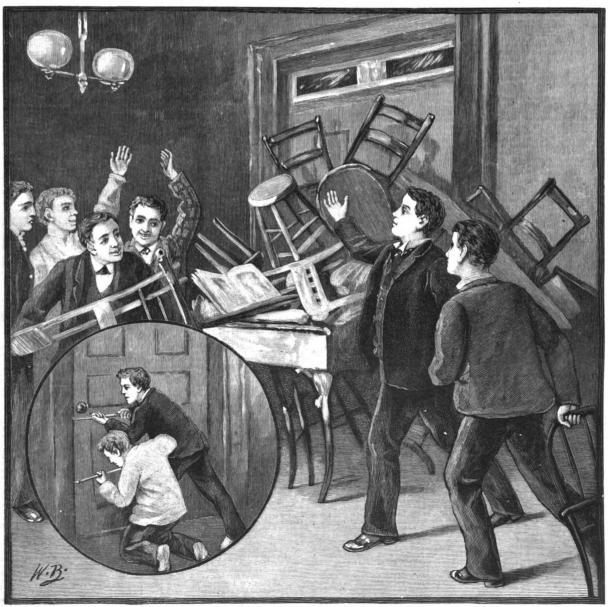
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DRAWN BY WALTER BOBBETT.

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

BY ANNA M. FORD.

CONTENTENT may dwell in a valley—
Aspiration tents on the hill!
But if we would 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;
Use annot afford to be cowards,
We aim to be steadfast and true!

We aim to be steadtast and true!
To be ever kind and forgiving,
And upright and noble and strong,
Brave hearted, and earnest, and tender,
And faithful, and guiltless of wrong!
The banner of freedom floats o'er use—
The boon which so dearly we prize—
Then let the free spirit's endeavor
Be pure as the blue of the skies.

Be pure as the blue of the skies.

O, cherish as precious and golden
The graces of virtue and truth!
For these area sgifts from the angels,
To rouse the ambitions of youth.
O, cherish as precious and golden
All beauties through life that you find;
For "' practice makes perfect" with ever
Resolve that adds grace to the mind.

My&Friend&Smith. By TALBOT BAINES REED.

Author of "Mr. Halgrove's Ward."

CHAPTER I.

HOW I CAME TO BE SENT TO STONEBRIDGE HOUSE.

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 stood up, and taking a coat.

go to Stonebridge House on Monday."

And my uncle stood up, and 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 never was quite clear as to why, at the tender and guileless age of twelve, I was abruptly sent away from my native village of Brownstroke, tothat select and popular "Academy for Backward and Troublesome Young Gentlemen" (so the advertisement ran), known

Brownstroke, to that select and popular "Acat-emy for Backward and Troublesome Young Gentlemen" (so the advertisement ran), known as Stonebridge House, in the neighborhood of Chifshire, and kept by a Mr. Ladislaw. Other people appeared to divine the reason, and Mrs. Hudson shook her head and wiped her eyes when I consulted her on the subject. It was

queer.
"I must be a very backward boy," thought

"I must be a very backward boy," thought I to myself, "for try as I will, I don't see it."
You must know I was an orphan. I never could recollect my mother—nor could 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 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, as the manner of other uncles (so I am told) is. He just took as 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 (there 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 eventual 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 manly person. 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 cautinned me as to my conduct, and given me to understand that at Stonebridge House I should be a good deal more strictly looked after 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 basketful of provender, so it was not tedious. At length the driver turned round, and said we should come in sight of Stonebridge at the next turn of the road.

My spirits began to sink for the first time. Dismal and all as Brownstroke had been, how did I know I should not be happier there, after all, than at this strange new place, where I knew no one? I wished the driver wouldn't go so fast. Mrs. Hudson saw my emotion, I think, for s

and tell me what they give you to eat; remember pork's bad for you."
"I hat there chimbley," interrupted the driver at this stage, "is the fust 'ouse in Stone-

Five minutes later we were standing in the hall of Stonebridge House.

It didn't look much like a school, I remember

It dien thook much like a school, I remember thinking. It was a large straggling building, rather like a farmhouse, with 'ow ceilings and rickety 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 bed escrete. had carpets.

As we stood waiting for some one to answer

our ring I listened nervously, 1 remember, or any sound or trace of my fellow." backward and troublesome boys," but the school appeared to be confined to one of the long straggling wings behind, and not to encroach in the state portion

behind, and not to encroach in the same paramoth the house. After a second vigorous puil: "at 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 instantium.

"Yes, this is Master Freddy," put in the ner-vous 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

"Is that his box?" continued the section of the sec

usual 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 sharft touch it!"

The female appeared to be not in the least put out by this little display of feeling. In fact she seemed used to it, for she stood queetly with her arms folded, apparently waiting till we both of us thought fit to subside.

Poor Mrs. Hudson was no match for this sort of battle. She lost her control, and expressed herself on things in general, and the female in particular, with a fluency which quite astonished me, and I did my little best to back her up. In the midst of our joint address a gentleman appeared on the seene, whom I correctly divined to be Mr. Ladislaw himself.

Mr. Ladislaw was a short dapper man, in

be Mr. Ladislaw himself.

Mr. Ladislaw was a short dapper man, in rather seedy clothes, with long sandy hair brushed right back over the top of his head and no hair at all on his face. He might have been thirty, or he might have been fifty. His eyes were very small and close together; his brow was stern, and his mouth a good deal pulled down at the corners. Altogether I didn't take to him at first glance, still less when he bricke into the conversation and distinctly took the part of Mrs. Hudson's adversary.

"What is all this, Miss Henniker?" he said, in a quick, sharp voice, which made me very uncomfortable.

comfortable.
"This is Mr. Jakeman's servant," answered

"This is Mr. Jakeman's servant," answered the female; "she was talking a littler rudely about Frederick Batchelor's luggage here." Mr. Ladislaw took me firmly by the hand and led me to his study, where he left me, with strict injunctions not to stir till he came back again. He did this in about ten minutes, to take me out to say good by to Mrs. Hudson, which was a very dismal proceeding, as you can imagine. can imagine.

I was then given in charge to the stern faced I was then given in charge to the stern faced Miss Henniker, who unpacked my trunk, and then conducted me to a low ceilinged, poorly lighted dormitory, containing two washstands and half a dozen beds.

"That," said Miss Henniker, pointing to one of the beds, "is your bed, and you wash at this washstand."

From the dormitory I was conducted to the school room, and from the school room to the

school room, and from the school room to the dining room, and from the dining room to the

boot room, and my duties explained in each.

It was in the latter apartment that I first made the acquaintance of one of my fellow "troublesome or backwards."

"troublesome or backwards."
A biggish boy was adopting the novel expedient for getting on a tight boot of turning his back to the wall and kicking out at it like a horse when I and my conductress entered.
The latter very nearly came in for one of the kicks.

The latter very nearly came in 100 one of one kicks.

"Flanagan," said she, "that is not allowed. I shall give you a bad mark for it."

Flanagan went on kicking till the end of the sentence, and then subsided ruefully, and said: "The bothering thing won't come on or off, please, ma'am. It won't come on with showing."

"If your boots are too small," replied the "If your boots are too small," replied the Henniker, solemally, begging the question, "you must write home for new ones."

"But the bothering things—"
"Batchelor," said Miss Henniker, turning to me, "this is the boot room, where you will

have to put on and take off your boots whenever you go out or come in. This boy is going out, and will take you into the playground with him;" and away she went, leaving me in the hands of the volatile Flanagan.
"Who are you?" he demanded.
It was a horribly dark place, this boot room, and I could scarcely see who it was who was questioning me. He seemed to be a big boy, a year or two older than myself, with a face which, as far as I could make it out, was not altogether unpleasant. He continued stamping with his refractory boots all the time he was talking to me, letting out occasionally behind, in spite of Miss Henniker.
"Who are you? What's your name?" he said.

said.
"Fred Batchelor," I replied, deferentially.
"Batchelor, eh? Are you a backward or a troublesome, eh?"

troublesome, eh?"

This was a poser. I had never put the question to myself, and was wholly at a loss how to answer. I told Flanagan so.
"Oh, but you're bound to know!" he exclaimed. "What did they send you here for, eb?"

claimed. "What did they send you nere no., eh?"
"Well, I dare say it was because my uncle couldn't manage me at home," I replied frankly, "Hurrah!" cried Flanagan. "Hurrah, you're a troublesome! That makes seven troublesomes, and only two backwards!" and in his jubilation he gave a specially vigorous kick out behind, and finally drove the obstinate boot home.

boot home.

"Yes," said he, "there was no end of betting on it. I was afraid you were a backward, that I was! If the other new fellow's only a troublesome too, we shall have it all to our-

selves."
"Is there another new boy, too?" I inquired, plucking up heart with this friendly comrade.
"Oh! he's coming tomorrow. Never mind! Even if he's a 'back' it don't matter, except for the glory of the thing! The 'troubs' were always ahead all Ladislaw's time, and he's no chicken. I say, come in the playground, can't

chicken. I say, come in the playground, can't you?"

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 "Hail, fellow, well met," with every one, even the backwards—I got through the ordeal pretty easily.

There 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 was made to think of myself 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.

This treatment gave me time to make observations as well as them, and before the afternoon ended I h ut a pretty good idea whom I liked and whom I did not like at Stonebridge House.

Presently we were summoned in to a bread of the stone of the stone bridge House.

Presently we were summoned in to a bread and cheese supper, with cold water, and shortly afterwards ordered off to bed. I said my prayers before I went to sleep, as I had promised good Mrs, Hudson, and, except for being shouted at to mind I did not snove or talk in my sleep—the punishment for which crimes was something terrific—I was allowed to go to sleep in peace, very lonely at heart, and with a good deal of secret trepidation as I looked forward and wondered what would be my lot at Stronghylide House. Presently we were summoned in to a bread Stonebridge House.

CHAPTER II.

THE NEW BOY.

DON'T suppose Stonebridge House, except for the Henniker, was much worse than most schools for "backward and trouble-some boys." We were fairly well fed, and fairly well taught, and fairly well quartered. I even think we might have enloyed 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 Henniker, and that one fact made Stonebridge House almost intolerable.

We were lounging about in the so called "plaground" the next afternoon, and I was beginning to discover a little more about some of myschoolfellows, when there appeared walking towards us down the gravel path a boy of about my own age.

ut my own age. Ie was slender and delicate looking, I re-He was slender and delicate looking, I re-member, and his pale face seemed very white contrasted with his almost black clustering hair and his dark, big eyes. He wasn't a handsome boy, I remember thinking; but there was some-thing striking about him, for all that. It may have been his solemn expression, or his square jaw, or his eyes, or his brow, or his hair, or the whole of them put together. All I know is, that the sight of him as he appeared that afterwnoie of them put together. All I know is, that the sight of him as he appeared that afternoon walking towards us in the playground, has lived in my memory ever since, and will probably live there till I die.

"Here comes the new boy," said Philpot, one of the old pupils. Of course we all knew it must be be.
"And a queer fish too by all senergoon."

must be he.
"And a queer fish, too, by all appearances,"
responded Flanagan.
"Very queer indeed," said Hawkesbury.
Hawkesbury was one of the two "back-

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

"He doesn't seem to the 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.

presently he stood in our midst, and gazed half inquiringly, half doubtfully, from one to the other.

I know I felt a good deal more uncomfortable than he did himself, and was quite glad when Flanagan broke the solemn silence.

"Hullo, youngster, who are you, eh?"

"Smith," laconically replied the new boy, looking his questioner in the face.

There was nothing impudent in the way he spoke or looked; but somehow or other his tone didn't seem quite as humble and abject 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 determing to get more out of the new comer 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?"

The new boy gazed in grave bewilderment at the questioner during this speech. When it was ended, he quietly proceeded to move off to another part of the playground without youchsafing any reply.

But Philipot, who was on his mettle, pre-

But Philpot, who was on his mettle, prevented this maneuver by a sudden and dexterous grip of the arm, and drew him back into the circle.

ous grip of the arm, and grew nous season the circle.

"Do you hear what I say to you?" said he, roughly emphaszing his question with a shake.

"What on earth do you mean by going off without answering?"

"It's no business of yours, is it?" said the new boy, mildly.

"Yes," exclaimed Philpot, "it is. You don't suppose we fellows are going to be humbugged by a young sneak like you, do you?"

"I shan't tell you, then!" quietly replied Smith.

Smith.

This astonishing reply, quietly as it was uttered, quite took away Philpot's breath, and the breath of all of us. We were so astonished, indeed, that for some time no one could utter a word or make up his mind what to do next. Then gradually it dawned on the company generally that this defiant, stuck up youngster must immediately be put down.

"Come here!" said Philpot, as majestically as he could.

Smith remained where he was, as solemn as ever. But I, who stood near, could detect a queer light in his black eyes that looked rather

When one fellow, in the presence of an ad-When one fellow, in the presence of an admiring audience, grandly orders a junior to "Come here!" and when that junior coolly declines to move, it is a very critical situation both for the boy who orders and the boy who disobeys. For the one, unless he follows up his brag, will pretty certainly be laughed at; and the other, unless he shows the white feather and runs away, will generally come in for a litter order has each of the shows the white feather and runs away, will generally come in for a litter toruch usace. tle rough usage.
This seemed likely to happen now.

This seemed likely to happen now. As Smith would not come to Philpot for a thrashing, Philpot must go to Smith and thrash him where he stood. And so doubtless he would have done had not Mr. Hashford, the under teacher, appeared at that very moment on the gravel walk and summoned us in to preparation. This interruption was most unsatisfactory. Those who wanted to see what the new boy was made of were disappointed, and those whose dignity wanted putting to rights were still more disappointed.

whose dignity wanted putting to rights were still more disappointed.

But there was no helping it. We trailed slowly indoors, Philipot rowing he would be quits with the young cub some day, and Hawkesbury, in his usual smilling way, suggest-ing that "the new boy didn't seem a very nice box".

