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## THE MYSTIC MINE; OR, STRANGE ADVENTURES IN MEXICO AND ARIZONA.

BY WILL LISENBEE.



"IT'S ABOUT THIS NUGGET THAT I WISH TO SPEAK TO YOU."

### CHAPTER I. AT YUMA.

"AND so we shall be ready to leave here by day after tomorrow, you think?"

"Yes. I hope so, at least, for I am growing sick of this bake oven atmosphere."

"So am I, Harry; but in view of the success which we have had, I am not disposed to grumble at the weather."

"You are right," was the answer, "but I shall feel more thankful after we are away from this disagreeable old town."

The two boys carrying on the above conversation were strolling leisurely down one of the narrow, crooked streets of Yuma, Arizona. They were two fine specimens of American health and vigor.

Harry Benedict, the older of the two, was seventeen, tall and handsome, with bright, intelligent blue eyes, broad

shoulders, and a graceful bearing. He was the son of a boot and shoe merchant in San Francisco.

His companion, Walter Rivers, was a year younger, of compact build, short in stature, with keen, black eyes, and hair of jet which hung in graceful waves above his forehead. Walter's father was a dry goods merchant in Oakland.

Harry and Walter were fast friends, schoolmates and constant companions. They were both pupils of the State University at Berkley, and had long planned to take an extended trip together, for recreation and to gather geological specimens.

When school closed for the long summer vacation the boys had said good by to their friends, and taking the steamer Orizaba, had sailed for San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles.

From Los Angeles they proceeded directly by rail to Yuma. Reports regarding discoveries of relics of ancient cliff dwellers, Aztec pottery, and curiously carved stones had attracted their attention, which accounts for their presence in the "India of America."

A week after their arrival at Yuma, stories of wonderful discoveries of gold at Gila City, twenty miles away, reached their ears, and they decided to visit that place. Arriving at the gold fields, they became enthusiastic over the sight of numerous small pouches of valuable dust, and staked out a claim, determined to try their luck in the new El Dorado.

The claim which the boys had staked out was in the dry bed of a creek, or what is commonly known in Arizona as a *cinagu*. At the lower end of this claim ran the huge flume, which carried the water down from the hill, furnishing them an easy means of washing their dirt.

It is a generally accepted fact among gold miners that a "tenderfoot" takes the prize for luck, and our two young friends verified this saying, for the first day's work brought them nearly three ounces of dust. They worked their claim about two weeks, and then, receiving an offer of \$2000 for their prospect, they sold it, with the intention of returning home within a few days. They returned to Yuma \$2500 richer by their first mining venture. And there it is they are first introduced to the reader.

The sun had ceased to cast its burning rays on the great walls of the prison which stands on the bank of the Colorado; twilight was fast deepening into darkness, and the lazy looking inhabitants and half naked Indians were beginning to awaken into life. For the inhabitants of Yuma pass the larger portion of the day in sleep, and only venture about the streets when the fierce rays of the sun give place to the shadows of twilight.

Few people were astir in that quarter of the town. The houses were all low, flat adobe buildings, occupied mostly by a rough class of half breeds.

As they turned a corner a startling sight met their gaze. Stretched upon the ground was an old man. His silvery hair was dyed with the blood which was flowing from an ugly looking cut in his head. Bending over him with one knee pressed upon his breast, and a hand clasped tightly over his victim's mouth, to prevent outcry, a burly ruffian was hastily searching the old man's pockets.

With a cry of rage, Harry sprang upon the villain and dealt him a blow which sent him rolling into the dust.

With a furious imprecation the ruffian arose, and drawing a pistol was about to fire, when a quick blow from Walter sent the pistol to the ground, where it was immediately secured by Harry.

Finding himself baffled and unarmed the robber turned, and, with muttered threats of vengeance, disappeared in the gathering darkness.

The boys now turned and assisted the old man to his feet.

"Thank Heaven, we were just in time!" said Harry, wiping the blood and dust from the stranger's face. "Who is that scoundrel that he dare commit such a deed here in the street?"

"He is one of Arizona's most desperate characters," answered the old man. "You have done a noble deed, my brave boys, and I hardly know how to express my gratitude."

"Don't mention it," said Harry. "We have only done what any honest boy would do."

"You have made a life long enemy of Bill Brazleton, and henceforth you must be constantly on your guard."

"Well, we don't fear him," said Walter. "We expect to return to San Francisco in a few days, and I hardly think he will follow us there. But why did he attack you in this cowardly manner?"

"He was trying to rob me of a nugget which I was unfortunate enough to let him get a sight of, while paying for some provisions, a little while ago. And now if you will accompany me home, I shall be under still greater obligations to you both."

"Of course we will," returned Walter.

They followed the street till they had walked a few blocks beyond the prison, when, turning to the left, they took a path that led through a chaparral thicket toward the Colorado. Then a few minutes' walk brought them to a small adobe hut on the banks of the river.

After binding the cut in the old man's head, and bringing him a supply of fresh water, the boys departed, promising to call the next day.

"I've heard of that Brazleton before," said Harry, as they were on their way back to their lodgings. "He is a desperate villain and would not hesitate to murder us if he should get a chance."

"Well, I guess we are both a match for him," returned Walter, "but it's fortunate that we are armed."

They soon reached their room in the little adobe inn, near the center of the town.

The following morning they rose early. After a plunge in the river and a substantial breakfast they started to visit the old man, before the heat of the sun should become so intense. They found him busily preparing his morning meal.

"Come in, come in, my young friends," he exclaimed cordially. "You see I am about again this morning, and, barring a slight pain in my head, I feel as well as usual. I'll be a little more careful in the future."

"How is it," asked Harry, their greeting over, "that that villain doesn't attack you here? He would have every chance of success, you are so far from any one."

"Well, you see he don't know me and would not have attacked me only for the chance sight of that nugget. I dare say he doesn't know where I live and I have little fear of his following me here. But I hope to leave soon."

"I hope you will," replied Harry, "for he is a dangerous, unprincipled rascal."

"Aye! that he is, and once more I would caution you to be on your guard."

"Don't fear for us. He will find us more than a match for him if he ever attempts any of his games on us, and, besides, I don't fancy that he feels very highly encouraged by the one slight encounter he had with us last night."

The boys remained at the shanty about an hour, promising before they left to call and say good by. Then they returned to their room to pass the day, for the heat was growing intense.

Morning dawned and found the boys already up and busy.

Their specimens were to be packed, their baggage to be seen to, and their equipments prepared for shipment.

"There," said Harry, as he raised himself from over a trunk which he had been securely binding with ropes, "that winds you up. Now let's get the rest of our work done before it gets too hot, and tonight we'll go down and visit the old man."

"All right, Harry," responded Walter. "Say, I wish he was away from here. He is no match for that Greaser, and I fear harm will befall him if he remains in that out of the way place."

"You are right, Walter, and we must speak to him about it, and try to get him away."

That evening, just at sunset, the two boys started for the old man's cabin. Just as they turned into the path that led through the chaparral thicket, a dark form came from a side street and stole cautiously after them.

Unmindful that they were being followed, the two boys walked briskly on and soon reached the cabin on the bank of the stream. They found the old man seated in front of his hut, quietly smoking his pipe.

After welcoming the boys warmly, he said:

"I have made up my mind to leave this place, and shall go to Gila City and try to make a stake. I'm glad you have come, for I have something to tell you. You remember my telling you of a nugget? Well, it's about this nugget that I wish to speak. But first I'll tell you who I am, and how I came to be in this place.

"My name is Henry Sheldon, and ever since the gold excitement broke out in '49, I have spent nearly all my time in digging for gold, now in this camp, now in that; one day I was in the heart of the Sierras, and the next month would find me delving in the quartz mines of the Rockies. Two years ago my wife died, and taking my motherless little daughter to her aunt in Los Angeles, I again drifted hither and thither and at last found myself at the Gun Sight district, two hundred miles from here. Meeting with poor success there I decided to come to Yuma.

"The trail from Gun Sight leads across a portion of the desert to Dos Palms, a little station on the railroad fifty miles east of this. In taking the journey, one is compelled to make at least one camp in the desert. Well, I made this journey in company with a small pack train, and one day, while we were camping in the edge of the desert, I discovered some one lying at the foot of a rocky cliff, close to the trail. On approaching I found it to be a man in a dying condition. He had, I supposed, come from the desert, for his lips were dry and parched and his canteen empty. He had evidently fallen over the cliff in the darkness the night before, receiving some internal injuries from which he was dying.

"Well, I did what I could to revive him, but he only lived about an hour after I found him. In a lucid moment before he died he told me of his finding a wonderful mine far away in the middle of the great desert. He told me to take the map and nuggets from his pocket, and to go in search of the mine. The map would show where the directions for finding the mine were buried. That was all. He attempted to speak again, but blood poured from his lips and in a few moments he was dead. Well, I took the map, and the nuggets were divided between the members of our party.

"Every one in this country has heard of the Peg Leg mine, lying somewhere in the great desert. Many expeditions have been sent in search of it; but none were ever successful. It was the sight of the nugget which I obtained from the dying man that caused Brazleton to assault me, as I told you before.

"I am about to start for Gila City, where I hope to make a sufficient stake to enable me to purchase an outfit, when I shall go in search of this wonderful mine. With the map to guide me I know I shall succeed. Here is the nugget," and the old man held out a nugget of fine gold, worth at least seventy five dollars.

The boys gazed in silent admiration at the gold.

Suddenly breaking the silence, Harry exclaimed:

"Walter, we have made a pretty good stake already, and why can't we fit up an expedition and go with Mr. Sheldon in search of the mine? We can easily spare the money."

"A capital idea!" cried Walter, enthusiastically. "That would suit me exactly—that is if Mr. Sheldon agrees to it."

"Why, boys, there is no one in the world I would rather have with me than you two," returned Mr. Sheldon; "but you forget the dangers and hardships—"

"But we are willing to take the risk," interrupted Harry.

"Yes, indeed," sanctioned Walter. "Shall we go with you, Mr. Sheldon? Do you consent?"

"Certainly—with all my heart!"

They shook hands, and so it was settled.

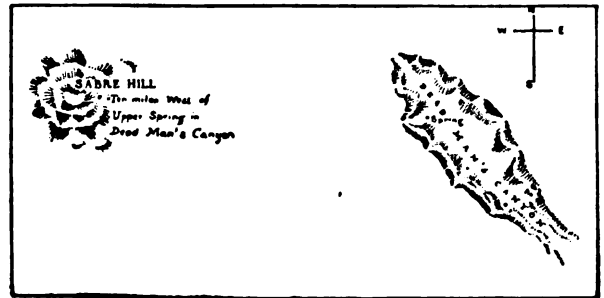
## CHAPTER II.

### THE OUTLAW'S SCHEME.

"COME into the shanty, boys, and we'll examine the map;" and the old man led the way into the cabin.

As they entered the shanty, the form of a man arose from the thick bushes near by, where he had lain concealed, listening to the conversation between Mr. Sheldon and the boys. Cautiously stealing through the brush, he approached a small window in the end of the shanty, and peered in. A light coming from the inside lit up the face at the window. It was that of Brazleton, the outlaw.

On entering the cabin the old man had lighted a small kerosene lamp. Then, taking a large leather wallet from his pocket, he drew forth a piece of worn paper, upon which the following map was rudely traced:



"This is a map of Dead Man's Canyon," said Harry. "Where is that?"

"I know where it is very well," answered the old man. "though I have never been there. It lies away in the heart of the Great Desert, and it will require a long, hard journey to get there."

"And the final directions for finding the mine are buried at the place marked Sabre Hill, you think?" asked Walter.

"Yes; there is no doubt about it. 'At the foot of a high rock,' it says. 'I think we will have no trouble in finding the place.'"

"You may have more trouble than you think," muttered the outlaw, as he stole noiselessly from the window. "I know where Dead Man's Canyon is. I'll take some of my men and be there long before you arrive, my Americanos. I'll find the gold, and when you come I'll be revenged for that blow!"



There was an ominous glitter in his eye as he spoke; and, hurrying up the narrow path, he soon disappeared in the direction of the town. A half hour later he was in deep conclave with two evil looking Greasers.

Unaware of the outlaw's visit to the cabin, Mr. Sheldon and the two boys continued to study the map.

"There is no doubt about the mine being there, I suppose?" asked Walter.

"I think not," answered Mr. Sheldon. "It is a well established fact that there *is* a mine somewhere in the desert; but just *where* it is has always been a mystery. On several occasions Yuma Indians have been seen with splendid nuggets in their possession which were said to have been brought from the desert. Now the story of the dying man, the map, and the nuggets in his possession, prove conclusively to my mind that there *is* a mine in the desert, and that this map will lead us to the proper place."

"Why, there doesn't seem to be any doubt about it," exclaimed Walter. "I'm sure the mine is there, and we shall find it!"

"We are willing to risk it, any way," said Harry. "Where can we get our outfit, and when shall we start?"

"We ought to be off as soon as possible," answered the old man. "We can get burros and a tent at Dos Palmos. That is right on our way. We will need three or four burros. It will take two to carry our supply of water, and two can perhaps carry our provisions and camp outfit."

"When shall we start to Dos Palmos?" asked Harry. "I'm anxious to be on the road."

"Well, we can go to Dos Palmos day after tomorrow. The train leaves for that place at 2:35 P. M."

"Very well," returned Harry. "We can be ready by that time."

For two hours the trio continued to discuss their plans, which being arranged to their satisfaction, the two boys took their leave, promising to call the following morning.

As soon as it was light the next day they were both up, busily packing their trunks. They then had them taken to the express office to be shipped home.

They sent letters to their parents explaining that they expected to go on a prospecting tour, and would be absent for another month. With their letters they inclosed checks for the money they had received for their prospect, only keeping a sufficient amount to cover the expenses of their trip to the desert.

Having completed these arrangements, the two boys visited Mr. Sheldon's cabin. They found him busily engaged in making preparations for the journey.

"I have nothing here worth taking," he said, "except my blankets and a few trinkets, so I am now almost ready to start."

"That's good," said Harry. "We have nearly all our business arranged. Now you just pack up what things you're going to take, and Walter and I will carry them up to our lodgings. You come with us also, and we'll all stay together, as that outlaw may take it into his head to harm you, if you remain here alone."

"Well, here are my effects," said the old man, pointing to a couple of parcels lying on the floor.

Harry and Walter took up the bundles, and the three left the cabin.

That evening they bought three Winchester rifles of 32 caliber, and 300 rounds of ammunition.

The next day they were ready to start upon their journey. It seemed a long time to the impatient boys till the train would arrive which was to carry them to Dos Palmos. They had everything in readiness hours before the time for

starting. At last the cars came, and the trio were soon whirling eastward.

"A fellow would need a Peg Leg mine if he should travel much on this road," said Harry, for they had handed over eighteen dollars for three tickets to Dos Palmos, a distance of sixty miles.

It was five o'clock when they reached Dos Palmos. They found it similar to all other small "doby" towns they had seen. The buildings were all made of adobe brick, one story high, with flat, dirt roof. The only exceptions were the two railroad buildings, which were of wood, with double roofs, having an air space of about three feet between them. This is necessary in all frame buildings in this country, to protect the occupants from the intense heat.

Dos Palmos (Two Palms), receives its name from two gigantic palm trees which grow in that vicinity—the only ones in that country. How they came there, no one knows.

"The first thing to do now," said Mr. Sheldon, as they stepped from the train, "is to get a tent."

They walked down the street, and soon came to a building over which hung the sign: "MINERS' AND PROSPECTORS' SUPPLIES."

Entering, they soon selected and bought a small wall tent, with a good "fly" to it, which they stretched near the depot, on a level space of unoccupied ground. Then they brought their baggage from the railway station and placed it in the tent.

Having accomplished this, Mr. Sheldon and Harry set out to attend to buying some pack animals, leaving Walter at the camp to prepare supper.

They soon came in sight of a large pack train, which was camped in the north end of the town, and thither they turned their footsteps.

After some time spent in bargaining, four burros were bought, and Mr. Sheldon and Harry led them away to their own camp, where they found that Walter had already prepared supper.

They remained at Dos Palmos for two days, when, having fully equipped themselves for the journey, they set out across the sandy plain, in the direction of Creeks Canyon, just as the sun sank from sight.

So intense was the heat during the day that the little party would be compelled to do most of their traveling by night.

### CHAPTER III.

#### AT CREEKS CANYON.

THE four burros belonging to our little party of adventurers were well packed, with the following articles:

Five five gallon water kegs, three sacks of barley-feed for the animals—four weeks' provisions, consisting of flour, bacon, coffee and two sacks of hard tack or sea biscuits, a few pounds of dried beef and sundries.

They also carried one small wall tent, a pick and shovel, six water canteens holding a half gallon each, for use in crossing the desert. Mr. Sheldon and the two boys each carried a Winchester rifle and a 32 Colt's revolver. This was considered necessary, as part of the country through which they were to pass was infested by a rough class of half breeds who felt it a duty to rob all Americans whom they found unarmed.

The little party was compelled to make the entire journey on foot, as to take more animals would require additional feed and water, making a large pack train necessary.

They traveled slowly, driving the four burros ahead. The distance from Dos Palmos to Creeks Canyon is sixteen miles, and as plenty of water could be obtained there, only one of the water kegs had been filled before starting.



"From Creeks Canyon to Black Basin," said Mr. Sheldon, "we will have a journey of twenty five miles through a country where no water is to be had, without going miles out of our way. Therefore we must fill three or four of our water kegs at Creeks Canyon. At Black Basin we must lay over and rest for a day or two, for after leaving there, we will have a journey of nearly a hundred miles across the Great Desert before reaching Dead Man's Canyon."

