

GOLDEN ARGOOSY

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❁ A RACE ON THE RAILS. ❁

AN EXCITING EPISODE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY EDWARD M. KIRKMAN.

AT 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 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 their 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 towards 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 locomotive 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 rapidly.

"I hurried out and summoned Engineer Jeff King. I went two and a half miles and procured 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 distance of twenty miles. Two of us would push while the other one rested. As we proceeded, I observed that the Federal raiders had torn up the track in places and cut the telegraph wires. This was done, of course, to impede the progress of the pursuing party. As we came to a break we would lift up the hand car bodily and tote it over.

"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 military 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 Adairville, we found an engine.

"From Adairville 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 Chattanooga. 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 Chattanooga. 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.

"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 detour. 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 cross-ties, 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 time. We kept in sight of them for two miles or so, going some distance beyond Ring-station. 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 doubtless 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, so that we recaptured her without any difficulty, after an exciting race across four counties."

"A word 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 executed. 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 year's 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.

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 subjects of an illusion. The sides of the artificial shaft will be formed of canvas, painted to show the stratification in a typical deep pit. The cage being made to descend at a considerable velocity, but is brought gradually to rest within a few yards of the pit bank.

As the motion of the cage is retarded, the canvas sides of the shaft are raised up with great velocity, the acceleration being proportional to the retardation of the cage. The effect upon the spectator standing upon the deck of the cage is one of continued descent at the same speed at which he started, and the illusion is kept up after the cage comes to rest by a movement of trepidation communicated to the floor.

The illusion is said to be perfect. When a great death 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 visitor, who believes himself to be deep in the bowels of the earth, then steps out of the cage and enters the workings, where he may see the various operations of coal getting.

It is best to modify all possible doubts. Restore your health by using Warner's Leg and Sarsaparilla. It purifies the blood, regulates the liver. Try it—no doses for \$100. Sold by your druggist. There is no Sarsaparilla "just as good." Get it.

SUNSHINE LAND.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

They came in sight of a lovely shore, A 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 Land.

What was the secret?—a simple thing It will make you smile when you know it: Touched by the tender finger of Spring, A million blossoms were all aglow; So many, so many, so small and bright, They covered the hills with a mantle of light; And the wild bee hummed, and the glad breeze fanned, Through the honeyed fields of Sunshine Land.

If over the sea we two were bound, What port, dear child, wouldst thou choose for ours? We would sail, and sail, till at last we found This fairy gold of a million flowers. Yet, darling, we'd find it, 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;

OR,

THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER LV.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

NORA'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 of decorous sanctimony and resolute pride. The stern face never seemed to her good 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 jovial—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 Calvinistic prim wife.

Never from those prim lips of hers had come forth even one pious rebuke to the careless social man. As he sat, on a lawn in his vest, his profile turned to the road, the light smoke curling 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 shabby voters in Fish Lane; they will have done their work soon, and I shall catch 'em at home. They do say as how we may have an opposition, and I know that old Smokes has gone to Lonnon in search of a candidate. We can't have the Lansmere Constitutional Blues beat by a Lomnoner! Ha, ha, ha!"

"But you will be home before Jane and her husband Mark come? However she could marry a common 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 America there would be three on us. But Mark is a real good blue! A Lomnoner, indeed!—a Yellow from Lomnon beat my Lord and the Blues! Ha, ha!"

"But, John, this Mr. Egerton is a Lomnoner."

"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 Lomnoner? An uncommon clever, well-grown, handsome young man, eh? And my young lord's particular friend."

"Mrs. Avenel sighed.

"What are you sighing and shaking your head for?"

"I was thinking of our poor, dear, dear Nora!"

"God bless her!" cried John, heartily. "There was a rascal under the boughs of the old hollow-headed pollard tree."

"Ha, ha! Hark! I said that so loud that I have startled the ravens!"

"How he did love her!" said Mrs. Avenel, thoughtfully. "I am sure he did; and no why should not she be my lady, after all?"

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

"John—John—John! No harm could ever come to my Nora! She's too pure and too good, and has too proper a pride in her."

"To listen to any young lords, I hope," said John; "though," he added, after a pause, "she might well be a lady, too. My lord, the young one, took me by the hand so kindly the

other day, and said, 'Have not you heard from me? I mean Miss Avenel—lately?' and those bright eyes of his were as full of tears as—as yours are now."

"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 word bring you back that sweet girl of yours. We must both see that she does not come to disgrace.' 'Disgrace! that word made me 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 have loved my young lord, only she was too good to show it. What do you say?'"

"I hope she'll never love any man till she's married to him; it is not proper, John," said Mrs. Avenel, somewhat starchy, though very mildly.

"Ha! ha!" laughed John, chucking his private under the cloth, "I did not say that to me when I stole your first kiss under that yellow tree—no house near it then!"

"Hush, John, hush!" and the prim wife blushed like a girl.

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

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

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

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Avenel across the street, and eyed Leonard with a quick, curious, searching glance, but it was as if he were a man with regard to the borough; or it be plain) you must cash the bills on the day they are due."

"Very well, sir—very well. So you thought the screw upon me, as if I were a poor, impounded householder. I understand—my name or my borough?"

"Exactly so," said the baron, with a half smile.

"You shall hear from me—yes, shall I write from me." (Aside, as Levy strolled away:—"Tarnation rascal!")

Dick Avenel then linked his arm in his nephew's, and strove, for some minutes, to let his own troubles, in the indulgence and curiosity in the affairs of another which was natural to him, and, in this instance, increased by the real affection which he had felt for Leonard.

But still his curiosity remained unsatisfied; the long, but curious, searching glance, which it was his reluctance to cough over to him, and Dick's mind wandered back to his rival at Mayborough, and the curse of "over competition" to the bills which Levy had discounted in order to enable Dick to meet the crushing force of a capitalist larger than himself—and the "tarnation rascal" who now wished to obtain the seat at Lansmere, one for Randall Leslie, one for a rich nabob whom Levy had just caught a client; and Dick, though willing to let Leslie, had a mind to the other seat for himself.

Therefore Dick soon broke in upon the bustling confessions of Leonard, with extravagant and rather for the sake of venting his own resentment than with any idea that the suggestion or advice of his nephew could serve him.

"Well, well," said Dick, "another time is your history. I see you have thrived, and that is enough for the present. Very odd; but I shall not be one of them myself. I'm in a regular fix, sir. Mayborough is not the respectable nabob whom Levy had just caught a client; and Dick, though willing to let Leslie, had a mind to the other seat for himself.

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the invention, a *pon* terms which he declared should be honorable to both parties," hurried off, to search among his friends in the city for some master capitalist, who might be induced to extricate him from the hands of Levy, and the engines of his rival at Mayborough.

CHAPTER LVII.

VOLANTE'S DISAPPEARS.

HARLEY L'ESTRANGE was seated alone in his apartments. He had just perused a volume of some favorite classic author, and he was resting his hand firmly clinched upon the book.

Ever since Harley's return to England, there had been a perceptible change in the expression of his countenance, even in the very bearing and attitude of his elastic youthful figure. But this change had been more marked since that last interview with Helen which has been recorded. Here was a compressed resolute firmness in his lips—a decided character in the brow. To a violent, careless grace of his movements succeeded a certain indescribable energy, as if and self-asserted as that which distinguished the determined air of Audley Egerton himself.