"I know what I should do," said Flanagan,

"I know what I should do," said Flanagan,
"if I—"

"A bad mark to Flanagan for not coming
in quietly," said the voice of Miss Henniker,
and at the sound the spirit went out from us,
and we remembered we were once more in
Stonebridge House.
"Preparation" was a dreadful time. I
knew perfectly well, though I could not see
her, that Miss Henniker's eyes were upon me
all the time. I could feel them on the back of
my head and the small of my back. You never
saw such an abject spectacle as we nine spiritless youths appeared bending over our books,
hardly daring to turn over a leaf or dip a pen
for fear of hearing that hateful voice.

I could not help, however, turning my eyes
to where the new boy sat to see how he was
faring. He, too, seemed infected with the depressing air of the place, and was turrively
looking round among his new schoolfcllows,
I felt half ascainated by his black eyes, and
when presently they turned and met mine, I
almost thought I liked the new boy.

My face must somehow have expressed what
was passing through my mind, for as our eyes

met there was a very faint smile on his lips, which I could not help returning.

"Batchelor and Smith, a bad mark each for inattention. That makes four bad marks to Batchelor in one day. No playground for half a week."

Cheerful I was getting used to the Henniker by this time, and remember sitting for the rest of the time calculating that if I got four bad marks every day of the week, that would be twenty eight a week, or a hundred and twelve a month; and that if four bad marks deprived me of half a week's playground, one month's bad marks would involve an absence of precisely fourteen week's from that peaceful retreat; whereat I bit my pen and marveled inwardly.

ardly. The dreary day seemed as if it would never "The dreary day seemed as if it would never come to an end. My spirits sank when, after "preparation," we were ordered up stairs to.

How could one enjoy tea poured out by Miss Henniker? Some people call it the "cup that cheers." Let them take tea one afternoon at Stonebridge House and they will soon be cured of that notion! I got another bad mark during the meal for scooping up the sugar at the bottom of my cup with my spoon.

"Surely," thought I, "they"ll let us read or play, or do as we like, after tea for a bit?"

Vain hope! The meal ended, we again went down to our desks, where sheets of paper were distributed to each, and we were ordered to "write home!" Write home under the Henniker's eye! That was worse than anything!

thing I

In due time and to my great relief the bell rang for bed, and glad of any chance of forgetting the hateful place, I went up stairs to the

ting the nateful place, a near space of dormitory.

The new boy, I found, was to occupy the bed next mine, at which I was rather pleased than otherwise. I could not make out why I should take a fancy to Smith, but somehow I did; and when once during the night I happened to wake and heard what sounded very much like a smothered sob in the bed next mine, I at least had the consolation of being sure I was not the only miserable boy at Stonebridge House.

As "circumstances over which I had no control" prevented my joining my fellow trouble-trout.

As "circumstances over which I had no control" prevented my joining my fellow troublesome and backward boys in their daily retreat to the playground for the next few days. I had only a limited opportunity of seeing how the new boy settled down to his new surroundings. Inside Stonebridge House we were all alike, all equally subdued and "Henpecked." The playground was really the only place where any display of character could be made, and as for three days I was a prisoner, Smith remained as much a mystery to me at the end of the week as he had been on the day of his arrival.

I could, however, guess from his looks and the looks of the others that he was having rather a bad time of it out there. Hawkesbury used to come in with such a gracious smile every afternoon that I was certain something was wrong; and Philipot's flushed face and Kathbone's scowl, and Flanagan's unusual gravity, all went to corroborate the suspicion that I left.

But Smith's free and manuscress the suspicion is missing the surround the manufacture of the suspicion was the suspicion of the su

gravity, all went to corroborate the suspicion that I ielt.

But Smith's face and manner were the most telltale. The first day he had seemed a little doubtful, but gradually the lines of his mouth pulled tighter at the corners, and his eyes flashed oftener, and I could guesse assily enough that he, at least, had not found his heart's content at Stonebridge House.

My term of penal servitude expired on Sunday; and in some respects I came out of it better than I had gone in. For Mr. Hashford had the charge of all detained boys, and he, good hearted, Henniker dreading fellow that he was, had spent the three days in drilling me hard in decimal fractions; and so well too, that I actually came to enjoy the exercise, and looked upon the "repeating dot" as a positive pastime. Even Miss Henniker could not rob me of that pleasure. pastime. Even Miss Henniker commune of that pleasure.
"Batchelor," whispered Flanagan to me,

"Batchelor," whispered Flanagan to me, as we walked two and two to church behind the Henniker that Sunday, "that new fellow's an awful queer cove. I can't make him out," a "Nor can I. But how's he been getting on the last day or two?"

"Getting on! You never knew such scenes wav'so held." He's affected of nobleyt. He

the last day or two?"
"Getting on! You never knew such scenes
as we've had. He's afraid of nobody. He
licked Philpot to fits on Thursday-smashed
him, I tell you. You never saw such a demon
as he is when his dander's up. Then he
walked into Rathbone; and if Rathbone hadn't
been a foot taller than him, with arms as long
as windmills, he'd have smashed Rathbone as
well."

as windmills, he'd have smashed Rathbone as well."

"Did he try it on you?" I inquired.
"No—why should he?" sad the sturdy Flanagan; "time enough for that when I make a brute of myself to him. But I dare say he'd smash me too. It's as good as a play. I tell you. That time he did for Phiptot he was as quick with his right, and walked in under his man's guard, and drove up to him, and took him on the flank just like—"
"A bad mark to Flanagan for talking, and to Batchelor for listening," rose the voice of Miss Henniker in the street.

This public award made us both jump, and color up too, for there were a lot of ladies and gentlemen and young ladies close at hand, all own must have distinctly heard the Hennihest special observation. However, I was made and it both had colds the rest of the way and finished our conversation behind our hand-kerchiefs,

"Have you heard any more about him?"

"Have you need to a said only a said of the said of th

why—"
"I don't think I like Hawkesbury either.

"I don't think I like Hawkesbury either, He's got such an everlasting grin."
"So will you have if you don't talk lower, you young idiot," said Flanagan. "Yes, it's the grin that fetches 5mith, I fancy. I grinned at him one day, meaning to be friendly, but he didn't half like it."

I laughed at this, greatly to Flanagan's wrath. Luckly, however, no evil consequences happened, and we reached church without any more bad marks.

happened, and we reached church without any more bad marks.

I made up my mind, come what would, I would speak to the new boy and let him see I was not against him.

Some one will smile, of course, and say sar-castically, "What a treat for the new boy!" but if he only knew with what fear and trembling I made that resolution, he would acquit Fred Batchelor of any very great self importance in the matter.

Bedtime came at last, and, thankful to have the day over, for, of all days, Sunday at Stone-bridge House was the most miserable and desperate, we crawled away to our roosts. The new boy's bed, as I have said, was next mine, and I conceived the determination, if I could only keep awake, of speaking to him after every one was asleep.

only keep awake, of speaking to him after every one was asleep.

It was hard work that keeping awake; but I managed. Gradually one after another dropped off, and the padding footsteps overhead and the voices below died away till nothing was heard but the angry tick of the clock outside and the regular breathing of the sleepers on every hand.

Then I softly slid out of bed and crawled on my hands and knees to Smith's bed. It was an auxious moment for me. He might be asleep, and wake up in a fright to find some one near him; or the might be awake and resent my intrusion. Still I determined I would go to him, and I was rewarded.

I was rewarded.
Is that Batchelor?" I heard him whisper

as I approached the bed.
"Yes," I answered, joyfully, and feeling half the battle over.
"Come in," said he, moving to make room

for me

for me.
"Oh, no," I said, in terror at the very idea.
"Oh, no," I said, in terror at the very idea.
"Suppose I fell asleep. I'll kneel here, and
then if any one comes I can crawl back."
"What is it?" Smith said, presently, after
a long and awkward pause.
I was thankful that he broke the ice.
"Oh," I whispered, "aren't you jolly miserable here, I say?"
"Pretty! "Said he. "Aren't you?"

ble here, I say?"
"Pretty!" said he. "Aren't you?"
"Oh, yes! But the fellows are all so unkind

to you mith gave a little bitter laugh. "That

Smith gave a little bitter laugh.
doesn't matter," he said, was bigger, I'd back
you up—and so will Flanagan, if you let him."
"Thanks, old man!" said the new boy, putting his hand on my arm. "It's not the fellows I mind, it's—" and kere he pulled up.
"Old Henniker," I put in, in accents of
smothered rage.

"Old Henniker," I put in, in accents of smothered rage.
"Ugh!" said Smith; "she's awful."
But somehow it occurred to me the Henni-ker was not what Smith was going to say when he pulled up so suddenly just before. I felt certain there was something mysterious about him, and of course, being a boy, I burned to know.

him, and of course, being a boy, I burned to know.

However, he showed no signs of getting back to that subject, and we talked about a lot of things, thankful to have scope for once for our pent up feelings. It was one of the happiest times I had known for years, as I knelt there on the hard carpetless floor and found my heart going out to the heart of a friend.

What we talked about was of little moment; it was probably merely about boys trifles, such as any boy might tell another. What was of moment was that there, in dreary, cheerless Stonebridge House, we had found some interest in common and some object for our spiritless lives.

ss lives.

I told him all about home and my uncle in opes that he would be equally communicative, ut here he disappointed me.

"Are your father and mother dead too?" I

Not both," he replied.

asked,
"Not both," he replied.
It was spoken in a tone half nervous, half vexed, so I did not try to pursue the inquiry.
Presently he changed the subject, and said,
"How do you like that fellow Hakwesbury?"
"Not much; though I don't know why,"
Smith put out his hand and pulled my face close to his as he whispered, "I hate him."
"Has he been bullying you?" I inquired,
"No," said Smith, "But he's—ugh—I don't know any more than you do why I hate him. But I say, ain't you getting cold?"
I was not, I protested, and for a long time more we continued talking. Then at last the creaking of a board, or the noise of a mouse, startled us in earnest, and in a moment I had darted back to my bed. All was quiet again in the dormitory.

the dormitory.
"Good night, old boy," I whispered.

"Good night, old boy," I whispered.
"Good night, old man. Awfully good of you," he replied. "Pil come to you tomorrow."

And not long after we were both sound asleep.

CHAPTER III.

PLANNING A REBELLION. YEAR passed, and found us at the end of it the same wretched, spirituses boys as ever. Stonebridge House had become YEAR passed, and found us at the end

of it the same wretched, spirituses boys
as ever. Stonebridge House had become
no more tolerable, the Henniker had
grown no less terrible, and our fellow "backward and troublesome boys" were just as unpleasant as they had been. No new boys had
come to give us a variety, and no old boys had

Come to give us a variety, and no one boys madeleft.

The summer term was again drawing to a close, and for fear, I suppose, lest the fact should convey any idea of pleasure to our minds, the Henniker was down on us more than

minds, the Henniker was down on us more than ever. The cane was in constant requisition, and Mr. Ladislaw was always being summoned up to administer chastisement.

Even Hawkesbury, who generally managed to escape reproach, came in for her persecution now and then.

One day, I remember, we were all in classand she for some reason quitted the room, leaving Mr. Hashford in charge.

Now, no one minded Mr. Hashford very much. He was a good natured fellow, who did his best to please us and his mistress; but he was "Henpecked," we could see, like all the rest of us, and we looked upon him more as a big schoolfellow than as a master, and minded him accordingly.

big secondary in a case and a secondary in according to the Henniker's departure as a signal to leaving off work and seizing the opin signal to leaving off work and seizing the opin signal to leaving off work and seizing the opin signal to be a signal to leaving signal to the signal to the seizing back against the desk behind him, yawned, and said signal to the de

back against the desk behind him, 'yawned, and said,
"I say, Batchelor, I hope you and Smith haven't been quarreling?"
"Quarreling?" exclaimed I, astonished at the bare notion. "Why, whatever puts that into your head?"
"O'h," said he, with his usual smile, "only fancy. But I'm glad it isn't the case."
"Of course it isn't, 'said I, warmly.
"I haven't seen you talking to him so often lately; that's why," said Hawkesbury; "and it always seems a pity when good friends fall out."

out."

I smiled and said, "How can I talk to him, except on the sly, in this place? Never fear, Jack Smith and I know one another too well to

"Ah, he is a mysterious fellow, and he lets so few people into his secrets."

"Yes," said 1, coloring a little. "He doesn't even let me into them."

Hawkesbury looked surprised.
"Of course you know where he came from first of all, and all that?"
"No I don't," I said.
"What, not know about——But I'd better not talk about it. It's not honorable to talk about another boy's affairs."
"Hawkesbury," said Mr. Hashford at this moment, "don't talk."
This was quite a remarkable utterance for the

moment, "don't talk."

This was quite a remarkable utterance for the meek and mild Mr. Hashford to make in the Henniker's absence, and we all started and looked up in a concerned way, as if he must be

unwell.

But no, he seemed all right, and having said

But no, he seemed all right, and having said what he had to say, went on with his work.

Hawkesbury took no notice of the interruption, and went on. "And, on the whole, I think it would be kinder not to say anything about it, as he has kept it a secret himself. You

"Hawkesbury," again said Mr. Hashford,
"you must not talk."
Hawkesbury smiled in a pitiful sort of way at
Mr. Hashford, and again turned towards me to
resume the conversation. "You see—" be-

gan he.
"Hawkesbury," again said Mr. Hashford,
"this is the third time I have told you not to

talk."
"Who was talking?" cried the Henniker,

itering at that moment.
"Hawkesbury, I'm sorry to say, Miss Hen-

niker."
"Hawkesbury—a bad mark for——"
"Oh!" said 1, starting up, "I was talk-

"Off." Sate 1, Source, orp.
"A bad mark to you, Batchelor, for interrupting me, and another for talking. Hawkesbury, a bad mark for talking in class."
We were all astonished. We had hitherto looked upon Hawkesbury as a privileged person who might do as he liked, and upon Mr. Hashford as a person who had not a soul of his own. Here was the phenomenon not only from absorbidlow getting publicy censured, his own. Here was the phenomenon not only of our schoolfellow getting publicity censured, but of Mr. Hashford backing up Miss Henni-ker, and Miss Henniker backing up Mr. Hash-

Flanagan afterwards confided to me his Flanagan afterwards confided to me his theory of this unwonted event. "I expect," said he, "Hashford has just got his pay raised, and wants to show off a bit before the flen, and she wants to encourage him to be rather more down on us, you know. She's got the tooth-ache, too, I know, and that accounts for her not being particular who she drops on, though I am surprised she pitched on Hawkesbury. How pleased your chum Smith will be!"

