

# THE ARGOSY

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## TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.

By HORATIO ALGER, Jr.



“I SEE SORROW BEFORE YOU UNLESS YOU LEARN WISDOM.”

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### WHAT THE ENVELOPE CONTAINED.

**T**HE envelope contained five ten dollar bills, and these few lines on a half sheet of note paper :

**MY YOUNG FRIEND** :—You have done a great service to my daughter and little son, in saving them from a probable upset. Accept the fifty dollars inclosed, not as compensation, but as a slight mark of my friendly regard.

Sincerely yours,  
JAMES SCOTT.

“Look at that, mother !” exclaimed Tom, joyfully.

“How much is it, Tom ?”

“Fifty dollars.”

Mrs. Turner's face reflected Tom's joy.

“Truly this is a happy day for us,” said his mother.

“Now we shall be able to meet the interest on the mortgage.”

“When does it come due ?”

“Today.”

“I had forgotten all about it.”

“Squire Kent won't be likely to forget it.”

“No, he is always sharp on money matters. By gracious, there he comes ! I will go to the door.”

Squire Kent was a tall, thin man with a long Roman nose. He owned three houses in the village which were rented out. He was very punctilious in exacting his rent when it was due, and never allowed sickness to be an excuse for delay.

“Is your mother at home, Thomas ?” he asked.

"Yes, sir; will you walk in?"

"Thank you. I come on a little matter of business."

"Good morning, Squire Kent," said the widow, politely.

"Good morning, madam. I believe—ahem! your interest is due today."

"Yes, sir. If you have the receipt ready Tom will pay you."

Squire Kent looked slightly surprised. From information supplied by Clarence he had supposed the Turners were short of money.

Tom drew out two ten dollar bills.

"Here is twenty dollars," he said. "Please give me the change."

The squire arched his brows in great surprise.

"I am glad that things are going well with you," he said.

"My son Clarence told me that your uncle in Scranton is dead."

"Yes, Uncle Brinton is dead."

"I hope he left you something," continued the squire, suspecting that this accounted for the ten dollar bills.

"He left me a trunk of old clothes," said Tom; "but it would hardly do for me to wear any of them. I should be the laughing stock of the school."

"Indeed!" said the squire puzzled. "Did he leave much property?"

"Scarcely any," answered Tom.

"Surely he must have had some. What could he have done with it?"

"I believe he invested in mining stock some years since."

"Ah! that accounts for it. I lost some myself in the same way. Well, good morning."

The squire left the house, and Tom went to the village store on an errand. In front of the store he met Clarence Kent, who surveyed him with curiosity.

"I see you've had your pants mended," he said.

"Yes."

"I wouldn't wear mended clothes."

"Nor I, perhaps, if I were in your place."

Clarence, whose weak point was curiosity, followed Tom into the store.

Tom's order amounted to ninety eight cents. To the surprise of Clarence he quietly produced a ten dollar bill and tendered it in payment.

"Where did you get so much money?" asked Clarence.

"I got it honestly," answered Tom with a smile.

"Humph! have you got any more of them?"

"That would be telling."

"I don't understand. I thought you and your mother were poor."

"So we are, but we are not penniless."

"Has my father been round to your house this morning?"

"Yes."

"Did you pay him his interest?"

"Yes."

"Ah, I see! Your uncle left you some money."

"He left my mother a hundred dollars, but she hasn't got it yet."

"Didn't he leave you anything?"

"Yes, he left me a trunk of his old clothes."

"Then you won't have to buy any for a long time."

"They won't do me any good unless I open a second hand clothing store. I've disposed of some already."

"Who bought them?"

"No one. I fitted out an unfortunate actor who came to the door dressed in rags."

"I met him. He wore an old, rusty camlet cloak that looked as if it came over in the Mayflower."

"That's the man!" answered Tom, smiling.

"Why didn't you wear it yourself?"

"I didn't want you to get a chance to laugh at me."

"You're getting proud. You may be sorry you didn't keep it for yourself."

"Or for some one of my friends. It might become you," said Tom slyly.

Clarence drew himself up with hauteur.

"Do you mean to insult me?" he asked.

"Not at all. It's only a little joke."

"I don't like such jokes."

"Then I apologize. But look at that old woman! She must be one of the gipsies from the encampment."

On an unoccupied lot just outside the village a band of gipsies had erected their tents the day before. They were on their way to the county town, in which a cattle show was to be held that would be likely to draw together a crowd of people.

The woman was stout, somewhat bent, and very swarthy. Her eyes were coal black, sharp and piercing.

"Do you want your fortunes told, young gentlemen?" she croaked.

"How much do you charge?" asked Clarence eagerly, for he was, as has been said, gifted with great curiosity, and was superstitious enough to believe in fortune tellers.

"Cross my palm with a silver quarter, and I will unfold the future to you."

"Won't you take fifteen cents?"

The woman shook her head. She was shrewd enough to read in Clarence's face that she would get her price if she stood out for it.

"Here it is, then," said Clarence, reluctantly producing the coin.

The old crone took his hand, and seemed to study it profoundly.

"I see pride here," she said, "pride and selfishness. Remember, young man, that a haughty spirit goes before a fall."

Clarence looked annoyed.

"Haven't you anything better than that to tell?"

"You will inherit money," she continued, "but you may lose it. I see sorrow before you unless you learn wisdom."

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said Clarence spitefully.

"That is all!" said the crone, dropping his hand, "and now won't the other young gentleman have his fortune told?"

"I have no money to spare," said Tom, "but if you are poor, take this," and he handed her a nickel.

"Thank you, young sir. Give me your hand, and I will read it for that."

"That isn't fair!" blurted out Clarence. "You charged me a quarter."

"Five cents is more to him than a quarter to you."

"That's where you're right, old lady!" said Clarence complacently.

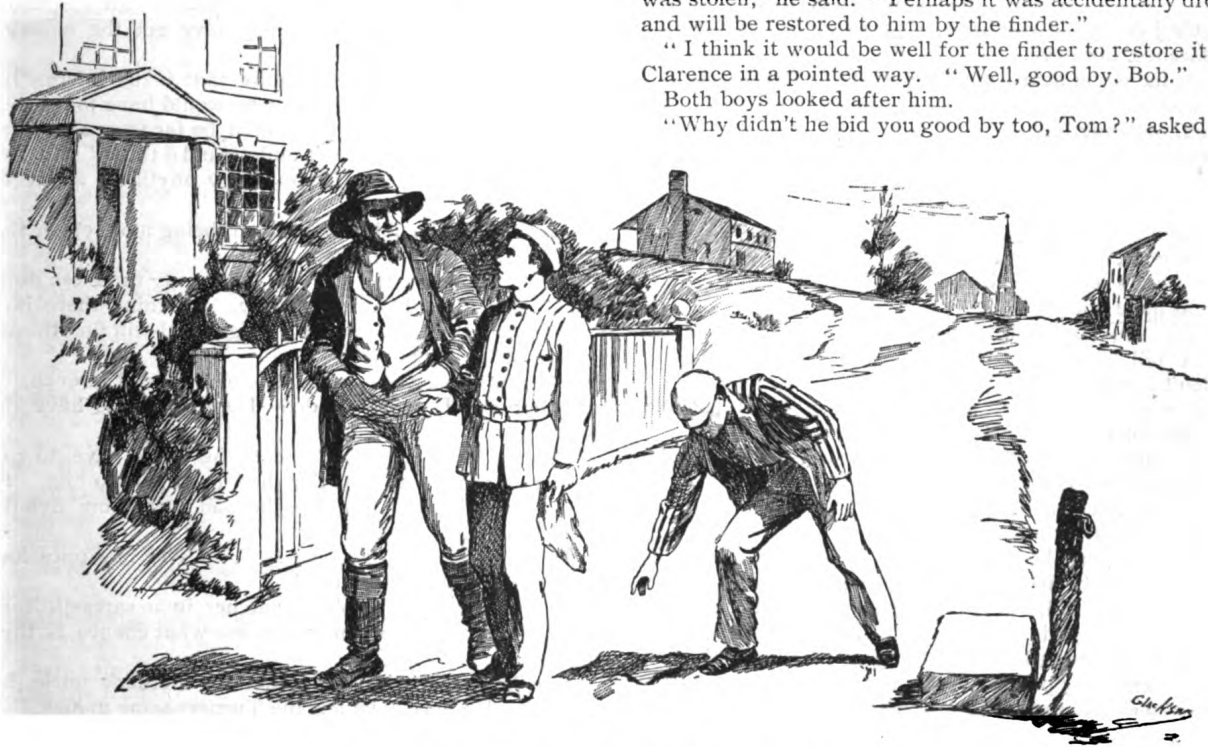
"This is the line of prosperity," said the gipsy. "You will be fortunate, because you deserve to be. The sun will shine brighter at noon than in the morning."

"You are giving him all the good luck," grumbled Clarence, enviously.

"It is not I, it is his fate. Here I see a cloud; it is near at hand. But it won't last long. It will break away, and the sun will shine afterwards."

More was said, but this was the most important. The gipsy hobbled away, for she was lame, and the two boys were left standing at the street corner.

"What do you think of it, Tom?" asked Clarence.  
 "I don't think she knows any more about the future than we do," answered Tom.  
 "I guess you're right," added Clarence relieved. "It was mean to give me such a bad fortune when I gave her a quarter."  
 "It isn't as if she had any control over the future."  
 "Then you don't believe in fortune telling?"  
 "Not I."



CLARENCE STOOPED SWIFTLY AND PICKED UP THE NOTE.

They were about to part when up came Bob Ainsworth, panting with haste.

"Have you heard the news?" he said.

"No; what is it?" asked both boys in a breath.

"Mr. Thatcher has lost his wallet, containing a hundred dollars, all in ten dollar bills," was the answer.

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE PLOT AGAINST TOM.

MR. THATCHER kept a dry goods store, and was the uncle of Clarence, having married a sister of his mother.

"What!" exclaimed Clarence in excitement. "Uncle John has lost a hundred dollars?"

"Yes."

Clarence turned swiftly upon Tom. It was quite evident that suspicion had entered his mind.

"That's a good many ten dollar bills."

"Yes, it is."

"The person is pretty likely to be found out, if he undertakes to pass them."

"But he probably won't," said Bob Ainsworth innocently, quite unaware that Tom was in Clarence's thoughts.

"I don't know about that," said Clarence significantly. "Well, I must be going."

"I hope your uncle will get back his money," said Tom.

"That's very kind of you," returned Clarence in an unpleasant tone. "I don't know about his getting back the money, but he will probably find out who stole it."

Tom flushed up. He had not at first understood that he was under suspicion, but now Clarence's tone revealed it. He could not afford to be silent, and so strengthen the suspicion.

"I hope he will find out who was the thief, if the wallet was stolen," he said. "Perhaps it was accidentally dropped, and will be restored to him by the finder."

"I think it would be well for the finder to restore it," said Clarence in a pointed way. "Well, good by, Bob."

Both boys looked after him.

"Why didn't he bid you good by too, Tom?" asked Bob.

"Clarence isn't fond of me," answered Tom smiling.

"I never supposed he admired me."

"Besides, he suspects that I took the money."

"You? Nonsense! What possible reason can he have for such a belief?"

"He saw me change a ten dollar bill at the grocery store just now."

"Indeed! You are richer than I supposed, Tom."

"Besides, he will probably find out that I paid the rent this morning in two ten dollar bills."

Bob looked astonished.

"I had no idea you were so rich," he said.

"I can account for the possession of the bills, and of two more that I have in my pocket," said Tom. "At present I don't care to say any more."

"Of course you can," said Bob. "I would as soon trust to your honesty as that of any boy in Hillsboro."

"You only do me justice, Bob."

"Still I think Clarence means mischief. I could tell it by his look when he left us."

"He may do all the mischief he likes," said Tom manfully.

Meanwhile Clarence hurried along the streets to his uncle's store. He felt that he had startling intelligence to communicate, and this gave him a feeling of importance.

John Thatcher, the merchant, was standing at his desk in one corner of the store. His face indicated mental disturbance, for he was a close man, and the loss of a hundred dollars annoyed him very much.

On the outside of the store was posted this notice.

LOST. A wallet containing a hundred dollars in ten dollar bills. Whoever will return the same to the subscriber will be suitably rewarded.

JOHN THATCHER.

"Uncle John, I see you have lost a wallet full of money," said Clarence, abruptly.

"Yes; have you heard anything of it?" inquired the dry goods merchant eagerly.

"Well, not exactly."

"What do you mean by 'not exactly'?" demanded Mr. Thatcher sharply. "Either you have heard something or you have not."

"I haven't heard anything."

"Then don't waste my time."

"But I have seen something."

"What have you seen?"

"I have seen Tom Turner pay for some groceries with a ten dollar bill."

"I don't know that that proves anything."

"Isn't it queer that Tom, who is as poor as poverty, should have a ten dollar bill in his possession?"

"Well, there is something in that," admitted his uncle.

"Did you say anything to him on the subject?"

"Yes; I asked him where he got it."

"And what did he answer?"

"That that would be telling."

"Humph! did he seem confused or embarrassed?"

"I can't say he did, but Tom has a good deal of cheek."

This was the opinion of Clarence, but he would hardly have found any one in Hillsboro to agree with him. In fact Tom was extremely popular. He had a frank, straightforward manner that generally produced a favorable impression even on first acquaintance and did not wear off afterwards.

"Besides," added Clarence, "he paid father six months' interest on the mortgage this morning."

Clarence did not need to explain what mortgage, as Mr. Thatcher was aware of the lien on Mrs. Turner's little property held by his brother in law.

"Do you know how much this interest amounted to, Clarence?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"Then he probably used at least one ten dollar bill in paying it. I should like to see your father about it."

"I'll run home and ask him," said Clarence with alacrity.

He was not always, nor indeed often, so accommodating, but he had great hopes of getting Tom into a scrape, and this made him unusually obliging.

He started for the door, but it proved to be unnecessary for him to go home, as he found his father on the piazza studying the notice of the loss.

"Uncle John wants to see you, father," said Clarence.

"When did he lose this wallet?" inquired Squire Kent abruptly. "This is the first I have heard of it. Does he suspect any one?"

"I do."

"You do? What do you know about it?"

"I saw Tom Turner change a ten dollar bill this morning at the grocery store."

"Ha! Why he paid me the interest this morning in two ten dollar bills."

"Then he's the thief sure enough!" said Clarence in exultation. "Come right in and tell uncle. Won't it make a stir when it comes out that Tom Turner is dishonest?"

"He may have found the money," suggested the squire.

"Even if he did he had no right to use it."

"That is true."

"Uncle John," said Clarence eagerly, "it's all true about Tom Turner having stolen your wallet."

"You are too fast, Clarence," said his father. "You jump to conclusions too rapidly. The circumstances are suspicious, it is true, but nevertheless he may have got the money in some other way."

It had just occurred to the squire that if the interest had been paid to him in stolen money he would have to refund it to his brother in law, and this would be far from agreeable.

"Between you both I can't understand a thing," said John Thatcher peevishly. "If you know anything about the matter tell me."

Clarence was the chief spokesman, being more eager than his father to get Tom into trouble.

"Then it appears the boy has paid away three ten dollar bills!" said John Thatcher grimly. "I think there is no doubt he is a thief. Well, the young rascal will find there is a rod in pickle for him."

"What are you going to do, uncle?" asked Clarence.

"What am I going to do? I am going to have that money back."

The squire winced. That meant he would have to give up the two ten dollar bills that had been paid to him. Besides, as he thought ruefully, he had paid Tom five dollars in change.

"Don't be hasty, John," he said. "The boy may have come by the money honestly."

"Yes, he may," said John Thatcher in a sarcastic tone. "but I leave it to your common sense what chance is there of it."

"You know his uncle, or rather his mother's uncle, has just died. He may have left the Turners some money."

"No, he didn't," said Clarence. "Tom told me this very morning that he only left him a trunk of old clothes."

"That settles it," said Mr. Thatcher. "It is clear the young rascal has been spending my money. I am much obliged to you, Clarence, for putting me on the right track."

"I believe you offered a reward, Uncle John," said Clarence significantly.

"For the recovery of the money—yes. When I get all the money back I won't forget you."

This was not especially encouraging, for Tom had already spent a part as it appeared.

"You ought to pay me a percentage on what you recover. If you don't hurry up he will spend the rest."

"I shall act at once. Go and find Constable Staples and send him to me. I will ask you, brother Kent, to make out a warrant of arrest."

"I will go back to my office and make one out, but I don't think, John, you can demand back what has been received in good faith."

"You wouldn't say that if the money lost had been yours."

## CHAPTER X.

TOM IS ARRESTED.

THOUGH the insinuations of Clarence had made an unpleasant impression on him, Tom did not anticipate that any harm would result therefrom. It seemed absurd that any one should suspect him of stealing, but of course Clarence Kent was only too glad to believe evil of him. So Tom went home with an easy mind.



"That fifty dollars came in handy, mother," he said. "We have paid the interest money and got in a supply of groceries, and still there are over thirty dollars left. That will help us for a good while."

"The money is yours, Tom, and you must buy something for yourself out of it."

"Then if you don't mind I will buy a pair of shoes. I have worn nearly through the sole of one of those I have on."

"Go and get a pair at once, Tom," said his mother. "I am glad you have found something you need."

"I will go right round to Mr. Gould's, and if he has anything to suit me I will leave this pair of shoes to be half soled and heeled."

"That will be a good idea."

Tom took his hat and bent his steps to the shoe store of Asaph Gould, the village cobbler and shoemaker.

"Good afternoon, Tom," said the old man pleasantly as Tom entered.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Gould. Have you got a pair of shoes that will fit me?"

