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## TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.



"NOW YOU'VE GONE AND DONE IT, TOM TURNER. I SUPPOSE THOSE ARE YOUR ONLY TROUSERS."

### CHAPTER I.

#### TOM TURNER'S MISHAP.

"I WISH I hadn't played ball this afternoon," soliloquized Tom Turner, as he eyed ruefully a large rent in the knee of his only pair of trousers. "It isn't as if I had half a dozen suits like Clarence Kent. His father would buy him a new pair every month if he wanted them, while I think myself lucky to get a pair once a year."

This was the way it happened. The ball had been batted

over the fence by Alfred Hudson, who was a powerful batter, and a cry went up "Lost ball!" The game was suspended while Tom Turner, who was one of the fielders, jumped over the fence and recovered it. Tom was a good gymnast, and undertook to vault the fence on his return. How it came about he could not explain, but he failed to accomplish the feat satisfactorily, and managed to tear an ugly rent in the knee of his pantaloons. He bruised the knee itself a little also, but this he did not mind so much. The injury to his

clothing, however, made him look sober, and he was not at all disposed to join in the laugh that went up from his fellow players, as they noticed his mishap.

Among the loudest laughers was Clarence Kent, a boy a month older than Tom, but in his dress and appearance forming a decided contrast to our hero. Tom was strongly made, with a frank, intelligent expression, and an open, attractive face. Had Clarence been a poor boy, or the son of a man in average circumstances, he would have been more popular. But he was the son of quite the richest man in Hillsboro, and he was entirely conscious of the fact. He was willing to play ball and keep company with his poorer neighbors, as otherwise he would have had a solitary time of it, but he wished to be treated with the deference which he considered due to his superior social position. Though he was dimly conscious that Tom was a greater favorite than himself, he considered him far beneath him on account of his poverty. There are many boys who would have sympathized with Tom in his straitened circumstances, but Clarence was an egotist and thought only of Number One.

"Now you've gone and done it, Tom Turner," he said, as he saw Tom ruefully examining the rent. "I suppose those are your only trousers."

"If they are it doesn't concern any one except myself," retorted Tom indignantly, for he felt sensitive at having his poverty publicly commented on.

"It's too bad, Tom," said Alfred Hudson sympathetically. "And it's my fault too, for batting the ball over the fence."

"That's all right, Alfred. I guess I can have them mended. Come, let us go on with the game!"

Tom wished to draw away attention from his misfortune, and so proposed continuing the game, though he would rather have gone home.

"I say, Tom," said Clarence. "You might dress in Scotch style with bare knees."

"Thank you," said Tom stiffly. "If you will set the example I may follow it."

"I? Oh, I've got plenty of trousers, one for every day in the week," retorted Clarence, boastfully.

"I'm glad you're so well off," said Tom briefly.

Soon afterwards he skillfully caught a fly ball, and so brought in his side. He felt the more satisfaction in this, because Clarence was at the bat.

When the game was over Tom made his way home. He and his mother lived in a small, story and a half house rather out of the village. It belonged to Mrs. Turner, but there was a mortgage on it of five hundred dollars, representing probably half its value, and this mortgage was held by Squire Kent, as Clarence's father was generally called. Tom's father had been killed in a railroad accident when Tom was ten years old. He was a carpenter, and had built the house himself. Had he lived two or three years longer, he would have been able to pay off the mortgage, but his sudden death brought embarrassment as well as grief to his widow and child.

Thus far Mrs. Turner had been able to retain the house, having been assisted by a small legacy from an aunt, but this was now exhausted, and they were slowly falling behind. In a town like Hillsboro, neither she nor Tom was able to earn much, and economically as they lived they found it hard to make both ends meet. Tom understood this very well, and he was very much puzzled as he wended his way homeward to know where he was to get another pair of trousers. There was absolutely no money for extras in their small household.

Finally an idea came to him. There was a tailor in the village, Mr. Diamond, and it occurred to Tom that perhaps

he might get him to make him a pair of trousers, and for them in work. Accordingly he dropped into the shop where the tailor was busily engaged in pressing a suit.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Diamond," said Tom.

"Good afternoon, Tom. Have you come in to order suit?"

"I should like to do it, but I am afraid you would have to wait a long time for your

"You wouldn't be the only customer that makes me wait."

"No, I suppose not. What do you charge for trousers, Mr. Diamond?"

"I can make you a pair as low as four dollars—good goods too!"

"I need a new pair very much, but I have no money. Would you be willing to trust me for a pair, and let me pay in work?"

"I would, Tom, if I had any work to do, but I have no work that my own boys can't do."

"Then I am afraid I can't order any," said Tom soberly.

"I'd like to oblige you, Tom, for you are a good boy, and I am a poor man myself, and I have my family to provide for. What has happened to the pair you have on?"

"They were torn at the base ball game, Mr. Diamond."

"Yes, it is a bad tear."

"Can they be mended so as to look decent?" asked Tom anxiously.

"Yes, but it needs a tailor to do it. Bring them round tomorrow, and I will do it myself."

"How much will it cost?" asked Tom.

"I will charge you nothing, for you are a good boy, and I have very little money."

"You are very kind, Mr. Diamond, but I have no other pair, and shall have to wait while they are being mended."

"All right! Come round tomorrow after school. I will make them look as if they had never been torn."

Somewhat cheered, Tom went home. His mother was setting the table for supper. As Tom entered her attention was drawn to the condition of his clothing.

"Oh, Tom, how did you do it?" she asked with concern.

Tom explained briefly.

"I am afraid I can't mend them very well. And they are your only pair!" said Mrs. Turner, regretfully.

"Mr. Diamond has agreed to repair them, and charge me nothing."

"He is very kind," said Mrs. Turner gratefully. "Such a rent as that requires a tailor's skill. You need a new pair of trousers badly, Tom."

"Yes, mother, I know it."

"And we are so miserably poor."

"It won't be so always," said Tom, speaking more cheerfully than he felt. "Some time I shall be able to earn fair wages, and then we will both be better off."

They had scarcely finished supper when the door banged.

Tom went to the door. On the step stood a boy employed by Alfred Hudson's father. He held in his hand a package wrapped in brown paper.

"This is for you," he said, "and here is a letter from Alfred."

Tom opened the letter and read as follows:

DEAR TOM:—I hope you won't be offended. I have taken the liberty of sending you a pair of my trousers. I think they will fit you for we are of about the same size. Don't mind taking them, for though I am not as well provided as Clarence, I have enough left.

Your friend,

ALFRED HUDSON.



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Opening the bundle, Tom was moved to find that Alfred had sent him his best trousers.

"He is a friend worth having!" said Tom to himself. "I always liked Alfred and now I like him better than ever."

CHAPTER II.

AN IMPORTANT TELEGRAM.

THE next morning Tom put on the trousers which had been so generously given him. On the way to school he left the torn pair at the tailor's. As he approached the school house Clarence was waiting for his appearance, with the amiable intention of teasing him about the rent. When he saw the new trousers he felt surprised and disappointed. But he could not forego the opportunity of guying Tom.

tained the addition to his wardrobe, or it would have afforded him a new and unexpected theme for gibes.

When school closed Tom had occasion to pass the hotel on his way home, when the landlord's son came out and accosted him.

"There's a telegram for your mother inside, Tom," he said. "If you will take it, it will save sending round to your house."

"A telegram for mother!" repeated Tom, puzzled. "What can it be?"

"You'll have to open it to find out. It is from Scranton."

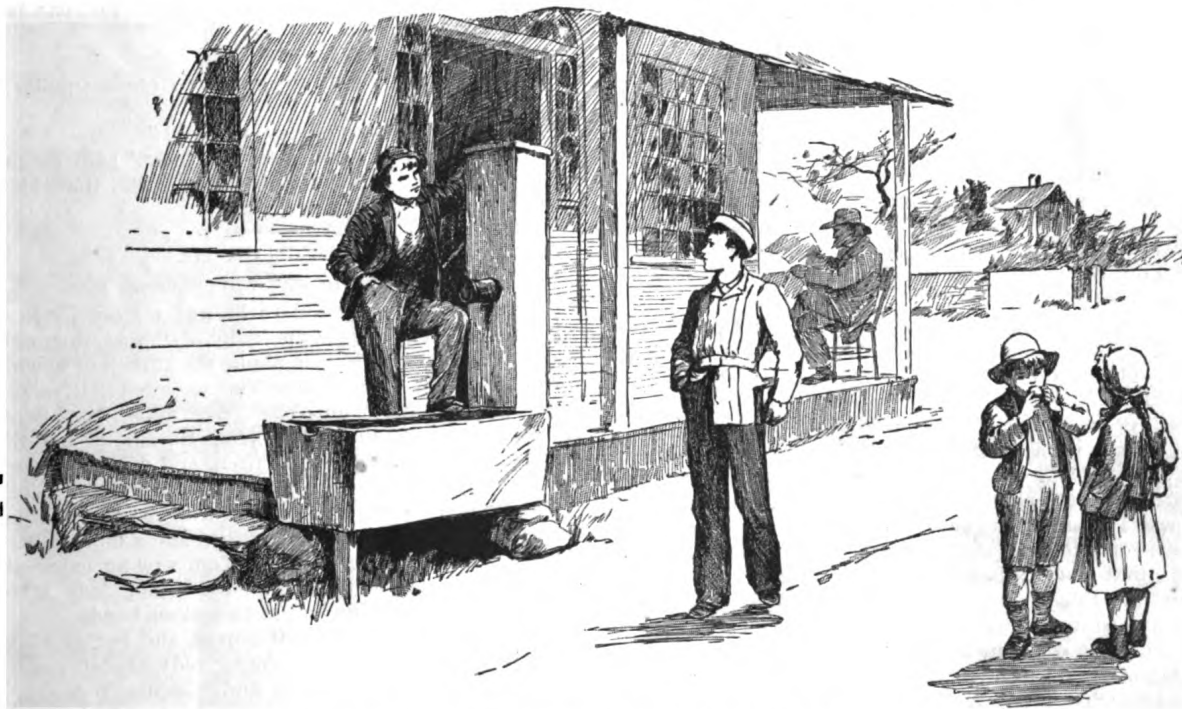
"Then it must be about Uncle Brinton. He may be dead."

"He's rich, isn't he?"

"I have always heard so."

"I hope your mother will come in for some money."

"I hope so, too," said Tom earnestly.



"A TELEGRAM FOR MOTHER!" REPEATED TOM, PUZZLED. "WHAT CAN IT BE?"

"Where did you borrow those trousers?" he asked.

"I didn't borrow them at all."

"I never saw you wear them before."

"You seem very much interested in my clothes, Clarence," said Tom. "I don't trouble myself about yours."

"I thought of sending you round an old pair."

"If you send them in kindness I will accept them."

This was not the answer that Clarence expected, and he unwillingly desisted, finding his attempt to annoy Tom unsuccessful.

He passed into the school house just as Alfred Hudson appeared.

"Alfred," said Tom warmly, "I want to thank you for your kindness. You see I am making use of your kind gift. But I am afraid you sent me your best pair. An old one would have done."

"It's all right, Tom! I am to have a new pair next week. Any way, when I make a present I want it to be a good one."

Fortunately for Tom, Clarence did not learn where he ob-

He felt at liberty to open the telegram, as an immediate answer might be required. This was what he read.

Brinton Pendergast is dead. Funeral at one o'clock on Thursday.

CHARLES BENSON.

"Funeral Thursday! And it is Wednesday already!" murmured Tom. "I wonder whether mother will go."

He lost no time in getting home. As he entered the house with the telegram in his hand his mother asked: "What have you there, Tom?"

"A telegram, mother. It is for you, but I opened it. Uncle Brinton is dead. The funeral is tomorrow."

"Poor old man! So he is gone at last! I ought not to be surprised, for he was very old."

"How old, mother?"

"Let me see! He was two years older than mother. That will make him seventy nine last August."

"What an old man!" ejaculated Tom, who at the age of fifteen looked upon seventy nine as a man in middle life would look upon two hundred.

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"I suppose if I were to live till seventy nine," said Mrs. Turner, "you would look upon me as a very old woman."

"You will never seem old to me, mother. Did Uncle Brinton never marry?"

"No; he was disappointed when a young man. The girl to whom he was engaged married another, and this wholly changed Uncle Brinton. He grew sour in disposition, and after a while became a recluse and a miser. The poor man had very small enjoyment of life, I am afraid."

"If he became a miser he must have left some money."

"I suppose he did."

"Mother," asked Tom, earnestly, "are you not one of the nearest relatives?"

"I am as near as any."

"Who else is there?"

"My cousin Hannibal Carter, who is a dry goods merchant in Fordham, and three old maids, daughters of Reuben Pendergast; also cousins. They live in Scranton."

"I remember seeing them once, but I don't remember meeting Mr. Carter."

"He has a fashionable wife, and has never taken much notice of us. I have thought of applying to him for help in our present trouble, but I am convinced that, even if he were disposed to help us, his wife would prevent him if possible."

"Then don't apply to him, mother," said Tom, who had his full share of spirit. "I would rather go to a stranger than to an unwilling relative. Think how kind Alfred Hudson has been to me, and he is not at all related. But, mother, don't you think it possible that Uncle Brinton has left you something?"

"It is possible, but he is so peculiar that I cannot rely upon it. I have never told you, Tom, but three months since I wrote to him for a loan."

"What did he reply?"

"I will get his letter."

Mrs. Turner went to her bureau and from the top drawer took a shabby looking epistle, inclosed in a yellow envelope and written upon a piece of paper of irregular shape.

"Niece Helen," it began, "I have received your letter, and I am sorry to hear that you are short of money. I understood that your husband left you very well to do. Your boy must be able to work and help you. I am afraid you are not a good manager. There is nothing like economy. If I had not been economical I would be in the Scranton poor house before this. I am very poor, and I cannot afford the comforts which you enjoy. I have money enough to last me till I die, if I am *very careful*, but I have no money to lend or give away. I have no doubt you will get along, if you heed what I have said about economy. Your uncle,

"BRINTON PENDERGAST."

Tom read this with indignation.

"That is an insulting letter, mother," he exclaimed. "Telling you to be economical! I should like to know how you can be any more economical than you are. I wish you had shown this letter to me when it came. I would have gone to Uncle Brinton and given him a piece of my mind."

"If you had, Tom, you would have made him very angry, and spoiled all our chances of inheriting anything."

"But to talk about our living better than he!" said Tom, with an indignant frown.

"I have no doubt it is strictly true. We have lived very plainly, but I think it probable that our plain way of living would be luxury to Uncle Brinton. You must remember, Tom, that his mind is warped by his long and solitary life. Money-saving has with him become a monomania. Perhaps it is because he has denied himself comforts that he has died sooner than he otherwise would."

"I don't see how he could live to seventy nine if he has denied himself ordinary comforts."

"He has lived regularly, and that counts for a good deal."

"I am very sure he didn't die of gout," said Tom smiling.

"I think that may safely be said. I suspect we are in no danger from that source either."

"Shall you go to the funeral, mother?"

"I don't see how I can," hesitated Mrs. Turner. "I have no dress suitable, and it would cost money for the journey. But I should like you to go. Our family ought to be represented."

"Especially if we are remembered in the will. I can walk, mother. Scranton is only fifteen miles away."

"That is a long distance to walk, Tom."

"I am strong, mother. I can start in good season, say at eight o'clock in the morning. You know the funeral is at one."

"I don't want you to walk both ways. You can take the stage back."

"How much is the fare?"

"It used to be seventy five cents. Here is a dollar, Tom. You can pay out of this."

"Can you spare this money, mother?"

"You may bring home a legacy, Tom," said his mother, smiling evasively. She did not like to admit that this dollar constituted one half of her funds.

### CHAPTER III.

#### TOM HAS AN ADVENTURE.

TOM was up bright and early, and started for Scranton at eight o'clock punctually. It was fortunately a pleasant day, which made the fifteen mile walk less formidable. In three hours Tom covered ten miles, and found himself at eleven o'clock five miles from Scranton. As the funeral would not take place till one, he felt that he had ample time. Still he felt tired, and decided to rest ten minutes under a broad branching elm by the wayside.

The time had not quite elapsed, when a buggy drove past containing a young lady of eighteen and a boy of six. The horse had become fractious, and Tom saw an expression of alarm and dismay on the face of the young lady, who continued to hold the reins, but in tremulous hands.

Now Tom was very fond of horses, and not at all afraid of them. He saw that the young lady needed assistance, and he sprang up promptly, and, dashing forward, managed, at considerable personal risk, to stop the horse.

"Oh! thank you!" sighed the young lady in a tone of relief. "Prince does not often behave so badly."

"He must have taken fright at something."

"Yes, I suppose so, though I can't think what it was."

"He seems still very nervous."

"And I am five miles from home. Oh, dear! I wish I was there."

"Do you live in Scranton?"

"Yes."

"If you would like," said Tom, "I will get in and drive you."

"I would like it very much, for you evidently understand horses better than I; but I shall be taking you out of your way, perhaps."

"No, indeed; it will be helping me on my way, for I am going to Scranton, too."

"In that case I won't hesitate to accept your offer. Do you think you can get in without his starting?"

"I will try."

Tom let go the horse's head, and, before he had time to avail himself of his freedom, was in the buggy.



Prince started on a run, but Tom soon had him down to his ordinary pace.

"Do you live in Scranton?" asked the young lady, eying Tom inquisitively. "I don't remember seeing you at any time."

"No; I live in Hillsboro. I am going to the funeral of my mother's uncle, Mr. Pendergast."

"Indeed!" said the young lady, interested. "Then he is your great uncle."

"At one o'clock."

"And it isn't quite twelve," she went on, consulting a small gold watch. "We shall have an early dinner, as mother has an engagement this afternoon. Won't you oblige me by staying and dining with us?"

"Thank you," said Tom, who was beginning to feel hungry.

"I ought to tell you that my name is Laura Scott, and that my father is a lawyer. I shall have a chance to intro-



"I HOLD IN MY HAND THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT."

