THE ARGOSY

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ONE BOY'S HONOR;

OR,

THE FREAKS OF A FORTUNE.*

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

CHAPTER VII.

ANDY LEARNS AN ASTONISHING PIECE OF NEWS.

THOUGH Andy had seen the glistening steel of a deadly weapon raised in the hand of his unknown assailant, he congratulated himself on the fortuitous circumstance which saved him from its thrust. Just as he imagined the blade was about to penetrate his body, and with a shiver of horror he had closed his eyes, he stumbled over an iron cleat covered with a tangle of ropes.

The impetus given by his misstep wrenched him free from his adversary's grasp, and, the stern rail being very low, carried him overboard.

He did not lose his presence of mind or cry out, though his impromptu bath was a startlingly sudden and cold one. Immediately on rising to the surface he got his bearings and swam for the stern chains of the steamer, though it was a difficult undertaking with all his heavy clothing clinging about him.

His first impulse was to give forth a cry for help, which he had heretofore been unable to do owing to the garrotting process to which he had been subjected. But the icy water had sent such a chill through him he could hardly control his chattering teeth to articulate a word.

Reaching the steamer's rudder, he grasped one of the chains. Having no further fear for his safety, and confident in his ability to extricate himself from his unpleasant predicament, he decided to make no outcry, and rapidly considered the situation.

It would be useless to raise an alarm, now that all danger was passed, and no doubt the villain was already far from the scene of his dastardly assault. Besides, it would be productive of unnecessary excitement, and a lot of questioning.

He told himself he did not care to pose as the hero of a thrilling adventure with a desperado in the next morning's newspapers, and made up his mind to get ashore and to his home unobserved if possible.

Fortunately, as the tide was at half flood, there was enough slack in the steamer's stern hawser to allow it to sag to within a few feet of the water. Andy quickly saw it, and with a few strokes he had it within his grasp.

Being something of an athlete, he had no trouble in pulling himself up hand over hand, though he found the task not as easy as it would have been in an "undress uniform." In a few moments he was again on the deck of the Grecian Monarch.

He glanced cautiously about him, but not from any fear of meeting his late would-be assassin; he wanted to calculate his chances of getting on the dock and out to the street without attracting attention to his limp and clinging garments. Luckily his hat had been knocked off in the struggle, and had not gone overboard with him. Finding it now, he would be able to escape the attention a bare headed man would naturally attract.

Allowing as much of the moisture to drip from his clothing as possible after reaching the deck, he made his way quickly to the gangway. Fortunately the space aft of the forward hatch was still shrouded in darkness, with the exception of the dim light from the amidships deck house, and he met no one on his way.

Hurrying through the rushing hand trucks on the dock he soon gained the street, though the watchman at the entrance to the dock looked at him rather intently. He found a cab in front of the Twenty Third Street ferry house, and ordering the driver to take him quickly to his address, jumped in.

Though not in a comfortable condition, with his wet and cold garments sticking to him like a plaster, calmly to consider the events of the evening, Andy could not help thinking of the significance of several things connected with them.

In the first place, he told himself that the man Seaforth certainly could have no hand in them, as he was then on the other side of the Atlantic. But even had he known that Seaforth was now in New York, he had no cause to suppose that he had other than friendly intentions towards him, in view of the communication he had sent to his father. Clearly, then, the man was not to be connected with the attempt on

*Begun in No. 394 of THE ARGOSY.

his life, any more than he was with the attempted burning of the Ulysses, though both acts seemed to bear some mysterious relation to the arrival of his ship in port.

One thing Andy quickly established in his own mind—his late assailant must have been one of the two men who had made the unsuccessful attempt to fire the yacht, for in both instances the men were Spaniards. He had the words of the second officer of the steamer in the one case, and was convinced by the expression let fall by his would be murderer in the other.

As he thought of these things, and remembered that the brig from which the two men had been cast away hailed from a Mexican port, he recalled his father's statement that the last he had heard of Murdock was in Mexico.

Was Murdock responsible for these acts, or was it possible that his own cousin might be the instigator of them? This latter question startled him and filled him with a sickening fear.

Separated since infancy from the softening influences of home, and constantly in the society of such an unprincipled man as Murdock must be, had his cousin imbibed the latter's evil influences and developed into a hardened and reckless young fellow? Or had his inherent integrity of character maintained itself amid the wild scenes and evil associations incident to the career of an adventurer?

It was a hard question to answer, but Andy knew enough of the world and human character to realize that it was more than probable that his cousin had grown up to be anything but a mild mannered, moral young man. He had never thought of the possibility of finding him other than deserving of all he could do for him, and this doubt now filled him with grave fears as to the result, should his quest prove successful.

But beyond question, he, Andy, had an enemy, and this enemy was a Spaniard or Mexican; but whether he was the principal, or only acting for another, remained to be discovered.

That he was a savage and unscrupulous enemy he had had abundant evidence. As to the ultimate object of this enmity it seemed useless to speculate. To destroy his property could benefit no one, and therefore the attempt to fire the yacht must have been prompted from motives of revenge.

But stay, might it not be to the interest of some one to prevent his going in search of his cousin? Who else but Murdock, but what could his ultimate object be? And then, how could Murdock know that Andy knew anything of his abducted cousin, or intended to search for him? Our hero had not even hinted at the matter to any one.

Of course in case of his death, should his cousin survive him, his relative would inherit all his wealth; but in what way would that benefit Murdock?

Must he conclude, then, that his cousin was familiar with the whole matter, and had designs on his life? No, he told himself, not until it was conclusively proven.

With such thoughts as these Andy's head fairly buzzed, and in an incredibly short time the cab pulled up before his door. He made his way unobserved to his room, and after giving himself a thorough rubbing, donned some dry clothing. He determined to say nothing to any one, save perhaps Captain Manning, about his adventure, and to make arrangements to get the Ulysses ready for sea as speedily as possible. Once out of New York, he need fear no secret enemy, and he would proceed direct to Vera Cruz, which should be the base of his search in Mexico.

A refreshing night's sleep brought renewed determination to do what his honor and conscience dictated in spite of all obstacles, and without further consideration as to what sort of a youth he would find his cousin to be. Fortunately no ill effects followed his cold water plunge of the night previous.

At the appointed hour in the afternoon Captain Manning called. It was easy to see that something disturbed him as he greeted his young employer in unusually grave tones.

"Well, captain, you were right, as you usually are," said Andy, smiling. "The two men who stole the boat from the Grecian Monarch and attempted to fire the Ulysses were not common harbor thieves. They were the captain and first officer of a Spanish brig from Vera Cruz to New York, who were picked up from an open boat by the steamer."

"Whew!" whistled the captain; "the thing appears to be more mysterious than ever. Do you know anything about these men?"

"Only that the captain's name is Cortace and the mate's Madre, which I learned from the officer of the steamer; but I am convinced that one or both of these men is my enemy for some inexplicable reason."

"How do you know that, Andy?"

"In the first place, as I have told you, the two men picked up by the Monarch were from a Spanish vessel, and they were doubtless Spaniards, as their names would indicate. We have conclusive evidence that they endeavored to destroy the Ulysses. Now in the second place, I had a narrow escape from being murdered last evening on board the Monarch, and the would be assassin was a Spaniard."

"Great Cæsar!" cried Manning, who never indulged in useless expletives unless intensely excited; "then my conclusion that you did have an enemy was correct, much as I hoped that the attempt on the yacht would be explained in some other way. How do you know the man was a Spaniard?"

Andy thereupon gave him an account of his adventure of the night before, calling particular attention to the exclamation in Spanish he had heard, and continued:

"There does indeed seem to be no doubt that I have an enemy, and I must say it does not make a fellow feel very comfortable to know that there is some one watching for a chance to dispose of you off hand. I would rather you would not say anything about it to any one, captain."

"Very well, Andy, I will not," replied Manning, reflecting for a moment, and then continuing: "Did your uncle know anybody in Mexico, Andy?"

"Not of late years; an old shipmate of his was there about seven years ago," replied Andy, thinking of Murdock. "He is the only one I know of."

"Then I give it up, Andy," said the captain.

Andy was glad that he did "give it up" just there, for he feared some further questions in regard to Murdock, which he would not care to answer truthfully, and could not answer otherwise.

"Speaking of Mexico," said he, "I have about concluded to extend our Southern trip to Vera Cruz, and you may get everything in readiness to sail day after tomorrow."

This was a very ordinary speech, but judging from the bewildered expression on Captain Manning's face, he could not have appeared more astonished if Andy had said he had decided to extend his trip to the moon.

"Do you mean it, Andy? Don't you know?" asked he quickly.

"Of course I mean it, but I can't say that I *do know*," replied Andy, smiling, but with interest, as he noted the sailing master's earnest manner. "Know what?"

"Don't you know that the Ulysses is advertised for sale in the morning papers?"

"No; I don't know it, and I don't believe it."

"Then what do you call this?" said the captain, producing a newspaper, and pointing with his index finger to an article with a prominent caption.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ULYSSES IS ADVERTISED FOR SALE.

ANDY read, with curiosity and astonishment, the following:

FOR SALE: To the highest bidder.—On Monday, the —th day of May, 18—, the screw steam yacht Ulysses will be sold at auction. Tonnage 320; length over all, 180 feet; beam 26 feet; depth 13 feet. Hull is of white oak frame with steel belt sheathing. Triple expansion engines, 550 H. P. Electric lights and all modern improvements. Can be seen off Atlantic Yacht Club, Brooklyn. For further particulars, apply to P. A. Lagrange, Eureka Building.

"Captain Manning, I know absolutely nothing about this, it is the most incomprehensible thing I ever heard of," cried Andy, quickly, so utterly dumfounded that he hardly knew what to think.

"I at first thought you could not be aware of the notice or you would not have spoken of your trip yesterday; and then I could not conceive why your guardian would do such a thing without your knowledge. I finally thought it must be the result of unexpected developments last evening after I saw you."

"It is just as inexplicable to me as it is to you, captain," protested Andy, earnestly; "but I'll find out the meaning of it before I am many hours older. Have you been to Colonel Lagrange's office?"

"I have not; I came directly here on reading that notice. I hope the yacht will not be sold, as it would be rather rough on me; and besides, I have engaged all of the crew with the exception of a steward."

The captain spoke in anxious tones, for a change of ownership of the yacht probably meant the loss of an agreeable and lucrative position to him.

"Has Mr. Locher reported for duty as chief engineer?" asked our hero.

"Yes, sir."

"Then lose no time in securing a steward; we will start day after tomorrow, sale or no sale," he continued in determined tones.

"Very good, sir," replied Manning, feeling that it was none of his business to question the motives or actions of his young employer, whatever they might be.

"And by the way, captain," continued Andy, "you may as well prepare yourself to get under way at a moment's notice."

"Very well, sir."

"I'll keep this paper, and will soon know something about this business."

Andy slipped the newspaper in his pocket, and putting on his hat left the house with the captain. The latter accompanied him to an Elevated Railroad station, receiving some further instructions on the way, and Andy took the first train for down town.

He soon reached the Eureka Building, and with suppressed excitement entered the office of his guardian.

"How are you, Andy?" said the lawyer in his usual genial tones, though his manner indicated that he expected something. "Can I do anything for you today?"

"Yes you can, Colonel Lagrange," burst forth Andy, pulling the paper from his pocket. "You can tell me why you have advertised the Ulysses for sale without consulting me."

The solicitor gravely took the paper and deliberately read the notice already given. It was evident he only did so to gain time, for a troubled expression rested on his face as he handed it back to his ward.

"Andy," said he, gently but firmly, "I have sufficient and urgent reasons for disposing of the yacht, and with this explanation you must be satisfied."

"But why didn't you tell me of this before I made all arrangements to go South, and why haven't you said a word to me before you put this advertisement in?" continued Andy, ignoring the pacific tones of his guardian.

"I was convinced of the urgent expediency of selling the yacht only yesterday, and intended to advise you of the advertisement today."

"What are your reasons?" asked our hero, quickly. "The yacht is my property, and I have a right to know."

"As I have told you, I have abundant reasons for my action, and I cannot say any more. Of course the yacht is your property, Andy, but it is subject to my disposition like the rest of the estate. I can only add that I am acting solely for your best welfare. Besides, I do not think that it is advisable for you to make this trip South at this time, though the selling of the yacht has nothing to do with that."

"Why do you think I shouldn't go?" persisted Andy, wondering if his guardian knew anything of the object of his projected cruise.

"Cuba is on the eve of her periodical insurrection, which promises to be a more serious one than she has ever had. It is not safe around there, at this time. I cannot say any more about the sale, Andy," replied the lawyer, gently; and it was clear that he was prompted by motives of duty to his ward in thus refusing explanation of his action.

"I am not a spring chicken, Colonel Lagrange," cried Andy, petulantly.

"I know you are not, my boy," in soothing tones; "you are a high toned, sensible young man, and I only ask you to be guided by me in this matter without question."

"But it is such an unusual proceeding, colonel," protested Andy, not at all appeased by the soft words or flattery. "If it was necessary to sell the yacht to realize money on the estate, I would be the last one to say anything against it, but no such necessity exists. There shouldn't be any other motive I am not entitled to know."

"There is, Andy," said the solicitor firmly, but kindly, "and I cannot tell you."

"I demand to know your reasons."

"I cannot help it, Andy."

"I protest against this sale, and demand the removal of that advertisement, if you cannot give me satisfactory grounds for it."

"I cannot do it, Andy; the sale will take place."

It was evident the colonel was deeply moved in thus maintaining secrecy as to his motives, whatever they were. He spoke calmly, but there was a perceptible tremor in his voice as he looked at his ward more in pity than in anger.

But Andy had lost all patience with the non-committal position his guardian had assumed, and became exasperated.

"And I say the sale shall *not* take place, Colonel Lagrange," cried he, excitedly, as he grasped his hat and rushed from the office.

CHAPTER IX.

ANDY RESOLVES THAT THE ULYSSES SHALL NOT BE SOLD.

ANDY returned homeward in a maze of conflicting surmises as to the motives which actuated Colonel Lagrange to withhold any explanation of his action. He was manly, and proud in a certain way, and it deeply

humiliated him to be treated as though he was a schoolboy in knickerbockers.

He felt that, though he had not quite yet reached his majority, when he would be a man in fact, he was endowed with enough discretion not to be treated as a "spring chicken," as he termed it. He felt that he was a man in every sense of the word, and this reticence of his guardian in a matter of such personal importance to himself stung his pride.

in the last few years and this, added to the several generous gifts of money his father had made him, gave him a credit in bank of nearly ten thousand dollars. With this sum he felt that he could defray the expenses of the Ulysses for a few months at least, and perhaps in that time he could make some progress in his search. Once in possession of the yacht, and away from New York, it was not likely his guardian would refuse to pay all expenses, whatever his design had been in desiring to sell her.

ANDY SOON SAW THE BRASS SMOKESTACK AND OUTLINES OF A NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

He could conceive of no urgent reasons, as he had already stated, for selling the yacht, that could not be communicated to him, and the more he thought *about* the matter the less he knew what to think *of* it. It did seem strange that the colonel should want to dispose of the Ulysses just at this time, when one attempt had been made to destroy her, and another to make away with himself, though it may have been only a curious coincidence.

Certainly all three incidents seemed to point to a determination on somebody's part to prevent his search for his cousin. But to admit this, it seemed to him, would be attributing a sinister purpose to his guardian's action, which he could not bring himself to believe.

That his guardian had a legal right to dispose of the yacht as he pleased, he very well knew, and he would be the last one in the world to object, under ordinary circumstances ; but to sell her now would put an end to his plans for an indefinite time. Though he knew the action would be irregular, and entirely wrong, Andy determined the yacht should not pass out of his hands. He was ready to take the responsibility of disregarding his guardian's desires, whatever that might prove to be.

He had saved considerable from his monthly allowances

Before reaching home he had fully resolved on this course, and that no time should be lost in carrying it out.

He immediately packed up all the necessary clothing and other articles necessary for a prolonged voyage, and arranged to have them taken aboard the yacht that afternoon. This had hardly been accomplished, when Captain Manning called again.

"I beg your pardon, Andy," said he, "but I was so anxious to hear why the yacht had been advertised for sale I could not stay away."

"I don't know anything more than I did before about the matter," admitted Andy, reluctantly.

"Haven't you seen your guardian?"

"Yes ; but he refuses to give any explanation, though admitting that he had the notice published."

"Whew!" whistled the captain, softly, and he looked puzzled and astonished.

"What are you going to do about it, Andy?" he asked.

"I am going to start on our trip southward, the same as if the advertisement had not been published."

"But would this be right?" suggested Manning, doubtfully.

