Vol. VI. No. 52. FRANK A. MUNSEY, SI WARREN ST., PUBLISHER. NEW YORK. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1888.

TERMS: \ \ \frac{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,}{IN ADVANCE.} Whole No. 312.



THE GREAT BLACK LION, AS HE STOOD OVER THE PROSTRATE FORM OF THE KAFFIR CHIEF, LIFTED ONE PAW MENACINGLY, AND GLARED AT THE HUNTERS WITH TERRIBLE FURY.

See story "THE KAFFIR CHIEFTAIN," by Frank H. Converse, on next page.

A GOLDEN ARGOSY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.
SPERD on the ship! But let her bear
No merchandise of sin,
No groaning cargo of despair,
Her roomy hold within.
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,
Nor poison draught for ours;
But honest fruits of toiling hands
And Nature's sun and showers.

The Kaffir Chieftain.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

The Kaffir Chieftain.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

HE King of Beasts you call him, eh? I know that's the way the lion was spoken of in story books I used to of those days must have been different from any I ever saw, and I've hunted big game in South Africa, from Cape Colony to the Transvaal, for something over twenty years.

Fact is, there are lions and lions. They're as different in the way of courage, ferocity, and that sort of thing, as humans are. I mind one time I took a young chap named Bresford with me into the naterior. He'd just come out from England to the Cape with his father, who held some government appointment at Cape Colony. Young Bresford had never shot anything bigger than a rabbot in his life. But he'd read up about hunting in South Africa till he was just will at the prospect of shooting big game.

Well, the first few days out from Cape of long yame of any kind was scarcer than scarce, owing to the fellows who sapply the markets at the diamond fields with fresh needs. What few droves of genusbox or and did id see serve too far off or too shor keep up bout.

"I though leep shout.

I though leep shout had leep shout him shout he had shout he had.

Before the middle s

And if you'll believe me, ne put access milke a madman,
"Drop that, you brute! Drop it!" he shouted, as a butcher might to a big dog that had stolen a choice cut of meat.
"Come back, you young fool! Are you crazy?"! yelled. And for the time being Bresford was crazy. He kept right on, and, as true as I'm telling this story, brought the but of his rifle down on the lion's hind quarters as hard as ware he could.

ever he could.

I thought it was all up with the youngster then. I dropped on one knee as the lion let the carcass fall from his mouth. But in place

the carcass fall from his mouth. But in place of turning on Brestord, the great brute, with a snarl, tucked his tail between his legs and put for cover as a kicked cur might do.

I fired, but I think missed him in the flurry, When I came up, Bresford was quite white and shaking like a leaf, yet it wasn't with fear, either.

When I came up, Brestord was quite white and shaking like a leaf, yet it wasn't with fear, either.

"Confound his impudence, the beast was lugging off my gem-bok—the first thing of the kind I ever shot!" he cred. And he shook his fist in the direction the lion had taken.

"Thank your lucky stars he didn't lug you off," I told him directly I could pull myself together. And when Bresford cooled a bit, I fancy he thought something the same way.

Well, two or three of the Kaffirs, who had heard the shot, came out and carried the carcass back to camp. It was getting dark and I hadn't any notion of following up the lion among the waitabut thorns, particularly as first one, then another and another roar from different parts of the distant mimosa grove showed that there were more in the vicinity.

We built a tremendous fire that night. I don't ever remember hearing such a continuous roaring as was kept up on all sides. At first, Bresford was rather rattled at the tremendous uproar, till he began to get a bit used to it.

"Considerable of the bully about a lion, I should fancy," he said, laughing. "They make

a big noise and bluster, but if a fellow should stand up to 'em they'd sneak off like the one did this afternoon."

this afternoon,"

Umbola, my Kaffir guide, a remarkably intelligent fellow, looked up. He was a chief in his own land, and wore a coronet of feathers as well

own land, and wore a coronet of feathers as well as a string of lions' teeth about his neck.
"Listen, oh my young lord. The imbubi (lion) is often a coward. But some are different. They know nothing of fear. Such will spring upon the elephant or even the black rhinoceros, more terrible in its anger than any elephant. Umbola has seen—"
He never finished what he was saying. A big black mass launched itself through the air from somewhere outside the circle of firelight, and knocked over poor Bresford, who sat next me, with a blow of his great paw. Grabbing him by the shoulder, the lion tossed the young fellow over his back, as though he were a mere nothing, and, before we had recovered from our surprise,

by the shoulder, the hon tossed the young reliow over his back, as though he were a mere nothing, and, before we had recovered from our surprise, disappeared in the darkness.

The whole thing was done so quickly that for an instant it could hardly be realized. But poor Bresford's agonized cry brought me to my senses. Yet even before I had got hold of my rifle, Umbola, snatching his heavy spear from the ground beside him, went crashing through the underbrush in hot pursuit.

The moon was at the full, lighting up everything with a sort of softened noonday sulendor. Guided by Bresford's cries, which showed that he was still alive, I followed on after Umbola, shouting to the Kaffirs cowering about the fire to arm themselves and come on—though I might have saved my breath.

I never shall forget the strange scene that met my gaze as I reached a partial clearing some

Inever shall forget the strange scene that met my gaze as I reached a partial clearing some fifty yards away. Beyond a water pool, which lay like molten silver in the moon glare, was an open space framed in by a dense growth of tropic vegetation. An enormous black lion stood with one huge paw resting on a prostrate form which, to my astonishment, was not that of Bresford, but Umbola, the Kaffir chief, still clutching his spear. From a wound in the lion's flank the blood was gushing freely. But where was Bresford?

A smothered roar from the lion was echoed by

A smothered roar from the lion was echoed by

A smothered roar from the lion was echoed by one close by. A lioness rose from a crouching posture in the rear and looked about her, while the male, with one paw menacingly uplifted, glared at me with terrible fury. Not an instant was to be lost, and, aiming directly between the fiery eyeballs, I pulled.

Notwithstanding the half ounce bullet that crashed through his brain, the enormous brute made a square leap of thirty one feet—we measured it next day—and I had just time to spring backward when the savage animal fell in a heap at my very feet, in the agonies of death. The lioness hesitated, and for a moment I thought she was preparing to spring, but she turned and traded sullenly off.

Two or three of my Kaffirs had by this time mustered up their courage, and were cautiously

troffed sullenly off.
Two or three of my Kaffirs had by this time mustered up their courage, and were cautiously approaching. Two of them ran to Umbola, who was lying face down with partly outstretched arms.

"Alas, master, Umbola is dead!"
To true. The poor fellow's neck had been instantly broken by a stroke of the mighty paw.
We found Bresford in a thicket a short distance away, whither he had crawled and fainted from loss of blood. Thanks to a dogskin shooting jacket which he wore, his shoulder had not been mangled—only badly lacerated by the llow's fangs. We carried him back to camp and I was able to dress his wounds.
"I know just how a mouse feels when a cat grabs it and lugs it off," Bresford said when he was able to strue part he list story. "And I was as sure I was going to be gobbled as I suppose the mouse is after the cat carriers it off and lays it down, keeping one paw on it. All at once, though, I saw Umbola coming like a whirlwind through the underbrush. The brave fellow didn't hurl his spear—he just charged at the lion full tilt. The spear head made a gash in the flank of the brute, but before Umbola could draw back, the lion made one upward spring and downed him. I heard another animal—the draw back, the lion made one upward spring and downed him. I heard another animal—the lioness, I suppose—making its way toward us, I crawled off on my hands and knees, expecting every moment that I should be grabbed. But

every moment that I should be grabbed. But before I got far I fainted where you found me." After we'd buried the Kafir out of the way of wild beasts, we took up our line of march again. Bresford's wounds healed rapidly, and before we got back to Cape Colony, almost six months late, he had shot with his own hand two giraffes and a bull elephant. As for lions, he said, some one else might hunt them—he'd had all to do in that line he ever wanted to.

THREE GREAT MEN.

Here is a story of two disguised magnates and a humorous peasant, which we clip from the Liverpool Courier. It has a rather unusual ending, inasmuch as the joke was entirely on the mag-

The King of Saxony recently visited the Emperor of Austria, and both monarchs made a hunting expedition into the province of Styria. Being separated from their companions of the chase, and coming up with a pessant's cart, the chase, and coming up with a pessant's cart, the chase, and coming up with a pessant's cart, the chase, and coming up with a pessant's cart, the chase, and coming up with a pessant's cart, the the chase, and the companion of the companion o

FAME'S TRUMPET.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.
SOUND, sound the clarion! fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name. ***

[This story commenced in No. 291.] THE

Two Rivals:

THE ROAD TO FAME.

CHAPTER IXV RANDAL REPAIRS DAMAGES.

RANDAL REFAIRS DAMAGES.

ARLEY had not long reached his hotel the next morning, and was still seated before his untasted breakfast, when Mr. Randal Leslie was announced.

Randal, who was in the firm belief that Vionatie was now on the wide seas with Peschiera, ntered, looking the very personation of anxiety with failure.

entered, looking the very personation of anxiety and fatigue.

"Have you discovered no trace, my lord? Speak, speak!"

Speak, speak!"
"Speak—certainly. I am too happy to relieve your mind, my dear Mr. Leslie. What fools we are! Hal ha!"
"Fools—how?" faltered Randal.
"Of course; the young lady was at her father's house all the time."
"Eh? what?"

"Eh? what?"

"And is there now."

"It is not possible!" said Randal, in the hollow dreamy tone of a somnambulist. "At her father's house—at Norwood! Are you sure?"

her itames of sure?"
"Sure."
Randal made a desperate and successful effort at self control.
"Heaven be praised!" he cried. "And just as I had begun to suspect the count—the marchesa; for I find that neither of them slept at home last night; and Levy told me that the count had written to him, requesting the baron to discharge his bills, as he should be for some time absent from England."
"Indeed! Well, that is nothing to us—very much to Baron Levy, if he execute his commis-

"Indeed! Well, that is nothing to us—very much to Baron Levy, if he execute his commission, and discharges the bills. What! are you going already?"

"Do you ask such a question? How can I stay? I must go to Norwood—must see Violante with my own eyes! Forgive my emotion——1—1—.

Randal snatched at his hat and hurried away.
The low scornful laugh of Harley followed him

The low scornful laugh of Harley followed him as he went.

"I have no more doubt of his guilt than Leonard has. Violante at least shall not be the prize of that thin lipped knave."

He rose, and as he was about to lock up his escritoire, he remembered the papers which Leonard had requested him to read. He took them from their deposit, with a careless hand, intending to carry them with him to his father's house.

But as his eye fell upon the characters, the hand suddenly trembled, and he recoiled some paces, as if struck by a violent blow. Then, gazing more intently on the writing, a low cry broke from his lips. He reseated himself, and

began to read.
Meanwhile Randal—with many misgivings at Lord L'Estrange's tone, in which he was at no loss to detect a latent irony—proceeded to Norwood. He found Riccabocca exceedingly cold and distant

loss to detect a latent irony—proceeded to Norwood. He found Riccabocca exceedingly cold and distant.

But he suspicious which Lord L'Estrange had instilled into his mind, and these Randal was as speedily enabled to dispel. He accounted at once for his visits to Levy and Peschiera.

Naturally he had sought Levy, an acquaintance of his own—nay, of Audley Egerton's, but whom he knew to be professionally employed by the count. He had succeeded in extracting from the baron Peschiera's suspicious change of lodgment from Mivart's Hotel to the purlieus of Leicester Square—had called there on the count—forced an entrance—openly accused him of abstracting Violante; high words had passed between them—even a challenge.

Randal produced a note from a military friend of his, whom he had sent to the count, an hour after quitting the hotel. The note stated that arrangements were made for a meeting at seven o'clock the next morning. Randal then submitted to Riccabocca another formal memorandum from the same warlike friend, to the purport that Randal and himself had repaired to the ground, and no count been forthcoming.

"I then, much alarmed," continued Randal, "hastened to Baron Levy, who informed me that the count had written him word that he should be for some time absent from England, Rushing thence, in despair, to your friend Lord L'Estrange, I heard that your daughter was safe with you. And though, as I have just proved, I would have risked my life against so notorious a duelst as the count, on the mere chance of preserving Violante from his supposed designs, I am rejoiced to think that she had no need of my unskillful am. But how and why can the count have left England, after accepting a challenge? A man so sure of his weapon, too —reputed to be as fearless of dauger as he is blunt in conscience. Explain—you who know mankind so well—explain. I cannot."

The philosopher could not resist the pleasure of narrating the detection and humiliation of his foe—the wit, ingenuity, and readiness of his friend. So Randal learned, by little and little, the whole drama of the preceding right.

He saw, then, that the exile had all reason-

He saw, then, that the exile had all reasonable hope of speedy restoration to rank and wealth. Violante, indeed, would be a brilliant prize—too brilliant, perhaps, for Randal—but not to be sacrificed without an effort. Therefore, wringing convulsively the hand of his meditated father in law, and turning away his head, as if to conceal his emotions, this ingenious young suitor faltered forth—"That now Dr. Riccabocca was so soon to vanish into the Duke di Serrano, he—Randal Leslie of Rood, born a gentleman, indeed, but of fallen fortunes—had no right to claim the promise which had been given to him while a father had cause to fear for a daughter's future; with the fear, ceased the promise. Might Heaven bless father and daughter both!"

This address touched both the heart and honor

to a daughter's nuture; with the lear, ceased the promise. Might Heaven bless father and daughter both!"

This address touched both the heart and honor of the exile. Randal Leslie knew his man. And though, before Randal's visit, Riccabocca was not quite so much a philosopher, but what he would have been well pleased to have found himself released, by proto of the young man's takenty had all chance of each below the rank to the standard of the standard was not quite and all chance of each pleased to have found than this worthy Italian.

And Randal's probity being now clear to him, he repeated with stately formalities his previous offer of Violante's hand.

"But," still falteringly sighed the provident and far calculating Randal—"but your only child, your sole heiress! Your lands, your principalities, to devolve on the child of a humble Englishman! I dare not believe it. Ah, would Violante were not your heiress!"

"A noble wish," said Riccabocca, smiling blandly, "and one that the Fates will realize. Cheer up; Violante will not be my heiress."

"Ah," cried Randal, drawing a long breath—"ah, what do Ihear?"

"Hist! I shall soon a second time be a father. And I feel sure that I shall be the father of a son. He will, of course, succeed to the titles of Serrano and Monteloone. And Violante—"

"Will have nothing, I suppose!" exclaimed

"Will have nothing, I suppose!" exclaimed Randal, trying his best to look overjoyed.
"Nay, her portion by our laws—to say nothing of my affection—would far exceed the ordnary dower which the daughters of London merchants bring to the sons of British peers. Whoever marries Violante, provided I regain my estates, must submit to the cares which the poets assure us ever attend on wealth."
"Oh!" groaned Randal, as if already bowed beneath the cares, and sympathizing with the poets.

"And now, let me present you to your be trothed," said Riccabocca, as he left the apart-

ment.
But somewhat to Randal's relief, the exile returned unaccompanied by Violante.
Riccabocca looked somewhat embarrassed.
'My dear Leslie,' said he, 'you must excuse my daughter today; she is still suffering from the apitation she has gone through, and cannot see you.'

See you."

The lover tried not to look too delighted.

see you."

The lover tried not to look too delighted.

"Cruel," said he, "yet I would not for worlds force myself on her presence."

"To be plain with you, Randal, she does at present seem to find it more difficult than I forsaw. She even talks of —"

"Another attachment—O heavens!"

"Attachment, absurd! Whom has she sees?
No—a convent! But leave it to me. In a calmer hour she will comprehend that a child must know no lot more enviable and holy than that of redeeming a father's honor. And now, if you are returning to London, may I ask you convey to young Mr. Hazeldean my assurtance of undying gratitude for his share in my daughter's delivery from that poor baffied swindler?"

"True," said Pandal, "you told me Frank had a share in Lord L'Estrange's very clever and dramatic device. Poor Frank, apparently he has lost the woman he adored—Beatrice di Negra. You say she has accompanied the count. Is the marriage that was to be between her and Frank broken off?"

"I did not know such a marriage was compendated. I understood her to be accepted.

Frank broken off ?"

"I di.! not know such a marriage was contemplated. I understood her to be attached to another. Not that that is any reason why she should not have married Mr. Hazeldean. Express to him my congratulations on his escape."

"Nay, he must not know that I have inadvertently betrayed his confidence; but you now guess, what perhaps puzzled you before—how I came to be so well acquainted with the count and his movements. I was so intimate with my relation, Frank, and Frank was affianced to the marchesa."

relation, Frank, and Frank was afinanced to the marchesa."

"I am glad you give me that explanation; it suffices. After all, the marchesa is not by nature a bad woman—that is, not worse than women generally are; so Harley says, and Violante forgives and excuses her."

"Generous Violante! But it is true. So much did the marchesa appear to me possessed of fine, though ill regulated qualities, that I always considered her disposed to aid in frustrating her brother's criminal designs. So I even said, if I remember right, to Violante.

Dropping this prudent and precautionary sentence, in order to guard against anything Violante might say as to that subtle mention of Beatrice which had predisposed her to confide in the marchesa, Randal then hurried on—" But

you want repose. I leave you, the happiest, the most grateful of men. I will give your courte-ous message to Frank."

CHAPTER LXVI.

POOR FRANK.

POOR FRANK.

URIOUS to learn what had passed between Beatrice and Frank, and deeply interested in all that could oust Frank out of the squire's good will, or aught that could injure his own prospects, by tending to unite son and father, Randal was not slow in reaching his young kinsman's lodgings.

"My dear fellow," said he, as soon as he had learned from Frank all that had passed on board the vessel between him and Beatrice, "I cannot believe this. Never loved you? What was her object, then, in deceiving, not only you, but myself? I suspect her declaration was but some heroical refinement of generosity. After her brother's detection and probable ruin, she might feel that she was no match for you. Then, too, the squire's displeasure. I see it all—just like her—noble, unhappy woman!"

Frank shook his head. "There are moments," said he, with a wisdom that comes out of those instincts which awake from the depths of youth's great sorrow—" moments when a woman cannot feign, and there are tones in the voice of a woman which men can misinterpret. Sie does not love me—she never did love me: I can see

feign, and there are tones in the voice of a woman which men can misinterpret. She does not love me—she never did love me; I can see that her heart has been elsewhere. No matter—all is over. I don't deny that I am suffering an intense grief; and I feel so broken, too, as if I had grown old, and there was nothing left worth living for. I don't deny all that."

"My poor, dear friend, if you would but believe—"

"My poor, dear triend, it you would be the "I don't want to believe anything, except that I have been a great fool. I don't think I can ever commit such follies again. But I'm a man. I shall get the better of this; I should despise myself if I could not. And now let us talk of my dear father. Has he left town?"
"Left last night by the mail. You can write, and the limit would have given up the marchesa,

talk of my dear father. Has he left town?"

"Left last night by the mail. You can write, and tell him you have given up the marchesa, and all will be well again between you."

"Given her up! Fie, Randal! Do you think I should tell such a lie? She gave me up; I can claim no merit out of that."

"Oh, yes! I can make the squire see all to your advantage. Oh, if it were only the marchesa!—but, alas! that cursed post obit! How could Levy betray you? Never trust to a usurer again; they cannot resist the temptation of a speedy profit. They first buy the son, and then sell him to the father. And the squire has such strange notions on matters of this kind."

"He is right to have them. There, just read this letter from my mother. It came to me this morning. I could hang myself, if I were a dog; but I'm a man, and so I must be arit."

Randal took Mrs. Hazeldean's letter from Frank's trembling hand. The poor mother had learned, though but imperfectly, Frank's misdeeds from some hurried lines which the squire had dispatched to her; and she wrote, as good, ind ulgent, but sensible, right minded mothers alone can write.

More lenient to an improudent love than the

alone can write.

More lenient to an imprudent love than the squire, she touched with discreet tenderness on Frank's rash engagement with a foreigner, but severely on his open defiance of his father's wishes. Her anger was, however, reserved for that unholy post obit.

that unholy post obit.

Oh, Frank, Frank, were it not for this, were it nonly for your unfortunate attachment to the Italian ladv, only for your debts, only for the errors of hasty, extrawagant youth, I should be with you now—my arms around your neck, kissing you, enter the property of the property of

as a mother I pity you, as a wife I cannot forget. HARRIER HARRIERAN.

Even Randal was affected by this letter; for, as we know, even Randal felt in his own person the strength of family ties.

"Frank," said he, with a sincerity that after-ward anazed himself, "go down at once to Hazelden—see your mother, and explain to her hose this transaction really happened."

"No—I cannot go; yu see she her with the to look on my face. And cannot expeat what you say so gibbly. Besides, so when or what you say so gibbly. Besides, as I am sadependent upomy four—and he has said as much—I feel as if it would be thing, and much suffer for it. But I'm a m—an—I real motor is suffered for it. But I'm a m—an—I rank just into care.

"Frank just into care."

Frank just into care.

"Prank just into care."

Frank burst into tears, "said Randal; "I have given you my advice; you reject it. Well, what then will you do?"
"I shall ask for leave of absence, and run away somewhere." said Frank, drying his tears. "I can't face London; I can't mix with others. I want to be by myself, and wrestle with all that. I feel here—in my heart. Then I shall write to my mother, say the plain truth, and leave her to judge as kindly of me as she can."
"You are quite right. Yes, leave town! Why not go abroad? You have never been abroad. New scenes will distract your nind, Run over to Paris."

"Not to Paris-I don't want gayeties; but I

"Not to Paris—I don't want gayeties; but I did intend to go abroad somewhere—any dull dismal hole of a place. Good by I. Don't think of me any more for the present."

"But let me know where you go; and meanwhile I will see the squire."

"Say as little of me as you can to him. I know you mean most kindly—but oh, how I wish there never had been any third person between me and my father! There; you may well snatch away your hand. What an ungrateful wretch to you I am. I do believe I am the wickedest fellow. What! you shake hands with me still. My dear Randal, you have the best heart—God bless you."

Frank truned away, and disappeared within

Frank turned away, and disappeared within

later—squire and son," said Randal to himself, as he left the lodgings, "I don't see how I can prevent that—the marchesa being with-drawn—unless Frank does it for me. But it is well he should be abroad—something may be made out of that; meanwhile I may yet do all that I could reasonably hope to do—even if Frank had married Beatrice—since he was not to be disinherited. Get the squire to advance the money for the Thornhill purchase—complete the affair. This marriage with Violante will help;—Levy must know that; secure the borough;—well thought of. I will go to Avenel's. By the by—by the by—the squire might as well keep me still in the entail after Frank—supposing Frank die childless. This love affair may keep him long from marrying. His hand was very hot—a hectic color; those strong looking fellows often go off in a rapid dechne, especially if anything preys on their minds—their minds are so very small. Ah—the Hazeldean parson—and with Avenel! That young man, too—who is he? I have seen him before somewhere. My dear Mr. Dale, this is a pleasant surprise. I thought you had returned to Hazeldean with our frend the squire."

"The squire! Has he left town, and without telling me?" inquired Mr. Dale, who had just come up.
"He was anxious to get back to Mrs. Hazel-

out telling me?" inquired Mr. Dale, who had just come up.
"He was anxious to get back to Mrs. Hazel-

just come up.

"He was anxious to get back to Mrs. Hazeldean," replied Randal, taking the parson aside,
who was naturally very uneasy about her son
and this foolish marriage; but I am happy to
tell you that that marriage is effectually and
permanently broken off,"
"How, how? My poor friend told me he
had wholly failed to make any impression on
Frank—forbade me to mention the subject. I I
was just going to see Frank myself. I always
had some influence with him. But, Randal,
explain this very sudden and happy event—the
marriage broken off!"
"It is a long story, and I dare not tell my
humble share in it. Nay, I must keep that
secret. Frank might not forgive me. Suffice
it that you have my word that the fair Italian
has left England, and decidedly refused Frank's
addresses. But stay—take my advice—don't go
to him;—you see it was not only the marriage
that has offended the squire, but some pecuniary
transactions—an unfortunate post obit bond on transactions—an unfortunate post obtoomed to the Casino property. Frank ought to be left to this own repentant reflections. They will be most salutary—you know his temper—the don't bear reproof; and yet it is better, on the other hand, not to let him treat too lightly what has passed. Let us leave him to himself for a few days. He is it an excellent frame of mind.

