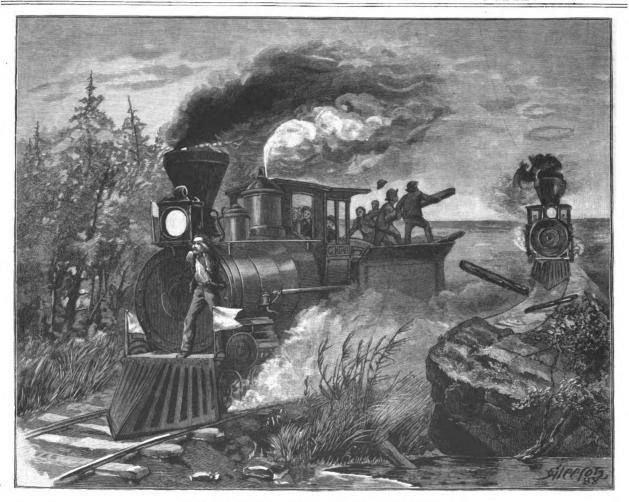
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※A*RACE*ON*THE*RAILS. ※

EXCITING EPISODE OF THE CIV

BY EDWARD M. KIRKMAN.

T the recent encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held at Columbus, the capital city of Ohio, not one of the thousands of visitors attracted more attention than a certain old fashioned locomotive that journeyed thither from Atlanta, Georgia, and has since returned to its regular work as a switching engine on the Western and Atlantic Railroad.

The machine that now serves in this prosaic duty is the famous old "General," which took part in some of the most thrilling episodes of the late war.

She was at that time probably the best and fastest locomotive in the South, and many were the battles she saw and the adventures she encountered. The section through which she was running was more or less disputed territory, and the man in the cab never knew at what time he might run past a party of Northern pickets, or rouse the Federal camp by the sound of his whistle.

At the desperate fight of Resaca the General was within the range of the guns of both sides; at Jonesboro she passed uninjured through a particularly

rapid and heavy fire; and again in December, 1864, she was drawing a train of seven cars, and was stopped near Parkataligo, South Carolina, directly in the center of a battlefield. The train hands stood at their places while the ambulance corps rapidly loaded the cars with the dead bodies of those killed by the same suns that were aimed at the the same guns that were aimed at the train. But the General seemed to bear a charmed life, and she took off her load of dead from the field without receiving a scratch.

But the most exciting day in the Gen-

eral's history was the 12th of April, 1862. On that morning, as she made her regular trip northward from Atlanta, she was boarded at Marietta by a party of twenty three men, ostensibly refugees from Kentucky on their way to enter the Confederate army. What followed we tell in the words of Captain Fuller, who was conductor of the train: "When we got to Big Shanty we got off and went to the breakfast house. While we were eating breakfast the twenty three men, who were really a party of Northern soldiers, sent out on a

"raid" to capture the General, got in thetr

work.

"The engine was on the track, and attached to it were three empty cars and the mail and passenger coaches. My face was turned to wards the track, but I did not see what was going on till my attention was attracted by the ringing of the bell. It seems that the soldiers had detached the passenger train from the loco nan detached the passenger train from the loco-motive and box cars, but in doing so had failed to cut the bell cord. As the engine moved off, the bell rang, and I took in all at a glance. The engine with the three cars moved away

I hurried out and summoned Engineer Jeff "I hurried out and summoned Engineer Jeff King. I went two and a half miles and pro-cured a hand car and returned for King. We got in, and a man named Murphy jumped in, too. We ran the hand car to Etowah, a dis-tance of twenty miles. Two of us would push while the other one rested. As we proceeded, I observed that the Federal raiders had form up the track in places and cut the takership kirs. the track in places and cut the telegraph wires. This was done, of course, to impede the speed of the pursuing party. As we came to a break we would lift up the hand car bodily and tote

At Etowah station we got the 'Yonah,' an "At Etowah station we got the 'Yonah,' an old locomotive belonging to the iron works there, and with this we went to Kingston, where we found the road blocked up with many freight cars which the raiding party had sent in. At this juncture they were not more than half an hour ahead of us.
"Here we found another locomotive, which belonged to the Rome train; but six miles further on we had to abandon it, as the fugitives had torn up the track for a distance of fifty yards. For four miles we made the best speed we could on foot, and then, at Adairsville, we found an engine.

found an engine

"From Adairsville to Calhoun a distance of "From Adairsville to Calhoun, a distance of ten miles, we ran in twelve minutes, and there I told the telegraph operator to send off immediately a dispatch to General Ledbetter, who was at Chattaneoga, I told him of the raid and capture of the locomotive, and begged him to intercept the men. This message was rattled off and reached Chattaneoga. Not a moment too soon, however. Before the operator at the other end of the line could say 'O. K.' the telegraph wires were cut two miles north of Dalton.

the teigraph whes were cut two miles norm of Dalton.

"On we went at top speed, and two miles further on we came in sight of the raiders while they were engaged in tearing up the track. As soon as they saw us coming they took a hasty departure. It was a very exciting race, and we had some pretty running. We kept about an equal distance apart.

"The raiders had considerably the advantage of us. They had loaded their tender with crossities, and as they ran they dropped these in front of us. We had to stop often to remove these obstructions, and this took a good deal of

front of us. We had to stop often to remove these ob-tructions, and this took a good deal of time. We kept in sight of them for two miles or so, going some distance beyond Ringgold. We had run past all the wood and water sta-

We had run past all the wood and water stations, and it was easy to see that the General could not hold out much longer.

"The raiders doubless realized this, for they abandoned the machine and took to the woods. Before jumping from the engine they reversed her, and opened wide her throttle, hoping to run her into us before we could stop. But this scheme was not successful. The steam was nearly exhausted, and the engine could not move many yards, s) that we recaptured her without any difficulty, after an exciting race across four counties."

across four counties."

A word may be added as to the fate of the A worn may be added as to the fate of the raiders. Every one of them was captured, and, alas for the cruel laws of warfare, eight of the daring fellows were court martialed and exe-cuted. Six others escaped and got off safely, while the rest were liberated by an exchange of prisoners.

A COUNTERFEIT COAL MINE.

THE directors of next years Paris Exhibition have saved themselves the trouble of digging a deep pit by the introduction of a very ingenious idea in connection with the realistic representation of a coal mine.

of a coal time.

Visitors will be invited to get into the cage and take a trip into the bowels of the earth, in the course of which they are to be made the subjects of an illusion. The sides of the artificial shaft stratification in a typical deep into the stratification in a typical stratification. As the motion of the cage is retarded, the convex sides of the shaft are drawn up with increasing velocity, the acceleration being proportional to the retardation of the cage. The effect upon the one of continued descent at the same cage is men of continued descent at the same trage, which he started, and the illusion is kept up after the cage comes to rest by a movement of trepidation communicated to the latter.

The illusion is said to be perfect. When a great depth has apparently been reached, the canvas is brought to rest gradually, the trepidation of the cage being made to cease at the same instant. The things to the cart, then are to deep in the cage being made to cease at the same instant. The things to the cart, then are to deep in the cage and enters the workings, where he may see the various operations of coal getting. Visitors will be invited to get into the cage and

It: hea th modifies all possible goodness. Re store your health by using Warner's Log Cobin Sarsparalla. It purifies the blood, regulates the liver. Tru'i 1-roo doese for \$r.co. Sold by your drugges. There is no Sarsaparila "just as good." Get u.

SUNSHINE LAND.

BY EDITH M. THOMA

They came in sight of a lovely shore, Yellow as gold in the morning light; The sun's own color at noon it wore And had faded not at the fall of night; Clear weather or cloudy—twas all as one The happy hills seemed bathed with sun, Its secret the sailors could not understand But they called this country Sunshine Lan When we the secret 2 as imple things.

But they called this country Sunsime Ladiu.
What was the secret?—a simple thing
(It will make you smile when once you know):
Touched by the tender finger of Spring,
A million blossoms were all aglow:
So many, so mand and bright,
They covered the hills with a mante of light;
And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze
fanned.
Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land. If over the sea we two were bound, What port, dear child, would we choose for ours? We would sait, and saif, till at last we found. This fairy gold of a million flowers. Yet, darling, we'd find, if at home we stayed, Of many small joys our pleasures are made, More near than we think—very close at hand Lie the golden fields of Sunshine Land. +++

[This story commenced in No. 291.]

THE

Two Rivals:

THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER LV.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

ORA'S heart failed her; she crept under the old pollard tree to gather up resolve, to watch and to listen. She saw the rigid face of the thrifty, prudent mother, with the deep lines that told of the cares of an anxious life, and the chafe of excitable temper and warm affections against the restraint decorous sanctimony and resolute The dear stern face never seemed to her more dear and more stern

dear and more stern.

She saw the comely, easy, indolent, good humored father; not then the poor paralytic sufferer, who could yet recognize Nora's eyes under the lids of Leonard, but stalwart and jovan—first bat in the Cricket Club, first voice in the Glee Society, the most popular canvasser of the Lansmere Constitutional True Blue Party, and the pride and idol of the Calvinistical prim wife.

wife.

Never from those prim lips of hers had come forth even one pious rebuke to the careless social man. As he sat, one hand in his vest, his profile turned to the road, the light smoke curing playfully up from the pipe, over which lips, accustomed to bland smile and hearty laughter, closed as if reluctant to be closed at all, he was the very model of the respectable retired trader, in easy circumstances, and released from the toil of making money while life could yet enjoy the delight of spending it.

"Well, old woman," said John Avenel, "I must be off presently to see to those three shaky voters in Fish Lane; they will have done their work soon, and I shall catch "me at home. They do say as how we may have an opposition; and I know that old Smikes has gone to Lonnon in search of a candidate. We can't have the Lansmere Constitutional Blues beat by a Lonnoner! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you will be home before Jane and her husband Mark come? However she could marry a comm or carpenter!"

"Yes," said John, "he is a carpenter; but he has a vote, and that strengthens the family interest. If Dick was not gone to Amerikay, there would be three on us. But Mark is a real good blue! A Lonnoner, indeed!—a Yellow from Lonnon beat my Lord and the Blues! Never from those prim lips of hers had come

interest. If Dick was not gone to Amerithere would be three on us. But Mark is a good blue! A Lonnoner, indeed!—a Ye from Lonnon beat my Lord and the Bl Ha, ha!

But, John, this Mr. Egerton is a Lonnon-

er?"
"You don't understand things, talking such nonsense. Mr. Egerton is the Blue candidate, and the Blues are the Country Party; therefore how can he be a Lonnoner? An uncommon clever, well grown, handsome young man, it and my young lord's particular friend," Mrs. Avenel sighed.
"What are you stirling and challing and

hat are you sighing and shaking your

I was thinking of our poor, dear, dear

ora!"
"God bless her!" cried John, heartily
There was a rustle under the boughs

There was a rus-le under the boughs of the old hollow hearted pollard tree.

"Ha, ha! Hark!! I said that so loud that I have statled the rayen;"

"How he did love her!" said Mrs. Avenel, thoughtfully, "I am sure he did; and ne wonder, for she hooks every inch a lady; and why should not she be my lady, after al; ?"

"He? Who? Oh, that foolish fancy of yours about my young lord? A prudent woman like you!—stut! I am glad my little beauty has gone to Lonnon, out of harm's way!"

way!"
John-John-John! No harm could ever

"John—John—John! An harm cours ever come to my Nora. She's too pure and too good, and has too proper a pride in her. to—"
"To listen to any young lords, I hope," said John; "though," he added, after a pause, "she might well be a lady too. Wy lord, the young one, took me by the hand so kimily the

other day, and said, 'Have not you heard from her—I mean Miss Avenel—lately?' and those bright eyes of his were as full of tears as—as—

"Well, John, well; go on,"
"Well, John, well; go on,"
"That is all. My lady came up, and took
me away to talk about the election; and just
as I was going, she whispered: 'Don't let my
wild boy talk to you about that sweet girl of
yours. We must both see that she does not
come to disgrace.' 'Disgrace!' that word
made ure very angry for the moment. But my
lady has such a way with her, that she soon put
me right again. Yet, I do think Nora must
here heard my yourg lord, only she was too lady has such a way with her, that she soon put me right again. Yet, I do think Nora must heve loved my yourg lord, only she was too good to show it. What do you say ?" and the father's voice was thoughtful. "I hope she 'll never love any man till she's married to him; it is not proper, John," said Miss Avenel, somewhat starchly, though very

middly.
"Ha! ha!" laughed John, chucking his prim wife under the chin, "you did not say that to me when I stole your first kiss under that very pollard tree—no house near it then!"
"Hush, John, hush!" and the prim wife blushed like a girl.

blushed like a girl.

"Pooh," continued John, merrily, "I don't see why we plain folks should pretend to be more samtly and prudish like than our betters. There's that handsome Miss Leslie, who is to marry Mr. Egerton—easy enough to see how much she is m love with hum—could not keep her eyes off from him even in church, old girl! Ha! ha! What the deuce is the matter with the ravens?"

"They'll be a comply course."

the ravens?"
"They'll be a comely couple, John. And I hear tell she has a power of money. When is the marriage to be?"

hear tell she has a power of money. When is the marriage to be?"

"Oh, they say as soon as the election is over. A fine wedding we shall have of it! I dare say my young lord will be brideman. We'll send for our little Nora to see the gay doings!"

Out from the boughs of the old tree came the shriek of a lost spirt—one of those strange, appalling sounds of human agony, which, once heard, are never forgotten. For a moment all was still—and then a dull, dumb, heavy fall!

The parents gazed on each other, speechless. They stole close to the pales, and looked over. Under the boughs, at the gnarled roots of the oak, they saw—gay and indistinct—\(\pi\) prostrate form. John opened the gate, and went icund; the mother crept to the roadside, and there stood still. stood still

stood still.
"Oh, wife, wife!" cried John Avenel, from
under the green boughs, "it is our child, Nora!
our child-our child!"
And, as he spoke, out from the green boughs
started the dark ravens, wheeling round and
arounc, and calling to their young!

CHAPTER LVI

THE "SERPENT'S TOOTH " TO THE RESCUE F the narrative just placed before the reader, it is clear that Leonard could gather only desultory fragments. He could but see that his ill fated mother had could but see that his ill fated mother had been united to a man she had loved with surpassing tenderness; had been led to suspect that the marriage was fraudulent; had gone abroad in despair, returned repentant and hopeful, had gleaned some intelligence that her lover was about to be married to another, and there the manuscript closed with the blisters left on the page by agonizing teams.

The mournful and of Nora—her lonely return to die under the roof of her parents—this he had learned before from the narrative of Dr. Morgan.

Morgan.

But even the name of her supposed husband

But even the name of her supposed husband was not revealed. Of him Leonard could form no conjecture, except that he was evidently of higher rank than Nora.

Harley L'Estrange seemed clearly indicated in the early boy lover. If so, he must know all that was left dark to Leonard, and to him Leonard resolved to confide the MS.

With this resolution he left the cottage, resolving to return and attend the funeral obsequies of his departed friend. Mrs. Goodyer willingly permitted him to take away the japers she had lent to him, and added to them a packet which had been addressed to Mrs. Bertram from the Continuent ram from the Continent. Musing in anxious gloom over the record he had read, Leonard entered London on foot, and

had read, Leonard entered London on foor, and bent his way toward Harley's horte; when just as he had crossed into Bond Street, a gentle-man in company with Baron Levy, and who seemed, by the flush on his brow and the sullen-tione of his voice, to have had rather an irrita-ting colloquy with the fashionable usurer, sud-denly caught sight of Leonard, and, abruptly quitting Levy, seized the young man by the arm.

arm.
"Excuse me, sir," said the gentleman, look-"Excuse me, sir," said the gentleman, looking hard into Leonard's face; "but unless these sharp eyes of mine are mistaken, which they seldom are, I see a nephew whom, perhaps, I behaved to rather too harshly, but who still has no right to forget Richard Avenel."
"My dear uncle," exclaimed Leonard, "this is indeed a joyful surprise; at a time, too, when I needed joy! No!I have never forgotten your kindness, and always regretted our estrangement."

ment.

"That is well said; give us your fist again.

Let me look at you—quite the gentleman, I de-clare!—still so good looking, too. We Avenels always were. Good by, Baron Levy. Need not wait for me. I am not going to run away. I shall see you again,"

"But," whispered Levy, who had followed

Avenel across the street, and eyed Leonard wri a quick, curious, searching glance—"but n nesses be as I say with regard to the borough; or a be plain) you must cash the bills on the day the

be plain you man are due."

"Very well, sir—very well. So you thins:
"Very well, sir—very well. I were a poor, but the screw upon me, as if I were a poor, borough?"

"Understand—my index—borough?"

or my borough?"
"Exactly so," said the baron, with a with

smile.

You shall hear from me—you shall lear om me." (Aside, as Levy strolled await-

Dick Avenel then linked his arm in his ner. Dick Avenet then linked his arm in his per-ew's, and strove, for some minutes, to hear his own troubles, in the indulgence of that ar-iosity in the affairs of another which was no-tural to him, and, in this instance, increased to the real affection which he had felt for Lexard.

But still his curiosity remained ursatisfed the

long before Leonard could overcome his hab tual reluctance to speak of his successin etc. Dick's mind wandered back to his rival at Na Dick's mind wandered back to his hal at Xaborough, and the curse of "over compared to the bills which Levy had discounted in eight to enable Dick to meet the cushing forcer's capitalist larger than himself—and the "Dector rascal" who now wished to obtain two eight at Lainsnere, one for Randal Leslie, one lie a rich nabob whom Levy had just caugh as client; and Dick, though ad just caugh as then to the compared to the control of the c

had a mind to the other seat for himself. Therefore Duck soon broke in upon the hastating confessions of Leonard, with extrapolations far from pertinent to the subject are rather for the sake of venting his own gries are rather for the sake of venting his own gries are resentment than with any idea that the Modality of the sake of venting his own gries are the control of the sake of venting his own gries are the words of the sake of venting his own disciplined in the sake of ventile and the sake of ventile and the sake of the sa

Here Dick burst into a storm of vituperation against the country in general, and the monster capitalist of Mayborough in particular. Leonard started; for Dick now named, in that

Leonard started; for Dick now named, in that monster capitalist, the very person who was it treaty for Leonard's own mechanical improvement on the steam engine.

"Stop, uncle—stop! Why, then, if this may wre to buy the Contrivance you speak of, it would injure you?"

"Injure me, sir! I should be a bankingt—that is, if it succeeded; but I dare say it is all a humbur."

humbug."
"No, it will succeed—I'll answer for that!"
"You! You have seen it?"
"Why, I invented it."
Dick hastily withdrew his arm from Leo-

ard's,
"Serpent's tooth!" he said, falteringly, "so it is you, whom I warmed at my hearth, who are to ruin Richard Avenel?"

are to ruin Richard Avenel?"

"No—but to save him! Come into the city and look at my model. If you like it, the patent shall be yours!"

"Cab—cab—cab," cried Dick Avenel, stopping a Hansom; "jump in, Leonard—jump of I'll buy your patent—that is, if it is worth a straw; and as for payment—"

"Payment! Don't talk of that!"

"Well, I won't, "said Dick, it idly;" for its not the topic of conversation! I should choose myself, just at present. And as for that thak

myself, just at present. And as for that black whiskered alligator, the baron, let me first ed

whishered alligator, the baron, let melbate out of those ranibustions, unchristian, faiet shaped claws of his, and then—Batt map in—and tell the man where to drive! A very brief inspection of Leonard's insentation of which the certain effects in the increase of the control of

Any partner better than Levy. A bright idea

him.

"If I can just terrify and whop that infernal

"If I can just terrify and whop that inferial intruder on my own ground, for a few motts, he may offer, himself, to enter into partnershed combination, and then we shall flog the word. His gratitude to Leonard became so lively that Dick, offered to bring his nephew in few his measurement of the combination, and the measurement of the combination of the measurement of the combination of the any friend of yours; you have only to say the word at the last hour, for I am sure of both

Dick then, appointing an interview with Leonard at his lawyer's to settle the transfer of

NOVEMBER

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY

the invention. Pon terms which he declared "shouldbe hong rable to both parties," hurried some monster capitalist, who might be induced to extricate him from the jaws of Levy, and the neglines of bis rival at Mayborough.

CHAPTER LVII

CZOLANTE DISAPPEARS

ARLEY LESTRANGE was seated alone in his apartments. He had just put down a volume of some favorite classic author, and he was resting his hand firmly elinched upon the book. Aver since Harley's return to England, there of been a perceptible change in the expression has countenance, even in the very bearing and citrades of his elastic youthful figure. But this maye had been more marked since that last cryicew with Helen which has been recorded. There was a compressed resolute firmness in lips—a decided character in the brow. To indolent, careless grace of his movements I succeeded a certain indescribable energy, as et and self collected as that which distinshed the determined air of Audley Egerton.

et and self collected as that which distin-shed the determined air of Audley Egerton

and self collected as that which distinshed the determined air of Audley Egerton isself.

In fact, if you could have looked into his lift, you would have seen that Harley was, for first time, making a strong effort over his sisions and his humors; that the whole man snerving himself to a sense of duty.

No," he muttered—"no—I will think only Helen; I will think only offeal life! And tat dark eyed Italian girl be to me? What a ter: fool's fancy is this! Hove again—I who, toways had the fairshing of my life, have clung the such faith to a memory and a grave! one, come, come, Harley L'Estrange, act thy tax as man among men at last! Accept reard; dream no more of passion. Abandon ilse ideals. Thou art no poet—why deem that fee itself can be a poem?"

The door opened, and an Austrian prince, thom Harley had interested in the cause of fiolante's father, entered with the familiar step by a friend. "Have you discovered those documents yet?" he asked. "I must now return to Vienna wither asked. "I must now return to Vienna wither asked."

folante's father, entered with the familiar step 3 he asked. "I must now return to Vienna within a keed. "I must now return to Vienna within a keed. And unless you can arm me with ome tangible proof of Peschera's amient reachery, or som the proof of Peschera's amient hope for the extlederal to the country that here is no other hope for the extlederal to his country than what lies in the heat-fold option of giving his daughter to his perfitious five." yet, all researches have been in vaint a fact when not what other steps to take, without aroning Peschera's viginate, and setting his crafty brains at work to counteract us. My poor friend, then, must rest contented with exile. To give Violante to the count were dishoned his poor friend, then, must restrict; soon have a home, not quite unworthy of their due rank, to offer both to father and to clim. Would the future Lady L'Estrange feel no jealousy of a guest so fair as you tell me this

"Would the future Lady L'Estrange feel no jealousy of a guest so fair as you tell me this young signorina is? And would you be in no danger yourself, my poor friend?" "Yooh!" said Harley, coloring. "My fair guest would have two fathers; that is all. Pray do not jest on a thing so grave as honor." Again the door opened, and Leonard appearance.

Again the door opento, and ed., "Welcome," cried Harley, pleased to be no longer alone under the prince's penetrating eye—"welcome. This is the noble friend who shares our interest for Riccaboca, and who could serve him so well, if we could but discover the document of which I have spoken to you."

you."
"It is here," said Leonard simply; "may it

you."
"It is here," said Leonard simply; "may it be all that you require!"
Harley eagerly grasped at the packet, which had been sent from Italy to the supposed Mrs. Bertram, and, leaning his face on his hand, rapidly hurried through the contents.
"Hurrah!" he cried at last, with his face highted up, and a boyish toss of his right hand.
"Look, look, brince, here are Peschiera's own etters to his kinsman's wife; his avowal of what he calls his 'patriotic designs;' his retreaties to be to induce her husband to share them. Look, ook, how he wields his influence over the woman he had once wooed; look how arfully he ombats her objections; see how reluctant our riend was to stir, till wife and kinsman both mitted to urge him.
"It is enough—quite enough," exclaimed the rince, looking at the passages in Peschiera's stiers which Harley pointed out to him.
"I know enough of up to the him, because the moment these pure specifications had been as a first own will be to see the daughter, when the word have given a child's place was the passage of Italy—ware hearth the wealthers heires of the passage in the passage of the ware hearth the wealthers heires of Italy—ware hearth the wealthers heires of the passage in the passage of the ware hearth the wealthers heires of Italy—ware hearth the wealthers heires of the passage in the passage of the ware hearth the wealthers heires of Italy—

is honors. You will live to see the daughter, of whom you would have given a child's place to your hearth, the wealthiest heiress of Italyebow the supremacy of kings!"