In fact, if you could have looked into his heart, you would have seen that Harley was, for the first time, making a strong effort over his passions and his humors; that the whole man was a mystery, and that he was trying to do it. "No," he muttered—"no—I will think only Helen; I will think only of real life! And at that dark-eyed Italian girl be to me? What a rascal! Fool's fancy is this! I love again—I who, roughly all the fairing of life, have clung to such a faith to a memory and a grave! Come, come, come, Harley L'Estrange, at thy act as man among men at last! Accept retreat; dream no more of passion. Abandon these ideals. Thou art no poet—why deem that of itself can be a poem?"

The door opened, and an Austrian prince, whom Harley had interested in the cause of Volante's father, entered with the familiar step of a friend.

"Have you discovered those documents yet?" he asked. "I must now return to Vienna within a few days. And unless you can arm me with some tangible proof of Peschiera's ancient treachery, or some unanswerable excuse for his noble kinsman, I fear that there is no other hope for the exile's recall to his country than what lies in the hateful option of giving his daughter to his perfidious foe."

"Alas!" said Harley, "as yet, all researches have been in vain, and I know not what other steps to take, without arousing Peschiera's vigilance, and setting his crafty brains at work to counteract us. My poor friend, then, must rest contented with exile. To give Volante to the count were dishonor. But I shall soon be married; soon have a home, not quite unworthy of their due rank, to offer both to father and to child."

"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 no danger yourself, my poor friend?"

"Not just," said Harley, coloring. "My fair guest could have five fathers; that is all. Pray do not look at a thing so grave as honor."

Again the door opened, and Leonard appeared.

"Welcome," cried Harley, pleased to be no longer alone under the prince's penetrating eye. "Let us have a word, here are the papers which share our interest for Riccabocca, and who could serve him so well, if we could but discover the document of which I have spoken to you."

"It is here," said Leonard simply; "may it be all that you require!"

Harley eagerly clasped 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 flushed up, and a boyish toss of his right hand. "Look, look, prince, here are the papers which letters to his kinsman's wife; it is her own hand which calls his 'patriotic designs'; his entreaties to her to induce her husband to share them. Look, look, how he wields his influence over the woman he had once wooed; look how artfully he ombats her objections; see how reluctant our friend was to stir, till wife and kinsman both consented to urge them!"

"It is enough—quite enough," exclaimed the prince, looking at the passages in Peschiera's letters which Harley pointed out to him.

"I know enough of our emperor to know that, the moment these papers reach him, Peschiera is ruined, and your friend is restored to his honor. You will live to see the daughter, to whom you would have given a child's place at your hearth, the wealthiest heiress of Italy—the bride of some noble lover, with rank only below the supremacy of kings."

"Ah!" said Harley in a sharp accent, "I am naming very sadly—ah! I shall not see her again. I shall never visit Italy again!—never ever more—never, after she has acquitted this inmate of cold iron cares and formal duties—ever, never!"

He turned his head for a moment, and then came with quietude to Leonard. "But you, O happy poet! No ideal can ever be lost to you; you are independent of real life. Would I were poet!"

He smiled sadly.

"You 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 great human world. Independent of real life, I have here the confessions of a true poet soul, which I will entrust 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 toward the desk 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—Volante!"

"What of her? Mother, mother! what of her? Speak, speak!"

"She has gone—left our house!"

"Left! No, no!" cried Giacomo. "She must have been deceived or forced away. The count! the count! Oh, my good lord, save her, as you once saved her father!"

"Give me your arm, mother. A second such blow in life is beyond the strength of man—at least of mine, so, so—I am better now! Thank you, mother. Stand back, all of you—give me air. So the count has triumphed, and Volante has fled with him. Explain all—I can bear it!"

CHAPTER LVIII.

RANDAL'S SUBTLE SCHEME.

It is necessary to go somewhat back in the course of this narrative, and account to the reader for the disappearance of Volante.

It may be remembered that Peschiera, frightened by the sudden approach of Lord L'Estrange, 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, Volante 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 Levy the possibilities of one of those bold and violent measures, which were favored by his reckless daring and desperate condition. But Levy treated with such just ridicule any suggestion to abstract Volante by force from Lord Lansmere's house—so scornful the notions of nocturnal assault, with the devices of scaling windows and rope ladders—that the count reluctantly abandoned that romance of villainy so unsuited to England's sober capital, and which would no doubt have terminated in his capture by the police, with the prospect of committal to the House of Correction.

Levy himself found his invention at fault, and Randal Leslie was called into consultation. The usurer had contrived that Randal's schemes of fortune and advancement were so based upon Levy's aid and contrivance, that the young man, with all his desire, failed to make an instrument 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 Sorcerer of earth.

His acquisition of the ancestral arms, his antipathy to Parliament, his haughtiness of countenance, Frank from the heritage of Hazleburn—were all as strings that pulled him to and fro, like a puppet in the sleek fibert nailed fingers of the smiling showman, who could exhibit him to the admiration of a crowd, or cast him away into dust and oblivion.

Randal gnawed his lip in the sullen wrath of a man who braves his hour of future emancipation, and lent his brain to the hire of the present 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, "must be the active agent in the first and most difficult part of your enterprise. Volante cannot be taken by force from Lord Lansmere—she must be induced to leave with her own consent. A father is needed here. Woman can betray a woman."

"Admirably said," quoth the count; "but Beatrice has grown restive, and, though her dowry, and therefore her very marriage with that excellent young Hazleburn, depend on my own alliance with my fair kinswoman, she has grown so impatient 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 has; but I know not whom, unless it be that detested L'Estrange."

"Ah—well, well. Interfere with her no further yourself, but have all in readiness to quit England, as you had before proposed, as soon as Volante 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 service, and I have here 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, Volante will land on my arm as Countess of Peschiera."

"But Volante," said Randal, doggedly, determined not to yield to the disgust with which the count's audacious cynicism filled even him—"but Volante cannot be moved in broad daylight at once to such a vessel, nor from a quarter so populous as that in which your sister resides."

"I have thought of that too," said the count; "my emissaries have found me a house close by the river, and safe for our purpose as the dungeons of Venice."

"I wish not to know all this," answered Randal, quickly; "you will instruct Madame di Negra how to take Volante—my task limits itself to the fair inventions that belong 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 later I may give you a hint to guard against the chance of her remorse. Meanwhile, to keep you into action, I will appear suspicion would fall upon you, show yourself constantly in public surrounded by your friends. Be able to account for every hour 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 you are 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. "I! What do you take me for?"

"The iron leg go his hold."

"This boy ought to rise very high," said he to 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 his 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 Lansmere's house, you 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 Lansmere's house; and I will now tell you that that girl is she whom Count Peschiera would make his bride."