Mr. Dale shook Randal's hand warmly, You speak admirably—a post obt!—so often as he has heard his father's opinion on such transactions! No—I will not see him—I should be so angry transactions-an unfortunate post obit bond or

should be so angry—"
Randal, leading the parson back, resumed,

Randal, leading the parson back, resumed, after an exchange of salutations with Avenel, who, meanwhile, bad been conferring with his nephew; "You should not be so long away from your rectory, Mr. Dale. What will your parish do without you?"
"The old fable of the wheel and the fly. I am afraid the wheel rolls on the same. But if I am absent from my parish, I am still in the company of one who does me honor as an old parishioner. You remember Leonard Fairfield, your antagonist in the Battle of the Stocks?"
"My nephew, I am proud to say, sir," put in Mr. Avenel.

Mr. Avenel.
Randal bowed with a marked civility—Leon-

ard with a reserve no less marked.
"You should be friends, you two youngsters," again interjected Mr. Avenel, ascribing his nephew's reserve to shyness, "Who knows but you run together in the same harness? Ah, that reminds me, Leslie—I have a word or two to say to you. Your servant, Mr. Dale, Shall be happy to present you to Mrs. Avenel, My card—Eaton Square. You will call on me tomorrow, Leonard. And mind I shall be very angry if you persist in your refusal. Such an opening!" ning

Avenel took Randal's arm, while the parson and Leonard walked on

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE KNELL OF HOPE

THE KNELL OF HOPE.

"ANY fresh hints as to the Lansmere election?" asked Randal of his companion, as they strolled off together.

"Yes, I have now decided on the plan of contest. We must fight two and two-you and Egerton against me and (if I can get him to stand, as I hope by nepthew, Leonard," "What!" exclaimed Randal alarmed; "then, after all. I can hose for no support from you?"

after all, I can hope for no support from you?"
"I don't say that; but I have reason to think
Lord L'Estrange will bestir himself actively in

favor of Egerton. If so, it will be a very sharp contest; and I must manage the whole election on our side, and unite all our shaky votes, which I can best do by standing myself in the first instance, reserving it to after consideration whether I shall throw it up at the last; for I whether I shall throw it up at the last; for I don't particularly want to come in, as I did a little time ago, before I had found out my nephew. Wonderful young man I—with such a head—will do me credit in the rotten old House; and I think I had best leave London, go to Mayborough, and look to my business. No; if Leonard runs, I must first see to get him in; and next, to keep Egetton out. It will probably, therefore, end in the return of one and one on either side, as we thought of before. Leonard on our side; and Egerton shan't be the man on the other. You understand?"
"You have an extraordinary head for public

"You have an extraordinary head for public affairs, Avenel. You should come into parliament yourself; your nephew is so very young.

ment yourself; your nephew is so very young."
"So are you."
"Yes; but I know the world. Does he?"
"The world knows nim, though not by name, and he has been the making of me."
"How? You surprise me."
"Avenel first explained about the patent which Leonard had secured to him; and next confided, upon honor, Leonard's identity with the famous anonymous author of whom all England had heen talking.

añonymous author of whom all England had been talking.
Randal Leslie felt a jealous pang. What! then—has this village boy—this associate of John Burley—(literary vagabond, who he supposed had long since gone to the dogs, and been builed at the expense of his parish)—had this boy so triumpled over birth, rearing, circumstance, that, if Randal and Leonard had met together in any public place, and Leonard's identity with the rising author been revealed, every eye would have turned from Randal to gaze on Leonard?
And, now, did this same youth stand on the same level in the ascent to power as he, the well

same level in the ascent to power as he, the well born Randal Leslie, the accomplished protégé of the superb Audley Egerton? Were they to rivals in the same arena of practical life?

be rivals in the same arena of practical life? Randal gnawed his quivering lip.
All the while, however, the young man whom he so envied was a prey to sorrows deeper far than could ever find room or footing in the narrow and stony heart of the unioving schemer.
As Leonard walked through the crowded streets with the friend and monitor of his childhood, confiding the simple tale of his earlier trials—when, amidst the want of fortune, and in despair of fame, the Child Angel smiled by his side, like hope—all renown seemed to him barren, all the future dark.

his side, like hope—all renown seemed to him barren, all the future dark.

His voice trembled, and his countenance became so sad, that his benignant listener, divining that around the image of Helen there clung some passionate grief that overshadowed all worldly success, drew Leonard gently on, till the young man, long yearning for some confidant, told him all; how, faithful through long years to one pure and ardent memory, Helen had been seen once more—the child ripened to woman, and the memory revealed itself as love, The parson listened with a mild and thoughtful brow, which expanded into a more cheerful

ful brow, which expanded into a more cheerful expression as Leonard closed his story.

"I see no reason to despond," said Mr. Dale.

"You fear that Miss Digby does not return "You fear that Miss Digby does not return your attachment; you dwell upon her reserve— her distant, though kindly manner. Cheer up! All young ladies are under the influence of what phrenologists call the organ of secretiveness, when they are in the society of the object of their preference. Just as you describe Miss Digby's manner to you, was my Carry's manner to myself.

to myself.
"Next," continued the parson, "you choose

Digby's manner to you, was my Carry's manner to myself.

"Next," continued the parson, "you choose to torment yourself by contrasting your own origin and fortunes with the altered circumstances of Miss Digby—the ward of Lord L'Estrange. I view things differently. I have reason to do so; and, from all you have told me of this nobleman's interest in your fate, I venture to make you this promise, that if Miss Digby would accept your hand, Lord L'Estrange would ratify her choice."

"My dear Mr. Dale," cried Leonard, transported, "you make me that promise?"

"I do—from what I have heard, and from what I myself know of Lord L'Estrange. Go then, at once, to Knightsbridge—see Miss Digby—show her your heart—explain to her, if you will, your prospects—ask her permission to apply to Lord L'Estrange (since he has constituted himself her guardian); and if Lord L'Estrange hesitate—which, if your happiness is set on this union, I think he will not—iet me know, and leave the rest to me."

Leonard yielded to the parson's persuasive eloquence. Indeed, when he recalled to mind those passages in the manuscript of the ill fated Nora, which referred to the love that Harley had once borne to her—for he felt convinced that Harley and the boy suitor of Nora's narrative were one and the same; and when all the interest that Harley had taken in his own fortunes was explained by his relationship to her, the young man could not but suppose that the noble Harley would rejoice to confer happiness on the son of her so beloved by his boyhood.

It will be seen that Leonard had not confided to the parson his discovery of Nora's manuscript, nor even his knowledge of his real brit; for though the reader is aware of what Mr. Dale knew, and what he suspected, the manuscript had not once alluded to the parson; and the proud sen naturally shrank from any confided to the parson; and the proud sen naturally shrank from any confided to the parson; and the proud sen naturally shrank from any confided to the parson; and the proud sen naturally shrank from a

had not once alluded to the parson; and the proud sen naturally shrank from any confidence that might call in question Nora's fair name, until at least Harley, who, it was clear from

those papers, must have intimately known his father, should perhaps decide the question which the papers themselves left so terribly vague— whether he were the offspring of a legal mar-riage, or Nora had been the victim of some un-holy fraud.

riage, or Nora had been the victim of some unloby fraud.

While the parson still talked, and while Leonard still mused and listened, their steps almost mechanically took the direction toward Knightsbridge, and paused at the gates of Lord Lansmere's house.

"Go in, my young friend; I will wait without to know the issue," said the parson, Leonard was shown into the drawing room, and it so chanced that Helen was there alone, She rose hurriedly, and in great confusion

She rose hurriedly, and in great confusion faltered out, "that she believed Lady Lansmere was in her room—she would go for her," and was in her room—she would go for her," and moved toward the door, without seeming to notice the hand tremulously held forth to her; when Leonard exclaimed, in uncontrollable

when Leonard exclaimed, in uncontrollable emotions which pierced to her very heart in the keen accents of reproach:
"Oh, Miss Digby—oh, Helen—is it thus that you greet me—tather thus that you shun me? Could I have foreseen this when we two orphans stood by the mournful bridge—so friendless—so desolate—and so clinging each to each? Happy time!"

He seized her hand suddenly as he spoke the last works and howed his face were it.

Happy time!"
He seized her hand suddenly as he spoke the last words, and bowed his face over it.
"You do not know," she said at last, struggling for composure—"you do not know the new claims upon me—my altered position—how I am bound—or you would be the last to speak thus to me, the first to give me courage—and bid me—bid me—"
"Bid you what?"
"Feel nothing here but duty!" cried Helen, placing her hands firmly on her breast.
"Miss Digby," said Leonard, after a short pause of bitter reflection, in which he wronged, while he thought to divine her meaning: "you speak of new claims on you, your altered position—I comprehend. You may retain some tender remembrance of the past; but your duty I thought and leard. This vain reputation which I have made is but a holtow sound—it gives me

now is to rebuke my presumption. It is as I thought and leared. This vain reputation which I have made is but a hollow sound—it gives me no rank, assures me no fortune. I have no right to look for the Helen of old in the Helen of today. Be it so—forget what I have said, and forgive me."

This reproach stung to the quick the heart to which itappealed. A flash brightened the meek, tearful eyes, almost like the flash of resentment—her lips writhed in tortune, and she fell as if all other pain were light compared with the anguish that Leonard could impute to her motives which to her simple nature seemed so unworthy of her, and so gadling to himself.

"Brother!" she said, touchingly, "brother!"

The word had a contrary effect on Leonard, Sweet as it was, tender as the voice that spoke it, it imposed a boundary to affection—it came as a knell to hope.

He recoiled, shook his head mournfully—
"Too late to accept that tie—too late even for friendship. Henceforth—for long years to come—henceforth till the heart has ceased to beat at your mame—to thrill at your presence, we two—are strangers."

beat at your name—to thrill at your presence, we two—are strangers."
"Strangers! Well—yes, it is right—it must be so; we must not meet. O, Leonard Fair-

"Strangers! Well—yes, it is right—it must be so; we must not meet. O, Leonard Fairfield, who was it that in those days that you recall to me—who was it that found you destitute, and obscure—who, not degrading you by charity, placed you in your right career—opened to you, amidst the labyinth in which you were well nigh lost, the broad road to knowledge, independence, fame? Answer me—answer! Was it not the same who reared, sheltered your sister orphan? If I could forget what I have owed to him, should I not remember what he has done for you?"
"But," faltered Leonard, fear mingling with the conjectures these words called forth—"but

the conjectures these words called forth—"1 is it that Lord L'Estrange would not consent our union?—or of what do you speak? Y bewilder me."

llder me."
elen felt for some moments as if it were Helen felt for some moments as if it w impossible to reply; and the words at leng were dragged forth as if from the depth of

very soul.

"He came to me—our noble friend, I never dreamed of it. He did not tell me that he loved me. He told me that he was unhappy alone;

dreamed of it. He did not tell me that he loved me. He told ne that he was unhappe alone; that in me, and only in me, he could find a comforter, a soother—He, he! And I had just arrived in England—was under his mother's roof—had not then once more seen you; "md—and—what could I answer? Strengthen me—strengthen me, you whom I look up to and revere. Yes, yes—you are right. We must see each other no more. I am betrothed to another—to him! Strengthen me!"

All the inherent nobleness of the poet's nature rose at once at this appeal.

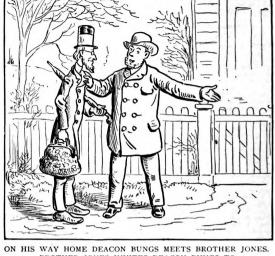
"Oh, Helen—sister—Miss Digby, forgive me. You need no strength from me; I borrow it from you. I comprehend you—I respect. Banish all thought of me. Repay our benefactor. Be what he asks of you—his comforter, his soother—be more—his pride and his joy. Happiness will come to you, as it comes to those who confer happiness and forget self. God comfort you in the passing struggle; God bless you, in the long years to come. Sister—I accept the holy name now, and will claim it hereafter, when I too can think more of others than myself."
Helen had cowered her face with her hands, sobbing. A strange sense of utter solitude suddenly perveded her whole being, and by that

sobbing. A strange sense of utter solitude sud-denly pervaded her whole being, and by that sense of solitude she knew that he was gone.

(To be continued.)



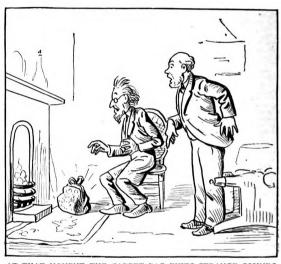
DEACON BUNGS BUYS A FEW BOTTLES OF BEER AT THE GROCER'S.



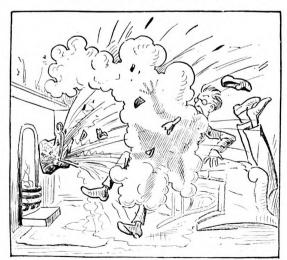
ON HIS WAY HOME DEACON BUNGS MEETS BROTHER JONES.
BROTHER JONES INVITES DEACON BUNGS TO
COME AND TAKE DINNER WITH HIM.



DEACON BUNGS PUTS HIS CARPET BAG DOWN, AND ENTERS INTO A DISCUSSION WITH BROTHER JONES ON TEMPERANCE. "DOWN WITH DRINK," SAYS BROTHER JONES. "RIGHT," SAYS DEACON BUNGS.



AT THAT MOMENT THE CARPET BAG EMITS STRANGE SOUNDS.
"AH," THINKS DEACON BUNGS, "THE FIRE HAS
SET THE BEER TO WORKING."



DEACON BUNGS WAS CORRECT. IT HAD.



"HENCEFORTH WE MEET AS STRANGERS," CRIES BROTHER JONES.

COULD WE RECALL THE PAST.

COULD WE RECALL THE PAST.

BY F. MURRAY.

COULD WE but live the past again
How quickly from the tongue
Would fail kind words we left unsaid,
Sweet songs we left unsaid,
Could we recall the past.

THE

Gold of Flat Top Mountain.

By FRANK H. CONVERSE,

Author of "Heir to a Million," "That Treas-ure," "The Mystery of a Diamond," etc.

CHAPTER VIII. THE SPANISH MANUSCRIPT.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SPANISH MANUSCRIPT.

OM FENWICK had fully made up his mind to leave his hiding place and deliver himself over to his pursuers rather than allow Phil Amsted to be arrested. But in vain did he tug and push and pull at the door of the secret chamber. The entrance closed with a spring, and Dolly had not explained how to the opened.

"I will "I will had not explained how to the opened."

A Hidly defant shout, together with the galloping of mounted horsemen, called him quickly back to his loophole. And with a relief too great for expression, Tom saw John Bruton, leading at least a score of mounted cowboys, and spurring his bronco toward the ranch house.

He could also see the sheriff standing in an attitude of indecision before the veranda, while his men were beginning to gather about their horses.

"Put down the gun, sonny—'tan't no use to resist an officer of the law," the sheriff was saying. But at the same time he cast a very uneasy glance in the direction of the oncoming horsemen, who were whooping as only cowboys and Indians can.

"I guess I'll hang on to the guntill Uncle Jehn gets here," blandly

dians can.
"I guess I'll hang on to the gun
till Uncle John gets here," blandly
returned Phil. "Then I'll do as

he says."
"What's the trouble here, any way?" John Bruton's voice rang

way?" John Bruton's voice rang out stern and deep, as, throwing himself impetuously from his panting horse, he strode forward.
"There ain't no call fer trouble, Mr. Bruton," responded the sheriff, whose tone seemed to moderate as he saw cowboy after cowboy flinging himself from the saddle; "none whatsomever. I'm pursuin' of my duty, an' come here with a search warrant for the hoss thief that cut out er jail last night. L-"
"Didn't find him. So I see. There's no horse thief here—none been here. And I don't thank you for intimating that I'd harbor such a character."
"So as he couldn't find him."

for intimating that I'd naroor seems a character,"

"So, as he couldn't find him,
Urncle Jack," put in Phil, with
dancing eyes, "the sheriff allows he'll take me
back on suspicion, because he thinks my voice
is like a darky's. He don't like to go back to
Lodeville without arresting some one—wouldn't
get his fees from the county, I suppose."
Clearly Phil Amsted was an adept at aggravation, as well as being cool and self possessed
beyond his years. Mr. Bruton smiled grimly.

"Where's your warrant for an arrest on suspicion?" he demanded sharply.

The sheriff was nonplused. The formality of

picion?" he demanded sharply.

The sheriff was nonplused. The formality of legal documents was often dispensed with in similar proceedings. But he was determined not to back down so easy.

"Here," he defiantly returned, resting one brawny hand on the butt of his pistol.

"Ah," was the unmoved reply. "Boys, you hear?"

They did—and there

They did—and there was a simultaneous clutching of firearms. Montez, with alarm in his looks, whispered something in the sheriff's

ear.
"Jest as you say. You're the prosecutor in the case, an' if you call a stay in the percedin's, all right."

the case, an' if you call a stay in the percedin's, all right."

This from the sheriff, with an effort to appear easy and unconcerned. And, motioning to his followers, he remounted. Then, rather crestfallen, they took their departure, followed by an exultant laugh from irrepressible Phil, who danced a wild breakdown, ter ninating with a double handspring backward and forward, on the veranda.

Dolly lost no time in liberating her prisoner, who appeared considerably excited at something unconnected with the events which had been transpiring before the house. In one hand he held an old breviary or prayer book with tarnied sliver clasps, in the other a crucifix some seems of the case in the other a crucifix some seems long, evidently hammered from virging old them is the outerst.

gin gold.
"I found them in the queerest hiding place,
"I found them in the queerest hiding place,
Miss Dolly," he breathlessly exclaimed. "There
was a brick loose in the wall under the little
window. I joggled it out, and there lay these."
Mr. Bruton was greatly interested. He for-

got the sheriff's raid and his own belligerent intentions, in the discovery. Life went on in a groove, generally speaking, with the residents of the Home Ranch, and anything out of the ordinary was welcomed effusively.

All gathered around, as having examined the crucifix, Mr. Bruton with some difficulty unclasped the breviary. A folded parchment, yellow with age, fell out.

"Spanish," said Bruton, in disappointed tones, as he unfolded the latter; "and I've forgotten what little I ever knew of the language."

"Let me try," remarked Tom; "my chum aboard the yacht was a young Cuban, and I picked up quite a little Spanish from him. Perhaps I can make out part of it at least."

By dint of considerable guessing and study, Tom managed to give a fairly good translation for the benefit of his audience. I would say in passing that the transcription as given below is from the original MS. now—at least it was a year ago—in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society:

Pueno Et. Meearte*, May 3, 1702, }

Historical Society: *Debto Et. MURGUE** May 3, 1702. }
ElMonte Plana Corona.

To the Worthy Superior of the Mixino of St. fase?*
With this letter and my first report from this field of labor, where by the will of God I am sent. I forward, by the hands of a trusty lodian convert, my humble offering. The blessed crucifix I have wrought with my own hands, of virgin gold, hammered, from the quartz ledge forming the north wall of our pueblo. Here indeed is gold sufficient to make our boly order the richest in the whole world. But, as you know, this suffering, dying

ot back on foot, suffering terrible hardships by

e way."
The subject was a painful one. Dolly has-The subject was a paint. The subject was a paint. But, father, I don't understand about this destrete pueblo. Who were the 'afflicted people,' and what ailed them?'

Mr. Bruton shook his head.

Mr. Bruton shook his head.

"No one seems to know exactly. Some say that they were exiled from one of the seven lost cities of Cibola by reason of a species of leprosy not unlike that known in the Sandwich Islands. It was contagious, and once stricken only death could release them. So, driven out from their own people, they finally took up their abode on the mesa now known as Flat Top Mountain."
"But if it is so inaccessible, how did they get up there in the first place?" asked Dolly, with unabated interest.

unabated interest.
"I haven't the slightest idea. Only for this letter, I should have said the whole thing was a myth, as indeed most people have grown to think."

What is the mountain like?" asked Tom. "What is the mountain like?" asked Tom, "I have only seen it from a distance. It is a mesa, rather than a mountain, in Southern Arizona. Only it rises perpendicularly from the plain five or six hundred feet high, and they say that even a mountain goat can't find a footing on its sides. The summit, several miles in extent, is presumed to be level. Streams of water fall over the top in two or three places, so of course there is more or less vegetation. But without a balloon

only winked in a knowing manner, while Tom, with slightly heightened color, went on:
"I've some money of my own in the East that mother left me, beside what I've got with me. If I found that I did like the country—and it liked me—I might buy a small ranch and try cattle raising."

cattle raising."

Johr Bruton shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Don't try it in Nevada, whatever you do.
The winters grow worse and feed more scarce
every year. I'm talking now of selling out to a every year. I'm talk St. Louis syndicate-

St. Louis syndicate—"
"And going East, father?" cried Dolly, clapping her small hands.
"Not quite yet, dear. I have a notion of trying a year or two of ranching in Southern Arizona or even New Mexico first. There are no winters there, comparatively, and the grazing lands are better. But it is all uncertainty, any way."

way."
"Mr. Bruton," said Tom, suddenly, "would you give me a chance with your boys on the ranch this winter?"

"Mr. Britton," said Join, suddenly, "would you give me a chance with your boys on the ranch this winter?"
"So you've got the cowboy fever, eh?" laughed Bruton. "I'm afraid, though, you'd be terribly disappointed. Young fellows East form their ideas nowadays from the Buckskin Joes and Bronco Bobs of dime museums or side shows, and think all a cowboy does is to dress picturesquely, ride a bronco, shoot buffaloes and fight Indians, with a little herding thrown in."
"I'm not such an ass," was the blunt response. "I want to rough it—to learn to ride and shoot and handle cattle. Then I should know something if I ever did own a ranch."
"That sounds more like business. Yes, I'll give you a show. Forty dollars a month and furnish your own outfit. And, if you like, you can start for the south range with the boys next week."
"Very good, sir." And thus the matter was settled.
"Of course you'll give me a chance if you do Tom?"
Phil was the questioner, and his uncle regarded him with a look of surprise.
"I'm afraid you're not tough

uncle regarded him with a look of surprise.
"I'm afraid you're not tough enough for that sort of thing, Phil," he replied kindly. "And you don't think of buying a ranch some day, as Tom here does."
"I want to go with Tom, all the same. That is, if hell let me."
"There's nothing I'd like better," was Tom's hearty reply, and Mr. Bruton finally gave a half reluctant consent.

ter," was Tom's hearty reply, and Mr. Bruton finally gave a half reluctant consent.

Well, there was not much time to be lost. The sooner Tom was away, the better as regarded his personal safety. Even in the event of evading the vengeance of Montez, there was always the chance of his being run to earth by a detective anxious to secure the reward offered for Tom's apprehension by his stepfather.

The question of an outfit was easily arrived at. Deerskin leggins and hunting shirt, as being more useful if not so picturesque as the garb of the cowboy of the show, were furnished them by one of the ranchmen who was his own tailor. A "Stitson" sombrero, sold by weight at a dollar an ounce, with a cartridge belt for a band; serviceable high boots, and a "slicker" or oilskin coat reacking to the heels, completed the wearing apparel.

Then came saddle, bridle, riata, blankets and a tarpaulin for protection in bad weather. To these was added the indi pensable 45 caliber revolver, without which the cowboy's outfit is never complete.

