brownstoke, to that select and popular "Academy for Backward and Troublesome Young Gentlemen" (so the advertisement ran, known as Stonebridge House, in the neighborhood of Cliffside, and kept by a Mr. Ladislaw. I never could recollect my mother or father or Mrs. Hudson. As to my father, all I could recall of him was that he had bushy eyebrows, and used to tell me some most wonderful stories about lions and tigers and other beasts of prey, and used now and then to show me my mother's likeness in a locket that hung on his watch chain. They were both dead, and so I came to live with my uncle.

Now, I could hardly tell why, but it never seemed to me as if my uncle ever appeared to regard it as a privilege to have me to take care of. He didn't whack me as some fellows' uncles do, nor did he particularly interfere with my concerns, and the few remarks (so I am told) in my life were all to little notice as possible of me, and as long as I went regularly to Mrs. Wren's grammar school in the village, and as long as Mrs. Hudson kept my garments in proper order, and as long as I showed up duly on state occasions, and didn't bring more than a square inch of clay on each heel (and was a natural affinity between clay and my heel)—into his drawing room, he scarcely seemed to be aware that his house possessed such a treasure as an only nephew.

The eventful Monday came at last, and with my little box corded up, with Mrs. Hudson as an escort, and a pair of brand new trousers upon my mainly purple, I started off from my uncle's house in the coach for Stonebridge, with all the world before me.

I had taken a rather gloomy farewell of my affectionate relative in his study. He had cautioned me as to my conduct, and given me to understand that at Stonebridge House I should be under a good deal more strict control than I had ever been with him. Saying which he had bestowed on me a threepenny bit as "pocket money" for the term, and wished me good by.

The journey was a long one, but the day was bright and Mrs. Hudson and I had a good basket of provender, so it was not tedious. At length the distance had come to its end, and I should come in sight of Stonebridge at the next turn of the road.

and tell me what they give you to eat; remember pork's bad for you." "That there chimney," interrupted the driver at this stage, "is the fust' use in Stonebridge!" "Five minutes later we were standing in the hall of Stonebridge House. It didn't look much like a school, I remember thinking. It was a large straggling building, rather like a farmhouse, with low ceilings and ricketty stairs. The outside was neat, but not very picturesque, and the front garden seemed to have about as much grass in it as the stairs had carpets.

As we stood waiting for some one to answer our ring I listened nervously, I remember, for any sound or trace of my fellow "backward and troublesome boys," but the school appeared to be confined to a portion of the long straggling wings behind, and not to encroach in the state-portion of the house.

After a second vigorous pull on the bell by our coachman, a stern and scraggy female put in her appearance. "Is this Frederick Batchelor?" she inquired, in tones which put my juvenile back up instantly.

"Yes, this is Master Freddy," put in the nervous Mrs. Hudson, anxious to conciliate every one on my behalf. "Freddy, dear, say—"
"Is that his box?" continued the stern dame.
"Yes," said Mrs. Hudson, feeling rather chilled, "and his box."
"Nothing else?"
"No, except his umbrella, and a few—"
"Take the box up to my room," said the lady to a boy who appeared at this moment.
"Where is the key?"
"I've got that, marm," replied Mrs. Hudson, warmly, "and a little bit of my own key to go over his things myself as they are unpacked."
"Wholly unnecessary," replied the female, holding out her hand for the key. "I see to everything of that kind here."
"But I mean to open the box!" cried Mrs. Hudson, breaking out into a passion quite unusual with her.
I, too, had been getting steam up privately during the last few minutes, and the sight of Mrs. Hudson's agitation was enough to start the train.

"Yes," said I, swelling out with indignation, "Mrs. Hudson and I are going to open the box! You shan't touch it!"
"You shan't appear to be not in the least put out by this little display of feeling. In fact she seemed used to it, for she stood quietly with her arms folded, apparently waiting till we both of us thought fit to subside.

I followed rather nervously. A new boy never takes all at once to the first walk in the playground, but with Flanagan as my protector—who was "Haill, fellow, well met," with every one, even the backwards—I got through the ordeal pretty easily.

They were eight boys altogether at Stonebridge House, and I was introduced—or rather exhibited—to most of them that afternoon. Some received me roughly and others indifferently. The verdict, on the whole, seemed to be that there was plenty of time to see what sort of a fellow I was, and for the present the less I said the better.

So they all talked rather loud in my presence, and showed off, as boys will do, and each expected—or, at any rate, attempted—to impress me with a sense of his particular importance.

CHAPTER II. THE NEW BOY.
I DON'T suppose Stonebridge House, except for the Henicker, was much worse than most schools for "backward and troublesome boys." We were fairly well fed, and fairly well taught, and fairly well quartered. I even think we might have enjoyed ourselves now and then had we been left to ourselves. But we never were left to ourselves. From morning to night, and for all we could tell from night till morning, we were looked after by the Henicker, and that one fact made Stonebridge House almost intolerable.

wards," but for all that he was the cleverest of 'em, so the others told me, in the whole school. "He doesn't seem very bashful," said another boy.

Now indeed did he. He sauntered slowly down the path, looking solemnly now on one side, now on the other, and now at us all, until presently he stood in our midst, and gazed half inquiringly, half doubtfully, from one to the other.

There was nothing impudent in the way he spoke or looked; but somehow or other his tone didn't seem quite as humble and modest as old boys are wont to expect from new. Flanagan's next inquiry, therefore, was a little more roughly uttered.

"What's your Christian name, you young donkey? You don't suppose you're the only Smith in the world, do you?" "We laughed at this. It wasn't half bad for Flanagan.

The new boy, however, remained quite solemn as he replied, briefly: "John Smith."
"And where do you come from?" said Philpot, taking up the questioning, and determining to get more out of the new one than Flanagan had; "and who's your father, do you hear? and how many sisters have you got? and why are you sent here? and are you a backward or a troublesome, eh?"

GIVING.

BY HELEN G. ROBERTS.

THERE is no life, however low
Or humble in its birth,
That may not from its store bestow
Some brightness o'er the earth.
Each little blooming way-side flower,
Tho' lacking beauty rare,
Freely offers all its dower
To make the summer fair.
The river hastening to the sea,
With all its gathered treasures,
Yields up its offerings, full and free;
Their worth it never measures.
Thus nature proves in many a way
The noblest rules of living
Would you receive? Then day by day
Increase thy store by giving.

[This story commenced in No. 998.]

Dean Dunham;

OR,

THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

Author of "Luke Walton," "The Young Acrobat,"
"Ragsin' Dick," "Fattered Tom,"
"Luck and Pluck," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?



F Dean was surprised to see his old enemy in such an out of the way place, Kirby was no less surprised to see his former traveling companion. There was this difference; the encounter brought him pleasure, while to Dean it carried dismay. Neither could understand where on earth the other had sprung from.

"Oho!" laughed Kirby, "so we meet again." Dan looked surprised, thinking the words were addressed to him, but following the direction of Kirby's eyes he saw that he was mistaken. "Do you know this boy?" he asked. "Do I know him? Why, we started from the East together." "How is that?" "It was at the request of a friend of ours." "The captain?" "Yes." "And why did you separate?" "Well, I mustn't tell tales out of school. I am very glad to meet you again, youngster. Is the pleasure mutual?" "No, it isn't," said Dean bluntly. "So I should judge, after the trick you played upon me at our last meeting." "What do you refer to?" "You know well enough. You cautioned Dr. Thorp against me. Don't deny it, for I know it is true." "I don't deny it. What happened that night showed that I had good reason."

"Be that as it may," said Kirby with an ugly scowl, "you did a bad thing for yourself. You probably thought you would never meet me again." Dean was silent, but Dan, whose curiosity was aroused, interposed with an inquiry. "What are you two talkin' about?" he said. "Is this boy a friend or an enemy?" "He is an enemy of our association," replied Kirby. "I am glad to have him in my power." "So there is an association?" thought Dean. "These two men belong to it, and Squire Bates is the captain. I shall soon know all about it." But in the meanwhile the evident hostility of Kirby, reflected in the face of his new acquaintance Dan, was ominous of danger. Dean felt that he would gladly pass the night out in the woods exposed to the night air if he could only get away. But he saw clearly that escape was not at present practicable.

"Have you seen the old woman?" asked Dan, meaning his mother. "Yes. She told me that she had taken in a kid for the night, but I had no idea it was any one I knew. The old lady wears well, Dan." "Yes, she's tough," said the affectionate son carelessly. "I'll go in and see whether she's got supper ready." He entered the house, leaving Dean and his old employer together. "Come here, boy, and sit down," said Kirby smiling, and eving Dean very much as a cat eyes the mouse whom she proposes soon to devour. "You must be tired." "Thank you," said Dean calmly, as he went forward and seated himself on the settee beside Peter Kirby.

"Yes."
"Couldn't you make it pay?"
"I needed a partner like the one I started with—Mr. Montgomery. I couldn't give an entertainment alone."
"Then you haven't been making any money lately?"
"No."
"Where did you get that watch?"
"From Dr. Thorp."
"When did he give it to you?"
"Just before I left town."
"It was a present to you for informing on me, I suppose?" said Kirby, his face again assuming an ugly frown.
"I believe it was for saving him from being robbed."

"Then he had considerable money and bonds in the house?"
"Yes."
"Were they in the cabinet?"
"He removed them."
"After I went to bed?"
"I believe so."
"It seems then that I am indebted to you for foiling my little scheme."
Kirby looked dangerous, and Dean was alive to the peril incurred, but he was obliged in the interests of truth to answer in the affirmative. Here Dan appeared at the door.
"Come in, Kirby," he said. "Supper's ready."
"I am ready for it. I am about famished. Come in, boy."
"Thank you; I have supper already."
"All the same you must come in, for I don't propose to lose sight of you. Hand over that watch, please."
"Why do you want it?" asked Dean apprehensively.
"I have more claim to it than you. It was the price of treachery."
"I hope, Mr. Kirby, you will let me keep it."
"Hand it over without any more words!" said Kirby roughly, "unless you want me to take it from you."

It would have been idle to resist, but Dean was not willing to hand it over, since that would have indicated his consent to the surrender.
"You can take it if you choose," he said.
"It will do after supper. Come in!"
Dean preceded Kirby into the cabin, and sat down on a stool while the two men were eating. Gradually they dropped into conversation, and Dean listened with curious interest.
"So you saw the captain, Kirby?" asked Dan.
"Yes."
"Where?"
"He lives in an obscure country place, buried alive, as I call it. It is for the sake of his family, he says."
"What family has he?"
"A wife and son—the last as like his father as two peas—the same ugly tusks, and long, oval face. The boy puts on no end of airs."
"Does he know?"
"Not a word. He thinks his father a gentleman of wealth and high birth, and holds his head high, I can tell you."
"Does that boy know him?" asked Dan, with a jerk of the head towards Dean.
"You know Brandon Bates, don't you, Dean?" said Kirby.
"Yes, sir."
"Do you like him?"
"I don't think any one in the village likes him."

Mr. Kirby and I agree," thought Dean. But upon the whole it did not seem to him that he liked Kirby any better than Brandon Bates. Brandon had unpleasant manners, but it was clear that Kirby was a professional thief.
"When is the captain coming West?" asked Dan.
"Soon, I think. He may be needed for some work in Denver. I shall make a report to him when I have gathered the information we need, and urge him to come. He has brains, the captain has, and he must give us the advantage of them."

"What plan are you thinkin' of, Kirby?"
"Hush!" said Kirby, glancing toward Dean. "I will speak with you about that later."
After supper they went out again, and sat on the settee, both smoking pipes provided by Dan. Dean was invited to come out also, but he felt very much fatigued, and asked if he might go to bed.
"Mother," said Dan, "can the kid go up to bed?"
"Yes, if he wants to."
"I'll go up with him."
Dan led the way up a narrow staircase to the second floor. There were two rooms, each with a sloping roof. On the floor was spread a sacking filled with hay, one end raised above the general level.
"You can sleep there, youngster," said Dan. "There's no use in undressin'. Lay down as you are."
Dean was quite ready to do so. Though he was apprehensive about the future, fatigue asserted its claim, and in less than five minutes he was sound asleep.

CHAPTER XXX.

DEAN FINDS HIMSELF IN A HOLE.

D EAN seemed to himself to have slept not more than an hour, though in reality several hours passed, when he was aroused by being shaken not over gently.
"Time to get up?" he asked drowsily.
"Yes, it's time to get up," answered a rough voice.
Now he opened his eyes wide, and he saw Kirby looking down on him. At a flash all came back to him, and he realized his position.
He rose from his pallet and asked, "Can I wash my face and hands?"
"There is no water for it. Follow me!"
Rightly concluding that it would be useless to question Kirby, Dean followed him to the lower floor, where Dan had already seated himself at the breakfast table. In obedience to a signal Dean sat down also, and ate with what appetite he could the repast spread before him. In addition to cold meat and bread there was what passed for coffee, though it probably was not even distantly related to the fragrant beverage which we know by that name. Dean drank it, however, not without relish, for it was at least hot.
Fifteen minutes sufficed for breakfast, and then Dan and Kirby left the cabin, motioning to Dean to follow.

Outside the cabin Kirby said, "Have you a handkerchief?"
"Yes," answered Dean, wondering why such a question should be asked.
"Give it to me!"
Dean mechanically obeyed.
Kirby took it, and, folding it, tied it over Dean's eyes.
"Are we going to play blind man's buff?" asked Dean.
"Yes," answered Kirby grimly, "and you are the blind man."
"I should like to know what you have done this for," said Dean, more seriously.
"I can't answer your question, but no harm will come to you if you keep quiet. You are going to take a walk with us."
"And you don't want me to know where you are taking me?"
"You've hit it right the first time, youngster," said Dan.
"I suppose it's no use to resist," said said Dean firmly, "but I must say that you have no right to take away my freedom."
"You can say it if you want to, but it won't make any difference."
"What are you going to do with me?"
"You'll know in time."
Dan and Kirby ranged themselves one on each side of Dean, and he was walked off between them. He asked one or two questions, but was admonished to keep silence. So they walked for twenty minutes, or perhaps half an hour, when Dan left his side, and Dean was compelled to halt in the custody of Kirby.
"It's all ready!" said Dan, reappearing. Again he took Dean by the arm, and they walked forward perhaps a dozen paces.
Then Kirby said, "Here are some steps."

Dean found himself descending a flight of steps—ten in number, for he took the trouble to count them. He was getting more and more mystified, and would have given a good deal to remove the handkerchief that bandaged his eyes, but it was impossible to do it even surreptitiously, for both arms were pinioned by



"PLAY SOME MORE," ENTREATED POMPEY.

his guides. At the end of the flight of steps they came again to level ground, and walked forward perhaps a hundred feet. Dean suspected from the earthy odor that they were under the ground. He soon learned that his supposition was correct, for his guides halted, and loosened their hold upon his arms.
"You can remove the handkerchief now," said Kirby.