"I think I have a pair large enough," answered Asaph with a chuckle.

"If you haven't, you must have a poor assortment. I wear only sixes."

"I have a very good bargain for you, then. It is a pair I made to order for Clarence Kent, but he found fault with them and wouldn't take them. Catch me making another pair for the young dude!"

"I am afraid they will be too expensive for me, then."

"Clarence was to have paid me four dollars, but as they are left on my hands I will let you have them for three."

"I have not generally paid as high as that," said Tom, hesitating.

"Because you have generally bought ready made shoes. These will outlast two pairs of machine made shoes."

"Then I think I will venture to take them if they fit me."

"Try them on."

Tom did so, and found the shoes an admirable fit. His foot had never appeared to such advantage before.

"They fit me like a glove," he said in a tone of satisfaction.

"Considerably better than a glove," said the shoemaker, who was fond of his joke.

"On my hand, of course," said Tom, smiling.

"Will you wear them?"

"Yes, I think so, and leave the old pair to be half soled and heeled, if you think they are worth it."

"Yes; the uppers are good, and will stand new soles. Leave them on the floor, and I will attend to them."

Tom left the shoe store feeling very well pleased with his bargain. Considerably to his surprise Clarence was sauntering along outside.

"I see you have a pair of new shoes," he said in an unpleasant tone.

"Yes."

"Why, it's the same pair that Mr. Gould made for me."

"As you didn't take them I did."

"Humph! you seem to be getting high toned."

"In wearing your shoes?"

"Yes; they are an expensive pair. You seem to be spending money pretty freely."

Tom stopped short and looked into the face of his companion.

"You seem to take a great interest in my concerns," he said.

"Yes, I do, and I have my reasons," retorted Clarence significantly.

"I am glad to hear it, but I am afraid your reasons are not friendly ones."

"Money that comes easily goes easily," said Clarence in an oracular tone.

"So I have heard."

"And you will soon get rid of your hundred dollars."

"Who told you that I had a hundred dollars?" asked Tom quickly.

"No one; I guessed it."

"Then you guessed wrong. I only had fifty."

"Indeed!" said Clarence, incredulously. "I advise you not to spend any more money."

"Why not?"

"It may be the worse for you."

"Look here, Clarence Kent, I don't understand you, and I don't care to understand you. You seem to be interfering with my business in an impertinent manner."

"You dare to call me impertinent, you clodhopper!" exclaimed Clarence, reddening with indignation. "Why, a year from now you'll be in the poorhouse or in jail."

At this insult Tom's temper got the better of him, and in an instant Clarence found himself sprawling on the ground.

He got up, pale with passion, and shook his fist at Tom.

"I'd give you a whipping," he exclaimed, "only I don't want to soil my hands with you. You'll suffer for this."

"Then you shouldn't have insulted me."

"I don't accept your apologies," said Clarence.

"I haven't made any."

"I won't rest till I've seen you in the lock up."

"Very well. You know where I live, and can have me arrested if you want to."

Tom turned on his heel and walked away.

"I wish I hadn't hit the fellow," he soliloquized, "but he provoked me too much. I'll go home and see what comes of it."

On his way he met Alfred Hudson, breathless and excited.

"Oh, Tom!" he said, "I'm so sorry."

"What for?" asked Tom, puzzled.

"Didn't you know that there was a warrant out for your arrest?"

"What! So soon?" ejaculated Tom, thinking that the charge was assault and battery on Clarence Kent.

Alfred looked puzzled.

"Were you expecting to be arrested, then?" he asked.

"I thought Clarence might try to get me arrested."

"Clarence? It isn't Clarence. It is Mr. Thatcher."

"Mr. Thatcher!" repeated Tom, his heart giving a great bound. "Why should he have me arrested?"

"He charges you with stealing his wallet, containing a hundred dollars."

"Oh! is that all?" asked Tom, looking relieved.

"Is that all? Isn't it enough?"

"Yes; but the charge is absurd."

"I am sure you didn't do it, but I hope you will be able to prove it. Squire Kent says things look bad for you."

"I shan't trouble myself. I didn't steal the money any more than you did."

"But the money was in ten dollar bills, and you have been spending ten dollar bills pretty freely today."

"That is true, but there are other ten dollar bills in the world besides those in Mr. Thatcher's wallet."

"Then you can tell where you got the money?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of it, Tom."

"Surely, Alfred, you didn't think I had stolen the money?"

"No; but I thought you might have found the wallet and spent some of the money."

"That would be dishonest."

Alfred looked pleased, for he had a genuine regard for Tom, and did not like to think of his getting into trouble.

"Then you think you can get off?" he said.

"I am sure of it."

"Here is Constable Staples coming. I think he is after you."

Tom flushed up, for it was not pleasant to think of being arrested, but he stood still, and waited for the constable to come up.

"Tom," said the officer, in a tone of regret, "I've got a warrant for your arrest, and it's my duty to serve it, though I hate to."

"I don't blame you, Mr. Staples. I know you are my friend. Do you want me to go with you?"

"Yes, Tom, I'm afraid you will have to."

"All right, Mr. Staples. Alfred, will you go round and tell mother. When she hears what I am arrested for, she will understand that there's nothing to be troubled about."

"I'll tell her, Tom," said Alfred, in a tone of sympathy.

"Do you feel sure of clearing yourself?" asked the constable.

"Yes," answered Tom, smiling. "Still, I can't say I enjoy being arrested."

As Tom walked along the street in company with Constable Staples, he encountered Clarence Kent. He would rather have met any one else. He bit his lips as he noticed the triumphant smile of his enemy.

"I see you are in good company," said Clarence.

"Yes," answered Tom calmly. "Constable Staples and I are old friends."

He drew out a handkerchief from his pocket, and in so doing a note dropped unobserved upon the ground. Clarence stooped swiftly and picked it up. As he scanned it eagerly, his face lighted up with exultation.

"Now he won't be able to prove his innocence!" he soliloquized. "Tom Turner, you're in a bad box."

(*To be continued.*)

## ERRORS OF SPEECH.

### II.

A CERTAIN standard grammar states that, in the English language, the possessive case is the only one which presents any difficulty. We do not think that is true.

That our language is simpler in its construction than Greek or Latin, there is no doubt; Latin nouns have six cases, and Greek nouns five; ours have only three, and two of these are alike. But with the pronouns, *I*, *thou*, *he*, and *she*, all three cases differ, and a great many errors arise from the confusion of the nominative and objective.

Presuming that you can all "decline" the three words mentioned, we will proceed to note some mistakes in their use. It is related of a certain college president that he once knocked at the door of a student, whom he suspected to be up to mischief.

"Who's there?" was asked.

"It's me," replied the president, with an assumed voice.

But, failing to gain entrance, he said, at last:

"Open the door, I command you. It is President F——."

"Not much," exclaimed the witty student, who saw his advantage and seized it. "You never'd catch President F—— saying 'It's me.' You're a base impostor. Be off!"

Every day we hear such expressions as "It is *me*!" "It is *her*!" "It is *him*!" "It is *them*!" But the verb *to be* should always have the same case after it as before it, when both words refer to the same person. Therefore, *It is me* is

wrong, for "*it*" is *nominative*, and the case after the verb should be the same. The assertion would then stand, *It is I!* In the same way we find *It is she*, *It is he*, and *It is they*, to be correct.

It is quite rare to find any other case than a nominative following a form of the verb *to be*, but occasionally an objective occurs after the infinitive mode, thus: We knew the *horseman* to be *him*, is correct, for "horseman" is objective, and therefore the pronoun should be.

Perhaps the most common blunder is made when people attempt to employ two objects of a verb or preposition, one a noun and the other a pronoun, in which case they often make the latter nominative, thus: "Between you and *I*," "Father took Carrie and *I* to Saratoga," "We saw *she* and Alice," "It was made by *he* and his brother," are all wrong, and each italicized word should be in the objective case. In sentences like the last two, the speakers seem to feel that there is something wrong, and they will often linger a moment upon the word immediately before the pronoun, and then dart over it as if to take the attention of the hearer from it, or to weld it with what follows in one grand compound objective, thus: "We saw—*she-n'-Alice*," "It was made by—*he-n'-is-brother*."

To show the absurdity of such sentences, stop short after *she* and *he*, and think what sort of nonsense you are saying. "We saw *she*!" "It was made by *he*!"

The above are some of the most common instances in the misuse of objectives. The evil is widely spread. It is not unusual for a teacher to be addressed thus: "Please will you let Tom and *I* get our grammar lesson together?"

And some teachers are so negligent of their trust as to grant *I* his desire without correction.

Passing from cases to tenses, we sometimes hear expressions like the following:

"I should like to given more if I could afforded it."

"I'd like to gone with them."

"I intended to went farther than I did."

In the praiseworthy endeavor to avoid such gross errors, it may happen that one will say:

"I should have liked to have given more if I could have afforded it."

"I should have liked to have gone with them."

"I intended to have gone farther than I did."

But the last expressions, although perhaps less barbarous, are equally incorrect with the first. They should be:

*I should have liked to give more if I could have afforded it.*

*I should have liked to go with them.*

And—

*I intended to go farther than I did.*

A moment's reflection will show this.

"I should have liked." That means in some past time, certainly—yesterday, we will say. What would he "have liked" yesterday? "To have given?" If so, he regretted that he had not given at some previous time, while the probable idea to be conveyed is that at some previous time the speaker gave all he could afford, and would have been glad, *then*, to give more.

"I should like to have gone," is awkward, also. One who says so, either means that he would have liked (at some previous time) to go (at that time), which is probable, or that he would like (when speaking) to have gone (previously), *i. e.*, he wishes he had gone; and it would be better to say so. Therefore, the best form of the sentence in question is: I should have liked to go, or, I wish I had gone, according to the idea to be conveyed.

"I intended to have gone." That is absurd. One who

*intends* looks forward, never backward. You cannot promise now to do a thing yesterday, neither can you intend *to have gone*. You intend *to go*, and any change of the tense of *intend* does not affect the second verb.

It is difficult to give a rule that covers all such cases, but a little careful thought will usually set one right. Consider what you have said, and whether you mean exactly that—neither more nor less. Such care it is for our best interests to exercise, for, as some writer has said: "Habits of inaccuracy in language prevent correct results in any line of study."

## IN THE SUNK LANDS;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE X. T. C. QUARTETTE.\*

BY WALTER F. BRUNS,

### CHAPTER XVIII.

WE BUILD A TRAP AND CATCH A BEAR.

"STEVE DANE, you're gone this time, sure!" I thought, as pursued and pursuer made the bark fly in clouds from the hickory. "You've taken too big a tree, and the bear can climb faster than you can."

I gave one hasty glance down and noted the bloodshot eyes, the blood trickling down his nose from Joe's shot, and the great, horny claws within two inches of my boot heel.

The boys were running toward the tree, under which the hounds were baying like all possessed.

"Slide out on a limb!" shouted Sammy. "Git out as fur as you kin."

Without a second's hesitation I swung out on the nearest, and went out backwards. The bear seemed surprised, but immediately turned around and advanced cautiously.

I went out farther. The limb tapered down to two inches, and bent under our weight. I glanced fearfully at the ground twenty five feet below, and tried to calculate how many bones would be broken if I fell. The bear paused, unable to come farther, and Sammy fired.

I saw the hairs drop where the bullet went in—too far back of the shoulder to be vital. The bear bit savagely at the wound, tottered, and then, quickly rolling himself into the semblance of a ball, he dropped straight on the dogs standing open mouthed below.

By this means he tried to crush or strike them with his paws, and be up the tree again before they could retaliate; but our dogs were too wary, and scattered.

Thump! he landed. It was a ludicrous sight. He seemed astonished that he had killed none of them, and, as Bob and Treve fired hastily and harmlessly over him, he shambled off into the canebrake with the dogs hanging to his hams.

Sammy and Joe were furiously trying to ram a bullet into their muzzle loaders. From my lofty position I could see the bear's movements by the swaying canes. He was going in the direction we had come.

I shouted this intelligence to the others, and then, after working my way in on the limb, I slid down the tree and secured my rifle.

"We ought to mortgage ourselves," was Treve's disgusted exclamation as we started in pursuit. "Every one had a shot, and only two bullets touched."

Then we tore through the smaller canes, and struggled and wiggled through the larger ones, perspiring in spite of the chilly temperature.

\*Begun in No. 387 of THE ARGOSY.

"There he is!" shouted Joe, as we came out very near the place we had gone in. "The dogs are holding him!"

The moment the bear saw us he dropped on all fours and started off, the dogs fastening to his flanks and hams, and trying to stop him. He would strike viciously at them, but the moment he turned to retreat they were with him.

I could have laughed when he stopped with his fore feet on a large log and allowed the dogs to fasten firmly; but Sammy was frightened.

"Boose! Growler!" he shouted. "Kim yere!"

It was too late. The next moment the bear went over, with the dogs stringing out like tails, and then, before they could get out of the way, he struck out with both paws.

One of the hounds flew through the air and landed at our feet with the life knocked out of him, and Boose limped off, whining, with four big cuts in his back.

"I knowed hit," cried Sammy; "but that's the last time—"

His voice was drowned by the crack of five rifles.

Four bullets went into Bruin's head, the fifth behind his fore leg, any of which would have been fatal.

Sammy bewailed the loss of Growler, while the rest of us tried to bind up Boose's wounds with our handkerchiefs.

"I guess now we have got a chance for Loafer to earn his board," said Treve.

"Yes," replied Sammy. "You-uns kin stay yere an' see that nothin' pesters the game, an' I'll take Boose an' go fur him."

To this we agreed, so Sammy, with Boose limping after him, departed.

Not a long time afterward he came back with Loafer, his bridle and collar, a few straps, and an axe. Then he cut down a couple of saplings fourteen feet high, and tied the butt ends to Loafer's collar, the small end resting on the ground. We caught the idea, and soon a strong litter was formed, and the carcass of the bear rolled upon it.

With Sammy at the bridle to guide him over the most accessible route, Loafer soon drew his load to the cabin. Bear steaks and bear paw soup formed many a meal afterward.

The weather moderated slightly, but not enough to melt the snow.

"Hit won't be long at this rate," said Sammy, "afore the b'ars that is left out an' the wolves'll be prowlin' round yere fur somethin' to yeat."

"Then all we'll have to do will be to sit in the door and shoot them," said Bob.

"Hum! I don't reckon we kin stay up all night jess to shoot a b'ar. We'll build a trap!"

The quartette glanced at each other dubiously.

"Oh, I know how," went on Sammy, watching us. "O' course hit's work; but you-uns don't mind that. We'll take the axes in the mornin', an' I betcher afore night we'll have a trap that no b'ar in these yere parts kin git out of arter he gits inside."

"Make it of wood?" interrogated Treve.

"Yes, an' kotch em' alive!"

This we thought would be great fun; but next day, when we were ordered to cut down ten trees eighteen inches in diameter as a beginning, the fun waned until you couldn't have found it with a microscope.

But we were not the kind to back out, and with Sammy worked like beavers. The site selected was but a short distance from the cabin.

To prevent burrowing, a floor of logs was laid, flush with the surface of the ground. Then the sides and one end were made, the ends of the logs being notched and locked

firmly together. Sammy was very particular about this. At the open end, and at the corners, huge posts were driven in both inside and out to strengthen it.

The roof of logs was held down by heavy cross bars, which, in turn, were held by chains at each end, running under the trap. The door was of roughly hewn, eight inch plank, placed horizontally and spiked firmly together. It was of the sliding pattern, and dropped between the ends of the sides and great posts, and was prevented from being moved sideways by additional posts.

The door was raised and held in position by a hardwood peg, to which was attached a buckskin line and the bait, deer meat soaked in honey, discovered by Sammy. A pull on the bait would withdraw the peg, down would come the door, and—presto! he was caught!

"Don't it look fine?" asked Bob, as we surveyed our handiwork toward the close of the day, and wiped the perspiration from our brows.

"Like a silk dress sewed with a log chain," was the comparison of the irrepressible Treve.

"Ef we hain't too tired after supper," observed Sammy, "what do you-uns say to takin' a duck hunt on Injun Lake? Hit's about three miles north o' yere; but we'll go in the dugout, so it won't tire you-uns out any."

"I believe I would like some fun of some kind, after working all day," said Joe. "We haven't had any excitement to speak of since the bear hunt."

"I don't know's hit'll be excitin'," returned Sammy, cautiously; "but we kin git a heap o' ducks and geese."

"Shooting from behind a reflected light?" questioned Joe.

"We kin; though I wasn't reckonin' on that kind. We kin jess hold a torch up an' they'll fly fur the light, so we kin knock 'em over with a stick. Ef you-uns want to shoot from behind a light we'll have to rig up one on the dugout."

"We can do that easy," said Joe. "We'll make the floor and back of these green planks. They won't burn through in the short time the fire is lit, and a few dashes of water will prevent spreading."

"It will be a poor reflector," said Bob; "but it's a go."

After seeing that the trap was properly baited, we selected plank enough and returned to the cabin, where Bob and Sammy built the blind.

After ourselves, the dogs and Loafer had been fed, and the dogs locked in—as we always did to prevent pilfering on the part of Jim Lacy—we followed Sammy into the dugout with our breech loaders.

It was well loaded, and moved but slowly up stream in spite of the two paddles used. Fully an hour afterward, after passing through several bayous, we came upon a lake a couple of miles long by a half mile wide.

It was pitchy dark, with the heavens studded with twinkling stars. On all sides could be heard the fluttering of wings and the cries of ducks and geese.

"Light the fire," whispered Sammy.