"Ah!" said Harley in a sharp accent and irrning very pale—"ah, I shall not see her hat! I shall never visit Italy again!—never see er more—never, after she has once quitted this limate of cold iron cares and formal duties—ever, never!!"

He turned his head for a moment, and then ame with quick step to Leonard, "But you, O appy poet I No ideal can ever be lost to you, O'ou are independent of real life. Would I were

smiled sadly. ou would not say so, perhaps, my dear

lord," answered Leonard with equal sadness, "if you knew how little what you call 'the ideal' replaces to a poet the loss of one affection in the genial human world. Independent of real life! Alas! no. And I have here the confessions of a true poet soul, which I will entreat you to read at leisure; and when you have read, answer if you would still be a poet!"

He took forth Nora's MSS, as he spoke.
"Place them yonder, in my desk, Leonard; and I will read them later."
"Do so, and with heed; for to me there is much here that involves my own life—much that is still a mystery, and which I think you can unravel!"
"I!" exclaimed Harley; and he was moving

that is still a mystery, and can unravel!"

"I!" exclaimed Harley; and he was moving toward the doesk in a drawer of which Leonard had carefully deposited the papers, when once more, but this time violently, the door was thrown open and Giacomo rushed into the room, accompanied by Lady Lansmere.

"Oh, my lord, my lord!" cried Giacomo, in Italian, "the signorina! the signorina—Violently."

Hanian, "ce signormatic and eller an

her, as you once saved her lather!"
"Hold!" cried Harley. "Give me you arm, mother. A second such blow in life is by youd the strength of man—at least of mine. So so!—I am better now! Thank you, mothe Stand back, all of you—give me air. So the count has triumphed, and Violante has fle with him. Explain all—I can bear it!"

CHAPTER LVIII

RANDAL'S SUBTLE SCHEME.

I is necessary to go somewhat back in the course of this narrative, and account to the reader for the disappearance of Violante

may be remembered that Peschiera, fright-

It may be remembered that Peschiera, frightemed by the sudden approach of LOrd L'Estrauge, had little time for further words to the
young Italian, than those which expressed his
intention to renew the conference, and press
for her decision.

But, the next day, when he re-entered the
garden, secretly and stealthily as before, Violante did not appear. And after watching
round the precincts till dusk, the count retreated
with an indignant conviction that his arts had
failed to enlist on his side either the heart or
the imagination of his intended victim.

He began now to revolve and to discuss with

Idiled to ethics on his sine enter the magination of his intended victim.

He began now to revolve and to discuss with Levy the possibilities of one of those bold and vialent measures, which were favored by his reckless daring and desperate condition. But Levy treated with such just ridicule any suggestion to abstract Violante by force from Lord Lansmere's houst-so scouted the notions of nocturnal assault, with the devices of scaling windows and rope ladders—that the count relactantly abandoned that romance of villainy so unsuited to Englands sober capital, and which would no doubt have terminated in his capture by the police, when the prospect of committal to the House of Corticological Corticological

The usurer nan contriven that Kandal sentences of fortune and advancement were so based upon Levy's aid and contrivance, that the young man, with all his desire rather to make instruments of other men than to be himself their instrument, found his superior intellect as completely a slave to Levy's more experienced craft, as ever subtle Genius of air was subject to the vulgar Soncere of earth.

subtle Genius of air was subject to the vulgar Sorverer of earth. His acquisition of the ancestral acres, his anticipated seat in parliament, his chance of ousting Frank from the heritage of Hazeldean-were all as strings that pulled him to and fro, like a pupper in the sleek filbert nailed fingers of the smiling showman, who could exhibit him to the admiration of a crowd, or cast him away into dust and oblivion.

Kandal gnawed his lip in the sullen wrath of a man who bides his hour of future emancipation.

a man who bides his hour of future emancipa-tion, and lent his brain to the hire of the prestion, and left his brain to the mire of the pres-ent servitude in mechanical acquiescence. The inherent superiority of the profound young schemer became instantly apparent over the courage of Peschiera and the practiced wit of the baron.

"Your sister," said Randal to the former,

the baron.

"Your sister," said Raudal to the former,
"must be the active agent in the first and most
difficult part of your enterprise. Violante cannot be taken by force from Lord Lansmer's.—
she must be induced to leave with her own
consent. A female is needed here. Woman
can best decoy woman."

"Admirably said," quoth the count; "but
Beatrice has grown restive, and though her
dowry, and therefore her very marriage with
that excellent young Hazeldean, depend on my
own alliance with my fair kinstoman, she has
grown so indifferent to my success that I dare
not reckon on her aid. Between you and me,
though she was once very eager to be married,
she now seems to shrink from the notion; and
I have no other hold over her."

"Has she not seen some one, and lately,
whom she prefers to poor Frank?"

"I suspect that she bas; but I know not
whom, unless it be that detested L'Estrange."

"Ah—well, well. Interfere with her no furthery ourself, but have all in readiness to quit
England, as you had before proposed, as soon
as Violante be in your power."

"All is in readiness," said the count. "Levy has agreed to purchase a famous sailing vessel for one of his clients. I have engaged a score or so of determined outcasts, accustomed to the sea—Genoese, Corsicans, Sardinians—no silly patriots, but liberal cosmopolitans, who have iron at the disposal of any man's gold. I have a priest to perform the nuptial service, and deaf to any fair lady's 'No.' Once at sea, and wherever I land, Violante will lean on my arm as Countess of Peschiera."
"But Violante," said Randal, doggedly, determined not to yield to the disgust with which the count's audacious cynicism filled even him—"but Violante cannot be moved in broad daylight at once to such a vessel, not from a quar-light at once to such a vessel, not from a quar-light at once to such a vessel, not from a quar-"All is in readiness," said the count. "Levy

light at once to such a vessel, nor from a quar-ter so populous as that in which your sister re-

"I have thought of that too," said the count : y emissaries have found me a house close the river, and safe for our purpose as the ngeons of Venice."

dungeons of Venice."
"I wish not to know all this," answered Ran-dal, quickly; "you will instruct Madame di Negra where to take Violante—my task limits itself to the fair inventions that belong to in-"I wish not to know all this," answered Rondal, quickly; "you will instruct. Madame di Negra where to take Violante—ny task limits itself to the fair inventions that belongs to intellect; what belongs to force is not in my province. I will go at once to your sister, whom I think I can influence more effectually than you can; though I after I may give you a hint to guard against the chance of her remorse. Meanwhile, as the moment oloalnet disappears of the control of the state of the province of the province. Meanwhile, as the moment of the disappears of the province of the province of the province of your time. Complete the purchase of the vessel, and let the count man it as he proposes. I will communicate with you both as soon as I can put you into action. Today I shall have much to do; it will be done."

As Randal left the room, Levy followed him, "What you propose to do will be well done, no doubt," quoth the usurer, linking his arm in Randal's; "but take care that you don't get yourself into a scrape, so as to damage your character. I have great hopes of you in public life; and in public life character is necessary—that is, so far as honor is concerned."

"I damage my character! and for a Count Peschiera!" said Randal, opening his eyes. "11 What do you take me for?"

The baron let go his hold.

"This boy ought to rise very high," said het himself, as he turned back to the count.

Randal found Beatrice in a state of mind that favored his purpose. And first turning his conversation on Harley, and noting that her countenance did not change, by little and little he drew forth her secret.

Then, said Randal, gravely, "If one whom you honor with a tender thought visits at Lord Lansnere's house, yon have, indeed, cause to fear for yourself, to hope for your brother's success in the object which has brought him to England—for a girl of surpassing beauty is a guest in Lord Lansnere's house, what he had cannate counter here yee? Who but Violante to old her her his series and I will now tell you that that girl is she

And here his craft luminously devised its mas-

nieshes in his eratorate and nost storic web. And here his craft luminously devised its masterpiece.

It was necessary, during any interval that might elapse between Violante's disappearance and her departure from England, in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who night ordered to the control of th

even exaggerate, the dangers that Randal inti-

mated.
The idea of his daughter's marriage with Randal, toward which he had lately cooled, he now gratefully welcomed. But his first natural suggestion was to go, or send, for Violante, and bring her to his own house.
This, however, Randal artfully opposed.
"Alas! I know," said he, "that Peschiera has discovered your retreat; and surely she would be far less safe here than where she is now!"

has discovered your retreat; and surely she would be far less safe here than where she is now!"

"But, diavolo! you say the man has seen her where she is now, in spite of all Lady Lansmere's promises and Harley's precutions."

"True. Of this Peschiera boasted to me. He effected it not of course openly, but in some disguse. I am sufficiently, however, in his confidence—(any man may be that with so audacious a braggart)—to deter him from renewing his attempt for some days. Meanwhile, I or yourself will have discovered some surer home than this, to which you can remove, and then will be the proper time to take back your daughter. Meanwhile, if you will send by me a letter to enjoin her to receive me as her future bridgeroom, it will necessarily divert all thought at once from the count; I shall be able to detect, by the manner in which she receives me, how far the count has overstated the effect he pretends to have produced. You can give me also a letter to Lady Lansmere, to prevent your daughter coming hither. O, sir, do not reason with me. Have indulgence for my lower's fears. Believe that I advise for the best. Have I not the keenest interest to do so?"

Like many a man who is wise enough with pen and paper before him, and plenty of time wherewith to get up his wisdom, Riccalocca was flurried, nervous, and confused when that wisdom was called upon for any ready exertior. From the tree of knowledge he had taken grafts enough to serve for a forest; but the whole forest could not serve for a forest; but the whole forest could not spare him a handy walking stick. And the lean, slight fingers of Kandal actually dictated almost the very words that

ing stick. And the lean, slight fingers of Ran-dal actually dictated almost the very words that Riccabocca wrote to his child and her hostess.

dal actually dictated almost the very words that Riccabocca wrote to his child and her hostess. The philosopher would have liked to consult his wife; but he was ashamed to confess that weakness. Suddenly he remembered Harley, and said, as Randal took up the letters which Riccabocca had indited, "There, that will give us time; and I will send to Lord L'Estrange and talk to him." "My noble friend," replied Randal, mournfully, "may le ntreat you not to see Lord L'Estrange until at least I have pleaded my cause to your daughter—until, indeed, she is no longer under his father's roof," "And wily? "And will be a seen to have because I am sure that Lord L'Estrânge would hear with distance of your disposition ir, ny favor. Am I not right?" Riccabocca was silent. "And though his arguments would fail with a man of your honor and discernment they

Riccabocca was silent.

Riccabocca was silent.

And though his arguments would fail with a man of your honor and discernment, they might have more effect on the young mind of your child. Think, I beseech you, the more she is set against me, the more accessible she may be to the arts of Peschiera. Speak not, therefore, I implore you, to Lord L'Estrange till Violante has accepted my hand, or at least till she is again under you charge; otherwise take back your letter—it would be of no avail."

"Perhaps you are right. Certainly Lord L'Estrange is prejudiced against you; or rather, he thinks too much of what I have been—too little of what I am."

"Who could see you and not do so? I par-

Who could see you and not do so? I par-

After kissing the hand which the exile mod-Arrest ressing the hand which the exile mod-ally sought to withdraw from that act of omage, Randal pocketed the letters; and as struggling with emotion, rushed from the

(To be continued.)

A LEFT BABY.

WE have read of newly married men starting off somewhere and forgetting their wives, but probably the most astonishing case of memory slip on record is recorded by the Omaha Bee.

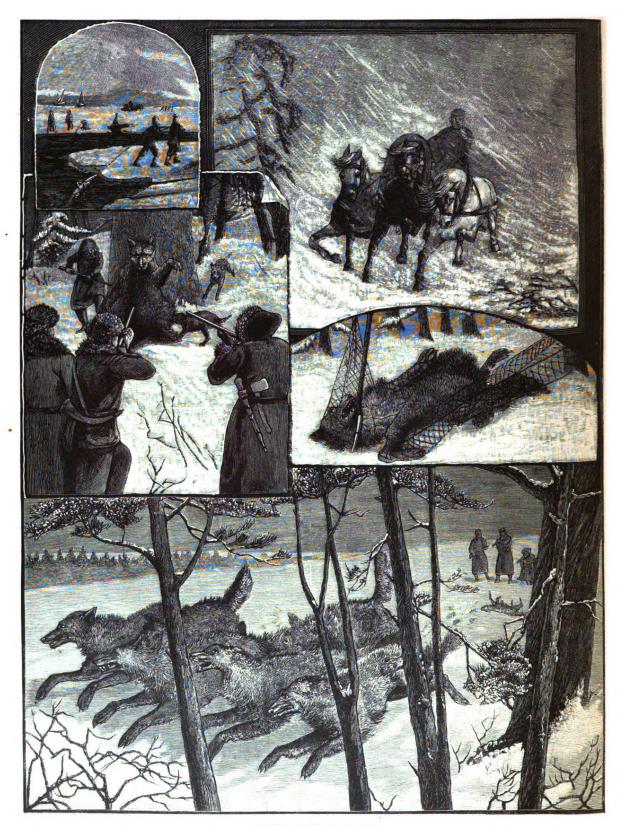
stip on record is recorded by the Omala Bee.

At the Webster Street depot the other morning, just after the rush from the wasting room to the ten twenty train, the depot master discovered in of the seats. The railroad employee waited for a few moments to see if somebody would claim the child, when the almost absurd probability of some mother having forgot it in her hurry flashed upon his mind.

Hen, and standing in the door of one of the tillest eaches asked in a loud voice if anybody had forgotten some bargage in the shape of an infant. With a shrick a woman jumped from her seat and rushed to the depot master saying she had forgotten be shown a damost fell on her knees in the saying the saying the saying the saying the fact of the depot master saying she had forgotten her baby, and almost fell on her knees is the fairly flew to the ladies' waiting room, gathered up the precious bundle, and was back in time to catch the train. She said that she was conscious all the time of having forgotten something but could not think what it was.

A CHILD'S SIMILE.

Gracie, three years old, had never seen a tain-bow, and her first one was one of unusual brillibow, and ner first one was one or unusual orbitance and beauty. She gazed upon it entranced, her little face aglow with pleasure and her eyes parkling like the raindrops in the sun, but she asked no questions. For a minute or more she looked in silence, and then, turning to her mother, sile exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it's God's sash!"



WINTER SPORT IN RUSSIA.

SLEIGH RIDES AND STURGEON FISHING—HUNTING THE BEAR AND WOLF.—See p. 786,

LIFE'S DESIGN.

LIFE'S DESIGN.

I grow the hand that is guidding me Through the shadow to the light;
All know that all betiding me I meted out aright. I know that the thorny path I tread I s ruled by a golden line;
And I know the darker life's tangled thread, The richer the deep design!

The Big Jaguar.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

HAT there are discomforts and hard-ships innumerable, not to so ships innumerable, not to speak of dangers, in a wandering life, goes

dangers, in a wanderi without saying.
In common with other diffabouts over the world, the present writer has had a goodly share of all three elements, some of which have already been related in these columns.
Reference to an old note book shows brief mention of a few that have not as yet been "written up" for the Arsosy. And one in particular I find under this heading.
"May 3, 1875. Clear hot.

heading.
"May 3, 1875. Clear hot.
Ruins of El Bispo. Jaguar,
monkeys, ducking."
Now that short and some-

what peculiar record brings up a host of recollections. The incident covered considerably more ground than the entry in my journal might suggest.

might suggest.
It never would have happened only for Brown. In fact, but for being overpersuaded by Brown I should never have gone on any such wild goose chase as a trip to South America in search of treasures, supposed to have been hidden at housand or so years aro a thousand or so years ago by the people who once populated the ruined city of El Bispo in Southern

But I did so—particularly as Brown was willing to put as Brown was willing to put his money against my rather varied experiences as a respectable adven-turer. And leaving the steamer at Guayaquil, we traveled inland to Quito, where, obtaining guides and all needful supplies for the journey we proposed, we started for the interior, we started for the interior, finally making as our ob-jective point a little Indian settlement on the river Ma-ranon, which partly sep-arates Ecuador from Peru.

I say objective point be-cause I myself objected, indeed flatly refused, to go further into the South American wilderness. Mosquitoes, malaria, quinine, and the tremendous downfalls of rain peculiar to the close of the rainy season, had dampened my ardor. I expressed my willingness to remain in the settlement while Brown with a couple of mules and the most experienced of our two guides penetrated to the ruins of El Bispo, some fifty miles beyond. But go a league further I wouldn't—and didn't. didn't.
"You'll be sorry enough

"You'll be sorry enough when you see me coming back with thousands of dollars' worth of gold ornaments—pots and kettles and—things," Brown said at parting.

"When I do I shall," was the reply, which I intended to be ironical. For Brown had read "Squier's Peru" and "Bayard's Explorations" till his head was full of visions of buried gold hidden away in the ruined cittes of South America, and in consequence he was sure of making my fortune as well as adding to making my fortune as well as adding to

But, as I say, my own enthusiasm was But, as 1 say, my own entinusiasm was damped by the various discomforts I have mentioned. And mentally making over my own share of mythical treasures to Brown, I bade him God speed, and

awaited his return as philosophically as possible under the circumstances.

Well, the circumstances were not so

Well, the circumstances were not so very unpleasant. The little settlement was delightfully picturesque, with overhanging tropical foliage that tempered the scorching sun's rays delightfully. The principal occupations of the natives—that is the masculines—seemed to be sleeping, eating, and drinking mate, which, I may remark in passing, is the essence of the chocolate of commerce, in

an entirely different form.

There were fish and turtle in the river, plaintain and yam from the little inclos-

purposes, two gross of fish hooks and a double hank of coarse linen thread.

double hank of coarse linen thread.
For a lazy man Zapara was a paradise, excepting in the rainy season. Then it was the opposite. To swing in one's hammock and watch the swarms of blue butterflies and the glancing humming birds, from sun to sun, with intervals of chicken stewed with peppers or turtle broth and a dessert of fruit, would suit some people very well. I am free to own that I myself did not find it irksome for the first two or three days. I varied for the first two or three days. I varied the monotony by teaching Cacha, a young Zapara, to speak English in return

villagers, who looked upon the white man and his gun with reverent admira-tion, induced me to action.

tion, induced me to action.

Cacha, in evident anticipation of my non refusal, had armed himself with his blow gun. I took my Sharpe rifle from the hut, pulled on my boots with a sigh donned a wide brimmed straw hat, and sallied forth.

sallied forth.

You may wonder at my lack of zeal,
but let me assure you that, with the mercury marking 102 in the shade, the said
shade, in combination with a fan, a hammock, and an Indian boy to swing it, is
vastly preferable to a tramp in the broiling heat in pursuit of an
animal to the full as savage

animal to the full as savage as the man eating tiger of the Indies. And that this particular beast was fully up to the mark as to feroc-ity and appetite there was no reason to doubt from

no reason to doubt from what I had already learned. Devoutly did I hope our search in the jungle-like thickets back of the settle-ment might be in vain, or that the forest overflow from the Maranon River might hinder a prolonged

hunt.

But Cacha asserted that the flood had subsided so as to allow us terra firma enough for all practical purposes. There was no terra firma, however; only mud, clay, and liquid ooze left habited the entrements.

clay, and liquid ooze left behind the retreating wa-ters. And there was no help for it, either. Go I must, and go I did. After an hour of perspir-ing toil, punctuated with mosquitoes by the million, I vowed that I wouldn't proceed further for all the iaguars in South America

proceed further for all the jaguars in South America. And I meant it.

But Cacha wanted to shame me, I suppose. So, muttering something I couldn't understand, he left me to find my way back as best I could, and kept on. I dropped on the trunk of a tree which bridged one of the deep channels through the underbrush, to get

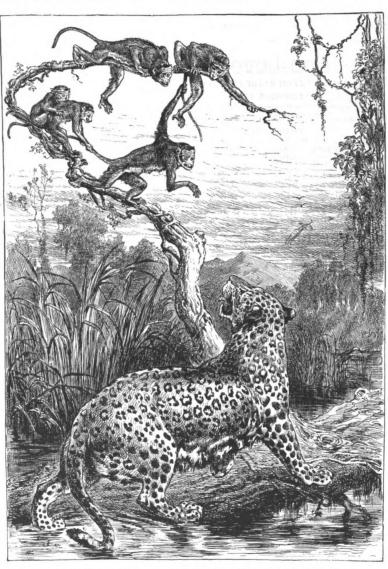
breath.
Opposite was a clump of tall napos palms, from the pendent leaves of which hung a perfect network of lianas and flowering vines. These were suddenly agitated, and all at once I saw tated, and all at once I saw one of the longer ones pulled back. Before I could guess what was coming, it swung out from the tree across the little channel, the motive power being a baboon, who caught and clutched a limb that pro-jected upward from the big jected upward from the big jected upward from the big tree trunk on which I was sitting. Presumably the baboon took me for part of the tree by reason of my muddy, clay stained apparel. Any way, he didn't seem to notice me, but hung on over my head while another and another of his kindred had crossed the chasm, till five in all had landed in safety.

I had hard work to keep from laughing, but I did till the last monkey had reached the limb. Then I was about to yell, when I heard Cacha's voice yelling shrilly from a distant thicket:

"Jump, white man—the jaguar comes!"
I have a vague recollection of seeing a great tawny body, blotched with semicircular rings of black, launching itself through the air from a neighboring hummock.
I didn't jump, for the reason that I tree trunk on which I was sitting. Presumably the

mock.
I didn't jump, for the reason that I hadn't time. But I rolled off the tree trunk into twelve feet of muddy water in the quickest time imaginable.

Not a second too soon, either. The jaguar lit almost exactly on the spot I had left. The monkeys, chattering and shricking above him, diverted his attention luckly so that I soft my head tention, luckily, so that I got my head



THE MONKEYS, CHATTERING AND SHRIEKING, DIVERTED THE JAGUAR'S ATTENTION.

ures cultivated by the Indian women, who themselves were the workers of the who themselves were the workers of in-community. Then there were chickens, wild fowl and small game in abundance to be had, not for a song, but for a cer-tain number of fish hooks or a quantity of linen thread, these two comprising the only currency known in Zapara.

the only currency known in Zapara. Mine was the most pretentious dwelling in town. The walls were built of chouta palm trunks split in halves and placed side by side, for the walls and one end. The other end was left open ordinarily a grass materying to close it if end. The other end was left open oru-narily, a grass mat serving to close it if it happened to rain. The roof was raf-tered with bamboo and thatched with palm leaves. Total cost, with a hampalm leaves. Total cost, with a ham-mock and charcoal brazier for cooking

for his attempt to instruct me in the curious mongrel Spanish of his people. But very soon the novelly wore off, and I began to long for Brown's return. Cacha disturbed my morning drowse sadly by violently shaking my hammock on an unusually sultry day, the fourth, I think, of my stay.

"Let us go into the woods, my friend; there is a jaguar, so very big!"

And by expressive signs Cacha made me understand that the animal—according to his describition nearly as big as a

ing to his description nearly as big as a horse—had carried away a child into the forest overflow a little before sunrise.

Now I am not over fond of possible en-counters with ferocious wild beasts. But fear of losing caste in the eyes of the

under the tree trunk on the opposite side. I didn't dare move—hardly breathe. The jaguar whined, then snarled angrily. By cocking my eye upward I saw the possible reason. Every one of those five monkeys, strung along just out of reach, was making faces at him!

And such faces—such derisive grim-

aces! Forgetful of my dangerous situ-ation, I let out the pent up laugh of a tew minutes before, to which was added another of larger proportions, resultant from the grimaces.