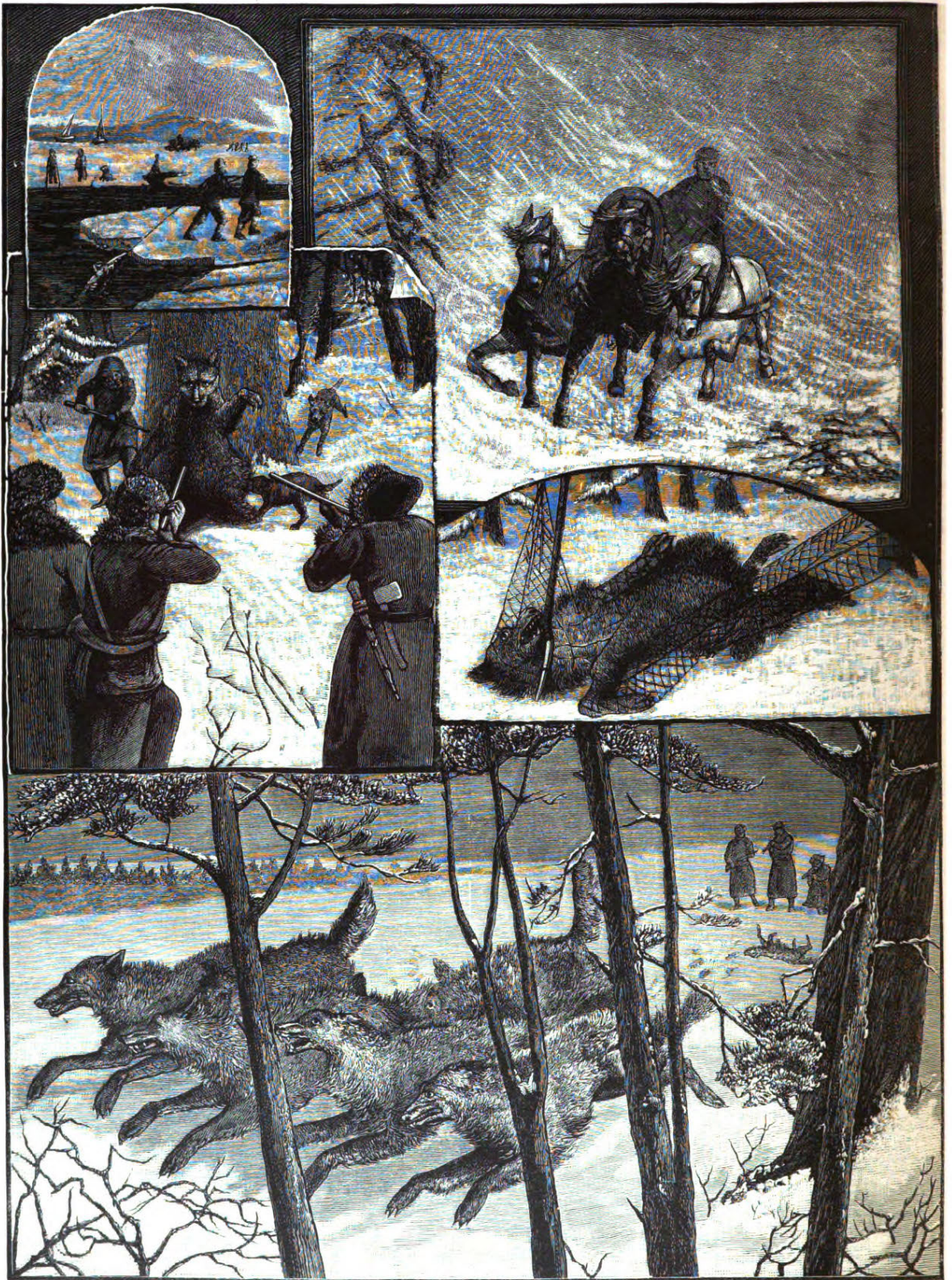
As Randal thus spoke, and saw how his listener's brow darkened and her eye flashed, he felt that his accomplice was secured.

Volante! Had not Leonard spoken of his betrothal, and with such praise? Had not his youth been passed under her eyes? Who but Volante could be the rival?

Beatrice's abrupt exclamations after a moment's pause revealed to Randal the advantage he had gained. And partly by rousing her jealousy into revenge, partly by flatterings her love, with assurance that, if Volante were fairly removed from England, were the wife of Count Peschiera—it would be impossible that Leonard could remain insensible to her own attractions—that he, Randal, would undertake to free her honorably from her engagement to Frank Leslie, and obtain for her bridegroom the acquittal of the debt which had first fettered her hand to that confiding suitor—he did not quit the marchesa until she had not only promised to do all that Randal might suggest, but impetuously urged him to mature his plans, and hasten the hour to accomplish them.

Randal then walked some minutes musing and slow along the streets, revolving the next meshes in his elaborate and most subtle web. And here his craft luminously devised its masterpiece.

It was necessary, during any interval that might elapse between Volante's disappearance and her departure from England, in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who might otherwise be detained), that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable; it was still more necessary that Randal himself should stand wholly clear from any suspicion, so that in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who might otherwise be detained), that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable; it was still more necessary that Randal himself should stand wholly clear from any suspicion, so that in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who might otherwise be detained), that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable; it was still more necessary that Randal himself should stand wholly clear from any suspicion, so that in order to divert suspicion from Peschiera (who might otherwise be detained), that some cause for her voluntary absence from Lord Lansmere's should be at least assignable; 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WINTER SPORT IN RUSSIA.

SLEIGH RIDES AND SURGEON FISHING—HUNTING THE BEAR AND WOLF.—See p. 756.

LIFE'S DESIGN.

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

The Big Jaguar.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

THAT there are discomforts and hardships innumerable, not to speak of dangers, in a wandering life, goes without saying.

In commo- on with other driftabouts 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 ARGOSY. And one in particular I find under this heading.

"May 3, 1875. Clear hot. Ruins of El Bispo. Jaguar, monkeys, ducking."

Now that short and somewhat peculiar record brings up a host of recollections. The incident covered considerably more ground than the entry in my journal might suggest.

It never would have happened only for Brown. In fact, but for being over-persuaded 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 a thousand or so years ago by the people who once populated the ruined city of El Bispo in Southern Ecuador.

But I did so—particularly as Brown was willing to put his money against my rather varied experiences as a respectable adventurer. 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, finally making as our objective point a little Indian settlement on the river Maranon, which partly separates Ecuador from Peru.

I say objective point because I myself objected, indeed flatly refused, to go further into the South American wilderness. Mosquitoes, malaria, quinine, and the tremendous down-falls 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.

"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 cities of South America, and in consequence he was sure of making my fortune as well as adding to his own.

But, as I say, my own enthusiasm 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 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, plantain and yam from the little inclos-

ures cultivated by the Indian women, who themselves were the workers of the community. Then there were chickens, wild fowl and small game in abundance to be had, not for a song, but for a certain number of fish hooks or a quantity of linen thread, these two comprising 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 mat serving to close it if it happened to rain. The roof was raftered with bamboo and thatched with palm leaves. Total cost, with a hammock and charcoal brazier for cooking

purposes, two gross of fish hooks and a 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 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 admiration, 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. You may wonder at my lack of zeal, but let me assure you that, with the mercury marking 102 in the shade, the acid 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 as the man eating tiger of the Indies. And that this particular beast was fully up to the mark as to ferocity and appetite there was no reason to doubt from what I had already learned.

Devoutly did I hope our search in the jungle-like thickets back of the settlement 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 behind the retreating waters. And there was no help for it, either. Go I must, and go I did.

After an hour of perspiring toil, punctuated with mosquitoes by the million, I vowed that I wouldn't 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.