Dean lost no time in availing himself of this permission.
He looked around him eagerly.
He found himself in what appeared to be not a natural, but an artificial cave—dark, save for the light of a kerosene lamp, which was placed on a little rocky shelf, and diffused a sickly light about the cellar. At the end of the room there was a passage leading, as it seemed, to some inner apartment.
Dean looked about in surprise.
"What place is this?" he asked.
"You may call it a cave if you like."
"How long are you going to stay here?"
"About five minutes."
"That will be enough for me," said Dean shrugging his shoulders.
"Hardly. You are to stay longer."
"Are you going to leave me here—under the earth?" asked Dean, in alarm.
"Don't you be scared, youngster—you will be safe. You won't be alone. Here, Pompey,"
Through the inner passage came a stunted negro, with a preternaturally large head, around which was pinned a cotton cloth in the shape of a turban. He bowed obsequiously, and eyed Dean with evident curiosity mingled with surprise.
"This boy has come to visit you, Pompey," said Kirby, with grim pleasure.
"Yah, yah, massa!" chuckled Pompey, showing the whites of his eyes.
"You must take good care of him. Give him something to eat when he is hungry, but don't let him escape."
"Yah, massa!"
"He will ask you questions, but you must be careful what you tell him. Remember, he is not one of us, and he mustn't learn too much."
"Yah, massa! I understand. What's his name?"
"Dean."
"Dat's a funny name. I never heard th-like."
"Yes, you have. Dan's like it."
"So it am, massa! Dat's a fac'."
"Now, youngster, I am going to le^{ave} you in the company of Pompey here, who will do his best to make you comfortable and happy."
"When are you coming back for me?" asked Dean, apprehensively.
"Well, that depends upon circumstances. You'd better not trouble yourself about that. Perhaps in a week, perhaps in a month. In the meantime you will have free board, and won't have to work for a living. There are a good many who would like to change places with you."
"If you meet any such, send them along," said Dean, with a jocoseness that thinly veiled a feeling bordering upon despair.
"Ha, ha! That's a good one. Dan, our young friend is becoming a practical joker. That's right, young one. Keep up good courage. I must bid you good by now. Come along, Dan."
The two turned away, and Dean with despairing eyes saw them going back to freedom and the light of day, while he was left in the company of an ignorant black in a subterranean dungeon.
"Law, honey, don't take on!" said Pompey, good naturedly. "There ain't no harm comin' to you."



DEAN IS BLINDFOLDED.

"How about his father? Is he popular?"
"He is better liked than his son."
"The fact is," resumed Kirby, "the captain's boy is an impudent cub. He was insolent to me. I could have tweaked his nose with pleasure."
"There seems to be one point on which



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 FRANK A. MURPHY, PUBLISHER,
 21 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

CURIUS PLACARDS.

WHAT curious nonsense arises sometimes from inattention to those small but powerful articles, the marks of punctuation! Attention was recently called to a notice displayed at a point in New York harbor which is rendered dangerous to ships by the submarine defenses placed there. A large sign reads

TORPEDOES DON'T ANCHOR HERE.

Who ever supposed that they did? And a still more ludicrous placard is reported from a Georgia town, whose citizens one morning found on the public well a notice advising them: "Drink no water from the well; it is full of frogs, by order of the mayor." The official mentioned was at once asked by some indignant neighbors why he had ordered the well filled with frogs.

A DUEL ON WHEELS.

THE reader is probably familiar with the description of duels as fought in France and Germany, given in one of Mark Twain's books. Two other styles of combat have recently been brought into notice, one of them by the suicide of a young German in Chicago.

Three years before he had a bitter quarrel with a companion, which resulted in a strange duel. It was agreed that they should throw dice, and that the loser should take his own life on the third anniversary of the day. The fearful compact was carried out to the letter.

After this terrible tragedy, the other style of dueling comes as a welcome touch of comedy. Two boys—also Germans—agreed to settle their differences in the following way. Mounting tricycles, they took up their positions three hundred yards apart. At a signal, each dashed off in a furious charge upon his enemy. The result was a terrific collision, and one of the machines was knocked into fragments. The combatants then declared themselves satisfied and shook hands.

If the barbarous practice of dueling is to be kept up in any shape, we should recommend the tricycle duel as the best variety.

RAILROADS IN STRANGE PLACES.

THE iron horse is steadily pushing his way into some of the most inaccessible parts of the world, and the next few years are likely to see some remarkable triumphs achieved by the railway engineers. They are piercing with bands of steel the wilds of Central Asia, the heart of the Dark Continent, and even the snows of the Arctic circle.

Much has been written of the new Russian railroad which stretches nearly a thousand miles east of the Caspian Sea, and whose "devil carts," as the wondering natives have dubbed the locomotives, are now making regular trips through the sandy plains where a few years ago no white traveler could pass. A road yet more remarkable in some ways is being built from India into Afghanistan, whose rugged mountains are being pierced by tunnels one of which is nearly three miles long.

In Persia, too, two thousand Italian laborers are constructing a line to connect Teheran with the Caspian. The undertaking has been delayed by a curious idea of the Shah's. Instead of beginning at the sea and bringing forward the materials on the track as it progressed, the Persian monarch insisted that the road must start from his capital, and that the rails, tools, etc., should be brought thither on mules across the desert, and the work done backward. Three

other Asiatic countries—Siam, Siberia, and Asia Minor—are likely soon to become possessors of extensive lines.

In Africa, a trade railway is being built from Loanda, on the west coast, four hundred miles inland; and the Congo road, which is to pass the cataract broken middle course of the great river, and joined its lower channel to its navigable upper waters, is now a thing of the near future.

The most northern railroad in the world is in course of construction in Norway and Sweden. It will run from the Baltic to Lofodden, far within the Arctic Circle, and no less than twelve hundred miles nearer the Pole than any road on the American continent.

HUMANE MEN OF TODAY.

It is a mistake to suppose that generosity is a forgotten virtue in this driving commercial age. Indeed, a little consideration will show that benefactions were never so numerous as now, when we are constantly hearing of splendid gifts to hospitals, libraries, and various forms of charity. In the world of business, where sentiment rarely finds a place, humanity will crop out, and even great corporations, in spite of the proverb, are found to possess souls.

In the recent terrible collision between two Danish steamers on the Atlantic, valuable aid was given to the sufferers by a vessel of the Hamburg-American line. In due course the owners of the wrecked ships asked the German company for its bill for the services rendered. The latter replied that they would take no pay for a humane action, and that if the applicants wished to pay the costs incurred, they would turn the money over to the families of those who perished in the disaster.

THE events of the last few days supply another instance similar to that recorded above. A day or two after the Mayor of New York announced that he would receive subscriptions in aid of the yellow fever victims in Florida, a gentleman walked into his office, left three bank notes, and hurriedly left without giving his name. Two of the notes were found to be thousand dollar bills, and the third was a ten thousand dollar bill.

A real emergency always calls out men's better nature.

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

A NEW ELECTRIC MARVEL.

THE wonders of the "Arabian Nights" will not be so wonderful to the coming generation. What with our telegraphs, telephones and phonographs, the mysterious conveyance of words in an instant over hundreds of miles of land and sea, and their preservation in a machine for centuries in the voice of the speaker—such things will speedily become every day matters. And now we have an instrument, called the military microphone, which, buried in the ground across the expected route of an enemy, will tell in advance whether this enemy be large in numbers or small, mounted or on foot.

Truly, it looks as if the writer of fairy tales must speedily transform himself into the chronicler of scientific achievements.

WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

"I WOULDN'T give up the ARGOSY for a good deal," was the remark of a reader who has just called at the office. And this is the sentiment that is echoed back from every port at which our gallant ship touches.

LOISE PINK, PA., Sept. 18, 1887.
 The ARGOSY is the best paper I have ever read.

E. B. ENOCH,
 WEST TROY, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1888.
 It is with pleasure I embrace this opportunity of speaking in praise of your bright and enterprising paper. It is always packed full of interesting and instructive literature.

C. E. ROSECRANS,
 HAMILTON, ONTARIO, Sept. 22, 1888.
 The ARGOSY is the best paper I have ever read, barring none. I have been taking it for about six months; all its stories are splendid. I admire your great staff of authors.

JAMES J. RYAN.

CYRUS W. FIELD, The Founder of the Atlantic Telegraph.

TWENTY years ago Cyrus W. Field was undoubtedly the most celebrated citizen of New York. He had just accomplished, after a dozen years of toil and difficulties, a colossal enterprise, destined to be of immense value to the world at large. The name of the man who had conceived and brought into existence the first ocean telegraph was on every one's lips. Nor is it likely that Mr. Field's service to mankind will ever be forgotten. Posterity will surely rank him with Stephenson, De Lesseps, and the other great men whose sagacity brought about real boons to the civilized world; and he will be remembered when the Wall Street millionaires with whom his name is frequently associated will in all probability have passed into oblivion.

Mr. Field is the most famous, but not the only famous member of a family of four brothers, sons of a New England clergyman who was a prominent in his day and profession. He was born and educated at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, but at the age of fifteen he left his country home and went to New York, with twenty-five dollars in his pocket, to seek his fortune.

He was one of the few who succeeded where hundreds fail, and his success was earned by talent and industry. Beginning very near the foot of the ladder, he found a place in the great dry goods store of the late A. T. Stewart. His salary for the first year was but fifty dollars, but the business training he received in that strictly managed establishment was undoubtedly valuable to him.

After three years in the Stewart store, Mr. Field went to work for one of his brothers, who had a paper manufactory at Lee, Massachusetts. Two years later, having gained a thorough knowledge of the business, he became a partner in the firm of E. Root & Company, of Maiden Lane, New York. This undertaking proved a failure, and Mr. Field left it to start on his own account. This was in 1841, and during the next twelve years he was very prosperous, accumulating a considerable fortune. Then he gave up business, and spent some months traveling in South America.

He returned to New York to set on foot the enterprise which made him famous. It was a scheme of gigantic proportions, and Mr. Field devoted the next twelve years to its completion. Of course he needed extensive support. He succeeded in enlisting the aid of Peter Cooper, Marshall Roberts, and several leading New Yorkers, as well as British capitalists. Next he procured from the Newfoundland legislature the privilege of laying cables between that island and the American continent on one side, and Ireland on the other. Then came the construction of a line along the southern coast of Newfoundland, and the first attempt to stretch a telegraph wire under the sea, between Cape Ray and Cape Breton Island.

The effort was watched with great interest, but it proved a failure. Next year, however, the endeavor was renewed, and successfully. Now came the vastly more difficult task of crossing the wide ocean.

Several experiments were made, but they were unpromising, and no advance was made with the great undertaking until 1865, when the huge steamer Great Eastern was chartered to carry over the ocean a mighty coil of telegraph wire, paying it out as she progressed. Mr. Field himself was on board of the vessel,

and at first all went well. Success seemed nearly within his grasp, when in mid ocean, during a gale, a sudden lurch of the steamer snapped the cable, and the twelve hundred miles that had been paid out sank to the bottom and could not be recovered.

This was a severe disappointment, but again the undaunted energy of Mr. Field turned defeat into victory. The next year he was ready with a new cable, and this time the whole task was successfully completed.

The sensation created when the circuit was joined, and the first message flashed from America to Europe, was no less intense than that aroused by Fulton's first steamboat on the Hudson, or the first railroad train between Liverpool and Manchester. The compliments and honors that showered upon Mr. Field were great, but not greater than he deserved. As Senator Evans remarked in a public speech, "Columbus said, 'Here is one world, let there be two'; but Cyrus Field said, 'Here are two worlds, let there be one!' and both commands were obeyed."

Mr. Field has been interested in a number of other undertakings, one of which was the construction of the elevated railroads in New York. The management of these roads has been a good deal criticised, but

Mr. Field's voice in the councils of the directors, it must in fairness be said, was always raised in the interests of the public. To him was due the institution of five cent fares, a measure which, it is no secret, inflicted very heavy financial loss upon himself, and forced him to part with his large holding of Manhattan stock.

He was the owner until recently of the *Mail and Express*, which he has now handed over to Mr. Eliot F. Shepard. He also owns an immense office building at the foot of Broadway.

Mr. Field's way of life is simple and regular. He rises and retires early; every day he goes to his down town office, and generally takes a very plain lunch in the Western Union building. His home, a handsome but not ostentatious house, is on Gramercy Park. He has been married more than forty years, and has two sons and four daughters. As already remarked, he is not the only prominent member of his family. His eldest brother, David Dudley, is well known for his legal eminence and for his wonderful vigor at an age considerably over four score years, while Stephen, another brother, who went out to California, is on the United States supreme bench.

RICHARD H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

NOT failure, but low aim, is crime.—J. A. Lowell.

PATIENT plodding often accomplishes more than inactive genius.

HOPK, folding her wings, looked backward and became Regret.

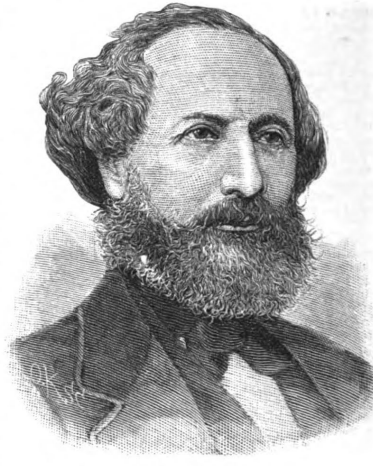
PLEASURE soon exhausts us and itself also; but endeavor never does.—Richter.

THE lightning is vivid against a dark cloud, so the bravest lives sometimes are amid trials.

It will generally be found that a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's bad manners.

ANGUISH of mind has driven thousands to suicide; anguish of body, none. This proves that the health of the mind is of far more consequence to our happiness than the health of the body, although both are deserving of much more attention than either of them receive.—Colton.

IMAGINARY evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three touches with a lead pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.—Swift.



CYRUS W. FIELD.

THE SEEDS WE SCATTER.

We can never be too careful
What the seed our hands shall sow;
Love from love is sure to ripen,
Hate from hate is sure to grow.
Seed of good or ill we scatter
Heedlessly along our way,
Put a glad or grievous fruitage
Waits us at the harvest day.

[This story commenced in No. 305.]

The Giant Islanders.

BY BROOKS MCCORMICK.

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

CHAPTER IX.

DUNK WELLPOOL INCURS A SAD DISAPPOINTMENT.