"Do you think we can carry enough water to last us through a hundred miles of desert?" asked Walter.

"Yes," returned the old man. "It has been done, to my knowledge, and can be done again; but we must use the greatest caution, and not lose our way."

"How do you come to know the desert so well?" asked Walter. "You have never crossed it, have you?"

"No; but while at the Gun Sight district I met a man by the name of Mason, who had crossed the desert with a party of explorers who were sent out by a mining company several years ago."

"Were they looking for the Peg Leg?" asked Harry.

"Oh, no. It was during the diamond excitement, and some capitalists with more money than experience thought there were diamonds in the desert, and sent out a party of prospectors."

At midnight, Mr. Sheldon called a halt, and removing the packs from the burros, they ate a lunch. After two hours' rest, they resumed their journey, reaching Creeks Canyon about sunrise the next morning.

Unpacking the burros, they turned them loose to crop the short bunch grass that grew in the canyon. Near at hand a small stream flowed out from under the hills, to be lost in the loose sand only a few yards away.

A scattering growth of chaparral and mesquite bushes covered the canyon, with here and there a stunted oak. Near the spring grew a few cottonwoods, which threw an inviting shade upon the ground as the sun rose above the eastern hills.

Pitching their tent in the shade of these, Mr. Sheldon and the two boys kindled a fire and cooked their breakfast.

"Looks as if there might be some game here," said Harry, glancing down the canyon.

"Perhaps there is," returned Mr. Sheldon.

"If we thought there was any worth hunting, we would stop a day or two and try to get some fresh meat. There is plenty of grass here for the burros and the spring water is good for drinking."

"We ought to have a little hunt before we leave here, any way," returned Harry.

It was nearly noon before the little party thought of sleep, though they were all weary with their all night's tramp.

They spread their blankets in the inviting shade, and were soon slumbering.

The sun had almost set when they awoke. Something had roused them, but it was impossible to tell just what it was.

"Look! look!" exclaimed Walter. "What is the matter with the burros?"

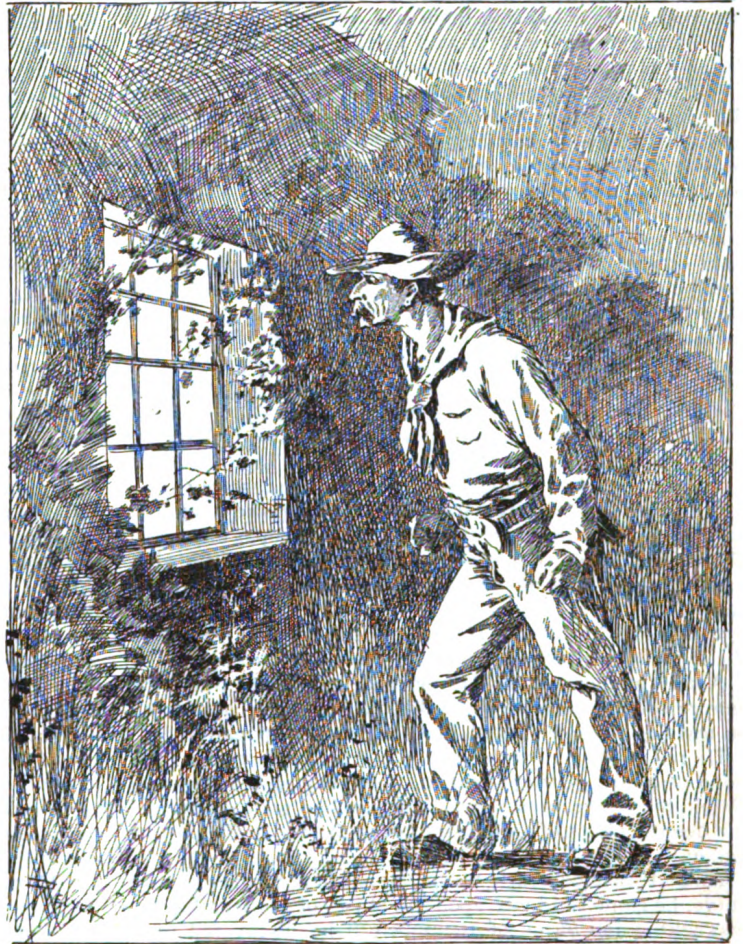
As he spoke he pointed down the canyon to where the

four burros were standing, with heads erect and eyes flashing. The next moment they came bounding up to the tent, snorting with fright.

Hastily drawing on their clothes the three set out to secure the terrified burros. Having caught and tied the frightened animals, they turned about to investigate the cause of the disturbance.

"It must be a bear," observed Harry.

"No; I don't think it is," answered Mr. Sheldon. "I never heard of a bear being found in this locality; but we can soon find out what it is. Get your gun, Harry, and



HE STEPPED FORWARD AND CAUTIOUSLY PEERED IN AT THE WINDOW.

come with me. Walter can remain here and look after the burros."

So saying, the old man and Harry proceeded cautiously down the canyon, looking sharply about them as they went.

They had not gone two hundred yards, when, turning to the right, they caught sight of two large animals standing among the bushes down the canyon.

Harry raised his gun, but before he could fire the old man laid his hand on his arm.

"Hold on, Harry," he exclaimed, "don't you see what they are? Bless my soul, but I wouldn't have you shoot one of those animals for anything!"

"Why, *they are camels*, as I live!" gasped Harry, turn-



ing a look of questioning wonder on the old man. "How did they come here? I cannot understand it—"

"Be easy," whispered Mr. Sheldon, "and don't let them see us. Come this way, behind this clump of bushes. Now, follow me," and the old man turned in the direction of the camp.

"Why!" exclaimed Harry, "they are not dangerous, are they? I never heard of—"

"Great Scott, boy," cried the old man, "can't you see that we must have those animals? Can't you realize that they will be worth a whole drove of burros to us? They can carry more and travel further in one day, than our burros can in two, and live on half the feed and water. We must get ropes and try to catch them at any cost."

"Why, I never heard of wild camels being in America!" faltered Harry. "How do they happen to be here?"

"They were brought here about five years ago by Tulley & Ocho, a freighting firm of Yuma. They had thirty camels, and used them in carrying freight from Yuma to Fort Mojave, across the Mojave desert; but all the other freighters on the line used burros, and a burro is as much afraid of a camel as of a grizzly bear. When they would meet in the narrow canyons, it was impossible to get the two to pass each other. This caused trouble, and the freighters who used burros opened war on the camels, and commenced shooting them wherever they met them. Finally the camels were turned loose to roam at large in this region."

"Then these camels are already trained to carry loads," exclaimed Harry, "and all we have to do is to get hold of them."

"Exactly. And I consider it a stroke of good luck on our part, that we happened to come across them."

Stopping suddenly, Sheldon added after an instant:

"Now, Harry, you remain here and keep the camels in sight, while I return to camp and get some ropes and bring Walter to help us. You see, the camels may be a little wild, after running loose so long, and we want to make sure of them."

"All right," answered Harry, and he remained to watch the animals, while the old man returned to the camp.

A few moments later Harry stole cautiously down the canyon toward the spot where they had seen the camels, but on arriving there, he found that they had disappeared.

He ran swiftly down the dry bed of the little creek, in the hope of again getting sight of them before the darkness should hide them from view. The sun had gone down, and the deep shadows of night were fast gathering in the narrow valley.

He had traveled nearly twenty rods when, turning a sharp curve, he came suddenly upon the object of his search. He was within ten yards of them before he discovered their presence.

To his great surprise they made no effort to get away, but, as he approached, they stood as quietly as a pair of farm horses might have done.

Seeing that his presence caused no fear on the part of the camels, Harry advanced boldly and laid his hand gently on one of the animals' necks, as it was feeding on the short grass.

He now called to his companions to come on with the ropes; and a few moments later, Mr. Sheldon and Walter made their appearance, and were greatly astonished to find that Harry had already captured the camels.

"This is indeed a stroke of good luck," said the old man, eying the animals with the greatest satisfaction.

The two camels were soon secured with ropes, and led back to camp in triumph.

"Now," said the old man, "we are richly fixed for our journey, and if we can't find the Mystic Mine, it won't be worth while for anybody else to look for it."

#### CHAPTER IV.

WALTER AND HARRY GO ON A HUNT.

IT was quite dark when our three friends returned to camp. The burros became frightened again as the camels were led up, and tugged viciously at their ropes.

"Take the burros down the canyon and turn them loose, boys," said Mr. Sheldon. "We shall not need them any more, if the camels will work, and I think they will."

Harry and Walter led the four burros a little way down the valley, and turned them loose. When they returned, they found that Mr. Sheldon had picketed the camels near the camp, and was preparing supper.

"We had better remain here till tomorrow night, anyway," he said, when they had finished their meal. "While you boys are having a little hunt, I'll see how the camels will work."

The next morning, after eating an early breakfast, Harry and Walter took their rifles and strolled off down the canyon in search of game. The sun was just appearing above the high chain of cliffs that formed the eastern boundary of the canyon, when they reached a point nearly a mile below the camp, where a spring bubbled up in the midst of a small growth of chapparal and cottonwoods.

As they approached a small flock of wild turkeys was seen to run swiftly across their path and disappear among the rocks and bushes before either of the boys could get a shot.

"Look, look, Walter!" exclaimed Harry, "here is some royal game! If we can only get one or two of these, we'll have a feast fit for a king—or what is just as good—an American citizen."

"Hold on!" ejaculated Walter, who had also caught sight of the turkeys. "We must manage to get a shot at them, but we can't do it by following them."

"How are you going to manage it, then?" asked Harry, who had become greatly excited at the sight of the game. "You don't expect to wait till they come back, do you?"

"No—hardly. I have a better plan than that. You hide here by this clump of bushes, and I'll make a circuit and get below them. Perhaps I can get a shot by keeping a sharp lookout; but if not, you may get a chance at them. You see a turkey won't fly unless he is pushed very closely, so if they see me before I get a shot at them, they will doubtless run in this direction."

"All right," answered Harry. "Any way you think best, just so we get one."

"Now you wait here, and keep your eyes open, and see if we don't bag one or two of those fowls before we return to camp."

With this Walter stole cautiously across the valley, and then bending his steps southward, continued his course for nearly a quarter of a mile. Then turning, he recrossed the valley, creeping back in the direction of the place where he had seen the turkeys.

Walter continued to make his way slowly and guardedly up the canyon, scanning every clump of bushes, in hopes of catching sight of the wary fowls. He was within two hundred yards of the spot where he had left Harry, when he heard a sharp "pert" in the thicket to the left.

Turning quickly, he caught a glimpse of brown feathers, darting through the brush, fifty yards away. Hastily throwing his rifle to his shoulder, he took quick aim and fired.

A half dozen turkeys arose with a thundering of wings.

and flew away to the south. Walter stood for a moment, hardly daring to look in the direction of his shot for fear he had missed.

Just then a loud fluttering in the thicket reached his ear, and he hurried forward to find a huge gobbler just expiring, his neck almost severed in twain by the bullet. He picked up the still fluttering fowl, and started up the path, just as Harry came running to meet him.

"I've got one! Hurrah!" cried Walter. "Won't this be an agreeable surprise to Mr. Sheldon? And won't turkey beat dried beef and bacon a long way, though?"

"You bet, we'll have a feast for supper," responded Harry.

"But oughtn't we to try to get another?" asked Walter.

"No," returned Harry, "I don't think we could get another shot, without shotguns."

The two boys retraced their steps to the spring, and seated themselves in the shade of some small trees. The heat grew more intense as the sun mounted higher and higher, and the tall, bare summits of the hills looked as if they had been charred in a furnace.

"Walter," said Harry, "what are those yellow things growing on the bushes yonder? They look like oranges."

"Why, they *are* oranges!" exclaimed Walter, "and nice ones, too," and he rose and approached the thicket.

In a few moments he returned with his hat full of the ripe fruit.

"Well, well, we are having a streak of luck this morning," remarked Harry. "Won't we have a jolly surprise for Mr. Sheldon, though? Turkey and oranges! That's a pretty good bill of fare for a desert."

"That's just what it is," affirmed Walter; "but how do you suppose those oranges came to be here?"

"The seeds may have been dropped by some travelers. That's the only way I can account for their presence."

"Look there, Walter! What does that mean?" cried Harry, pointing to some tracks in the sand near the spring.

Walter looked in the direction indicated, and saw plainly the prints of moccasined feet.

"Indians!" he exclaimed, a look of alarm sweeping over his countenance.

The boys examined the tracks for a moment in silence, and then Harry said:

"These tracks have been made recently, but it is hard to tell whether by Indians or not."

"But the tracks have been made by moccasins," reasoned Walter.

"Yes, I see they have, but that proves nothing, as a great many of the Greasers wear moccasins."

"You are right, Harry. I never thought of that. I'd hate to encounter a gang of Apaches just now."

"So would I; but I don't think we'll see any on this trip. Indians are not fond of traveling into the desert. The track may have been made by some Greasers who happened to be passing this way."

"That seems very reasonable," answered Walter, his fears somewhat dissipated by Harry's words.

The boys now filled their pockets with oranges, and taking up their turkey, returned to camp. They found Mr. Sheldon sitting with his back against a rock, in the shade, quietly smoking his pipe.

"Hello! what have you got there?" he asked, as the boys came up.

"We have got something to take the taste of the vile Mexican grub out of our mouths," replied Walter, dropping the turkey by the old man's side, and removing the oranges from his pockets.

"Youngsters," said Mr. Sheldon, casting a look of admiration on the young hunters, "this *is* a great surprise! I didn't expect anything better than a jack rabbit, but you have brought a regular Thanksgiving feast!"

"Yes," remarked Harry; "and as soon as the sun gets behind the hills, we'll set to work and see if we can't be as successful in cooking as we have been in hunting."

The boys then told about the strange footprints at the spring.

"Well, I am rather of the opinion that it is Greasers," was the old man's comment, "for I hardly think there are any Indians in this vicinity; but if we should run into a small squad I don't think they would attempt to molest us. If they should, I dare say we could hold our own against them."

The boys felt relieved on hearing their friend's view of the matter, and the subject of the strange footprints was dropped.

"By the way," said Mr. Sheldon, "I have just been experimenting with the camels, and find that they are splendidly trained. We can now dispense with the burros."

"What will we do with them?" asked Harry.

"Leave them here, of course," replied Mr. Sheldon. "We don't need them, as the camels will carry our loads easier and faster than the burros could have done."

That evening, just as the fiery sun sank behind the rocks of the canyon, the boys kindled a fire on the sands in front of the tent, and began preparations for supper. Soon the appetizing odor of cooking turkey and boiling coffee filled the air, causing the trio to contemplate their evening meal with intense satisfaction.

After eating a hearty supper, they began to make preparations for resuming their journey.

"Fortune seems to be favoring us at the very outset," said Harry.

"It does, indeed," returned Walter.

Little did they dream of the strange and thrilling adventures that lay before them—of the deadly dangers that lurked in their path.

## CHAPTER V.

WALTER IS SURPRISED.

JUST as the shades of night were gathering over the gray rocks of Creeks Canyon, our little party, having packed their supply of water and other effects on the two camels, set out upon their hazardous journey.

An hour after sunset the great red moon rose out of the waste of sandy plain, and cast a ghostly light across their path. There was no wind, and a hot air rose from the sand like the breath from an oven. The little party had a strange and weird appearance as they slowly made their way across the level sands; a mass of dark shadows, cast along the ground, accompanied them with eccentric and grotesque movements.

"Walter," said Harry, breaking the silence, "if this doesn't beat anything I have ever dreamed of! It's just like a story from the 'Arabian Nights.'"

"Yes," returned Walter; "and it makes me think of the stories I have read of the Orient, of Arabs, Bedouins, and other picturesque vagabonds of the desert. Say, I wonder what the members of our class would think if they could see us now?"

"They'd think we'd joined a band of Arabs, and gone to freighting across the desert," laughed Harry.

They journeyed steadily till midnight, when they halted, unpacked their animals, and rested for two hours, during which time they ate a lunch.



Then they resumed their march, and traveled steadily till sunrise. As the sun lit the level plain, they could see the low hills surrounding Black Basin rising above the plain, not over two miles away.

"Boys," said Mr. Sheldon, "we are now entering the borders of the Great American Desert, and have a long, hot journey before us. After leaving Black Basin we shall be compelled to cross a hot, sandy plain of over a hundred miles in extent before reaching a place where water can be procured. We must therefore take every precaution against losing our way. Should we encounter one of those terrible sand storms that are so frequent here, we would lose our course, and might perish for water before we could find our way out of the desert."

"I have heard of those sand storms," said Harry, "and



"I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU SHOOT ONE OF THOSE ANIMALS FOR A GOOD DEAL."

hope we may not experience their terrors. But I carry a pocket compass, and it will be easy to keep on the proper course."

"So you might imagine," answered the old man, "and so might any one who was unacquainted with the peculiarities of this country."

"Why," remarked Harry, "you mean to say that a compass won't work here as well as anywhere?"

"That's just what I say."

"Of course," broke in Walter, "we know the compass won't work correctly in certain portions of the earth's surface, but I can't see what is to prevent it from working all night here."

"Try it and see," was the answer.

The camels were brought to a halt, and, taking a small compass from his pocket, Harry adjusted the instrument, and placed it on the ground. They all bent over it to watch the needle. It was pointing in a northeasterly direction.

Harry shook it, thinking it was out of order. The needle wheeled nearly around, and, swinging back and forth a few times, it stopped. They all looked, and lo! *the needle was pointing straight west!*

The boys uttered exclamations of astonishment, and turned to the old man, as if they had just witnessed some strange feat of jugglery.