But I had betrayed my hiding place. I ducked my head under water just in time to avoid a blow from the jaguar's big paw that would have settled my

big paw that would have settled my earthly career then and there. I held my breath till ready to burst, and then bobbed up. Luckily for me, the monkeys were again in full play. But three several times I dodged under, to save my skull; and as many times the simians diverted the jaguar's attention. Piff! A little wad of cotton silk came

Piff! A little wad of cotton silk came flying through the air. Something struck the jaguar in the shoulder. He snarled fiercely, and grasped with his fangs at the broken shaft of a poisoned arrow.

No attention had he now to give to man or monkey. The fatal poison began to course through his veins—he whimpered—I heard his claws clutching at the bark on the tree trunk—a splash, and the mighty beast fell over into the turbid pool—to my relief on the opposite side. site side

I crawled back to the bank more dead than alive, as Cacha, with a yell of triumph, came hurrying to the spot. monkeys scampered away with derisive chatterings. And, unheeding Cacha's entreaties to help him land his game, I managed to fish up my rifle and get back to camp.

Brown arrived two days later with Brown arrived two days later, with two pack mules loaded down with an-tique pottery in wicker panniers. At least I could see something of the kind sticking over the top. I had the skin pegged out in the shade (I gave Cacha hall a gross of fish hooks for it), and was rubbing the fleshy side with arsenicated

rubbing the fleshy side with arsemeated soap.
"My stars," exclaimed Brown, "what a big fellow! Lucky, wasn't you?" I said I thought I was—very.
"Well, so I've been, 'he went on cheerfully. "Told you you'd be sorry you didn't go with me."
"Hunting game like this," I observed grandly, as I pointed to the skin, "is rather more manly sport than hunting up old pottery."

rather more many sport than nunting up old pottery."
"Pottery, eh?" returned Brown.
"Look here, will you?" And, tossing out a top layer of earthen cups and the like, he called me up. As I'm a sinner, he had more than two bushels of solid gold plates and urns, jars, and I don't know what else. I do know they brought him a pretty penny on our return. And
—yes—I was sorry I didn't go treasure
hunting instead of jaguar hunting.

A LENGTHY INTERMISSION.

A VERY green couple attended the theater recently, and after they had taken their seats the

recently, and after they had taken their seats the young man began to look over the programme.

"Thunderation, Mary," he said with a sudden start, "we can't see this show out,"

"Why, John, what's the matter?" asked the girl in disappointed tones.

"Wy, look at here, this bill says three weeks elapses between the first and second acts, and by gravy, I've got to git home by tomorrow night to tend to cutting that corn in the hill field."

An usher explained the matter later and they

A NEW USE FOR TENNIS RACKETS.

OLD Jefferson Catnip, upon his first visit to OLD generoon cathin, upon his instriction the city, went with a friend to a restaurant. While they were sitting at a table, a young fellow, carrying a lawn tennis racket, came into the room. Old Jefferson, after regarding the instrument for a few moments, turned to his friend and said:

"John, dinged ef I'd drink any milk in this term."

"Why not?" (Pointing.) "Jest look at the strainers they use. Blamed ef you couldn't shove a cathird through 'em."

He that knows nothing doubts of nothing, Do not let your doubts cause you to waver, for you may be assured that Warner's Log Cabin Liver Pills will cause the sluggish Liver to resume its wonted functions and produce the results you desire. They are effective and harmless, being purely vegetable.

PERSEVERANCE.

Ose step and then arother, And the longest walk is ended; One stitch and then another, And the largest rent is mended; One brick upon another, And the highest wall is made; One diske upon another, And the deepest snow is laid.

And the deepest snow is laid.
So the little coral workers,
By their slow and constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant, dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived,
By off repeated effort.
Have been patiently achieved.

Have been patiently achieved.
Then do not look disheartened
On the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavor day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain!

This story was commenced in No. 305.1 >Bob&Lovell: <

THE YOUNG FIREMAN OF THE AJAX.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS, Author of " The Haunted Engine," " The Star

> CHAPTER XIV "WE'VE GOT HIM!"

HERE could be little question that the stranger on the front platform of the express car was a decrease individual. press car was a desperate individual, who would not hesitate to shoot a fellow be-

would not hesitate to shoot a fellow being to save himself.

But such persons are not lacking in a certain
form of discretion, and, as a rule, do not fire
unless the necessity seems to be upon them.
Whatever the stranger imagined, he could not
have felt much fear of the youth who was clambering over the tender toward him. He had no
reason to suspect that the fireman knew his
character, and, if he did, the rogue was prepared.

pared.

It took but a minute for Bob to reach the rear of the tender, where he grasped the sharp metal rim on the edge of the tank to steady himself, for to step to the express car required a

Even in that critical moment. Bob became Even in that critical moment, Bob became aware that Mat had shut off steam and gently applied the brakes, not with the intention of stopping the train, but with a view of ersing his fall in the event of the stranger sending him flying from the platform. It is safe, too, to conclude that Matt gave less attention to the track in front just then than he did to the rear of his engine.

The man was now in plain sight. He was a large fellow, with a long overcoat buttoned to the top, and with the heavy collar turned up about his ears. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, and his can was drawn down, so

about his ears. His hands were thrust dep in his pockets, and his cap was drawn down, so that, even had there been plenty of light, little more than his exest and the end of his nose would have been visible. His feet were spread apart, and with his back against the door it is not likely that he felt much discomfort in his exposed situation. "Helloa!" shouted Bob, as he stepped down beside him; "it's rather rough riding out there."

The stranger muttered something which the

The stranger muttered something which the youth did not catch.

"Wouldn't you like to come inside?" continued Bob in the same loud voice.

"No," replied the other, "I don't want you to break the rules of the company for me."

"I'll risk it, but wait till I speak to the fellows is been."

Bob kicked the door violently, and a voice which he recognized as that of Hamilton shouted

Helloa! who is it?" "Helioa! who is it?"

Hamilton did not suppose it possible that any dangerous persons could have secured that position, but he and his companion were taking

chances.

It is I, Bob Lovell; let me in before I'm

snowed under."

During the few seconds occupied in obeying

During the lew seconds occupied in one-ying the request, Bob said to the stranger:

"Keep where you are till I can have a few words with them; it is against all regulations to allow any one inside, but I guess I can

The stranger made no reply, but grimly shifted his position a few inches and held his

As Bob stepped within, the door was quickly closed and fastened. Then he motioned them to follow him to the other end of the car.
"Boys," said he, "there's one of them on the front platform out there. He doesn't know he's suspected, and I have had a few words with bim. I told him I would coax you to let him. him. I told him I would coax you to let him step inside out of the gale."
"What did you do that for?" asked Hamil-

ton.
"I want to get him in here so we can capture

hmi."

"Has he any one with him?"

"No; he's alone; I'll bring him in and then we'll down him; you have plenty of rope and straps," added Bob, glancing at the hooks around the car, where, beside the checks for

baggage, there was a quantity of rope to be used for the benefit of those travelers who are careless in tying their trunks.

"The idea is a good one," said Powell, pleased over the prospect of a lively scrimmage. "Bring him in, but don't forget he is armed and is quick on the shoot."

Bob stepped to the front door, and opened it far enough to admit a person.

Thrusting out his head, he called to the stranger, who was near enough to touch, "It's all right; step inside."

The scamp must have grinned to himself, and looked upon this invitation as a special

The samp must have grinned to himself, and looked upon this invitation as a special nitracle in his favor. Above all things the gang wanted one of their number within the express car at the moment when the attack was made. They expected to get several in there, but did not believe the entrance could be secured except by a hard struggle.

But behold! here was one of the lambs letting down the fence to admit the wolf into the fold.

The stranger stepped forward without here.

The stranger stepped forward without he

The stranger stepped forward without nesitation, stamping the snow from his feet as the door was closed and secured behind him. The occasion was one in which the stranger felt the necessity of unbending, and making things clear. He was too well dressed to pass for a regular member of the fraternity of tramps, and he offered a reasonable explanation.

"I'm obliged to you, friends," he said, from behind his high collar and pulled down cap, "but though I'm acting like a tramp I and one of em, even if I am trying to beat my way to Ofalca."

"Where did you get on?"

"At the Junction. The fact is I've been down there on a big tear that lasted a week; when I began to straighten up I hadn't a cent and didn't know any one to borrow from. I was stooping on the other side of the baggage car when you began pulling out from the Junction, and slipped out and sat down on the steps. I found I was getting drowsy and likely to tumble off in going round the curves, so I took as standing position. I thought they couldn't see me on the engine except when they opened that blamed furnace door, which was a good deal oftener than I expected. However, I dodged down and kept out of sight for a good wnile, till you caught me."

The last words were addressed to Bob, who

I dodged down and kept out of sight for a good while, till you caught me."

The last words were addressed to Bob, who replied with a laugh of the state of the st You're very kind, and I assure vou-

"You're very kind, and I assure you—"
At that instant Hamilton's right hand flashed
from his side like the sweep of a sword, and
with lightning-like quickness it assumed a horizontal postion, the muzzle of his revolver almost touching the chilled end of the stranger's

nose.
"Up with your hands! We know you!"
The man, who had been standing during these brief moments with his hands in his overthese brief moments with his hands in his over-coat pockets, snatched them out. Despite the exposure to which he had been subjected, neither of them was mittened or gloved. It is possible, however, that following the rule to be ready for all possible emergencies, he may have slipped off the coverings while waiting outside for admission, or even after stepping inside the core.

car.

Thus it came about that while he seemed to yield prompt obedience to the summons, one of the hands which whisked from the pockets grasped a Smith & Wesson; and, despite the risk involved, he would have used the weapon, even though the nuzzle of another was almost seating his face.

But Powell had also drawn his revolver, and, But Powell had also drawn his revolver, and, believing there was no escaping the necessity, he was only waiting long enough to make his aim sure, when bob leaped like a cat from his position at the side of the desperado, and, by a quick blow on his forearm, sent the weapon spinning across the car.

With a frightful imprecation he drew back his closed hand.

"I know your game, and you'll never get me alive!"

ins closed hand.

"I know your game, and you'll never get me alive!"

Had the blow which he aimed at Bob reached its mark, it must have injured him seriously, but the youth's alertness enabled him to dodge it, and, before the scamp could repeat it, he countered with such power that the man was sent reeling across the car, and only escaped falling by lunging against Hamilton.

The instant the express messenger saw he was disarmed, they shoved their weapons back in their pockets, and prepared to make him prisoner. On his part, he leaped to recover his weapon, which lay some distance off, directly in front of the iron safe containing the gold.

Bob read the meaning of the movement, and threw himself upon the man with such force that he drove him backward to the floor. The struggle which followed was brief but desperate. The stranger kicked and struck and fought like a tiger, but Bob never let go.

Hamilton made an enthusiastic attempt to capture one of his feet, and received a kick which banged him against a trunk with almost enough force to smash it, and, a moment after, Powell turned a back somersault over a box, his head striking the safe with such violence that the thought it must have made a big dent in the massive door.

But both quickly rallied and returned to the help of Bob, who had his hands full. Despite all the powerful fellow could do, he was unable

to free himself from the sinewy youth we kept himself astride of his body and gr.pp-his throat with a violence that threatened strate

gulation.

The next attempt on the part of Hamilton and Powell to capture the revolving feet was successful. They were forced down to the floor, where several rapid twists of the mose secured the limbs at the knees and ankles. Then, with more difficulty, the arms were strongly bound at the wrists, and the present helicity.

A few minutes later, as Bob Lovell clambers back over the tender, he greeted the inquirige look of Matt with the words:
"We've got him!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE INTERESTING STRANGER,

FTER the captured miscreant har been securely bound, Rob Lovell picked of the revolver that lay in the corner, and showed it into his hip pocket with the

That may come handy before we react

Matt Fields was thrilled by the brief story which his fireman shouted into his ear, with a laugh and a nod, jerked the lever o engine, which bounded forward with incre

speed.

By this time the fall of snow had almost entirely ceased. Bob was surprised, when he took his seat again in the cab, to note this hardly a fake was eddying through the ar But for the thought of the robbers down to road, the engineer would have made an attempt to regain part of the time lost.

Meanwhile, as may be supposed, Calvar Twomey the conductor found an interesting state of affairs within the three cars behaviors

state of affairs within the three cars behind the express. He was a wide awake employer of the company, and was held in high regard to the cofficials above him. The spotters of both exess, who occasionally took a ride over a section or the whole of the L & O., never fixed anything on "Cal," as he was universally called. He could not be otherwise than homed, and therefore if he was summoned to the officion of the superintendent or that of the president, he went without that awful misgiving which sometimes racks the employee nowadays when sent for." state of affairs within the three cars behind the

sent for."
The railway conductor, from continuous practice, soon acquires great skill in memorizing faces. One of the most wonderful experiences faces. One of the most wonderful experience I ever underwent was as the Lindell Hotel in St. Louis, where I passed into the dining rown some innutes after nearly six hundred guests had entered. The colored youth at the dos, and I laid my hat on the rack among the multitude of others.

To my amazement, when I came out, he immediately selected my hendgear from the hundreds, and handed it to me with the remark: "I knowed dat war yours, 'cause it am de

"I knowed dat war yours, 'cause it am de only one dat wasn't handed to me by de pusson

And that same negro passed every hat to the And that same negro passed every nat to the proper owner as he emerged from the diang room. Among them must have been at least three hundred silk hats, between which there was no appreciable difference to ordinary folks, and yet the colored youth made not a single

and yet the colored youth made not a single mistake.

I have never seen a white man who possessed this unaccountable gift, but there are many rail-wary conductors whose memory of faces is an-azing. They will walk through one rowded car after another, and, as they glance from size to side, instantly detect a person who is ting to beat his way. Cal Twomey had something of this art, which is purely acquired what after parting from Matt and Pob at blunction, and passing slowly through the smoker and the two following cars, with the penetrating look on each side, he picked out the property of the propert

west of Dead Man's Hollow, for coal or sate, but it took no passengers.

By the time Twomey reached the end of the last car, he had located his three suspicios fellows, and oddly enough, or perhaps not oddid at all, there was one in each car. In the last, a tall man was muffled in an ulster and doubted up in his seat as though he was asleep. Cal was convinced, however, that he was very wife awake, but there was nothing in the manner of the conductor to show that he felt an unusuit interest in him.

In the second car, a short, fleshy, middle aged man was trying to read a paper by the militre.

In the second car, a snort, nestly, innone sew man was trying to read a paper by the taller weak light overhead. His face was coured with a stubby beard, and he was dressd in rather loud clothing, but there was nothing striking in his appearance. Neventiels, Twomey fixed upon him as one of the part concerned in the scheme for robbing the express

company.

The third person, of course, was in the smoker, where he was enjoying his Reina Victoria as fully as if it had really been grown in the garden spot of fair Cuba. He shared his seat with no one, but with his elbow on the win-

dow sill, his head resung on his hand, and his legs crossed, he puffed in the leisurely way of the genuine smoker. He appeared to be about fifty years old, with

He appeared to be about fifty years old, with a gray beard all over his face, except his chin. His dress was modest but good in quality. The noticeable feature about the man was his eyes, which were startlingly bright. When turned upon a person they seemed to look him theough.

upon a person they seemed to look him through.

It was while standing in the aisle of the smoker, directly opposite this individual, that Twomey reached up and gave the bell cord three sharp pulls. The stranger was looking straight at him, and said with a peculiar smile, "That's an odd signal, conductor; I remember when it was an order for the engineer to run backwards."

Twomey was surprised by the remark, and wondered whether the stranger had overheard the conversation on the engine at the Junction and knew the real meaning of the three jerks at the cord. It was not impossible, but Twomey was quick to reply.

the cord. It was not was quick to reply.

"Five years ago that would have been the meaning on the I & O., but before giving it I would have pulled the cord twice, as a call for

the engineer to stop."
"What is the meaning of the signal as you

"What is the meaning of the signal as you use it?"
"It doesn't belong to the regular code," replied Cal, without hesitation, "but is a means of understanding I have with the engineer, by which I let him know—well, a certain fact that may interest him. Of course you don't expect me to translate the message for you?"
"Not if there is anything of a private nature about it, but since you have been through the train and taken a look at all the faces, why not sit down and smoke?"
And the obliging stranger moved closer against the side of the car to make room for the conductor, who accepted the invitation with thanks.

thanks,

To do so was a flagrant violation of orders. Of course, there could be no objection to him seating himself and talking with any one of his passengers, but to smoke a cigar while

of his passengers, but to smoke a cigar while on duty was against regulations, But Twomey did so without hesitation, for he was sure, if ever called to account, he could plead successfully that the end justified the means. He remarked that he was doing that which was forbidden, but the temptation was

"No harm can come from it," was the cheery response of the other, as he held the lighted end of his cigar against the terminal point of the conductor's, who vigorously pulled at it. "I used to be a school teacher, and one of the cardinal truths I learned was that to be considered in userity see everything done by my successful I mustn't see everything done by my pupils. Figuratively speaking, I had to close my eyes now and then, when by all rules they output to have been wide one." pupils.

ought to have been wide open."

'That may do for the pedagogue," replied Twoney with a laugh, "but I don't believe a railroad company can ever be induced to adopt

"All sensible corporations do to a greater or less extent. How far are we from Dead Man's Hollow?" It was a startling question, and, despite Twomey's coolness, he found it a relief to peer

out through the windows, as if striving to catch sight of some landmark, while he recovered his

aking out his watch, he said,

Taking out his watch, he said,
"We ought to have passed it long ago, but
we are behind time and losing continually. I
judge we are within ten miles of it, though I
can't make sure of it. Are you interested in
Dead Man's Hollow?"
"I an't say that I am except to dread it. I
passed over the road the day following the disaster to the Night Express some months ago,
and I shuddered to think what a dreadful place
for an accident it is. If there was such a thing
as train robbers in this part of the country,
there is the spot where they would run an engine down the bank, for the wreck would be so
complete that nearly every person would be
injured or killed outright."
This certainly was an extraordinary remark,

This certainly was an extraordinary remark, This certainly was an extraordinary remark, and the condictor was puzzled to understand why it should be made. He thought perhaps the fellow felt so secure in the success of the plan that he was amusing himself at his expense. Without he sitation, Twomey continued the discussion of the interesting subject.

"Do you feel any special interest in train robbers?" he asked.

"Well, yes; I was in Arkansas at the time the James box held us up near Walnut Ridge, and I was cleaned out of several thousand dollars. Since then I suppose I feel more nervous than most people over the danger."

All this time the conductor was tormented by the suspicion that he had heard that voice and seen that face before. There was a peculiar in-

the suspicion that he had beard that voice and seen that face before. There was a peculiar intonation in some of the sentences which had attracted his attention somewhere else and under widely different circumstances, and he was out of patience with himself that it was impossible to recall the occasion.

It seemed to him that the bright black eyes and the peculiar beard would have told the story at once, but unfortunately they did not.

All at once, while watching the suspected passenger sharply, he rubbed his chin, and as he did so, the whole beard was disturbed, proving it was false.

Just then, the whistle of the Ajax gave a sharp blast, which was meant to apprise the

sharp blast, which was meant to apprise the conductor that they were within a mile of Dead

Man's Hollow. Excusing himself, he sprang up and walked hastily to the rear car. He shortly returned, and on his way he locked the door of each car.

"I don't know as it will do much good," was his thought, as he returned to his friend, without sitting down, "but when these folks want to get out doors to help the rest of the party, they will be bothered a little."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

THE DANGER SIGNAL.

HE slowing of the train, as it neared Dead Man's Hollow, was so gradual as to be imperceptible to any except those watching for it. It was at this juncture that the first real surprise came to Twomey the conductor.

nductor.

He had returned to his place beside his bright ed friend, feeling nervous and apprehensive the certains to the crists must come within the ext minute or two, when the latter, in an ifferent manner, as add:

"Ceat, you have made a little mistake—an

ght, as it may be termed. hat's that?" asked the o

asked the official. Each of your brakemen is furnished with a key to the car doors, is he not, the same as yourself?" Of course—what of it?"

"Of course—what of it?"
"Well, when a passenger starts up with the avowed wish to enter the smoker, won't the brakeman unlock the door for him to pass through?"
"I suppose—that is——"
"Have you warned the brakemen not to unlock the doors for any one until after passing the Hollow?"
"No; who the mischief are you, any way?"
The other indulged in a chuckling laugh, and answered:

answered: You and I had a little talk in the private

answered:
"You and I had a little talk in the private office of the superintendent last Tuesday—"
"Well, my gracious I' was all the conductor could say; "I knew we had met somewhere, but I didn't suspect it was you. What is your business on the train, Baumann?"
"Dead Man's Hollow," was the significant reply, "I saw some suspicious things at the station at Irondale today, and President Walbridge told me to go with the train to Ofalca."
The man, whom the conductor had recognized at last, was Horsen Baumann, a professional detective in the employ of the company. Perhaps there was nothing strange in the mistake Twomey made in setting him down as a suspicious character, for he was well disguised, and had watched the mexements of the conductor more closely than the latter imagined. Without passing for further words, Twomey hastened to repair his mistake. It took but a few moments to tell each brakeman that under no circumstances was he to allow any passenger to leave the car, until each door was unlocked by the conductor himself. Promptly as this notification was made, it was none too soon.
The individual in the rear car remained seated

The individual in the rear car remained seated The individual in the rear car remanus areas a brief while after the whiste of Ajax sounded but, holding his hand to the side of his face to shut out the glare of the light within, he scribtinged the snowy woods as if searching for some landmark. He did not fail to note the state of the same but he supposed it was

timized the snowy woods as it searching for some landmark. He did not fall to note the slackening of the train, but he supposed it was because of the high trestle work.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and walked briskly to the front of the car, where a brakeman was standing with his nose against the window of the door. Grasping the knob of the latter, he gave it a wrench and such a violent pull that his hand slipped over the smooth surface, and he came nigh falling.

With an impatient exclamation he demanded the meaning of the door being fastened.

"Passengers are not allowed to stand on the platform when the train is moving," was the reply.

reply.
"Who the mischief wants to stand on the platform?" demanded the other.
"It is against the rules to pass from one car

to the other when in motion."

Another furious exclamation escaped the wrathful passenger, who uttered the truthful

addenda

warding passenger, who direct the training addenda;

"I have done it often, and no objection has ever been made to it. This is all folder ol. I want to take a smoke; open the door."
"I would like to oblige you, but the conductor gave me positive orders to allow no one to leave the car—"
"Why did he do that?"
"I have no idea of his reason, but I darsen't disregard it. I would be discharged."
"I'll give you ten dollars—come quick!"
But the brakeman shook his head.
"Ten dollars is a good price for a smoke, but

But the brakeman shook his head,
"Ten dollars is a good price for a smoke, but
it isn't worth my situation."
"I'll kick the blamed door in," muttered the
thoroughly aroused individual, who could not
have failed to know they were close to the place
where the train was to be held up. The brakeman protested, but the other kicked and
wrenched with a vigor that looked as if he
would make his threat good.
A scene almost similar took place in the
second car, where the man selected by Twomey
The Lip O. Company ran no little risk that
evening of having their property injured, but
the doors offered a more sturdy resistance than
would have been expected.

Meanwhile, matters were an assuming an interesting shape on the engine of the Night Express

Bob Lovell, while a couple of miles away from the Dead Man's Hollow, oiled the joints of Ajax, piled in an extra amount of coal and made matters ship shape, as may be said, for the crisis now at hand. It was his wish to give his undivided attention to the important business before him.

before him.

By the light in the cab he had examined the Smith & Wesson which he picked up on the floor of the express car. It was a fine weapon, silver mounted, and with each of the chambers

In the hands of an expert it was capable of

In the hands of an expert it was capable of most effective service.

"I don't know that I'll have any use for it tonight," thought Bob, shoving it back in his pocket, "but it may come handy."