I did so. The improvised reflector lighted up the water for a hundred feet on three sides, while on the fourth was inky blackness. A multitude of ducks and geese paddled into the light and stared curiously at it.

Then the breech loaders threw a hail of shot among them, causing them to pay dearly for their curiosity. Sammy sent the dugout silently through the water, the quartette alternately picking up the slain and firing into fresh flocks. Sammy occasionally changed places and had a share in the fun.

"Not another duck or we'll sink the boat," said Bob, after three quarters of an hour of the best shooting we had ever had.

Compelled at last to desist, we reluctantly turned about and paddled back.

The dogs were barking furiously when we arrived. Sammy ran in and got his rifle, and then followed the dogs toward the bear trap.

"What is it?" I asked, following him up.

"The door's down!" he shouted gleefully. "We've got him! We've got him! There's a b'ar in the trap!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### A TROUBLESOME PET—WOLVES!

I HURRIED forward and saw that the door was indeed down. An angry growl and furious scratching inside told that something was in there.

Then Bob, Joe and Treve came running up bearing torches, and by holding a torch on one side of the trap, and peering through the cracks on the other, we could see the huge, black form.

"There's two o' 'em!" shouted Sammy, ecstatically. "A big one an' a leetle one."

"Nothing less than a battering ram can break that trap," said Bob.

"No, sir-ee! They're fast enough. We kain't do nothin' in the dark; so we'll let 'em stay there till mornin'. Bump yourself all you wanten," he continued as the bear threw itself heavily against the side of the trap. "In the mornin' we'll let you chuck yourself agin a bullet."

"What! Kill it after all the trouble of catching it?" demanded Bob.

"O' course! We kain't do nothin' with the big one; hit's the leetle one we want to keep alive. I reckon we'll have our hands full with jess him alone."

"How about the other big one?" asked Joe. "Don't they usually go in pairs?"

"I 'low he kain't get in any more'n the one in there kin git out," returned Sammy.

"Well, let's go to bed," I broke in. "We'll probably have plenty of work to do tomorrow, and the more sleep we get the better."

So we filed back to the cabin and turned in, leaving the occupants of the trap to make the best of it.

Sammy had us up early next morning. While breakfast was being prepared, he made a strong collar of buckskin, and at the same time superintended Joe's and my movements in plaiting two twenty foot lariats.

"We'll put on our worst clothes," observed Sammy, "fur ef the young feller's very big he'll fight like blazes! We'd better lock the dogs up or they'll make him all the worse."

Both of which suggestions were acted upon.

With our rifles, an axe and the lariats we repaired to the bear trap. The inmates were growling and the large one made another attack on the sides of the trap, but of course without avail.

"The first thing," said Sammy, "is to stick a rifle through a crack an' bore a hole in the big one. Who'll do it?"

"I'd rather you'd give it a chance," murmured Bob.

"Yes," replied Treve, sarcastically. "We'd rather let it out so it could chase us up a tree and probably kill one of us as the other did a dog."

"Shoot it right where it is," I put in hastily.

No one seemed anxious to perform the task, so Treve finally proposed that Joe should do it. Every one but Joe was satisfied.

After a great deal of poking around and tapping on the trap to get the bear to look the right way, the report of the rifle rang out, followed by a heavy thump.

The smoke drifted out between the logs, and when it

cleared away we saw the bear lying stretched out on the floor.

"Loosen up on the chains so I kin slip a log out o' the roof," said Sammy, "an' then I'll tie a knot in these nooses so they won't choke him to death. I hain't got no hankerin' to fool with his neck."

We all peered down through the opening. The little fellow raised on his haunches and growled at us.

It was a long time before Sammy got the noose over his head, as every time he would knock it away, or drop on all fours and run around the trap. At last it settled over and was instantly drawn taught, and the end fastened to a timber outside, so the little fellow could plunge and rear and scratch as much as he pleased.

Then the door was raised and the carcass of the large one drawn out, the little one doing his best to get at us.

"Now, I'll loosen up on the lariat till he kin git his head out the door, then some o' you-uns git the other noose over his haid. I reckon we'll have him then."

I kneeled on top of the trap, and as the little black head came out in pursuit of Treve's feet, slung the noose over his head, and Bob and Joe at the other end pulled it taught.

Sammy allowed the little fellow to get far enough away for me to reach the tough leather rope, which was drawn through the trap, and then the animated black ball was between five struggling boys.

He refused to be led, and promptly sat down and braced his fore feet when we tried to do so. Finally Treve volunteered to let himself be chased, and the bear went readily. Indeed, he went so readily that before we knew it he had nabbed Treve's heel and took half of his trousers off with one sweep of his paw.

We drove stakes down in one corner of the cabin to prevent the dogs "pesterin'" him, and when we muffled him and held him down, Sammy sewed the buckskin collar on, with the end of a chain passing through. This was tied around one of the logs of the cabin.

"We don't tie him outside an' let the old one kim along an' turn him loose for our trouble," Sammy explained.

We took the dogs with us every morning when we examined the traps, and left the cub with plenty of yellow bottomed acorns, of which he was very fond.

He grew quite docile. Occasionally, however, he would hit us a stinging rap with his paw—just for fun, I suppose—if we happened to be within reach. The second night of his capture he began to whine dismally. The dogs bristled their backs and growled; but we thought they were growling at him and paid no attention.

Suddenly a heavy body threw itself against the door with tremendous force; but the thick bars held. Then a hoarse growl came from without.

"Hit's the old one," cried Sammy, as the dogs flew to the door and began barking.

We grabbed our rifles and stood waiting, not daring to open the door.

The little one in the corner, which Treve had named "Brute," redoubled his efforts to break his chain and whined

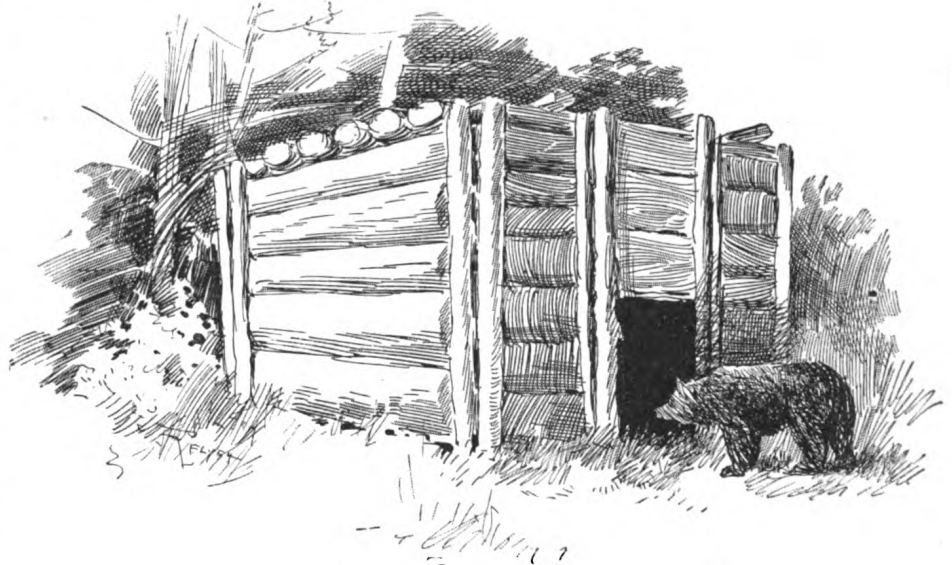
shrilly. Another growl from the outside and another blow on the door. Then Sammy drove the dogs into one corner and said:

"While I sling the door open be ready for him!"

All was silent outside. I know my heart was hammering my palate when he threw open the door.

A great form towered up; there was a hoarse growl; the flash of four rifles, and the form fell inside with a force that made the ground shake.

"Dead!" said Bob, trying to keep the dogs from biting the carcass.



THE BEAR TRAP.

"As my great grandfather!" added Joe.

"It looks as large as a cow," I put in. "We've got more bear meat than we know what to do with."

"The pelt is good," observed Sammy.

For several days we did nothing but eat and make the rounds of the traps. The pelts began to accumulate to such an extent that Sammy was obliged to erect a shed outside to hold them.

Then we had a grand deer hunt, and brought in five of the noble game, but we started so early in the day that we neglected to visit the traps. It snowed heavily during the night, and next morning we looked out on more snow than had fallen for many years in that country.

"We oughtn't to leave the fur in them traps any longer," said Sammy, at noon. "Hit's been in two days, an' with this snow somethin' 'll yeat hit."

"Bob and I ought to be able to make the rounds," said I. "You can take the others in the dugout, or leave them to keep house; but, whatever you do, be sure and have a hot supper ready for us when we get back."

"I am willing," affirmed Bob.

"I ain't," replied Joe, "if you can get along without me. Take Treve in the dugout with you, Sammy, and I will keep house."

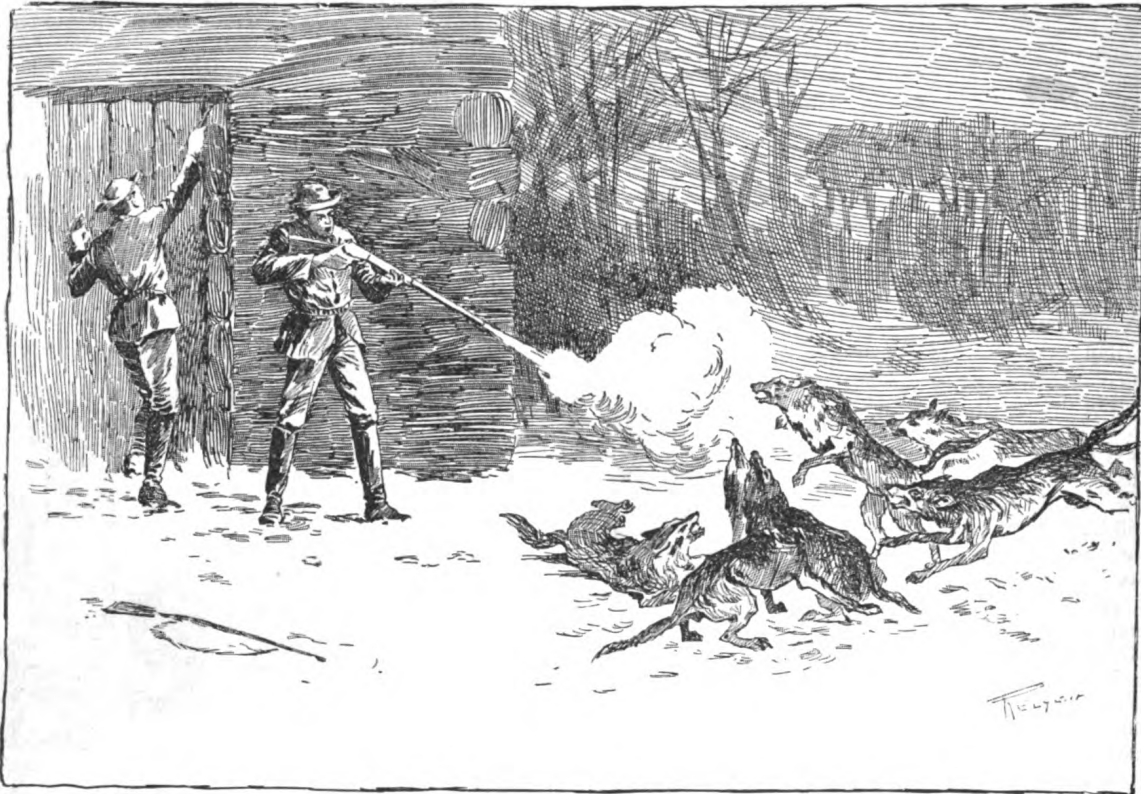
"Joe's a pretty good cook," observed Treve. "I, for one, will let him off if he'll promise to have that supper ready."

"I will," responded Joe, "if nothing happens."

So off we went.

Bob and I had our rifles slung on our backs. The traps were covered with snow, except where the game was alive,





I GRABBED FOR THE LATCH STRING, WHILE BOB'S REPEATER SPOKE FIVE TIMES.

and the ones that had not been sprung we would never have found had we not been well acquainted with their location.

As it was, impeded by the snow, before we reached the last trap the darkness had begun to settle. And three quarters of a mile to the cabin, and thirty pounds of pelts apiece to carry!

Off to the right came the mournful howl of a wolf.

"Say, let's step a little faster," said Bob, glancing about apprehensively. "I ain't afraid, of course; but it is much nicer in the cabin than it is out here in the timber."

"Here, too, Bob," I replied.

The tall timber looked cold and cheerless outlined against the rapidly darkening sky, and the white snow made every nook and cranny in the dark trunks more black and gloomy as we hurried along.

A wolf howled off to the left, and at the same time one gave voice behind us.

"Say, ain't they getting closer?" I asked.

There was no need of naming what I meant. We both had heard them.

Then a few lank forms began to skulk between the trees on both sides of us, occasionally sitting down and howling miserably.

"I'm afraid we'll have to run for it," Bob said desperately. "Let's pile the pelts up in the fork of this small tree, so we won't be burdened, and can save them."

We did so. The wolves were getting bolder, and it was astonishing how fast they accumulated. A dozen seemed to come every time one howled.

We were not far from the cabin now, and Bob proposed that we run. In an instant the whole pack were at our heels. Oh, how we ran, unslinging our rifles as we went!

But they were so close behind we could almost feel their breaths.

"If the door ain't open, we're gone!" and Bob's voice sounded like a shriek above the yelling pack.

We tore around the corner of the cabin. There was no light within; no smoke issuing from the chimney; the door was closed! the cabin was deserted!

The yelling wolves almost knocked us over, they were so close, as we fell against the door of the cabin, panting.

"Hold them off till I can get the door open," I shouted, as the wolves came for us open mouthed.

I grabbed two or three times for the latch string before I caught it, during which time Bob's repeater spoke five times.

(To be continued.)

#### A COMICAL CORK OCCURRENCE.

As every cloud has a silver lining, so even a cork leg can be made to provide entertainment for its wearer. A contributor to the *New York Herald* relates the following case in point:

It would not be supposed that any one would get much fun out of a cork leg. Yet I know a man who had the misfortune to lose his leg who got a good deal of amusement out of its cork substitute. Once he nearly scared an old gentleman out of his wits. It was in this way:

The said cork leg was a very well made one, and when its owner was seated you could not tell the difference between the real and false article. One day my friend was in a railway car, and opposite him was an old gentleman. My friend took out his penknife and began paring his nails. When he had finished, instead of putting his knife back in his pocket, like an ordinary mortal, he gave it a jerk, and it stuck in his cork leg, where it vibrated to and fro in a sufficiently horrible manner.

The old gentleman's feelings can "better be imagined than described," as they say in the novels. He turned a beautiful green color, and at the next stop skipped from the car in a most excited manner. He evidently thought he had got in with a madman, and probably imagined *his* leg would be the next thing to be experimented on.

## GOLDEN TREASURE.

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.\*

BY LIEUTENANT E. H. DRUMMOND.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHAT BECAME OF JACK.



OUR readers' attention must now be transferred to Jack.

Leaving Dick lying for dead, he turned his back upon Wandaroo. Surrounded by the gang of bushrangers, from whom he knew it was useless to attempt to escape, he rode along he knew not whither.

At first he hardly noticed which way he was being taken, for his grief was so keen at the loss he had just sustained, and his chagrin at the frustration of all their hopes, when so near their fruition, so bitter, that all other feelings seemed withered up.

A little later came the remembrance of those at home, and with the desire of being useful to them and helpful in the now quickly ap-

proaching time of their difficulties, came a new wave of feeling which seemed to rouse him from the mental apathy into which he had fallen. Without showing signs of his awakened observation, he began to take note of their route.

He knew the whole country about Wandaroo so well that he recognized his position almost at once, although it was night. They had left Wandaroo run behind them, and were then on Taunton's run, a great tract of land that had been allowed to slip back to a state of wilderness years before, when the owner and his only son had been murdered by the *myalls*.

The party must have been riding for fully an hour when Jack shook off his lethargy, for they were then many miles from Wandaroo. For some time past Jack had heard the sound of the men's voices as though he were in a dream, and without paying any attention to them. At last he distinguished Starlight's voice speaking to Wetch, his worthy lieutenant.

"They'll be tracking us tomorrow, and I think we had better get on to the Dixieville road, where our traces will be trodden out by the next flock of sheep that passes along."

This plan was carried out, and with the result that Starlight hoped for, as it was at this very place that the Wandaroo black boys, who tracked them next day, were thrown off the scent.

After riding for some distance along the rough, dusty and ill made trail that did duty for a road between Bateman and the decaying little township of Dixieville, the party turned aside again, and continued its southerly course. The appearance of the country began to be wilder again, and the fences, and whatever signs there were that the land had at one time been occupied, were broken and rotting away. Jack judged from the talk and behavior of the men that they were approaching the place that, for the time being, they considered their headquarters, and which they dignified with the name of home.

\*Begun in No. 383 of THE ARGOSY.

They had now been riding continuously for more than two hours since they had left the neighborhood of Wandaroo, and this part of the country was new to Jack, although he had ridden once or twice along the Dixieville road. The land had evidently been thickly wooded at one time, and in places there were still great belts and patches of bush standing in all of its primeval majesty and gloom.

Once or twice their road lay through these wooded depths, and there the path was so dark that Jack did not attempt to guide his horse. The moon had not yet set, but the silver radiance which flooded all the topmost boughs failed to penetrate to the depths below, and the track lay all in darkness, which was the more profound in contrast with the patches of starlit sky that sometimes could be seen through openings in the roof of shade above.

Jack was an old enough bushman to know that his horse would best find the way for himself. Indeed the creature seemed to know the road well enough and needed no guidance.