"What is the matter with it?" gasped Harry and Walter in a breath.

"That is something I can't fully explain. It is a question over which there has been some dispute; but the most popular theory among engineers, who have attempted a survey of the desert, is that the earth here is so heavily charged with iron and different minerals that the needle becomes attracted thereby, and fails to work correctly. However, it is very certain that your compass will be of no more use than a tobacco box."



"Well," returned Harry, placing the instrument back in his pocket, "we've learned something in the desert that we never knew before."

"Yes," replied Walter, as the party moved on, "and I'm beginning to believe that we are going to learn many more things that we never dreamed of before, ere we get out this strange country."

"You are right, my boy," said the old man. "This is a strange land, and the journey which we have undertaken is one of the greatest peril. It will require courage and the keenest judgment to overcome the many obstacles that may arise. But I have the fullest confidence in you both, else I should not be with you; and, in spite of the difficulties we may encounter, and the unknown dangers that lie before us, I have every faith in our ultimate success."

The boys expressed the warmest gratitude for their companion's confidence in them, coupled with the assurance that it should not be misplaced.

"Well, as far as I am able to judge," said Walter, "I can see no reason why we need apprehend any great danger. We are splendidly equipped and well armed."

"As far as human foes go you may be right," resumed Mr. Sheldon; "but there are other dangers in the desert more deadly than any of which you are aware. There are chances of our losing the way, the terrible sand storms which often last for days, and the fierce heat which frequently overcomes travelers. The last is the most apt to occur, and the one to be feared most. But we may not encounter any of these dangers, and I pray to Heaven we will not; however, we must be ready for any emergency and let no peril come upon us unawares."

The little party was now drawing near Black Basin, and patches of vegetation could be seen here and there. At rare intervals the brown, flat leaf of the "tuney" cactus raised its withered stem, and the little *choya*, the compass plant, whose head forever inclines to the north, could be seen, while occasionally the huge giant cactus reared its lofty column

toward the sky and stood like a giant finger post, pointing with its brown bare arms to some far off land.

Suddenly Harry stopped, and picking something up from the ground uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Sheldon.

"Why, there must be some one traveling ahead of us," returned Harry. "Here's a canteen half full of water. Some one must have lost it recently. It can't be another party on their way to the Peg Leg Mine, can it?"

Mr. Sheldon took the canteen and examined it carefully.

"No," said he, "there's no one going to the Peg Leg Mine, you can rest assured on that point. We are now about on the route any one would travel in going from Gun Sight to the railroad, and it is most probable that this canteen has been dropped by some party of Mexicans making that journey."

Harry and Walter felt relieved at this explanation, for they did not fancy the idea of encountering another prospecting party. So the strangers, whoever they were, were dismissed from their minds.

In a short time they reached the basin, where they decided to stop for a couple of hours at least, before starting for Dead Man's Canyon.

Black Basin is a narrow valley about three miles long, and is shut in by rocky walls that rise from forty to sixty feet above the basin. The valley is watered by two springs which flow from under the eastern chain of hills. These springs are surrounded by a scant growth of vegetation, with a few stunted oak and sycamore trees.

Upon their arrival at the basin our party removed the loads from the camels and picketed them where they could feed on the dry, short grass. Then they pitched their tent in the shade of a stunted live oak close by the spring. They built a small fire, cooked breakfast, and boiled some coffee, which they drank out of tin cups with the keenest relish.

Breakfast over, they threw themselves on their blankets to endeavor to get a little sleep.

When Walter awoke it was past noon. The sun was standing almost overhead, and the very air seemed panting with the intense heat. The boy's companions were still asleep, huge drops of perspiration running down their faces.

"Whew! but this is pretty hot!" said Walter, getting up and pulling on his clothes.

Just then Harry opened his eyes and saw Walter standing in front of the tent.

"Hello," he cried, "have you slept enough already?"

"Well, I can't sleep in a bake oven," returned Walter. "I think I shall take a little stroll down the valley and see if I can't find another turkey. Don't you want to go?"

"Not much. Excuse me, I'm quite hot enough without tramping about," and Harry closed his eyes.

Walter took his rifle, and finding no cartridges in the magazine he went to the tent and got his belt, which contained fifty cartridges, and buckled it about him.

Then he walked over to the spring, and throwing himself upon the ground muttered:

"Great Cæsar! it *is* hot. I guess I'd better put off my hunt till that sun gets a little lower."

For a half hour he lay upon his back, gazing at the silent branches overhead. Then becoming weary he fell asleep.

The sun was low down in the horizon when he awoke. He looked at his companions. They were still sleeping.

Walter got up, and throwing his Winchester across his shoulder, strolled off down the valley.

He had proceeded a half mile when he came to a small spring. Leaning his gun against a rock, he knelt down and drank deeply of the cool water that bubbled up through the glittering sand. He rose greatly refreshed and turned to take up his gun. To his great astonishment *it was gone!*

Walter cast a startled glance about him, and, as he did so, he saw his own gun pointed straight at his head, while glancing through the sights he recognized the evil eyes of *Brazleton, the outlaw!*

(To be continued.)



#### ENCOURAGING.

*Nimrod Stoutleigh*—"ANY SHOOTING HERE, MY BOY?"

*Native*—"YESSIR. DAD JUST SHOT A MAN DRESSED LIKE YOU."

ONE BOY'S HONOR;  
OR,  
THE FREAKS OF A FORTUNE.\*  
A STORY OF SEA AND SHORE.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.

CHAPTER XI.

DOWN THE BAY.

ANDY was so astounded and unnerved for a moment after witnessing the unexpected and tragic denouement recorded at the close of the preceding chapter, that he could only stand still and gaze at the wheelman through the gloom.

"I told him I'd give it to him, and now he's got it," said the latter hoarsely.

"What do you mean, you scoundrel?" cried Andy, trembling with anger and excitement, and taking a step toward the speaker.

"Easy, easy, my young bantam. If you come any nearer, I'll have to give you a dose of the same."

The shining barrel of the revolver in the man's hand told Andy that he meant all he said. As our hero had no relish for "a dose of the same," he stopped where he was.

Recalling Fluster's words, and believing that the cabin boy had intended to jump overboard, with the expectation that Andy would follow, the latter looked toward the dock. It had been swallowed up in the darkness, and they were well out in the river.

But he could even then have jumped into the river and succeeded in reaching the wharf if not stopped by a bullet on the way, but he had no intention of making such a hazardous venture or deserting his companion.

He then turned to the faithful fellow in the bottom of the launch. Fluster had raised himself to a sitting posture, and was groaning with pain.

"Where are you hit, Fluster?" asked Andy anxiously.

"In the right arm, cap'n," replied the sufferer weakly.

"Here, let me see."

Andy quickly ripped up the sleeve of the wounded boy's jacket and shirt with his pocket knife. The clothing was soaked with blood, which ran down the arm in a sickening stream.

An examination showed that the bullet had passed completely through the muscles of the upper arm a few inches from the shoulder. Andy realized at a glance that if something was not done to stanch the flow of blood the boy would bleed to death.

He promptly improvised a tourniquet with his handkerchief, knotted in two places, and a stout lead pencil he had in his pocket. After a few twists of this arrangement, which elicited several groans of pain from Fluster, he had the satisfaction of seeing the crimson stream completely stopped. This had just been accomplished, and he and Fluster had seated themselves on the cushioned seat which ran around the entire rail of the launch, when the man forward said:

"If either one of you young fellows touch one of them valves, I'll plug you sure, and you know I mean it. You better move up here amidships out of reach of 'em."

Andy said nothing, but assisting Fluster, he changed their position to within a few feet of the helmsman. It was evident that the latter feared one of them would stop the screw or open the valve leading to the naphtha tank. He still had one hand clasping the steering wheel, and the other

the revolver. By sitting sideways he could keep a lookout ahead and watch the two youths at the same time.

Andy was near enough now to distinguish the features of their captor, and he improved the opportunity to study them closely. He told himself that he certainly had the most villainous countenance he had ever seen; not that he was particularly ugly, or that his visage was seamed with the marks of dissipation and crime. His contour was fair enough, but his deathly pallor, his coal black luminous eyes, his snake-like, raven hair, and his heavy, ragged mustache of the same hue, together with a cruel smile which continually played about his thin lips, gave him a most diabolical appearance.

He was a perfect counterpart of the picture of the typical pirate which has sprung from the brain of authors of the dime novel order. Andy told himself he would not be likely to forget that countenance.

Though the fellow had spoken in English, and there was not the slightest accent in his tones to indicate that he was not of that nationality, it was evident to Andy that he was a Spaniard.

"I would like to know something about this business," said Andy decidedly, as he finished his scrutiny. "What are you up to?"

"I guess you can see what I'm up to. I'm for taking a run down the bay," replied the wheelman, with a sort of chuckle.

"Anybody can see that without a microscope, if it is a dark night," said Andy good humoredly, adopting conciliatory tactics as the best method of finding out something. "But what is to be the terminus of your run?"

"You'll find out when we get there, bantam."

"But how will I know we are there when we get there, bully?" persisted Andy waggishly.

"You're too fresh, bub," said the man, scowling. He evidently did not relish the opprobrious name Andy had given him.

"I know it, cur; you prevented me from being salted down in the briny when you fired that cowardly shot, and you must take me as I am."

"My name is Bunker for the present," continued the captor, ignoring the charge of cowardice, "and you can call me that or keep your mouth shut."

"Thank you, Bunker; my name is Andy Raymond at present, and always has been, but I suppose you know that. This is a serious piece of business you are engaged in, Bunker."

"It's not half so serious for you as it will be before you get out of it," said Bunker, significantly.

"I didn't know I was in it yet, Bunker. What is it, anyhow?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

"But I want to find out sooner, Bunker."

"Oh, shut up; you make me tired," said Bunker, impatiently. "You won't find out anything from me, so you might as well give it up."

"Thank you, Bunker, I didn't suppose you knew anything," said Andy, lightly. "Are you running away with the launch or with us, Bunker?"

"I haven't anything to say," growled Bunker.

"Then the interview is at an end," said Andy, as he lapsed into silence.

He had certainly made no progress with Bunker, and there was no prospect that he would be able to do so if he asked him questions all night.

The launch was making good time down the river, and it certainly would not be many minutes before they reached

\*Begun in No 394 of THE ARGOSY.

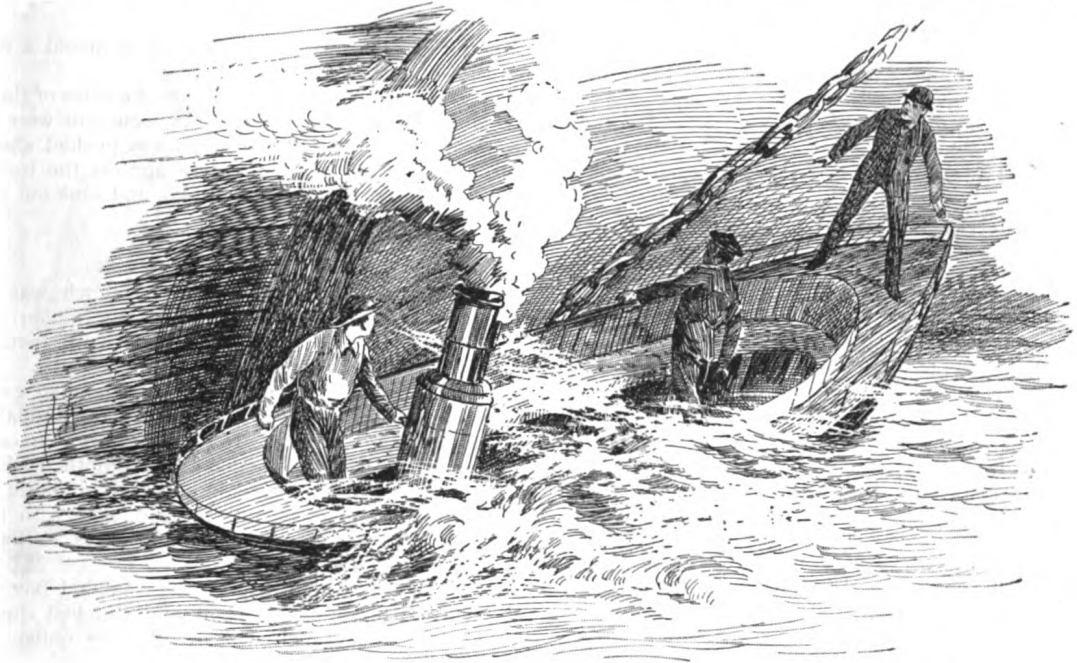


their destination, if this was anywhere in the upper bay. Andy did not allow himself to indulge in any useless speculations as to the intentions of their captor, for he had exhausted his powers of reasoning in endeavoring to account for the events of the last two days. But he had no doubt

“Look here, kid, I want you to do as I tell you, or I'll give you a taste of cold lead quicker'n a wink.”

“What do you want?” says I, an' I see he meant business.

“Your young cap'n will be down here soon, and as soon



THE GREAT STAY CHAINS CRASHED INTO THE LAUNCH AS IF SHE WAS PASTEBOARD.

that this was another attempt of his unknown enemy to dispose of him in some manner. He was willing now to let matters go, and take care of himself, trusting to the future to unravel the mystery.

“I suppose your majesty has no objections to my talking to Fluster,” said he inquiringly, addressing the wheelman.

“Chin as much as you like,” replied Bunker shortly.

“How do you feel now, Fluster?” asked Andy, turning to the cabin boy.

“Better, cap'n; not so faint. But that arm feels like a red hot iron was a punchin' through it,” replied Fluster, suppressing a groan of pain.

“We'll fix it easier as soon as we get where there is a doctor, Fluster. What do you know about this man Bunker?”

“Notbin', cap'n. You see, me and Bitts come off in the launch accordin' to Cap'n Manning's orders.”

“Isn't Captain Manning sick?” asked Andy quickly.

“Sick! Why, no, sir.”

“That settles it,” thought Andy, though he was already sure of the fact; “that note was a decoy, and Garboard never saw it.”

“Go ahead, Fluster,” he continued aloud.

“Well, we got to the dock about seven o'clock, an' Bitts went up to the St. James Hotel to meet you, as the cap'n told him to, leaving me in the launch. He hadn't been gone only a few minutes when this man jumps down on the lighter alongside, an' commences talkin' 'bout you an' the Ulysses. He 'peared to know a good deal about you an' the yacht, an' as he was a pleasant spoken chap, I asked him aboard an' to have a seat. He had no more'n got set down when he whips out that revolver and says:

as he gets here I'm going to get under way. If you say a word, or give a sign, to tell the cap'n I ain't one o' the crew. I'll down you,” says he.

“By that I knowed he wasn't lookin' for Bitts to come back with you, an' I wondered if he would do as he said. When you hailed me from the dock this feller had his gun in his hand, so I daresn't answer any more'n I did; but when I see the launch gettin' out in the river, an' knowed this feller meant some sort o' mischief to you, I couldn't hold in, gun or no gun. I knowed if we didn't get out then we'd stand a poor show afterwards. I thought I'd give you the word an' get over before he could get his gun up, but he winged me. Jerusalem! don't she ache!” concluded Fluster, with a grimace of pain.

“You're a good fellow, Fluster,” said Andy, gratefully, “and I appreciate your brave effort as much as if it had succeeded; in fact more, since you have suffered in my behalf.”

“Oh, it don't amount to much, cap'n,” protested Fluster, trying to smile.

“I hope your hurt will heal up without giving you much trouble, but a wound like that is liable to be dangerous sometimes if not attended to promptly.”

“I'll come out all right, cap'n.”

“I hope so, but I'd feel better satisfied if we could see a doctor soon. I wonder what this fellow intends to do with us. Can you make out where we are?”

“Somewheres near the Battery, cap'n.”

“That's so; there's the Statue of Liberty ahead of us,” corroborated Andy. “But what is that just below the light?”

“It looks like smoke, cap'n,” replied Fluster, peering ahead.

"But it isn't," added Andy quickly. "It's a thick bank of fog rolling in from the ocean, and in a few minutes we won't be able to see two yards about us," he continued, with a shade of anxiety in his voice.

"That's so," agreed Fluster, "an' we're in a ticklish position if this feller ain't familiar with the harbor."

"Do you see that fog, Bunker?" asked Andy, addressing the wheelman.

"I reckon I ain't blind, youngster," growled the fellow shortly.

"You'll have us run down if you don't go slow," warned Andy.

"I know what I'm about, young feller," snapped Bunker sullenly.

"I hope you do," said Andy sincerely.

He saw it was useless to try to talk to, or reason with, such a cross grained, non committal customer as the helmsman had proved to be. The fog rolled up the bay in lofty gray masses like the smoke out of a great gun, and the launch was soon enveloped in its damp folds. In a few minutes it almost entirely obscured the light that blazed from the statue on Bedloe's Island.

It was almost a fine rain, cold and penetrating, and soon everything about the launch and its passengers was dripping with moisture. The hoarse whistling of the ferryboats, and the dismal clang of a warning bell, told only too plainly of the peril which each craft in the busy harbor wished to avoid.

Bunker said not a word, nor made any pretense to decrease the speed of the launch or sound her whistle. Possibly he knew what he was about, as he said he did, and probably he did not want to run the risk of changing the position of affairs by letting one of his prisoners touch the machinery or the whistle cord. And perhaps rather than take any such precautions, which would attract the attention of passing crafts to them, he preferred to trust to his own skill, considering the nefarious piece of business he was engaged in.