The track of the I. & O. made a long bend just beyond the trestle work over Dead Man's Hollow. Bob's side of the cab was on the outer rim of this curve, so that, until the track straightened again, his view of the rails was slightly better than that of the engineer. He could catch sight of whatever might be ahead an instant before Matt, whose place was on the inner side of the sweeping curve; but, after all, the advantage was so shight that it amounted to the advantage was so slight that it amounted to

tle.

Matt had shut off steam entirely, and the sakes occasionally mpped the wheels, just Matt had shut off steam entirely, and the brakes occasionally nipped the wheels, just enough to modify the speed without communicating a jar to the train. Bob was standing with the slide thrown back and his head thrust far out while he intently peered ahead. The gleaming rails stretched away until they piered the black gloom, which continually receded before the tardy advance of Ajax.

A moment later, the network of the trestle work loomed to view. Having no draw, it was without framework above, but the cross pieces, ties and timbers seemed as if made of silver as the glare of the headlight struck them.

But Bob paid little head to them; he was looking for something down the track which he did not wish to see.

wish to see.

lid not wish to see. "Matt Fields was a shert as a panther. His eff foot rested on the floor of the cab, and the fight limb was crooked at the knee so that the soot was supported on the projection six inches ingher. The body was bent forward and slightly to the right, the hand on that side grasping the upport of the sliding window, which was drawn was gently closed around the upper part of the ever, which had already shut out the steam room the cylinders.

from the cylinders.

Holding this attitude, the engineer could instantly shift his grasp to the little horizontal lever at the side which controlled the air brake, or he could seize the reversing rod with both hands and fling it backward. The attitude of Matt Fields was that of the

The attitude of Matt Fields was that of the most watchful vigilance, while Bob Lovell, stillleaning far out of the cab window, suggested that he was about to spring into the air. He scarcely looked down, as the engine slowly rumbled over the trestle work toward the spot where it had left the rails a few months before. All at once his heart gave a thump; he saw it!

There was the red light—the signal of dan-ger, swaying like a great pendulum from side to side. There was no mistake about the pres-ence of train robbers at that dangerous point. Bob took one quick glance at it, and then looked across at Matt, who caught sight of it

same instant.

But the fireman was dumfounded. Instead

But the fireman was dumfounded. Instead of checking the engine as was the original plan, Matt moved neither hand. Ajax continued creeping toward the danger signal, as if he held it in no fear.

What could it mean? Bob stared wonderingly at his friend, who continued peering forward, as if he would pierce the night itself. The amazed fireman, fearing some fearful mistake had been made, was about to catch the arm of Matt, when the latter fairly took away Bob's breath by putting on steam, thus making for the danger signal with increasing speed.

(To be continued.)

BULLING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE term "bull," for a ludicrous misuse of words, is not derived from the animal of the same name, as might at first be supposed. According to a writer in the *Epoch*, one Obadiah Bull, a lawyer of the reign of Henry VIII, who was continu-ally blundering in his pleadings before the judges, is responsible for the christening of the term. The same author gives some good specimens of the article, a few of which we produce.

During the Irish rebellion an Irish paper published this item: "A man named McCarthy was run over by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday. He was injured in a similar way two years ago."

rs ago."
11784 the Irish House of Commons issued an er to this effect: "Any member 11784 order to this effect: "Any member unable write may get another member to frank his le for him, but only on condition that he cert with his own handwriting his inability on back of it." A well known? well known English epitaph commences as

follows:
"Reader, if thou canst read." This is somewhat akin to the hand board which read: "The
ford is dangerous when this board is covered by
the water." ----

Neolect kills injuries; revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effects on the system till consumption finally kills, unless cured by Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy. It is ye reliable remedy of or

the water.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open tree of charge, to sub-ribers and weekly antchasers of The Gollors A Agost, it we cannot unaisly exchanges of freetime, but 8 eggs, me-rous chemicals, or any advection may very sup-lation of the column of the column of the column of the column papers except those sent by readers who wish not-basers except those sent by readers who wish notdangerous chemi articles; nor exci of papers, except tain back numbe We must discla

and the control of th

ince.

have on file a number of exchanges, which will be shed in their turn as soon as space permits.

Bert Wood, Addison, N. V. A fountain pen, Cassell, 1407 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md. Min-

rais, for minerais.
Oliver Brastow, Somerville, Mass. A 4 draw
oy glass, for a concertina.
Oscar Keller, Wilson, Kan. An aluminium
atch, cost \$10, for reading matter or a banjo.

J. Willard Bromley, Southbridge, Mass. Vol. III. of The Golden Argosy, unbound, for Vol. IV. W. Maas, 208 East 62d St., New York City, respeare's works, for a volume of THE GOLDEN

Will Padlock, South Pueblo, Colo. Gold and silver ore and other minerals, for a magic lantern with slides.

Louis L. Tafel, 832 Windsor Square, Philadel-hia, Pa. A flute and other articles, for a 4 or 6 eyed piccolo.

G. B. Haynes, 624 North 20th St., Omaha, Neb. A small camera, 3 books by Optic, etc., for a small press and outfit.

W. B. Bradford, Box 588, Westerly, R. I. One indred and twenty five different stamps, for 150

A. B. Kurtz, Connellsville, Pa. A German silver pen faced Elgin watch, and a gold scarf pin, for press and type. different tin tags.

Clarence Vreeland, care R. G. Dun & Co., Box 33, New York City. An album with stamps and

F. J. Hall, 182 East 76th St., New York City. oins, stamps, postmarks, etc., for coins and amps. Send lists.

Franklin H. Cathcart, Box 568, Baltimore, Md. self inking 5½ by 9 press, with 10 fonts of type, or a collection of stamps.

or a confection of stamps.

T. D. Carson, 135 Maplewood Ave., Germanown, Pa. Eight hundred tin tags, for any 5 nos.,
f MENSEY SPOTLAR SERVE,
J. S. De Maris, 258 Gray's Ferry Road, Philaelphia, Pa. A number of articles, for a typelephia, Pa. A number of articles, for a typelabel Carlotter of the Conference of

riter or a bicycle. Send for list.

John Goddard, 90 Chester Ave., Chelsea, Mass, press and outht, and a magic lantern with 12 ides, for a 5 by 7 self inking press.

James R. Burke, Box 588, Amesbury, Mass. A agic lantern, for a set of boxing gloves for a y of 16. Massachusetts offers only.

boy of 16. Massachusetts ofters only.

A. T. Lawrence, 69 Belmont Ave., Jersey City,
N. J. A magic lantern and outfit, cost \$5.50, and
other articles, for a jointed rod and ret.
Harry Young, Bessemer Steel Works, South
Pueblo, Colo, Minerals, valued at \$8, for a scroll
saw or a volume of Tine Gothes Angosy.
Joseph Chobot, 219 East 23th St., New York City,
A 38 bracket nickel rimmed banjo, and a small
hand inking press, for a photo camera worth \$15.
Michael Murphy, 117 Prairie Ave, Providence,
R. I. One hundred U. S. and foreign stamps, for
Nos. 261, 289, 296, and 299 of The Golden ArGosy.

Henry Osman, Lansdale, Pa. A pair of No. 14 te skates, nearly new, a fife, and useful books, or a B or E flat cornet, or other musical instru-

ent.
Will J. Morris, 390 25th St., Chicago, Ill. An
bum with about 300 stamps, a Canada 25c. bill,
d flags of all nations, all valued at \$6, for a type-

Charles H. Warren, 46t Washington St., Brighton, Mass. Fifty revenue stamps, or 100 foreign stamps, for every 200 square cut U. S. envelope stamps.

A. P. Peck, 506 Wabash Ave., Chicago, III. A nickel plated telegraph key and sounder, and 4 boxs books, valued at \$7, for a 4 by 5 or 5 by 7 photo outil. William Connolly, 333 Cutter St., Cincinnati, O., press and 2 fonts of type, a pair of Acme ice cates, 500 different tin tags, and picture cards, for photo outilt.

R. R. Cooke, East Haddam, Conn. A horizontal steam engine with walking beam, a fife with mouthpiece, and a flute, for a set of boxing gloves for a boy of 10.

John P. Heyes, 663 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y., foot power scroll saw, with saws, patterns, etc., velocipede, and 300 stamps and postmarks, for a lf inking press,

G. W. Price, Box 3373, New York City. A box of drawing materials, 3 books, by Optic, etc., an atlas, 8 old coins, etc., for a good pair of opera glasses or a banjo.

Reasses of a Dailyo.

W. A. Miller, 183 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A 3½ by 4½ camera, double plate holder, printing frame, etc., for a set of boxing gloves or a steam engine and boiler.

engine and boiler. E. E. Weaver, 552 West Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa. A Weeden steam engine, a telegraph key. 2 fonts of type, and other articles, for a typewriter or a self-inking press.

Fred K Thompson, Hemlock Lake, N. Y. A 4 yels hand inking press with 3 fonts of type, a air of opera glasses, and 6 books by Alger, for a unvas cance and paddle.

canvas canoe and paddle.

Henry Torstrick, Box 32. Locust Valley, N. V.

An Italian violin, valued at \$35, and a nickel
plated 3b bracket banjo, for a 48 to 52 in, rubber
tired, nickel plated bicycle.

J. T. McFarland 84 Warrenton St., Boston,
Mass. Twenty nine pieces of guitar music, cost
\$5, and 20; different pieces of vocal and plano
misic, cost \$51, for stamps.

C. G. Kibbe, 50 Bell St., Houston, Tex. Four undred different Texas postmarks, for U. S. stamps; 15, for every 24 cent stamp; 25, for every is different U.S. revenue stamps.



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subsectiber is notified three weeks before the of his subscription, and, if he does not renew, stopped at the end of the time paid for, elegible to the end of the time paid for, elegible to the end of the time paid for, one of the end of the time paid for, the end of the time paid for, elegible to the end of the time paid for, elegible to the end of the end of

A REMARKABLE STORY.

'Since the conclusion of " Heir to a Million" many of our readers have anxiously inquirea when another serial from Mr. Converse's pen would appear. In our Autumn Number we gave a hint of his next story, which proves to be such a remarkably good one that we have hurried its preparation, and can now announce that next week will be published the first in-

The Gold of Flat Top Mountain. BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

Author of " Heir to a Million." " That Treasure." etc., etc.

It is a strong and stirring tale of adventure in the Western wilds, with elements of the marvelous which render it strikingly different from the ordinary stories of that character.

HOW TO SUCCEED.

"WHAT chance have I of making a success?" This is a question which all young men embarking on a business or professional career either ask themselves or put to their friends. And, in many cases, they seem to imagine that it is to be some combination of outside circumstances which shall bear them on to fortune, rather than their own efforts.

"Just look at the wealthy men of the day." they insist. "They started out just when there was an opening for big enterprises in the country, and now that these are filled, no matter how smart a fellow may be, he can't do much without a field to do it in."

But what say the men referred to regarding the chances of getting on in the world? Do they attribute their rise to conditions outside of themselves? Hear the answers they gave to the question of a newspaper reporter, who asked what one quality a young man should possess to succeed best :

CAUTION, PERSEVERANCE, HARD WORK, ENTERPRISE, BRAINS,

We may add for the encouragement of our readers that the five gentlemen who gave the above responses also said that the outlook for success was never so bright as at present.

HENRY CLAY'S OPPORTUNITY.

Boys have often been told that good handwriting is quite a valuable aid to success in life, and the reply has often been made by those who wish to avoid the labor of practice and improvement that some of the most eminent men have been notably deficient in this point. Of Horace Greeley, for instance, there is a well known story that he once sent a letter of dismissal to an employee on the Tribune, who went West and secured several situations there by means of this very note, which he passed off as a glowing testimonial, it being wholly illegible with the exception of the signature.

Perhaps men of transcendent ability can afford to despise the art of the penman; yet even they may regret their neglect. Had Henry Clay been a poor writer he would have missed the great opportunity of his life. How was that, do you ask? He was a poor, struggling counboy in Virginia, and had just got a place as clerk in a Richmond law office, when Chancellor Wythe, the most famous lawyer of the Old Dominion, the preceptor of Thomas Jefferson. and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, found that he needed a copyist. Clay was recommended as a good penman, and thus first came to the notice of the chancellor, whose influence and teachings built the foundations

for the career of America's most brilliant orator and statesman.

Many other instances might be brought forward, but this one is enough to show that even the most brilliant aspirant neglects penmanship at his peril. It may be a small weapon, but the young knight needs his armory complete.

IF any of our readers wish to procure handy binders for the present volume of the Argosy. they can be ordered from this office. They are, in two styles; maroon cloth, 75 cents, post paid, and press board, 60 cents.

MR MUNSEY'S NEW BOOK

Has not the reader frequently found himself saving, or thinking, of a certain story which has pleased him very much: "I wish I hadn't read it, so that I could have it fresh to read again?" As the saying is, you can't have your cake and eat it, too; nevertheless, readers of the Argosy are given this fall an opportunity to do almost this very thing.

To judge from largely increased sales and enthusiastic comments, "The Boy Broker" was one of the most popular serials that ever appeared in the Argosy.

Although published a year and a half ago. young correspondents still continue to mention it in terms of warmest praise, and many have been the requests for a sequel to the story.

But instead of the latter, the author now presents his friends with a new "Boy Broker" itself, a story with all the charm of the old one, and yet with so many features added that the perusal of it will be equivalent to reading a new book

In point of fact, the whole tale has been very nearly re-written, and, good as it was before, in its present shape its attractiveness has been doubled. Herbert Randolph, the young Vermonter who comes to the great city to seek his fortune; Bob Hunter, the comical, outspoken newsboy, poor in purse and ungrammatical of tongue, yet who proves himself a friend of friends; Tom Flannery, that other gamin of the street, who serves as such an excellent foil to show off Bob's dash and daring; Ray Goldwin, the daughter of the banker, with face and manners reflecting the brightness of her name -all these favorite characters are present in the revised volume, but in many new relations to one another. There are fresh complications, fresh adventures and fresh turns of fortune's wheel, while much more space than in the original story is devoted to the hero's actual experiences as a broker.

But I must not say more about the plot, lest I spoil the novelty of it for the reader. I will only add that the story has not a dull line in it from beginning to end, is enlivened with telling touches of humor on almost every page. with just enough of the pathetic element intermingled to give that truth to life, lacking which the best told tale must miss success.

The mechanical setting of the story is in every way worthy of it, and the volume is a really fine example of the modern printer's art. Paper, printing, binding, and illustration are all of the best, the last named including nearly forty designs by A. R. Waud, A. E. Sterner, and J. M. Gleeson. The cover is of vellum cloth, ornamented in black, gold, and a rich red.

"The Boy Broker" contains about 250 pages, and is one of the handsomest books issued this season. No Christmas gift would be more appreciated by any boy or girl.

MATTHEW WHITE, JR. "The Boy Broker" can be ordered from any bookseller, or will be sent post paid on receipt of the price, \$2, by the publishers, Frank A. Munsey & Co., 81 Warren Street, New York.

AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS.

LIKE the falling autumn leaves, testimonials to the merits of the ARGOSY flutter down ceaselessly upon the editor's desk. Entirely unsolicited as they are, they form the best possible advertisement our paper could have.

BUTLER, Mo., Sept. 30, 888.

I have read nearly all the boys papers, but I think the Ascoov the best. It gets there seven lengths ahead of all others.

J. H. De Armond.

UTICA, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1888.

I think the Argony is a splendid boys paper, "Ray Culver" and "Dean Dun'am" being especially good. I hope you will have a sequel to "The Boy Broker."

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD. Commander of the United States Army.

In these piping times of peace the United States soldiers find their hands not over full of work, and such active service as falls to their lot, on the periodical outbreak of more or less trifling Indian troubles, involves police rather than military duty. Only the most bloodthirsty or inconsiderate will regret the lack of employment for our troops; but should a call to arms arise, and none can tell when such a call may come, then our little standing army would prove of immense benefit to the country as a ready and effective nucleus round which the citizens would rally in their millions. Thus in the civil war the regular troops, which throughout the struggle numbered less than fifty thousand, afforded a skeleton organization, so to speak, elastic enough

to be expanded by the addition of forty times as many volunteers.

Even in peace time, the standing army is a subject of universal interest. and the readers of the Argosy will probably be glad to have a few particulars of its chief officer His post is a distinguished and responsible one, and has been in time past by some of the most famous American heroes-George Washington. Anthony Wayne, Winfield Scott, Ulysses Grant Tecumseh

Sherman, and last by Philip H. Sheridan, who was succeeded a few months ago by the present commander.

John McAllister Schofield is a native of New York State, having been born in Chautauqua County on the 20th of September, 1831. He received a nomination to the military academy at West Point, and went through the course there, graduating in 1853, a member of the same class as the famous general whom he has just succeeded, and who was about six months his senior in age. He did not follow up an army career, but resigned his commission to accept a position as professor of physics in the Washington University of St. Louis. But like General Grant, on the outbreak of the war, when trained officers were urgently needed, he was prompt to place his services at the government's disposal, and, on the 21st of November, 1861, he was appointed a brigadier general of volunteers, and placed in supervision of the Missouri State troops. A year later he became a major general.

Throughout the latter part of the war he held important commands, and held them well and successfully. In 1864 he was engaged in the Atlanta campaign, and after the Georgia capital fell in September of that year, he commanded the division which operated against Hood in Tennessee. He was at the battles of Nashville and Franklin, and his services were recognized by his transfer to the regular army with the brevet rank of major general.

The following spring-the last of the warhe was in North Carolina. He fought the battle of Kingston early in March, and then joined his forces to those of Sherman at Goldsborough. After the surrender of Lee at Appomattox he was placed in temporary command of the First military district, which included the State of Virginia. In 1868, when Grant was elected to the Presidency, he summoned General Schofield to his cabinet as Secretary of War.

In March of the following year the general was appointed to command the great Western

military district termed the Department of the Missouri. He held this post thirteen months and was then transferred to the Division of the Pacific. It may perhaps be well to explain that the Union is divided into three "Divisions"those of the Atlantic, Missouri, and Pacific and these again are subdivided into "Depart. ments." The Atlantic Division includes be one Department—that of the East; the Missouri Division is formed of the Departments of Missouri, Texas, Dakota, and the Platte; and that of the Pacific comprises the Departments of California, Arizona, and the Columbia was the last named Division to which General Schofield was appointed in 1870, with headquarters at San Francisco.

Here he spent six years, and then came Face again as Superintendent of the West Poir

academy. 0 the death of General Hancock, the present commander in chief surceeded him at the head of the Division of the Atlantic, and took up his residence at Governor's Island in New York harbor. I The passing

away of General Sheridan which is no doubt fresh in the reader's memory, left the army without a commander, and General Schofield was, on the 14th of August last. appointed by the President to fill the vacancy - a dis-

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD. From a Photograph by Bell.

tinction due to his position as the senior officer on the roll of major generals, and to his good record of service both during the war and in time of peace. His rank is still that of a major general, as the full commission of general has been reserved for the three foremost heroes of the War of the Rebellion, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and has never been issued to any other American soldier, not even George Washington.

Like most successful commanders, General Schofield has the reputation of being a strict disciplinarian, but he is liked and respected. In appearance he is tall, broad shouldered and erect, with white mustache and whiskers. He looks and is every inch a veteran soldier.

R. H. TITHERINGTON.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

STUDY well the human body, the mind is not far off.

ar off.

In is only by labor that thought can be made nealthy, and only by thought that labor can be nade happy.—Ruskin.

TRUTH, like sunlight, is influent; but at this views life only as it is the medium of heat, so trith only as it is the medium of love.

FEAR to do base, unworthy things is valor; If they be done to us, to suffer them

Jean Jonne.

—Ben Jonne.

Youth is but the painted shell within which continually growing, lives that we the spirit of a man, biding its mom tion, earlier in some than in others.

All truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but, to make them truly ours, we must think them over again honesly. They take root in our personal experience.—Gottle

A MODERATE understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farbet than a more lively genius attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany quick parts.

pany quick parts.

There's no coming back on the impetuous stream of life. And we must all set our pocket watches by the clock of fate. There is a headloog, forthright tide that bears away a man with he fancies like a straw, and runs fast in time and

space.

Ambrion is full of distractions; it teens with stratagems, and is swelled with expectations as with a tympany. It sleeps sometimes as the wind in a storm, still and quiet for a minute, that it are burst out into an impetuous blast till the credge of its heart strings crack—ferency Taylor.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

LOOK FORWARD.

LOOK FORWARD.

BY ADELAIDE FROCTOR.

RINE, if the past detains you!
Her sunshine and storms forget:
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret.
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever:
Cast her phantom arms away!
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strile today.

[This story commenced in No. 305.]

The Giant Islanders.

BY BROOKS McCORMICK,

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

CHAPTER XV.

A MUTINEER AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

A MUTINEER AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

HEN the Albatross appeared at the entrance of Perla Bay, the situation was not as hopeful as it might have been for the Vulture. Captain Wellpool, in a disgusting state of intoxication, had been committed to his berth to sleep off the effects of his debauch, though it was yet to be demonstrated whether or not his disability was not a gain rather than a loss to the party, for the mate appeared to be better qualified to provide for the safety of the vessel and the ship's company than his superior in authority.

The Indian craft near the sland had driven the schoon-

island had driven the schoon-

island had driven the schooner's boat almost to the shore, for the trend of the coast did not permit Leeks to escape in any other direction.

Mr. Boscook now had only four men under his command, and he was not very sure that Dunk would be good for anything in the absence of his father, for he was an obstinate fellow, and being under his father's protection, he had not much respect for the authority of the mate.

The two native boats, now

of the mate.

The two native boats, now under the direction of the new chief, appeared to be in readiness to renew the conflict, and the little band on the deck of the Vulture were discharging their rifles into the dense mass of men that filled them to their utmost capacity.

"Don't waste your ammuni-

their rifles into the dense mass of men that filled them to their utmost capacity.

"Don't waste your ammunition, boys," said the mate, when he saw that his men were firing with too much rapidity to make their efforts effectual. "Take aim at the villains, for your shots don't seem to do any good."

But his own discharges did not seem to produce any result in the mass of men in the boats, though the chief had evidently realized that discretion was the better part of valor, and dropped down among his fellows, so that he was no longer a prominent mark for the aim of the mate. It could not be seen that any effect was produced by the firing, for all the savages were yelling, and if half of them had been killed or wounded, those who were hit could not be seen.

It was plainly the purpose of the chief in command of the boats to get alongside the schooner, and then crowd his men upon her deck, where his superior numbers could hardly fail to give them the victory at a single dash, for they had become somewhat accustomed to the execution done by the rifles. They continued to paddle with all their might, and the little fleet was now approaching the Vulture with what looked like fearful speed to the mate and his companions.

"Pick out the fellows that are using the paddles," said Mr. Boscook, not a little appalled by the continued approach of the enemy, in spite of the continuous fire poured into them.

"You can't help hitting some of them, they are packed into the boats so thick," said Dunk.

in spite of the continuous fire poured into them.
"You can't help hitting some of them, they are packed into the boats so thick," said Dunk.
"You k, you and Lord Percy had better aim into the sternmost boat, while Lon Packwood, Lark Bidwell and myself will attend to the head one," continued the mate.
"I think every one had better fire wherever he can get the best chance," replied Dunk, who did not think the first officer ought to attempt to "boss" the captain's son.
From prudential motives, Mr. Boscook said nothing in reply to this mutinous remark, doubly stupid and wicked at such a critical time; but he took more careful aim himself, and the next time he fired, a fellow, who had been leaning over the side of the boat as hused his paddle, made a spring into the air, and went into the water.

It was the mate's shot which had produced this result, and he was encouraged by it, especially as a yell more savage than before suddenly brought the head boat to a stand. The craft astern of it was stopped by this action of the

other, and after some delay, the wounded paddler was picked up, and the advance resumed.

In a few minutes more, the careful firing of the mate disabled another fellow, and his paddle dropped into the water, which caused another stop. The Indians seemed as unwilling to lose their implements as their men, for they evidently realized that the success of their efforts depeded upon the skill and force with which they used their paddles.