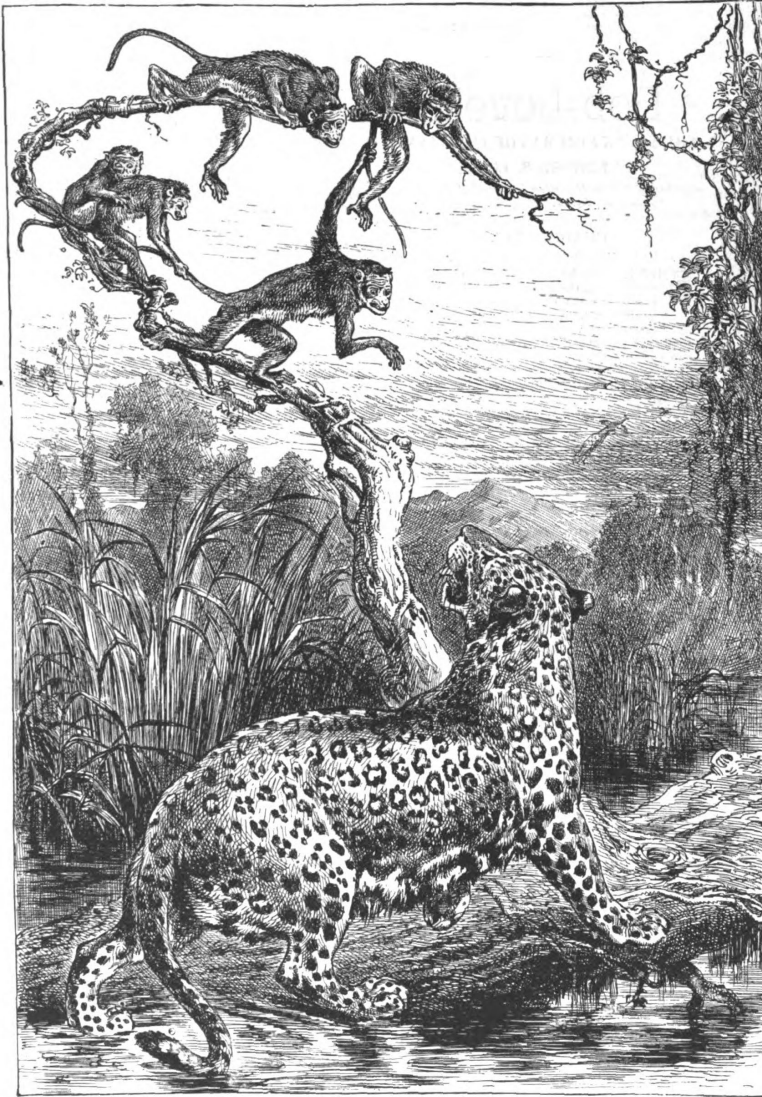
Opposite was a clump of tall *napos* palms, from the pendent leaves of which hung a perfect network of *lianas* and flowering vines. These were suddenly agitated, and all at once I saw one of the longer ones pulled back. Before I could guess what was coming, it swung out from the tree across the little channel, the motive power being a baboon, who caught and clutched a limb that projected 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 semi-circular rings of black, launching itself through the air from a neighboring hammock.

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 shrieking above him, diverted his attention, luckily, so that I got my head



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

for his attempt to instruct me in the curious mongrel Spanish of his people. But very soon the novelty 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 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 encounters with ferocious wild beasts. But fear of losing caste in the eyes of the

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!"

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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 grimaces! Forgetful of my dangerous situation, I let out the pent up laugh of a few 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 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 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 clushing 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.

I crawled back to the bank more dead than alive, as Cacha, with a yell of triumph, came hurrying to the spot. The monkeys scampered away with derisive chattering. 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 two pack mules loaded down with antique pottery in wicker panniers. At least I could see something of the kind sticking out in the shade I gave Cacha half a gross of fish hooks for it, and was rubbing the fleshy side with arsenicated 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 of served grandly, as I pointed to the skin, "is rather more manly sport than hunting 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 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.

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

An usher explained the matter later and they remained.

A NEW USE FOR TENNIS RACKETS.

OLD Jefferson Catnip, upon his first visit to 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 town."

"Why not?"

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

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One such and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
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 oft repeated effort,
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.]

Bob Lovell;

THE YOUNG FIREMAN OF THE AJAX.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

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

CHAPTER XIV.

"WE'VE GOT HIM!"

HERE could be little question that the stranger on the front platform of the express car was a desperate individual, who 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.

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 little care.

It was at that critical moment, Bob became aware that Matt had shut off steam and hence applied the brakes, not with the intention of stopping the train, but with a view of easing 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 cap was drawn down, so that, even had there been plenty of light, little more than his eyes 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.

"Hello!" shouted Bob, as he stepped down beside him; "it's rather rough riding out there."

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 in here."

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

"Hello! 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 no chances.

"It is I, Bob Lovell; let me in before I'm snowed under."

During the few seconds occupied in obeying 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 fix it."

The stranger made no reply, but grins shifted his position a few inches and held his ground.

Bob stepped within, the door was quickly closed and fastened. Then he motioned them to follow him to the other end of the car.

"Bovs," 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 him. I told him I would coax you to let him step inside out of the gate."

"What did you do that for?" asked Hamilton.

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

"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 miracle 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 hesitation, 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 ain't one of 'em, even if I am trying to beat my way to Ofacla."

"Where did you get on?"

"At the Junction. The fact is I've been down there on a big train that had 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 a 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 while, till you caught me."

The last words were addressed to Bob, who replied with a laugh,

"I saw you by accident, and thought it was a shame that you should have to stay out there; so I slipped in here and asked the gentlemen to let you come in and sit down till we reach Ofacla."

"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 position, 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 overcoat pockets, snatched them out. Despite the exposure to which he had been subjected, neither of them was muffled 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 car.

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

But Powell had also drawn his revolver, and, believing there was no escaping the necessity, he was only waiting long enough to make his capture, 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!"

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 showed 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, the man safe containing the gold, captured 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 he thought it must have made a big dent in the massive iron.

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 who kept him astride of his body and gripped his throat with a violence that threatened strangulation.

The next attempt on the part of Hamilton and Powell to capture the revolving lawbreaker was successful. They were forced down to the floor, where several rapid twists of the press secured the limbs at the knees and ankles.

Then, with more difficulty, the arms were strongly bound at the wrists, and the prisoner was helpless.

A few minutes later, as Bob Lovell clambered back over the tender, he greeted the impatient look of Matt with the words:

"We've got him!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE INTERESTING STRANGER.

AFTER the captured miscreant had been securely bound, Bob Lovell picked up the revolver that lay in the corner, and shoved it into his hip pocket with the remark:

"That may come handy before we reach Ofacla."

Matt Fields was thrilled by the brief story which his fireman shouted into his ear, and with a laugh and a nod, jerked the lever of his engine, which bounded forward with increased 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 that hardly a flake was eddying through the air. But for the thought of the robbers down the road, the engineer would have made an attempt to regain part of the time lost.

Meanwhile, as may be supposed, Calver Twomey the conductor found an interesting state of affairs within the three cars behind the express. He was a wide awake employee of the company, and was held in high regard by the officials above him. The spotters of both sexes, who occasionally took a ride over a section or the whole of the I. & O., never fail anything on "Cal," as he was universally called. He could not be otherwise than honest, and therefore if he was summoned to the office of the superintendent or that of the president, he went without that awful misgiving which sometimes racks the employee nowadays when "sent for."

The railway conductor, from continuous practice, soon acquires great skill in memorizing faces. One of the most wonderful experiences I ever underwent was at the Lindell Hotel in St. Louis, where I passed into the dining room some minutes after nearly six hundred guests had entered. The colored youth at the door, who took the hats, was absent for the moment, and I laid my hat on the rack among the multitude of others.

To my amazement, when I came out, he immediately selected my headgear from the hundreds, and handed it to me with the remark:

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

And that same negro passed every hat to the proper owner as he emerged from the dining room. Among them must have been at least three hundred silk hats, between which there was to be appreciable difference to ordinary fops, 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 railway conductors who are skilful in this kind of thing. They will walk through one crowded car after another, and, as they glance from side to side, instantly detect a person who is trying to beat his way. Cal Twomey has something of this art, which is purely acquired, so that after parting from Matt and Bob at the Junction, he was passing slowly through the smoker, and the two following cars, with his penetrating look on each side, he picked out the three persons who had got on at the Junction for the ride to Ofacla.

