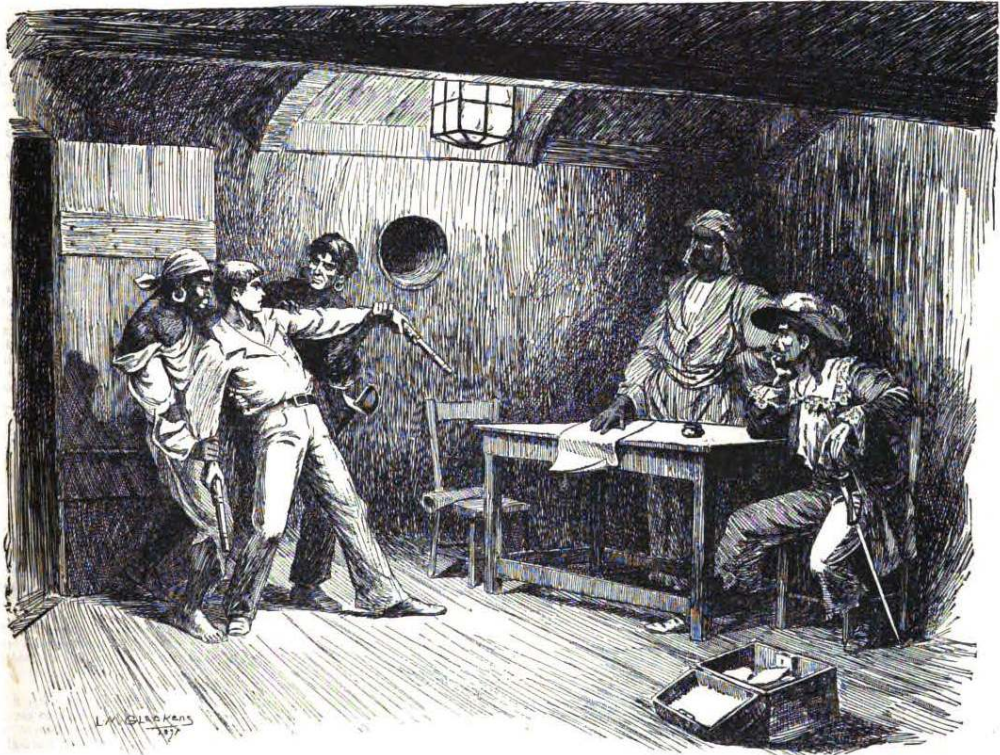


THE ARGOSY

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THE DOOR WAS FLUNG OPEN, AND THE MIDSHIPMAN WAS SEIZED FROM BEHIND BY TWO OF THE PIRATES.

MIDSHIPMAN WARREN.

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

"WHAT a beautiful place!"

"Yes, it is indeed a beautiful place, and a much more pleasant place to visit than it once was. Do you know that many an American ship has been brought into that harbor below us and stripped of its cargo, while the crew was either murdered or sold into slavery?"

"But surely not in the nineteenth century, father?"

"Yes, in the nineteenth century. Did your school histories never tell you of the daring piracies of the Algerian Moors, and of Decatur's expedition against them in 1815? It was not until the French soldiers drove the Deys out of that big fort above us that this became a healthy neighborhood for civilized travelers."

The speakers were two Americans—father and son—who stood on the lofty quay that overlooks

the harbor of Algiers, and commands one of the finest views in the world. Behind them and to their left, on the steep shores of the curving bay, shot up the towers and minarets of the quaint ancient city. To the right swept the wooded heights of Mustapha, whose scattered dwellings rose gleaming white amid the dark foliage of orange groves. In front, beyond the broad bay, whose waters were as deeply blue as the cloudless sky above, there rose against the eastern horizon the snow clad peaks of the Kabyle mountains. It was no wonder that Harry Warren was moved to comment on the beauty of the scene.

"You ought to know something about the history of Algiers under the Deys, Harry," his father went on. "I should think it would have a special interest to you."

"Why so?" inquired the young tourist.