"Yes; did you know him?"

"I don't think many people knew him," said the young lady, hesitating. "He kept very much to himself."

"So I have heard mother say. He was a miser, and did not allow himself the comforts of life."

"I don't believe you will grow up like him," said the young lady, smiling.

"No, I hope not."

"Your uncle, though he lived in a miserable way, must have left considerable money."

"I hope so, for mother's sake, who is one of the heirs."

"It is a comfort to think that some one will enjoy it. I can't fancy myself becoming a miser."

"Mother says that Uncle Brinton might not have become so, but for a disappointment in early life."

They sped rapidly over the road, and in little more than half an hour reached the village of Scranton.

"Would you like me to drive you to your own house?" asked Tom.

"Yes, if you please. I will guide you."

Tom stopped the buggy in front of a handsome house, and, jumping out, assisted the young lady and the boy to alight.

"When does your uncle's funeral take place?" she asked.

duce you at the table. William, you may take the horse and put him up. I am not sure that he deserves any dinner, as he undertook to run away with me. If it hadn't been for this young gentleman, Herbert and I might have been upset and seriously injured."

"You don't say, Miss Laura?" ejaculated the stable boy, opening wide his eyes in surprise. "Was he scared at anything?"

"He must have been, though I don't know what. Will you come into the house—I don't your name?" she said, turning to Tom.

"My name is Tom Turner."

"I thought it might be Pendergast."

"No; Uncle Brinton is related to me through my mother. I will go and help William, if you don't mind."

"Very well. The bell will ring for dinner. Then you will come in?"

"Thank you."

Tom felt rather more at home with the stable boy, though he had acted with perfect propriety when conversing with Miss Scott. William was quite curious to hear the particulars of the accident.

"Prince isn't often skeered," he said, "but I guess he felt nervous this morning. How did Miss Laura take it?"

"She was pale, but she kept hold of the reins."

"What did you do?"

"I sprang for the horse's head, and hung on till he stopped."

"Wasn't you afraid?"

"No; I am never afraid of horses."

"I don't know as I would have done it, and I am used to Prince. He might have hurt ye."

"I didn't stop to think of that."

"He looks meek enough now. I have a great mind not to give him any oats."

"I suppose he couldn't help it. He was frightened."

"Horses are jest the skeeriest animals. Why, one of Dobson's horses—he's the stable keeper—got skeered at a towel hangin' over a fence, and dashed an open buggy into olivers. It does seem awful foolish for a big horse to be skeered at a towel;" and William burst into what might be called a horse laugh.

"Did you know Miss Laura before?" he asked, as he put Prince in the stall.

"No; I never saw her till this morning."

"Shouldn't wonder if she'd give you a present. She's awful generous."

"I don't ask for any present. I got a ride to Scranton when I should have had to walk."

"Where did it happen?"

"About five miles back."

"Well, that was something. Hullo, there's the bell for dinner."

"Are you going in?"

"No; I go afterwards. Just go round to the front door, and they'll let you in."

Tom followed directions, and was admitted by Miss Laura herself, who led the way into the dining room, and introduced Tom to her mother and father.

The latter, a gentleman of fifty, with hair just turning gray, shook hands with him cordially.

"So this is the young hero, is it?" he said.

"I am afraid I don't deserve that title, sir," answered Tom.

"At any rate," said the lawyer, "you have done a great service to my daughter and little boy. They might have been seriously injured," he added with a shudder.

"Heaven seems to have sent you to their aid," said Mrs. Scott earnestly.

"We mustn't say too much to Tom," interposed the young lady playfully, "or he may lose his appetite, or think it unheroic to eat."

"I am afraid I have a very unheroic appetite," said Tom.

"I am glad of that," said Mrs. Scott hospitably. "I always like to see my guests eat."

They sat down to the table, and Tom made good his word, for he ate heartily. Mr. Scott, or Judge Scott, as Tom found afterwards that he was called, asked him various questions about Brinton Pendergast and his relationship to him.

"If your mother requires a lawyer's services in the matter," he said, "she may freely call upon me, and it shall cost her nothing."

"Thank you, sir!" said Tom gratefully.

As Tom rose to go, the judge put a sealed envelope into his hand.

"You can open that when you get home," he said. "How are you going back?"

"I expect to walk," answered Tom.

"That won't be necessary. The stage starts at four, and I have a stage ticket. That will save you a very fatiguing walk."

On the whole, Tom felt as he left the house that he was in luck thus far.

If only his luck could continue!

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE MISER'S FUNERAL.

THE residence of old Brinton Pendergast was far from comfortable and attractive. It had once been painted, but the paint had long ago been washed off, and it had a neglected and dismantled appearance. There were but three rooms, a front room and a kitchen with a sloping roof on the lower floor, and a chamber above. The dead man lay in a plain coffin in the lower room. When Tom arrived, the other relatives were assembled.

First came Hannibal Carter, a short, stont, pompous looking man with grizzled side whiskers and small beady eyes, which were busily employed in scrutinizing the house and its contents. Three tall, slender old maids, Miss Flora, Sophie, and Jeanette Pendergast, sat in a row, dressed in black, their faces displaying a becoming melancholy. There was besides another relative whom Tom had forgotten, a young man about twenty eight, a dry goods salesman from New York, who was fashionably attired and looked fast. This was Hector Pendergast, son of a younger brother of the dead man. He looked from time to time at his watch, and seemed rather bored. He did not, like the Misses Pendergast, his cousins, think it necessary to assume an appearance of grief.

When Tom entered, the other relatives gave him a passing glance. Mr. Carter arched his brows, and shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say: "What business have you here?" The old maid sisters regarded him coldly, and exchanged glances, but bestowed no other mark of recognition. Tom would have felt embarrassed, had not Hector Pendergast signaled to him to come and take a seat beside him.

"Are you Tom Turner?" he whispered.

"Yes," answered Tom.

"I'm Hector Pendergast. I'm glad to see you. That old duffer there," indicating Hannibal Carter, "seems to think he is the great mogul and takes no notice of any of the rest. As for those venerable girls over there, they're not my style."

Tom could not help smiling, though he was aware it was indecorous.

Here the clergyman entered, and with him the lawyer, who had sent the telegram, Mr. Charles Benson.

The latter rose and said, "As some of the relatives are from out of town, I will announce that at half past two there will be a meeting at my office in the village to hear the reading of Mr. Pendergast's will."

There was a little rustle, showing that the announcement had an interest for some of those present.

Brief services followed, and then the funeral cortege, consisting of a hearse and two carriages, took its way to the village cemetery. Tom, Hector and Mr. Carter occupied one carriage. The minister and the three old maids occupied the other. A few persons from the village who had been attracted by curiosity, followed on foot.

When the funeral ceremonies were over, the heirs walked back to the office of lawyer Benson. Hector and Tom walked together, Mr. Hannibal Carter by himself a little in advance, and the three old maids on the other side of the street, wearing upon their faces a solemn look of bereavement.

"Do you expect anything, Tom?" asked Hector Pendergast, who was inclined to be sociable with his young cousin



"Not for myself. I hope mother will get something. We are poor, and probably need it more than any of the rest."

"I don't know about that. I don't know how much property you and your mother have, but I haven't a cent, and am five hundred dollars in debt."

"I wouldn't have thought that from your appearance."

"The fact is, Tom, I am dreadfully extravagant. I get a salary of twenty dollars a week from my employers, Simpson, Crawford and Simpson, of Sixth Avenue, but I can't make both ends meet."

"We should feel rich on twenty dollars a week."

"I dare say, but you live in the country, don't you?"

"Yes, at Hillsboro."

"I live in the city, and of course I want a nice room, and must dress well. I am in debt to two tailors, to one a hundred dollars, to the other a hundred and twenty five."

"Isn't that a good deal to spend on clothes?" asked Tom.

"Oh no, bless your soul! Why this suit I have on cost me sixty five dollars."

"That would clothe me for a year and a half."

"My dear boy, if I dressed like you I should have to walk in the back streets. You look well enough for a boy, but I have a good many fashionable friends."

"Yes, I suppose that makes a difference."

"Have you any idea how much Uncle Brinton leaves?"

"Not the slightest. People say he was rich."

"Evidently he didn't spend anything. I am afraid my chances are not very good. Sixteen months ago I applied to him for a trifling loan—only fifty dollars, and what do you think he wrote me?"

"I can't tell," answered Tom, not without curiosity.

"He wrote me: 'If you can't make enough to live without borrowing in the city, go to the country, buy some overalls, and go to work for a farmer.' The idea of my wearing overalls!" exclaimed Hector indignantly.

"They wouldn't cost so much as the clothes you now wear," returned Tom with a laugh.

"So you see there isn't much hope for me. I hope you and your mother will get something."

"Thank you," said Tom gratefully.

"As for that pompous old duffer, Hannibal Carter, he's got enough already, and doesn't need anything. Our beautiful and accomplished cousins, the three old maids, are dressmakers, I believe, or something of the kind, and no doubt, earn enough to keep them. Probably they don't move in fashionable society or cut a dash at the watering places."

"If they get the bulk of Uncle Brinton's money, you may have a chance to marry one of them," suggested Tom roguishly.

"Heaven forefend!" exclaimed the young man in a tone of horror. "I'd rather go to the alms house."

The three Misses Pendergast also indulged in conversation on their way to the lawyer's office.

"Don't you think Uncle Brinton left as much as twelve thousand dollars, Sophie?" asked Flora.

"Goodness knows," interrupted Jeanette, who was the youngest of the three, and occasionally indulged in a playful humor; "he ought to, for he never spent anything."

"That would be four thousand dollars apiece," remarked Flora.

"But there are other relations," suggested Sophie.

"True; but Uncle Brinton was a man of sense. I don't think he would leave anything to Cousin Carter, who already has money, and never took any notice of him or any other relatives. Why, he has never invited us to his house, though I am sure we should do him no discredit."

"If I get four thousand dollars, I'll spend two weeks at Saratoga next summer," interjected Jeanette.

"It would cost a good deal of money," said Flora cautiously. "But perhaps you think you might find a husband there?"

"Oh, you naughty girl! To suspect me of such a thing!" said Jeanette bashfully.

"But we haven't got the money yet," added Sophie in a practical tone, "so we had better not count the chickens before they are hatched. You have forgotten the other two relatives—Hector Pendergast and Aunt Turner."

"I am sure a city dude like Hector won't stand any chance," said Flora decidedly. "I have heard," she continued, in a tone of horror, "that he is *fast*! Curtis Cutler told me he called to see him, and was invited to spend the evening at a billiard saloon, or some other gilded haunt of iniquity. It would be a shame for poor Uncle Brinton's money to be spent in dissipation."

"Is Cousin Hector good looking, do you think?" asked Jeanette coyly.

"I hope you don't dream of marrying him," said Flora, in a tone of strong disapproval.

"Goodness, sister Flora, did I say so?"

"No; but you seemed to be interested in the young man."

"He hasn't asked me yet," said Jeanette, "so there is no need to worry."

"There is Aunt Turner," said Sophie. "What do you think of her chances?"

"I'll tell you," said Flora. "I happen to know that she tried to borrow money of Uncle Brinton a while ago. He told me so, and he evidently didn't like it."

"Widows are apt to be selfish schemers," said Sophie, in a tone of satisfaction, "but they sometimes overreach themselves. Now we have never asked uncle for money."

"True; and you know I sent him a pair of slippers last Christmas that I embroidered myself."

"And I sent him a bottle of cologne," put in Jeanette.

"And I a muffler," added Sophie.

"I think, sisters, that our chance is pretty good," said Flora, "but here we are at the office."

Fifteen minutes later, all the heirs being assembled, Mr. Benson drew out a folded paper from the safe, and said, after a preliminary cough:

"I hold in my hand the last will and testament of your late relative, Brinton Pendergast. I will proceed to read it."

*(To be continued.)*

#### THE RECORD IN LASSO THROWING.

How far can you throw a rope? To most of our readers this is not a vital question, but if they happen to live on the Western frontier, with cattle raising as their business in life, they may sometimes find that only the length of a lasso separates them from a horrible death. Says the *Spirit of the Times*:

In the matter of authentic records for roping with the lariat, none probably exist. One hundred and sixteen feet has been claimed for a California man, now traveling with Buffalo Bill's show, while ninety four feet has been published for a Billings (Montana) expert, but both of these records are preposterous. The average cow puncher from Texas to Montana uses a rope which rarely reaches fifty feet, and from twelve to twenty feet must be deducted from this measure for circumference of noose. Sometimes a so called "California loop" exceeds this by nearly five feet.

In catching a wild horse or steer, after the noose is over the animal's neck or legs, the end of the rope is swiftly wrapped around the horn of the saddle, the horse being braced back to resist the shock, which in most cases either snaps the rope or sends the captured animal all in a heap. What the possibilities of roping to catch are is hard to say. No doubt with a horse at full gallop down hill, the wind favorable and a good long rope, an expert may reach one hundred feet, but such cases are few and far between, and most good ropers feel extremely pleased when they can reach out the full length of their forty five foot rope and catch.



## GUY HAMMERSLEY; HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.\*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

THE story opens with Guy employed in a down town New York restaurant, as his mother has lost all her fortune through the failure of the Gotham Bank. They are from Cincinnati, but Guy had been attending school in Connecticut, and his mother had been East visiting him when the crash came. She decided to remain in New York and succeeded, through the influence of Dr. Pendleton, the pastor of the church she frequented when in the city, in securing a position as teacher of singing in the Manhattan School of Music.

Guy is sent by Mr. Fox, senior partner in the restaurant of Fox & Burdell, to the office of the *Fireside Favorite* with a package for Mr. Inwood, the manager of the advertising department. Seeing nobody around to whom he can deliver it, he steps inside and leaves it on Mr. Inwood's desk. On his way back to the restaurant he encounters a servant from the house where he and his mother board, coming to tell him that Mrs. Hammersley has met with an accident in the street. He hurries home and finds a Colonel Starr there, who lives across the way and who chanced to be on hand when the accident happened. Mrs. Hammersley turns out not to have been seriously hurt, and while Guy is talking with her, Mr. Fox calls and carries him off to the office of the *Fireside Favorite* to answer to a charge of stealing thirteen dollars, which Mr. Inwood has found missing from his desk. The circumstantial evidence is strong against Guy, but in consideration of the fact that he was recommended to Mr. Burdell by the latter's pastor, Mr. Inwood pays the thirteen dollars and merely dismisses him from his employ.

Guy soon finds another position in a shoe store, but Mr. Inwood, chancing to stop in to purchase a pair of rubbers, informs one of the proprietors of the suspicion resting on him, and he is once more turned adrift.

That night, Colonel Starr, against whom Guy has conceived a prejudice, calls again and offers Mrs. Hammersley a position with the concert company he is about to take on the road. She has not yet given her decision when a note arrives, announcing that the Manhattan School of Music no longer desires her services.

### CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. HAMMERSLEY CLOSING WITH THE COLONEL.

GUY saw the warm blood rush into his mother's cheeks, to be succeeded by a deadly pallor. She held the letter, so cruelly worded, out to him, and with one swift glance he had taken in the contents.

"It is all through me," he told himself. "Mr. Sinclair has heard of my dismissal from Fox & Burdell's."

Meanwhile Mrs. Hammersley is speaking to the colonel. But what is this she is saying?

"Colonel Starr, I have decided to accept your offer. Consider me at your disposal, that is, on one condition."

"And what, madam, is that?"

The colonel's eyes glistened, and his two hands crept near to one another, as if to be all ready, in case the condition should not be too hard a one, to rub themselves against each other in token of felicitation.

"That you give my son a position with the troupe. I cannot be separated from him."

The colonel's hands spread apart, and one sought his knee, while the other was rubbed reflectively across his smooth shaven chin.

"Ah—um," he murmured. "What are the accomplishments of your son? Er—has he inherited any of your talent in the musical line?"

Again that strange look came over the mother's face, but, as before, it vanished in an instant, and she was smiling as she replied to the colonel's question: "No, Guy is not musical except in the sense that he loves to listen to fine performers; he does not even play the banjo. His only accomplishment, so far as I am aware, is in the line of keeping accounts. Is your business staff full?"

"Well," rejoined the colonel, "you know the management of a concert troupe is not such an onerous affair as that of an opera company would be; but if your son would consent to accept a small salary, I think I could fix matters. If—for instance—he wouldn't mind taking tickets—I can offer him six dollars a week."

\*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.

"Very good; we will close with that, then," interposed Mrs. Hammersley, in the tone of one who wished that the interview should be ended.

"Excellent, madam," exclaimed the colonel, rising with cheerful alacrity. "You have removed a great weight from my heart; that weight the fear that I could not secure you. Now if you will only sign your name to this brief screed, I can go on my way rejoicing."

As he spoke, the colonel took a sheet of foolscap, pretty well filled with writing, from his pocket, and handed it, with a fountain pen, to Mrs. Hammersley.

It would be well nigh impossible to describe Guy's feelings during all this. Utter despair would come about as near to it as anything.

What would be the result of his mother's placing herself within the power of this man whom, in spite of his fair speaking, Guy could not but distrust? And it was all owing to him, Guy, for had not Mrs. Hammersley herself told him that his experience that day down town had decided her in the matter? And now this curt note of dismissal from the School of Music had left her no choice in the matter.

And this, too, had doubtless come about through him! To be sure he was not guilty of the theft of the thirteen dollars, but that did not affect the result.

So now he felt that his tongue was tied. He had already said as much as he dared. Instead of objecting, on account of a mere prejudice against the personality of a man, ought he not rather to feel grateful that they were able to make such advantageous arrangements?

Supposing Colonel Starr had not turned up. What would have been the prospects for his mother and himself now both were deprived of their positions? Surely he ought to look upon this opportunity to join the forces of the Starr Concert Company as one of the most fortuitous circumstances that had befallen them since their struggle with the world had begun.