But my friend Smith, when I had a chance of speaking to him, seemed indifferent about the whole affair, being taken up with troubles of his own.

A letter had come for him that day, he told me, in tones of fierce anger. It had been opened and read, as usual, before being handed to him. He did not complain of that; that was an indignity we had to submit to every time we received a letter. But what he did complain of, and what had roused his temper, was that the last half sheet of the letter had been deliberately torn off and not given to him.

Directly after class he had marched boldly to the Henniket postlers.

m.

Directly after class he had marched boldly to
e Henniker's parlor and knocked at the door.
"Come in!" snapped she.
Smith did "come in," and proceeded to busi-

ness at once.

You haven't given me all my letter, ma'am," he said.

Miss Henniker looked at him with some of Miss Henniker looked at him with some or the same astonishment with which she had re-garded me when I once told her she was to see my socks were regularly darned.

Then she pulled herself up, in her usual chilly manner, and replied, "I am aware of that, Smith."

chily manner, and repized, "I am aware of that, Smith,"
"I want it please, ma'am," said Smith, Again the Henniker glared at this audacious youth, and again she replied, "You will not have it, Smith."
"Why not?"
"Leave the room instantly, sir, for daring to speak like that to me, and write out one hundred lines of Cæsar before you get your dinner!" cried the Henniker, indignantly.
"You've no right to keep—"Smith, follow me!" interrupted Miss Henniker, in her most irresistible voice, as she led the way to Mr. Ladislaw's study.
Smith did follow her, and was flogged, of course.

I was as indignant as he was at this tale of

Course.

I was as indignant as he was at this tale of injustice.

Smith's rage was beyond all bounds. "I won't stand it!" said he; "that's all about it, Fred!"

"What can we do?" asked I.

That was the question. And there was no answering it. So we slunk back to our places, nursing our wrath in our bosoms, and vowing all sorts of vengeance on the Henniker.

Nor were we the only boys in this condition of mind. Whether it was the Henniker was thoroughly upset by her toothache, and Hawkesbury's bad conduct, and Smith's impertinence, or whether she was moved by what our Irish friends call sheer "divilry." I cannot say, but for the next day or two she even excelled herself in the way she went on.

There was nothing we could do, or think, or devise, that she did not pounce upon and punish us for. Some were detained, some were set to impositions, some were flegged, some were reduced to bread and water, some had most if not all of their worldly goods confiscated. Even Hawkesbury shared the general fate, and for a whole week all Stonebridge House groaned as it had never groaned before.

Then we could stand it no longer. We all felt that; and we all found out that everybody else felt it. But as usual the question was what to do?

It was almost impossible to speak to one

It was almost impossible to speak to one another, so closely were we watched, and even when we did, we discovered that we were all at

when we did, we discovered that we were all at sixes and sevens, and agreed only in one thing, which was that we could not stand it. At length one day, to our infinite jubilation, as we were dismally walking from the school-room to the parlor, we saw the front door open, A fly was standing at it, and as we passed, the Henniker in her Sunday get up was stepping into it!

What had we done to deserve such a mercy? She was going to pay a state call somewhere, and for one blessed hour at any rate we should be at peace.

A council of war was immediately held. For

once in a way Stonebridge House was unani-mous. We sunk all minor differences for a time in the grand question, what should we do?

A great many wild suggestions were immedi-

A great made, with suggestions were immediately made.

Rathbone undertook, with the aid of any two other fellows, to inflict personal chastisement on the public enemy.

This was rejected peremptorily. It would be no use, we should catch it all the worse afterwards; besides, bad as she was, the Henniker was a woman, and it would be cowardly to thrash her.

"Tie up her hands and feet and gag her," suggested Philipot.

Wouldn't do again. She'd get Ladislaw to help her out.

help her out Tie up Ladislaw and Hashford too. We weren't numerous or strong enough to

it. Let's all bolt," suggested Flanagan.

"Let's all bolt," suggested Flanagan.
They'd send the police after us. Or if they
didn't, how were we to get on, without money
or shelter or anywhere to go to?
"Suppose," said 1, "we shut them out of the
schoolroom and barricade the door and don't
let them in till they accept our terms,"
"That's more like it," said some one, "but
then what about food? We can't store enough,
even if we emptied the larder, to stand a long
siere."

siege."
"Well then," said Smith, "suppose we screw
them up, and don't let them out till they give

"That's it," said every one, "the very thing."
"What do you say, Hawkesbury?" in-

quired I.
"Well," said he, smiling pleasantly, "it's not a nice thing to turn against one's master and

mistress; but really Miss Henniker has been very vexing lately."

"Hurrah! then you agree?" And the question was put all round, every one assenting. At least so I thought. But Smith as usual was doubtful of Hawkesbury?"

"Really," said the other, with a smile, "it sn't nice to be suspected, Smith. Isn't it enough to say a thing once?"

"Oh yes, yes," cried out every one, impatiently, and most anxious to keep the meeting harmonious. "He said he did, Smith; what more do you want? For goodness sake let's pull all together."

"Just what I want," said Smith.

"Well," said Philpot, "I propose we lock them up in the big school room.

"Wouldn't it be better," said Flanagan, "to lock the Henniker up in her own room, and let Ladislaw and Hashford have the parlor? I t will be more comfortable for them. There's a sofa there and a carpet. Besides, the window's a Ladisiaw and Hashiot in them. There's a sofa there and a carpet. Besides, the window's a worse one to get out of."
"How about feeding them?" some one

asked

asked.
"That'll be easy enough," said Smith.
"There's a ventilator over all the doors, you know. We can hand the things in there."
"I vote the Hen gets precious little," interposed Rathone. "I wouldn't give her any."
This idea was scouted, a.id it was resolved.

that all the prisoners should have a sufficient

posed Rathbone. "I wouldn't give her any."
This idea was scouted, and it was resolved that all the prisoners should have a sufficient, though, at the same time, a limited amount of provisions. That being arrarged, the next question was, when should we begin? We had to take a good many things into account in fixing the important date.

Today was Friday. The butcher, some one said, always brought the meat for the week on Monday; but the baker never came till the Wednesday. So if we began operations on Monday we should have a good supply of meat, but very little bread to start with; and it was possible, of course, the baker might smell a rat, and get up a rescue. It would be better, on that account, to defer action till after the baker's visit on Wednesday.

But then the washerwoman came on Thursday. We all voted the washerwoman a nuisance. We must either take her a prisoner and keep her in the house, or run the risk of her finding out something was wrong and going back to the village and telling of us.

"If we could only keep it up a week," said Smith, "I think we could bring them to terms,"

"Suppose we drop a line to the washerwoman the day before not to call," suggested I.

The motion met with universal applause, and lwas deputed to carry it out at the proper time. The good lady's address was on the slate in Miss Henniker's pantry.

"And I tell you what," said Smith, starting up with the brilliancy of the suggestion; "let's hide away all the bread we can find, except just what will last over tomerrow. Then most likely she'll tell the baker to call on Monday, and we can begin then!"

It was a brilliant suggestion. Two of the company departed forthwith to the larder, and unobserved hid away a few loaves in one of the empty trunks in the box room.

Our plans were ripening wonderfully. But the most difficult business was yet to come. What terms should we require of our prisoners as the price of their release? And on this point, after long discussien, we found we could not agree.

ome were for the immediate dismissal of

"Some were for the immediate dismissal of the Henniker; others demanded that she should not be allowed to speak without special permis-sion; and other; that she should remain in her parlor all day long, and come out only for pray-ers and to give orders to the tradesmen. These proposals were too absurd to take seriously; and as presently the company began to grow a little quarrelsome over the matter, it was decided for peace's sake that the question should be deferred, and terms arranged when the prisoners themselves offered to give in.

should be deferred, and terms arranged when the prisoners themselves offered to give in.

"If I may make a suggestion," said Hawkesbury, who had taken no part in the previous discussion, "it is that you should appoint one fellow captain, and agree to obey his orders. You'll never manage it if you don't."

"Not at all a bad idea," said one or two.
"You be the captain, Hawkesbury."

"No, thank you," said he, smiling gratefully.
"I really am pot used to this sort of thing; but I think Smith, now, would be just the fellow."

I considered this beautiful of Hawkesbury,

I considered this beautiful of Hawkesbury, coming so soon after Smith's uncomplimentary behavior to him.

The proposition was generally approved. Smith was not a favorite, but he had made the only suggestions of any real use in the present case, and appeared to have entered into the scheme so warmly, that it was evident no one would make a better captain.

He received his new dignity with great complacency.

placency.
"I'll do my best." said he, "if you fellows

will back me up and stick to the engagement."

Our time was now getting brief, so after a few more hurried suggestions and discussions we separated and returned to our ordinary

That evening the Henniker was no better than she had been during the day. Her brief sojourn in society that afternoon had not im-proved her a bit. Flanagan, as usual, suggested a plausible

reason.
"I expect," whispered he, "she went after a

new pupil and didn't hook him; that's why she's

in such a precious tantrum."

"Flanagan!" cried the well known voice.

"Flanagan, come here!"

Flanagan obeyed, and stood meekly before

This is the eighth time today, Flanagan, I have rebuked you for talking. You are detained for the rest of the term. Hold out your

It was not often the Henniker inflicted cor-It was not often the Henniker inflicted cor-poral punishment herself; when she did it was pretty smart, as Flanagan found. In the ab-sence of a cane she had used the ruler, and as Flanagan—who unsuspectingly supposed she was merely seized with a desire to inspect his nails—held out his hand knuckles upward, the ruler descended on his knuckles with such force that the luckless youth howled for astonish-ment, and performed a dance solo in the middle of the floor. of the floor.

We were sorry for him, yet we inwardly smiled to think how soon the tables would be

turned.

That night, just before we went to bed, as I was in the schoolroom looking for my slippers, I had the satisfaction of hearing the Henniker say to the kitchen maid: "Matilda, we're getting short of bread. Let the baker know to call on Monday next week."

Things could not have promised better for our desporate scheme !

desperate scheme!

CHAPTER IV.

THE REBELLION BEGINS.

THE REBELLION BEGINS.

F course we were wrong; of course we were foolish.

But then, reader, please remember we were only boys, goaded up to the last pitch, and quite unable, as I have narrated, to stand the Henniker any longer.

It was no game we were embarked on. If you had seen the seriousness of our faces as we inspected the parlor and reconnoitered the Henniker's future prison that Saturday; if you had heard the seriousness of our voices as we solemnly deliberated whether nails or screws would be best to use in fastening up the doors—you would have found out that, "backward and troublesome" boys as we were, we could be in earnest sometimes.

"The screws are quieter," said Rathbone.

"Nailing's quicker," said Philpot.

"Isn't that a thing the captain had better decide?" softly suggested Hawkesbury, turning to Smith.

Lalways got fidgety when the senior boy and

I always got fidgety when the senior boy and by chum got near each other. Smith had such I always got nogety when the senior boy and my chum got near each other. Smith had such a way of firing up instinctively at whatever the other might say, even when it meant no harm. He flared up now with his eyes, and then turning to the two boys, said, shortly:

"Screws, of course; that's been settled long

Hawkesbury smiled gratefully, and said he was sure a matter like that would not be over-

Hawkesbury smiled gratefully, and said he was sure a matter like that would not be over-looked.

Well, the Henniker went on having her fling that Saturday and Sunday. We caught it right and left, and took it all meekly. May, some of us took it so meekly that I was once or twice afraid our secret would be suspected.

The regulation reading in the parlor on Sunday evening was a shocking time for me. I had no intention of being bad, but somehow, what with the excitement of our scheme, and the dreariness of the reader's voice, and the closeness of the room, I fell asleep and nearly rolled off my bench.

The Henniker put down her book.

"Batchelor," said she, "you shall be punished. Stand on the bench and read aloud," And so saying, she handed me the book and pointed to the place.

This was the very refinement of torture, and I draw a veil over the sad spectacle which followed. Nor was I the only victim standing there struggling and perspiring through the long sentences, turned back whenever I made a mistake to begin the page over again, till the end of the chapter seemed to get farther and farther away; the other boys, too, came in for part of the tragedy.

"Reading" lasted that evening till ten o'clock, and to this day I cannot imagine how it ever came to an end even then. I know I never got to the end. This sad experience gave a considerable reset to our hopes of freedom on the following day.

Smith was not the sort of fellow to under-

a considerable zest to our hopes of freedom on the following day. Smith was not the sort of fellow to under-

the following day.

Smith was not the sort of fellow to undertake what he did not mean to carry through, and I was astonished to see how carefully his plans were laid, and how precisely he had allotted to every one of us our respective duties.

Monday dawned at length, and we rose from our beds like patriots on the morning of a battle which is to decide their freedom or slavery. I had two minutes' whisper with Smith as we went down to breakfast.

"Tell the fellows," said he, "that the signal to begin will be just when morning school is over. The Hen goes to get ready for dinner, and Shankley and Philpot are to follow and fasten her up. The holes are already bored, so it won't take long,"
"Suppose she yells," suggested I.

"Not likely; but if she does, her room's far enough away. Oh! by the way, I've screwed down her window already. I thought we can one of us easily smash a pane for her if she wants more ventilation."

wants more ventilation."
"And how about Ladislaw and Hashford?" "I'm going down, when the Henniker's safe, to ask them both to step up into the parlor. They'll probably think something's wrong and hurry up. (I've fastened that window, too, by the way.) Then you and Rathbone are to screw up their door when they are safe in—I've put the key outside, too—and I've told the other fellows to be ready to bring out a lot of desks and things out of the school room, and pile them up, in case they kick too hard."
"Upon my word, Jack, you're a regular general. But I say, we've forgotten the two servants."

No, we haven't. I've told them what's up, nd they won't interfere; but—shut up now."

During the morning we continued to pass ound word what the arrangements were, and waited feverishly for the close of morning and they

school.