"It may not be just right, looking at it legally, but, as

you know, the yacht is my personal property, and I don't see why I should submit to such an unnecessary, and apparently arbitrary, action."

"He may have good reasons for concealing his motives from you."

"I have no doubt he has, and he said as much, but I don't propose to be treated like an infant. I'm old enough to have some voice in such a matter, and I don't mean to be ignored in any such style."

"Why not postpone the trip for a few days, and see if you cannot arrange with your guardian not to sell the yacht?" suggested the captain again, and it was evident he did not approve of disregarding the legal rights of the case.

"It is useless, captain," replied Andy, not to be changed from his purpose; "and, besides, it is very important that I should make this trip to Mexico without delay. I cannot tell you why now, captain, but you know me well enough to be convinced that I will not do anything criminal or reckless, and that I would not even do this thing if I hadn't very urgent reasons for it."

"I am sure of that, Andy," said the captain earnestly, "and you can give your explanation in your own good time. But how about the funds for paying expenses?"

"That's all right. I have nearly ten thousand dollars of my own in bank, and I guess that will keep us going several months."

"And if it doesn't, I have a little saved up you can use; and as for salary, Andy, let that go till some time in the future," added Manning.

"Thank you, captain," said Andy, warmly, "but I don't think we will need your money, or be compelled to withhold your pay. When Colonel Lagrange finds the yacht is out of his reach, I think he will be willing to defray her expenses till we return. By the way, have you found a steward?"

"Yes, sir; but he will not be aboard till tonight."

"Be sure he gets there, for we may start at any hour. I have sent all my traps on board this afternoon."

"Everything is ready, Andy, to get under way at a moment's notice. Steam is up, and the fires are banked."

"By the way, captain," suggested Andy, "don't you think it would be a good idea to shift your anchorage to the lower bay? This would avoid any prospective purchasers, and enable us to slip out of port before anything could be done to prevent us. I can come aboard in the launch off Fort Hamilton."

"Yes, Andy, that would be a good move, and I will see that it is done at once. Do you think any effort would be made to stop us?"

"I certainly do, if Colonel Lagrange had the slightest idea that I intended to leave; but he will have to act sharp to stop us now."

"He may send an officer aboard to take possession," suggested Manning.

"Let him," smiled Andy, "and we'll give him a free trip to Mexico. Be careful, captain, and let no one know of your intentions," continued he, as Manning took his departure.

Left alone, Andy tried to conjure up some plausible explanation of his guardian's intention to dispose of the yacht, but he had to give it up as an impenetrable mystery. No doubt he would know his reasons eventually, but then it would be too late to suit his present plans.

Of course, if he permitted the yacht to be sold, he could make his journey to Vera Cruz by rail. He had no objections to traveling that way, and was prepared to undertake any sort of a trip that promised a clew to his cousin, but he could see no necessity for it. The Ulysses was his property, as much as anything belonging to his father's estate could be, and he was not willing to believe there were any possible grounds to warrant her being sold, the colonel's statement to the contrary notwithstanding.

Colonel Lagrange, his friends, and even the officers of the yacht, knew that his uncle (or father, as he was now known to him), had intended making this intended cruise to the south; therefore he could make a call at Vera Cruz and push his investigations in Mexico without creating any suspicion as to his real object.

If the yacht was sold now, and he made his journey to Mexico by any other means, it would certainly occasion comment and inquiry as to his purpose, for it would be useless to say he was going to a tropical country for pleasure just at the beginning of summer.

Many would be the surmises as to the reason why the yacht was sold, and there would be many questions which would have to be answered with "a cartload of falsehoods," or not at all.

Andy told himself he could never endure the humiliation of confessing that his guardian refused any explanation for the sale, and he would not tell a lie to shield his own feelings. Besides, as he had fully determined to commence his search in this way, and had looked forward with pleasurable anticipations to this cruise, it was hard to give it all up at the last moment.

He convinced himself that he had not asked an unreasonable thing of his guardian, and was entitled to a little more consideration than he had received. If he had, no one would be quicker to realize it than he, or more ready to submit to his guardian's action. The whole matter seemed so erratic and inexplicable that he could not feel that he was doing wrong in objecting to the sale, or even frustrating it, under the circumstances.

These were some of the thoughts and mental arguments that ran through Andy's brain for some time that afternoon, and their only result was to strengthen his decision to disregard Colonel Lagrange's advertisement, and get under way at once.

He decided to start early the next morning.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE NAPHTHA LAUNCH.

BY the time Andy had reached the conclusion set down at the end of the last chapter, the afternoon was well advanced, and he went out to make some necessary purchases. He had already provided himself with several checks of exchange on banks in Southern ports to defray expenses.

And he did not forget to write the letter to Seaforth which he intended to leave at the Maritime Exchange, so that the first officer would know where to communicate with him when he reached New York.

These things attended to, the rest of the afternoon was passed in a stroll up Fifth Avenue to Central Park and back, for Andy was too full of thoughts concerning himself to care to meet any of his friends; and as he wished to keep his departure a secret, there were no good byes to be said.

Following his tramp, he indulged in a luxurious dinner at a famous and fashionable restaurant, to which he did full justice.. Though he lived as well as if he was at the best hotel in the land on board his yacht, he wanted to catch a last glimpse of the votaries of fashion and the gilded youth of Gotham. Though not "in the swim," no one enjoyed looking on and studying character better than Andy. Besides, at the present time, it would serve to help him partially to forget his own unpleasant thoughts, and there was no

telling how many months would pass before he returned to the metropolis.

And much for the same reasons he decided to attend the opera in the evening. When he had reached the last course of his meal he found he had just time enough to hasten home and don his dress suit before the commencement of the performance.

As he hurried along the avenue, if any one had told him he would not see the opera that night, and that he would be put in more than one trying position before morning, he would have laughed at him. But it is the unexpected that always happens, and just as he was ascending the steps of his residence a seedy looking young man, with bold and hardened features, was coming down.

"Are yer de boss?" asked the stranger, jerking his hand towards the house.

"Yes," replied Andy, curious as to the fellow's business.

"Then here's a dockyment for yer, if yer's Cap'n Raymond," he continued, shoving a soiled looking paper before our hero's eyes.

Andy stepped up to the vestibule where there was more light, and managed to decipher the following:

CAPTAIN RAYMOND,

DEAR SIR:—Captain Manning was taken sick very suddenly after returning on board this afternoon and would like to see you soon as possible. You will find the launch at Pier 26, North River, at 7:30 with the quartermaster and Fluster in charge.

FIRST OFFICER, MARTIN GARBOARD.

"Where did you get this?" asked Andy, suspiciously.

He was very much concerned at hearing the captain was ill, and could hardly believe that such was the fact. He had appeared in the best of health when he saw him only a few hours before. After his experience of the night previous, Andy told himself it was well to be on his guard. This note might be only a decoy.

"From a gent wid blue togs on an' a cap wid gold on it down to Fort Hamilton," replied the seedy one.

"That seems straight enough," thought Andy; "but why has Garboard sent this fellow instead of one of the crew with his message?"

Was it really Garboard's writing on the note he held in his hand? Never having seen the first mate's chirography, he was unable to determine; otherwise it seemed all right.

He glanced at his watch. It was after half past seven.

"Did you just come with this?" he continued.

"Naw; bin here tree times already."

"Why didn't you leave it the first time?"

"Boss said be dead sure I see you get it, an' not give it to no flunkeys."

"Here's for your trouble," said Andy, dropping half a dollar in the messenger's hand, and wondering why Garboard should be so particular. "Run down to the Windsor Hotel and send me a cab, or anything you can find there, at once."

In a few moments a hansom cab drove up to the door, and jumping in, Andy gave orders to be driven quickly to Pier 26, North River.

He was not long in reaching his destination. After paying the cabman, and when the latter had driven off in the darkness, he thought it was strange Fluster, or one of the crew of the Ulysses, did not meet him, as was their usual custom.

Though the dock was shrouded in darkness, with the exception of the rays of a gas lamp which glimmered from the street, he could see enough to be assured that he was at the proper dock. This was the point at which he and his father had always met the launch when desiring to board the yacht in any part of the harbor, and the surroundings were very familiar.

He stepped quickly out on the pier and over to the string piece. A glance along the berth, which contained only a few lighters and small sloops, and he saw the brass smoke stack and outlines of a small launch.

She was a naphtha launch, and what little machinery she had was well astern to give her buoyancy forward and full power to her screw. A dim light glimmered from a lantern hung near the smokestack and machinery.

"Hullo there! on board the launch!" called Andy.

"Aye, aye, sir," responded a voice, which he recognized, with a feeling of relief, as Fluster's.

"What's the matter with you?" continued he, sharply. "Why are you not out on the dock with that lantern, and how did you expect me to find you in this darkness?"

There was a slight pause, and then another voice, which he did not recognize, answered:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but some of the machinery got out of fix and kept us aboard repairing it."

Andy sprang aboard a lighter, and from thence into the launch. Fluster was seated near the smokestack, considerably aft, where he could give attention to the valves which controlled the working of the launch. The other member of her crew was forward alongside the small steering wheel.

Andy had scarcely seated himself amidships when the latter gave Fluster an order to start the screw. Fluster leaned over to turn the proper valve, and as he did so, Andy noticed by the light of the latern, that he was deadly pale.

The launch quickly gathered headway, and just as she was passing out beyond the head of the dock a most startling and unexpected thing happened.

Fluster straightened up, gave a quick glance forward at the wheelman, and shouted:

"Look out, Cap'n Andy! better get out of here while you can! Follow——"

Andy sprang to his feet, and at the some moment Fluster made a motion as if to jump overboard.

Then there was a simultaneous flash of light and a report from forward, and Fluster dropped, with a cry of pain, to the bottom of the launch.

(*To be continued.*)

THE WATER CURE;

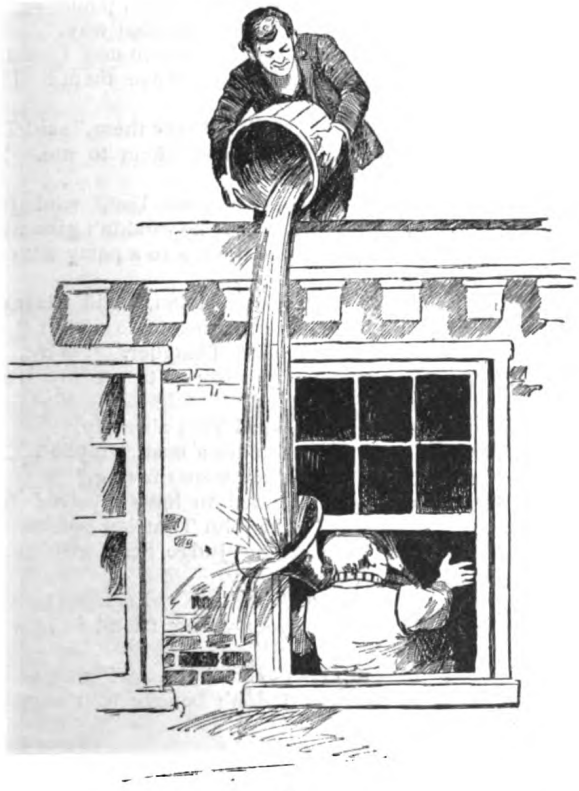
A SUGGESTION TO PEOPLE WITH MUSICAL NEIGHBORS.

I.

Young Atticus Hallroom is almost driven to distraction by his neigbor, who sits all day at the window discoursing music that is not sweet.

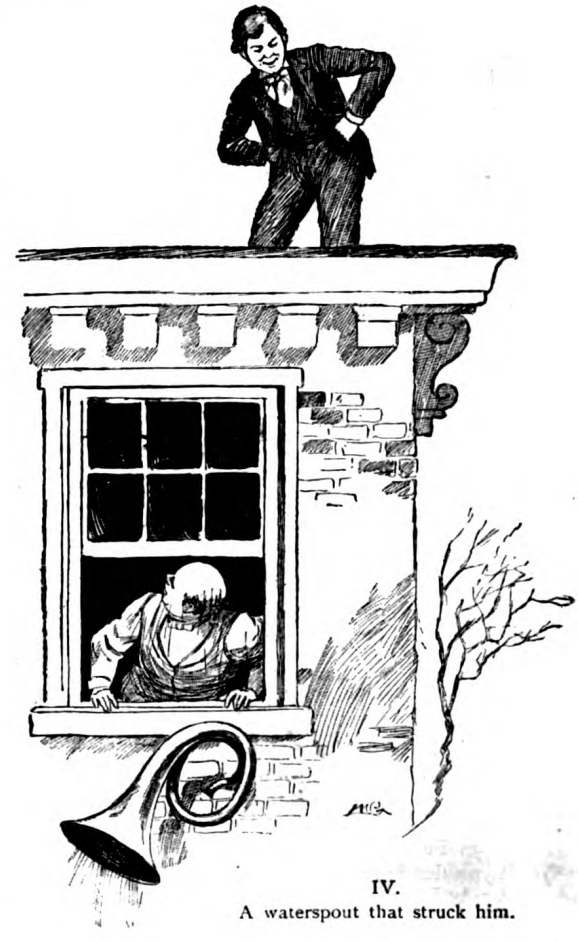
II.

After vainly appealing to the Board of Health, Atticus decides to take the law into his own hands.



III.

Armed with a pail of water, he makes his way to the roof immediately above his tormentor's window, and drowns out the offender so unexpectedly that the musician concludes that it must have been—



IV.

A waterspout that struck him.

TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CLARENCE AT BAY.

IT was twenty minutes before Mr. Pearson entered with Tom at his side.

When told by his friend that his presence was desired immediately at Mr. Thatcher's store he inquired, "What's up now, Mr. Pearson?"

"John Thatcher's got ten dollars on the brain," answered Pearson. He learned that a boy has been buying some sleeve buttons from a peddler, and tendering a ten dollar bill in change. Have you had any business transaction of that kind this morning?"

"No," answered Tom. "I have no money for sleeve buttons. I need shirts more."

"So I thought, but there's something very queer in the story. The boy who bought the buttons gave his name as Tom Turner."

"Then it's an impostor."

"I think the peddler told the story in good faith. He wouldn't have any object in mentioning your name unless it had really been given him."

"Some boy must have used my name."

"But what boy would have a ten dollar bill? I forgot to tell you that the bill in question has been recognized by Mr. Thatcher as one of those he lost."

"How could he tell it from any other ten dollar bill?"

"By a mark in violet ink on the reverse side."

"Then," said Tom, "there seems a chance of discovering the real thief. I am glad of that."

By this time they had reached the dry goods store.

As Tom entered, Mr. Thatcher eyed him with a look of vindictive malice.

"Aha!" he said. "Now we will find out the truth about the robbery. Tom Turner, you bought a pair of sleeve buttons of this man here, and paid for them with a ten dollar bill stolen from me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Thatcher, but you are entirely mistaken. I have bought no sleeve buttons, and of course I couldn't have paid for them with a ten dollar or any other bill."

"You young liar!" exclaimed Thatcher vehemently. "Here is a man who will speedily convict you of falsehood."

Tom turned, and for the first time caught sight of the peddler.

"Do you say that I bought a pair of sleeve buttons of you?" demanded Tom indignantly.

"Is your name Tom Turner?"

"Yes."

"A boy calling himself Tom Turner bought sleeve buttons of me."

"Am I the boy?"

"*No, you are not.*"

John Thatcher's countenance fell. He had expected to convict Tom by the peddler's evidence, but his witness failed him.

"Look again!" he said sharply. "This boy is Tom Turner, and there is no other boy by that name in the village."

"I can't help that. *This is not the boy.*"

The bystanders looked at each other. Who, then, could the false Tom Turner be?

"Won't you describe the boy who gave his name as Tom Turner?" asked Mr. Pearson.

The peddler was about to do so, when Clarence, little suspecting the trouble that awaited him, walked into the store.

"I don't need to describe him," said the peddler, "for there he is."

Clarence stood as if petrified, his cheeks flushing, for he saw that he was in a tight place. But he rapidly determined to brazen it out.

"What is all this about?" he asked nervously.

"Did you buy a pair of sleeve buttons of this gentleman this morning?" asked Mr. Pearson.

"Yes," answered Clarence, after a pause.

"Did you pay for them with a ten dollar bill?"

"Yes."

John Thatcher listened in amazement. Could it be that his nephew—the son of Squire Kent—was the thief?

"Did you give your name as Tom Turner?" proceeded Mr. Pearson.

"Yes," answered Clarence coolly. "I gave Tom's name because I was acting as his agent."

"What do you mean?" demanded Tom quickly.

"Tom asked me to buy a pair of sleeve buttons for him, and handed me a ten dollar bill. Here is your change," and turning to Tom he tendered him nine dollars in bills.

