

GOLDEN ANCHOSEY

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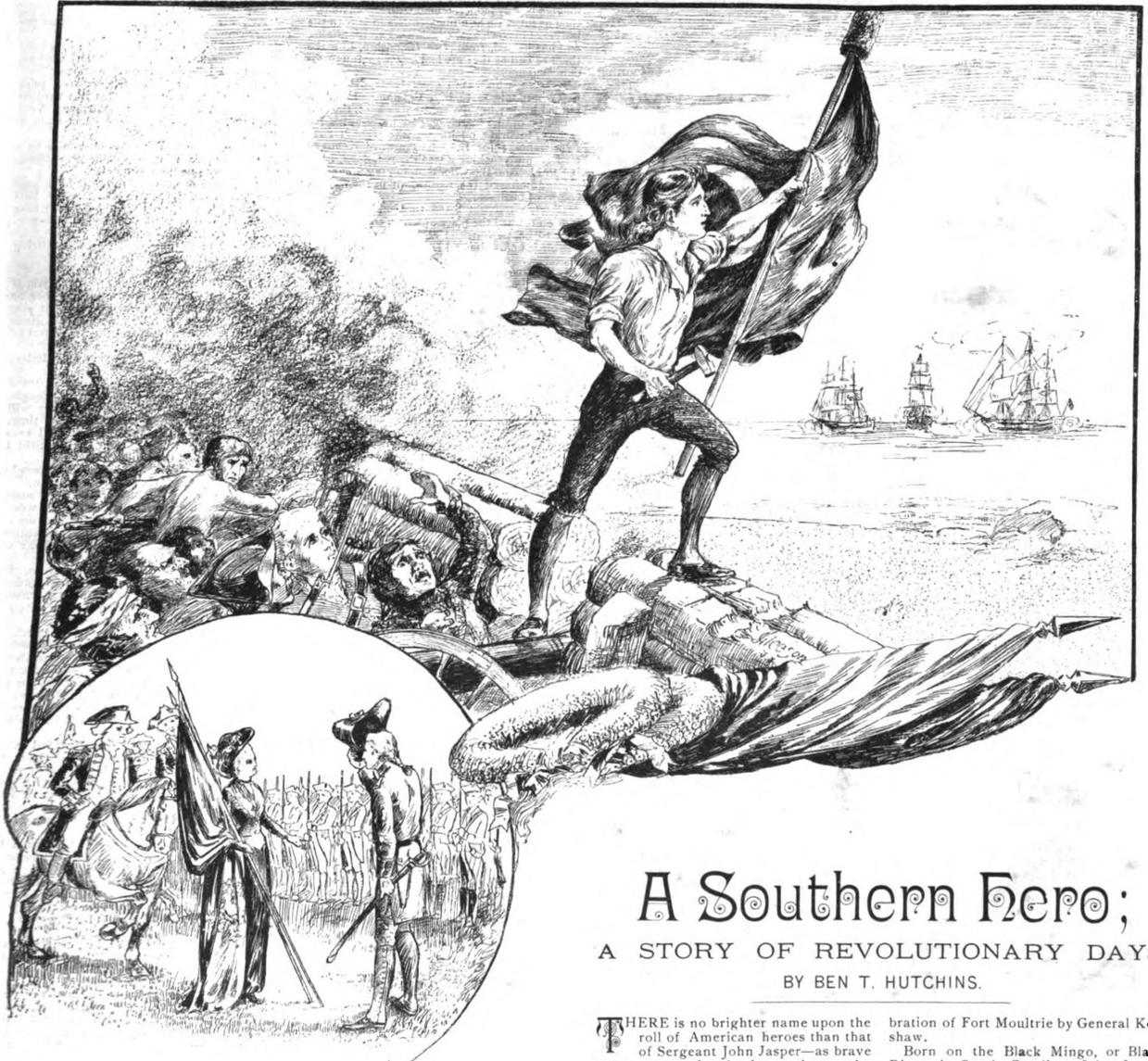
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A Southern Hero;

A STORY OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.

BY BEN T. HUTCHINS.

"DON'T LET US FIGHT WITHOUT A FLAG, COLONEL!" CRIED YOUNG JASPER, AND WITH CONSUMMATE BRAVERY HE SPRANG UPON THE PARAPET, RECOVERED THE FLAG, AND FIXED IT ON THE DEFENSES.

THERE is no brighter name upon the roll of American heroes than that of Sergeant John Jasper—as brave a man as ever faced a foe, and one who was splendidly remembered during the centennial celebrations of Revolutionary events.

Sergeant Jasper has always been mentioned in history among the noteworthy soldiers of that stubborn war; but the grand record of the noble, though uneducated youth was not fully known until it was revealed at the centennial cele-

bration of Fort Moultrie by General Ker-shaw.

Born on the Black Mingo, or Black River, in South Carolina, John Jasper was among the first to enlist in the company of the famous Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox." At that time he was less than twenty years of age, but he at once displayed a daring courage that placed him in the front rank of that little army of braves.

Sir Henry Clinton and Major General Cornwallis, with three thousand British

troops, composed the land forces for the attack on the city of Charleston, South Carolina. Five English men of war were anchored within the beautiful harbor of Sullivan's Island, in the harbor, was the rendezvous of the Colonial troops. Among these was the 2nd Regiment of South Carolina Infantry, commanded by Colonel William Moultrie.

Against the further approach of the enemy these men erected a rude fort on the island, and named it Fort Moultrie. It was constructed of palmetto wood and sand, which would not today resist a single shot from one of England's ironclads.

On the southeast bastion of this rude but dearly loved fort was planted the flag which has, from that day to this, been the pride of South Carolinians. It was a blue field with a white crescent, on which was emblazoned that strong American word—LIBERTY!

When the fort was nearly completed, and the full force of the English army was known, a strong pressure was made upon Colonel Moultrie and his men to evacuate their position, they being assured that the fort could not be maintained. But no words of entreaty or threats could induce officers or men to leave the rude defence they had so zealously and faithfully erected.

Sergeant Jasper was one of the garrison, and when he saw the bright Palmetto flag placed thereon he said to himself, "I will die for this flag." How faithfully he fulfilled his pledge!

On the 28th of June, 1776, the British troops and men of war opened their batteries on the little fort, and for a moment defeat seemed certain. The quaint old General Horry, in one of his private letters, wrote: "Such a sudden burst of flame and thunder could not but make us feel very queer at first, especially as we were young hands, and had never been engaged in such an awful scene before. But a few rounds brought us all right again, and then, with heads bound up, and stripped to the buff, we plied our bulwarks like heroes."

All day long this engagement continued, and never for one moment did those few Colonial troops think of retreat or surrender. It was when the fire was the hottest that an incident occurred which infused fresh energy and courage into the hearts of those American soldiers, and at the same time gave Sergeant Jasper a name that will live as long as American history is read.

The flag staff was struck by a ball from the enemy, and, after tottering for a moment, fell forward, and their dear crescent flag seemed lost. A feeling of despair naturally came over every soldier in the fort, and many believed that it was an evil omen.

This feeling, however, was soon dispelled. Sergeant Jasper cried out to Colonel Moultrie: "DON'T LET US FIGHT WITHOUT A FLAG, COLONEL," and with consummate bravery he leaped upon the parapet, and thence down to the beach amid a perfect storm of shot, and recovered the flag. Attaching it to a sponge staff, he remounted the wall, and deliberately fixed it on the southeast bastion.

Not long after, Sergeant McDonald fell mortally wounded. As he was being borne from the platform, he exclaimed, "I die, my brave fellows, but do not let the cause of liberty die with me." Sergeant Jasper exclaimed, "Let us avenge this brave man's death."

Night closed in with a dense, and, although the cannonading was continuous, and of great severity, the Americans sustained the loss of but eleven men killed and twenty five wounded.

Two days after the battle Governor Rutledge, General Lee, and a large company of patriotic friends from Charleston visited the fort and complimented the heroes of the hour. On this occasion the young wife of Major Elliott presented to the regiment a pair of colors, one of blue, the other of red silk, beautifully embroidered by the ladies of Charleston. As she handed them to the colonel and lieutenant colonel, she said, "Your gallant behavior in defense of liberty and your country entitles you to the highest honor. Accept these two standards as a reward justly due to your regiment, and I have not the least doubt, under Heaven's protection, you will stand by them as long as they can wave in the air of liberty."

Colonel Moultrie replied, saying that the 2nd Regiment would always carry them into action, and that they never would be tarnished by any act of theirs.

Now, boys, see how nobly that promise was kept! Some time after, at the siege of Savannah, one of those flags was fixed on the British lines by Lieutenant Bush, who was immediately shot down. The same day the British attempted to set up the other, and was also killed. Lieutenant Gray, in supporting them, was mortally wounded.

It remained for Sergeant Jasper to accomplish his heroic work, but in doing so he received his death wound. He brought the standard off, however, yet the fair woman he had attempted to set up the other, and was also killed. Lieutenant Gray, in supporting them, was mortally wounded.

Thus died one of the bravest men in martial story. He is spoken of as a modest, quiet, and obedient soldier, and what better character is wanted in public or private life, in business circles, or in the quiet home?

On the occasion of Governor Rutledge's visit to the fort in Charleston Harbor, he pre-

sented Sergeant Jasper his own sword, as a mark of his distinguished respect. He also offered the young soldier a commission, but with many thanks he declined them both, saying that "his lack of education unfitted him for any higher position than in the rank and file."

Having read this brief record of a brave man, think of how the conduct of this young soldier was appreciated one hundred years after his death. Towns and counties in South Carolina and Georgia had been named for him. The beautiful of education unfitted him for any higher position than in the rank and file."

The story of his honor and bravery must be told with fresh inspiration and renewed interest. Therefore, at the Centennial celebration of Fort Sullivan (now Fort Moultrie), on June 28th, 1876, there was a presentation of colors on that historic battle ground, which called to mind a similar presentation one hundred years before.

On the last occasion Miss Julia G. Elliott, granddaughter of Mrs. Barnard Elliott, presented to the Palmetto Guard of Charleston a flag, which is an exact copy of the one presented to the 2nd Regiment, and which was given to Sergeant Jasper lost his life. On one side the flag was blue silk, with a white crescent, and the reverse was of crimson silk, with the inscription:

MOULTRIE.
MRS. BARNARD ELLIOTT.

JASPER.

"Tell Mrs. Elliott I lost my life supporting the colors she presented

TO OUR REGIMENT."

July 30, 1776.

MISS JULIA G. ELLIOTT,
1876.

At the Centennial celebration of the siege of Savannah, October 9, 1879, in which engagement Sergeant Jasper lost his life, the brave young hero was again remembered. In this beautiful city of the South the corner stone of a colossal monument to his memory was laid, with most imposing ceremonies. The soldiers of Georgia and South Carolina, the two States that claimed him as their own, were present in large numbers, and Governor Gordon, of Georgia, delivered the oration.

Yes, that silken flag, so highly prized by the soldiers of South Carolina, and that tall shaft of granite and bronze, will for all years to come tell in no mistaken language the love and gratitude which every brave nation have for their brave and noble characters, and the gallant deeds of her private soldiers.

(This story commenced in No. 291.)

THE Two Rivals; OR, THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER LII.

THE FALSE FRIEND.

AND now this man, Egerton, who had hitherto valued himself as the very type of gentleman—whom all his young contemporaries had so regarded and so revered—had to press the hand of a confiding friend and bid adieu to truth. He had to amuse, to delay, to mislead his boy rival—to say that he was already subsiding; that he was having doubts—and that within a little time she could be induced to consent to forget Harley's rank and his parent's pride, and become his wife.

And Harley believed in Egerton, without one suspicion on the mirror of his loyal soul.

Meanwhile Audley, impatient of his own position—impatient, as strong minds ever are, to hasten what they have once resolved—to terminate a suspense that every interview with Harley tortured alike by jealousy and shame—to put himself out of the reach of scruples, and to say to himself, "Right or wrong, there is no looking back; the deed is done."—Audley, thus hurried on by the impetus of his own power of will, pressed for speedy and secret nuptials—secret till his fortunes, then unwavering, were more assured, his career fairly commenced. That was not his strongest motive, though it was one.

He shrank from the discovery of his wrong to his friend, and desired to do the self-humiliating of such announcement, until, as he persuaded himself, Harley's boyish passion was over, had yielded to the new allurement that would naturally beset his way.

Stifling his conscience, Audley sought to convince himself that the day would soon come when Harley could hear with indifference that Nora Avenel was another's. "The dream of an hour, at his age," murmured the elder friend; "but at mine, the passion of a life!"

He did not speak of this latter motive for concealment to Nora. He felt that to own the extent of his treason to a friend would lower him in her eyes. He spoke therefore but slightly of Harley, treated the boy's suit as a thing past and gone. He dwelt only on reasons that compelled self sacrifice on his side or hers. She did not hesitate which to choose.

And so, where Nora loved, so submissively did she believe in the superiority of the lover,

that she did not pause to hear a murmur from her own loftier nature, or question the propriety of what he deemed wise and good.

Abandoning prudence in this affair of life, Audley still preserved his customary caution in minor details. And this indeed was characteristic of him throughout all his career—heedless in large things—wary in small. He would not trust Lady Jane Horton with his secret, still less Lady Lansmere. He simply represented to the former that Nora was no longer safe from Harley's determined pursuit under Lady Jane's roof, and that she had better elude the boy's knowledge of her movements, and go quietly away for a while to lodge with some connection of her own.

And so, with Lady Jane's acquiescence, Nora went first to the house of a very distant kinswoman of her mother's, and afterward to one that Egerton took as their bridal home, under the name of Bertram. He arranged all that might render their marriage most free from the chance of premature discovery.

But it so happened, on the very morning of their bridal, that one of the witnesses he selected to attend to the ceremony was seized with apoplexy. Considering, in haste, where to find a substitute, Egerton thought of Levy, his own private solicitor, his own fashionable money lender, a man with whom he was then as intimate as a fine gentleman is with the lawyer of his own age, who knows all his affairs, and from pure friendship, to make them as bad as they are! Levy was thus suddenly summoned.

Egerton, who was in great haste, did not at first communicate to him the name of the intended bride; but he said enough of the imprudence of the marriage, and his reasons for renouncing it, to make Levy had already said on Egerton's making a wealthy marriage, leaving to Egerton the wife, and hoping to appropriate to himself the wealth, all in the natural course of business.

Egerton did not listen to him, but hurried him on toward the place at which the ceremony was to be performed, and Levy actually said the bride before he had learned her name. The usurer masked his raging emotions, and fulfilled his part in the rites.

His smile, when he congratulated the bride, might have shot cold into her heart; but her eyes were cast on the earth, seeing there but a shadow of her former self, and actually sheltering itself in the bosom to which it was given evermore. She did not perceive the smile of hate that barbed the words of joy.

Nora never thought it necessary later to tell Egerton that Levy had been a refused suitor. Indeed, with the exquisite taste of love, she saw that to divulge the idea of such a rival, would have wounded the pride of her high bred, well born husband.

And now, while Harley L'Estrange, frantic with the news that Nora had left Lady Jane's roof, and purposely misled into wrong directions, was seeking to trace her refuge in vain—Nora, Egerton, and the usurer, actually sat in a quiet room, at the club in which his wife was oracular—far from the pursuits, whether of pastime or toil, that had hitherto engrossed his active mind, gave himself up, with wonder at himself, to the only vision of fairyland that ever weighed down the watchful eyelids of hard Ambition.

But this interlude in the life of a man like Audley Egerton could never have been long; many circumstances conspired to abridge it. His affairs were in great disorder; they were all under Levy's management. Demands that had been slumbering, or been mildly urged, grew menacing and clamorous. Harley, too, returned from his futile researches, and looked out for Audley.

Audley was forced to leave his secret Eden and reappear in the common world; and thenceforward it was only by stealth that he came to his bridal home—a visitor, no more the inmate. But more loud and fierce grew the demands of his creditors, now when Egerton had most need of all which respectability, and position, and belief of pecuniary independence can do to raise the man who has incurred his arms and crippled his steps toward fortune.

Levy, who had known from Lady Jane of Harley's pursuit of Nora, had learned already how to avenge himself on Egerton. Audley could no longer apply to the friend he had betrayed, and as to other friends, no man in town had a greater number. And no man in town knew better that he should lose them all if he were once known to be in want of their money.

Mortified, harassed, tortured—shunning Harley—ever sought by him—fearful of him at his door, Audley Egerton, who had been the mortgaged remnant of his paternal estate, on which there was a gloomy manor house long uninhabited, and there applied a mind, afterward renowned for its quick comprehension of business, to the investigation of his affairs, with a view to save some wreck from the flood that swelled momentarily around him.

And now—to condense as much as possible a record that runs darkly on into pain and sorrow—now Levy began to practice his vindictive arts; and the arts gradually prevailed.

On pretense of assisting Egerton in the arrangement of his affairs, which were secretly contrived, however, still more to complicate—he came down frequently to Egerton Hall for a few hours, arriving by the mail, and watching the effect which Nora's almost daily letters produced on the bridegroom, irritated by the prac-

tical cares of life. He was thus constantly at hand to instill into the mind of the ambitious man a regret for the imprudence of hasty passion, or to embitter the remorse which Audley felt for his treatment of Nora.

Thus ever bringing before the mind of the harassed debtor images at war with love, and with the poetry of life, he disintegrated it (so to speak) for the reception of Nora's letters, all musical as they were with such thoughts as the most delicate fancy inspires to the most earnest love.

Egerton was one of those men who never confide their affairs frankly to women. Nora, when she thus wrote, was wholly in the dark as to the extent of his stern prosaic distress. And so—and so—Levy always near—the prose of life in its most cynic form—so, by degrees, all that redundant affluence of affection, with its gushes of grief for his misdeeds, prayers for his return, sweet reproach if a post failed to bring back an answer to the woman's yearning sighs—all this grew, to the sensible, positive man of real life, like sickly romantic exaggeration.

By the by, said Levy, one morning as he was about to take part of Audley's return to town—"by the by, I should be this evening in the neighborhood of Mrs. Egerton."

"Say Mrs. Bertram!"

"Ay; will she not be in want of some pecuniary supplies?"

"My wife!—not yet. I must first be wholly ruined before that redundant affluence of affection, do you think I should not be by her side?"

"I beg pardon, my dear fellow; your pride of gentleman is so susceptible that it is hard for a lawyer not to wound it unawares. Your wife, then, does not know the exact state of your affairs?"

"Of course not. Who would confide to a woman things in which she could do nothing, except to tease one the more?"

"True, and a poetess, too! I have prevented your finishing your answer to Mrs. Bertram's last letter. Can I take it—it may save a day's delay—that is, if you do not object to my calling it a letter?"

"Object? no!" answered Egerton, sitting down to his unfinished letter.

"Be quick, or I shall lose the coach."

"There, and I should be obliged to you if you would call; and without alarming her as to my circumstances, you can just say that you know I am in a somewhat embarrassed position in my affairs at present, and soothe the effect of my very short answers—"

"To those doubly crossed, very long letters—I will."

"Poor Nora," said Egerton, sighing, "she will think this answer brief and churlish enough. Explain my excuses kindly, so that they will serve for the future, and which rules the world and no heart for sentiment. The little I ever had is well nigh worried out of me. Still I love her fondly and deeply."

"You must have done so. I never thought it in you to sacrifice the world to a woman." "Not I either, but," added the strong man, conscious of the power which rules the world infinitely more than knowledge—conscious of tranquil courage—"but I have not sacrificed the world yet. This right hand shall bear up her and myself too."

"Well said! But in the meanwhile, for Heaven's sake don't attempt to go to London, nor to leave the country, in that case, I know you will be arrested, and then adieu to all hopes of parliament—of a career."

Audley's haughty countenance darkened. That evening Levy called on Nora, and ingratiating himself into her favor by praise of Egerton, with indirect humble apologetic allusions to her position, in short, he compared the way to renewed visits; she was so lonely, and she so loved to see one who was fresh from Audley—one who would talk to her of him!

By degrees the friendly, respectful visitor thus stole into her confidence, and then, with all his panegyrics on Audley's superior powers and gifts, he began to dwell upon the young husband's worldly aspirations, and care for his career; dwelt on them so vaguely to alarm Nora—to imply that, dear as she was, she was still but second to Ambition.

His way thus prepared, he next began to insinuate his respectful pity at her equivocal position, drop by hints of gossip, and slander, feared that the marriage might be owned too late to preserve reputation. And then what would be the feelings of the proud Egerton if his wife were excluded from that world, whose opinion he so prized?

Insensibly, thus, he led her on to express (though timidly) her own fear—her own natural desire, in her letters to Audley. When could the marriage be proclaimed?

Proclaimed! Audley felt that to proclaim such a marriage, at such a moment, would be to fling away his last cast for fame and fortune. And Harley, too—Harley still so uncurbed of his frank love, Levy was to be at hand when letters like these arrived.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE FLIGHT.

THUS time went on, and with its passage Levy went further still in his determination to alienate Audley and his bride.

He contrived, by means of his various agents, to circulate through Nora's neighborhood the very slanders at which he had hinted. He contrived that she should be insulted when

she went abroad, outraged at home by the sneers of her own servant, and tremble with shame at her own shadow upon her abandoned bridal hearth.

Just in the midst of this intolerable anguish, the author of it reappeared. His crowning hour was ripe. He intimated his knowledge of the humiliations Nora had undergone, expressed his deep compassion, offered to intercede with Egerton "to do her justice."

He used ambiguous phrases that shocked her ear and tortured her heart, and thus provoked her on to demand him to explain; and then, throwing her into a wild state of indefinite alarm, in which he obtained her solemn promise not to divulge to Audley what he was about to communicate, he said, with villainous hypocrisy of reluctant shame, "that her marriage was not strictly legal; that the forms required by the law had not been complied with; that Audley, unintentionally or purposely, had left himself free to disown the rite and desert the bride."

While Nora stood stunned and speechless at a falsehood which, with lawyer-like show, he contrived to make truth-like to her inexperience, he hurried rapidly on, to reawaken in her mind the impression of Audley's pride, ambition, and respect for worldly position.

"These are your obstacles," said he; "but I think I may induce him to repair the wrong and right you at last."

Righted at last—oh infamy! Then Nora's anger burst forth. She believed such a stain on Audley's honor!

"But where was the honor when he betrayed his friend? Did you not know that he was intrusted by Lord L'Estrange to plead for him? How did he fulfil that trust?"

Plead for L'Estrange! Nora had not been exactly aware of this. In the sudden lode preceding those sudden murders, so little touching Harley (beyond Audley's first timid allusions to his suit, and her calm and cold reply) had been spoken by either.

Levy resumed. He dwelt fully on the trust and the breach of it, and then said:

"In Egerton's world, man holds it far more dishonour to betray a small state than to dupe a woman; and if Egerton could do the one, why doubt that he would do the other? But do not look at me with those indignant eyes. Put himself to the test; write to him to say that the suspicious amid which you live have become intolerable—that they infect even yourself, despite your reason—that the secrecy of your nuptials, his prolonged absence, his brief refusal, on unsatisfactory grounds, to proclaim your tie, all distract you with a terrible doubt. Ask him, at least, (if he will not yet declare your marriage) to satisfy you that the rite were legal."

"I will go to him," cried Nora impulsively.

"Go to him!—in his own house! What a scene, what a scandal! Could he ever forgive you?"

"At least, then, I will implore him to come here. I cannot write such horrible words, I cannot—I cannot—Go, go."

Levy left her, and hastened to two or three of Audley's most pressing creditors—men, in fact, who went entirely by Levy's own advice. He bade them instantly surround Audley's country residence with bailiffs. Before Egerton could reach Nora, he would thus be lodged in a jail.