The savages did not immediately resume the advance, and they seemed to have suffered more than was apparent to the party on board of the schooner, for they appeared to be debating again among themselves.

"Now, fire slowly and carefully, and keep it up all the time," said the mate, as he discharged his rifle at a fellow seated in the bow of the forward boat. "But 1 am afraid they will get alongside in spite of all we can do."

"They have forty or fifty men in the two boats, and they can lose half of them, and still have enough to overwhelm us," added Lon Packwood, who could not help taking a very somber view of the situation.

"That other boat has driven the carpenters"

nber view of the situation.

"That other boat has driven the carpenters ashore, and they have just landed the women," said Lord Percy, the cook, who had run up the main rigging a little way to ascertain the situa-tion in that direction.

or there will be trouble," said the mate, in a decided tone, as though he meant all that he said

cided tone, as though. ... this time. "Tell some other fellow to do that," added

"Tell some Units,"
"I told you to do it!"
"Well, I won't do it! That's the whole of it!" replied Dunk, as he fired his rife at

It was a case of flat mutiny at a most critical

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MATE RESORTS TO EXPEDIENTS.

"WNK WELLPOOL, if you don't obey my orders, and do it without any remarks of any kind, I will put a bullet through your body, for we can't have any fooling at such a time as this," said the mate, with his breech loader in position for instant the

stant use.
"This is my father's vessel, and I am not going to be bullied by anybody on board of her," retorted Dunk, as he brought his weapon to his shoulder almost as quick as a flash.

At the same instant Lon Packwood threw himself upon



DUNK WELLPOOL MUTINIES AT A CRITICAL MOMENT.

"It don't look as though we could do anything for them just now," added the mate, sadly, as he looked to the shore, where Leeks and Reeldon were hurrying the two females up the sloping bank of the island, which happened to be very steep in just that locality, though the ascent was very gradual in most other places.

"The two men have their riles in their hands, and they seem to have an idea of defending the captain's wife and daughter as long as they can," said Lon Packwood, after a careful survey of the movements of the party on shore.

"We have enough to take care of ourselves for the present," continued Mr. Boscook. "But our safety will be theirs, and we must do the best we can."

"What can we do more than we have done, "What can we do more than we have done, "It don't look as though we could do any-

our safety will be theirs, and we must do the best we can."

"What can we do more than we have done, Mr. Boscook?" asked Lon.

"If the savages once get alongside of the schooner, they can board us in spite of all we can do," replied the mate as he looked about him. "But I have an idea."

"What is that?" inquired Lon.

"Dunk I" called Mr. Boscock by way of answer, and with an exhibition of renewed energy, as though his idea presented to him a fresh hope of being able to meet the difficulties of the situation.

ation. What is wanted?" demanded Dunk, in an

"What is wanted?" demanded Dunk, in an independent tone.

"Go down into the hold, and pick out a lot of the biggest stones you can find in the ballast, and pass them up on deck," continued the mate sharply, for the perils of the situation had thoroughly aroused him.
"I am not going to work in the hold. I'd rather stay on deck and shoot savages," replied the captain's son, putting on a defant manner.

"I am in command of this vessel in the absence of the captain; and I want you to understand that every one on board will obey orders,

the rifle from the grasp of the mutineer, and

the rife from the grasp of the mutineer, and threw him down, putting his foot upon him, while he looked at the mate for further orders, though he bent over the rebel, and took his revolver from his hip pocket.

"This is bad business, to have a fight among ourselves in the face of the enemy," said the mate. Probably he had not given the captain's son credit for the amount of wickedness he possessed.

"We have no time to trifle with Dunk,"

"We have no time to trifle with Dunk," added Lon.
Mr. Boscook went to the fallen youth, took him by the collar, and dragged him by main force to the hatchway, where he tumbled him down the temporary steps which had been fitted up for convenience in going up and down, though he was careful not to inflict any injury worst the multipeer.

the for convenience in going up and down, though he was careful not to inflict any injury upon the mutineer.

"Now, Dunk, you will pick out the stones as I told you, and put them on deck," continued the mate, in a sharp tone. "If you don't obey my orders, I will make it warmer for you than you ever found it before. "You shall soon see what my father has to say about this business," growled Dunk, who still refused to obey the order. The state of the state o

that was necessary to content the mutineer.

"I don't care for your orders," muttered Dunk, though it was evident to the mate that a decided effect had been produced upon the

rebel,
"I can't fool with you any longer; if you

don't put one of those stones on the deck in two minutes, and one every two minutes, I will make a spread eagle of you on the fore rigging. If you get the benefit of a poisoned arrow it will be your own fault, and not mine," said Mr. Boscook, hastening back to the post of danger and

cook, hastening back to the post of danger and action.

The savages had again put their boats in motion, and they were now near enough to render their weapons effectual, for a portion of them were discharging arrows, while another gang were busy at the paddles.

The high bulwarks of the schooner protected the men from the arrows, only an occasional one of which came on board of the vessel, for the villains evidently had not space enough to enable them to use their weapons to the best advantage.

The mate picked up one of them that had stuck in the deck, and carefully examined it; but he could find nothing which looked like poison at the point of it, though it was possible that the Indians sometimes rendered them deadly in this manner.

in this manner.

nat the indians sometimes rendered them deadly in this manner.

All the men on deck continued to use the rifles, though with what effect they could not always determine, for the distance and the crowded condition of the boats prevented the killed and wounded from being distinguished.

A large stone, about the size of a man's head, dropped on the deck within the time named by the mate, and rolled down to the plankshear, indicating that the mutineer in the hold had been properly impressed by the threat of the mate.

"What is that for?" demanded Lark Bidwell, who had to step aside to avoid the rolling

to step aside to avoid the rolling

"I intend to use rocks like that to repel boarders," replied the mate, as he filled the magazine of his rife with a new lot of car-

to reper to the magazine of his rifle with a new lot of cartridges.

"Do you think you can beat them off better with rocks than with rifles?" inquired Lon.

"If the villains get alongside of the vessel with their boats, some of us must go into the fore or main rigging, and toss those stones into the boats; and in my judgment, they will knock the bottom out of the flimsy craft," added the mate.

bottom out of the fimsy craft," added the mate.
"That is a capital idea!" exclaimed Lon. "I am not sure that it isn't best to let the savages come alongside, and sink their boats, for we can certainly prevent them from coming on board from the water. Besides, if we smash one boat, the other will have to turn to save those that are in it."

nave to turn to save those that are in it."

"The plan might work in the last extremity; but I have not as much confidence in it as I had when I first thought of it, for we are not more than one against ten, and the chances are not all in its favor. I have a better plan; and that is to get under weigh, for we are getting a breeze of wind so that we can handle the vesse," replied Mr. Boscook thoughtfully. He had thought of this expedient before; but within the bay there had not appeared to be a breath of wind, so that he could do anothing with the schooner if anchor.

a breath of wind, so that he could be tripped the anothing with the schooner if the tripped the anothing with the schooner if By this tim Dow. By this tim Dow. By this tim Down with the schooner stones to the deck, and he was still at work more diligently than his companitions had ever known him to be before.

"That will do, Dunk; we have rocks enough, and you may come on deck again," said the mate as he walked forward.

The rebellious son of the commander was not slow to avail himself of this permission, and he came on deck, looking very sour and sullen, and apparently still in a frame of mind to make war on the mate, if it were prudent to do so.

Like others in a rebellious state, he was disposed to think he had made a sensation on deck; but no one took any notice of him when he reappeared, for all were too busy in watching the movements of the mate in command,

To the astonishment of the late mutineer, the firing had been discontinued, and the cook, with Packwood and Bidwell, was hoisting the mainsail, while the mate was busy forward.

"This way, Dunk," called Mr. Boscook, as soon as he saw the captain's son come on deck. "I want you here."

Dunk did not hurry himself, but he obeyed the order, taking a look at the two boats as he walked along the deck.

"Bring me that spare topgallant yard in the scupper," continued the mate, as Dunk approached him.

"What's that for ?" asked Dunk, though he

scupper," continued the harmonic proached him.
"What's that for?" asked Dunk, though he direction of the port scupper,

"What's that for?" asked Dunk, though he moved in the direction of the port scupper, where the spare spar was secured.

"Don't ask any questions, and you will soon see what it is for," replied Mr. Boscook.

"This is my father's vessel, and I think I ought to have something to say about things on board of it," growled Dunk, though in a tolerably mild tone for him.

ably mild tone for him.
"If you have anything to say about the

vessel, go below and say it to your father," added the mate. "The schooner is in my charge just now, according to the law of the United States; and I don't answer questions when I have given an order."
"You needn't be so touchy about it, Boscok."

"You neem to be so tools,"
"Mr. Boscook! Don't you leave off the handle of my name again, or you will be treated like a mutineer. No more talk! Now get over the bow and pass in the end of this line through the hawse hole."

the hawse hole."

Dunk obeyed the order almost in spite of himself, but if he had not been deprived of his firearms, perhaps he would have tried to maintain his independence.

The line was passed in as directed, while the mate secured the other end of it to the spare spar, which he proceeded to drop into the water over the bow, the other end having been made fast to the end of the chain cable. fast to the end of the chain cable.

"You are going to buoy the anchor, Mr. Boscook," added Dunk, who could think of nothing

cook," added Dunk, who could think of nothing else to say.

"Now lay hold of the jib halyards!" said the mate sharply, without noticing the grumbler's remark.

Mr. Boscook and Dunk hoisted the jib, and then the mate went aft to the helm, ordering the captain's son to stay where he was.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOISTING THE ENSIGN, UNION DOWN,

S soon as the mainsail appeared to be go-

As Soon as the mainsail appeared to be going up, the savages set up a fearful yell, for they seemed to understand the meaning of the movement on the part of the schooner.

At the same time the big chief took his standing position in the stern, and began to gesticulate violently to his men, evidently urging them to renewed efforts, in order to capture the vessel before she could escape.

The wind was now coming in very fresh from the opening of the bay, and there would be no difficulty in handling the schooner so far as her movements were concerned.

But Mr. Boscook was painfully conscious that he knew next to nothing in regard to the navigation of Perla Bay, and he sent Lon Packwood to the cabin for the captain's chart of the gulf, directing him to ascertain the condition of the commander at the same time.

Lon soon returned with the chart, but the bay was hardly indicated upon it, and the mate was not a particle the wiser for it; and he was feathers are of the consequences that might followed.

pay was nardly indicated upon it, and the mate was not a particle the wiser for it; and he was fully aware of the consequences that might fol-low if the Vulture got hard aground, for then she would be at the mercy of the miscreants in the boats.

But the savages were coming nearer and nearer every moment under their increased exections, and it was necessary to do something at once, for it had been proved to the satisfaction of all that rifle shooting, even if it disabled half the force of the enemies, would not prevent their effort to board the vessel in the end.

their effort to board the vessel in the end.
They had become accustomed to the report of
the firearms, and to the effect which the balls
produced among them, and they seemed to have
no regard at all for the lives of each other, for
they kept up the demonstration, though many
of them must have been wounded. Doubtless
they regarded the prize before them as worthy
of the sacrifice.
"Cast off the cable, Dunk! Let it go overboard!" shouted Mr. Roscook, as soon as the
mainsail ha! been swayed up and the sheet had
been overhauled.

en overhauled.

Dunk seemed to be either very clumsy or will-

Dank seemed to be either very clumsy or willfully slow in his operations, for the chink of the
cable was not heard on the quarter deck as soon
as expected, and Lon was sent forward to assist
in the work of casting it off.

"Don't you meddle with my work, Lon
Packwood," growled Dank, when the other attempted to assist him. "You have done
enough for one day, and there is a score to be
settled between you and me."

"Shut up, Dank! If you don't obey orders,
I am on the other side," replied the sailor,
seizing hold of the end of the cable and casting
it off so that the music of its movement was

it off so that the music of its movement was then heard on the quarter deck.
"Trim down the jib sheet!" shouted the

"Trim down the product mate.
"That order is for me, and not for you, Lon Packwood," interposed Dunk, as the other sprang to the sheet.
"And perhaps you will be ready to execute it tomorrow morning," added Lon, shoving the captain's son out of the way when he attempted interpolate with him.

captain's son out of the way when he attempted to interfere with him.

"Never mind, Lon; my time will come soon, and I shall get even with you," narled Dunk, as he picked himself up from the deck where the active young sailor had thrown him.

"Dry up, Dunk! You are acting like a fool; and I shouldn't wonder if your father gave you a thrashing for what you have done today. He believes in obeying orders," replied Lon.

"So do I; but I don't believe in being bullied by the mate and such fellows as you are."

"So do I; but I don't believe in being bullied by the mate and such fellows as you are."

"Come aft, Lon Packwood; stay where you are, Dunk I" shouted the mate, as the Vulture began to gather headway, and to rush through the water under the impetus of the fresh breere.

The mate had cast the schooner on the port tack, and she was standing away from the two Indian boats nearest to her, so that it was clear enough that she was out of her present difficulty, for the savages could not get near her while she was under sail, if the wind did not suddenly die out.

But the mate was as nervous as though he had never handled the wheel of a schooner before, for he had no knowledge of the bottom of the bay, though he judged from the conformation of the land on both sides of him that it was un-even and variable.

He regarded Lon Packwood as his best hand, and he sant him forward to request

I he sent him forward to sound.

By the mark five!" shouted the leadsman, soon as he had heaved the line. and

as soc

as soon as ne had heaved the line.

This report was very favorable, and the mate began to feel more at his ease; but he instructed Lon to continue sounding till further orders.

"Mark under water five," added the leadsman; and his report indicated that the depth was increasing.

as increasing. As the Vulture increased her distance fro the enemy, the savages suspended their labor with the paddles, for they could not help seeing that it was useless for them to attempt to over haul the vessel in a six knot breeze, even though

haul the vessel in a six knot breeze, even though she carried only her jib and mainsail.

"And a half five," said Lon, giving another report of the increasing depth of the bay.

"Take the glass from the brackets in the companion way, and go up into the main rigging, Bidwell. See if you can make out what Leeks and Reeldon are about," said the mate, when his self possession was restored by the reports of the leadsman.

The seaman obeyed the order, and he was not obliged to ascend a great distance, though

The seaman obeyed the order, and he was not obliged to ascend a great distance, though the trees and bushes near the water obscured the view from the deck of the vessel; and the mate and his companions had had no time to watch the proceedings of the imperiled party on shore. "I see them now!" exclaimed Bidwell, after he had been scanning the landscape of the island for a few minutes. "And I can hear the crack of their rifles. They have all climbed to the top of a hill, or rock. I can't tell what it is, and the Indians are watching them at a respectful distance. Leeks is a dead shot, and he drops his game every time he fires."

"All right; I hope they will be able to hold out till we can do something to relieve them," replied Mr. Boscook, looking out ahead, for the schooner was rapidly approaching the eastern

out till we can do something to relieve them," replied Mr. Boscook, looking out ahead, for the schooner was rapidly approaching the eastern shore of the bay. Lon Packwood had reported about the same depth of water for some time, which did not indicate that the bottom of the bay was anything like as irregular as the shores on each side.

side.
"And a quarter two!" shouted the leadsman

Ready about!" responded the mate, with

"Ready about!" responded the mate, with the utmost promptness, when the lead indicated this sudden shoaling of the water. "Stand by the jib sheet, Dunk."
"All ready, sir!" returned the captain's son in a more civilized tone than he had used before. "Hard a lee!" added the mate; and the head of the vessel came up into the wind.
Mr. Boscook was undecided as to his course, for he could not think of deserting the two men who were battling on shore for the safety of the captain's wife and daughter by going out to sea, which would have been his desire under other circumstances.

circumstances.

It was now easy enough to keep out of the It was now easy enough to keep out of the reach of the savages, though they had resumed the use of their paddles, and were making their way to the head of the bay; and in fact their two boats were now within less than half a mile of the place where the schooner's boat had landed when driven ashore by the pursuers.

As soon as the Vulture had come about, Mr. Boscook made up his mind that he must do what he could for the relief of the party on the island; and directing Bidwell to let off the sheet, he headed the schooner for the head of the bay.

the bay.

The water began to deepen again as the vesand the water began to deepen again as the vessel went off on a southwest course, and the mate thought he had obtained a very good ide of the navigation of the bay. But he was mis

of the navigation of the bay. But he was mistaken.

"Mark under water two!" shouted Lon Packwood, with an energy which showed that he realized the meaning of his words.

"Ready about!" cried the mate, as he put the helm hard down.

But it was too late, for the keel was grinding on the bottom, and the Vulture came to a sudden stop, though the mate used every means known to his experience to work her off.

Mr. Boscook ordered Bidwell to hoist the ensign, union down, as a signal of distress to the Albatross, which had come into the bay, but was still a considerable distance off. The two boats of the savages were now close at hand, and the Vulture's situation had become desperate.

(To be continued.)

HIDING THE HOLE.

Baby was trying to dress herself. "Whatever are you trying to do there, little one? Doesn't baby see that she's putting her stockings on wrong side out?"

side out?" "Yes, that coz there's a hole on t'other side."

A SOUND SUGGESTION.

"I see that a new word is called for to describe railroad accidents," remarked Spacer; "the word 'telescope' is not considered appropriate."
"Int' it?" replied Timan, "then how would collidoscope do?"

WARNER'S Log Cabin Sarsaparilla Regulates the Regulator. Largest Sarsaparilla bottle in the market. Manufactured by proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure. Sold by all druggists. Take no other-'t is the best.

NOVEMBER.

BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

BY HARTLEY COLEMPOR.

The mellow year is hastening to its close;
The lutle birds have almost sung their last.
Ther small notes twitter in the dreary blast—
That shrill piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose,
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly

Off with the morn's hoar crystal quaint glassed,
Hangs, a pale mourner of the summer past, and makes a little summer where it grows;
In the chill sunbeam of the faint brief day the dusky waters shudder as they shine, the dusky waters with the straight grows of the straight grows of the straight grows of the straight grows brooks who be such that the straight grows brooks with the straight grows brooks with grows the straight grows brooks with grows the straight grows brooks with grows the straight grow

Ray Culver;

THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.,

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

CHAPTER XXIII

CLIFFORD HAS SOME EXCITING EXPERIENCES RUTE BESTIAI" cried the orchestra

**COLE BESSIAI" cried the orchestra man, reaching over to grasp Clifford by the collar.

"Oh, I didn't mean to do it!" pleaded the boy, plunging his hand overboard in a blind endeavor to recapture the lost row-lock.

But see now," went on the Italian wrathfully, "what are we to do now?" and he pointed to the dark waters that swirled rapidly past

an oyster stake, carrying the boat with them in a direction quite opposite to that in which she had hitherto been moving.

The other man began to row wildly, with the sole result of causing the craft to revolve in a circle, without the least check being put on her course down the river, for the tide was running out

course down the river, for the table "Clifford suggested, seeing that both of his companions had evidently lost their heads.

But the word was beyond their comprehension, and when he attempted to take up the oar himself, the orchestra man snatched it promptly away from him, doubtless fearing that it might share the fate of the rowlock.

The boat meanwhile had made considerable enteress down the river, and already they could

The boat meanwhile had made considerable progress down the river, and already they could hear the boom of the surfupon the narrow strip of sand that separated it from the ocean.

The two Italians kept up a ceaseless jabbering with one another, and judging from the fierceness of the tones in which it was carried on, Clifford decided that they were disputing as to what was the best thing to do under the circumstances.

And presently a new element of danger was added to the situation Leading And presently a new element of danger was added to the situation. Looking earnestly ahead through the gloom, and with his eyes gradually becoming accustomed to the darkness, Clifford by and by made out two ghostly white patches that seemed to tower up from the surface of the water to the sky, and which were unmistakably advancing swiftly towards the helpless boat.

The next minute the boy saw that it was a schooner. The smaller boat was directly in its path, and even should it be seen from the schooner's deck, would not the captain of the latter take it for granted that the skiff would keep out of his way?

"She'll run into us, don't you see?" cried

latter take it for granted that the skiff would keepout of his way?

"She'll run into us, don't you see?" cried Clifford, springing forward and making another desperate effort to capture one of the oars.
"Row, row with that one, and I'll steer with this! I know about boats,"
But the two Italians, who had by this time discovered the peril for themselves, became so wild with terror that they could do nothing but fall over one another in their efforts to get to some other spot than they were in, while their shouts of warning to the people on the schooner sounded so much like the uproar made by a beating party of intoxicated revelers, that Clifford had small hope of any attention being paid to it.

Clifford had small hope of any attention being paid to it.

On came the schooner, closer and closer, until she was almost on top of the smaller boat. Clifford felt that a collision was inevitable, but he tried to keep his head, and resolved to make a desperate effort to clutch some part of the schooner's ropes, rigging or anchor chains when the inwart came. impact came.

the impact came.

Indeed, his greatest fear now was that he would be knocked overboard by the frantic caperings of the two Italians.

But a strange thing happened. When the schooner was so close to them that her bow-sprit actually overhung the boat she came to a dead stop. The tide carried the skiff swiftly by, and the next instant the larger vessel was left astern, with Clifford and his two companions gazing back at it in an amazement too deep for words.

ords. Indeed, such was the effect this apparently Indeed, such was the effect this apparently miraculous escape had on all three that not one of them thought of calling to the schooner's crew for assistance in their less serious predicament, that of heing minus a rowlock.

Clifford, although the youngest, was the first to recover from his stupefaction. Taking advantage of the helplessness into which their

superstitious amaze had plunged the Italians, he seized one of the oars, and, inspired with a sudden idea, plunged its blade overboard. He was right. He struck bottom almost in-

sudden idea, plunged its blade overboard.

He was right. He struck bottom almost immediately. The water could not be more than two feet deep, and thus the mysterious stoppage of the schooner was accounted for.

She had simply run aground.

Springing to his feet, Clifford began to pole along the bottom, first on one side, then the other, until he had the boat once more headed for the opposite shore, which had evidently been the objective point of their trip.

He explained matters to the orchestra man, and as soon as the latter understood the sale-

and as soon as the latter understood the state of the case, he made Clifford give up his oar in favor of his brother Italian. Then the two and as soon as the latter understood the state of the case, he made Clifford give up his oar in favor of his brother Italian. Then the two men took to pushing at a lively rate, while Clifford was glad to resume his seat in the stem to escape being tumbled overboard by the uneven, jerky motion.

Suddenly the orchestra man's oar weat straight down into deep water, and over went its wielder with a shriek calculated to curdle the blood of the bravest. His compatriot came very near following him, and at once breke forth in another yell that echoed back from the wooded hills in gruesome repetition.

Clifford was frightened, there was no denying that a choice of the bravest. All the strength seemed to go straight out of him when he heard the splash and saw the dark form go down into the chill water.

But he realized through it all that his companion was quite unfit to render any aid to his unlucky countryman, and that here was a man drowning within reach of his hand.

Dropping on his knees, he braced his feet against the opposite side of the boat and plunged his right hand down into the water. The next minute he had drawn it out, clutching the coat sleeve of the orchestra man.

"Here he is, help me hand him in!" he called to his companion in the boat.

Toe there the two, with much trouble and at.

"Here he is, help me haul him in!" he called to his companion in the boat.

Together the two, with much trouble and at the imminent risk of swamping the skiff, finally managed to haul their companion on board, where he lay paining and groaning for a time. But as he had only had a chance to sink once, he was not in very serious case, and presently sat up and looked fixedly at Clifford.

Then he turned to his countryman dbegan to talk to him very rapidly in a low tone, frequently nodding his head towards the Culverboy.

boy.
The other appeared to disagree with him at

The other appeared to disagree with him at first, but the orchestra man waxed very emphatic, raised his voice and brought his clinched hand down on the gunwale sever at times.

In the meantime the boat had taken to drifting again, and when the two Italians ceased their argument, it was close to the narrow strip of beach already referred to, separating the river from the sea.

river from the sea.

Picking up an oar, Clifford made soundings and discovered that he could once more easily touch bottom.

touch bottom.