Shortly after passing through one of these stretches of bush they came upon a low, rambling building, from the open door of which a feeble light shone out. Jack had long since given up hopes of seeing any signs of habitation thereabouts, and, noticing this light, he instinctively turned his head to look at it, thinking that perhaps there was a chance of rescue for him there.

Starlight, who was always near him, seemed to divine his thoughts, for he laid his hand on Jack's arm to attract his attention, and, with a backward nod of his head towards the house, he said:

"You needn't look there. It's no go. They are friends of ours—and neighbors too, for we have nearly come to the end of our journey—not openly friends, you know, but in a quiet way. They have given us many a useful hint and timely warning before now, and we, on our part, have been able to do many things for them. They have many a time helped us to dispose of stolen goods. You see I make no stranger of you."

The cool way in which he talked, and the perfect openness of his speech—hiding nothing of his own villainy, and not trying to make himself out anything but what he was—might at another time, and under different circumstances, have amused or interested Jack. But he could not think of him in any other light than that of the murderer of his brother, and every time that he spoke he raised Jack's anger and hatred to the boiling point. It was only by a mighty effort that we could keep from struggling to get at him.

Very soon after passing this building, which Jack heard one of the men speak of as "Lingan's," the party, at a slackened pace, began to climb the slightly ascending opening between two dark hills which gave the name of Norton's Gap to the place. The ground was covered with coarse, tall grass and the young scrub that springs up over all lands that are deserted for any length of time.

Towards the end of this flat and open sort of valley, in a very dreary looking corner, out of sight of Lingan's, and shut in from the world of men by the black and low, bare hills, were the crumbling ruins of a once large homestead. The outer timbers of which the house was built were still standing, and some sort of door hung between the heavy, rough hewn posts, but in many places the shingle roof had fallen in, pieces of the weather boarding were torn away, and the one chimney was tottering to its fall. Here and there great pieces of the bark which had once covered the walls were flapping backwards and forwards in the soft night breeze, like the dark wings of some foul carrion bird.

No smoke rose from the wide old chimney, and no light

shone out a welcome to them from the crazy doors or windows.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

AT NORTON'S GAP.

THE whole place was the picture of squalid discomfort and neglect, yet this house was the nearest approach to a home that any of these wretched bushrangers could ever expect to possess. For a life of danger, discomfort, wickedness, and squalor, with an occasional spell of foul indulgence and debauch, had these men outlawed themselves from the society of their fellows.

"Here we are back again, minus Kearney, but I expect he'll turn up again. I don't think he was hurt," said Starlight, as the bushrangers, having crossed what had once been the paddock, passed through a gap in the rotting fence into the yard.

"Yes, and a beastly hole it is to come back to," grumbled one of the men. "Not a soul about the place, and not a light. I wonder where that fool of a Foster is."

It was evident that the men were sullen and out of humor at the ill success of their expedition, on which they had been absent several days. They dismounted in silence, and each man, after unsaddling his horse, led it to a small paddock, the fence of which had been repaired in a hasty, untidy way, and turned it loose.

Starlight led Jack to the house, and, kicking open the ill hung door, shouted out:

"Foster!"

They were standing in a dark, close sort of passage, and Jack could see absolutely nothing but Starlight's black figure outlined against the gray space of sky. Como had followed him into the house, and he could feel the dog close by him.

The presence of the animal was a comfort to Jack, for he could not feel quite alone as long as the faithful creature was there to thrust his cold muzzle into his hand, or to lay his great paw on his knee from sheer love of companionship.

Upon Starlight calling out a second time, they heard some one moving about in a room close by them, and then the sound of a match being struck. The next minute a door was thrown open, and a blowsy, disheveled looking man appeared, holding a flaring tallow candle above his blinking eyes.

"I didn't hear you. I was asleep. So you've got back, have you?" said he, in a high, thin voice.

"I should think you could see that for yourself," said Starlight, in a surly tone. "Look sharp now, for we're all hungry and want something to eat in less than no time."

Starlight led the way into the room as he spoke, and Jack followed. All the men were speedily collected there, for they did not trouble themselves about grooming their horses or making them comfortable.

They soon had a fire blazing, for there was a stack of dry wood in one corner of the room, and it was not unpleasant, though the night was far from cold. Foster brought in part of a sheep, which some of the men proceeded to cut up and cook in a rough and ready method at the fire.

A short time served for this, and, when it was ready, Starlight turned to Jack with an air of the greatest politeness, and said:

"May I offer you a little of your own mutton, Mr. Barnes? It comes from Wandaroo, as all of us prefer your strain of sheep to any other about here. Not so large as some, but of a finer flavor."

Although so sick at heart and so thoroughly wretched, Jack accepted a piece of his own sheep in a thankful spirit, for it was long since he had eaten and he was completely

worn out. Directly that supper was finished—it did not take Foster long to clear away the remains of the meal—pipes were lighted, and, a small keg of whisky being brought out from underneath a sort of rough side table on which were piled the hats, pistols, and whips of the gang, the men began to smoke and drink, and what they called "enjoy themselves."

It appeared to Jack to be a poor sort of enjoyment, for there was a furtive look of watchfulness on the faces of all of them, although they tried to hide it under a mask of ease.

Jack could see this eager look intensified if there was any unusual or sudden noise. Once, when the faint sound of a dog barking down at Lingan's was carried to them on the quiet night air, two or three of the men sprang quickly to their feet and looked out in a way that spoke plainly enough of the constant state of painful strain their minds must undergo.

Nothing was said to Jack that night about the gold. Starlight was trusting to Crosby's powers of persuasion to get the information that he wished for from the boy, so that he had not questioned him again himself.

Since Crosby had spoken his little message of friendship to Jack he had not dared to talk to him again. He had, indeed, studiously avoided approaching him, so that the men might have no cause for suspicion.

Although Jack tried hard to keep awake, nature was too strong for the boy, and soon after he had finished his supper he began nodding where he sat. The grief and excitement that he had suffered that day, and the excessive fatigue he had endured, had quite worn him out, and he felt that if his life depended upon it he could not keep awake.

Wetch, whose gloomy face was brightened for a time by the combined influence of whisky and tobacco, was the first to notice Jack's condition.

"That Barnes 'll be rollin' over into the fire before long if he don't go an' lie down," he said. "Where shall we put him, boss?"

"He kin have my room on the other side of the passage," said one of the men.

"Thank you," rejoined Starlight, in his most affable tone, "but I prefer to have that rather slippery young gentleman under my own eye. You can have that corner of the room if you like," said he, turning to Jack, who was blinking like an owl. "There is a blanket there, and perhaps you will excuse our going on with our conversation."

The poor boy was only too glad to accept this offer. Rising from the overturned box on which he had been sitting, he stumbled across the room to the corner that Starlight had indicated, and, throwing himself down on the dirty blanket which was lying there, he instantly fell into a profound sleep.

#### CHAPTER XXXV.

CROSBY ACCOUNTS FOR HIMSELF.

WHEN Jack awoke it was broad daylight. The sun was pouring a brilliant flood of light into the room through the broken, unscreened window, and he could hear the loud "chirring" of the locusts outside in the morning heat.

The room he was in looked even dirtier and more miserable than it had appeared the night before. The floor could not have been cleaned for years, and dust lay thick upon everything that was not in constant use.

The white wood table was littered with bones and crumbs and fragments of stale food. A greasy old newspaper that was crumpled and torn with use was lying on the floor, where one of the men had let it fall the night before, and a rusted candlestick that was clogged with tallow was standing

at the edge of the table, where the reader had left it when he rolled into bed.

The frowzy hammock in which Starlight had slept was empty, and the dragged blue blanket he had used was hanging over the side. Besides Jack, there was no one else in the room.

For half a moment, when he first awoke, he did not recognize the place he was in; but, sitting up and looking round the uncleanly, slovenly room, with a shudder of disgust at his surroundings, he remembered all only too vividly. He got up, and found a battered galvanized iron bucket full of water on the other side of the hearth, and at this, taking off his tattered shirt, he proceeded, without soap or towels, to wash.

He had moved into the stream of hot sunshine that poured into the room to dry himself, and with bended head was shaking the water out of his hair in a little dazzling shower of spots, when the creaking door was opened, and Crosby stepped into the room.

"Oh, you're awake at last!" he said, walking up to Jack and slapping him on the back. "I've been in to look at you once or twice, and each time found you sleeping like a top."

"Yes; awake and hungry."

"All right; put your coat on, and I'll get you something. We can have a talk while you're eating."

"Tell me one thing," said Jack, as he struggled into his shirt, which clung to his damp skin. "It was Keggs who brought Starlight down upon us, wasn't it?"

"Yes; Keggs found out from some blacks on your place that you had gone off on a hunt for gold, and let Starlight know. Starlight's an old pal of his."

"Where is Keggs now?"

"At Brisbane. He's going to join the gang in a few days."

"The villain!" said Jack indignantly. "What are Starlight and the other fellows doing?"

"They are down at Lingan's, and won't be back just yet. They left Foster and me to keep our eyes on you, so you couldn't give us the slip."

"That's just what I want to do. You will help me, won't you?" said poor Jack, almost trembling with eagerness. "Remember your promise of last night."

"Yes, I'll help you to clear out of this vile den if I can possibly do it. Heaven knows how willingly I would get out of it myself," said Crosby earnestly.

"Leave with me, then," whispered Jack, grasping his arm.

"I can't. It's no use. I'm in with them too deep. If I did leave, there's nothing I could turn my hand to and nowhere I could go. I'm done for. You don't know me, I can see. I'm the man who did for Squires down at Brisbane. But I'd do it again, without a moment's hesitation, if I saw that villain serving that poor woman as he did before."

"No, I don't know anything about it. Who was Squires?"

"He was a low down South American cove, who was mate in a ship from Rio. I met him at Ridley's. What! don't you know Ridley's? Then it's evident you don't know Brisbane—and none the worse for that," he added, *sotto voce*. "Well, we had one or two rows. He was always bumming around there and bossing everybody, and then one night I saw him striking a pretty, decent girl, from Troman's store in Wood Street, that I knew, so I ran up and caught him one with the stick I carried. I didn't mean to hit the little beast so hard, but I was angry, and had a drop on board, and the chap fell down without a word at my feet."

"Not dead!" cried Jack.

"I tried to bring him round, but he never stirred a muscle. I should have faced it out if I had been by myself, but the girl was in an awful fright, and lugged me away when the folks began to come up. I got out at Brisbane that night, and had the bad luck to drop in with Kearney—I used to know him years ago—and I told him all about it, and he brought me up here to be out of the way. It served that little brute right, but I can't forget his ghastly face as he fell under the street lamp."

"So that's why you're here," said Jack thoughtfully.

"Yes; if it wasn't for that I'd have cut this concern as soon as I found out who and what Starlight was. But I'm tied here. You see wherever I went every one would know that I was Squires' murderer."

During the last few words, unseen by either of them, Foster had been standing by the door that Crosby had left partly open when he came into the room. He had heard Crosby's self accusation, and, perhaps feeling sorry for the evident distress of the young fellow, or perhaps moved by that desire to be the first to tell a startling piece of news which we all feel, he said, with a loud laugh:

"Well, you must be a fool to believe that any longer. That Squires chap is as well as you are, and is half way back to Rio by this time. We knew it three days after you came here, but Starlight told us not to let on about it, as he wanted to keep you in our lot."

With clinched fists and indrawn breath Crosby had listened to Foster's story. His ruddy face flushed redder, but the hardened, reckless look upon it passed away.

"Thank Heaven!" he muttered brokenly and fervently, and his eyes for a moment grew dim.

As Foster, still laughing at the other's credulity and simplicity, left the room with the saddle and bridle he had come for, Crosby turned to Jack with a great sigh of relief, and said:

"Then I'm not a murderer!" He laughed an excited sort of laugh as he spoke, and his face brightened. "What a weight that man has taken from my heart. All these last two weeks I have felt utterly hard and reckless, and I didn't care what I did or what became of me. Confound you, Starlight," he added bitterly, and bringing his fist down on the table with a sounding crash, "I'll not forget this."

"Hush!" said Jack, moving round to where Crosby sat. "Don't speak so loudly. There's no knowing, in this den of thieves, who may be listening. I am glad of this for your sake," laying his hand warmly on the other fellow's shoulder, and giving him a little congratulatory shake by it. "For my sake, too, for you will try to get away with me now, won't you?"

Crosby nodded and looked up, and Jack saw that his face had wonderfully changed in its expression in the last few minutes. The strained, uneasy look that was visible behind the recklessness of it was gone, and even the anxiety that was still apparent in it seemed less hard and corrosive.

"I don't know how it is to be done," he said, "but we will try. Starlight, confound him, is as sharp as a needle. Whatever you do, be careful before him."

"If I could only let them know at Wandaroo where I was, they might send help."

"That would be no good, I'm afraid. Starlight is not one to be taken unawares, and he'd get to know of it. Besides it would be impossible to send any message."

"If I could only let them know that I was alive I shouldn't care. I have a mother and sister, and they will be breaking their hearts at their double loss."

"I can understand your feelings," said Crosby, nodding

his head, "though there's no one who cares whether I'm living or dead. My Uncle Peter is the only relative I have, and he's never troubled himself much about me."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Jack, a sudden light bursting upon him. "You're not old Peter Crosby's nephew, are you?"

"Yes. I used to live with him. He adopted me when I was a boy, but he has turned me out since then. He said he couldn't afford to keep me any longer, as I ate too much."

"The old miser! Why, he's as rich as Croesus."

"Oh, I can't blame him very much," said Crosby. "I've been an awful fool, and haven't lived as decently as I might. He's old now, and couldn't bear to see me squandering my money, although it was my own. He thought I would be asking him for more when mine was all gone, I suppose. So he turned me out before that time came. But he was very good to me when I was a little chap."

While Jack was talking with Crosby, Como, having made a little tour of inspection round the house on his own account, came into the room, and, seeing food on the table and no one very near it, he thought he could not do better than to

help himself. This he could easily do, as he stood so high that his head was above the level of the table.

Having demolished the food, that in his excitement Jack had hardly touched, the dog approached his master, looking, but for a crumb on the side of his mouth, the picture of canine innocence. With a sideways wriggle of his hind quarters, and with a preliminary wave—it was too stately a movement to be called a wag—of his tail, he laid his head on Jack's knee.

Jack always respected dogs' feelings—which are much more acute than most people think—so he noticed the creature, and, without interrupting his talk with Crosby, caressed Como's tawny head and ears. He was listening to his companion, yet all the time there was a mental picture before him of Como's master lying unburied by that charred black stump, and exposed to the garish sunlight.

He could not forget his loss, for it was too recent, and the pain of it too keen. The events of the last night seemed burned into his mind in a series of indelible pictures.

Suddenly an idea flashed into Jack's mind.

(To be continued.)



## I.

WHAT shall we do with wilful "Tom —  
The naughty little boy,  
Who with continuous silly slang  
Our patience will annoy?  
We tied him fast, a weary hour,  
So he could scarcely stir,  
And as we loosened him he cried,  
"Let her go, Gallagher!"

## II.

When baby was so sorely sick  
'Twas feared the pet would die;  
We frantically urged him off,  
Expecting he would fly  
To tell the doctor that the dear  
Seemed choking with the croup;  
'Twas this that reached the M. D.'s ear—  
"Say, our kid's in the soup!"

## III.

Poor grandpa, weak and full of years,  
Our wise youth grandly cuts;  
When asked to find "those missing specs"  
Tom boldly sings "Chestnuts!"  
When grandma give him sharp advice,  
And struggling in her grip,  
He begs for freedom once again,  
Then shouts—"You're just too flip!"

## IV.

When night has ended day of sport,  
Safe cuddled down to rest,  
With stories that are good and pure  
I'm sure I've him impressed.  
He turns with saucy glance and smile  
And all my logic caps,  
As in a "sotto voce" style  
He sleepy adds—"Oh, rats!"



GUY HAMMERSLEY;  
HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.\*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XIV.

BACK TO NEW YORK.



AND am I not to be considered in these arrangements at all?" broke out Colonel Starr, when Guy had finished. "Who has given you leave of absence, sir?"

"I was not aware that it was necessary for me to ask for such," responded Guy quietly. "As I said just now, I have made no contract with you, but in consideration of my leaving so suddenly, I will waive the right to receive any pay for tonight's services."

The colonel consented to be mollified by this concession, and so it was settled that Guy should return to New York by the first train the next morning. From Mrs. Hammersley he took money enough to pay his railroad fare, but could not be prevailed upon to accept a cent more.

"No, mother," he said, "there is no knowing how you may be situated. You know I do not trust Colonel Starr. By the way, has he made any settlement for tonight's performance?"

"No. I didn't think to ask him about it. Should I? Is it time?"

"I will speak to Ward about it," said Guy.

So when the four met in the hotel parlor for a few minutes, to talk over the performance before separating to their rooms, Guy drew young Farleigh aside and said: "The colonel led us to understand that a settlement would be made after each evening's entertainment. Has he said anything to your sister about it tonight?"

"No, not till I jogged his memory about it," replied Ward. "And then how much do you think he told me would be Ruth's share?"

"I couldn't guess, but it ought to be a good deal, for the house was just packed."

"That's where you're wrong. Ten dollars is all that is coming to her!"

"Ten dollars!" whistled Guy. "Why, there's some mistake, or else he's deliberately cheated you, as he will us. Didn't you make a fuss about it?"

"Trust me for that. I declared that the size of the house spoke for itself, and that my sister ought to have a hundred dollars as her share of the receipts at the very least. Oh, you know I'm not afraid of the colonel, Hammersley, and I just reared around that box office while Ruth was getting dressed, till I got him pretty mad, I can tell you."