"Aha! we are coming to it!" ejaculated John Thatcher, rubbing his hands in delight. "Murder will out!"

Tom put his hands behind his back.

"I don't know what you mean, Clarence," he said. "That money is not mine, and I never asked you to buy any sleeve buttons for me. I didn't know that there was any dealer in jewelry in town."

"That won't do!" shouted John Thatcher, pounding the counter with his fist. "You can't get off that way."

"And here are the sleeve buttons," continued Clarence, drawing them from his vest pocket. "Take them! They belong to you."

"They are not mine, and I shall not take them," said Tom angrily. "I see your object, offering them to me. You want to throw suspicion on me."

"I knew my nephew was an honest boy," said John Thatcher. "It stands to reason that he wouldn't give away a pair of sleeve buttons and nine dollars to a party who did not have a claim to them."

"I didn't know the money was stolen," said Clarence. "If I had I wouldn't have had anything to do with it."

"Of course you wouldn't," said Thatcher. "Why, Mr. Pearson, Clarence has already restored to me my wallet with half of the missing money."

"Where did you find it?" asked Tom abruptly.

"Not far from your house, under a bush," replied Clarence significantly. "Fifty dollars were missing."

"Just the amount you pretended to have received from Judge Scott, Tom Turner," said John Thatcher pointedly.

"Perhaps you will be charging Judge Scott with taking your money next," said Tom boldly.

"I am no fool!" retorted Thatcher. "I can put two and two together. Mr. Pearson, your young friend is in a bad scrape."

"I don't see it," said Pearson calmly. "I may as well speak plainly, and say that I don't believe your nephew's story."

"About what?"

"About buying the sleeve buttons for Tom. From what I know of the two boys, I don't think Tom would be apt to appoint him as agent, nor do I think Clarence would care to act as such. Tom, did you know that there was a dealer in jewelry in town?"

"No, sir; not till I saw him here."

*Begun in No 391 of THE ARGOSY.

proceeded Pearson, turning to the ped-
s acting for another?"

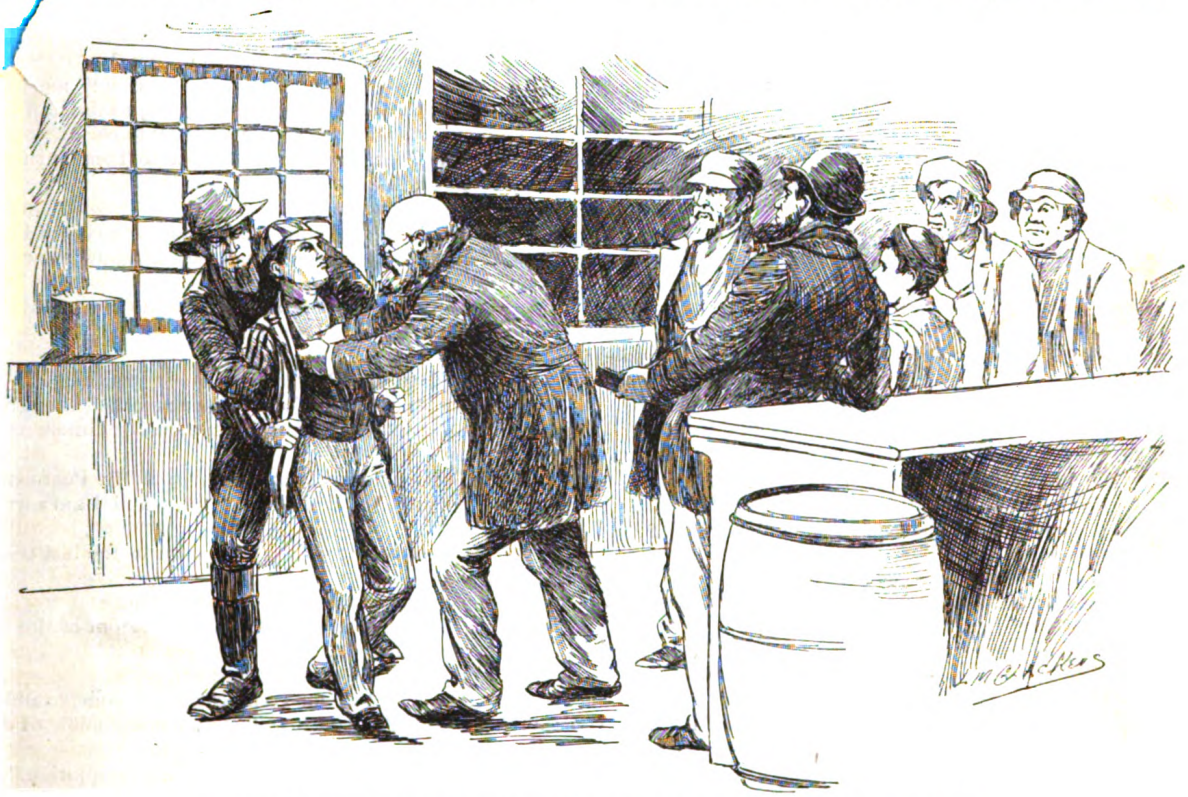
k at once to see sleeve buttons?"
seemed more desirous of changing his bill than
ise."
comes of being obliging," said Clarence boldly.

"I'll tell my father, and he'll have the law of you," he said passionately.

"He is welcome. I will go further. I suspect, if this boy is searched, the other four ten dollar bills will be found on him."

"You are insulting me, Mr. Pearson."

"I don't mean to. Are you willing to be searched?"



CLARENCE'S VEST WAS UNBUTTONED AND MR. THATCHER THRUST IN HIS HAND.

"Where was I when I commissioned you to buy the sleeve buttons for me?" demanded Tom.

"Out in the street, near your house," answered Clarence.

"And I then handed you the ten dollar bill?"

"Yes; you said you wanted to get the bill changed, as it was hard to change it in the village."

"I hear a good deal of news this afternoon," said Tom quietly.

"And you'll hear some more before long," snarled Thatcher. "You've been playing a bold game, Tom Turner. I can give you credit for being an ingenious young rascal."

"I don't consider that very creditable, Mr. Thatcher."

"Gentlemen, I leave it to you if there's not evidence enough to warrant my applying for a fresh warrant for Tom Turner's arrest," said John Thatcher, looking around the company.

"There is a boy here whom you would be warranted in having arrested," said Mr. Pearson.

"I am glad you agree with me."

"I don't. The boy I speak of is not Tom Turner."

"Who, then?"

"Clarence Kent. His story is very gauzy, and I suspect him of being concerned in the theft."

Clarence flushed crimson.

"No, I am not. Why don't you search Tom Turner?"

"You are welcome to search me, if you will search Clarence also."

"I decline," said Clarence hotly.

"It will enable you to prove your innocence."

"No one has any right to suspect me. I won't allow it."

Mr. Pearson looked at the boy fixedly, and noted the agitation which he could not control.

"Mr. Thatcher," said he, "your only chance of recovering your money is to have your nephew searched."

CHAPTER XIX.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

EVEN John Thatcher, despite his prejudice against Tom, was struck by his nephew's agitation. Could it be possible that a boy of good parentage, representing the principal family in the place, had been guilty of the vulgar crime of theft? It was not a pleasant thought, but it seemed to present a chance of recovering the other missing money.

"Clarence," he said, "I don't believe you guilty, but you must prove your innocence. You must submit to be searched."

"Why should I be searched and no one else?"

"You may search me," said Tom promptly.

"I will do so," said John Thatcher.

Tom was thoroughly searched. He made no objection, but presented every facility to the merchant. Nothing was found but a little money, for which he could account.

"I don't find anything suspicious," said Mr. Thatcher.

"Of course not. He's got the money at home," sneered Clarence.

"You can search there if you like," retorted Tom.

"Now it is your turn, Clarence."

Clarence turned pale and looked nervous. He gazed about him as if seeking some mode of escape, but it seemed necessary to submit to the ordeal.

"Here," he said, turning the pockets of his pantaloons inside out, "I'll save you the trouble. Here's a few cents, and here is a bunch of keys and a jackknife. I hope you are satisfied now."

"Have you no other pockets?" asked Mr. Pearson.

"Yes, there are pockets in my vest. Here is a lead pencil and in the other pocket I keep my watch. You can feel for yourself if you want to."

"The boy doesn't seem to have anything except his own property," said Mr. Thatcher, veering round again to suspicion of Tom. "I suspect it's the other boy after all."

"Will you open your vest, Clarence?" said Mr. Pearson.

"Why should I open my vest?" faltered Clarence.

"Because there is an inside pocket, I presume."

"I never keep anything in my inside pocket."

"Then you cannot complain of our examining it."

"Yes I do," answered Clarence, vehemently. "I object to being insulted."

"We examined Tom's inside vest pocket."

"You have searched all you are going to," said Clarence. "You seem to forget that I am a gentleman."

"I hope you are, but we must treat you and Tom alike."

Clarence held together the sides of his vest firmly.

"I shall not allow you to look any further," he said.

Clarence's obstinacy aroused his uncle's suspicion.

"Hold him, Mr. Pearson," he said, "and I will examine the inside pocket."

Despite Clarence's struggles this was done. The vest was unbuttoned, and Mr. Thatcher thrust in his hand.

He drew out four ten dollar bills.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "what have we here? As I live it is the rest of the missing money."

Clarence stood a picture of confusion. Even Tom pitied him, though Clarence had done so much to throw the blame of his own guilt upon him.

"Give me the nine dollars you received in change and the sleeve buttons," said Mr. Thatcher sternly.

Clarence handed them over without a word.

"Now you can go!" said the merchant with a contemptuous glare. "You are my nephew, and I shall not have you arrested, though the proofs of your guilt are complete. I should like to know, however, whether you stole the wallet or found it."

"I found it," answered Clarence faintly. "I meant to give back the money after a few days."

"Why were you going to wait a few days?"

"I wanted to see if you would keep your word and pay a reward for the recovery of the wallet."

"I don't believe a word of it. Your buying the sleeve buttons shows that you meant to use the money for your own purposes. You can keep them if you like. I wouldn't want to wear them."

Clarence slunk out of the store and returned home with feelings by no means enviable. There was silence for a moment after his departure.

As Mr. Thatcher turned back to put the drawer, Mr. Pearson said in a significant you forgotten something, Mr. Thatcher?"

"What?" asked the merchant, wheeling rou

"You have forgotten to ask pardon of Tom your unjust and unfounded suspicions of him."

"I acknowledge that he isn't guilty," said Thatc wardly.

"That is not enough. You have hounded and pers him, and it is your duty to apologize to him."

"I know how to behave without your telling me."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pearson, turning to the half dozen men who were gathered in the store, "those of you who think Mr. Thatcher ought to apologize to Tom Turner will please raise your hands."

Every hand was raised.

John Thatcher looked embarrassed and angry, but he was politic enough to see that he had better follow the counsel given him.

"We are all of us liable to mistakes," he muttered, "and it seems I have made a mistake here."

"Well?"

This came from Mr. Pearson.

"I am sorry that I had Tom Turner arrested, though you must all admit that circumstances were very much against him."

"That is only a half way apology," said Mr. Pearson.

"I am satisfied," said Tom quietly, "and I am sorry for Clarence Kent."

"That is generous in you, as he even to the last tried to throw suspicion on you."

"We must forget and forgive," said Tom.

He gave the signal to the rest by walking out of the store, and the others followed.

Mr. Pearson walked along with Tom.

"I congratulate you on coming out of your troubles so honorably," said Pearson. "There's not a shadow of doubt now who took the money."

"Clarence must have yielded to sudden temptation."

"There is no excuse for him. He isn't short of money. His father keeps him well stocked with pocket money, and he has no wants that his father is not ready to supply."

"I suppose he has formed extravagant habits," said Tom.

"Which you have not?"

"No; I am satisfied if I can get a decent supply of clothes. Necessaries are enough for me. I don't trouble myself about luxuries."

"Yet I shouldn't wonder if at thirty five you were a richer man than Clarence. He has been too much indulged, while you were learning to be self reliant and economical."

The next day it was rumored that Clarence had left Hillsboro for a boarding school in the next county.

The rumor proved to be correct. The boy could not face his townsmen, for he was well aware that within twenty four hours every man, woman, and child in the place would be made acquainted with his guilt. Squire Kent was exceedingly mortified and humiliated by the knowledge of his son's disgrace. It happened singularly that the first words of comfort came to him from Tom.

Meeting him the day after his son's departure, the squire halted and said in a somewhat embarrassed tone, "I regret, Thomas, that you should have got into trouble through the fault of one of my family."

"It is all over now, Squire Kent," said Tom. "Has Clarence gone to boarding school?"

"Yes; I trust that he will, under strict discipline, overcome his waywardness and atone for his fault."

"When you write to him, please give him my regards."

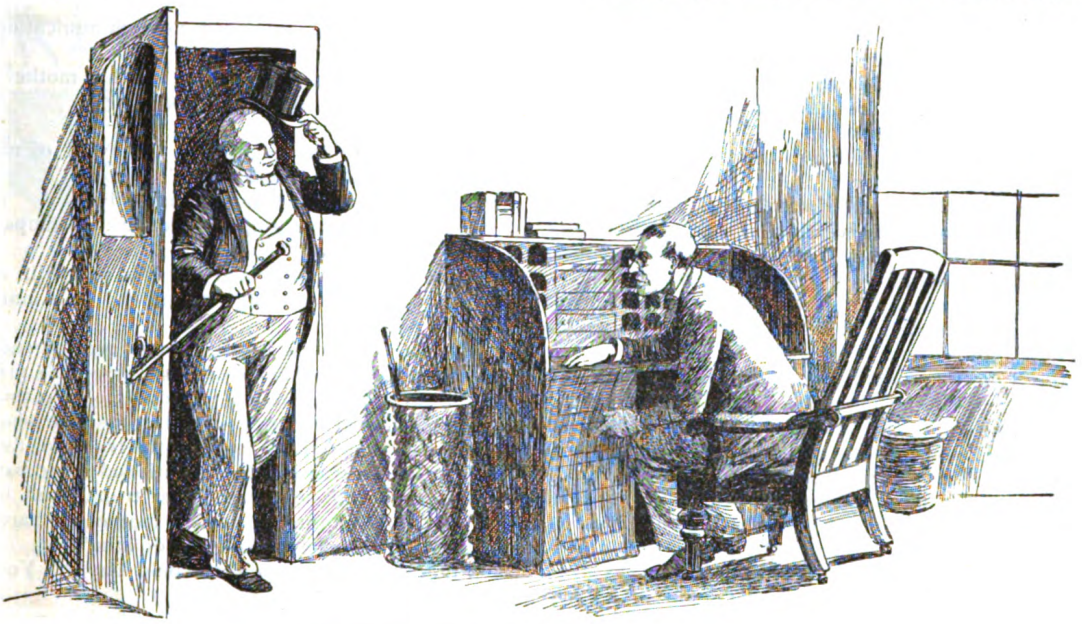
The squire eyed Tom in amazement.

"You send him your regards!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir; why not?"

"After all his efforts to injure you?"

"I forgive him for all that. He wouldn't have taken the money if he had stopped to think. Don't be too hard upon him!"



"I EXPECTED YOU," SAID NAHUM BRADLEY QUIETLY.

"Thomas Turner," said the squire with a little choking in his throat, "you are a noble boy. Will you shake hands with me?"

"With pleasure, sir," and the boy found his hand warmly grasped by his aristocratic townsman.

"When you want a favor come to me."

"Thank you, sir."

"I wish Clarence was like that boy," thought the squire, as he walked slowly homeward. "He has a noble heart."

CHAPTER XX.

HANNIBAL CARTER HAS A NEW IDEA.

IT will be remembered that Hannibal Carter, the richest of old Brinton Pendergast's heirs, bought the miser's homestead, with the expectation that some gold or treasure might be secreted either in the cellar or somewhere in the adjoining lot. He made a thorough investigation, digging under the cellar floor, and turning up the soil outside, but not a solitary gold coin rewarded his efforts. This was particularly unsatisfactory, for he felt that he had paid for the property a hundred dollars more than its intrinsic value. He would have tried to sell it, but for the thought that in spite of his unsuccessful search there might after all be some money secreted somewhere in the house or about the grounds. If this should be the case, and the purchaser should find the hoard, he would never be able to forgive himself.

About this time Mr. Carter paid a visit to New York, and dropped into an office on Wall Street with which he sometimes had transactions. For Hannibal Carter was a thrifty man, and every year set aside some money for the purchase of securities.

"Good morning, Mr. Bradley," he said. "Being in the city I thought I would drop in upon you."

"I expected you," said Nahum Bradley quietly.