These preparations made, Levy himself went down to Audley, and arrived, as usual, an hour or two before the delivery of the post.

And Nora's letter came; and never was Audley's grave brow more dark than when he read it. Still, with his usual decision, he resolved to obey her wish—rang the bells, and ordered a servant to put up a change of dress, and sent for post horses.

Levy then took him aside and led him to the window.

"Look under your trees. Do you see those men? They are bailiffs. This is the true reason why I come to you today. You cannot leave this house."

Egerton recoiled.

"And this frantic, foolish letter at such a time," he muttered, striking the open page, full of love in the midst of terror, with his clinched hand.

"She has before written to me," he continued, pacing the room with angry, disordered strides, "asking me when our marriage can be proclaimed, and I thought my replies would have satisfied any reasonable woman. But now, now this is worse, immeasurably worse—she actually doubts my honor! I, who have made such sacrifices—actually doubt whether I, Audley Egerton, an English gentleman, could have been base enough to—"

"What?" interrupted Levy, "to deceive your friend L'Estrange? Did not she know that?"

"Sir," exclaimed Egerton, turning white.

"Do not be angry with me, I am in a war; and L'Estrange will live yet to thank you for saving him from such a misating. But you are seriously angry; pray, forgive me."

With some difficulty, and much fawning, the usurer appeased the storm he had raised in Audley's conscience. And he then heard, as if with surprise, the true report of Nora's letter.

"It is beneath me to answer, much less to satisfy such a doubt," said Audley. "I could have seen her, and a look of reproach would have sufficed; but to put my name to paper, and descend to write, I am not a villain, and I will give you the paper that I am not a never."

"You are quite right; but let us see if we cannot reconcile matters between your pride and

her feelings. Write simply this: 'All that you ask me to say or to explain, I have instructed Levy, as my solicitor, to say and explain for me; and you may believe him as you would myself.'"

"Well, the poor fool, she deserves to be punished; and I suppose that answer will punish her more than a letter rebuke. My mind is so distracted I cannot judge of these trumpy woman fears and whims; there, I have written as you suggest. Give her all the proof she needs, and tell her that in six months at farthest, come what will, she shall bear the name of Egerton, as henceforth she must share his fate."

"Why say six months?"

"Parliament must be dissolved before then. I shall either obtain a seat, be secure from a jail, have won field for my energies, or—"

"Or what?"

"I shall renounce ambition altogether—ask my brother to assist me toward whatever debts remain when all my property is fairly sold—they cannot be much. He has a living in his gift—the incumbent is old, and I hear, very ill. I can take orders."

"Sink into a country parson?"

"And learn content. I have tested it already. She then by my side, to explain all to her. This letter, I fear, is too unkind—But to doubt me thus!"

Levy hastily placed the letter in his pocket book; and, for fear it should be withdrawn, took his leave.

As he left her he made such use that, the day after he had given it to Nora, she had left the house—the neighborhood; fled, and not a trace!

When Levy returned, filled with the infamous hope which had stimulated his revenge—the hope that if he could succeed in changing into a doubt the indignation which Nora bore for Audley, he might succeed also in replacing that broken and degraded idol—his amazement and dismay were great on hearing of her departure.

For several days he sought her traces in vain. He went to Lady Jane Horton's; Nora had not been there. He trembled to go back to Egerton. Surely Nora would have written to her husband, and, in spite of her promise, revealed his own falsehood; but as days passed and not a clew was found, he had no option but to repair to Egerton Hall, taking care that the bailiffs still surrounded it.

Audley had received no line from Nora. The young husband was surprised and perplexed, uneasy, but had no suspicion of the truth.

At length Levy was forced to break to Audley the intelligence of Nora's flight. He gave his own color to it.

Doubtless she had gone to seek her own relations, and take, by their advice, steps to make her situation as comfortable as possible. This idea changed Audley's first shock into deep and stern resentment.

His mind so little comprehended Nora's, and was ever so disposed to what is called the common sense view of things, that he saw no other mode to account for her flight and her silence.

Indignant to Egerton as such a proceeding would be, he was far too proud to take any steps to guard against it.

"Let her do her worst," said he, coldly, masking emotion with his usual self command; "it will be but a nine days' wonder to the world—a fiercer rush of my creditors on their heels—"

"And a challenge from Lord L'Estrange."

"So be it," answered Egerton, suddenly placing his hand at his heart.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"A strange sensation here. My father died of a cold, and I myself was once, old to guard, through life, against excess of emotion. I smiled at such a warning then. Let us sit down to business."

But when Levy had gone, and solitude re-closed round him more and more the sense of a mighty loss.

Nora's sweet loving face started from the shadows of the forlorn walls. Her docile, yielding temper—her generous, self-immolating spirit—came back to his memory, to refute the idea that wronged her.

His love, that had been suspended for a while by busy cares, but which, if without much refining sentiment, was still the master passion of his soul, flowed back into all his thoughts—circumfused the very atmosphere.

He escaped under cover of the night from the watch of the bailiffs. He arrived in London, and himself sought everywhere he could think of for his missing bride.

Lady Jane Horton was confined to her bed, dying fast—incapable even to receive and reply to his letter. He secretly sent down to Lansmere to ascertain if Nora had gone to her parents. She was not there.

The Avenels bled, and Lady Jane Horton.

He now grew most seriously alarmed, and, in the midst of that alarm, Levy contrived that he should be arrested for debt; but he was not detained in confinement many days. Before the disgrace got wind, the writs were discharged—Levy baffled. He was free.

Lord L'Estrange learned from Audley's servant what Audley would have concealed from him out of all the world. And the generous boy—who, besides the munificent allowance he received from the earl, was heir to an independent and considerable fortune of his own, when he should obtain his majority—hastened to borrow the money and discharge all the obligations of his friend.

The benefit was conferred before Audley knew of it, or could prevent. Then a new emotion, and perhaps scarce less stinging than the loss of Nora, tortured the man who had smiled at the warning of science; and the strange sensation at the heart was felt again and again.

And Harley, too, was still in search of Nora—would talk of nothing but her—and looked so haggard and grief worn. The bloom of the boy's youth was gone.

Could Audley then have said, "She you seek is another's; your love is razed out of your life. And, for consolation, learn that your friend has betrayed you?"

Could Audley say this? He did not dare. Which of the two suffered the more?

And these two friends, of characters so different, were so singularly attached to each other. Inseparable at school—thrown together in the world, with a wealth of frank confidences between them, accumulated since childhood. And now, in the midst of all his own anxious sorrow, Harley still thought and planned for Egerton.

And self accusing remorse, and all the sense of painful gratitude, deepened Audley's affection for Harley into a devotion as to a superior, "and he sent him to a residential pity that yearned to relieve, to atone—but how?"

CHAPTER LIV.

A SCRAP IN A NEWSPAPER.

A GENERAL election was now at hand, and still no news of Nora. Levy kept aloof from Audley, pursuing his own silent search. A seat for the borough of Lansmere was pressed upon Audley not only by Harley, but his parents, especially by the countess, who tacitly ascribed to Audley's wise course the first impulsion to his disappearance.

Egerton at first resisted the thought of a new obligation to his injured friend; but he burned to have it some day in his power to repay that humbled him more than all else. Parliamentary success might at last obtain for him some leisure to return home, and thus enable him gradually to remove this load from his heart and his honor. No other chance of repayment appeared open to him. He accepted the offer, and went down to Lansmere.

His brother, lately married, was asked to meet him; and there, also, was Miss Leslie, the heiress whom Lady Lansmere secretly hoped her son Harley would admire, but who had long since, no less secretly, given her heart to the unconscious Egerton.

Meanwhile, the miserable Nora, deceived by the arts and representations of Levy—acting on the natural impulse of a heart so susceptible to the promises from a home which she deemed dishonored—flying from a lover whose power over her she knew to be so great, that she dreaded lest he might reconcile her to dishonor itself—had no thought save to hide herself forever from Audley's eye.

She would not go to her relations—to Lady Jane; that were to give the clew, and invite the pursuit. An Italian lady of high rank had visited at Lady Jane's—taken a great fancy to Nora—and the lady's husband, having been obliged to precede her return to Italy, had suggested the notion of engaging some companion for the journey spoken of to this Nora and to Lady Jane Horton, who had urged Nora to accept the offer, elude Harley's pursuit, and go abroad for a time. Nora then had refused, for she then had seen Audley Egerton.

To this Italian lady she now went, and the offer was renewed with the most winning kindness, and craved at it in the passion of despair. But the Italian had accepted invitation to English country houses before she finally departed for the continent.

Meanwhile Nora took refuge in a quiet lodging in a sequestered suburb, which an English servant in the employment of the fair foreigner recommended. This had she first come to the cottage in which Burley died. Shortly afterward she left England with her new companion, unknown to all—to Lady Jane as to her parents.

All this time the poor girl was under a moral delirium—a confused fever—haunted by dreams from which she sought to fly.

But when the seas rolled and the dreary equies interposed between her and her lover—when new images presented themselves—when the fever slaked, and reason returned—doubt broke upon the previous despair.

Had she not been too credulous, too hasty? Fool, fool! Audley had been so poor a traitor! How guilty was she, if she had wronged him!

And in the midst of this revulsion of feeling there stirred within her another life. She was destined to become a mother. At that thought her high nature bowed; the last struggle of pride gave way; she would return to England, seek Harley, and from his lips the truth, and even if the truth were what she had been taught to believe, plead not for herself, but for the false one's child.

Some delay occurred, in the then warlike state of affairs on the continent, before she could put this purpose into execution; and on the way, by various obstructions, lengthened the way. But she returned at last, and resought the suburban cottage in which she had lodged before quitting England.

At night she went to Audley's London house; there was only a woman in charge of it. Mr. Egerton went—electrocuting some one; Mr. Levy, his lawyer, called every day for any letters to be forwarded to him.

Nora shrank from seeing Levy, shrank from writing even a letter that would pass through his hands. If she had been deceived, it had been by him, and willfully.

But parliament was already dissolved; the elections would soon be over; Mr. Egerton was expected to return to her with a week. Nora went back to Mrs. Goody's and resolved to wait, devouring her own heart in silence. But the newspapers might inform her where Audley really was, so the newspapers were sent for, and conned daily.

And one morning this paragraph met her eye: "The Earl and Countess of Lansmere are receiving a distinguished party at their country seat. Among the guests is Miss Leslie, whose wealth and beauty have excited such sensation in the fashionable world. To the disappointment of numerous aspirants among our aristocracy, we hear that this lady has, however, made her distinguished choice in Mr. Audley Egerton. That gentleman is now contesting the borough of Lansmere, as a supporter of the government; his success is considered certain, and, according to the report of a large circle of friends, few new members will prove so valuable an addition to the ministerial ranks; a great career may indeed be predicted for a young man so esteemed for talent and character, aided by a fortune so immense as that which he will shortly receive with the hand of the accomplished heiress."

Again the anchor snapped—again the storm descended—again the stars vanished. Nora now was once more under the domination of a single thought, as she had been when she fled from her bridal home. Then, it was to escape from her lover—now, it was to see him. As the victim on the rack implores to be led at once to death, so there are moments when the annihilation of hope seems more merciful than the torment of suspense.

Under the old pollard tree, by the side of John Avenel's house, there cowered, breathless and listening, John Avenel's daughter Nora. Now, when that fatal newspaper paragraph, which lied so like truth, met her eyes, she obeyed the first impulse of her passionate heart—she tore the wedding ring from her finger—she inclosed it, with the paragraph itself, in a letter to Audley—a letter that she designed to convey scorn and pride—alas! it expressed only jealousy and love.

She could not rest till she had put this letter into the post with her own hand, addressed to Audley at Lord Lansmere's. Scarce was it gone ere she repented. What had she done? Resigned the birthright of the child she was so soon to bring into the world—reigning her last hope in her lover's honor—given up her life of life—and from belief in what? A report in the newspaper!

No, no; she would go herself to Lansmere—to her father's home; she could contrive to see Audley before that letter reached his hand. The thought was scarcely conceived before obeyed.

She found a vacant place in a coach that started from London some hours before the mail, and went within a few miles of Lansmere; those last miles she traveled on foot. Exhausted—fainting—she gazed at last the sight of home, and there halted, for in the little garden in front she saw her parents seated.

(To be continued.)

FUN WITH THE CABLE.

SOME time ago the ARGOSY printed an item describing the manner in which some Brooklyn boys make use of the cable road in that city as a motive power for their sleds during the sleighing season. A recent number of the Philadelphia Press tells how certain Quaker City juveniles contrive to make the cable furnish them with amusement all the year round.

Since the Traction Company's cable first began to hum and buzz under Seventh and Ninth Streets, a new course of pleasure has been developed for the small boys of the Fourth Ward. With a piece of string tied to an empty spool they have devised a means of merriment creditable to their ingenuity and exasperating to the police.

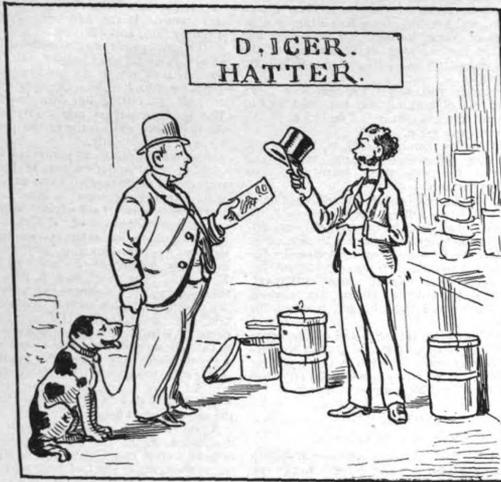
At regular distances along the cable line are revolving wheels over which the cable is whirled. The small boy drops the string through the slot in the street and waits patiently until one of these wheels has twisted the unraveled end of the string around the rough surface of the cable. The cable carries it off on its endless journey at the rate of seven miles an hour with the spool spinning along the top of the slot. The small boy cinches the spool, and that is where the fun comes in. It is very trying to the spools.

The small boy does not confine his efforts to spools. He gives a tomato can an airing every now and then, to the intense disgust of drivers.

Four boys of various ages were indulging in the sport of spool chasing one day when a reporter passed down Ninth Street. They were all on their knees when he first saw them, gazing intently through the iron slot and angling with their pieces of string. At last the wheel "bit," and off went the spools, one after another, in a mad race for first place.

One of the boys told the reporter how he had once driven a nail into a crack of good alder a foot high, of conical shape, and covered it with a doll's dress and head. He tied a string to the nail in the base of the block and sent the doll skimming down the street, to the intense delight of the children of the neighborhood.

Mercy is so good a servant that it will never allow its master to die a beggar. The virtues that he in Warner's Log Cabin Plaster are as beneficial and lasting as the quick relief it gives. Best and cheapest poultice plaster in market.



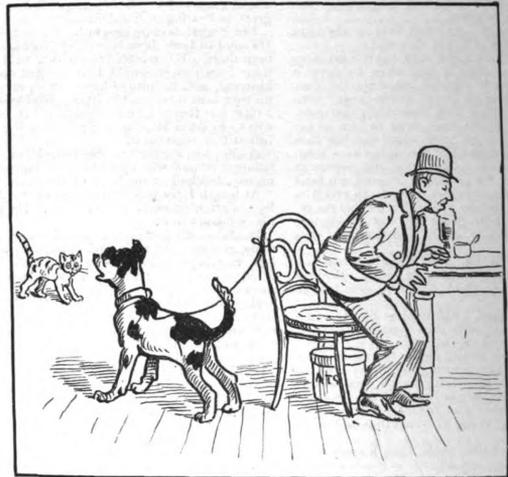
MR. DOBBS VISITS THE CITY, AND PURCHASES A FASHIONABLE AND COSTLY HAT.



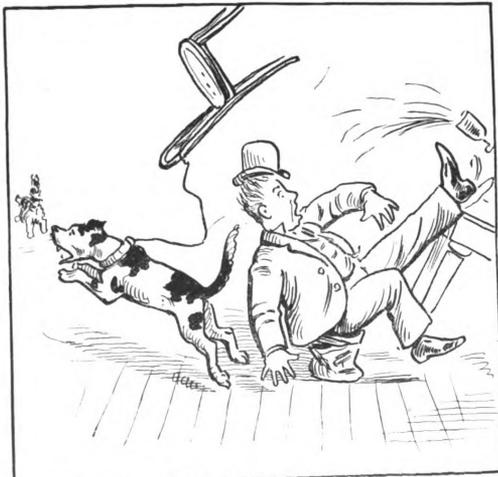
ON THE WAY BACK TO THE STATION, MR. DOBBS ENTERS A LUNCH ROOM.



MR. DOBBS ANCHORS BOXER TO HIS CHAIR, AND SITS DOWN TO A MODEST REPAST.



BOXER SEES A CAT IN THE DISTANCE.



FRANTIC CHARGE OF BOXER, AND SUDDEN OVERTHROW OF MR. DOBBS.



TOTAL WRECK OF THE FASHIONABLE AND COSTLY HAT.

THE TRUE KNIGHT.

BY E. F. ROE.

He best deserves a knightly crest,
Who slays the evils that infest,
His soul within. If victor there,
His soon will find a wider sphere.
The world is cold to him who pleads;
The world bows low to knightly deeds.

[This story was commenced in No. 305.]

→ Bob Lovell, ←
THE YOUNG FIREMAN OF THE AJAX.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT IT MEANT.

THE telegram was without date or signature, and Bob shoved it in the breast pocket of the roundabout of blue duck which he wore when on duty, wondering what it could mean, if indeed it meant anything in which he had a warrant to feel interested.

It was the name "Dead Man's Hollow" that roused his curiosity. That was the scene of the accident some months before, and there was little likelihood of his ever forgetting it. He pushed the furnace door shut with his foot, and looked up at Matt; but the engineer was still standing with his hand on the lever, his right elbow resting on the slide support, while he was watching the track in front with an intensity which showed he had no time to think of anything else.

"I'll wait till we get to the Junction," concluded Bob, "and then show it to him."

The down mail arrived before they started, so that there was a clear run to the intersection of the railway lines. This distance, as you will recall, was forty miles. There were several stations along the stretch of road, but they were attended to by the accommodation train.

"After all," thought Bob, "it may mean nothing, but, if it does, it is Providence which willed the message to me."

There was little time for "loafing" on Ajax, when he was skurrying across the country with three or four loaded cars behind him. He consumed steam fast, and, though he devoured hard coal, the intervals were not long between the times when Bob had to open the furnace door and shovel in the big lumps that seemed instantly to burst into luminous heat, which swept through the long, narrow tubes in the front part of the boiler, and kept the steam gauge above one hundred degrees.

Then, when not otherwise employed, he slipped up to his seat on the left of the cab and pulled the bell rope as they thundered over the crossings or shot by the way stations. Two ropes were attached to the bell, and, when Bob was busy at something else, Matt's left hand seized the one on his side and swung the musical appendage.

By and by Bob jerked down his cap, took a long needed oil can from its cup-like resting place at the end of the boiler, unhooked the narrow door, which instantly swung back as if struck by a tornado, and then the youth stepped out and began picking his way toward the front of the engine.

He seemed to be in a frightfully perilous situation, as he carried the oil can in one hand, and the snow was whirled in blinding eddies about him; but Bob was sure footed and knew just where to step. Pausing for a minute at the corner of the engine, he stooped down and held the can inverted until the cups over the cylinder chest received their supply. Then Matt caught sight of his fireman coming round the other corner, where, having performed the same duty, he approached the engineer, who opened his door and moved aside to allow him to step within, when the door was instantly hooked fast again. Matt resumed his position, neither he nor Bob having spoken a word, while the latter, hastily returning the can to its place, fastened his own door and sat down to wait a few minutes before shoveling more coal into the insatiable maw of Ajax.

By this time the ground was white in every direction with snow, the billion particles eddying with blinding vigor through the air. The weather was not very cold, though had the engineer been compelled to expose himself like his brethren on many of the European railways, he soon would have frozen to death.

When we look at the glaring highlight of a locomotive, miles distant at night, we are apt to think that the engineer is thus enabled to see a long way ahead; but it is a mistake. He cannot see far, and he drives forward at tremendous speed, depending on the signals and trusting that the track is clear. Should you

ever be seated on the engine of a night express, your first surprise will be to learn the slight distance your vision can penetrate with the aid of the headlight.

The steel rails of the I. & O. were laid with great accuracy and the road bed was excellent, yet Ajax bounded and swayed at times as though the depressions and irregularities of the track were half a foot in extent. There is something extraordinary in the sensitiveness of a swiftly running locomotive to the most trifling unevenness of the rails.

Bob Lovell never slighted his duties when on the engine. He knew just when to shovel in coal, when to adjust the furnace door open for a few inches, or to its full extent, when to oil the machinery, and at what moment to rest. He watched the action of the engine as the physician watches the countenance and pulse of the patient fluttering between life and death.

It was this fact which rendered him a model fireman. The engineer never found his steam running low through any fault of Bob, and, not being compelled to give him any suggestion, he was able to fix his undivided attention on his own duties.

But, though Bob Lovell was as vigilant as ever, he could not drive that strange telegram

hand climbing toward the figures 12, which it must reach before it would be ten minutes past eight.

"You're doing splendidly," called the cheery voice of Twomey, the conductor, as he appeared at the cab with his arm thrust through the middle part of his lantern; "I gave you a half hour extra to make the Junction."

"She's a beauty," said the delighted Matt, stepping down from his place so that he, the conductor, and the fireman stood immediately in front of the closed furnace door, one or two of the feet resting on the floor of the tender.

"How about the run to Ofalca?" asked the conductor.

"You musn't expect Ajax to do what can't be done; the storm is heavier off there, the run is longer, and there will be plenty of snow on the track; she slipped considerable, and she's going to have a rough time of it before we strike Dead Man's Hollow."

"That reminds me," said Bob, who had been waiting for a chance to speak of the telegram, "of something very strange."

He then hurriedly told about the slip of yellow paper that had been blown in his face, and which he caught on the fly, as he expressed it. The engineer and conductor listened with inter-

couldn't pick out any train robbers if I were offered a thousand dollars.

"I have no doubt some of them are there; they mean to stop us at the Hollow and rob the express car. Why can't I go in and help Hamilton and Powell defend it?"

"Have you any weapon?"

"Nothing in the way of firearms."

"Then you have no business there, and how could Matt get along without you?"

"I wouldn't enter the express car till just before we reached the Hollow."

But Twomey shook his head.

"It might do if you were armed, but they would make short work with you with their weapons."

CHAPTER XII.

THREE BELLS.

FIVE minutes is a short time in which to make arrangements to meet the attack of a gang of train robbers. It was enough, however, and had a longer period been necessary, Conductor Twomey would not have hesitated to take it.

Several plans were hurriedly discussed. The most simple was that a party of a half dozen men should be secured at the Junction, and, after being provided with arms, be taken aboard as an escort for the treasure in the express car.

This seemed a simple and obvious precaution, but Bob Lovell showed that it was impracticable. It would take a long time to get six persons together, since none were abroad during the storm. More than likely five out of every six would decline to run the risk, unless guaranteed a liberal price, which no one had the right to warrant. The most that could be said was that the express company would be likely to pay well for such services; and that would not secure the kind of crew that was wanted.

There were still other objections which the three men saw. The escort, not knowing the strength of the assailants, would be likely to show the white feather at the critical moment, and refuse to make an effective resistance. It might be that among them some confederate of the law breakers would manage to insinuate himself. These and still other considerations caused the plan to be abandoned within two minutes after it was brought forward.

The conductor, with some doubts, asked whether it was not possible to procure enough armed men on the train, who would combine to resist the assault. Before either of his friends could answer, he smiled and added:

"It wouldn't work; the moment the train stopped, they would take to the woods and run."