"Hadh't we better push ashore here?" he said, appealing to the orchestra man. "I cam do it easily."

"Yes, yes," was the reply. "We walk back now."
Glad of the chance this would give him to set his blood in circulation once more, Cliffeed poled swiftly towards the beach, on reaching which they all got out. The boat was pulled as far up on the sand as possible, and then the three set out to walk along a road that ran parallel with the railroad track, and in the direction.

three set out to walk along a road that ran parallel with the railroad track, and in the direction of the village whence they had set out earlier in the evening.

But little was said by any of them. The orchestra man's manier had undergone a marked alteration since his fall overboard. He was quieter, and every once in a while looked at Clifford long and earniestly.

But the boy took little note of this fact. His mind was fully occupied in trying to understand the meaning of this strange expedition. Was Nimble Ned on the other side of the river, and if is on why had they waited till night to go why had they waited till night to go and it so, why had they waited till night to go in search of him? And whither were they bound now? As well as he could make out in the darkness, it seemed that two rivers struck off from one another at that point. How were the darkness, it seemed that two rivers struck off from one another at that point. How were they to cross the nearer one in order to regain their starting point, if that was the present in-tention of the Italians? But soon they reached a cluster of cot-tages, and a few minutes later there came the sound of horses' feet trotting across a bridge. "I guess we're going to cross that," sur-mised Clifford.

mised Clifford.

The next instant, just as they reached a cross road, evidently leading to this bridge, a light, two seated wagon, being driven at a gallop, dashed across in front of them.

"There they are!" shouted a voice.

The wagon came to a halt, two men sprang out, and, as these proceeded to collar the two Italians, the driver was heard to exclaim, excitedity."

citedly:
"Don't let the boy get away!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOME STARTLING SUGGESTIONS.

E must now return to Ray, whom we left crushed beneath the tidings brought by the messenger from Mrs. He felt now that something serious must have occurred to keep Clifford out all this time. His concern was all for the welfare of his brother, and so completely did he forget himself, that, snatching up his hat, he undertook

to rush out, with the feeling that he must be actively employed in some way that would restore Clifford to him, when a hand on his arm recalled to him his own predicament.

"Not quite so fast, my young triend," said the detective, with the smile that our hero had come to distike so intensely.

"But my brother!" pleaded Ray. "I am afraid something terrible must have happened to him, or—"inspired with a sudden recollection—"perhaps he has gone to my friend's house with an important piece of information, Can't you send some one there, or come with Can't you send some one there, or come with

Can't you send some one there, or come with mey sourself."

"Your friend's house? I thought you told me that you had no triends in New York just at this time."

The detective looked at Ray keenly. It seemed as if he regarded him as a most puzzing subject—one which it behooved him to watch with more than ordinary care.
"Neither had I, then; but it is after six now, and I think Charley may probably have returned by this time. He lives at the Martindale. That is not far from here."
"All right, I will go with you there;" and linking his arm in Ray's, the detective whispered a few words in passing to the clerk, and then the two went out into the gas lighted streets.

reets. But little was said during the silent walk to

But little was said during the silent walk to the Martindale apartment house. Here Ray inquired of the janitor if young Mr. Kip had returned from his trip, and was overjoyed to learn that his friend had come in but a few moments before.

They entered the elevator and were presently admitted to a snug little flat on the fourth floor. As soon as Ray's name had been taken in, Charley came rushing out with an effusive greeting, mingled with apologies for his enforced absence from town. He stopped suddenly, however, when he caught sight of the detective, and evidently expected Ray to introduce him.

duce him.
"This is a—a gentleman who wants you to tell him that I am really myself," stammered our hero, with a laugh that had but little mirth

our hero, with a laugh treat many in it.

"Your friend here has got into a little trouble," interposed the detective, stepping forward, "out of which I dare say you can extricate him by a word or two."

"Trouble?" echoed Charley, with a bewildered stare from Ray to the stranger. Then in a low voice to the detective, he added: "Trouble? The poor fellow has had but little else lately."

else lately."
"Oh, Charley," here broke in Ray, "is Clifford here

o; but what's the matter, old man? You "No; but what s the matter, our man; 100 look all broken up. Come on in and have som dinner with us. We are just about sitting down. I'll come back and talk to this gentleman."

man,"

Charley was leading him off towards the dining room, when Ray checked him by the whisper: "I can't. I'm a prisoner. Sit out here in the hall with us for five minutes, and I'll tell you all about it."

"A prisoner!" Charley sank down on the leather covered sofa behind him as if the word had been a missile that had knocked him off his feet. Then, while he was recovering breath to further express his amazement and incredulity. Ray emphaged the concertuality to briefly

to further express his amazement and incredigly. Ray embraced the opportunity to briefly narrate his experiences with the MS, and with Mr. Philip Culver at the Riviera.

"Will you let me tell a story to this gentleman now?" said Charley, when he had finished. "Certainly; but please don't take long. I must be off after Clifford."

Turning at once to the detective, whose opinion of our hero had evidently undergone considerable of a revision from the moment that he discovered that he really did have a friend at the Martindale, Charley recalled to his memory the accident on the Delaware by which a gentleman and his wife had lost their lives, and then went on to tell how Mr. Culver's peculiar will had left the two brothers penniless.

then went on to tell how Mr. Culver's peculiar will had left the two brothers penniless.

The detective manifested a deep interest in the narrative, and when mention of the strange will was made, he became really excited.

He turned to Ray and began to question him regarding the details of the discovery.

"Was this Mr. Tresham, the lawyer, present when the document was brought to light?" he asked.

asked.
"Yes, he was standing just behind my brother and myself while we were searching the safe," replied Ray.
"Humph, behind you was he?" commented the detective "And you say that he told you in the first place that no will at all had been made since your father's alleged second marriage; and that you afterwards looked up the matter and found that this second marriage made this first will null and yold and that you made this first will null and void, and that you so informed Mr. Tresham?"

Yes, and it was at this same interview that he suggested the possibility of a later will have ing been made."
"But tell me this," interjected the detective,

"But tell me this," interjected the detective, with but ill concealed eagerness, "was it before or after you had called his attention to the nullity of the first will that he hinted at the fact of a second being in existence?"

"Oh, afterwards. Why, do you suspect that all is not straight about the thing? I did not like this man Tresham from the first moment I set eyes on him, and watched him closely; but all that he did seemed to be perfectly correct, and then being seemed to be perfectly correct, all that he did seemed to be perfectly correct, and then besides, I had the evidence of my own eyes."

Ray's voice, which had at first been raised in ope, now sank again to its dull tone of resig-

nation.

"Oh, you mean so far as the signatures to the will were concerned," resumed the detective, "There was nothing in the least peculiar about them that you remember?"

"Not a thing, except that I thought it a little odd that there should be so much space between father's signature and that of Mr. Greenleaf, the first witness."

"Aba, that may explain how the clever fel-

Aha, that may explain how the clever fel-"Ana, that may explain now the clever rel-low contrived to forge the document without forging the names!"
"Forge!" exclaimed Ray and Charley in a breath. Then the former added: "you think

then—"
"That this young lawyer of yours is a very accomplished rogue," finished the man of clews, bringing 'iis hand down with marked emphasis on our hero's knee.
"But how could he introduce a forged will into father's safe, even granting that he was villain enough to make one?" Ray asked. "I am positive he never came to the house before father's death or after it, until the morning of which I tell you."

which I tell you."
"But might he not have brought it with him on this occasion?" suggested the detective, leanon this occasion?" suggested the detective, leaning back in his chair with a smile suggestive of

"How could be have got it into the safe, though, without Clifford or myself seeing him? We went with him into the library, and, as I say, he was behind us when I opened the safe." "Describe as accurately as you can every movement of Mr. Tresham's from the moment you threw the safe doors open until you found the will."

Ray waited a moment to center all his thoughts on the occasion, then replied:
"While I was working at the combination I

"While I was working at the combination I remember calling to my brother to take his place beside me, which he did. Then I threw open the doors and—"

Ray paused for an instant, while an indescribable expression swept over his face. Then he went on rapidly:
"He must have done it then. I thought nothing of it at the time. I was so excited and wrought up by the, chief business in hand. Tresham was the first man to touch anything in the safe."

And you saw him put the will there?" broke

"And you saw him put the will there?" broke forth Charley incredulously.

The detective sat bolt upright, with both hands stretched forward as if to seize and guard the coming revelation the instant it fell from the narrator's lips.

Ray hurried on.

Ray hurried on,
"No, no," he said in reply to Kip's exclamation, "Filtell you just how it all was. I see it now as plain as day. Just as I swung the doors back, Tresham begged my pardon, reached over my head, and took out a bundle of papers from an upper pigeon hole. He said he thought from the shape that the will was likely to be among them. That is, he started to say this, but as soon as I turned around, he interrupted himself to ask me what that was stuffed behind a book in another compartment. Of course I looked in the direction he pointed out and so did Clifford, as I remember now."
"And all this time," remarked the detective, by way of parenthesis, "the lawyer had that

by way of parenthesis, "the lawyer had that first bundle of documents in his hand."

bundle of documents in his hand." Yes, and the next minute when I had pulled the other one and found it to be only the e of the house, he cried out that he was right rall, and that the will russ among the pain he had himself taken from the safe in the place." out the

first place."

"He having taken the opportunity to place it there while your back was turned," explained the detective, "Nothing could have been simpler."

CHAPTER XXV. MORE MYSTERIES.

MORE MYSTERIES.

OULD it be possible? Had Ray been made the dupe, after all, of this plausible young lawyer, whom he had instinctively distrusted from the start?

There was no flat proof, to be sure, that such was the case, and there stil remained to be explained whether or not Tresham was clever enough to forge the signature of three names—of two at any rate, for as Preston Ives was a complete stranger to Ray, and now safely out of reach, it did not so much matter about an exact minimation of his hand. But on this point the detective was ready with a theory.

"That space between the signatures of your father and the first witness," he said, "may, I think, be accounted for in this way: both names are genume."

"Genuine?" echoed Ray, in amazement.

think, be accounted to it.

"Genuine?" echoed Ray, in amazement.

"Then how is the wil a forgery?"

"Simply because it must have been written after the names were signed to it," responded

after the names were signed to it, respondent the detective.

"After the names were signed to it?" ejaculated Charley. "Why, how could that be?"

"Well, of course I haven't seen it, but, judging from what young Culver here says about that queer looking space, I can imagine how the signatures may have been obtained on a blank sheet of paper on various pretexts."

"Oh, I see what you mean!" broke in Ray. "But what object could Tresbam have in taking all that trouble? He couldn't surely tell beforehand that—that an accident like that to the Imperial was going to happen."

"No, certainly not; but a man subtle enough

to plan out a scheme such as this appears to be, must be one who has trained himself to his vocation for some years past, and thus never neglected an opportunity to gather facts or material that might at some day be of use to him."

"But what I don't understand," interposed Charley, "is how all this scheming is going to laundit the scheme?

terial that might at some day be of use to him."
"But what I don't understand," interposed Charley, "is how all this scheming is going to benefit the schemer."
"Why, he expects to take all the money father left himself, I suppose," rejoined Ray, "Still," he added the next mute, thoughtfully, turning to the detective: "I don't see myself how he can take things boldly in his own name, without any writing from the legitimate heirs."
"It may be," replied the gentleman from the Riviera, "that the bulk of your father's property was just at the time of his death in negotiable bonds, intrussed to his lawyers for investment, and which, of course, Tresham could sell, and pocket the proceeds without fear of detection. But it is a most interesting case," added the detective, rubbing his hands together, "and if you will intust it to me for investigation, Mr. Culver, I am sure I can see you righted in the end."

the end."
Charley Kip burst into a laugh,
"Why, I thought Ray was your prisoner!"

in the end."

Charley Kip burst into a laugh.

"Why, I thought Ray was your prisoner!" he exclaimed.

"He is honorably discharged," was the reply, "and I beg his pardon for any suspicions I may have entertained against him."

But Ray seemed scarcely to hear. He had started forward in his chair, with his hand grasping one of the arms, and a strange look in his eyes, that were fixed on the cuckoo clock in the corner without the least indication that they saw it.

"Who is Nimble Ned then?" he suddenly exclaimed. "That is the name of the young acrobat, you know, Charley, who looks and talks so much like Chifford, and for whom we advertised. Cliff has gone off with that outhestra man now, and, if that will is a forgery, he's on a wild goose chase, and may come to harm on it, too."

The restless, anxious look came back to Ray's face as he rose to his feet and picked up his hat from the stand at his elbow.

The detective looked mystified, while Charley became greatly excited on hearing that the man they had advertised for had reported. Ray found it necessary to enter into another explanation, at the end of which the other two seemed as puzzled as himself.

"Can it be that your father really married twice, and this marriage was known only to Tresham?" suggested Charley.

"No, that can't be the case," returned Ray; "for I remember now that when I told him I had seen Philip, or Philip's son, he declared it couldn't possibly be, and seemed utterly confounded. I didn't pay much attention to it then, but now, looking at things in this new light, it seems to mean something."

"It most certainly does," said the dective, "for it furnishes you with about all the additional proof you need that this Tresham is a rascal. And he should he seen to at once before he has a chance to get away with his spoil. I must return to the hotel now, but tomorrow morning I will be at your service if you so desire."

"But I don't feel able to afford the luxury of a detective," Ray began, when the other mer-

But I don't feel able to afford the luxury of a detective," Ray began, when the other inter-rupted him with:
"It shan't cost you a cent unless I put you in

"It sham"t cost you a cent unless I put you in possession of your rights, when of course you will easily be able to allow me a modest stipend for my services. You see, this is the way of it: The case, as I told you, is an extremely interesting one. I have not yet taken the vacation to which I am entitled every year, and I would enjoy nothing better than devoting my holiday to running this remarkable scamp to earth. You know where to find me should you desire to accept my offer. Ask for Mr. Kenman. Good evening, gentlemen."

The detective withdrew, and as the door closed on him Ray sank back upon the divan. His long fast was beginning to tell upon him at last.

His long fast was beginning to tell upon him at last,
Charley noticed his pallor and called his mother. A few questions elicited the true state of the case, and "Dinner is all you need, old man," ejaculated Charley. "You must stay here and get it, too. Then I'll go around to Mrs. Fanshawe's with you, and we'll see if we can't clear up this mystery about Clifford. I'll venture to say we'll find him waiting for us, wondering what on earth has become of you."

So Ray stayed and enjoyed dining in home style again as much as he could be expected to do while his mind was so distracted by worriment about Clifford, and torn this way and that by the possibilities raised up out of that talk with the detective.

Of course he had to tell Charley all the particulars of his adventures at the Riviera and of

Of course he had to tell Charley all the particulars of his adventures at the Rivera and of his loss of the story he had hoped to illustrate.

"But you won't mind this now," said Kip, "seeing that it has probably opened the way for your restoration to your rights."

It was nearly nine o'clock when they finished dinner, and although Mrs. Kip asked Ray if he didn't think he had better stay and spend the night with Charley, h' declared that he felt like a new man now, and that he couldn't rest in any case until he had found out the latest tidings of Clifford.

any case until he had found out the latest traings of Clifford.

So Charley put on his hat and accompanied
him around to the boarding house, which was
not many blocks distant. On the way they discussed the Tresham affair, and Ray announced
his intention of going on to Philadelphia himself and investigating the matter before placing

it in the hands of Mr. Kenman or any other de-

it in the hands of Mr. Kenman or any other detective.

"Now that my eyes are open, so to speak," he said, "I will probably be able to see a good way further through a millstone than I ever could before."

On reaching Mrs. Fanshawe's, he sought out the waittess and ascertained that absolutely nothing had been heard from his brother since the information he had received from her in the morning. Poor Ray was made terribly anxious by this intelligence, and under Charley's guidance visited the nearest police station, where he left a description of Clifford and the orchestra man, With instructions that he be notified as soon as any information was received concerning either of them.

"I'll drop around the first thing in the morning on my way to the office," said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends partied at the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop art of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop art of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop and a the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends partied at the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends partied at the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends partied at the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends partied at the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends and the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends and the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends and the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the two friends and the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop said Charley, as with a warm hand clasp the friends and the foot of the foot

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but in justice to all only such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. We have on the a number of queries which will be an-swered in their turn as some sessor certains. About six weeks are required before a reply to any question can appear in this column.

A. B. Brooklyn, N. Y. We believe that the book

E. G. H., Flint, Mich. Addresses of coin dealers may frequently be found in the advertising columns of the Argosy.

ers may frequently be found in the advertising columns of the Ausosu.

A CONSTANT READER, New York. A cure for androuff was suggested to Allan Trent in the correspondence column of No. 203.

E. G. K., Philadelphia, Pa. Old Sleuth is an imaginary character in a certain style of fiction which the Ausops cannot recommend.

E. H. T., New York City. You might perhaps dispose of your scroll saw fancy articles to some dry goods louse in season for the Christmas trade. dry goods house in season for the Christmas trade.

G. E. M., Warsaw, N. Y. The American or International News Company of this city may possibly be able to procure the desired volume for

JOHN BANDER, JR., 746 West Lake St., Chicago, L, would like to hear from boys between 12 and wishing to join the First National Cadets, Com-

pany A.

D. L., Centreville, Ind. 1. The firm named is a reliable one. 2. The first 23 nos, of Vol. VI will be sent post paid from this office on receipt of the price, \$1.35.

D. F. H., Providence, R. I. The leading daily papers of New York are the Herald, Sun, Times, Tribun, and World; of Boston the Advertiser, Golov, and Herald.

Giobe, and Heraid.

H. H., Minneapolis, Minn. No, only the particular books specified in the offer will be given to those procuring new readers. They are not at liberty to select any issue in the series.

Isidore Reshower, 10 East 121St St., New York City. A self inking press, and a hand inking press, with 20 fonts of type and outfit, valued at \$25, for a photo camera and outfit of equal value.

975, or a pinto camera and outht of equal value.

C. A. B., Somerville, Mass. Ves, the race of white (or rather whitish) Africans is actually in existence. See the extract from Stanley's journal given in Chapter IX of "The Lost Race," in No.

CURIOUS, Jersey City, N. J. A fifteen year old boy weighing 130 pounds, standing 5 feet 6 inches in his stockings, and with a chest measurement of 33 inches, is a big fellow. We hope he is equally good.

good.

A WHLING WORKER, Camden, N. J.. Six hundred dollars would barely purchase a hundred sheep, without any land on which to graze them. Your best plan would be to put your money in with some one else already in the business,

M. E., Montreal, Can. 1. Vol. V began with to, 200, when the size of the Argosy was changed from eight to sixteen pages. 2. Vols. III, IV and can still be obtained in bound form, but odd umbers can be supplied only as far back as No.

T. M. M., Newark, N. J. It is useless to ask us prescribe for the adments of dogs and other pet-tioninals. By the time our answer can reach you, the sufferer will surely either be dead or recov-ed. You had better consult a veterinary surgeon your dog has fits.

if your dog has fits.
F. G. Huntingdon, Pa. The character of Deer, foot appeared in several of Mr. Ellis's Indian stories in the Ascosin-" The Lost Trail, 'in Vol. II, 'Campfire and Wigwam,' and 'Footprints in the Forest, 'Vol. III, 'The Camp in the Mountains' and "The Last War Camp

tams "and" The Last War Irail, "Vol. V.

PROTECTOR, Flitchburg, Mass. 1. David Ker is
the real name of the well known traveler and
author. You could use the signature "David Ker,
Junior," without being liable to prosecution, but
we think it would be in very questionable taste.
2. A table of average heights and weights appeared
in No. 253.

2. A table of average heights and weights appeared in No. 283.

Satton Boy, Taunton, Mass. Here is a list of the tonnage of Atlantic steamers: Servia, 7392; La Bourgome and La Gascogne, 7303; Aurania, 7403; Alaska, 6032; La Champagne, 6300; La Gascogne, 7303; Aurania, 7403; Alaska, 6032; Alaska, 6032; City of Chicago, 5002; Germanic, 5004; Ballia, 4804; City of Richmond, 4780; City of Chester, 4770; Ems., 4798; Adriatic, 3885; Celtic, 2869; Pennland, 3760; Baltic and Republic, 3707. The lengths you ask for are, in feet; La Bourgogne, Betagne, Chempagne, and Gascogne, 492; City of Berlin, 485; City of Chester, 44; Parisian, 440; Adriate and Celtic, 437; City of Chicago and Gallia, 430; Ems., 440; Baltic and Republic, 420; and Pennland, 361.

[This story commenced in No. 298.]

₩PEAN***PUNHAM**;**₩**

THE WATERFORD MYSTERY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

CHAPTER XXXV.

* AFFAIRS IN WATERFORD.



Dunham they did not go well. He had an attack of rheumatism during the winter which hindered him from working for several weeks, and so abridged his earnings. Both he and his wife missed Dean, whose lively and cheerful temperament enlivened the house. They were troubled too because months had passed since they had heard from him. they had heard from him.

they had heard from him.

'I don't know what has happened to Dean," said Adin one Saturday evening, when he sat beside the kitchen fire with his wife. 'Seems to me he'd write if he was in good health. I am aleared something has gone wrong with the boy."

'I hope not, father," said Sarah Dunham, practing in her knitting.

"I hope not, father," said Sarah Dunham, pausing in her knitting.
"So do I, Sarah, but you must agree that it's strange he don't write."
"That's true, Adin. He was always a thoughtful, considerate boy. The house seems lonesome without him."
"So it does, Sarah. But if I only knew he was doin' well I wouldn't mind that. He may have got sick and—"
"Don't say such things, father," said Mrs. Dunham in a tremulous voice. "I can't bear to think anything's happened to the boy."
"But we must be prepared for the worst, if so be the worst has come."

so be the worst has come."
"I am sure he is alive and well," said Sarah
Dunham, who was of a more hopeful temperament than her husband.

ment than her husband.

"Then why don't he write?"

"To be sure, Adin. That's something I can't explain. But Dean's healthy, and he's a good boy, who wouldn't be likely to get into mischief. Instead of being prepared for the worst, suppose we hope for the best."

"Maybe you're right, Sarah. I try to be cheerful, but since I was robbed of that thousand dollars luck seems to have been against me. And the worst of it is, Sarah, I'm not gettin' younger. I shall be sixty five next month."

"I'm not much behind you, Adin, as far as

"I'm not much solutions,"
"I did hope that Dean would be in a position to help me when I got along in years. I mistrust I made a mistake when I let him go out West. It he'd stayed here, he might have been a good deal of help to us both."
"Still there didn't seem to be much of a prosent for the boy."

pect for the boy."
"He could have managed the farm when he

got a little older.

a little older." That is true, but it has never given you a ng, Adın. You've had to depend upon your living, Adın. " He could have learned the same trade.

trade's a good thing for a boy to have to fall

trades a government of the back upon."

"He may come back, and realize all your pectations, Adin. We mustn't despond till

pectations, Adin. We mustn't despoud in the have reason to."
"There's another thing that's worryin' me, mortogree. Next week six

"There's another thing that's worryin' me, Sarah—it's the mortgage. Next week six months' interest falls due—twenty four dollars—and I haven't the money to meet it."

"Squire Bates won't push you, surely."

"I don't know. Once or twice 'ately when I met the squire he dropped a hint that he was short of money. I didn't say much, but it struck me he had an object in sayin' what he did."

"It's the first time you haven't been ready with the interest, isn't it, Adin ?"

"Yes, the very first time."

"Then perhaps he will overlook it this time. You'd better manage to see him about it."

You'd better manage to see him about it.
"I'll do it the first time I see him."

That time came sooner than either of them

That time cathe sources thought.

Adin Dunham had scarcely completed his sentence when a knock was heard at the door (Adin had never so far fallen in with city customs as to introduce a door bell.)

Mrs. Dunham rose and opened the door.

"Good evening, Mrs. Dunham," said the

home? ?"

"Oh yes, he never goes out in the evening.
Adin," she said, preceding the visitor, "here is
Squire Bates, who has called to see you."