"Why? It is not my usual time for coming to New York."

"I thought you might have some stocks to buy—or sell."

"But why should you think so?" queried Hannibal, looking puzzled.

"Hasn't your uncle, Brinton Pendergast, died recently?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you came in for a good share of the property?"

"A good share of the property?" repeated Hannibal scornfully. "Why, there was next to no property."

"Next to no property!" repeated the broker, in his turn looking surprised. "What property was there, if you don't mind telling me?"

"The old man left the house he lived in with a small amount of land adjoining, some worthless mining stock, and a hundred and fifty dollars in money."

"Well, what else?"

"What else? There was nothing else, except an old trunk of clothing, which he bequeathed to Tom Turner and his mother."

"What did you get?"

"The worthless mining stock," answered Hannibal with a harsh laugh.

"And the house?"

"Went to some old maid cousins of mine. Fifty dollars went to Hector Pendergast, and the tin trunk and a hundred dollars to Tom Turner and his mother."

"But what about the stocks and bonds?"

"The stocks and bonds? There were none."

"You are mistaken. I have the best reason for knowing that the old man had nearly ten thousand dollars in that form."

"What!" gasped Hannibal Carter in excitement.

"It is as I say."

"But how do you know?"

"For the simple reason that he bought them through me."

"When?"

"At different times during the last ten years."

"But why did you never tell me this?"

"My dear sir, I don't tell one customer the business of another."

"But I was the old man's nephew."

"True, but that would be no excuse for the violation of confidence. Besides, the old man swore me to secrecy. Now that he is dead, I feel at liberty to mention the matter."

"In what securities did Uncle Brinton invest?" asked Hannibal eagerly.

"There were five Erie bonds of one thousand dollars each, some Government bonds, twenty five shares of New York Central, and small lots of miscellaneous securities, amounting, I should say, to about ten thousand dollars in all."

"You don't tell me so?" ejaculated Hannibal Carter, wiping his forehead, which always became moist under the influence of agitation.

"Certainly I do, for I bought the securities for him."

"You are sure it was he?"

"Of course, no one could mistake old Brinton with his rusty camlet cloak and cowhide shoes. He seemed about as much at home in Wall Street, as a cow in a lady's parlor!"

"But where can he have hidden this property?" queried Hannibal, again using his handkerchief to mop his brow.

"I don't know, I'm sure. You ought to be better able to answer that question."

Mr Carter leaned his head upon his hand in anxious thought.

"I had some suspicion of this," he said. "I felt sure that Uncle Brinton left more than the property disposed of in his will."

"He may have secreted them somewhere about the house or grounds."

"Just what I thought, and with this idea I bought the house and lot from my old maid cousins."

"Pretty shrewd of you. How much did you pay?"

"Three hundred and seventy five dollars, at least a hundred dollars more than the property was worth."

"Well, have you searched it?"

"I should say I had," answered Hannibal emphatically. "I have dug beneath the cellar floor, and plowed up the lot outside."

"And have found nothing?"

"Not a solitary gold piece."

"That is strange."

"Do you think Uncle Brinton left his bonds in any safe deposit vaults?"

"No, he was not the sort of man, in my judgment, to trust them out of his sight. They may yet be secreted about the house or grounds."

"I will search again."

"You will be wise to do so."

"I can't think of any other place where he would be likely to hide them."

"Didn't you make mention of an old trunk?"

"Yes, there was an old trunk of clothing which was left to Tom Turner."

"And who is Tom Turner?"

"Grand nephew of the deceased."

"It is not impossible that the bonds are hidden in that trunk."

"Good heavens! if it were so Tom would come in for a fortune."

"How long since your uncle died?"

"Two months."

"And how long has this Tom Turner been in possession of the trunk?"

"About that length of time."

"Evidently he hasn't found anything yet, or you would have heard of it."

"I don't know. I have had no communication with the boy since the day of the funeral."

"You don't know whether he and his mother have appeared to become suddenly prosperous?"

"No."

"The boy may be sly, and in the event of making any discovery have kept it to himself."

"True, true!" said Hannibal uneasily.

"Was there any significant remark accompanying the bequest of the trunk?"

"Yes; Tom was cautioned never to part with it."

"That means something, probably. It is unfortunate."

"Why so?"

"Because otherwise I would have recommended you to buy the trunk from this boy at any reasonable price."

"I'll do it!" ejaculated Hannibal. "To think that I should have paid a fancy price for that old shanty, when very likely I could have bought the trunk for five dollars."

"But the boy was especially cautioned not to part with it."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. The trunk itself isn't worth over a dollar, and the boy and his mother are hard up. You wouldn't catch them refusing ten dollars."

"I don't believe ten dollars would buy it. You would be justified in offering twenty five."

"But suppose I get hold of it, and find there is nothing in it?" said Hannibal irresolutely.

"Oh, well you know the old saying, 'nothing venture, nothing have!' Think of the great stake you are playing for—ten thousand dollars at least."

"You believe there is really as much as that?" queried Carter, dazzled.

"Yes, and more. I have reason to think that your uncle never collected the interest on the bonds, and some of these he must have had at least ten years."

"Why, the interest would nearly equal the principal!"

"Precisely! And yet you are afraid to risk twenty five dollars for the purchase of the trunk!"

"Say no more! I'll go to Hillsboro tomorrow, and see what I can do with Tom Turner and his mother."

Hannibal Carter rose, and left the broker's office with a new light of hope in his eyes.

"I'll have that trunk if it costs me a hundred dollars!" he muttered.

(*To be continued.*)

A STAY-AT-HOME TRAVELER.

THE problem of being in several places without moving from one to the other has been successfully solved by a Maine man. Says the Lewiston *Journal:*

A Franklin County farmer has been a sort of stationary traveler. He was born in 1819 in New Vineyard, which was then in Kennebec County, Massachusetts. The next year Maine became a State, and afterward that part of New Vineyard was set off into Industry, Somerset County. When Franklin County was formed, Industry was made a part of it, and since then that corner of Industry has been annexed to Farmington.

Thus it happens that Mr. Charles Graham, of Farmington, Franklin County, Me., who is seventy one years old, has always lived where he was born, and yet has resided in Massachusetts, in Industry and New Vineyard, in Somerset and Kennebec Counties.

GOLDEN TREASURE

*A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.**

BY LIEUTENANT E. H. DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER XLI.

A WILD NIGHT RIDE.

T that very moment Starlight, who, with the mounted men of his gang, had followed the fugitives at a breakneck pace from the house, dashed into the open ground, and, dimly catching sight of something moving at the edge of the bush, drew his fatal pistol from his belt and fired.

A blinding blaze, a crash, one wild shriek of agony, and Ned felt his bridle go free.

Kearney had fallen by the hand of his own leader!

The instant Ned felt that his bridle was loosed, he leaped from his horse. How he managed to scramble up he could not tell, but, grasping the pommel of his saddle, and with it a good handful of his horse's mane, he succeeded somehow in hauling himself to his seat.

Jack turned as he heard the report of the pistol, knowing not what new misfortune had happened to them.

"What's that? Are you hurt, Ned?"

"No, no, ride on!" rang out Ned's clear boy's voice. "They've shot one of their own men who tried to stop me."

And now the rain began to fall in earnest. While they were in the bush they were sheltered from it, though they could hear the rustling and the pattering of it on the leaves as it fell on the dense mass of the foliage overhead. Out in the open, when they had passed the belt of bush, they were wet to the skin in a moment.

Their skirts clung close about their bodies, and, as Jack and Crosby were hatless, the rain streamed and trickled from their hair.

Notwithstanding his double load, Amber kept up nobly, though Jack well knew that their present pace could not be maintained. But as long as he could hold out Jack did not mean to give in.

Trusting entirely to his horse, for the darkness was profound in the depth of the bush, he tore madly along the rough and treacherous path.

Wet leaves and twigs lashed his face as he flew on, and once Amber stumbled and almost fell over a smooth, bare root that lay exposed across the track. But fortune was kind, and no accident befell them. Ned followed close behind, riding as recklessly as his companion.

At first it was as much as Jack could do to keep Crosby in the saddle, for the half swooning fellow swayed and lurched terribly from side to side. Once he lost consciousness entirely, and his heavy head fell back upon Jack's shoulder, and his body became inert and helpless.

But the pouring rain, which beat upon his upturned face when next they crossed a stretch of open ground, seemed to revive him, for, with a mighty effort, he pulled himself together and sat up.

They had lost all trace of path by this time, having left the better marked bush track behind them, and neither Jack nor Ned had any idea which direction to take; but here Crosby came to their assistance, for, dark though it was, he was able to recognize some landmarks, and could guide them aright.

They were now close to the Dixieville road, he said, and they struck it shortly afterwards some distance below Badger's Creek, and to the westward of it.

"Here, take the reins," Jack suggested, as soon as he found that Crosby had recovered a little, and knew where they were. "I can't see where we are going, and my left arm is quite stiff, and, as I don't mean to lose my hold of you, old fellow, my right one is pre-empted. I wish I could ease you, for you must be suffering agony with that broken arm of yours."

"I can bear it," replied Crosby, in a low voice.

"Shall we go slower, now that we have distanced them?" asked Jack. "Amber is about used up, and no wonder, with two great men on his back."

"Distanced them! What do you mean?" cried Ned, who was now riding alongside. "Listen! Can't you hear the galloping of their horses? Why, they're not a hundred yards behind!"

"I hear them, if you can't," said Crosby, faintly. "This horse of yours cannot carry two of us, and still keep up his speed. Let me slip off, and you'll outstrip them then. They'd pass me by without seeing me. It doesn't matter if they don't, for I'm nearly done for."

Jack did not waste breath in contradicting him, but only turned his head sideways to Ned, clasping Crosby's body even tighter than before.

"Yes, I hear them now. I thought we had left them far behind. Give me back the reins, and I can manage it. Our work is not all done yet. Ned, it again depends on you. We will dash on ahead a little way, and then I'll turn Amber off the road. You tear on at full gallop towards Bateman. Let them hear you, and they may not notice that one of us has dropped behind. What horse have you got?"

"Herring."

"He'll carry you all right. Take it out of him. They dare not follow you into Bateman. Now then for a dash."

Amber answered to Jack's voice and heel, for the horse had as brave a spirit as his young master, and, although laboring terribly, managed a very quick burst of a hundred yards or so.

Telling his cousin, "Now, Ned, keep on; ride like mad; don't spare the horse," Jack then suddenly wheeled to one side, and quietly pulled up some little way from the road.

He could hear Ned tearing along, and a moment after, like the gust of a storm, three or four horses dashed madly past.

Thundering and splashing along the muddy road, Ned soon reached Badger's Creek. He recognized it as the place where he had turned off the road to ride to Norton's Gap that afternoon.

Plunging along, at times fetlock deep in mud, he was passing Badger's Creek at racing speed, when a body of horsemen, coming in the opposite direction, managed to catch his foaming horse and pulled him up short.

CHAPTER XLII.

JACK REACHES HOME AT LAST.

NED, of course, could recognize none of them, but he hoped that they might be honest men, and, hardly giving himself time to take breath, he began:

"I don't know who you are, but will you help me? My name is Ned Dudley. My cousin, Jack Barnes, and a wounded man are just behind, and Starlight and his men

*Begun in No. 383 of THE ARGOSY.

are after us. Here they come, here they come!" added the boy, mad with excitement.

"All right, Ned. You're among friends."

As Brown spoke—for it was he with a little band of police and friends which he had collected in Bateman for the purpose of capturing Starlight and his gang at Norton's Gap—the four bushrangers came rushing to their doom.

As they dashed up quite close to where he and his friends were standing, Ned heard Starlight say to the men, for he had to raise his voice to make himself heard above the noise of the horses:

"Where on earth have they got to? I can't hear them. If they escape us, I shall think my luck has deserted me at last."

As he spoke, the leader of the capturing party—Collman, the chief storekeeper of Bateman—sprang out from the side of the road, and snatched at his bridle, crying:

"Your luck *has* deserted you at last. We've got you this time, Starlight."

But the bushranger was too quick for him. He instantly saw the trap he had tumbled into, and, pulling his mare up suddenly and lifting her head round by sheer strength, he put her straight at the fence which divided the road from the edge of the precipitous side of the creek.

As the beautiful gray rose to the leap, Starlight shouted out, with a mocking laugh:

"No, not yet; you haven't got me yet!"

They could hear him crashing down the steep, rocky side of the ravine, brushwood and dead scrub cracking before him, and loosened stones leaping after, and then, at last, a great sudden splash as horse and rider plunged into the swollen stream of the flooded creek.

No one dared risk his neck following him. Indeed it would have been useless to seek him that night, it was so dark. When a search was made the following morning, no trace of Starlight or his horse could be discovered.

As his body was not found the searchers could not even tell whether he was really dead or whether he had added another to his long list of daring escapes.

Thus, as mysteriously as he had lived—for no one knew who he really was or whence he came—Starlight vanished from the country side which he had infested and plundered with impunity for so long.

The three other men, who had not been quick enough, or who had not had the courage to follow Starlight's bold example, were speedily captured by Brown and the party with him. Although they fought like demons, they were soon overpowered, and, with their hands secured behind their backs, were ignominiously led into Bateman a couple of hours afterwards, in charge of the valiant Collman.

These three were Wetch, Middance, and a German named Schnadd. The villainous Keggs was afterwards captured in Bateman, and, in company with them, he was sent down by the police to Bowen, where they were all tried some weeks after, and punishment for their crimes meted out to them.

Thus Starlight's gang was broken up, the only two members of it remaining, Foster and another man, decamping before the raid was made next day upon Norton's Gap.

When the three bushrangers had been secured and sent off in safe custody to Bateman, Ned at once led Brown, and the one or two men of the band that remained, to the place where Jack and Crosby had turned off from the road, but they were unable to find them.

"Don't worry about it, Ned," said Brown. "Jack knows very well where he is, and he's gone home over Taunton's old run. If we ride back at a brisk pace, we will be there before him."

It had happened just as Brown had suspected. Not knowing of the relief party coming to their rescue, and believing that Ned would ride into Bateman without stopping, Jack had determined to turn off from the road so that, by crossing Taunton's and getting upon their own run, he could reach home sooner than by following the road.

He had become terribly anxious about Crosby, for, when he next spoke to him, after the bushrangers had dashed past, he received no reply. The man had fainted from loss of blood.

Amber, full of spirit though he was, could no longer go at more than a footpace, the last wild burst, with his double burden on his back, having quite exhausted him, so that Jack was compelled to slow down when, more than ever, he wished for speed.

He still managed to keep Crosby from falling from the horse, but the strain upon him was growing very severe, for the inert body of the man swayed with every movement of the animal, and he had to sustain his whole weight by sheer strength. Crosby's broken arm hung limp and useless by his side, and his heavy head fell back on Jack's shoulder.

How slowly the night rolled past! Surely, Jack thought, it must soon be day. In his impatience it seemed to him that they did no more than creep.

He felt that Crosby's body began to grow cold in his arms, his wet clothes clinging about him, and chilling him to the bone. He feared that he might slip from insensibility to death, before the help, that was now so near at hand, could be reached.

The horror of those long hours, in the silence and the darkness, with the dead or dying man, he knew not which, lying inertly in his stiffening arms, Jack never forgot. The rain had ceased, and above the dark outline of the distant hills the late rising moon rode slowly through the sky. Dimly, through the widening rifts between the clouds, it shone upon them, tingeing the drifting vaporous edges with a dull yellow.

By its pale light Jack noticed that Crosby's wound still bled, and this gave him some faint hope, for he saw that life was not extinct. Pulling up a handful of his blood stained shirt, and crumpling it into a ball, Jack placed it over the wound and firmly pressed it there to stop the bleeding.

He was very tender with him, and he almost felt, despite his anxiety to get his friend safely home, that there was something akin to happiness in thus being the one to minister, however roughly, to his wants; and the realization that he alone, with his right arm, upheld the brave fellow on the horse, added a sort of suppressed exultation to his love for the man who had sacrificed so much for him.

As the night cleared, familiar sounds awoke in the bush, the edge of which they were skirting. The very voices of the night birds seemed to give Jack welcome home to Wandaroo.

At last he reached the fence of the great home paddock, and managed, with his one arm, to move the top rail of the slip panels. He passed through, Amber neatly stepping the bottom rail.

How near he felt to home at last! The very fragrance of the moistened earth seeemed different from any other in his loving nostrils.

At length the last hill was climbed, and the house, with many windows ablaze with lights, was in full view. With a wildly beating heart, Jack crossed the yard and reached the door. He could not get off his horse without some help, so, sitting where he was, he called to those within.