You need not be told that there was good ground for this assertion. It had happened more than once that a single man has held up a stage coach containing six or eight persons possessing weapons, and long ago that three robbers would manage to insinuate himself. These and still other considerations caused the plan to be abandoned within two minutes after it was brought forward.

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"I have it," said Matt Fields, at the end of the five minutes; "I will slow down before we reach Dead Man's Hollow, and be on the watch for anything on the track. They will put some obstruction on the rails and then signal me to stop. I will do so, at such a distance that I will have time to reverse before they can reach me. They will not be expecting anything of the kind, and I will be able to get a start which will take us out of their reach."

"That is an odd arrangement," observed Bob Lovell with a smile, "but suppose there are confederates on board? There may be a dozen for all we know."

"Then the plan won't work," replied Matt, "for if that number get in the cars they will do as they please."

"They will be able to rob the passengers, but they will have a fight to capture the express car. Twomey, you must get through the cars like a detour, and spot every suspicious passenger aboard."

"I will do so," was the response. "It will take fifteen or twenty minutes, and when I am through I will let you know the number."

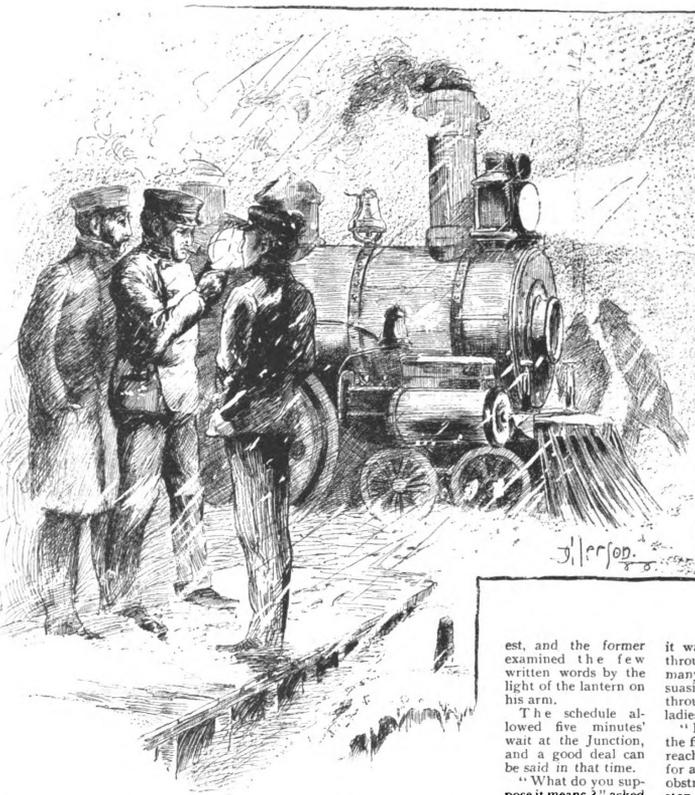
"How?"

"I will pull the bell cord, striking the bell once for each person whom I am not satisfied. You will not confound the signal with any other."

"I know your touch too well," answered Matt with a grin.

"Meanwhile," added Twomey, "I will post Hamilton and Powell against admitting any visitors. They are plucky fellows, and will be sure to make a sturdy fight. Go ahead!"

The conductor stepped upon the platform and Bob pulled the bell. Ajax sent out a labored puff, followed instantly by a score of rapid ones that ran together, the wheels slipping because of the snow. Matt instantly shut



BOB SHOWS THE MYSTERIOUS TELEGRAM TO THE CONDUCTOR.

from his mind. The conviction became stronger than ever that the words "Tonight—Dead Man's Hollow" meant that night, and that in some way the Express was concerned.

Ajax behaved magnificently. The gale carried most of the snow off the rails, which glistened cold and smooth in the glare of the headlight, but enough lingered here and there to make the track slippery at times. Now and then Matt felt the wheels slide for one or two revolutions, but they quickly caught their grip again, and the veteran was sure of every rod of the tremendous speed of the charger, which, as his proud master declared, was the swiftest engine on the road.

At last Matt shut off steam and began slowing up for the Junction. The lights of the station could not be seen through the blinding storm, but the veteran was sure of every rod of the way, and required no such aid. The engine was almost at a standstill when the misty signals loomed in view and Ajax came to a dead stop beyond the crossing.

The engineer took out his watch, and held its face toward Bob with a smile. The timepiece was furnished by the company and had no superior. The Night Express was due at the Junction at ten minutes past eight. It should have left Irondale at seven five, but it was more than five minutes late. A blinding snow storm was raging, and yet, when Bob looked closely at the face of Matt's watch, he saw the second

The conductor had become pale, and, though his voice was calm, it was evident he was laboring under suppressed excitement.

The safe in the baggage car has fifty thousand dollars in gold, consigned to Wells & Fargo."

This announcement came like a burst of sunshine into a darkened room.

"I think you can guess its meaning now," added the conductor.

"It's what I've said many a time," remarked Matt; "that is, if the train robbers held us up anywhere it would be near the spot where Ajax took a tumble down the bank."

"Who would have thought it?" muttered the conductor; "down in New Mexico or some of the Territories train robbing is one of the regular industries of the country; but here—"

"There is no use of stopping to wonder," remarked Bob, who appreciated the value of the flying minutes. "It looks as if a robbery is to be attempted at Dead Man's Hollow; what can be done to defeat the scamps?"

"Powell and Hamilton are both on duty tonight."

Erskine Hamilton and Kirtland Powell had charge of the express and baggage car. They were active men and courageous, and of course always went fully armed.

"Have you noticed any suspicious parties on board?" continued Bob.

"No more than are always on the train; I

est, and the former examined the few written words by the light of the lantern on his arm.

The schedule allowed five minutes' wait at the Junction, and a good deal can be said in that time.

"What do you suppose it means?" asked Bob, as Twomey handed him back the paper.

off, jerked back the rod connecting with the sand box over the engine, and as the white granes streamed down the curving pipe, whose mouth was just in front of the base of the forward drivers, he twitched the lever again. The immense weight of the engine ground the silvery sand into paste, but the huge wheels held, and the pace rapidly increased under the judicious nursing of the veteran engineer.

It may be said that conductor Twomey was full of business, he moved briskly down the platform to board his own train, which was laboring forward to meet him. Just then, he was on the lookout for suspicious characters, whom he believed he could discover by their watchfulness of his actions.

There was no person standing on the platform. It would have been strange had any one faced the driving storm when abundance of time had already been given for all to enter the cars; but while the conductor was walking along the platform, he observed a figure ahead of him, going rapidly in the same direction. Twomey halted and swung himself upon the front platform of the forward car, at the same moment that the stranger stepped upon the platform of the rear car.

"It may not mean anything," reflected the conductor, "but I believe that fellow has been watching us, and I'll investigate."

Before doing so he entered the express car, where he gave Hamilton and Powell some interesting information. Their eyes flashed as they learned of the undoubted intention of a party to rob them of the treasure placed in their charge.

Hamilton, who was the larger, though not the more courageous, of the two, pointed to the massive safe in the corner of the car and said to Twomey, with a quiet laugh,

"The money is there, every dollar of the fifty thousand. There's enough, Cal, to make a fellow think of keeping right on to Canada and having a good time. I didn't suppose any one beside you would have it about here, but after all, it's easy enough for those fellows to find out what's going on."

"How are you fixed?" asked the conductor; and it was Powell, the smaller of the two, who answered.

"Each of us here has a couple of Smith & Wessons, and there are worse marksmen than Ersk and I. If we were in the Southwest we would have Winchester as well, but as it is, I think we'll make things rather lively, Ersk, eh?"

Hamilton nodded his head as though the coming affray was likely to afford keen enjoyment to both, and, after some more unimportant conversation, the conductor withdrew and entered the smoker on his hunt for suspicious characters.

Matt Fields was right in forecasting a severe tempest of snow. It was coming harder than ever, and the howling gale seemed to carry it horizontally through the air. Its eddies were so fantastic that now and then a blast whirled into the cab, as if determined to drive out the engineer and freeman from their snug quarters.

Had the circumstances been different, the heavy canvas would have been lowered between the engine and tender, and buckled in place, but Matt wanted elbow room that night.

Ajax began to fret because of the snow. He didn't care how much it dashed into his face or divided in among his joints, for he was tough and could stand it, but it annoyed him when it crept under the soles of his feet, and he began slipping and falling behind his regular pace.

The continual nipping of a mosquito will exaggerate a grain of sand when it snows. He had a sight of a rift of snow that some freak of the gale had twisted across the rails, he seemed to lower his head like Farmer Hirschkind's bull, and, plunging into the drift, sent the snow flying over the smoke stack, the head light, and his front, in such a blinding flurry that for a minute or so neither Bob nor Matt could see anything at all.

This was going it blind indeed. There might be a rock of a hundred tons on the track; a rail might be snapped in two or twisted out of shape; the trestle work might have collapsed, or a dozen other forms of danger threatened, but it could not be learned in time for Ajax to recoil and escape.

But in a brief space he cleared himself of the "dust in his eyes," and the parabolic light was able to project its rays far enough into the gloom to afford a glimpse of what was ahead for a hundred feet or more, but the air and hand brakes together were insufficient to check the train in time to avert striking any obstruction on the track.

From the Junction to Dead Man's Hollow was about thirty miles, and one third of the distance was barely passed, when Matt Fields looked at his watch. He was a quarter of an hour late. At that pace, he could not expect to reach Ofalea until fully an hour after schedule time.

He cared nothing for that, for it might be he never would reach the terminus at all. He was busy wondering whether there was any certain way of defeating the purposes of the miscreants that were robbing the train, and he was thinking of spring upon the intended victim as it came within reach.

But Bob, when not busy with his duties, kept looking up at the bell in the top of the cab, for the signal that the conductor had promised to give them.

"It takes him a long time to make his round," thought the youth, on the point of descending from his seat to shovel more coal into the furnace, "or it may be that there are no suspicious parties aboard—"

At that moment, when his eyes were fixed on the flat circular bell screwed on the under side of the top of the cab, Bob saw the clapper jerked back by the thin cord, which instantly loosened so as to permit the spring to drive it against the metal with a clear ringing sound, plainly heard amid the rush and roar on the engine.

The movement was repeated twice, and then ceased. The three distinct sounds were the message from the conductor, and said as plainly as so many words could have done—

"I have discovered three suspicious characters aboard."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE FORM ON THE FRONT PLATFORM.

MATT FIELDS did not speak, but looking across at his freeman, their eyes met with an expression which showed they understood each other.

It was a few minutes after this, that the engineer was surprised to note an abatement in the storm. The wind continued to blow with great violence, but the fall of snow was perceptibly lessening. The air grew clearer, and the extent of his vision up the road as a consequence increased.

If this continued, there was little to fear from anything in the nature of a snow blockade. The gale would whirl the wathery particles in windrows here and there across the track, but not to an extent that could seriously check the progress of Ajax.

At each corner of the pilot was fastened a strong splint broom, which reached almost to the rail directly beneath. The stiff wire-like splinters were wound and bent backward by the friction against the steel bars beneath, but they served a partial purpose when the snow rose a few inches above the rails. There was no call for the cumbersome snow plow, until the drifts became packed to the depth of several feet.

The road was wide enough to observe the abatement in the snow fall. Intimately acquainted as he was with every part of the road, he could not be expected to locate himself so long as he was unable to see the landmarks spinning by.

In order to carry out the singular plan he had formed, he must have an unobstructed view of the road for some distance; and that could not be gained, so long as the snow storm raged with such fury.

The "hold up," if it should take place, would be at Dead Man's Hollow, but the name, under the circumstances, was an expansive one, and the question whether it was to take place to the right or eastward must remain unanswered until the event itself.

Bob had given Ajax another dose of fuel, closed the furnace door and resumed his seat on the left of the cab, with his hand grasping the bell rope, when, without any special purpose, he looked back. The express car had no window, but the cracks of the door and two narrow ones on each side guarded by iron bars, but to all intents and purposes the car was a small fort on wheels.

The abatement of the snow storm enabled Bob by the faint light from the lanterns in the cab to catch the outlines of the front of the express car. The cracks of the door and the recesses of the framework were filled with snow, which, however, did not cling to the smooth, yellow painted surface.

Was he mistaken? Directly in front of the door, on the platform next to the tender, he saw what seemed to be the figure of a person standing motionless and silent, as if watching the men in the cab of the engine.

The freeman gazed intently, and a minute later concluded he was mistaken. He turned his head away, for just then the bell over the boiler sounded. They were approaching a red signal, and Matt gave his rope a yank to remind Bob of his duty. The latter pulled the cord regularly until they shot by, when he turned his head and looked back.

"There's a man there as sure as I'm alive," he said to himself.

You know that when you glance casually at the Pleiades, you can see seven stars; but, if you gaze intently, one of them seems to withdraw modestly from view and you can only count six. Something of the same nature took place with Bob, the figure gradually fading from sight under his scrutiny until he doubted his vision.

The second glance settled it; the man was there, where he had no right to be. A simple means of removing the last vestige of doubt was at his command. Slipping off his seat, he swung the furnace door open. Instantly the glare from the flaming coal struck the front of the express car with a power which brought to view every black line forming the ornamentation of the front.

Bob stood bolt upright and started backward. There was no man in sight!

"That beats the mischief!" he muttered, "and I must have been mistaken after all." There was, no call to keep the furnace door open, and Matt looked down at the freeman, as if to learn why he did so. Bob said nothing, but kicked and latched the door, without shoveling in any coal.

The time had come to make another circuit of the engine, which needed oiling, and the youth did it with the thoroughness and certainty that he would have displayed had it been stationary.

Once more resuming his seat, after closing the door in front, he glanced behind him.

There was the figure again!

"I understand it," said the youth to himself. "When I opened the door he dropped down behind the tender, and did not rise till the door was closed."

Stepping up beside Matt he shouted in his ear: "Look back at the express car and tell me whether you see anything."

Without removing his hand from the lever, Matt leaned his head down and peered behind him.

"There's a man on the platform!" "Who do you suppose he is?" asked Matt. "How should I know?"

"He is either a tramp or one of them," Matt's waggery could not be repressed, and he added, "Perhaps he is one of Cal's suspicious characters, and he has sent him out there to see what we think of him."

"Watch him now," added Bob, who stooped down and once more drew back the furnace door.

The fellow ducked out of sight like a figure in pantomime, but a moment after the furnace was shut, he came up again.

Bob stood a moment in deep thought. Then he flung several shovelfuls into the furnace, though there was no call to do so, but he had decided on a course of action, and he was preparing for it.

Stepping up once more beside the engineer he said:

"Matt, I'm going back to that fellow." "What for?" "I want to learn something about him." "Don't you do it; he flung you off or shoot you."

"I think not; I'll let him suppose I believe him a tramp, and want to show him some kindness."

"I advise you against it, but go ahead, if you want to."

Without any more delay, Bob Lovell began clambering over the coal in the tender toward the man, who must have viewed his approach with strange feelings.

(To be continued.)

[This story commenced in No. 298.]

Dean Dunham;

OR,

THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

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

CHAPTER XXXII.

TWO NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

DEAN had no particular choice as to the direction he would take. His principal desire was to get out of the neighborhood, so as to avoid meeting Kirby or Dan, as this would insure a second term of imprisonment from which he could not hope to escape so easily. He had a general idea of the location of the cabin in which he had passed the previous night, and he shaped his course as far away from as possible. He looked at his watch, which Kirby had neglected to take, and found that it was between four and five in the afternoon. He did not know how far the wooded district extended, but hoped soon to emerge from it.

It might have been that he was bewildered, but rather he traveled the more he seemed to be surrounded by trees. Moreover the shades were deepening, and soon the night would settle about him.

"I wish I had a compass," thought Dean. "That would help me find my way out of this labyrinth."

He had met no one as yet, and this was upon the whole a relief, as the persons most likely to be encountered were Kirby and Dan. But at length a sound of voices fell upon his ear, and he stayed his steps in momentary alarm. He listened intently, but was reassured when he found that the voices were unfamiliar.

"It may be some one who can show me the way out of these woods," thought Dean. "At any rate I don't believe they will harm a boy. I will try to find them."

Guided by the voices he directed his steps in the direction of the sound, and found himself at length in an open space. Under a tree, reclined two stalwart men who, from their garb, appeared to be miners. They were lying in an easy position, and both were smoking pipes.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said Dean politely.

The two men looked up in surprise. "Why, it's a kid!" ejaculated one. "How came you here, boy?"

"I'll tell you, if you don't mind my joining you," said Dean.

"Come and welcome! It's rather refreshing to see a young chap like you. I've got a boy at home who is within a year or two as old as you."

"I am sixteen." "So I thought. My boy is fourteen. What is your name?" "Dean Dunham. I come from Waterford, New York."

"Then you are from my State. I am from Syracuse. My name is Rawson—Ben Rawson. My friend here is Ebenezer Jones, commonly called Eben, a Connecticut Yankee—Eben, shake with our young friend."

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Jones," said Dean, extending his hand with a smile.

"You must look out for Eben," said Rawson jocosely. "Them Connecticut Yankees are as sharp as they make 'em."

"I will risk it," said Dean. "I am very glad to meet you both, for I was beginning to feel that I was lost."

"Eben and I are too good mountaineers to be easily lost. How long have you been in these woods?"

"Since yesterday noon." "Did you sleep out?" "No, I found a cabin where I lodged."

"You were in luck." "In bad luck." "Besides, that's not the way to do it." "Were you robbed?"

"No, but I found myself in the company of two men who I am pretty sure belong to a gang of robbers. One of them I had seen before—at the East. They blindfolded me, and took me to a cavern, where they left me in charge of a negro named Pompey."

"What could be their object?" asked Rawson. "You are sure you're not romancing, boy?"

"I wish I were, but the cave exists, just as certainly as I do."

"But of what use is it?" "I think it is a hiding place for their booty."

"How is that?" "I gave an account of the chest which he had opened, and the nature of its contents."

"Why didn't you take a handful of the gold?" asked Rawson.

"At the time I didn't know but I should have to remain in the cave, when of course it would be discovered. Besides, though I knew it to be stolen property I didn't feel like taking it."

"Eben and I wouldn't be so particular. Whereabouts is this cave?"

"I think it must be three or four miles away, but I may be mistaken, for I got turned round, and may have strayed on my tracks. I have been afraid I might fall in with Kirby and Dan. When I heard your voices I thought at first it might be them."

"You're safe now, lad. We would be more than a match for them, even if they did turn up. I shouldn't mind giving them a lesson. But you haven't told us what brought you out here, lad."

"I thought I might make a better living than a match for them, even if they did turn up. I shouldn't mind giving them a lesson. But you haven't told us what brought you out here, lad."

"I thought I might make a better living than a match for them, even if they did turn up. I shouldn't mind giving them a lesson. But you haven't told us what brought you out here, lad."

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what I mean. There's more gold where the other came from, and I hope the claims will pan out well for your sake."

Dean felt that he had indeed fallen into good hands. He might have traveled far enough in the East without meeting strangers so free handed. Indeed had he met the same parties at home, he would scarcely have found them so liberal. The wild free life of the West had opened their hearts and made them generous.

"Hist!" said Rawson suddenly, raising his hand, and assuming an intent look. "I think I hear voices."

He was right. Two men, walking slowly, and appearing to be in earnest conversation, approached. "It's Dan and Kirby!" said Dean in excitement.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OUT OF THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

"BEN and I will hide and leave you to receive them alone," said Rawson, rising hastily.

"But—" expostulated Dean in considerable alarm.

"Don't be afraid, lad. They shan't do you any harm. We want a little fun, that's all. We shall be close at hand."

The two darted behind a tree, leaving Dean reclining on the turf.

Kirby and Dan approached, engaged apparently in earnest conversation. They were close upon Dean before they recognized him. It is needless to say that their amazement was profound.

"Look there, Dan!" said Kirby, stopping short. "There's the kid!"

"Well, I'm beat!" ejaculated Dan.

"How on earth can he have escaped? If he got away without Pompey's knowledge he's about the smartest youngster I ever came across. I will take care it shan't happen again."

Striding forward Kirby confronted Dean with a stern face.

Dean, by way of carrying out the deception, started and assumed a look of terror.

"What does all this mean, boy?" demanded Kirby.

"What does what mean?" asked Dean in apparent perplexity.

"How came you here? You know well enough what I mean."

"I walked," answered Dean demurely.

"Of course you did! How did you get out of the place where you put you?"

"I went out at the back door."

Kirby turned to Dan in alarm.

"Was it unlocked?" he asked, resuming his examination of the boy.

"Yes; if it hadn't been I couldn't have got out."

"Where is Pompey—the negro? What did you do to him?" asked Kirby suspiciously.

"He fell asleep after dinner."

"And I suppose you took the key from him in his sleep," said Kirby, rather as a statement than an inquiry.

Dean made no reply, and Peter Kirby took this as an admission that he was right.

"That must be the way, Dan," he said, turning to his companion. "It's lucky we met our young friend here, or we might have been deprived of his society."

Dean looked depressed, and Kirby was deceived by his manner.

"I suppose you know what's going to happen?" he said, addressing himself to Dean.

"No."

"Well, you'll soon know. You're going back to keep company with Pompey. He is very lonesome there in the cave, and he will be brightened up by having a boy as company."

"Oh, Mr. Kirby, please let me go on my way!" pleaded Dean.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but it can't be done. Sit down, Dan. We've got a long walk before us, and we will rest a while."

The two men seated themselves one on each side of Dean, occupying the exact places recently vacated by the two miners. Kirby had been angry at first with Dean, but the exultation he felt at recovering him abated his wrath and made him good natured. He felt like the cat who has the mouse securely in his power.

"Oho!" he laughed, "this is a good joke! This foolish lad really supposed that he had bidden us good by. Didn't you, lad?"

"Yes; I never expected to see you again."

Kirby laughed again.

"My lad," he said, "you are not yet smart enough to circumvent Peter Kirby. You'll have to be several years older at least."

"Mr. Kirby," said Dean earnestly, "will you tell me why you want to keep me a prisoner?"

"Suppose I say that I like your society?"

"I shouldn't believe you."

"You are a sharp one, youngster. That isn't the only reason."

"So I thought. What is the reason, then?"

"You know too much and suspect too much, boy. You're a pesky young spy. We don't propose to leave you at liberty to injure us."

"Was that why Squire Bates arranged for you to take me with you?" asked Dean, with a penetrating look.

"What motive could he have except to help you to a position?" answered Kirby evasively.

"I don't know," answered Dean, emphasizing the last word.

"But you suspect something. Is that it?" Dean nodded.

"Boy, you are too candid for your own

good. It is clear that you are too sharp to be kept at liberty."

"Do you mean to take me back to the cave?"

"Yes."

"Why not let me travel with you instead? I should prefer it to such a gloomy prison."

"No doubt you would, but, as it happens, I am not bound to respect or consult your wishes. No doubt you think you would have a better chance to escape if I let you go with me."

"Yes," answered Dean demurely.

"So I thought, and that is the very reason I can't gratify you. I can't be bothered with a boy I must constantly watch, though, for that matter, if you played me false again," he added sternly, "I shouldn't scruple to put a bullet through your head."

He looked fiercely at Dean as if he meant it. Dean had no doubt that nothing but a fear of the consequences would deter him from the desperate act he hinted at, and he rejoiced more than he cared to show that he had two stalwart friends so near at hand.

There was a little more conversation between Kirby and Dan, and then Kirby rose to his feet.

"Well, boy," he said abruptly, "it is time for us to go."

"Go, I don't like, Mr. Kirby!" said Dean quietly. "I prefer to remain where I am."