"I am glad to see you, squire," said the
carpenter. "Take a chair, and excuse my gettin'up. My old enemy, the rheumatism, has
got hold of me, and I'm too stiff to move
easy."

"Oh, you are quite excusable, Mr. Dunham.
Lam sorty to hear that you are so afficited."

'It isn't altogether comfortable. Besides, it puts me behindhand. I've lost at least four

puts me behindhand. I've lost at least four weeks this winter from these rheumatic pains."
"Ah, indeed!"
"Yes, and as you can imagine, that is a serious thing to a poor man."
"I suppose so," assented the squire, cough-

ing.
"I am glad you came in, squire, because I wanted to speak to you about the interest on

mortgage."
It falls due next week," said Squire Bates,

that morrgage...
"It falls due next week," said Squire Bates, promptly.
"Just so, and I am sorry to say that for the first time I shall be unable to meet it."
"Indeed!" returned the squire, his voice stiffening. "That is very unfortunate!"
"So it is, squire, but I hope, as it is the first time, you will overlook it," said Adin Dunham, anxiously.
"My dear sir," said the squire, "it is hardly necessary to say that I truly sympathize with you. You believe that, I hope?"
"I thought you would, squire. I didn't believe you'd be hard on me."
"But—you misunderstand me a little, neighbor Dunham—I cannot be as considerate as I would like to be. The fact is, I am very short of money, embarrassed in fact, and I depended on that payment. Perhaps you can borrow it?"

"There's no one in the village likely to accommodate me with a loan unless it's you,

squire."
"And I am very short of cash. Indeed it would hardly do for me to lend you money to pay me, would it now?"
"I am afraid not," said the carpenter, rue-

"I am afraid not," saw we will am afraid not, "saw we will all ully.
"In fact, neighbor Dunham, I came here this evening to ask if you couldn't arrange to pay the mortgage."
"Pay the mortgage!" echoed Adin Dunham, with a blank look.
"Yes; I thought you might raise the money in some way."

with a biank 100K.

"Yes; I thought you might raise the money in some way."

"I wish you'd tell me where, Squire Bates. Eight hundred dollars! Why it's as big to me as the national debt! I did expect to pay off the mortgage with that thousand dollars, that I was so wickedly robbed of."

"Oh, ah, to be sure! It was a great pity that you were prevented from doing it."

"That robbery broke me down, Squire Bates. I believe it has made me five years older, though it happened less than a year ago. It makes me feel kind of rebellious at times to think that such a villain as the man that robbed me should go unpunished."

"It isn't best to cry over spilt milk," said the squire, who felt obviously uncomfortable under these allusions.

squire, who felt obviously uncomortaine unusthese allusions.

"I can't help thinkin' of it though, squire."

"To be sure, to be sure!"

"When it was gone, I hoped that Dean
would be able to help me to pay up the mortgage some time."

"Have you heard from your nephew lately?"

"Not for months. Have you heard from
the man he went out with?"

"Yes, I have heard several times."

"Does he say anything about Dean?"

"He says—but perhaps I had better not tell
you. I don't want to distress you," and the
squire hesitated. squire hesitated.

Say what you have to say. I can stand

"He says he discharged Dean for dishon-

Dean dishonest! Why, squire, you must

"Dean dishonest! Why, squire, you must be jokin'."
"I am sorry to say, neighbor Dunham, that there is no joke about it. Ilikely to be mistaken."
"I tell you, Squire Bates," said Adin Dunham angrily, "that my nephew Dean is as honest as I am myself. The man that charges him with dishonesty is a liar! It's a word I don't often use, but I must use it this time."
"I agree with my husband," said Sarah Dunham, her mild blue eye sparkling with indignation. "Nothing would induce Dean to steal."
"Of course you are prejudiced in your nephew's favor," said the squire with a slight sneer. "It is very natural, but you can't expect others to agree with lyou. However, we will drop this subject. I am afraid Dean will never be able to help you. I used to think well of him, though my son Brandon didn't agree with me."
"What can your son Brandon know of Dean companed with mother and me, who have known of the beautiful to the post of the subject of the mother and me, who have known on the beautiful the subject of th

compared with mother and me, who have known the boy since his birth?" the carpenter rejoined warmly.

joined warmly.

"I won't argue the question, neighbor Dunham, Indeed I feel for you in your disappointment. But to come back to business. You mustn't blame me if I foreclose the mortgage, as the law gives me a right to do. I wouldn't do it, I assure you, if circumstances did not make it imperative."

"Foreclose the mortgage!" repeated Adin in consternation.

make it imperative."
"Foreclose the mortgage!" repeated Adin in consternation.
"Yes, or 'll' give you eight hundred dollars for the place over and above the mortgage."
"Only eight hundred dollars! Why, that would be robbery!"
"Think it over, neighbor Dunham, and don't decide hastily. You'll think differently, I am sure, when you have had time to consider it. I must bid you good evening now, as I am in haste," and the squire rose quickly, and left the room, followed to the door mechanically and in silence by Sarah Dunham.
"Sarah," said the carpenter with grief stricken countenance, "this is worse than all. It looks as if we were indeed forsaken by Providence."
"Hush, Adin! That is wicked. It looks hard, but the Lord may yet give us deliverance."

as if we were indeed forsaken by Providence."
"Hush, Adin! That is wicked. It looks hard, but the Lord may yet give us deliverance."
"I am afraid we shall end our days in the poorhouse, Sarah," said the husband gloomily.
"It won't be this year or next, Adin. Eight hundred dollars will support us for two years, and then there is your work besides. Let us look on the bright side!"
But that was not easy for either of them. It seemed to Adin Dunham that his cup of bitterness was full.

ness was full.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

HOW THE MYSTERY WAS SOLVED.

Fe return to Denver, where business required Dean and Ben Rawson to remain two or three days. Eben Jones was too impatient to reach home to bear them company, but started at once for Connecticut. Rawson and Dean secured a large room in the leading hotel, which they made their headquarters.

their headquarters.

Denver was at that time far from being the handsome city it has since become. Society was mixed, and the visitors who were continually arriving and departing embraced all sorts and conditions of men. There was no small sprinkling of adventurers, both good and bad, and it was necessary for the traveler to be warry and prudent, lest he should fall a prey to those of the latter kind.

The second night our two friends retired late, having passed a busy and as it proved profile. their headquarters.

late, having passed a busy and as it proved profitable day, for it was on that day Dean effected

liable day, for it was on that day I wan the this purchase of lots already referred to.
"I feel fagged out, Dean," said Rawson, as he prepared for bed. "I have been working harder than I did at the mines."

harder than I did at the mines."

"I am tired too, but I have passed a pleasant day," said Dean. "I think I would rather live here than at the mines."

"You can have your choice when you return, but for my part I like the mines. I prefer the freedom of the mining camp to the restraints of the city."

"There isn't much restraint that I can see"

"There isn't much restraint that I can see."
"There will be. Five years hence Denver will be a compact city."
"In that case my lots will have risen in

will be a compact city."

"In that case my lots will have risen in value."

"No doubt of it. You have made a good purchase. But what I was going to say is this. I am so dead tired that it would take an earthquake to wake me. Now, as you know, we have considerable money in the room, besides what we have outside. Suppose some thief entered our room in the night!"

"I wake easily," said Dean.

"That is lucky. There's a fellow with a hang dog look rooms just opposite, whose appearance I don't like. I have caught him spying about and watching us closely. I think he is after our money."

"What is his appearance, Ben?"

"He has red hair and a red beard. There is something in his expression that looks familiar, but I can't place him. I feel sure at any rate that he is a dangerous man."

"I haven't noticed him, Kawson,"

"I haven't noticed him, Kawson,"

"I have got it into my head somehow that he will try to enter our room when we are

asleep."
"But the door is locked."

"If the man is a professional, he will be able o get in in spite of that. Now, Dean, I want ou to take my revolver and put it under your

pillow, to use in case it should be necessar. Of course you will wake me also in case of

Of course you will was wist."

"Very well, Ben."
The two undressed and got into bed. There were two beds in the room, the smaller one being occupied by Dean. This was placed over against the window, while Rawson's was closer to the door, on the right.
Dean, as well as Rawson, was tired, and soon fell asleep. But for some reason his sleep was troubled. He tossed about, and dreamed bad dreams. It might have been the conversation that had taken place between Rawson and himself, which shaped the dreams that disturbed him.

and himself, which shaped the dreams that dis-turbed him.

It seemed to him that a man had entered the room, and was rifling Rawson's pockets. The dream excited him so much that it awakened him, and none too soon, for there, bending over the chair on which Rawson had thrown his the the chair on which Rawson had thrown his clothes, was the very man whom his companion had described. The moonlight that flooded the room revealed him clearly, with his re-hair and beard, just as he had presented him-self to Dean in his dreams. Dean rose to a sitting posture, and quietly drew out the revolver from underneath his

Dean rose to a sitting posture, and quietly drew out the revolver from underneath his pillow.

"What are you doing there?" he demanded. The intruder started, and, turning quickly, fixed his eyes upon Dean. He didn't appear so much alarmed as angry at the interruption.

"Lie down, and keep still, if you know what's good for yourself, kid!" he said, in a menacing tone.

"And let you rob my friend? Not much!" said Dean, boldly. "Lay down those clothes!"

"When I get ready."
"I command you to lay them down!" said Dean, boldly.

"I'll wring your neck if you don't keep quiet," said the robber, quietly.

"Rawson!" cried Dean, raising his voice.

"Confusion!" muttered the thief, as, dropping his booty, he took a step towards Dean's bed.

"Look out for yourself!" said Dean's

"Look out for yourself!" said Dean, Look out for yourself! "said Dean, in tone of warning. "Come nearer, and I fire!

Then for the first time the intruder notice that the boy was armed. He drew back carefully the the said that the the said that the

that the boy was armed. He drew back cau-tiously.

Just then Rawson asked sleepily, "What's the matter, Dean?"
"Wake up, Rawson, ouick!" said Dean.
Ben Rawson opened his eyes, and took in the situation at once. He sprang from the bed, and placed himself between the thief and the

door.
"Let me go!" exclaimed the intruder, as he made a dash forward, only to be seized by the

"Now let me know who you are, and whether you have taken anything," he said, resolutely. "Dean, let us have some light."

The thief struggled to escape, but in vain. His captor was stronger than himself. Dean lighted the gas, and both scrutinized the thief closely. Then a light flashed upon Dean.

"I know him in spite of his false hair and beard," he said. "It's Peter Kirby."

beard," he said. "It's Peter Kirby." Rawson outlied off the disguise, and Kirby stood revealed. "Yes, it's Kirby!" he said, doggedly. "Wes, it's Kirby!" he said, doggedly. "What are you going to do with me?" "Put you in the hands of the police," answered Rawson, coolly. Kirby remained silent a moment, and then said: "I'll make it worth your while to let me yo."

said: "I'll make it worth your while to let me go."
"How?" asked Rawson, briefly.
"That boy's uncle was robbed near a year since of a thousand dollars. I can tell him the name of the thief,"
"Was it Squire Bates?" asked Dean, eageily.
"Till my safety is assured I can tell nothing,"
"Can you enable me to recover the money?"
"I can. I will be willing to make a statement, and swear to it before a magistrate."
"Is not Squire Bates the head of a gang of robbers?"

I am not prepared to say. I will do what

I agreed."
Rawson and Dean conferred together briefly, and decided to release Kirby on the terms proposed. But it was necessary to wait till morning, and they didn't dare to release him. They tied the villain hand and foot, and kept him in this condition till daylight. Then they took him before a magistrate, his statement was written out and sworn to, and they released him. "I wouldn't have done this," said Kirby. "if Bates had treated me right; but he has been working against me, and I have sworn to get even."

Dean did not trouble himself about Kirby's motives, but he was overjoyed to think that through his means the mystery of Waterford had been solved at last, and his uncle would

had been solved at last, and his uncle would recover his property. "Now I shall go home happy," he said to Rawson, "for I shall carry happiness to my good uncle and aunt."

(To be concluded.)

EXPENSIVE STABLING.

EXPENSIVE STABLING.

New Yorker.—" I suppose a horse can be kept very cheaply in Texas."

TEXAN.—"That all depends on circumstances, stranger. A neighbor of mine had to pay pretty high for keepin' a hoss."

'How so'.

How so'.

How so, it cost him his life, and he didn't keep the hoss long, either. It was my hoss he was tryin to keep."

EXCELSIOR.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

My&Friend&Smith.

By TALBOT BAINES REED. Author of "Mr. Halgrove's Ward."

CHAPTER VIII.

I ANSWER AN ADVERTISEMENT.

HE note that I drew from under my pillow was very brief, but my heart went into my mouth and my eyes filled with tears as I read the few words it contained.

DEAR FRED—I've been expelled, and have left Stonebridge for good. Write to me, and address J., Post Office, Packworth.

Stonebridge for good. Write to me, and address J., Post Office, Packworth.

I was friendless indeed now, and the only ray of cheerfulness which had brightened the gloom of Stonebridge House for me had been quenched. I will not describe my grief for Smith, nor how the weary days dragged on a fter his disappearance. I wrote him a letter full of sorrow and sympathy, duly addressed it to "J., Post Office, Packworth," and surreptitiously mailed it in the vil-

parity, only addressed it to Typost Office, Packworth," and sur-reptitiously mailed it in the vil-lage. How eagerly I waited for a reply, and how disappointed I was when none came!

All things have an end, and at length came the day for me to leave Stonebridge, as my uncle thought my education ought to be sufficiently advanced. That day found me, I am bound to confess, very little improved by my two year's residence under that dull roof. I do not blame it all on the school, or even on M'sss Henniker, depressing as both were.

were.
There is no reason why, even There is no reason why, even at a school for backward and troubles ome boys, a fellow shouldn't improve, if he gave himido tit. But that is just where I failed. I didn't give my mind to it. In fact I made up my mind it was no use trying to improve, and therefore didn't try. The consequence was, that after Jack Smith left Loast in my lot with the rest of the backward and troublesome boys, and lost all ambition to be much better than the rest of them.

troublesome boys, and lost all ambition to be much better than the rest of them.

Flanagan, the fellow I liked best, was always good humored and lively, but I'm not sure that he would have been called a boy of good principles. At any rate, he never professed to be particularly ambitious in any such way, and in that respect was very different from Hawkesburry, who, by the time he left Stonebridge House, six months before me, to go to a big boarding school, had quite impressed me with the wont of his character.

As I was saying, I left the word of his character, and the word of his character, and more rackety of those good deal wilder, and more rackety of the word of his character. I left it also with considerably more knowledge of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division; and that, in my uncle's eye, appeared to be of far more moment than my moral condition.

"Fred" he said to me the day after Land "Fre

"Fred," he said to me the day after I had got home, and after I had returned from a triumphant march through Brownstroke to show myself off to my old comrades—"Fred," said my uncle, "I am going to send you to Lon-

"To London!" cried I, not knowing exactly whether to be delighted, or astonished, or alarmed, or all three—"to London?"

"Yes. You must get a situation, and do something to earn your living."

I ruminated over this announcement, and my uncle continued:
"You are old enough to provide for yourself, and I expect you to do so."

There was a pause, at the end of which, for lack of any better remark, I said:
"Yes."

"Yes."
"The sooner you start the better," continued my uncle. "I have marked a few advertisements in the pile of newspapers," added he, pointing to todozen or so of papers on his table. "You had been and look through them, and tell et also you see anything that would suit you."
Whereat my uncle resumed his writing, and I, with the papers in my arms, walked off in rather a muddled state of mind to my bedroom. Half way up stairs a sudden thought occurred to me, which caused me to drop my burden and hurrer hard to me uncled secretary.

to me, which caused me to drop my burden and hurry back to my uncle's room. "Uncle, do you know the Smiths of Pack-

worth?"
My uncle looked up crossly.

"Haven't you learned more sense at school, sir, than that? Don't you know there are hundreds of Smiths at Packworth?"

This was a crusher. I meekly departed, and, picking up my papers where I had dropped them, completed the journey to my room.

It had been a cherished idea of mine the first day I got home to make inquiries about my friend Smith. It had never occurred to me before that Smith was such a very common name; but it now dawned slowly on me that to find a Smith in Packworth would be about as simple as to find a needle in a stack of hay.

Anyhow, I could write to him now without fear—that was a comfort. So I turned to my newspapers and began to read through a few of the advertisements my uncle had marked.

The result was not absolutely exhilarating. My uncle evidently was not ambitious on my account.

Sharp l a wanted to look after a sh

That vas the first I caught sight of. And the next -as equally promising.

Page wanted by a professional gentleman. Must be clean, well behaved, and make himself useful in house. Attend to boots, coals, windows, etc. Good character indispensable.

firm whose profits are £10,000 a year. Must bring £15,000 capital into the concern.

There! If I only had £15,000, my fortune

would be made at once !

Wanted a companion for a nobleman's son about

There again, why shouldn't I try for that? What could a nobleman's son require more in a companion than was to be found in me?

And so I traveled on, beginning at the top of the ladder and sliding gently down, gradually losing not only the hope of finding a situation to suit me, but also relinquishing my previous strong faith in my own wonderful merits. I was ready to give it up as a bad job, and go and tell my uncle I must decline all his kind suggestions, when, in a obscure corner of one paper, my eye caught the following:

Junior Clerkship. An intelligent lad, respecta-

Junior Clerkship. An intelligent lad, respectable, and quick at figures, wanted in a merchant's office, Wages 8s. a week to commence. Apply by letter to Merrett, Barnacle and Co., Hawk Street, London.

I jumped up as if I had been shot, and rushed headlong with the paper to my uncle's study.
"Look at this, uncle! This will do, I say! Read it, please."

"Oh, yes, I will," said I; "I'll work hard and get on."
"You'd better," said my uncle, "for you have only yourself to depend on."
I posted my letter, and the next few days were interminable. Whenever I spoke about the subject to my uncle he took care not to encourage me over much. And yet I fancied, gruff as he was, he was not wholly displeased at my "cheek" in answering Merrett, Barnacle, and Co,'s advertisement.
"Successful!" growled he. "Why, there'll be scores of other boys after the place. You doyn't expect your letter is the best of the lot, do you? Besides, they will never have a boy up from the country when there are so many in London ready for the place, who are used to the work. Mark my word, you'll hear no more about it."
And so it seemed likely to be. Day after day

How feverishly I read and re-read what I had written. What panies I got into about the spelling of "situation," and the number of 1's in "ability." How carefully I rubbed out the pencil lines I had ruled, and how many times I repented I had not put a "most" before the "obediently."

Many letters like that, thought I, would shorten my life perceptibly. At last it was done, and when my uncle came in I showed it to him with fear and trembling, and watched his face anxiously as he read it.

"Humph!" said he, looking at me, "and suppose you do get the place, you won't stick to it."

Oh, yes, I will," said I; "I'll work hard

about it."
And so it seemed likely to be. Day after day
went by and the post brought no letter; I was
beginning to lihnk I should have
to settle down as a newspaper boy

or a page after all.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY ABOUT SMITH.

T the end of the week I was so disheartened that I could stay in the house no longer, but sallied out, I cared not whither, for a day in the

fresh air.
As I was sauntering along the road, a cart overtook me, a covered baker's cart with the name painted outside, "Walker, Baker, Packworth."

Packworth."

A brilliant idea seized me as I read the legend. Making a sign to the man in charge to stop, I ran up and asked:

"I say, what would you give me a lift for to Packworth?"

"What for? Spose we say a fifty pun' note;" was the facetious reply. "I could do with a fifty pun' note pretty comfortable."

"Oh, but really beautiful packworth?"

able."
"Oh, but really, how much? I want to go to Packworth awfully, but it's such a long way to walk."
"What do you weigh, eh?"
"I don't know; about 120 pounds I think."

"I don't know; about 19 younds I think."
"If you was 121 I wouldn't take you, there! But hop up!"
And next moment I found my-self bowling merily along in the baker's cart all among the loaves and flour bags to Packworth.

My jovial driver seemed glad of a companion, and we soon got on very good terms, and conversed on a great variety of topics.
Presently, as we seemed to be nearing the town, I ventured to inquire.

inquire,
"I say, do you know Jack
Smith at Packworth?"
The Jehu laughed.
"Know him—old Jack Smith?
Should think I do."
"You do?" cried I, delighted,

"You do?" cried I, delighted, springing to my feet and knocking over a whole pyramid of loaves. "Oh, I am glad. It's him I want to see."
"Is it now?" said the fellow, "and what little game have you got on with him? Going a grave diggin," eh?"

got on with him? Going a grave diggin', eh?"

"Grave digging, no!" I cried. "Jack Smith and I were at school together—"

The driver interrupted me with a loud laugh. "Oh, my eye, that's a good 'un; you at school with old Jack Smith! Oh, that'll do: that'll do! "and he roared with laughter.

"But I really was," repeated I, "at Stone-bridge House."

"You was! How long before you was born was it; oh my eye, eh?"

"It was only last year."

"Last year, and old Jack lost the last tooth out of his head last year too!"

"What! has he had his teeth out?" cried I, greatly concerned.

"What I has he had his term out. Circo., greatly concerned.
"Yes, and all his hair off since you was at school with him," cried my companion, nearly rolling off the box with laughter.
"What do you mean 2"l cried, in utter be-wilderment at this catalogue of my friend's misfortunes.

wilderment at this catalogue of my friend's mis-fortunes.
"Oh, don't ask me. Old Jack Smith!"
"He's not old," said I, "not very, only about sixteen."
This was too much for my driver, who clap-ped me on the back, and as soon as he could recover his utterance, cried,
"My eyes, you will find him growed!"



FRED'S RIDE TO PACKWORTH IN SEARCH OF JACK SMITH.

I was almost grateful to feel that no one could give me a good character by any stretch of imagination, so that at any rate I was safe from this fastidious professional gentleman. Then came another:

Newsboy wanted. Must have good voice. Apply, Clerk, Great Central Railway Station.

Newsboy wanted. Must have good voice. Apply, Clerk, Great Central Railway Station.

Even this did not tempt me. It might be a noble sphere of life to strive to make my voice heard above a dozen shrieking engines all day long, but I didn't quite fancy the idea.

In fact, as I read on and on, I became more and more convinced that my sphendid talents would be simply wasted in London. Nothing my uncle had marked tempted me. A "muffin boy's" work might be pleasant for a week, till the noise of the bell had lost its novelty; a "boy to learn the art of making buttonholes in braces" might perhaps be a promising opening; and a printer's boy might be all very well, but they none of them accorded with my own ideas, still less with my opinion of my own value.

I was getting rather hopeless, and wondering what on earth I should say to my uncle, when the brilliant idea occurred to me of looking at some of the other advertisements which my uncle hadn't marked. Some of these were most tempting.

A junior partner wanted in an old established

My uncle read it gravely, and then pushed My uncie reag it gravery, and the paper from him.

"Absurd! You would not do at all. That is not one of those I marked, is it?"

"No. But they were all awful. I say, uncle, let's try for this."

My uncle stared at me, and I looked anxiously

My uncie state a many at my uncie.

"Fred," said he, sternly, "I'm sorry to see you making a fool of yourself. However, it's your affair, not mine."

"But, uncle, I'm pretty quick at figures,"

"But, uncle, I'm pretty quick at figures," said I.

"And intelligent and respectable too, I suppose ?" added my uncle, looking at me over his glasses. "Well, do as you choose."

"Will you be angry?" I inquired.
"Tut, tut!" said my uncle, rising, "that will do. You had better write by the next post, if you are bent on doing it. You can write at my desk."

desk."

So saying he departed, leaving me very perplexed and a good deal out of humor with my wonderful advertisement.

However, I sat down and answered it. Six of my uncle's sheets of paper were torn up before I got the first sentence to my satisfaction, and six more before the letter was done. I never wrote a letter that cost me such an agony of labor.

" Has he?" I said, half envious, for I wasn't

growing very quickly.