The door was flung open, and a flood of light poured out and fell upon the foam flecked, sweating horse, the blood

stained, hatless, and white faced rider, and the apparently lifeless burden that he held in his arms.

Half terrified, Mrs. Bezzling, who had appeared, drew back, and Nellie took her place.

"Jack! Oh, is it you? Thank God!"

For a moment Jack tried to speak, but in vain. The words would not come.

Nellie saw his trouble, and guessed its object.

"All goes well," she said.

Others then came rushing out from the house and took Jack's burden from him, and helped him from the horse.

Jack staggered into the house, and saw them place Crosby on a bed.

"God bless him!" he said brokenly. "Be very tender with him. He saved my life."

(To be concluded.)

ERRORS OF SPEECH.

V.

"Where love is great, the *littlest* doubts are fear."—*Shakespeare.*

WHETHER from a desire to copy the immortal poet just quoted, to patronize regular inflections, or, as is more probable, from carelessness, if not ignorance, we often hear, and sometimes see, the word "littlest" used as a superlative. It is not superlative nonsense exactly, for there is such a word, and it may become standard at length through constant repetition, but its use at present is only provincial and colloquial, and it is better to say "smallest" instead, until "littlest" becomes recognized by grammarians.

A very common error is made in the use of superlatives, when two objects only are compared. Thus the proverb, "Of two evils choose the less," is often misquoted "Of two evils choose the least." In one of the editions of Charles Reade's "Foul Play," in the forty fifth chapter, occurs the statement, "And, of the two, Helen was the happiest." That must have been a printer's blunder, for surely Reade would have written "happier." The principle is a very simple one. Employ the comparative degree whenever two objects or persons are contrasted.

It is a sad thing to make a big blunder in speech just when you are trying to be correct. It proves conclusively that there is some truth in Pope's well known epigram:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

Thus it is less noticeable, because more common, when one says he "viewed the risin' moon from his winder," than when another—who is especially careful of his *o-w's* and his *s-n-g's*, and has a dim consciousness that a "setting hen" is an impossible fowl—declares that he "leaned against a marble pillow and watched the glorious sun *sit* behind a mountain." Yet we have listened to errors as absurd, if not as comprehensive.

The word "forward" is often miscalled "forrud," and some persons who have corrected themselves of this habit, carry their zeal too far, from ignorance of orthography, and call "forehead" "forward"; others, who know how it is spelled, call it "fore-head," with painful preciseness. Though there is some authority for the last, the best pronunciation of all is "for'ed"—hardly to be distinguished from "forrud."

A favorite word with these mistaken, yet would-be-correct speakers, is "shew," which they invariably pronounce as if derived from Shoo Fly! and use it in the past tense.

But it happens that s-h-e-w cannot be distinguished from s-h-o-w, unless it is written. It is a difference of orthography, and not of orthoëpy; of spelling, not of sounds, and both forms are in the same tense.

Now, although we never knew any one to put his foot into this *shew*, save when, like Topsy, he was "trying to be good"—*i. e.*, correct—yet Webster says: "The use of *shew* (*pronounced* shoo) for *shewed* or *showed*, common in some parts of the United States, is a gross vulgarism, which cannot be too carefully avoided."

While we are on the subject of various spellings, we will digress to say that *strait* is a word whose meaning is often unknown. Comparatively few people are aware that the "strait and narrow way" might be a very crooked one, and yet involve no paradox, while half the tailors who know how to make a strait-jacket would put in a *g-h* in spelling it.

These two orthographies were interchanged, it is true, in former days, but Webster states that "straight," meaning narrow, or close, is properly written *strait*, while he designates the use of *strait* for *straight*, as "obsolete and improper."

Until the zeal of spelling reformers shall sweep our etymology by the board, let us observe the distinction in our written use of these words, for "straight" comes from the Anglo Saxon *streccan, to stretch* (and a stretched line is strait, as every carpenter knows), while "strait" is derived from the Latin *stringo, to bind tight* or *press together*, as a strait waistcoat or a boa-constrictor would do.

First and *last* are often employed with the cardinals, two, three, etc., when speaking of a series. In such cases some say "the first two," "the last three," while others mention the "two first" and the "three last." Is there any preference for one form before another? There is decidedly.

Strictly speaking, only *one* of a series can be first or last; therefore "two first" involves a contradiction. But we may speak of the "first two," since in that case the two are considered as *one group*, and there is the implied thought of a "second two," a "third two," and so on. Reverse the picture, however, and see how soon we become entangled in absurdity. Grant that "two first" is correct, then we should also have "two second," "two third," and the like, which would be sheer nonsense unless speaking of more than one series. Remember, therefore, to say "first two" and not "two first."

A word that, while proper enough in itself, is often misapplied, is *expect*. Expectation always looks into the future, and does not concern itself with present facts. You may expect what *will be*, but cannot expect what is. To illustrate: You may *expect* a friend will visit you. You may hear the whistle of a coming train, and start for the station *expecting* to meet him there; but you cannot *expect* he is aboard the train; you can only *suspect, presume, imagine*, or *guess* at that. Still we hear such meaningless expressions as "I expect he is a very fine man," "I expect it is very bad traveling," etc., all of which should be carefully avoided.

We think it a safe estimate that we never heard fifty persons pronounce the words "arctic" and "antarctic" correctly. Many pronounce "ordeal" in two syllables, as if spelled *or-deel*. Teachers and pupils alike often talk of having *re*cess, and some who wish to air their "learning" call "in*qui*ry," "*in*quiry." If a friend should ask for your "*ad*dress," it might not be in good taste to correct him, yet he ought to thank you for it if done privately and with tact. While "essay" and "escort" are variously accented according as they are nouns or verbs, "discourse," "exchange," and "extreme" never receive the accent on the first syllable. "Detail" as a verb has the last syllable accented, as a noun it may be either.

SOME COLLEGE GRADUATES WHOSE EXAMPL

OUR READERS ARE NOT ADVISED TO EMULATE.

GUY HAMMERSLEY;

HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WARD ATTEMPTS JOKE MAKING.

DURING a good part of the next day Guy's thoughts were more distracted than they should have been perhaps from his work. He was kept constantly wondering what success the other members of the little household in Harlem would meet with in their quest for employment. For his mother had decided to call on Dr. Pendleton, taking Ruth with her, while Ward was to answer certain advertisements he had cut out of the morning paper. It may be believed, therefore, that when the young real estate clerk took the Elevated train home at five o'clock, he was possessed of a feverish impatience to hear the result of their efforts.

Two steps at a time he ascended the long flights of stairway, eager to burst into the cozy apartment with a cry of "Well, what cheer?" But on the top landing stood Harold, one finger laid across his lips, while with the other hand he motioned for his half brother to tread lightly.

"Why, what's the matter?" whispered Guy, his heart fairly springing into his throat.

"It's mamma," replied the boy. "She was taken sick this morning soon after you went away. I couldn't go to school because I had to run out and hunt up a doctor, and then go off to the drug store two or three times. Miss Farleigh has had to be with her all day."

Guy hurried in and met Ruth in the parlor. She looked wan and anxious.

"The doctor says it is a general break down of the system," she answered in response to Guy's eager questionings. "She must have careful nursing and the most nourishing diet. Yes, you can see her."

When Guy came back to the parlor, which had now become the dining room, for Harold had begun to set the table, he found Ward there. One glance at his face was sufficient to show that his day's quest had been a fruitless one. While they were eating dinner he told in lowered tones his experiences.

"In the first place," he began, "almost every place I went to had already engaged a boy, and others that hadn't, when they found out that I was a stranger in New York, said I wouldn't do at once. By that time I had got down to the bottom of my list, where I had put the doubtful ads. those that promised big profits for little work, and which, as I suspected, turned out in every case to be baits for book agents. As I haven't had myself padded against assaults from American boots, I said I'd think about it, and got out as quick as I could."

Ward tried to make light of his failure for the sake of the others, asserting that he meant to work on different lines on the morrow.

"You ought to get a Sunday paper if you want a long list of advertisements to select from," suggested Harold. "I found one the Madderns left here. Would you like to see it?"

"Yes, trot it out. The more the merrier."

So Harold brought the paper, but none noticed at the time that one particular sheet he separated from the rest, folded it up and stuffed it into his pocket. Ward took the paper and immediately became absorbed in its perusal. But Guy remarked that he was not reading the "Help Wanted—Male" pages, and was therefore considerably surprised when the British youth suddenly brought one hand down on the table with an emphatic slap and exclaimed: "I've got it. That's the easiest way to make money I've heard of yet!"

"Hush, my dear brub, not so loud," cautioned Ruth, with a glance toward the sick chamber. Then she added: "What is that easy way of making a fortune you have discovered?"

"Writing jokes for the comic papers," answered Ward. "Here's an article telling all about it. And only think! For just a little bit of a dialogue of two lines sometimes, a man gets a dollar. It can't take more than five minutes at the most to scribble off one of these. Now in a working day of eight hours there are—I say, Harold, you're just fresh from school, how many five minutes are there in that length of time?"

"Ninety six," answered Harold, after a instant of mental calculation.

"Good," went on the enthusiastic Ward, his face flushing with the inspiration of hope. "A dollar apiece for the product of each of these would be——"

He hesitated for an instant, and then Guy added, with a little laugh: "Ninety six dollars a day. At that rate I wonder why some Wall Street brokers don't change their business. They would certainly get rich faster than a great many of them do now."

"Oh, of course I don't suppose one could think of a new joke every five minutes in the day," rejoined Ward, looking a trifle silly as he realized to what lengths his enthusiasm had carried him. "I just wanted to show you what possibilities there were in the scheme. I think I'll begin tonight, so I'll have something to fall back on in case I don't succeed in getting a regular place tomorrow. Of course tramping about all day trying to get a situation isn't just the best sort of preparation to set the mind in trim to reel off funny things, but then I don't want to get in the habit of waiting for moods to write. I wonder if I can find any paper to write on in this establishment?"

Harold brought him some, and while Guy picked up the advertising sheet of the journal he had cast aside, Ward took out his lead pencil, and, propping his head on his arms, which rested on the table, wrinkled his brow and looked terribly serious in the effort to be funny. One, two, three minutes passed, and still he remained in the same position, with not one word as the result of his deeply severe thinking.

A quarter of an hour later Ruth, who had gone in to see if Mrs. Hammersley wanted anything, returned, and, looking over her brother's shoulder, said, in her cheerful way: "Well, Ward, how many jokes have you reeled off by this time?"

"None," the boy was compelled to answer, adding honestly: "It isn't quite as easy as I thought it was. But I don't believe I set to work the right way. Most of the jokes are about common, every day things and happenings, so perhaps I'd get along faster, if, instead of trying to concentrate my thoughts on the gray matter in my brain and look at nothing, I just sat quietly and gazed about the room till my eye lighted on something to which I could hang a joke."

Suiting the action to the word, Ward transferred his glances from the ceiling to the various objects around the

*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.

apartment. Suddenly they rested on puss, asleep at Harold's feet, and instantly the joke maker's lips began to move noiselessly. It was evident he had hit on an idea, and was struggling to give it expression.

"It doesn't fit as pat as I hope to make it after a little polishing," he said, when he had scribbled a few lines on the sheet of paper that had for so long remained ominously white; "but tell me what you think of this," and he read:

"Why is a tabby asleep on a tree trunk like the list of publications sent out by a publishing house? Because it is a catalogue."

The ambitious author looked up expectantly, but Guy said nothing, and Ruth had but the faintest shadow of a smile on her fair face as she said gently: "But that isn't a joke, my dear Ward, it's a conundrum."

"Well, what of that? That makes it all the better, doesn't it? Getting two things for the price of one, don't you see?"

But Ward did not speak in a very confident tone. It was evident that the cold reception accorded his first effort affected him considerably.

"I told yon I hadn't smoothed off the rough edges yet," he said half apologetically. "You see that 'a' bothers me. It doesn't come in the way it ought to."

It most certainly did not, and after twenty minutes' steady thinking in the effort to subjugate it, poor Ward was forced to give up the attempt in despair, and with it all hope of utilizing Emperor as the text for his initial essay in the field of comic literature.

"But everything requires practice," he tried to encourage himself by reflecting. "I got pretty near it that time. The next trial ought to end in success."

For the second attempt, he got up and began to walk up and down the little room, allowing his eyes to rove in every nook and corner of it.

"Surely I ought to find something funny in a flat," he mused. "The papers have been full of squibs about them for years."

But that was the trouble of it. Every good idea on which he struck, he found, on second thought, to be the reminiscence of some bright bit he had already read in the papers, and after half an hour's further trial, he threw down his pencil in disgust and went off to bed, thoroughly worn out, not to say discouraged

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRANGE NIGHT ADVENTURE.

A WEEK went by. Mrs. Hammersley grew no better, and still required constant attendance, so that Ruth could not think of seeking an opening for teaching. Besides, there was no one but herself to see after the housekeeping. Ward had walked the streets day after day in search of work, and finally succeeded in finding a job in a drug store which brought him in but four dollars a week and required him to work for it fourteen hours a day. But he was so discouraged with his weary quest. that he readily closed with this offer and was fain to consider himself lucky to get even that.

Meanwhile the finances of the little household were being steadily depleted. The doctor was a stranger and must be paid promptly, while the same was the case with the medicines, even though they came from Beman & Bawn's, where Ward was employed.

Already a portion of Guy's income had been encroached upon instead of being rigorously set aside for rent day, now less than three weeks distant. What they were going to do poor Guy could not conceive. He was certainly doing his part, as a salary of ten dollars a week was undeniably a good one for a boy of seventeen, but then it did not go a great way toward supporting five persons.

Night and day poor Guy studied over the problem, but could find no solution, unless indeed a visit to a shop under the sign of the three balls might serve to give them a temporary lift. But every time this thought occurred to him a shudder passed through his frame.

Every fine night he took long walks. He could think more clearly then, it seemed to him. Besides, he needed the exercise; then he could stop for Ward on the way home, for the poor fellow did not get off till eleven. So after dinner, he sat by his mother's bedside till she fell asleep, then putting on his hat and coat and leaving Ruth and Harold busy over some book they were reading together, he would go out for a long walk down towards the heart of the city.

One Monday evening Mrs. Hammersley fell asleep while they were at dinner, so Guy started out at seven. By eight he reached the theater district, and just as he was approaching one of the larger houses a carriage, with coachman and footman on the box, drew up before the entrance. The footman sprang down to open the door, and quite a young couple alighted. By the glare of the electric light Guy recognized the fellow he had seen twice before on Fifth Avenue, once walking and the second time driving in style.

Now, as he saw him by the side of a young girl in evening dress, both talking animatedly of the evening's enjoyment before them, Guy was irresistibly reminded of similar episodes in his own life, and for one instant, he changed his course and took two steps behind the two, trying to imagine for the moment that his happy past was back again, and that he too had come in a brougham to the play house with a fair young companion at his side.

But it was only two steps he took. His hard, practical sense quickly usurped the place of sentiment, and in another second he had turned on his heel and was taking great strides toward Madison Square, as if eager to put his weakness as far behind him as possible.

He took a longer walk than usual, and when he passed that same theater on his way home again it was half past ten. The play was not over yet, but just as he reached the entrance to the lobby a young man with his hat pulled down over his eyes and his coat collar turned up, came out. As soon as he reached the sidewalk, out of the glare of the lights, he stopped, and leaning his head against the side of the building, groaned aloud.

Thinking the man must have been taken ill and might be in need of assistance, Guy went up to him, and touching him on the shoulder, said kindly: "Excuse me, but you seem to be in trouble. Can I do anything for you?"

"Yes, if you would be so good as to put me out of existence, and thus do away with the necessity of my committing a crime to accomplish the same thing myself."

The man had turned on him suddenly, almost fiercely, and Guy saw that he was quite young, and with a face of singular refinement. Then, while our hero was collecting his thoughts from the confusion to which they had been put by the unexpected response, the stranger went on in a softened tone:

"But I beg your pardon for breaking out in this way. I don't mean it, believe me. You have a good face, and must possess a kind heart. If you will just let me walk with you a way, you *can* help me by listening to my 'tale of woe,'" and the young man gave a mirthless laugh as he quoted the name of the popular song.

"Certainly," replied Guy. "I am going to walk all the way to Harlem and shall be glad of company part way."

GUY TRIED TO IMAGINE FOR A MOMENT THAT HIS HAPPY PAST WAS BACK AGAIN.

But as he spoke he could not help wondering if he was not imprudent in thus allowing such a very singular stranger to force himself upon him. He might be a confidence man, who had taken this novel means of awakening sympathy.