DUNK WELLPOOL was not a little surprised at what he regarded as the singular conduct of Livy Wooster when they parted on the shore of the river, four months before the arrival of the Albatross at the island of Isora.

He had not the remotest suspicion that the person with whom he had been talking so long in the orchard and at the landing was not the associate of his night enterprise, for he was greatly excited himself, and Landy had taken the greatest care not to betray himself.

As Captain Ridgefield and his son believed, Dunk had bullied Livy into taking the part he played in the affair. Captain Wellpool's son had in some manner obtained an influence over this boy which enabled him to do so.

But Dunk could not understand it at all when Livy asserted himself, saying that he did not believe his companion intended to give him his share in the tin trunk, and had left him while he was trying to make a concession to him.

He had no time to follow him, for the family must be on board of the Vulture, and it would perhaps spoil his father's plans if he failed to leave the wharf before the people of the town were stirring.

With the tin trunk in his hand he went on board of the boat again, and pulled down the river, where he found his father very impatient at his absence when he was all ready to cast off the fasts.

"Where have you been, Duncan?" demanded his father as he showed himself on the deck of the Vulture, when the after sails had been hoisted and she was all ready to leave. "I have been waiting for you this half hour."

"I was sick and up nearly all night," replied Dunk. "I did not stay on board of the vessel, for Tim Reed wanted me to go to his house last night, and I was to sleep with him."

Captain Ridgefield had expressed a doubt as to whether Captain Wellpool had any guilty knowledge of the operations of his son, though the latter had proved that he was capable of such treachery; and now it appeared that Dunk had acted solely on his own account.

"What was the matter with you?" asked the father, softening in his manner when his son said he had been sick.

"I had the cholera morbus; but I think I have got over it now," replied Dunk, keeping the tin trunk behind him all the time so that his father should not see it.

"You had better go into the cabin and turn in; let your mother give you something, though if you can go to sleep that is the best thing for you," said Captain Wellpool. "But where is Livy? I haven't seen him this morning; and the mate said he did not sleep on board last night."

"I don't know; I haven't seen anything of him," answered Dunk, as he moved towards the companion way.

"Perhaps he has got sick of the voyage, and has backed out; I shall not wait for him. Tom Leeks came to see me last night, and I shipped him, so that we shall not be short handed," replied the captain as he ordered Boscook, the mate, to cast off the fasts and set the jib.

Dunk went down into the cabin and took possession of the stateroom which had been assigned to him. His first care was to put the tin trunk in a safe place, for he still had a strong hope that the money had not been taken from it.

He told his mother that he had slept with Tim Reed and had been sick; but he declared that he was quite well then and only wanted to go to sleep, for he could hardly keep his eyes open, which was true, as he had been up the entire night.

The Vulture was soon standing down the channel, and Dunk lay down in his berth; but tired and sleepy as he was he could not go to sleep, for the events of the night still pressed themselves on his mind. Fastening his door, he took the tin trunk from its place of concealment and proceeded to examine it.

By this time it was broad daylight, and the stateroom was light enough to enable him to see clearly. The vessel was moving away from the home of his childhood, though he had too much on his mind to permit him to indulge in any sentimental reflections.

He turned the lid of the box towards the window of the stateroom, and examined it with the most searching scrutiny in order to determine whether or not the lock had been tampered with by Livy, in whose possession it had been for some time.

He knew that his accomplice in the robbery had no chest, or even a valise, but brought his clothes on board of the schooner in a bundle; in fact he had nothing with a lock on it; and for this reason he was not likely to have any keys in his pocket, one of which might possibly fit the lock in the trunk. He could not have picked the lock in the darkness, even if he had any implement about him for this purpose, and Dunk was confident that he could not have opened the box in the regular way.

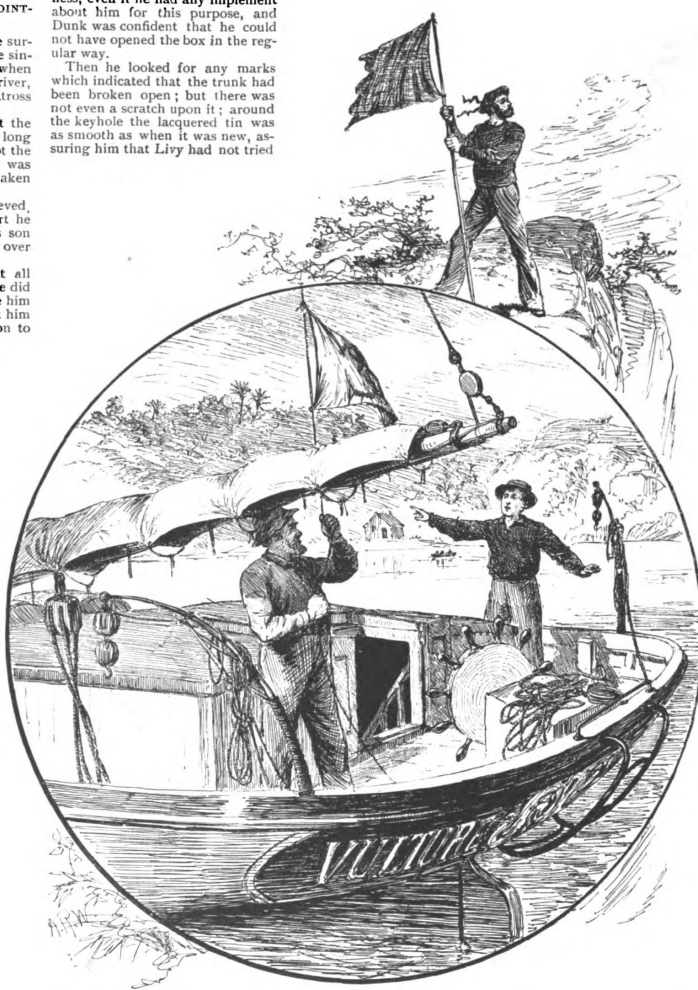
Then he looked for any marks which indicated that the trunk had been broken open; but there was not even a scratch upon it; around the keyhole the lacquered tin was as smooth as when it was new, assuring him that Livy had not tried

it till it was noon, and he only dressed himself when he was called to dinner.

As on board of the other schooner bound on the same voyage, Captain Wellpool divided his ship's company into watches, and Dunk was assigned to the port watch; but he hardly noticed the proceedings on board, his mind was so fully occupied with the results of his operations the night before.

As he was supposed to be a little under the weather, nothing in the shape of work was required of him, and he went below, saying to his mother, who was on deck with Roxv, her daughter, that he thought he should turn in again, for he did not feel just right.

In the cabin he had a chance to borrow all the keys in trunks and lockers, for there was no one there to interfere with him; but he could



TO THE DISGUST OF DUNK WELLPOOL, HIS FATHER HAULING DOWN THE DANGER SIGNAL.

to pick the lock, for he could not have done anything of the kind in the dark without leaving some evidence of the fact.

Then Dunk shook the trunk, as he had done several times before on shore, and the sound convinced him that the contents of the box had not been disturbed.

He had a trunk of his own in the stateroom, and he applied the key of it to the tin box; but it was three times too big for the keyhole; and he was obliged to suspend all operations in this direction for the want of any tools to break the lock, or a supply of keys from which he might select one that would fit it.

He could do nothing more, and he threw himself into his berth again; but he felt a tolerably strong assurance that the money, and what was of more consequence to his father, the concession of the island, were still in the trunk.

With this cheerful view of the result of his night's work, he dropped asleep while he was thinking how he should hand the concession over to his father without explaining how it came into his possession.

Dunk's mother did not call him to breakfast when it was ready, and he slept without waking

not find a single key that he could insert in the keyhole, for the trunk had been made for a "strong box," and the lock was peculiar.

Dunk was disappointed at the result of his various trials with so many keys, and the only course left open to him was to break open the trunk. From the tool chest he procured an old chisel and a hammer; but even with these implements he found it no easy job to open the trunk, though he at last succeeded in doing so by cutting away the tin around the lock.

In a high fever of expectation he opened the trunk, and saw that it was half full of papers of some sort, and he took from the top of the pile a last year's almanac, which was not entirely satisfactory.

One by one he removed several newspapers, and his spirits began to die out of him, for it looked as though he would not have to study up any plan to explain his possession of the concession, inasmuch as it did not yet appear that he possessed it.

An old magazine was the next treasure he handled, and it did not suit him a whit better than the almanac and the newspapers. He went to the bottom of the trunk without finding either money or valuables of any kind.

He was bewildered and confounded at the result of the examination, for though he was a very shaky character he was no fool, and he was able to reason very clearly over the sad discovery he had made, which entirely upset some very brilliant plans he had imagined.

CHAPTER X.

THE HOISTING OF THE SIGNAL FLAG ON THE HILL.

It would be stating it very mildly to say that Dunk Wellpool was bewildered and utterly confounded when he discovered the worthless character of the contents of the tin trunk.

Was it possible that Livy Wooster had opened the trunk, taken out the treasures it contained, and substituted for them the pamphlets and newspapers he had found?

Certainly Livy had not carried about him such trash as the box contained, and he could not have found such articles in the darkness of the night in the orchard or the pasture. They could not have been put there by him; it was simply impossible in the opinion of the inquirer; and it looked as though the matter was the groundwork of one of the great mysteries of his life.

As he was thinking of the discovery he had made, and feeling just as though a cruel trick had been played upon him, he picked up a handful of the rubbish he had taken from the trunk.

On the cover of the magazine he found the name of "Captain S. Ridgefield, Channelport, Me.," showing that the master of the Albatross was a regular subscriber to the publication, for the name was printed with a directing machine.

On the newspapers he found the same address; and as Dunk knew that Livy had not been into the captain's house, he was satisfied that he had not substituted the rubbish for the valuable contents of the trunk.

The owner of the box would not have done such a thing as to keep these worthless publications in a tin trunk, locked up in his desk, as though they had been bank notes, deeds and bonds.

As it did not cross Dunk's mind that he had been deceived in the person who handed the tin trunk to him, taking it from the crotch of the Porter apple tree, the more he thought of the matter the more mystified he became, and he could make no progress at all in the solution of it.

It had been no secret in Channelport that Captain Ridgefield and his family were about to emigrate to the Pacific coast, though it was generally supposed that they were going to some point in California; and Dunk's father had done a great deal of talking in his family about the intentions of his former friend, whom he now regarded as his bitter enemy.

He had hinted that he must have gathered together a considerable sum of money for the intended departure; and he also alluded to the concession, which he considered as much his own property as that of the captain, who had spent his money and time in procuring it.

This talk had inspired Dunk with the idea of possessing both the money and the grant, and he was confident that he should realize as much as a thousand dollars from the enterprise of that night.

But he did not believe that, with this sum in his possession, he should go to any out of the way place and work with a pick and shovel, as the hands shipped were to do when the occasion required; indeed, his father had always made him work harder than he liked.

It was quite true that he had promoted Livy an equal share of the plunder; but he intended to put off the division of the money till the Vulture put into some port to procure supplies, for his father thought he should touch at Rio Janeiro and perhaps elsewhere. At this or any more convenient point Dunk meant to run away; and with what he regarded as a fortune in his possession he could enjoy himself to his heart's content.

Doubtless Landy Ridgefield had done him an immense favor in defeating his brilliant plan, and had possibly saved him from utter ruin for a few years; but Dunk was greatly cast down when he found that he had spent the whole night in a useless venture and had realized nothing from it. If he thought at all of the crime he had committed, the fact that he had left Channelport forever would save him from the consequences of his folly and villainy.

The Vulture sped on her voyage, and sailing a week earlier she was favored with a fresh breeze than the Albatross, and entirely escaped the calms that had delayed her rival.

But she had arrived at Isora only twenty-four hours before the other schooner, and had come to anchor in Ferla Bay the evening of the preceding day.

Captain Wellpool was in a hurry to obtain possession of the island before the arrival of his enemy, and the evening had been spent in putting up a shanty and landing stores from the vessel.

"But if Captain Ridgefield has a grant from the government of this island, what good will it do to take possession of the place?" asked Mrs. Wellpool, while the landing was in progress.

"What good will the grant do him out here, I should like to know? He has no power, no soldiers, no anything, to put him in possession of it by driving me away," demanded the captain.

"Do you mean to fight for the island?" asked the wife.

"Yes, if Ridgefield undertakes to interfere with me. I have as much right to the island as he has; and we agreed to come here and occupy it together; but he kept putting me off till I was satisfied that he meant to cheat me out of my share of the wealth there is on the island. That is the whole of it; and I mean to defend my right to the end."

"There is a boat with a lot of Indians in it," said Dunk, joining his father and mother at this point of the conversation.

"I am not afraid of them, though it will be necessary to keep watch of them about all the time," replied Captain Wellpool, as he brought his glass to bear upon the single boat that appeared at the entrance of the bay.

"I am afraid of them," said Roxy, as she clung to the side of her mother.

"So am I," added Mrs. Wellpool. "I shall not have a minute's peace if we have to expect a visit from such savages. Every one of them is bigger than any man you have on board, Bidy."

"Don't you be a bit alarmed about them. We have rifles enough in the cabin to keep them half a mile from us all the time," replied the captain confidently.

But the Indians came no nearer, and seemed to be engaged in ascertaining what the people on board of the vessel were doing; and before it was dark they had sailed away, and were seen no more that day, but their presence had terribly frightened Mrs. Wellpool and her daughter, though the former was strong minded enough to do better.

During the evening the shanty was nearly completed; but the females positively refused to stay in it over night, though it was prepared for their reception.

The next morning Captain Wellpool sent Lon Packwood in a small boat which had belonged to Roxy, to the entrance of the bay, where there was a considerable hill on the west side.

Lon was directed to post himself on the top of this hill, and keep a sharp lookout for the appearance of any savages; and he was provided with a pole, which he was to stick in the ground and hoist a red flag on it in case he discovered the approach of the savages from the southward.

Having made this provision against possible danger, the captain's wife and daughter consented to go on shore and put things to rights in the house which had been erected, though it was not yet completed.

A couple of men who were to do duty as carpenters were sent to the island to complete the house, the frame of which had been made before the "Vulture" left Chalmersport; and they were to be followed by the captain and his wife, while the master was engaged in getting goods out of the hold with the rest of the men.

Everything went along very well during the forenoon, and the females made the cottage, as the wife called it, very comfortable with the things which were brought ashore in the boats.

Not only the captain, but every member of the expedition, kept an eye on the pole which Lon Packwood had planted on the top of the hill; and in the middle of the afternoon the red flag was discovered at the top of it.

The signalman had been instructed by the captain to remain at his post till the Indians came near the entrance to Perla Bay, for he could easily keep out of their way in the little light, sharp boat, with its spoon oars.