"Ain't he! He's growed a lump since you was at school together," roared my eccentric

was at school organic, friend,
"What is he doing?" I asked, anxious to hear something more definite of poor Jack.
"Oh, the same old game, only he goes at it quieter nor he used. Last Sunday that there bell ringing regular blowed him out, the old

A light suddenly dawned upon Bell ringing: old covey. That's not the

"What," roared my companion, "you don't

"What," roared my companion, "you deman him?"
"No, who?" cried I, utterly bewildered.
"Why, old Jack Smith, the sexton, what eighty two last Christmas! You wasn't school with him! Oh, I say; here, take reins; I can't drive straight no longer!" and fairly collapsed into the bottom of the cart.
This little diversion amunion as it was

airly collapsed into the bottom of the cart. This little diversion, amusing as it was, did not have the effect of allaying my anxiety to hear something about my old schoolfellow. My diver, however, although he knew plenty of Smiths in the town, knew no one answering to Jack's description; and now that Packworth was in sight, I began to feel rather foolish to have come so far on such a wild goose chase. Parkworth is a large town with about 40,000 inhabitants; and when, having bidden farewell to the good natured baker, I found myself in its crowded bustling streets, any chance of running against my old rhum seemed very remote indeed.

I went to the post office where my two latter than the property of the control of the

I went to the post office where my two letters A went to the post office where my two letters had been addressed, the one I wrote a year ago just after Jack's expulsion, and the other written last week from Brownstroke.

"Have you any letters addressed to 'J'?" I addressed

The clerk fumbled over the contents of a pighole, from which he presently drew out my

eon hole, from which he presently drew out 'my last letter and gave it to me.

"Wait a bit," said he, as I was taking it up, and turning to leave the office. "Wait a bit."

He went back to the pigeon hole, and after another sorting produced, very dusty and drity, my first letter. "That's for 'J' too," said he. Then Jack had never been to Packworth, or got my letter, posted at such risk. He must have given me a false address. Surely if he lived here, he would have called for the letter. Why did he tell me to write to Post Office, Packworth, if he never meant to call for my letters?

ters?

A feeling of vexation crossed my mind, and mingled with the disappointment I felt at now being sure my journey here was a hopeless one.

I wandered about the town a bit in the vague

I wandered about the town a bit in the vaj hope of something turning up. But noth did. Nothing ever does when a fellow wa it. So I turned tail, and faced the prospect a solitary ten mile walk back to Brownstroke I felt decidedly down. This expedition Packworth had been a favorite dream of m for many months nast, and somehow I.1

for many months past, and somehow I had never anticipated there would be much difficulty, could I once get there, in discovering my friend Smith. But now he seemed more out of reach

could I once get there, in discovering my friend Smith. But now he seemed more out of reach than ever.

There were my two neglected letters, never called for, and not a word from him since the day I left Stonebridge House. I might as well give up the idea of ever seeing him again, and certainly spare myself the trouble of further search after him.

I was walking on, engaged in this somber train of thought, when suddenly, on the road before me, I heard a clatter of hoofs accompanied by a child's shriek. At the same moment round a corner appeared a small pony galloping straight towards where I was, with a little girl clinging wildly round its neck, and uttering the cries I had heard.

The animal had evidently taken fright and become quite beyond control, for the reiss hung loose, and the little stirrup was flying about in all directions.

Fortunately, the part of the road where we was walled on one side, while the other bank was sloping. I had not had much practice in stopping runaway horses, but it occurred to me that if I stood right in the pony's way, and shouted at him as he came up, he might, what with me in front and the wall and slope on to me that if I stood right in the pony's way, and shouted at him as he came up, he might, what with me in front and the wall and slope on either side, possibly give himself a moment for reflection, and so enable me to make a grab at his bridle.

And so it turned out. I spread out my arms and such what he had to have a proper some properties of the post of my varies with a set with a better to find a proper was to what the proof of my voice, with a

and yelled at him at the top of my voice, with a vehemence which quite took him aback. He pulled up dead just as he reached me, so suddenly, indeed, that the poor child slipped clean

puded up dead just as he reached me, so sud-deally, indeed, that the poor child slipped clean off. his back, and then, before he could fing himself round and continue his both in another direction, I had him firmly by the snaflle. The little girl, who may have been twelve or thirteen, was not huit, I think, by her fall. But she was dreadfully frightened, and sat crying so piteously that I began to get quite alarmed. I tied the pony up to the mearest tree, and did what I could to relieve the young lady's tribu-lation, a task in which I was succeeding very fairly when a female, the child's nuise, arrived out the scene in a panie.

fairly when a female, the child's noise, arrived out the scene in a paine.

Of course my little patient broke out afresh for the benefit of her protectress, and an affecting scene ensued, in the midst of which, finding I was not wanted, and feeling a little foolish to be standing by when so much crying and kissing was going on. I proceeded on my way, half wishing it had been my luck to secure that lively little pony for my journey home.

However, ten miles comes to an end at last, and in due time I turned up at Brownstroke pretty tired, and generally feeling somewhat down in the mouth by my day's adventures. But those adventures, or rather events, were not yet over; for that same evening brought a letter with the London postmark and the initials M., B., and Co. on the seal of the envelope! You may fancy how eagerly I opened it.

ran as follows:

Messrs, Merrett, Barnacle, and Co. are in receipt Frederick Batchelor's application for junior erick Batchelo

"What?" I gasped to myself, as I turned over the leaf.

over the leaf.

—would like to see Batchelor at their office on Saturday next at 10.15.

I could hardly believe my eyes. I rushed to my uncle and showed him the letter.

"Isn't it splendid?" I cried.

"Nut at all," replied he. "Don't be too fast; you have not got the place yet."

"Ah, I know," said I, "but I've a chance at least."

"AB, I KILDY, Source,"
least."
"You have a chance against a dozen others,"
said my uncle, "who most likely have got each
of them a letter just like this."
"Well, but of course I must go on Satur-

day?

ay ?"
"You still mean to try ?" said my uncle.
"Why, yes," said I, resolutely. "I do."
"Then you had better go to town on Satur-

day."
"Won't you go with me?" I inquired, ner-

"Won't you go "...."

"No," said my uncle, "Merrett, Barnacle, and Co. want to see you, not me."

"But—" began I. But I didn't say what I was going to say. Why should I tell my uncle I was fraid to go to London alone?

"Where am I to live if I do get the place?"

Where an 't of ive in 't do get the place'.

London's such a big place to be in."

"Oh, we'll see to that," said my uncle, "in due time. Time enough for that when you get your place."

This was true: and half elated, half alarmed

your place."

This was true; and half elated, half alarmed by the prospect before me, I took to my bed and went to sleep.

My dreams that night were a strange mixture of Merrett, Barmacle, and Co., the little girl who fell from the pony, Jack Smith, and the jovial baker; but among them all I slept very soundly, and woke like a giant refreshed the next

If only I had been easy in my mind about If only I had been easy in my mind about Jack Smith I should have been positively cleerful. But the thought of him, and the fact of his never having called for my letters, sorely perplexed and troubled me.

Had he forgotten all about me then? How I had pictured his delight in getting that first letter of mine when I wrote it surreptitiously in the placement of Standbridge.

letter of mine when I wrote it surreptitiously in the playground at Stonebridge House a year ago! And I had meant it to be such a jolly comforting letter, too; and after all here it was in my pocket unopened. I must just read it over again myself. And I put my hand in my pocket to get it.

To my suprise, however, only the last of the two letters was there, and high or low I could not find the other. It was very strange, for I distinctly remembered having it in my hand after leaving Tackworth. Then suddenly it of

after leaving Packworth. Then suddenly it oc-curred to me I must have had it in my hand

curred to me I must have had it in my hand when I met the runaway pony, and in the confusion of that adventure have dropped it.

So I had not even the satisfaction of reading over my own touching effusion, which deprived me of a great intellectual treat.

However, I had other things to think of, for tomorrow was Saturday, the day on which I was to make my solitary excursion to London in quest of the junior clerkship at Merrett, Barnacle, and Co.'s.

CHAPTER X.

HOW I RAN AGAINST MY FRIEND SMITH IN AN UNEXPECTED QUARTER.

SUPPOSE my uncle thought it good discipline to turn a young fellow like me adrift for a whole day in London to shift for myself, and wrestle single handed with the crisis that was to decide my destiny. He may have been right, but when, after an hour's excited journey in the train, I found myself along with several hundred fellow mortals standing in a street which seemed to be literally alive with people, I, at any rate, neither admired his wisdom nor blessed him for his good intentions.

tions.

Every one but myself seemed to be in a des Every one but myself seemed to be in a des-perate hurry. Had I not been sure it was the way of the place, I should have been tempted to suppose some tremendous fire, or some exto suppose some tremendous fire, or some extraordinary event, was taking place at the other end of the street, and that every one was rushing to get a glimpse of it. I stood a minute or two outside the station, hoping to be left behind; but behold, no sooner had the tail of the race passed, me, when another, indeed two other train loads of humanity swarmed down upon me, and, hustling me as they swept by, fairly carried me along with them.

One thing alarmed me prodigiously. It was not the crowd, or the noise, or the cabs, or the omnibuses, or the newspacer boys, or the shops, or the policemen, or the chumer pot hats.

or the policemen, or the chimney pot hats These all astonished me, as well they might But what terrified me was the number of boy like myself who formed part of the procession, and who, every one of them as I imagined, were hurrying towards Hawk Street.

My uncle had told me that I should find Hawk

Street turning out at the end of the street in which the station stood, and this was precisely the direction in which these terrible boys were

the direction in which these terrible boys were all going.

How knowing they all looked, and how confident! There was not one of them, I was certain, but was more intelligent than I, and quicker at figures. How I hated them as they swaggered along, laughing and joking with one another, looking familiarly on the scene around them, crossing the road in the very teeth of the cab hores and not one of them caring or think. cab horses, and not one of them caring or think-ing a bit about me. What chance had I among

ing a bit about me. What chance had a minor, all these?

There was not much conceit left in me, I assure you, as I followed meekly in their wake towards Hawk Street that morning.

My uncle's directions had been so simple that I had never calculated on having any difficulty in finding my destination. But it's all very well in a quiet country town to find one street that turns out of, another, but in London, between nine and ten in the morning, it's quite a different matter.

and ten in the morning, it's quite a different matter.

At least so I found it. Half a dozen streets turned out of the one which I and the stream descended, and though I carefully studied the name of each in turn, no Hawk Street was

there.
"Can you tell me where Hawk Street is?" I inquired at last of a fellow passenger, after a

inquired at last of a fellow passenger, after a great inward struggle.

"Hawk Street? Yes. Go through Popman's Alley, and up the second court to the left—that'll bring you to Hawk Street."

But uncle said it turned—" My guide had vanished!

vanished!
I diligently sought for Popman's Alley, which
I found to be a long paved passage between two
high blocks of buildings, and leading apparently nowhere; at least I could discover no outlet, either at the end or either side, was in such a hurry that I dared not "po question" as to the whereabouts of Hawk! igain, but made my way back once more to the

By this time I was so muddled that for the fe of me I could not tell which was the street I ad come down, still less how I could get back

Ask my way I must, if I died for it! Ten

Ask my way I must, if I died for it! Ten o'clock had struck ten minutes ago, and I was due at Merrett, Barnacle, & Co.'s at 10:15.

I noticed a boy ahead of me walking rather more slowly than the rest. I would ask hin, and stick to him till he put me right. So I made up to him boldly.

"Will you show me the way to Hawk Street, please?" I said, as I came up.

He turned round suddenly as I spoke. Was it possible? Here, in London, where one might as soon expect to meet a body one know as meet the man in the moon!

It was my friend Smith!

"Jack!" I exclaimed.
"Fred!" exclaimed.

There was no doubt about it, and no doubt about all my foolish suspicions as to his having

about all my foolish suspicions as to his having forgotten me or ceased to care for me being groundless. His solomn face lit up almost to a look of jubilation as he grasped my hand and

said: "Why, Fred, old man, whatever are you do-

ing here?"
"What are you doing?" cried I. "Who "What are you doing?" cried I. "Who ever would have thought of running up against you in this place? But I say," said I, suddenly remembering the time. "T've got to be in Hawk Street in two minutes, Jack. For goodness sake show us the way, if you know it." Smith opened his black eyes very wide. "You have to be somewhere in Hawk Street?" he asked

"You have to be sold and the asked.
"Yes. Merrett, Barnacle and Co,'s the name.
I'm after a place they have got there."
Smith's face passed through a variety of expressions, ending in the old solemn look as he

etly said:
'So am I."
'You!" I exclaimed. "You after the same place? Oh. Jack!"
(To be continued.)

WINTER SPORTS IN RUSSIA. See Illustration, page 776.

THE winter season is once more at hand and many an American boy will hail with pleasure the return of the season of skating and sleigh rides, snowballing and tobogganing hunting and trap setting. Our illustration on page 776 pictures some of the scenes of winter life in Russia, where the cold season is longer and more severe than in any of our States.

In that country, with its wide snowy plain great rivers and far reaching forests, the d great rivers and far reaching forests, the dull lives of the peasants, among whom terrible poverty and ignorance prevail, are not without their exciting episodes. In many parts of Russia the pine woods are full of bears and wolves, and great is the depredation of flocks and herds, and even the loss of human life, caused by these ferocious maranders. Their numbers are kept down by trapping, and by organized hunts, which are often full of danger to the hunters.

In the illustration, we see the catching of the In the litustration, we see the catching of the sturgeon in a frozen river, the perilous ride through the blinding snow storm, the hunting of wolves with net and with ride, and a battle between a band of peasants and a bear which they have brought to bay in the forest.

A CLAIM TO HUMAN GRATITUDE.

Charlotte Corday, the sad faced, tender hearted peasant girl of Normandy, made great history by one desperate act!
Sickened by the saturnalia of the French revolution, and moved to desperation as Robespierre and Marat were leading the flower of France to the guillotine, she determined that she would put an end to Marat's bloody reign.
Marat had demanded two thousand victims for the guillotine!

Marat had demanded the three guillotine!

He proposed to kill off the enemies of the Revolution to make it perpetual!

Horrible thought!

No wonder it fired the blood of this patriotic peasant maid!

No wonder it tree the bloom of peasant maid!
Gaining access to his closely guarded quarters by a subterfuge, she found him in his bath, even then inexorable, and giving written directions for further slaughter!
He asked her the names of the inimical deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down, "That is

and he wrote them down. "That is ! Before a week is over they shall all be

brought to the guillotine."

At these words, Charlotte drew from her bosom the knife, and plunged it with supernatural force up to the hilt in the heart of

ome to me, my dear friend, come to me,"

cried Marat, and expired under the blow!
In the Corcoran gallery at Washington is a famous painting of Charlotte, represented as behind the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, sad picture, full of sorrow for

this attributes, sad picture, full of sorrow for her suffering country, and of unconquerable hate for her country's enemies. What a lesson in this tragic story! Two hundred, nay, five hundred thousand people would Marat have sacrificed to his unholy pas-

sion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by the millions

the millions.

The page of history is full of murders by authority and by mistaken ideas! In the practice of medicine alone how many hundreds of millions have been allowed to die and as many more killed by unjustifiable bigotry and by burneling!

bungling!

But the age is bettering. Men and methods are improving. A few years ago it was worth one's professional life to advise or permit the use of a proprietary medicine. Today there are not two physicians in any town in this county who do not regularly prescribe some form of

not two physicians in any town in this country who do not regularly prescribe some form of proprietary remedy!

H. H. Warner, famed all over the world as the discoverer of Warner's safe cure, began hunting up the old remedies of the Log Cabin days; after long and patient research he succeeded in securing some of the most valuable, among family records, and called them Warner's Log Cabin remedies—the simple preparations of roots, leaves, balsams and herbs which were the successful standbys of our grandmothers. These simple, old fashioned sarsaparilla, hops and buchu, cough and consumption, and other remedies, have struck a popular chord, and are in extraordinary demand all over the land. They are not the untried and imaginary remedies of some dabster chemist intent on making money, but the long sought principles of the healing art which for generations kept our ancestors in perfect health, put forth for the good of humanity by one who is known all over the world as a philanthropist—a lover of his fellow man—whose name is a guarantee of the highest standard of excelence.

The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of

The preparations are of decided and known The preparations are of decided and known influence over disease, and as in the hands of our grandmothers they raised up the sick, cured the lame, and bound up the wounds of death, so in their new form but olden power as Log Cabin remedies, they are sure to prove the "healing of the nations."

Corday did the world an incalculable service in ridding France of the bigoted and murdensus Marat, inst as this man is doing humanic.

ous Marat, just as this man is doing humanity a service by re-introducing to the world the simpler and better methods of our ancestors.

FORCE IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

How irresistible is Nature, even in her lowliest products! Its very name betokens the comparative insignificance of the toadstool, and yet what pent up force is contained within the plant is plainly shown in the subjoined item, from a Itills borough, New Hampshire, paper:

borough, New Hampshire, paper:

Not long since it was noticed that a small cone about seven inches in diameter seemed to be rising in the concrete sidewalk near a certain house on Henniker Street. An examination revealed the cause of the upheaval to be a toadstool about three inches in diameter. Some idea of the force exerted upward by the fungus may be gathered from the lact that the concrete was perfectly solid and fully two inches thick in that place.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An eid physician retired from practice, having had placed in his bunds by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumition, Bronchlits, Calarri, Asthma and oli tirout and Lung Affections, also r your oss Complisins, after having tested its wonderful curs tire powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known in his suffering fellows. Actuated by this send free of change, to all who desdre it, this redpe, in German, French of English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with Glock, Rochester, N. Y.—Adv.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

"DOCTORING OLD TIME."

A Striking Picture - A Revival of Old Time Simplicities.

Simplicities.

In one of Harer's issues is given a very fine illustration of Roberts's celebrated painting, known as "Doctoring Old Time." It represents a typical old timer, with his bellows, blowing the dust from an ancient clock, with its cords and weights carefully secured. One of these clocks in this generation is appreciated only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time."

only as a rare relic.

The suggestive name, "Doctoring Old Time," brings to our mind another version of the title, used for another purpose—"Old Time Doctoring".

We learn, through a reliable source, that one of the enterprising proprietary medicine firms of the country has been for years investigating the formulas and medical preparations used in the beginning of this century, and even before, with a view of ascertaining why people in our great grandlathers' time enjoyed a health and physical vigor so seldom found in the present generation. They now think they have secured the secret or secrets. They find that the prevailing opinion that then existed, that "Nature has a remedy for every existing disorder," was true, and acting under this belief, our grandparents used the common herbs and plants. Continual trespass upon the forest domain has made these herbs less abundant and has driven them further from civilization, until they have been discarded as remedial agents because of the difficulty of obtaining them.

H. H. Warner, proprietor of Warner's safecure and founder of the Warner observatory, Rochester, N. Y., has been pressing investigations in this direction, into the annals of old family histories, until he has secured some very valuable formulas, from whirh his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the gen-We learn, through a reliable source, that one

valuable formulas, from whith his firm is now preparing medicines, to be sold by all druggists.

They will, we learn, be known under the general title of "Warner's Log Cabin remedies." Among these medicines will be a "sarsaparılla," for the blood and liver, "Log Cabin hops and buchu remedy," for the stomach, etc., "Log Cabin hough and consumption remedy," "Log Cabin hair tonic," "Log Cabin extract, for internal and external use, and an old valuable discovery for catarrh, called "Log Cabin rose cream." Among the list is also a "Log Cabin laster," and a "Log Cabin liver pill." From the number of remedies, it will be seen that they do not propose to cure all diseases with one preparation. It is believed by many that with these remedies a new era is to dawn upon suffering numanity, and that the close of the nineteenth century will see these roots and herbs, as compounded under the title of Warner's Log Cabin remedies, as popular as they were at its beginning. Although they come in the form of proprietary medicines, yet they will be none the less welcome, for suffering humanity has become tired of modern doctoring and the public has great confidence in any remedies put up by the firm of which H. H. Warner is the head. The people have become suspicious of the effects of doctoring with poissonous drugs. Few realize the injurious effects following the prescriptions of many modern physicians. These effects of postonous drugs, already prominent, will become mere pronounced in coming generations. Therefore we can cordially wish the old-fashioned new remedies the best of success.

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HOME LIFE MADE EAST.

PROFESSIONAL conjurers may be said to be never out of harness. Riding in the street cars, visiting at friends' homes, even in the retirement of their own firesides, they are continually tempted to practice their art. A paper in the New York Commercial Advertiser on Robert Houdin, the famous French magician, tells how, even after his retirement, the ruling passion still lived.

In his handsome villa at Saint Gervais and grounds attached thereto were many curious contrivances. The garden gate was situated some 400 yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker, and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face—making but a faint sound—when a large bell was set in motion in the villa. At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate bearing the name "Robert Houdin" disappeared, and another took its place, on which was engraved the word "Entrez"—(come in). When the postman delivered the letters he had brought he was instructed to drop them through a slit in the gate into the receptacle provided for this purpose. The box, directly this was done, started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house by means of a miniature elevated railway.

Houdin invented, too, an ingenious contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stable fifty yards from the villa; for, on touching a small button, there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the nimal's meal tourned.

for, on touching a small button, there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above. By another curious piece of mechanism, a little bench, that stood beside a ravine in a remote part of the grounds, was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it, he machine automatically traversed a narrow bridge that spanned the gorge, and having deposited its occupant on the other side, the bench returned to its original position.

A VARIATION ON THE POTATO RACE.

NOVELTIES in the way of athletic entertainments are always sure of finding favor with young men. Have our readers ever heard of an Indian club race? One such was run in the course of a gymnastic exhibition at the Young Men's Institute in New York, this fall. As described by the Evening Sun it was conducted as

The race can be either in heats or singly, as preferred. Sixten Indian clubs were set up in two straight rows, eight to a row, and at intervals of about three feet. A young man was placed at the further end of each row, to cap it off, and a racer took his place at the other end. The point on which the contestant stood was bis goal.

The point on which the contestant stood was his goal.

At the word "Go!" each racer ran to the first Indian club in his row, picked it up, ran back to the goal or the place which he had started from, set the club up, and then ran to the second club and so on until he reached the man at the end of his line, when he picked him up, ran back with him, and also set him up. Whichever contestant did this guickest and had all his clubs and his man standing at the finish was declared winner of the heat or race, as the case might be. As it is very easy at any time in the race for a contestant to knock over all his clubs which he has so very carefully set up at his goal, great quickness, combined with a firm hand and a steady brain, is required by the racer.

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A jointed fleure of a skeleton 14 inches high. Will dance to muse and perform on a table will begin to move, similed up on a table will begin to move, similed up on a table will begin to move, similed up to the table of the table of the table of the table of table

START IN FOR YOURSELF.

SOME men seem always to require that somebody else start them, not realizing that they possess in themselves the full ability to launch out if only they will exercise it. from a contemporary an anecdote in point.

from a contemporary an anecdote in point.

A young man sat listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and depeted. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome looking fish, he said:

"If now I had these I would be happy; I could sell them at a fair price, and buy me food and lodgings."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chauced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a triffing fayor."

good nsil, saud the dwarf, wif you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend to this line until 1 come back; 1 wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted.

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in; and when the owner of the line appeared, he had caught a large number. Counting from them as many as were in the basket, and presenting them to "I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, to waste no time in fruitless wishing, but cast a line for yourself."

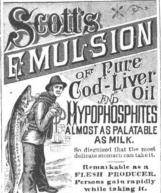
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- "Right ober yere about a mile."

- "Kight ober yere about a mile."
 "Is it a Methodist?"
 "Yes, sah."
 "You are the fifth person that has asked for money for that church within three hours.
 When was it damaged by a cyclone?"
 "I rode by it yesterday, and it appeared all right."
- right."

 "Yes, sah, it ar' all right now."

 "Then what do you want of more money?"

 "We ar' expectin' anoder cyclone in de fall, sah, an' it's gwine ter be a hustler an' blow de spire cl'ar off. Ize collectin' agin it, sah, so we kin make quick repa'rs."



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