Both new recruits could ride ordinarily well.

never complete.

Both new recruits could ride ordinarily well.

Both new recruits could ride ordinarily well. Their broncos were picked out by Bruton himself from those trained especially for the herders' use; after which they were duly enrolled among the twenty or more preparing to start for the fall round up.

It is no purpose of mine to give in detail the experiences of their new life for the ensuing winter months. One reason for this is that prosaic fact is far less interesting than picture-sque fiction, and the latter has thrown a sort of glamour about cowboy life which is very misleading.

esque faction, and the latter has thrown a sort of glamour about cowboy life which is very misleading.

The distinction between the true and the false is not unlike that between the "lop hands" and the "drags"—to use the technical terms of the plain.

The former are the true "cowboys" of fact. Theirs is a life of routine work, with but little of incident or adventure. To them is delegated the selection of the best cattle to be driven to market, the "cutting out," and careful management of the vast herd on its way to the nearest railroad shipping point.

The "drags" are hired as a sort of understrappers for general utility work during three or four months. They perform guard duty, to prevent the herd from scattering or breaking up while on the drive. Then having been paid off, more or less of them drift to the abodes of civilization, arrayed after the wonderful man ner familiar to the readers of dime literature which treats of border life. Here, as Cayuse Charlle or Wildfire Jim, such an one sometimes posses as an Indan slayer and bold, bad man who shoots on sight, thereby inciting adventurous youth to go and do likewise.



THE TWO YOUNG COWBOYS RETURN TO THE HOME RANCH.

people, among whom it was your pleasure to send me, are forever isolated from humanity, not only by the dread contagion of disease, but also the in-accessibility of the mesa itself. Our only communication with the friendly Moquis under Father Felipe's teaching is by lowering a basket more than five hundred feet to the base. Nineteen have died since my coming—but, thanks to the saints, they died in the true fath. Already the first stages of the first than the saint of the saints, they died in the true fath. Already the first stages of the saints of the saints, they died in the true fath. Already the first stages of the saints of the saints

John Bruton could hardly contain himself to

John Bruton could hardly contain himself to the ending.

"So, then, Jim was no dreamer, after all," he exclaimed energetically. "Poor Jim! And I parted with him in anger almost, when over twelve years ago he started for a trip into Ari-

tweive years ago he started for a trip into Artzona—"
"Do you mean my father, Uncle Jack?" eagerly interrupted Phil.
"Yes. The legend of the Pueblo et Muerte, on Flat Top Mountain, or El Monte Plana Corona, is well known in these parts. But Jim somewhere heard that a ledge of gold bearing quartz of almost fabulous richness was said to exist near the depopulated pueblo. And all my ridicule failed to turn him from setting out in search of it."
There was a brief silence. Phil sat with parted lips—his eyes fixed expectantly on his uncle's face. Tom and Dolly waited with eager curiosity what further Bruton might have to say.

curiosity what further Bruton might have to say.

"There were three of them—Jim, Dutch Geary, and a fellow named Richter. Four months later Dutch Geary and Richter got back to Lodeville in rags, half starved, and nearly dead. I heard their story. They had been attacked by Indians at Salt River Forks, ten miles from Flat Top Mountain. Your father, Phil, was shot and thrown into the river. The two others escaped by the skin of their teeth and

* Pueblo el Muerte--City, or town, of Death.

I'm afraid the gold of Flat Top Mountain will stay where it is." CHAPTER IX.

TWO YOUNG COWBOYS.

UT the interest excited by Tom's curious discovery subsided after a while. The crucifix and breviary were put away among Mr. Bruton's curios, and the conversation turned to topics nearer home. The incidents attendant upon Tom's escape and the search of the Home Ranch by the sheriff, of course, were the leading subjects.

"That Montez is as revengeful as an Indian," said John Bruton, curity, "and, mark my words, Tom, he'll hunt you like a bloodhound till he runs you to earth."

"You'll have to go back to your stepfather, after all, I'm afraid," regretfully observed Phil, who was growing very fond of his new friend. Tom's lips tightened a little.

"I don't propose to allow a fellow like Montezto drive me off or make me change my purpose a hair's breadth," he said with a certain air of determination, which his whole bearing carried out. "Gord for you!" exclaimed Phil, nearestic." TWO YOUNG COWBOYS.

ried out.
"Good for you!" exclaimed Phil, energeti-cally. Dolly said nothing, but her eyes cer-tainly looked her approval.
"Well, what is your purpose, my lad?" ask-

"Well, what is your purpose, my lad?" asked Bruton.
"I want to see whether I like the West well enough to live here," glancing—perhaps involuntarily—at Dolly's bright face framed in rings of short dark hair.
Sharp eyed Phil, who had caught the glance "on the fly," as he mentally expressed it, chuckled a little. Picking up his banjo, he sang in a very audible undertone:
"There was a young tenderfoot gritty.

There was a young tenderfoot gritty
Who came from his home in the city,
To the far away West—and he liked it the best
Because its young girls were so pretty."

"Phil, aren't you ashamed?" said Dolly, in an energetic whisper. But the unabashed youth

But as Tom had declared, no such motives But as Tom had declared, no such motives had to do with his own choice. Nor had Phil any fanciful notions on the subject. The desire of being near the friend he had found, added to his restless energetic nature, had decided him. And so, having made their adieus, they rode off behind the two big wagons containing provisions and bedding. Tom little thinking how and when they should see Dolly's face again. face again.

CHAPTER X. TERRIBLE NEWS.

TERRIBLE NEWS.

OREMAN, boss, cook, and riders, numbered some score of men in all. This included the day and night "wrangler," whose duties were to look after the spare ponies, of which half a dozen or more were delegated to each rider, so that a fresh horse was always available.

It was the last round up for the season, after which, instead of returning to the Home Ranch, the gang were to winter in a ranch house fifty miles distant, in the very heart of the Western wilds.

Tom preferred this, as he had determined to share all the hardship and discomforts of a rancher's life. Then experience would help him to decide as to his future action, and whatever Tom was willing to do, Phil acquiesced in.

So after the arrival of the outfit at the rendez-

So dier the arrival of the outfit at the rendezsome three days from the time of leaving
the Home Ranch, began a new and at first a
rather exciting routine of life.
Every morning saw a gathering of more than
a hundred and fifty mounted horsemen, from
the various "outfits" assembled at the rendezvous around the general foreman's wagon.
Under the latter's direction, all hands start
out for the "circle riding," in which the scattered droves are to be gathered in. By separate
half dozens the riders work right and left along
the creeks, driving the collected cattle to the
"round up" ground.
Then mounted on fresh horses the real work
begins. Perhaps ten thousand bellowing, vicious, half wild cattle are "rounded in" to one
vast drove. Around this great congregation of
constantly clicking horns and stamping hoofs
the mounted cattle guards, or "drags," are
stationed at intervals, to keep the cattle in
check as far as possible. Then the different
brands have to be cut out from the surging
mass—a work attended with no little difficulty
and danger. Each brand is "bunched" by the
boys of the outfit to which it belongs—cows and
calves together. Bulls, steers, and heifers are
similarly gathered. The bunches are then
driven off to the range worked on the previous
day and there guarded.
So day after day till the extent of country set

driven off to the range worked on the previous day and there guarded. So day after day till the extent of country set apart for grazing has been worked over. Then men from each outfit drive their stock to the several home ranches, and the "round up" is over. Branding follows, after which the marketable beef is sorted out and driven to the nearest railway station for transhipment to the East.

A short season of rest ensues. Then the

East,
A short season of rest ensues. Then the ranch house has to be made ready and provisioned for the winter months. There is fuel to cut and hay to store as winter fodder. One horse only is kept for individual use; the others are turned loose to shift for themselves.

Determine the state of the service of the service months!

are turned loose to shift for themselves.
But oh, the monotony of those winter months!
And the winter of that year will long be remembered for its extraordinary severity in the annals of the Western ranches. Blinding blizzards and bitter cold—driving snow storms and furious gales alternated for days. Cattle perished by the thousands, and John Bruton's losses were more than heavy—he was crippled by them. the

em. Through it all, Tom and Phil did their own Through it and the same share of duty manfully. The former's memory made him a good story teller, and Phil of course had brought his beloved banjo. Thus the long evenings were whiled away after a fashion. But the first coming of spring our two young

Rauch.
"I don't think I shall put any money into cattle raising," said Tom briefly, as he looked back at the log ranch, from the door of which one of the boys was waving a final adieu.
"I don't think I would," was the pithy reply, And then with light hearts the two galloped on over the plain, all unconscious of what was even then transpiring at the Home Ranch.

On a sunny morning of May, two horsemen drew rein on the brow of a sloping elevation of land which was hardly elevated enough to be

called a divide.

One of the two was broad shouldered and One of the two was broad shouldered and athetic in build. The other, though somewhat slighter, was sinewy and wiry. The hair of each was long—their features darkened to a fairly good semblance of copper color by the action of the winter winds. A sturdy health and vigor, such as is given to the plainsman in no mean measure, was apparent in every movement. And their seat in the saddle was that of horsemen accustomed to hours and even days of hard riding.

Indisented according to most and even days of hard riding.

That I am describing Tom and his friend Phil Amsted, will readily occur to the reader. Three days of travel had brought them within sight of the Home Ranch. Unslinging his field glass. Tom took a long look at the distant

Can you see anything of Dolly?" laughed

Tom colored even through his bronzing. But

a on coorea even through his bronzing. But for a moment he did not answer. "I don't see any one," he replied finally, "Not a soul stirring round the cattle sheds or the other outbuildings. Wonder where they all are!"

all are!"
"Perhaps Uncle Jack is away on a hunt, and has taken the helpers with him."
"Perhaps so."
Still on such a lovely morning Dolly herself would hardly care to be indoors. Yet there were no signs of the young girl on foot or on horseback anywhere in the vicinity of the

Tom shut his glass with a sharp snap, and returned it to the case slung across his shoul-

returned it to the case slung across his shoulders.

"Hurry up a bit, Phil." And the two urged their horses down the rugged slope as fast as was compatible with safety.

"There's Dinah, any way," exclained Phil, as a portly, turbaned mulatto woman came out on the stoop. Shading her eyes with one fat hand, she peered anxiously at the two riders who came dashing up into the yard.

"Bress us an' save us. It's dat vere Mars Tom an' Phil hisself. Howdy, boys? But oh Lawdy, dar's bad news—bad news! 'Light down, chillun—dat are lazy Braun'll take de hosses. Bram! Whar is you?"

Bram, a colored youth in ragged apparel, came shuffling round the corner of the ranch, as the now alarmed new comers leaped from their saddles.

"For Heaven's sake, what has happened."

their saddles.

"For Heaven's sake, what has happened, Dinah?" exclaimed Tom. For the mulatto woman sank heavily on a stool, and, throwing her apron over her head, began sobbing and sniffing hysterically.

"Dem Injins done carry Miss Dolly off, day 'Jore yes'day! Mars Burton nigh bout crazy. Tuk all han's 'eept me'n Bram, an' lit out after 'em. But Laws—dem recskins got mor'n half day's start. Nebber see Miss Dolly no mo'—nebber !"

Thus wailed Dinah between hysteric intervals, hile Tom and Phil looked at each other aghast.

(To be continued.)

your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-He can get you any number you may

THE END OF A MONSTER.

THE Great Eastern's doom is sealed. As the biggest ship afloat she has been from the start a failure, and she is now at Liverpool. where it is intended to break her up. The Argosy has received from time to time several inquiries regarding this "monster of the deep." many of which will doubtless be answered in the following extracts from a London paper.

the following extracts from a London paper. The construction of the immense ship was commenced in May, 1854, at Millwall, under the direction of the eminent engineer, Mr. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the original designer. The name at first given to her was "The Levathan," which was changed to "The Great Eastern" when the ship was finished, the Eastern Steam Navigation Company having intended to employ this vessel in the Indian and Australian trade.

It was expected that the combination of screw and paddles, worked with steam power,

It was expected that the combination of screw and paidles, worked with steam power, with large sails carried by five or six masts, would be supremely advantageous. But the engines were insignificant, compared with those in use at the present day. Those for the screw propeller were of 1000 horse power, and the paddle engines of 1200 horse power (nominal), while the screw was 24 feet in diameter, and the paddle wheels 56 feet.

The locomotive power was always deficient for the size of the vessel, which had a length of 60 feet, with a capacity of 22,500 tons burden—about twice the size, on the whole, of the largest ships that are now built. It was Brunel's idea that this huge steamship should carry five or six thousand tons of coal, should carry five or six thousand tons of coal,

It was Brunel's idea that this huge steamship should carry five or six thousand tons of coal, sufficient for the double voyage outward and homeward, which would save the expense of coaling abroad; but he, and the commercial men who employed him, apparently did not consider that there would be some uncertainty and delay in getting a cargo of 10,000 tons or more for a single ship in a distant port.

As the result proved, such an amount of traffic was not to be obtained, and neither the voyage to New York, nor the voyage to Bombay, or to Melbourne were profitable to the owners. Passengers soon found that the Great Eastern was not a comfortable vehicle, in spite of her

was not a comfortable vehicle, in spite of her large and airy staterooms and the extensive promenade on her deck. There was space

promenate on her deck. There was space enough to accommodate 4000 passengers of different classes, but those who embarked were only the few attracted by curosity and novelty, and did not care to repeat the experience.

This configuration to seful the experience of the end of the end of the experience of the end of the

be broken up for old iron.

TWILIGHT DREAMS.

They come in the quiet twilight hour,
When the weary day is done,
And the quick light leaps from the glowing heaps
Of wood on the warm hearthstone.

Of wood on the warm nearthstone. My brow is callend as with the touch Of a passing angel's wing; They breathe no word, yet my soul is stirred. By the messages they bring. My heart heeds not the rustling leaves, Nor the rainfall's fiful beat, Nor the wind's low sigh as it hurries by On its pauseless path and fleet.

On its pauseless patin and need.
And thus in the dusk they gather round,
These visions of the past—
Arising slow on the dim red glow
By the leaping hearth flames cast.

[This story commenced in No. 305.]

The Giant Islanders.

BY BROOKS McCORMICK.

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

CHAPTER XXIV THE RESCUE PARTY.

"HE RESCUE PARTY.
"HAT is going to be done, father?" saked Landy Ridgefield, when he saw his father's preparations to attack the giant Indians.
"Our first duty is to save the party belonging to the Vulture from the savages who have beset them on shore," replied the captain, who was inclined to make a confidant of his son, though he required him to do his work like any other person on board.
"And I see how you mean to do it, father," added Landy. "But you will only prevent the Indians now at the new house from joining the others at the river."
"That is just what I wish to do; and when we have done that, we will see what can be done for the captain's wife and daughter on the hillock."

There they come, father!" exclaimed

"Three they come, father!" exclaimed Landy, as the captain was looking forward. Captain Ridgefield went to the after gun on the port side, and sighted along the piece, as he had done before; and Livy Wooster stood at the lockstring to discharge the gun when the order was given, for he had been trained to this position in the drill.

The savages did not seem to be in a hurry, and they halted at the open space on the island which the captain had selected as the proper place to check their advance to the river.

At this noment the captain gave the order to

At this moment the captain gave the order to

fire.

A cloud of smoke enveloped the deck of the Wooster pulled the lock-

A cloud of smoke enveloped the deck of the Albatross when Livy Wooster pulled the lock-string of the gun, and it was impossible to observe the effect of the shot at once.

But Lon Packwood, who was still in the main rigging, saw that the savages at the river were startled by the roar of the gun. At the same moment came a tremendous yell from the direction of the open space at which it had been aimed; and it was evident enough that the enemy had been fearfully startled and shaken up, whatever more serious result had been produced among them. duced among them.

The smoke rolled away, and about every per-

son on board had sprung to the rail, or mount-ed the rigging to ascertain what had been ef-fected by the shell.

fected by the shell.

Not a livile to the astonishment of the captain and the others, not a single savage was to be seen when the smoke blew in towards the shore, or not one who stood upon his feet, though one was spread out on the ground and another was crawling in the direction of the cottage.

The shell had exploded in the midst of the crowd of Indians, and those who were able to do so had evidently run away as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Which way have they gone, my man?" asked the captain, looking up at Lon in the rig-

asked the captain, looking up at Lon in the rigging.

"I couldn't see any of them; but I think they have run into the bushes in the direction of the cottage," replied Lon. "The fellow who is wounded is crawling off that way, and he would be sure to follow the others."

The reasoning of Lon seemed to satisfy Captain Ridgefield, though he immediately went aloft a little way to see for himself; but not a single savage could be seen, except the one who was stretched on the ground, and he was not likely to change his position.

not likely to change his position.
"What is coming next, Landy?" asked
Livy, as the captain's son came near him.
"That is more than I know; but I think
those Indians will not want any more shells,"

those Indians will not want any more shells," replied Landy.
"I hope something will be done for poor Mrs. Welipool and Roxy, "said Mrs. Ridgefield, coming up to her son at this moment.
"Can't something be done, Landy?" added Milly; and the faces of both mother and daughte exhibited the most intense solicitude, though the two families had not been on speaking terms for more than a year before their departure from Channelport.
"I don't know anything at all about it; you will have to ask father. But I am ready for one to go ashore and do all that can be done to save them," replied Landy. "I believe I could do it, too,"
"You go ashore, Landy!" exclaimed the

"You go ashore, Landy!" exclaimed the startled mother.

"Why not? I am willing to do my duty, and I am not afraid to do it either," replied

and I am not arrange to the Landy.

"I should like to go with you," said Boscock, who happened to be near enough to hear him. "There are four of us from the Vulture, and I believe we can do something to save Leeks and Reeldon, as well as the women."

"I suppose father knows what he is about, and—""

Every time!" interposed Boscook.

"Every time!" interposed Boscook.

"Father wants to make sure that the Indians
from the direction of the cottage do not join
the others; and I am sure he will not lose any
time in saving the party on shore," continued Landy.

Boscook spoke to the captain, offering the services of all from the Vulture for the rescue of their shipmates, and the captain's wife and

services of all from the Vulture for the rescue of their shipmates, and the captain's wife and daughter.

By this time the captain was satisfied that the savages would not again attempt to cross the open space as long as the Albatross lay in his present position; and he was as impatient to do something for the relief of the party on shore as his wife and daughter.

"But I can hardly spare my men to go with you as long as those savages are likely to join their own people at the river; and they may do so by going farther into the interior of the island, out of the reach of our guns," said the captain, after he had accepted the services of the "vultures," as Landy called them, though without any disrespect.

"We don't ask for any of your men, Captain Ridgefield; I am willing to go with the three men of our crew," replied Boscook.

"Four of you is not n.uch of a force to make an attack on twenty or more," suggested the captain. "But your boat will carry six very comfortably, and I think I can spare two of my crew, though I want to keep those who have been drilled in handling the guns."

"Just as you say, captain."

"I shall be on the lookout for you, and I can

of my crew, though I want to keep those who have been drilled in handling the guns."

"Just as you say, captain,"

"I shall be on the lookout for you, and I can protect you if you are driven towards the shore; so that you must be sure that none of the savages get between you and the bay."

"Let me go, for one, father," said Landy,

"And me too," added Livy Wooster.

"You are not one of the gun crews, and I can spare you, Landy. But is your mother willing that you should go?" asked the father, glancing at his wife.

"Yes, I am willing that he should go," replied Mrs. Ridgefield, earnestly. "At first the thought startled me, but I think any one ought to go who can do any good. Let him do his duty, whatever happens to him."

"Livy belongs at one of the guns, but I can spare him better than any other man," continued the captain.

mued the captain.
"I will take his place, father, for I can pull lat string as well as he can," interposed

it will be hardly necessary to call for female assistance until the situation becomes more desperate than it is likely to be," replied Captain Ridgefield.

"If Captain Wellpool's son had been such a fellow as Landy is, I should have been willing to do duty under his orders," said Boscook, as he walked to the waist with the captain.

"Landy is my son; but I try not to favor him on that account in our relations with the ship's company. Vet I have a great deal of confidence in him, and whenever I have called upon him for any important duty he has never disappointed me. For such an undertaking on shore as you have before you, I believe he has a decided talent," said Captain Ridgefield, with no little pride.

"Then give him the command of the party; none of us will object," suggested Boscook.
"No; I will not do that; you shall take the command, but you may consult him if you are so disposed."

"Boat from the Vulture," said Mr. Pitburn, at this noment.

Boat from the Vulture," said Mr. Pitburn,

at this moment.

Dunk Wellpool was the only occupant of the boat; but it did not appear whether or not he was coming to the Albatross.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE EXPEDITION UP THE RIVER.

N board of the Albatross no particular interest was felt in the movements of Dunk Wellpool, though Landy and Livy had little curiosity to know what the new mate intended to do.

mate intended to do.

Boscook had hauled the boat from which his party had come from the Vulture to the main rigging, and had directed his three companions to take their places in it; then he directed Livy to take his seat on the fore thwart and pull an

oar.

Taking his place in the stern sheets with
Landy, they received the arms and ammunition
for the expedition, which consisted of a rife and
a revolver for each person, and an abundant
supply of cartridges.

The oars were dropped into the water, and
the men ordered to give way with a will, for
Landy had suggested that they should reach
the shore as soon as possible, before the savages
had time to organize any new movemen.

had time to organize any new movement.

"Where do you think we had better land,
Landy?" asked Mr. Boscook, as soon as the

boat was in motion.

"I should say we had better go into the river, and follow it as far as we can," replied the captain's son, who had looked the situation over tain's son, wh very carefully.

"That's a good scheme; and I wonder that our men did not follow the river as far as they could, though I suppose they were afraid of getting aground as they old when they left the cottage; and very likely that would have been fatal to them," added the chief of the expedition.

cottage and to them," added the chief of the expedition, fatal to them," added the chief of the expedition, and the very good deat of the situation here while I was on board of the schooner," replied Landy. "Your men landed on the left bank of the river, which is the side nearest to the cotten they would have had the river between them and the savages who were driven off by the shell."
"I don't think they had any time to consider which would be the best side for them, for they were hard pressed, after their retreat in the boat had been cut off. They took to the shore at the first point they could reach, which happened to be on the west shore of the island,"
"I have no doubt they did the best they could, and I do not criticise their action, They have done splendidly to hold their own against

have done splendidly to hold their own against at least ten times their own number," added

ndy.

Let the two bow oarsmen unship their oars "Let the two bow oarsmen unship their oars, for we should move slowly now," called the chief. "Take the boat hook, Livy, and go to the stem where you can sound with it." Livy obeyed the order, and soon thrust the boat hook down as far as his arm would reach.
"No bottom," replied he, drawing in the im-

plement.
"That will do for the present then, but be

and will up for the present then, but be ready to sound again."

A bend in the river gave them a better view of the situation of the besieged party on the hillock, and one of them waved a colored hand-kerchief fastened to the muzzle of his rifle. The two men seemed to be in no particular uncertainty in regard to their situation, and looked as though they were taking things quite roolly. At this moment, the heavy report of one of the guns of the Albatross assured the party in the boat that the savages near the cottage had made another demonstration.

"That means that the Indians have made another attempt to cross the open space between

"That means that the Indians have made another attempt to cross the open space between the river and the cottage," said Boscook, "And we have no idea of the result of the shot," added Landy. "We shall soon learn something more about it, for if the first shot fails to drive the savages back, another will soon follow," answered the chief

They waited a few minutes for the report of another gun, and both the chief and Landy were satisfied that the first one had driven back

were satisfied that the first one had driven back the enemy,
"They can't get away from the island with-out that boat; at least without leaving a part of their men behind them," said Landy, watching closely the shore at the side of the boat. "I

their men behind them," said Landy, watching closely the shore at the side of the boat. "I think it is easy enough to determine what their next move will be" "What do you say it will be?" asked Boscook, looking into the face of the captain's son, "They are coming over this way after that boat, and the next attempt will be made a good deal farther back than the last one, for they have found out by this time that a cannon shot will reach a long distance."
"That is just the idea that was working its way through my head." added the chief, "Now we had better see where we are. The hillock where our party are defending themselves don't seem to be more than ten or fitteen rook from the river; and if we don't get aground we shall soon be very near it."
Livy heard this remark and used the boat hook again, while the two men at the oars continued to pull leisurely, as they had been instructed to do.
"No bottom," reported Livy again. "The

tinued to pull leisurely, as they had been instructed to do.