The return of Lon was to be the signal that the danger was becoming imminent, and those on shore were to be taken on board at once, where Captain Wellpool was confident that he could successfully defend his party, and where the wife and daughter could be in the cabin out of the reach of any arrows, for the captain knew that the savages were not provided with firearms.

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF BIG INDIANS.

THOUGH Captain Wellpool had never been a soldier, as had been his rival for the possession of the island, he was accustomed to danger, and had had some experience with savages on the Pacific coast.

He was not alarmed at the situation, though a more prudent man would have said that he had abundant reason to be: for the flag on the point indicated the approach of the Indians.

The master of the schooner kept the men of his party busy with the work in which they were engaged, though he maintained a sharp lookout for the return of the boat with Lon Packwood.

In his opinion, there could be no danger as long as the signalman remained at his post, and

Packwood was intelligent and cool enough to understand the importance of his mission.

The schooner was at anchor at about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and the captain had been located; and the two men at work on the house were to bring off the captain's wife and daughter as soon as he gave them the signal to do so, which was to be one of the number of flags of the vessel, hoisted on the topping lift of the boom.

Portions of the land bordering on the bay were covered with a growth of trees, especially on the east shore of the bay, where a neck of land very narrow, in the shape of a boot, separated it from the waters of the gulf.

"Biddy!" shouted Mrs. Wellpool from the shore, calling him by her own abbreviation of Biddad, which she thought was not a very pretty name, even if it did come from the Bible.

But she might as well have shouted to him if he had been on the other side of the continent, for he could not hear her at that distance; and he did not wish to hear her either, for he would have known that she was simply alarmed at the sight of the red flag on the point.

"The signal did not believe there was any danger as long as Packwood remained at his post, and he was ready to display the signal as soon as the signalman took to his boat.

Captain Wellpool had not made any particular examination of the bay and its shores on his arrival, for he had been there twenty five or more years, and he believed he knew all about the locality.

He would have done much better if he had explored the island and its waters before he landed his wife and daughter on the island, for he might have obtained some information that would have rendered him less stoical when the red flag was displayed.

As it was kept about his work, and drove his men to do their utmost, for he was still in a hurry to get settled on the island before the arrival of the Albatross; and he was confident that she must be on the way to this paradise.

There is Lon Packwood, running down the hill, and answered his father's question in a word of the hard work he had been compelled to do, and he thought that anything which would call upon them to knock off, even if it were to be a fight, would be a godsend.

"I don't see him," replied the captain. "Stick to your work, Duncan; and I will let you know when it is time to let up. We shall have time enough to rest after we get settled on shore, and are in possession of the island."

"Lon is in among the trees, but he is on the way to the boat," added Dunk, as he resumed his work.

"There is time enough, and we need not do anything about the Indians till we see them coming," answered his father. "There is your mother on the shore, frightened half out of her senses when there isn't an Indian within a mile and a half of her."

"There are Indians about here, for we saw them yesterday. What is to prevent them from landing on the other side of the island, and coming over to the cottage?" asked Dunk.

"They can't get up the bank, which is a steep precipice all around the island. The hillsides have been carved in for the last hundred years, and the only place to land is on this bay."

"There is Lon Packwood in the boat, and he is pulling with all his might!" exclaimed Dunk, as he pointed in the direction of the strait by which the bay was entered.

The hopeful son did not wait for any orders, but knocked off work at once, while his father went to the quarter deck, bent on the number flag, and hoisted it to the topping lift, where the ensign was sometimes displayed.

"I suppose we had better get up the rifles and ammunition," said the captain, as he came to the companion way, after he had set the signal.

"I should think it was about time," replied Dunk, in a tone which seemed to his father to be rather critical.

"There is time enough; you are losing your head, Duncan," said the captain in a sharp tone, for he did not allow himself to be criticised, even in the tones of the voice, by any one on board of the vessel.

"If there was time enough, Lon wouldn't strain himself at the oars as he is doing now," suggested Dunk.

"Don't you see that the Indians have to come to the opening before they can get into the bay, and they will have to make a mile after we get sight of them? I tell you there is no hurry."

Captain Wellpool was vexed because his son seemed to be trying to hurry him; and he went to the topping lift, and took in the number he had hoisted.

"What is that for, father?" demanded the son, rather impatiently.

"None of your business what it is for, Duncan. You will have to learn that I am in command of this vessel, and I don't let anybody boss me."

The party on shore had not had time to embark in the boat; and when the signal was dropped, the men who dared not disobey an order of the captain, refused to return to the Vulture, though Mrs. Wellpool and Poxy begged them to do so.

"There is no need of doing anything till we can see the Indians at the entrance to the bay," continued the captain, when he was somewhat mollified by the silence of his son.

Dunk saw that it was not prudent for him to say anything, and he watched the boat in which Lon Packwood was approaching as rapidly as oars would carry it, though he was still half a mile from the schooner.

Mrs. Wellpool and Roxy were making energetic gestures in the direction of the vessel, and seemed almost to be pointing with a sort of desperation in the direction from which the signalman was approaching.

The two men with them had knocked off work, and the captain saw that they had their rifles in their hands in readiness for immediate use, and they joined the females in making earnest gestures.

"What does all that mean, Duncan?" said Captain Wellpool, who had by this time recovered his usual humor, though that was not always particularly even and gentle.

"I don't know; but I don't think Leeks and Reelton would be scared if there wasn't some reason for it," replied Dunk. "They are putting mother and Roxy into the boat now, and they mean to come off to the Vulture."

"If they come off without orders, it will be the worse for them," replied the captain, his bile rising again. "They are as safe there as they will be on board of the vessel; and I will teach them to obey orders."

The two men on shore evidently intended to come on board, and were making their way, as indicated by the signal, and the captain looked savage enough to bite off a board nail.

The two females were seated in the stern sheets of the boat, and the men were stepping into their places at the oars.

"Stop where you are!" shouted Captain Wellpool, his face growing red at their disregard of his orders. "Stay where you are!"

If Leeks and Reelton heard him, they gave no heed to his commands, but the boat seemed to stick on the bottom where the water was too shallow for it; and one of them jumped overboard, and worked some time in shoving it off.

At that instant the men were manning the oars, and began to approach the schooner, and at this time Lon was about the same distance from her, and was still pulling as though his life depended upon his exertions.

Captain Wellpool went down into the cabin, and returned after some delay with a rifle in his hand, which he pointed at the two men in the boat.

At that moment a terrific yell rent the air, and three large craft of rude construction, each containing not less than twenty big Indians, came out into the bay apparently from the trees, not twenty rods from the cottage.

Captain Wellpool and Dunk were appalled at the sight.

(To be continued.)

SHIPWRECKED ON A RAILROAD.

THUS are the days of combinations, and nothing seems to escape the tendency of the times—no even accidents, for here is the *San Diego Bee* telling of a railroad disaster that included many of the elements of shipwreck.

At four o'clock on a recent afternoon a startling and thrilling accident occurred on the California Southern road, about ten miles beyond Oceanside, in a place where the track runs alongside the sea. Engaged with five freight cars and a caboose, attached, was making good time towards Oceanside, when, without warning, the whole train, with the exception of the engine, jumped the track and went wheeling and rolling down the embankment into six feet of water.

The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails. Its suddenness gave none of the train hands time to get away, and they, along with the cars, plunged headlong into the water.

The conductor and a brakeman were at the time in the caboose, and as it struck the water the trucks left it and it floated seaward. As soon as they collected their scattered senses sufficiently to realize what had occurred they concluded to continue their voyage to sea in the caboose and await developments.

Immediately after the wreck occurred the engineer, seeing how matters stood, continued on his way to Ocean Beach for assistance and for the rescue party started.

When they arrived at the scene of the disaster the caboose was seen in the dim distance, and the figures of two men standing in the doorway were clearly defined in the gathering gloom. A boat was immediately put off, and soon reached and rescued the men, bringing them safely to land. The caboose is still at sea, and when last seen was headed towards the Sandwich Islands.

AN AMATEUR FAITH CURE.

THE "faith curists" have been a good deal talked about of late, and much ridicule has been thrown upon their pretensions to cure all diseases that flesh is heir to, without any other medicine than mental or spiritual influences. Their theory is probably a delusion, yet it is not wholly without foundation; for the mind does undoubtedly exercise a strange power over its tenement of clay as has often been shown. Here is a curious instance narrated in the *Washington Post*:

A reporter yesterday afternoon tied his hand at faith curing. He was standing on the front platform of an avenue car when the driver's nose began to bleed. After several ineffectual attempts had been made to stop the bleeding, the reporter, who feared the driver would be seriously inconvenienced, to say the least, thought he would try an experiment.

Taking a piece of ordinary white paper from his pocket he handed it to the sufferer, with the remark: "Put that in your mouth, between the tongue and the inside of the lower gum. It's the best remedy ever known for nose bleeding. We used it in our family for seven generations, and it never failed to cure."

The driver did as he was bid, and inside of a minute the bleeding stopped. What effected the cure? Was it the efficacy of the paper or the faith the driver had in its remedial powers?

WINTER COMETH.

BY VIRGINIA PATTERICK.

The flowers die one by one, and dying, fall
From off the leafless stalks; and one and all,
The brooks run on and sob a sad reply,
To softly sighing winds that hasten by.
The trees their robes have given, so grand and gay,
As carpet, soft and rich, for winter's way.
The king, with steady march, comes to the throne
That Autumn, looking back with sigh and moan,
And longing glance, has left. 'T were better so,
Perhaps, although with tears we bid him go!

[This story commenced in No. 95.]

Ray Culver;

OR,

THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ASTOUNDING CHARGE.

THE small boy's question went unanswered. Utterly disgusted, Ray turned on his heel, and noticing that a gentleman was standing in the open doorway of No. 109, peering inquiringly up and down the corridor, he made a hurried bolt in that direction.

"Mr. Philip Culver?" he said interrogatively.

The occupant of No. 109, who was short and chunky, with a double chin and small eyes that were nearly lost in his fat cheeks, gave a forced smile, answered "Yes, that is my name," with an absent minded air, and continued to gaze eagerly in the direction of the elevator over her hero's shoulder.

Ray was somewhat disconcerted. This was rather an embarrassing reception to meet with from a man who has just sent down word that he is awaiting you.

At that instant, however, the elevator passed the floor on its upward way again without stopping, and with a puzzled shake of the head, Mr. Culver removed his gaze from the shaft and centered it on Ray.

"Oh yes, excuse me," he said. "Come in, won't you? A cousin of mine just sent up word that he was going to call on me, but I guess he must have got off at the wrong floor. Now what can I do for you, sir?"

But it was fully half a minute before Ray could frame a reply. It seemed ridiculous to commence by announcing melodramatically that he had come in search of a long lost half brother. If the other had only met him half way, it would have been all right, no doubt. However, feeling that he must say something to break the awkward silence, he began hesitatingly:

"I had other business calling me to the hotel, and while glancing over the register, I noticed your name, and its similarity to that of a half brother—"

Here the other's face took on an indescribable expression, and he interrupted Ray by holding up his hand and stepping to the speaking tube near the doorway. Pressing his finger to the electric button on his left, he applied his mouth to the tube and called out something, the nature of which Ray did not catch. Then turning again to the latter, he seated himself and remarked in an entirely different tone from any he had yet used:

"Ah, yes, you were saying I believe that you thought you might be a connection of mine?"

"Yes, one for whom we have been looking a long time," he remarked Ray, eagerly. "And yet it seems strange that—"

"You should run across me in this accidental way, so to speak," broke in the other, with a most peculiar smile and a glance towards the door again. "But fact is often stranger than fiction, you know. Yet stay, you haven't yet asked me to roll up my sleeve and exhibit the strawberry mark on my left arm, just above the elbow. How is that?"

Ray stared at the speaker in perplexity, not unmingled with alarm. Was this new found, possible relative shaky in his wits or merely quizzing him? Before he could decide the question, the door was pushed open without a knock, being given, and a heavily built man, with hair just turning gray, stepped into the room.

"You sent for me," he said, in low, even tones, glancing at Mr. Culver.

"Yes," replied the latter, with a look of relief. Rising to his feet, he carefully placed himself in the open doorway, and then pointing all at our hero, added: "There is your man!"

The new comer instantly advanced and laid a heavy hand on Ray's shoulder.

"If you submit quietly," he said in the latter's ear, "we can get you out of the hotel without a scene."

Ray turned sharply in the effort to shake off the hand. But only a deeper grip was taken into the cloth of his coat.

Mr. Culver now closed the door, and then came forward to shake his fist gleefully in our poor, bewildered hero's face.

"Aha, my smart young fellow," he exclaimed, "fact is not only stranger, but some-

times a good deal more disagreeable than fiction. And the fact now is that I spotted you for what you are the moment you opened your mouth. And by the way, Mr. Detective, he's an old offender, isn't he? You recognize him, do you not?"

"No, his face is quite new to me," replied the thick set man. "He seems rather young for this sort of business too."

"What sort of business is that, if you please?" asked Ray, who had by this time recovered sufficiently from his astonishment to grow indignant. "I demand to know why I have been taken into custody. I did not come to this room without being asked to do so."

"No, nor I suppose you didn't send up a false name in order to get the invitation?" inquired the other Culver. "Why, Mr. Detective, he went on, "a telling example should be made of this case. What is to prevent any scoundrel from strolling into a hotel, glancing over the register, and then assuming the name of some one whom he thinks likely to 'pan out' rich?" I thought it was a case of mine from whom I am expecting a call, and if I'd been as green as a good many country fellows, I've no doubt he'd actually make me believe he was some forty fifth connection I'd never seen nor heard of before."

Ray turned to the detective impatiently. "Don't you admit that all this is the veriest nonsense?" he said. "Would any sharper be so foolish as to attempt to play a game on a man whom he had never seen?"

"What then was your object in coming to this gentleman's room?" asked the detective, quietly. "You admit that you had no previous acquaintance with him."

Ray by this time had extracted a card from the case he always carried with him, and handed it to the detective. The latter read

RAYMOND CULVER

and passed it over for the inspection of the man who had summoned him.

"Well," muttered the latter, wrathfully, flecking the card to the ground with a contemptuous snap of the thumb and forefinger, "what does that prove? Simply that the rascal has had his eyes on me for some time, and has made preparations accordingly. Oh, these bunco men are smart, I grant you, but I've read about 'em, and as soon as this fellow claimed me for his half brother, I knew what I might expect."

"Is this true? Did you claim this gentleman for your half brother?" asked the detective, turning to Ray.

"I certainly thought he might be that, and may be yet," answered our hero, promptly, knowing that an instant's hesitation at this point would tell sorely against him.