As we sat in the class room we had the satisfaction of seeing first the butcher's pony and then the baker's cart drive up the front garden and drive back again. We were all right for the "sinews of war" for a day or two, any-

The Henniker kept it up to the last, and dis-

The Henniker kept it up to the last, and distributed her favors lavishly and impartially all round. But we heeded it not; we even enjoyed it, for were not we to have our innings next?

It seemed as if morning school would never end. At last a fluttering at our hearts, more convincing even than the clock, told us the hour was come. We rose from our seats. The rebellion at Stonebridge House had begun.

The Henniker marched with stately tread

rebellion at Stonebridge House had begun. The Henniker marched with stately tread from the room, and up the stairs to her own apartment. It seemed a long journey to us, who sat listening in breathless silence, and at last the closing of her door seemed to resound all over the house.

"Now then," said Smith to Shankley and Philpot, who, with their shoes off and their tools in their hands, stood ready, like two trained assassins, for the word of command.

"Now then, and keep quiet, whatever you do!"

They went. There was nothing stately about their march. They darted up the stairs two steps at a time, and the last we saw of them was as they turned the corner into the passage, at the end of which was situated the enemy's fortress.

ortress.
It seemed a year before they returned!
At last Shankley, with beaming face, burst not our midst.
"It's all right!" said he, in an excited whiseer, "She sounded a little like kicking, so whilpot's keeping guard. We had one screw alf in before she even heard us!"
"What did she say then?" asked three or our reager questioners.

four eager questioners.
"She wanted to know who was there, and if "She wanted to know who was there, and if we wanted to speak to her we must wait till she came down, and a bad mark to whoever it was for coming and disturbing her."

There was a general laugh at this, which Smith hurriedly checked.

"The thing's only half done yet," he said.
"Time enough to laugh when the other two are safe."

are safe."
This was \ wise rebuke, and we became seri-

This was I wise reduce, and we became serious in an inxant.
"Now," said Smith, "have you got the screwdriver and screws all right, Batchelor? The rest of you be ready if I call;" and off he went to summon the two masters to the parlor. It was a critical moment, for everything depended on our getting both into the room together.

gether.

Smith, so he told me afterwards, found both Mr. Ladislaw and Mr. Hashford talking together in the study of the former. He entered the room suddenly, and crying, in an agitated

room suddenly, and crying, in an agitated voice, "Oh, will you both please step up to Miss Henniker's parlor at once? Please be quick!" as suddenly vanished. Of course both the masters, making sure Miss Henniker must be in fit, or else that the house must be on fire, rushed upstairs gallantly, side by side, to the rescue. Rathbone and I, who were in hiding behind the door next to that of the parlor, could hear them scuttling towards us along the passage, and making straight for their trap. They rushed wildly into the room. In a moment we were out after them, the door was slammed to, the key was turned, and the first screw was well on its way home before they even found out that the beloved Henniker was not there!

After a moment's pause (during which screw number two had started on its way) the handle of the door was shaken violently, and Mr. Hashford's voice cried out.

ford's voice cried out,
"Who is there? What are you doing there,

ford's voice cried out,

"Who is there? What are you doing there,
you boys?"

His only answer was a mighty cheer from the
assembled pupils of Stonebridge House, which
must have been quite as explicit as the longest
explanation.

"Now then," cried Smith, as once more the
handle of the door was violently agitated;
"look sharp, you fellows, with the desks—"
"Smith," cried the voice of Mr. Ladislaw,
from within; "you shall answer for this, Smith.
Undo the door at once, sir."

But it had been agreed no parley should be
held with the besieged, and Smith's only answer was to help drag up the first desk and
plant it firmly against the door. The blockade
was soon made, but until it was, the fellows
kept steadily and seriously to work.

Then ensued a scene which I shall never forget, and which told significantly as the most
thrilling story what had been our privations
and persecutions and unhappiness at Stonebridge House.

(To be continued.)

bridge House.

(To be continued.)

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, in one terribers and weekly purchasers of Tist Gritors as over the real weeking purchasers of Tist Gritors as over the real weeking purchasers of Tist Gritors as over the real weeking the real weekin

we have on file a number of exchanges, which w.ll be published in their turn as soon as space permits

E. M. Whitecar, 2019 Oxford St., Philadelphia. No. 9 of Munsey's Popular Series, for No.

R. Schneider, 421 East 117th St., New York City Reading matter, for foreign stamps. City offers

W. E. Sayer, Box 264, Warwick, N. Y. Nos. and 2 of Munsey's Popular Series, for Nos. 3 and 6. Dean Dunham, 17 Burnett St., Newark, N. J. No. 8 of Munsey's Popular Series, for any other

Walter E. Edge, Box 46, Pleasantville, N. J. Three hundred different postmarks, for 123 differ

ent stamps.

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

Robert Johnston, 89 Pacific Ave., Jersey Crty, N.J. Two boys' books, for Nos. 209 to 217 of That GOLDEN ARGOSV.

Ernest F. Lawes, Tottenville, N. Y. Munson's "Complete Phonographer," for Pitman's "System of Phonography."

wo introduce engine of equal value.

William F. Neumann, 955 3d Ave., New Y-rk
ity. A new \$5.50 album with about too Stampa,
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J. D. Frost, 64, 24 d Ave., Lansingburgh, N.Y. U.

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**O Greene St. Brooklyn, N.Y. I.i.

the same. Send sheet or list of duplicates.

H. Toelke, 188 Greene St., Brooklyn, N. J., Imperial album, with 625 stamps valued at \$5.6 ra a by \$5.8 est i fixing press and one found of type.

John J. Connolly, 1857 Tatlow St., Philadelphia, Pa. A \$50 banjo, nickel rim, 38 brackets, and 3 books, for a second hand Remington lygwater.

W. W. Stevens, 30 New St., New York City. A old pen, with ivory handle, valued at \$6.50, for a edical battery in good order, Leclanche preier-

James Simmons, Box 24*, Hopkinsville, Ky. silver plated B flat cornet, with A and B crool and case, valued at \$20, for a magic lantern and

slides B. C. Broome, 363 Bergen Ave., Jersey City, N J. A pair of American club ice skates, for a pair of snowshoes, or a piece of buckskin 4 ft square.

John C. Moore, 133 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. A fishing reel, with patent check, for violin muss. Correspondence with stamp collectors in Brooklyn desired.

Joseph K. Heddings, Winfield, Pa. A to mile range telescope, valued at \$3, and 4 bound books, for a gold watch chain, or Vol. V. of The Golder-Argosy.

Otto W. Schlau, 53 Willow St., Chicago, Ill. Minerals, postmarks, tin tags, and 7 nos. of Maxsey's Popular Series, for Vol. V of The Golden Argosy, bound.

E. W. Furbush, 813 Lombard St., San Francisco, al. An Imperial stamp album with 100 stamps, d 20 books, for Vol. I, II, III, or IV. of THE OLDEN ARGOSY.

R. E. Albertson, 241 Madison St., New York City. A hand inking press with two fonts of type and outfit, a book by Optic, and revenue stamps, for a photo camera.

E. Pettit, 221 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia, Pa. A magic lantern valued at \$\$, with 50 sides, for a photo camera, or 3 vols, of The Goldes Al-cosy prior to Vol. V.

T. E. Moritz, care Fuller Bros., Box 2738. New York City. A pair of strap roller skates, 2 books, 20 stamps, and a 4 ft. schooner, for a fishing pole and reel or a tricycle.

My. Samborn, 604 North 2d St., Rockford, Ill. tamps, for stamps. A tin tag, or four different bostmarks, for every stamp not in his collection, of less than 25 taken.

Oscar Krauch, 312 Central Ave., Rochester, N. A swimming collar, a 4 draw telescope, 300 different postmarks, a book by Alger, etc., for a 3ct of boys' boxing gloves.

G. Moore, Box 339, New York City. Six nos. of Mossey's Poetulas Series, for "The Sailor Box," by Optic. "Our Fellows Afloat," by Castlemon, or "The Store Boy," by Alger.

J. T. McFarland, & Warrenton St., Boston, lass. Stamps, for stamps. "I wo Strokes of the ell," for 10 stamps not in his collection, and "The omance of the Lilies," for 20.

William Ashton, 1505 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. A pair of all clamp nickel plated roller skates, and a pair of all clamp ice skates, for a pair of P. & S. American club skates, No. 10.

Henry Pfeiffer, 526 West 45th St., New York City, A 2½ by 4 self inking press, for a photoburnisher, roller not less than 6 in, long, or a magic lantern with slides not less than 3½ in, wide.

Samuel Cohen, 114 Merrimac St., Boston, Mass. A hunter's match case, a set of stencis, 150 cored magic lantern views, and other views, for a field glass, opera glasses, or musical instruments.

tield glass, opera glasses, or musical instruments. Frank Kline, Spring City, Pa. Seventyfre origin stamps, for every 5 so square cut envelope stamps, or every 5 special delivery stamps; and too foreign, for every 65 U. S. 4c., 5c., 6c., 6r so stamps.

stamps.

Starr W. King, 125 Jennings St., Rochester, N. Y. A silver watch and chain, gold plated, and books, for a 48 in, bicycle, or a 1 or ½ horse power engine, suitable for a launch. Will pay freight charges.

CIVING

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 wayside 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 ye receive? Then day by day
Increase thy store by giving.

[This story commenced in No. 298.]

Dean Dunham;

THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"



the East together."
"How is that?"

"How is that?"
"It was at the request of a friend of ours."
"The captain?"

"It was at the request of a management of the captain?"
"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 sin'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. Dcn't deny it, for I know it is true."
"I don't deny it. What happened that night show ed 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."

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

He entered the house, leaving Dean and his old employer together.

"Come here, boy, and sit down," said Kirby smiling, and eying 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.

"What brought you so far West as Colorado."

"What brought you so far West as Colorado?" proceeded Kirby, giving vent to his cu-

rado;" proceeded Kirby, giving vent to his curiosity,
"I kept coming West, Besides, I heard therewere mines in Colorado, and I thought I might find profitable work."
"So you gave up playing on that harmonica of yours;"

"Yes."
"Couldn't you make it pay?"
"I needed a partner like the one I stoted with—Mr. Montgomery. I couldn't give an entertainment alone."

Then you haven't been making any money

"No."
"No."
"No."
"Where did you get that watch?"
"From Dr. Thorp."
"When did he give it to you?"
"Just belore I left town."
"It was a present to you for informing on ne. I suppose?" said Kirby, his face again assuming an ugly frown.
"I believe it was for saving him from being obbed."

Then he had considerable money and bonds

"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."

ready."
"I am ready for it. I am about famished.

"I am ready for to.
Come in, boy."

"Thank you; I have supped 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.

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 hape, Mr. Kirby, you will let me keep it,"

"Hand at 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 bean listened with curious interest.
"So you saw the captain, Kirby?" asked Dan.
"Yes."
"Where?"

Where ?"

"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. Between the two I prefer the captain. The boy puts on no end of airs."
"Does he know—"
"Not a word! He thinks his father a centle."

"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 bear to be a father than the said that the said the said the said that the said that the said the

"Do you like him?"
"I don't think any one in the village likes



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

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

"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."

"Hush I" said Kirby, glancing toward Dean. "I will speak with you about that later."
After supper they went

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?"

"can the kid go up to bed?" Ses, if he wants to."
"I'll go up with him."
Dan led the way up a narow staircase to the second floor. The way up a staircase to the second floor. The way up a staircase to the second floor. The way up a staircase to the second floor. The way up a staircase to the story of the staircase of the with hay, one end raised above the general level. youngster," said Dan, "There's no use in un-dressin'. Lay down as you are,"

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.

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. "Yes, it's time to get up?" he asked drowsly." 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 he pall and asked, "Can I wash by face as he other 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 sirreal Dean sat down also, and ate with what 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 om to!"

Dean mechanically obeyed.

Kirby took it, and, folding it, tied it over Dean's eyes.

"Are we going to play blind man's biff?" 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 have done this for," said Dean, more

I should like to know what you done this for," said Dean, more "1 anough have done this for," same seriously.
"1 can't answer your question, but no harm will come to you if you keep quiet. You are going to take a weak.
"" "" to know

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 "!"
"You can say "!"

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."

"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 pernaps 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 nore 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 sur-reptitiously, for both arms were pinioned by



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.

said Kirby.

Dean lost no time in availing himself of this

Dean lost no time in availing himself of this bermission. 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."

"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.

"Are you going to leave me here—under Inearth?" 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 pretenaturally 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 pleasantry.

"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."

'Dean." "Dat's a funny name. I never heard the

"Dat's a funny name. I never heard thlike."
"Yes, you have. Dan's like it."
"So it am, massa! Dat's a fac."
"Now, youngster, I am going to lecve 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 mouth. In

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,"

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 despating eyes any them going back to freedom.

spairing 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 pey, good naturedly. comin' to you." honey, don't take on!" said Pom-naturedly. "There ain't no harm "I should think harm had come to me.

"I should think harm had come to me. Here am I shut up in this black hole!"
"'Taint so bad, honey, when you're used to it. I didn't like it first myse'f."
"How long have you lived down here?"
"I can't justly say."
"I can't say, young massa," answered Pompey, who was evidently bent on carrying out Kirby's admonitions not to tell too much to his young guest.

young guest.
"When did you come hyah?" asked Pompey, thinking it only fair that he should ask a

'Into this neighborhood? I only came yes-

lerday."
"And where did you meet Massa Kirby?"
"At the cabin of the other man—Dan, But I had seen him before, I met him first at the East, in New York State."
"In York State!" repeated Pompey,
"Yes, We traveled together for a while."

Pompey nodded his head slowly, but evidently he had no very clear idea of what it all

"Are you hungry, young massa?" he asked,

"Are you muse,"
after a pause.
"No; I have had my breakfast."
"I must go to work," said the negro, turning to go back by the narrow passage from which he had emerged.
"May I go with you?"
"Yes, young massa, if you want to,"
Anothing was better than being left alone in

"Yes, young massa, if you want to." Anything was better than being left alone in the dark, cavernous room, and Dean followed the negro, who was so short that he could readily look over his head, till at the end of the passage he emerged into another apartment, which was fitted up as a kitchen, and contained a stove. From the stove rose an upright funnel, which pirced the roof, providing a vent for the smoke when there was a fire, and allowing air to come in from above. It flashed upon Dean that it was through this funnel had come the mysterious sounds which puzzled him so much when he was reclining in the wood.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE VALUE OF A HARMONICA.