"No bottom," reported Livy again. "The boat hook and my arm give us at least eight feet of water."

"All right: keep a sharp lookout ahead, and you can see when we are coming to a shoal, but I shall not expect to find any out in the middle of the stream."

Boscook had hardly given the order before three arrows dropped into the water between the boat and the west bank of the river.

"Good!" exclaimed Landy. "Now we know where they are."

"And we are doing the very thing which the captain warned me against doing," addlet the chief gazing intently into the trees in the direction from which the arrows had come. "The Indians are between us and the shore."

"We faither beau making a all about the

tion from which the arrows had come. "The Indians are between us and the shore."
"My father knew nothing at all about the river when he warned you not to let the Indians get between us and the bay," replied Landy, "The river is our line of reteat, and while we have a boat and the enemy have none, we are in a condition to use it, and they are not."
"But what is to prevent them from going to the mouth of the river, and taking possession of both boats there?" asked the chief, with a smile,

of both boats there; assections smile,
"I grant that I am weak on that point," replied the captain's son candidly, "We ought to have taken possession of the boats,"
"But we did not,"
"We had no idea that the river was navigable awan for our boat, and we did not think of it. I

"We had no idea that the river was navigable even for our boat, and we did not think of it. I don't believe that these savages will go to the mouth of the river for the boats," added Landy, "But it is quite possible for them to do so; and I don't think we ought to leave the possibility of a disaster open if it can be prevented," replied Boscook, shaking his head.

"It can easily be prevented," continued Landy, "We are in no desperate hurry to reach your people as long as the savages do not

make a decided demonstration against them. We are not a quarter of a nule from the mouth of the river, and we can easily do what we left undone when we did not understand the situation as well as we do now."

"What do you mean by that, Landy?"

"I mean that we had better return to the

"What do you mean by that, Landy?"

"I mean that we had better return to the mouth of the river, and put the two boats there could the reach of the savages," replied the Cable of the savages, "replied the Cable of the Savages," replied the Cable of the Savages, and the Savages of the Savages, and the Savages of the Sava

the chief called upon his force to suspend operations after they had fired a few times.

The Indians, with unusual stupidity, kept up an incessant yelling, which enabled Boscook to discover the fact that they were retreating from their position near the tall tree; and he was not disposed to waste his ammunition upon them.

"Now, my men, take your oars, all of you; and I want you to do your level best," said Boscook. "We ought not to be gone from this position long; and when we return we can have things all our own way, if nothing new turns up."

The chief took the tiller lines of the rudder, and the four rowers gave way with all their night, and they were good at the business, so that the mouth of the river was reached in a few

nutes.
"This boat is too big and clumsy to be easily "This boat is too big and clumsy to be easily handled when we are in a hurry, and what to do with it is the question just now," said Boscook, when the quarter boat had come alongside of the rude craft of the enemy.

"I was thinking of that very question as we came down the river," added Landy.

"If I had an axe, I would soon make an end of it; but there are plenty of rocks on the shore, and we can sink it in the middle of the river," replied the chief.

"I think that will take more time than we ought to spare," continued Landy.

ought to spare," continued Landy.
"What would you do with it, my lad?"
asked Boscook. "We must fix it so that it will

"What would you do with it, my lad?" asked Boscook. "We must fixit so that it will be of no use to the savages."

"Of course; and what you said about the current of the river gave me an idea of what it is best to do with it. It is getting dark, and the wind has died out; in fact I think there is a breeze coming up from the Island. The sun has heated the soil on the island.—" "Never mind the philosophy, my lad: what would you do with the Indian boat?" interposed the chief laughing.
"I should row it out into the middle of the river, and turn it adrift," replied Landy.
"That is exactly the thing to do!" exclaimed the chief. "I did not think of that because the wind has been blowing on the island all the

wind has been blowing on the island all the

Both of the boats were shoved off the shore.

Both of the boats were shoved off the shore, and Landy was directed to get into the one belonging to the Vulture, while the Indian craft was taken in tow astern of it.

The men gave way again, and in a few minutes more the three boats were in the middle of the river, where the current could be seen by the direction of such sticks as happened to be floating on!

the direction of such stacks as happened at the floating on !" shouted Boscook.

"Let her go!" shouted Boscook.
Landy cast off the painter of the craft, while the chief turned the head of the boat up the river again, and the men gave way with all their might, as the officer urged them to do.

CHAPTER XXVI. DUNK WELLPOOL'S PERIL.

ANDY took his place in the stern of the boat, and gave his attention to the drifting canoe of the Indians; and he soon ing towards the middle of the bay.

"Boat ahoy!" shouted some one from the shore, on the west side.

Landy heard the call and replied to it; and he saw Dunk Wellpool come out of a clump of bushes, and walk down to the shore of the river.

river.

It looked to Landy as though he had landed in a little bay, behind a point of land, across which he had come, for his boat was not in sight; and so far he had not shown himself to the party in the boat.

"Come ashore, and take me in!" shouted hour.

"Come ashore, and take me in!" shouted Dunk,
"No!" shouted Boscook, loud enough to be heard half a mile. "Go back to the Vulture, or you will be taken by the Indians, who are only a little way from you!"
"I order you to take me on board of the boat!" yelled Dunk again.

"All right, Mr. Mate!" added the chief in a low tone. "I have warned you, and if you fall into the hands of the Indians, it will be your

Dunk continued to yell at the boat, but no

Dunk continued to yell at the boat, but no further notice was taken of him, and he was left in his perilous situation. The four men at the oars in the boat pulled a stroke which soon brought the party to the position they had reached before; but the chief had some doubts in regard to the depth of the water in the unexplored part of the river.

He hauled up the boat in which Landy was seated, allowing the men to rest on their oars for a moment, and directed the captain's son to take his place in the bow of the leading boat, and attend to the soundings. Landy used the boat hook to sound with; but the water was nowhere less than three feet deep, and a good rate of speed was kept up till they were abreast of the hillock. hillock.

At the moment when Boscook told the At the moment when Boscook told the men to cease rowing, Leeks and Reeldon opened fire again, and it was evident that the savages could not be far away. Probably by climbing the trees or in some other way, they had been able to watch the movements of the boat which had descended the river and returned, and perhaps had followed it up the stream.

"The battle has opened again," said the chief anxiously, as he gave his attention to the two men who alone could be seen on the hillock.

Those men are not twenty rods from

Those men are not twenty rods from us, and you can tell by the way they aim where the Indians are," said Landy.

After careful consideration, the chief decided to land his men. The boats were hauled up to the side of the river, and the entire party went on shore, for all danger must come from the front or the right of them. Between the hillock and the stream there were fortunately but few trees which could conceal the movements of the savages, wherever they were.

The rifles and revolvers were put in condition for instant use, the former being fully supplied with cartridges; and thus prepared for the conflict, Boscook led his men towards the hillock, The boats had been hauled on the shore a little way so that they could be shoved into the water

The boats had been hailed on the shore a little way so that they could be shoved into the water again without any delay.

The ground was a gradual ascent from the stream, and was covered with a dense growth of low bushes, though it afforded no sheller to the Indians from the rifle balls of the white men. When the party had made about half the distance to the hildock, Boscook ordered a halt, for the two men on the little eminence had all at once ceased firing.

"What are we stopping for?" asked Landy, who was beginning to be impatient at the delay in communicating with the men on the hildock. "I don't think it is safe to leave open active the hildock and gradual to the stopping of they may craw in behind us, and dispute our passage on the return," replied the office.

The men on the hill have stopped firing,

The men on the hill have stopped fring, and that indicates that they can see none of the savages, for I notice that they don't waste their ammunition; and by this time I don't believe they have any to spare."

"Lon Packwood, you and Lark Bidwell may remain here, while the rest of us go up the hill," said Boscook. "I want you to move up and down and keep your eyes wide open. If you see any Indians near enough to be dangerous, fire at them, and we will come to your assistance at once," "All right, sir," replied Lon, as he and Lark took a position on the highest ground they could find.

took a position on the highest ground they could find.

The chief then directed them to separate and patrol the space between the hillock and the river, and continued the march to the besieged party. They were but a few rods distant, but Boscook took the precaution to lead his men around the hill, and ascend it on the side next to the river, so that the Indians could not see him; though as far as he was able to judge the enemy were not near enough to see them.

Leeks and Reeldon, though they were doubt-sed delighted to see their friends approaching, said nothing to express their satisfaction at the arrival of the long expected assistance, for they feared the enemy might be near, though they appeared to have retreated from the vicinity.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Boscook," said Leeks, as the party canne within speaking distance of him.

"You have made a good fight of it," answered

Leeks, as the party came winni spacing, sistance of him.

"You have made a good fight of it," answered the mate. "But we have no time to talk about it now. Where are the women?"

"We have kept them on the back side of the hill during the fight; but I wonder that we have not all been murdered and captured," added Leeks. "Mrs. Weilpool!" he called to the females.

The captain's wife and daughter rose from their reclaims positions, and both of them were

their reclining positions, and both of them were as pale as though they had lost all the blood in

veins.
ey walked timidly up the hill to the spot They walked timidly up the hill to the spot where the men stood, casting frequent glances in the direction from which the enemy had been

seen.
"I am glad to see that you and your daughter

"I am glad to see that you and your daughter are safe," said Boscook.
"Where is my husband? What does he mean by leaving us here all alone when he knew that the savages were all around us?" demanded the captain's wife.
"We can't stop to talk about it now, Mrs. Wellpool," interposed Boscook. "We are not out of the woods yet. If you and your daughter

will come with me we will do the best we can

will come with me we will do the best well-for you."

The chief formed his party in single file, and placed them on the side where the Indians were supposed to be, and then started for the boats, keeping well ahead of the captain's wife so that she could not relate her grievances to him. They had not reached the place where the two men had been posted as scouts, before the crack of a couple of rifles startled Boscook, and made him fear that the worst of the affair was vet to come.

made him fear that the worst of the affair was yet to come.

"Lie down on the ground, both of you!" said he hastily to the woman and her daughter.

"How do I know but there are snakes here?" demanded Mrs. Weilpool.

"Snakes or not, lie down, or you will get an arrow through your head," said the chief, so sharply that she obeyed him at once.

"The enemy are in here!" shouted Lon Packwood, pointing in the direction of the cottage.

tage.
"Are they coming this way?" asked Bos-

"No, sir; they are all running towards the mouth of the river," answered Lon. "I could not tell which way they were going when we

not tell which way ...,
fred."
"Come this way, and join this file," added
Boscook, as he called to the captain's wife and
her daughter to resume the march.
The chief led the way again, wondering what
the Indians would do next; but nothing more
was seen of them before the party reached the

Mrs. Wellpool and her daughter were placed

was seen of them before the party reached the boats.

Mrs. Wellpool and her daughter were placed in the boat in which they had come, and the two men who had been with them were assigned to it to take charge of them; but Leeks was instructed not to go into danger without a special order, and to keep os the farther side of the river.

"What are you going to do now, Mr. Boscook?" asked the captain's wife after she was ceated in the boat.

"We are going to get out of the river, if we can," replied the chief, rather curtly, for he had never been very partial to the lady.

"But we have only two men in this boat, and there are six of you in the other. I want more men in the boat with me," persisted Mrs. Wellpool.

"Give way, Leeks!" said the leader sharply to the stroke oarsman of the other boat. Leeks and his companion began to use their oars, but the lady forbade them to do so.

"That's the mate, ma'am, and most obey orders," replied Leeks, as he contine view of the work of the was with the mate with the was well was. The other boat took the wish she was.

The other boat took the wish she was.

The other boat took the wish she was, the was.

The other boat took the wish she was, the was.

The other boat took the wish she was, the was.

The other boat took the wish she was, the was.

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The other boat took the wes she was, the was.

The other boat took the west she was the was.

The other boat took the west she was, the was.

The other boat took the west she was, the was.

The other boat took the west she was, the was, the was.

The other boat took the west she was, the was, t

pool!"
"I had forgotten all about him," added Bos
cook, quite as much excited as his companion in

"The trong was a much excited as his companion in the stern sheets.

Dunk was running towards the river, pursued by three of the stalwart Indians, whose legs were altogether too long for the new mate of the Vulture.

It looked as though they had suddenly come upon him, and taken him by surprise, for they were not far behind him; and his attempt to escape was a failule who were after him pounced upon him all in a heap, and Dunk went down under them with a scream of mortal terror.

(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN ARmant.

LAST OF THEIR RACE.

THE buffalo, whose almost total destruction from off the Western plains has been mourned for several years, may perhaps not be so nearly ex tinct as is supposed. In Dakota, once a favorite stamping ground for them, none have been seen for a long time, but at least one herd has appeared there this year, according to the Bismarck Herald, which reports:

which reports:

Sportsmen are very much interested in the report brought in recently to the effect that a herd of fifty buffaloes were seen sixty miles north here, on the bank of the Missouri River. John Whiteside, a hunter, says that he saw the herd and kiled one of the animal ways that he saw the herd and kiled one of the animal ways that he saw the herd and will be seen to be a sixty of the same and trampled upon by the thirsty beasts. The buffaloes swam the river and started in a north-westerly direction from the western bank. This is the first herd seen in Dakota for over five years, and it is supposed that they have been driven from the Northwest Territory by hunters. A large number of settlers have started in pursuit, in hopes of capturing the big game.

ACTIVE INDOLENCE.

MR. AGILE (to Mr. Stoutman, after a hard run for a street car).—"By Jove, old boy! I thought

you were too lazy to run like that."

Mr. Stoutman (languidly).—" Easily explained, my dear boy; laziness runs in our family."



price of the ARGOST is \$2.00 per we will send two copies for one

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audresses.

Book of the commence at any a we start them with the beginning of some less otherwise ordered.

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A GREAT STORY.

It is the editor's duty to blow the trumper and proclaim the wares he has to offer to the public. Our trumpet on this occasion should be a loud one indeed, for never before in the history of THE ARGOSY have we had such an important announcement to sound forth. Elsewhere on this page will be found a forecast of the complete revolution of the paper's make up, and of the splendid array of literary and artistic attractions that the new volume will contain. One of the greatest of these is a new and remarkable story which will commence next week. It is entitled

THE PRISONERS OF THE CAVE,

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "The Young Pilot of Lake Montoban,"
"Making a Man of Himself," etc., etc.

The famous author has never written a better or more stirring story than this. It deals with an entirely new field, and differs in many ways from any of his previous works. The scene is laid in the caves and canyons of the Sierra Nevada, where the young hero goes through some strange adventures among the giant powers of Nature and the wild inhabitants of the rocky fastnesses. The characters of Harold Rossmere, and his companion Val Legall; of Amos Winscreed the miser; of Greele Hinchman, the giant of the island, and his fair young adopted daughter; of Captain Chuffler and his band of outlaws—these are depicted with
all the author's well known dramatic skill, while their adventures in the vast mountain cavern and on the mysterious underground river are most novel and exciting.

" The Prisoners of the Cave" is one of the very best stories THE ARGOSY has ever published, and one which all your friends would enjoy reading.

The Title Page and Index to Volume VI is now ready, and will be sent free to any address on receipt of a stamp for postage.

THE BOOK OF THE SEASON.

THE criticisms upon "The Boy Broker" have been full of unmixed praise for its literary merit and its artistic excellence. Indeed, the volume has sprung at a bound into popularity and success, and has already taken rank as the finest gift book of the season. Those who have not seen a copy of it should send in their orders promptly, before the supply is exhausted.

Next week's number will cost Ten Cents.

BOUND VOLUME VI NOW READY.

Volume VI of THE ARGOSY is now ready, and an exceedingly handsome volume it is. Bound in cloth sides with leather backs and corners, and containing 836 pages, it is one of the largest and finest gift books of the season. It comprises seventeen complete serials, over a hundred illustrated short stories, more than fifty portraits and biographical sketches of eminent men, and a vast variety of articles on sports, games, and military matters, editorials and other short items. It is embellished with about five hundred fine engravings, and altogether is a complete mine of treasures for boys and girls. It can be ordered from any book seller or newsdealer, price \$4. or will be sent from this office on receipt of the price-expressage to be paid by the re-

À BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

FORTY EIGHT PAGES including cover, all of which are lavishly and most artistically illustrated. An effort never before approached; never before dreamed of in juvenile literature.

A superb issue with which to enter upon Volume VII—an issue bristling with new things and printed in handsome colors. A Weekly Magazine from now on, with pages cut and stitched. No advertising will hereafter appear on reading pages. THE ARGOSY in its new form will be a perfect book when bound, with nothing to mar the beauty of its pages.

The word "GOLDEN" will be dropped from the title after this issue; "THE ARGOSY" plain and simple will be the title hereafter. The following is the new heading:



OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Next week's issue of THE ARGOSY will be the Christmas issue. It will be a surprise to every one, not only because of the changes in form and name, but more especially because of the unprecedented beauty and ment of the number. Never before has anything for boys and girls approaching this issue in excellence been attended.

approaching the second process of the second process of the second printed in various colors and most superbly decorated with between thirty and forty illustrations, it will present a degree of attractiveness unknown to juvenile literature.

tions, it will present a degree of attractiveness unknown to juvenile literature.

Judging from the efforts of publishers the world over, they evidently think anything very ordinary is good ecough for boys. Accordingly they spend their money lavishly on adult publications, while those for younger readers are made up for the most part of inferior illustrations and less valuable matter.

It seems to us that this thing has gone on long enough, that it is now time to give the boys and girls something fully as meritorious as the publications designed for their fathers and mothers, and such we will present to the great world of young readers next week, in the improved form of The Arrossy. The Number WILL COST TEN CENTS. WILL COST TEN CENTS.

WHY WE HAVE CHANCED OUR NAME.

WHY WE HAVE CHANGED OUR NAME.

There are several reasons why we have dropped the word "Golden" in our title. The first is, that it was not necessary, as we always speak of the paper as THE ARG.5Y. Again, "The Golden Argosy" sounded too much like the nursery—too much like a "namby pamby" "goody goody "sheet, such as very small boys and girls delight to read. THE ARG.6Y, simply, has a manly ring—a vigor and dash characteristic of the tone of the paper. "The Golden Argosy" suggests fairy tales and infantile stories, while THE ARG.6Y alone savors of boating and adv nutre—of tales to quicken the pulse of brave bold boys whose blood runs warm in their young healthy bodies.

The word "Golden" is in great disrepute with us so far as the heading to this paper goes. The old title has led people to suppose the paper is intended solely for small children. Nothing could be further from our purpose, as you and all readers know. Without doubt, however, this word "Golden" has kept many manly boys and young men from reading the paper simply because they did not like to be classed by those who happened to see them with the small boys who read fairy tales and nursery stories. We confess to having been provoked many times ourselves when on meeting a stranger and referring to the paper he would realy "Oh, yes, "The Golden Argosy," a child's paper." Well, he was not to be blamed, as the title really suggested the thought to him; "The Golden Argosy"; golden—nursery; golden—fairy tale; golden—small boy.

OUR NEW FORM.

OUR NEW FORM.

THE ARGOSY in its new form will consist of not less than thirty six pages every week, including the cover, and many times it will be even larger. The paper will be more than one third heavier than the grade used on the old form. It will be more highly finished, and will enable us to print our illustrations as finely as those of the very best magazines. And the illustrations will probably number about twenty five in each issue—three times as many as we now publish. The pages will be stitched and cut, and many new features will be introduced, an outline of which will be found below. A very pretty cover, with designs varying from week to week, and printed in colors, will be a part of our new form. In short, commencing with Volume VII, THE ARGOSY will be a beautiful weekly magazine. It will be suitable to bind up into very handsome books. No advertising will be allowed on reading pages. Our purpose is to make it thoroughly artistic and refined in every respect. every respect

NEW FEATURES.

OUR FEATURES.

OUR SERIAL STORIES
will continue to be one of the leading features
of THE ARGOSY. They will, however, rank
higher than ever before, and will be much better
brought out than formerly. Hitherto we have
usually given to each serial from five to seven
illustrations, mainly confined to the first half of
of the story. In future every serial will be fully
illustrated throughout, with from thirty to forty
drawings by first rate artists.

A PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

A PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

Beginning next week, we shall introduce a Puzzle Department, or, more properly speaking, a department of illustrated problems. This will include not the old, stereotyped series of anagrams or acrostics, but a selection of the best, newest, and most original puzzles, pictorial, mathematical, and of many different kinds. It will be interesting to a wide class of readers, who will find in it such various tests for their ingenuity. Prizes, too, will be offered for the best original problems.

Dest original problems.

COMIC SKETCHES.

Much more attention will be paid henceforth to the humorous side of THE ARGOSY, and the pens of the leading "funny men" will help to provide for our readers many a healthy and delightful laugh. The number of comic drawings will be largely increased, and a humorous serial is a probability of the near future.

Is a probability of the near future.

HELPFUL ARTICLES.

Great pains will be taken to make THE ARGOSY helpful, as well as fascinating and amusing, to its readers. We shall constantly publish articles on various practical subjects, giving hints and instructions for the making of useful things, the learning of valuable arts, and other kindred topics. These will commence next week with a series of papers on "Amateur

Photography," by a well known expert on that deservedly popular study.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTER.
Miscellaneous matter, such as biographical
sketches of leading men, editorials, poems, and
so forth, will be continued and presented in
even a more attractive form than heretofore.
With the commencement of the new volume we
shall start a series of biographical sketches of
noted lawyers. This series should prove unusually interesting to all readers, for the subjects will include many of the most prominent
and popular men of the day, and the recital of
their upward careers cannot but be beneficial to
those who are entering upon the battle of life.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Boys, here is your chance to get some good reading free, for the simple trouble of showing our CHRISTMAS NUMBER to your friends who are not acquainted with THE ARGOSY.

HERE IS THE LIST OF FREE BOOKS:

"A VOYAGE TO THE GOLD COAST; OT, JACK BOND'S QUEST;" by Frank H. Converse.
"THE BOYS IN THE FORECASTLE; A STORY OF REAL SHIPS AND REAL SAILORS," by George

"THE BOYS IN THE FORELASILE, A STATE, OF REAL SHIPS AND REAL SAILORS," by George H. Coomer.
"BARBARA'S TRIUMPHS; or, THE FORTUNES OF A YOUNG ARTIST," by Mary A. Denison, is a pathetic and delightful tale.
"NUMBER 9; or, THE ADVENTURES OF A NEW YORK TELEGRAPH BOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam, is an extremely dramatic and interesting story of life in the great city,
"JACK WHEELER; A STORY OF THE WILD WEST," by Captain David Southwick.
"THE YOUNG ACROBAT OF THE GREAT NORTH ABERICAN CIECUS," by HORATIO APPENDING THE GREAT NORTH ABERICAN CIECUS," by HORATIO APPENDING C. B. Ashley. A stirring story of the war.
"TOM TRACY; or, THE TRIALS OF A NEW YORK NEWSBOY," by Arthur Lee Putnam.
"THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE; or, WHO SHALL BE THE HEIR?" by Annie Ashmor.
"IN THE WILDS OF NEW MEXICO," by G. M. Fenn. A tale of excling adventure in the far Southwest.

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These premium books are very neat volumes, including only the best stories of standard authors, and at least equal in every respect, except the binding, to the ordinary \$1.25 books.