"There, out of his own mouth you have proof, that I was not," he triumphantly exclaimed the clunky gentleman.

"Well, this case will certainly bear investigation," responded the man of clews.

"And am I to be retained in custody simply because I asked this man, of the same name, if he was not a relative of whom we have lost track?"

The color rose to Ray's cheeks, and turning his back on Mr. Culver, he appealed to the detective's sense of justice.

"If you will come with me quietly to the office, perhaps we may be able to adjust the matter to your satisfaction," was the reply.

"As I said, it is a case which will bear searching investigation."

"And is a guest of this hotel to receive no better protection than this?" here fiercely broke out No. 109's occupant. "Do I understand that this bare faced young scoundrel is to go scot free?"

"By no means, sir," rejoined the detective, "unless he succeeds in proving his innocence. Now, sir, if you will accompany us down to the desk, we will sift the matter thoroughly."

Even in the midst of his righteous indignation, Ray retained enough of his self possession to perceive that the detective was disposed to give him every opportunity to clear himself. He therefore wisely remained silent during the trip down stairs, and only trusted that the man he had been luckless enough to suppose might turn out to be his relative, would be equally quiet, and leave everything in the hands of the detective.

But this was too much to hope. When they reached the ground floor, Mr. Culver rushed out of the elevator into the midst of a group of ladies and gentlemen in front of the desk, crying out: "Here's the fellow that thought he was smart enough to take Philip Culver in!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

HEARING EVIDENCE.

THERE was a general turning of heads in our hero's direction at the sound of Mr. Culver's loud toned proclamation, and among them Ray recognized Mrs. and Miss Vanderpoole, and the small boy who had scattered that valuable manuscript to the four winds of Harlem.

The clerk who the detective held a hurried, whispered consultation, and then just as the Vanderpooles were about to pass into the dining room, the former stepped out from behind the desk and accosted them. Ray saw this much as he accompanied Mr. Culver and the detective into the hotel proprietor's private office.

Here he was followed the next moment, however, by the two ladies, the clerk, and the boy, the latter looking rather frightened.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," began the detective, for having to ask your aid in this unimportant business, but I believe it was this boy, belonging to your family, for whom this young man inquired when he came to the hotel about twenty minutes ago. I wish to know if you recognize him to be an acquaintance of Master Vanderpoole's?"

"Neither my mother nor myself ever saw him before in our lives," replied the young lady, who seemed to be the most self possessing of the party. "Archie," she added, turning to her brother, "did you ever see this young man before?"

"No, sister," was the reply, "I never did, till he came up to me on our floor just a little while ago, and—asked me what I'd done with that story the elevator boy at Tiffin's gave me."

Here Mrs. Vanderpoole broke in with:

"Yes, the young man is either out of his mind, or some sort of an underhand schemer, trying to get my poor boy into trouble; for when Archie asked me how he came to know anything about that story, he gave him no answer, and—acted very strangely indeed. The idea of his following the boy here. Oh, dear, I'm sure if he is not put in a safe place I'll not know another easy minute so long as we are in town!"

"Archie, don't be silly," spoke up Miss Vanderpoole. "I should hope Archie was rather too old to allow himself to be kidnapped." Then turning to the detective, she added: "You need nothing further from us, I believe."

"That official was on the point of bowing them out, with many thanks, when Mrs. Vanderpoole, venturing to take a good look at our hero, now that she was about to beat a safe retreat, raised her hands in renewed excitement.

"Ida, Ida," she cried. "Don't you remember what Tanner, my maid, told about her adventure in the street car this morning? How she was looking red as a rose, and the young man tried to get a poor fellow in trouble by charging him with stealing something from him. And after all it was found he didn't have it. Run, Archie, quick, and tell Tanner to come here at once, and, with my dear, tell her to bring my smelling salts with her."

Mrs. Vanderpoole sank down in her chair again, while Miss Ida resumed hers with a look of excessive annoyance.

"Of course there is no earthly connection between the two things, mama," she exclaimed. "It will only be a waste of time to attempt to find any. We had much better go in to dinner."

But Mrs. Vanderpoole was determined to see her theory tested, although it was evident that both the detective and the clerk considered it a nonsensical notion.

Meanwhile what were poor Ray's sensations? In the first place, he was not a braver fellow than he, none that could grit his teeth with a harder purpose, and fight more courageously against heavy odds.

But caught in a trap like that which at present surrounded him, hemmed in by meshes of mere coincidences that were neither here nor there, momentarily growing more and more formidable, all spirit seemed to leave him. To contentment seemed to be to struggle not against injustice and oppression, but against fate itself.

Was it possible that this lady's maid whom Archie had gone to fetch, had really been among the passengers of the street car, having seen something of the scene of but a few hours before? And granted that such was the case, would not this hearing up of evidence against him put him in a very serious case indeed?

But now Archie returned, accompanied by the very light haired female whom our hero recognized only too distinctly, as having been seated in the car at the very point where he had laid his hand on the seedy man.

"You ever see this young man before?" "Why, yes, ma'am," responded the lady's maid, promptly. "It's him I was telling you about, ma'am, as tried to take away the good name of a poor young feller on the street car this very mornin'."

Poor Ray! He saw the start which the detective gave on hearing this, and noted the involuntary step forward and nearer to him.

As for Mr. Philip Culver, he fairly pranced about the room with delight at this strong confirmation of his suspicions.

"Do you see that, ladies and gentlemen?" he cried. "He does not deny it."

"No, I don't deny the truth," now spoke up Ray, urged to desperation by the astonished, disappointed glance in Ida Vanderpoole's eyes.

"I was in that car, and did have the misfortune to falsely accuse a man of—"

"There, there, you hear him!" broke in Mr. Culver, excitedly. "Why spend any more time over the case? Have him off to the station house at once!"

"All right, sir," said the detective. "You may rest assured that the young man's case will be attended to." Then turning to the lady's maid, he requested her to give a detailed account of all that had transpired in the street car on the occasion mentioned.

And what if Clifford had not yet got back? Ray took out his watch, wondering dimly as he did so if he would be allowed to keep it if sent regularly to prison. But if things should go as far as this, what would then become of Clifford? Left alone with no roof over his head but that of a boarding house, and that only insured to be so long as their very limited supply of money held out, what would become of him?

Ray sat there, looking at his watch, open pocket, and then, amid an impressive silence—the first that had fallen since the party had been in the office—looked over at Ray, who was seated just in front of him on the revolving chair at the writing desk, and said in his quiet way:

"We will hear your story now, if you please." Without looking, Ray felt that Ida Vanderpoole's eyes were fixed steadily on him. From the first glimpse he had had of her, she reminded him strongly of a girl friend he had known at Lake George the previous summer; then her evident belief in his innocence had been the one bit of balm to his wounded spirit during the trying ordeal through which he was now passing.

"I will make her and the rest of them believe me," he resolved.

So he began and told of the valuable manuscript which had been intrusted to his keeping, related the circumstances under which he had first missed it, and then described the long chase he had been on, only to find that it had been lost before you were sharper."

"Well," remarked the detective, when Ray paused, "this certainly sounds plausible so far as explaining your conduct in the street car and your appearance at the hotel here are concerned. But you have yet to account for your intrusion on this gentleman in such a way as to make him believe you were sharper."

"I thought I explained that up stairs," replied Ray, only half succeeding in repressing a sigh.

"Then you insist on still taking Mr. Culver for your half brother," said the detective. "I don't insist on it, no," rejoined Ray. "I only say that I thought he might turn out to be such."

"Your own name?" "Is Ray Culver."

"Have you any friends in New York who can certify to your good character and standing in society?" "Yes—that is, I expect him back tomorrow or next day."

Ray was thinking of Charley Kip, who was, indeed, the only soul he could claim as a friend in all that vast city. And even he was temporarily out of town.

The clew and the detective once more exchanged significant glances.

CHAPTER XIX.

WORSE AND WORSE.

YOU don't believe my statement, then?" Ray put the question to the detective directly, looking him full in the eye as he did so.

"Well, it seems a little peculiar that you can't refer us to anybody right here present in the city who can vouch for you."

"Why should it seem peculiar?" pursued Ray. "There surely must be hundreds of people in New York, who because they have just arrived here and for other reasons equally good, have not yet made acquaintances in town. There is my brother though, if he will do."

"Let us see his name and address," and the detective took out his pad again.

Ray gave the number of his boarding house, and added frankly: "He is only a boy, eleven years old."

"Never mind about that. I guess he will answer our purpose," responded the detective rising.

"Then you are going to lodge this fellow in jail pending an examination into his story," remarked Mr. Culver, following suit.

"I will be easier on account of my dear boy Archie," added Mr. Vanderpoole, catching up her hand to the latter. "Come, Ida, I am ready for dinner now."

The next moment, the clerk, the detective and Ray were left also together in the private office. But the first named presently went out to dispatch a hall boy for Clifford, and our hero was left to understand that he must remain where he was until the latter should arrive.

As soon as they were left to themselves, the detective walked to the one door opening out of the apartment, closed and locked it, put the key in his pocket and then sat down at the desk to do some writing. Ray could not restrain giving a little shiver as he noted the action.

He, Raymond Culver, a nominal prisoner! He closed his eyes for an instant, trying to delude himself into the belief that it was all a dream, must be one.

He heard the rattling of dishes on the other side of the stained glass window which separated the private office from the pantry, and now and then caught the sound of orders for soups, entrees and desserts, that recalled so vividly the hotel life of which he had had such extensive experience that he once or twice caught himself trying to decide whether he should order choco-late or praline cream, and wondering if the pastry would be light.

Then, he opened his eyes and the sight of the detective busily writing, but lifting his eyes every now and then to glance at his companion—this recalled to him all too clearly the stern reality.

And what if Clifford had not yet got back? Ray took out his watch, wondering dimly as he did so if he would be allowed to keep it if sent regularly to prison. But if things should go as far as this, what would then become of Clifford? Left alone with no roof over his head but that of a boarding house, and that only insured to be so long as their very limited supply of money held out, what would become of him?

Ray sat there, looking at his watch, open

his knees, without noting where the hands pointed, until a clock in a church steeple—the same one he had heard the previous night while at work—chimed out six.

Dinner time, and poor Ray had not a mouthful! And he was hungry now—fearfully hungry, in spite of the harassing anxieties that pressed upon his brain. He put up his watch and began to tap his foot impatiently on the rug beneath his chair.

Would Clifford never come? They would be late again at meals and Mrs. Fanshawe would give them another of her withering looks.

But he thought that he would be grateful even for that, to get away from the disgrace that now threatened him. Poor fellow! he had been brave and dauntless in spirit but a little while ago, ready to bid defiance to all his foes.

Now he felt weak as a rag. Everybody, everything seemed to go against him. Each additional minute that failed to bring his brother, seemed to give birth to fresh sources of uneasiness.

Suddenly the detective ceased writing, wheeled around in his chair, took a cigar from his pocket, and leaning over towards Ray, said: "Got a match? I'm all out."

"No, I don't smoke," answered our hero, rather astonished at the familiar tone of the address. "But isn't that a match box in that pigeon hole to the left?"

The detective did not remove his eyes from Ray's face, nor attempt to search for the matches.

"No, no, my dear fellow," he said then with a laugh, as he bit off the end of his cigar. "You're not going to get rid of my eyes so easily as that. Suppose you come and get the box for me yourself."

Ray bit his lip, but made no reply, merely stepped forward to the desk and took a hammered silver match box from a pigeon hole.

"Jove, there was one there, after all!" exclaimed the detective, holding himself. "Lighting his cigar, he crossed one leg over the other, and after puffing out a few rings, said pleasantly: "I declare, it is a shame for a nice looking fellow like you to throw yourself away to live by your wits. So young, too! Why, you can't be eighteen yet."

"And you're really and honestly believe that I am—a bunco steerer?"

Ray gave a bitter little laugh as he uttered the last two words.

The detective shrugged his shoulders. "It is not for me to say what I believe till all the evidence is in," he replied. "But I've got a boy up home in Rochester about your age, and as I sat here looking at you, I couldn't help thinking how I'd feel if he was to go wrong."

"And how would you feel if some one was to wrong him?" returned Ray,—"accuse him of a thing he had never dreamed of doing, and turn everything that had happened to him into evidence against him? What satisfaction can I ever get for the damage this false detention has done me?"

Ray's words came thick and fast, and the color rose again to his cheeks.

"Ah, my dear fellow, you look still handsomer when you get excited," commented the detective in a tone of applause. "But that only adds another hundred or so to the thousand pities that you should debase this attractive presence of yours to such low ends. Why, you look the thorough gentleman. Even my practiced eye can't detect in you a first. It was not until accumulating evidence mustered so strongly against you that I saw through the cleverness of your make up."

"But say that I am all that you insist on my being," went on Ray doggedly. "What crime have I actually committed for which I can be held responsible? I'm a 'cook of mine.'"

"Did you ever hear of a certain foolish man who locked his stable door after his horse had been stolen?" responded the detective, flipping the ashes from his cigar.

Ray answered "Yes, certainly I have," but looked mystified.

"Well then," resumed the other, "Mr. Barringtonford, the proprietor of this hotel, does not wish to emulate the enterprise of that would be famous individual. No, sir; he believes that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and by making an example of one of you gentlemen before any of his guests suffers actual loss through your tricks, he can best gain the confidence of his patrons."

Ray sprang from the sofa in a state of burning indignation.

"So I am to be the cat's paw with which this monkey of a hotel proprietor is to pick the chestnuts of added custom for his house from the fire, am I? Is this what is called justice? Are American citizens no better protected—"

"Softly, my dear boy," interrupted the detective, "if you make so much noise, we can't hear that brother of yours when he comes. Ah, there is a knock! I think now, I keep the boardin' house, and she says she don't know what to make of them two Culver fellows. De big one's acted queer ever since he's been there, and now the little one's went off with a queer kind of man and ain't turned up since."

"Ray gave a loud gasp, but the detective muttered simply, "Humph, I guess this settles it."

(To be continued.)

A DIVIDED FAMILY.

Said Master Jones, "Now we must go Without delay to the deppo."
Laughed sweet Miss Jones, "I should say so; Let us hurry to the daypo."
Smiled Mrs. Jones, "In quick step, oh, We'll all run down to the deppo."
Groaned Mr. Jones, "But it will be hot To drive you all down to the deopot."
These conflicts of pronunciation They might avoid by saying "station."

Joe's Story.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

EXCEPTING mother there was only Dot and me. The gentleman who is putting this story down on paper says it should read—"there were only Dot and I." But I want it told my way—it will sound more natural to Dot and mother when they come to read it.

Father was killed by a tree falling on him. He lived just long enough after they brought him to the cabin to say "Kiss me, dear," to mother, and "God bless and keep the children." Then he went to Heaven. That's the way Dot puts it.