Since the terminus of the I. & O. line was at the latter town, it took no sleepers or palace cars, and had no regular stopping place after leaving the Junction. This, it will be remembered, was a distance of sixty-five miles, which was a long run, comprehending eight or ten stoppages for the way trains. Sometimes the express made a brief halt at Jigtown, ten miles west of Dead Man's Hollow, for coal or water, but it continued on its way.

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

In the second car, a short, fleshy, middle-aged man was trying to read a paper by the rather weak light overhead. His face was coated with a stubble, however, and he was dressed in rather loud clothing, but there was nothing striking in his appearance. Nevertheless, Twomey fixed upon him as one of the party concerned in the scheme for robbing the express company.

The third person, of course, was in the smoker, and 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-

down all, his head resting 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 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 through.

It was while standing in the aisle of the smoker, directly opposite this individual, that Twomey reached up to adjust the bell over 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 of 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.

"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 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?"

"The obliging stranger moved closer against the side of the car to make room for the conductor, who accepted the invitation with 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 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 strong.

"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 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 ought to have been wide open."

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

"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 self-possession.

Taking out his watch, he said, "We ought to have passed it long ago, but we are behind time and losing continually. I don't see where the ten minutes that I thought I can't make sure of it. Are you interested in Dead Man's Hollow?"

"I can'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 shouldn't 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, and the conductor was puzzled to understand why it should be made. He thought perhaps the fellow felt so secure in the success of his plan that he was amusing himself at his expense. Without hesitation, 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 boys 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."

"Do you think the man who was tormented by the suspicion that he had heard 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 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 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.

He had returned to his place beside his bright-eyed friend, feeling nervous and apprehensive at the certainty that the crisis must come within the next minute or two, when the latter, in an indifferent manner, said:

"Cal, you have made a little mistake—an oversight, as it may be termed."

"What do you mean?" he asked officiously.

"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?"

"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?"

"The other indulged in a chuckling laugh, and answered:

"You and I had a little talk in the private office of the superintendent last Tuesday—"

"Well, my gracious!" was all the conductor could say; "I knew we had met somewhere, but I don't suspect it was you. What is your business on the train, Runneman?"

"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 Olafca."

The man, whom the conductor had recognized at last, was Horan Runneman, 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 movements 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 a brief while after the whistle of Ajax sounded, but, holding his hand to the side of his face to shut out the glare of the light within, he scrutinized the snowy woods as if searching for some landmark. He did not fail 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 ignominiously 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.

"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:

"I have done it often, and no objection has ever been made to it. This is all for de rol. 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."

"Who 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 it isn't worth my leaving the car."

"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 own road.

A scene almost similar took place in the second car, where the man selected by Twomey developed a sudden eagerness to smoke a cigar. The I. & 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.

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 loaded.

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 his 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 slight that it amounted to little.

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 pierced the black gloom, which continually receded before the tardy advance of Ajax.

A moment later, the network of the trestle work loomed in view. Having no draw, it was without framework above, but the cross pieces, of solid timber, were so arranged as to make the glare of the headlight struck them.

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

Matt Fields was as alert as a panther. His left hand rested on the floor of the cab, and the right limb was crooked at the knee so that the foot was supported on the projection six inches higher. The body was bent forward and slightly to the right, the hand on that side grasping the support of the sliding window, which was drawn aside, like that of the freeman. The left hand was gently closed around the upper part of the lever, which had already shut out the steam 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 bring it backward.

The attitude of Matt Fields was that of the most watchful vigilance, while Bob Lovell, still leaning far out of the cab window, suggested that he was about to spring into the air. He scarcely looked down, as the engine slowly moved 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 danger, swaying like a great pendulum from side to side. There was no mistake about the presence 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 at the same instant.

But the fireman was dumfounded. Instead of checking the engine as was the original plan, Matt moved neither hand. Ajax continued to creep 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 might occur, 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 continually 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 McQuinn was run over by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday. He was injured in a similar way two years ago.

At the Irish House of Commons issued an order to this effect: "Any member unable to write may get another member to frank his letter for him, but only on condition that he certifies with his own handwriting his inability on the back of it."

A well known English epithet commences as follows: "If you are a fool, if you can't read." This is somewhat akin to the hand board which read: "The ford is dangerous when this board is covered by the water."

NEEPER kills injuries; revenge increases them. A neglected cold increases its injurious effects on the system till consumption finally kills, unless relieved by the *Low Cabot Cough and Consumption Remedy*. It is a reliable remedy of ye olden time.

EXCHANGES. Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to subscribers and weekly purchasers of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, but we cannot include exchanges of broadsides, bills, eggs, magazine, chemicals, or any objectionable or worthless articles, nor exchanges for "books," nor any exchanges of papers, except those of strictly business value. We must disclaim all responsibility for transactions made through this department. All who intend to make an exchange should before doing so write for particulars to the address given by the person offering the exchange. We have on file the number of exchanges, which will be published in their turns as soon as space permits.

Bert Wood, Addison, N. V. A fountain pen, for type.

J. Cassell, 1407 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md. Minerals, for minerals.

Oliver Brastow, Somerville, Mass. A 4 draw spy glass, for a concertina.

Oscar Keller, Wilson, Kan. An aluminum watch, cost \$10, for reading matter or a banjo.

J. Willard Bromfield, Southbridge, Mass. Vol. III. of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY, unbound, for Vol. IV.

F. W. Maas, 208 East 62d St., New York City. Shakespeare's works, for a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

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

Louis L. Tafel, 819 Windsor Square, Philadelphia, Pa. A flute and other articles, for a 4 or 6 keyed piccolo.

G. B. Haynes, 624 North 20th St., Omaha, Neb. A small camera, 2 books by Optic, etc., for a small press and outfit.

W. B. Bradford, Box 688, Westerly, R. I. One hundred and twenty five different stamps, for 150 different tin tags.

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

Clarence Vreeland, care R. G. Dun & Co., Box 803, New York City. An album with stamps and books, for books.

F. J. Hall, 482 East 75th St., New York City. Coins, stamps, postmarks, etc., for coins and stamps. Send lists.

Franklin H. Cathcart, Box 668, Baltimore, Md. A self inking 2, by 3 press, with 10 fonts of type, for a collection of stamps.

T. D. Carson, 135 Maplewood Ave., Germantown, Pa. Eight hundred tin tags, for any 5 nos. of MUSEY'S POPULAR SERIES.

J. S. De Maris, 2589 Gray's Ferry Road, Philadelphia, Pa. A number of articles, for a typewriter or a bicycle. Send for list.

John Goddard, 97 Chester Ave., Chelsea, Mass. A press and outfit, and a magic lantern with 12 slides, for a 5 by 7 self inking press.

James R. Burke, Box 588, Amesbury, Mass. A magic lantern, for a set of boxing gloves for a boy of 16. Matchless offers only.

A. T. Lawrence, 60 Belmont Ave., Jersey City, N. J. A magic lantern and outfit, cost \$5.50, and other articles, for a jointed rod and reel.

Harry Young, Bessemer Steel Works, South Pueblo, Colo. Minerals, valued at \$25, for a scroll saw or a volume of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Joseph Chobot, 219 East 75th St., New York City. A 28 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, 269, 296, and 299 of THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

Henry Osman, Lansdale, Pa. A pair of No. 14 ice skates, nearly new, a file, and useful books, for Box E flat cornet, or other musical instrument.