And yet Guy had nothing about him to lose. A dime or two in his pockets, that was all, for on these night walks he always left his watch at home. However, the glimpse he had had of the young man's face was enough to convince him of the fact that he was no bunco steerer. So the two, thrown together so oddly, started off up Broadway together, and the stranger, taking Guy's arm, began, very frankly:

"It's funny it should be so, and yet, simply because I never saw you before and do not even know your name, it is easier for me to open my heart to you than it would be to my most intimate friend. He is, in fact, the very one I most want to avoid. I've left him, and all my other friends back there in the theater. I dare say they are wondering where I am and how I feel," and the fellow gave a short, bitter laugh as he threw a glance over his shoulder.

"I wonder if he can be mad?" was the thought that crossed Guy's mind at this juncture. But before he could come to a decision on this point his companion made an announcement that put this possibility out of the question.

"You see I wrote the play that was produced at the Criterion tonight for the first time, and it was a dead failure. I could see that myself by the middle of the first act, but I stood it out till they were half through the fourth, then I cut stick. The place was jammed with all my friends who had come to see my triumph, and I positively couldn't face them after things had turned out the way they did. Indeed I feel as if I never wanted to see any one of them again. I had talked so much about it and let everybody suppose that it was going to have a tremendous run that I just feel as if I wanted to transfer myself to some place where I shouldn't meet anybody who ever knew me."

"Was it your first play?" Guy ventured to inquire as the other paused, and jabbed savagely with his silver topped cane at some theater posters on a fence they were passing.

"Yes, and my last," came the prompt reply. "Of course I was lifted to the seventh heaven when it was accepted, and I can see now acted like an idiot by talking to everybody I met about it, telling them how swimmingly the rehearsals were going and all that."

"But it may not be as bad as you think," Guy went on, really wishing that he could pour some balm on the wounded spirit of this sensitive soul. "Perhaps the piece is already saved by the last act."

"Oh, I know better than that, better than any one else can, how highly improbable that is. Why, it was so bad that the audience actually got to laughing in the wrong places. Oh, it was fearful. I got as far back in the box as I could and didn't dare go out between the acts for fear of the talk about the 'frightful bore, don't you know,' I should hear in the lobby. I really don't know what's going to become of me."

"Then you had staked everything on the success of this play," said Guy, who naturally just at present, looked at all the evils that might befall mankind, from a financial standpoint. "Will the loss be very heavy?"

"Oh, I don't care a penny about that. My income can easily foot the bills. It's the social side of the thing that just knocks me over. How can I go out in society again and hear people whispering to one another, 'Oh, there goes Shepard. He was the fellow who wrote that play that failed so dismally at the Criterion'? The only thing for me to do is to keep in the dark till I can find something else connected with the theater, other than play writing, in which I can interest myself."

On hearing these words a project suddenly shaped itself in Guy's mind that for an instant almost took away his breath. It seemed so stupendous, so utterly out of the bounds of possibility.

And yet, even though there was but a slender thread on which to hang a hope, ought he to let this opportunity slip without putting out a hand to at least make an attempt at grasping it?

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. ARTHUR SHEPARD.

GUY and his peculiar companion had by this time reached the neighborhood of Central Park, and the former had now learned that the other's name was Arthur Shepard, that he was quite alone in the world so far as immediate family was concerned, although he had a host of relatives eager to fawn upon him by reason of the fortune his father had left him. Having a strong taste for the stage, he had taken up play writing, and, as he numbered among his large list of friends many actors and not a few managers, he had had no difficulty in getting his comedy accepted.

All this he told with the frankness of a child.

"Somehow it comforts me," he explained, "to be able to talk in confidence to a fellow I've never seen before. You see it can't do any harm; he doesn't know any of my friends, and he can't very well carry tales. I don't know but gossip would lose all its sting if it were only carried on among total strangers. It would stop every time then, don't you see, with the first person who heard it."

Whether impelled to do so by these philosophic precepts, or influenced by the example set him, Guy is not certain, but he soon found himself telling bits of his own life history to Mr. Shepard, and thus the way was paved for him to broach the matter upon which he felt so much might depend.

"Mr. Shepard," he began suddenly, "you just now said you wished you knew of something besides play writing in which you could interest yourself. I wonder if you are not the very person a small half brother of mine would like to meet."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the other excitedly. "Give me something now, at once, to fill my thoughts in place of this dreadful fiasco, and you will merit my lasting gratitude. You see, my dear boy, the penalty of being born rich. One has got to have a fad to furnish himself with occupation, and when one of these fails him—as mine has just done—he must straightway find another, or die of *ennui*. Now tell me about this half brother of yours."

"Well, I only make bold to mention the matter at all," began Guy, "because you have some connection with the theater, and I think therefore that you might be able to take an interest in Harold's aspirations. He wants an opening to become an 'infant phenomenon;' in short, to play 'Fauntleroy'! He knows the story by heart, and ever since he discovered an article in the paper telling how many children there were throughout the country playing the part of the little lord, and giving the amounts of the salary they received, he has been very anxious to get an opening somewhere, and do his share toward paying the family expenses."

"But has he really talent, do you think?" said Shepard, who was listening with the most rapt attention.

"Miss Farleigh says he has. You see she is the only one to whom the boy has confided his ambitions, and it was only a day or two ago that she told me about them. She says that when they are alone together up there in the flat all day he reels off whole chapters of dialogue from the story. Now I notice that the manager of the Criterion has some of the rights for 'Fauntleroy, so I thought you might at least bring Harold to his notice."

"How old is the boy, did you say?"

"Just ten."

"Is he dark or light?"

"Light; a blonde, with blue eyes. Oh, he's a regular Cedric Errol in looks."

"Will you bring him down to my rooms in the Jura tomorrow night? English will want something to take the place of my play right off, and if this boy turns out to be a real phenomenon, he can put 'Fauntleroy' right on. If, as you say, he knows the words already, I'll undertake to coach him for the part in a week's time, and manage the tour for him. All this, of course, if he turns out what we both trust he will. I scarcely dare hope it, though. If you knew the number of children that have been brought to English since the Fauntleroy craze started, and had seen for yourself, as I have, how ill qualified they were for the part, you would understand what I mean when I say that I 'scarcely dare hope.' You can come with him down to the Jura tomorrow night, can you? You know where it is?"

"Oh, yes. I lived there myself once and have a friend there—Bert Arlington. Perhaps you know him?"

"Arlington! Of course I do, and a nice fellow he is. He can tell you about me, and convince you that I am all right, if you did find me butting my head against a brick wall like a Harlem goat. But I must leave you here. By the time I get back to my rooms everything will have quieted down, and I needn't meet anybody till morning, when I hope I shall have quieted down too, thanks to you."

"To me!" exclaimed Guy in surprise. "Why, I haven't done anything to help you, I am sure."

"Why, yes you have. You came up and spoke kindly to me when you didn't know I had money. I tell you, we chaps who are afflicted with wealth appreciate little things like that. But good night. Here is my card. I shall expect you and the boy tomorrow night about eight."

He held out his hand, shook Guy's heartily, then turned on his heel and strode rapidly back towards the heart of the town.

"Well, of all the queer adventures I ever had, this is the oddest," soliloquized Guy, as he quickened his own steps in order not to miss going home with Ward. "I'll ask Bert all about Shepard tomorrow. Maybe he's a crank, and is putting on airs about his being so wealthy, and all that, although I don't believe it of him. There's that outspoken frankness about the fellow that impels me to trust him almost in spite of myself. Wonder what Ward will say to the affair?"

He reached the drug store just as his friend was leaving, and at once told him the story of his strange encounter.

"By Jove, the fellow had been drinking, hadn't he?" exclaimed Ward, when Guy was about half through the recital.

"No, indeed, he hadn't, or I'd have detected it, but wait till you hear the rest;" and Hammersley then went to tell about Harold and the possibility of his finding an opening to act the star role in a popular play.

"Great Cæsar, if that goes through, that ten year older will be earning more money a week than you and I put together!" and Ward gave vent to a long, low whistle, which might mean either supreme satisfaction or the reverse.

"Well, I believe they get all the way from twenty to seven hundred dollars a week," responded Guy.

"Seven hundred!" ejaculated Ward. "Don't believe it, not to doubt you, Hammersley, but the newspaper in which you saw the statement. But do you suppose his mother will let him act, if this manager says he will do?"

"I think so, yes, if we do not say anything about it till we bring back a favorable report from Mr. English. So be careful how you speak about the matter at home before we learn the decision."

The next day, as soon as he reached the office, Guy asked Arlington what he knew about Shepard.

"Oh, you mean the fellow whose play failed so dismally at the Criterion last night!" exclaimed Bert. "I was there myself, and a worse fiasco I have never seen, though the actors did their very best to save it. I understand that English has already decided to take it off at the end of the week. But about this Arthur Shepard. Do you know him?"

"I have met him," answered Guy guardedly. He did not wish to say much about him till he had heard Arlington's opinion of the man.

"Well, you found him a little queer, I'll venture," went on Bert. "But he's an awfully good hearted chap, and I feel downright sorry for him. Still, he can easily afford to lose any money he's sunk in the venture. He's said to be worth three or four millions."

A customer coming in claimed Guy's attention at this point, and nothing further was said on the subject. But he had learned enough to convince him that Shepard was a gentleman, and when he went home that night he was in a more excitable frame of mind than he had been in since his mother had fallen on the stage at Brilling.

Harold had not been told yet, but as soon as he had seen his mother that night, Guy called the boy into their bedroom and suggested that he had better put on his velvet suit.

"And perhaps Miss Farleigh has a red sash she will lend you," he added. "Your overcoat will hide it while we are on the cars."

"Oh, Guy," cried the boy, his eyes dilating. "Has she told you about it?"

"Yes; and you are going with me to a manager tonight to see what you can do. Who knows but you will be the one to raise the fortunes of the family to the top notch?"

(*To be continued.*)

CORRESPONDENCE.

S. C. F., Chicago, Ill. No premium on the half dollar of 1808.

R. R., Boston, Mass. 1. All heavy and indigestible food is harmful to the voice. 2. Lemons are frequently used by singers to clear the voice.

F. W. D., New York City. As THE ARGOSY is not a political journal, it does not fall within our province to institute comparisons between living statesmen.

CONSTANT READER, Philadelphia, Pa. 1. Read carefully the premium offer on our last two pages. 2. It is uncertain just when a new story by Mr. Munsey will begin in THE ARGOSY.

O. K., Milwaukee, Wis. Typewriters cost all the way from $15 to $125 apiece, according to make and size. Some can learn to use the machine in one or two lessons, others take longer.

THE IRVING Baseball Club, of New York, challenges all uniformed clubs whose players range from 17 to 19 years of age. Out of town nines preferred. Address S. L. Philips, 50 Cliff St., New York City.

SHORTY, New York City. 1. There is no known method by which a person can make himself tall or short; a good many are of the opinion, however, that smoking by boys tends to prevent growth. 2. We never criticise the handwriting of our correspondents.

H. K., Stamford, Conn. You do not state whether you wish information regarding man's or woman's dress. Ira Perego, the Fulton Street clothier, publishes a little monthly devoted to the former, while the *New York Monthly Fashion Bazar* fills the bill for the latter.

OLD FASH, Jersey City, N. J. No premium on the United States cent of 1817. Your English copper of 1749 is a George II farthing, and not rare. The same may said of the next two coins you mention, while the one without lettering or date is evidently so worn as to be valueless.

T. T. 1. We do not know of the existence of any book on locomotive engineering. 2. One of our authors is now engaged in writing a railroad story for us entitled "Train and Station." 3. We believe that the World's Fair is to be inaugurated in 1892, and will continue through 1893.

J. C. M. W., Kalamazoo, Mich. 1. The firm mentioned is still in existence, although we believe that one or two of the partners have withdrawn. Their publishing house is at the corner of Broadway and Eighth Street, New York. 2. Frank H. Converse wrote nine serials for THE ARGOSY. His first one began in No. 16, Vol. I. 3. The series is no longer issued.

WOULD BE LOCKSMITH, Albany, N. Y. 1. Yes, the trade of locksmith is quite a good one, a good deal depending, however, on the locality where it is established. 2. It is not as confining as many others. 3. The wages paid vary with the location of the shop. 4. An apprentice must serve from three to four years. Consult Harpers', Scribners', or Appletons' catalogues for a list for a list of books on scientific subjects.

NEMO, Edgar, Neb. 1. The best hunting grounds in the country are the northern Rocky Mountain States and Territories, especially in the vicinity of the National Park. 2. Hunters, when out on an expedition, stay away anywhere from two weeks to two months. 3. A trip to the above named regions could be made for traveling expenses and $25 a month for each person. 4. Dogs would be useless. 5. Bear, deer, the usual small game of the North, and excellent fishing are to be found in the Lake Superior region.

MILITARY MATTERS.

YOUNG MEN who wish to join Company A, Cavalry, 5th Regiment, National Cadets, please address James P. McRickard, P. O. Box 2592, New York City.

IN THE SUNK LANDS;

OR,

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

BY WALTER F. BRUNS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHAT THE SMALL BIBLE CONTAINED.

"I am glad that money is on its way to the right party again," I said, with a sigh of relief, after the wagon had disappeared.

"Well, there's plenty of work to be done yet," returned Bob. "All those traps to be taken up."

"And there is enough of them, too," added Joe.

"Do you think we can get them in before dark?" I asked.

"We can try," replied Joe. "Treve and I will take up the ones on land, and Steve and Bob can take up the others with the dug-out."

"And bring in some ducks for supper," finished Treve.

"I don't suppose it would break Isaac Jimmerson if we missed a trap or two," I said to Bob, after the others had departed and we crawled down to the dug-out.

"Hardly. We want to get everything done, so when Sammy comes back in the morning for the traps and ourselves, we won't have to do anything but load up and pile in."

Frequent expeditions after water fowl had made us perfectly familiar with the management of the dug-out, and, under the powerful influence of two strong paddles, it darted up stream like an animated being.

We knew the location of the traps almost as well as Sammy did. One of us generally accompanied him, while the other three took the land route.

The dug-out darted from one side of the stream to the other, shot into silent lagoons and narrow bayous. We gathered in the traps and the game some of them contained, and by the time the eighty odd were secured it was growing dark.

So we stopped long enough to scare up a flock of teal, dropped seven out of the lot and then made for home. The others were there before us, tired and hungry, with their traps and fur dumped down by the door.

There was a merry quartette in the cabin that night. The fire roared and crackled, and the wind moaned through the tree tops. Bob was telling an admirable ghost story.

"The phantom rider bore down on him——"

Bob's voice sounded far away. What the phantom did when it reached him, or whether it rode him down I am unable to say, for when I awoke the fire had burned down and the others were snoring melodiously. I could almost hear the thunder of those hoofs as I hastily tossed more wood on the fire, and then rolling up in my blanket, dozed off, to be hauled out by Joe at an early hour.

The door of the bear trap was dropped, to prevent any animal being caught and starved to death, and the dug-out was hauled out of the water and once more propped up in the hollow tree. Sammy arrived soon after, having made a quick return with the empty wagon. We loaded on the trunks, the traps and ourselves, and, whistling to the dogs, started on the first installment of our journey homeward.

"Is the money safe?" was my first question.

"All safe. Maw took to Patty like a duck to water."

This was good news. It was not long before the Quartette, partially to lighten Loafer's load, but more for amusement, were down on both sides of the wagon diminishing the number of quail.

"Things air turnin' out right along like they oughter," said Mr. Isaac Jimmerson, shaking hands all round. "Got the fourteen hundred back agin, an' fur enough to pay youuns' fare down yere an' back an' a good deal over."

"Where does Sammy come in?" I asked mildly.

"Oh, he don't ask fur anythin'," said Mr. Jimmerson liberally.

"Then," said I, "speaking for both myself and the rest, with the exception of what specimens we select for ourselves, will you turn over to Sammy whatever amount the fur is worth, and give him permission to pay us a visit?"

Mr. Jimmerson stared at us in blank amazement.

"And it won't half repay our indebtedness," added Bob, who with the others had been made acquainted with Sammy's desires.

"I will ef y'all say so," he returned, and the look on his face told that he did not understand it.

So Joe obligingly explained our reasons. Sammy abruptly left off unharnessing Loafer and disappeared around the house. Mr. Jimmerson was surprised, and also so tickled at the thought of Sammy's becoming a "book l'arnt feller" that he immediately departed in search of him, and a little later the latter was the happiest boy in the State.

"Steve," said Patty, as we were all gathered in the general sitting room that evening, "I'm jess dyin' to know what them papers in the Bible says, an' now's as good a time as any."

"Why, I had forgotten them entirely," I replied. "Now we will soon know what has been troubling the mind of this young lady for I don't know how many years."

Everybody crowded around as I pulled out the small Bible and laid it on the table. Mrs. Jimmerson placed the candle in the most advantageous position, and the little Jimmersons opened their eyes and mouths to their widest extent.