"What, boy?" exclaimed Kirby angrily, "do you mean to defy us?"

"I mean, Mr. Kirby, that you have no right to interfere with me, or to deprive me of my freedom."

"No right, have I?" inquired Kirby in a sarcastic tone.

"That is what I said."

"Then, boy, you'd better not have said it. You won't fare any better for it, I can tell you that. Come, get up, and at once!"

Dean turned over and grasping Dean by the collar pulled him roughly to his feet.

The next moment, he thought he had been struck by lightning. He received a blow on the side of his head that stretched him full length on the ground.

When he rose, vaguely wondering what had happened, he confronted not the boy he had assaulted, but a strong athletic man, with a powerful frame, and a stern, resolute eye.

This was Rawson, but he was not alone. Standing between Dean and Dan was another man, younger, but looking quite as powerful, Eben Jones, of Connecticut.

"What do you mean by this outrage?" demanded Kirby, with a baffled look, gnawing his nether lip in abortive wrath.

"That's a question for me to ask, stranger," retorted Rawson coolly. "What do you mean by assaulting this boy?"

"What do I mean? He is my servant, who has deserted and deceived me."

"Is this true, lad?"

"No, it isn't. I came West with this man, as a secretary, not knowing his character. I found out that he was a thief and then I left him."

"You shall answer for this, boy!" said Kirby, almost frothing at the mouth. "How dare you insult me?"

"The boy is telling the truth. I make no doubt, if you call that insulting you," said Rawson. "He tells us you shut him up in a cave."

"Yes, and I'll do it again."

"Will you indeed? You are at liberty to try."

"What have you got to do with the boy, any way?"

"A good deal. We have just admitted him as a partner in our mining firm. You'll find us in Gilpin County if you want to call, though on the whole I wouldn't advise it, as we miners make short shrift of such fellows as you are."

"The boy must come with us!" said Kirby, doggedly, unwilling to own himself beaten.

"I've got something to say to that, stranger, and it's quickly said. Make yourselves scarce both of you, or you'll never know what hit you."

He pulled fir an his girdle a six shooter, and pointed it at Kirby.

The latter needed no second hint. He and Dan turned and walked away, muttering some angry threats to which the two miners paid no heed.

"Now, lad, we'll have some supper," said Rawson, "and look out for a good place to pass the night. I can't say much for your friends. They're about as ugly looking knaves as I've seen."

"I agree with you," said Dean, heartily. "I hope I shall never see them again."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SIX MONTHS AMONG THE MINES.

SIX months later among the hills in Gilpin County we find three old acquaintances.

They are Ben Rawson, Ebenezer Jones, and Dean Dunham. Dean has grown taller, and there is a healthy brown hue on his cheeks. His eyes are bright, and his look is cheerful.

The three are sitting in front of a miner's cabin, resting after the fatigues of the day.

"Have a pipe, Dean?" asks Rawson.

"No, Ben; you know I don't smoke."

"You're right, lad, no doubt, but I couldn't get along without it. Do you know, boys, it is just six months today since we came here, after

our brief interview with Dean's friends. By the way, what are their names?"

"Peter Kirby and Dan—I don't know his last name."

"I wonder what has become of them. It is easy to tell what will befall them at last."

"I hope I shall never set eyes on them again," said Dean, fervently.

"Well, I won't just say that; I might like to meet them if they were about to receive their deserts."

"Do you know how we stand, Rawson?" asked Eben Jones, taking the pipe from his mouth.

"I was just figuring up, Eben, this afternoon, sit you have made me treasurer. There's a little over three thousand dollars in the common fund."

"A thousand dollars apiece?"

"Precisely. It isn't a bad showing, is it? What do you say to that, Dean? How old are you?"

"Seventeen, but I am nearer seventeen."

"Then, not a many boy of your age who are worth a thousand dollars."

"I owe it to your kindness, Ben—yours and Eben's."

"I don't admit that, Dean. You have worked hard for it."

"But I am only a boy, and yet you admit me to an equal partnership."

"And we're glad to do it, Dean," said Rawson, warmly. "Isn't that so, Eben?"

"You're talkin' for us both, Ben. The kid's been a great deal of company for us."

Besides, Dean, Eben and I have got ten thousand dollars between us in a bank at Denver, unless the bank's busted, which I haven't heard of. I say, Eben, old chap, I feel rich!"

"I feel rich enough to go home," said Eben, after a thoughtful pause. "Would you mind if I did, Ben?"

"I should mind so much, Eben, that I should probably go along with you."

"But that would be leaving Dean alone," objected Eben.

"Perhaps he would like to make a trip East also."

"Yes, I would," said Dean. "It's a long time since I've heard from my uncles and aunt. I think my last letter couldn't have reached them."

"There's one thing in the way," observed Rawson. "Our claims are valuable—more so than six months ago. If we leave 'em some one will take possession, and that'll be the end of our ownership."

"Sell 'em!" said Eben, concisely.

"That will take time."

"I'll stay till it's done. I'm not going to give 'em away."

"Trust a Connecticut Yankee for that," said Rawson, laughing. "Well, tomorrow, then, we'll let our neighbors know that our claims are for sale."

Dean at this two friends retired at an early hour. They usually became fatigued by the labors of the day, and did not require to court slumber long. They rose early, and took their breakfast at a restaurant near by. Before this was opened, they took turns at cooking breakfast themselves, but were glad to delegate that duty to some one else.

Dean, as the best penman, prepared the sign

THESE CLAIMS FOR SALE.

rather fortunately, as Rawson was weak not only in writing but in spelling, and would have been very likely to write "Theas claims fer sail," without a thought that he had committed an error.

About nine o'clock on the second morning, a small man, dressed in a drab suit, walked leisurely up to Rawson, and remarked: "I understand that you wish to sell these claims."

"Exactly, if we can get a fair price."

"By we you mean—?"

"Myself, Mr. Jones and the boy. We are partners. Where might you be from, friend?"

"I have an office in Denver. I am commissioned by a Philadelphia syndicate to buy some mining property, which will be worked with the help of improved machinery in a systematic manner."

"Then you will need more than we have to sell."

"I have secured the property on each side of you," said the agent, composedly.

"What figures are you prepared to offer?" asked Rawson, with a look of business. "I don't want to be extortionate, but the claims are good ones, and we don't want to sacrifice them."

"I've ensued a few minutes of bargaining, in which Dean took no part. Eben, though usually the most sient of the three, now developed the qualities characteristic of the New England Yankee, and it was due to him that the property was sold for six thousand dollars. I might have got more if I'd stood out a little longer," he said, half regretfully.

"We've done pretty well, though," said Rawson, complacently. "It's two thousand dollars apiece, say three, with what we've taken from it in the last six months. What do you say to that, lad, I'll go home with three thousand dollars."

"You'll be as well possible, Ben. Why, Uncle Adin has been at work forty years, and I don't believe the old place would fetch that."

"Money's easier to come at than in the old times. You'll astonish the old folks, lad."

"There'll be some others that'll be surprised," said Dean, smiling. "Squire Bates and Brandon among the rest."

"It's better than going home like a tramp. It's strange how much more people think of you when you're worth a little property. And I don't know but they're right. To get money, I mean honestly, a man must have some brains, and he must be willing to work. How much money do you think I had when I arrived here?"

"I don't know."

"Eighteen dollars. It was grit or brains with me. I can tell you. Eben here wasn't much better off."

"Not so well. I only had nine dollars."

"And now we've got eight thousand apiece. That'll make us comfortable for a while, eh, Eben?"

"For life, Rawson. I shall never come back here, but settle down at home, where people will call me a rich man."

"I can't answer for myself. How is it with you, Dean?"

"I shall come back," said Dean, positively. "There's very little chance for me in Waterford."

"Well, perhaps you are right. You'll have a fair start, and you're industrious and enterprising."

They stopped in Denver on their way home, and called at the office of the agent through whom their claims had been sold.

"Gentlemen," said the agent, "may I venture to give you some advice?"

"Certainly," said Rawson.

"The best thing you can do with a part of your money is to invest in real estate in this town."

Eben Jones shook his head.

"I'm going to buy a farm at home, and put the rest of the money in the savings bank," he said.

"How is it with you, Mr. Rawson?"

"No doubt your advice is good, but I want to let the folks at home see what I have brought in solid cash."

"And you?" continued the agent, turning to Dean.

"I will invest two thousand dollars in Denver lots," said Dean, promptly, "and take the rest home as a present for my uncle and aunt."

"You won't regret it. Denver is growing rapidly. I predict that the lots will double in your hands in a year."

Dean took a walk round the embryo city with the agent, and made a purchase of ten lots on Lawrence Street in accordance with his judgment.

"Now," said the agent, smiling, "I shall be sure to see you out here again."

(To be continued.)

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

ADVERTISING EXTRAORDINARY.

Toy printing presses have been on the market for several years, some of them so small that "Diamond" has been a peculiarly appropriate name for them. But it has been left for an advertising dodge to cap the climax in this direction.

An inventive genius lately offered his services to a Chicago boot and shoe dealer as a medium of making known to the public the superiority of his particular line of foot gear by simply walking through the principal streets at night and leaving impressions of the dealer's cards on the sidewalks, in readiness to catch the eye of the pedestrian public in the morning. The device by which this was to be accomplished was a sort of miniature printing machine concealed in the wooden sole of the advertising agent's shoe, with bristles instead of type as the medium of impressing the ink—conveyed by a tube down the leg—on the flagstones.

It certainly seems that nowadays more brain cudgeling is done in the effort to hit on novel ways of bringing the knowledge of a manufactured article to the public, than is expended in getting up the article in the first place.

CATCHING COLD IN A WOODEN LEG.

As oft suggested remedy for toothache is that the sufferer therefrom go to a dentist and have the tooth out. But with any other part of the body, strange as it may seem, this heroic treatment would be quite useless. At any rate, this is what we may argue from what a man with a wooden leg told a New York Telegram reporter the other day.

"Yes, there is feeling in an artificial limb as well as in the real flesh and blood. Take my case, for instance. In the winter if I put a thin stocking on the wooden leg and a heavy woollen one on the good foot, sure as you live the wooden foot will get cold and stay so until I put on a heavier stocking."

"I knew a man who lost a joint of one of his fingers. He put it in alcohol to harden and now wears it as a watch charm. Every time the mutilated finger itches, he scratches it with his odd watch chain and the itching disappears. I could tell you a dozen stories of like character, all of which tend to prove the truth of what I have said."

WARNER'S Log Cabin Remedies—old fashioned, simple compounds, used in the days of our hardy forefathers, are "old timers" but "old reliable," they comprise

- "Cough and Consumption Remedy,"
- "Hair Tonic,"
- "Extract," for External and Internal Use,
- "Balmers,"
- "Rose Cream," for Corns, and "Liver Pills." They are put up by H. H. Warner & Co., proprietors of Warner's Safe Remedies, and promise to equal the standard value of those great preparations. All druggists keep them.



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 FRANK A. MUNSEY, PUBLISHER,
 31 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK

WORRY AND WORK.

HAVE our readers, any of them, ever found themselves discouraged by the magnitude or multitude of the tasks set them to do? And have they ever noted how Worry over it made the burden all the heavier, or reflected that Work would lighten it at once?

Worry is such a senseless factor in human emotions, for often it is exercised over possible impending calamities that never befall, and thus a quantity of nerve tissue has been wasted wholly, irreparably, and to no purpose. When Worry next threatens to ensnare you, see if Work will not drive him off.

AGING A MAN TO ORDER.

WE believe there are but three classes of people who desire to look older rather than younger than they really are—boys in knee breeches, girls in short frocks, and doctors in their twentys. For it is the gray beards who are the most successful in medicine.

Lawyers and ministers often rise to eminence before they reach middle life, but doctors more rarely. Indeed, his youth is most generally the hardest thing a recently graduated M. D. has to contend with. People are shy about risking their bodies where they would not hesitate to intrust their souls or their property.

But according to a Western paper, the barbers have stepped forward to the young doctors' assistance. By persistently dressing the hair and beard of a customer in a certain way, they warrant to make him look like a middle aged man in a month.

THE JOY OF WORKING.

ALTHOUGH these autumn months emphasize with falling leaves and shortened daylight the approaching close of the calendar year, they witness at the same time the reopening of another season of work. Business takes on a fresh impetus after the summer lull, schools resume their sessions, and all through the land the hum of industry is at its loudest.

We trust that all our readers return to their tasks with ready hand and brain, and a cheerful face, and that Blue Monday humor is conspicuous by its absence. If "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," all play and no work would speedily render him a desperate one, however inviting it may seem in prospective, for "variety is the spice of life."

Let work then be appreciated as the blessing it really is and not regarded as a bugbear to be struggled through with for the mere sake of the daily bread that is earned thereby.

"PIRATE ISLAND."

The October Issue of Munsey's Popular Series.

NUMBER Fifteen of our successful library for young folks presents a most taking story by HARRY COLLINGWOOD, under the above title. It is the narrative of the remarkable experiences of the passengers and crew of the ship Galatea, after their vessel was destroyed by fire in the Southern Pacific, and they were picked up by the brig Albatross. The latter turns out to be a freebooter, and her captain carries the survivors of the Galatea off to his island home, where he determines to keep them prisoners. They, in turn, form a daring plan for escape from their captivity.

The difficulties that beset them in this task, their adventures in the caves and elsewhere on Pirate Island, and their desperate encounters with the pirates themselves, all this is told with

graphic power, and forms a chain of incidents that holds the reader spell bound from the beginning to the end.

This book, with illustrations by the late I. B. Woodward, is now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers, or it will be sent from this office, post paid, on receipt of the price, 25 cents.

THE present volume of the ARGOSY is now drawing to a close, and no doubt many readers will wish to have complete sets for binding. Any back numbers that are required should be obtained at once, while they can be procured. They can be ordered from any newsdealer, or direct from the office of publication, but the supply is limited, and may soon be exhausted.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

AT the Paris Exposition, to be held next year, an effort will be made to call a congress of representatives of all countries, to consider the question of an international language. The promoters of Volapuk and other similar schemes will of course urge the claims of their pet projects; but why shouldn't English be recommended as the tongue for the world at large? It is already spoken by more than a hundred millions of the most civilized and enterprising people, and that number is rapidly increasing; whereas Volapuk is understood by only a few hundreds or perhaps thousands of enthusiasts.

Perhaps English will actually be the world's language in 1988.

LOOK TO THE ARMS.

"OH, I get plenty of exercise. I walk to and from the office every morning and night."

Such is the reply frequently made by the city man to the comment of friend or physician on the confining nature of his work. But in urging this plea he is ignorant of the fact that arm exercise, and not only leg exercise, is necessary to those who wish to keep the body in perfect physical condition.

A writer in a scientific periodical reiterates the views of certain eminent college professors in asserting that arm exercise, with its chest enlarging tendency, actually increases the capacity for mental work.

Let our town readers then not neglect dumbbells, Indian clubs and other gymnasium appliances under the delusion that "a good long walk" will answer the same purpose.

HUMAN TORPEDOES.

A NEW and curious element may be introduced into naval warfare, if we may judge from the result of experiments recently made in Europe. Some one has hit on the idea—possibly borrowed from Captain Boyton's celebrated trick played on a British vessel in New York harbor—of providing skilled swimmers with a patent rubber suit, and sending them out to slip under the keel of an enemy's ironclad, where they are to affix dynamite torpedoes. They can then retreat, and watch the ensuing explosion at a distance.

The idea may be an important one, as a man of war has no defense which would be at a certain guard against such an attack; and a properly equipped corps of these human torpedoes might render it impossible for an enemy's fleet to lie off one of our ports and blockade its commerce.

WHAT IS THOUGHT OF THE ARGOSY.

WE give below half a dozen brief but pithy comments on the ARGOSY, culled from letters on various subjects, and which show on their face that they are the sincere convictions of the writers' hearts.

CHESTER, PA., Sept. 12, 1888.
 It is the favorite paper in our town.

W. H. COOPER.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Sept. 8, 1888.
 I find it to be the very best paper I have ever read.

WILBUR A. REEVES.

SPRING CITY, PA., Sept. 8, 1888.
 I consider it one of the best papers of the kind published.

FRANK KLINE.

NORTH CHESTERVILLE, ME., Sept. 4, 1888.
 Cannot do without it.

SUSAN M. DYER.

DRAYTON, ONTARIO, Sept. 24, 1888.
 A good paper, worth having.

NEWMAN BOOKER.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept. 10, 1888.
 Would not give it for any paper that I know of.

WILL A. SANDERS.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

Congressman from Massachusetts.

"THE Congress of the United States," remarks a well known writer, "modeled upon the Parliament of Great Britain, finds in the North at least, no suitable class of men who can afford to be absent from their affairs half the year. We should naturally choose to be represented in Washington by men distinguished in their several spheres; but in the North almost all such persons are so involved in business that they cannot accept a seat in Congress except at the peril of their fortune."

There is a good deal of truth in the above quoted paragraph. Unfortunately there are few men of really eminent ability who can afford to devote their time to the public service, with the comparatively small salary attached to

the office of Congressman. There are such, however, and one of them is Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who is one of the brightest and youngest members of the Fiftieth Congress, and who inherited wealth along with a name honored in the old Bay State.

Mr. Lodge was born in Boston, on the 12th of May, 1850. He was educated at a private school, and then went to Harvard, where he graduated at the age of twenty one. After passing through the classical course, he studied for the bar at the Harvard law school, and took a second degree there, that of LL.B., in 1875, and was admitted to practice the following year.

But though trained to become a lawyer, Mr. Lodge preferred to take up literature as his profession, and to that and politics most of his life has been devoted. He has made his mark as a writer, and is recognized as a leading authority on American history. His published lives of Hamilton and Webster are careful studies of those two great men; but his most important work is the "History of the English Colonies," which is probably the best epitome of the period with which it deals.

Its author is not only a student of political science in his library, but has a taste and capacity for taking a part in public affairs. He served two terms in the Massachusetts Assembly, and it was not unnatural that it should be his ambition to enter Congress. He did not obtain a nomination until 1884, when he was the Republican candidate for the Sixth Massachusetts district, which includes three wards of Boston, together with Lynn, Nahant, and other neighboring towns. His opponent was Henry B. Lovering, a prominent shoe manufacturer of Lynn, who was successful by the narrow plurality of less than three hundred votes. At the next Congressional election, however, that of 1886, when the same candidates were nominated, Mr. Lodge succeeded in turning the tables, and winning by seven hundred majority.

He has already made a very good reputation at Washington as a scholarly and business-like legislator. He is an effective speaker, and his humorous powers make him especially popular as an after dinner orator. Here, for instance, is a story related by a newspaper correspondent: Mr. Lodge was invited to a dinner at a club composed principally of journalists at the capital. These newspaper men delight in guying their guests, and he determined to get ahead of them on this point. When he got up to speak he drew from his pocket a large roll of printers' proofs, containing several thousand words.

"Here," he said, "is what I have to say. As I heard that the newspaper correspondents

sometimes interrupt speeches, I thought it best to have mine in printed form before me while I read it, so that I may not get confused."

The audience was appalled, thinking they were in for an all night session; but Mr. Lodge, after glancing up and down the table, and enjoying for a moment the blank look on the faces around him, put back the proofs into his pocket, told a good story, and took his seat.

Mr. Lodge's home is at Nahant, near Boston, but he has a residence at the capital. He is married, and has two boys who are editors and publishers of an amateur paper.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

THE FIGHT BEGUN.

READERS of the ARGOSY recently had presented to them a graphic description of the

slave raids in Central Africa. The story in which this was given comes from the pen of one who has visited the region, and knows whereof he writes; and the shocking picture was not in the least degree exaggerated.

The facts of the case are terrible. Within the last few years an area several times larger than the State of New York has been laid utterly waste, and the peaceable and prosperous native tribes wiped out of existence by fire and sword, and with

cruelties too horrible to be told. Where Stanley and Livingstone passed through neat villages and abundant flocks and crops, later explorers find a desert. The Arabs have attacked the settlements, shot down all who resisted, carried off thousands as slaves, and destroyed the maize fields and banana groves, and pestilence and famine have ensued to complete the deadly work.

That such things should be is indeed a reproach to civilization, but the difficulties in the way of any attempt to stop them are immense. With ample funds, the costs of an expedition against the slavers might be defrayed, and a magnate of the Catholic church is endeavoring to raise \$200,000 in Europe for this purpose.

Meanwhile a little band of brave fellows in Africa have actually struck a blow at the murderous raiders. The news comes from Karonka, on Lake Nyassa, that twenty six white men, with several hundred native allies, have taken up arms against the Arabs who have just invaded that district in force. Several battles have taken place, in which the whites have endeavored to capture the invaders' fortified camps. Owing to the cowardice of their African troops, they have not yet succeeded in doing so, and have lost some of their number killed and wounded; but they have sent a messenger to the coast, telegraphed to England for a couple of cannon, and are determined to fight to the end, rather than allow a fresh region to be sacrificed to the slavers.

All our readers will sympathize with this handful of heroes in their struggle against an evil which has justly been termed the colossal crime of the century.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

A MAN of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head.—S. Coleridge.

YOU and I, toiling for earth, may toil also for heaven; and every day's work may be a Jacob's ladder reaching up nearer to our God.—Parker.

NOBLE desires, unless filled up with action, are but a shell of gold, hollow within.

—Russov.

THY who call themselves men of the world, and pride themselves accordingly upon their knowledge, are of all men those who know least of human nature.—Southey.



HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE.

A PRICELESS JEWEL.

BY J. WILBYE.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy, No chemist can counterfeit; It makes men rich in greatest poverty, Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold, The homely whistle to sweet music's strain; Seldom it comes—to few from heaven sent— That much in little—all in naught—content.

[This story commenced in No. 305.]

The Giant Islanders.

BY BROOKS MCCORMICK.

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

CHAPTER XII.

PREPARATIONS TO REPEL AN ATTACK.

CAPTAIN WELLPOOL lowered his rifle, which he had aimed at the two men in the boat with his wife and daughter. Probably he would not have pointed it at them if he had not, while down in his cabin, added a very heavy dram to several he had taken before.

But the sudden appearance of the three rudely built boats, filled with savage giants was almost enough to sober him, or at least to restore some portion of his common sense to him, for the situation was really appalling, even to him. The boat had just started from the shore, after being delayed by grounding in the shoal water, and it contained his wife and daughter. Though he was a rather brutal man, he had considerable affection for the members of his own family, exacting as he often was in his requirements upon them, especially upon Dunk, who was not inclined to work any harder than he could help, and for this reason his father was all the more severe with him.

Lon Packwood was still pulling the boat with all his might, but he was farther off than the three boats of the enemy; still he was likely to keep out of their way if an arrow from some sharpshooter among the savages did not disable him.

In a word, the three boats of the Indians were nearer to the Vulture than either the boat which contained Lon Packwood, or that in which Mrs. Wellpool and Roxy had embarked; and for this reason the enemy might intercept either or both of them before they could reach the vessel.

Captain Wellpool seemed to be confused, probably because his mind was not clear after he had drenched his brain with whisky, for he did not say a word, though he was usually prompt and decisive at critical times, at least so far as the management of his schooner was concerned.

The present situation was new and strange to him, and he did not seem to be equal to the occasion, in his present condition of semi-intoxication, and he did nothing, though it might have puzzled a brighter man than he to know what to do under such circumstances.

It did not yet appear, from any actual demonstration, that the Indians had appeared with hostile intentions, though the captain and his companions had no doubt of the fact, for they were paddling their boats with all the speed they could get out of them towards the vessel.

Three of the hands belonging to the Vulture were in the two boats, and there remained only five on board of the schooner; and it looked as though they were to bear the brunt of the battle.