BOUT the middle of the forenoon Pompey curled up on a pallet in one corner the room, and warmen to the corner of the room, and warmen to the corner of the room, and warmen to the corner of the corne BOUT the middle of the forenoon Pompey curled upon a pallet in one corner of the room, and went to sleep. There was nothing in particular to do, and it seemed rather a sensible way of spending the time. Dean, however, felt too anxious to follow his example. It occurred to him that it would be a good time for him to gratify his curiosity by examining the cavern in which he was immured, and devise. If possible some method of escape.

devise, if possible, some method of escape. First he went up close to Pompey, and examined him carefully to see whether he was really

First he went up close to Pompey, and examin-edhim carefully to see whether he was really asleep, or only shamming. But the negro's deep breathing soon satisfied him that there was no sham about his slumber. So Dean felt at liberty to begin his exploration. He went back to the entrance, which he knew by the staircase he had descended with Kirby and Dan. He mounted to the top, and found his way barred by a trap door which he tried, but unsuccessfully, to raise. It appeared to be secured by a lock, and, not having the key, there was no hope of escape. He gazed ruefully at was no hope of escape. He gazed ruefully at this door, which shut him out from liberty. "I wonder if there is any other way out of the cave," he asked himself.

the cave," he asked himself.

It didn't seem probable, but it was of course possible, and worth while to investigate. If there were it would be at the other end, no

doubt.

He retraced his steps, and found Pompey still

He retraced his steps, and found romps, stated as sleep, and utterly unconscious of the movements of the prisoner under his charge.

Dean took a lamp and went farther into the cave. There seemed to be a series of excavations are considered by narrow passages. In one of cave. There seemed to be a series of excavations, connected by narrow passages. In one of
these was a large box, constructed like a sailor's
chest. It occurred to him that it might belong
to Pompey, and be used by him to contain his
clothing. But a little thought suggested that
the negro was not likely to have a large stock of
clothes. Probably the suit he had on was about
all he possessed. What, then, did the chest
contain?

At each end was a handle. Dean took hold of one and tried to lift the chest. But he found it one and tried to lift the chest. But he found it been had it contained clothing.

He rose to his feet and eyed it with curiosity. There was nothing elaborate about the lock, and it struck Dean that a key which he had in his pocket might possibly unlock it. Upon the his pocket might possibly unlock it. Upon the impulse of the moment he kneeled down and erted it in the lock.

Very much to his surprise, and indeed it did seem an extraordinary chance, for it was the only key he had, it proved to fit the lock. He turned it, and raised the lid. The sight dazzled

him.

Before him lay piles of gold and silver coins, and a package of bank bills. This cave was evidently the store house of an organized band of robbers, and the chest might be considered their

"I wonder if this is real," thought Dean, "It

"I wonder if this is real," thought Dean, "It seems like a scene in the Arabian Nights,"
It did indeed seem strange that this far off nook of Colorado should be the rendezvous and treasure house of a band so widely scattered that the captain was a quiet citizen of a small town in the State of New York, nearly two thousand miles away.

ousand miles away. How improbable it would have seemed to the

citizens of Waterford, among whom Squire Bates

citizens of Waterford, among whom Squire Bates moved, living in outward seeming the life of any other respectable and law abiding citizen! This was the Waterford mystery, which by a series of remarkable adventures it had fallen to Dean to solve.

He locked the chest, fearing that Pompey might suddenly wake, and, following, discover what he was about. He wanted some time to think over this strange discovery, and consider what to do. To be sure, there seemed little chance of his doing anything except to remain where he was, a subterranean prisone.

Dean felt more than ever a desire to leave the cave, but the prospect was not encouraging. Why he was kept a prisoner he could guess, He knew too much of the band, and especially of their leader, and he was considered dangerous. His imprisonment might be a prolonged one, and Dean felt that this would be intolerable.

It was in a very sober frame that he returned to the room where Pompey was still sleeping. An hour later the negro awoke, and stretched

Have I been asleep long, young massa?" he

"Two or three hours, I should think, Pom-

"Two or unce weeppey,"
"Dat's strange! I only just closed my eyes for a minute, and I done forgot myself."
"You might as well go to sleep. There's nothing else to do."
"I must get some dinner, honey. Don't you feel hungry?"

feel hungry?"
"I might eat something," said Dean listless-

Pompey bustled round, and prepared a lunch, to which Dean, homesick as he was, did not fail to do justice. It takes a great deal to spoil the appetite of a growing boy.

After the noon repast Dean sat down. He was beginning to find the monotony intolerable.

was beginning to ame and ble.

" Have you got any books down here, Pompey?" he asked.
Pompey shook his head.
" No use for books, young massa. I can't

read."
"But I can."
"Perhaps Massa Kirby will bring you some if you ask him."
Dean did not care to ask any favor of Kirby.

Dean did not care to ask any favor of Kirby. Moreover he knew that that gentleman was not particularly literary, and doubted if he was in a position to grant the request.

By way of beguiling the time he took out his harmonica in an absent mood, and began to play "Old Folks at Home,"

Instantly Pompey was on the alert. His eyes brightened, and he fixed them in rapture upon the young player.

the young player.
"What's dat, young massa?" he asked.

"That's a harmonica."
"You do play beau'ful, young massa."
"Thank you, Pompey, I am glad you like"

"
Play some more," entreated Pompey "Play some more," entreated Pompey.
Dean complied with the negro's request, partly because he was obliging, partly because it helped to fill up the time. He could scarcely forbear laughing to see Pompey rocking to and fro with his mouth open, drinking in the melo-

dious strains.

Nature had given Pompey a rapt appreciation of music, and he began to croon a vocal accompaniment to the instrument.

Who learn you to play, young massa?" he

sked.
"I taught myself. It isn't hard."
"I taught myself. It isn't hard."
"Dat's because you're white. A poor nigg ke me couldn't learn," said Pompey half i

"Dat's become the property of gave him the necessary directions. In the course of half an hour he was able to play through "Old Folks at Home," with substan-

"I wish I had a harmonicum," said Pompey istfully, "It would make old Pompey hap-

py."

An idea came into Dean's head—a wild, perhaps an impracticable idea, but he resolved to carry it out, if possible.

"Pompey," he said, "I'll give you the harmonica if you'll let me out of the cave."

monica if you'll let me out of the cave."

Pompey rolled his eyes in affright.

"Couldn't do it no how, young massa," he said. "Massa Kirby would kill me."

"He'd think I got away when you were asleep, Pompey. Come, I'll show you two or three more tunes on the instrument, and you can learn others yourself."

"I don't dare to, young massa," said Pompey, but there was a suspicion of indecision in his voice.

pey, out there was a suspiction of misconomials voice,

"Very well, then, give me back the harmonica. I will never play any more upon it,"

"Oh, young massa!"

"I mean what I say, Pompey"—and Dean put the harmonica in his pocket.

Pompey eyed him with a troubled look. He was evidently weighing the matter in his mind, "If I thought Massa Kirby wouldn't kill me," he said reflectively.

"If I thought Massa Kirby wouldn't kill me," he said reflectively.

Dean upon this redoubled his persuasions. He played another tune on the harmonica—
"Sweet Home"—with variations, and this completed the conquest of his sable custodian.

"Il do it, young massa," said Pompey, hoarsely. "Give me the harmonicum, and I'll take the risk."

Dean did not want to give him time for reflec-on. He seized his hat, and handed Pompey tion. He seize

the instrument.

The negro guided him, not to the front entrance which he already knew, but to a back exit which he had overlooked. Here there was a door skillfully concealed on the outside. Pompey drew out a key, opened it, and with infinite relief Dean again saw the sunshine and breathed the air of freedom.

"Good by, Pompey!" he said. "I thank you with all my heart."

"Good by Pompey!" he said. "I mank you with all my heart."
"If Massa Kirby cotch you, don't you tell him I let you go," said Pompey hoarsely.
"No, I won't, Pompey, but I don't mean to let him catch me."
The door closed behind him, and Dean paused to consider what course to take. He must at all hazards avoid falling in with Kirby and Dan

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 291.]

THE

Two Rivals:

THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER XLIX

A REUNION OF BROTHERS.

HE squire stood still a moment or so, gaz-ing on his son, with a strange bewildered marvel at the strange bewildered HE squire stood still a moment or so, gaz-ing on his son, with a strange bewildered marvel at the strength of that mystic pas-sion, which none not laboring under its fearful charm can comprehend, which creates the sudden idol that no reason justifies, and sa-crifices to its fatal shrine alike the past and the future.

future. You trusting himself to speak, the father drew his hand across his eyes, and dashed away the bitter tear that sprang from a swelling indignant heart; then he uttered an inarticulate sound, and, finding his voice gone, moved away to the door, and left the house.

He walked through the street, bearing his head very erect, as a proud man does when deeply wounded, and striving to shake off some affection that he deems a weakness; and his trembling, nervous fingers fumbled at the button of his coat, trying to tighten the garment across his chest, as if to confirm a resolution that still sought to strugele out of the revoluting heart. sought to struggle out of the revolting heart

sought to struggle out of the revoluting heart.

Thus he went on, and the reader, perhaps, will wonder may not lessen when he finds the squire come to a dead pause in Grosvenor Square, and at the portico of his "distant brother's" stately house.

At the squire's brief inquiry whether Mr. Fgerton was at home, the porter summoned the groom of the chambers, seeing a stranger, doubted whether his master was not engaged, but would take in the stranger's card and see.

"Ay, ay, "muttered the squire, "this is true relationship—my child prefers a stranger to me. Why should I complain that I am a stranger in a brother's house. Sir," added the squire aloud, and very meekly—"sir, please to say to your

a brother's noise. Str., added the squire aroun, and very meekly—"sir, please to say to your master that I am William Hazeldean."

The servant bowed low, and without another word conducted the visitor into the statesman's library, and announcing Mr. Hazeldean, closed the does

the door.

Audley was seated at his desk, the grim iron boxes still at his feet, but they were now closed and locked. And the ex minister was no longer looking over official documents; letters were spread before him, of far different nature; in his hand there lay a long lock of fair silken hair, on which his eyes were fixed sadly and intently. He started at the sound of his visitor's name,

He started at the sound of his visitor's name, and the tread of the squire's stalwart footstep; and mechanically thrust into his bosom the relic of younger and warmer years, keeping his hand to his heart, which beat loud with disease, under the light pressure of that golden hair. The two brothers stood on the great man's lonely hearth, facing each other in silence, and noting unconsciously the change made in each during the long years in which they had never met.

Audley was the first to speak, and to put forth Audiey was the first tospeak, and as put form the right hand, which he stole slowly from its place at his breast, on which the lock of hair still stirred to and fro at the heave of the labor-

still stilled value of the stilled with his rich, deep voice, "William," said he, with his rich, deep voice, "this is kind. You are come to see me, now that men say I am fallen. The minister you censured is no more; and you see again the brother."

The squire was softened at once by this ad-ress. He shook heartily the hand tendered to dress. He shook heartily the hand tendered to him; and then, turning away his head, with an honest conviction that Audley ascribed to him a credit which he did not deserve, he said, "No, no, Audley, I am more selfish than you think me. I have come—I have come to ask your advice—no, not exactly that—your opinion. But you are busy—"Sit down, William—Old days were coming over me when you entered; days earlier still return now—days, too, that leave no shadow when the suns are set."

The proud man seemed to think he had said

The proud man seemed to think he had said

His practical nature rebuked the too much.

too much. His practical nature rebuked the poetic sentiment and phrase.
"You would ask my opinion? What on? Some public matter—some parliamentary ball that may affect your property?"
"Am I such a mean miser as that? Property—property? What does property matter, when a man is struck down at his own hearth? Property, indeed! But you have no child—happy brother!"
"Ay, ay; as you say, I am a happy man."

a man is struct own at his own heath? Froperty, indeed! But you have no child—happy brother!"

"Ay, ay; as you say, I am a happ man; childless! Has your son displeased you? I have heard him spoken of well, too:

"Don't talk of him. Whether his conduct be good or ill is my affair," resumed the poor father with a testy voice—jealous alike of audicy's praise, or blame of his rebellous son. Then he rose a moment, and made a strong gulp as if for air; and laying his broad hown hand on his brother's shoulder, said, "Randal Leslie tells me you are wise—a consumationa of the world. No doubt you are so. And Parson Dale tells me that he is sure you have warm, feelings—which I take to be a strange thir; for ne who has lived so long in London, ud has no wife and no child—a widower and a benther new hours of parliament—for a commercial offs, too. Never smile; it is no smiling matter with me, You know a foreign woman, called Nega or Negro—not a blacky moor, though, by any mars—at least on the outside of her. Is she such a woman as a plain country gertleman would like his only son to marry—ay or no?"

"No, indeed," answered Audle, grately, "and I trust your son will commit no atomso rash. Shall I see him or her? Speak, my usar William. What would you have me do?"

"Nothing, you have said enough," repled the squire, gloomily, and his head sand in he breast.

Audley took his hand, and pressed it frater-

the squire, gloomily, and his head sank on his breast.

Audley took his hand, and pressed it fraternally.

"William," said the statesman, "we have been long estranged; but I do not forget that when we last met, at—at Lord Lammer's house, and when I took you aside, and said, 'William, if I lose this election, I must resign all chance of public life; my affairs are embarrassed; I may need—I would not accept money from you—I would seek a profession, and you can help me there,' you divined my meaning, and said—'Take orders; the Hazeldean living is just vacant. I will get some one to hold it till you are ordained.' I do not forget that. Would that I had thought earlier of so serene an escape from all that then tormented me. My lot might have been far happier."

The squire eyed Audley with a surprise that broke forth from his more absorbing emotions. "Happier! Why, all things have prespered with you; and you are rich enough now; and—you shake your head. Brother, is it possible. Do you want money? Pooh, not accept money from your mother's son!—stuff."