"Didn't you ever hear of the Algerian experience of my grandfather, Captain Warren, of the United States Navy?"

"N-no. I don't think so," replied Harry. "I've heard of a good many adventures of his, but I don't remember that one. Was he captured by some of the old pirates?"

"Yes, and his career came within an ace of ending there and then. If he had been cut off in his youth you and I could hardly have been here today."

"Was he in the navy then?"

"Yes, he was a midshipman on a fourteen gun frigate called the Salem. It was his first cruise, and a long one, for the Salem had been ordered to the Levant. In those days our navy sailed on every sea, and the American flag was a more common sight in the ports of foreign powers than it is today. For nearly a year the frigate had been cruising in Eastern waters, when, on putting in at Alexandria in the April of 1815, the captain found awaiting him there orders to proceed at once to Gibraltar, and there place himself under the orders of Admiral Decatur.

"The transmission of orders to distant vessels was by no means so easy as it is now, when ocean cables bring the uttermost ends of the earth within speaking distance. The navy department's dispatches to the Salem had crossed the Atlantic on board of a Yankee clipper-ship, which had been so delayed by the storms and adverse winds of winter and spring that she had been more than three months on the way between Boston and Alexandria. For another month the dispatches had been lying at the bottom of the sea, when they finally came into the hands of Captain Williams, he found that only fifteen days remained before the time named for his junction with Decatur at Gibraltar, two thousand miles away.

Hastily taking aboard such supplies as were necessary, he weighed anchor and set sail, hoping that he might yet succeed in reaching the fortress at the gate of the Mediterranean before the Admiral left it. No effort was spared to make the Salem's voyage a speedy one, but the elements were too adverse. Day after day, instead of the easterly gale that Captain Williams wanted, light breezes blew from the west and northwest, and the frigate was forced to tack slowly forward. Twelve days passed before she raised Cape Bon, the long projection of the African coast that juts northward toward Sicily. She was getting the worst of her race against time, but her captain pressed onward, helped by a northeasterly wind that she caught soon after rounding Cape Bon. She stood by the light for a night and a day, until on the second afternoon it gradually fell away.

"At sunset the Salem lay becalmed on an almost waveless sea. Half a mile or so away from her lay a small brig of rather peculiar build and rig, to which she had gradually drifted on the ebb of the breeze. Captain Williams eyed the stranger with some little suspicion.

"If that isn't one of those Moorish pirates I'll lose my guess," he finally said after a lengthened survey of the brig through his glass.

The stranger was signaled to show her colors. No answer was given until the demand was emphasized by the firing of a blank cartridge from one of the Salem's guns. Then the red and yellow ensign of Spain was run up to the brig's peak. But the captain Williams was not satisfied. He was anxious not to lose a minute on the way to Gibraltar, and there was a threatening look about the weather that he did not like. It was thickening up in rather an ominous way, and in his eagerness to shorten the voyage he had sailed close to the coast, usual to the African coast, whose rock-bound shore would threaten him with the danger of shipwreck should a storm blow up from the north. But nevertheless he could not allow the suspected vessel to get the start of him, and was not ascertaining whether she was a peaceable Spanish trader or one of the villainous craft that had made that part of the Mediterranean a terror to merchants.

"Two of the Salem's boats were manned and lowered, with orders to board the brig and inspect her and her papers. One of the boats was commanded by a lieutenant whose name I do not remember; the other, by our respected ancestor, Midshipman Warren. Meanwhile the guns' crews stood ready to fire upon the stranger, if the boarders met with forcible resistance.

"The boats had covered about half the distance between the two vessels when there occurred something that had not been counted upon. All at once, and almost without warning, the mist thickened into a dense white fog, through which a man could hardly see his hand, and which so muffled and deadened the sound of voices that it was impossible for the boats to locate each other or the frigate by hailing.

"In this dilemma Midshipman Warren held his tiller ropes perfectly steady and ordered his men to row straight ahead. The nose of his boat had been pointed straight toward the stranger, and he felt that the only thing for him to do was to go straight forward, and, if he could, to lead the brig and carry out his orders. If he once lost his bearings by turning around, he could never find either the brig or the frigate. So ahead he went, hoping that the mist might lift as suddenly as it had fallen.