"Bring up all the rifles, Duncan," said Captain Wellpool, as soon as he had in some measure collected his scattered senses, and began to realize the perils of the situation.

"Don't you want the revolvers too, father?" asked Dunk, as he moved towards the companions' way.

"Yes; bring up half a dozen of them, with the cartridges. They are in the locker under my berth," replied the captain.

The master of the Vulture had considered the possibility of a quarrel with his former friend and his company rather than with the Indians, though he did not expect any favor from the latter, and he had provided ten rifles and a dozen navy revolvers, with a sufficient quantity of ammunition for both arms.

The rifles were all breech loaders, capable of delivering a hundred balls in a very small space of time, depending somewhat upon the skill with which they were handled, if all of them were brought into use.

Captain Wellpool had been confident that he could easily repel the attack of a hundred Indians with this arsenal of weapons, if so many should attack him; but he made his calculations with all the conditions favorable to his own side in the conflict, and he did not suppose such a

thing as a separation of his forces, as happened to be the case at the present time.

"It looks as though we were in a bad box," said Mr. Tobias Boscock, the mate, coming up to the captain as soon as Dunk went below.

"It don't look just right at this minute," replied Captain Wellpool, looking first at the boat containing his wife and daughter, and then at the one in which Lon Packwood was struggling to reach the schooner before the savages cut off his retreat.

"Lon ought to pull two miles to our one, and I think he can do it. We want all our men if there is to be a fight, and it looks like it now," continued the mate. "But it is time something was done to stop those villains."

"We will do something as soon as Duncan brings up the arms. Go down into the cabin and help him bring them up, Lord," returned the captain, addressing the cook, who was standing near him, as was also Lark Bidwell, who had been shipped at Rio Janeiro to take the place of Livy Wooster.

Lord Percy sprang with all will to obey this order, for all the men were nervous while they waited for the attack, or whatever was to happen.

"The boats of the Indians have stopped," said Mr. Boscock, as the look disappeared. "There is a big fellow standing up in the stern of the head boat looking about him."

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sel," said the mate, after he had noted the action of Leeks.

"I think we can stop that boat," added the captain. "Hurry up with the arms, Duncan!" "I don't believe they can stand up against rifle shots, if we follow them up sharp," continued Mr. Boscock, as he went down into the cabin to assist in getting out the weapons which were so much needed.

In the Straits of Magellan on the voyage, the men had used the rifles, and all of them had had considerable practice in the use of the weapons, so that the captain was confident they would be able to accomplish all that was required of them.

With the aid of the mate, all the rifles and revolvers were brought on deck, and the party on

Another yell of defiance came from the head boat of the savages, with a grand flourish on the part of the chief.

"It is no use to fool with such villains as they are," said the mate.

"I don't think it is," replied the captain. "They say you are the best shot on board, Boscock, and you may put a rifle ball into that fellow in the stern sheets."

"Can't we all fire, father?" asked Dunk impatiently.

"No; don't one of you fire till you get an order to do so," answered the captain.

"What's the use of fooling with such cattle as they are?" muttered the son, in disgust at the policy of his father.

Before the mate could discharge his rifle, several arrows came from the head boat, but all of them fell far short of the vessel, and the defenders of the Vulture had a chance to ascertain the range of the poisoned missiles, if they were poisoned.

"That looks as though the villains meant business," said the captain.

The mate took deliberate aim with his breech loader at the chief in the stern of the leading boat, and then fired.

A yell of consternation came from the boat, for the chief sank down into the bottom of the craft, while the gaze of all the savages was directed towards him.

The paddling ceased, and both boats came to a stand, apparently paralyzed by the disaster to the leading spirit of the expedition, and a confused din of strange sounds came from the scene.

"That was well done, Boscock," said the captain, with something like a smile on his brown and bloated face. "I don't believe they will want anything more of that sort."

"I used to be good for every moose I could see when I went out hunting," remarked the mate, pleased with the commendation of the captain. "But I don't think that will be the end of this business, and though they may change their tactics, they will be so mad that they won't give up till they have had their revenge."

"If they will only keep at a fair distance from us, I don't care for them," said the captain.

"They won't keep at a fair distance from us; and you will never have any peace while those villains are within fifty miles of us," answered the mate. "If it was my case, I would no more try to settle on that island than I would try to sit down on a hornet's nest."

"Would you give up your plan after you had come twelve thousand miles, and spent as much money as I have to carry it out?" asked Captain Wellpool, greatly astonished at the remark of his companion.

"If I wanted anything on that island, I would get it and clear out; but I would not try to live ashore."

"I don't know; we will see," said the captain, as he turned to look at the boat which contained his wife and daughter.

Leeks and Reeldon seemed to have no difficulty in keeping out of the way of the craft that was pursuing them; but it was clear enough that they could never reach the Vulture while the boat of the savages was in position to intercept them.

"I think you had better see what you can do on the other side of the schooner, Boscock. Perhaps you can stop that boat, and let my wife and daughter get on board," suggested the captain.

"If we set about it we can drop every Indian in that boat," replied the mate, as he walked over to the other rail of the vessel. "Shall I bring down the big fellow in the stern sheets of that boat, Captain Wellpool?"

"Yes; stop that boat if you can," replied the captain.

The mate elevated his weapon, and aiming at the fellow who stood up in the stern of the boat, urging on those who were paddling, fired his rifle.

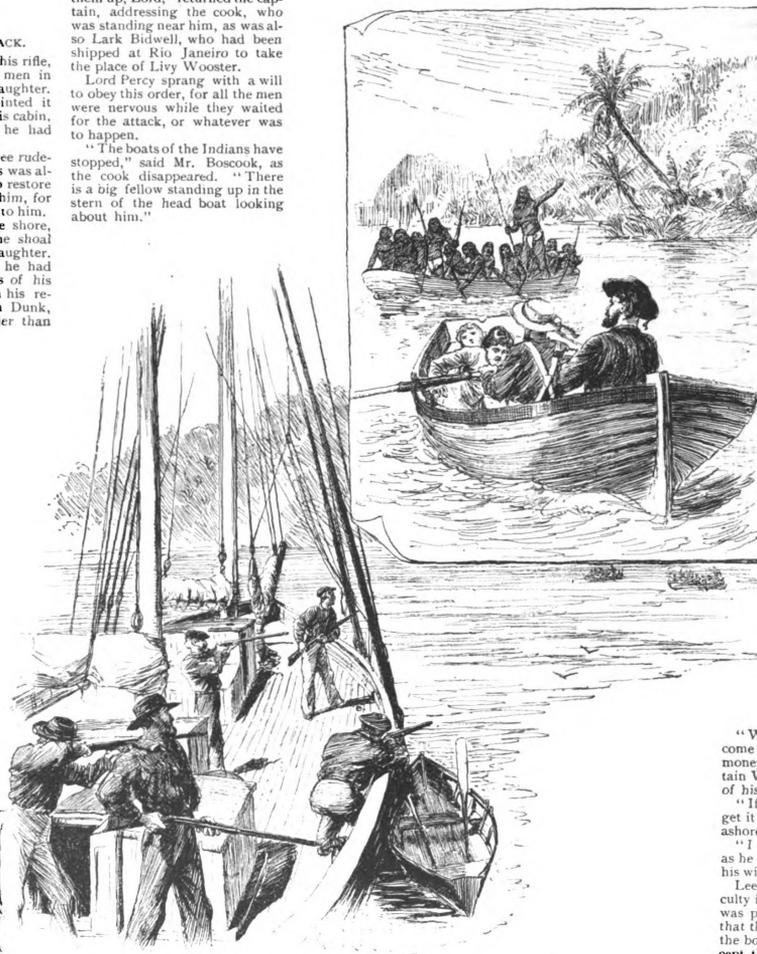
The big Indian put one of his hands on his left shoulder, but he did not fall as the first had done, though it was immediately evident that the shot had produced consternation in his boat, for the paddling ceased.

"You didn't drop him, Boscock, but the villains have stopped paddling and that is all we want of them," said the captain.

"Here comes Lon Packwood!" shouted Dunk, as the signalman came within hail of the schooner, for the rower had improved his time while the savages were paralyzed by the sharp shooting of the mate.

All the boats of the Indians had come to a stand, for the two shots had certainly made a decided impression upon them, and brought them to a realizing sense of the danger of attacking civilized people.

Lon Packwood used his oars with renewed vigor when he saw that he could get to the



THE BATTLE WITH THE GIANT ISLANDERS OF TIBURON

"He is pointing to the boat coming from the shore," replied the captain; "and he has not noticed it before. They are having a talk to decide what they will do."

"They have settled it now," said the mate, "for there goes one of the craft in the direction of the boat with the women in it."

"They will capture my wife and daughter as sure as you live!" exclaimed Captain Wellpool. "Leeks and Reeldon can't do anything against twenty of those big fellows."

The captain spoke with a feeling of anguish in his tones, and perhaps he realized by this time that he had been very imprudent in putting off his preparations, for defense, of whose necessity even Dunk had been aware.

But Leeks had not been drinking whisky, and having all his faculties at his command, he had taken upon himself, as the ablest of the two men, to assume the direction of the affairs of the boat.

As soon as he saw that one of the three boats had pulled towards him, he changed his course, and headed towards the island, at the head of the bay.

The squadron of the savages was nearer to the schooner than the boat from the cottage was, and the change in the course of the latter seemed to cut off the possibility of reaching the Vulture before she was attacked by the gigantic Indians.

"The other two boats are pulling for the ves-

board proceeded to load them for use, which was very readily done with the patent cartridges.

In a few minutes the captain was ready to repel the expected assault, though when he was in a condition for action, he had some doubts about shooting down the Indians before they had actually made any hostile demonstration.

"Sheer off!" he shouted to the head boat of the two that were approaching the schooner. "Keep off! Don't come any nearer!"

It was hardly probable that the savages understood what he said to them, though they were now near enough to hear him; and the captain did the best he could in repeating his warning in Spanish, of which his voyages to the West Indies had given him a slight knowledge.

At any rate they did not cease to paddle their clumsy craft towards the schooner, and the big fellow in the stern of the head boat replied with what sounded like a yell of defiance.

By this time five breech loaders were pointed at the enemy.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE EFFECT OF THE BREECH LOADERS.

"KEEP off, or we will fire at you!" shouted Captain Wellpool, at the top of his lungs; and he attempted to say the same thing in Spanish, though he did not fully succeed.

schooner before he was intercepted by the boats of the savages, and in a few minutes more he came alongside of the Vulture.

But he was so exhausted by his exertions that he seemed to be unable to do anything more, and he breathed as though he had just come in from a five mile foot race.

He threw the painter of his boat on the deck of the schooner, where it was made fast by Dunk, and then, with his gaze fixed on the enemy, he endeavored to recover his wind.

"Come on board, Packwood, and let us know what you have been about," said the captain.

"I can't do anything yet; I am used up," gasped the oarsman.

"Let him rest a minute or two," suggested the mate. "He has spent all the wind there is in him."

Ordinarily the captain would not have waited for any hand, even if he had lost his head, to say anything in opposition to his will, but the experience during the last hour had modified his temper a little, and he turned his attention to the other of the schooner's boats.

Leeks was not slow to realize that something had happened on board of the boat nearest to him, as well as in the others, and he changed his course so as to pass ahead of the former.

Mrs. Welpool and Roxy, with a proper respect for the poisoned arrows of which they had heard, had lain down in the boat, probably by the advice of Leeks, and they were in no immediate danger of being hit by them.

"That is a good move, and Leeks means to run by that boat while it is waiting," said the captain. "No! they see what he is about, and they are paddling again. He can't get by it."

"Perhaps I can stop the boat again, for the fellows that was standing up in the stern was not very badly hurt, though he has dropped down among the rest of them," said the mate, as he raised his rifle.

"Stop it, if you can, Boscook!" exclaimed Captain Welpool, alarmed for the safety of his wife and daughter, for the Indian boat looked as though it was on the point of falling on the other.

But Leeks was wide awake, and when he saw his danger, he changed his course, pulling away from his dangerous opponent, for at this moment the arrows began to fall near him.

"I think we had all better do the best we can with the rifles," said the captain, when he saw that it would not be possible for the boat to reach the vessel. "All of you fire away as fast as you can, for they are shooting arrows at the boat, and we can't stand any more nonsense."

Boscook fired first, but there was no prominent man in sight now to aim at, and all he could do was to fire into the occupants of the boat without selecting an object for his sight.

The captain and the rest of the party began to fire, and the shots came thick and fast, though the men were unable to see with what effect.

But the firing had hardly begun before the Indian craft changed her course, paddling after the boat, which was headed directly towards the shore, for this was the only direction left open to it.

"Hold on all!" shouted the mate, after he had discharged several balls from his rifle.

"What is that for?" demanded the captain, who was disposed to keep up the volley.

"You will shoot your wife and daughter if you keep up the fire," replied the mate, who was the coolest man in the party, and was evidently better qualified to command in the affair than Captain Welpool.

The Indians are between us and our boats, and you must shoot your wife and daughter if you keep it up."

The firing ceased for the present.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HELPLESS CONDITION OF THE SCHOONER.

LEKS and Reelton appeared to be increasing their distance from the Indian boat in pursuit of them; and the enemy had ceased to fire arrows at their craft, either because the distance was too great for them, or because they were too much occupied with their paddles to use their time in that way.

While the party on board of the Vulture were busily watching the contest between oars and paddles nearer the head of the bay, Lon Packwood had come on the deck of the schooner.

He had recovered his wind and was in condition to speak, and there was a little respite in the course of the affair which enabled him to explain, if he could, how the savages happened to be in the bay instead of approaching the entrance of the bay where the schooner had come in.

"What have you been about, Packwood?" asked Captain Welpool, as soon as he saw the signalman on deck. "Why didn't you let us know that the Indians were so near us soon enough to let us get ready for them?"

"That was just like the captain, to ask somebody else why his own duty had not been properly done; for he himself had delayed to do anything till the savages were upon him, in spite of the suggestions of those around him."

"I obeyed my orders, the matter as long as I could; and when I could not do so any longer, I did the next best thing I could," replied Lon, who was a very intelligent young man.

"Then you did not obey your orders?" demanded the captain, sourly.

"I did so as long as I could," returned Lon. "When the orders did not suit the situation, I had to act on my own responsibility."

"You had no business to act on your own responsibility. I gave you orders what to do,

and you ought to have obeyed them, and done nothing else."

Captain Welpool had been below again, and imbibed another tumbler of raw whisky, and his judgment was not a little affected by the increased heat in his brain.

There was something wrong, but he could not realize what it was, for the savages had been expected to appear at the entrance of the bay, whereas they had first shown themselves near the head of the bay, at a short distance from the location of the cottage.

"If I had obeyed my orders, I should have been on the hill at this moment instead of being on board of the Vulture," replied Lon.

"My orders were to hoist the signal if I saw any Indians coming towards the island; and that was precisely what I did."

"Where were they when you saw them first?" asked the mate, who saw that the feelings of the signalman were hurt by the remarks of the captain, and that he was very unjust to blame him for what was not his fault.

"Where were the Indians when you saw them first?" repeated Captain Welpool, whose speech was rather thick after the dram he had just taken. "Tell me just where you first saw them."

"I first saw them down towards the south end of the island, when they were at least three miles from me; and then I hoisted the signal."

"You did hoist it, for I saw it myself," stammered the captain. "But you did not take to your boat and pull to the schooner when the villains came to the entrance of the bay; and you hadn't any business to disobey your orders."

Mr. Boscook looked very nervous and impatient, and it was plain enough that all his sympathies were with the signalman, as it was that the master of the Vulture did not know what he was talking about.

"The Indians did not come to the entrance of the bay, Captain Welpool," returned Lon, in a decided tone, for he could not help feeling an utter contempt for the master of a vessel who would allow himself to be in such a condition in the hour of imminent danger.

"Didn't the Indians come into the bay?" demanded the tipsy commander. "But I know they did, for I saw them here. I am willing to swear on the mainmast that I saw them in the bay. In fact they are here now, and there they are."

He heeled to the rail and pointed to the two boats which were still where they were when the chief fell in one of them; and some sort of a discussion seemed to be in progress among the savages.

"The Indians did not come into the bay by the entrance, where we came in," interposed the mate, wishing to protect the signalman from the needless abuse.

"They couldn't be here if they didn't come in," replied the captain, trying to brace himself up for an argument. "Don't you see they are in the bay?"

"I don't know; and that is what I should like to ascertain," answered the mate. "Perhaps Lon Packwood can tell us something about it."

"Tell us what you know, Packwood," continued the captain, holding on at the rail to support himself.

"After I hoisted the danger signal, as I was ordered to do, I watched the three boats of the Indians," replied Lon. "They came within a mile and a half or two miles of the hill where I was, and then they paddled in shore."

"What they do that for?"

"They didn't tell me what they did it for, and I couldn't see any reason why they should do so at that time."

"They didn't tell you?"

"They did not; they didn't say a word to me," answered Lon, hardly able to keep his gravity at the silly questions of the captain. "I waited some time for them to appear again; but I did not see anything more of them. I feared there might be something wrong, and followed the high shore for some distance, till I saw what looked like an opening in the high cliff."

"An opening?" exclaimed the mate.

"It was almost concealed by the trees; but I satisfied myself that there was a passage through the land to the bay. Then I was satisfied that the boats were going through that way, and I ran all the way back to the place where I left the boat, and pulled with all my might to give you warning that the savages would soon be upon you; but I had not made half a mile before I saw them come out of a passage among the trees."

The mate dropped upon one of the water casks lashed to the bulwarks, and by the time Lon finished his narrative, he was fast asleep, overcome by the strong drink he had poured down his throat in his excitement.

"He is in a pretty condition to save his wife and children from the Indians," said the mate, when the boats were going through that way, and I ran all the way back to the place where I left the boat, and pulled with all my might to give you warning that the savages would soon be upon you; but I had not made half a mile before I saw them come out of a passage among the trees."

"But he had come forward to obtain a better view of the position of the boat in which his mother and sister were pursued by the savages."

Mr. Boscook said no more; but he was conscious that the duty of the commander devolved upon him in the present state of things, and he was ready to assume the responsibility of his position.

Just as Dunk came aft again, his father rolled upon the deck, for the round side of the cask

was not a secure position for a man in his condition, and he lay on the deck, unable to get up.

"Henderson, take hold of him, and we will put him in his berth, for he will be of no use on deck," continued the mate, calling on the cook for his assistance.

Dunk offered no objection to this step, and the mate and the cook bore the tipsy commander to his stateroom, where he was disposed in an easy position in his berth, and left to sleep off his drams.

By this time the two boats nearest to the Vulture appeared to be in motion again, and a bigger man than the one who had been shot down was standing up in the stern of the head one.

It looked as though the discussion had been in regard to the succession to authority, and that the question had been settled by the adoption of the fellow who occupied the place of his predecessor in office.

Mr. Boscook took his rifle again, and directed the rest of the party to do the same; and he took careful aim, and fired; but it did not appear that the new chief had been hit, or, if he was, he made no sign to that effect.

"Sail, ho!" shouted Lon Packwood at this moment.

All eyes were directed towards the entrance of the harbor, where alone a sail could be seen.

"That's the Albatross!" shouted Dunk.

Captain Kidgley's vessel had arrived at a critical moment.

(To be continued.)

MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE.

WHAT'S the use of always fretting Over ills that can't be cured? That's the use of finding fault with What we know must be endured? Does it make our burdens lighter If we grumble 'neath their load? Or make the pathway smoother If we fret about the road? Better use our time than fill it Full of sighs and vain regrets. Oursome imagined blunders fret. As does he who always frets.

[This story commenced in No. 302.]

Ray Culver;

OR, THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

By THREX WHITE, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XX.

OFF WITH THE ORCHESTRA MAN.

WHAT, meanwhile, had become of Clifford? Let us return to the boy after Ray had left him that rainy morning to go out and try to dispose of his umbrella comic.

For half an hour perhaps he found sufficiently agreeable occupation in reading the jokes—the pictures he had already seen in the humorous weeklies his brother had left with him. Then the richness of the feast began to pall upon his intellectual palate.

He got up to stretch his legs, and going to the window drummed idly with his ten fingers on the pane, while he gazed out at the dismal sameness of the back yards that were presented to his view.

He was mentally deciding that New York was extremely slow in comparison with Delwood, when a knock at the door behind him made a most cheerful interruption to his reverie.

"Come in," he called out, skipping across the floor with alacrity.

"Shure, sorr," she began, "it is the same quare lookin' man with all fixin's to him that was here last night; an' he's axin' for that brother o' yours."

"Oh, I'll go down," exclaimed Clifford eagerly, welcoming the diversion this call promised to make in his monotonous morning.

He hurried down the stairs two steps at a time. He lunged to slide down the banisters, but a glimpse he caught in the second hallway of a long wrapper, of huge black and white checks like a chessboard, reminded him that he had already put himself down with sufficient frequency in the "bad books" of the lady.

He found the orchestra man locked out on the front stoop, and Clifford bounded out of the door with such celerity that he came plump against the big drum, causing it to emit a dull boom that sounded like a frog with a relative in its throat.

"Morning," said the Italian, nodding his head till the bells jingled, "where big fellow me talked to last night?"

"He's away, out, down town," replied Clifford, with a generous use of terms and a superfluity of gesture, thinking that if the man did not understand one, he might comprehend the other.

"That makes me sad, ver' sad," rejoined the man of the many instruments. "And it make him sad too, if he know."

The fellow shook his head with a slow, solemn motion that tinkled the bells on it again.

But this time with a toll-like sound.

The two were standing in the vestibule out of the rain, and the half closed under door shielded the orchestra man from the curious gaze of passers by.

"You say Ray will be sorry he didn't see you?" said Clifford, an anxious look coming over his face. "Won't I do?"

A sudden gleam of intelligence, nay, of triumph, shot into the Italian's bead-like eyes.

"Umph, you do?" he grunted. "Yes, if you come with me."

"Come with you?" repeated Clifford wonderingly, but at the same time he cast a longing look out at the sidewalk, on which the rain had already ceased to splash.

"Yes, yes," went on the other. "Big fellow want to know where find Nimble Ned ver' bad. He no here to go, so you come."

"Nimble Ned?" echoed Clifford again.

"Who is he?" for it will be remembered that after Ray's interview with the orchestra man on the previous evening, his brother was too sleepy to take much interest in the account of it.

"Why, boy like you, ver' like, tumble so," and the Italian went through a complication of gestures that set all his instruments a going for a second. "Big fellow want to see him much. He run off last night. Now you and out where can maybe see him, but you must come long. He run again from me."

"Oh, you mean Phil's son!" exclaimed Clifford, a light suddenly breaking on him. "I remember now hearing Ray and Charley talking about it, and, oh, that was what Ray was telling me last night. Now you and out where I get my hat; I'll go with you, fast enough."

The boy tore up the stairs, rejoicing at this opportunity for action, and was back within three minutes, ready to depart with his odd companion.

The latter had a most peculiar look on his swarthy face as he first gazed earnestly down the street, and then started off in the direction of Eighth Avenue.

Clifford felt no embarrassment in the comradeship of such a conspicuous individual. Indeed, he felt rather proud than otherwise as he noted the half earnest gaze of several streeturchins directed at him as they passed by.

"How far do we have to go, and what sort of a place is it?" he asked finally, after they had turned into Eighth Avenue and tramped several blocks down that busy thoroughfare.

The man did not seem to comprehend this question, and Clifford was obliged to repeat it in several different shapes before he got any other answer than a shrug of the shoulders and a muttered "Non compreso."

"Then 'Me not know all yet," the Italian said. "Must go careful. Nimble Ned not catch scent. Then, when I get you close by him, you go speak to him. He not know you, not afraid see you."