"Well, and what explanation did he give?" demanded Guy, breathlessly, who, for his mother's sake, had a vital interest in the matter.

"Why, he told me that two thirds of the house was 'papered,' let in free, because it was the first night and he wanted to get a good 'send off' as he called it. Well, there's one consolation about it," added Ward with a funny little groan, "he can't have a first performance twice."

\*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.

"But he's equal to trumping up some other excuse to keep us out of our rights," rejoined Guy. "I don't believe half he tells me, and I'll venture to say he's cleared a big thing by tonight's performance. One of the men about the theater told me that Brillings was his native town, and that every body was anxious to see what sort of a show he could get up."

"I suppose that's the reason he opened here," returned Ward, "but I say, old man, what's this I hear about your going back to New York in the morning?"

"It's true; and I'm awfully glad the opportunity has come. Perhaps you'll know some day why I feel so. I don't mind telling you now, though, that I haven't been myself since you've known me."

"I've noticed one thing," returned Ward, "and that is that you've seemed livelier since you've made up your mind to go back to New York. But I shall miss you terribly, Hammersley. I'll have nobody with whom I can rake the colonel over the coals."

"You can do it with me by letter if you will. As soon as I get settled I'll let you have my address, and then I wish you'd let me hear from you now and then, and tell me how things are going. You know mother isn't as distrustful of the colonel as I am, and her accounts of matters are apt to be glossed over for the sake of avoiding rows. There, she wants me, and we'll probably sit up late talking over plans, so don't lie awake for me. Good night."

It was late when Guy and his mother—for as such she insisted that he must still regard her—separated after that final interview preparatory to his departure.

"But, Guy, why won't you let me give you some money beyond your traveling expenses?" she pleaded. "You will have your board to pay, and may not succeed in getting anything to do for some time."

"Well, is that any reason I should burden you with my support?" returned Guy. "Other boys, younger than I, have made their way in great cities without assistance from their friends. Besides, I know how reduced your stock of money is, and that your expenses will necessarily be heavier with Harold to care for, to say nothing of the cost of the steps you must take to prove that he really belongs to you."

"But what if you are not able to obtain a position, Guy?"

"Don't fret about that. Didn't I get one at the shoe store within twenty minutes after I lost my first one?"

"But you lost that one before the day was over."

"That was only chance, Mr. Inwood happening to come in there. But I mean to do my best to clear away that stain on my name connected with that lost thirteen dollars. I know I didn't steal it. Some one must have, and I mean to make it my business to find out who it was. First, though, I will go to the storage company and get that picture for you."

"Stay at Miss Stanwix's if she has room."

Guy promised and then bade Mrs. Hammersley goodby—for the train left so early in the morning that he would not consent to disturb her then. There were thus left to him but very few hours of sleep, and these he could not utilize. His brain was all afire with the strange happenings of that night which had made him motherless, while still she to whom he gave that name lived.

But his reflections were not all tinged with melancholy. Mingled with them was an inspiring sensation of independence, of liberty to go back to the city where his fair fame had been sullied, and wrestle with fate till he had removed the blot. So he lay beside sleeping Ward through the remaining hours of darkness, building air castles such as youth only can construct.

Thus there was no danger of his oversleeping, and in the

uncertain light of early morning, he arose, packed his satchel, ate a hasty breakfast, got a sleepy porter to carry his trunk over to the station, and was soon whirling back upon the road, which, when he had sped over it the previous day, he thought he should not again traverse in that direction for many months.

The train was not crowded, and as soon as he was settled he proceeded to take account of stock, as it were. It did not take long to do this, unfortunately, for he found that he had but fifteen dollars all told.

"But I've heard of fellows who afterwards turned out to be millionaires, coming to New York with not a quarter as much money as that in their pockets."

As the train went on and the day grew older, the cars filled up and at last the only seat left was the one beside Guy.

"One would think they were all afraid of me," he said to himself, "or else had heard about my experience at the office of the *Fireside Favorite*."

Then for the want of something better to do he fell to wondering if the seat mate that he must have before long would be a man or a woman.

"If I was the hero of a story book," he said to himself, "a wealthy merchant would come in at the next station, take a seat next me, pull a roll of bills out of his pocket as he takes out his ticket, which drops on the floor, and I pick up and restore to him instead of pocketing, to be rewarded by the offer of a twenty dollar a week position in the merchant's office."

Guy had just about added the finishing touches to this picture when the train drew up at the next station, and the only passenger to enter that car was a small boy of eleven or twelve, with fair hair, a pale, but interesting face, and a carpet satchel so heavily laden that he could barely carry it. Staggering under his burden, he reached Guy's seat and dropped into it, quite exhausted.

But he was up again in a minute as a little girl's head appeared in the doorway, and a trembling voice cried out: "Good by again, Jack!"

"Oh, Tot, get off, quick! You will be killed," and the boy made a wild rush for the door.

Guy saw him take the little girl in his arms for one brief moment, then he disappeared with her for an instant, and, just as the cars moved off, he came back slowly, trying to look out at the station over the passengers' heads, and with a suspicious glitter in each eye.

#### CHAPTER XV.

JACK BRADFORD.

GUY'S heart was touched by the sight of this very little fellow who was evidently setting out on a long journey by himself. For the moment he forgot his own trials and perplexities, and wondered if he could do nothing to throw a little brightness into the life of his seat mate.

"Wouldn't you like to sit next the window?" he asked presently. "I'd just as lief change places with you."

The grateful look that flushed the pale face of the boy amply repaid the older lad for the slight sacrifice involved in making the change.

"Thank you," the little fellow said. "You see I know all the country round here just as well, and I mayn't see it again for a long, long time. Look, off yonder! there are the woods where we go for nuts and Ben Wiggin fell out of a tree and broke his arm last fall."

"Did he?" ejaculated Guy, finding that he was expected to say something.

"Yes, and here's the river where we go swimming," went on the boy, pressing his face close against the glass to catch

a last glimpse of it as the train dashed across the bridge with the usual hollow rumbling. "I came near getting drowned there last winter. I skated right into an air hole. I was getting awful cold when they pulled me out. Did you ever fall through the ice?"

Guy was compelled to admit that he had never afforded anybody the opportunity to make an heroic rescue, but another sort of ice being thus broken, the two boys, the big one and the little one, were soon chatting like old friends.

It did not take Guy long to learn his companion's story. His name was Jack Bradford, he had lost his father and mother a month before, within a week of each other, and there was only his little sister Nellie and himself left. She had been adopted by the family of a kind neighbor, where Jack himself had been given a home till his Uncle John—for whom he had been named and who lived in New York—could be heard from.

"We hadn't seen him since I was a little baby," Jack explained, "and almost the last thing papa said was that I must have his advice. So Mrs. Wiggin wrote to him, but there didn't any answer come for ever so long, because you see we didn't know exactly where to send the letter. When uncle got it though he wrote back and said he was porter in a big Japanese store on Broadway and that if I'd come on to New York he could get me a place as cash boy there at two dollars a week, an' I could live with him an' Aunt Louisa. But it was awful havin' to leave Nellie behind. I'm goin' to work dreadful hard though, an' perhaps some day I can make enough to have her come on to New York and live with me."

"What a brave, hopeful little chap it is," Guy said to himself, and contrasting his own lot in life with that of his seat mate, he took courage and felt that the outlook for him was not so dark as it might have been.

When they reached Harrisburg and changed to an express train they took dinner together, and Guy gave Jack his own lighter satchel to carry while he took the heavy one, and then they found seats together again in the other train, for Guy could not now afford to travel in the Pullmans. Jack never having been away from home before was intensely interested in everything he saw, and not till it grew dark did he let his head fall back and drop off to sleep.

The train was due in New York at 9:20 p. m., and here Jack expected his Uncle John to meet him at the upper ferry.

"You don't know what he looks like, do you?" asked Guy as they left the boat.

"No, but he said he'd be looking out for a little boy with a big bag, and there isn't any other on the train, so I can't miss him," returned Jack confidently.

But he did miss him, nevertheless, and for the very good reason that Mr. John Bradford was not there. Jack's face grew lengthy as he stood there under the sizzling electric lamp, holding his heavy bag, which he would not let Guy take for fear, without this means of identification, his uncle would pass him over. Everybody went off across West Street and was swallowed up in the darkness; only a few cabmen were left, too sleepy to insist that Guy should avail himself of their services. Another boat came in, and still no Mr. Bradford.

"Don't wait," said Jack, trying not to let the lump in his throat make his voice tremble. "I don't want to keep you."

"You don't suppose I'd go off and leave you alone in a strange city, do you?" rejoined Guy, giving the hand he held a reassuring pressure. Then he added: "Do you know where your uncle lives, or only the store address?"

"I've got the letter in my pocket," was the reply. "Maybe it's on there. I don't remember about it."

Jack dropped the bag for an instant while he felt for the letter, which Guy was soon endeavoring to spell out under the glare of the electric lamp. For Mr. John Bradford was doubtless a better porter than scholar, and, as a matter of fact, Jack surpassed him in both writing and spelling. After a little study Guy finally made out that the letter was written

Again Guy studied the letter from Jack's uncle, and finally concluded that the final figure was either a seven or a one, and as the one was nearer at hand he decided to try there first. But one difficulty was surmounted only to make way for another.

It was after ten o'clock, as has been said, and the outer



"TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT ME TO DO, ONLY DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME TO JAIL."

from one hundred and ninety something, West Sixty Third Street.

"That must be near Tenth Avenue," he added, "so we can get in a car and ride straight up there. Come, I will go with you. Your uncle has probably been detained or else made a mistake himself in the ferry."

"Oh, will you do that?" cried Jack, overjoyed. "Do you know I think you're awful good. And just think, you didn't know me till nine o'clock this morning. Won't it be ever and ever so much out of your way?"

"No, because I don't know yet just where my way is," laughed Guy, for he knew it was now too late to get in at Miss Stanwix's that night, and had decided that he would take a room at some hotel. "Here comes a car now."

It was after ten when they got out at Fifty Ninth Street and started to cover the remaining distance on foot. Jack was terribly sleepy, and Guy himself pretty well worn out. If he could only have foreseen that which lay before him and which was now so close at hand, all sense of fatigue would have been forgotten. On reaching Sixty Third Street and finding the row of apartment houses which bore one ninety as their predominating number, the problem presented for solution was which of these was the abode of the Bradfords'.

door was closed and locked, cutting off access to the bells inside.

But Guy did not allow this to stand in his way long. Taking his cane, he tapped with it against the window on his left, belonging to the lower flat of the building, and through the shade of which the glow of gaslight made itself apparent.

A scream, half stifled, followed the rap, and then the shade was run up, the sash raised, and a girl's head thrust out of the window.

She was about eighteen and rather pretty, but her face was spoiled by the evident knowledge she had of her attractions. Her hair was banged on her low forehead almost to her eyebrows, diamonds that must have been paste glittered in her ears, and a horseshoe breastpin gleamed in the gaslight from the street lamp at her throat.

But this lamplight which revealed her display of jewelry to Guy, also shone full on his face, and he had scarcely time to make the observations set down above, when the girl cried out: "Oh, have pity on me, and don't give me up to the police. Come in quick, before an officer happens along, and I will confess, I will, truly."

For one brief instant Guy thought the girl must have lost her senses, then the meaning of it all came over him like a

flash. He had seen her before. It was at the office of the *Fireside Favorite*, and the cause of her present terror was the belief that he had come to tell her he knew it was she who had stolen the thirteen dollars. Truly, his befriending of little Jack had brought him speedy reward.

The boy's eyes were round with wonder at these unaccountable proceedings, but he asked no questions, and in two minutes the door was opened, and the girl's voice in the hallway bade them come in.

So absorbed was Guy in the matter which so vitally concerned his own welfare, that for the time being he forgot all about the object that had brought him into the neighborhood, and neglected to make the inquiry that had been on the tip of his tongue when he gave that lucky tap with his cane on the window pane.

"Come into the parlor here," whispered the girl, "and don't make no noise, for I wouldn't have father know for worlds."

She led the way into a room, with chairs stuffed with horsehair standing at stiff angles about the edge, a red and green carpet, a chromo of a girl holding a bunch of grapes over the mantelpiece, and an engraving of George Washington on horseback between the windows.

The girl closed the door by which they had entered, then did the same by one leading to the rear of the flat, and finally came up to stand in front of Guy and say in a pleading voice: "Tell me what you want me to do, only don't let them take me to jail."

#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### GUY FINDS THE THIEF.

"THEN it was you who stole that thirteen dollars from Mr. Inwood, and you knew that I was bearing the blame of it?"

Guy could not avoid giving a bitter ring to his tones as he stood facing the girl who had been the means of bringing upon him all the mental misery of the past few days.

"Why do you ask me that when you knew it, and came here to taunt me with it?"

The girl had dropped into one of the horsehair chairs and sat rocking herself back and forth, with her hands over her face.

Guy was on the point of declaring that he had no such knowledge, but decided that such an admission might be an unwise one for him to make, so he walked over to the girl's chair, and, bending down, said softly:

"Why did you do such a thing? I am sure you are sorry for it, and, if you tell enough to clear me, I will do all I can to prevent their sending you to prison. But first you will have to tell me all about it."

"I will, oh, I will," half sobbed the girl. "It was all on account of these," and she touched one of the paste earrings. "I wanted them, an' didn't have the money. I was foldin' papers right where I could look into Mr. Inwood's office, an' I saw that gentleman pay him some money that he laid right out on his desk, and then pulled down the lid an' went out. I'd never stole nothing in my life, an' didn't think of doin' it then, not till you come in an' walked into Mr. Inwood's room. I didn't see you till just as you were comin' out, and then I thought how I could take the money an' you'd get the blame. Oh, I know it was dreadful wicked, and I've suffered more'n I've enjoyed the earrings. I'll work my fingers to the bone, too, an' pay back the thirteen dollars, if you'll only keep me from bein' sent to jail."

"But you must tell Mr. Inwood about this," returned Guy. "You must clear me. I've come back to New York to see that this blot on my name, placed there so unjustly, was

removed. Will you promise to do that tomorrow morning as soon as you get to the office?"

"Oh, I don't work there any more," answered the girl, a tinge of red coming into her sallow cheeks. "I'm going to be married. Won't it do if I write it, and say I'll send the money?"

"If you'll do it now, right away, it will, and let me have the paper," answered Guy, who, on reflection, decided that he had better not lose sight of the real culprit for a moment till he had that in his hand which would clear him to the satisfaction of Mr. Inwood and Mr. Fox.

"I ain't much at writin'," admitted the girl, as she took a pen and a bottle of ink from the mantelpiece, "but I'll do the best I kin."

"I'll tell you what to say," suggested Guy, and then ensued a great search for a sheet of paper, which was finally found in the back room.

At last the girl seated herself at the marble topped table between the windows, from which she had first carefully removed the wax flowers in their glass case. Then Guy began to dictate:

"This is to certify that I——"

Here he paused and inquired her name.

"Do you mean what it is now or what it will be next month?" she looked up to ask, with the nearest approach to a giggle she had given during the interview.

"Your present name, of course," answered Guy; and, considerably abashed by his manner of receiving her request, she murmured faintly:

"Lottie M. Crapfel."

"That I, Lottie M. Crapfel, took from Mr. Inwood's desk the thirteen dollars which Guy Hammersley was unjustly accused of appropriating, and will return the same as speedily as possible."

"Is that all?" demanded the girl, looking up anxiously, when, with many suggestions from Guy as to the spelling of the long words, she had completed the above confession.

"All except signing your name at the bottom," answered Guy, "and putting your address and the date."

"But there ain't nothin' about my not bein' sent to jail," she objected.

"Oh, I'll attend to that," Guy assured her. "They didn't send me there, and I didn't even confess. I'll take this down to Mr. Inwood in the morning, and will say all I can in your favor. I'm very much obliged," he added, as he picked up the paper, folded it, and placed it in his breast pocket.

"Obliged? What for?" echoed the girl in surprise.

"Why, for clearing my name in this way. Of course it was your duty to do it, but I can't help but feel grateful. And now I will say good night, but I mustn't forget to ask you first the question that brought me here. I want to know if John Bradford lives this house."

The girl dropped the pen with which she had been toying, and sprang to her feet.

"An' is that all you knocked on the winder for?" she asked, her breath coming hard and fast, while her eyes fastened themselves on the pocket where Guy had bestowed the confession as though she had the intention of making a spring to recover it.

"Yes," truth compelled Guy to admit. "You see, this little boy here," turning to Jack, who, during the writing of the letter had fallen asleep in the rocking chair, "wants to find his uncle, and we were not sure of the number, so——"

"And then you didn't know I took that money till I told you just now?" cried the girl, in as loud tones as she dared use without fear of awakening whoever might be in the back room.



"I knew it as soon as you screamed and begged me not to send you to jail," confessed Guy, wishing with all his heart that he had postponed inquiring about the Bradfords till he got outside. He could easily have found some one about to give him the information he wanted.

"Then I gave myself away, and you basely took advantage of my innocence to worm that confession out of me. If you are the gentleman you look to be, you will take it out of your pocket and tear it into a hundred pieces before my eyes."

Guy stared at the girl thunderstruck.

"Why, if I should do that," he retorted, "Mr. Inwood would still believe that I was the one who took his money."

"Well, you are a man," persisted Lottie Crapfel, "and ought to be willin' to bear the blame to shield a woman. And then you tricked me into makin' that confession."

"Tricked you! You did it of your own free will. If I should give it back, I would be guilty of permitting you to act a falsehood, if not to tell one. Besides, you just now informed me that the memory of your act was a burden on your conscience."