Out came the squire's pocket book. Audley put it gently aside.

"Nay," said he, "I have enough for myself; but since you seek and speak with me thus affectionately, I will ask you one favor. Should I die before I can provide for my wife's kinsman, Randal Leslie, as I could wish, will you see to his fortunes, so far as you can, without injury to others—to your own son?"

"My son! He is provided for. He has the Casino estate—much good may it do him. You have touched on the very matter that brought me here. This boy, Randal Leslie, seens a praiseworthy lad, and has Hazeldean bloot in his veins. You have taken him up because he is connected with your late wife. Wny should not I take him up, too, when his grandn other was a Hazeldean? I wanted to ask you what you meant to do for him; for if you dd not mean to provide for him, why I will, as in duty bound. So your request comes at the right time; I think of alterning my will, I can put him into the entail, besides a handsome

"But not at the expense of your son. And stay, William—as to this foolish marriage with Madame di Negra, who told you Frank meant to take such a step?"

"He told me himself; but it is no matter. Randal and I both did all we could to dissude him; and Randal advised me to come to you."

"He has acted generously, then, our kinsman Randal—I am glad to hear it," said Audley, is brow somewhat telearing. "I have no influence with this lady; but at least, I can cousel her. Do not consider the marriage fixed because a young man desiresit. Youth is ever hot and rash." cause a young man desires it.

and rash."
"Your youth never was," retorted the squire, bluntly. "You married well enough, I'm sure, I will say one thing for you; you have been, to my taste, a bad positican—beg pardon—but you were always a gentleman. You would never have disgraced your family and married a—"Hush!" interrupted Egerton, gently. "Do not make matters worse than they are. Madame di Negra is of high birth in her own country; and if scandal—"

and if scandal—"
"Scandal1" cried the squire, shrinking and
"Scandal1" cried the squire, shrinking and
"Are you speaking of the wife "Scandal 1" cried the squire, shrinking and turning pale. "Are you speaking of the wife of a Hazeldean? At least, she shall never sit but he hearth at which now sits his mother; and whatever I may do for Frank, her children shall not succeed. Much obliged to you, Audley, for your good feeling—glad to have seen you; and harkye, you startled me by that shake of your head, when I spoke of your wealth; and from what you say about Randal's prospects, I puess that you London gentlemen are not so thirtly as we are. You shall let mespeak. I say again, that I have some thousands quite at your service. And though you are not a Hazeldean, still you are nny mother's son; and now that I am about to alter my will, I can as well scratch in the name of Egerton as that of Leslie. Cheer up, cheer up; you are younger than I am, and you have no child; so you will live longer than I shall!"

you have no come, so , ... I shall."
"My dear brother," answered Audley, "he want your a lieve me, I shall never live to want your aid. And as to Leslie, add to the five thousand pounds I mean to give him, an equal sum in your will, and I shall feel that he has received justice."

Observing that the squire, though he listened attentively, made no ready answer, Audley turned the subject again to Frank; and with the adroitness of a man of the world, backed by cordial sympathy in his brother's distress, he pleaded so well Frank's lame cause, urged so gently the wisdom of patience and delay, and the appeal to filial feeling rather than recourse to paternal threats, that the squire grew mollified in spite of himself, and left his brother's horse a much less angry, and less doleful man.

CHAPTER L.

THE SQUIRE LEARNS THE WORST.

THE SQUIRE LEARNS THE WORST.

R. HAZELDEAN was still in the square when he came upon Randal himself, who was walking with a dark whiskered, showy gentleman, toward Egerton's house. Randal and the gentleman exclaimed:

"What, Mr. Hazeldean, have you just left your brother's house? Is it possible?"

"Why, you advised me to go there, and I did. I scarcely knew what I was about. I am very glad I did go. Hang politics! hang the landed interest! what do I care for either now?"

"Failed with Madame di Negra?" asked

"Failed with Madame di Negra?" asked Randal, drawing the squire aside.
"Never speak of her again!" cried the squire, fiercely.
"Never speak of her again!" cried the squire, fiercely.
"And as to that ungrateful boy—but I don't mean to behave harshly to him—he shall have money enough to keep her if he likes—keep her from coming to me—keep him, too, from counting on my death, and borrowing post obits on the Casino—for hell be doing that next—no, I hope I wrong him there; I have been too good a father for him to count on my death already. After all," continued the squire, beginning to relax, "as Audley says, the marriage is not yet made; and if the woman has taken him in, he is young, and his heart is warm. Make yourself easy, my boy. I don't forget how kindly you took his part; and before I do anything rash, I'll at least take advice with his poor mother."

Randal gnawed his pale lip, and a momentary cloud of disappointment passed over his face.
"True sir" said he gently: "true you must."

ary cloud of disappointment passed over his face.

"True, sir," said he gently; "true, you must not be rash. Indeed, I was thinking of you and poor dear Frank at the very moment I met you. It occurred to me whether we might not make Frank's very embarrassments a reason to induce Madame di Negra to refuse him; and I was on my way to Mr. Egernon, in order to ask his opinion, in company with the gentleman yonder."

"Gentleman yonder? Why should he thrust his long nose into my family affairs? Who the deuce is he?"

"Don't sak, sir, Pray let me act."

ose non nose into my family affairs? Who the deuce is he?"

"Don't ask, sir. Pray let me act."

But the squire continued to eye askant the dark whiskered personage thus thrust between himself and his son, and who waited patiently a few yards in the rear, carelessly readjusting the camelia in his button hole.

"He looks very outlandish. Is he a foreigner, too?" asked the squire, at last.

"No not exactly. However, he knows all about Frank's embarrassments! y and—"

"Embarrassments! what, the debt he paid for that woman? How did he raise the money?"

for that woman? How did he raise the money?"

"I don't know," answered Randal; "and that is the reason I asked Baron Levy to accompany me to Egerton's, that he might explain in private what I have no reason—"

"Baron Levy!" interrupted the squire. "Levy, Levy, Levy — have heard of a Levy who has nearly ruined my neighbor, Thornhill—a money lender. Zounds I is that the man who knows my son's affairs? I'll soon learn, str."

Randal caught hold of the squire's arm: "Stop, stop; if you really insist upon learning more about Frank's debts, you must not appeal to Baron Levy directly, and as Frank's father; ew will not answer you. But if I present you to him as a mere acquaintance of mine, and turn the constant stop in the London world, such matters are never kept secret except from the pattern of the pattern of

"Manage it as you will," said the squire.
Randal took Mr. Hazellean's arm, and joined
Levy—"A friend of mine from the country,
baron,"

Levy bowed profoundly, and the three walked

slowly on.

"By the by," said Randal, pressing signifi-cantly upon Levy's arm, "My friend has come to town upon the somewhat unpleasant busi-ness of setting the debts of another—a young nian of fashion—a relation of his own. No one, sir" (urning to the squire), "could so ably assist you in such arrangements as could Baron Levy."

"I have some experience in such matters,"

put in the baron, modestly, and with a moralizing air, "and I hold it a duty to assist the parents and relations of young men who, from want of reflection, often ruin themselves for life, sir. The first thing for you to do is to buy up such of your relation's bills and notes of hand as may be in the market. No doubt we can get them a bargain, unless the young man is heir to some property that may soon be his in the course of nature."
"Not soon—heaven forbid! His father is

in the course of nature."
"Not soon—heaven forbid! His father is still a young man—a fine healthy man," returned Randal, leaning heavily on Levy's arm;

turned Randal, leaning heavily on Levy's arm;
"and as to post obits—"
"Post obits on sound security cost more to
buy up, however healthy the obstructing relative may be," interjected the baron.
"I should hope that there are not many sons
who can calculate, in cold blood, on the death
of their fathers,"
"Ha, ha—he is young, our friend, Randal;
eh, sir?"

of their fathers."
"Ha, ha—he is young, our friend, Randal; eh, sir?"
"Well, I am not more scrupulous than others, I dare say; and I have often been punched hard for money, but I would go barefoot rather than give security upon a father's grave! I can imagine nothing more likely to destroy natural feeling, nor to instill ingratitude and treachery into the whole character, than to press the hand of a parent, and calculate when that hand must be dust—than to sit down with strangers and reduce his life to the measure of an insurance table—than to feel difficulties gathering round one, and mutter in fashionable slang. But it will be all well if the governor would but die.' And he who has accustomed himself to the relief of post obits must gradually harden his mind to all this."
The squire groancel heavily, and had Randal proceeded another sentence in the same strain, hy would have weept outright.

proceeded another sentence in the same strain, h; would have wept outright.

"But," continued Randal, altering the tone of his voice, "I think that our young friend of whom we were talking just now, Levy, before this gentleman joined us, has the same opinion as myself on this head. He may accept bills, but he would never sign post obits."

"Pooh I the young fellow we are talking of? Nonsense. He would not be so foolish as to give five times the percentage he otherwise might. Not sign post obits! Of course he has signed one."

st-you mistake, you mistake," responded

The squire left Randal's arm and seized Levy's,
"Were you speaking of Frank Hazeldean?" he asked.

"My dear sir, excuse me; I never mention names before strangers."
"Strangers again! Man, I am the boy's father! Speak out, sir," and his hand closed on Levy's arm with the strength of an iron vise. "Gently; you hurt me, sir, but I excuse your feelings. Randal, you are to blame for leading me into this indiscretion; but I beg to assure Mr. Hazeldean, that though his son has been a little extravagant—"
"Owing chiefly to the arts of an abandoned woman," interposed Randal.
"Of an abandoned woman; still he has shown more prudence than you would suppose; and

more prudence than you would suppose; and this very post obit is a proof of it. A simple act of that kind has enabled him to pay off bills that or that kind has enabled him to pay off bills that were running on till they would have ruined even the Hazelbean estate; whereas a charge of the has done it then?" cried the squire. "He has done it then?" cried the squire. "No no; Levy must be wrong," murmured Randal.

Randal.

"My dear Leslie, a man of Mr. Hazeldean's time of life cannot have your romantic boyish notions. He must allow that Frank has acted in this like alad of sense—very good head for business has my young friend Frank! And the best thing Mr. Hazeldean can do is quietly to buy up the post obit, and thus he will place his son lenceforth in his own power."

"Can I see the deed with my own eyes?"demanded the souire.

manded the squire,
"Certa nly, or how could you be induced to

buy it up. But on one condition: you must not betray me to your son. And, indeed, take my advice, and don't say a word to him on the mat-

"Let me see it, let me see it with my own eyes. His mother else will never believe it—nor will L."

I can call on you this evening."

"I can call on you this evening."
"Now—now."
"You can spare me, Randal; and you yourself can open to Mr. Egerton the other affair, respecting Lansmere. No time should be lost, lest L'Estrange suggest a candidate."
"Never mind me. This is more important," whispered Randal, adding aloud, "Go with Mr. Hazeldean. My dear kind friend," to the squire, "do not let this vex you so much. After all, it is what nine young men out of ten would do in the same circumstances. And it is bet you should know it; you may save Frank from further ruin, and prevent, perhaps, this very marriage."
"We will see," exclaimed the squire, hastily. "Now, Mr. Levy, come."

CHAPTER LL

THE PAPERS ON THE TABLE. URLEY was dead, and Leonard, who had watched with him till the end, crept back to the adjoining room with a step as noiseless as if he had feared to dis-

turb the dead.

Wearied as he was with watching, he had no

thought of sleep. He sat himself down by the little table, and leaned his face on his hand, musing sorrowfully.

Thus time passed. He heard the clock from below strike the hours. The moon was gone—the gray, comfortless dawn gleamed through the casement, and carried its raw, chilling light through the open doorway, into the death room. And there are the stringuished fire. Leonard And there, near the extinguished fire, Leonard

And there, near the extinguished fire, Leonard saw a solitary woman, the landlady, weeping low, and watching still.

He returned to say a word of comfort; she pressed his hand, but waved him away. He understood. She did not wish for other comfort than her quiet relief of tears. Again, he returned to his own chamber, and his eyes this time fell upon the papers which he had hitherto disregarded.

What made his heart stand still, and the blood then rush so quickly through his veins? Why did he seize upon those papers with so tremulous a hand—then lay them down—pause, as if to nerve himself—and look so eagerly again?

erly again? He recog recognized the handwriting-those fair, He recognized the handwriting—those fair, clear characters—so peculiar in their woman-like delicacy and grace—the same as in the wild, pathetic poems, the sight of which had made an era in his boyhood. From these pages the image of the mysterious Nora rose once more before him. He felt that he was with a

mother.

He went back, and closed the door gently, as if with a jealous piety, to exclude each ruder shadow from the world of spirits, and be alone with that mountful ghost.

The bulk of the papers had been once lightly sewn to each other—they had come undone, perhaps in Burley's rude hands; but their order was easily apparent. Leonard soon saw that they formed a kind of journal—not, indeed, a regular diar, nor always relating to the thinks

was easily aparent. Leonard soon saw that they formed a kind of journal—not, indeed, a regular diary, nor always relating to the things of the day. There were gaps in time—no attempt at successive narrative.

The MS. opened with descriptions and short dialogues, carried on by persons to whose names only initial letters were assigned, all written in a style of simple, innocent freshness, and breathing of purity and happiness, like a dawn of spring.

And now, feaving Leonard to explore and guess his way through the gaps and chasms of the narrative, it is time to place before the reader what the narrative alone will not reveal to Leonard himself.

Nora Avenel had fled from the boyish love of Harley L'Estrange—recommended by Lady Lansmere to a relative of her own, Lady Jame Hotton, as companion. But Lady Lansmere could not believe it possible that the low born girl could long sustain her generous pride, and reject the ardent suit of one who could offer to her the prospective coronet of a countess. She continually urged upon Lady Jane the necessity of marrying Nora to some one of rank less disproportioned to her own, and empowered the lady to assure any such wooer of a dowry far beyond Nora's station.