There were two envelopes, yellow with age, both sealed with a large daub of red wax and both of which had been broken. Amid a death-like silence I extracted a folded slip of parchment paper and read the label, written in a cramped hand:

"The last will and testament of John S. Halford!"

"What under the sun," began Bob, but stopped as I opened it and continued:

"Being in a sound state of mind and health, I, John S. Halford, do hereby give, devise and bequeath to my only daughter, Geraldine Halford, all my property, both real and personal, wherever found or however situated, including twenty three thousand dollars in United States four per cent Government bonds, etc., etc. Said bonds and all rights and titles belonging to me have been placed in the hands of one Claribel R. Simpson—"

"Oh!" burst from the rest of the Quartette.

"To be conveyed, with the said Geraldine Halford, to Memphis, Tenn., to be placed in charge of——"

There the will abruptly left off, signed, but neither dated or recorded. "Well, that beats me," said Joe, turning it over in his hands. "He must have drawn it up himself. Evidently the one Claribel R. Simpson was either the sister or the wife of our highwayman."

"And I suppose the twenty three thousand dollars in Government bonds has gone the way our fourteen hundred would have gone had not that accident happened," remarked Treve.

"Well, where is this Geraldine Halford?" I wanted to know.

Joe gave me a peculiar look and elevated his eyebrows at Patty across the table.

*Begun in No. 387 of THE ARGOSY.

"You don't mean," I stammered.

He nodded his head emphatically.

Mechanically I drew out the contents of the other envelope.

A cry of astonishment went up. With feverish haste I counted twenty three thousand dollars in four per cent United States Government bonds!

We stood like so many wax figures until Treve picked up a thin package that had dropped on the table unnoticed until now. He quickly undid it and disclosed a small photograph and a few faded letters.

"A blind man could see that this picture is the counterpart of Patty, even though it was taken eleven years ago!" exclaimed Treve.

"Well, all I can say," said Joe solemnly, "is that Miss Geraldine Halford, the young lady on the other side of the table, need not spend the remainder of her days in the sunk lands, with twenty three thousand dollars and interest accrued for a trifle over ten years."

"An' my name is Geraldine, is hit?" asked Patty, in a dazed manner. "An' Simpson wasn't my pap, an' I kin go away from yere an' be like other girls?"

"Of course," we assured her.

"What does the Quartette say to taking her home with us?" asked Treve. "I know mother and the girls would be glad to take care of her until things simmer down."

"Agreed!" cried the rest.

"That is, if Patty is willing," added Treve.

There was no need to ask her. She danced around the room as though treading on air at the prospect of the trip.

"With her small fortune, Patty is dependent on no one," said Joe.

Except on certain rare occasions, she has remained Patty with the Quartette ever since, and seems better pleased than when we say "Geraldine."

"Well, I'm dodswoggled!" suddenly exclaimed Mr. Jimmerson, resonantly. "Ef this don't beat anythin' I ever seed, I'll yeat my haid!"

"Do you remember Simpson's wife, or sister, or whatever she is?" asked Joe, turning to Patty.

"NOW WE WILL SOON KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN TROUBLING THE MIND OF THIS YOUNG LADY."

"I remember a woman who used to be awful good to me; but she died a long time ago."

"There isn't a particle of doubt as to Patty's identity in my mind," said Treve. "But what gets me is why Simpson did not sell those bonds."

"Now, that would be a rather difficult question," replied Joe; "but I account for it like this: Simpson was undoubtedly an illiterate fellow, and knew no more about Government bonds than a hog does about Sunday. Claribel R. Simpson was probably in the same state, or, unless he had unbounded confidence in her, Mr. Halford would not have trusted her with such an amount. Supposing that Claribel could not read, and being near no one that could, she did the best she could and kept the child. She could not have done much better any way, seeing that no further directions are given. Simpson kept them when she died for the same reason."

And there we have had to let the matter rest, for all efforts to find any one acquainted or related to John S. Halford, through the newspapers, have proved unavailing. The Quartette and all concerned have accepted Joe's solution of the problem.

After another coon hunt, and several days' shooting at quail and prairie chickens, the Quartette started for home.

Boose was left in charge of Sammy, who promised to keep him for us until we came down the next fall, for shooting was too good there to run the risk of finding new fields.

Mr. Jimmerson undertook to teach Brute some tricks and thus enhance his value. We learned afterward that the cub grew considerably larger, and, rebelling one day, knocked his tutor through a two inch plank door, whereupon the latter grew disgusted and sold him to a showman for forty five dollars, which he forwarded to the X. T. C. Quartette and would listen to no refusal on our part to take.

Sol Dunlap ferried us over Maumelle Lake. We noticed he said nothing about "them air Simpsons", when he saw the young lady accompanying us.

Jim Mills received Loafer reluctantly, but was apparently well pleased at the fact that he had not been compelled to provide for him for a month.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONCLUSION.

"BACK again, eh?" said Mr. Roberts as I walked into the office next morning.

"Yes, sir."

'Had a good time, I suppose? What's the prospect on pelts? How's Jimmerson?"

Thereupon I told our story and answered his various questions pertaining to the business.

Later in the day he came around and said:

"Look up that Appleton account again, will you? I believe you were working on that the day before you left."

So I went to the vault and hauled out the books of the previous year. The papers I had used when checking up the account before were as I had left them; but it was not these that caused me to give a gasp and then shout:

"Cæsar's ghost! I have it!"

There came a crash in Mr. Roberts's office as that nervous gentleman overturned his chair and his ever overturning inkstand. Then I grabbed a long yellow envelope, covered with pencil marks, and, shoving my trembling fingers inside, drew out the first fourteen hundred dollars that had been placed in my possession for Mr. Jimmerson to call for!

I flew into Mr. Roberts's office, collided with him as he was coming out to see what the trouble was, and then, as he sat down violently in the waste paper basket, I shot across the floor, plunged into a Japanese screen and narrowly escaped going into the fireplace.

"Hi—ho—how!" he spluttered. "What's up?"

"Neither of us," I retorted. "Natives dropped a quarter of a cent by the market report this morning."

He glared at me as though undecided whether to be angry or not, and then, perhaps remembering that he should make allowances for a person just returned from a month's sojourn in the sunk lands, replaced his spectacles and stared at the money I placed before him.

"Why—why, where did this come from?"

"That is the money we thought was burnt," I explained.

"I—I don't understand."

"Neither do I, unless I placed it in last year's books by mistake and left Davis's consignment out for Mr. Jimmerson."

"Which Mike burnt up, and which accounts for our not being able to find it. Quite a remarkable incident. Well, well!"

"If Jimmerson *had* called and I had given him the consignment papers instead of the money, I would have been placed in just as bad a light," I told myself, as I returned to work 'If I had not been so worked up over the hunt it would not have happened."

That evening the X. T. C. Quartette met in the club room for the first time after their arrival home. Of course the guns and rifles had to be polished and put in their respective places, as well as the rest of the accouterments.

I told of my good fortune, and then Bob said:

"The X. T. C. Quartette seems to have taken Patty's financial affairs under its direct supervision, and Steve and Treve's mother and sisters, herself. As the president and general manager of this illustrious body, I have interested father in her behalf, and he promises to see that her fortune is properly deposited."

"And Patty has decided that she will attend the young ladies' seminary with Edith, so we are going to lose sight of her for awhile," I added.

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Bob. "Will we have to go hatless and crawl into her presence on our knees?"

"Never!" I retorted. "No one will ever get any such fandangle ideas into her head. Patty is too sensible a girl for that."

And I am glad to say she was.

Sammy paid us a visit before winter was over, and of course was visibly impressed with his first venture into a city; but the X. T. C. Quartette gave him no time to be bashful, and shoved him through and into everything in a way that must have made his hair rise.

He has since educated himself, and through Mr. Jimmerson's and my efforts, secured a good position in the fur department of Mr. Roberts's establishment, with a snug little fortune and a great, large chance of promotion. He never fails to accompany the Quartette on their annual hunting trip to the sunk lands.

Jim Lacy and his followers paid us a visit when we hunted in his region the next season, but did not molest us, and soon after disappeared. We never heard of them afterwards.

Miguel wandered into Mr. Jimmerson's settlement not long after we returned home; but wandered out considerable quicker when four men started for him with guns. He has not been seen there since.

Bob, Joe and Treve remain as of old, although I notice they have begun to cultivate a down on their upper lips and the nightly meetings in the club room are less frequent.

The last time I saw Bob he hinted that receptions, balls, operas and musicals, claimed the majority of evenings in the week, and I suppose it is the same with the rest.

Aud Patty—well, you should see her, for words can give but a poor description. Four years in a seminary have done wonders. She no longer says "hit" for it, or "jess" for just, but is a brilliant conversationalist. You would see a vision of loveliness, with bewitching blue eyes, creamy complexion and a wealth of golden hair. She is the brightest, wittiest—but there, perhaps I am prejudiced. No doubt Bob was joking the other day when he asked me if any date had been decided on.

Just before we indulge in our annual hunt we have a general meeting in the club room, and if any outsiders are present, they generally ask for an explanation of our aim and object. Then Joe, who, by the way, is about to be admitted to the bar, will recount the adventures we met with when on our first hunt IN THE SUNK LANDS.

THE END.

THE NEUTRAL POWER.

FRIEND OF THE FAMILY—"I am afraid you little fellows don't always agree. You fight each other sometimes, don't you?"

TWINS—"Yeth, thir, thumtimth."

F. OF THE F.—"Ah, I thought so. Well, who whips?"

TWINS—"Mamma whipth."—*Philadelphia Times.*

A DIPLOMATIC HINT.

Maud—"HOW FAR DO YOU LIVE FROM HERE, MR. HANGAROUND?"
Mr. Hangaround—"OH, NEARLY TWO MILES."
Maud (INNOCENTLY)—"IF YOU SHOULD START NOW, WHAT TIME WOULD YOU GET HOME?"

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

O'HALLORAN (from Cork)—"Here's a sate for ye, leddy."
WA SHING—"Thlankee velly much."

A SAD CASE.

FIRST JOKE—"What is your nationality?"

SECOND JOKE—"I really don't know. When I am published in England or America I am 'taken from the German' and when I am published in Germany I am 'taken from the English.'"

PASSING STRANGE.

UNCLE HIRAM—"This is a mighty queer world."

GOTHAMITE—"What makes you think so?"

UNCLE HIRAM—"Wal, a painter feller came down to my place last summer and while he was loafin' aroun' painted a picter of my yaller dog. I heard afterwards that he sold it fer $200, an' so I brought up the original of it thinking I could git at least a cool thousan' fer him; but by gosh! I can't even give him away."

SAGE ADVICE.

ETHEL—"See, I am making a smoking cap for Charlie Sands. I'm going to present it to him when he comes home from college."

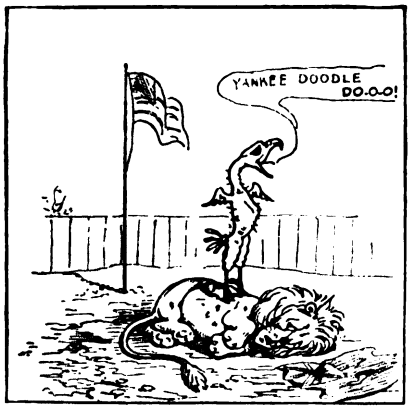
MAUD—"What size are you making it?"

ETHEL—"No. 7. I looked in his hat before he went away and that was the size that was marked in it."

MAUD—"Make it two sizes larger."

ETHEL—"Why?"

MAUD—"He graduates this year."



1776.

1812.

1889.

FLOATING FUN.

IF THEY STICK.

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY—"My dear Miss Roseleaf, you girls are like postage stamps."

MISS ROSELEAF—"Why, you foolish boy?"

HOLLIS HOLWORTHY—"Because you are necessary to the existence of the United States male."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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REASONABLE.

RAZZLE—"Did you notice how many new clothes Robinson has?"

DAZZLE—"Yes. That's the only way he can stave off his tailor."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

* * * *

NO CHARITY.

"MAY I take a kiss before I go, dearest?" said George, as he prepared to depart.

"You may borrow one, George," said the charming Jennie, "but you must not take one, for mother has repeatedly cautioned me against giving kisses to any one."

So George was obliged to borrow.—*Boston Courier.*

* * * *

FROM the class of recent immigration, it would seem that the steamship companies think there is always room at the bottom over here.—*Puck.*

"GREAT cry and little wool," was what the colored man said on being shown his newborn baby.—*Boston Courier.*

* * * *

SAD ACCIDENT.

MRS. O'COORK—"Arra worra, an' so poor little Teddy do be dead. Phat happened 'im?"

MRS. MCQUIRK—"Poor angel! It wor an accident. You know how the broth av a bye wud amuse hisself breakin' Chinymin's windies, an' t'rowin' bricks at the haythen?"

MRS. O'COORK—"Yis; bliss th' dear choild's sowl."

MRS. MCQUIRK—"Wull, this avenin' he t'rew a brick at a Chinymin, but he made a mishtake, poor bye, an' hit an Oirish leddy. She kilt 'im."—*Puck.*

* * * *

A CURIOUS ERROR.

CLARA—"Well, to tell the truth, dear Charley——"

FRANK—"Charley?"

CLARA—"I mean, Frank. I declare, how absent minded I am. thought it was Thursday instead of Wednesday."—*Texas Siftings.*

* * * *

VERY NEAR IT.

ETHEL REDDY—"Mama, won't you please ask Dr. Doce to look at my little sick ducklings?"

MRS. REDDY—"No, no; run away! Dr. Doce isn't a bird doctor."

ETHEL REDDY—"Well, papa said last night he was a quack doctor."—*Puck.*

AMOUNTS TO A GOOD DEAL.

BLIFKINS—"Pshaw! All this toggery and finery that women put on is disgusting. It's always hats, ribbons, laces, dresses, jewelry, shoes, gloves, and—and—what does it amount to, any way?"

BENEDICT—"Ye gods and little fishes! Amount to! Just gaze at that millinery bill for my wife's spring toggery. What does it amount to! Whew!"—*Light.*

* * * *

BASE IS THE SLAVE.

LUCY—"Mr. Paidupp careless in money matters, Charlie! Why, I always thought him so particular."

CHARLIE—"Not a bit of it. He no sooner gets a few pounds than he goes and squanders it all on his debts."—*Fun.*

* * * *

AN ECCENTRIC "SLYCOON."

IN Illinois a small cottage just at the edge of a recent cyclone was moved by the wind thirty or forty feet without injuring the structure materially. The family was scarcely aware of the movement, but coals were scattered from the grate upon the floor, and there was danger of a conflagration. The head of the family seized a bucket and hastened to the well for water, but no well was to be found! The house had covered it, but the patriarch did not notice this fact. Rushing back to the house, he exclaimed,

"Maria, thet war the daggondest slycoon ever heern on. It hes blowed the well clean off the lot, without even leaving a stun to tell whar it war!"—*Texas Siftings.*

A FOURTH OF JULY EPISODE.

"WHAT are you doing there, my boy?'

"I just dropped a squib in the kerosene and I'm watching to see if it goes off."

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FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY, Publishers,
81 Warren Street, New York.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Any reader leaving home for the summer months can have THE ARGOSY *forwarded to him every week by the newsdealer 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 SERIAL BY A NEW WRITER.

Next week we shall lay before our readers the opening installment, and a good long one it will be, of

THE MYSTIC MINE;

OR,

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

BY WILL LISENBEE.

In bespeaking a cordial reception for Mr. Lisenbee's serial we can best express our opinion of it by saying that it contains just those elements which experience has taught us tend to make stories the most popular. "The Mystic Mine" is sure of a wide and enthusiastic circle of readers.

* * * *

"WON'T you please speak into my phonograph album?" This may be the request which, within the next few years, will come to take the place of the pleadings for autographs in the ears of poets, statesmen and other "big guns." And surely there would be more entertainment in looking through a book filled with sentiments uttered in the very tones of the famous ones' voices, than in one containing merely the mute scrawls of their signatures.

Again, how interesting a family voice album would be. There is Master Reginald now, just cutting his teeth. Should his mother be possessed of one of these unique volumes he could have the satisfaction of comparing his own infantile wails with those of his son and heir when he arrives at the dignity of papahood. You see the possibilities of the phonograph album are boundless.

* * * *

THIS is the age of clubs. Everybody seems anxious nowadays to band with somebody else and organize a society for any and everything. Given a new pursuit, whether of an outdoor or indoor nature, straightway several of its followers meet and form themselves into a club. We dare say if carriage riding had been as recent an innovation as bicycling or amateur photography, we should have the owners of stylish turnouts dressed in uniform and besieging the parks in circus-like processions. We now await daily the announcement of a Phonograph Club.