And yet, try as he would to see things in this light, he shivered inwardly as he saw his mother take a music book from the piano, place the sheet of foolscap upon it, and then write her name at the bottom in her pretty, graceful hand.

"There, madam!" exclaimed the colonel, who made no effort to conceal his delight at the realization of his hopes, "you are now fairly embarked on a career that I am certain will redound to your good, not only in a pecuniary sense, but in fame as well. This, in your case, will be almost, if not quite, as good as money; for of course when your twenty weeks' season is over, you will be at liberty to renew with me, or others, on your own terms."

"And when do you want—that is, if you will be kind enough to give me some directions, Colonel Starr, as to what you wish me to do," rejoined Mrs. Hammersley, by no means showing in either voice or manner the enthusiasm that was expected of her.

"Oh, to be sure. First I want you to meet Miss Farleigh. She is a charming girl, I assure you. If you like, I will call for you tomorrow morning, and we will go down to her hotel and see her. We can then talk over the make up of programmes, the date of our first performance, and so on."

"Is Miss Farleigh's mother with her?" inquired Mrs. Hammersley.

"No; she is an orphan, and has come over with her brother, a young man about your son's age, I should judge. He is to travel with us too. They will make pleasant companions for one another."

"Talks about me as if I was nine years old," said Guy to



MRS. HAMMERSLEY WAS SEATED AT THE PIANO PLAYING THE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR MISS FARLEIGH.

himself; and he felt a deep sense of relief when the colonel shook hands and bowed himself out, with an appointment to call the next day at ten.

"Mother," said Guy, as soon as the door closed on them in their own rooms, "did you read that contract before you signed it?"

"Certainly I did. It was simply a repetition of what he told us. Why do you mistrust that man so greatly, Guy?"

"Because of his whole manner," the boy burst out. "He is too plausible, too smooth spoken. I may be wrong; and I feel that when I have brought all this upon us——"

"Guy, do not speak that way," cried his mother. "It is not you, it is the harsh, cruel injustice of the world. I never wanted you to go away from me, and just as soon as I am sure that I can do well with the concert company, I shall insist on your giving up your position as ticket taker."

"But I do not want to live upon you," objected Guy. "I am seventeen, and surely——"

His mother stopped him with a wave of the hand and a smile.

"You need not be idle, my dear boy. If all goes as I trust it will, I shall need you to manage my affairs. All singers have their managers, you know, and you can be mine. And, by the way, I wish you would stop in at Ditson's tomorrow morning and get me some music I want. I will make you out a list."

Guy slept but little that night. His brain was too full of dire foreboding and unavailing regret. His mother's very cheerfulness was a source of worryment to him.

He was afraid that she would not be sufficiently on her guard against any tricks Starr (it was in this irreverent manner that Guy always thought of the colonel) might try to play at her expense.

At last he fell asleep from sheer weariness of the efforts he had been making to woo slumber. And such frightful dreams as he had!

In one he was a hangman, with the task of executing thirteen shop girls, who all, as they came up under the fatal noose, pointed a finger at him and muttered, "You did it, you!" In another he saw his mother drowning before his

eyes, while a man with gold rimmed eye glasses fiddled away on the bank of the river for dear life, and would not let him approach to save her.

Thus it came to pass that in the morning he did not awake with that usual feeling of buoyancy which is such a valuable attribute of youth. And yet the brilliant autumn sunshine which streamed in at the window gradually infused him with hope in spite of himself, and "I cannot improve matters by worrying about them," he told himself as he dressed, "and I *can* make mother's burden heavier by putting on glum looks."

So he put all the gloom of yesterday away from him, and his "good morning" to his mother had the cheery, old time ring to it. And he had his reward in the reflected brightness he saw in her face.

Promptly at ten o'clock Colonel Starr presented himself, and, finding that Guy had not gone down town, invited him to go along to Miss Farleigh's hotel.

"You will find her brother there," he said, "and will be able to make his acquaintance."

#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A SUDDEN MOVE.

THE hotel at which the Farleighs were stopping was within walking distance of the Hammersleys' boarding house, and within twenty minutes, our friends found themselves in a sunny room, being warmly welcomed by a tall girl with a deep, rich voice, and a strangely sweet face.

"I am so glad to see you, Mrs. Hammersley," she said, as she gave that lady's hand a lingering pressure. "You know all my friends in this country are men, and though they are very kind, yet I hunger at times for a confidential chat with some one who will remind me of my sister. You know Ward and I have never been away from her before. She has taken care of us ever since mama died."

Poor girl! she was only eighteen, and so homesick, and the sight of Mrs. Hammersley's motherly face went straight to her heart and impelled her to make all these confidences in a breath, as it were.

While she was speaking a young fellow of sixteen entered the room, and was at once presented as "brother Ward."

Guy took to him at once, as how could he help doing when he was the living image of his handsome sister, only a trifle shorter and carrying his head a little more confidently?

It transpired that Miss Farleigh wanted some new music, too, and before the boys had a chance to exchange more than half a dozen words, Colonel Starr suggested that Guy show Ward the way to Ditson's. Nothing loath, he expressed his entire readiness to do so, and the two were soon walking down Broadway together.

"Do you know," began young Farleigh, as soon as they were in the street. "I find it almost impossible to realize that I am in America. A month ago I had no more idea of coming than of taking a journey to Mercury."

"Then—you have not known Colonel Starr long?" asked Guy tentatively, for he was anxious to ascertain how the Farleighs came to have business relations with the impresario.

"Only two months," was the answer. "You see, this is the way of it. My sister—my elder one, Gwendoline—has let our house in London for lodgers since father died, and Colonel Starr stopped with us when he was over this summer. He heard Ruth play and just about went wild over it. Declared that she'd make a fortune if she only came to America, and finally persuaded us into it. I was just out of school, and sister had some money saved up to start me in

business, but the colonel told us that in one season the amount would be quadrupled, so we spent part of it to cross and the rest of it is going in hotel bills. And I say, what do you think of Colonel Starr? How long have *you* known him?"

"Since yesterday," answered Guy, fully prepared for the whistle of astonishment with which the statement was received.

"And—and hasn't your mother known him any longer either?" added Ward.

"No."

"Then you can't tell me any more about him than I know already," summed up the English lad, and he turned on Guy with an odd motion of the eyes and mouth which the latter found not much difficulty in interpreting.

As if by mutual agreement the subject of Colonel Starr was now dropped and the boys talked of New York and the sights thereof until they reached Ditson's, where each purchased the music of which he had a list and then hastened back to the hotel. But that brief interchange of words about the colonel had served to make the two better friends than a whole day of ordinary converse would have done.

They found the two ladies alone, Mrs. Hammersley at the piano, playing an accompaniment to Ruth's rendering of a beautiful composition of Vieuxtemps's on the violin. They stepped in quietly, and Guy listened with charmed intentness till the piece was finished, when he broke into involuntary applause.

It was the first time during his waking hours that he had forgotten the burden that episode at the office of the *Fireside Favorite* had laid upon his heart.

"We are to give our first concert next Thursday, Guy," said his mother. "Colonel Starr has gone off to make the final arrangements now, and we start Wednesday evening."

"Why, where are we going?" exclaimed Guy. "I thought we were to make our first appearance here at Chickering Hall."

"No, he has been compelled very suddenly to change his plans, and we are to go West at once."

"What part of the West? Anywhere near Cincinnati?" asked Guy quickly.

"No; to some town in Pennsylvania I never heard of before—Brilling, I think the name of it is. But you can see that we haven't much time to spare."

It was indeed rather short notice, but the rush of preparation accorded well with Guy's feelings. He seemed to himself to have lived in a constant whirl since just twenty four hours previous when he had gone on that errand for Mr. Fox.

Besides, with plenty to occupy his hands, he was not so prone to worry his mind with useless repinings over the nature of the enterprise on which they were now embarked.

Miss Stanwix seemed sincerely sorry to lose her boarders, aside from any financial interest she might have in their departure. Indeed, she had occupants for the vacated rooms already booked.

Not one word did Mrs. Hammersley say to Guy about that curt dismissal from the School of Music. He could not help wondering if he would have felt any easier in his mind had the worthy colonel not turned up.

"Certainly we should have been worse off in that case," he tried to assure himself, and by the day of departure he had in so far succeeded that he was enabled to get up a feeling of considerable curiosity to see the other members of the Starr Concert Company, whom he expected to find on the train.

The Hammersleys and the Farleighs had arranged to go down to the ferry in the same carriage, and on arriving there



found the colonel waiting for them, a bouquet of roses in each hand, one of which he handed to Mrs. Hammersley, the other to Ruth Farleigh. He had also provided tickets for the entire party, with pleasant quarters in the Pullman, and soon after the train started led the way to a well spread dinner table in the dining car.

"But, Colonel Starr," queried Ruth, as they took seats and she noticed that all the chairs were filled. "where are the rest?"

"The rest, Miss Farleigh? The rest of what?" and the colonel smiled affably as he bent over the shoulder of the fair young *prima donna*.

"Why, the rest of the company, to be sure. I thought we should find them all here."

"Ah, cruel one, to remind me at this auspicious moment of the 'shop,' of the business cares that are whitening my hairs before their time. Ah, such a 'heavenly' tenor, as you ladies would say, as I had secured, and now he sends me word that he has the diphtheria and has been taken to the hospital. And my accompanist, a buffo bass of wonderful abilities, has been served with a subpoena as a witness in an important case and can not join us till next week some time."

Guy and Ward exchanged swift, meaning glances, while Mrs. Hammersley exclaimed: "Who, then, can play my accompaniments? Have you secured a substitute?"

"And who will play mine?" added Ruth.

"I should be most happy to give this young man a position, if he will accept it," and the colonel placed his hand for an instant, with an air of paternal guardianship, on Ward's shoulder.

"I?" The boy looked around in unbounded astonishment. "Why, I have never played for any one but Ruth in my life."

"But you are a quick reader of music," interposed the colonel suavely. "I have heard your sister say so. With just a little practice I will warrant you will do beautifully, and that reminds me, Master Guy, wouldn't you like me to relieve you of that ticket taking business, and earn your salary on the stage instead?"

Guy's amazement far exceeded Ward's. But the colonel did not allow him time to more than draw in a long breath preparatory to protesting his inability to do anything of the sort.

"I heard from Miss Stanwix how you had entertained the household there one evening by reading a series of humorous selections. I have a stock of some excellent productions in my satchel which I will show you after dinner, and I am sure that with your voice and presence, you can make yourself a noteworthy feature of the evening's entertainment. For a good reader is a *rara avis*, and when he appeals to the humorous side of the great American people his success

is assured. And now let us drop 'shop' and take up dinner."

## CHAPTER X.

## THE ARRIVAL AT BRILLING.

OUR friends of the Starr Concert Company were not due at Brillling until three o'clock in the afternoon of the next day. Meantime, as the colonel spent much of his time in the smoking car, the quartette had ample opportunity to discuss the situation among themselves.



"THOSE POSTERS MUST HAVE BEEN PRINTED FIVE DAYS AGO AT LEAST."

And the Farleighs were as much astounded as were the Hammersleys on realizing that the troupe was not a large one, consisting of at least half a dozen artists. It had now resolved itself into an organization of only three; for Ward was merely to play the accompaniments.

"I'll tell you one thing that strikes me as jolly queer," he said as he and Guy occupied seats together while the berths were being made up. "You know when the colonel opened his satchel to get out those books for you. Well, he threw a lot of things out on the seat next to me, and among them was a handbill, and I'm positive neither Tellman's nor Dart's name was on it. Now these must have been printed some time ago, and the colonel claims that he did not know of the defection of these two men till this afternoon, and he had no time to replace them."

"And you conclude?" interjected Guy.

"That he never intended the company to consist of more members than at present constitute it. As far as I can make out, we 'show,' as they call it, only at one night stands, so if the public in one town are disgusted, it will be too far away to affect the business at the next."

"In plain terms then," went on Guy, "you believe Colonel Starr to be a fraud."



"I'm afraid he is," answered Ward, "but I wouldn't for the world have my sister know it. You see, she has signed with him for the season, and I suppose he could make things mighty unpleasant for her if she should attempt to break the contract. Besides, we'd be stranded without a thing to fall back upon; not money enough to take us home, and only enough to pay our expenses for about a week."

"But if you believe Colonel Starr to be an irresponsible person," interposed Guy, "it seems to me that you will not be any better off by remaining with him."

"Oh, but you see it's just this way," responded the other. "Ruth's contract says that she is to have an eighth of the gross receipts. Well, if the thing doesn't draw, he can't get enough himself to go on with, and perhaps the little we should get would be enough to buy our passage back home. Of course if my sister was on a regular salary things would be different."

"Then you are of the opinion that the only one to be cheated is the public, are you?" asked Guy, half laughingly.

"It looks most awfully as if that was the case, doesn't it now?" rejoined Ward. "And I say it without any disrespect to your mother or my sister. But the thing that's actually bothering me the most is the idea of having to play on the stage of an opera house, for that's where we open, the colonel says. If I get rattled, you see, it will not hurt me so much as it will your mother and Ruth."

"But you won't be obliged to *face* the audience as I shall," returned Guy. "And if they don't like what I am reading, I know I shall feel it, and you can imagine what sort of an effect it will have upon me. Still, as long as it lets me out of taking tickets I suppose I shouldn't mind."

The fact of the matter was, Guy felt that he wouldn't have minded anything very much if only he could be relieved of that cloud of suspicion that he felt was resting over him in the minds of at least twenty persons, and perhaps many more, back in New York. The memory of that fearful experience was ever present with him to dampen his joys, intensify his fears, and make him, in short, as different from the high spirited, light hearted fellow at Fairlock as it was possible for the same individual to become.

Again that night he slept but little, and it was not till the train slowed up for Brillington, that he forgot, for the time, the Old Man of the Sea load he was carrying. Even while making himself familiar with the humorous selections he intended reciting that night, he was sensible of a dull burden of contrasting gloom tugging away at his heartstrings meanwhile. But now, with the bustle of getting baggage together, preparatory to quitting the cars after their long ride, and the natural curiosity to see what sort of a place Brillington was, he forgot for a time his *bête noir*.

The town appeared to be a good sized one, with a preponderance of frame buildings, from the midst of which the Brillington Opera House stood out like a giant among pigmies. It was close to the station, and the travelers passed it on their way to the hotel.

"See there! What did I tell you?" exclaimed Ward, nudging Guy just as they were opposite the gaudily painted entrance: "Look at those billboards. Those posters must have been printed five days ago at least."

They were certainly very elaborate, done in three colors, with a picture of a blue girl, with yellow hair streaming down her back, playing on a green violin. Above this marvelous figment of the artist's imagination—for Ruth Farleigh's hair was almost black, and worn in a Psyche knot; she never dressed in any light colors except white, and most certainly she did not use a painted fiddle—the boldest of

bold type set forth the fact that Brillington was to enjoy an entertainment by

THE STARR CONCERT COMPANY,

Combining an Unequaled Array of Talent, headed by the Peerless and Unrivalled English Girl Violinist,

RUTH FARLEIGH.

Applauded by Two Hemispheres and Excelled in None.

This brightly colored (in more senses than one) poster then went on to say:

Miss Farleigh will be Assisted by

MRS. FLORENCE KING,

The Eminent New York Soprano,

MR. REGINALD FAIRFAX,

The Famous Boy Orator, and

MASTER CLAIR DUFFET,

Only Fifteen, and Accompanist.

"Who is Mr. Reginald Fairfax?" Guy wanted to know.

"Why, that's you, of course," returned Ward, "and 'Master Clair Duffet, only fifteen,' is your humble servant. Not content with turning me into a Frenchman, our friend the colonel must needs dock me of a year on my age. I suppose he'll be wanting me to appear in knickerbockers to sustain the illusion."

Poor Ward spoke better than he knew. They had barely reached the hotel, where the two boys were assigned a room together, when the colonel presented himself in the doorway, smiling contentedly, and rubbing his hands together in a manner which, as Ward whispered to Guy, "meant business."

"Here we are, young gentlemen," he began, "all ready to commence our work. As soon as the ladies are a little rested we shall walk around to the opera house for a rehearsal, and meantime—ah, by the way, Hammersley, you brought your dress suit with you, did you?"

"Yes, I have it in the trunk here, and expect to wear it tonight," replied Guy.

"And you," went on the manager, turning to Ward, "have you yours with you, too?"

"I haven't any," said the boy bluntly.

"Ah, that is too bad," murmured the colonel, and for an instant he seemed to be buried in profound, melancholy reflection. Then he suddenly raised his head and brought two fingers of his right hand with an impressive whack against the palm of his left.

"The very thing!" he exclaimed. "You English chaps are always playing football and other sports, and I'll warrant you have a pair of knickerbockers in your trunk. They're coming into style again, you know, so you can wear them."

Ward was speechless for an instant. Then, with all a Briton's blood in his face, he retorted: "Colonel Starr, I have no suit such as you describe with me, and if I had, I would not wear it. I did not expect to appear as a performer when I came away, and if I can't go on in my black cutaway and white tie, I can stay off and content myself with occupying the position it was originally intended I should fill—that of escort to my sister."

"Oh, well, I only spoke for your own good and with an effort to make you feel as comfortable as possible during the performance," returned the colonel with most unexpected mildness, and then he quietly withdrew.

"That man is terribly exasperating," broke forth Ward, when they were alone. "He won't even please a fellow by

getting mad. I expected nothing less than to have him storm out at me when I let loose on him in that fashion, but——"

"Still waters run deep, you know," interposed Guy, "at the same time I am glad you asserted your independence. You would have cut a pretty figure seated at the piano in a football suit."

"Shouldn't I? Only imagine it!"

Then they both laughed, felt better, and soon afterward went over to the opera house with the ladies for a rehearsal, little dreaming that an incident more marked than Ward's appearance in a football suit was to make the evening performance memorable.

(To be continued.)

## THE TOUR OF THE RAMBLERS' CLUB.\*

BY JAMES OTIS.

### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

THREE friends, Harvey Saunders, Sydney Howard and Hugh Weaver, are spending their vacation in making a tour through Maine on their bicycles, with the Rangeley Lakes as their objective point. Early in the tour they put up at a country hotel where they overhear a conversation in the next room between a company of burglars who have robbed a jewelry store at Lewiston. The reporting of this talk results in their being detained at Lewiston as witnesses, but they are finally allowed to depart, to find, on arriving at the lake, that their fathers have made them a present of a handsome rowboat, and that the thieves desire to establish themselves in their immediate neighborhood. These men steal their boat and annoy them in countless ways, ending up by burning the shanties occupied by Clay Bennett, a young fellow whose acquaintance the club have made and who is engaged in perfecting an invention on a boat he has on the lake. This boat is called the Unknown, is run by electricity, and is intended as a competitor for the prize that has been offered for a vessel that can go through the canals without raising a swell.

Detectives are sent out after the burglars, who are known to be in hiding in the woods, but fail to capture them. Jethro Douglas, the boastful son of a country squire with whom the boys have had some dealings consequent on shooting a moose out of season, plays a prominent, though by no means glorious part in this chase after the outlaws, and has finally to be taken home with a flesh wound in the arm. Later Hugh and Harvey, in exploring the country about Clay's camp—where they live—come upon an abandoned cabin where they discover the plunder buried in the earthen floor. They secure it and decide that it is their duty to take it at once to Lewiston and deliver it to the authorities there.

Hugh and Syd are the ones on whom this task devolves, and determine to make the journey on their wheels. They start out early in the morning, but when within ten miles of the stopping place where they had planned to spend the night, are overtaken by a rain storm, which compels them to seek shelter in a forlorn looking house in the woods through which they are passing. After paying two dollars for a night's lodging to the very surly owner and retiring to the room assigned them, they discover that they have stumbled upon the hiding place of the very gang of thieves whose spoil they are carrying to Lewiston. They determine to escape, in spite of the storm, but the slamming of the door betrays them and they are pursued.

Meanwhile Clay and Harvey, in cruising towards the upper part of the lake in the Unknown, come upon Clay's boat, which he had loaned to the officers, and which they now find smashed and drifting about the lake. They feel certain that this must be the work of the thieves and feel that it is their duty to anchor in the neighborhood for the night in order that they may be in readiness to give what aid they can to the detectives.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

#### THE LOST TRAIL.

HARVEY was not very well pleased at the idea of spending the night in that particular portion of the lake. But for the fact that he was afraid Clay might think him a coward, he would have suggested running back to the basin until morning.

If the thieves had discovered the loss of their plunder they would be even more desperate than before, and he knew only too well how far both were willing to go in order to carry out their villainous plans. During the hours of darkness it would be an easy matter to swim to the Unknown, and by no means difficult to surprise whoever was on guard.

These thoughts were in his mind when Clay lay down for a nap, and it is safe to say that no sentinel could have been

more on the alert than was he. Instead of remaining in the cabin, he went on deck where it was still possible to distinguish objects near at hand; but nothing suspicious was seen until just before the gloom of night blotted out the landscape.

Then he fancied he heard a rustling among the trees; and before it was possible to give the alarm a man stepped out from the foliage.

"They have come to get the jewelry," he muttered to himself, conscious at the same time that his face was paling; but in a few seconds his fears were allayed as a voice shouted:

"Ahoy on the yacht!"

"Who are you?" Harvey asked in a decidedly unsteady tone.

"A fellow who doesn't know his business, or he wouldn't have come back empty handed. Did you take the boat?"

Now Harvey recognized the voice as belonging to one of the detectives, and he replied:

"She's been stolen. I'll have to come ashore with the other."

"I'll do that," Clay said as he emerged from the cabin. "Are you sure those are the officers?"

Before Harvey could reply the owner of the Unknown leaped into the tender, and at once opened a conversation with those on shore for the purpose of satisfying himself that this was not a ruse of the thieves' to gain possession of the craft.

By this time the other two officers had joined their companion on the bank, and there was no longer any question regarding their identity.

While rowing back Clay explained how the skiff had been found, and when the men came on board one began a detailed account of the useless tramp.

"We struck the trail immediately after landing, and followed it till sunset over about as tough a country as I ever saw. Toward night we killed a partridge, and were hungry enough to eat it without salt, while it was not more than half cooked. We slept on such a bed as could be made out of pine needles, and then started off on the trail again. The men doubled back, and came out near your burned buildings——"

"They returned for the jewelry, just as I thought they would," Harvey interrupted.

"What do you mean by that?" the officer asked quickly, and Clay replied in a matter of fact tone:

"The boys found the stolen goods, and are now on the way to Lewiston."

Then it was necessary to tell the whole story, and when it was concluded the detectives looked decidedly chagrined.

"We've made a nice mess of the job," one of the party said angrily. "While off on a wild goose chase, allowing those fellows to make fools of us, a crowd of boys step in and get the cream of the whole thing. We've not only lost the reward, but may expect to have this thrown up to us by every member of the force."

"The discovery of the goods was by chance, and you had no reason to believe they were anywhere in the vicinity," Clay said soothingly, "consequently there's no cause to feel badly about it. What is the prospect of getting on the track of the men again?"

"Mighty poor. We lost the trail this noon, after they'd led us a fine dance, and may as well go home as stay here any longer."

"In which direction do you fancy they went?"

"I did think they were makin' for Canada; but if the stuff has been found it's hard guessin' what'll be done."

\*Begun in No. 382 of THE ARGOSY.



"Do you want to run down to the foot of the lake tonight, or shall we stay here a while longer?"

Clay's question was not answered for some time. One of the officers believed it best to remain in the vicinity a few days, hoping the thieves might loiter near the basin thinking the plunder was on board the Unknown; but the others were decided, and the first speaker finally said:

the shore at the foot of the lake about midnight, and the anchor had but just been let go when a familiar voice cried:

"Is that you, Clay?"

"Yes."

"Come and take me aboard, will you?"

"Who's me?"

"Why, Jethro, of course."



A FEW MOMENTS LATER THE BOYS COULD SEE THE LIGHT OF A LANTERN THROUGH THE FOLIAGE.

"We'll go whenever you are ready; but the most important thing just now is supper. It seems as if I hadn't had a square meal since we left town. How are you fixed for grub?"

"There is plenty on board, and we'll soon have some cooked."

Then Clay and Harvey set about preparing supper, and when the very hearty meal had been eaten the Unknown was got under way once more.

Next to food the detectives needed sleep, and this they proceeded to "bottle up" immediately the little craft started.

"It's as well to run as stand watch all night," Clay said when Harvey, having washed the dishes, seated himself near the wheel.

"Where do you suppose the men are?"

"I reckon they'll lay around the basin a while, and if a fellow should stay near there a week, the arrest could be made."

"The detectives don't seem to think that."

"They are feeling so sore because you boys got ahead of them that their only desire is to go home, and I think it is time if they can't do any better work."

"Shall you try to stop at the basin again?"

"Only long enough to get the few things we left there. It won't be a very safe place for us yet awhile. I'm not sorry, however, for I had about made up my mind to the same thing."

The officers of the law were destined to feel more chagrin before arriving home.

The Unknown came to a full stop within a few yards of

"What are you doing here at this time of night?"

"I caught the thieves, an' father has gone with 'em to Lewiston. He said I might stay on the boat till he got back; but I began to think you was never coming."

"You have caught the thieves?" Clay repeated in bewilderment.

"That's what I said," the squire's son replied in a triumphant tone.

"How did it happen?"

"Come an' get me; then I'll tell the whole story. You thought I couldn't do anything like that, eh?"

"I must confess I did," Clay said very emphatically, "and after this nothing can surprise me. Harvey, go ashore for the gentleman."

Jethro was pacing to and fro on the bank with a laughable assumption of dignity when the small boat reached the beach; but he refused to answer any of Harvey's questions until he was where all could hear.

"I can't tell it twice," he said gravely; "but you jest bet I had an awful time."

"And you did it all with one hand?"

"You fellers didn't think I 'mounted to much; but now you've got to sing a different tune."

"I expect we have," Harvey replied with mock meekness.

"All we could do was to find the stolen goods, and I thought that was pretty fair."

"Have you got 'em?"

"Syd and Hugh went to Lewiston this morning."

"Well, that's too bad," and Jethro sighed deeply. "I come down here to do the same thing, an' now I'm cheated out of the job."



"We supposed you had given up the case on account of your arm, otherwise we wouldn't have interfered."

"I am hurt pretty bad; but that don't make any difference when there's so much money to be made. I've been shot pretty near to pieces half a dozen times in my life; but I'm allers on hand when I oughter be. Some fellers would a thought they was about killed."

"You had very nearly that idea when the bullet struck your arm."

"That was 'cause I wasn't sure but it had gone right into my heart, an' I had to know before it was too late. It takes more'n a burglar to wipe me out."

Remembering how Jethro had howled during the short fight, Harvey laughed long and loud, much to the displeasure of the triumphant thief taker, who said reprovingly:

"You fellers are makin' a big mistake when you think I was scared."

"What caused you to hide in the stern of the boat?"

"I wanted to cook up some kind of a plan for nabbin' the men, an' so got out of the way, 'cause——"

"What are you fellows doing?" Clay called from the deck. "Why don't you come aboard?"

"That jest what we intend to do," Jethro replied in a dignified tone.

"The officers are impatient to see you, for they think the wrong men have been arrested."

"Then they don't know anything about it. Didn't I see the thieves twice, an' didn't they shoot me? After that I don't reckon there'd be any chance for a mistake."

Harvey, who had been rowing slowly in order to enjoy Jethro's boasting, now quickened the speed, and the tender was soon made fast alongside, when the squire's son, his arm in a sling and the smile of a conqueror on his face, clambered aboard.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### PURSUIT.

MEANWHILE Syd and Hugh were having a hard time of it on the road.

"It's a case of blind riding now," Syd cried, as he remounted, and one of the pursuers shouted:

"Hold on, you little villains, or we'll break every bone in your bodies!"

"Not until you have caught us," Hugh replied mockingly; and by that time the bicyclers were in full flight, but making no great speed owing to the muddy condition of the road.

"Come back and get your money. I don't want to keep that if you are not going to stay all night."

"We'll call on you later," Syd said, feeling they were comparatively safe with such a start.

During the next two or three minutes it could be understood by the sounds that the men continued the pursuit, and then, to the great relief of the boys, one of them shouted to his companion:

"Come back to the house. We are only making fools of ourselves by chasing them on foot when they can go three miles to our one; but the tables will be turned if we harness the horse."

"If it hadn't been for the last part of that remark I should feel pretty safe," Syd said in a low tone.

"You're right. At this rate, with only one hand free and the mud so deep, I can't hold out very long."

"Neither can I. It seems as if we were riding through a stream of glue, and——"

Syd did not finish the sentence. At that instant his wheel struck some obstruction, and in order to save himself from a fall he was obliged to leap into the mud.

"What's the matter?" Hugh asked anxiously, as he heard the splash.

"I thought I would get off to rest my legs, that's all. Say, it's no use to keep on any longer. The mud here is at least a foot deep."

"But we mustn't give in, Syd. Think of what may happen if they get hold of us."

"Which they are bound to do if there really is a horse in the stable."

Hugh did not reply immediately, for just then he also was forced to dismount, and once where the condition of the road could be ascertained, he realized that, if the flight was continued, it must be on foot.

"Why not take to the woods until daybreak?" Syd suggested. "They surely can't find us while it is so dark, and when the storm clears up we can do a little walking."

"Come on," and Hugh stumbled through the mud, pushing his wheel before him. "We shan't be any worse off, and they may give up the search after an hour or two."

It was no easy matter to find their way in the darkness through the wet, tangled underbrush, and at the same time drag the machines with them; but at the expense of many scratches the task was finally accomplished.

In a small cleared space amid a clump of fir trees, and within twenty feet of the road, the boys halted. It seemed as if every branch and needle was connected with a reservoir, and the water was being drawn off as rapidly as possible. Although they were now so wet that any additional amount of dampness could make but little difference, it was far from being a comfortable condition, and the knowledge that they must spend many hours in this place did not tend to make them any more cheerful.

"I felt when leaving the Unknown that we were going to have trouble," Syd said impatiently, "and ought to have protested against it. There could have been no harm done by waiting until the officers came down the lake, and they were the proper ones to take charge of the goods."

"There is no use in complaining now. We have begun the job, and we must carry it through."

"And probably run into a worse scrape when we arrive at Lewiston."

"Judging from our experience since leaving home, there can be no question about it. I would like to—hark! I believe the men are coming."

That Hugh was correct could be told a few minutes later, when the light of a lantern was seen through the foliage.

An open wagon, in which were two men, drove slowly past, revealed by the tiny blaze one held over the side in order to discover if the fugitives were near.

"They can't ride on them wheels through such mud as this," one of the pursuers said in a surly tone, "an' we must overhaul 'em before long."

"We don't know that they have learned anything, an' I'd rather take the chances than stay out of doors two or three hours on a night like this."

"They must have tumbled to something, else what made 'em start in this storm, an' we're bound to overhaul both. I'd rather ride back and forth till tomorrow night than run the risk of bein' nabbed."

"Then drive faster; there's no use in pokin' along like a snail."

The boys could hear no more; but the knowledge that the strangers believed it so important to see them again was by no means reassuring. They were not comfortable either in mind or body as they crouched in the thicket listening for the return of their pursuers.

Their clothing was completely saturated, and they were

hungry, cold, and tired. To make the matter worse, there was little doubt but that they would be forced to remain within the gloom of the trees many hours, and there was no way by which the situation could be rendered more endurable.

"How far do you suppose those fellows will drive before they come to the conclusion that we are somewhere in the rear?" Syd asked, speaking with difficulty, because his



"COME AND TAKE ME ABOARD, WILL YOU?"

teeth were literally chattering with the cold, although it was summer.

"It can't be long before one or the other has an inkling of the true state of affairs. They know as well as we the condition of the road, and must realize that it would be impossible to ride a bicycle very rapidly."

A disagreeable half hour passed, and then the gleam of the lantern was seen once more.

The men were not talking. In silence they rode slowly along, swinging the light to and fro as if searching for a trail, and when they were some distance away Syd whispered:

"Why wouldn't it be a good idea for us to push on a few miles? Almost anything will be better than staying here idle; and by walking we stand a chance of getting warmed up, even if the storm is furious."

Hugh hesitated a moment. It was not likely the men would go beyond their home, and possible that they might return very quickly.

"It will be an easy matter to hide in the woods again if we hear them coming," Syd continued, "and while it is so dark we don't run much danger of being seen."

This argument decided Hugh, and the two started, after strapping the package securely to one of the machines.

### CHAPTER XXX.

IN TOWN.

THE boys made no attempt to ride, and they plodded on almost in perfect silence until another hour had passed, when the storm ceased as suddenly as it had begun, the stars showed themselves, and the air appeared to have grown warmer.

There were plenty of dwellings to be seen on the road; but it was so late that the boys hesitated about trying to arouse the inmates, and, as Hugh said, "it was as well to keep on, unless they could get something to eat."

"Ten miles is a long distance," Syd replied wearily; "but we'll try to make it before the train leaves for Lewiston."

"Then you think we had better abandon the machines?"

"No, for we can take them with us; but I intend to travel on the cars from Livermore Falls. It would be foolish to try to make the journey on the bicycles now that we are so far behind schedule allowance, and thoroughly tired out."

"I suppose you are right; but at the same time I would like to tell Clay and Harvey that we rode the entire distance."

"So would I, but not enough to make the attempt. After we walk this ten miles there won't be much fun in mounting for a hard day's journey. Say, the road is better just here, and I fancy we can change our method of traveling."

It was as Harvey had said. The track was hard, and there was nothing to prevent the use of the wheels. Mounting, the boys rode as rapidly as fellows who are nearly exhausted can be expected to ride, and neither was forced to dismount until the hotel was reached.

"We shall at least have time to dry our clothes and get breakfast before the train leaves," Syd said, as he pounded vigorously at the door about three o'clock in the morning; and when the sleepy porter finally admitted them, Hugh gave the orders.

"We want to go to bed at once. Have us called in time to get something to eat before the train leaves for Lewiston."

"What are you goin' to do with them things?" and the man pointed to the machines.

"We'll carry them to our room," Hugh replied, adding in a lower tone to Syd: "I'll take precious good care not to lose sight of my wheel again while we remain in this section of the country."

Never had a bed looked so rest inviting to the boys as did this one in the room to which they were shown, although it did not differ materially from any to be found in country hotels, and it is safe to say that neither lost any time in undressing.

Until quite a late hour in the morning they enjoyed such repose as comes to those who have taxed their bodies to the utmost, and then came the unwelcome summons:

"Time to get up if you want something to eat before the train goes."

Much against their inclination the boys arose, made a hasty toilet, although their clothes were far from being thoroughly dry, and, after partaking of a breakfast which would not have seemed particularly good save to fellows who were nearly famished, hurried off to the depot.

The baggage master of the train did not recognize the fact that, as a rule, bicycles were passed as personal baggage; therefore it was necessary to pay him before the machines could be stowed in the car, and after that formality had been complied with the tired travelers settled themselves down for another nap.

By the time the train arrived in Lewiston the previous lack of sleep had been atoned for in slumber so profound as to be almost fatiguing, and Hugh said as they alighted:



"Now we are going to have the chance of learning what it costs to meddle with other people's business."

"Are you anticipating any trouble?" Syd asked in an anxious tone.

"After what has happened we have the right to expect almost anything, and I should not be surprised if we were served with an order of arrest."

There was but little opportunity to speculate upon what might occur, for it required but a few moments to wheel from the depot to the headquarters of the police department, and once there all fears were set at rest.

The chief was at leisure, and when Hugh announced the reason of their coming, his welcome was so cordial that both felt decidedly relieved.