Everybody said for mother to sell the place and go East where her folks are. But she isn't that sort of a woman. She told some one that once she'd put her hand to the plow she wasn't one of the turning back kind. We had the house and a hundred and sixty acres of land in West Texas, and in three or four years a railroad was going to be put through that would make the property worth ever so much more. So she hung on.

I am in my fifteenth year. Dot is nine. I am stout and very strong of my age like father was. We farmed the wheat and corn on shares with Mr. Ropes, our nearest neighbor, who only lives a mile off. The farm garden I took care of myself. Then there was a cow, the pig, and a lot of hens. No need of anybody not making a living out here in Texas if they've a mind to work, I tell you. And there was lots of small game everywhere—rabbits, quails, grouse, chickens, and black squirrels, with fish in the streams and bayous.

What most worried mother was our being so far from a church and schools. But she made it up to us—my mother can do 'most anything she sets out to. I don't mean she preached to us—that is, regular sermons. But she lived the things that ministers talk about in the pulpit. And she was a school teacher before she married father, so she learned Dot and I lots of things.

We didn't often have any visitors. Wellington, where the cars stop, was eighteen miles away. The stage from there to Baybrook, sixteen miles in the other direction, ran by the house every day, but there weren't many passengers and nobody for us, any way. Still, it was something to see even two or three new faces pass—pretty dusty ones most generally after the long ride.

One day I came in at noon from the wheat piece. There was a horse and buggy hitched in front of the house. The horse was the handsomest one I ever saw in my life—a big black fellow with his head a good shape, and almost as broad chested as one of Mr. Ropes's working team.

"I guess you can trot, old chap," I said, and patted him on the neck, for I'm fond of a horse, specially a good one.

Then I began to wonder whose team it was, and what it was stopping at our house for.

Dot came running out. She's a wee little thing, with mother's black eyes, but her hair is light and fine as cornsilk. Rig Dot up like some of the girls I've

seen over to Baybrook the twice I've been there, and folks would call her a little beauty. But she looks just as pretty to me in her print dress and rough straw hat as though she had on silk and satin.

"Oh, Joe," she said in a half whisper, "there's a strange man—a gentleman I reckon by his clothes, and something he's said made mother turn just as pale! It's something about the place—"

But I didn't stop to hear any more. In I bolted—blue overalls, thick shoes and all.

As Dot said, by his clothes the stranger was a gentleman. Only there was something kind of hard about his face, and he had a way of speaking I didn't think was very nice, as though he owned the most of Texas and a State or so outside.

"I'm sorry your late husband didn't—er—inform you concerning the mortgage, Mrs. Vale," he was saying as I came in, "but that's nothing I can help. The law gives me—"

"What is it, mother?" I said, and put

"Mother," I said, "why don't you get Mr. Ropes to drive you over to Wellington and have a talk with Lawyer Murray? Maybe he can tell you what to do." For Mr. Murray had been a friend of father's, and a real good lawyer.

Mother braced right up. "I will, Joe. You and Dot stay here and look out for things. And Dot, if Mr. Waller will put up with our plain fare, you had better get him something to eat after his long ride."

But Mr. Waller looked sort of awkward and said no he guessed not. He'd brought lunch with him and ate it on the way. Then he went on just as cool and easy as though everything was all right, to say that his gun case was in his buggy outside, and if we didn't mind having his horse stand there two or three hours, he'd like to take a turn at the grouse in the wheat stubble near the creek he passed over in coming.

We didn't mind that or anything else just then. Though I couldn't help thinking that if things had been changed

smoke came settling down over the house that told me how we could get off quickest.

"Run for the buggy, Dot—quick!" I sung out.

Dot's face was dead white, but she never whimpered as I jumped in and turned the horse's head to the west—along the stage road to Wellington. The clearing began ten miles further on, and if we could get beyond the timber line we were all right.

No need of hurrying that horse. All I could do was keep him straight and hang on to the reins, Dot hanging on to me.

Fast as he went the fire and the wind behind it went faster. The smoke hid the road sometimes. I could smell the varnish that fairly sizzled on the buggy back. My hair was scorched, and I made Dot crouch down in the buggy.

"Oh Joe, Mr. Waller is in the wheat patch to the left, and the fire's almost there."

Dot shrieked this out at the top of her voice, for the wind and fire made the awful roaring in the tree tops.

Well, just a second I hesitated. But I know what mother'd have said. "If thine enemy be an hungered, feed him," and something about heaping coals of fire on his head. And I turned out of the highway into a wood road that ran direct to the wheat stubble.

Almost the moment I did so the wind shifted sudden and began blowing a "norther." It whirled the fire round and sent it after us instead of striking sideways as when we first turned off. Rabbits, quails, and chickens came flying ahead and alongside the buggy. Over stumps and fallen trees we went like lightning. Why, it was the greatest wonder in the world we hadn't gone over and over.

All at once I saw Mr. Waller through the smoke. The way he was tearing along was a caution. But a man on foot might as well try to keep ahead of a locomotive as a forest fire.

I yelled to him and hauled up just enough so he grabbed at the back of the buggy, pulled himself in over the seat, and tumbled all in a heap on the bottom. And just as that happened I remembered that the south line of the wheat patch butted on to Chapman's Creek.

Well, it was a close call. Ten minutes more and it would have been all day with us. But I sent horse and buggy flying into the very middle of the creek. And there we were, the horse just touching bottom with his feet, and we waist deep in water, but safe. The fire was all round us except on the left, and after a time it burnt itself out at the edge of the creek and struck off to the south-ard.

We got back to the bank. Such a looking set! Soaking wet and all grimy with smoke and flying cinders. No need of heaping coals of fire on Mr. Waller's head. His hair was half burnt off, and the back of his vest scorched to tinder. He didn't say anything for a minute. Seemed like he was studying something over. Then he spoke:

"You two could have kept straight along the stage road. How happened you to turn off into the wheat patch after me?"

"It was Dot's doings. I wasn't thinking of you at all," I blurted out. And he only said "Humph!"

We got back into the stage road after a good deal of trouble. And who should we see but Mr. Ropes with mother in the farm wagon, coming from our tract. What a greeting there was! And the house wasn't burned either, as we saw a minute later.

The shift of wind sent the fire right across the corner of our garden lot and left everything standing but about ten acres of our south line. And Mr. Waller gave mother a straightout deed of the premises two days after. And now he's one of the best friends we've got. Quite a story, isn't it, sir?



OVER STUMPS AND FALLEN TREES WE WENT FLYING LIKE LIGHTNING.

my arm on her shoulder, for she was pale and shaking like a leaf.

Mother couldn't speak just then. But she got hold of my hand and kind of hung to it. And then Dot crept up on the other side and laid her cheek against mother's dress. But she didn't speak.

Mr. Waller—that was the lawyer's name—coughed and rubbed his hand over his chin.

"I'm afraid you're too young to understand much about business, my lad," he said, in a careless sort of way, "but it is something like this."

And then he went on to explain. Of course I can't put it as he did, for I don't know about such things. Only I do know what a mortgage is—most folks out West here know. And it seems that just before father died so sudden he mortgaged the place for five hundred dollars, unbeknown to mother, to pay up an old debt that had been hanging over him for ever so long. An "execution," I believe they call it. That was more than three years before, and so Mr. Waller was giving notice to foreclose. That meant that mother and Dot and me were to be turned out.

Well, I can't tell you or anybody how I felt. But I wouldn't let any one see it

round Mr. Waller perhaps wouldn't have felt quite so easy and indifferent.

Well, as soon as he'd gone mother threw on her hat to start across lots to Mr. Ropes's. She didn't cry—her eyes looked too hard and dry. But she hugged us both up tight.

"Don't say anything, dears, I can't bear it just now," mother whispered. And off she went.

It had been smoky all the morning. There were forest fires east of us, but there was no wind and they were a long way off. In fact I had so much on my mind I didn't give it much thought till all of a sudden Dot ran out on the stoop.

"Joe, Joe, the woods are all ablaze back of the place. And the wind has sprung up from the east!"

I'd heard something about forest fires. It didn't need the distant crackle and great cloud of smoke that swept over the house to warn me then. And excepting the dairy spring there wasn't a drop of water nearer than Chapman's Creek, five miles away. It was Mr. Waller's horse, stamping and coughing as the

THE TOILETS.

Work! and thou shalt bless the day.
Ere thy task be done;
They that work not cannot pray,
Cannot feel the sun.
Worlds thou mayst possess with health
And unslumbering powers;
Industry alone is wealth—
What we do is ours.

[This story was commenced in No. 305.]

→ **Bob Lovell** ←

THE YOUNG FIREMAN OF THE AJAX.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER VIII.

FARMER HIRSHKIND.

TWO persons beside Bob Lovell sat in the outer office of the superintendent of the Irondale & Ofalca Railroad Company. One of them was a contractor, and the other was a farmer who owned the bull that had been knocked into nothingness by the Ajax some nights before.

At the moment Bob entered and took his seat to wait his turn, the contractor was beckoned to pass within by Montague Worthley, so that only the farmer was left to precede the youth. The latter found his situation embarrassing for several minutes, from the fact that Montague exerted himself to make it so.

He sat on a high stool behind a desk, the top of which was surrounded by a railing through which he could survey all who were waiting outside the inclosure. As Bob entered, the young man glanced at him with such a palpable sneer, that the young brakeman's face flushed. But one of the golden rules he had learned from his parents was to hold his naturally quick temper in subjection at all times. He affected not to see the snub, but took his seat near the farmer.

He was sorry he had not brought a paper with which to occupy himself while waiting, so as to avoid the sight of young Worthley. The latter held a handsome gold pen in his hand, with which he seemed to be writing some important document, but he found time every minute or two to indulge in a significant glance at Bob, which made the brakeman long to cuff his ears.

True, the latter had the simple recourse of not looking at the upstart, but he was conscious of what he was doing, even when his eyes were turned away, and the effort to avoid glancing at Worthley was so manifest that it could only add to the enjoyment of the latter.

Glad enough, therefore, was Bob, when the farmer turned abruptly to him and said:

"My name is Jacob Hirshkind, and I had a bull killed the other night by the kyars, and I'm going to make this blamed old company sweat for it."

Bob smiled at the farmer's earnestness. He was chewing tobacco vigorously, and the volleys which he aimed at the cuspidor as a rule overshot or went wide of the mark, and were scattered over the surrounding territory.

"Yes, sir," he added with another shot at the vessel so blindly aimed, that if it had gone a little higher, it must have landed on Montague's spotless shirt front; "that 'ere bull was a ginooine Durham worth a hundred dollars, and dirt cheap at that."

"I was on the train that struck him."
"You war!" exclaimed the other, with a delighted start. "Then you'll be a witness for me. I'll make it right,

I'll send you a peck of the finest fall pippins, and if you'll stop at our house, my wife Betsey will cook you all the doughnuts you can eat."

"I am afraid I can't be of much help," said Bob with a smile. "I was brakeman, and did not see the accident."

"But then you knowed about it, and I reckon that'll stand."

"But, Mr. Hirshkind," ventured the youth modestly, "don't you think you were to blame for allowing the bull on the track?"

"How was I to blame? I didn't give him permission. I didn't know nothin' 'bout it till next day, when I went out to hunt for him, and found the poor fellow strowed all along the path for about half a mile. I thought a good deal of that 'ere bull."

And the old gentlemen drew the back of his hand across his eyes, and wiped away several real tears.

with a backward flirt of his head, and a compression of his thin lips.

"Suppose," continued Bob, "that your bull had thrown the train off the track—"

"I wish to gracious he had," interjected the husbandman with much emphasis.

"And had destroyed considerable property, and killed several passengers, who then should have paid damages?"

"The company, of course," was the triumphant reply; "you see there's where your lack of judgment comes in—"

At this moment the contractor walked briskly through the door communicating with the inner office. At the same time, Montague Worthley stepped into his father's room and said:

"There's an old hayseed out there waiting to get pay for his bull that tried to butt Ajax off the track the other night;

kind warmly, asked after his family, showed much interest in the season's crops, and expressed his pleasure, not only in finding the outlook so favorable, but that they agreed perfectly in their view of the political situation.

By this time the caller discovered that the superintendent of the Irondale & Ofalca road was as fine a gentleman as he ever met, and when he handed him a pass good for himself or any member of his family over the road, for a year, he was sure that the meanest thing he could possibly do would be to ask pay for the bull, which had no business to be on the tracks of the company.

The farmer rose to his feet to leave, and was standing hat in hand, when Mr. Worthley, in the blandest manner imaginable, said:

"Now, Mr. Hirshkind, since we are such good friends, I am sure you will do me a favor which I mean to ask."

"There ain't nothing I can do for you, major—I mean jedge—that I won't do, b'gosh."

"We had quite a serious accident on the road the other night. One of our best employees lost his life, and I have learned that just before that the engine narrowly escaped derailing, through a bull of yours that—of course without your knowledge—accidents will happen—got on the track. I shudder to think of what the consequences might have been. I want to ask you as a particular favor, that you will take pains to see that no other animal of yours strays upon our tracks."

"I'm mighty sorry 'bout that, colonel—I didn't know nothin' 'bout it; it was all the fault of my son Hezekiah, and when I hid home I will tan his hide for him."

"I beg you won't do that. I understand Hezekiah is one of the brightest boys in school" (alas, that was the first time the superintendent had ever heard his name mentioned), "and it would be cruel to punish him for a slip of that kind. Jacob, you and I were once boys, and we haven't forgot it."

And Mr. Worthley winked at the farmer, who smiled almost to his ears, while his shoulders bobbed up and down with suppressed laughter.

"Hezekiah is a bright boy, though I'm his father that says it, and since you ax it I'll let up on him, lettin' him know that it's on your account that I do it. You'll like Hezekiah when you see him, doctor, and I'm going to send him down to spend a week with you."

"I'll let you know when Mrs. Worthley can make room for him," said the dismayed superintendent. "Just now I believe they are house cleaning, and things are upside down. By the way, Jacob, you were talking with the young gentleman in the outer office."

"Yes; who is he?"
"He is one of our brakemen."
"He's mighty peart. He was tellin' me that when bulls git run over and smashed into kindlin' wood, it was the fault of the owners."

"Ah!" murmured the surprised superintendent.

"Yes, and he said, too, that if folks should cause any accidents by their cattle runnin' loose, it was their place to pay damages. Jis to draw him out I took 't'other side of the question, but I tell you he ain't any fool."

"Did he suggest anything about your sueing our company?"

"Not him. He stood up for your folks like a lawyer."

A light broke upon the superintendent, but he said nothing of what was passing



BOB LOVELL READS THE MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM.