But perhaps the most singular of all the associations are those that meet once a year to celebrate the anniversary of some mischance or calamity in which the members played a part. One of these, composed of the newspaper men who reported the terrible scenes at the Johnstown flood, had a banquet in New York on May 31, while every 12th of March a company gathers at a house in Orange, New Jersey, to revive memories of their common experiences in a train that was 'stalled in the ever memorable blizzard.

* * * *

THE world hears a great deal of Stanley nowadays, and certainly, if any man has truly won the fame which now crowns his work, it is this brave, intrepid explorer of the African wilds. And yet, without in the least detracting from the glory that belongs to this heroic traveler, how true it is, as a contemporary puts it, that "there are countless lives which, in unbroken continuity of toil, parallel Stanley's journey, and yet are unattended by any of the inspiring circumstances which sustained the explorer."

For these there is no pageantry to anticipate, no receptions by monarchs, nor fabulous sums to be paid for a record of the privations endured. And the burdens that they bear may be all on account of another's shortcomings, and even from him they may receive not one atom of gratitude. Still their endurance is self denial of the noblest type, and the consciousness of this fact should serve, in some measure, to re-animate and encourage these unacknowledged heroes.

* * * *

ONCE more Independence Day comes round, and calls for a display of that patriotism which, we are happy to note, Americans are becoming fonder of exhibiting than has been the case of late years. For this we think we have to thank, in great measure, the movement for giving flags to the public schools, concerning which THE ARGOSY has kept its readers well informed.

Let our beautiful banner wave then on the ever glorious Fourth, while beneath its rustling folds we count up the blessings we realize from our lot being cast in the land of which it is the emblem.

* * * *

ANOTHER triumph for baseball! It seems that our great national game has lately been instrumental in promoting the use of the English language.

This unprecedented feat was wrought in a certain district in the West, thickly settled by Germans, who had retained the tongue of the fatherland in preference to applying themselves to the acquirement of that of their adopted country. But as time went on, they succumbed to the allurements of the diamond, and as there are no Teutonic terms for "foul ball," "out on first," "liner," "three bagger," and so on, they were perforce obliged to use the English words to describe the plays, and so the entering wedge was driven in, and the rest followed as a matter of course, for English is now the language of the settlement for all purposes.

A PRINCELY ACT.

HAVE our readers ever seen a chance to do a little act of courtesy to a stranger on the street and refrained, from a feeling that it was none of their business to interfere? If so, let them learn a lesson from a prince.

One day, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph*, the Prince of Wales, on alighting from his carriage at the door of a house where he was about to pay a visit, saw a blind man and his dog vainly trying to effect a passage across the thoroughfare in the midst of a throng of carriages. With characteristic good nature, the prince came to the rescue, and successfully piloted the pair to the other side of the street. A short time afterward he received a massive silver inkstand, with the following inscription: "To the Prince of Wales. From one who saw him conduct a blind beggar across the street. In memory of a kind and Christian action."

Neither note nor card accompanied the offering, and the name of the donor has never been discovered. But I think that this anonymous gift is not the least prized of the many articles in the prince's treasure chamber. I can vouch for the authenticity of this anecdote, as it came direct to me from a young English lady, who, by the kindness of a member of the Prince of Wales's household, was shown through Marlborough House during the absence of its owners, and the inkstand in question was pointed out to her by her conductor.

ONE OF CHAUNCEY DEPEW'S.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Star* tells a story with a pointed moral in the line of the systematic ordering of things, no matter how insignificant they may be. He says:

I was talking with Chauncey M. Depew the other evening about his recent trip South. During our conversation he remarked: "I found the Southern people very interesting. The negroes are much more entertaining than I expected to find them. You know in the North we rarely, if ever, see the real darky ragged, lazy and happy as he is naturally. I overheard one colloquy between an old 'aunty' and her daughter that will amuse you, I know. Here it is:

"'Liza Jane, hev yo' druv up all dem chickins yit?'

"'Yaas, ma.'

"'Yo' sho' yo' drov 'em all up?'

"'Yaas, ma.'

"'Yo' count dem chickins, Liza Jane?'

"'Yaas, ma.'

"'How many wuz dere, Liza Jane?'

"'One.'

"'Right, Liza Jane.'"

AN OBLIGING HOUSE.

CUSTOMER (to Boston clerk)—"I'd like to change a collar here."

BOSTON CLERK—"All right, I presume the proprietor will make no objection if you go down in the basement to change it."

ANYTHING pertaining to the interior of Africa is today of marked interest to the reading public. So much light has been shed upon this hitherto dark continent by the intrepid acts of Henry M. Stanley and his followers, that what has been a sealed book is now opened up to us with great minuteness of detail, both in description of the various types of its inhabitants and their customs, as well as the general contour of the land, its animals, and the products of its soil.

This exactness of detail has been made possible only by the general use of the Camera, which could not have been employed by the old wet plate process.

Thomas Stevens's exploit in encircling the globe, alone and unattended, for the most part, on a bicycle, made him a proper person to head an expedition in search of Stanley, whose long absence and the contradictory reports printed from time to time caused his friends and the world at large to fear that he and his caravan had been annihilated.

Stevens was provided with the Hawk-Eye Detective Camera, as every good traveler now is, and as a result has brought away a very unique collection of photographs. Mr. Stevens has given a valuable commentary on Kilima-njaro, the tribes, customs, personnel of an African expedition, African game, etc., etc., in describing these photographs, some of which have been finely engraved.

This Souvenir of the trip will be sent for twenty cents to any address that shall mention this publication; letters may be addressed to the Blair Camera Company, either in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S REVERIE.

UNCERTAIN is our human lot;
There's change where'er I look.
The place where change still cometh not
Is—in my pocket book.—*West Shore.*

EVENING THINGS UP BETWEEN THE RICH AND POOR.

A WRITER in the New York *Evening Sun* presents the following queer bit of philosophizing as a sort of comfort to those who may not be as well off in this world's goods as their neighbors:

There is a good deal of human equality going. Given, a man born to wealth who keeps it, and one born to poverty who keeps it, then, at the age of sixty, the two have enjoyed twenty years of absolute equality: that is, while they were both asleep. Other three years they have been equal, to wit, while putting their clothes on and off. Other five years the poorer man is likely to have had the better of it, namely, while devouring food; for it is odds he had ever the better sauce of appetite. Yet other five years the balance tips, if anything, again in his favor, for while resting he is likely to have had the better "tire" on.

Here are thirty three years accounted for out of sixty. This is saying nothing of the first ten years of their two lives when the one added to the joy of a ragged jacket the deeper bliss of going barefoot. But it is needless to press this point. If the man who is rich made his own money, then not less than forty years of his sixty went to the bad in mere endeavor before he attained the plane of fruition; so that he has had the advantage over his poor neighbor during only nine years of waking, living hours. And this presentation of the case is stated much too favorably for the enviable, opulent one, any way. Oh, yes; there is a good deal of equality going, as things are.

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

FIRST BOY—"How do you like your new teacher?"

SECOND BOY—"He is not a lightning teacher. He strikes several times in the same place."—*Texas Siftings.*

THAT BENGAL LIGHT.

FIRST VOICE—"Isn't this delightful?"
SECOND VOICE—"Oh, it's too lovely for anything."

THIRD VOICE—"I dess it'll light now."

A Grand Display.

HE RETIRED.

"Why, Mister Slinger, has dey turned you off down at de hotel whar you's bin workin'?"

EX-WAITER—"Not zactly. Dey tole me dey didn't hab no furder use fur me atter this mornin', and I jist got mad an' quit."—*Harper's Bazar.*

* * * *

EVERY Scholar should address Box 188, Alfred, Me., and learn about the U. S. MAP. Size 40 x 60 inches, *free* to each school.

* * * *

TOO BAD.

HUSBAND OF AUTHORESS—"My dear, you are famous now! Your picture is in the newspaper."

(Authoress takes one glance; and bursts into tears.)

HUSBAND—"Why, my dear, what is the matter?"

AUTHORESS—"The horrid things have made me with a last year's bonnet on."—*New York Sun.*

* * * *

IT WAS DIFFERENT.

OLD COUPONS (in his office)—"What an outrage it is to drive the poor old blind newsman out of the Fulton Ferry, where he has sold papers for fifty years."

CONFIDENTIAL CLERK—"That's so. The avarice of these grasping corporations is positively disgusting."

OLD COUPONS (looking out of the window)—"There's that lame banana peddler in front of our building again. John" (to the office boy), "go down and tell the policeman to drive him off!"—*Texas Siftings.*

SETTLED.

PASSENGER (in railroad car)—"Yes, sir; this idle discussion of the tariff question is done, and the thing is settled for a generation, at least. As the New York *Sun* says"—(to porter) "what a beastly row those fellows in the smoking compartment are carrying on! They won't let a fellow sleep. What in thunder are they talking about?"

PORTER—"They's argin about de tariff, sah."—*Puck.*

* * * *

HOW HE UNDERSTOOD THE WORD.

AT a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table.

"Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way."

Back went the waiter and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

* * * *

HIS ONLY BENT.

EDITOR (to applicant for position)—"But what can you do, young man? Haven't you some special talent or taste—some bent, as they say?"

APPLICANT (dubiously)—"No, sir—not that I can think of, except that I am a little bow legged."—*Burlington Free Press.*

* * * *

AFTER MUCH THOUGHT.

THERE is a lady in Washington who has spent numerous afternoons in an effort to acquire an acquaintance with the game of baseball. She has attended game after game and recently, at the dinner table, announced the result of her observation:

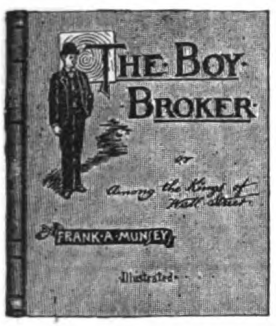
"I have learned," said she deliberately, "that the pitcher does not try to throw the ball so that the man can hit it."—*Washington Post.*

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.

THE ARGOSY, purchased by the week, costs five dollars and twenty cents; by the year it costs less, but it is not always convenient for boys to pay out so much cash at one time, and for this reason the majority of our readers continue to take it by the week, paying ten cents per copy, which amounts to $5.20 at the end of the twelve months. Now we have something better to offer, something whereby a reader can, for five dollars, get THE ARGOSY for a full year and four dollars' worth of the handsomest books in the market, paying for the whole in installments. This is a new departure, and one that is meeting with the most flattering approval by all our readers. The books we give are



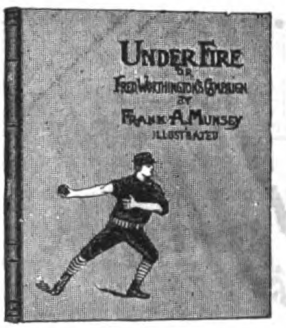
THE BOY BROKER,

AND

UNDER FIRE.

—BOTH BY—

FRANK A. MUNSEY.



They are beautifully illustrated, each containing forty drawings. The type is large and clear, and printed on heavy plate paper. Thousands of these books have been sold at two dollars each. They are bound in cloth and handsomely decorated in gilt and colors. They are the kind of books to please boys. Read the following in regard to them:

What has been said about "The Boy Broker."

"THE BOY BROKER" is a book I wish every boy in the land could read. There is no cant in it, no sickly sentimentality, no strained relations, no preposterous *denouements*. It is healthy, helpful, manly, true to nature and facts. It inculcates self reliance, fortitude in the right, and *the truth* that, in spite of all successful rascals to the contrary, nevertheless manliness, courage and honesty win in this world, and are admired by men, and dear to women, as they are to God. I saw my boy reading Mr. Munsey's book with great delight. It can only help him—not a line can hurt him. May Mr. Munsey live to give the youth of this country many more such wholesome, helpful, inspiring books as "The Boy Broker," is my sincere desire.—REV. DR. JOHN R. PAXTON, of the West Presbyterian Church, New York City.

MY DEAR MR. MUNSEY: I am greatly indebted to you for sending me the superb holiday edition of your latest story, "The Boy Broker." I have read it with much enjoyment, and find it full of interest. There is not a dull line in it. In Herbert Randolph you have given us a hero in every way admirable. Upright, manly and eager to succeed, but only by honorable means, he excites our sympathy from the start. Bob Hunter and Tom Flannery are boys of a different type, but equally interesting. By his unconscious drollery and rich vein of humor, Bob will take his place among the noted characters in fiction.

Your story is healthy in tone, and calculated to influence boys for good. I confidently predict that it will become a favorite with them and the public. Externally it is the handsomest gift book that has fallen under my eye. HORATIO ALGER, JR.

MY DEAR MR. MUNSEY: The story of "The Boy Broker" is interesting and exciting enough in a healthy direction to rivet the attention of the reader from the first to the last page. The hero is high toned to the core of his being, and incapable of a mean or wicked action. Even the street boys breathe out the evidence of a high type of humanity in their peculiar language, which robs it of its vulgarity.

The tone of the story is elevating, for it is not only free from injurious leadings, but its spirit is an inspiration in the direction of high aims and a noble and true life. The volume has all the essentials of a good book without a line that deserves censure.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic).

What has been said about "Under Fire."

THE story is spirited, well illustrated, and calculated to make the young reader for whom it was written manly and self reliant.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

MR. MUNSEY'S writings are known to all, and to mention his name in connection with this work is enough recommendation for it. "Under Fire" is full of interesting reading matter, such as boys like, and is also a very instructive book.—*Mail and Express*, New York.

MR. MUNSEY has written a bright, readable and clever tale. He certainly understands boy nature perfectly, and he has drawn a very lovable and manly hero. The book is unusually well printed and is splendidly illustrated.—*Albany Argus.*

AUTHOR, printer and artist have done their work well, and the book is one that will please every boy into whose hands it may fall.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

HOW YOU CAN MAKE MONEY.

We want every boy and girl among your acquaintance to become subscribers to THE ARGOSY, which, as you know, is peerless. And we want you to get the subscription, securing the money for getting it. We will pay you **ONE DOLLAR** on each subscription you secure for us to THE ARGOSY, and you can take from twenty five to one hundred, and perhaps more, unless some one gets ahead of you and secures the subscriptions before you ask for them

The following is a copy of the receipt that subscribers must sign :

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,
81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

_____ *1890.* No. _____

I hereby subscribe for THE ARGOSY for one year, to be mailed to me each week, postage paid, and "The Boy Broker" and "Under Fire," each by Frank A. Munsey (two dollar volumes), and agree to pay for the same five dollars as follows: $1.00 *with this subscription and* 50 *cents each month thereafter until paid. It is agreed that the books are to be forwarded to me immediately upon receipt of the one dollar by FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY, but that the title to the books is to remain in the name of FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY until the full five dollars are paid.*

Deliver _____ 1890. | Signature _____

Remarks _____ | Business Address _____

_____ | Residence _____

Agent _____ | Town _____ State _____

We will send you these receipts on application, and will also send blanks giving full instructions how to manage the business.

SPECIAL OFFER THAT WILL INTEREST YOU.

With a view to your becoming an Agent for THE ARGOSY we will make a reduction of One Dollar letting you have the two books for yourself and the year's subscription to THE ARGOSY for **FOUR DOLLARS** instead of five (five being the price to all except those who act as our agents). You would pay on the installment plan, as others do, one dollar with your order and fifty cents a month till the other three dollars are paid. We will enter your name on a special agent's receipt, which says four dollars instead of five (you now pay $5.20 a year if you buy by the week).

OUR OBJECT IN DOING THIS

Is to get these handsome books into your hands so that you can have them to show your friends. The books are such fine specimens of the printer's art that you will easily secure subscriptions from nearly every one to whom you show them. Now, don't lose any time on this matter and let some other boy get ahead of you and gather in the dollars. This installment plan brings the paper within the reach of all. Ten cents a week, the price per copy, amounts to forty cents per month and four months in the year to fifty cents. But it is not necessary to say more, as the advantages of getting these two beautiful books, worth four dollars, and THE ARGOSY, for less than you are now paying, and on quite as easy terms, is too easily seen and appreciated.

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If you desire to take advantage of this offer please write us saying you will try to secure subscriptions for THE ARGOSY, and on a separate sheet of paper copy the above receipt and sign it. Make it read exactly the same with this exception, namely —insert the words **Four Dollars** where the above receipt says **Five.** This reduction is made with the understanding that you will try and secure subscriptions to THE ARGOSY among your friends.

With your receipt and letter inclose one dollar in money order payable to our order, or postal note, and we will forward the two books by return mail and enter your name on our books for a year's subscription to THE ARGOSY.

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