Will J. Morris, 300 25th St., Chicago, Ill. An album with about 300 stamps, a Canada 25c. bill, and flags of all nations, all valued at \$6, for a typewriter.

Charles H. Warren, 461 Washington St., Brighton, Mass. Fifty revenue stamps, or 100 foreign stamps, for every 200 square cut U. S. envelope stamps.

A. P. Peck, 306 Washburn Ave., Chicago, Ill. A nickel plated telegraph key and sponder, and 4 boys' books, valued at \$7, for a 4 by 5 or 5 by 7 photo outfit.

William Connolly, 333 Cutter St., Cincinnati, O. A press and 2 fonts of type, a pair of Acme ice skates, 500 different tin tags, and picture cards, for a photo outfit.

R. R. Cooke, East Haddam, Conn. A horizontal steam engine with walking beam, a file with mouthpiece, and a flute, for a set of boxing gloves for a boy of 19.

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

W. E. Price, Box 3372, 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.

W. A. Miller, 183 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y. A 3 1/2 by 4 1/2 camera, double plate holder, printing frame, etc., for a set of boxing gloves or a steam engine and boiler.

E. E. Weaver, 352 West Chestnut St., Lancaster, Pa. A Weeden camera, 25c. stamps, 25, for 2 fonts of type, and other articles, for a typewriter or a self inking press.

Fred K. Thompson, Hemlock Lake, N. Y. A 4 by 2 1/2 hand inking press with 3 fonts of type, a pair of opera glasses, and 6 books by Alger, for a camera and paddle.

Henry Torstick, Box 32, Locust Valley, N. Y. An Italian violin, valued at \$35, and a nickel plated 18 barrel banjo, for a 48 to 52 in. rubber tired, nickel plated bicycle.

J. T. McFarland, 84 Warren St., Boston, Mass. Twenty nine pieces of guitar music, cost \$9, and 200 different pieces of vocal and piano music, cost \$81, for stamps.

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



The subscription price of the ARGOSY is \$2.00 per year, payable in advance.

Club rate.—For \$4.00 we will send two copies for one year to separate addressees.

Subscriptions to the ARGOSY can commence at any time. As a rule we start them with the beginning of some serial story, unless otherwise ordered.

The number (whole number) with which one's subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name.

Renewals.—Two weeks are required after receipt of money by us before the number appears on the printed slip can be changed.

Every subscriber is notified three weeks before the expiration of his subscription, and, if he does not renew, his paper is stopped at the end of the time paid for.

In ordering back numbers inclose 4 cents for each copy. No rejected manuscript will be returned unless stamps accompany it for that purpose.

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

A REMARKABLE STORY.

"Since the conclusion of 'Heir to a Million' many of our readers have anxiously inquired 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 installment of

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 country boy 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 army 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 saying, 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 Vermont 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. Gleason. 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 unhesitatingly as they are, they form the best possible advertisement our paper could have.

BUTLER, Mo., Sept. 30, 1888.

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

J. H. DE ARMOND.

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

I think the ARGOSY is a splendid boys' paper. "Ray Culver" and "Dear Dunham" being especially good. I hope you will have a sequel to "The Boy Broker."

FRANK R. LEWIS.

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 held in time past by some of the most famous American heroes—George Washington, Anthony Wayne, 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 29th 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 war—he 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 "Departments." The Atlantic Division includes but one Department—that of the East; the Missouri Division is formed of the Departments of Missouri, Texas, Dakota, and the Plate; and that of the Pacific comprises the Departments of California, Arizona, and the Columbia. It 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 East again as Superintendent of the West Point Academy. On the death of General Hancock, the present commander in chief succeeded him at the head of the Division of the Atlantic, and took up his residence at Governor's Island in New York harbor.

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 distinction 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.

It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy.—*Ruskin*.

TRUTH, like sunlight, is infusant; but as this gives life only as it is the medium of heat, so truth 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 is valor too.—*Ben Jonson*.

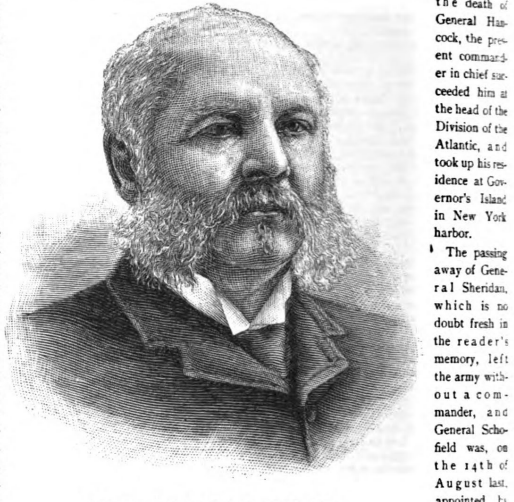
YOUTH is but the painted shell within which, continually growing, lives that wondrous thing, the spirit of a man, biding its moment of aspiration, earlier in some than in others.

ALL truly wise thoughts have been thought already thousands of times; but, to make them truly ours, we must think them over again honestly, till they take root in our personal experience.—*Goswami*.

A MODERATE understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius attended with that impatience and inattention which too often accompany 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 headlong, forthright tide that bears away a man with his fancies like a straw, and runs fast in time and space.

AMBITION is full of distractions; it teems 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 may burst out into an impetuous blast till the cordage of its heart strings crack.—*Jeremy Taylor*.



MAJOR GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD.

From a Photograph by Bell.

LOOK FORWARD.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTOR.

Rise, 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, the future is ever:
Cast her phantom arms away!
Nor look back save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife 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.

WHEN 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 and unbecoming manner, committed to his berth to sleep of 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 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, had been not much respect for the authority 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 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 plain to 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. "Dunk, 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 he used 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.

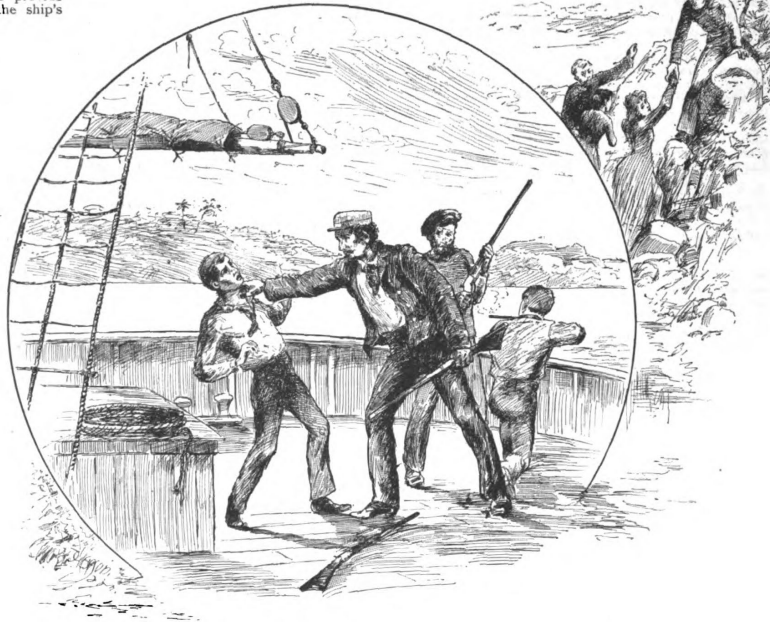
In a few minutes more, the careful firing of the mate disabled another fellow, and his paddle dropped into the water, which caused another stop. The Indians seemed as unwilling to lose their implements as the mate, for they evidently realized that the success of their efforts depended upon the skill 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 I 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 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 situation in that direction.