"And you have really brought all the property?" he asked.

"That we can't say," Hugh replied. "All we know is that in this package is at least a portion of the stolen goods, and it only remains for you to see if the entire lot is here."

"We had better open it in the presence of the owner," was the reply; and a moment later one of the loungers was sent in search of the man who had been robbed.

"These are the young gentlemen who gave us the first information concerning the burglars," the chief of police said, when the jeweler entered the station house, "and they have now called to restore the stolen property."

"Where did you find it?" the gentleman asked excitedly, before looking at the goods.

Hugh told the story of the discovery, and concluded by saying:

"We would like to know that it is all right, for it is our intention to go back without delay. Clay will be waiting for us, and I am quite sure Harvey is worrying by this time, because of the trouble which came when we gave you the particulars before."

"I am sorry there should have been any unpleasantness, after doing me such a favor," the jeweler replied courteously; and then he proceeded to examine the goods which had cost the boys so much trouble in the bringing.

"The entire lot is here," he finally said in a tone of satisfaction, "and I am just so much the more pleased because I never expected to see a single article again. Now we have the matter of the reward to settle, after which there will be nothing to prevent you from rejoicing your friends."

"We would prefer to leave that portion of the business to be arranged when Harvey and Clay are here," Hugh replied. "They should have a voice in the matter, and we do not care to take anything just now."

"Why not?"

"Because I am not certain what they may think of receiving pay for what was nothing more than an accident; and, besides, we do not care to take any money while it would only be a burden."

"The matter can be easily arranged whenever you are ready, and I promise that the full reward shall be paid. Now can you give us any information regarding the thieves?"

"Nothing more than you have already heard," Syd replied. "Unquestionably the men are near where we found the goods, and there are officers enough in the vicinity to make them both prisoners."

"Are your friends to wait at any particular point until you return?" the chief of police asked, and Hugh answered readily:

"They must be at the foot of the lake, otherwise it would be impossible for us to find them. Did you want anything in particular done?"

"There might be an opportunity——"

Before the chief could finish the sentence, a knock was heard at the door, and an officer entered with the startling intelligence:

"There is a countryman outside who says he has got the burglars."

"Do you mean that he has brought them like so many articles of merchandise?" the chief asked in surprise.

"It looks very much that way. There are two men trussed up like chickens ready for roasting, in the express wagon outside, and their custodian does not appear willing to give them even the privilege of winking."

"Have them brought here," the chief said; and the boys gazed at each other in surprise, for it did not seem possible the capture could have been made other than by the detectives whom they had met on the lake.

"The man says he is Squire Douglas," an usher said a moment later, and the chief asked of the visitors:

"Do you know any one of that name?"

"It must be Jethro's father!" Hugh exclaimed in surprise; "but I do not understand how he could have found them, more especially when it seemed certain they were trying to get across the State line."

"So that they are here, I do not care where the arrest was made," the chief said in a tone of satisfaction. "You shall be present at the interview, and in all probability the matter will be explained." Then, turning to the messenger, he added: "Show the squire in, and take charge of his prisoners until we can decide what shall be done with them."

*(To be continued.)*

## GOLDEN TREASURE.

### A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.\*

BY LIEUT. E. H. DRUMMOND.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

MRS. BARNES is a widow, seeking to carry on her husband's "run," or farm in Australia, after his death. But what with dry seasons and the dying off of sheep, she has fallen behind and has been forced to borrow money on a mortgage on the place, Wandaroo, from a Mr. Crosby. This he now threatens to foreclose and seize the old home, if the six thousand dollars, with accrued interest, is not paid. The two sons, Jack and Dick, resolve to go off in search of a gold mine, of which they have heard the natives on their run talk. They take one of these, a boy named Murri, with them and after a series of thrilling adventures and narrow escapes from death, succeed in securing treasure beyond their hopes.

With this loaded in bags which Dick had taken along for the purpose, they set out upon their horses for the return, and are upon their own run, and within two hours' ride of Wandaroo when, in a narrow lane, they are confronted by an armed horseman who commands them to "bail up," or hold up their hands.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### PURSUED BY BUSHRANGERS.

THE man had waited a little too long before shouting. The boys were close upon him, and Jack, who seemed to grasp the situation the moment the man sprang out from the trees, had clapped spurs to his horse and rushed at him.

Before the ruffian had time to take a steady aim, Jack was down on him like a whirlwind, and charging full at him. The shock of the contact with Amber's weight and great strength, fairly knocked the bushranger out of the saddle.

The man, a heavy browed, black bearded fellow, gave a great shout as he fell, evidently to summon his comrades, for an answering call was heard from the bank of the gully, in the direction of the Yarrun station.

Jack knew that their only chance of escape lay in instant flight. He did not stop to touch the man, who lay like a

\*Begun in No. 383 of THE ARGOSY.

sack on the ground, but, turning in his saddle as he passed on, he fired a shot at the horse which quite disabled it.

As Dick caught up to him, Jack said:

"We're in for it now. That fellow is Jim Kearney, I feel sure, the forger and murderer. I've seen his portrait at the police station at Bateman. We must ride like mad to escape them."

"Why, Kearney is Starlight's right hand man."

"Bail up? Not much. Let them catch us if they can. We'll lead them a pretty dance first. Ride as lightly as you can. We know the country and they don't, and that is in our favor."

"All right, Dick, I'm game if you are."

"I wish there were a few more of us; then we'd stand and meet them, but, as it is, we shouldn't have a ghost of a show." The chase was a long and stern one. Neither party would



"I'VE ONLY ONE MORE THING TO DO," SAID STARLIGHT, "AND THEN WE CAN START."

"Yes, and it is Starlight and his band who are looking out for us."

They were all close together now, for Murri had overtaken them, and all three were galloping along at a breakneck rate. As Jack spoke, they could hear behind them shouts, and the sound of many horses going at full speed.

The bushrangers had heard the cry Kearney had given as he fell, and the sound of the shot Jack had fired at his horse. The pursuit had begun. Above the noise their horses made as they tore over the ground the boys could hear the faint shouts of the men behind them.

"Now then, bail up!"

"If you don't stop, we'll shoot every one of you!"

"You can't get away!"

The boys heard these, and such like cheerful sentences, all uttered in the angriest and most savage of tones.

The men were still some distance behind them, but the evening was so calm that they could hear nearly all that was shouted at them.

"Look here, Dick," said Jack anxiously, after they had been riding in this way for some time, "hadn't we better bail up? I don't believe our horses can hold out at this pace, and theirs are probably fresher."

give in, and a rigorous silence had fallen on the boys, who, with determined faces, rode steadily on. Occasionally, without slackening speed, they would look over their shoulders to see if their pursuers were nearing them, and, each time that they did so, they thought that they were a little closer.

The sun had set and the short twilight was fading into night, and still the boys rode resolutely on. The mad gallop at which they had all started had slackened as the breath of the laboring horses became short, yet, without a sign of giving in, they raced along, the gradually increasing sound of the horses behind them, which slowly but surely crept upon them, goading them to their utmost exertions.

Wandaroo was still some miles away when, not more than a couple of pistol shots behind them, they heard a voice cry out:

"It's no use. You may just as well give in now as ten minutes later. I'm Starlight, and I'll be hanged if I let you escape me. *I'm going to have that gold!* You may have heard that when I say a thing I mean it."

The pleasant tones of the voice did not induce the boys to draw rein, but rather urged them all the more to evade him, if still there might be a chance. It confirmed what the

speaker said, and what they had believed before—that it was really Starlight that was pursuing them.

They had often heard of the silver voice of this villain, who could sing like an angel while he was perpetrating the most fiendish of acts. It was said that he always spoke most pleasantly when angriest, and that once, when he had ordered to be burned the wooden buildings of a station, which the owners had barricaded and defended against him, the diabolical communication was given in the voice of a seraph.

This man, this Starlight, as he called himself, on whose head a price was set by the government, and who was guilty of every crime and cruelty that a man absolutely without heart or conscience could crowd into a lifetime, was yet of so winning a presence and of so fascinating a face and voice that twice, when fairly trapped, he had fooled his captors into believing him to be some one else, and they had let him go.

"Do you hear what he says, Jack? How does he know about the gold?"

"He shall never have it. Not an ounce of it!" said Jack, in a voice that was as steady as his determination.

Again Starlight shouted to them:

"Don't be fools, you boys. I know you. If you will stop I won't hurt a hair of your heads, but I'll shoot you, as sure as my name is Starlight, if you don't pull up."

"The mean scoundrel!" said Jack angrily. "Not hurt a hair of our heads! Why, he'd cut our throats, smiling all the time, if he had sworn on the Bible not to do so."

"Look, Jack, they're certainly gaining on us. We are overweighted with this gold. We must get rid of it."

"That is just what I mean to do. Put on a spurt when we get into that belt of gums, so that we can gain a minute or so."

Telling Murri of their intention, the spurred their horses as they entered the narrow band of gum trees. Jack, who was leading, whipped up the pack horse, and, regardless of their limbs, they dashed between the smooth trunks.

Emerging into the brilliant moonlight on the other side, they tore down the little incline to the patch of marshy ground that lay at its bottom.

"To that little pool of water," said Jack, pointing across the low ground, which the recent rains had again converted into a swamp.

Without decreasing their speed they turned towards it. Pulling up by the side of the shining little sheet of water for one brief moment, Jack said:

"Throw every one of the bags of gold into it. Hurry up!"

He threw his own in, with a heavy splash, as he spoke, and, leaping across the pack horse, he tore the little sacks from its saddle and flung them into the water.

Murri and Dick followed suit.

"Ride through the pool," Dick whispered hoarsely, "or they will see it rippling, and guess what we have done."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.

##### WITH THE GOAL IN SIGHT.

**B**UT this unequal race could not be kept up. The horses that Dick and Murri rode, although going their very best, began to show signs of distress. It had only been the sheer pluck and spirit of the well bred animals that had enabled them to hold their own for so long, and now the superior condition of the bushrangers' unwearied steeds was beginning to tell.

Looking back, the boys could see that they were being rapidly overhauled, and that at this rate they must be overtaken before another mile was passed. Amber, whom Jack

held tightly in hand, was going as strongly as ever. There was no sign of weakness as yet in his great stride; his ears were laid back, for he could hear the heavy thud of the galloping horses behind him, and the blood of his racing sires stirred in his veins, and made him eager to outstrip them.

"I do wish you'd push on, Jack. You could be home with Amber in five minutes."

"And leave you to Starlight's tender mercies, I suppose?"

"Not a bit more than I now am. It's our only chance. You may find some of the men about, and Vaulty," said Dick, laying his hand on the sweating neck of the roan he rode, "may possibly keep up till you can meet us."

"You know very well he's almost played out. How Murri has managed to keep that beast of his on his legs I can't understand."

What Jack said was true. It was only too evident that Vaulty, sturdy horse though he was, had been used up at last, and was quite on his last legs.

It was heartrending to be so near succor and yet not be able to grasp it. Not a mile away was the head station, with all hands in for the night, and all ignorant how urgently their help was needed only a few minutes' distance from the house.

The agony that the two boys suffered was only intensified by their nearness to the refuge, which they both felt they could not possibly reach, for Jack could see by the way Vaulty stumbled that the horse could not hold out much more than a minute longer, and Dick knew in his heart, even when he asked him to do it, that his brother would not leave him.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of the horses behind them. They could hear the muttered imprecations of the men, and once they heard Starlight say with a laugh:

"We shall overtake them by that black stump."

They must have been almost within pistol shot of the bushrangers, when, through the thinly growing trees of the great paddock which lay between them and the house, they caught a glimpse of the ruddy light of home. The wood fire and the lamp in the kitchen shone from the open door, and, gleaming through the night, seemed a bitter mockery to the two boys.

A few moments more, and then Jack, who was slightly in advance again, heard Dick's hoarse voice:

"It's no use, Jack. They're close on to us. Save yourself."

As he spoke, he threw down the reins of his bridle, and his horse came to a stop, trembling in every limb. Murri, who had been riding with Dick, leaned across from his horse and took hold of his bridle, as though to urge him to continue his flight, but it was in vain, for at that moment the bushrangers were upon them.

Starlight having calculated the distance, and feeling certain that he should overtake the boys before they could reach the head station, had given orders to his men that they were not to fire. He acted in this way from no feeling of mercy, for that was a sentiment he never experienced, but from a motive of policy, as he feared that the noise of firearms might be heard by the men at the house, and bring them down upon him.

Just as Jack turned to ride back to them, Starlight brought his horse up alongside of Dick, and, turning his handsome face to him, demanded, in that soft, sweet voice of his:

"Where is all that gold you have found? You have given us a hard chase, and, as we have won it, you must provide the prize."

"We have no gold," said Dick, like one in a dream.

"Come, come, you don't expect me to believe that," said



Starlight. "Keggs has told me everything, so you may as well produce the gold, and be done with it."

He laid his hand on Dick's arm as he spoke, the action being so gentle that it looked almost like a caress.

But the hand, although so soft, was iron sinewed, and the boy felt his arm grasped as though in a vise.

Starlight's touch seemed to act upon him like a charm. It aroused him from the state of stupor, of despair, in which he was plunged, and, with the fire coming back to his eye and life to his voice, he shouted:

"Loose my arm!"

And, swinging himself around in the saddle in his lithe, quick way, he tore his shoulder from the bushranger's grasp.

Starlight made a rapid clutch at him as Dick swerved aside, but missed his aim. Seizing his opportunity, the boy clinched his fist and swung his stout young arm around with a backward blow, and, striking the bushranger full on the side of the head, almost felled him from his horse.

Several of the men, thinking that things had now gone far enough, sprang to the boy's side, and one of them, dealing him a stunning blow with his huge fist just behind the ear, roughly seized him around the waist with one muscular arm, and threw him heavily to the ground.

There Dick lay, quite white and senseless, with the blood pouring from his nostrils, across the gnarled roots of a burnt and blackened tree stump.

During this little *mêlée*, Murri, who was not blessed with an entirely valiant heart, noticed that the observation of the party was fixed upon the little central group of Dick and his opponents. Taking advantage of this momentary chance, he silently slipped from his horse without stopping it, and, darting to a place where the stumps of several burnt trees were still standing, speedily concealed his black body in the shadows.

The next minute one of the men noticed that Murri's horse was riderless.

"Hello!" he cried. "Where has that fellow gone to?"

"Didn't see him go," answered one of the other men.

"Never mind. It was only one of those lazy nigs."

This had not occupied a moment in happening, and it was just as Dick was flung to the ground that Jack came upon the scene.

Seeing his brother struck from his horse, and noticing that the body, which lay so white and stark in the moonlight, was quite motionless, he felt sure that this time death had claimed his own. He was maddened with passion and rage, and, singling out the man who had done the deed, a great swarthy fellow twice his own age, he rode at him like a fury. But, before he could do him any damage, several of the gang sprang from their saddles and tore him from his panting horse.

Then an angry babel of voices rose around him in eager questioning, and in vile imprecations against him for the trouble he had cost them.

Jack felt the hot grasp of the men's hands upon him, and, without any attempt at a struggle, he was pulled to the spot where Starlight was standing.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### A CONFERENCE OF BUSHRANGERS.

**M**OST of the bushrangers had dismounted to ease their jaded horses, whose heaving flanks and expanded nostrils spoke plainly enough of the great exertion they had made in the chase that had just ended. The men were standing about Starlight, who was leaning against the charred stump of a burnt tree, flicking his boot with the

whip he carried. He looked up as the two men who had hold of Jack brought the boy before him, and, with his usual pleasant smile, he turned to him and said:

"Well, young fellow, what do you think of yourself for giving us such a chase as this? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Jack made no reply, for he thought, and rightly so, that this sort of remark required no answer.

Starlight did not seem to notice the omission, but went on, in the same light, bantering tone:

"Don't look so sullen. We have killed your brother—oh, you needn't look so surprised, for Keggs has told me all about you, and besides you are as like as two peas. Now one of you fellows there, just look about and see if you can't find a little water for the horses. I suppose it's no use asking you where we can find it, Mr. Barnes, though it would only be hospitable of you on your own run to show us where there is some."

Although Starlight spoke so lightly, and was seemingly so careless of what went on around him, he kept a keen watch over every one and everything. The quick catch in the breath that Jack made when he spoke of Dick did not escape his eagle glance. He determined to torture the poor boy with references to his dead brother from a sheer love of cruelty.

While some two or three of the men went to search for water, giving the bridles of their horses to the others to hold, Starlight continued his cruel amusement.

To see him, as he leaned so carelessly and gracefully against the burnt stump, with the moonlight falling on his young and handsome face, one would have thought him some happy fellow talking with a friend instead of the heartless outlaw that he was.

"It was hardly a fair struggle, was it, for Pearson was so much stronger than your brother, who must have been tired too? It must be unpleasant to have one's brother killed before one's face. Do you find it so?"

As he spoke, he looked up with a simple, inquiring glance at Jack, and laughed to see how white the boy had grown.

Just then one of the men who were holding the horses walked up to Starlight and remonstrated with him for his brutal behavior. He was a great, big, honest looking fellow, with kind blue eyes and a short, curly, yellow beard. He seemed strangely out of place in the company he was with, and his reckless expression did not appear to be quite natural to him.

Starlight listened to what this young fellow had to say, and then, without turning his head, he looked at him between his half shut lids and answered in a slightly sardonic voice:

"You don't seem to enjoy your new profession, Crosby. Don't you think you had better go back to that pleasant old fellow, your uncle, and act the prodigal nephew? But understand this, once for all, I don't put up with contradiction or allow interference. So let's have no more of these sanctimonious airs. Remember that you're just as much of a bushranger—I'm not frightened at the word—as I am, although you haven't tried your hand at sticking any one yet, or anything else, as far as I can see, but eat and drink with the best of us."

"And never will do anything for you from tonight," said Crosby, in a low tone, as he stepped a pace or two to one side.