He was evidently relying on the beacon on the statue, which could still be seen ahead, to guide him to his destination, and on his ability and keenness of vision to avoid a collision.

If he was steering his course by Liberty's torch, he was soon deprived of its guiding beams. It suddenly disappeared, but whether it had been extinguished, or was only hidden by the thick folds of vapor, it was hard to determine.

A forcible but inelegant expression of annoyance came from Bunker's lips, as he noted the disappearance of the light, but he kept the launch on the course he had been steering as nearly as possible, and still made no move to reduce her speed.

Several times they barely grazed the rushing hull of a mammoth steamer, and the prisoners held their breath as the great body swept by like a phantom, leaving the waves curling and hissing in her wake. And again they were almost crushed by one of the large Staten Island ferryboats, but amid the shouting of hoarse voiced officers, the clanging of her gongs, and the hissing of steam, they shot across her bows, and were again enveloped in the gloom.

"Here we are at last," said Bunker finally, in a tone of satisfaction.

He was no doubt so pleased at the safe termination of his hazardous trip that he forgot his churlishness.

They were within a few yards of a vessel with a wooden hull, apparently at anchor. Whether she was a sailing vessel or a steamer it was impossible to tell, but Bunker evi-

dently recognized her by some familiar outline, or other distinguishing mark.

When he spoke, the launch was headed at right angles to the vessel he had sighted, and before he could request one of his unwilling passengers to stop the screw, or do it himself, she was directly across the vessel's course, on a line with her cutwater.

Then it was discovered, but too late to avoid a collision, that the ship was under way.

The great stay chains crushed into the sides of the launch as if they were pasteboard, and her occupants were thrown into the water. For a moment she was pushed ahead, and then, owing to the great pressure against the iron bound prow, she was cut completely in two, and sank out of sight.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SHANGHAIED ON THE DEL RIO.

THE collision and sinking of the launch was just as unexpected to Andy as it was to Bunker. At the moment of the crash he sprang to his feet, and instinctively grasped Fluster by his uninjured arm.

Like a flash he realized that, if the wounded cabin boy did not have some assistance, he would in all probability go to the bottom like a stone. If they had been in calm surfaced water, without the suction created by the rushing vessel to contend against, he would have had no doubt of Fluster's ability to keep afloat until rescued, even with his disabled arm, but here among the rushing waves, darkness and fog, it was quite a different matter.

Simultaneously with grasping the wounded boy with his left hand, he threw up his right and clutched the vessel's stay chain. The launch was swept from under his feet, and his arm received a terrific wrench as the combined weight of himself and his burden hung to it; but he did not let go.

Fortunately the ship was deeply laden, and he had grasped the stay chain only a short distance ahead of the cutwater. As he sank deeper into the water, its buoyancy relieved the strain on his arm considerably, and then Fluster grasped the chain with his left hand. Bunker had disappeared, and for an instant it occurred to Andy that he had probably gone to the bottom.

Neither of the boys had uttered a word since the catastrophe occurred, for they were so startled at the unexpected calamity that they never thought of giving forth a cry for help.

Fluster was not "flustered" in the least, though he was fully alive to the peril of his situation. He quickly realized that the combined weight of his own and Andy's body, though he was supporting himself to some extent with his uninjured arm, would be too much for the young captain to sustain with his single right arm for any length of time, though he was much stronger than the average young man of his age.

"Let go your hold on me, cap'n," said Fluster, as he felt himself dragged through the water.

"I guess I can hang on till they throw us a rope, Fluster," gasped Andy through his clinched teeth.

"Let go, I say," repeated Fluster, with energy, trying to disengage his arm from Andy's clasp. "I can take care of myself."

The strain on the young captain was becoming fearful. The muscles of his arm stood out like whipcord, and it felt as if it was being drawn from its socket. With many doubts as to Fluster's ability to take care of himself, and as to his own ultimate fate, Andy released his hold.

Fluster floated off towards the bow, but just before he

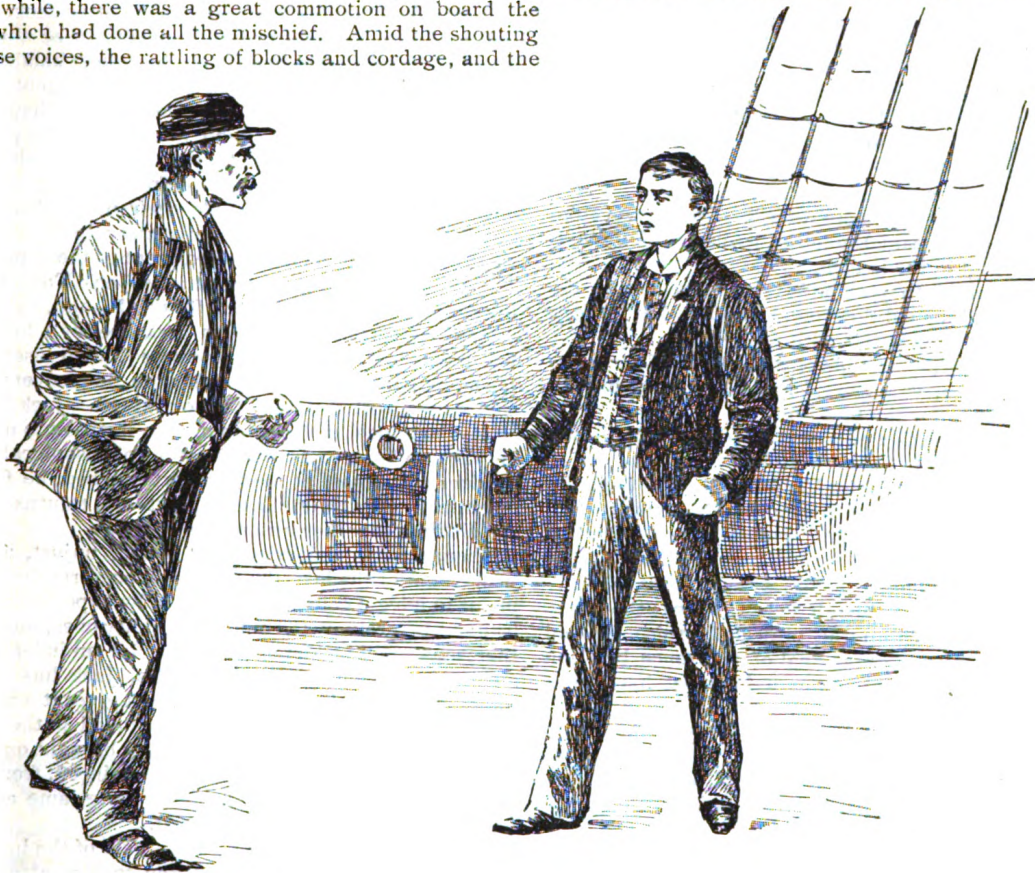


reached it he threw out his unwounded arm and grasped the wire rope bobstay running from the bowsprit head to the cutwater. Andy turned his head, and was glad to see that the cabin boy was safe, for the time being at least.

Meanwhile, there was a great commotion on board the vessel which had done all the mischief. Amid the shouting of hoarse voices, the rattling of blocks and cordage, and the

Upon getting hold of Fluster, he signaled his companions to haul up.

It was a slow and tedious operation, and taxed the full strength of the rescuer and the men on the footropes. Flus-



"SKULKING AGAIN, ARE YOU?" CRIED THE BRUTAL CAPTAIN.

slatting of sails, several men worked their way out on the bowsprit footropes.

"Hold on there, my lad," cried one, encouragingly, as he discovered Andy through the gloom; "we'll soon lend you a hand."

Andy was holding on with all the tenacity he was capable of exerting with his strained and aching arm, but he felt he would not be able to retain his grasp many minutes longer.

It was with a great deal of satisfaction then that he heard the cheering words of coming rescue. A figure dropped down on one of the head stavs, and soon a strong hand was under his arm pits, lifting him upward. Another pair of muscular hands lifted him to the bowsprit, but his arm was so numb that he was as helpless as an infant.

With the assistance of the men he managed to crawl along the spar inboard, and finally sank down near the bitts.

"Look out for the other fellow," gasped he, thinking of Fluster.

He did not give a thought to Bunker, and, under the circumstances, felt indifferent as to his fate.

It was a more difficult matter to reach Fluster and raise him to the deck than it had been to succor his young captain. One of the men slid down the bobstay, taking the precaution to fasten the flying jib sheet about his body under the arms before he did so.

ter was considerably heavier than Andy, and, with his one arm disabled entirely, and the other numbed and strained, he was even more helpless than the young captain, and as much dead weight as if he had been a log of wood. He could not make the least effort to help himself or his rescuers.

Finally he was lifted to the bowsprit and laid on the furling jib till the men could recover from their exertions. Then he was carried, as gently as possible, to the forecabin head, where he fainted.

Andy had recovered his wind and the use of his arm, to a considerable extent, by this time, and was intently watching the men in their work of getting Fluster aboard. Noting that the boy had lost consciousness, he explained to the men that he was wounded, and they carried him below to a bunk in the forecabin.

Andy then started aft to seek some one in authority, to whom he might explain the situation, and request that he and his companion be put ashore or aboard some inbound craft. He could see enough through the dripping fog to tell him that he was aboard a sailing vessel—a bark—loaded almost to her scuppers, and that she was under full canvas. She had a flush deck, with the exception of a slight break at the forecabin and abaft the mizzenmast.

He then thought of Bunker's words just before the launch



was run down, and told himself that if this bark was their captor's destination, he could not hope for much satisfaction from any of her officers, for they were evidently Bunker's employers. But as their coming aboard had been in such an unexpected and irregular way, would her officers know that he and Fluster were the ones Bunker was to bring off in the launch?

Undoubtedly they would, if the latter had been picked up, and Andy felt that he would like to be enlightened on that point. The thought had no sooner occurred to him than some one ran against him, and turning, he recognized Bunker, who was still in his wet garments.

"Well, my young bantam, here we are. You know you're here now, don't you?" said the latter, assuming the joking tone Andy had used in the launch.

"Yes, but no thanks to you, bully, that we're not at the bottom of the bay," replied the young captain, hardly feeling disposed to have any words with the man.

"It only saved us the trouble of sinking the launch, as we should have done, youngster," said Bunker, volunteering some information for the first time.

"Then I suppose it was a part of your programme to sink the launch and send us to the bottom."

"Not at all; we are bound for Vera Cruz, and to keep the launch might furnish a clew as to what had become of you."

"Vera Cruz!" repeated Andy, certainly astonished at the coincidence.

Everything that happened to him seemed to have a connection with Mexico; and, though Vera Cruz was the objective point of the *Ulysses* on the projected cruise, he told himself that there was a great deal of difference between going there on his own yacht and as a foremast hand on a merchant vessel.

"Yes, Vera Cruz," said Bunker; "don't you think you will like it?"

"I guess I'll like it well enough, Bunker, but I don't propose to go in this bark," responded Andy confidently.

"How are you going to help yourself?"

"You'll know very shortly, Bunker. By the way, what's the name of this vessel?"

"The *Del Rio*."

"Another Spanish name," thought Andy; and again the conclusion was forced upon him that the instigator of the designs on him was in Mexico, or was intimately connected with Spaniards. And he once more asked himself if it could be Murdock or his cousin.

"Who put you up to this rascally piece of business, Bunker?" asked he, thinking the man might give him some further points while he was in a communicative mood.

"Cap'n Catorce," replied Bunker, making a gesture in the direction of the quarter deck.

"Cortace, you mean, don't you, Bunker?" said Andy, noting the similarity of the name to the one he had received from the first officer of the *Grecian Monarch*.

"No; it's Catorce."

"Thank you, Bunker," said Andy, satisfied that the captain of the bark was one of the men picked up by the *Monarch*, notwithstanding the slight change in the name.

Andy started towards the quarter deck again.

"Where are you going?" asked Bunker, laying a detaining hand on his shoulder.

"To see this Captain Catorce."

"I wouldn't if I was you, Cap'n Andy," said Bunker, earnestly, and it was now easy to detect solicitude and respect in his tones.

"Why?" asked Andy, impressed by the speaker's changed manner.

"It won't do any good, sir, for he is a terror. You've been shanghai'd, and are one of the crew."

"I'll see about that," said Andy, resolved to state his case and learn what he had to expect as soon as possible.

He continued on his way towards the after deck, and realized as fully as Bunker what it meant to be shanghai'd. Shipmasters very often find themselves short handed just before sailing, and they apply to a shipping agent ashore to fill out their full quota of a crew. Sometimes these shipping agents cannot find men who are willing to go. There may be plenty of them, but they do not care to ship because they may have just come ashore from a long voyage and wish to have a good time while their money lasts, or they may have heard something derogatory to the ship's seaworthiness, the grub, or the treatment of the captain.

Then the shipping agent attacks Jack Tar at his most vulnerable point—his appetite for drink—and, with the connivance of some unscrupulous barkeeper of a low drinking den, drugs him. He is then conveyed, in an insensible condition, on board the vessel, and when he recovers his muddled senses he finds himself far out at sea. Jack knows it is useless to appeal to the captain, who is absolute monarch of his ship, so he accepts the situation philosophically, and, if he does not desert at the first port touched, he forgets his resentment at such unfair treatment, and returns to become the victim of another unscrupulous agent.

Though such abductions are brutal, unjust, and an infringement of the law, the kidnaped ones rarely make complaint in a legal court. They know by experience that punishment is rarely meted out to the guilty ones, and that they themselves will be detained ashore for an indefinite period awaiting the law's delays. Besides, Jack has an inbred, wholesome fear of a court of law, and gives it a wide berth.

Though Andy had not been shanghai'd in the regulation manner, and he knew he had not been brought on board because he was needed there, he was convinced, from Bunker's last words, that he would be treated the same as if he had been delivered by a shipping agent.

But he told himself that if the captain of the bark was not too unreasonable, and would listen to him a few minutes, he could convince him that it would be to his interest to put him and Fluster ashore. He would appeal to his cupidity, and he had no doubt he could pay a higher price for his liberty than the captain would receive from his employer, whoever he was, for doing his mean work.

"Lay for'd there; no skulking around here," bawled a voice from a figure that loomed up a few feet from our hero.

"Captain Catorce?" said Andy, inquiringly, politely raising his hand to where his hat should have been.

"Yes; what do you want?" growled the voice of the figure in tones that must have come all the way from his boots.

"Beg your pardon, captain, I'm one of the party from the launch you ran down, and—"

Andy spoke as deferentially as he knew how, and strove in his every move to be as polite as his dilapidated appearance would permit, but the only effect his efforts produced was to throw the captain in a terrible rage.

"I don't know anything about any launch. Lay for'd I tell you, and lend a hand to those head sails."

"But, Captain Catorce, I am—" protested Andy.

"I don't care what you are," yelled the autocrat of the quarter deck. "Lay for'd, or I'll break every bone in your body."

"If you'll just listen to me," began Andy again.

"Not a word," howled the captain.

Andy saw it was useless to expect anything from such an

unreasonable tyrant, even if he had been permitted to state his case.

It was with serious doubts of his ability to extricate himself from his uncomfortable position that he returned to the forecastle.

The sight of the cuddy over the stairs leading to the sailor's quarters reminded him of Fluster, and he stepped up to it with the intention of going below to ascertain the cabin boy's condition. Was he destined to take up his abode in that dark, ill smelling place, and become the associate of those rough ignorant men, for days and weeks, he asked himself? It certainly seemed so now unless something unforeseen happened.

He had no sooner answered this question to himself, than a heavy hand grasped him by the collar and slung him, whirling like a teetotum, half across the deck.

"Skulking again, are you!" shouted Captain Catorce, advancing towards Andy as he recovered his feet. "I'll learn ye."

Though fully realizing how futile it was to resist, knowing that he would only have to suffer the more for it, Andy determined to protect himself to the best of his ability.

With a pale face, and flashing eyes, he waited, with clinched fists, the captain's next move. The latter could not fail to note his defiant and defensive attitude, and it seemed to turn him into a perfect fiend.

With an energy that threatened to burst a blood vessel, he yelled:

"Mutiny, is it? You young whelp! I'll make you wish you was dead before you get through with me. Take that."

Andy endeavored to parry the blow that was aimed at

him, and caught it on his already sore and strained arm. That member fell limp to his side as if it was broken, and he staggered backward several feet.

Before he could recover himself the brutal captain struck him another blow just above his right eye, and he fell to the deck.

Though bruised and confused, Andy did not lose consciousness or his presence of mind. He staggered to his feet and started forward, intent only on getting out of the barbarous captain's reach. But the latter's worst passions were roused, and he had not satisfied his murderous instincts.

Andy reached the heel of the bowsprit and glanced back. Captain Catorce was advancing toward him with an inch rope, knotted at the end, grasped in his hand.

"Merciful Heavens!" thought Andy. "Does he intend to murder me, and will these men stand by and see him do it?"