"And a few minutes later it actually did become a little less dense, allowing

him to see, not the frigate nor his companion boat, but, looming straight before him, the black hull of the suspected brig. A few strokes brought him alongside her quarter, and a hail from the midshipman brought several swarthy faces to her rail. A rope was thrown over her side, and the man who made fast, and the young officer climbed to the deck, followed by two of his men. During his Mediterranean cruise he had picked up a tolerable smattering of Spanish, and as the brig had shown the colors of Spain it was the language of that country that he asked to see the captain.

"As he did so he looked around the deck. The gathering darkness and the mist, which was still thick, prevented him from getting a clear and comprehensive view of his surroundings. He was somewhat puzzled by what he saw. The crew seemed to consist of seven or eight hands—not too many for a merchant brig. He had seen no gun ports when he came up the side, but there was a suspicious looking object aft of the mainmast. A tarpaulin was thrown over it, and it was partly hidden by a pile of boxes, but the midshipman felt sure that it was a cannon, and a sixteen pounder at least. He could dimly make out a similar object in the bows of the brig. The crew, too, were a motley lot. Most of them showed the copper-colored countenance of the Moors, but there was one coal black negro, with two others, whose lighter skins marked them as belonging to one of the Southern countries of Europe—probably Spain. They were clad, too, in an extraordinary assortment of uncleanly garments. The negro wore a ragged burnous which had once been white, while one of the Spaniards was arrayed in clothes which, though somewhat worn and shabby, were of the costly fabric of the latest costume introduced by the old time grandees of Spain.

"It was this last individual who came forward in answer to the young officer's demand. 'You wish the captain?' he said in excellent Spanish. 'Then follow me below.'

In obeying the Spaniard's suggestion your great-grandfather displayed a lack of prudence which, let us hope, has not descended to his posterity. But he was one whose daring outran his caution, and I don't know that I am any the less proud of him for that reason. Besides, he was already in rather an awkward situation, and could not very well make it much worse. At any rate, bidding the two sailors to keep behind him, he fearlessly stepped forward and followed the Spaniard down a short compassed cabin along a narrow passage. At the further end of this there shone a dim light, coming from a lantern that hung from the roof of a cabin. This was an apartment about twelve feet square, whose furniture consisted of a table, two chairs and two or three chests. Behind the table there stood a tall Arab, wearing the regulation Moorish costume. At the entrance of the new comers he looked up from a roll of paper over which he had been bending, and there was an ugly scowl on his dusky face.

"The midshipman followed the gayly dressed Spaniard into the cabin. He was barely inside the heavy oaken door, when it was snapped shut behind him, and he knew he was in a trap. Sounds of violent but brief struggle outside told him that the two sailors had been seized and overpowered by the pirates. For a moment he stood motionless, overcome with dismay at the helpless position into which his rashness had brought him. The Spaniard meanwhile calmly seated himself beside the lanterned Arab, and surveyed his captive with a mocking smile. Stung with indignant rage, the young officer drew his two heavy navy revolvers from his belt, resolved to avenge himself upon the traitor, and sell his life as dearly as he could. He seated himself beside the lanterned Arab, the Arab uttered a loud cry. Instantly the door was flung open, and before the midshipman could either put into execution his purpose of firing at the Spaniard, or turn about to defend himself, he was seized from behind by two of the pirate's crew, who succeeded in snatching both revolvers from his hand. When he was thus rendered defenseless, at a sign from the Arab the two men released their hold upon the prisoner and left the cabin.

"Now, young American," said the

Spaniard, 'you see that you are in our power. But we do not wish to hurt you. Answer me a few questions truthfully, and I will return you and your men unharmed to the vessel whence you came. Refuse, and you will see it no more.'

"What are the questions?" inquired the midshipman.