"But why is he afraid of you?" asked Clifford, to whom the whole matter seemed not a little puzzling.

"The Italian bent over and lowered his voice, as he answered:

"I tell you. When Nimble Ned went off he took two, four, six dollar out my pocket. So he—"

"I don't believe it," burst out Clifford impulsively. "Phil's son would never steal, I know he wouldn't."

The Italian simply shrugged his shoulders again, and succeeded in throwing Clifford's mind from the subject by entering a bird and animal store.

The boy was much interested in looking at the squirrels, white mice, parrots and monkeys ranged in cages on all sides of the shop, but when one of the latter, in a spirk and span new red and gilt edged suit, was passed over the counter to the orchestra man, he became greatly excited.

"Is that yours, and are you going to bring it along? What fun!" he cried.

The Italian nodded, passed over a bank bill to the animal man, and with the monkey perched on top of the drum behind his back, left the store.

A crowd of boys began tagging on behind as soon as they reached the sidewalk, and when they came to the corner, the Italian halted, and handing the chain that held the monkey to Clifford, asked him if he was sure he could keep a tight hold on it.

"Yes, indeed I can," answered the boy readily, actually feeling honored by the request.

The next instant the orchestra man began shaking his head, joggling his elbows, kicking his foot—in short, he started in on one of his "all around" performances. And, oh, the spectacle for our hero, so proud of the by-gone name that he had had the family crest engraved on his note paper, here is your brother, his face all smiles, managing the monkey for a street musician!

For no sooner had the music started, than the well trained animal began to waltz up to first one and then another of the by-gone cap in hand, with Clifford, forgetful of all else save his boyish interest in the fun, holding tight on the chain, all unconscious of the fact that he was thus constituting himself a part of the show.

The pennies were not slow in coming to the funny, cold paw of the creak, as of course he was called—what monkey is not? He dropped them all into the pocket of his coat, and after he had made the round of the group that had

quickly gathered on the corner, the Italian called out to Clifford, nodding his head towards the second story of a house near at hand in the side street.

"Haul him in, take the money out of his pocket, pour it in mine, then point him up there."

Here was sport indeed for Clifford, who proceeded to carry out the Italian's directions to the letter. And no eye so intent as his, as he watched the agile monkey, who, with a dextrous swing himself over to the window ledge, and then promptly doff his cap to the three or four women assembled there, who started back with screams of dismay.

But they soon grew bolder, and first one, then another tendered the quaint little beggar a coin with little shrieks as the cold hand clutched theirs for an instant.

"Jerk chain now," presently called out the orchestra man, and when the monkey was once more on terra firma, he ceased playing and asked Clifford if he objected to carrying Jocko.

"No—no—no," answered the boy hesitatingly, and stooping over, he picked the animal up. Now that the novelty of the thing was over, he began to reflect that perhaps Ray would not have been altogether pleased to know of the part he had played in the recent entertainment. And now to be asked to carry the monkey!

Would Ray have been asked to do the same thing, he wondered, if he had been home? And what had all this to do with bringing him to Phil's son?

He was about to begin a remonstrance, when the orchestra man hailed a down town bound street car, and motioned for Clifford to get aboard.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON BOARD THE HARBOR QUEEN.

THE reader can imagine the sensation the advent of the monkey, to say nothing of the orchestra man himself, created in the street car. The Italian remained on the rear platform, where he could recline against the dashboard and let his big drum "hang over." He motioned Clifford to take the corner seat inside, and when the conductor came for his fare, coolly nodding to the boy.

"There's nothing mean about him," reflected the latter as he produced a dime, the only coin by the way, that he happened to have about him. "I suppose, though, he considers that because he is taking me to somebody I want very much to see, it is no more than right that I pay the expenses. But there's one thing certain: I can't do any more of it if I wanted to."

The charm of companionship with the monkey had by this time worn off, and as he sat there with the restless animal on his lap, he thought more of the damage to his knickerbockers than he did of anything else.

After they had ridden many blocks and had arrived at the busy wholesale region downtown, the Italian suddenly beckoned to Clifford.

They alighted at the next corner, and after trudging some three blocks to the westward, found themselves on the river front. As the orchestra man was about to cross to a pier at which many steamboats were moored, and which was crowded with trucks and merchandise, Clifford came to a standstill on the curb stone.

"Look here," he exclaimed, catching the Italian by the sleeve, "I'd just like to know where you are taking me. I think I've lugged this monkey of yours about far enough. You know I didn't bargain for it when I started out."

The other's brow darkened, and he seemed about to burst forth with an angry response, when some second thought of a restraining nature appeared to occur to him. So he smoothed out the wrinkles on his brow, and laying his hand for an instant on Clifford's shoulder, said, calmly and coolly:

"Almost got Nimble Ned now. You know him when see?"

"No, or oh yes, of course I do. I remember Ray said he looked just like me."

"Yes, yes, you two one. Good. Maybe—sure almost—you finish on steamboat," and the Italian pointed across to the pier.

"Will I? Come along then," and Clifford bolted across the street with such impetuosity, that poor Jocko received a bump on the nose from the pole of a truck whose driver was compelled to pull up suddenly to keep from running them down.

The monkey was very much frightened, and clung with his arms around Clifford's neck in an embrace with which the boy was not a little disgusted.

"I'll never want to look at another monkey cage in my life," he said to himself. "What would Ray say if he saw me lugging this ape about? But I know he wouldn't want me to miss my chance of getting on the track of that nephew of ours, so I guess I can stand these cold, clammy paws a little while longer."

There was such a line of vehicles on the pier that it was some little time before Clifford and the Italian. Then the latter pointed to a steamboat lying near the end of the dock, and on whose paddle box was the name, "Harbor Queen."

"There—go board—find Nimble Ned," he said. "Me wait here with Jocko."

Glad to be quit the troublesome beast, and to begin the practical part for a possible nephew, Clifford lost no time in depositing the monkey on top of the drum and threading his way among the wagons to the gangplank of the Harbor Queen.

Her bell was ringing as he hurried aboard, but so interested was he in the errand that brought him there that he paid little attention to the sound.

"She carries more freight than passengers, from the looks of things," he decided, as his eyes roved swiftly about him. "That'll make it easier to find the fellow if he's here."

Hurriedly he walked the length of the boat, skirted the narrow deck that overhung the stevedores on the other side of his way forward. But not one boy, to say nothing of a particular boy, did he see.

"He'll probably be on the upper deck, though," Clifford said to himself, and hastily running up the stairway he made a complete tour of this portion of the steamer.

The bell had now ceased ringing, and there were such unmistakable signs of an early departure from the wharf that even Clifford's preoccupation could not fail to note them.

"Hello," he cried to himself, "I don't want to be carried off," and dashing below again he started on a rush across the plank, which the captain was about to order hauled in.

At that moment a hand was laid on his arm, and turning, he saw the orchestra man.

"See there," cried the latter, pointing aft, "is he not Nimble Ned?"

"Where, where?" exclaimed Clifford, and just out that door. "Run quick—see!" answered the other, in a voice of suppressed excitement.

Clifford darted off in a trice, dodged out on the port after guard, and again circled around to the opposite doorway. But the only person he saw was an undersized man with a soft hat, and now he gave back to the forward gangway, the boat was in motion.

"Here, hold on!" he cried. "I want to get off. I'm not a passenger!"

He started to rush to the side, when, to his surprise, the Italian confronted him.

"Why, are you carried off too?" he exclaimed. "Just out that door. Run quick—see!"

"The orchestra man drew close to Clifford's ear and whispered hoarsely: "All rightee. You no find Ned? But we go now where he live."

"I don't want to go off," objected Clifford, fiercely. "What will Ray say? Besides, I haven't any money to pay my fare. And how do you know Ned is at the place where this boat is going? And I thought you said you saw him on the boat."

"Sit down here," and the Italian, having chained the monkey to an awning post and relieved himself of his drum, motioned for Clifford to make himself comfortable under the lee of a bale of straw. Then, having stretched himself out lazily beside him, he took out a pipe which he proceeded to fill with tobacco.

"Now, then," he began, after he had taken two or three puffs. "I tell you something. I meet man—he say me Nimble Ned live now where this boatee go—think he go out on her dis mornin'—so me bring you down. Him no here—so we go Riverbank—find him sure. Comprero?"

"But how far is this place, and when can we get back?" asked Clifford, beginning to realize that he had let himself in for rather a serious adventure.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders in token of ignorance on the subject.

"And then I haven't got a cent of money to pay my fare, or buy myself anything to eat with!" cried Clifford, conscious of the dawn of an appetite for lunch within him.

"No matters. Jocko make moneys for us by and by."

And sure enough, after the orchestra man had finished his pipe, he got Clifford to help him strap on his drum again and pick up the monkey after which they went off and gave a performance for the benefit of the ladies and children, which brought more than one blush to Clifford's cheek. For he several times heard himself referred to as part and parcel of the show.

"But never mind," he said to himself. "If I only find that Ned, I can have lots of fun laughing over this day with a monkey afterwards."

Meanwhile he noted with considerable apprehension that the Harbor Queen was not headed up the Hudson, but down towards the Narrows, in the direction of the Atlantic Ocean, and by the time the performance was over, the elephant at Coney Island was visible in the distance, and the boat was rising and falling on the swells.

This motion kept growing more and more decided, until Clifford, who had been so hungry but a little while before, felt that he could bear even the sight of food. He betook himself with all haste forward to where the straw was piled, and, sitting on one bale with his back braced against another, he resigned himself to his fate.

So likewise did Jocko, and a more miserable monkey, and a more miserable boy, probably than before took passage on the Harbor Queen.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CABIN AT RIVERBANK.

BY and by the steamboat ran into smooth water again, and feeling that now he would be able to keep his feet, Clifford got up and looked about him.

A long, low point of sand and sedge grass was off to the left, which a young fellow, in a

home made looking suit of clothes, standing by, informed him was Sandy Hook.

"And where is this boat going then?" asked Clifford.

"Up the river here and around that point yonder," replied the other, with a peculiar prolongation of the letter "r," and a funny twist on the "ou."

Then, taking a curious survey of his questioner from head to foot, he added:

"But this is queer, hain't it, that you'd come on a boat you didn't know the place she was going to?"

"But I didn't come; I was taken," responded Clifford, with the first smile that had appeared on his face since he had assisted at the monkey's inaugural performance on Eighth Avenue. "Do you live down this way?"

"Yes, up the river a piece. How do you like traveling around with a monkey?"

"I don't travel around with one," Clifford hastened to reply. "It's only by accident we're together now. What are those two towers off there?" he added, eager to change the subject.

"Them's the Highland Lights," answered the Jerseyman, and then he turned away to engage in conversation with a friend who had joined him.

Sandy Hook and the Highland Lights! Clifford remembered to have often heard of these, and his impression was that they were a good way from New York. How was he going to get back? Indeed, how was he going to live till he could get back, with not a cent of money in his pocket and nobody to look to but a wandering musician, who probably couldn't understand half that was said to him?

Now the roughness of the passage was over, Clifford was ravenously hungry, as indeed he would have been in any case, seeing that it was now almost two o'clock. The Italian was asleep, and the boy sat down on a keg to wait till he should wake up, when he resolved to do some petty plain talking. But this he never got round to, till the Harbor Queen made a landing at a dock just under the light-house, when the throwing out of the plank started him up suddenly.

He sprang to his feet, rubbed his eyes and looked about him anxiously, then subsided to his lazy attitude on the straw again.

"Don't we get off here?" asked Clifford, going up to him and pointing to the dock.

"No, no, next one," was the reply.

"But, look here, I don't want to go so far," declared the boy. "How am I going to get back? Besides, I want my lunch. Where am I going to get that?"

"No, no, next one," was all the satisfaction he could get.

In proportion to the distance they got away from New York, the Italian's manner seemed to take on a gruffness and independence that an older person than Clifford might have noted, though his expression was, even as it was, the boy began to feel anxious.

"I wonder if I was a goose to come off with the fellow at all?" he asked himself.

But then the thought of Phil's son, and his inability to see how the orchestra man could gain anything by deceiving him, reassured him.

"I'll wait till I get to this 'next one' before I worry," he resolved.

The steamboat was now plowing her way up a very pretty river, with a range of picturesque hills on one side and some neat cottages dotting the bank here and there on the other.

Presently another dock loomed up, and the Italian motioned to Clifford to help him strap on his drum again and assume charge of Jocko.

"Just as if I was his servant or son," muttered the boy in disgust. "To be one would be about as bad as the other."

But he knew he would make nothing by refusing and stirring up a dispute. For if the orchestra man had cast him off and let him shift for himself, he would not only be quite helpless, but would also lose all chance of discovering the whereabouts of Nimble Ned.

So he swallowed his pride—wishing that it was something more substantial—and complied with his companion's request.

But very few passengers disembarked at this point, and a nearer view of the attractive looking cottages revealed the fact that they were closed. In fact, the whole place was dreary looking enough, this dull autumn day, with the crisp leaves from the denuded trees scurrying dithering up and down the roads.

Leading the way straight up from the dock, the orchestra man kept on until he arrived at a point where the houses of the villagers were thickly clustered together, when he stopped and began to play.

And poor Clifford was obliged to stand and support Jocko's movements for the next fifteen minutes. Of course a crowd of children soon gathered, and among the boys Clifford looked eagerly for a chap that resembled himself. But none such did he see.

As many pennies having been collected by Jocko as was thought the company would muster among them, the Italian resumed his line of march, and presently, to Clifford's no small satisfaction, turned in at a tavern for lunch.

A homely meal it was, consisting principally of bread and butter, a few slices of cold ham, some boiled up potatoes and a nice, dumpling looking apple pie. But no feast that he had ever eaten at dinner party or picnic had ever tasted so good to Clifford.

"And now are we going to see Ned?" he asked, as they resumed the march.

The Italian nodded and presently entered the gateway of a house, or rather cabin, of the most dilapidated appearance. It was white-washed only half way, and part of the way around, there was not a window without a broken pane of glass, and chickens and geese made themselves perfectly at home walking in and out at the front door.

"Wait here," said the orchestra man, pointing to a rude seat that had been fixed up on the door step. And leaving Clifford here, he disappeared inside, taking the monkey with him.

Clifford's heart began to beat fast with a mixture of emotions. He was in hopes that every minute the Italian would come out, having Nimble Ned with him. And yet, what sort of a boy must he be, coming from such a place?

The minutes went by, till a half hour had elapsed, and still the orchestra man did not reappear. Clifford heard a steady murmur of voices inside, but the talk was all in Italian, so that of course he could not understand a word.

Perhaps the man that lives here has got Ned a prisoner, and the music man is trying to get him out," Clifford reasoned.

But as time went by, and the air became chilly, and the sun got nearer and nearer the western horizon, the boy's suspense and impatience changed to provocation and anxiety.

"I'm going to ask him if he expects to stay here all night," he resolved at last, and getting up, he walked into the house, knocking on the open door as he did so to announce his coming.

The room which he entered was a fit companion to the exterior of the dwelling. That is, as much as he could see of it, for it was so filled with tobacco smoke that only by hearing their voices was Clifford able to tell that there was anybody there.

But groping his way through the choking fumes as best he could, he finally succeeded in attracting the attention of the orchestra man. The latter, however, immediately put his finger to his lips and motioned to the door so frantically that, believing he was endangering the chances of Ned's liberation, the boy hastened to return to his trysting place.

"Any way, I've let him know that I'm in a hurry," he reflected. "Perhaps that'll put a stop to their talking about old times in Italy, and make them attend to the business the orchestra man came about."

The sun had now set, and darkness was falling rapidly. Fully fifteen minutes longer Clifford waited on his seat by the door, and then, when it had grown so dark that he could not recognize a person on the opposite side of the road, the two men came out.

"Here comes the orchestra man, touching Clifford on the shoulder as he passed.

The boy sprang up like a shot, and hurried along with the two Italians.

What the one from the tumble down but looked like he could not make out, but he saw that the other's instruments and the monkey had been left behind.

They walked rapidly down the road until they came to the river. Here there was a boat pulled up on shore, in which Clifford was told that they were to embark.

He was motioned to a seat in the stern, one of the men took his place in the bow, and having pushed off, the other took the oars, and they were soon headed across the stream.

But the wind blew strong, and without his overcoat Clifford was chilled through and through.

"Let me take an oar and help row," he finally begged, thinking this would warm him.

"Right," muttered the rower, who moved up into the forward seat and then passed Clifford a rowlock.

The boy reached out to take it, and then he never knew exactly how it happened, but it slipped through his fingers and went overboard.

(To be continued.)

KEEPING TRACK OF CARS.

TRAVELERS with an observing eye have undoubtedly frequently noted the immense number of freight cars belonging to roads all over the country which they pass in a single day's ride over one particular line, and wondered if the majority of them ever got back to the companies to which they belonged. That they do all get back is owing to the efforts of a regularly organized corps of "searchers" or "tracers." Says the Evening Telegram:

Every freight car is numbered and used for a certain purpose, and whether it be a "gondola," or flat open car, or a box car, it can be traced from one end of the country to the other. The "searchers" will follow a train to San Francisco if necessary, and see that the car is returned to its proper station. The "car searcher" has been a most active agent of the railroads for many years past, but, as in every other business, improved methods are constantly introduced.

One great trunk line road has dispensed with the car searcher in favor of a large force of responsible clerks, with the telegraph and telephone as auxiliaries. So systematically is their work done that, if the conductor of a freight train were to make the slightest mistake in the numbering of cars in his train or a description of them, it would be detected and the conductor called on to rectify it.

If a car is reported missing in any part of the country, one of these clerks by referring to his books can tell at what point the particular car should be at the time and when it should be returned. It is a great department.

REGULATE THE REGULATOR, by the use of Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists, 120 doses \$1.

GOLDEN ROD.

BY D. H. MORRHEAD.

Beyond the fertile meadows and the plots
Subdued to tillage by the plowman's blade,
A wasteland of rocks and bare in spots,
A lawless strip of shifting sun and shade.
In spring it lay, a blot of leaden gray,
Rain soaked and sullen on the earth's green face,
In summer cheerless, and in waning day
Would loek it for a time something of grace.
But now the first few leaves begin to fall,
Each morning later still the sun delays,
Soon will descend, around and over all,
The glory of the perfect autumn days.
The summer flowers are withered, but behold
What change has come, what brilliant splendor
fills
Yon strip of waste, that now, a path of gold,
Leads far up to the bare, purple hills.

Across The Divide.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

"I never can take the wagon up there,"
said Teddy in tones of dismay.
For the wagon trail, which had run
evenly enough the earlier part
of day suddenly *déboûché*, as Skittles, the French
Canadian driver, expressed it, and took an upward
turn in view of crossing the "divide."
"Not take him up? Fool! This shall be
notin' at all! S'pose you
wait leetle—I show you
plenty hard road."
Teddy growled in spirit.
If anything could be harder
than the view before him, he
didn't want to see it. Al-
most as steep as the side of
a house rose the foot hills
which were but the prelimi-
naries, so to speak, to the
rugged ranges forming their
background.
Rocks and boulders, fallen
tree trunks and charred
stumps were thickly strewn
along what by courtesy was
called the "road," which fol-
lowed the edge of the timber-
line far up out of sight.
"Thought you'd get sick
of it, Ted," laughed his
cousin Sam. "You'd better
have staged it by the lower
route. After all, 'tisn't any
fool job—crossing the divide
with a team, and don't for-
get it."

Ted wasn't very likely to forget it.
He had been in the Adirondacks with
his father two successive seasons, and
considered himself quite inured to hard-
ships; but this Western business was
very different.

"Attach you the horses to the cross
bar, *mes garçons*. Then you will ride
them on *postillion*. So, *c'est bien*.
Now then—*git!*"

The last expressive command was
addressed to the pole horses. Stand-
ing upright under the fore part of the
wagon tilt, Skittles flourished his whip
and urged the panting steeds onward
and upward with lash and voice, while
Ted and Sam on their respective horses
did the same—with modifications.

The wagon rocked and swayed from
side to side, as first one wheel and then
the other encountered the various ob-
structions in the way. Skittles in-
dulged in lurid profanity, and shouted
himself quite hoarse. Sam took it all
as a matter of course. He had been
there two or three times before, for the
wagon belonged to his father, who was
a prosperous trader near the border
line between Idaho and Montana, and
Sam himself did some of the buying at
Bannack City, where Teddy had joined
them.

Teddy, I may briefly explain, was
New York born and bred—making his first
visit to his uncle and cousins in the "Wild
West" of which he had heard much and read
more. Sam, in a good natured sort of way,
regarded him as a "tenderfoot," and more than
once intimated that Teddy was better adapted
to the East than the West. Which might all
be true enough, yet Ted didn't care to be
reminded of the fact.

If it was a hard pull up the first slope, the
second was even worse. The trail twisted about
the steeper ascent so that the wagon "titled"
at an alarming angle. To prevent an upset, as
the trail grew steeper, a small tree trunk, pro-
jecting several feet on the upper side, was
lashed to the wagon back. The "leaders" were
unhitched and taken in charge by Dick Barker,
who was guide, huntsman, cook, and general
utility man. Then, at stated intervals, Sam
and Teddy threw their weight on the tree trunk,
whose leverage served to raise the wagon to a
comparative level until the danger was past.

But as Skittles had predicted, this, compara-
tively speaking, was "notin' at all." Further
on they encountered the bed of a mountain
stream, dried up by the summer's drought. Dried
up was the stream, but not the banks and
bed of soft clay. Small cottonwoods and willows
had to be cut and thrown down to make a founda-
tion solid enough to allow the wagon to cross.
The horses got "mired," and were extricated
with the greatest difficulty, at least half a dozen
times. And so bad was the second crossing of

the same tortuous channel, that the wagon had
to be unloaded, the wheels taken off, and the
body floated across, while the goods were
"toted" over by hand.

"Oh, I can't begin to tell you of the hardships
of that wagon pull across the "divide," as
Teddy told it to me on his return. There were
upsets in spite of every precaution, breakdowns
innumerable and delays caused by washouts
and "slews."

"I started out with 'em just for the fun of it,"
acknowledged Teddy in his after narration, "but
there was precious little fun about it, I can tell
you."
Added to the hardship and general discom-
fort was a lack in the commissary department.
For on previous trips game had always been
abundant, yet this time Dick Barker, with all
his vaunted skill as a hunter, had killed only a
couple of tremendously tough jack rabbits and
a few grouse. Deer had been seen but twice,
and too far away to admit of a shot. So be-
tween four healthy appetites, sharpened by
fatigue as well as the mountain air, and the
wherewithal of satisfying them, was a decided
lack.

"I know I could find some game," grumbled
Teddy in an undertone, as Barker came in to
the noon camp empty handed after a two hour's
tramp.

Barker's sharp ears caught the remark.

score were landed. Then a larger one carried
away pinhook, sinker and part of his line.

"I've got a good mess, any way," was
Teddy's satisfied thought as he set at work to
clean the catch; which having done, he cast
about for something else to wile away the time
till the sleepers should wake.

Barker's gun—a Winchester of the latest
pattern—was leaning against a tree near at
hand. Teddy took it up for closer examination,
It was only a pound or so heavier than his own
at home. From handling the weapon, Teddy
felt the next natural impulse peculiar to the
amateur hunter.

"Barker is sound asleep—in fact they're all
napping," he said with a glance at the recumbent
forms. "I've a mind to—"
To what, Teddy illustrated in decisive action
without further soliloquy.

Throwing the rifle in the hollow of his arm,
he stole softly away. He knew that by keeping
near the stream there was no possibility of
losing himself. And in any event he did not
intend straying far from the camp.