"If you do not look upon yourself as blamable for the bad luck of the bull, how can you find fault with the company, which had nothing to do with bringing him there?"

Farmer Hirshkind flung one leg over the other knee, shoved his straw hat on the back of his head, ejected another volley which splattered up against the desk behind which Montague was swinging his gold pen, and shaking his long forefinger in the face of Bob, clinched matters thus:

"Young man, when you git as old as me, you'll be able to see the things as they be without havin' 'em warped by your lack of judgment. The difference is this, the company is rich, and I am poor."

"Then you would recommend all the poor folks to drive their cattle on the tracks of the company, so as to have them killed, and make the company pay for them?"

"I don't know but what it would be a good idee," replied farmer Hirshkind,

and what do you suppose that young Lovell has been doing?"

"I am sure I have no idea, my son."

"Urging him to sue the company for more damages than he thought of. He talked low, but I overheard every word. He insisted that you would be glad to pay him a hundred dollars instead of the fifty he meant to ask in the first place."

"That is strange; send in the old gentleman."

Montague stepped briskly back to the outer office, and opening the gate, beckoned with his pen for farmer Hirshkind to enter. The latter leaped up so quickly that he upset the chair in which he had been sitting, jerked on his hat, and stumbled over himself as he went through the gate like a diver plunging off the dock.

Superintendent Worthley was a good judge of human nature, and he knew how to handle such visitors, of whom he had quite a number. Rising from his chair, he shook the hand of Mr. Hirsh-

in his mind. He shook hands warmly with his caller, who was so much delighted that he secretly determined that instead of sending his son Hezekiah to visit the superintendent he and his wife would come down and stay a month with him.

CHAPTER IX.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

BEFT alone during the interview between the superintendent and Farmer Hirshkind, Bob Lovell found himself again in the unpleasant company of young Montague Worthley. He adopted a system which in one sense turned the tables on that jeering youth.

Instead of trying to avoid his gaze, Bob looked fixedly at him. Montague tried to stare him out of countenance, but he failed. There was something in the steady look of those bright eyes which few persons could withstand, and after a while Montague acted as though he was trying to get rid of the vast amount of work that had accumulated on his desk.

His gold pen scratched rapidly, and he did not raise his eyes for several minutes. Then he cast a furtive glance at the detested face, only to find Bob's gaze still centered on him with such a penetrating expression that he looked down and worked more desperately than ever.

By and by Mr. Hirshkind came rapidly out of the office, walking so fast in fact that he bumped against the gate before he could open it, and narrowly escaped carrying the structure off its hinges. But he finally got through, and, with a flourishing farewell to Bob, who pleasantly returned the salutation, he hurried out of the building.

Bob expected to be summoned to the presence of the superintendent without delay, but the minutes passed and there was no sign from within.

"He must have some one else with him," was the conclusion of the youth, "though I have seen no one pass inside."

A soft step was heard, and the white head and gold spectacles of Mr. Worthley appeared from the inner office. He looked surprised at sight of Bob sitting outside, and, addressing his son, inquired,

"Montague, why didn't you send the young man to me? I have been waiting for some time."

"I told him you were ready," was the unblushing reply; "but he didn't seem to be in any hurry to talk with you."

"I have been waiting to be notified," remarked Bob, as with hat in hand he rose to his feet and followed the superintendent to his office, "but if your son spoke to me I certainly did not hear him."

"It's a small matter," remarked the official, motioning him to a seat and closing the door behind him.

"I have sent for you," added the gentleman with a grave face, "to inquire about certain reports that have reached me."

He paused, but Bob said nothing, because there was nothing to say until he knew whereof he was charged.

"Mr. Walbridge, the president, informed me some time ago that he was on the train when the rear brakeman inexcusably neglected his duty, and you assumed it for him."

"That is true," said Bob; "I did not think there was anything wrong in helping another."

"The act itself may have been commendable; but to help him you deserted your own post and committed the wrong of which he was guilty. If you two were only concerned, no fault could be found, but suppose that at that moment an instant demand had arisen for your services; what then?"

"I considered that possibility before I ran back, and saw that it could not arise."

"Accidentally it did not. You must understand that you have been given employment with only one object in view—that is the interests of your company; that must outweigh everything else, and no greater mistake can be made than to think the demand of any friend or person has precedence."

Bob felt that the superintendent was speaking the truth. He had done wrong.

"Mr. Worthley, you have presented

the matter to me in a light that never occurred to me before. I see my mistake; I acknowledge it and beg your indulgence, promising that it shall never occur again."

"That matter will be dropped then, but there are still graver charges against you. On the first of next month a new regulation respecting our brakemen goes into effect. It is one which has been adopted by the leading roads, and we have decided to give it a trial. You will be allowed to stand inside the car while running, but must keep your place at the front door; you must never take a seat while the cars are in motion, but be ready to assist the passengers on and off at each station, which you will call out. We can only be certain you are ready to do that by knowing you are standing at the front door. Your other duties will be the same as now, and I need not refer to them. But at present the brakemen are strictly forbidden entering the cars, except in some emergency, while the train is in motion. To take a seat among the passengers is unpardonable. I understand you have violated this rule."

"It is a mistake; I have never done so."

"You haven't?" repeated the superintendent in astonishment.

"No, sir; I have never done so."

"Explain the cause of the reproach which my son administered on the night of the accident at Dead Man's Hollow."

Bob wanted Montague Worthley to hear the words he was about to speak, and he was on the point of raising his voice somewhat when a slight noise at the door told him the youth was playing the eavesdropper.

"While we were waiting at the siding for the down mail, and after I had made sure that the switches and everything was right, and while it was raining very hard, I took my seat in the smoker near the front door. Your son was playing cards with a party near when they all became impatient, and he passed through to the front of the baggage car and ordered Fields the engineer to run through to the next station, in violation of the orders he had received. Matt refused, and he was then so angry that on his return he ordered me out of the car. As it was raining and there was no possible call for my services, I refused."

"Did you attempt to strike him?"

"No, sir; he threatened to throw me out of the car, and I was annoyed to such an extent that I invited him to try it."

"And when the train started?"

"I took my place on the front platform and never left it until the accident."

"And at the accident?"

"Well, I did all I could, which wasn't much."

"You didn't advise the conductor to disregard any suggestion that my son might give?"

"No; I am not aware that he gave any suggestion."

Mr. Worthley sat silent a minute, twirling his spectacles about his thumb—a practice to which he was addicted when revolving some question in his mind.

"Well," said he, "I have to say that your version of that night is widely different from what I received from other sources."

"Young Bertrand Harcourt, the medical student, formed one of the party who were playing cards, and must have seen and heard everything; I beg to refer you to him."

The superintendent still twirled his glasses. Evidently he was thinking hard about something.

Pausing but a moment to reflect, Bob said, "Asking your permission, there is something I would like to say."

Mr. Worthley glanced in his face and nodded his head as an invitation for him to speak.

"I am quite sure that the source from which this information reaches you is one that is strongly prejudiced against me. I ask that hereafter accusations from that quarter shall not be fully accepted, unless confirmed by other testimony."

These were bold words to utter about a man's only son, and Bob Lovell was in doubt whether or not he had made a

mistake. The superintendent looked closely at the spectacles, which, after making a couple of flirts forward over his forefinger, reversed and flew backward. He seemed to bend all his energies to the accomplishment of this simple feat, whereas he was totally unaware what he was doing.

"Mr. Lovell," said he, after a painful pause, "when I sent for you it was with the intention of suspending you for a month or discharging you altogether. I will say that I was inclined to discharge you, since I was urged to do so by me—that is, by other parties, but I have decided to defer such action until after a fuller investigation. You may return to your duties for the present; if I find you have misrepresented anything, your relations with the company will end at once; but if you hear nothing from me between now and the first of the month, that will be the end of it. That is all; good day, sir."

"Good day," replied Bob, rising to his feet. He stepped hastily to the door, knowing that Montague was listening, hoping to catch him in the compromising situation. But the youth was too quick, though Bob saw him hurrying back to his place at the desk.

As Bob passed outside the railing, he could not forbear stopping just beyond, where only a few inches separated him from his enemy. Here, in a low voice, he muttered, "Montague, my boy, you missed fire that time!"

CHAPTER X.

THE TELEGRAM.

BOB LOVELL felt that the wisest course for him was to face the situation unflinchingly. Montague Worthley was mean, envious, and treacherous, and would do him all the injury he could. To defer to him would only make the sprig believe that Bob held him in fear.

"No; I will be fair toward him," the young brakeman said in discussing the matter with his mother that afternoon.

He was off duty for the day, and he spent it with his sister, Meta, a lovely, brilliant girl only three years his junior, as has been told, and his beloved parent, from whom he had few secrets.

Bob was one of those noble youths who are in love with their mother, and such a lad can never go far astray. He had given the particulars of what took place in the office of the superintendent, and asked her counsel. She told him he had done right with the possible exception of his parting words to Montague Worthley.

"Do your duty, Bob, and leave the rest to Providence. It may be that Montague will soon reach a position which will enable him to persecute and drive you out of their employ; but you will not be long without a situation. Your experience would make you valuable to the Inverwick & Quitman road."

Bob assured his mother that he would do his best to follow her counsel, and shortly after he walked down to the shops to take a look at the shattered Ajax, which had been brought thither and was already undergoing reconstruction.

As he looked at the battered wreck, he could not but wonder how it was possible to make it serviceable again.

"It seems like building a new engine," he said to himself, "but I would be sorry to see Ajax leave the road; the dearest wish of my heart is that sometime I shall hold its throttle as the engineer—that is when Matt is ready to turn it over to me."

It was two months later to a day that Ajax, burnished and agile, moved out of the shops upon the turn table, where his nose was pointed in the right direction, and, under the guidance of the master mechanic himself, he took a little spin up the road. On the return, the gentleman pronounced it better than before. In repairing the locomotive, as is sometimes the case, certain slight changes had been made by the way of experiment, which, so far as could be judged, were of decided advantage. The question would be fully settled when the engine went on duty.

And on that same day, Matt Fields came up the road on the accommodation train, and, with the use of a crutch, made his way down to the shops to give Ajax a trial. The engineer was in high spirits, and declared that he could walk

without help, but the surgeon forbade him doing so for some weeks, through fear of injuring his leg.

The next morning the Ajax was hitched to the down morning express for the run to Irontdale, one hundred and five miles distant. It will be remembered that the return was made in the evening, when the train was known as the night express. It left Irontdale ten minutes late, but steamed in at the Junction on time to a minute. Thence to Ofalca the run of sixty five miles was made with the greatest ease by the schedule.

"I could have done it in fifteen minutes less without straining her," said the proud Matt as he was helped off his engine; "but of course I don't dare let her out."

An engineer always refers to his engine as of the feminine gender, no matter what name it bears.

"Ajax is as good as ever," remarked Bob Lovell, pleased to see the delight of his old friend.

"As good as ever! She's ten times better. She makes steam easier, her machinery works smoother, and there ain't another engine on the road that in the way of running can hold a candle to her."

Bob unconsciously sighed. Would it ever be his lot to occupy the cab of that splendid piece of mechanism?

Two months had passed since the memorable interview with the superintendent in his office, and Bob had long since made up his mind that he would never hear anything more of it. What inquiries had been made by the official were unknown to him, though he afterwards learned they were thorough, and that the whole truth was developed.

Young Bertrand Harcourt, the medical student, was a visitor to the house of the superintendent, and was on the best of terms with Montague; but he was a different person from him, and, when the old gentleman questioned him, he told the truth, including the readiness Bob showed in extricating the engineer from his imprisonment beneath his engine. This was news to the superintendent, as indeed was the whole narrative, and it is safe to say that it modified his opinion of the young man, whom a short time before he had intended to discharge from the service of the company.

To Bob's astonishment, conductor Twomey told him a few days later that Mr. Worthley wanted to see him for a few minutes before the train left the following morning.

"I don't think you need worry this time," added the conductor with a smile, for Bob was a favorite with him, as he was with all the employees of the road who knew him.

"I wonder what it can mean," mused the youth, making his way thither on a crisp, bracing morning in November. "I hope Montague isn't there. He has been away for a few weeks, so I haven't seen much of him."

His wish was gratified so far as the young worthy was concerned, for a gentlemanly clerk was at the desk, and, having given his name to the superintendent, courteously opened the door and invited him to step inside.

"I am busy this morning," said the officer after greeting him, "so we'll come to the point at once. I understand you would like to become an engineer."

"Why—I haven't told any one that," said the surprised Bob.

"You remarked something of the kind when you first applied to me some months ago. Then Matt Fields tells me you want to go into service with him on the Ajax."

"I certainly never said that to him."

"Not in words, but Matt and Mr. Twomey tell me that they have read the expression of your face many a time when you were studying the points of that engine. Well, without leaning about the bush, I will say to you that although you are still under the required age, you may begin service next Monday as fireman on the Ajax. The present fireman will be given a coal engine at that time, and I have already engaged a brakeman to take your place. That is all. Good day."

"But," said Bob, rising to his feet, "you must allow me to thank you. I can only say that I am resolved that you shall never regret the confidence you have reposed in me."

Indeed, Bob felt so happy, as he emerged from the superintendent's office, that I am not sure he would not have gone up to Montague, had he been present, and offered his hand.

So Bob Lovell became fireman on the Ajax. It added a slight pang to the missing of his mother, for she could not forget what had befallen poor Hefford Putnam, his predecessor, and to her it seemed that the situation was the most dangerous on the road.

But Bob was ready with any number of arguments to prove she was mistaken, and indeed almost convinced her that in the majority of accidents the safest place to be is on the engine.

Great as was Bob's pleasure at receiving the appointment, it was no greater than that of Matt Fields, his engineer. Indeed it was through his personal solicitation that Superintendent Worthley gave him the handsome, vigorous, and intelligent brakeman for his fireman. He regarded Bob with fatherly affection, and was delighted to have him on his engine.

But behind all this, Matt Fields had a secret reason for earnestly wishing Bob to serve him. It was a powerful reason, and yet it was one of which Bob never dreamed, and which Matt did not impart even to his wife, from whom he kept back nothing else.

He didn't dare tell her. He was afraid to hint it to Bob. He even sought to keep it from himself (if the paradox can be admitted for the present), but it was there all the same and it caused him an odd, singular thrill, when he looked across from his seat in the cab, and saw Bob Lovell pulling the rope of the bell, as they neared the Junction.

"I'll have to tell him some time," mused the engineer, "but at present I would not have him know it for the world."

"We are going to have an ugly run tonight," remarked Matt some weeks later, as he was on the point of pulling out from the Irontdale station, "and as for Ajax, she will have tougher work than ever before."