"Oh, he'll come around all right," whispered Starlight to Wetch, the man on his left, a trusty henchman of his, who had no qualms of conscience, and who had sold himself body and soul to his leader.

A moment or two after this the men who had been looking for water came back and said that they could find none, and Starlight, who owed his success to the fact that he never lost time in unnecessary halts during his forays, ordered a start.

While Jack was standing, guarded by the two men who had hold of him, Como came bounding to his side. The dog had rushed to Dick when he was thrown to the ground by Pearson, but, as the boy had made no responsive movement when he had licked his hands and face, he had left him and sought Jack.

Como was wild with delight at finding one of his masters, and sprang up and licked Jack's white cheek and fawned upon him. One of the men kicked the dog to one side, and caused him to howl with pain.

Starlight, whose back had been turned for a moment, looked around, and, seeing what it was, cried:

"Put a bullet through that dog's head, some one!"

But this was too much for Jack to bear passively. With a sudden wrench he tore himself from the two men who held him, for he had been standing so quietly that their grasp upon him had gradually grown slack.

He knelt on the ground, and threw his arms around the dog that his brother had loved so much.

"Don't shoot the dog!" he said.

"Yes, I shall," said Starlight. "I can't have that noisy brute yelping about me."

"Then you'll shoot him through me," said Jack, in a determined voice.

"I'm going to shoot you, I know, but not just yet," remarked Starlight in a casual tone.

"We want a dog up at Norton's Gap," said one of the men. "It's a handsome brute."

"That alters the case," said Starlight pleasantly. "I'm always open to conviction. Will he follow us?"

"Yes, he'll follow, if I tell him to," said Jack, unconsciously caressing the velvety ear of the dog, who stood quite still now that he had found his master.

"All right, let him go; I won't hurt him," said Starlight, and then, as Jack looked at him doubtfully, he added, "Oh, I'm not a liar as well as a thief."

"Stow that," growled one of the men.

Starlight laughed and gave a wave of his hand towards his companions.

"Look at these fellows," he said to Jack. "They daren't call a spade a spade. They have taken to the bush for

years, some of them, and lived by robbing ever since, yet they have such tender feelings that they can't bear to be told so. I'm a thief and a murderer too, and I don't mind saying it.

"And so are all of you," he continued suddenly, turning to his men, who were always silenced by his scorn. "What about the Denisons, and the Longs, and the man up at Menyph, eh, and others besides? How did they come by their deaths? So don't make fools of yourselves, for you know as well as I do that what I say is the truth. I shall be shot or hung some day, and so will every one of you. Deservedly too."

"Perhaps sooner than we think if we stay here much longer," said one of the men, with a laugh that was a coarse imitation of Starlight's own.

"That's the first sensible thing I've heard tonight. The horses have got their wind back by this time. I've only one more thing to do, and then we can start."

As Starlight spoke he drew his revolver from his belt.

"The whole affair has been a fool's errand," he went on decisively, "and when Keggs gets back from Brisbane I'll give him what he deserves for telling us such a cock and bull story of gold, and making us waste so much of our precious time."

"What are yer goin' ter do?" asked Middance, one of the two men who had again taken hold of Jack.

"Going to give the dingoes a feast, and to send that young person you've got hold of into the pleasant company of his dear departed brother. So perhaps you had better loose him. I don't suppose I shall miss him, but, being so nervous, I might."

This was enough for Middance and the other man who held Jack. Letting go their hold the boy, they nimbly sprang aside.

For one awful second Jack stood like a statue in the dread presence of Death. He felt as though his heart were grasped in an icy hand which froze his blood within his veins. He could not stir, for the frightful thought of the sudden death he was threatened with had benumbed and deadened every limb.

Starlight cocked his pistol, raised it—Jack saw the moonlight gleam upon the polished barrel—took a rapid aim at the breast of the motionless boy, and, without a tremor of hesitation, fired full at him.

(To be continued.)



## ERRORS OF SPEECH.



THESE are four words in the English language, in the use of which, we will venture to say, half of the readers of THE ARGOSY make mistakes every day in the year. Thus they must be common words, and it would surely be well to know how to employ them aright.

They are common words, and they are simple also—only three letters each, and yet we have known men who were in college, and who not only did not use them all correctly, but who could not have done so had their lives depended on the test.

These four words are LAY, LIE, SET, and SIT, stumbling blocks over which nine tenths of English speaking people fall; and yet in one short lesson of fifteen minutes you may learn so much of them that you will never make a mistake again except by carelessness. First, commit the principal parts of each verb, which are as follows:

Present.	Past, or imperfect.	Past, or perfect, participle.
Lay	Laid	Laid
Lie	Lay	Lain
Set	Set	Set
Sit	Sat	Sat

Notice that the *past* tense of *lie* is the same as the *present* tense of *lay*, for that is where a great many are puzzled. Now, the first verb of each pair *always* takes an object; the second *never* takes one; thus, you always *lay* and *set* SOMETHING, but you never *lie* or *sit* ANYTHING. If you hear a person say "I shall lay down," just inquire, "Lay what down?" for the verb *lay* always takes an object. If one of your friends tells you to "set down," you may ask, "Set what down?" for the verb *set* always takes an object. Remember those facts, and that *lie* and *sit* *never* take objects—are intransitive—and the whole difficulty in the four words is mastered.

But, though our lesson is ended, we will say a few words by way of illustration.

First, let us acknowledge that the general principle, *no rule without exception*, holds good here likewise, and there are a few exceptions. Thus, the sun *sets* without setting anything; but, as that is almost the only case, aside from the grand rule, with which you will commonly meet, we will say nothing whatever about the others, for, if you should make errors in every instance, they would be far less important than those which you will avoid by attention to our rule.

A story is told of a certain lawyer who was addressing a jury, and said:

"The future of my client, gentlemen, lays with you."

The judge, interrupting, said:

"Lies, Mr. Coleman; hens lay."

The advocate accepted the correction and finished his plea. Soon, however, the day ended, and the judge announced:

"Court will set next Tuesday at nine o'clock."

Coleman sprang to his feet.

"Sit, your honor; hens set."

That was witty, and very fair for a joke, but it was partly incorrect. Hens do not *set*, as one may readily see by apply-

ing our rule. *Set what?* You may *set a hen*, but after she *is set* she *sits*, and is commonly very *set* about *sitting*, too. But, on the other hand, she *lays*. *Lays what?* An egg. Does she *lie*? Not commonly; her usual method is to roost, though she may *lie* about the *laying*, *i. e.*, cackle over an empty nest.

It is amusing, often, to hear the attempts to speak correctly, made by people who know the ground among these four words to be treacherous. We once called on a gentleman, and the maid who answered the bell explained, "He has just *lien* (line) down." That was a ridiculous sentence, and yet it showed that she knew better than to say "He has just laid down." She knew that *lie* was the verb to be employed, but she had not committed the principal parts, which is the very first thing to be done. What should she have said?

At the Philadelphia Centennial, in '76, we saw the following placard fastened to an easy chair in the Portuguese department: "Please do not seat on this chair." Many of the visitors who laughed at the broken English would have done worse. They would have said, "Do not set in this chair."

As an additional aid one may add, mentally, the word *now* to the present tense, and *yesterday* to the past tense; and, of course, remember that the past participle is always used with *have* or *has*, thus:

I *lay* the book on the table (now).

I *laid* the knife on the desk (yesterday).

I *have laid* the cloth for dinner.

I *lie* down (now).

The dog *lay* on the floor (yesterday).

The book *has lain* on the table a long time.

I *laid* it there (yesterday).

The glazier *sets* the glass (now).

He *set* two panes (yesterday).

He *has set* five panes in all.

He *sits* (now) while setting it.

I *sat* (yesterday) in my chair.

I *have sat* here an hour.

*Lie* down, Carlo, and *lay* your head in my lap as I *sit* upon the grassy bank, where I *have* so often *sat* before, and watch the *setting* sun, which, like an artist whose genius *has lain* dormant during the meridian of life, now stretches his cloud canvas on the easel of the sky, *sets* forth his colors, which *lay* hidden heretofore, and *lays* them on in blending tints with rich profusion.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HAPPY I. B. O., Nashville, Tenn. No premium on the half dollar of 1824.

DENRY, Springfield, Mo. We do not know that any book exists such as you want. The duties of a corporal must be learned by practice, not precept.

A WEEKLY READER, Sunbury, Pa. 1. No premium on the half dollar of 1838, nor on the dime of 1832. 2. Write to the Scott Stamp and Coin Company.

JOHN H. M., Rochester, N. Y. No. 1 of the coins of which you submit rubbings is a Jackson cent, or Hard Times Token, which is not rare. No. 2 is a Quebec penny, face value two cents.

C. E. S., Burlington, Kan. No, it is not necessary that a reader be a regular subscriber to THE ARGOSY in order to have a notice inserted under the head "Military Matters."

F. H. D., Cleveland, O. The padding in your baseball mitten doubtless became lumpy because you did not put enough stitches through it to keep the stuffing in position.

COIN COLLECTOR, North Adams, Mass. Whether your coins are really valuable or not depends upon their condition. You had better send rubbings to the Scott Stamp and Coin Company, advertising in No. 385.



IN THE SUNK LANDS;  
OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF THE X. T. C. QUARTETTE.\*  
BY WALTER F. BRUNS,

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

THE X. T. C. Quartette is an organization of four city youths, namely: Bob Cross, Joe Miller, and the twin brothers, Treve and Steve, the latter of whom tells the story. He is employed as clerk in the office of Mr. I. J. Roberts, hide and fur dealer, who is supplied with some of his pelts by one Isaac Jimmerson, from the "sunk lands" of Missouri and Arkansas. To him was owing \$1400, a sum set aside for him when he came to town, but for which he forgot to call and which, having been put in an old envelope, Mike, the porter, throws into the stove and burns by mistake.

As Mr. Jimmerson is known to have no knowledge of checks, and as the Quartette is anxious to go to the Sunk Lands on a hunting excursion, Steve asks for a vacation and offers to take a draft on Jonesboro along with him for Mr. Jimmerson. The expedition sets out, going in the cars as far as Jonesboro, where Steve cashes the draft for the fourteen hundred dollars, and the Quartette hires the use of a horse and wagon for a month for the reasonable sum of five dollars. With this turnout they start for the Sunk Lands and are promptly "held up" by a certain highwayman named Simpson, who relieves Steve of the money intended for Mr. Jimmerson.

On arrival at the latter's store a chase after Mr. Simpson is instituted, which results only in the capture of Steve, who is held prisoner in the outlaw's cabin over night. On his restoration to his friends a coon hunt is organized and two days thereafter the Quartette sets out for the "sunk lands" proper to begin their hunt, with Sammy, Mr. Jimmerson's boy, as guide. On the road he entertains them with stories of the Swamp Angels, a band of law breakers who infest the swamps towards which the party are journeying and where they put up at a disused cabin, to which Sammy directs them. Here, in the middle of the first night, they are awakened by a racket, and Sammy's injunction to get their guns and be ready to defend themselves.

CHAPTER XIII.  
THE SWAMP ANGELS.

"WHAT'S the trouble?" demanded Bob, raising himself on his elbow.

"I hit him!" cried Treve, half asleep, staggering to his feet and nearly falling in the fire.

"Sammy said to bring our rifles and come outside," I replied excitedly, grabbing my rifle and running to the door.

It was extremely dark without.

I waited until my eyes grew accustomed to the blackness, and then started out, just in time to stop one of the flying saplings from Loafer's stable, that knocked me over on my back.

I saw more stars in two seconds than have ever been discovered since the world began.

The rest of the Quartette came out in time to lift me to my feet.

Amid flashes of lurid light I saw the form of Sammy run a few feet, lift his rifle and fire at something running toward the timber. A cry of pain came out of the darkness, and the dogs sprang away in that direction.

For a moment everything was still. Even Loafer ceased to kick.

"Bring a light out yere," called Sammy.

Treve ran into the cabin and came back with a blazing fagot.

"What did you hit?" asked Bob, as Sammy began to load his rifle.

"The critter that was in the stable."

"What was it—a panther?" I asked.

"No. Hit wuz a two laigged critter. I 'low hit wuz one o' them Swamp Angels prowlin' around. He thought he'd walk off with Loafer; but the old hoss fooled him. When I got out yere there warn't nothin' movin'; but when y'all him sailin' out he broke from behind a stump an' I let him have it afore I knowed what hit wuz."

"Is—is he dead?" I asked, hesitatingly.

"Goin' to see. One o' you-uns stay an' see that they don't lug off what we got while we're gone. Mebby some more

hangin' around. We won't let 'em git a cinch on us like that feller did on Maumelle Lake with y'all."

We bit our lips and decided that Bob should remain.

"Keep your eyes open," cautioned Sammy. "There's—hup—oh, hit's the dogs kem back. Didn't think they'd go very fur 'thout some one behind 'em. You better keep 'em, fur there's enough o' the Swamp Angels to clean you out afore we could git back."

Sammy took the torch and swung it around his head to make it blaze up, and then watching the ground closely he started toward the timber, while Bob called the dogs and retired to the cabin.

We followed closely behind Sammy, gripping our rifles nervously. I half expected a shot from any direction.

"Hit wuz a man," said Sammy, pointing to a broad footprint in the moist earth. "An' there is blood," he continued, pointing to a line of dark spots on the dead leaves. "I reckon he understands now that we don't 'low any foolin' around us!"

"Goin' to follow it up?" asked Joe.

"Not by a long shot! He might be layin' fur us a leetle furdur on. I don't reckon they'll pester us any more."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth before a shot rang out, followed by the barking of dogs, a confused murmur of voices, and then:

"Help! help! They're down on me!"

"That is Bob's voice," cried Treve, as we stood aghast.

"Jupiter and Mars!" ejaculated Joe. "Run for it, boys!"

Sammy dashed the blazing fagot to the ground and extinguished it with his heel. Then we turned and ran toward the cabin.

Before the shanty were the shadowy forms of a crowd of men. Standing before the door, out of which the light shone between the saplings, was a man a head taller than the rest, who seemed to be the leader.

With one accord we stopped.

"Git down behind a stump," whispered Sammy, quickly.

We crouched down behind our respective stumps and listened.

The big man pounded on the door with the butt of his gun, which was followed by the barks and snarls of the dogs.

"Open up!" he shouted, "or we'll break the door down. We'll 'arn you-uns what hit means to shoot 'spectable people!"

"Guy! He means business," whispered Joe.

"The man that breaks that door down gets the contents of a Winchester!" came in Bob's clear tones from within.

"I've got to protect myself, so take warning!"

They stepped back from in front of the door at this, and engaged in an animated discussion. Finally the big man raised his voice so that we could hear, and said:

"Well, we got to do somethin' purty quick, or them fellers'll be back, an' we'll have our hands full. I don't wantter shoot any o' 'em, even if they did put a bullet into Bill."

"Look's like they respected us," said Treve softly. "Suppose we charge on them."

But Sammy shook his head.

"'Twouldn't do," said he. Then, raising his voice, he called:

"Hello, there!"

There was a commotion in the crowd, and then the big man shouted interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Reckon you-uns air on somebody's claim, hain't you?"

"Mebby we air an' mebby we hain't."

\*Begun in No. 387 of THE ARGOSY.



"I low hit mought be healthier fur you-uns ef you moved. Y'all air on our claim, an' I reckon you-uns knows what the law is. There's four rifles, pinte at you now, an' three o' 'em kin shoot a heap o' times. Ef you hain't movin' when I count three, or ef there's a gun raised in the crowd, we turn loose! Y' hear me shoutin'?"

The man laughed.

"One!" warned Sammy. "The law in these parts'll back us up. Two! Air you movin'?"

"We'll see you-uns agin!" shouted the man, as his party began to slink out of sight.

"Yes," drawled Sammy; but whether this was meant as an acceptance or as a derisive reply I do not know.

We waited several moments after they had disappeared, and then walked bravely to the cabin.



"OPEN UP!" HE SHOUTED, "OR WE'LL BREAK THE DOOR DOWN."

"Don't let the dogs out," said Sammy, as Bob unfastened the door. "Nothin' would suit 'em better than a chance to shoot 'em."

"Are you sure they won't come back?" asked Bob, as we stood looking at each other, with our hands in our pockets, wanting to go to sleep, and afraid to.

"No, I hain't," replied Sammy, dubiously; "at any rate we'll stand watch."

"It is two o'clock now; four hours before morning," said I, looking at my watch. "Sammy and I will stand the first for two hours, and then we will oust two of you out."

This was agreed to, and the others turned in.

Sammy waited until the regular breathing of the boys denoted that they were asleep, and then said, softly:

"I kinder thought we'd have a pow-wow tonight. I seed one o' 'em sneakin' around jess after I shot that turkey; but I thought I wouldn't say nothin'. Tomorrow we'll fix up Loafer's stable an' the door, set the small traps, an' do a leetle snoopin' around for that dugout the fellow told paw he hid in a holler tree near the bayou. We oughter have that to set the traps. I don't reckon we kin do much more."

As I was too drowsy to make a reply, Sammy subsided, and we sat and blinked at the fire until our watch was up, and then called Bob and Treve and turned in.

Neither watch was molested.

We turned out early, performed our ablutions in the bayou, and while Bob, Treve and Sammy, accompanied by the dogs, went after our breakfast, Joe and I cut a day's supply of food for Loafer and rebuilt his stable.

"I never saw so much to shoot at in my life," cried Bob, half an hour later, dropping half a dozen young rabbits and squirrels and three mallard ducks just outside the door.

This pile was trebled by the other two.

"But Sammy wouldn't let us shoot any more than we needed," added Treve, regretfully.

"No use," replied Sammy, philosophically. "Y'all 'll git plenty o' shootin' afore ya'll goes home, an' there won't be nothin' wasted."

We discussed a breakfast composed of rabbit, squirrel, duck and ash cake, washed down with black coffee sweetened with sugar, and found it very substantial.

Sammy easily found an old blazed sycamore, that proved to be hollow and held the dugout propped up perpendicularly inside.