"But then I didn't know you had deceived me in this way," returned the girl, utterly unabashed by the hollow nature of her reasoning.

Guy saw that the only thing to do under the circumstances was to put on a stern front and refuse to be moved in the least by her pleadings, which, aroused merely by the realization of the fact that she had betrayed herself, lacked the force they might have had but for this circumstance.

"No, Miss Crapfel," he said, "it would be fair neither to you nor myself to undo the good deed you have just done. It has only been your plain duty, and after you have a chance to think it over calmly you must come to look at it as I do."

"Oh, of course you can look at it calmly. You're in luck, and I'm not. Won't you give it back to me? See, I'm on my knees in front of you."

Poor Guy! He was in frightful case indeed. His natural impulse for the sake of peace was to give the paper back, but he felt as he had said, that this would not only be unjust to himself, but would be harmful to the girl. And yet how was he to convince her of this? He had tried to do so already, and failed.

"Lottie, what does all this mean? What do you want given back to you, and who is this young man?"

The door leading to the rear apartment had opened suddenly, and a man of about sixty, in a long wrapper, stood on the threshold.

The girl gave one terrified glance upwards, then, with a piercing scream, fell forward on the floor. Jack jumped out of his rocking chair as if a bombshell had exploded under him, and ran to Guy for protection. Mr. Crapfel hastened to raise his daughter from the carpet, and he had barely placed her on the sofa when hurried steps were heard in the corridor, the door was thrown open, and a crowd of terrified tenants rushed in.

"What's the matter?"

"Where's the fire?"

"Who struck the gal?"

"Send for the police."

These were only a few of the excited exclamations that reached Guy's ear, as the little room filled with the Crapfels' neighbors, most of the men in their shirt sleeves, and a few of the women with their hair done up in curl papers. Oh, why had he made that luckless remark about John Bradford, he asked himself amid the din?

(To be continued.)

## DAN AVERY'S SHOT.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

"THIS don't look much like our home in the East, does it, boys? It looks to me as though we had hopped into another world altogether."

"Not much, Dan. Look yonder and see what a mountain that is. And see those cliffs nearer at hand. I wish we were on the top of one of them now. What a view we should get of the plains and the top of the hills between us and them. It must be fine at this time of day, when the sun is about to set."

"You are right, Will. We will be up there tomorrow if uncle is willing for us to go. What do you think of it, Sam? Can you stand it to clamber up there?"

Sam was the slightest built of the three. With his blue eyes and fair skin he looked as fragile as a girl. He was by no means rugged, and the contrast between him and his two companions was very noticeable. They were the picture of health, and looked as though they could stand nearly as much hardship as the rude, rough borderers, with whom they had already got acquainted in the few hours they had spent in the cabin of Dan's uncle.

"I'm not afraid to try," he answered. "I'm not so stout as you fellows, but I think I am quite as nimble. Do you think your uncle will let us go? I heard him and some of the men talking about being away tomorrow. He may want to be with us when we take our first tramp, for fear that we may get lost."

"I will ask him, at any rate. I don't see how we can get lost up yonder, for we can see the settlement from any of these hills. He mustn't think that we are city boys who never knocked round the country any."

As soon as he had a chance, Dan interviewed his uncle on the subject.

"Yes, boys, you may go, but don't wander away too far. Keep a sharp lookout for bears and redskins, for you never know when to expect either of them to turn up. As soon as I get time, I'll give you all the tramping you'll want. But I've got to be busy for a few days with the men here, and you boys must amuse yourselves alone."

So it was settled, and the boys turned in that night, and dreamed of the things they would see and the adventures they might have on the morrow among the high hills which were so new to them.

They were early astir. The morning was as fine as could be asked for, and they impatiently awaited the breakfast which seemed long coming. Each of them, before leaving home in the East, had purchased a rifle, and such other weapons as they might stand in need of, and these they carefully examined for the twelfth time at least. They were in good trim, and they looked forward eagerly to the moment when they could use them on something more than a mark, or some other inanimate object. But little time was spent upon the meal when ready, and then, with a lunch which their host insisted upon their taking along with them, they turned their faces towards the hills, and were off at a brisk pace.

It was nearly noon when they reached the top of a crag which rose above its fellows to quite an altitude. It was a point on which their gaze had been fixed all the morning, and now as they stood upon it they seemed to feel a thrill of triumph as though they had in some way achieved a victory. But before they were half satiated with the view about them they were actuated by another sensation which was not so pleasant, and which demanded their immediate attention. "They were as hungry as wolves," as Sam expressed it, and



falling to upon the viands they had brought along for a lunch, they soon caused these to disappear to the last crumb.

They were thirsty when they began their repast, and this had served to make them more so. Now they felt that they must have water as soon as possible. But where was it to be found? They had seen no sign of any since they had started on their tramp. They had crossed a few streams on their way, but their beds had been as dry as the banks themselves. Evidently no water ran along them except in spring and autumn, or after some heavy rain.

Between them and a peak which rose beyond was a deep narrow valley, and at the bottom of this it was possible that water might be found. They felt that they could not endure the thirst that oppressed them until they got back to the cabin, and so they determined to explore the valley.



DAN HELD THE WEAPON FIRMLY.

Sam led the way down the descent, leaping from rock to rock with the agility of a deer, and close at his heels came Will and Dan.

The further they went the more contracted the canyon became. Dark shadows lingered there which the light of midday could not disperse. The rocks were twisted into wild and weird shapes, and the few stunted trees which obtained a foothold in the crevices of the rocks were like their surroundings.

It was further to the bottom than they thought, but it did not enter the mind of any of the trio to turn back.

"Hush!" exclaimed Sam, stopping short. "What was that, boys?"

Both replied that they had heard nothing but the sound their own footsteps had been making.

"But I did."

"What was it like?" asked Dan.

"The sound of water gurgling among the rocks."

"Hurry up, then, and let us hope you were not mistaken. My mouth is as dry as the parched grass we tramped over this morning."

The boys went on in silence for a few moments, and then Sam suddenly paused again.

"What is it now?" asked Will.

"Hush!" said Dan. "I heard it too."

"Heard what—water?"

"No, something moving about down there where the shadows are the thickest. I wouldn't wonder if we were getting into the lair of some of the wild beasts the men were talking about last night at the cabin."

"Well, if we have run across some game there will be a chance for you to use your rifle and show us what kind of a shot you are."

"Yes, you have been bragging what you could do with it, but if there is a grizzly down there I would rather go back to the top of the cliff while you have your tussle with the brute."

This conversation had been carried on in a low tone, so that the sound of their voices might not reach the ears of the living thing below. So absorbed was their attention they no longer felt the thirst which had oppressed them, and silently they crept onward toward the bottom of the canyon, with eyes and ears alert for game and the possible danger which its presence might bring to them.

They were well down now, and their minds were at rest as to the presence of water. They could plainly hear it splashing over the stones; but the other sound was missing, swallowed up perhaps by the noise of the stream.

At the edge of the rock which shot sheer down for a score of feet or more, Sam paused. Some stunted bushes grew at the very verge, and holding on to these he peered over into the depths below. But it was only a moment that he retained his position. Then, to the terror of his companions, he uttered a sharp cry of alarm and shot downward from their sight.

For a moment they stood incapable of motion, and then sprang toward the spot he had occupied. But before they reached it, a sound from the depths below turned their blood to ice.

It was the fierce, deep growl of a bear, coming, it seemed, from the very spot where Sam had fallen.

For a moment neither of the boys spoke or stirred.

That their comrade was at the mercy of the fierce beast, which perhaps even now had crushed his life out, they had no doubt.

Dan was the first to gain his presence of mind. With his rifle held firmly in his right hand, he crept close up to the spot Sam had so lately occupied, taking care that a similar mishap might not befall himself.

Then he peered down into the depths, where now a profound silence reigned. He could see nothing at first in the dense shadows and gloom which filled the chasm. A motion of his foot sent a small stone rolling down, and a moment later his ears were saluted by another growl, and then a sound as though some huge animal was clambering up towards where he stood.

Firmly bracing his feet, he brought his rifle to his shoulder and waited. His hands did not tremble in the least. His weapon he held as firmly as would an old and practiced hunter.

Out from the gloom a great shaggy bear showed itself, and amid the mass of hair gleamed a pair of eyes which shone like living coals.

Dan saw that the moment to act had come.

Bringing his rifle to bear upon one of the shining eyes, he pulled the trigger. The report went echoing from crag to crag. The bear disappeared, and he heard it fall with a dull thud to the bottom of the ravine, and then all was still.

"Sam," cried Dan, "are you alive?"

A faint voice answered back, but he could not make out the words. But it was something to know that their comrade had not already met his death.

A little below he and Will found a spot where they could descend to the bank of the brook without much difficulty; and they soon found the lifeless carcass of the bear, and a little beyond, Sam, not badly injured, although his breath had been nearly knocked out of him, and one ankle sprained. By lying still and feigning death, he had escaped harm from the bear, though any moment he had expected to feel its teeth and claws in his flesh.

By the aid of his comrades he regained the summit of the cliff, and then taking their water they started for the camp. Sam could move but slowly, so at last Will went on ahead, and in due time returned with help who carried him in.

The next morning a party returned and skinned the bear; and Dan is very proud of the hide which he shows as a trophy of his first adventure among the mountains.

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

BY JAMES OTIS.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

A DISASTER.

ON the morning after the party were reunited, Clay set about trying to perfect his invention in downright earnest.

As before, he required the assistance of but one, and the other two were to attend to the "household" matters. Jethro, greatly to his satisfaction, was not included in the list of workers, owing to his wounded arm, and, as Hugh said, "he gave a most splendid example of how industriously a lazy boy could loaf." Although it was possible to use one of his hands, he never so much as offered to keep the fire going while the others were cooking, but lay stretched out at full length in the shade, perfectly satisfied with doing nothing.

The hedgehog's cage was taken ashore, and the animal allowed to run at will; but he seldom took advantage of the opportunity, evidently thinking himself more secure in the immediate vicinity of his self-elected guardians.

While Syd assisted Clay, Hugh and Harvey built a large and well-planned camp on shore, for the cabin of the Unknown was rather too warm for comfort when the cook stove was being used, and by evening of the first day at the new location, this particular spot on the shore had begun to look quite homelike.

Perhaps for the first time since the tour of the Ramblers' Club began, the boys had a thoroughly enjoyable time. There was nothing to cause any uneasiness of mind, and when the day's work was brought to a close, all hands lay on the bank, a short distance from where a fire had been built to attract the mosquitoes, looking out upon a scene which could not have been improved.

In front of them, as far as the eye might reach, stretched the placid waters, shimmering like silver under the white light of the moon, while the trees on either side formed a framework as of ebony to the picture. Close at hand, reflecting the firelight, and interposing a weird shadow to the dancing flames, was the clumsy shape of the Unknown, while a short distance from her the jaunty little tender rested on the bosom of the lake light as thistle down.

"Now this is something like camping out," Syd said, after a long pause, during which all hands had been enjoying to the utmost the beauty of the scene. "One or two nights like this, and I should feel sorry at the thought of going home; but we have had such a rough time that it began to seem as if the tour should be brought to a close."

"If I succeed in doing what I want to with the Unknown, we'll spend many hours even more pleasantly," Clay replied musingly. "I would like to see how far we could go through the chain of lakes, and after so much hard work it wouldn't be a willful waste of time to take a short vacation."

"And I'll go with you," Jethro hastened to say. "I know all this part of the country, an' can show you where there's more moose than you can shake a stick at."

"After paying fifty dollars for the privilege of killing one, I wouldn't care to so much as shake a stick at a whole drove," Hugh replied laughingly.

"But I know where you can find pickerel what weigh ten or fifteen pounds," Jethro continued earnestly.

"Did you ever see one as big as that?" Clay asked quietly.

"Lots of 'em," the amateur detective replied with an air of truthfulness. "I could fill that boat in less'n an hour if I was about a dozen miles from here."

"That story is a good deal like the one you tell about capturing the burglars; but we won't attempt to disprove it for fear of swamping the boat with such big fish," and Clay went toward the fire to throw on more fuel.

"He acts as if he didn't b'lieve what I say," and the squire's son assumed an injured tone.

"I'm afraid that is about the size of it," Syd replied laughingly; "and, to tell the truth, your fish story is larger than any of us are accustomed to hear."

"Don't you believe there's pickerel in this lake as big as that?" and Jethro leaped to his feet in real or pretended excitement.

"No; nor any other kind that would weigh fifteen pounds."

"Did you ever skitter for bass?"

"Never."

"Well, I have, and in this very place one got on my hook that I couldn't pull aboard."

"I suppose that was owing to the fact of his getting off so quickly."

"It wasn't anything of the kind. I'll go out this very minute and show somethin' that'll make your eyes stick out."

"How can you manage it with a lame arm?" Hugh asked gravely. "If it was impossible for you to so much as make the boat fast when Harvey and I came back this forenoon, I'm afraid you might injure yourself by going out alone."

"I'd go if it killed me, jest to show you fellers I know a thing or two, even if you are so smart."

As he spoke, Jethro walked toward the Unknown rapidly, and Syd called after him:

"Our fishing tackle is way aft, if that is what you are going for; but I advise you to take something in the shape of a light, for there is so much stuff stowed in that portion of the boat that it will be a hard job to find what you want."

"I guess I know what oughter be done," Jethro replied sulkily; but at the same time he changed his course, walking leisurely toward the fire, from which he took a blazing pine knot.

"If you are going on board the boat with that, see where the sparks fall," Clay said warningly, and Jethro replied in a surly tone:

"I guess I know what I'm about."

"That may be; but at the same time I don't care to take any risk of losing my boat simply because you happen to have lost your temper."

"I'm goin' to show them fellers that they don't know as much about fishin' as they think for," and as he spoke the squire's son disappeared over the bow of the Unknown.

"The boy will get into trouble some day," Clay said as he rejoined his companions. "He thinks he knows everything, and is capable of a great deal of innocent mischief, if that term can be applied to those who, through ignorance and carelessness, work harm."

\*Begun in No. 382 of THE ARGOSY.

"We need have no fear of him," Hugh replied with a hearty laugh, "for, knowing his peculiarities, it is an easy matter to guard against them. Are you intending to sleep on shore?"

"I have an idea that the berths in the cabin will be so much more comfortable than the bed on the ground, that we can afford to accept the trifling inconvenience of heat."

"Then you will have no one but Jethro for a companion,



"I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO PUT OUT THE FIRE."

and I am not even certain he prefers the boat to the camp. We have decided to try the bed of fir tips."

"Why did he go on board the yacht?"

"To get the fishing tackle. He is to show us what a skillful fisherman can do while skittering for bass."

"It is too late, and I wouldn't be afraid to wager considerable that he won't get a bite."

"Let him try it, and perhaps we shall hear less about his skill in the future."

"Nothing that might happen would prevent him from considering himself one of the marvels of the world, and it is only a waste of time to make any attempt at teaching by experience," Clay replied as he threw himself on the ground near Syd, and the latter replied with a laugh:

"It can do no harm to let him attempt to prove the wonderful stories, since we have nothing to do but make ourselves comfortable, and I have a curiosity to know how he will get out of the scrape."

"So have I," Hugh added, and then rising suddenly to his feet he cried: "It is strange that pine knot should give so much light! Do you suppose he has by any chance set fire to the boat?"

The suggestion was sufficient to cause every member of the party to leap from the ground, and to the astonishment of all it was as if the electrical craft had suddenly been illuminated by her own motive power. A bright light gleamed from the window, and through the hawse holes on the sides, as if the entire interior was a mass of flames, and while he ran toward the apparently doomed craft Clay shouted:

"What are you doing, Jethro? Have you set fire to anything?"

Hugh, Harvey and Syd followed close at his heels, and before it was possible for either to reach the bow of the

boat, Jethro came on deck in the highest state of excitement.

"I've been tryin' to put out the fire; but it's runnin' all over the cabin. Why didn't you come sooner?"

Clay gave vent to an exclamation of anger as he leaped on board the craft which had cost him so much labor in the building; but Syd, who was directly in the rear, made no effort to distinguish the words. He only knew that some mischief had been done by the self-confident Jethro, and was eager to prevent any serious consequences if possible.

When the owner of the Unknown finally reached the cabin, after what seemed like an unreasonably long time, that which met his gaze was well calculated to unman him. Apparently the whole interior was in a light blaze; the flames ran along the painted woodwork on either side as if in glee at thus being able to destroy, and Clay understood at once that all efforts to check them would be in vain.

Not so with his companions, however. At that supreme moment perhaps they understood better than did he how much would be lost if the craft with her peculiar machinery was totally destroyed, and Hugh shouted:

"Bring water, boys! There is a chance of putting this fire out if we work lively!"

"It is too late!" Clay cried as he tried, unaided, to pull the steam engine toward the bow. "Save what property you have here, and leave the poor little boat to her fate! We can't save her now."

Jethro, the cause of all the trouble, clambered on deck in an agony of apprehension lest he should be punished for his carelessness, and added to the din by shouting unmeaning orders and unintelligible excuses while the others made ready to fight the flames.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### BREAKING CAMP.

WHILE Harvey and Hugh thought only of the loss which their friend would sustain in case the Unknown was destroyed, Syd had a well defined idea that it was necessary to save their own property, and while they were doing their best to check the flames, he worked most energetically to rescue the machines and the horns of the moose.

To reach them it was necessary for him to rush between the two sheets of flame, which almost met in the center of the cabin and threatened to cut off his escape; but he paid no heed to the ominous fact.

There was no window through which the articles could be passed; but it was too late to attempt to drag them to the bow, and, seeing an axe near at hand, he began to cut his way through the light frame work.