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You can order the extra papers from your newsdealer, or you can get them direct from this office by sending ten CENTS for each paper.

NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING IS LOST.

NOTHING IS lost: the tiniest seed,
By wild birds borne or breezes blown,
Finds something suited to its need,
Wherein 'tis sown and grown.
So with our words; or harsh or kind,
Uttered, they are not all forgot:
They have their influence on the mind,
Pass to bur deeds: for good or ill,
They have their power, scarce underste
Then let us use our better will,
To make them rife with good.

"Plucky Joe."

BY CAPTAIN HENRY F. HARRISON.

URRAY and Fuller were bankers in a small way at Oro City, Nev-ada. They had a branch office in Denton, the nearest railway station, in Denton, the nearest railway station, sixty miles distant. And one morning the oldest partner, Mr. Blair, wired them from Denton, that Defries, the other one, had "lit out" (I quote from the telegram) with fifty thousand dollars—probably by the midnight train to Denver.

This was bad in itself. Particularly in the fact that Murray.

larly in view of the fact that Murray larly in view of the fact that Murray and Fuller had two notes in the Denton bank which if not paid at noon of the following day would go to protest. Now to have a note protested was, in the eyes of Murray and Fuller, a most serious affair. It would they reasoned, not only shake their credit but materially affect the public confidence in their interrity.

they reasoned, not only shake their credit but materially affect the public confidence in their integrity.

They had abundant means in their Oro City office. How to get it to Denton in time was the question. Two stages a week only, and alas one had set out only the day before.

"Send Joe with it on Chieftain," suggested Mr. Murray.

Joe Patch was a bright young fellow in their employ, who had been brought up on a ranch owned by the former. Chieftain was a Kentucky horse raised on the same ranch. And the horse Joe Patch couldn't ride—and ride well—had never been foaled in that part of the country. So at least said Mr. Murray, who himself told me the story.

least said Mr. Murray, who himself told me the story.

Joe expressed himself as ready and willing to start at ten minutes' no-tice, which he did, with twenty seven thousand dollars and Mr. Murray's

revolver in his pocket.

Well, as Joe expresses it, at first it was a regular picnic for him. The ride, the scenery and the responsi-bility—each and all had their attrac. bility—each and all had their attractions. A very pleasant spoken gentleman—Mr. Smith, agent for Baker & Co., bankersat Denver, joined him and rode quite a little distance toward Denton. He had heard of the Defries defalcation, he said, and incidentally Joe mentioned his errand. This was just before the two reached the half way station at Cayuse Bend. The stage from Denton to Oro City stopped there to change horses. It had just arrived as Joe and Mr. Smith rode up to the wretched littlelog cabin where fried bacon and hot saleratus biscuit were served out to the hungry passengers at a dollar a

the hungry passengers at a dollar a

Joe was not hungry, but Chieftain must have his mouth sponged out and a chance to cool off a bit. But

must have his mouth sponged out and a chance to cool off a bit. But imagine the young messenger's distress when he went round to the "leanto" serving as a stable to find that Chieftain had suddenly become dead lame!

Poor Chieftain could not even bear his foot on the ground, and there was no blacksmith within a dozen miles to see if the shoe itself was at fault. There was nothing to do but for Joe to take the stage back to Oro City and tell Messrs. Murray and Fuller of his hard luck. For not a horse or conveyance of any kind could he hir to continue his journey to Denton, for love or money.

Mr. Smith, who was a pleasant spoken man with a dark smooth face like a Spaniard's, expressed himself as very sorry for his young friend's misfortune. He himself—so he said—was not going directly to Denton, or he would willingly have taken charge of the money—that is, till Ine would intensit it to him. But it

have taken charge of the money—that is, if Joe would intrust it to him. But it could not be helped, and so, heavy hearted enough, poor Joe consigned Chieftain to the tender mercies of the hostler—promising to send further directions back by next stage. Then he

mounted the box beside the driver, who

flounted the box beside the driver, who cracked his whip, and away they went toward Oro City.

There were a dozen passengers inside—cattle drovers, mining experts and non-descripts generally. One better dressed than the rest spoke with a foreign accent, and wore blue glasses, which with his blonde hair and beard gave him the look of a German professor.

Poor Joe! Never had he felt so sore and discouraged. It was no fault of his.

and discouraged. It was no fault of his, but he knew how badly his employers would feel at the failure of his mission.

would teel at the failure of his mission. "Curi's yer hoss should hev struck lame so all of a sudden," said the good natured driver, to whom Joe had confided his troubles, "but—" Stop!

In the voice of a stentor, the command was shouted from a bunch of manzanitas at the roadside. Simultaneously

"None of that, my lad! Out with your wallet and drop it down here! Or

The muzzle of the big revolver pointed directly up in his face suggested the rest. And one by one a shower of wallets and pocket books were being tossed from the stage interior into the road.

stage interior into the road.

With a groan from the very bottom of his boots Joe obeyed. The highwayman picked up his plunder, which he shoved into his capacious pockets.

'No treasure box I believe this time, driver. No! Very good. Here, you with the blue spec's! What's that you're showing into your stocking leg?"

with the blue spec's! What's that you're shoving into your stocking leg?"
"Nicht verstehen," muttered the unhappy man as the road agent stepped to the side of the stage.
"Oh, yes, you do—you understand perfectly well. Hand over; and—look here!"

here!

Jan jag ...

THE ROBBERY OF THE ORO CITY STAGE.

appeared a broad shouldered, bearded appeared a broad shouldered, bearded man, the upper part of whose face was hidden by a black mask. In either hand he held a heavy revolver—one of which was pointed at the driver long enough to suggest the instant stoppage which at

- AW. TETT

was pointed at the driver long enough to suggest the instant stoppage which at once took place.

Half a dozen pistols were drawn by as many of the inside passengers.

"Gentlemen," cried the highwayman in a voice which sounded strangely familiar to Joe, "my pardner is covering you with a double barrel loaded with buck shot. And buck shot do scatter tremendously! Toss those guns into the road! Quick!"

Nobody saw the "pardner," but imagination peopled the manzanitas with road agents and weapons. Every revolver was dropped. Every face paled—except Joe's, who had forgotten that had a weapon. His face alternately flushed and paled. His employers' twenty seven thousand dollars! And he made a movement toward his breast pocket. If he could only push the big wallet under the cushion!

Thus saying the road agent coolly yanked a huge blonde beard from the foreigner's chin and jerked his spectacles

off very rudely.

As pale as death, the man thus undisguised, if the expression is allowable, produced a bulky envelope from his stocking leg and extended it in his shaking forement. ing fingers.

Gentlemen." said the stage robber mockingly as he tucked away the enve-lope, "let me introduce your fellow pas-senger—Mr. Lewis Defries, absconding partner of Blair and Defries, of Denton.

partner of Biair and Defries, of Denton. Good morning?" And plunging into the underbrush at the side of the road the speaker disappeared.

Poor Joe, completely stunned at the magnitude of his own misfortunes, had sat through it all dazed and bewildered till he heard the parting address of the gentlemanly road agent.

Lewis Defries! And now the highwayman had in all probability over seventy

man had in all probability over seventy thousand dollars of Murray and Fuller's

driver, as, without pausing, Joe dropped into the road, and made a break through the heavy growth in the direction taken by the stage robber.

But Joe heard nothing, only the distant steps crashing through the fallen timber—thought of nothing but overtaking the man who had his employers' money! man who had his employers' money! He was sixteen years old, sinewy and athletic for his years. Moreover, he suddenly remembered Mr. Murray's re-

Pulling it from his pocket, Joe held the weapon in readiness. Its very posses-sion gave him a sudden coolness and re-solution. His nerves steaded and his

solution. His nerves steaded and his half defined purpose became a fixed determination.

Pausing for a moment to listen, he heard the footsteps ahead suddenly stop. Joe also stopped and quietly slipped off his shoes. Then as steathily as an Institute he trule footstead. his shoes. Then as stealt dian he stole forward.

He heard voices, or a voice at least. Then a low laugh of evident amuse-

ment.
"It's his partner," thought Joe with

"It's his partner," thought Joe with a great feeling of disappointment, "and they're chuckling over their luck." Joe had hoped to meet the man by himself. Then—
Parting the leaves, Joe saw in a clearing a horse whose bridle was thrown carelessly over a bush. And the horse was the counterpart of the one ridden by pleasant spoken Mr. Smith, agent for Baker & Co., the Denver bankers.

And Mr. Smith himself was tucking a pair of false whiskers into one of the empty holsters of the saddle. Moreover he was alone—talking to

Moreover he was alone-talking to

himself.
"Oh, what a haul," laughed this
"Ch, what a haul," The best I've "On, unat a haul, laughed his merry gentleman. "The best I've made by far. And not a soul to have to share with, except my imaginary partner with the double barrel. Well, the devil doer help his own, surely." Here Mr. Smith seated himself on

the greensward, unbuckled a belt, to which two heavy revolvers were suspended, and tossed it carelessly be-side him on the turf. Then he emptied the pockets of his rough

emptied the pockets of his rough pilot cloth coat.

"To think I should have taken Lewy Defries's plunder," went on Smith in audible soliloquy. "That is rich. I knew him by the scar on his cheek that changes from blue to red when he's excited, the minute I neared the coach. Sorry, though, for the boy on the seat, but—"

A sharp click stopped his speech in an instant. Dropping the wallet he was about to open, Mr. Smith raised his eyes and extended his hand toward his revolver belt at one and the

ward his revolver belt at one and the

same moment.
"Stop!" Unconsciously echoing the stage robber's own menace of the stage robber's own menace of a little before, Joe stepped forward pistol in hand. His face was pale, but with excitement, not fear, and his voice rang out clear and firm.

"I'll put a ball through your head if you stir a finger till I tell you."

And Smith evidently felt assured in his own mind that the speaker meant exactly what he said.

"Well, what is it?"

Smith spoke with perfect coolness, yet an undercurrent of something else was discernible in his tones.

was discernible in his tones.

was discernible in his tones.

"Take up that pistol belt—by the buckle, mind—and toss it to me."

"Upon my word, you're a cool one."
And Smith hesitated.

"I'll count three. One—two—"

"Take it then—hang you." Only the stage robber used a far stronger expletive. And his face grewblack with rage, as he realized his humiliation at the hands of a mere boy.

Without changing the position of his

nands of a mere boy.

Without changing the position of his pistol or taking his eyes from the other's face, Joe stooped down and with his left hand drew one of the heavy revolvers from its belt sheath. Cocking it with his thumb he aimed on a line with the other.

thumb he aimed on a line with the other.

"Now turn your coat pockets inside out. Very well. Right about face!"

"Oh, you young imp!" hissed the other between his teeth. But he obeyed.

"Forward march. And if you as much

as turn your head-A confused sound of voices in the rear checked Joe's threat. "Come on-he's somewheres in this

money——
"Hi there, stop, sonny!" shouted the

way." shouted a hoarse voice. Heavy s came crashing through the under-

Smith uttered a smothered exclamation and bolted. When or where he stopped running is uncertain. But not anywhere

within pistol shot-rest assured of that. When six of the passengers, shamed by Joe's example into something like courage, broke into the clearing, it was to find Joe Patch with a pile of wallets and note cases heaped up beside him on the greensward. The one taken from the greensward. Ine one taken from himself, as also the envelope recovered from the defaulter's stocking, Joe appropriated after a brief explanation. Then each reclaimed his own, after which they returned to the highway—Joe leading Mr. Smith's horse which, with his revolvers, was unanimously voted to his brave

young conqueror.

That Mr. Lewis Defries was not in the coach on their return goes without say-ing. Perhaps he had departed in search of Mr. Smith.

of Mr. Smith.

However this may be, the State saw neither of them more. The notes were duly taken up, Joe received five hundred dollars for his exploit, and the Oro City Bughe complimented him in a most flattering manner. Since then he has always gone by the name of "Plucky Joe."

[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

CHAPTER XXIII. BAFFLED AGAIN.

OB LOVELL might have felt some misgiving about meeting Hematite Ox face to face, at this late hour, in the deserted street, but for the pleasant words the man had spoken to him that morning. As it was, he made him a half military saltet as they met under the lamp, and said, "Good evening, cir."

"How do you do?" replied Ox, extending his hand; "I left the hotel on purpose to see

his hand; "I left the hotel on purpose to see you."

"I am at your service. Will you walk back to my home? We will be alone."

The individual hesitated a moment, and suggested that they go to the hotel, but that was a considerable distance away, and he accepted the invitation. Accordingly they turned about, and a few minutes later were seated in the sitting goom of Bob's house. The latter turned up the gas, and, stepping to the foot of the stairs, called his mother in a moderate tone. There was no answer, proving that she was asleep. As I have said, she was not troubled by any fears that her boy would go wrong when not under her eye.

Hematite Ox threw off his ulster, and at Bob's invitation continued his cigar, which he was about to throw into the blazing grate. He offered one to the youth, who smilingly declined, with the remark that he had not yet acquired

the habit.
"Well," said his visitor, flinging one leg over the other and settling back in his rocking chair,
"I wanted to see you on rather peculiar business. I don't claim to be a saint, but I'll be
hanged if there ain't some things I won't do."
Bob wondered what he was aiming at, and ob-

served:
"I am sure there are a good many things you wouldn't do."

"I am sure there are a good many non-gradient wouldn't do."
"I don't know about that," said his guest, gently drawing at his cigar and looking into the glowing coals. "It would be better if there were more. I forgot to say to you this morning that I received my revolver which you sent round to my room."

room."

ought to have sent it sooner, but it slipped

my mind."
"It was all in good time. I suppose you have heard about my suit against the company."
"I have been told that you have brought suit

for damages."
"So I did, but it is settled."
"I didn't know that."
"Yes, I made them a propo "Yes, I made them a proposition this after-noon, which I learned a little while ago would be accepted. They gave me a liberal sum, and have done what I demanded."
"You were critically after the proposition of the proposit

"You were quite fortunate," said Bob, who still failed to grasp all that his visitor was hint-

"I suppose you know the condition on which I agreed to accept a sum considerably less than I first asked?"

I do not. "It was that you should be discharged from

employ of the company Bob's heart gave a quick throb, for like a flash e saw and understood a great deal of recent

events.
"Haven't you received notice?" asked Ox in

"Montague Worthley walked down to the station this evening as we came in, and handed me a letter which he said would interest me. I have no doubt it was a notice of my discharge, but he made a strange mistake and passed o but ne hade a straige mistake and passed over an envelope which contained another letter alto-gether. He called here a while ago to get it back, but I concluded to hold fast to it for the present. It makes mighty interesting reading, and, if he persists in persecuting me without cause, I may be able to turn it to account as a means of defense."

means of defense. He matter the suddenly sat bolt upright in his chair, and, holding his cigar suspended between thumb and forefinger, stared at the youth, while a single muttered exclamation passed his lips. He was on the point of speaking, but repressed the words, and, settling back, rocked vigorously and puffed as though his cigar was on the point of expairing. "Lovell," said he a minute later, "the meanest thing I ever did was to tack that condition on my proposal. It was suggested to me by another party, but it isn't necessary for me to mention his name."

s name.

"No, for you and I know there is only one person in the United States who would think

Hematite Ox laughed as though the remark

Hematite Ox laughed as though the remark pleased him, and hastened to say:

"I agree with you. I didn't think much of it at the time, and, when a certain party asked as a personal favor that I would make the demand, I consented. After he was gone, I got to thinking it over, and the more I thought the meaner I felt. I finally made up my mind to send a second communication to the superintendent withdrawing the demand, and I had begun writing it, when what should be brought to my room but a message from Superintendent Worthley asking me to call at his house that evening!"

evening It was

evening!"
It was Bob's turn to be surprised. He suspected what was coming, but it was almost too good to be true.
"Have you called?"
"I have," replied Ox with a smile, "and I found the old gentleman at home. He was sitting alone in his library and expecting me. It was alvie to see there was something on his found the old gentleman at home. He was sitting alone in his library and expecting me. It was plain to see there was something on his mind, and it didn't take him long to make it known. He said he was so troubled over your discharge that he couldn't rest. He had sent for me to talk the matter over, and to learn whether I couldn't be induced to withdraw the condition. He offered me five hundred dollars from his own pocket If I would do so. You ought to have seen him open his eyes, when I shut him off at that point and told him I had already made up my mind to do so. It was on my tongue to let him know that the whole thing was the work of his son, but I was afraid of hurting his feelings, and I said nothing on that point. He insisted that I should take the money he offered, but I replied that one infernally mean thing a day was all I could stand. Then he wheeled right round to his desk and wrote a note which he said would be delivered to you the first thing tomorrow morning. Seeing how pleased he was, I offered to place it in your hands this evening; and there it is."

Hematite Ox, while speaking, had fished out an envelope from the pocket of his coat, and firted it toward Bob, who deftly caught it on the fly. The words were few but to the point:

Romer Lovell, Esq.:

MY Dear ST: The communication from my office

ROBERT LOVELL, Esq.:
My Dear Sir: The communication from my office ROBERT LOVELL, ESQ.: My Dear Sir: The communication from my office of today, notifying you of your discharge, is recalled. You will consider it unsent and continue your duties as heretolore. Very respectfully, "It was very kind in you, Mr. Ox, to do this," said Bob, in a tremulous voice; "I hardly expected it." "Don't mention it," replied the caller, with an impatient wave of his hand; "I'm disgusted enough to kick myself to think I ever consented to such a thing."
"I am sure you will agree with me, Mr. Ox, that it pays to be just and charitable to all."
"I does in all others," Bob hastened to say, anxious to sow a few grains of good seed on

"It does in all others," Bob hastened to say, anxious to sow a few grains of good seed on the soil which cannot be said to have been very promising. "The career of some people seems to disprove the old saying about honesty being the best policy, but there is a reward higher than anything the world can give."

Hematite Ox had finished his cigar, but he sat for several minutes silent and thoughtful. Then turned and looked searchingly at the youth, who felt a certain embarrassment under the fixed stare.

who felt a certain emonomers fixed stare,
"Well," said he, with a singular touch of sadness in his tone, "you are a remarkable young man. I shall not forget what you have said," Then he rose to go, "The bear wor may not," replied Bob, helping the same of the said," the same of the

said." Then he rose to go.
"I pray you may not," replied Bob, helping
on his ulster; "every one builds for himself,
but make not the mistake of building for this
world instead of for eternity."
The next morning Bob had finished his early
meal, had kissed his sister and mother good
by, and had just left his own door on his way

by, and had just left his own door on his way to the round house, where Ajax was awaiting attention, when he found himself face to face with Montague Worthley, who was walking rapidly toward him.

The countenance of the young man was flushed, and it was evident he was in anything but an amiable mood.

"I'll take that letter now," he said briskly, stopping short in front of Bob, who looked up in surprise.

in surprise.

" Helloa, Flamm, is that you?" he called out

in return.

A hot glow mounted to the face of young Worthley, who drew out the right letter from his pocket, and handed it to Bob with the re-

That is the one I meant to give you; we will trade

'I don't know that I care about receiving urs," replied the fireman, declining to take

the missive.
"It is from the superintendent, and is meant for you. You will find its contents interesting."
"I might have found them so last night, but another has reached me that is still more inter-

ng." What do you mean?" asked Montague in

"What do you mean?" asked Montague in angered amazement.

"Read for yourself."
As he spoke, Bob handed the communication of the night before to Montague, who read it with wrathful astonishment. There could be no mistaking the handwriting and the import of the contents. His countenance grew pale, and he uttered an imprecation.

"I'll see Ox about this. What can be the matter with him?"

"Nothing at all; your father saw him last night, and it was arranged between them. I don't think you are smart enough, Flamm, to upset their agreement,"

"What do you mean by calling me 'Flamm?"

"Have you never been addressed by that name?"

name?"
"Never, until you had the impudence to

apply it to me."
"Who then is 'Flamm?'"

" vn o tnen is 'Flamm?'"
" I never heard of the person,"
"Ah, then the letter which you handed me
was not intended for you. Probably you stole
it from the owner, and, since you have no claim
upon it, I will keep it until 'Flamm' presents
himself."

himsel."

It cost Montague Worthley a great effort to prevent his anger from breaking all bounds, He would have liked to throttle Bob Lovell and to take the missive from him, but he was too certain of the result of such an attempt.

He saw that despite his precaution the cool Bob was getting the better of him at every turn. But he must have the letter at all hazards. His manner changed, and, with an insinuating smile, he said, in tones that were meant to be persuasive:

come, Bob, what's the use? It isn't fair teat me that way. You never were so rough

"Come, Boo, walta life use: It is a come to treat me that way. You never were so rough on me before. I'll be awfully obliged to you if you will let me have the letter."

This abrupt change of front did not deceive the young fireman, but he chose to suppress some of the rasping words that clamored for ut-

terance.
"Why didn't you speak that way in the first
place? Now, Tague, if I let you have the letter
and say nothing about it, will you cry quits
with me?"

"Of course I will; it's a bargain."
"And you'll stop bearing down on me so hard?"

"Of course; we'll shake hands over it and let bygones be bygones. There are some things in the letter which look odd to one that doesn't un-derstand them, but really, Bob, they don't mean

The soft, effeminate hand of young Worthley

anything."

The soft, effeminate hand of young Worthley was thrust impulsively into the hard palm of the fireman of the Ajax, and the pressure and salutation could not have been warmer.

When it was over, Bob Lovell drew from his pocket the envelope which had caused all this mental misery, and passed it to Montague. The latter glanced at the superscription, to make sure another mistake had not been made, and then hastily sloved it into the inner pocket of his coat, beneath his ulster.

Words cannot express his relief when he felt that the compromising letter was once more in his possession. Hastily bidding Bob a. curt good by, he wheeled back and almost ran down the street.

his possession. Hastily bidding Bob a curt good by, he wheeled back and almost ran down the street.

"If I ever make another such blunder, I'll blow out my own brains, but if I do blunder like that again, it will be proof that I haven't any brains to blow out. As for Lovell, I guess it will be wise to let up for a while; I've been pushing him a little harder than is wise, but I hate him more than ever before, and I'll even up matters before long. He wants to be an engineer on our road, but he never shall. There won't be any trouble in fixing things so that he will stumble into a hole where he will be buried, and I'll do it!"

The eyes of the young man flamed with passion as he muttered this threat. There could be no doubt of his earnestness.

He entered his own home a few minutes afterward and joined his parents at breakfast. A casual question or two brought out the truth of what he suspected; Hematite Ox had called the evening before, while he was away, and spent considerable time with his father in the library. There was no trouble to read the meaning of that interview.

When alone in his room for a few minutes before going to the office, Montaque drew out the ength previous.

"It wim up this part of the business," he mutted with dirawing the folded sheet from within "I'll burn this, and caution the boys to be note careful in writing me—great on an alamine discovery.

Montague Worthley's exclamation was due

to an alarming discovery.

The sheet which he produced and unfolded

was blank. There was not the mark of a pen upon it. Bob Lovell had baffled him again.

CHAPTER XXIV

BOB LOVELL AT THE THROTTLE BOB LOVELL AT THE THROTTLE.

OB LOVELL had cause to feel grateful and pleased over the outcome of the recent events. Despite his distrust of Montague Worthley, he knew his own position as an employee of the Irondaie & Olalca Railroad Company was more secure than

ever.

Matt Fields mounted the engine at the round
and brought the cars into the station, house and brought the cars into the station, where they waited ten minutes for the baggage and express matter to be taken aboard, and for

house and brought the cars into the station, where they waited ten minutes for the bageage and express matter to be taken aboard, and for the passengers to assume their places for the journey westward.

"All aboard?" called Twomey, in response to the "Right here's!" from the brakemen; and then, with a wave of his hand, he added to the expectant engineer, "Go alread?"

The state of the expectant engineer, "Go alread?"