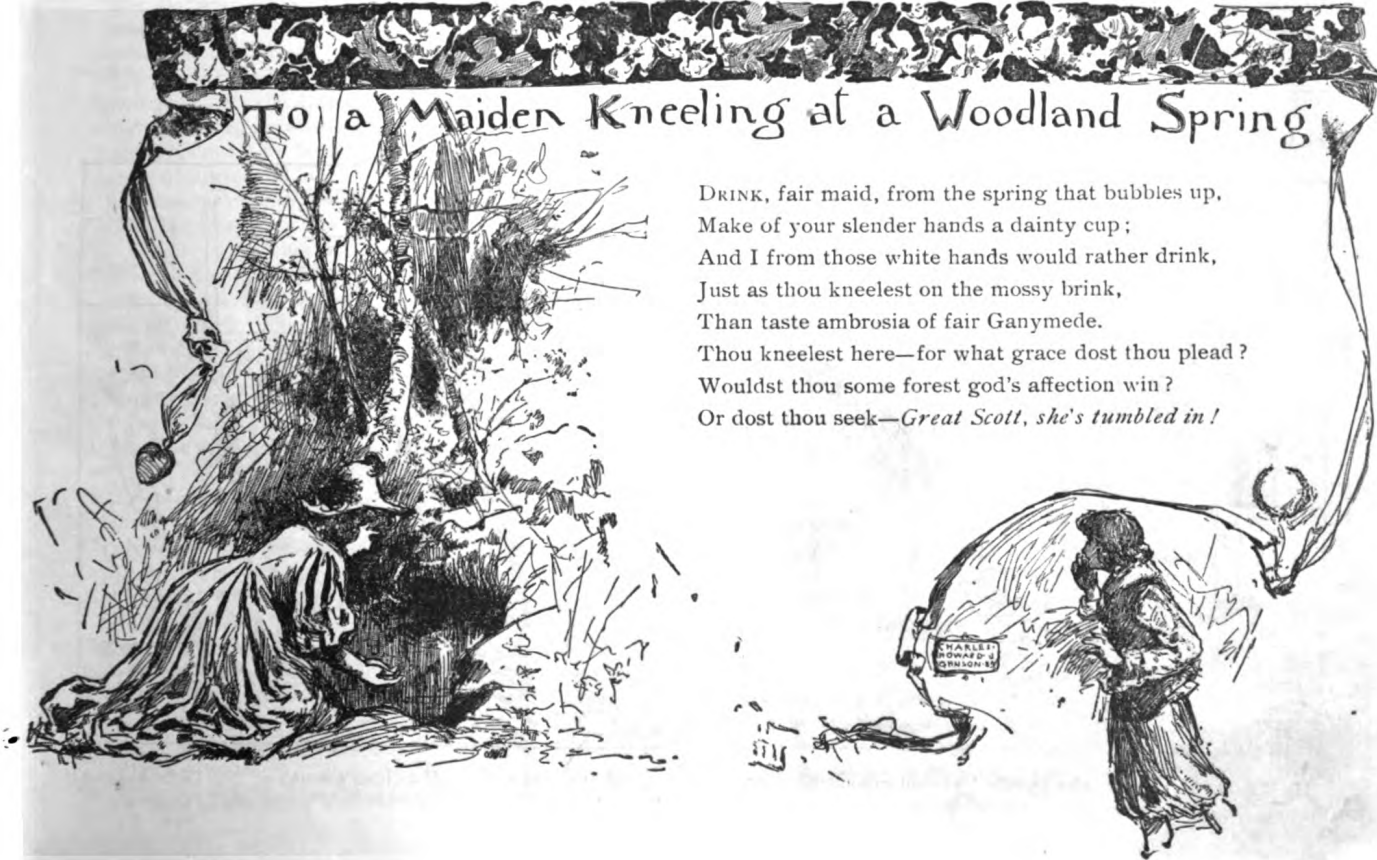
He glanced about him, but there seemed no way of escape without going overboard.

The captain was almost upon him when Andy thought of the way he had come on board. Turning, he ran out on the bowsprit, and then dropped down to the footrope under the jib boom. He then worked himself outward till he was almost at the extreme end of the flying jibboom.

Captain Catorce did not attempt to follow him, but shook his rope at him and yelled:

"Stay there, you young lubber. Stay there till morning, and if you come aboard, I'll give you a taste of somethin' ye'll be sure to remember."

(To be continued.)



DRINK, fair maid, from the spring that bubbles up,  
 Make of your slender hands a dainty cup;  
 And I from those white hands would rather drink,  
 Just as thou kneelest on the mossy brink,  
 Than taste ambrosia of fair Ganymede.  
 Thou kneelest here—for what grace dost thou plead?  
 Wouldst thou some forest god's affection win?  
 Or dost thou seek—*Great Scott, she's tumbled in!*

AT THE BALL.

MUSTAPHA BEN ALI (in the gallery)—“Why are all these well-dressed men and women moving their legs about in such grotesque positions?”

MR. WIGGINS (his conductor)—“Why, this is an assembly of our best people; the most exclusive of balls.”

MUSTAPHA—“*Allah il Allah!* In my country we keep slaves to caper this way!”

GENEROUS TO A FAULT.

WIFE (tearful)—“Oh, John, you’ve broken the promise you made me!”

HUSBAND (kissing her affectionately)—“Never mind, Mary, my dear, don’t cry; I’ll make you another.”

AN ACCOMMODATING ARTICLE.

“YAH! It vill shrink, but then you can gif it to your leetle poy.”

“But my boy is larger than I.”

“My friendt, let me tell you, these goodts vill stretch!”



COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT HER.

JACK REDSENT (gushingly)—“Sir, I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter. I cannot live without her.”

MR. BANKERTON—“No, I dare say you can’t, with your small income and expensive habits.”

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

“THESE are my household gods,” he said to her as he entered his bachelor apartment.

“But you lack something,” she remarked.

“What?”

“A household goddess.”

HE WILL NOT BATHE.

THE physician to the Czar of Russia finds it difficult to enforce his orders relating to his royal patient’s taking salt water baths. The Czar’s fear of the serf is something hereditary.

A PARADOX.

‘Tis strange, ‘tis passing strange, when you come to think of it. Yet nobody can deny that the more whisky straights a man takes, the more crooked his walk becomes.

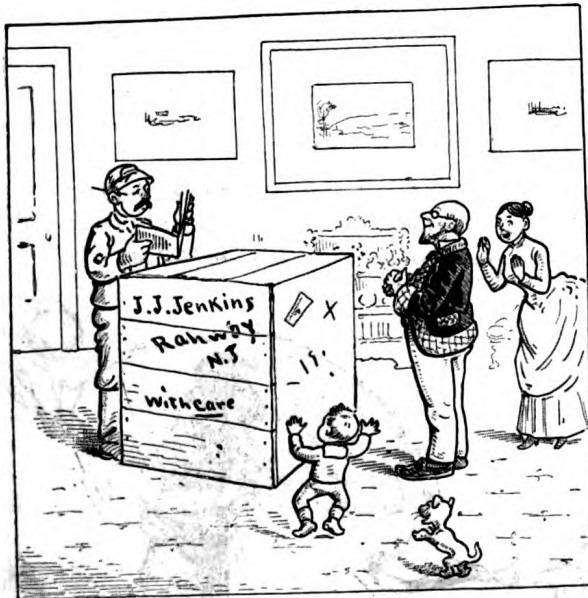
ABSOLUTELY NO GOOD.

“YOUR scheme won’t go on Wall Street.”

“Why not?”

“It won’t hold water.”

A DISAPPOINTMENT.



MR. JENKINS—“Uncle John promised to send us something for the parlor, but I never expected anything of this size.”



MR. JENKINS (after half an hour’s work)—“No, I’ll be hanged if I did!”



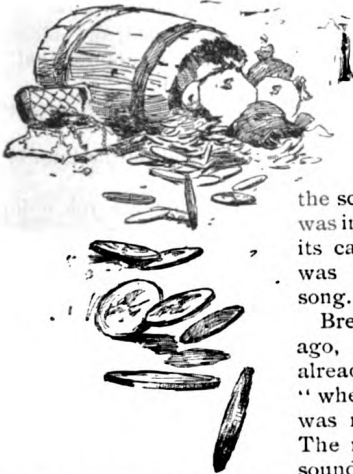
## GOLDEN TREASURE.

A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.\*

BY LIEUTENANT E. H. DRUMMOND.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

IS IT TOO LATE?



It was the morning of the second day after Jack's return to Wandaroo. The sun was stealing into the room through the half drawn curtains of the open windows, the scent of the garden flowers was in the morning air, and from its cage in the veranda a bird was pouring out its heart in song.

Breakfast was over two hours ago, and Mrs. Bezzling was already coming to inquire "whether the poorly gentleman was ready for a little lunch." The room was full of pleasant sounds life of and happy talk-

ing, for now that Jack, his brown face ruddy with the glow of the sun, had come in through the window, all the family was assembled.

Dick, who had been allowed to leave his room that morning, was pale and a little less noisy than was his wont, but, excepting a slight tendency to stagger when he walked, he was otherwise much his old self. He only wanted what Mrs. Bezzling called "nursing up a bit," to be as strong and hearty as ever.

Ned was by his side, proud to be employed by such a hero of romance as Dick. He himself was very modest as to his own share in the late adventures, though, when his aunt had kissed him and thanked him for the service he had rendered them all by helping Jack to escape, he certainly felt a glow of pride and happiness in his heart. He and Brown had reached home, on the night of the escape from Norton's Gap, only half an hour or so before Jack arrived.

Crosby was standing by the window talking to Nellie, with one of Jack's coats slung loosely over his bandaged arm. He looked pale, and, although standing squarely on his feet, he leaned against the window as though he still felt weak.

He had lost enough blood, the doctor said, to kill an ordinary man, and had been ordered to lie in bed, for some days at least, but Crosby declared that he could not waste his time a-bed.

"Nellie," said Mrs. Barnes at last, from the other side of the room, "here's Mrs. Bezzling been asking Mr. Crosby three times what he would like for his lunch."

"There's some o' my beef tea, sir, which I can heat in a minute. With a piece or two of toast, it relishes pretty well of a mornin'. I'm sure, sir, if I may make so bold as to say it, you wants a little suthin' to bring back the color to your cheeks. Or a chop, now, done rare, but brown on the outside," said the buxom old creature, holding up one fat finger to emphasize her description and smiling a seductive smile.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bezzling, I should like them both, I'm sure," said Crosby, stepping forward with an amused look from the window.

"Which both it *shall* be," said the gratified Mrs. Bezzling. "Also the egg beat up in milk for you, Master Dick. Yes, you must, the doctor says so, and I shall send it up whether you take it or no, and every *drop* is expected to be took."

Quite breathless after this, but smiling on the invalids as though they conferred a personal favor on her by being ill, the kind hearted old soul retreated to her fortress, where she instantly set about preparing these few trifles for the interesting convalescents.

To see her beaming face when she brought in a tray was better than any medicine, and often and often had patients taken her nourishing things when they loathed the very idea of food, sooner than disappoint her or wound her feelings by refusing them.

"Ned," said Dick, with a wry face, "you'll have to help me out with what she brings. I haven't got over my breakfast yet."

Ned ought to have ridden over to the South Creek Station that morning, but nothing would induce him to go before the next day, he said, as he had not heard any of the boys' adventures as yet, for Dick had not been allowed to talk much till that morning, and Jack had spent nearly all yesterday either in Dick's or Crosby's room.

Now, at last, he had both of them, and Crosby as well, to question and listen to, "and that is what I mean to do," he said.

He did not do it then, however, for, almost directly after Mrs. Bezzling had left the room, the door was flung wide open and Brown appeared, in what, for him, was a white heat of indignation and anger.

"Did you ever hear of such a thing?" he began. "I've just ridden over from Bateman, where I've seen old Peter Crosby of Brisbane. He's got a lawyer with him, and he says he's coming to Wandaroo to put a man in legal possession of the run if the mortgage is not paid, for this is the last day of grace agreed to in the deed, and the time is up at twelve. He says he'll be here at half past eleven to give you time to make payment. He laughed as he said it, the hard hearted scoundrel, and I rode straight back. It's about eleven o'clock now, so what are you going to do?"

Mrs. Barnes shook her head, for she could do nothing. Although all her fears were now being brought to pass, she could not feel wholly unhappy or utterly crushed.

She had dreaded a greater loss, and, now that her sons were both restored to her, she could not help feeling that everything else was small compared with that great mercy.

"I suppose we must go," she said calmly. "The blow is harder coming from one we trusted as a friend."

Dick sprang up as Brown finished speaking, his pale face flushed with excitement. Jack had told him that as yet he had said nothing of the gold, and that he meant to wait till Dick was strong enough to go with him to take it from its hiding place.

His voice was vibrating with triumph as he cried: "Go, mother? Not we, indeed! What must you do, Brown? Why, start off with Jack and see what he thinks about matters. Take two or three men and be quick about it. I wish I were strong enough to go. I believe I am, I feel quite right."

But he found that his strength was not equal to his courage when he came to make the test.

"Ned, you go with Jack. It is more exciting than anything Crosby or I can tell you. And now I am not going to say another word about it till Jack comes back."

He was quite resolute, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of Mrs. Barnes, Nellie and Crosby, he would not give them any further clew to his meaning.

\*Begun in No. 383 of THE ARGOSY.

Jack darted from the room, followed by Brown and Ned, and a moment afterwards they saw them from the veranda, riding towards the "dip" in the paddock, accompanied by Willetts and Howard from the Yarrun Station, who happened to be ready mounted in the yard.

Rather more than half an hour after Jack's departure, there was a great commotion among the dogs about the yard. They ran barking to the other side of the house, as they never did except when strangers rode up to the station.

A moment or so afterwards Mrs. Bezzling came in, all flouxy as to her arms, and said that two gentlemen had ridden up to the house, and that they wished to see Mrs. Barnes.

"Yes, I expected them. Show them in here, Mrs. Bezzling," said Mrs. Barnes.

Dick was surprised to see how quietly his mother awaited her unwelcome guests. They were alone in the room, as Crosby and Nellie had gone into the garden a few minutes before.

It rather astonished Dick to find that Mr. Crosby, when he came in the next moment, was not a cruel, miserly looking man, for he had depicted him in his imagination as a little, thin, and eager faced person, with hungry eyes and bird-like claws. Old Crosby was small, to be sure, and had thin, tightly pursed up lips, but the general expression of his face was kindly, almost benign. His voice when he spoke matched it, for it was smooth, insinuating, and false in every tone of it.

He came in smiling and settling his yellow, unwholesome looking neck in his limp shirt collar, while his friend followed close behind him.

"Very sorry to have to come on unpleasant business, ma'am. Perhaps you expected us. It gives me great pain, I assure you. I hope you have the money ready," began old Crosby hypocritically.

Here he tried to smile, and wiped his flushed and swollen looking face, for he had told a falsehood, and he knew that he had done it clumsily, and he felt the contemptuous eyes of Mrs. Barnes and Dick upon him.

It was the one wish of his heart to get Wandaroo into his greedy clutches, and he felt that it was his already. Still Mrs. Barnes did not speak, and, feeling the silence very confusing, the old man continued :

"You see I'm in sad want of money, sad want, or I should never dream of foreclosing. No one but a friend would have lent so much on the place."

"No one but a *friend* like you, would have exacted such a usurious interest upon the sum that was lent us," said Mrs. Barnes quietly.

"Oh, it's a sad business, a sad business. Women never understand these things. Women ought never to meddle in business."

"Men ought never to take advantage of them if they do," said Dick hotly.

"Who's that?" said Peter Crosby sharply. "Oh, I see; very like his father, very. What do you make the time, Mr. Tuckle?" he asked, nervously fingering his watch, which he had pulled from his pocket with a shaky hand.

"Twenty minutes to twelve, sir."

"Then you still have twenty minutes to pay me in," said the old man, with an oily cackle of laughter. "I'm sorry to have to insist upon strict punctuality, but I must. Times are so hard, and I've had such a capital offer made me for Wandaroo by a friend of mine, Mr. Tait. Mr. Harrison Tait, that's his name. Up to twelve Wandaroo is yours, ma'am, and then—unless, of course, you pay—it's mine. Am I right, Mr. Tuckle?"

"Yes, today is the last day of grace, and it ends at twelve," said the lawyer, who did not seem to greatly like the part he had to play in this painful scene.

He had been sent up by Mr. Tait to report to him upon the estate, the title deeds of which Peter Crosby had agreed to hand over to that gentleman at once.

"Won't you take seats?" said Mrs. Barnes, in her most dignified way; and then, to keep up the reputation for hospitality which Wandaroo had always possessed, she added, "and may I offer you any refreshment? I suppose that I can do so for, at least, the next twenty minutes."

As Mrs. Barnes was speaking, Crosby and Nellie stepped back into the room.

Peter Crosby grew even more flushed and purple than before when he saw his nephew.

"Hey, you fellow! Confound you, what are *you* doing here?" he demanded, in his most insulting manner.

"You will kindly remember, sir," said Mrs. Barnes, growing indignant, "that this is not your house as yet, and that this gentleman is my guest."

"Gentleman, indeed! He is my nephew."

"The two things certainly are not very compatible," said Mrs. Barnes quietly.

"Now, don't put yourself about, Uncle Peter," said Crosby, with an amused smile at Mrs. Barnes's shot. "If you do, you'll have an apoplectic fit, as sure as fate. You know what the doctor said. You look as though you were going to have one this morning."

"Martin," roared the passionate old man, "if you don't leave this house instantly——"

"Don't go on. I know exactly what you are going to say. You will disinherit me, eh? For goodness sake, do it, and have done with it at once. That threat is quite worn out. Don't foam at the mouth; it's unseemly."

"Hush," said Mrs. Barnes, laying her hand on Martin's arm. "Remember he's your uncle, after all."

As the minutes sped by, and no Jack appeared, Dick began to grow terribly anxious lest, after all, Jack could not get at the gold in time, and that Wandaroo would slip, as it were, through their very fingers for the want of a single hour's work.

He could not sit still, but fidgeted about the room in a state of sickening suspense. Every half minute he went out on the veranda to see if the party were yet returning, and, as the minutes passed, and no Jack came, an awful feeling of despair began to creep over him.