Lady Jane looked around, and saw in the outskirts of her limited social ring, a young solicitor, a peer's natural son, who was on terms of more than business-like intimacy with the fashionable clients whose distresses made the origin of his wealth. The young nan was handsome,

tor, a peer's natural son, who was on terms or more than business-like intimacy with the fashionable clients whose distresses made the origin of his wealth. The young man was handsome, well dressed, and bland. Lady Jane invited him to her house; and, seeing him struck dumb with the rare loveliness of Nora, whispered the hint of the dower.

The fashionable solicitor, who afterward repended into Baron Levy, did not need that hint; for, though then poor, he relied on himself for fortune, and, unlike Randal, he had warm blood in his veins. But Lady Jane's suggestions made him sanguine of success; and when he formally proposed, and was refused, his self love was bitterly wounded.

Vanity in Levy was a powerful passion; and with the vain, hatred is strong, revenge is ranking. Levy retired, concealing his rage; nor did he himself know how vindictive that rage, when it cooled into malignancy, could become.

when it cooled into malignancy, could become, until the arch fiend Opportunity prompted

until the arch fiend OPPORTUNITY prompted its indulgence and suggested its design. Lady Jane was at first very angry with Nora for the rejection of a suitor whom she had presented as eligible. But the pathetic grace of this wonderful girl had crept into her heart, and softened it even against family prejudice; and she gradually owned to herself that Nora was worthy of some one better than Mr.

vy. Now, Harley had ever believed that Nora re-Now, Harley had ever believed that Nora re-turned his love, and that nothing but her own sense of gratitude to his parents—her own in-stincts of delicacy, made her deaf to his prayers. To do him justice, wild and head-strong as he then was, his suit would have eeased at once had he really deemed it persecu-tions.

tion.

Harley discovered, not without difficulty,
Nora's new residence. He presented himself
at Lady Jane's, and she, with grave rebuke, for-bade him the house. He found it impossible to obtain an interview with Nora,

to obtain an interview with Nora. He wrote, but he felt sure that his letters never reached her, since they were unanswered. His young heart swelled with rage. He dropped threats, which alarmed all the fears of Lady Lansmere, and even the prudent apprehensions of his friend, Audley Egerton. At the request of the mother, and equally at the wish of the son, Audley consented to visit at Lady Jane's and make acquaintance with Nora.

"I have such confidence in you," said Lady

I have such confidence in you," said Lady

Lansmere, "that if you once know the girl, your advice will be sure to have weight with her. You will show her how wicked it would be to let Harley break our hearts and degrade

her. You will show her how wicked it would bet ole tharley break our hearts and degrade his station."

"I have such confidence in you," said young Harley, "that if you once know my Nora, you will no longer side with my mother. You will no longer side with my mother. You will recognize the nobility which Nature only can create—you will own that Nora is worthy a rank more lofty than mine; and my mother so believes in your wisdom, that if you plead in my cause, you will convince even her."

Audley listened to both with his intelligent, half incredulous smile; and wholly of the same advice as Lady Lansmere, and sincerely anxious to save Harley from an indiscretion that his own notions led him to regard as fatal, he resolved to examine this boasted pearl, and to find out its flaws.

Audley Egerton was then in the prime of his earnest, resolute, ambitious youth.

At the first interview, the impression which he produced upon Nora Avenel was profound and strange. She had heard of him before astheone whom Harley most loved and looked up to; and she recognized at once in his mien, his aspect, his words, the very tone of his deep, tranquil voice, the power to which woman, whatever her intellect, never attains; and to which, therefore, she imputes a nobility not always genuine—viz., the power of deliberate purpose, and self collected, serene ambition.

The effect that Nora produced on Egerton was not less sudden. He was startled by a beauty of face and form that belonged to that rarest order, which we never behold but once or twice in our lives. He was yet more amazed to discover that the aristocracy of mind could surpass.

He was prepared for a simple, blushing vil-

rpass. He was prepared for a simple, blushing village girl, and involuntarily he bowed low his proud front at the first sight of that delicate bloom, and that exquisite gentleness which is woman's surest passport to the respect of

man.

Neither in the first, nor the second, nor the third interview, nor, indeed, till after many interviews, could be supmon up courage to commence his mission, and allude to Harley. And when he did so at last, his words faltered. But Nora's words were clear to him.

He saw that Harley was not loved; and a joy that he felt as gualty, darted through his whole frame. From that interview Audley returned home greatly agitated, and at war with himself.

himself.
Often, in the course of this story, has it been Often, in the course of this story, has it been hinted that under all Egerton's external coldness, and measured self control, 'lay a nature capable of strong and stubborn passions. Those passions broke forth then. He felt that love had already entered into the heart, which the trust of his friend should have sufficed to

will go there no more," said he, abruptly,

guard.

"I will go there no more," said he, abruptly, to Harley.

"But why?"

"The girl does not love you. Cease then to think of her."

Harley disbelieved him, and grew indignant. But Audley had every worldly motive to assist his sense of honor. He was poor, though with the reputation of wealth—deeply involved in debt—resolved to rise in life—tenacious of his position in the world's esteem.

Against a host of counteracting influences, love fought single handed. Audley's was a strong nature; but, also! in strong natures, if resistance to temptation is of granite, so the passions that they admit are of fire.

Trite is the remark, that the destinies of unguarded moments. It was so with this man, to an ordinary eye so cautious and so deliberate.

erate,
Harley one day came to him in great grief;
he had heard that Nora was ill; he implored
Audley to go once more and ascertain. Audley

Lady Jane Horton, who was suffering under

Lady Jane Horton, who was suffering under a disease which not long afterward proved fatal, was too ill to receive him. He was shown into the room set apart as Nora's. While waiting for her entrance, he turned mechanically over the leaves of an album, which Nora, suddenly summoned away to attend Lady Jane, had left behind ner on the table. He saw the sketch of his own features; he read words inscribed below it—words of such artless tenderness, and such unhoping sorrow—words written by one who has been accustomed to regard her genius as her sole confidant, under Heaven, to pour out to it, as the solitary poet heart is impelled to do, thoughts, feelings, and confession of mystic sighs, which feelings, and confession of mystic sighs, which it would never breathe to a living ear, and, save at such moments, scarcely acknowledge to

Audley saw that he was beloved and the

wildley saw that he was beloved, and the revelation, with a sudden light consumed all the barriers between himself and his own love. And at that moment Nora entered. She saw him bending over the book. She uttered a cry—sprang forward—and then sank down, covering her face with her hands. But Audley was at her feet. He forgot his friend, his trust; he forgot ambition—he forgot the world. It was his own cause that he pleaded—his own love that burst forth from his lips. And when the two that day parted, they were betrothed each to each. Alas for them!

(To be continued.)



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CURIOUS 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 to "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 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 let-

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 Caspían 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 Loffoden, 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 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

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 Argo 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 instru 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.

Lone Pine, Pa., Sept. 18, 1888.

The Argosy is the brightest and best paper that E. B. ENOCH.

E. B. ENOCH.
WEST TROY, N. V., 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 Argory is the best paper I have ever read, arring none. I have been taking it for about x months; all its stories are splendid. I admire bur 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

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 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.

oblivion.

He was one of the few who succeed 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, Massachu-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. 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,

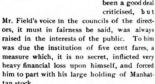
and at first all went well. Success seemed nearly within his grasp, when in mid ocean, during a gale, a sudden lurch of the steamer snapped the cable, and the twelve hundred miles that had been payed out sank to the bottom and could not be recovered.

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 Evarts 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



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 build-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.-/. R.

PATIENT plodding often accomplishes more than

HOPE, folding her wings, looked backward and ecame Regret.

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

THE lightning is vivid against a dark cloud, so e bravest lives sometimes are amid trials. Ir will generally be found that a man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's bad manners.

people's bad manners.

Ancusa 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.—Cottom.

IMAGINARY evils soon become real ones by in-dulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees some:hing 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 fancaled.—Swyft.



CYRUS W. FIFLD

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 to 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 Koxy, 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

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 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

CHAPTER IX.

DUNK WELLPOOL INCURS A SAD DISAPPOINT-MENT.

UNK 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 be tray himself.

As Captain Regeneration to the great the greatest care not to be tray the part he benefit in the first captain well-pools 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. UNK WELLPOOL was not a little sur-

his share in the tin trunk, and ha while he was trying to make a cor 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 ready to cast off the fasts.

"Where have you been, Duncant?" 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."

This. The state of the state of the state of the state 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.

had been sick.
"I had the cholera morbus; but

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 loot 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



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

to pick the lock, for he could not have done anything of the kind in the dark without leav-ing 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

convinced lim 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.

the concession of the second of the result of his night's work, he dropped asleep while he was thinking how ne 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,

would be stating it very mildly to say that Dunk Wellpool was bewildered and utterly confounded when he discovered the worth-less character of the contents of the tin

less 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

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 "Captan 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.

As it did been no secret in Channelphat and been no secret in Channelph

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

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 promised 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 fresher winds than the Albatross, and entirely escaped the calms that had delayed her rival scaped to anchor in Perla 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 putting the vess

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

ress.
"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," de-

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 the wealth. of my share of the wealth there is on the island. That is the whole of it; and I mean

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 Indians," said Roxy, as she clump to the side of her mother.

clung to the side of her mother.
"So am I." added Mrs. Wellpool. shall not have a minute's peace if we have expect a visit from such savages. Every cof them is bigger than any man you have board, Bildy." shall not

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 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 paddled 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.

for their reception

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

unscovered 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 Channelport; and they were to work under the direction of the captain's wife, while the master was engaged in getting goods out of the hold with the rest of the men.

Everything went along were made.

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 eve 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

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

CHAPTER XI.

THE UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE OF BIG IN-DIANS.

HOUGH Captain Wellpool had never been HOUGH 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 a real of the same of the solution of the solution.

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 quar-r of a mile from the shore where the cottage 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 flags of the vessel, hoisted on the topping lift of the

Portions of the land bordering on the bay

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 wery narrow, in the shape of a boot, separated it from the waters of the gulf.

"Bildy!" shouted Mrs. Wellpool from the shore, calling him by her own abbreviation of Bildad, 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.

have known that she was simply alarmed at the sight of the red flag on the point.

The captain 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 before, 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 land-

plored the island and its waters before he land ed his wife and daughter on the island, for he might have obtained some information that would have rendered him less stoical when the

would have rendered him less stoical when the red flag was displayed.

As it was he 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!" exclaimed Dunk, who was already tired of the hard work he had been compelled to do, and he thought that anything which would call

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.

work.

There is time enough, and we need not do "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 treep precipice all around the island. The hillsides have been caving in for the last hundred years, and the only place to land is on this bay."

have been caving 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 ammuniton," said the captain, as he came to the companion way, after he had set the signal.

to the companion way, after he had set the sig-nal.

"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.

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 vesed 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.

hoisted. What is that for, father?" demanded the

son, rather imperatively.

"None of your business what it is for, Duncan.
You will have to learn that I am in command of

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 'boxy 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.

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 Rexy 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 signal-

an was approaching.

The two men with them had knocked off The two men with them had knocked of 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 ear-

nest gestures.
"What does all that mean, Duncan?" said Captain Wellpool, who had by this time recovered his usual humor, though that was not al-

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 Reeldon 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 without the order to do so, 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 Reeldon 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 overhoard, and worked some time in showing it of

to stick on the bottom where the water was too shallow for it; and one of them jumped over-board, and worked some time in shoving it off. At last the oars were manned, and the boat 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 riffe in his

and returned after some delay with a rifle in his hand, which he pointed at the two men in the

At that moment a terrific vell rent the air, and 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 Welpool and Dunk were appalled at the sight.

Tabe continued.

(To be continued.)

SHIPWRECKED ON A RAILBOAD.

THESE are the days of combinations, and nothing seems to escape the tendency of the times not even accidents, for here is the San Diego Bee telling of a railroad disaster that included many the elements of shipwreck.

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 account of the california and thrilling account ten miles beyond Oceanside, in a place where the track runs alongside the sea. Engine 16, 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 do. in the embankment.

The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails. Its suddenness gave none of the train handstime to escape, and they all, 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 time in the caboose, and as it struck the water the time in the caboose, and as it struck the water the time of the cart of the

AN AMATEUR PAITH CURE.

THE "faith curists" have been a good deal talked about of late, and much redicule 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:

stance narrated in the Washington Pow?

A reporter yesterday afternoon tried his hand at fath curing. He was standing on the front platform of an avenue car when the driver's nose behalf the property of the

WINTER COMETH.

BY VIRGINIA PATTERSON

THE flowers die one by one, and dying, fall From off the leafless stalks; and one and a 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 toward the throne
That Autumn, looking back with sigh and moan.

And longing glance, has left. 'Twere better so, Perhaps, although with tears we bid him go!

[This story commenced in No. 302.]

Ray Culver:

THROUGH DEEP WATERS

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XVII.

AN ASTOUNDING CHARGE.

HE small boy's question went unan-swered. Utterly disgusted, Ray turned on swered. 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 direct

tion.
"Mr. Philip Culver?" he said interroga-

"Mr. Philip Culver?" he said intenoga-tively.

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 our hero's shoulder.

Ray was somewhat disconcerted. This was

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, sip?"

But it was fully half a minute before Ray could frame a reply. It seemed riciduous 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 another thing. However, feeling that he must say something to break the awkward silence, he began hesitatingly:

"I had other business calling me to the hord."

ingly:
"I had other business calling me to the hotel.

"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 him.

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 one 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," interjected 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 'be room." You sent for me," he said, in low, even."

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 place himself in the open doorway, and then pointing full 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

ter'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 deej er 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 esclaimed, "fact is not only stranger, but some-

times a good deal more disagreeable than fic-tion. 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,

an old offender, ISBT HET 100 CEEPS 100 COUNTY 2"
"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

overed sufficiently from his astonishment to grow indiginant. "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." Interposed the other Gulver. "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 cousin of mine from whom I am expecting a call, and if I'd been as green as a good many country folks, 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.

some forty into confection 1 d never seen for heard of before."
Ray turned to the detective impatiently. "Don't you see that all this is the veriest nonsense?" he said, "Would any sharper be so foolish as to attempt the 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

RAYMOND CULYER
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 he 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 'en, and as soon as this fellow
claimed me for his half brother, I knew what
I night expect."

claimed me for ms ms...