The ever, gave a resounding the slight jerk on the lever, gave a resounding the slight jerk on the lever, gave a resounding the slight jerk on the lever, gave a resounding the curved pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt (he pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt (he pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt (he pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt (he pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt (he pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt (he pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt (he pipes upon the rails, and no slipping. Matt and the slipping who was on the train, looked out of the window and asked the superintendent at his side, "Did you know we are moving?"

"No—is that so? So we are—but that is because we have a master at the lever."

The run to Irondale, more than a hundred miles away, was fairly begun, and Ajax se-med to suff with peasure like the racer when he bounds across the plain. Only at rare intervals did the engineer look at his watch, for he was so accustomed to the movement of his engine, and so familiar with every point of the road, that he knew whether he was gaining time, falling behind or holding his sown.

The trip was about half finished, when Masked Bob to take a turn at the throttle. Brief as had been his service on the road, he had already guided Ajax a goodly number of mile; so, without the least hesitation, he assumed the lever."

Hother the stream the service on the road, he had already guided Ajax a goodly number of mile; so, without the least hesitation, he assumed the lever."

the lever.
"Hold her about where she is," said the en-

gineer; "she is doing well enough."

Matt took a look at the furnace, tested the steam gauges, and, finding everything working right, seated himself on the left, where Bob was customed to sit, when not at work, and care

accustomed to sit, when not at work, and carefully noted how the youth handled the engine. The Day Express never made a more adminible run than on that wintry morning, when she drew up at Irondale not a second behind time. It was the same at every station, though the halts were few, and both the president and superintendent walked forward to the engine and complimented Matt Fields on his performance.

and complimented Matt Fields on his performance.

"Not that there is any special call for commendation," explained the superintendent, "for the reports show that it is the rule with you."

"The Ajax is the best engine on the road," replied the modest engineer, feeling as though ewould like to pat the neck of the iron horse, if it had only possessed a neck to caress; "but then Bob here ran a part of the way."

"Under his eye," the blushing fireman hastened to add.

ened to add. ened to add.
"He is rather young to be trusted with the running of a locomotive," said the president, "but you were really the director." said Matt; "He don't need much direction," said Matt; "and I wouldn't be afraid to trust him with an engine."

"and I wouldn't be afraid to trust him with an engine."
"His time will come," was the pleasant remark of the leading officer of the road, as he bade the employees good by and walked away with the superintendent.

The result of the kind remarks that had been made to Bob Lovell was to make him magnanimous. He had resolved that morning to keep the compromising letter of Montague Worthley, not with any idea of using it wrongly, but to hold it as a sword of Damodes over the head of the unscrupulous youth.

But, although convinced of the treatherous had as yet received no proof of it, and was not likely to receive it for an indefinite time to come. Besides, he believed the truth of what his mother had said so many times to him: he had with the proof of the treather with the proof of the way that he will be the truth of what his mother had said so many times to him: he had but to do right and leave the rest to Heaven.

When, therefore, the Ajax drew up at the Ofalca station that evening, and Montague Worthley was seen standing on the platform with his face paler than ever, Bob concluded not to keep him in suspense.

Worthley was seen standing on the pastonhis face paler than ever, Bob concluded not to
keep him in suspense.
"Do you know you made a bid mistake this
morning?" asked the youth the moment the
freman stepped off the engine.
"What was that?"
"You gave me the right envelope, but no
letter was inside."
"You don't tell me!" laughed Bob, taking his
coat from the box on his side of the cab, and
hastily examining the pockets; "it must be here.
Ah, I think that's it."
Jontaque's hands trembled as he nervously
opened the folded piece of paper handed him.
"Yes—Hults's right," he said, after a glance
at the handwriting, and without another word he
turned on his heel and hurried off.
"You are welcome to it," muttered Bob,
stepping back and holding himself ready to run

the argine to shelter, after passengers, baggage and express parcels were on the platform.

No young man could have a more delightful home than the young fireman of the Ajax. His mother was an educated lady of natural refinent, and the mutual love of herself and child-ment. ment, and the mutual love of herself and child-ren could not have been more tender and per-fect. Small as were her means, she was able, with the help of her noble son, to give Meta, her daughter, the best educational advantages Ofalca

forded.

Meta was as bright and popular as her brother,

Meta was as bright and popular as her brother, and though only three years younger than he, she held her place at the head of her class mates in the Ofalca Young Ladies' Seminary.

Among the attendants of that admirable institution were Elife Worthley, the sister of Montague, who was about the same age as Meta. She was a beautiful girl, but possessed something of her brother's disposition, and, but for the fact that she found herself so often in need of the assistance of Meta, which was always cheerfully given, she would have treated her would have rebelled.

The next best pupil, and in some respects the equal of Meta, was Evelyn Walbridge, the youngest daughter of the president of the Irondale & Ofalca Railroad Company. She was a few months older than Meta, and was a brunette

months older than Meta, and was a brunette striking loveliness, not only in face, feature, but in manners and disposition She was inclined to be mischievous, but with all was so kind hearted, so brimming with good nature, and so affectionate, that the teachers, while compelled to scold her, loved her all the

while compelled to score its, because of the most charming characteristics of Evelyn Walbridge was her unconsciousness of her superior social position and her affection for Meta Lovell. The friendship between these two girls was trusting and unselfish. There never was a gathering at the stately mansion of Mr. Walbridge where young folks were present, that Meta was not the first to be invited. It never was a gathering at the stately mansion of Mr. Walbridge where young folks were present, that Meta was not the first to be invited. It was out of Meta's power to give anything like the entertainments she attended, but that did not prevent Evelyn from being a frequent visitor at the humble home.

She frequently took tea with Meta, and sometimes spent the night with her. Mrs. Lovell was such a lovely woman that Evelyn often told her that she was as much an attraction to her as was the daughter, while Bob was the finest young fellow in town.

was the daughter, while Bob was the finest young fellow in town.

She was fond of teasing and making him blush, for she declared it made him look really handsome. He accepted her sweet persecution philosophically, but never allowed his feelings to tempt him to anything like presumption. He treated her with the utmost circumspection and

treated her with the utmost circumspection and respect, not believing she could entertain any other than sisterly feelings toward him.

When he found, however, that Montague Worthley had turned his eyes in that direction, a strange pang went through Bob's heart. He wondered whether Evelyn could ever bring herself to listen to young Worthley's suit. If she did, he could no longer feel that respect which was a part of his being. But he resolved that he would not allow himself to think of so painful a subject.

he would not allow himself to think of so painful a subject.

The birthday of Evelyn Walbridge came in the month of May, the season of fragrant flowers, of bright skies, and the most charming of all weather. She knew that a plot was on foot to give her a handsome present, but with all her ingenious questioning and sly investigations, she was unable to learn what it was. None of the president's children was forgotten on such occasions, but they generally managed to obtain an inkling of what was couning, as is the rule at such times.

But as I have said, Evelyn was entirely in the dark until the delightful spring morning dawned and she came down stairs to receive the mock chastisements which every member of the family insisted was due her on her birthday.

She saw nothing in the nature of a present as she moved about the house, though her bright eyes took in everything; but the significant looks

she moved about the house, though her bright eyes took in everything; but the significant looks and smiles on the faces around her left no doubt that something was coming.

The surprise came when she was asked to the front door, where, just outside the gate, stood a beautiful black pony attached to a gem of a phaeton.

"They are yours!" said her father, who, like all the rest, was no less happy than the astonished girls.

all the rest, was no less happy than the astonished girl.

Evelyn jumped in the air, and clapped her hands with delight. Then her arms were around her father's neck, and she was smothering him with kisses, and declaring him to be the best father, not only in the United States, but in the whole wide, wide world.

When the burst of excitement was over, she ran down the graveled walk, unfastened the pony, sprang into the carriage, and was off in a cloud of dust. She took a spin of half a nile, and returned as radiant as a sunbeam.

Of course each sister had to take a ride with her after breakfast, the father and mother declining until some convenient season. Then

her after breakfast, the father and mother de-clining until some convenient season. Then the spirited pony was put in the stable to be given a rest until the afternoon. Meanwhile, a message was sent to Meta Lovell, to be ready at two o'clock, to take a ride with the joyous owner of the prize. No prettier sight can be imagined than that made by the two girls, as they started out for a ride in the little carriage. The flush of pleas-ure gave a brighter sparkle to the already bright eyes, and stamped a ruddier tut on each cheek that was like the side of a ripening peach,

Overrunning with health and youthful spirits, their merry laughter filled the air with music, and their chatter was so exuberant, and ran so nearly parallel, that the wonder is how either

understood a word said by the other.

"I've got a secret to tell you," said Evelyn in an awed voice, when Meta gave her a chance.

"What is it?" inquired the other, becoming endeath rober.

an awed voice, when Meta gave her a chance. "What is it?" inquired the other, becoming suddenly sober.
"Papa told me that Prince is a mettled animal, and that I must take great care in driving him. Just as though there was a possibility of accident with me holding the reins!"
And the expression on the face of the pressident's daughter showed the horror she felt that such an idea could have entered the head of her parent. Meta assumed a similar expression, and it was a full fourth of a minute before Evelyn could recover her voice.
"Well, I mean to find out how much go there is in Prince. There isn't any chance to let him out while in town, for I don't want to be arrested for fast driving on my birthday, so what do you say to trying the turnipke ?"
"It will be grand," replied Meta, her eyes fairly snapping with anticipation.
"I think it will be lovely. We will have a splendd road, with two or three miles, as hard as a floor, broad enough to give us ebow room and a chance for the other steppers to save themselves by getting out of our way, and Meta, we'll let Prince out."
"There's only one thing," said Meta, after her had cone a short distance." and of a chance for the other steppers to save themselves to getting out of our way, and Meta, we'll let Prince out."

we'll let Prince out."
"There's only one thing," said Meta, after they had gone a short distance; "a part of the turnpike runs along the railroad track, and, if we happen to meet a trail—"
"We'll run a race with it," broke in Evelyn with a lawe!

we happen to meet a train—"
"Well' run a race with it," broke in Evelyn
with a laugh,
"I would enjoy it, but—"
"It would be better than the chariot race at
Barnum's. Oh now, Meta, why are you trying
to frighten me? You know you will enjoy it
as much as I do."
The turnpike to which Evelyn had made
reference extended a little more than five miles
westward from Ofalca. Beyond that point it
became so broken and rugged, that the majority
of the company decided it wouldn't be right to
charge toil, or rather they decided that the people
wouldn't pay it if it was charged.
The turnpike was older than the railroad, and
a grave complaint was made that for a full half
mile the two highways ran nearly parallel, and
were of the same level, the turnpike crossing
the railroad at an acute angle.
An inevitable consequence of this state of
things was that there had been numerous runaways, and one or two serious accidents. There
was much discussion over the remedy, but no
action was likely to result for a lone time to

was much discussion over the remedy, but no action was likely to result for a long time to come. Those who held the reins over the most

come. Those who held the reins over the most spirited pacers generally managed so far as they could to avoid the dangerous portion of the road when the regular trains were due.

It was early in the afternoon, when Evelyn Walbridge reached the turnpike on the westerly side of the town, and started Prince on a brisk tot. She had decided to let the prony step off at a lively gait for about three miles, when they would turn about and put him through his best paces on his return.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT THE TURNPIKE CROSSING.

AT THE TURNPIKE CROSSING.

N the nature of things, a locomotive must run down and eventually wear out, like an ordinary horse. Every engine, therefore, has to take its turn in going out of service for repairs, which may occupy several days, weeks or even a month or more, according to the state of health of the iron charger.

Ajax had been "limping" for some time. There was a leak in one of the cylinders, the quick perception of her engineer had detected an irregularity in the play of the left piston rod, and a thin fracture suddenly appeared in the

and a thin fracture suddenly appeared in the tire of one of the drivers. Besides, some of the joints of the machinery were untrue, but it was the discovery of the break in the wheel which

the discovery of the break in the wheel which brought the decision to run the engine into the hospital for repairs.

The rule is that at such times the engineer, and generally the fireman, go with the locomotive, since the training of the former requires him to be familiar with the construction of the machine he controls. On reaching Irondale, Matt Fields telegraphed the facts regarding Ajax, and the order came for Number 43 to take its place, while the other ran to Ofalca and went into the shops.

Since Matt knew the full time table of the road, and had to keep out of the way of all

road, and had to keep out of the way of all trains, he had to feel his way eastward, turning upon the sidings when he found himself ap-

trains, he had to feel his way eastward, turning upon the sidings when he found hinself approaching the time of any train. This rendered the run tedious for a while, especially as he was obliged to wait at the Junction for half an hour. At Jigtown, to the west of Dead Man's Holow, he learned that the west bound freight would run on the siding a few miles out of Ofalca, to leave the road clear for the afternoon accommodation, which was not far behind Aiax

nis, as you will observe, gave a free run This, as you will observe, gave a recommendation of Ofalca, but the passenger train would be on the heels of Ajax, provided it was on time, and the latter did not step lively. Matt decided it would be perfectly safe to run into Ofalca ahead of the

be perfectly safe to run into Ofalca ahead of the accommodation, and, after a careful examination of his engine, he decided to do so.

"She would stand another week's run," he remarked to Bob, as he climbed into the cab, after inspecting every part of the machinery.

"So we'll pull her wide open and let her whiz,"

During the few months that had passed since Bob ran the Ajax part of the way to Irondale, with the president and superintendent among the passengers, the fireman had become fully acquainted with the make and running of the locomotive, and Matt Fields was not far from right when he said Bob Lovell was the equal in

right when he said Bob Lovell was the equal in skill of any engineer on the road.

And during that period, too, Bob had learned the truth of a distressing suspicion which had entered his mind for the first time on that same run. He kept his own secret, and never hinted it even to Matt Fields himself. The latter must have suspected that Bob had discovered it, but he, too, held his lips sealed, though the anxious expression on his honest countenance left no doubt of the anguish he suffered.

The result of this singular state of things was

The result of this singular state of things was the determination on the part of Matt Fields that he never would hold the throttle of Ajax unless Bob Lovell was in the cab with him.

m.
The latter expected Matt to invite him to take

Ajax unless Bob Lovell was in the cab with him.

The latter expected Matt to invite him to take charge of Ajax after leaving Jigtown, but he did not. It may have been that in the brisk run before him he wished to stand where he could observe every throb of the engine's heart, and hold himself ready to check its progress on the instant he detected any disordered pulsation.

With no tran to draw, Ajax required comparatively little attention from the fireman. The coal which he shoveled into the furnace at Jigtown, while Matt was examining the engine, was sufficient to last to Ofalca, and no more oiling was necessary. So all Bob had to do was to sit in place on the left of the cab, ring the bell as they approached the crossings, and watch for obstructions. A wild cat engine, as they are called, is sometimes peculiarly exposed to danger, since it runs out of schedule time, and, though its whereabouts may be known to the officials and temployees of the road, its appearance is unexpected by others.

You may have observed, too, that a locomotive runs more smoothly when drawing two or three cars than when going alone. The load acts in the nature of a balance wheel, and prevents that violent joliting and swaying shown when the engine is plunging forward with nothing beside its tender.

Matt's position resembled that of the physician who ventures on some experiments with his patient. He started Ajax with such a head of steam that at the end of ill wannafer yards she sounded as if from a sharp knife prick.

It was easy for both engineer and fireman to detect her faulty gait. The steam hissed from the leaking evaluder, and there was that which

came to a rest the lever was twitched again, and away she bounded as if from a sharp knife prick.

It was easy for both engineer and fireman to detect her faulty gait. The steam hissed from the leaking cylinder, and there was that which may be described as a grating or discord which was never present when Ajax was herself.

But there was nothing to be apprehended from this state of things, and all that Matt did was to hold the engine in check until he caught sight of the freight train on the siding several miles out of Ofalca.

In reply to his inquiring signal, the brakeman of the freight waved his hand in a way to show that all was right, and with slightly diminished gait Ajax rattled over the switches to the smooth track beyond, where almost instantly she bounded off at high speed.

Something like four niles of straight track stretched away toward Ofalca, and Matt determined that Ajax should come to a halt at the shops within the five succeeding minutes.

Bob Lovell was still sitting on the left, with the bell cord idly grasped in his motionless hand, which rested on his hip, while he gazed over the country shooting so rapidly behind him. His eyes were fixed on nothing in particular, for the scene was too familiar to awaken special interest.

nini. This eyes were fixed on nothing in particular, for the scene was too familiar to awaken special interest.

He gave a gentle pull at the bell as they approached the turnpike crossing, but was looking to the left instead of ahead when he heard Matt Fields exclaim :

to the left instead of ahead when he heard Matt Fields exclaim:

"Great Heavens1 they will be killed!"

"Great Heavens1 the engineer, he saw him yank over the revolving lever, as though he would tear it from its fastenings. It was a wonder that such a terrific strain on the cylinder heads did not blow them out, but as it was, the drivers, instead of coming to a standstill, began whirling the other way as fast as they had revolved forward a moment before. The sand from both pipes was poured down the tracks, while a steady stream of fire scintillated from the spinning tires of the huge wheels.

The suddenness and awfulness of the danger must have upset Matt Fields. The violent reversal of his engine produced scarcely a perceptible diminution of its speed, whereas, if he had held the wheels, as I have explained elsewhere, to that they revolved reluctantly, the restraint would have been at the greatest point.

And immediately after Matt did the worst thing he could have done, by emitting an ear splitting screech from the whistle. He had no air brakes now at command, and Ajax could only depend on himself to come to a stop.

The instant Matt uttered his horrified exclam-

only depend on himself to come to a stop.

The instant Matt uttered his horrified exclam-

ation, Bob Lovell turned his gaze to the front.

He saw a phaeton in which were seated two
girls, one of whom was pulling with all her
strength on the reins, while the panic stricken
horse was making for the crossing on a dead

Evelyn Walbridge and Meta Lovell were having their wish for a race with a locomotive.
With no suspicion of their identity, Bob leaped to the brake at one corner of the tender. and applied it with might and main, locked it fast with his foot, when he sprang back to his

seat.

The pony and phaeton were some distance ahead, going at a tremendous pace along the highway, and they and the engine were rapidly converging toward the point where road and railway crossed. The speed of Ajax of curse was greater than that of the flying borse, but the doubt the doubt doubt the doubt doubt doubt a strength of the back, and it looked as if the meeting between her and the doomed horse could not be averted.

Clearly there was but one way of avoiding a frightful accident; that was for Mart instantly to throw the reversing rod forward, and put on all steam again. This would give the engine such an advantage of speed that it would shoot by the crossing before the pony, even though on a dead run, could reach it.

Bob Lovell saw what Matt failed to see, Springing to the brake he kicked it loose, and then shouled to Matt:

"Go ahead! We can heat them!"

But alas! it seemed to the veteran that there was but one thing to do, and he did it by holding the reversing rod far back, while he kept so much steam in the cylinders that the driving wheels continued to whit! backward with lightning-like rapidity.

(To be continued.) The pony and phaeton were some distance

ning-like rapidity.
(To be continued.)

Ask your newsdealer for THE GOLDEN AR-OSV. He can get you any number you may

EXCHANGES.

EXCHANGES.

Our exchange column is open, free of charge, to sub-scribers and weekly purchasers of The 60-100 A MOONY, but we cannot quilded schanges of fireatme, 'trick' eggs, articles; nor exchanges for ""offers," nor any exchanges of papers, except those sently rouders who wish to observe the control of exchange.

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

Willie Friedel, Fountain City, Wis. A photo-raph outfit, for a 1-16 horse power engine. Frank A. Pace, Box 43, Oakland, Minn. Reading matter, for a press, a violin, or an accordion.

Joseph M. Sitterley, 3615 Nicollet Ave., Minne-polis, Minn. Tin tags, for the same. Send list. A. E. Spalding, Massillon, O. An Indian arrowed, or an old bank bill, for a V nickel without

David Dickie, 90 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y. en different foreign stamps, for every Cape of

David Dickie, oo Broadway, Brookiyn, N. 1. Ten different foreign stamps, for every Cape of Good Hope stamp.

G. E. Nevins, 23to South 10th Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Fifty U. S. stamps, for every 300 advertising or picture cards.

ing or picture cards.

C. W. Guthrie, 2732 Adams St., St Louis, Mo Stamps, for stamps. Send list. Will pay postage on foreign correspondence.

on foreign correspondence.

A. V. Morgan, Bridgeport, Cal. Twelve paper bound books, for any bound volume of The Golden Argosy, prior to Vol. V.

Roy Gough, New Castle, Ind. Six numbers of MUNSEY'S POPULAR SERIES, and 5 other books, for Vol. IV of The Golden Argosy.

C. J. Johnson, Box 409, Red Wing, Minn. Two hundred stamps, 100 tin tags, and a V nickel without "cents," for books or a small press.

F. S. Voshell, Midland, Mich. Revenue stamps valued at \$5, and a silver watch with gold chain, valued at \$8, for a violin, bow, and box.

John W. Spaulding, Sauk Rapids, Minn. Stamps, U. S. and foreign, for books on engineering, etc.; and books, for stamps not in his collection.

Guy C. Gum, Box 554, Marseilles, Ill. A silver ratch, an album and stamps valued at \$13, and ther articles, for a bicycle or electric goods. H. A. Meek, Bedford, Ioa. A 4 by 6 Young Amrica press and outfit, valued at \$45, for a velociede, scroll saw and outfit, or typewriter, of equal

value,
Harvey E. Klund, 617 East 4th St., Wilmington, Del. "Gulliver's Travels," Palmer's Bookkeeping and other books, 2000 tin tags, and dominces, for a banjo, guitar, or reading matter.
E. T. Boyd, Concord, Tenn. A hand inking press, type, a telescope, a learner's telegraph key and sounder, and other articles, all valued at \$50, for a ½ horse power engine and boiler.

Evan Hubbard, 70 West Main St., Battle Creek, Mich. A magic lantern and 12 colored slides, a pair of ice skates, and a font of metal bodied rubber type, with holder, for a key and sounder.

S. D. Salmon, 62 Summer St., Somerville, Mass, A self inking press and furniture, valued at \$15, a 4 by 5 Blair camera and developing tray, valued at \$10, and 6 books, for a photographic outfit.

A. Kahlau, care Mrs. Durang, 203 North 12th St., Philadeiphia, Pa. Any two of Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12 of Mussev's Populas Senies, for Nos. 209 to 214 of The Golden Ascosv in good condition.

S. Brodie, 122 Rivington St., New York City. A nickel plated bracket saw and patterns, a nickel plated accordion, and a mouth harmonica, for musical instruments or a bound volume of The

GOLDEN ARGOSY.

A. B. Quipley, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
A. B. Quipley, Frankford, Philadelphia, Pa.
One thousand different stamps, in an album, valued
at \$5., for a 6 by o self inking press and outift,
and 250 different stamps in an album, valued at \$5.,
for a good pair of ice skates, or stamps,
for a good pair of ice skates, or stamps.

E. Barle Astell, 90 toth St. Buffalo, N. Y. A
foot or hand power press, with 5 fours of type, etc.,
for a 50 to 54 in. bicycle, Rover preferred; and a
pair of nickel plated roller skates, for a telegraph
key, sounder, and battery, Bunnell's preferred.

Rey, sounder, and obstery, Duniness prieteried.

J. H. Mowbray, Dover, Del. "Frank the Young Naturalist" and 3 other books by Castlemon, two by Ballantyne, "The Crofton Boys," and 4 other books, all bound, for a set of wood engravers' tools and tools for manipulating printers' brass rules, or for a rule curving machine.

MAN'S GIFT DIVINE.

BY IOHN DRYDE What profits us that we from Heaven derive A soul immortal, and with looks erect Survey the stars, if, like the brutal kind, We follow where our passions lead the way?

[This story commenced in No. 302.]