This was not a task that required much time; but the fire was gaining rapidly in defiance of the small amount of water which it was possible for the others to pour upon it, and before the work was accomplished he had been shut off from his friends by the wall of flame.

"Where are you, Syd?" Hugh called in an agony of apprehension when he could no longer see his friend.

The crashing blows of the axe were the only reply, and again was the question repeated.

"I'm all right, and going to save the bicycles," came the answer from out of the fiery furnace as the remainder of the party were forced to retreat because of the intense heat. "Somebody go around outside and help me through this hole in the cabin, if I can ever get one cut."

"It's no use for us to work here any longer," Clay said sadly as he threw down the bucket in which he had been drawing water from the lake. "The fire is beyond our control, and we must see that Syd comes out all right."

"Are you going to let the Unknown burn?" Harvey asked in surprise.

"What else can I do? A steam engine couldn't prevent it now."

"But there is a lot of stuff here which we can save," and Harvey began throwing overboard everything within his reach.

Now Clay thought again of his engine, and calling the boys' attention to the fact that it might at least be dropped in the lake, he worked with the strength of two men to drag it forward, while Jethro danced and shouted in terror on the roof, apparently so much confused as not to know that he should go on shore.

Ten minutes passed, and to the excited workers they seemed like almost as many hours, and then the flames were so near the bow that the laborers, as well as the cause of the disaster, were forced to leap ashore, when Hugh suddenly remembered that no one had attempted to aid Syd.

"Come on!" he shouted, springing into the small boat. "The poor fellow must be entirely surrounded by this time."

"So he is," cried a voice as a head, the hair singed and the face blackened, was thrust through the hastily cut aperture in the side of the cabin. "If it hadn't been for me the Ramblers' Club would have gone home without so much as one wheel between three."

"Where are they now?"

"At the bottom of the lake. They can't burn there, and by diving it will be possible to bring them ashore," Syd replied calmly as he began to crawl through the hole. "I've pitched overboard everything I could get my hands on, and it won't be a bad idea to pick up such stuff as is floating."

"Look out for yourself first," Hugh said sternly. "It makes no difference what is lost, providing all lives are saved."

"Have any been in danger?" Syd asked quickly, deferring his departure from the burning hulk until the question could be answered.

"You are the only one, and I am angry that you should have stayed in there so long."

"It isn't very comfortable, for a fact; but I didn't feel like going home and telling the fellows that while we were mooning on the beach our machines were burned."

"That would be better than to say you lost your life while trying to save them," Hugh replied impatiently.

"I wasn't such a fool as to go so far. After I cut a hole through the side, the way of escape was opened, and I could stay here several minutes longer without risk."

"Come down at once!" and now Hugh spoke in an angry tone. "I'll catch you; but be careful not to strike the small boat in jumping."

Syd lowered himself from the aperture in a leisurely fashion, and dropped into the water, which hardly reached to his shoulders.

"There won't be much trouble in picking up all I've thrown overboard if it is as shallow as this, and I may as well try for them now that I'm wet."

"Come ashore at once!" Clay shouted. "If you are not

injured yourselves, the boat will be terribly scorched, and there is no reason why any more property than is necessary should be destroyed."

This was sufficient to reduce Syd to obedience, and, while Hugh paddled the little craft to a safe distance, he came ashore, looking decidedly the worse for having fought the flames so long.

There was nothing now which could be done save to watch the Unknown as she was consumed by fire; and Syd expected to hear Clay give way to loud lamentations, as would have been but natural in view of the fact that his labor of a year and a half was thus being swept away in a few moments.

But he did nothing of the kind. As a matter of fact he appeared even more calm than any other member of the party, and did not so much as look reproachfully toward the cause of the disaster, who crouched behind Harvey as if fancying he would be punished for what he had done.

When the poor craft was completely wrapped in flames, he asked quietly, turning toward Jethro:

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know," the squire's son sobbed. "I was lookin' for the fishin' tackle, an' didn't pay any 'tention to the torch till it seemed as if the whole thing was on fire. Then I tried to put it out before you fellows could know what happened, but it wasn't any use. The more I worked the bigger the fire growed."

"If you had given the alarm at once, we might have succeeded in extinguishing it," Hugh said impatiently.

"I was most sure I could do it all myself, an'—"

"We won't talk about the matter any longer," Clay interrupted. "Your habit of thinking you know more than those who have had considerable experience has already caused some trouble, and I advise you to break yourself of it, Jethro. It is fortunate the camp was built yesterday, otherwise we should be forced to sleep out of doors."

"We'll enlarge it tomorrow," Syd said. "By building a kitchen we can take all the cooking utensils out of the sleeping apartment, and thus have as much room as is needed."

"Why don't you boys go back to the point where you made the second camp?" Clay asked.

"So we will, if you think best," Hugh replied quickly.

"It isn't for me to decide, because I shall leave here tomorrow."

"Going away?" the boys repeated in chorus, with surprise and disappointment written on every face.

"It is absolutely necessary. In the first place, I do not intend to give in beaten simply because the results of so much labor have been destroyed; but it will be necessary to go home in order to make arrangements to begin again; and, in the second place, now that I know exactly what should be done, I propose to work where it will be possible to hire assistants."

Then Clay went into details concerning his intended plans, he having formed them even while the Unknown was being destroyed, and when he concluded, the members of the Ramblers' Club looked at each other meaningly.

Hugh was the first to speak.

"Suppose we go with Clay? It will seem lonely here without him, and we can finish the tour by wheeling from Boston to New York."

"But if you fellers break camp I'll have to go home," Jethro said mournfully.

"It is the best thing you can do," Clay replied quickly, but with no trace of anger in his tones. "Throw that big star in the lake before you start, and settle down to work on the farm like a decent fellow."

"I agree with Hugh," Syd said, and Harvey was of the same opinion.

Then came the question of what should be done with the boat, and this Clay settled very readily.

"Let Jethro walk to the store tomorrow morning, and hire a team to come for her, as well as such things of mine as are worth carrying away. We will have them shipped by freight to my home, and from there I will forward the little craft in good shape."

Jethro was willing to perform this service in view of the fact that he would thus be able to enjoy a ride, and it only remained to carry the plan into execution when another day should come.

(To be concluded.)

#### A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

THE delicate shade of difference between two little words of three letters was neatly brought out not long ago in a telephone conversation, reported for the *New York Tribune* by its Washington correspondent.

The dialogue took place over the wire between the house of Senator Stanford and the office of *The Washington Post* on the evening the Senator returned from California:

*The Post*—"Is that Senator Stanford?"

Mr. Stanford's private secretary (with a mental reservation)—"Yes."

"Can I send a reporter up to interview you on the silver question, Senator?"

"I don't know."

"I say can I send a reporter to interview you on the silver question?"

"You'll have to ask your editor."

"You don't understand me. I said, can I send a man to interview you?"

"I don't know what you can do. Ask your editor."

"But I represent the editor. I am the editor. Can you tell me whether I can send a man up to your house?"

"You'd better ask your publisher if you don't know."

"What?"

"I say, if your editor doesn't know what you can do, perhaps your publisher does."

"But you don't understand. I want to know if I can send a man to your house."

"Perhaps you want to know if you may send a man to the house. Yes, I suppose you may."

"Will you see him?"

"That's an entirely different matter. He can learn that by coming up."

After a little more sparring *The Post* sent a man to the Senator's house and got the interview; but the telephone editor has come to the conclusion that even a Senator can be too exact in the choice of language.

#### A BELGIAN HOAX.

"WHERE ignorance is awe," might be a paraphrase of the old saying, applicable to the incident related below by a writer in the *New York Evening Sun*:

I was present at one of the gardens in Brussels, when an enterprising showman introduced a wild African, fresh from his native jungles. The wild man was down on the bills for a few remarks in his mother tongue, and when he was bidden by the keeper to talk a little for the instruction of his audience, he began in good United States: "This is a good joke on you. You all think I am a wild man from Africa, but I'm not. I'm a good American citizen, and I'm telling you the truth in good English," and much more to the same effect, while all the crowd gazed open eyed and in astonishment at the horrible creature, as they nudged each other and whispered: "Just hear him! I wonder what he is saying? Isn't it awful?"

#### PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

FAITH CURIST—"Bad toothache, eh? Well, sir, we'll cure that in less than no time. You sit down there, fix your mind on something else, and imagine that your toothache has all gone." (After a pause of five minutes)—"There, isn't it gone?"

PATIENT—"Y-yes!"

FAITH CURIST (as patient starts to go)—"But, ahem. You haven't paid me my charge! Five dollars, please!"

PATIENT—"Oh, that's all right. You just sit down there, fix your mind on something else, and imagine that you've got your money. Ta, ta!"—*Lawrence American.*

## CORRESPONDENCE.

T. R. S., JR. The Italian coin which you describe is not a rarity.

H. O. B., Albany, N. Y. The Seventh President of the United States was Andrew Jackson.

G. W., Peoria, Ill. How do you like Enterprise, Eagle, Columbia, Standard or Americus as a name for your ball nine?

E. B. K., Port Chester, N. Y. 1. Yes; Mr. Munsey is at the helm of THE ARGOSY. 2. Nov. 11, 1875, fell on Thursday.

G. E. K., Peoria, Ill. A bill does not go to the President until it has passed both the House of Representatives and the Senate.

JOSEPH CHEW, 127 East 115th St., New York City, aged fifteen, would like to join a team of good ball players for Saturday afternoon games.

P. G., Cambridge, Mass. Consult the advertising columns of some such paper as the *Electrical World* or *Electric Power*, both published in New York.

W. E. A., Philadelphia, Pa. No, we do not have THE ARGOSY for 1889 bound in one volume, the last in that form being the numbers for 1888, price \$4.

A. B. A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio, and Rouse, Hazard & Co., of Peoria, Ill. deal in second hand bicycles. See their advertisements in THE ARGOSY.

D. T. L., Centreville, Ind. 1. We no longer publish notices of exchange. 2. Yes, on receipt of the price, 50 cents, we will mail you a copy of the book you wish.

F. E. J., Bayonne, N. J. No, there is no river that runs up hill, either in South America, New Jersey or No Man's Land, or anywhere else outside of the fairy stories.

THE address of Fred C. Parker, whose notice regarding the formation of a cadet company appeared in No. 389, should read 408 West 17th St., New York City, not 308.

R. S. W., Hoboken, N. J. The advertisement referred to was received from a reputable agency. The money may have been lost in the mail. Your friend should send a letter of inquiry.

A FEW good players wanted to join a uniformed nine of boys under nineteen. Must be able to play on Saturday afternoons and holidays. Address L. L. Phillips, 50 Cliff St., New York City.

W. F., Flatbush, N. Y. The training ship Minnesota lies in the North River, at the foot of Twenty Sixth Street, New York. You will find an article on the subject in No. 352 of THE ARGOSY.

ALFRED HACKLE, JR., 1619 Avenue B, New York City, would like to hear from boys between fifteen and nineteen, with reference to forming a vacation Outing and Camping Club on Long Island.

L. D. C., South Amboy, N. J. Hotels get all their supplies from the large city markets, with the dealers of which you will have to communicate in order to learn the prices for which mushrooms can be sold.

CHALLENGES to play the Lafayette Baseball Club should be sent to Clifford Smith, 251 West 133d St., New York City. Members of challenging clubs must not be over fourteen years of age, and no Sunday games will be played.

GOOD WILL JOE, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. You will note that your wish for a new story by Mr. Alger has already been gratified. 2. The tiger is a fiercer animal than the lion. 3. As we informed an inquirer in No. 389, Searle, who recently died in Australia, was the champion oarsman of the world.

THE BURGLAR, New York City. 1. The nearest public library to Forty Third Street and Second Avenue is the Aguilar Free Library Society at 721 Lexington Avenue. 2. The large copper cent of 1800, if in good condition, is worth three cents; that of 1803, two cents. Consult our advertising columns for a market.

E. C. A. C., New York City. We believe that there is a cavalry company attached to the Hamilton Cadets. For further information, however, concerning it and methods of joining the organization we must refer you to some of the addresses given from time to time in these columns under the head, "Military Matters."



OUR SPRING POET.



I.

The unusual mildness of the weather has an extraordinary effect upon Our Spring Poet.



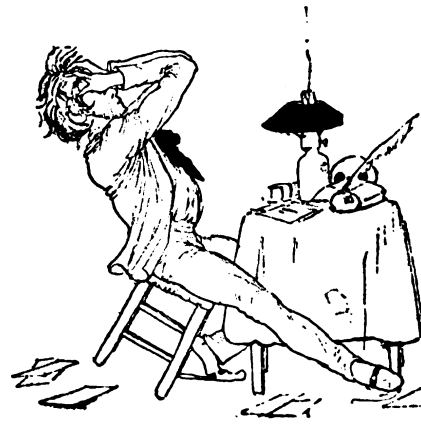
II.

Inspiration thrills to the very ends of his poetic hair, like sap running through a maple.



III.

But the course of true poetry, like that of true love, does not always run smoothly.



IV.

Our Spring Poet cannot find a rhyme for "breezes." Alas! There is no such word as "treeses."



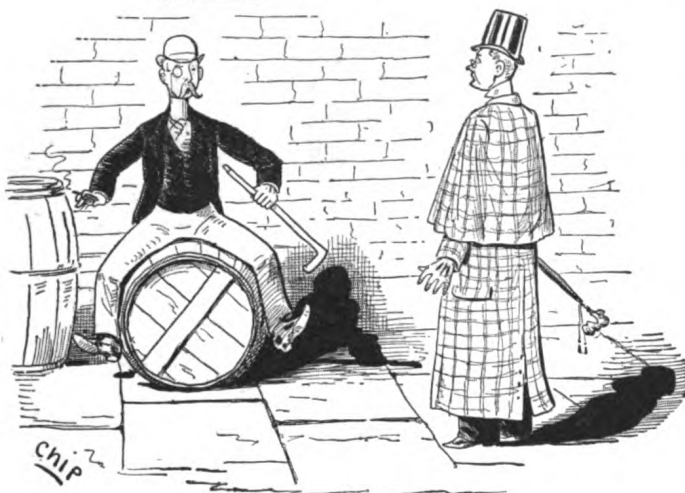
V.

"Eureka!" he cries at last, upsetting his ink bottle in his ecstatic joy.



VI.

For he has completed his stanza with this beautiful touch — "And Pauline softly sneezes."



#### THE LATEST FAD.

MORRILL HOWARDS—"Why, my deah boy, what awh you doing in that—ah—disgraceful position, ah?"

EDWARD DUDESON—"Why, I have been reading in one of the society papers that the British nobility are nearly all bow legged, don't cher know."

#### CRAVENS ALL.

MISS PRIMUS—"Miss Elder was just saying she thought early marriages were highly desirable."

MISS SECUNDUS—"And hasn't she found anybody with the courage of *her* convictions?"

#### UNDER GROUND.

"I TELL you we can't have too much rapid transit."

"I don't know about that. It looks to me as if they were in danger of running it into the ground."

#### WHERE SHE COULD GET IT.

"I WOULD like a Chinese boat for my collection of curiosities. Where could I get one, Mr. Romer?"

"At the junk shop, madam."

#### VERY HOSPITABLE.

FRIEND—"Well, Trailer, I see you've returned. Did you find the inhabitants of the Cannibal Isles very hospitable?"

TRAILER—"Very, indeed. They insisted that I should be served at dinner."

#### TWO RECENT LETTERS.

"YONKERS, N. Y., February 1, 1890.

"HIRAM FLIRE, JR., Yale College.

"DEAR SON:—I am grieved to learn that you are falling into careless habits. I trust you will put a check to loose behavior.

"Your aff. father,

"H. FLIRE."

"NEW HAVEN, CT., February 3, 1890.

"DEAR FATHER:—Send check. It shall be applied as you wish.

"Your aff. son,

"H.I."

#### EXCITEMENT IN A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

EDITOR—"James, what is that moving in the waste basket—a mouse?"

JAMES (examining basket)—"No, sir, it's one of them throbbing, passionate poems, sir."

EDITOR—"Pour some water on it and throw it in the ash barrel; the place isn't insured."

#### HIS LABOR SAVED.

LARKIN—"The young King of Portugal does not need to make a name for himself."

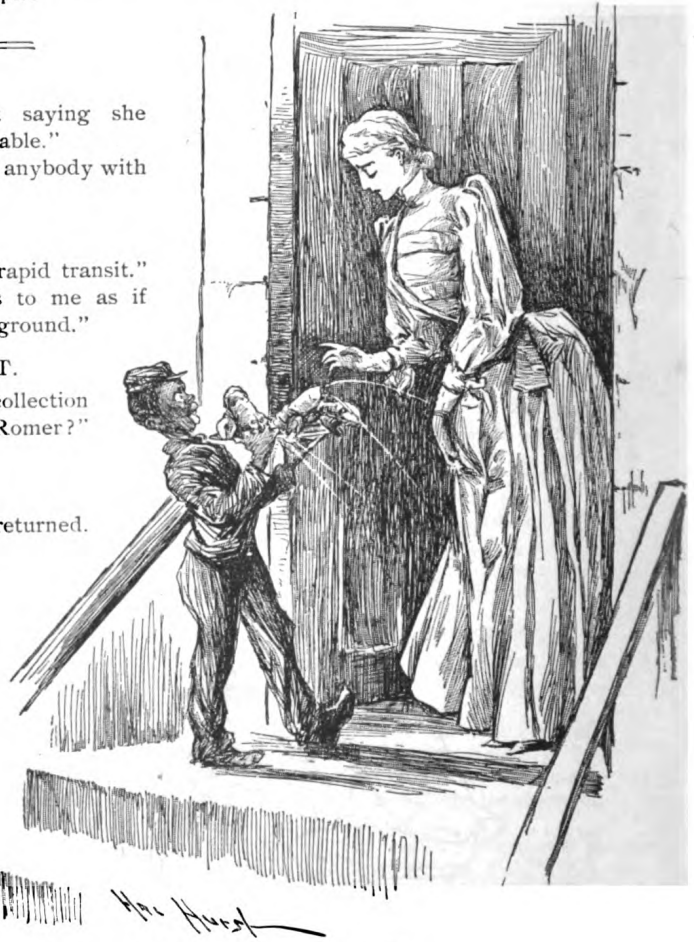
GILROY—"Why?"