It was too cruel to be borne, that, after all their labor, all their dangers met, and all their sufferings endured, the gold they had won should yet come too late for its purpose. Nellie and Mrs. Barnes, having given up all hopes, and not understanding Dick's excitement or Jack's sudden departure, were quite calm now that the hour had come.

Ten minutes to twelve; nine minutes to; eight minutes to; still no sign of Jack. Dick was on the veranda, gazing eagerly across the paddock, but not the sound of a hoof could he hear.

He could have screamed from the intensity of his distress and mortification, but as it was, he only thrust his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, and grimly clutched their contents.

Seven minutes to twelve!

"We may as well go," said old Crosby, mopping his perspiring face. "It's no use our waiting."

"It isn't twelve yet," cried Dick, rushing into the room.

"Well, six minutes won't do much for you, I expect," said Tuckle.

Dick hurried back to the veranda. Was that the sound of

horses madly galloping up the hill? Yes, *yes*, it was! Hurrah! He could see them now rising over the ridge and entering the yard.

He rushed along the veranda, weak though he was, and shrieked:

"Hurry up! Bring it in, bring it in. You'll be in time yet."

For he saw that the riders held the muddy, black, and streaming bags of gold.

Inside the room Mr. Crosby had just risen from his chair, with an evil look of triumph on his shiny, crimson face. He slipped his watch back into his pocket as he rose.

"One minute to twelve! Nothing *can* help it now. *Wandaroo is mine!*"

As he spoke, while the very words were on his lips, the door burst open, and, panting, breathless, perspiring with the heat and labor, Jack and the other men dashed headlong into the room.

Jack's hat was off, his curly hair was tumbled, his eyes gleamed with happiness and excitement, and his voice rang high with a loud triumph.

"Hold hard! *It's not*, for your price is there!"

As he spoke, he and the other men threw down their burdens—the room shook with the ponderous weight—and, many of the bags bursting open with the fall, they poured their golden treasure in a stream at Peter Crosby's feet.

For a moment there was a thrilling silence in the apartment, the feelings of all being too high strung for words. The first to break it was Peter Crosby, whose face had become gray and ghastly, his whole figure altered and stricken, in that one minute.

In a dry, shrill voice he whispered to Tuckle:

"I won't have it—I refuse it. Must I take it?"

"I fear you must. English coin is so scarce in the colony that the Government at Brisbane has decided that, for a time, gold, such as this, is legal tender at four pounds an ounce."

"Will you take the whole amount with you now?" asked Brown, with a mocking laugh.

"Send it after us to Bateman," said Tuckle, speaking for Crosby, as he went out to get their horses.

Martin Crosby saw that his uncle had received a cruel blow, and that he looked ill and very aged, and, feeling pity for him, he offered him the support of his arm, but the old man flung it aside, and tottered from the room alone.

There is but little that remains to be told. It was some time before the little household could settle down to its condition of normal joy, and Jack and Dick were obliged to recount over and over again the story of the exciting adventures they had had in their search for the golden treasure that had been the means of saving Wandaroo.

It is needless to say that the estimate Dick had formed of Ned's courage was completely altered, and, during the remainder of his long stay at Wandaroo, that young gentleman was treated like a hero for the part he had played in the rescue of Jack from the bushrangers, and, we may add, he bore his fairly earned honors very modestly.

Murri, the black boy, was rewarded by Jack and Dick in many ways for his faithfulness to them, though he could never understand the import of their visit to the Whanga Falls, being disposed to look upon it simply in the nature of a hunting trip and a good time generally.

Old Peter Crosby never saw his nephew again, for, after reaching Bateman the day he left Wandaroo, overwhelmed with chagrin and futile passion, he was struck down with the apopleptic fit the doctors had foretold. He died before

Martin could reach him, and before he could alter, had he wished to do so, the will which made his nephew his sole heir.

So that, after all, the golden treasure for which the boys had been in quest did not go out of the family, for a year after, on the morning that Martin Crosby and Nellie—sound friends and true lovers—became one, "till death does them part," Jack and Dick received back from their new brother the title deeds of Wandaroo, which he had found among his uncle's papers, and for which he steadily refused to take an ounce of the—to him—unnecessary gold.

THE END.

## GUY HAMMERSLEY;

### HIS FRIENDS AND HIS ADVENTURES.\*

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

HAROLD APPEARS BEFORE THE MANAGER.

MR. ARTHUR SHEPARD'S apartments at the Jura were luxurious in the extreme. The most expensive rugs covered the polished floors, while Japanese screens, oriental pottery and Egyptian relics were scattered about in boundless profusion.

"It reminds me of Grandpa Dodge's," Harold whispered, as the servant ushered them into the drawing room.

"That shows the stuff the sturdy little chap is made of," reflected Guy. "Not one word of regret for the luxuries he has lost have I ever heard him utter."

It was true. The boy seemed so entirely content at finding his mother that no invidious comparisons between his present mode of life and that which he had enjoyed for the previous four months appeared ever to occur to him. Even now, his remark concerning the similarity of the furnishings to those to which he had been accustomed in Brillington, had no trace of regret in it.

Mr. Shepard appeared at once in a velvet smoking jacket and Guy noticed by the involuntary drawing in of his breath when his eye first fell on Harold that the impression produced by the appearance of the boy was a favorable one.

"Mr. English will be here in a moment," he said, as he shook hands. "Ah, here he is now," and he went forward to greet a tall gentleman, with a close shaven black beard and a searching way of looking at one through his eye glasses that Guy thought must be particularly trying to Harold under the circumstances.

"This is the boy, then, is it?" he said in a quick, business-like tone, when the introductions had been made.

He walked up to Harold, put his hand on his head for an instant, and placed the latter against his vest, keeping an eye on a certain particular button as he did so.

"Height all right," he commented. "Good figure, too, and just the coloring for Fautleroy. Now let's hear what you can do, young man. Here, Shepard, take him off into your bedroom yonder, as far away as you can get, and yet have him in sight. I want to see how his voice fills. You know the book pretty well, they tell me," he went on, turning to Harold. "Can you give us some of that talk of Cedric with his grandfather in the second act?"

"Yes, I know it all by heart," answered Harold readily, looking straight up into Mr. English's eyes; and as the boy walked off with Shepard, Guy heard the manager mutter:

"First class carriage. Doesn't hang his head and look silly when spoken to."

\*Begun in No. 389 of THE ARGOSY.



"I'll do the grandfather act," proposed Shepard when they had reached the other room, and hastily putting two chairs and a table in position, he announced that all was ready for Harold to begin.

So without any blushings or stammerings, or inquiries of "Where?" the boy started off at "Are you the earl?" and with only slight pauses for the grandfather's replies, which

cess, if you will make us an offer for his services, I will be glad to submit it to her and let you know the result at the earliest possible moment."

"I suppose by that you would like to know the salary I am willing to give him," responded Mr. English, reflectively stroking his beard. "You see he is utterly untrained for the stage, although manifesting a remarkable aptitude for



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? WHY DID HE GO OUT OF THE ROOM IN THAT WAY AND LOCK THE DOOR?"

Shepard, not knowing the part, was obliged to fill in with dumb show, went on till he was interrupted by an outburst of hand clapping from Mr. English.

"That will do," said the manager. "If only you can escape stage fright you ought to get through first rate with a little coaching."

On hearing this, Harold's reserve gave way, and bounding across the floor he came rushing up to Mr. English and demanded eagerly: "Oh, will I, and will you really give me a chance to play the part? I—I thought it was too good to be true when Guy told me there was a little bit of a chance of it."

"Well, now we will talk it over a little with your brother here while you—" Mr. English hesitated and glanced at Shepard, who promptly came to the rescue with a Japanese dish full of photographs and the suggestion: "Here, Harold, take these over to the lamp yonder, and study up an attitude. They are pictures of various Fauntleroy boys and girls."

As soon as the boy had gone off, Mr. English addressed himself to Guy.

"Have you authority to make business arrangements for your brother?" he began. "I should like to put this thing through at once, so we can announce Fauntleroy for next Monday."

"No, I am afraid not finally," answered Guy. "You see we have said nothing to his mother about all this as yet. She is ill and we did not wish to excite her needlessly. Now that you have decided the boy will be apt to make a suc-

cess, if you will make us an offer for his services, I will be glad to submit it to her and let you know the result at the earliest possible moment."

it. Taking this fact into consideration I cannot consistently offer more than thirty dollars a week to begin with—and to continue, say for a period of three months. Contract to be broken by either party only after two weeks' notice. That is fair, isn't it?"

With a vivid recollection of the experience with Colonel Starr, Guy was bound to admit that it was, and promised to submit the offer to Mrs. Hammersley and report upon it the next morning at the theater if possible when he came to business.

"And if favorable," said Mr. English, rising and drawing on his gloves, "as I trust it may be, bring the boy with you, and we will get him accustomed to the stage at once. Let me see, the name is—"

"Harold, Harold Glenn," returned Guy, for Mrs. Hammersley had preferred that the boy should retain his father's name rather than take her present one.

"Good, that will look well on the bills," went on the manager, "which reminds me of another reason for haste in this matter. I must go back to the theater now as quickly as possible. Good night, Shepard. Much obliged for your offices in this matter. Good by, Mr. Hammersley. Good night, Harold."

Mr. English hurried off, and Guy and his brother were about to follow him, when Shepard announced that he couldn't think of letting them go yet. He then got out the paraphernalia for some sleight of hand tricks, sent up stairs to Arlington to come down and help him, and the two then

proceeded to thoroughly delight and mystify Harold till nine o'clock, when ice cream and cake was produced, after which Guy declared positively that it was time for little boys to be in bed.

"I'll be at the Criterion tomorrow when you get there, Hammersley," said Shepard at parting, "and will take charge of our young star while you are at the office. So you can tell his mother he will be well cared for."

"But the costumes," suggested Guy, the thought of them suddenly occurring to him. "Shall we be expected to provide them?"

"Oh no, I imagine not, under the present contract," answered Shepard. "I will speak to English about that in the morning, and let you know when you come."

Harold said but little on the way home, but his eyes sparkled and once or twice Guy saw his lips moving, showing that he was conning the lines of the familiar story.

"When are you going to speak to mamma about it, Guy?" he asked, as they left the train at Ninety Third Street. "Tonight?"

"If she is awake, yes," was the answer.

The older lad was almost as excited over this sudden prospect which had opened before them as was the younger. Thirty dollars a week! Why, that would lift them entirely above all cause for worry. And yet, it seemed heartless to look on this sordid side, and to reflect that they were to owe their respite from grinding poverty to the offices of a boy of ten.

Still, one glance at the radiant young face beside him was enough to prove convincingly the fact that the earning of this weekly wage would be pure and unalloyed delight, not toil. And in this frame of mind, Guy sought his mother's chamber when they reached the flat.

She was awake, and feeling easier, she said.

"You have been out with Harold, Ruth tells me," she began, when Guy came in.

"Yes, mother, and I want to tell you all about it now," and thinking it best that the subject should be approached gradually, Guy started in with an account of his adventure in front of the Criterion Theater the previous evening, and wound up with a report of Mr. English's offer of an hour before.

"And now all rests with you, mother," he concluded. "Harold is completely wrapped up in the idea, but I can see he loves the art for its own sake and not for any notoriety it may bring him, so that it cannot harm him. And I will undertake to go with him every night to the theater. And I believe it will hasten your recovery if you have it to look forward to to see him act."

"Do you, Guy? Well, then, I will consent."

And Guy hurried off to Harold with the good news.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### LONE POINT.

IT may readily be believed that the three boys found much to chat about that night before they finally fell asleep.

"Talk about your fairy stories and tales from the 'Arabian Nights!'" said Ward. "The idea that a boy of ten should be able to earn three times as much money as a chap seven years older seems utterly preposterous."

Be this as it might, it was a most fascinating possibility to the person most intimately concerned, and Harold woke up the next morning in such boundless good spirits that he roused his two companions by opening hostilities in a pillow fight. He calmed down, however, when he reached the theater with Guy, and became very business-like.

Shepard was there to receive them, and took the boy off at once to a tailor's to have him measured for his suits.

"This rehearsal will be an all day job, with a rest for lunch," Shepard told Guy at parting. "I'll take Harold home with me at noon for that, so you needn't bother about him. Will deliver him to you all right when you call for him at the theater at quarter past five."

"Don't work him too hard now," was Guy's caution, as he started for the office.

Here he found an important commission awaiting him.

"Guy," said Mr. Clarke, as he entered, "I think I shall have to ask you to go up on the New Haven road this morning. Mrs. Westmore and her daughter want to see the Warburton place up there at Rye. Both Mr. Kenworthy and myself have engagements we cannot break, and Bert has to go over on the West side. So here is sufficient for car fare and incidentals. You can get a carriage to take you over to the place from the station. It is quite a distance, I believe. Old Mr. Warburton lives there, but you can make out a permit. You will find full information about terms of sale in this book," and Mr. Clarke put his finger on a volume on top of his desk.

Guy took down the book, and, finding the proper entry, discovered some facts about "Lone Point," which was the name given to the property, which fired him with eager curiosity to see it for himself.

It was situated on Long Island Sound, comprised twenty acres in all, the house was built of stone, and, judging from the sectional view given in the description, must be extremely handsome. The price asked was very high, and the reason for selling, illness of the owner's wife, which forced him to take up his residence in the South of France.

From Bert, Guy ascertained that the Westmores were people from Ohio, who had struck oil literally within the past few months, and were anxious to purchase a handsome country seat along the Sound.

"Oh, they're not upstarts, as most of these newly rich are apt to be," Arlington hastened to add. "They've had money before, but not so much. Here they come now."

A handsome brougham drew up before the door, and a young lady, apparently not more than sixteen, stepped out, followed by an older one, although the latter did not seem much past middle life.

"My, she's as pretty as a picture. You're in luck, Guy," whispered Bert, as the two entered the office.

But Guy seemed not to hear. His brows were knit in profound thought as he asked himself the question: "Whom does that girl look like, and where have I seen her before?"

He could give himself no satisfactory answer to either question, and tried to banish it from his mind as Mr. Clarke introduced him to the ladies and explained that he was to be their guide to Lone Point.

"I shall make papa change the name if he buys it," asserted Miss Amy. "Ur-r-r, it makes me shudder every time I hear it mentioned."

Guy was invited to occupy the extra seat in the front of the brougham, and the coachman ordered to drive to the Grand Central Station.

Although it was a winter's day, the sun shone bright, and our hero anticipated no small degree of pleasure from his outing. Candor compels us to add that he experienced this sensation more strongly when his eyes rested for an instant on his fellow occupants in the carriage than when he took note of the weather.

Mrs. Westmore had a good many questions to ask concerning the house and grounds of the estate they were going to inspect.



"Mr. Westmore is so busy down town," she explained, "that he doesn't care to take the time to see the place unless he is certain first that it will suit Amy and myself."

Guy, thanks to his study of the plans and maps, was enabled to answer most of the questions put to him, and by the time they reached the station, Mrs. Westmore and her daughter knew as much about Lone Point as he did himself. In exchange, as it were, Guy had learned that Miss Amy had a brother Ridley, two years older than herself, who was passionately fond of driving, and who had charged them to see that the roads at Rye were good ones.

The mention of this fact solved the mystery.

"I know now where I have seen this girl," said Guy to himself. "Night before last, going into the Criterion Theater with the fellow who drives that T-cart. He's the person she looks like, and must be her brother."

It was queer. He seemed bound to run across this fellow in one way or another. At any rate he had now found out his name—Ridley Westmore. And here was Guy, riding in the same carriage with his sister, and only two nights before he had taken two steps behind them, to try and imagine that he was enjoying his old time privileges!

On reaching Rye, after a pleasant trip on the cars, Guy hired a hack in waiting at the station, and ordered the man to drive to the Warburton place.

Both Amy and her mother were very favorably impressed with the appearance of the country, and the former declared that Ridley could not fail to be pleased with the facilities for driving. A ride of some twenty minutes brought them at last to the borders of the Sound, and presently the carriage turned in at an imposing gateway and bowled along an avenue that must have been beautiful indeed when the trees that bordered it were in leaf.

The house, which could be seen a considerable distance away, was built of gray stone, and bore a strong resemblance to some European castle, or rather to that idea of it which is generally prevalent in this country. It stood clear out on the end of the point, the waves of the Sound washing the walls of the driveway closely on either side.

"How do you like it, Amy?" asked her mother.

"It must be lovely in summer," was the girl's answer—"with the name changed."

"It seems very quiet all about here," went on Mrs. Westmore. "I should think it would take a good many servants to run a place like this."

But when they reached the house, and Guy sprang out to press the electric button beside the massive front door there was no response. Three times Guy rang, and then Mrs. Westmore asked the driver if everybody had gone away.

"Don't know much about this place up to the village," was his answer. "There's a weddin' of a butler's daughter over to Mamaroneck at Mr. Arnold's. P'raps all the help have gone there."

At this instant Amy exclaimed:

"Look, mother, up at that window yonder. There's an old gentleman making signs to us."

But now he had raised the window and was calling down:

"Did you come to see Mr. Warburton?"

"No, not exactly," replied Guy, coming out from the portico to stand under the second story window, out of which the old gentleman was leaning. "These ladies have come with me from Messrs. Kenworthy & Clarke's, to see the house with a view to purchasing."

"Oh, so sorry," returned the old gentleman. "The servants are all out."

("Why doesn't he come down and open the door himself?" whispered Amy to her mother.)

"But won't they be back soon?" asked Guy, feeling not a little chagrined to think that he had piloted the ladies all this distance on a wild goose chase.