Ray Culver:

THROUGH DEEP WATERS.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr., " Eric Dane." "Three Thirty Three," Camp Blunder," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE BUTTONS TELLS HIS STORY.



lips were puckered to a whistle, but they fell apart to allow his mouth to expand with stupefaction as soon as he caught sight of Clifford. For might not the latter be a daylight ghost of

Inigin to the limit of the limi

"Do ou remember me?" began Ray, putting out his hand. "Out at Dellwood, you know, about three weeks ago, when I asked you and the orchestra man to go away? I've tried hard to find you since then."

"Find me?" repeated the boy, with some difficulty transferring his attention from Clifford to Ray. "He—the.!Italian—didn't send you after me, did he? I left him, you know, the day after I saw you."

"No.! want you for yourself alone, to answer a lew questions."
"I—I'd ask you in the house if I could take you anywhere but to my room up in the garret or in the kitchen. But here's a nice sunny place by the side of the barn, if you don't mind sitting on the grass."

place by the side of the barn, if you don't mind sitting on the grass."

"How much like Clifford's his voice is," thought Ray. "How on earth, though, does it come that he uses such good language?"

Then he replied aloud: "Certainly, we don't mind sitting on the grass. I hope you will mind as little answering a lot of questions I am going to put to you. Now, then, please tell me your name.

your name."

The three boys had flung themselves upon the soft turf on the prettiest side of the stable,

the solt turf on the prettiest side of the stable, and he of the buttons was about to reply when Clifford burst forth with the excited exclamation: "Why, Ray, he looks like you too!"
"Then you've noticed that we two look alike," interrupted the young stranger eagerly.
"Indeed we have," rejoined Ray, "and that's what I want to talk to you about. Now, then, your name is —"

"Ned Brown,"
"And you are how old?"
"Eleven."

"Do you remember your father and mo-

No, I was what they call a foundling.

Ray started, then said hurriedly: "Go on, please, and tell us all you know about your-

self."

But the boy said nothing for an instant.
With his handsome eyes wandering restlessly
from one of the Culvers to the other, and his
breath beginning to come in quick, uneven
gasps, he seemed oblivious to all else except
some thought of his own to which he was endeavoring to give definite shape. Then he suddenly broke out with

deavoring to give definite shape. Then he suddenly broke out with:

"Was there a baby stolen in your family, and do you think I can be the one? I have wondered if it could be possible they would ever find me,"

"No, it's all a muddle yet," replied Ray, "for I have never heard that any of our family was lost or stolen. That's what makes it so mysterious, you see-your looking so much like my brother, I mean. But please go on. Maybe we can straighten things out after a while. How did you come by the name Brown, and who told you that you were left a founding?"

"Mamma Brown. She was the old lady who found me in front of her gate one morning in the arms of a man. He was dead, and I was pretty near gone too, but she took me in and kept me till I was nine years old."
"But wasn't there something on your clothes, or a scar on your arm or somewhere, to tell where you belonged?" asked Clifford, adding: "you know there always is in stories."
"No, there wasn't anything." replied Ned. "Not even an initial letter on my clothes or the man's. The doctors examined him, and said that he had dropped dead suddenly of heart disease, but nobody in the town had ever seen him belore or knew where he came from."

him before or knew where he came from."
"Where was this?" asked Ray, showing by
his face the deep interest he took in the narra-

him before or knew where he came from."

"Where was this?" asked Ray, showing by his face the deep interest he took in the narrative.

"In Circleville, Ohio, and, as I told you, I lived there with Mamma Brown till I was nine. She wasn't rich at all, but she knew lots, and, as soon as I got old enough, heard my lessons every day. But when she died, there wasn't anybody for me to go to, and maybe I'd have been in the poorhouse now if Dart and Dare's circus hadn't happened along just then."

"What made you join that?" here put in Clifford. "Had you been practicing up in tumbling?"

"No, I was just moping about the Hanfords' kitchen—they lived next door, and Mr. Hanford came to him to buy oats—when Mr. Hanford came to him to buy oats—when Mr. Hanford came home to thiner and said the circus people wanted a boy the worst way to do some tumbling in place of one that had got hurt. He'd seen me walk on my hands, skin the cat, and that sort of thing, and told Mr. Dart he'd send me around to the tent. Of course I thought it lots of fun then, and hoped they'd take me, but after they did, and I had to keep learning new and harder tricks all the time, I got to hate the very smell of sawdust."

"Didn't they pay you a big salary?" asked Clifford, leaning forward with his chin propped on his brother's shoulder.

"Not they. Only five dollars a week, and I didn't even get that regularly. Then one night when the ringmaster cut at me with a whip for a slip I made, I packed up my things in a bundle, and cut sticks—ran away."

"And fell in with the orchestra man," finished Ray. "But how did you come to leave kim and gets estted here?"

"Oh, I was only with that fellow about a week. It was too much like begging to suit me. Then the way he lived—and the things we had to eat—ugh! It makes me crawl to think of it! So one night I walked off from him—""

"When you were in Pittsburgh?" interposed Ray, with a sudden recollection of the Italian's

me. Then the way he lived—and the things we had to eat—ugh! It makes me crawl to think of it! So one night I walked off from him—"

"When you were in Pittsburgh?" interposed Ray, with a sudden recollection of the Italian's representations concerning car fare.

"No, right here near Philadelphia. I had only two dollars and thirty two cents in my pocket and no idea where I wanted to go or what I could get to do. But I kept walking straight shead till daylight, and by and by I came to this house. One of the horses had got out of the stable. He was running all over the grass and flower beds, and the coachman and cook and all the other servants, with some of the family, were rushing up and down trying to cook and all the other servants with some of the family, were rushing up and down trying to care the fence and crept behind a bush where I save the fence and crept behind a bush where I save the fence and crept behind a bush where I save the fence and crept behind a bush where I save the fence and crept behind a late of the save in the save up to the force of the force of the save up to the force of the force of the save up to the force of the force

by."
The "buttons" shook hands soberly with both the brothers, and looked after them with

both the brothers, and looked after them with wistful eyes as they walked down the driveway to the showy dog cart.

Is was certainly a singular situation. Here were three boys who might prove to be of the closest kin to one another, in which case the one would not remain in his menial position for an instant. Yet, pending the production of that proof, it was not to be expected that their attitude to one another would be more than that of kindly disposed acquaintances.

"How are you going to get that proof you spoke about, Ray?" asked Clifford, as they took their places in the cart.

"By writing to Uncle James as soon as we get back. Something may have happened when you and I were very young which has

never been told us. He perhaps would know when I give him the whole story."
"I hope he wili," responded the younger boy earnestly. "That Ned's the nicest fellow I ever met, if the is in buttons. I'd hate to have to give him up now."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE MYSTERY SOLVED. HE MYSTERY SOLVED.

HE next few days were busy ones to our hero. It was necessary for him to have several long interviews with Judge Duncan, between shom and Mr. Tresham a meeting had also to be arranged.

The latter's condition, however, took such a service to the must succumb to his injuries.

if he must succumb to his injuries. What with all these matters to occupy his attention, Ray did not find time to run on to New York to see about the removal of his effects from Mrs. Fanshawe's, and to pay for the loss of that MS., until the end of the week. He had written to Charley Kip, notifying him of the great change in his fortunes, and the latter had replied, offering his congratulations and stating some facts which tended to throw a little light on the New York landlady's mysterious behavior towards Ray and Bertha Douglas. It seemed that a gaudily arrayed female, given

It seemed that a gaudily arrayed female, giving out that she was an English lady of rank, had applied to Mrs. Fanshawe for the two n applied to Mrs. Fanshawe for the two mrs (to be occupied, she stated, by herself I maid), which were already rented to the o Culvers and the young girl from Phila-

two Culvers and the young gui nomedelphia.
Could she dispose of her apartments in this fashion, the landlady had reasoned, she would not only have fewer mouths to feed while receiving the same rent, but the fact that a personage of such consequence was included among her lodgers would lend a prestige to her house that would surely stand her in good stead.

Hence, the blunder of Bertha Douglas on

Hence, the blunder of Bertha Douglas on her quest for ice water, and the almost simultaneous turning up of our hero, had been eagerly seized upon as a fortuitous opportunity of making place for the desired newcomer.

The titled lady arrived in due course, with two immense trunks and an apology for the absence of her maid, who, she explained, had been called to Newark to attend the funeral of her sister, but would return in two days, till when her mistress must request the aid of Mrs. Fanshawe's servants in their spare moments. A great commotion was created in the house-

Fanshawe's servants in their spare moments. A great commotion was created in the household by the advent of this personage, but a still greater was set on foot the next day when it was ascertained that the lady of rank had decamped with several hundred dollars' worth of jewelry from various rooms, leaving in their place the two trunks, which proved to be filled with old newspapers.

Ray could not help being amused by this story, told him by Charley, who had it from Mr. Coburn, whom he knew slightly. But he was still more entertained by Mrs. Fanshawe's manner toward himself, when he called there to see about his baggage.

manner toward himself, when he called there to see about his baggage. Kip, it seemed, had taken special pains to inform the landlady that the young gentleman she had treated so rudely had fallen heir to princely wealth, owned no end of horses and carriages, and had serious thoughts of investing in a yacht. Thus Mrs. Fanshawe's efforts to apologize for her rudeness and endeavors to explain it away, were ludicrous in the extreme. "Come over and spend Sunday with me, can't you, Charley?" said our hero, when he had finally and forever, as he hoped, shaken the dust of the Fanshawe mansion from his feet. "I expect to find a letter from Uncle James there, and ferhaps you can be in at the elucdation of the Nimble Ned mystery. Tresham has been taken to his aunt's house in Camden, so you needn't fear you'd be coming Camden, so you needn't fear you'd be coming to a hospital."

to a hospital."

Kip gladly accepted the invitation, and the two boys found Clifford waiting for them with the dog cart at the station. Ray proposed a drive before going home, but Clifford hastened to inform them that a letter with a California postmark was waiting to be opened in the liberary.

rary.
"How long has it been there?" asked our

"How long has it been there?" asked our hero eagerly.

"Only since this morning, but I could hardly keep my hands off it, I wanted to find out about Ned so bad."

As may be imagined, Bess was headed for the house with all possible speed, and five minutes later, Ray, with Clifford on one side and Charley on the other, each literally on the tip-toe of expectation, was standing in the room where that strange will of his father's had first been read, breaking the seal of his uncle's letter.

ter.
It was short, but could not have been more to the point had it contained twenty pages. Here it is:

Here it is:

OAKLAND, CAL., Oct. 9, 1888.

DEAR NEPHEW RAYMOND: I was very glad to hear from you, but sorry to know that you had been in such difficulties since your poor father and pen, you know, or I would have written you before. I thought of course you know, or I would have written you before. I thought of course you knew about that twin brother to Clifford. He was too young to be named when his nurse, while the family was crossing Lake Erie, walked out on the deck of the steamer one night in a fit of somnambulism and tossed him overboard. As nothing was learned of the fact till morning, it was of course useless to try and look for the child then, and he was given up for dead.

up for dead. This boy, who you say so strongly resembles

Clifford, must be that infant, rescued by a miracle the instant he touched the water by some passing fisherman's boat. The sudden death of the man who had the child would account for the fact that Mrs. Brown failed to connect the baby found at her gate with the one that had been lost on Lake Erie, over a hundred miles distant. Of course you are in the contract of the contract of

"Can't we go down for Ned tonight?" was Clifford's first exclamation, after Ray had fin-ished reading the foregoing. "It's moonlight. We can take the wagonette, and Charley can go along, and—just think—we'll have another brother to pass Sunday with us—yes, and all the days after that too."

brother to pass Sunday with us—yes, and all the days after that too."

Neither Ray nor Clifford had much appetite for dinner that night, and I fear me that the meal was hurried through with more rapidly than was consistent with strict etiquette when a guest was present. But Charley seemed almost as excited over the coming reunion as the two Culvers themselves. It was a beautiful night, and as the well matched team trotted over the smooth roads, and Ray leaned back comfort. and as the well matched team trotted over the smooth roads, and Ray leaned back comfortably in a corner of the roomy carriage, he found it hard to realize that the deep waters through which he had lately been called on to pass were now all left behind. For Judge Duncan was to be appointed guardian of the boys by the court, with a regular allowance for each of them until they should come of age. But now the carriage has reached the pretty cottage where Nimble Ned was employed, and almost before it came to a standstill Clifford was out on the ground and hurrying up the path to the piazza. Ray followed close behind, but Charley said he would remain in the wagonette, in order not to spring a crowd upon the household. "I've rung the bell, Ray," called out Clif-

the household.
"I've rung the bell, Ray," called out Clifford.
"Ted—let's call him Ted, can't we—will open the door himself, and—here he is

now."

With the last words the impetuous youngster flung his arms about the form of the buttons boy with a glad cry of "You're my twin, and you're to come home with us this very night."

"Yes, old fellow, it's all right. We're brothers for good and all," and Ray held both the youngsters tight for an instant.

Then, "Why, Mr. Culver!"

Such a tone of horror in which the words were uttered!

Our hero looked up with a start and there.

Such a tone of horror in which the words were uttered!

Our hero looked up with a start, and there, on the bottom step of the stairs, just buttoning her gloves by the light of the lamp affixed to the newel post, stood the girl he had met at Lake George and of whom Miss Vanderpoole had faintly reminded him.

What must she think, beholding him fairly in the act of hugging the "buttons"? But Ray was too quick witted to be long embarrassed.

Leaving Ted with Clifford, he hastened forward with outstretched hand, saying smilingly: "Oh, Miss Harriman, how glad I am to see you again! You are just in time to assist at the last chapter of a romance in real life—the finding of the long lost brother. Behold him yonder in olive green and shiny brass. Congratulate me."

me!"
"Well, of all things!" and Miss Daisy Harriman clung rather tightly to the hand stretched
out to her—perhaps to keep herself from sinking
to the floor in stupefaction.

The next moment another young lady joined
her, also drawing on her gloves, and soon thereafter a young gentleman of twenty appeared,
who were duly presented to Ray as Miss and
Mr. Von Mark, the daughter and son of the
house.

To them our hero explained his extraordinary

To them our hero explained his extraordinary errand, and while they bewailed the loss of such a handsome "buttons," they united in congratulating Ted on his good fortune and begging him to come down and see them often with Ray. For as Miss Harriman was to be a guest at the cottage for a month longer it goes without saying that our hero would be a frequent visitor there. And with this pleasant prospect to look forward to, we must leave him, for when untroubled waters open out before his characters, the story teller's task is done.

THE END.

THE MAGIC OF RED PAINT

To paint the town red in our land proves on the part of the "painter" a lack of intellectual balance that is anything but praiseworthy. In certain regions of Asia, however, the red paint pot is held in such veneration by the natives as to make it sometimes very useful to foreigners who have big enterprises to carry through.

when tolegraph posts were first set up in some remote parts of India, the gentle Hindoo wont to cut the same down for firewood. A young engineer, who had studied the aboriginal character, painted the posts red, whereupon the actives growthiped the posts, and ceased to carry them away as burnt offerings.

THE GLOWING COLIS

The glowing coals are redly bright, And deepen the soft shades of night That in the sheltering corners hide Their fiful forms, in haste to glide From out the ruby rays of light. And as I look they fade from sight;
Vague forms of thought, forgotten quite,
Instead seem hovering beside
The glowing coals.

And dreams of boyish fear and fright,
In Fancy's colored hues bedight,
Stream down the drowsy mental tide;
Till fact and fancy both subside,
And in one dull, deep flame unite
The glowing coals.

[This story commenced in No. 307.] My&Friend&Smith.

By TALBOT BAINES REED,

Author of "Mr. Halgrove's Ward."

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW SMITH WENT HOME AND I WENT TO AN EVENING PARTY.

WO days after the events recorded in the last chapter something happened which materially affected the course of my life in London. in London.

Smith and I were just starting off to the office,

in London.

Smith and I were just starting off to the office, after having finally made our submission to Mrs. Nash, and induced her, with a promise "never to do it again," to withdraw her threat to turn us out, when the postman appeared coming round the corner.

It was a comparatively rare sight in Beadle Square, and Jack and I naturally felt our curiosity excited.

"May as well see if there's anything for me," said I, who had only once heard from my affectionate relative in six months.

Jack laughed, "I never saw such a fellow," said he, "for expecting things. It's just as likely there's a letter for me as for you."

At this moment the postman came up with a letter in his hand in apparent perplexity.

"Anything for me?" I said.

"Not unless your name's Smith,"

"Said the accessionan." "Smith, of

"Anything for me?" I said.

"Not unless your name's Smith," said the postman. "Smith of Beadle Square, that's the partymight as well send a letter to a straw in a haystack."

"My name's Smith," said Jack.
"It is?" said the postman, evidently relieved. "Then I suppose it's all right."

So saying, he placed the letter in Jack's hand and walked on, evidently quite proud to have found out a Smith at first shot.

Lack's color changed as he took

out a Smith at first shot.
Jack's color changed as he took
the letter and looked at it.
He evidently recognized the
cramped, ill formed hand in which
it was addressed.
"It's from Packworth!" he ex-claimed, as he eagerly tore open the
envelone.

envelope.

I don't think he intended the re-I don't think he intended the remark for me, for we had never once referred either to his home or his relations since the first day we were together in London. In fact, I had almost come to forget that my friend Smith had a home anywhere but in Pacula Surgere.

friend Smith had a home anywhere but in Beadle Square.
He glauced rapidly over the short scrawl, and as he did so his face turned pale and a quick exclamation escaped his lips.
"Anything wrong, old man?" I asked.
"Yes," said he, looking up with a face full of trouble. "Here, you can see it," he added, putting the letter into my hand.
It was a very short letter and ran thus:

Dear Mister Johnny, Mary is very very ill. Could ou come and see her? Do come—from Jane

"Mary is my sister," said Jack, nearly break-g down. "I must go, whether Barnacle lets

"1 say," said he presency
Fred. Will you tell them?"

"Yes, if you like, only—"

"Now then you two," cried Mr. Doubleday, looking round; "there you are, larking about as usual. Go off to your work, young Import, do you hear? and don't stand grinning there!"
Foor Jack looked like anything but grinning that moment.

Poor Jack looked like anything our growing at that moment.

"I'll do the best I can," I said, "but I'm afraid Barnacle will be in a huff unless you ask him yourself,"
"I can't help it," said Jack, "I must go."
"Eh? what's that?" said Doubleday, who was near enough to hear this conversation; "who must go?"
"Smith has just heard that his sister's ill," I said, by way of explanation, and hoping to enlist the chief clerk's sympathy, "and he must go to her, that's all,"
"Hullo!" interposed Crow, "you don't

mean to say he's got a sister. My eyes, what a caution! Fancy a female Bull's Eye, Wallop,

caution! Fancy a female Bull's Eye, Wallop, eh?"

"So you may say," said Wallop the cad, laughing, "I guess I wouldn't fancy her, if she's like Brother Johnny."

"And he's got to go to her, poer dear thing, because she's got a cold in her nose or something of the sort. Jolly excuse to get off work. I wish Pd got a sister to be ill too."

"Never mind," said Wallop; "if you'd been brought up in jail you be subject to colds. It's a rare draughty place is Newgate."

No one but myself had noticed Jack during this brief conversation. His face, already pale and troubled, grew livid as the dialogue proceeded, and finally he could restrain himself no longer.

Dashing from his desk, he flew at Wallop like a young wolf, and before that facetious young

Dasning from his desk, he flew at Wallop like a young wolf, and before that facetious young gentleman knew where he was, he was lying at full length on the floor, with Jack standing over him, trembling with fury from head to foot. It was the work of an instant, and before more mischief could be done Doubleday had interposed.

more mischief could be done Doubleday had interposed.

"Look here," said he, catching Jack by the arm and drawing him away from his adversary, "we aren't used to that here, I can tell you! Go to your desk! Do you hear? There's the governor coming up! A nice row you'll get us into with your temper! Come, you Wallop, up you get, I say—you beast! I'm joll glad the young 'un walked into you. Serves you right! Look alive, or you'll be nabbed!"

The result of these exertions was that, when the door opened half a minute later the office was, to all appearance, as quiet as usual.

"In a day or two, I suppose," said I.

"And you'll be mighty disconsolate, I suppose," said Doubleday, "till he returns. What do you say to coming up to my lodgings tonight, eh, young 'un, to see me?"

I felt very grateful for this unlooked for honor, and said I would be delighted to come.
"All serene! I've asked one or two of the fellows up, so we'll have a jolly evening. By the way, when you go out, get me a couple of boxes of sardines, will you, and a dozen three-penny cigars?" penny cigars?

boxes of sardines, will you, and a dozen threepenny cigars?"

I executed these commissions, and in due
time, business being ended, Doubleday and I
and Crow, and the sardines and the cigars,
started in a body for Cork Place, where, in a
first floor front, the estimable Mr. Doubleday
was wont to pitch his daily tent.

They were cozy quarters, and contrasted in a
marked manner with Beadle Square. Doubleday knew how to make himself comfortable,
evidently. There were one or two good prints
on his walls, and a cheerful fire on the hearth,
a sofa and an easy chair, and quite an array of
pickle jars and jam pots in his cupboard. And,
to my thinking, who had been used to the plain,
unappetizing fare of Mrs. Nash, the spread on
his table was simply sumptuous.

unappetizing fare of Mrs. Nash, the spread on his table was simply sumptuous. I felt quite shy at being introduced to such an entertainment, and inwardly wondered how long it would be before I, with my eight shillings a week, would be able to afford the like. We were a little early, and Doubleday therefore pressed us into service to help him, as he called it, "get all snug and ship shape," which meant boiling some eggs, emptying the jam from pots into glass dishes, and cutting up a perfect stack of bread.

see it. I say, the Field Marshal's behind time.

I'll give him two minutes, and then we'll start without him."

Just then there was a knock at the door, and

without him."
Just then there was a knock at the door, and two fellows entered. One was a tall, thin, cadaverous looking boy of about my own age, and the other—his exact contrast, a thick set, burly youth, with a merry twinkle in his eye and a chronic grin on his lips.

"Late again, Field Marshal," said Double-day, clapping the cadaverous one on the back with a blow that nearly doubled him up. "Is his your chum? How are you, Patrick?"
The youth addressed as Patrick, but whose real name subsequently was announced as Daly, said he was "rightly," and that it was his fault the Field Marshal was late, as he had to shave. This announcement caused great amusement, for Master Daly was as innocent of a hair on his face as he was of being tattooed, and by the manner in which he joined in the laughter, he seemed to be quite aware of the fact.

We sat down to supper in great good spirits. I was perhaps the least cheerful, for all the others being friends, and I knowing only my two fellow clerks, I felt rather out of it. However, Doubleday, who seemed to have an eye for everybody, soon put me at my ease with my self and the rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

HAT a meal it was! I hadn't tasted such a one since I came to London.
Eggs and sardiues, lobster and potted meat; coffee and tea, toast, cake, bread and butter—it was positively bewildering.
And the laughing, and talking, and chaffing that went on too.

And the laughing, and talking, and chaffing that went on, too. Doubleday perfectly astonished me by his talents as a host. He never ceased talking, and yet everybody else talked too; he never ceased partaking, and took care that no one else should either. He seemed to know by the outside of a cup whether it was full or empty, and to be able to see through loaves and dish covers into everybody's plate.

It would be impossible to say what was not talked about during that wonderful meal. The private affairs of Hawk Street were freely canvassed, and the private affairs of Hawk Street were freely canvassed, and the private affairs of

affairs of Hawk Street were freely canvassed, and the private affairs of every one of the company were discussed with the most charming frankness. I found myself giving an account of my uncle to the Field Marshal, which confidence he reciprocated by telling me that he was a private in the volunteers (that was why the fellows called him Field Marshal) and an accountant's clerk, that his income was fifty pounds a

why the fellows called him Field Marshal) and an accountant's clerk, that his income was fifty pounds a year, that he had saved seven pounds, that he present rate of his progress he hoped to marry in about twenty years.