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 Beedon 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 rifles 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, 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!" called Mr. Boscook 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.

"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 defiant 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,

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

"Tell some other fellow to do that," added Dunk.

"I told you to do it!" "Well, I won't do it!" That's the whole of it!" replied Dunk, as he fired his rifle at random.

It was a case of flat mutiny at a most critical moment.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE MATE RESORTS TO EXPEDIENTS.

DUNK 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 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 the captain's son. He wrestled

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 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.

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 plankstair, 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 stone.

"I intend to use rocks like that to repel boarders," replied the mate, as he filled 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.

"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."

"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 vessel," 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 nothing with the schooner if he tripped the anchor.

By this time Dunk had taken about a dozen stones to the deck, and he was still at work more diligently than his companions 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 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.

"If you have anything to say about the

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 friend," said the detective, with the smile that our hero had come to dislike 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 me yourself?"

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

The detective looked at Ray keenly. It seemed as if he regarded him as a most puzzling 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 flanking his arm in Ray's, the detective whisked a few words in passing to the clerk, and then the two went out into the gas lighted streets.

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.

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

"Oh, Charley," here broke in Ray, "is Clifford here?"

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

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 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.

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.

"Yes, he was standing just behind my brother and myself while we were searching the safe," replied Ray.

"Humph, how 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 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 having been made."

"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 it 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 do was perfectly correct, and then besides, I had the evidence of my own eyes."

Ray's voice, which had at first been raised in hope, now sank again to its dull tone of resignation.

"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?"

"No; 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."

"Aha, that may explain how the clever fellow contrived to forge the document without forging the names?"

"Forge?" exclaimed the gentleman from the Riviera. "Then the former added: 'You think then—'"

"That this young lawyer of yours is a very accomplished rogue," finished the man of clews, bringing his 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 out?" 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."

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

"How could he 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: "But might he not have used 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:

"But 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 say 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.

"No, no," he said in reply to Kip's exclamations. "I'll tell 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 first bundle of documents in his hand."

"Yes, and the next minute when I had pulled out the other one and found it to be only the lease of the house, he cried out that he was right after all, and that the will was among the papers he had himself taken from the safe in the first place."

"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.

COULD 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 when still I 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 lives was a complete stranger to Ray, and now safely out of reach, it did not so much matter about an exact imitation 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 genuine."

"Genuine?" echoed Ray, in amazement.

"Then how is it that a forged will has been written after the names were signed to it," responded 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 the matter 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 Tresham have in taking all that trouble? He couldn't surely tell before-hand that that was a forged will, like that 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 benefit the man who has done it?"

"Why, he expects to take all the money father left himself, I suppose," rejoined Ray. "Still," he added the next minute, 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, intrusted 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 intrust it to me for investigation, Mr. Culver, I am sure I can see you righted 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 Clifford, and for whom we advertised in Cliff's paper, as one of 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 Clifford, and for whom we advertised in Cliff's paper, as one of the corner without the least indication that they saw it."

The restless, anxious look came back to Ray's face as he rose to his feet and picked up his hat from the table 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 confident that 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 detective, "for it furnishes you with about all the additional proof you need that this Tresham is a rascal. And he should be seen to at once before he has a chance to get away with his spoils. 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 interrupted him with: "You must stay here with me; you can't afford to pay 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 scam 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.

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 after his long fast, and was so distracted by worry 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 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 her, he 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.

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 matter of Tresham 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 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 waitress 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 Chestra 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 parted at the foot of Mrs. Fanshawe's stoop.

Ray walked up the steps with a heavy heart, opened the door with his latch key, and was half way up the first flight of steps, when a shrill woman's shriek echoed through the silent house, followed by a cry of "Help, help, thieves, robbers!"

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always glad to oblige our readers to the extent of our abilities, but justice to all our such questions as are of general interest can receive attention. We have on file a number of queries which will be answered in due time as soon as space permits. 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 named is now out of print and cannot be procured.

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

A CONSTANT READER, New York. A cure for dandruff was suggested in Allan Trent in the correspondence column of No. 293.

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

E. H. T., New York City. You might perhaps dispose of your scroll saw fancy articles to some 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 you.

JOHN BANDER, JR., 746 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill., would like to hear from boys between 12 and 15 wishing to join the First National Cadets, Company A.

D. L., Centreville, Ind. The firm named is a reliable one. The first 21 nos. of Vol. VI will be sent post paid from this office on receipt of the price, \$1.35.

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

H. H., Minneapolis, Minn. No, only the particular book suggested 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, 119 East 121st St., New York City. A self inkling press, and a hand inkling press, with 20 fonts and outfit, value \$1.25, for a photo camera and outfit of equal value.

C. A. B., Somerville, Mass. Yes, 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. 298.

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 31 inches, is a big fellow. We hope he is equally good.

A WILLING WORKER, Camden, N. J. Six hundred dollars would barely purchase a hundred sheep, without any land or outfit, and a few dollars more, for a photo camera and outfit of equal value.

W. E., Montreal, Can. 1. Vol. V began with No. 269, when the size of the ARGOSY was changed from eight to sixteen pages. 2. Vols. III, IV and V can still be obtained in bound form, but odd numbers can be supplied only as far back as No. 211.

T. M. M., Newark, N. J. It is useless to ask us to prescribe for the ailments of dogs and other pet animals. By the time our answer can reach you, the sufferer will surely either be dead or recovered. You had better consult a veterinary surgeon 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 ARGOSY—"The Lost Trail," in Vol. II, "Campfire on the Camp of Explorers in the Forest," in Vol. III, "The Camp in the Mountains" and "The Last War Trail," Vol. V.

PROTECTION, Fitchburg, 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. 285.

SAILOR BOY, Taunton, Mass. Here is a list of the tonnage of Atlantic steamers: Servia, 7392; La Bourgogne and La Gasconne, 7393; Auramba, 7269; Alaska, 6325; La Champagne, 6292; La Bretagne, 6282; La Normandie, 2172; City of Berlin, 5011; Parisian, 5190; City of Gallia, 5202; Germanic, 5088; Britannic, 5004; Gallia, 4809; City of Richmond, 4780; City of England, 4720; City of Adriatic, 2818; Celtic, 3867; Pennsylvania, 3760; Baltic and Republic, 3707. The lengths you ask for are, in feet: La Bourgogne, Bretagne, Champagne, and Gasconne, 422; City of Berlin, 489; Normandie, 459; Britannic and Germanic, 455; City of Chester, 444; Parisian, 440; Adriatic and Celtic, 437; City of Chicago and Gallia, 430; Ems, 429; Baltic and Republic, 420; and Pennsylvania, 361.

EXCELSIOR.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

HAVEN'T you been 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.

[This story commenced in No. 307.]

My Friends & Smith.

By TALBOT BAINES REED.

Author of "Mr. Halgrove's Ward."

CHAPTER VIII.

I ANSWER AN ADVERTISEMENT.

THE 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.

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 after his disappearance. I wrote him a letter full of sorrow and sympathy, duly addressed it to "J., Post Office, Packworth," and sent it repositiously mailed in the village. 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 years' residence under that dull roof. I do not blame it all on the school, or even on Miss Henniker, depressing as both were.

There is no reason why, even at a school for backward and troublesome boys, a fellow shouldn't improve, if he gave his mind to it. 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 I cast 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.

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 Hawkesbury, 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 worth of his character.