"I know these parts a leetle better than you-uns," he said, "so I'll take most o' the traps an' the dugout an' Steve, an' set 'em fur otter an' mink."

"You-uns kin take the rest, with your rubber suits, an axe an' your rifles, an' set 'em wherever you-uns think they'll ketch fur; but don't forgit to blaze the path so we kin find 'em again. Better take the dogs with you-uns, too. The rest o' the guns we'll chuck in a trunk an' cover up in a corner where they won't see 'em. We'll have to keep things shady till they l'arn who we air."

Then he threw most of the traps in the dugout, with our two rifles and an axe, while the rest of us locked one of the trunks and covered it up with blankets in one corner.

The boys shouldered their traps, rifles and an axe, and taking the dogs started into the timber.

Sammy held the dugout until I scrambled down the steep bank and stepped gingerly in. It was about like sitting on the point of a pin for balancing, and we nearly capsized before we got three feet from the bank.

But Sammy was used to them, and after assuming an easy position I kept it, while he manipulated the paddle.

"There's an otter slide!" exclaimed Sammy, after paddling quite a distance up stream. "That'll be a scrumptious place fur a trap."

And with one sweep of the paddle the boat was sent to the bank. Hardly had the prow touched the shore when there was a crashing of bushes a short distance above us, and some heavy body pressed through.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE FIGHT WITH A BUCK.

SAMMY and I looked at each other in consternation and gripped our rifles firmly.

The crashing of the bushes came nearer and nearer, until the antlered head of a large buck pushed through and



the animal stood on the bank not more than ten feet above us up stream.

He stamped his feet, snorted and listened, but did not see us sitting quietly in the dugout below him.

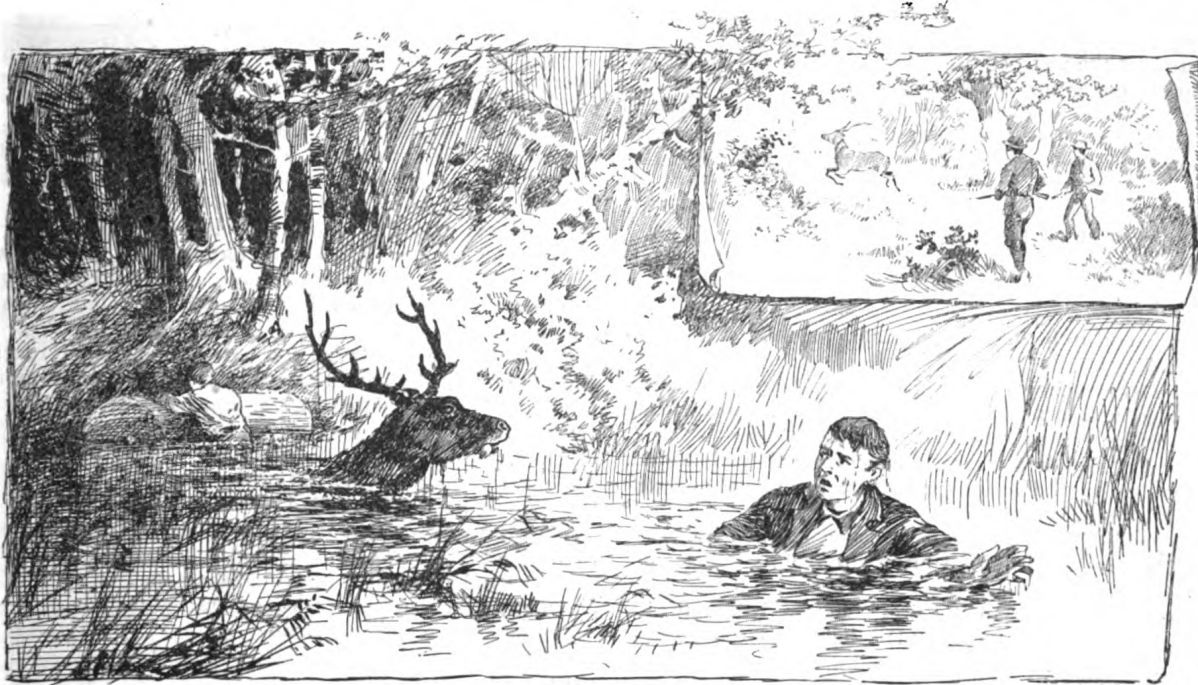
"The other fellers started him up," whispered Sammy.

The faint baying of Boose and the other dogs came to our ears. The buck seemed undecided whether to cross or go

The buck tossed his head viciously and swam directly for us.

"Don't let him hit you with his feet!" shouted Sammy; "they'll cut like knives."

I am a good swimmer, but burdened with rubber boots that I could not shake off, my movements were laborious. He was almost on me when I dived, and, with a few strokes



THE BUCK CAME ON AFTER SAMMY AND WAS RIGHT UPON HIM.

up or down the bayou. Finally he swung around and faced the direction from which he had come.

"Goin' to make a stand!" whispered Sammy, excitedly, as I brought my rifle carefully to my shoulder. "Put the bullet right behind his forelaig."

I was shaking as with the ague. One second the rifle was pointed at the bayou, the next at the tree tops. I felt cold and hot and nervous by turns, and possessed every symptom of the "fever."

Inadvertently my foot touched the traps, and one rolled down with a clatter. Like a flash the buck wheeled and was staring straight at us.

I was afraid he would go, and aiming hastily between the eyes, I pulled the trigger. But he tossed his head the moment I fired, and the heavy forty five glanced off.

He dropped to his knees; but was up again in a second. He was dazed. He whirled round and round, just as you've see a dog do when after his tail.

"Look out!" screamed Sammy.

It was too late.

The buck had spun around until he was directly over us, and then, missing his footing, he plunged down the twelve foot bank, and landed with a smash right in the dugout. In an instant we were struggling in the cold water.

"Bl-r-r-r!" spluttered Sammy, as he came up.

The dugout floated serenely down stream, bottom up.

"Waugh-waugh!" I stammered, expectorating several mouthfuls of by no means clear water.

under water, came up below him and near Sammy, blowing pretty hard with the exertion.

"This is fun," he growled. "We kain't climb these muddy banks with wet clothes on afore he'll git us, an' the rifles air at the bottom o' the bayou. I wished the dogs were y——"

The buck charged on us again and we thrashed off in opposite directions. The buck came on after Sammy, and although the little fellow swam valiantly, it was right upon him, and he suddenly dived.

The buck waited until he came up a few yards away, and then started for him again. Sammy was so exhausted by this time that it would have gone hard with him, but just then the whole pack of dogs—with the setter, pointer and spaniel bringing up the rear—came through the underbrush giving tongue grandly. It was the most welcome music I ever heard.

They never hesitated an instant, but led by Boose came down the bank like an avalanche into the water. They swam like a streak for their prey, and soon the buck had all he could do defending himself.

He fought like a hero for a few moments, trying to strike down the dogs who would *not* get in front of him, but persisted in chewing the back of his neck, and then finding that his efforts were unavailing, he turned and swam down stream with the dogs trailing out behind.

Sammy and I swam to the bank, and, after an exhausting scramble, we managed, by taking advantage of every twig within reach, to reach the top. Then, after pouring the



water out of our boots, we ran along the bank after the game, and also toward the cabin.

By hard running we passed the deer and dogs, and almost breathless we tore into the shanty. Hastily tossing aside the blankets I unlocked the trunk.

Sammy selected the little German rifle, which was loaded but not capped, and slipping on a cap, was ready. I took Treve's ro, shoved a ball cartridge into the rifled barrel, and we ran out to the bayou just as the deer and dogs got there. The dugout was floating just in front of them. The shots rang out, and the victory was ours; but the body sank.

We were not going to be cheated out of it after such an exciting chase, so we captured the dugout, made a long line by using the chain and pieces of Loafer's harness, and carrying it out in the dugout, Sammy dived and fastened it to the horns.

Then we carried the end ashore, and by main strength hauled it out and up the bank.

"That is the toughest tussle I ever had with a deer in all my life," panted Sammy. "An' we're the first ones to bring one in."

"They ought to be here by this time," said I, "if they followed the dogs."

"Don't b'lieve they ever seed the deer," replied Sammy. "The dogs wuz runnin' around, started hit up an' they thought likely it wuz a rabbit an' let 'em go."

"Well, I'm freezing in these wet clothes," I chattered. "Let's go back and dive for the rifles and traps and get back here and dry out."

So we paddled back in a half frozen condition, and after repeated efforts managed to bring up the rifles, axe and most of the traps.

"Now let's go back to the fire," chattered Sammy, his teeth rattling like castanets. "Hit hain't no fun goin' in water in November, even down yere."

I agreed with him.

We returned to the cabin, rolled on a couple of logs, but not until the temperature rose to blood heat were we satisfied. The dogs dried themselves at the same time we did. Then we had a great feast on venison steaks, and to while away the time waiting for the others to return, we fitted double bars to the door, with latch strings. The latter could be drawn inside, and thus prevent the door from being opened from without, but this could be done only when there was some one within—unless we wanted to batter the door down, or descend through the chimney.

"The old trappers don't have to lock their doors," said Sammy, "an' I reckon we won't when they l'arn who we air."

"When they do learn," I muttered, "there'll be a cyclone on a cold day in Georgia."

Sammy refused to argue.

"Seems to me," he remarked, looking out the door, "that they've had time to set the double traps they had. Half the arfternoon's gone; they oughter be showin' up. Reckon arthin's happened to 'em?"

"Not unless they're lost," I replied, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Couldn't be, ef they blazed the way like I told 'em to. We'll hide the trunk an' wait awhile longer, an' ef they don't kim we'll have to hunt 'em up."

We covered the trunk up in the corner. An hour went slowly by.

"Oughter go afore dark," Sammy said. "We'll leave the dogs yere an' the latch strings out, so ef they git yere afore we do they kin git in. I reckon the dogs'll tend to things."

So we took our rifles, closed the door, and, after seeing

that Loafer was well provided for, and the deer's carcass secured in the branches of a small hickory, stepped out lively over the route traversed by the boys.

"There's the first one," said Sammy, pointing to a tree, the bark of which had been peeled off about a foot long and six inches wide.

A little farther on could be seen another blaze. This had a cross cut below it.

"They've set a trap near here," I volunteered.

"Let's find it," suggested Sammy.

We searched carefully around. I found it, but not until after I had put my foot into it. It was placed in a narrow path, adroitly covered with leaves.

Mr. S. Jimmerson laughed boisterously as he pressed down the stout spring and allowed me to extract my foot from the painful grip. I limped along after him, but failed to see anything to laugh at.

The crosses on the blazed trees began to count up. We came out on the banks of a small bayou, when Sammy said:

"They seem to have gone in a big circle. Consequently, they ought to bring up nigh the cabin. There's another otter slide!"

I looked at the smooth, slick place on the bank. It reached from the top of the bank to the water, and looked as though the animal had slid down a great many times.

"I'm blamed ef they didn't see hit an' set a trap," he exclaimed, pointing to the faint outlines of one just below the surface. "Some o' 'em's got eyes."

"It must be Joe," I replied. "He's trapped before."

We went on for a quarter of a mile farther, when suddenly the blazing ceased.

We looked all around, but could see none.

"They either run out o' traps an' started fur home, or——"

He began to scan the ground.

"Look yere!"

I looked.

The imprint of their rubber boots could be plainly seen, and mingled with them were others made by moccasins and heavy shoes!

"I reckon the reason they didn't kim in," drawled Sammy, "wuz because they had a pressin' invite to go with some-o' the Swamp Angels!"

"Then you mean——" I began.

He nodded.

(To be continued.)

#### AN "AFTER MANY YEARS" STORY.

ALL the wonderful coincidences of fiction are utterly outdistanced by the following extraordinary fact, which we find in the English periodical, *Notes and Queries*. While it most emphatically does not "point a moral," it will doubtless serve to "adorn (many) a tale."

A servant boy was sent into the town with a valuable ring. He took it out of its box to admire it, and, passing over a plank bridge, let it fall on a muddy bank. Not being able to find it he ran away to sea, finally settled in a colony, made a large fortune, came back after many years, and bought the estate on which he had been a servant.

One day, while walking over his land with a friend, he came to the plank bridge, and there told his story. "I could swear," said he, pushing his stick into the mud, "to the very spot on which the ring dropped." When he withdrew his stick, the ring was on the end of it.

#### THE INFANT TERRIBLE.

AT TABLE—Jones, a guest, has the misfortune to break a wine glass. PRECOCIOUS KID—"And oh, mamma, it's one of the borrowed ones."—*St. Paul Eye*.

#### WASN'T USED TO IT.

"DID you see that car horse shy when I signaled to the driver?"

"Yes. You said 'Hay!' and it scared the horse."—*Harper's Basar*.



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\* \* \* \*

#### A VOYAGE OF ENCHANTMENT.

WITH this issue THE ARGOSY sails forth on its tenth cruise, and last week we gave some idea of the goodly cargo she will carry on the trip. And now we ask our friends who have been voyagers in our gallant ship for many weeks past, to show this list of attractions to their friends and invite them to become fellow passengers with them. This is the season when parties are starting out on pleasure trips to all parts of the world, but even on the best conducted of these tours there is sure to be trouble about the baggage, a missing of connections, stormy, disagreeable days and dark nights just when the traveler is passing through a region which he particularly wishes to view by moonlight. Besides, there must be a choice of routes ; one man cannot travel in more than one direction at the same time, and last, but not least, sight seeing is an expensive luxury and a week's trip across the sea costs many times the price of a passage ticket, good for fifty two weeks aboard THE ARGOSY. And consider how many varying scenes one may witness in the course of the four dollar voyage, and all without the trouble of stirring from one's chair or bothering one's head whether it is clear or stormy, night or day !

By simply opening the pages of this number at "Golden Treasure," we find ourselves transported to far away Australia ; then, when Mr. Hoadley's serial begins in a few weeks, all may take, with equal facility, a trip to South-western Texas, while before the summer is over we shall find ourselves carried to Africa, guided through countless perils of the Dark Continent by the magic pen of Mr. Graydon.

And yet, while THE ARGOSY may bear us to such far distant points, she will in so far surpass all other ships, that we shall be permitted at the same time to watch in New England the struggles of the baseball clubs comprising the Berkshire League to gain possession of "The Crimson Banner," and to follow the fortunes of the young

Westerners about whom Mr. Titherington will tell in his stirring tale of the frontier.

Then the voyage will be enlivened by the music of the hearty laughs elicited by the droll fashion in which Steve narrates the adventures of the X. T. C. Quartette, and Guy Hammersley will give the curious a glimpse behind the scenes. And even though on shipboard, lovers of the wheel will find that bicycles have not been forgotten, for the Ramblers' tour is not quite ended yet.

Surely here is a voyage worth taking. The synopses printed in this number will enable new passengers to visit every port. But if you want any extra inducements to embark, consult our last two pages and you will certainly find them.

\* \* \* \*

THERE is a society in London called "The League of Kindness," the object of which is to provide clothes to be sold at merely nominal rates to the very poor, together with toys for the children. Now, without wishing in the least to disparage the aims of the English organization, we throw out the suggestion that an association bearing this name, but with a slightly different purpose in view, would be a most excellent thing to have here in America—or anywhere in fact. Let this purpose be literally exemplified in the name of the association, The League of Kindness.

It is not the poor alone who stand in need of sympathy, of friendship, of a helping hand. A child discouraged by a hard task, a young man cast down by failure to overcome an evil habit, yea, even a poor, forlorn, masterless dog, exposed to the cruelties of the urchins of the street, each and all of these, and many more, would serve as legitimate and most deserving objects of such a kindly league.

\* \* \* \*

AGAIN, and this time in new form, has the cigarette displayed its powers of harm. A boy of seventeen was the victim, his life cut off, not directly from the effects of excessive smoking, but by reason of an impaired constitution consequent on the habit, and which did not permit him to rally from a slight bruise he chanced to receive on the leg.

Are the youths of our land, we wonder, under the delusion that it is manly to court disease and death by cultivating a vice which involves suffering in the learning?

\* \* \* \*

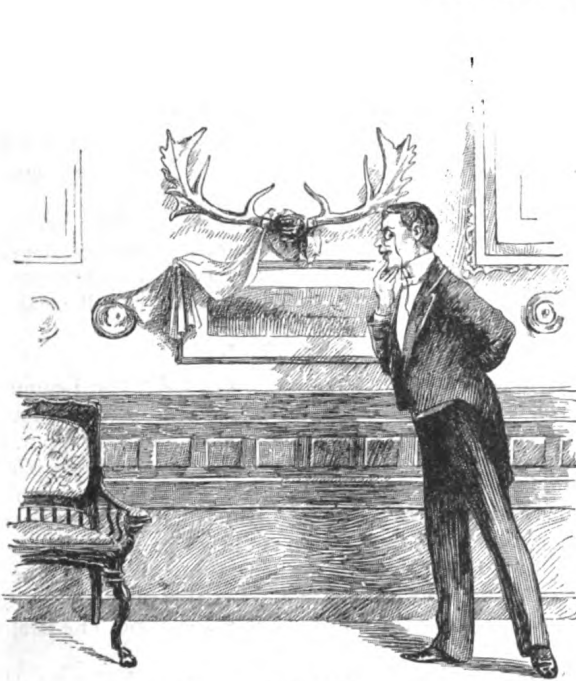
THE title page, with index, for Vol. IX is now ready, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of a one cent stamp. We hope to have the bound volume on the market in the course of a week or ten days.

\* \* \* \*

SATURDAY'S snow storm was general throughout the Northwest, and farmers there are jubilant, as late snow storms in former years have almost invariably been followed by big crops.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

THE snow storm referred to in the foregoing item fell on the 3d of May, and verily times have changed when such a postscript to winter can call forth rejoicing among the husbandmen instead of despair. Is it possible, then, that we are never more to hear of late frosts destroying the Delaware peach crop? We fervently trust that this may be so, and shall cheerfully submit to May snow falls if thereby we are to be spared this long time plaint.