It was winter, the wind was blowing, and snow was flying on the air. Not enough had fallen to cover the ground, though it gleamed here and there in windrows where the gale had blown it, and it was coming down in a fashion which left no doubt that it would continue all night. It was this to which Matt referred, for in the three hour run before him the snow was likely to prove a serious obstacle.

A curious incident followed within the next minute.

Bob Lovell was sitting in the cab, with his head far out the window, and looking back along the station watching for the signal from the conductor, while Matt was on his feet, with his hand on the lever awaiting the word from Bob to go ahead. It was already a few minutes after time, and, knowing what a hard run was before him, he was anxious to be off. The station being on the other side from his cab, he depended on Bob, in order to save a second or two of time.

While Bob was waiting, his whole attention fixed on the conductor, a sudden gale spun down the platform like a water spout, fliriting off several hats, and sending their owners skurrying after them, while a cloud of papers, straws, dust and rubbish was caught up by the wind.

One of the papers thus sent broadcast skimmed so near Bob's head that he snatched it while passing in front of his face. It was a small sheet that had been folded, but was opened by the action of the wind.

The fireman expected the owner to claim it, but no one appeared. Just then Twomey raised his hand, and Bob called "Go ahead!"

The Ajax started on her eventful journey, while Bob, holding the bit of paper so as to read by the light of the open furnace door, saw these singular words:

"To night—Dead Man's Hollow."
(To be continued.)

THE GOLD SEEKERS' ROMANCE.

THERE was recently exhibited in London a great nugget, or lump of virgin gold, found in an Australian digging, which weighed 617 ounces, and was worth twelve thousand dollars.

A few such nuggets as these would be handy things to have in the family, but much larger

ones have been unearthed in past times. The biggest of all was the "Welcome Stranger," which was discovered by two poor English miners, named Deeson and Oates, at Dunolly, Australia.

For fifteen years these two plucky fellows had stuck together and struggled to make their living at the gold diggings, but bad luck had pursued them unrelentingly, and they could barely scrape together enough of the glittering grains to pay for the necessities of life. The time at last came, on the morning of Friday, February 5, 1869, when the storekeeper with whom they were accustomed to deal refused to supply them any longer until they liquidated the debt they had already incurred. For the first time in their lives they went hungry to work.

Gloomy and depressed as they naturally were they plied their picks with indomitable perseverance, and while Deeson was breaking up the earth around the roots of a tree, his pick suddenly and sharply rebounded by reason of its having struck some very hard substance. "Come and see what this is," he called out to his mate. To their astonishment, "this" turned out to be the "Welcome Stranger" nugget; and thus two poverty stricken miners became in a moment the possessors of the largest mass of gold that mortal eyes ever saw or are likely to see again.

Almost bewildered by the unexpected treasure they had found at their feet, Deeson and Oates removed the superfluous metal, and there revealed to their wondering eyes was a lump of gold a foot long and a foot broad, and so heavy that their joint strength could scarcely move it.

A dray having been procured, the monster nugget was escorted by an admiring procession through the town of Dunolly, and carried into the local bank. It weighed and was found to contain 2,268 ounces of gold. The bank purchased the nugget for nearly fifty thousand dollars, which the erstwhile so unlucky but now so fortunate pair of miners divided equally between them.

LIFE FROM THE TOMB.

AMONG the many wonders of plant life is the power of a seed to maintain its vitality for hundreds and even thousands of years. While generations of men come and go, the tiny grain, lying hidden in some crevice of the earth, will preserve within it the magic spark of life which may blossom out at some distant day into the full grown tree, flower, or grass.

A gentleman in Massachusetts recently succeeded in raising wheat from seeds that were grown on the plains of Egypt about five thousand years ago, according to the Cincinnati Enquirer. He received the best year from a mummy exhumed near the ruins of Memphis, and belonging, it is believed, to the period of the Ninth Dynasty, which would make them grown about 3,000 B. C.

He planted the seed early in the spring and carefully nursed it. It grew rapidly, and at the time of cutting measured from six and a half to seven feet high. The leaves alternate on the stalk like common wheat, but the product of the plant is the most singular part of it, for, instead of growing in an ear, there is a heavy cluster of small twigs which hangs downward from its weight, and each twig is thickly studded with kernels, each of which is in a separate husk.

From what is threshed a larger crop will be grown next year, as it is claimed that the result proves this ancient wheat to exceed in quality anything that the modern farmer can grow.

LOG CABINS are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log cabins will, however, always have a place in American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. War-sumption Remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herbs remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Advertisements, Treatise and 24 trial bottles free to all cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 94 Arch St., Phila., Pa.—Adv.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all the affections of the Lungs, a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers on thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Send by using the following stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Adv.

LADY AGENTS for Wearing Apparel, Sample and Terms free. Mrs. F. C. Farrington, Box 665, Chicago, Ill.

YOUR NAME printed on Pack Silk Fringe etc. Cards, 200 Floral pictures &c. and this Solid Rolled Gold Ring free. RAYCO, Clintonville, Mo.

Freckles. Tan, Sunburn, Moth Patches promptly eradicated by Magic Freckle Cure, 25c. by mail. Millard Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

ELECTRICITY FOR THE MILLION.

We should make the most of electricity as a marvel now, for from all indications it will soon come into such universal use that the services it performs for us will be taken as a matter of course. Here is a straw from the St. Louis Globe Democrat:

Says the president of the St. Louis Board of Public Improvements: "The time will come when electricity will be as essential to ordinary housekeeping as bread and milk now are, and will be delivered to private dwelling houses something after the style that milk and bread are now delivered.

"A wagon will drive up to the back door and leave a box of electricity sufficient to last at least twenty four hours. The housewife will take the box and attach it to the electrical apparatus in her house, and run her sewing machine with it during the day and light her dwelling with it at night.

"The next morning the wagon will come and the old box will be taken away and a new one substituted, and thus it will go on from day to day. This can be done now with much more ease than a storage battery of an ordinary electric motor can be filled, and at very little expense. In fact, if such a system were in general operation the cost would be almost nominal."

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling" is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SANFORD, Kent, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Sec. E. T. Hazelton, Warren, Pa.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a combination of two of the most valuable remedies in existence for the cure of Consumption and all Wasting Conditions; is more generally recommended and used by Physicians than any known remedy; it gives most satisfactory results, and tones up the system; and when the Consumptive has wasted away and loses hope, the Emulsion will speedily check the ravages of this terrible disease, and restore the sufferer to good health and happiness. This is equally true in regard to Rickets in Children, or Marasmus and Anæmia in Adults, and all impoverished conditions of the blood; and especially desirable for Colds and Chronic Coughs, as it will cure them more quickly than ordinary Specifics used. Palatable as milk.

Sold by all Druggists.

TIS BETTER SO!

100 other beautiful designs. Send for complete and large catalogue choice made, only 10c. Western Pub. Co., St. Louis, Mo. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

18k SOLID ROLLED GOLD RINGS!

To introduce our fine jewelry to New Customers, we will send the following Rings at the special prices quoted, which are about one-fourth the regular price charged in jewelry stores.



We warrant each and all of the above Rings to be 18k Solid Rolled Gold. With each Ring we send our grandeur value for less money than any other Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Jewelry. We give Large Illustrations of our Large Illustrated and Simple application for the cure of disease will be sent FREE to any address.

DR. OWEN BELT CO., 191 State St., Chicago. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.



THE CHAMPION

Blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla leads all others in age, merit, and popularity. It tones up the system, improves the appetite, strengthens the nerves, and vitalizes the Blood. Just what you need. Try it.

"I am selling your goods freely, and more of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than all other blood-medicines put together."—R. A. McWilliams, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Facial Blemishes. Send stamp for 50 page book. DR. J. WOODBURY, Albany, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLES. Elegant ivory name cards. No postal. P. Box 29438, New York.

OPium Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial. EUSTACE REMEDY Co., LaFayette, Ind. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

200 Cute, Curious, Catchy Pictures 10c. P. O. BOX 9338, New York

LADIES send 4 cents (stamp) for sample copy large 16 page paper and bulb "BAY'S BREATH" mailed free. 101 S. BEECHER, Minneapolis, Minn.

SEE HERE! Why not save ONE-HALF on 100 lb. of sugar? Buy big to agents. Chicago Scale Co., Chic., Ill. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

SEND Stamp for WASHINGTON CATECHISM. Eshelman, Jewell & Co., Seattle, W. T.

OLD COINS and Stamps Wanted. Send 12 cents in stamps for Book. All rare dates and prices paid. J. SHAYLER, 79 E. Brookline St., Boston, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

WORK For All. \$30 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth \$5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

PHONETIC SHORTHAND. The Most Successful. Full Correspondence School in America. Full instruction, including Manual Reader, and Dictionary, only Ten Dollars. Send two-cent stamp for Synopsis. Books supplied for Self-Instruction.

W. Osmond, Publisher, Rochester, N. Y.

LOOK SHARP FOR RARE COINS. I pay from \$1 to \$600 premium on hundreds of rare U. S. Coins up to 1875. Thousands of dollars often made in one day. Coin Book, 25c. Blank references. Agents wanted. W. VONBERGEN, Cambridge, Mass. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Coleman Nat'l Business College, NEWARK, N. J., and 267 and 268 West 125 St., N. Y. City. Patronage, Best Facilities. For Prospectus, Ac., address H. COLEMAN, Pres. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS! Plays; Tableaux; Pastimes; Charades; Pantomimes; for Public Readings and Recitations. Catalogue free. THE DEWITT PUB. HOUSE, No. 31 Rose St., New York. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

GRAND BUSINESS OFFER. \$75 A MONTH. Send your name to person to sell our goods by mail. No capital required. Salary paid monthly. Expenses in advance. Full particulars FREE. We mean just what we say. Address: EDWARD SILVERMAN, BOSTON, MASS. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

DR. OWEN'S BODY BATTERY! For MAN and WOMAN. Contains 10 degrees of strength. Current can be increased, decreased, reversed or detached at will, and applied to any part of the body or limbs by whole family. Cures General, Nervous and Chronic Diseases. It is light, simple and superior to all others. Guaranteed for one year. Our Large Illustrated PAMPHLET giving full particulars, mechanism, and simple application for the cure of disease will be sent FREE to any address.

DR. OWEN BELT CO., 191 State St., Chicago. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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THE MEET OF THE DOG CARTS.

HE COULD READ FACES.

MENDICANT.—"Please help a poor blind man!"

KIND OLD LADY.—"Blind? Why, bless me, yes; there's a dime for you."

MENDICANT.—"Thank ye, heartily, ma'am. I knowed the minnit I see ye comin' ye was a kind hearted ole 'oman."

A SHOCKING DANGER.

HUSBAND.—"Maria, here is a telegram from Cousin George, down in Florida. He is—"

WIFE (in great alarm).—"From Florida? For goodness sake, John, don't bring it into the house. You don't know whether it has been fumigated or not!"

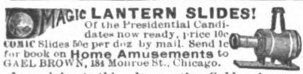


"NOW-A-DAYS TRUTH IS NEW." Have you heard the latest news? "Everybody prais"

SAPOLIO."

It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

In common with other things in this big world reliable advertisers suffer because their advertisements are found unreliable. Wise men, however, know that bold advertising is a good measure of the manufacturer's enterprise, and large outlays in this line show confidence in his own goods. The large sums spent every year in advertising Sapolio lead thousands of women who are wise enough to read the advertisement to reduce their hours of labor by the use of that well-known article. No. 27.



A NEW COFFEE POT THAT BEATS THEM ALL.

AGENTS COIN MONEY selling it. Housekeepers go wild over it. Apply for Terms and Territory at once.

WILMOT CASTLE & CO., Rochester, N. Y. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

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

\$3 Printing Press! For cards, etc. Circular size 28. Press for small newspaper, \$44. Send 2 stamps for List, press, type, cards, to factory. Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Conn.

Imperial Pen and Pencil Stamp. Your name on this useful article for marking linen, books, cards, etc., 25c. Agents sample, 30c. Club of six, \$1.00. EAGLE STAMP WORKS, New Haven, Conn. In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

Buy no more Ready-made Pants. Send 6c. for 20 samples, light or heavy weight, make selection, take your measure by our simple rules, and order out Celebrated \$3 Custom-made Pants.

Advertisement for THE BAY STATE PANTS CO. featuring illustrations of men in suits and a list of prices for suits, vests, and coats.

A pair of PANT STRETCHERS will be given to each PURCHASER, if mention is made of GOLDEN ARGOSY. BAY STATE PANTS CO., Custom Clothiers, 34 Hawley St., Boston, Mass.

In replying to this adv. mention Golden Argosy.

AFLOAT IN A GREAT CITY

A STORY OF STRANGE INCIDENTS. BY FRANK A. MUNSEY, Publisher of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY. This story, one of the most popular that ever appeared in the ARGOSY, has now been issued in book form. It is a deeply interesting narrative of a boy who finds himself adrift in New York, homeless and friendless, knowing neither whence he came nor whether he is going. It tells of the wonderful series of adventures that befall him, and of his brave struggle to discover his parentage and reach the position which he believed to be rightfully his.

"Afloat in a Great City" is an exceedingly handsome volume, and every reader of The Golden Argosy should have it for his library. It is beautifully bound in cloth, and costs \$1.25. It can be ordered at any book store, or we will send it from this office, 81 Warren St., New York, on receipt of the price.

Advertisement for STOVE POLISH, featuring an illustration of a stove and text describing its benefits for cleaning and maintaining stoves.

Advertisement for 'The Modern Way OF DOING BUSINESS', promoting stenographic and typewriter services.

Advertisement for MAGIC LANTERNS, including a small illustration of a lantern.

Advertisement for COOD NEWS TO LADIES, featuring 'Greatest Bargains in Teas, Coffees, Baking Powder and PRIMITIVES'.

Advertisement for CURE FOR THE DEAF, featuring an illustration of a woman's face.

Advertisement for OLIVA-AROCHE, an invigorating tonic containing Peruvian Bark, Iron, and Pure Catalan Wine.

Advertisement for THE WONDERFUL LUBURG CHAIR, featuring an illustration of a chair and text describing its features.

Advertisement for BABY COACHES, featuring an illustration of a baby carriage and text describing various models.

Advertisement for TELEGRAPHY, featuring an illustration of a telegraph machine.

Advertisement for BROWN'S FRENCH DRESSING, featuring an illustration of a bottle of dressing.

Advertisement for THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST, featuring an illustration of a toy castle.

Advertisement for A. J. REACH & CO., featuring an illustration of a building and text describing their products.

Advertisement for A. J. REACH & CO. featuring a large illustration of a building and text describing their various goods and services.