But this is a digression. As I was saying, I left Stonebridge House a good deal wilder, and more racketsy and more sophisticated, than I had entered it two years before. However, 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 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 London."

"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."

"The sooner you start the better," continued my uncle. "I have marked a few advertisements in that pile of newspapers," added he, pointing to a dozen or so of papers on his table. "You had better take them and look through them, and tell me if 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 hurry back to my uncle's room.

"Uncle, do you know the Smiths of Packworth?"

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 & Co. wanted to look after a shop.

That was as the first I caught sight of. And the next was equally promising.

Page wanted by a professional gentleman. Must be clean, well behaved, and make himself useful in house. Attend to boots, coats, 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 to travel abroad.

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, 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."



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.

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 splendid 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 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 at my uncle.

"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," 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."

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.

How feverishly I read and re-read what I had written. What panics I got into about the spelling of "situation," and the number of '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 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 don'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 went by and the post brought no letter; I was beginning to think I should have to settle down as a newspaper boy or a page after all.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY ABOUT SMITH.

AT the end of the week I was so disheartened that I could stay in the house no longer, but sallied out, I cared not whether, 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."

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, 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."

"If you was 121 I wouldn't take you, there! But hop up!"

And next moment I found myself bowling merrily along in the baker's cart, all among the leaves 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 enquire.

"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, 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?"

"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 Stonebridge House."

"You was! How long before you was born was it; oh my eye, eh?"

"It was only last year."

"That was too much for my driver, who clapped me on the back, and as soon as he could recover his utterance, cried,

"My eyes, you will find him growed!"

"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 clapped me on the back, and as soon as he could recover his utterance, cried,

"My eyes, you will find him growed!"

"Has he?" I said, half envious, for I wasn't growing very quickly.

"Ain't he! He's grown a lump since you was at school together," roared my eccentric 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 covey."

A light suddenly dawned upon me. "Bell ringing: old covey. That's not the Jack Smith I mean!"

"What?" roared my companion, "you don't mean him?"

"No, who?" cried I, utterly bewildered.

"Why, old Jack Smith, the sexton, what was eighty two last Christmas! You wasn't at school with him! Oh, I say; here, take the reins; I can't drive straight no longer!" and he fairly 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 driver, 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 be thankful to have come so far on such a wild goose chase.

Packworth 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 chum seemed very remote indeed.

I 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 asked.

The clerk fumbled over the contents of a pigeon hole, from which he promptly 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 dirty, my first letter. "That's for 'J' too," said he.

Now that Jack had never been to Brownstroke, I 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?

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 hope of something turning up. But nothing did. Nothing ever does when a fellow wants it.

So I turned tail, and faced the prospect of a solitary ten mile walk back to Brownstroke, which I decidedly detested. This expedition to Packworth had been a favorite dream of mine 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 than ever.

There were my two neglected letters, never called for, and not a word from him since the day I left Stonebridge. 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 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 reins hung loose, and the little stirrup was flying about in all directions.

Fortunately, the part of the road where we were 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 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 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 off his back, and then, before he could fling himself round and continue his bolt in another direction, I had him firmly by the snaffle.

The little girl, who had been twelve or thirteen, was not hurt, 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 nearest tree, and did what I could to relieve the young lady's tribulation, a task in which I was succeeding very fairly when a female, in the child's nurse, arrived on the scene in a panic.

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 lot 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.

Not 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. It ran as follows:

Messrs. Merrett, Barnacle, and Co. are in receipt of Frederick Batchelor's application for junior clerkship, and in reply—

"What?" I gasped to myself, as I turned over the leaf.

"I 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."

"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 Saturday?"

"You still mean to try?" said my uncle.

"Why, yes," said I, resolutely. "I do."

"Then you had better go to town on Saturday."

"Won't you go with me?" I inquired, nervously.

"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 afraid to go to London alone?"

"I'll go with you, but I'll live if I 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 I 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, Barnacle, 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 day.

If only I had been easy in my mind about Jack Smith I should have been positively cheerful. 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 playground at Stonebridge. How 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 surprise, however, only the last of the two letters was there, and in light I could not find the other. It was very strange, for I distinctly remembered having it in my hand after leaving Packworth. Then suddenly it occurred 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.

I SUPPOSE my uncle thought it good discipline to turn a young fellow like me adrift to find his way, and that every one was rushing, 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.

Every one but myself seemed to be in a desperate 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 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 attracted me prodigiously. It was not the crowd, or the noise, or the cabs, or the omnibuses, or the newspaper boys, or the shops, or the policemen, or the chimney pot hats. These all astonished me, as well they might. But what terrified me was the number of boys 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 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 cabs horses, and not one of them caring or thinking a bit about me. What chance had I among all these?

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 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.

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. Every one was in such a hurry that I dared not "pop the question" as to the whereabouts of Hawk Street again, but made my way back once more to the entrance.

By this time I was so muddled that for the life of me I could not tell which was the street I had come down, still less how I could get back to it.

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 him, 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 knows as meet the man in the moon!

It was my friend Smith!

"Jack!" I exclaimed.

"Fred!" I exclaimed, seizing my hand.

There was no doubt about it, and no doubt about all my foolish suspicions as to his having forgotten me or ceased to care for me being groundless. His solemn face lit up almost to a look of jubilation as he grasped my hand and said:

"Why, Fred, old man, whatever are you doing here?"

"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, "I've got to be in Hawk Street in two minutes, Jack. For goodness sake show us the way, if you know it."

"There was no doubt about it, and no doubt about all my foolish suspicions as to his having forgotten me or ceased to care for me being groundless. His solemn face lit up almost to a look of jubilation as he grasped my hand and said:

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"There was no doubt about it, and no doubt about all my foolish suspicions as to his having forgotten me or ceased to care for me being groundless. His solemn face lit up almost to a look of jubilation as he grasped my hand and said:

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A CLAIM TO HUMAN GRATITUDE.

Charlotte Corday, the sad faced, tender hearted peasant girl of Normandy, made great history by one desperate act!

Silenced 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!

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!

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 for the names of the inimical deputies who had taken refuge in Caen. She told him, and he wrote them down. "That is well! 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 Marat.

"Come 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 fainting the prison bars the day before her execution.

It is a thrilling, 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 passion of power!

Methods are quite as murderous and inexorable as men, and they number their victims by 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 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 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 receipts, 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-men, and a guarantee of the highest standard of excellence.

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 use today, with older 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 murderous 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 Hillsborough, 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 Heniker Street. An examination revealed the cause of the upheaval, to be a toadstool about three inches in diameter, which, by its expansive force exerted upward by the fungus may be gathered from the fact that the concrete was perfectly solid and fully two inches thick at that place.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this receipt, in which I explain in plain English, with some full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming the paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.—Adv.

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 plains, 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 marauders. 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 sturgeon in a frozen river, the perilous ride through the blinding snow storm, the hunting of the wolves with net and rifle, and a battle between a band of peasants and a bear which they have brought to bay in the forest.



OLD MAN (to wife up stairs.) "Fetch the clothes line, Maria. I've got a good grip on the thief."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

A VENERABLE colored man struck a citizen for a quarter to "help repair our meetin' house from damage by de cyclone." "Where is the meeting house?" was asked. "Right ober yere about a mile."

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

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It is a solid cake of Scouring Soap. Try it. We are often in need of something to aid us in house-cleaning when in a hurry, something that will assist us doubly and do the work well. Such an aid can be found in Sapolio with which quick work without loss, or waste can be secured--the only exception to the saying, "quick and well don't agree." Try a cake. No. 29.

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