"That is uncertain; I cannot say positively," responded the old gentleman, who, as much as they could see of him, had a distinguished, even a military bearing. "But perhaps you can get in, after all. Is there not a rubber mat in front of the door?"

"Yes," answered Guy, beginning to be considerably mystified.

"Well, lift the—let me see—the northeast corner of it," went on the old gentleman, "and I think you will find the key there. I believe that is where Max leaves it. And when you have opened the door, if you will be kind enough to replace it, I shall be much obliged."

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### MAJOR WARBURTON INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

"WHAT an extraordinary person!" whispered Amy, as the old gentleman craned his neck out of the window to an alarming extent in order to see that Guy properly carried out his instructions.

Before doing so, however, the latter looked questioningly at Mrs. Westmore.

"Yes, I don't see why we shouldn't go in," she answered in response to the glance. "I suppose the old gentleman is a member of the family and thinks it beneath his dignity to come down and open the door for us."

"He's Mr. Warburton's father, I think," returned Guy, as he proceeded to carry out directions.

He found the key in the spot designated, but before opening the door stepped back to assist the ladies out of the carriage and ascertain at what hour they wished the driver to return for them.

"Oh, can't he wait?" asked Mrs. Westmore.

"Yes, if you like," returned Guy; "but the next train back doesn't leave till 12:10, and it is just eleven now."

"Permit me," broke in the voice of the old gentleman at this juncture. "Our horses do not receive exercise enough. I shall be most charmed to have Thomas take you all back in the wagonette."

"Oh, no," protested Mrs. Westmore, while Amy shook her head vigorously. "I couldn't think of putting you to so much trouble."

"No trouble, but pleasure, I assure you," insisted the old gentleman, and as he immediately disappeared from the window, evidently with the intention of giving the order to the coachman at once, there was no chance for further expostulation.

Thus there was nothing left for it but to pay and dismiss the man who had brought them over, after which Guy opened the door, and as the ladies passed in replaced the key under the corner of the rubber mat where he had found it. He then hastened into the house, closing the door behind him.

The hall was large and extremely ornate, with a huge fireplace at one side and the stairs coming down at one end in a series of graceful curves. Wide doorways, with heavy plush hangings, gave glimpses of beautifully furnished rooms on either hand, while a broad window at one end, with a seat running its entire width, looked out on the Sound.

But not a soul was visible, and a silence, almost portentous, reigned throughout the mansion.

"Why, where's the old gentleman?" Amy wanted to know. "Why doesn't he come to meet us?"

"Perhaps he's gone to the stable," Mrs. Westmore sug-



gested laughingly. "But never mind the old gentleman, my dear. Use your eyes, so you can report to father and Ridley what the place looks like."

The house was truly magnificent. Everything was in perfect order, all the ornaments out just as if the entire family were at home. Even the clocks were going. Both Mrs. Westmore and her daughter seemed greatly pleased, and when they crossed the hall, and, passing down a short corridor hung with tapestry, entered a wing used as a dining room, they became positively enthusiastic.

There was an outlook from two sides on the Sound, the ceiling was composed of a beautiful piece of fresco work, while in size the room was large enough to "give a german in," as Amy put it.

"I am so anxious to see up stairs," she said. "Where all is so lovely down here, I know the bedrooms must be too sweet for anything."

"Shall we go up now?" asked Guy, as they reached the main hall again.

"Yes, do," pleaded the girl. "We can leave the kitchen and all that till afterwards."

So the broad staircase was mounted, and there at the top stood the old gentleman, leaning over a gate such as is used to keep small children from tumbling down.

"So sorry I couldn't be with you to show you around down stairs," he began, as they came to a standstill with the gate between them. "But that confounded Max—beg pardon, ladies, but he is terribly exasperating at times—he has locked this affair too, from mere force of habit, for all the children are out."

"But why do they lock it at all?" Mrs. Westmore wanted to know.

"Oh, it's just Max's forgetfulness. If you" (turning to Guy) "would be kind enough to step back a few feet you may find the key in one of the turns of the stairway next the wall"

"Well, this is the queerest series of proceedings that ever came to my notice," muttered Guy to himself, as he retreated and began to fumble about on the stairs.

He soon found the key, and having unlocked the gate, stood aside for the ladies to pass. Meanwhile the old gentleman was bowing and scraping in the upper hall.

"Major Warburton, *mesdames*," he was saying. "At your service. And so pained that you should have happened to arrive at such an inopportune moment, with all the servants away. Pray allow me to show you at once to your rooms."

Mother and daughter exchanged a startled glance on hearing this. What did he mean by speaking of "their rooms," as though they were visitors? But then he had gone on ahead, thrown open a door, and such an alluring prospect peeped forth that they decided they must have misunderstood and hurried in after him.

They now found themselves in a beautiful apartment, looking out over the Sound. It was furnished throughout in pink, and the absence of a bed proclaimed the fact that it must be a sitting room.

Major Warburton now insisted that the ladies should lay aside their wraps and remove their bonnets, asserting that the house was very warm, which was indeed the case, and he seemed to take it so to heart when they declined that they were finally fain to comply, and were rewarded with a most courtly bow as the old gentleman took the articles from their hands and placed them on a three cornered table.

"Charming!" commented Mrs. Westmore, taking in the view from the different windows.

"Is it not?" assented the major, and stepping to her side

he began to point out some of the localities on the opposite shore of the Sound.

Meanwhile Amy had discovered a cabinet with a glass face containing some beautiful specimens of embroidery. She called Guy's attention to them, and the two were endeavoring to study out the meaning of an intricate design, when Major Warburton's voice, raised to a slightly louder pitch than before, attracted their attention.

"Why, of course, madam, you are to become my guest," he was saying. "But excuse me one moment," and before any one comprehended what he intended doing, he had turned, run out of the room, closed the door behind him and turned the key in the lock.

The three inside looked at one another with expressions on their faces which not one of them will ever forget. Only for an instant, though, did they stand thus transfixed.

"Mother," gasped Amy, rushing across the room to clasp Mrs. Westmore around the neck. "What does this mean? Why did he go out of the room in that way and lock the door? What were you saying to him?"

But surprise and terror combined had so far overcome Mrs. Westmore that she could not at the moment make any reply. She sank down on a divan behind her and mutely beckoned for Guy to approach. The latter had already sprung to the door and tried it. But he found it firmly secured.

"Is that the only exit?" Mrs. Westmore asked him in a horror stricken voice. "The man is crazy. I ought to have seen it before. All his oddness is explained now."

While she was speaking Guy had hurried across the room toward a curtain that hung at the further end, and which he had just observed.

"Yes, here is a door," he cried exultantly, and instantly the other two had flown to his side.

It was a portière, and beyond it lay a bedroom, most completely furnished, and, what was more to the purpose under present circumstances, with three doors.

Guy sprang at the first of these and pulled at the knob. But it resisted his efforts. The next he found open, but it led only to a large cedar closet. The third one was ajar and gave access to a perfectly appointed bathroom, which had no other door.

He turned back from this last trial with a blank face.

"We are prisoners then?" said Mrs. Westmore, scarcely able to pronounce the words.

She was leaning against the window sash in the bedroom, and as she ceased speaking turned almost instinctively and looked down. It was all of twenty feet to the ground and an areaway of stone, giving entrance to the kitchen, ran along just underneath.

"Don't be disturbed, Mrs. Westmore," said Guy, trying to inspire that hope in others which he was far from feeling himself. "Surely we shan't be obliged to stay here very long."

"But it is dreadful to have to stay at all," returned the poor lady. "And even if he does let us out soon, what fate may await us? I do not know but I would rather stay here than see him again."

"I know I shall die if I do," moaned Amy, who was quite unnerved, and stood beside her mother twisting her fingers in and out of one another in a way that was truly pitiable.

At that instant the major's voice was heard in the other room. He was evidently looking for them, and, judging from his tones, was by no means in so pleasant a humor as he had been when he promised to send the party back in his carriage.

(To be continued.)

## TOM TURNER'S LEGACY.\*

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

## CHAPTER XXI.

TOM RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED CALL.

IT was Saturday and Tom was at home, for there was no school. In fact, Tom began to think that he must give up school and get some regular employment, for their funds were getting low. The money which came from Judge Scott was now nearly expended, and as yet no part of their uncle's legacy had been received by his mother.

"I wish I knew of some one who would pay me four dollars a week, mother," Tom said thoughtfully.

"I heard that John Dunn was to leave Mr. Thatcher soon, for a better place in Scranton."

"Mr. Thatcher would never take me after what has happened."

"But it was proved that some one else took the money."

"Yes, but he dislikes and distrusts me for all that."

"I suppose he is ashamed to admit that he has done you so much injustice."

"At any rate, I shouldn't find it agreeable to work for such a man. John tells me that he is always finding fault."

"I should be sorry to have you leave school, Tom."

"I have a pretty good education now, mother. Besides, I could keep up my studies in the evening."

The conversation had reached this point, when Tom, looking out of the window, saw a top buggy come to a stop before the gate.

"A visitor, mother!" he cried. "Who can it be?"

The driver had by this time got out of the buggy, and Tom, with considerable surprise, recognized Hannibal Carter.

He went out and helped Mr. Carter secure his horse.

"Good morning, Thomas," said the merchant urbanely, "is your mother at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"I happened to be passing through Hillsboro, and thought I would give you a call."

"We are glad to see you," said Tom, though in truth he felt a good deal surprised at this mark of attention from their rich kinsman. "Won't you come into the house?" he added politely.

"With pleasure, though I can't stay very long."

Mrs. Turner greeted the visitor politely, though not as cordially as if the old friendship had been kept up. Once, when Hannibal was as poor as herself, they had been on intimate terms, but as he rose in the social scale, and she remained stationary, their relations had become more formal.

"It is several years since we met, Cousin Hannibal," she said.

"Yes, it is. I have been a busy man, so busy that I could not keep up my old friendships."

"I hear that you have prospered."

"Well, so so," he replied in a guarded tone, for he remembered that Mrs. Turner and Tom were poor relations. "I have had to work hard, and I have succeeded—measurably. You look very snug—and comfortable here."

"We are poor," answered Mrs. Turner. "My husband was not a money maker, and besides he was still a young man when he died."

"True, but you have a stout, strong son, who will soon be able to help you."

"He helps me now. I don't know how I should be able to get along without Tom."

"I haven't been able to do much for mother yet," said Tom, "but I am getting older every year, and hope I can do more."

"Just so, just so!" responded Hannibal, who felt no interest in Tom's hopes and aspirations, and was anxious to come to the business which brought him over. "I hoped that Uncle Brinton would have done better by all of us than he did."

"I am grateful for the little he did leave us. I have not received the money yet, but when it does come it will be welcome."

"It was a hundred dollars, was it not?"

"Yes."

"I hoped it would be a thousand. We were all deceived in Uncle Brinton's circumstances. I fancied him a rich man."

"So did I. Do you think he left more than appears?"

"I did think so for a time," said Hannibal cautiously, "but I am disposed to believe he lost his money in stocks, or some other way. A stock broker in New York told me he used to deal with him sometimes. Dangerous business, this stock dealing!"

"So I have always heard, but I know next to nothing about it."

"I don't know much myself. I just attend to my legitimate business, and don't bother my head about Wall Street. By the way, Tom had a separate legacy, didn't he?"

"Yes, Uncle Brinton's old trunk."

"Was there anything in it?" asked Hannibal carelessly.

"Some old clothes belonging to Uncle Brinton. They are of no use to us, being old fashioned and worn. We gave some to a tramp who applied to us for clothing."

"I hope you searched the pockets first. There might have been something of value in them."

"We searched, but found nothing."

"Ahem! So Tom's legacy is not particularly valuable?"

"No."

"The trunk itself is worth very little, I suppose."

"I don't think it would fetch fifty cents," said Tom.

"Uncle Brinton can't be accused of extravagance," said Hannibal, laughing smoothly. "I suppose he must have had the trunk for forty years."

"So I told Tom, rejoined Mrs. Turner.

"So of course it has a certain value on account of old association. I shouldn't mind having it myself, just to remember the old man by. In fact—the idea has just come into my head—I don't mind buying it of you. If you will let me have it for—say, three dollars—I'll take it right along with me today."

"I don't care to let it go," said Tom. "You remember uncle requested in his will that I would never part with it, but keep it always."

"I believe I remember something of the kind, but I should attach no importance to such a request."

"I do!" said Tom emphatically.

"The old trunk, as you admit, is not worth over fifty cents."

"I think it hardly worth that."

"Just so! Now I am willing to give—what did I say? three dollars? Well, I'll do better and pay five dollars for it."

"By why should you be willing to pay ten times the value of it, Mr. Carter?" asked Tom shrewdly.

"Call it a folly of mine, if you please. It will remind me of old Uncle Brinton."

"It reminds me of him also."

"True, but I can afford to keep such a souvenir; you

\*Begun in No. 391 of THE ARGOSY.

can't. I don't call myself a rich man, but five dollars to me is a trifle. To you, I take it, it would be of more importance."

"You are right there. Five dollars to us is no trifle."

"Well, I offer you five dollars for the trunk. That would make the legacy of some substantial value to you. You would be able to spend it for yourself, or give it to your mother, just as you liked."

"I should be glad to give mother five dollars," said Tom.

"Of course you would," said Hannibal briskly, feeling

credit. Good day!" and he flung himself out of the room in a passion.

Tom and his mother looked at each other after the abrupt departure of their guest.



"THEN DON'T BLAME ME IF YOU FETCH UP IN THE POORHOUSE."

that he had won. "Well, here is the money!" and he drew a five dollar note from his wallet, and laid it temptingly on the table at his side. "You have done well in accepting my offer."

"But I have *not* accepted your offer, Cousin Hannibal," said Tom, firmly, "After what uncle said in the will, I don't think I have any right to do so."

"That's all very foolish, Thomas," said Mr. Carter impatiently. "I am sure your mother will agree with me."

"No, Cousin Hannibal, I side with Tom. Of course the money would be serviceable to us, I admit that."

"The fact is," said Carter, forcing himself to be suave, "I am influenced partially by my desire to be of service to you—and Thomas. Naturally the trunk would be of little or no value to me. To prove what I say, I am going to offer your son ten dollars for the trunk."

Tom was beginning to be astonished. He knew enough of Hannibal Carter to feel sure that he was not a man likely to be influenced by motives of benevolence. What, then, was his object?

"You have made me a very liberal offer," he said, "and if it were not for the clause in the will, I would accept. As it is, I must decline."

"Come now, Thomas. I really want to help you and your mother. I'll give you fifteen dollars for the trunk."

"I wouldn't sell it for a hundred—*now*," said Tom.

"Then don't blame me if you fetch up in the poorhouse!" exclaimed Hannibal angrily. "Such utter folly is hard to

"What does it all mean, Tom?" asked Mrs. Turner in bewilderment.

"I don't know, mother, but I shall try to find out."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### A DISCOVERY.

THE more Tom thought of Hannibal Carter's eagerness to secure the trunk, the more he was puzzled. Mr.

Carter was a hard headed man of business, and would not allow sentimental considerations to influence him. He needed no souvenir of Uncle Brinton, being the possessor of the house and the scanty furniture contained in it.

What, then, could be his motive?"

"Mother," said Tom, after a pause, "you remember Cousin Hannibal asked us if we had searched the pockets of the articles of clothing we gave away."

"Yes."

"I am going to examine those that remain. Evidently he thought there might be something of value hidden in the trunk."

"It may be as well to look, but I have little faith in your making any important discoveries."

"At any rate it won't take long to look."

So Tom turned out the musty clothing once more, and piled it up on the floor. One by one he examined the pockets, but found nothing. So he came to the last coat. As he was folding it up, his hand came in contact with



something—it felt like a paper—evidently sewed within the lining.

"Mother," said Tom in some excitement, "lend me your scissors."

Mrs. Turner complied with his request.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"There is a paper inside. It may be of importance."

He ripped the lining hastily, and, thrusting in his hand, drew out a sheet of paper folded up in the shape of a letter, but without an envelope.

Examining it, he found it addressed to himself. Opening it quickly, he read these words, written in a cramped hand, for his uncle used a pen but seldom in his later years.

NEPHEW THOMAS:

I have decided to leave you this trunk in my will. I enjoin upon you a year after my death to call upon James Scott, a lawyer in the town of Scranton, and present this letter to him. There is a certain matter about which I have instructed him, and he will, as an honest man, perhaps the only one in whom I have confidence, carry out my wishes.

BRINTON PENDERGAST.

Tom read this letter in amazement.

"What do you make of it, mother?" he asked.

"It seems very mysterious," answered Mrs. Turner.

"It seems very strange that he should have placed it within the lining of a coat. Suppose I had given this coat away?"

"Probably, as he was not in the habit of giving away clothing, this never occurred to him."

"He might have laid it at the bottom of the trunk."

"Your Uncle Brinton was an unusually cautious person. He had a mania for secreting things, and this is an illustration of it. At any rate the letter has come into your hands, and so things have turned out as he desired."

"Will you take care of it, mother, till the time comes for presenting it? I don't want to run the risk of carrying it about with me."

"Yes; I will hide it in one of my bureau drawers."

"I wish I knew what it refers to."

"We shall have to wait patiently."

"Perhaps Judge Scott would tell me."

"He is evidently under instructions from Uncle Brinton not to do so, or he would have told us before."

Tom put away the clothes and locked the trunk, though he did not feel anxious about its contents being stolen. The letter was of more value probably than the clothing.

He had scarcely locked the trunk when Bob Ainsworth knocked at the door.