LARKIN—"Because sixteen names were given to him when he was christened."

#### THE REASON WHY.

JOHNNY CUMSO—"Why do they call 'em 'Sound steamers'?"

FREDDY FANGLE—"Guess yer never heard their whistles blow!"



#### COULDN'T FOOL HER.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER—"See here, boy, you take these nasty green lobsters back to Mr. Fishmonger and tell him that at the best restaurants they use only red ones. He can't impose upon me."



The subscription price of THE ARGOSY is \$4.00 per year, payable in advance. Single copies Ten Cents each. DISCONTINUANCES—The publishers must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. The number (whole number) with which the subscription expires appears on the printed slip with the name. The courts have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrearages are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY, Publishers,  
81 Warren Street, New York.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE ARGOSY forwarded to him every week by the news-dealer from whom he is now buying the paper, or he can get it direct from the publication office by remitting the proper amount for the time he wishes to subscribe. Three months, one dollar; one year, four dollars.

\* \* \* \*

A NEW STORY NEXT WEEK.

In No. 394 we shall begin the publication of a serial that is certain to prove one of the most attractive features of THE ARGOSY during the coming summer.

ONE BOY'S HONOR;

OR,

THE FREAKS OF A FORTUNE.

A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.,  
Author of "The Cruise of the Bianca."

The above tale can not only boast of a well conceived and carefully worked out plot but is provided with a series of incidents any one of which might serve to make a story in itself. Opening in New York, the scene soon shifts to the Atlantic Ocean and Chesapeake Bay, in which latter body of water an exciting encounter is had with "oyster pirates." The steam yacht Ulysses, of which the hero, Andy Raymond, is in command, then visits Norfolk and Savannah and cruises in the Gulf of Mexico. The culmination of the plot is reached on a cattle ranch in Southwestern Texas.

\* \* \* \*

NO wonder there is such a scramble for the position of Senate page at Washington whenever a vacancy occurs. Good pay, unlimited opportunities for securing autographs of the country's famous politicians, the distinction of being "Government officials," and now to all this there has been added this year a grand banquet in honor of this branch of the civil service.

It was given in the early part of May by Senator and Mrs. Stanford, and was altogether a most elegant affair. The magnificent home of the California Senator was most sumptuously decorated, seventeen boys were present and each received as a present from Mrs. Stanford a pair of gold sleeve buttons.

Verily when the next page resigns the rush for the suc-

cessorship will be like to that which takes place at the great annual Thanksgiving Day football match.

\* \* \* \*

HERE is consolatory information for youths backward in figures. Up to within a few weeks ago Major General John C. Fremont was under the impression that he owed the United States Government \$1700. With considerable inconvenience to himself he had arranged to pay off this indebtedness in installments when the surprising, not to say gratifying discovery was made that instead of his owing the government \$1700, the government owed him \$1900. A bookkeeper's error, made forty years ago, is responsible for the misapprehension.

Figures have a reputation for unsullied trustworthiness, but a great deal depends on the man who manipulates them.

\* \* \* \*

WHAT has come to be the modern sign that spring has arrived? Not the crocus, peeping shyly from its bed in soil out of which the frost has but just disappeared, nor the cry of strawberries in the streets and the starting up of the revolving fans in the restaurants. All these signs continue to be present with us to be sure, but no longer are they the most impressive markers of the season.

No, this honor nowadays is claimed by the baseball nines throughout the land, from the opening of whose campaigns thousands date the beginning of the warm half of the year. Indeed, the field on which this particular kind of diamond flourishes, exercises an influence over a mass of mankind second only to that disseminated by a Presidential election itself.

\* \* \* \*

NOR is baseball the only summer diversion that arouses enthusiasm in the breasts of the great majority of modern Americans. Tennis, rowing, bicycling, each of these sports numbers its votaries by the tens of thousands, and that the greater part of them may dwell in the heart of the big cities, makes not the slightest difference. In fact it would be safe to assert that athletics receive their most generous patronage from their urban adherents.

Figures, it is said, never tell an untruth, and we back the statement just made on the estimate, claimed to be wholly within the bounds of reason, that in the city of New York alone ten million dollars will be spent on outdoor recreation during the coming summer.

\* \* \* \*

THE telephone has now been laid under contribution as a factor in whist. Thus a game can be played without any of the four players seeing the others.

This may be very convenient for wet weather and during the prevalence of blizzards, but we fear it will be a great trial to the patience of the participants when wires chance to get crossed just in the most exciting points of the game.

Then when the hand has been finished, and everybody wants to tell why he has played at certain stages in the way he did, a black walnut box screwed against the wall will be found a very poor substitute for the animated countenance of your partner.

On the whole, we think if we must play whist at the end of a wire, we should prefer to have it solitaire at once and be done with it.

## OBEYING ORDERS.

I.

"Now see here, Charlie, you are apt to be too brash with that hose. This time wait till I give the word, and then turn it on."



II.

"I will sweep these leaves and dirt off, and you hold her all ready to wash things down the minute I get through."

III.

"There, I guess that is as clean as I can get it, and now I'll give you the word to turn it on."



IV.

Charlie afterwards tried to explain, between thumps, that he obeyed promptly, without noticing which way the hose was pointing.



## FLOATING FUN.

## BADLY STUCK.

MR. JOKER—"I see by the paper that old Fishkin, who was in the glue business, has gone up."

MRS. JOKER—"How unfortunate! Is it a very heavy failure?"

MR. JOKER—"Yes. Everybody was badly stuck."—*Texas Siftings*.

\* \* \* \*

## DRUMMERS' EXPERIENCES.

FIRST DRUMMER—"On the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad a few days ago, a locomotive lost its smokestack in a collision. Well, sir, they just stuck a barrel over the hole and went right along as if nothing had happened."

SECOND DRUMMER—"That reminds me of an accident that happened to a train I was on recently. The engine jumped the track and was smashed all to flinders, but in five minutes we were moving along toward the next station, where we arrived, only a little late."

"Humph! How could that be!"

"We got out and walked."—*New York Weekly*.

\* \* \* \*

## HE WANTED RESTITUTION.

BURLY PARTY—"Are you aware, sir, that you deliberately placed your umbrella in my ear last evening?"

LITTLE BIFFERTON—"Very careless of me, I'm sure. I wondered what had become of it, and—would it be too much trouble to ask you to return it?"—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

\* \* \* \*

## HARD TO MASTICATE.

DUMLEY (to landlady)—"Did you say, Mrs. Hendricks, that this is a canvasback duck?"

MRS. HENDRICKS—"So the dealer told me."

DUMLEY—"Then it must be so. But I think, Mrs. Hendricks, that you have given me a piece of the canvas."—*Harper's Bazar*.

\* \* \* \*

## AN EXCEPTION.

"You can't be in two places at once."

"Can't, eh? Well, I know a man who was in a pair of trousers at once."—*Puck*.

\* \* \* \*

A LITERAL VERSION—Clara's mother (calling)—"Clara, Mr. Smithers is in the parlor and he says he wants you."

CLARA (entering parlor and throwing herself into Smithers's arms)—"Oh, Charlie, this is so sudden."—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

\* \* \* \*

## NOT HIS FAULT.

INDIGNANT DRUMMER—"I told you five or six times to wake me up this morning at seven. Here it is ten o'clock. Why didn't you wake me up sooner?"

HOTEL PORTER—"I did wake you up sooner, boss, only you didn't hear me."—*Texas Siftings*.

\* \* \* \*

## THEATRICAL MATTERS IN CHICAGO.

MRS. PORKER—"What is going to be played at the opera house to-night?"

MRS. WILDWEST—"It is not decided yet."

"How is that?"

"All I know about it is what I read in the paper. It says they are going to play Othello, or the Moor of Venice, but it didn't say which. For my part I'd just as lief see one as the other."

"So would I."—*Texas Siftings*.

\* \* \* \*

## TIME IS MONEY.

CLERK—"I would like a small increase in my salary, sir."

MERCHANT—"I don't see my way clear to that, but I can do the same thing in another way. You know that time is money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, hereafter you can work until six instead of quitting at five."—*Harper's Bazar*.

## THE ARGOSY



A LACK OF SPACE.

GUSSIE—"Aw, me deah fellah, what's the mattah with your head?"  
CLARENCE—"Aw—why—er—I somehow got an ideah in me head this—aw—mawnin', and there don't appeah to have been any prowision made in me head for it."

### EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

In the effort to economize words when sending telegrams, the very purpose in view—a saving of money—is sometimes defeated in most embarrassing fashion, as in the following instance, described by the *Boston Courier*:

A gentleman who had been absent from Boston on an errand connected with the visit of some one of the innumerable companies of folk of all sorts who have been entertained in this town within the past few years, had occasion to telegraph home for a carriage to meet him on his arrival. He accordingly sent a dispatch which, when it left his hand, read: "Send hacks to B. & A. Station, six thirty; five persons."

But alas for the uncertainty of all things earthly! When the dispatch was put into the hands of the stable keeper in Boston to whom it was sent, it read: "Send hacks to B. & A. Station, six. Thirty five persons."

The result is easily to be foreseen. When the gentleman came out of the station and asked for his carriages, his eye was met with a long line of hacks stretching off into the dim distance of the deepening twilight of the winter evening, and to his dismay he found that they were all at his order. It was in vain he protested that he did not wish them; it was with the utmost difficulty that he escaped having to ride home in the whole collection of carriages; while the wrangles over the bill afterward, with the stable keeper and the telegraph company, might furnish material for a small volume.

### THE LAST STRAW.

At this writing Uncle Sam's census enumerators for 1890 are on the eve of beginning their task. Some idea of the peculiar experiences that await them may be gleaned from the story recently told by a member of the New York City force in previous years. We quote from the *New York Tribune*:

The city is so divided that each enumerator is supposed to have about two thousand individuals to inquire about. But he often finds that his district is much more thickly populated than he supposed. I remember last time I got into a wretched house where four families dwelt together. The room was partitioned off into four rectangles, but not in the usual way, with wooden walls, but by chalk lines on the floor.

"How do you all manage to live in such crowded quarters?" I asked, jogged out of my routine questions by their unusually sardine-like arrangement.

"Oh, we'd get on well enough," growled one man, "if them Joneses wouldn't persist in keepin' boarders."

### AS YOU RUN.

ACCORDING to the *American Analyst*, a nervous headache is a danger signal.

"If it comes frequently the danger is increased; if it is continuous look out for catastrophe."

Some inflexible conditions seem to compel a man to go on in spite of his feelings.

A family depends upon him; his children have to be educated; he must pay as he goes.

However, as that acute observer of men and things, Max O'Rell, says: we "are a big, rapid nation."

If we can't take our ease sitting we get it running.

All sorts and conditions of men are provided for.

So the man who has near and dear ones to consider, who cannot pause, may assimilate his aliment along with his activity.

In harmony with this idea, here's an inhalation of blood food—nerve nourishment—that gets directly to the breathing surfaces.

An inhalation rich in healing ozone—instantly and easily appropriated.

Absorbed by the blood and carried by quickened circulation to every hungry need:

This is Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen Treatment; it has been in use for over 20 years.

During that time it has restored thousands to health.

A 200 page book—sent entirely free of charge to any address—will tell you who have been cured and show where they live.

It is filled with such words of encouragement as the following:

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"Mrs. Smith, who suffered greatly from Bronchitis, and could get relief from no other source, has been greatly benefited by the use of your Compound Oxygen Treatment.

"Her appearance before and after taking would convince the most skeptical of its merits. Others in this town have been greatly improved by your Treatment.

"LANDON F. SMITH.

"SENECA, S. C., Nov. 13, 1889."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"I have used your Compound Oxygen Treatment with great benefit, and can fully recommend the same to any one suffering from Bronchitis or Catarrh.

"I consider it to be the Treatment, simple and efficacious.

"MRS. R. H. PELTIGREW.

"NO. 75 STATE ST., HACKENSACK, N. J., Feb. 20, '90."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"In 1883 your Compound Oxygen Treatment relieved me of *Laryngeal Bronchitis*.

"JOHN W. WILLIAMSON, M. D.

"BOYDTOWN, VA. Nov. 10, 1889."

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:

"I have been a sufferer from *Bronchitis* so that I had no rest day or night.

"I had given up the hope of relief. I thought there could be no help for me.

"A friend recommended your Compound Oxygen Treatment to me, and after using one Treatment I received more benefit from its use than anything I ever tried.

"I begin to feel now as well as I ever did. *Your Compound Oxygen Treatment has no equal.*

"CATHERINE FISHBURN.

"CENTROPCLIS, FRANKLIN CO., KAN."

Drs. Starkey & Palen have a simple means of getting all this encouragement.

They begin with a full statement, from the patient, of his case.

After that they receive regular reports.

They follow every development.

They provide for every emergency that is within human control;

They mean to cure you.

Send for the book, and find out all about it. You will be astonished to see how many hearty endorsements there are.

Address DRs. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1529 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.; 120 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.; 58 Church St., Toronto, Canada.



## Creates An Appetite

There is nothing for which we recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla with greater confidence than for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache and other troubles of dyspeptic nature. In the most natural way this medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one feel "real hungry." Ladies in delicate health, or very dainty and particular at meals, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish and satisfaction. Try it.

### Dyspepsia—No Ambition

"Having been troubled with dyspepsia, loss of appetite and a feeling of no ambition to work, I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased one bottle and feeling benefit therefrom bought two more and am now entirely cured. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house, as I think it a good family medicine." CHAS. PARKER, cor. Shelby and Congress Streets, Detroit, Mich.

## 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

### MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD!

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. T. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 CUSTOM HOUSE STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

#### A GOOD SCHEME.

JOHNSON—"I've struck a great idea, Snagley. Going to organize the Illinois Farmers' Milk Trust—capital, two millions."

SNAGLEY—"Well, a milk trust sounds like a good scheme. It will be sure to hold water."—*Light*.

\* \* \* \*

#### A QUESTION OF SEX.

FINE clothes don't improve every person in spite  
Of the fact that by some they're admired;  
The tailor made girl is a joy and delight,  
But the tailor made man makes us tired.

—*Boston Courier*.

\* \* \* \*

#### REASON ENOUGH.

THERE is at the Hotel Metropole a native American girl, who, accompanied by her parents, is on her way from an extended continental tour. In conversation with a number of her compatriots the other evening she frankly confessed that she liked no language but her native language.

"As for French," she declared, "I hate it, because I always have to think before I speak."—*Chicago News, London Letter*.



#### PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS.

KENEALY—"What have you got that umbrella for, Mulcahy? It ain't rainin'."

MULCAHY—"Oh! Oi brought that in case the boat blew up. Then all Oi'd have to do, is to come down in my little parachute."

#### HIS CORRECTION.

LEILA—"A present from Charlie, papa! Ah! he's a man after my own heart!"

FATHER—"Nonsense! He's a man after your own money!"—*Judy*.

\* \* \* \*

#### SIGHT SEEING BEGINS ABROAD.

BRONSON—"And you have really never seen Niagara? You must get your husband to take you there next summer."

MRS. FANGLE—"Oh, it's impossible! I couldn't spare the time. Why, I haven't seen all of Europe yet."—*Light*.

\* \* \* \*

#### NOT PREMEDITATED.

MRS. BROWN—"Did you pick up that tack I dropped on the floor?"

BROWN—"Yes; but I didn't mean to."—*Life*.

\* \* \* \*

#### VERY FRANK.

PRISON VISITOR—"You seem an honest fellow, and I feel an interest in you. Could anything be done to make you more comfortable?"

CONVICT—"You bet!"

VISITOR—"What?"

CONVICT—"Lemme out!"—*Puck*.

\* \* \* \*

#### PROBABLY NOT.

MRS. GAZZAM (reading the newspaper)—"Here's an article on 'Shooting Stars.'"

GAZZAM—"Were any of them hit?"—*The Epoch*.

**I LIKE MY WIFE  
TO USE  
POZZONI'S MEDICATED  
COMPLEXION POWDER.**

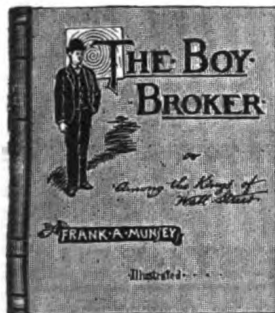
**Because It Improves Her Looks and Is As  
Fragrant as Violets. Sold Everywhere.**

**SOMETHING NEW.** The GREATEST OFFER ever made  
to Readers of THE ARGOSY.

**ANY SMART BOY CAN MAKE FROM**  
**\$25 TO \$100 INSIDE OF TEN DAYS.**

**Read the following carefully, every word, and learn how**  
**you can SAVE MONEY and MAKE MONEY.**

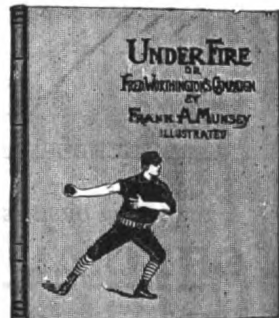
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(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

## THE ARGOSY

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