Whipcore was discoursing on the points of every race horse in the calendar to the twins, who had evidently never seen a race horse; and Daly was telling stories which half choked Crow, and kept us all in fits of laughter. It was a new life to me, this, and no mistake.

"Now then, young Batchelor, walk into those sardines, do you hear?" said our host. "Any more coffee, twins? Pass up those tea cakes when you've helped yourself, Crow. I got them for twopence apiece—not bad, eh? I say, I suppose you've heard what's up in Hawk Street, eh?—jam to the Field Marshal there. Yes, Harris of the Imports told me; he heard it from Morgan, who knows a fellow who knows old Merrett. Plenty more potted meat in the cupboard; get out some, Batchelor, that's a good fellow. The fact is—sugar enough in youns, Paddy?—the fact is, the old boy is going to put in a nephew—pass up your cup, Adam, Abel, what's your name, you with the paper in yours, Paddy?—the fact is, the old boy is going to put in a nephew—pass up your cup, Adam, Abel, what's your name, you with the paper in your button hole?—what was your mother about when she gave you such idiotic names, both of you? **Tallike to give her a piece of my mind!—a nephew or something of the sort—that'll be the third kid in the last half year landed in on us—don't you call that lobster a good one for eighteen pence, Paddy, my boy? Never mind. I'll let them know I'm not going to train up all their young assess for nothing—hullo! Batchelor, beg pardon, old man; I forgot you were one of them!"
This occasioned a laugh, which made me look very self conscious; which Doubleday saw and tried to help me out.

very self conscious; which Doubleday saw and tried to help me out.

"If they were all like you," he said, with a patronizing smile, "it wouldn't hurt; but that bull's eye cham of yours is a drop too; nuch for an office like ours. Do you know, Delieve it's a fact he's been in jail, or something of the sort—try a little vinegar with it. Field Marshal—sould have been to be a sent of the sort of the sor

I was beginning to feel very uncomfortable.



THE BANQUET AT DOUBLEDAY'S.

To our surprise, the comer was not Mr. Barnacle, who usually arrived first, but Mr. Merrett, who on other days hardly ever put in an appearance till an hour later.

What was the reason of this reversal of the order of things we could not say, and did not nuch care. Indeed, it was rather a relief to see the mild senior partner instead of the sharp eyed junior, who was, some of us thought, far too quick to perceive anything amiss.

Jack's face brightened as much as any one's at the circumstance. For a moment he forgot all his wrath, and thought only of his sister.

He followed Mr. Merit quickly to the door of the partner's room and said, eagerly: "May I speak to you a moment, sir?"

Tyes, my man; come in, "was the encouraging reply."

"Yes, my man; come in, westing reply."
"Gone to tell tales, I suppose," said Crow, as the door closed on the two.
"No, he's not," said I, ready to take up the gauntlet for my friend; "and you'd better not say it again!"
"Oh, I say! Look here," said Doubleday, "don't you'b begin at that game, young shaver! We're used to it from your chum Bull's Eye, but I'm not going to let you start at it. Besides, I'm not going to let you start at it. Besides, Crow wouldn't like it. Get on with your work, do you hear?"

Jack reappeared with a grateful face, which showed at once that his application had been

showed at once that his application had been successful.

"Good by," said he, coming to my desk;
"I'll send you a line," and, without another word to any one, he was gone.

"He's a cool fish, that friend of yours!" said Doubleday, that afternoon, to me. "He seems to get on pretty much as he likes."
"He's awfully cut up about his sister," I said.
"Poor Jack!"
"No harm in that!" said Doubleday, conde-

No harm in that!" said Doubleday, conde-"No narm in that; said books and upon seemlingly. "I thought he was quite right to walk into that cad Wallop myself. But he'll find it rather hot for him when he gets back, I fancy. When's he coming back?"

"Who's coming tonight?" said Crow, with whom, by the way, I had become speedily reconciled in our mutual occupation.
"Oh, the usual lot," said Doubleday, with the air of a man who gives "feeds" every day of his life. "The two Wickhams, and Joe Whipcord, and the Field Marshal, and an Irish fellow who is lodging with him. We ought to have a jolly evening."

fellow who is lodging with him. We ought to have a jolly evening."

In due time the guests arrived, Mr. Joseph Whipcord being the earliest. He was a freckled youth of most horsey get up, in clothes so tight that it seemed a marvel how he could ever sit down, and a straw in his mouth which appeared to grow there. Close on his two heels came the two Wickhams, whose chief attractiveness seemed to be that they were twins, and as like as two peas.

seemed to be a state peas.

"Hullo! here you are," was Doubleday's greeting. "Which is which of you tonight,

eh?"

"I'm Adam," replied one of the two, meekly.

"All serene, Adam. Stick this piece of paper in your button hole and then we'll know you from Abel. By the way, Whipcord, I suppose you never heard my last joke, did you?"

"Never heard your first yet," replied Whipcord, shifting his straw to the other corner of his mouth.

cord, shifting his straw to the other corner of his mouth.

"Oh, yes you did," retorted Doubleday, who as usual always preferred the laugh when it was on his own side. "Don't you remember me telling Crow last time you came that you were a fellow who knew a thing or two? That was a joke, eh, twins?"

"Rather," said both the twins, warmly,
"But my last wasn't about Whipcord at all; it was about you two. I got muddled up among you somehow, and said," For the life of me I am not Abel to tell one of you from Adam!"

"Well," said Whipcord.

"Well, what?" said Doubleday, savagely.
"The joke?"

"The joke?"
"Why, that was the joke, you blockhead!
But we can't expect a poor fellow like you to

It was rank treason to sit by and listen to all this without putting in a word for my friend; and yet in this company I could not for the life of me make the venture. Indeed, to my shame be it said, with the eyes of my companions upon me, and their laughter in my ears, I even fairly joined in the smile at poor Jack's ex-

fairly joined in the same as pooling pense.
"Is this pleasant chap a friend of yours?" asked the Field Marshal.
"Yes," said I, rather hesitatingly, "we were at school together, you know."
I despised myself heart and soul for my cowardice, and for me the rest of the meal passed with little enjoyment.
And when the cloth was cleared away fresh

And when the cloth was cleared away fresh difficulties presented themselves.

"Are you a good hand at whist?" asked Adam, as we stood in front of the fire.

"No," said 1; "I don't play."

"Don't you? We'll give you a lesson, then."
Now my bringing up had been peculiar, as the reader knows. In many ways it had been strict, and in many ways lax; but one of the scruples I had always carried about with me was on the subject of gambling.

Consequently I felt particularly uncomfortable at the twin's offer, and at a loss how to respond

at the twin's offer, and at a loss how to respond to it, and before I could resolve the chance was

ne.
"Now then," said Doubleday, "make up "Now then," said Doubleday, "make up your fours there, but for go dness sake dou't let both the patriarchs get at the same table! You with the paper and Crow, and Paddy and l—we'll have this table, and you other four take the other!" and before I knew where I was I found myself seated at a table, opposite Whipcord, with thirteen cards in my hand.
I did not know what to do. Had my partner been any one but Whipcord, with the straw in his mouth, I do believe I should have made a mild protest. Had Doubleday or Crow been one of our party I might have screwed up my

mild protest. Had Doubleday or Crow been one of our party I might have screwed up my courage. But Whipcord had impressed me as a one of our party I might have screwed up my courage. But Whipcord had impressed me as a particularly knowing and important personage, and I felt quite abshed in his presence, and would not for anything have him think I considered anything that he did incorrect, "I'm afraid I don't know the way to play," said I, apologetically, when the game began. "Yor don't!" said he, "Why, where were you at school? Never mind, you'll soon get into it."

This last prophery was fulfilled. Somehow

into it."

This last prophecy was fulfilled. Somehow or other I picked up the game pretty quickly, and earned a good deal of applause from my partner by my play. Indeed, despite my being a new hand, our side won, and the Field Marshal and Abel had to hand over sixpence after

shal and Abel had to hand over sixpence after sixpence as the evening went on. The sight of the money renewed my discomforts; it was bad enough, so I feit, to play cards at all, but to play for money was a thing I had always regarded with a sort of horror. Alas! how easy it is, in the company of one's fancied superiors, to forget one's own poor scruples! The game at our table came to rather an abrupt end, brought on by a difference of opinion of the company of the state of the company of the state of the st

Field Marshal was not backward to reply in a similar strain. How long this interchange of epithets might have gone on I cannot say, had not Doubleday opportunely interposed. "There you are, at it again, you two, just like a couple of bargees! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves! Look how you've shocked the young 'un there! You really shouldn't!"

I colored up at this speech. From the bantering tone in which Doubleday spoke it seemed as if he half despised any one who was not used to the sound of profanity; and I began to be angry with myself for having looked so horrified.

The quarrel was soon made up with the help The quarrel was soon made up with the help of some of the three-penny cigars, which were now produced along with the beer bottles. By this time I had been sufficiently impressed by my company not to decline anything, and I partook of both of these luxuries—that is, I made believe to smoke a cigar, and kept a glass of beer in front of me from which I took a very occasional sin.

beer in front of me from which I took a very occasional sip.

My mind was thoroughly uncomfortable. I had known all along I was not a hero; but it had never occurred to me before that I was a coward. In the course of one short evening I had forsaken more than one old principle, merely because others did the same.

I had joined in a laugh against my best friend because I had not the courage to stand up for him behnd his back, and I had tried to appear as if bad language and drinking and gambling were familiar things to me, because I dared not make a stand and confess I thought them loathsome.

me. We sat for a long time that night talking and We sat for a rong time state and the forest many of the latter were clever and amusing, but others—those that raised the loudest laugh—were of a kind I had never heard before, and which I blush now to recall.

blush now to ceall.

Any one who had seen me would have supposed that talk like this was what I most reliabled. Had they but heard another voice within reproaching me, they might have pitted within reproaching me, they might have pitted within the proaching me, and yet, with all the loose talk was mixed up so much of real joility and good humon that it was impossible to feel wholly miserable.

Doubleday kept up his hospitality to the end

Doubleday kept up his hospitality to the end. He would stop the best story to make a guest comfortable, and seemed to guess by instinct what everybody wanted.

At last the time came for separating, and I rose to go with feelings, partly of relief, partly of regret. The evening had been a jolly one, and I had enjoyed it; but then, had I done well to enjoy it? That was the question.

"Oh, I say," said Daly, as we said good night on the door step, "were you ever at a school called Stonebridge House?"

"Yes," said I, startled to hear the name once more. "You weren't there, were you?"

"No; but a fellow I know, called Flanagan, was, and—"

and-

was, and—"Do you know Flanagan?" I exclaimed; "bo you know Flanagan?" I exclaimed; "he's the very fellow I've been trying to find out. I would like to see him again." "Yes, he lives near us. I say, suppose you come up to the Field Marshal and me on Tuesday; we live together, you know. We'll have Flanagan and a fellow or two in." I gladly accepted this delightful invitation, and went back to Mrs. Nash's feeling myself a good deal more a "man of the world," and a good deal less of a hero, than I had left it that morning. morning.

But two days after Smith had gone home I received a letter which somewhat upset my cal-culations. It had the Packworth postmark, and was addressed in the same cramped hand in which the momentous letter which had sumnich the momentous letter which had sum-joned Jack from London had been written. I was surprised that it was not in Jack's own and. It ran as follows:

Natural A Trau as follows:

Sign:—I am sorry to say Master Johnny has took ill since he came down. The doctor thinks it is smallpox; so please excuse hint to the gentlemen, and say to hope it will make no difference, as he cannot come for a many weeks. Your humble—JASS SHIELD.

—JANE SHELD.

Jack ill—with smallpox! This was a blow! My first impulse was, at all risks, to go down and look after him. But I reflected that this would be, after all, foolish, I should certainly not be allowed to see him, and even if I did, could not of course return to the office with the infection about me. Poor Jack! At least it was a comfort that he had some one to look after him.

first care, after the receipt of the letter, was to seek an interview with the partners and explain matters to them. And this I found not a very formidable business. Mr. Barnacle, indeed, did say something about its being awkward just when they were so busy to do without

But Mr. Merrett overruled this by reminding

But Mr. Merrett overruled this by reminding his partner that in a week or two his nephew would be coming to the office, and that to begin with he could fill up the vacant place. "Besides," said he, with a warmth which made me feel quite proud of my friend—"besides, Smith is too promising a lad to spare."

So I was able to write a very reassuring letter to good Mrs. Shield, and tell her it would be all right about Jack's place when he came back. Meanwhile, I entreated her to let me know regularly how he was getting on, and to tell me if his sister was better, and, in short, to keep me posted up in all the Smith news that was going.

was going.

This done, I set myself to face the prospect of a month or so of life in London without my

chum.

I didn't like the prospect. The only thing that had made Beadle Square tolerable was his company, and how I should get on now with Mr. Horncastle and his set I did not care to anticipate.

I confided my misgivings to Doubleday, who

laughed at them.
"Oh," said he, "you must give that place
up. I know it. One of our fellows was there
once. It's an awfully seedy place to belong

to."
"The worst of it is," said I—who, since my evening at Doubleday's, had come to treat him quite as a confidant—"that my uncle pays my lodgings there; and if I went anywhere else he'd tell me to pay for myself."
"That's awkward," said Doubleday, meditatively; "pity he should stick you in such a cheap hole."
"I don't think you beam"

charphole, "phy he should stick you his stan a cheap hole," "I don't think, you know," said I, feeling rather extinguished by Doubleday's pitying tone, "It's such a very cheap place. It's three and six a week."

Doubleday gazed at me in astonishment, and then broke out into a loud laugh, "Three and six a week! Whiy, my dear fellow, you could do it cheaper in a workhouse. Oh, good gracious! your uncle must be in precious low water to stick you up in a hole like that at three and six a week. Do you know what my lodgings cost, eh, young 'un?"

"No," said I, very crestfallen; "how much?"

"Fifteen shillings, upon my honor, and none too grand. Three and six a week, why—

none too grand. I free and six a week, why—I say, Crow! go telling everybody! To ried I, feeling quite ashamed of myself.

"Oh, don't go telling everybody! Tried I, feeling quite ashamed of myself.

"Oh, all serene. But it is rather rich, that. Good job you don't get your grub there."

I did not tell Doubleday that I did get my grub "there, and left him to infer what he pleased by my silence.
"Anyliow," said he, "if you must hang on there, there's nothing to prevent your knocking about a bit of an evening. What do you generally go in for when your friend Bull's Eye's at home? I mean, what do you do with yourselves of an evening?"

"Oh," said I, "they've got a parlor at Mrs. Nash's, and books—"
Once more Doubleday laughed aloud.

Nasn s, and books—
Once more Doubleday laughed aloud.
"What! a parior and books included for three and six a week! My eye! young 'un, you're in luck; and you mean to say you—oh, I say, what a treat!—do you hear. Grow?"
"Please!" I exclaimed, "what's the use of telling any one?"
"Eh—oh, all right, I won't tell any one; but think of you and Buil's Eye sitting in a three and six parlor without carpets or wall papers reading 'Tim Goodboy's Sunday Picture book, and all that."
I smilled faintly, vexed though I was.
"They've novels there," I said, grandly.
"No! and all for three and six too! No wonder you're sing. Well, no accounting for tastes. I wonder you don't ask me to come and spend an evening with you. It would be a treat!"

e result of this conversation and a good The result of this conversation and a good many of a similar character was to make me thoroughly discontented with, and more than half ashamed of, my lot. And the more I mixed with Doubleday and his set, the more I

They all had the appearance of such well to

They all had the appearance of such well to do fellows, to whom expense seemed no object. They talked in such a scoffing way of the "poor beggars" who couldn't "stand" the luxuries they indulged in, or dress in the fashionable style they affected. After six months, the clothes with which I had come to London were beginning to look the worse for wear, and this afflicted me greatly just at a time when I found myself constantly in the society of these grandees. I remember one entire evening at Doubleday's sitting with my left arm close in to my side because of a hole under my ampit; and on another occasion borrowing Mrs. Nash's scissors to trim the ends of my trousers before going to spend the evening at Daly's. evening at Daly's.

That occasion, by the way, was the Tuesday

That occasion, by the way, was the Tuesday when, according to invitation, I was to go up to the lodgings of Daly and the Field Marshal, there to meet my old schoolfellow Flanagan.

I had looked forward not a little to this meeting, and was secretly glad that he would find me one of a set represented by such respectable and flourishing persons as Doubleday and Daly. When, a fortnight before, Smith and I had hunted up and down his street to find him, I knew nothing of "what was what "compared with what I did now.

I was determined to make an impression on my oid schoolfellow, and therefore, as I have

I was determined to make an impression on my oid schoolfellow, and therefore, as I have said, trimmed up the ends of my trousers with Mrs. Nash's scissors, invested in a new (cheap) necktie, and carefully doctored the seam under my armpit with ink and blacking.

Thus decorated I hurried off to my host's

Thus decorated 1 nurries on to my means lodgings.

The first thing I saw as I entered the door filled me with mortification. It was Flanagan, dressed in a loud check suit, with a stand up collar and a horseshoe scarf pin—with cloth gaiters over his boots, and cuffs that projected at least two inches from the ends of his coat shows a scar of the same of

eeves.
I felt so shabby and disreputable that I tempted to turn tail and escape. I had all along hoped that Flanagan would be got up in along hoped that Flanagan would be got up in a style which would keep me in countenance, and make me feel rather more at home than I did among the other stylish fellows of the set. But so far from that being the case, here he was the most howling swell of them all.

Before I could recover from the surprise and disappointment I felt, he had seen me and advanced with all his old noisy frankness.

"Hullo! here he is. How are you, Batchelor? Here we are again, he? Kather better than the Henniker's parlor, eh?"

I forgot all my disappointment for a moment

than the Henniker's parlor, en?"

I forgot all my disappointment for a moment in the pleasure of meeting him. In voice and manner at least he was the Flanagan of old manner at least he was the Flanagan of old days. Why couldn't he dress rather more qui-

Daly was there in all his glory, and the Field Daly was there in all his glory, and the Field Marshal, as lank and cadaverous as ever; and besides ourselves there was Whipcord with the straw in his mouth, and one or two other fellows belonging to our host's particular set. The supper was quite as elaborate and a good deal more noisy than that at Doubleday's. I sat next to Flanagan, and hoped to be able to get some talk with him about old days; but I found he was far too much taken up with the fun that was going on to be a very attentive listener. And so I felt more than ever extinguished and out of it, and all my fond hopes of naking an impression on my old schoolfellow speedily vanished.

issued.

What are you going to do?" said Whipd, when the nieal was over.
I don't care," said Daly; "cards if you".

like."
"Oh, bother cards," was the reply; "let's have a ramble out of doors for a change."
"Hullo! White, how is it you're down on cards?" said the Field Marshal. "I thought you always won."

you always won." I mought
There was something not very nice in the
tone of the cadaverous man of war which roused
the ite of the virtuous Whitpcord.
"What do you mean, you—who says I al"you mean."

ways win at cards?"
"You generally win when I'm playing against you," said the Field Marshal.
"Look here," said Whipcord, very red in the face, and chewing his straw in an agitated manner, "do you mean to insinuate I cheat at cards, eh, you—"

"I never said anything of the kind," replied the Field Marshal; "I said you generally won, that's all. What's the use of making an ass of yourself?"

that's all. What's the use of making an ass of yourself?"

began to perceive by this time that Mr. Whipoord was excited by more than the Field Marshal's talk. The fact was, he had drunk too much, and, that being so, it was worse than useless to reason with him.

"Who says I generally win at cards?" shoutedhe. "I'll fight any one that says so; if you like, I'll take the lot of you."

The laugh which greeted this valiant challenge only enraged the excited youth the more. He broke out into language which seemed only too ready to his lips, and again shouted. "I'll teach you to call me a cheat, I will! I'll teach you to call me a blackleg, so I will! I'll teach you to call me a—"

"A howling jackass," put in the Field Marshal, whose chief vocation it seemed to be to goad on his irate guest.

"Yes, I'll teach you to call me a howling jackass!" cried Whipcord, turning short round on me, and catching me by the throat.

"Me! I never called you a howling jackass!" cried I, in astonishment and alarn.

"Yes you did, you young har; I heard you. Wasn't it him?" he cried, appealing to the

heard you

"Yes you did, you young har; I heard y Wasn't it him?" he cried, appealing to

Wasn't it lim?' he cried, appealing to the company in general.

"Sounded precious like his voice," said one of the fellows, who, as I had scarcely opened my mouth the whole evening, must have had a rather vivid imagination.

"Yes, I know it was you. I knew it all along," said Whipcord, shifting his straw from said to side of his mouth, and glaring at me half stupidly, half ferociously.

"It wasn't indeed," said I, feeling very uncomfortable. "I never said a word."

Whipcord laughed as he let go my throat and began to take off his coat. I watched him in amazement. Surely he was not going to make me fight! I looked round beseechingly on the company, but could get no comfort out of their

me fight! I looked round beseechingly on the company, but could get no confort out of their laughter and merriment.

Whipcord divested himself of his coat, then of his waistcoat, then he took off his necktie and collar, then he let down his braces and tied his handkerchief round his waist in the manner of a belt, and finally proceeded to roll up his shirt sleeves above the elbows.

"Now, then," said he, advancing towards me in a boxing attitude, "I'll teach you to call me a thief!"

(To be continued.)

A Thrilling Adventure.

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS.

"It is singular," remarked my friend Major Springle, who had spent a number of years in the military service of India, "that you occasionally need a person who ought to know better, but who will occlare

that there is no cause to fear an alligator that there is no cause to fear an alligator.
"One morning, some years ago, I started
with Ned Warman, the son of Colonel Warman, in a bullock wagon for the Marble Rocks,
Ned was one of the brightest young fellows I
ever knew, and a general favorite with everybody. He was about eighteen years old, and
his father had arranged to send him home to
England to enter Oxford, in the course of a few
months.

months.
"Ned was what may be called a natural atherenate and the sould run "Ned was what may be cone as the lete. I never saw a young man who could run so fast, leap as far or as high, lift more, throw further or indeed equal him in any physical exploits. The accomplishment which perhaps at the leteral state of th so fast, leap as far or as high, lift more, throw further or indeed equal him in any physical establoits. The accomplishment which perhaps attracted the most admiration was his skill in swimming. I have watched the performances of some of the most noted professionals in England and the United States, but never net one who pleased me as much as did Ned Warman. No doubt there were some who could swim further and faster than he, but there was an ease and grace in the way in which he handed himself, that would have led our regiment to back him against any expert in the courtry. "Five miles from Jububulpore we reached the Narbuddha, which is a sluggish, winding river. By this time, the sun was pretty well up the sky, and, as it was the hot season of the year, we concluded to stop under the shade of the trees for a rest of several hours.
"I tell you, major,' said Ned, 'that water looks so tempting that I must take a swim."
"I would like to join you,' I replied, 'but I am afraid of alligators. This is such a plagued country, that you can't enter a jungle without stimbling over a tiger, or stepping upon a cobra, nor bathe in a river without stiring up all sorts of scaly things."
"The native driver, who had charge of the bullock cart, had been joined by an acquaintance at this point, and we appealed to them. They answered that there were not dangerous. Our driver's friend had spent an hour only the day before bathing with some companions, and they always pushed and kicked the alligators in the river, but that they were not dangerous. Our driver's friend had spent an hour only the day before bathing with some companions, and they always pushed and kicked the alligators in the river, but that they were not dangerous. Our driver's friend had spent an hour only the day before bathing with some companions, and they always pushed and kicked the alligators in the river, but that they were not dangerous. Our driver's friend had spent an hour only the day before bathing with some companions, and they always pushed and kicked the