## MAKING AN IMPRESSION.



"HERE comes that charming Miss de Vere. I must try to make an impression on her."



He strikes an attitude and makes a decided and somewhat unexpected impression.

## FLOATING FUN.

## ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

"MAMMA," said Willie, as he gazed on a gaudy plumed parrot, "was that chicken hatched from an Easter egg?"—*Washington Post*.

\* \* \* \*

## HIS PLEA.

"I WAS only trying to keep the wolf from the door," said the gentleman who was arrested in the act of stealing a mat made from the skin of that animal. He was put where there was no danger of the wolf getting at him.—*Boston Transcript*.

\* \* \* \*

## THE HACKMAN IN THE FOREST.

"WOULD you like to leave?" said the wood chopper to the Young Tree.

"I don't know but I wood," answered the Young Tree. "Can you take me down with a hack?"

"I guess so," said the chopper; "seeing you've only got one small trunk."—*Puck*.

\* \* \* \*

## THE CITY CHILD'S IDEA OF IT.

TEACHER—"How many of you can tell me something about grass? Well, Johnny, what do you know about it?"

JOHNNY—"Please, ma'am, it is something you always have to keep off'n."—*New York Sun*.

\* \* \* \*

## NOT A PROPER QUESTION.

SCHOOLBOY (poring over his lesson)—"Father, what language do they speak in Chili?"

FATHER—"H'm! The language spoken in Chili, my son, the—er—language spoken—er—in Chili is—. Do you find that question in the book you are studying, my son?"

SCHOOLBOY—"No, but I thought I'd like to know."

FATHER (severely)—"Then don't ask it, my son. If it isn't in the book it isn't proper for you to know."—*Chicago Tribune*.

## THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

MR. JOHNSING—"Miss Lubly, won't you faber de cumpany wid a little song dis ebenin'?"

MISS LUBLY—"Not dis ebe, Mister Johnsing! Dar ain't no music in me when I isn't got on my accordion skirt! So you'll hab ter excuse me, 'deed you will, Mister Johnsing."—*Texas Siftings*.

\* \* \* \*

## HOW HE CAME BY THEM.

FRIEND—"You have a lot of agricultural implements. Where did you get them?"

KANSAS MAN—"They fell to me."

"Ah, a relative died and left them to you, eh?"

"No, no; a cyclone did the work."—*Detroit Free Press*.

\* \* \* \*

## A LASTING JOB.

MRS. CLOONEY—"Phwat become of yer old mon? Do he be wor-r-king?"

MRS. CASEY—"Yis; he do have a tin years' job wid th' Governmint."

MRS. CLOONEY—"An' phwat do he be doin' for th' Governmint?"

MRS. CASEY—"He do be makin' shoes in th' penitentiary."—*The Epoch*.

\* \* \* \*

## NOT CHANGED MUCH.

MRS. TREDIGAR—"How is Fred, doctor?"

PHYSICIAN—"Your husband is in a critical condition, madam."

"That's just like him. He's always finding fault."—*The Epoch*.

\* \* \* \*

## AN 1890 BURGLARY.

WIFE (awakening her husband)—"Oh, George, there's a burglar in the house!"

HUSBAND (sleepily)—"Huh!"

"Yes, and he's at my jewelry box!"

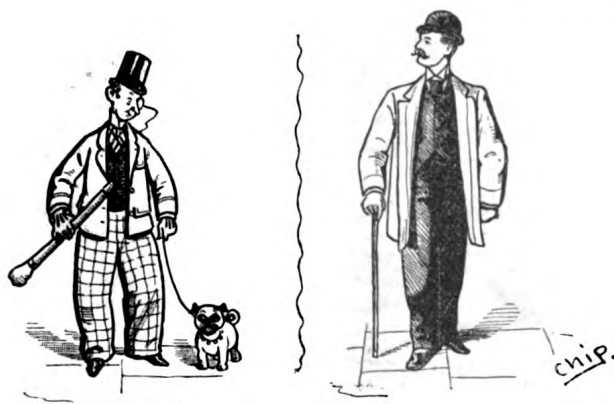
"Huh!"

"No; I declare, he's in the ice chest room!"

"Is that so? Give me your revolver, quick!"—*Lawrence American*.



# THE ARGOSY



## PROBLEM.

This man has Blood. | This man has not.  
 QUERY—Is blood worth having ?

## STUDY YOUR MARKET.

THE editor of THE ARGOSY would like to say Amen with a big "A" to the following hints to young authors given by Edward W. Bok, the conductor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. And he would like to add to them the suggestion that all manuscripts be written on commercial note size paper, rather than on larger sheets. This is not only better for the printer, but more convenient for the editor in case the article shares the untoward fate of the "unavailable" and must be incased in another envelope instead of being impaled on the longed for copy hook.

I often hear aspiring young writers say, "If I could only get a start I feel positive I would make a success as an author." A "start" in literature is best made by the individual efforts of the writer. It is a mistaken idea that influence is necessary to a foothold in the literary world. If a young writer has a manuscript finished, let him send it with a brief, simple note, to the editor of the magazine to which he believes it best suited. But just here is where hundreds of writers fail. They cannot adapt their work to the proper channel.

I believe that more failures in authorship are due to this inability on the part of authors than to any other except worthless and careless writing. I have known women—and men too, for that matter—who repeatedly sent poems to the *Forum* and stories and serial novels to *The North American Review*; then express the utmost surprise at their declination. I believe that the rejection of every manuscript with merit in it at the outset is as often due to the lack of judgment in the author as to the manuscript itself.

Each magazine has its distinct policy and constituency, and the character of these is reflected in the text. It is the duty of an ambitious author to study these before he begins to send his manuscripts around. His chances will be increased by doing so, and his reputation among editors better than those who throw their productions around indiscriminately.

## "A PENNY SAVED IS A PENNY EARNED."

THE newspapers have of late devoted a good deal of space to receipts for becoming a millionaire. That they are not infallible goes without saying, but still a good many valuable hints may be picked up by those just starting in life from the personal reminiscences of men who have climbed to the top round of the ladder.

The New York *World* recently caused George W. Childs, the wealthy proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, to be interviewed, and here is what he said:

"Without particularizing," he began, "I managed to save my first thousand dollars by saving a small part of whatever sum I happened to be making, whether it was ten dollars a week as a clerk or in any other occupation, although it was as a clerk that I made my first thousand dollars. Out of my first week's salary I saved two dollars. When I had accumulated about fifty dollars I found the task of saving money much easier. If a man can get a good start in the way of saving, the money will accumulate in size as a small snowball will grow to a large one by being rolled on the ground. I owe my wealth to one principle, and that is always to make a point of saving a portion of what I earn, whether it be a small or large amount."

DOES a man of war go on a whaling voyage when it starts out to whip somebody?—Puck.

## HIDDEN POWER.

A VALUABLE railroad official sits day after day, isolated; absorbed in thought; his eyes directed to a large board upon the table before him. On its surface is an odd looking map dotted with movable pegs.

Every time he changes the position of one of these bits of wood the clicking telegraph announces it to various points of the country.

It is no game he is playing; it is serious business; a matter of life and death; he is directing the movements of every train on an immense railway system.

Each move must be made in harmony with preceding ones. Schedule time must be preserved; collisions avoided.

For twenty years Drs. Starkey & Palen have treated thousands of invalids all over the country.

From their offices they send their Compound Oxygen Treatment to any invalid who will state his case by mail, or personally.

They keep accurate records of every case; they consider every feature of the trouble; weigh the surroundings; prepare for all aggravating circumstances; in short, they intend to remove the disease.

Any one interested to know what their success has been can have a book of 200 pages sent to their address entirely free of charge.

It contains the names and addresses of men and women restored to health by the use of the Compound Oxygen Treatment.

200 pages of such indorsement as the following:

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"I used your Compound Oxygen Treatment for *weak lungs and a bad cough*. It has benefited me very much. "JAS. C. SECHLER.

"DANVILLE, PA., June 25, 1889."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"I know that your Compound Oxygen is a great thing for *weak lungs*; also, for *rheumatism*. "MRS. EDWARD C. THAYER.

"KEENE, N. H., July 25, 1889."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"I used your Compound Oxygen for an *abscess on the lungs*. My friends and physicians said I must die, but your Compound Oxygen Treatment made me well again, and I feel entirely recovered. It seems almost like a miracle. "J. R. PENICK.

"PEMBROKE, KY., June 25, 1889."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"Your Compound Oxygen Treatment has done much for me. My *lungs* are sound now. "MRS. ELLA HARRINGTON.

"NEVADA, MO., July 28, 1889."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"Some years ago I used your Compound Oxygen Treatment for my *lungs*, which were in a bad condition. I was rapidly cured, and am a well man now. "F. M. MCCLINTOCK.

"UNION CITY, PA., August 10, 1889."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"I suffered with a very *sore throat*, but your Compound Oxygen Treatment brought it round all right again. "MRS. JOS. M. KARNS.

"COOPERSTOWN, PA., August 10, 1889."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"Before using your Compound Oxygen Treatment five years ago, I supposed *consumption* was my fate. Last week I was examined for life insurance, and the doctor pronounced my lungs sound. He was aware of my past trouble, and was very much surprised, you may be sure. "MRS. H. L. HADLEY.

"SENECA FALLS, N. Y., August 1, 1889."

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"One Home Treatment of your Compound Oxygen Treatment has nearly cured me of a most distressing form of asthma.

"Those I have persuaded to use your treatment are continually speaking in its praise, for it relieved them of other diseases than asthma, especially rheumatism.

"I heartily wish that every asthmatic sufferer could test your peerless, life-giving Oxygen. "MRS. GEO. WRIGHT.

"MORRISTOWN, N. J., Dec. 9, 1889."

Send for the book. You will get it by return mail, *Free*.

It is filled with encouragement; evidence.

Revitalized men and women do the talking.

It is good reading for the sick.

Address DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.; No. 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.; No. 58 Church St., Toronto, Canada.

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Must be carefully considered by the great majority of people before buying even what may seem absolutely necessary. Hood's Sarsaparilla commends itself with special force to the great middle classes, because it combines positive economy with great medicinal power. It is the only medicine of which can truly be said

### 100 Doses One Dollar

And a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla taken according to directions will average to last a month, while other medicines last but half or quarter as long. This is practical and conclusive evidence as to its strength and economy. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and see for yourself.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla purified my blood, gave me strength, and overcame the headache and dizziness, so that now I am able to work again." LUTHER NASON, 53 Church St., Lowell, Mass.

### 100 Doses One Dollar

"For five years I was sick every spring, but last year began in February to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I used five bottles and have not seen a sick day since." G. W. SLOAN, Milton, Mass.

N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

# PARSONS PILLS

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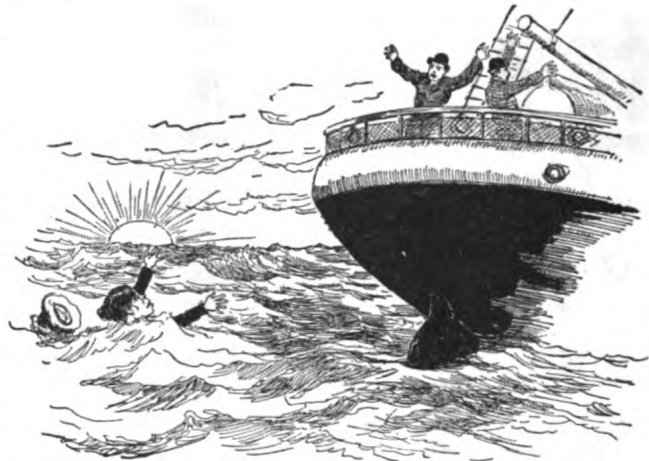
These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. ONE PILL A DOSE. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps; five boxes \$1.00.

DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 CUSTOM HOUSE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

### COMMUNICATION.

DEAR SIR:

I saw the advertisement of Akron, Colorado, and determined to visit that city. I met at the depot, Charles Brock, of Cissna Park, Illinois. The Secretary of the Board of Trade also met us there, and was very kind—he got a pair of bronchos and drove us over the town and to Rock Springs. There we saw the granite, red sand stone and other fine building stone, also lime stone, only needing the application of heat to make it lime of the finest kind. They have also a fine quality of cement and fire clay, brick clay, inexhaustible springs, silver and gold mines that have not as yet been worked. They say they have indications of coal and gas, but we did not inspect them. We were shown the lots that the city are giving away, they are beautifully located on the edge of town covered with a rich prairie grass, here and there a little flower just coming into bloom. We visited the public schools and found them taught by bright ladies from Eastern States, with the latest methods, as well furnished with maps, charts and school desks as the best grammar school in Boston. The children sung for us—as we listened to their beautiful little songs, home and school day memories came back to us. There are about 1,500 people in Akron, and they number among them some of the most hospitable people we ever met. Everybody was ready to take us by the hand and make us welcome. We do not think the lots, being given away, very valuable now, but as they did not cost us anything but the recording, we could not expect them to be very valuable. Akron is going to grow and be a good sized city, the lots there are bound to be valuable, so we concluded we would take our chances with the big hearted Akron people. I got



### INSULTED WHEN SHE WAS DOWN.

PASSENGER (in excitement)—"Woman overboard!"  
IRISHTOWN—"O'i'm a lady, bad luck to yez! An' drissed as illigant as anny on board."

two lots for my two sons and one for my wife's cousin. Mr. Brock also got a lot for himself, his son in law and for his two neighbors, who he was sure would all come out and settle here. Why shouldn't everybody have real estate in the West where fortunes are so rapidly made in the increase of values. It commenced to rain that evening and has rained steadily for twenty four hours. LEWIS T. P.

\* \* \* \*

### SURE DEATH.

JONES—"A queer thing happened in New York the other day. A horse stole three pies from a baker's wagon and ate them."

SMITH—"I should have liked to have seen that baker. He must have been astonished."

"Astonished? He was mad. He nearly went crazy about it."

"About what—the pies?"

"No—the horse. It was a valuable animal, and the only one he had."—*Texas Siftings.*

\* \* \* \*

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THE Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibuled Trains, with Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and is the Only Line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ill., and the Only DIRECT LINE between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis, or Toledo.

E. O. MCCORMICK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

\* \* \* \*

A GREAT hardship—The City of Paris.—*Texas Siftings.*

## I LIKE MY WIFE TO USE POZZONI'S MEDICATED COMPLEXION POWDER.

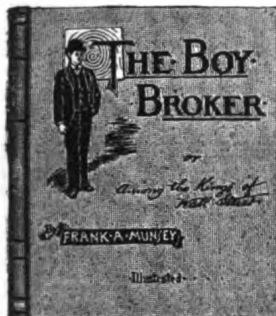
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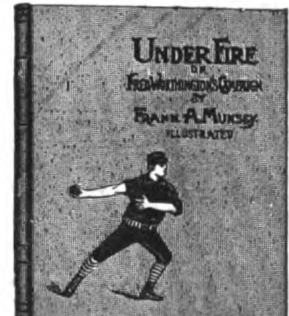
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**AND UNDER FIRE.**

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**FRANK A. MUNSEY.**



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**What has been said about "The Boy Broker."**

"THE BOY BROKER" is a book I wish every boy in the land could read. There is no cant in it, no sickly sentimentality, no strained relations, no preposterous *denouements*. It is healthy, helpful, manly, true to nature and facts. It inculcates self reliance, fortitude in the right, and *the truth* that, in spite of all successful rascals to the contrary, nevertheless manliness, courage and honesty win in this world, and are admired by men, and dear to women, as they are to God. I saw my boy reading Mr. Munsey's book with great delight. It can only help him—not a line can hurt him. May Mr. Munsey live to give the youth of this country many more such wholesome, helpful, inspiring books as "The Boy Broker," is my sincere desire.—REV. DR. JOHN R. PAXTON, of the West Presbyterian Church, New York City.

MY DEAR MR. MUNSEY: I am greatly indebted to you for sending me the superb holiday edition of your latest story, "The Boy Broker." I have read it with much enjoyment, and find it full of interest. There is not a dull line in it. In Herbert Randolph you have given us a hero in every way admirable. Upright, manly and eager to succeed, but only by honorable means, he excites our sympathy from the start. Bob

Hunter and Tom Flannery are boys of a different type, but equally interesting. By his unconscious drollery and rich vein of humor, Bob will take his place among the noted characters in fiction.

Your story is healthy in tone, and calculated to influence boys for good. I confidently predict that it will become a favorite with them and the public. Externally it is the handsomest gift book that has fallen under my eye.

HORATIO ALGER, JR.

MY DEAR MR. MUNSEY: The story of "The Boy Broker" is interesting and exciting enough in a healthy direction to rivet the attention of the reader from the first to the last page. The hero is high toned to the core of his being, and incapable of a mean or wicked action. Even the street boys breathe out the evidence of a high type of humanity in their peculiar language, which robs it of its vulgarity.

The tone of the story is elevating, for it is not only free from injurious leadings, but its spirit is an inspiration in the direction of high aims and a noble and true life. The volume has all the essentials of a good book without a line that deserves censure.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic).

**What has been said about "Under Fire."**

THE story is spirited, well illustrated, and calculated to make the young reader for whom it was written manly and self reliant.—*Cincinnati Times-Star*.

MR. MUNSEY'S writings are known to all, and to mention his name in connection with this work is enough recommendation for it. "Under Fire" is full of interesting reading matter, such as boys like, and is also a very instructive book.—*Mail and Express*, New York.

MR. MUNSEY has written a bright, readable and clever tale. He certainly understands boy nature perfectly, and he has drawn a very lovable and manly hero. The book is unusually well printed and is splendidly illustrated.—*Albany Argus*.

AUTHOR, printer and artist have done their work well, and the book is one that will please every boy into whose hands it may fall.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin*.

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



THE ARGOSY

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