It was a wild and rugged landscape, with a
certain picturesque beauty of its own to which
Teddy was by no means insensible. On every
side the mountains reared their lofty summits.
Belts of pine and spruce timber alternated with
barren tracts and masses of rock ledge till the
snow line above was reached. Before his eyes
lay the gorge or break in the range
through which ran the wagon trail they
were following.

But no game, large or small, was at

the ground, where he was hidden by scrub
underbrush, he wormed his way upward till he
reached what he considered the proper range.
Cocking the rifle softly and resting it over a pro-
jection, he took a long and careful aim at the
furry brown mass!

The report of the Winchester rang out sharply
and reverberated through the rocky fastnesses
in rattling echoes like a volley of musketry.
The bear gave a great snort, and, turning, bit
savagely at its side where the ball had pen-
etrated. Then, with a fierce growl, it came lum-
bering down the slope at an astonishing rate of
speed.

Teddy, who had cocked the Winchester for a
second shot, didn't wait for it. Nor for any-
thing. He started for camp in a hurry.

The bear followed—evidently in a greater
hurry than Teddy. Indeed, he kept gaining at
every stride.

The report had awakened the sleepers, and
Dick Barker's voice was heard yelling for his
rifle.

And just as pursuer and pursued came within
sight of the wagon, Teddy, inspired by a sudden
purpose, turned, and, throwing the rifle to his
shoulder, sighted along the barrel and pulled
the trigger.

The bear was not five yards away, and the
ball struck fairly between its eyes. But Bruin,
with the tenacity of his kind, kept on a few feet
further, and then, pitching forward, fell in a
lumbering mass almost at Teddy's heels.

Dick Barker snatched the weapon from
Teddy's hands, but another shot was unneces-
sary. Blood gushed from the
nostrils and mouth of the huge
animal as it lay in a supine
heap on the green sward, and
Barker uncocked the rifle.

"Well, you hev done it,
youngster!" he said, half won-
deringly, half admiringly.

Teddy pulled himself to-
gether with a prodigious effort.
"Glad I brought him into
camp just as you said," he re-
turned, trying to keep down
the excited tremor in his voice.

Sam stood staring from his
cousin to the dead bear in
luculent dismay. Skittles gave
an ecstatic shout.

"Call you a tenderfoot, eh!
Vraiment, Dick Barker made
ze big mistake dis time. He
like to shoot grizzly bear him-
self—*n'est-ce pas?*"

"'Tain't a grizzly—it's only a silver
tip," growled Dick Barker. But Teddy
was just as well satisfied, for he had
shot a bear weighing nearly five
hundred pounds. And they had bear
steak and fried trout for supper.

LIFE IN THE BATHS.

In this country we speak of going to
a watering place, meaning a resort to
the seashore or at a region of springs.
The term, however, has a much more
literal meaning when applied to such a
place as Leukerbad, in Switzerland,
where the visitors pass almost their en-
tire time not on or by the water, but in
it.

It is a place set among the mountains,
at a height over three thousand feet
above the sea, where there are a great
number of hot springs all strongly im-
pregnated with minerals.

Big bathing houses are built, in which
are deep tanks or reservoirs, crossed
with bridges, from which little steps
run down into the water.

Invalids from many countries in Eu-
rope go there, and they literally board
in the water for a while. They arise at
5 A. M. and go to the baths—a motley
squad of invalids, some limping, some
doubled half over. The great pools lie
before them, turbid and hot. The steam
generally, but the bathers are not appalled. They
change their ordinary attire for good, loose flannel
gowns, and descend, or are helped, into the
bath.

There are seats around the sides. On these the
most helpless sit with their shoulders just above
water. Others walk about and talk to each other.
Little tables float about, only the tops being vis-
ible, so that they look like tiny rafts.

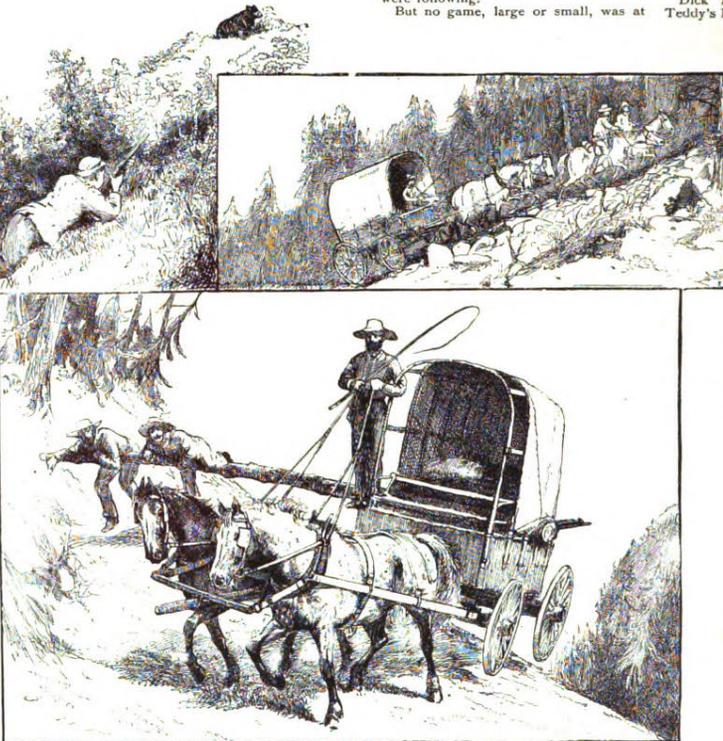
There will be thirty five invalids in the same
great pool sometimes, men and women, who meet
and introduce each other as they were on dry
land. And when all are assembled, waiters de-
scend into the baths and serve a breakfast to each
invalid on the little floating tables. The invalids
feast, and after the plates and cups are removed,
they paddle about till noon, when all leave the
bath, but only to return at two or three o'clock.
Some have lunch in the water; some do not.

There are those who play chess and dominoes
on the tables. There are a few who read books
well covered with oiled silk. Singing is in favor,
and sometimes the little bath full of invalids will
join in a popular song.

It is considered essential to stay in the water
eight hours each day. Strangely enough, the patients
are lively, cheerful and full of talk.

A LITTLE GEM.

The advertising manual recently issued by T.
C. Evans, the well known advertising agent of
Boston, is a little gem. It is beautifully printed,
artistically designed, and conveniently arranged.
We have seen nothing of the kind more useful to
the advertiser, or more pleasing to the eye.



PASSING A DANGEROUS SPOT IN THE WAGON TRAIL.

"Oh you think so, do you? Mebbe you better
take my gun an' strike out. P'raps you'd
bring an elk or even a bar into camp. I've
heard tenderfoot talk 'fore today."

And even Sam laughed rather aggravatingly
at the idea of his cousin succeeding in a search
for game when Dick Barker had failed to find
any.

It's easy enough to kill tame deer up'n the
Adirondack woods, shooting with jack lights
and all that sort of thing, but it takes a West-
erner bred and born to kill big game in this
section," he remarked patronizingly.

The camp was beside a mountain stream that
noon. The horses had been taken out and
were grazing near the wagon, under which Dick
Barker stretched himself for a nap beside
Skittles, who was snoring loudly.

Sam soon followed the example of the other
two, leaving Teddy to his own resources.

These were simple enough. The brawling
mountain stream suggested the trout brooks of
New England. Unluckily Teddy had no fish-
ing tackle; yet, fertile in resources, he pro-
ceeded to improvise one with twine and a bent
pin, as in boyhood.

A few grubs and beetles from under the fallen
logs furnished the bait, and a nail did very well
for a sinker, as also a willow wand as a rod.

Hardly had the bait touched the water when
it was seized by a voracious trout, weighing
considerably less than a quarter of a pound.
Another and another followed, till some two

first in sight. Where were the elk and the
mountain sheep of which he had read? The
mountain lion—the terrible grizzly!

Teddy stopped as short in his mental question-
ing as he did in his tracks just then. For on a
rocky ledge above him, was the very animal he
had rather *not* see. A grizzly, of course! His
huge unwieldy carcass, clearly outlined against
the intense blue, appeared in Teddy's dilating
eyes as big as that of an ox!

Now possibly some youthful reader may think
Teddy wanting in pluck. The average boy hero
of fiction would have placed the blade of his
trusty hunting knife between his teeth, tightened
his waist belt, and, cocking his rifle, started for-
ward with flashing eye and undaunted front.
Or words to that effect.

But Teddy wasn't one of that kind. He had
heard too much about the danger of attacking the
grizzly in his native wilds, especially where
one had no previous experience in such encoun-
ters.

Teddy's first impulse was to hurry back to
camp and give the alarm so that Barker might
take up the chase—if he cared to. Then it oc-
curred to him that this would look cowardly.

Teddy drew a long breath, and came to a
sudden determination. The bear was well,
say a hundred yards away, nor had he as yet
sighted Teddy. With trembling fingers the young
fellow set the sight for ninety yards, remember-
ing the difficulty of correctly estimating the dis-
tance on such an irregular slope. Dropping to

AUTUMN.

BY ALBERT LEIGHTON.

The world puts on its robes of gold now;
The very flowers are tinged with deeper dyes;
The waves are bluer, and the angels pitch
Their shining tents along the sunset skies.
The distant hills are crowned with purple mist,
The days are mellow, and the long, calm nights,
To wondering eyes, like weird magicians, show
The shifting splendors of the Northern Lights.
The generous Earth spreads out her fruitful stores,
And all the fields are thick with ripened sheaves;
While in the woods, at Autumn's rustling step,
The maples blush through all their trembling
leaves.

[This story commenced in No. 307.]

My Friend Smith.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Mr. Halsegrove's Ward."

CHAPTER V.

THE REBELLION PROGRESSES.

THE fellows yelled and rushed through the school as if they were mad. They shouted, and sang, and halloed, and laughed. They flung books and rulers and ink pots to the four winds of heaven.

They put the cane in the fire, and one of the Henicker's reading books, which was lying in the study, they tore into a thousand pieces. They burst into every forbidden nook and cranny of the house. They rushed down to the kitchen and danced on the attics. They bawled down the speaking tube, and dined on the dining room table.

Nothing was omitted which could testify to their glee at the new emancipation, or their hatred of the old régime. They held a mock school outside the Henicker's door, and gave one another bad marks and canings with infinite laughter, by way of cheering up their prisoner.

Finally the calls of hunger put an end to this strange demonstration, and with a mighty stampede we made for the kitchen. To our surprise it was empty.

"Why, where's the cook and housemaid?" cried one and another to Smith.

"Oh," said Smith, who with cares of generalship upon him had taken only a small part in the jubilation which had just been celebrated, "the servants have gone home. They both live at Felwick, so I said they might take a week's holiday if they liked."

The coolness of this announcement was received with much laughter, in the midst of which, however, Hawkesbury was heard to say: "I hope Smith is a good cook, for really I can't eat my food raw."

This was certainly a matter we had not reckoned on, and the idea of raw meat did cast a temporary shadow on our happiness. But Smith replied:

"Oh, of course we do the cooking by turns. By the way, Hawkesbury, you and Flanagan have to see to that today."

Hawkesbury's smile left him for an instant.

"Nonsense; I'm not going to do anything of the sort."

"Then you'd better be the captain," said Smith, glumly, "if you aren't going to obey orders."

Hawkesbury's smile returned.

"Oh, if it's the captain's orders, of course. Come along, Flanagan."

"Come along," said the jovial Flanagan; "I think we'll make hash of it with a vengeance!"

Whereat this little breeze blew over. As a matter of fact, we all assisted at the cooking of this celebrated meal, and made a terrific hash of it, which, nevertheless, we relished greatly, and we did not ever taste such a dinner since we came to Stonebridge House. No more we had!

But amid our own feasting it would never do to forget our prisoners. Three parcels were made, containing each a liberal helping of bread and meat with little parcels of salt and butter thoughtfully added.

"Write on them 'For two days,'" said Smith, "and bring them up."
"How about water?" asked some one.
"There's enough in each room for a day or two," said Smith, who seemed to have taken notice of everything.

"I don't see the fun of feeding them up this way," said Rathbone. "You'll never get them to give in as long as you make them so jolly comfortable."

"I'd like to see how you liked it for two days," said Smith. "I don't suppose you'd think yourself overfed or jolly comfortable either. But come on; have you got the string?"

Each parcel was attached to a long piece of string, and conveyed in state by the entire school to its respective destination.
The Henicker was first fed. Amid shouts of "Cheer, boys, cheer," and "Rule Britannia," we marched up to her door and halted, while Smith, with the aid of a rake, lifted the parcel on to the small ventilator above the door, and gave it a little shove over the other side.

"Now lower away," said he to the boy who held the string.

"Smith, I hear your voice," cried the Henicker. "Smith, open my door, please."

Except for the last extraordinary expression, the Henicker's voice sounded much as usual. No answer, of course, was given, and we waited until the parcel should be detached from the string.

For about five minutes it remained untouched, during which period the holder tried to attract the attention of the prisoner by sundry spasmodic jerkings of the string. At length the fish did bite. Without a word the parcel was detached from the string. We turned to go.

"Plate, knife, and fork, in the cupboard," cried out Smith, as we did so.

"You don't mean to say," said Rathbone, as we went along, "that you've put a knife and fork for her?"

"Yes, I have," said Smith, in a manner which did not encourage the truculent Rathbone to pursue the subject.

The feeding of the two masters was a longer process. For to reach their door it was necessary to climb over a perfect jungle of chairs and desks piled up against it; and when reached it was discovered that the glass ventilator, which usually stood open, had been shut and fastened inside.

But Smith was not to be balked by a trifle.

"I'll stay up, Jack," said I, more with a desire to avert a row than because I felt particularly "spry."

"So will I," said Shankley, "if you will dig me in the ribs when I get sleepy."

"I tell you what," said Smith, after having recovered himself. "Suppose we bring all the beds down and camp out on the landing!"
This was carried with acclamation, and every one forthwith proceeded to his dormitory, and bedded up staggered under the weight of his bedpothes. One monstrous bed was made, in which we all "camped out" in turn, one fellow only remaining awake as sentinel for an hour at a time.

"We shall have to settle tomorrow," said Smith, when he had returned to "camp," after having gone the round and seen that all lights were out, and all doors and bolts fastened; "we shall have to settle tomorrow what to say to them about coming out, you fellows."
"I thought that was left to the captain," said Hawkesbury.

"I vote we stick out against the Henicker having anything to do with us," said Philpot, "in or out of school."
"Yes; and do away with afternoon school and preparation too," said Rathbone; "they are both nuisances."

"And get a holiday to go out of bounds once a week," said Flanagan, drooping to sleep.

Smith fired up unwontedly at the suggestion. "If you do, you and I will never be friends again," he said, passionately. Then recovering himself, he added, repentantly: "Fred, I'm awfully sorry I lost my temper. I know I'm a brute; but please don't think of speaking to any one about it."
"All right, old man," said I.
And so the night wore on, and when presently it came to be our turn to lie down and sleep in the big bed, I, at any rate, did so a good deal disturbed in my spirit, and not altogether sure whether or not present escapade we Stonebridge House boys were not making rather fools of ourselves.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW THE REBELLION COLLAPSED.

WAS roused next morning early by the sound of voices, and found that a fresh council of war was being held in the big bed on the question of the ultimatum. Smith was away at the time.

"I mean to say," said Rathbone, "Smith's far too mild to suit me."

"I felt called upon to stick up for my chum."
"Why did you make him captain?" I said.
I had long got past the stage of being afraid either of Rathbone or Philpot or any of the boys at Stonebridge House.

"Well," retorted the malcontent, "why doesn't he go the whole hog?"
"Depends upon what you call the whole hog," I replied.

"Why, instead of feeding them up like prize cattle I'd starve them—I would. And I'd have locked them all together in an empty garret, and not in rooms with sofas and beds and all that nonsense. And I wouldn't let them out till they came out on their knees and promised to do whatever they were ordered. That's what I'd do, and I'll tell 'em."

"Now then, Rathbone," cried Smith, entering at that moment, "it's your turn to look after the grub, remember. Look alive, or we shall have no breakfast."

It was a curious indication of the power that was in my friend Smith, that Rathbone—though the words of mutiny were even then on his lips—quietly got up and went off to his allotted duties without saying a word.

"Look here," said Smith, presently, pulling two papers from his pocket. "I've written out the terms we agreed to. How will this do?"

"To Mr. Ladislav, Miss Henicker, and Mr. Hashford—We, the undersigned boys of Stonebridge House, are willing to release you on the following conditions:—

"1. That leave be given to the boys to talk to one another when not in class.

"2. That detention for bad marks given by Miss Henicker be abolished.

"3. That you say nothing to any one about all this.

"As long as you stick to these conditions, and Miss Henicker doesn't plague us, we agree to be steady and not mutiny any more." That's about all we need say, isn't it?"

"I don't see," said Philpot, "the use of the last clause. We don't want to bind ourselves down."

"There's no harm, though, in saying we won't kick up a row if they treat us properly."

"I don't know," said Philpot, doubtfully. "I don't want to sign away my right to kick up a row."

We laughed at this ingenuous admission, and Smith said:

"Well, I think we've a better chance of bringing them to book if we keep it in. What do you say, Flanagan?"

"Oh yes, keep it in. Goodness knows I like rows as well as anybody, but who's the use of them when there's nothing to make them about?"

"I think it had better stay in," said I. "What do you say, Hawkesbury?"

Hawkesbury smiled in an amused way, as if it was a joke.

"This appeared to incense Smith greatly as usual."

"Why ever don't you say what you think instead of grinning?" he blurted out.

"Why, you know, my dear fellow, we leave it all to you. I agree to anything!"

I verily believe if Smith had had a boot in his hand it would have found its way in the direction of his enemy's smile. Happily he hadn't; so he turned his back on the speaker, and proceeded.

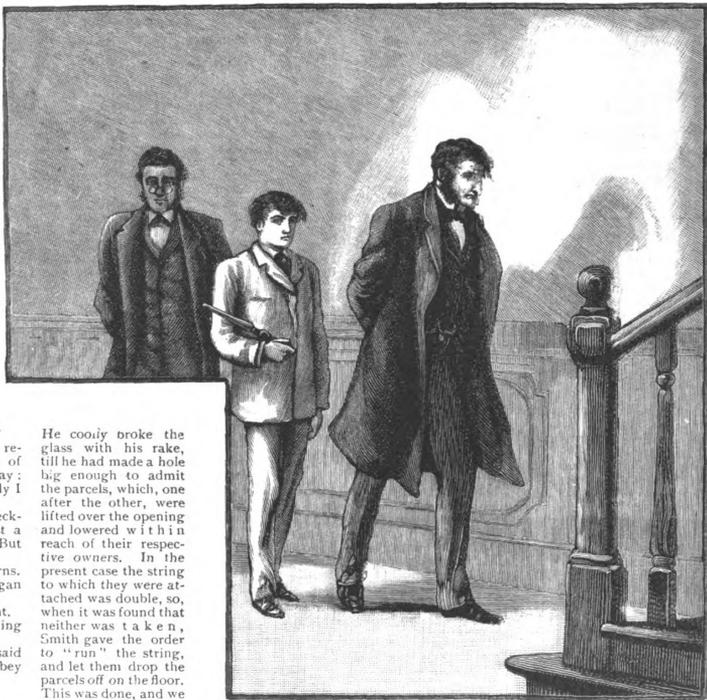
"Very well, then we'd better sign these at once. I've got a pen and ink here. Look sharp, you fellows."

"Don't you think," said Hawkesbury, blandly, once more, "as all have left to the captain, he had better sign the paper in the name of the school? You don't mind, Smith, I'm sure?"

Smith snatched up the pen hastily, and signed his name at the foot of each document.

"I'm not afraid, if that's what you mean."

I could watch the working of his face as he hurriedly folded each paper up into the form of a note, and knew the storm that was going on in his own breast. Certainly Hawkesbury,



SMITH, WITH HIS SCREWDRIVER, WALKED SOLEMNLY IN THE MIDDLE.

He coolly broke the glass with his rake, till he had made a hole big enough to admit the parcels, which, one after the other, were lifted over the opening and lowered within reach of their respective owners. In the present case the string to which they were attached was double, so, when it was found that neither was a taken, Smith gave the order to "run" the string, and let them drop the parcels off on the floor. This was done, and we were turning to go, when Mr. Ladislav's voice rose in angry tones.

"Listen to me, boys," he cried, authoritatively.

A general yell was the only answer to this, mingled with loud laughter as Mr. Hashford's head suddenly appeared at the broken ventilator. The apparition was the signal for a general fusillade of paper balls, in the midst of which the usher modestly retired from observation.

The evening was spent in the same rollicking manner as the afternoon. We held mock school in Mr. Ladislav's study, and got Flanagan to dress up in an old gown of the Henicker's, which was found in the boot room, and enact that favorite character's part, which he did to the life.

We also made out our own "reports" for home, and played a most spirited game of croquet in the hall, with potatoes for balls and rooms for mallets, besides treating our prisoners to a ravishing concert by an orchestra of one dinner bell, two dish covers, and one iron tray.

We kept it up till rather late, and, indeed, it was not till Smith summoned us to a council of war that the problem of how and where to spend the night occurred to us.

"Some of us ought to stay up as sentinels," said our captain.

"Well, I can't, for one," said Philpot, "for I was never so sleepy in my life."

"I should think," said Hawkesbury, sweetly, "if the captain stayed up we should be safe."

Why should Smith glare so whenever Hawkesbury spoke? I wondered. I'm sure there did not seem to be anything offensive in this.

These sweeping schemes of reform, however, agreeable as they sounded, seemed none of them likely to receive the assent of our prisoners.

Smith's idea was a good deal more moderate. "I don't see that we can stick out for more than leave to talk when we are not in class, and do away with 'detentions.'"

"That really seems hardly worth all the trouble," said Hawkesbury, "does it?"

"It's left to the captain," said Smith, shortly, "and that's my idea, if you agree."

"We ought to bargain they don't take any more notice of this affair, or write home about it," suggested Shankley.

"Who cares what they write home?" scornfully inquired Smith.

"Ah, it may not matter to you," said Hawkesbury, smiling very sweetly, "but to all the rest of us it does."

Smith glared at the speaker, and looked as if he was about to fly at his throat; but he controlled himself, and merely replied:

"Very well, then, they are to promise not to say anything about it at home, as well as give in on the other things. Is that settled?"

Everybody said "yes," and shortly afterwards most of the mutineers were peacefully asleep.

"Fred," said Smith to me that night, as we kept watch together, "unless that fellow Hawkesbury lets me alone I'll give the thing up."

"Don't do that," said I. "Really, I don't think Hawkesbury means it. I'll speak to him if you like." It cost me a great effort to say this.

however good his intentions, was a little aggravating.

"Perhaps you'll throw that in over the Henicker's door?" said Smith, handing one of the notes to Hawkesbury.

Again Hawkesbury smiled as he replied, "Really, I'm such a bad shot; I'd much rather you did it."

"Give it me," cried I, interposing before my friend could reply. "All through the night." Saying which I took the missive, and after one or two bad shots, succeeded in getting it through the ventilator and hearing it drop in the middle of the Henicker's floor.

"A letter for you," I cried, by way of explanation. "You've an hour to give an answer." "Batchelor," replied Miss Henicker from within, in what seemed rather a subdued voice, "you are doing very wrong. Let me out immediately, Batchelor."

"Not till you promise what's written in the note," replied I, quitting the place.

A similar ceremony was enacted by Smith in delivering the ultimatum to the two masters, and we then adjourned for breakfast.

"What shall we do today?" asked Flanagan, who was quite fresh again after yesterday's hard work.

"Oh, any mortal thing you like," said Shantley. "I mean to go and have a rare walk over the roof."