"How are you, Bob?" said Tom. "If you want any second hand clothing, I've got a supply in that trunk. You can pick and choose—cheap for cash."

"Some of your own?"

"They were left me by my great uncle, Brinton Pendergast, of Scranton."

"Thank you; I don't want to make a guy of myself. But I've come here on business. Don't you want a place?"

"Yes, I want one very much."

"I hear that Mr. Norcross wants a young clerk."

"The shoe dealer?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't mind working in a shoe store, but I am afraid he and I wouldn't agree about wages."

"You can call and investigate."

"I will. Thank you for putting me on the track."

"I'll go along with you."

Jacob Norcross was very little known in the village, as he had recently bought out the stock of Mr. Bensel, an old

time, favorite tradesman, who had made up his mind to go out West with his family. Mr. Norcross, who came from a town in the interior of the State, had only just taken possession of the business. Mr. Bensel was still in the village, not yet having completed his preparations to remove to Iowa. Not far from the store the two boys fell in with Percy Bensel, the only son of the former dealer, a bright and vivacious boy of twelve.

"Hallo, Percy," said Tom; "is it true that Mr. Norcross wants a boy to work in the store?"

"Yes, Tom; I heard him tell father so."

"He hasn't engaged any one?"

"No."

"I think of applying."

"All right, Tom. I hope you'll get it if you want it, but I'll tell you one thing."

"What is that?"

"Mr. Norcross is awful mean. He won't pay decent wages."

"What makes you think so?"

"Yesterday afternoon he asked me to go into the store and tend for him for an hour. You know I used to tend for father quite often, and knew all about the stock. He wanted to go somewhere. Well, he stayed away an hour and a half, and while he was gone I took in ten dollars and a quarter. How much do you think he paid me?"

"A quarter," suggested Bob.

"A quarter!" repeated Percy. "Do you think the man is a millionaire?"

"Why, a quarter wouldn't be too much for an hour and a half, especially considering how much you sold."

"I agree with you, Bob, but you don't know Jacob Norcross. When he got back, he asked me first how much I had sold, and looked carefully over the money drawer to see if I had put in all the money, and then said: 'Well, bub, you've done pretty well for a small boy. If you were going to stay in Hillsboro I would hire you regularly.'

"'Thank you,' I said, 'but father wouldn't let me work at any regular business till I have got through going to school.'

"'I suppose you expect to be paid for your services, eh?' he went on.

"'Yes, sir, if you please,' I answered.

"He felt in his pocket and drew out—two cents—and handed them to me.

"'Take them, bub,' he said, 'and mind you don't spend them for cigarettes.'"

"Two cents!" ejaculated Tom and Bob in concert. "Well, that beats all I ever heard of. Did he really mean it, or was he in joke?"

"Mean it? Of course he did."

"Did you take the money?"

"Not much!" answered Percy indignantly. "I told him I was afraid he couldn't afford to pay so much—I would rather work for nothing."

"What did he say?"

"He muttered that boys had pretty high ideas about pay, and put the two cents back in his pocket."

"After that, Tom, you may not care to apply," said Bob.

"I'll do so out of curiosity."

Mr. Norcross was in the store, a small man with wizened features and blinking eyes.

"Well, boys," he said, "do you want to buy some shoes?"

"No, sir," answered Tom. "I heard you wanted to hire a boy."

"Ahem, yes! Do you know anything about the business?"

"No, sir; but I could soon learn."

"Of course as a green hand you couldn't expect very high wages."

"I don't expect *high* wages, sir."

"I'll inquire about you, and if you are favorably spoken of, I'll give you—a dollar and a quarter a week."

Tom opened his eyes in amazement.

"A dollar and a quarter!" he ejaculated.

"Yes; you won't be hardly worth that at first, but you look as if you'd soon learn."

"What are the hours, sir?"

"From seven in the morning till nine o'clock in the evening."

"Thank you, sir, but I should want as much as four dollars a week."

"Four dollars!" gasped Norcross, raising both hands in dismay. "You must think I am made of money."

The boys left the store, strongly tempted to laugh, though Tom owned to a feeling of disappointment.

"There doesn't seem to be much money in selling shoes," he said. "I shall have to try some other business."

### CHAPTER XXIII.

#### THE DECOY LETTER.

HILLSBORO was a town of six thousand inhabitants and contained a number of stores. Tom had now made up his mind to secure a position if he could, and went the rounds, but no one needed a boy. Two took down his name and told him they might send for him, but Tom did not think he could afford to wait indefinitely. Besides the offer to work for Mr. Norcross, at a dollar and a quarter a week, Mr. Forge, the blacksmith, offered to take him as an apprentice. But Tom did not fancy being a blacksmith, and declined the proposition with thanks, for Mr. Forge, though a blunt, was a kindly man, and would not have made the offer to every boy.

"You're a good, strong boy," he said, "and you would make a good blacksmith, and by and by have a shop of your own. I'll board you and give you a dollar a week the first year. Come, what do you say?"

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Forge, but while I stay in Hillsboro I wish to live at home. Besides, I don't think I should like to be a blacksmith."

"What finer business could you have? I'm rising forty years old, and have a good house and shop and a thousand dollars in the bank. It isn't every one that can say that."

"That's true, Mr. Forge, but I think I should like some other trade better, even if I didn't make so much money."

"I suppose you don't like the work because it is dirty."

"I didn't think of that. Perhaps if I were sure of making as good a blacksmith as you I would decide to work at the business."

Mr. Forge was pleased with this compliment, and it removed the little annoyance he felt at Tom's disinclination to enter his service.

"Well, suit yourself, Tom," he said good naturedly. "Perhaps you're better adapted for some other business. We can't all be blacksmiths."

"If we were I am afraid there would be too much competition."

"That's so."

On the whole Tom began to get discouraged. He realized that he ought to be at work. He was ready and willing, but the work was not to be had. The school term had closed, and he decided not to go back. His education was not complete, but he could not afford to study any longer.

The evening mail at Hillsboro came in at five o'clock.

Tom seldom inquired for letters, for neither he nor his mother had many correspondents. But about supper time Dan Otis, in passing the house, called out, "There's a letter for you at the post office."

"A letter—for me?"

"Well, it's either for you or your mother. I don't know which. I hope it contains good news."

"I hope so too. I'll go right over."

The post office was in one corner of the drug store, and the druggist was postmaster. Tom entered, and stepped up to the corner used for letter boxes.

"Is there a letter for me?" he asked.

"Yes, Tom," answered the druggist. "Did Dan Otis tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I asked him to do so, as I thought the letter might be important. It is postmarked at New York."

Tom was puzzled. He didn't call to mind any one in New York with whom he or his mother was personally acquainted. However, he would soon learn.

The letter was directed to

MR. THOMAS TURNER,  
HILLSBORO,  
NEW YORK.

It was the first time Tom had been addressed as "Mr." and it gave him an odd sensation. He cut open the envelope at one end with his penknife, and read the letter with curiosity. It was brief and ran as follows:

THOMAS TURNER: If you and your mother will come to my office at once you will hear something to your advantage. It is important that you should come tomorrow. Call before twelve if possible.

JAMES ELMORE,  
ROOM 15, BERKELEY BUILDING, BROADWAY.

There is no Berkeley building on Broadway, but I have suppressed the real name for sufficient reasons.

"Something to our advantage!" repeated Tom. "Well, that sounds well. I wonder if any one has left mother or myself a fortune. I hope so. Even a small one will be acceptable."

He lost no time in going home and showing the letter to his mother.

"Mother," he said, "here is a letter from New York, and I don't understand it. Do you know any James Elmore?"

"No, Tom, I don't recall any such name."

"That name is signed to the letter. Here it is."

Mrs. Turner read it through twice with mingled interest and curiosity.

"It may have been some friend or acquaintance of your father's," she said at length. "If so, I don't think he mentioned the name to me."

"I think we had better go to New York by the morning train, mother."

"Perhaps it would do if you went alone."

"No, the letter expressly says we are both to come."

"I was thinking of the expense, Tom. The fare is a dollar each way, and that for both of us makes four dollars."

"Fortunately we have got enough to go."

"It won't leave us much."

"True, but I think we can get a little money in advance on Uncle Brinton's legacy to you. As there is 'something of advantage,' we may receive some money in New York too."

"Very well, Tom, if you think best we will go. At what time does the train leave?"

"At 9:30; that is, the one we shall want to take. There is an earlier one, but it would get us to New York too soon."

(To be continued.)



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### A TREAT NEXT WEEK.

The first installment of one of the most thrilling stories of adventure that has ever appeared in this or any other periodical will be presented to our readers in No. 398, next week's issue.

## UNDER AFRICA;

OR,

### THE STRANGE MANUSCRIPT OF THE WHITE SLAVE.

BY WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON,

Author of "The Rajah's Fortress," "Captured in the Punjab," etc.

The editor does not recollect when he was so intensely interested in reading a story in manuscript as when perusing the above serial. The experiences that befell the voyagers on the raft in the underground river, the new and unexpected dangers that are constantly arising in their path, the gleams of hope followed by returns of the deepest despair—all this goes to make up a tale that can only be compared in the skill with which it has been woven to the stories of Rider Haggard and Robert Louis Stevenson.

Tell your friends to get THE ARGOSY next week and enjoy with you the treat to be found in "Under Africa."

\* \* \* \*

A WRITER in a Washington journal is complaining because so many people are rushing into print, and prophesies darkly that by the time another generation is on the world's stage authorship will be as common as penmanship now is.

It is certainly true that all sorts and conditions of men nowadays receive a hearing in the magazines. And not, in very many cases, because they have a special talent for putting their thoughts into writing, but simply, as the contributor already quoted avers, because they have done something which has made the world talk about them. Indeed, it is very much on the principle on which certain individuals are placed on exhibition in the dime museums. They have the usual allowance of heads and arms, but they may have escaped from captivity among cannibals,

been bitten by a mad dog or passed over Niagara Falls in a barrel, and the astute managers of the museums know that the public love merely to look upon the hero—if we may use the word—of such experiences.

\* \* \* \*

THUS readers are eager to peruse the experiences of a man who is the first to cross the American continent in a canoe or who has exhibited the phonograph to a tribe of Indians, even though the one knows more of canoeing and the other of electric appliances than of writing for the press. But what the writing fraternity loses in having so many competitors, the general public gains in a wider knowledge of matters and things.

\* \* \* \*

A FRESH terror was this year added to the horrors of moving. While a Buffalo family was undergoing the agonies of one of these migrations, three of which are said to be equal in destructive properties to one fire, the baby was missed. And presently it asserted itself very mysteriously, directly contrary to the rule in which all well governed children are supposed to conduct themselves, that is, to be seen and not heard. For the infant in question could be heard but was nowhere visible.

At length the mother tracked the cries to a roll of carpet, and sure enough, there the baby was discovered. She had been sitting in the middle of the floor, and one of the men, intent on getting the carpet up in the shortest possible space of time, had flung a breadth over her without being conscious of what he was doing.

Enterprising van companies may, at this rate, find it to their best interests to add to their advertisements; "Special attention paid to avoiding the little ones."

\* \* \* \*

"THUMB NAIL" sketches are generally supposed to be pictures of infinitesimal size. In China and Japan, however, the term has an altogether different signification, and one, we may add, decidedly more literal. These are pictures, very ancient, which were painted by the thumb nails of the artists.

In order to make the nails serviceable for such work they are allowed to grow to about a foot in length and are then pared down to a point, which is dipped in sky blue ink and the drawings executed with the skill of a master. And a singular feature in connection with this odd method of painting is the fact that it is always done with the left hand.

\* \* \* \*

THE present epoch is noted for the novelties it furnishes in all lines. Not only are new avenues of trade being constantly opened up, thanks to the onward march of science and discovery, but the same spirit is observable in the cases of law breaking that come before our courts. Here, for example, is an instance in Philadelphia, where a business firm had the rear wall of their store stolen away from them between the time they closed shop on Saturday noon and opened it again on Monday morning.

The deed was accomplished by a building contractor, and the fact that he did it, not with thievish propensities, but with a view to enabling him to proceed more commodiously with some work of his own in that particular locality, did not tend to make the offense any the less annoying to the plaintiff, whose surprise, on discovering the piece of vandalism, may be readily imagined.



# THE ARGOSY



## HEAVILY HANDICAPPED.

ALWAYS pay cash as you go. That's my principle," said Seedie.

"Humph! That accounts for your slowness, I presume," remarked his friend.

## DELAY OF THE MALES.

SHRILL FEMINE VOICE—  
"What is the cause of the delay of the mails, Mr. Stamps?"

POSTMASTER (absently)—  
"Your age, I suppose, same as usual, Miss Sophronia."

## ANOTHER BESIDE HIM.

MRS. GAZZAM—"How queerly Mr. Jaysmith acts at times! He seems beside himself."

GAZZAM—"That's not strange. He is one of a pair of twins."



## WEDDING ACCOMPANIMENTS.

EDITH—"How does a marriage certificate begin, Mrs. Plusher?"

MRS. PLUSHER—"I don't remember exactly, but I think the first words are 'Know all men by these presents.'"



## THEN WHY DID SHE SAY IT?

Edith—"WON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER CUP OF TEA, MR. STAYLATE?"

Staylate—"NO THANK YOU, I THINK I MUST BE GOING NOW."

Edith—"AH, I THOUGHT YOU WOULD GO IF I SAID THAT!"

# THE ARGOSY

## A GRATIFIED WISH.



I.—“ Take care, Master Bob, or ye'll fall in the water.”



II.—“ Pshaw! I'd like to see myself.”



III.—“ Now, be jabers, look at yerself!”

### THE FINEST ON EARTH.

THE Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibuled Trains, with Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and is the Only Line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ill., and the Only DIRECT LINE between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

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E. O. MCCORMICK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

\* \* \*

### A KITCHEN GARDENER.

LADY—“ Have you any oyster plant seeds?”

GROCER—“ Yes, ma'am.”

LADY—“ Well, send me two or three dozen, and, mind you, I wish to raise Blue Points.”—*Detroit Free Press.*

\* \* \*

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

\* \* \*

### A COINCIDENCE.

WHEN Jay Gould was a struggling young surveyor, with hardly one cent to rub against another, he stamped his initials and the date on a copper cent and put it in circulation. Yesterday Mr. Gould received some pennies in change at the Twenty Third Street Ferry, and on looking them over he found the coin he had stamped was not among them.—*New York World.*

\* \* \*

### AND THEY WERE.

TEACHER (to class)—“ In this stanza, what is meant by the line, 'The shades of night were falling fast?'"

BRIGHT SCHOLAR—“ The people were pulling down the blinds.”—*Lynn Press.*

# PARSONS PILLS

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DR. T. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 CUSTOM HOUSE STREET, BOSTON MASS.

### THE INDICATIONS STRONG.

MR. KAJONES—“ Laura, how many times has that young sneak, Grigson, been to see you this week?”

MISS KAJONES—“ Perhaps five or six times, father. Why?”

MR. KAJONES (much excited)—“ First thing you know, Laura, he'll be coming here regularly.”—*Chicago Tribune.*

\* \* \*

### STILL ANOTHER OF THEM.

T—, a little boy of nine, handed in the following composition on George Washington: “ George Washington was the father of his country one day he went in his father's yard and cut down a tree. What are you doing asked his father i am trying to tell a lie and when he grew up he was a president and was killed by a man named getto who was jellish of him and the no 9 engine house was draped in black.”—*Harper's Bazar.*

## I LIKE MY WIFE

TO USE

## POZZONI'S MEDICATED

## COMPLEXION POWDER.

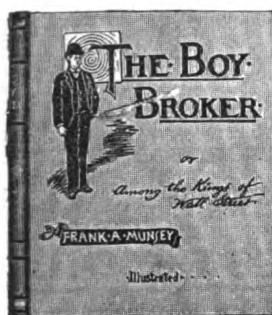
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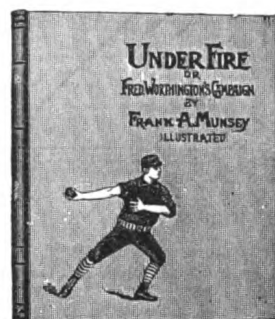
THE ARGOSY, purchased by the week, costs five dollars and twenty cents; by the year it costs less, but it is not always convenient for boys to pay out so much cash at one time, and for this reason the majority of our readers continue to take it by the week, paying ten cents per copy, which amounts to \$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



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**AND UNDER FIRE.**

— BOTH BY —

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**What has been said about "The Boy Broker."**

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

MY DEAR MR. MUNSEY: I am greatly indebted to you for sending me the superb holiday edition of your latest story, "The Boy Broker." I have read it with much enjoyment, and find it full of interest. There is not a dull line in it. In Herbert Randolph you have given us a hero in every way admirable. Upright, manly and eager to succeed, but only by honorable means, he excites our sympathy from the start. Bob

Hunter and Tom Flannery are boys of a different type, but equally interesting. By his unconscious drollery and rich vein of humor, Bob will take his place among the noted characters in fiction.

Your story is healthy in tone, and calculated to influence boys for good. I confidently predict that it will become a favorite with them and the public. Externally it is the handsomest gift book that has fallen under my eye.  
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The tone of the story is elevating, for it is not only free from injurious leadings, but its spirit is an inspiration in the direction of high aims and a noble and true life. The volume has all the essentials of a good book without a line that deserves censure.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS (Oliver Optic).

**What has been said about "Under Fire."**

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

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

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

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

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)



THE ARGOSY

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81 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.			
<i>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 &amp; COMPANY, but that the title to the books is to remain in the name of FRANK A. MUNSEY &amp; COMPANY until the full five dollars are paid.</i>			
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