I might expect."

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

"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 it-stant's hesitation at this point would tell sorely against him.
"There, out of his own mouth you have proof that I was right!" triumphantly exclaimed the chunky 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

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 soot free?"

"By no means, sir," rejoined the detective,

By no means, sir," rejoined the detective,

"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 natter 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 shent 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

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, cry-ing out: "Here's the fellow that thought he was smart enough to take Philip Culver in!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

HEARING EVIDENCE.

HEARING EVIDENCE.

HERE 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 and 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.

A .

"I beg your pardon, ladies," began the detective, "for having to ask your aid in this unpleasant business, but I believe it was this boy, belonging to your family, for whom this yourg 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 possessed of the party. "Archie," she added, turning to her brother, "dd you ever see this young man before?"

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—and asked me what I'd done with that story the elevator boy at Tiffin's gave

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 him how he came to know anything about that story, he gave him no answer, and—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 man to be suffered to the sure of the sure

tried to get a poor feilow in troube by changing 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, my dear, tell her to bring my smelling satts with her.

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

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 excurined. "It will only be a waste of time to attempt to find any. We had much better go in to dinner."

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

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 time of actual bodily danger there was no braver fellow than he, none that could grit his feeth 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 nevertheless momentarily growing more and more formidable, all spirit seemed to leave him. To contend 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 on the street car during that mortifying scene of but a few hours before? And granted that such was the case, would not this heaping 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 remembered only too distinctly having seen; seated in the car at the very point where he care.

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

"Tanner," spoke up Mrs. Vanderpoole, "did 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, nerved to desperation by the astonished, disappointed glance in Ida Vanderpoole's eyes.

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

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

"There, there, you hear him!" broke in Mr. Gulver, 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.

account of all that had transpired in the scace car on the occasion mentioned.

This sile proceeded to do, with many interjections of commiseration for the seedy man and of contempt for his accuser. Her story was a true one in the main, but so distorted by her prejudice against the principal actor in it that the impression it made on the hearers was ominous indeed for Ray.

ominous indeed for Ray.

When it was ended, the detective jotted down a few words on a pad which he took from his

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

ing chair at the writing desk, and said in mis 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

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 beyond recovery.

"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 a sharped as the him believe you were a sharped as the him believe you were a sharped as the him believe you were a sharped as igh.

"Then you insist on, still taking Mr. Culver."

phed Ray, only man sections sight.

"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."

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 temporily out of town.

The clerk and the detective once more ex-

changed significant glances

CHAPTER XIX.

WORSE AND WORSE.

WORSE AND WORSE.

"Well, it seems a little peculiar?"
Why any put the question to the detective directly, looking him full in the eye as he did so 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." "Certainly; let us have his name and address," and the detective took out his pad again.

again.

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

rs old,"
'Never mind about that. I guess he will swer our purpose," responded the detective

"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 breathe easier on account of my dear boy Archie," added Mrs. Vanderpoole, shetching out her hand to the latter. "Come, Ida, I am ready for dinner now."

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

As soon as they were left to themselves, the detective aukled 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 seyes 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, entrées and desserts, that recalled so vividy 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 choo-

entries 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 chocolate or pistache 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 dimity 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 him for so long as their very limited supply of money held out, what would become of him? Ray sat there, looking at his watch, open on

his knes, 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 had 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. We then another of her withering looks. We have thought that he would be grateful even for that thought that he would be grateful even threatened him. Foor fellow! he had been brave and dauntless in spirit but a little which reads a feel with the special property of the spirit with the sent of the spirit with the sent of the spirit with the spir

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

"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 pigen hole.

"Jove, there was one there, after all!" exclaimed the detective, helping himself. Lighting bis cigar, he crossed one leg over the other, and, fter puffing out a few rings, said pleasantly: "I declare, it is a shame for a mce 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 really and honestly believe that I am—a bunco steerer?"

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

"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

evidence against him? I 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 was deceived in you at 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? I confess I can think of none."
"Did you ever hear of a certain foolich man

have a actually committed for which I can be held? I confess I can think of none."

"Did you ever hear of a certain foolich 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. Barringford, the proprietor of this hotel, does not wish to emulate the enterprise of that would be famous individual. No, sir; the believes that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and by making an example of one of you gentry 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.

ing indignation,
"So I am to be the cat's paw with which this

ing indignation.

"So I am to be the cat's paw with which this monkey of a hotel proprietor is to pinck 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."

The detective rose, took the key from his pocket and opened the door.

The clerk and a hall boy were admitted. Ray strained his eyes eagerly for a glimpse of Clifford, but he was not there, and when called upon for his report, the hall boy said:

"I saw de lady what keeps de boardin' house, and she says sile 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 queer kind of man and the says when the complex of the little one's went off with queer kind of man are also and the says that the detective mutaker of the property of the continued.)

A DIVIDED FAMILY.

SAID Master Jones, "Now we must go Without delay to the deepo." 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 deepot." These conflicts of pronunciation They might avoid by saying " station."

Joe's Story.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

XCEPTING mother there was only
Dot and me. The gentleman who 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.

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 nuts!

Heaven. T

Everybody said for mother to sell the place and go East where her folks are. But she isn't 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 dred 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 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 and a lot of hens. No need of anybody not making a living out here in Texas if they'vea 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. 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 any-thing 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.

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 two feet are the strength of the corn free the strength of the corn free the strength of the strength 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. 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

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 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 "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

and all.

As Dot said, by his clothes the stranger was a gentleman. Only there was some-thing 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 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.

ward and said no he guessed not. He'd brought lunch with him and ate it on the Then he went on just as cool and 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 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 toe behind it went faster. The s Fast as he went the fire and the wind The smoke hid the road sometimes. I could smell the varnish that fairly sizzled on the buggy back. My hair was scorched, and made Dot crouch down in the buggy. "Oh Joe, Mr. Waller is in the who

patch to the left, and the fire's almost

Dot shrieked this out at the top of her

ovice, for the wind and fire made the awfulest roaring in the tree tops.

Well, just a second I hesitated. But I know what mother'd have said. "It 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 side.

sent it after us instead of striking sidewise 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 won-der in the world we hadn't gone over and over.
All at once I saw Mr. Waller through

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

on the bottom. And just as that happened I remembered that the south line of the wheat patch butted on to Chapman's

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-

We got back to the bank. Such a looking set! Soaking wet and all grimy with smoke and flying cin-ders. No need of heaping coals of fire on Mr. Wal-ler's head. His hair was

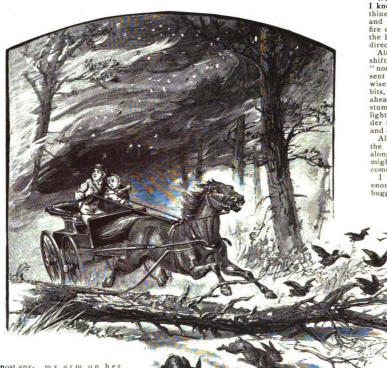
half burnt off, and the back of his vest scorched to tinder. He didn't say any-thing for a minute. Seemed like he was studying something over.

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

you to take 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 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

The shift of wind sent the nre 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 shak-ing like a leaf. Mother couldn't

speak just then. But she got hold of my hand and kind of 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

her cheek against she didn't speak. Mr. Waller—that was the lawyer's name—coughed and rubbed his hand

"I'm afraid you're too young to un-derstand much about business, my lad," he said, in a careless sort of way, "but

he said, in a careless son to 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 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.

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 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 TOILERS.

Work! and thou shalt bless the day. Ere thy task be done; They that work not cannot pray, Cannot feel the sun. 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.

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

> CHAPTER VIII. FARMER HIRSHKIND.

FARMER HIRSHKIND.

WO 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 en-

At the moment Bob en-tered and took his seat to tered and took his seat to wait his turn, the contractor was beckoned to pass with-in by Montague Worthley, so that only the farmer was left to precede the youth. The latter found his situation embarrassing for sev-eral minutes, from the fact that Montague exerted him-

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 ail who were waiting outside the inclosure. As Bob entered, the ure. 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.

mer.

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 involved. 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 core.

his ears.

True, the latter had the simple recourse of not looksimple 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.
Gladenough therefore, was Bob, when

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

"My name is Jacob Hirshkind, and I

"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.

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!! be

"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

the track?"
"How was 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

"I wish to gracious he had," inter-jected the husbandnan with much em-

phasis.

"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 jedgment comes in—"

At this moment the contractor walked 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 superintenders of the Leadelet.

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 blank inable, 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 anything I the for you, major—I

"There ain't anything 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 buil of yours that—of course with 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 'beut that, colonel—I mean perfessor—but I didn't know nothin' bout it; it was all the fault of my son Hezekiah, and when I git 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 a child the said the solution of the brightest boys in the said the sai

one of the brightest boys in school" (alas, that was the first time the superinthe first time the superin-tendent 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

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."

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." 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 super-

intendent.

intendent.

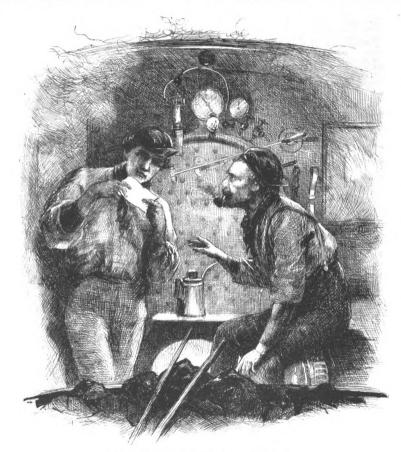
"Yes, and he said, too, that if folks should cause any accidents by their cattle runnin' loose, it was their place to pay damages. Jis to draw him out I took tother side of the question, but I tell you he ain't any fool."

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

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

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?"

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 the strategy of the strategy o matters thus:

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 jedgment. 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."

"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."

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

tleman."

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 off the dock.

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 his caller, who was so much lighted 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

CHAPTER IX.

AN IMPORTANT INTERVIEW.

EFT alone during the interview be-EFT alone during the interview be-tween the superintendent and 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 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

gold pen scratched rapidly, and 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

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 im," 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. Worthlev appeared from the inner office. looked surprised at sight of Bob sitting outside, and, addressing his son, in-

ouised, "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

"I told him you were to 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 but it is to the total ways and the superintendent to his office, "but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if your son the superintendent to his office, but if you have a superintendent to his office, and the superintendent to his office, but if you have a superintendent to his office, but if you have a superintendent to his office, and the superintendent to his office, a 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

He paused, but Bob said nothing, b

rie paused, but bob 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 com-

mendable; 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 ser-

vices; what then?"
"I considered that possibility before I ran back, and saw that it could not

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 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 emer-gency, while the train is in motion. To take a seat among the passengers is unpardonable. I understand you have vi-olated this rule."

'It is a mistake : I have never done

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

No, sir; I have never done so.

"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 se and he was on the point of raising his

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 natty near. was playing cards with a party near when they all became impatient, and he passed through to the front of the bag. gage car and ordered Fields the engineer to run through to the next station, in violation of the orders he had re-Matt refused, and he was then ceived. 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 plat-form and never left it until the accident

And at the accident?"

mind.

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

You didn't advise the conductor to disregard any suggestion that my son

No; I am not aware that he gave

Ac; 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

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 re-fer you to him."

fer you to him."

The superintendent still twirled his 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 ac-cepted unless confirmed by other testi-

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 back-ward. He seemed to bend all his energies to the accomplishment of this simfeat, whereas he was totally unaware

ple feat, whereas is 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 little baseing you altogether. I month or discharging you altogether. I will say that I was inclined to discharge you, since I was urged to do so by my— that is, by other parties, but I have de-cided to defer such action until after a fuller investigation. You may your duties for the present; You may return 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 listen-

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, from his enemy. Here, in a low voice, he muttered, "Montague, my boy, you missed fire that time!"

CHAPTER X.

THE TELEGRAM.

OB LOVELL fel: that the wisest course for him was to face the situation unfinchingly. Montague Worthley was mean, envious, and treacherous, and would do him all the injury becauld. To defer to him would only To defer to him would only he could. 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.

matter with his mother that alternoon.

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.

from whom he had lew 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 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 Mon-

tague will soon reach a position which will enable him to persecute and drive will enable him to persecute and urive 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 the state of the state o

to take a look at the shattered Ajax, which had been brought thither and was

already undergoing reconstruction.
As he looked at the battered w he could not but wonder how it was pos-

he could not but wonder now it was pos-sible 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 agleam, 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 be-fore. In repairing the locomotive, as is sometimes the case, certain sli changes had been made by the way experiment, which, so far as could be judged, were of decided advantage. The question would be fully settled when the

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

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to Irondale, one hundred and five m distant. It will be remembered that the return was made in the evening when the train was known as the night express. It left Irondale 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 en-gine; "but of course I don't dare let her out.

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

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

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

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

Young Bertrand Harcourt, the medical student, was a visitor to the house of the superintendent, and was on the best of superintendent, and was on the best of terms with Montague; but he was a dif-ferent 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

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 fol-

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

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 superin-tendent, courteously opened the door

tendent, 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 Iwomey 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 beating about the bush, I will say to you that although you are still under the required though 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, "But," said boo, rising to ms itee, "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.

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

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 Irondale station, "and as for Ajax, she will have tougher work than ever before."

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

A curious includes a constant of the cab, with his head far out the window, and looking back along the station watching for the size of from the conductor, while the signal from the conductor, while Matt was on his feet, with his hand on the lever awaiting the word from Bob to 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, flirting 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

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

'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

miners, named Deeson and Oates, at Dunolly, Australia.

For fifteen years these two plucky fellows had stuck together and struggled to make their livings 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 necessaries 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 "Weloome 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 superincumbent clay, 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 into the town of Dunolly, and carried into the local bank, where it was weighed and found to contain 2,268 ounces of gold. The bank purchased the nugget for nearly fifty thousand dollarumthe the ristwinks to 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 gen erations of men come and go, the tiny grain, ly-ing 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.

may biossom our 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. Her received them last year from a nummy exhuned 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 anear, 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 moult of the product of the province of the provinc

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Globe Democrat:

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