"I vote we make up a party and go down to the village," said another.

"No, no," said Smith, looking up, "we must stay indoors, or the thing will soon get known. You can do anything you like indoors."

"There was a little growling at this, although we knew there was reason in the prohibition.

"I don't see any harm in going out on the heath," said Rathbone: "you did that yourself once."

"Yes, and some one saw me do it," replied Smith. "I say, stay indoors."

His tone was peremptory, and as usual it had its due effect. The fellows ate their breakfast quietly and said no more.

The meal was rather a protracted one, owing to Rathbone having forgotten to put the bag in the coffee pot before he inserted the coffee, and thus spoiling the beverage altogether. He was sent back to make it over again—a circumstance which by no means had the effect of soothing his spirits.

By the time breakfast was done the hour had nearly arrived when our prisoners were to give their answers to our manifesto.

As we were preparing to march up stairs with a view to ascertain their decision, Hawkesbury met us, coming down with his hat on.

"Where are you going?" demanded Smith. Hawkesbury looked very pleasant indeed as he replied,

"Oh, please don't mind me. I'm going out for a walk. I've got a headache, and really I don't see much use playing about indoors."

Smith's face darkened.

"Didn't you hear me say there was no going out?" he said.

Hawkesbury smiled and seemed much amused. Smith's wrath was rising apace. "What I said I'll stick to," cried he, standing across the step. "You shan't go out!"

"Hawkesbury," I interposed, anxious to avert a row, "we've all promised to obey the captain, you know."

"Really," replied Hawkesbury, "I didn't. Please let me pass, Smith."

"Then you were speaking false," exclaimed the irate Smith, "when you said you did promise!"

"Really, Smith, I didn't say I did promise—" "Wretched liar!" replied Smith.

"That's not a nice name to call a fellow," mildly replied Hawkesbury. "I hope I'm a gentleman, and don't deserve it."

"Bah," said Smith, in tones of utter disgust, standing aside and letting his enemy pass. "Go where you like; we want no sneaks here!"

Hawkesbury, walked on, smiling pleasantly.

"Good by for the present," said he. "Mind you obey your captain, you fellows. We all know he's a gentleman, don't we?"

And he went out, leaving us all in a state of utter astonishment.

A babel of voices at once arose. Some declared Hawkesbury was quite right not to stand being ordered about; others said he ought to have been stopped going out, and others said, "Who cared if he did go?"

In the midst of this my eyes turned to Jack Smith. His face, which had been flushed and excited, was now pale and solemn. He either did not hear or did not heed the discussion that was going on; and I must confess I felt half frightened as my eyes suddenly met his.

Not that he looked dangerous. He had a strange look—half of baffled rage and half of shame—which was quite new to me, and I waited anxiously to discover what he meant.

As his eyes met mine, however, he seemed to recover himself and to make up his mind.

"Batchelor," said he, "get the screwdriver." "What are you going to do?" asked some one. "Are you going to lock Hawkesbury out?"

"No," said Smith, quietly; "but I'm going to let out the others."

"What!" cried the fellows at this astounding announcement; "without waiting for their answer? We shall all get expelled!"

"No, you won't!" said Smith, doggedly, and rather scornfully.

"You don't mean to say you're going to show the white feather?" said Rathbone.

"I mean to say I'm going to let them out."

"Yes, and get all the credit of it, and leave us to get into the row," said Philpot.

Smith turned round short on the speaker and held out the screwdriver. "Here," said he, "if you want the credit, go and do it yourself!"

Of course, Philpot declined the tempting offer, and, without another word, Smith walked up to the passage and began pulling away the covers from the parlor door.

Flanagan and one or two of us, sorely perplexed, helped him; the others stood aloof and gumbled or sneered.

The two masters within heard the noise but neither of them spoke.

At last all was clear, and Smith said: "Now then, you'd better go, you fellows!"

We obeyed him, though reluctantly. Our curiosity as well as our anxiety prompted us to stay. We retired to the end of the passage, where from a distant door we nervously watched Smith turn the key and draw out first one screw then the other from the door that divided him and us from our masters.

Smith walked into the room and shut the door behind him.

CHAPTER VII.

SMITH IN A NEW ROLE.

WHAT happened inside that room we never exactly knew. After half an hour, which seemed to us as long as a day, the three emerged, and walked straight down the passage and up the stairs that led to Miss Henicker's apartment. Smith, with the screwdriver, walked in the middle, very solemn and very pale.

Smith only rose a few steps up after them, and hid where we could observe what was to follow.

Mr. Ladislaw knocked at the Henicker's door.

"Well?" said a voice within.

The word was mildly spoken, and very unlike the snap to which we had been accustomed in forty days.

"It is I," said Mr. Ladislaw, "and Mr. Hashford."

"I shall be glad if you will immediately have my door opened," was the reply.

"Smith, unscrew the door at once," said Mr. Ladislaw.

Smith solemnly proceeded to do as he was bid, and presently the screws were both dislodged.

"Is it done?" said the Henicker when the sound ceased.

"Yes, Miss Henicker, the door is quite free."

"Then," said the Henicker—and there positively seemed to be a tremor in the voice—"let us go; I will be down presently."

So the little procession turned and once more walked down the stairs, Smith, with his screwdriver, still walking solemnly in the middle. We who were in hiding were torn by conflicting desires.

An impulse was to remain and enjoy the spectacle of the crestfallen Henicker marching forth from her late prison. But somehow, rough boys as we were, and not much given to chivalric scruples, the sound of that tremble in the Henicker's voice, and with it the recollection of the part we had taken in her punishment, made us feel as if, after all, the best thing we could do was not to remain, but to follow the others down stairs.

As we were doing so the bell rang for morning classes, and we naturally sought the morning room, where, with Mr. Hashford at the desk, school was assembled just as if nothing had happened.

Hawkesbury was the only absentee, there we only admired Mr. Hashford on this occasion. He appeared to be the only person in the room who was not thoroughly uncomfortable.

Indeed, as we went on with our work, and he, almost pleasantly, entered into it with us, we felt ourselves getting comfortable too, and could hardly believe that the usher now intruding on us had, at one time, been our prisoner, and that we who recently had been shouting words of mutiny and defiance all over the school. It was like a dream—and, after all, not a very nice dream.

But we were recalled to ourselves when presently, along the passage outside our door, there resounded a footstep which instinct told us belonged to the Henicker. Not much chance of feeling comfortable with that sound in one's ear!

But to our surprise and comfort it passed on and descended the stairs. It was like a reprieve to convicted felons.

Class over, and the clock was getting on to twelve—the usual hour for a break when the door opened and Mr. Ladislaw put in his head and said: "Smith, will you step down to my study? Mr. Hashford, the midday bell will not ring till one today."

Smith solemnly followed the master from the room, and for another hour we worked in class—one of us, at any rate, feeling very anxious and not a little uneasy.

When the bell did ring, and we went down stairs, not knowing exactly what was to become of us, my first thought was, what had become of Smith? He was not in the playground, where we wandered about listlessly for a quarter of an hour before dinner, nor was he to be seen when presently we assembled in the memorable parlor for our midday repast.

It was not a very grand meal, that dinner. We partook of the cold remains of a joint which one of ourselves had made a woful attempt to cook the day before, and which now tasted anything but delicious.

Miss Henicker was in her usual place, and as we sat with our eyes rigidly fixed on the plates before us, we were conscious of her glancing once or twice towards one and another of us, and then turning away to speak to Mr. Ladislaw, who was also present. Except for the whispered conversation of these two, not a word was uttered during the meal. Even Flanagan, when, in reaching for the salt, he knocked over his plate, did not receive the expected bad mark, but was left silently to mop up the spill as best he could.

It was a terrible meal, and my anxiety about my friend Smith made it all the worse.

Dinner was over, and we were descending to afternoon class in Mr. Ladislaw's study, when the front door opened and Hawkesbury entered.

We could see he was taken aback and utterly astonished to see Mr. Ladislaw and Miss Henicker at liberty and us once more at our old tasks. For a moment his face looked concerned and doubtful, then, suddenly changing, it broke out into smiles as he ran up to Mr. Ladislaw.

"Oh, Mr. Ladislaw," cried he, "and Miss Henicker, I am so glad! I really couldn't bear to be in school while they were treating you so shamefully!"

"Where have you been, Hawkesbury?" said Mr. Ladislaw.

"Oh! I went out in hopes of being able to do my duty."

"You have told no one of what has occurred?" said Mr. Ladislaw, sternly.

"Oh no!" said the smiling Hawkesbury; "I really went out because I couldn't bear to be in the school and be unable to do anything for you and Miss Henicker. I am so glad you have got me out of here!"

"None of us had the spirit to protest. We could see that Hawkesbury's statement, and his both joy at their liberation, had gone down with Mr. Ladislaw and Miss Henicker—and at our expense, too, and yet we dared not expostulate or do ourselves justice."

"I was in the school, and still no Smith appeared. Was he locked up in the coal hole, or in one of the attics up stairs, I wondered?"

"Or had he been given into custody, or what? No solution came to the mystery all that afternoon or evening. We worked silently on, conscious that the Henicker's eyes were upon us, but aware that she neither spoke nor interfered with us."

Bedtime came at last, and in strange trouble and anxiety, I went up. I almost made up my mind to ask Mr. Hashford or Mr. Ladislaw what had become of Smith, but I could not screw my courage up to the pitch.

As I was undressing, Hawkesbury came near me and whispered,

"Where is Smith?"

I vouchsafed no reply. I had been used to give Hawkesbury credit for good intentions, but I had had my confidence shaken by that day's events.

"Don't be cross with me, Batchelor," said he. "I really don't deserve it."

"Why did you desert and leave us all in the lurch?" growled I.

"I did not mean to do it," said he, very meekly; "but really, when I woke this morning I felt I was doing wrong, Batchelor, and could not bear to stay in and stand by while Mr. Ladislaw and Miss Henicker were kept shut up. That's really the reason, and I thought it would be kinder of me to keep out of the way and not spoil your fun. Smith quite misunderstood me, he did really."

"Why didn't you say you wouldn't join before we began?" I asked.

"I can't say you know, Batchelor, I was in a bad frame of mind then, and was angry. But I tried hard to forgive—you know that's what we ought to do—and I blame myself very much that I even seemed to agree. You mustn't think too hardly of me, Batchelor."

I said nothing, but went on undressing, more perplexed than ever to know what to think. Hawkesbury, after a warm "Good night," left me, and I was thankful, at any rate, for the prospect of a few hours' sleep and forgetfulness.

I was just getting into bed, and had turned back the clothes to do so, when I suddenly caught sight of a scrap of paper appearing from under my pillow.

I first supposed it must be some remnant of last night's sports, but, on taking it out, found that it was a note carefully rolled up and addressed to me in Smith's well known hand.

(To be continued.)

A WISE MAN.

"SEE here," said a young man to a friend as he flourished a roll of bills after the ball game, "I came off just that much in today."

"Well, well, had you bet on the New Yorks?"

"Not much. I had just that much, and I did not bet at all."

MARVELOUS LONGEVITY.

"LONGEVITY? I should say longevity did run in the family," said Mrs. Spriggins. "Why, John was six foot two; Bill was six foot four, and George, he had more longevity than any man I ever see. He was six foot seven if he was a foot."

The blood is the regulator. Regulate the Regulator with Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla. It cures all impurities. It is the largest bottle in the market—120 doses for \$1. Your druggist sells it. Buy it for your family's benefit as well as your own.

"NASAL VOICES, CATARRH AND FALSE TEETH."

A prominent English man says the American women all have high, shrill, nasal voices and false teeth.

Americans don't like the constant twitting they get about this nasal twang, and yet it is a fact caused by our dry stimulating atmosphere, and the universal presence of catarrhal difficulties.

But why should so many of our women have false teeth?

That is more of a poser to the English. It is quite impossible to account for it except on the theory of deranged stomach action caused by imprudence in eating and by want of regular exercise.

Both conditions are unnatural.

Catarrhal troubles everywhere prevail and end in cough and consumption, which are promoted by mal-nutrition induced by deranged stomach action. The condition is a modern one, one unknown to our ancestors who prevented the catarrh, cold, cough and consumption by abundant and regular use of what is now known as Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy and Log Cabin sarsaparilla, two old fashioned standard remedies handed down from our ancestors, and now exclusively put forth under the strongest guarantees of purity and efficacy by the world famed makers of Warner's safe cure.

These two remedies plentifully used as the fall and winter seasons advance, together with an occasional use of Warner's Log Cabin rose cream, to strengthen and protect the nasal membranes, give a positive assurance of freedom, both from catarrh and those dreadful and, if neglected, inevitable consequences, bronchitis, lung troubles and consumption, which so generally and fatally prevail among our people.

Comrade Eli Fisher, of Salem, Henry Co., Iowa, served four years in the late war and contracted a disease called consumption by the doctors. He had frequent hemorrhages. After using Warner's Log Cabin cough and consumption remedy, he was cured under date of Jan. 19th, 1888: "I do not bleed at the lungs any more, my cough does not bother me, and I do not have any more smothering spells." Warner's Log Cabin rose cream cured his wife of catarrh, and she is "sound and well."

Of course we do not like to have our women called nose talkers and false teeth wearers, but these conditions can be readily overcome in the manner indicated.

A Sail Through the Air;

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

BY LIEUTENANT A. K. BOLTON.

FOR two years, during the civil war I was with Stanley, who did good work down by Stony River. He was a careful, thoughtful fellow for pushing ahead into occupied ground, cutting off Bragg's supplies and intercepting reconnoitering parties.

We all had his spirit more or less, and used to vie with each other in foolhardy feats, coming to grief sometimes, sometimes doing good service. I was in a boat in volunteer for risky expeditions, but I was fairly successful in getting clear.

One night I was sent for and told that I was to pass the picket lines to gain information as to a recent reinforcement which had joined the rebels. The plan was to run the pickets at night, spend the day in hiding somewhere, and return the following night.

I had similar jobs before, and set off on this one without any misgiving. I had to cross a branch of the river about thirty feet wide, but I managed that easily enough with a couple of planks. I took more care than usual in piloting myself across, for the water was cold, the weather, sleet and hail falling thickly. Passing the pickets was not so easy, but by biding my time I managed it, and found myself before daybreak well within the Confederate lines.

My idea was this. I knew the disposition of the camp exactly; if I could get a good post on the top of a tree or on some height I could observe the additional tents and calculate the number of the reinforcement. The difficulty was to get a good post for observation which would not be conspicuous.

About a mile away was a slight eminence with an old mill on its summit. The sails were still, and there was a general look of idleness about it, as was to be expected, seeing that the army was so near. I concluded that such a splendid post for observations would be pretty certain to be occupied; however, it was worth making sure of.

I therefore crept to a tree and carefully looked at the door of the windmill through my field glass. I watched it for an hour, but there was no sign of a human being. This made me bolder; I crept forward again, taking good care to keep myself from view, and again watched it.

Still there was no movement. This was odd; if any soldiers had been there, there must have been some sign of them in two hours. It was becoming bolder still; I advanced to within a few yards, then crept up to the back of the mill and listened. Not a sound of any kind. Three minutes after I was inside.

This was such a tremendous piece of luck that I could scarcely believe there was a trap of some kind. However, there didn't seem to be, the place was as deserted as the Sa-

hara. I lost no time in getting to the top of the mill, and opening the trap door which led to the parapet round the roof, put my head out to make my notes.

I had a fine view of the valley, and in about a couple of hours I had drawn a map of the situation and made a lot of valuable notes. By that time I thought it prudent to withdraw.

I shut the trap door and descended the crazy ladder to the second story. Somehow or other my foot slipped as I was doing the next piece, and I fell. I snatched at a beam and just saved myself from coming smash to the bottom. I was hanging by one arm and a leg for half a minute before I recovered myself. Then I crept down to the floor and slipped out.

I got amongst some trees about a hundred yards away and lay down for an hour, eating some crackers that I had in my pocket. Then I felt in my pocket for my papers.

Here was another shock; they were gone. They must have fallen out of my coat when I was swinging on that beam, and I had never noticed it. This was a great nuisance, as it necessitated another journey to that old mill.

I was on the point of hastening across the piece of open ground which surrounded the base of the mill, when I saw the gleam of steel amongst the trees not fifty yards off. I drew back into my shelter like a snail into its shell, half afraid I was discovered.

But apparently the party was ignorant of my presence. They advanced to within a few yards of the mill; I was on tenterhooks for fear they would enter it and discover my pocket book. But they halted on the open space, a sergeant put a white mark on the side of the wall near the door and commenced making some measurements on the ground.

I watched the work progress with fearful anxiety, but they seemed in no hurry to go. The only consolation was that no one entered the mill. At last, about three o'clock, the party retired, leaving one man on guard. I watched them out of sight and then took my decision.

The sentry walked round and round the building in a monotonous circle. If I could reach the back whilst he was at the front I could slip into the door whilst he was on the opposite side. I waited ten minutes for a favorable opportunity and then made the attempt.

The sentry was in front of the door as I reached the back of the mill. I waited to hear his slow tramp in my direction, which would enable me to reach the front, but to my horror no steps could be heard. He had chosen that moment of all others to halt in front of the door.

Judge of my feelings when I heard a voice in command apparently not two hundred yards away. It was too late to retreat. I could not advance. What was I to do?

However, the sentry heard the voice too and recommenced his march. I followed him on hands and knees, reached the door and crept in just as the heads of the men appeared over the crest of the little hill.

I was safe—but safe in a trap. However, I did not despair; they might not remain, and if only one man was left on guard I might at the worst manage with him.

I found my pocket book and ascended the ladder to the next floor. Then I pulled the ladder up after me as quietly as I could. It was scarcely done before an officer entered the door.

"Hallo! sergeant," he said to a man following him, "where's the ladder?"

"Don't know, captain, it was here yesterday."

"Then it must be here today; there's been a guard here, I suppose?"

"No, sir, the colonel said that—"

I lost the rest of the sentence, evidently explaining why the place had been left unguarded. The officer looked very much annoyed.

"Take a couple of men and get a ladder or rope, whichever you can find quickest, and tell Peterson to come here with eight men."

This was pleasant for me to hear, but worse was coming.

"Some of Carter's men have been here, I expect," said the captain to a lieutenant who had just entered, alluding to a band of free rangers that was the pest of both armies, though attached nominally to the rebels.

"They may be up there now," remarked the lieutenant.

"Give them a shot on the chance."

A moment after a bullet came whizzing through the trap door. I managed to keep perfectly still, though it came unpleasantly near.

"Tisn't worth while to waste powder till we know if any of 'em's there," said Morgan, the young officer. I recognized him. I had been very near him in one of my expeditions.

I had twenty minutes to decide on what to do; by that time the sergeant would be back. I thought over all possible schemes of escape, but there was not one which seemed practicable. I might shoot the three men in the mill, but there were several more outside. Was there a hiding place higher up which would conceal me against a search?

I determined to look. I rose as quietly as I could and crept to the foot of the next ladder, taking off my boots to make less noise.

I made no answer. Almost immediately I heard the voice of the sergeant, who had returned with his men; they had brought a rope with them. I could hear an excited colloquy, but could not distinguish the words; then there was the sound of the rope being thrown up to the trap door with a piece of wood attached to catch crosswise in the opening.

A few minutes more and the captain and lieutenant were on the floor beneath me.

Soon the rope was thrown up to the trap door near me, but I was prepared, and pushed it down again. They had lanterns, so I could see them, whilst I was invisible, and thus far I had the advantage. However, I could not keep it; shot after shot came whizzing up the hole and through the thin planking. I had to retreat as far from the hole as possible.

It was only a question of minutes now. It was true I could get on the roof, but what good would that do? They would follow me, and I must surrender, or jump from the parapet and be washed to a pulp forty feet below.

However, one sticks to one's life pretty desperately, and I made for the roof. Up there I could at least hold my own for a time.

I climbed out and shut the trap behind me, closing it with a bar of iron. There had been no fastening to the other traps. Here I waited for my next chance.

A bullet soon showed that my pursuers were just beneath me. I did not much fear their shots, as they had no idea which part of the roof I was on.

I heard more men come up; they pushed and battered against the trap till I feared it must give, and I began to hear the captain tell the sergeant to bring up his men and a beam to smash the door with.

The order was soon obeyed. The first blow was ineffectual, but it was evident a few more would remove the last barrier between me and death.

Just as the first hole was made: I saw the end of the beam protruding from the broken plank.

A desperate hope flashed through my brain. I kicked aside the clamp which held the sails motionless, climbed up the tottering woodwork and leant to my right, clinging with all my might.

Slowly the sails began to move as my weight swung them round, then more quickly. I held my breath as they rushed through the air.

"Swish! I flew with fearful velocity, passing within six feet of the ground and then up into the air again like the pendulum of a clock. Before I had regained my breath and senses I was hanging by arms and legs to the sail, which was now motionless.

Crash! The door was broken through now. The sound brought me to full consciousness. I slid to the extremity of the sail and dropped to the ground.

Another moment and I was running for my life towards the river. It was a race for life, as the pickets were alert. More than one rifle ball flew past my ears, but the darkness favored me, and I reached our camp in safety.

LOG CABIN SUCCESS.

What ails the young men? Robert Garrett's father left him a fortune of twenty millions. He was from childhood reared in luxury; he received a splendid education with an especial training into a thorough knowledge of railroad management and was expected to succeed his father as a railroad king.

Within three years after the responsibilities which his father's death threw upon him were assumed, he is reported a broken down man, with mind and health permanently shattered.

George Law is another young man left with millions of money, who is reported among the "wrecks." His father, bred a stone mason, was of gigantic size and strength, with commensurate brain power, so he became a great contractor, then a railroad king, and left half a dozen millions for his son to dissipate. The young man is a success as a dissipator.

The founders of both of these great estates were born in the most humble walks of life, grew strong, mentally and physically, by simple living and honest labor, and developed into financial giants. Their sons were reared in the lap of luxury and developed into intellectual pigmies.

The great men of our country have not, as a rule, come from the elegant mansions of the cities, but from the Log Cabins of the rural districts. Simple ways of living, freedom from artificial and enervating pleasures, simple remedies for disease, effective, and which leave no poison in the system, develop brainy, brainy men, who compel the world to recognize their strength and power.

The wholesome, old-fashioned Log Cabin remedies are the safest and surest for family ailments. Our grandmothers knew how to prepare the teas and syrups of roots, herbs and balsams which drive disease out of the system by natural methods and leave us no after ill effects. The most potent of these old-time remedies were, after long and searching investigation, secured by H. H. Warner of safe cure fame, and put out for the "healing of the nations" in the Warner's Log Cabin remedies.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla and with pure blood giving health, strength, mental and bodily vigor, you may hope to cope successfully with the most gigantic financial problems of the age, without wrecking health and manhood.

THE ACTOR AND THE HAM.

Two or three useful lessons may be gleaned by the thoughtful from the subjoined anecdote, clipped from the Albany Journal:

A good story is told of an actor who recently paid a visit to Cohoes. He had but three dollars to reach home, and the thought struck him that if he could get some one to bet with him he might attain the desired amount. He entered a saloon kept by an Irishman, and told him his plight, saying he wanted to make a bet.

"All right," said the bartender, who had just purchased a ham, "I'll bet you a dollar and a half that you can't carry this ham across the street and back without laying it down."

The bet was promptly accepted, and the actor seized the ham by the string, walked across the street and back and laid the ham on the floor.

"You've lost," said the Irishman, "you laid it down; but here comes a friend of mine and you can get even."

The friend readily bit at the bait. He seized the ham, walked across the street and back and hung the ham on a hook, thus winning the stakes.

It is not known whether the actor has reached his destination yet.

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

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