"First, where are the rest of your ships?" said the Spaniard. 'Oh, yes,' he added, noting the look of surprise on the young fellow's face. 'We know of your expedition against Algiers. This district is the headquarters of pirates on the table—warns us of it, and we were not surprised to see your frigate. But where are your other ships? How many are there, and how many guns have they?'

"The midshipman at once understood that Decatur had been ordered to attack the Algerians, that the pirates had got wind of it, and that they had mistaken the Salem for the advance guard of the American squadron. But as for purchasing his safety by giving them information, this was not to be dreamed of for an instant.

"You miserable robber! he boldly exclaimed, 'you daren't touch a hair of my head! Just as soon as the mist lifts, the Salem will blow your wretched old hulk out of the water!'

"The Spaniard smiled. 'Listen,' he said. 'To relieve your mind of so mistaken an idea, let me tell you that the mist is already lifting and a breeze arising from the north. But the darkness of night is falling, and your frigate will never see us. Our sailors are even now setting a couple of sails, so that they shall slip away from her without any difficulty. Your boat's crew are in irons in the hold. If the breeze freshens, moreover, your captain will have enough to do to keep off the rocks of the Kabylean coast.'

"It certainly looked hopeless, but the midshipman was determined to keep a stiff upper lip and die game, if die he must. When the Spaniard ceased he folded his arms and stood silent.

"You still will not speak?" the man went on. 'Then we will carry you to Algiers—to the Dey himself. Perhaps he will find means of forcing words from you.'

"The midshipman had heard of Christian prisoners being put to the torture by the Algerian ruler, and the thoughts that passed through his mind were not exactly pleasant ones. But he had not had much time for reflection when at a call from the Arab, two men entered, and conducted him, not very gently, to the lower deck, where he was thrust into a narrow cabin along a narrow passage, hole, and locked in. All was darkness and silence for a time. Then a faint plashing sound came to his ears which told him a disquieting fact. The brig was under way, and was gently cleaving the sea in the direction of Algiers. The pirates, who of course knew every inch of the adjacent coast, were slipping away from the frigate under the cover of mist and darkness, and meant to fulfill the threat of carrying him to Algiers, which could not be far distant.

Hours passed without any change in the midshipman's highly unpleasant situation—hours that seemed like weeks to him, cooped up as he was without light, without food or water, and without hope of rescue. Then, of a sudden, he heard a violent commotion upon the deck above him. There were shouts, and the sound of men running, and of blocks creaking as the ropes were pulled through them. The brig heeled far over, the water dashed more loudly against her side, showing that she had changed her course, and was sailing at a higher speed. Could it mean that she was pursued by the Salem? The thought revived his courage, and gave him a glimmering of hope.

"There was a long period of suspense, and then came a tremendous crash as if the brig had struck upon a rock. A confused mixture of sounds followed; men ran about on the deck; then there were shouts, and yells, as of men struggling for their lives. Meanwhile the midshipman could do nothing but await the result in breathless astonishment. Was the brig sinking, or had it been boarded by a rescue party? The question was at last settled by a voice that he heard upon the lower deck, just outside the door of his prison. 'Bring a light, Jack,' it said, 'and let's see if any of the beggars have hidden down here!'

"At the sound of his own language the young officer uttered a cry that soon brought the rescuers to him. The door was unfastened and he stepped out. But the faces that he saw were unfamiliar. His liberators were American blue jackets, by no means from the Salem, and when he rushed on deck, he saw close alongside, not the frigate, but two line of battle ships, both flying the stars and stripes, while two other vessels of similar size lay at no great distance.

"The situation was soon explained by the officer who was in command on the deck of the captured brig. The pirates had succeeded in slipping away from the Salem, but at daybreak had stumbled right upon Decatur's squadron. Apparently from lack of a proper lookout, the brig was close to the American ships before she saw her danger. Then she went about and tried to escape, paying no attention to the men of war's signals. A shot was sent across her bows, and when that too was disregarded, another ball was fired which sent her mainmast crashing down, while four boats' crews were dispatched to board her. The pirates had resisted desperately, and had perished to a man."

[This Story began in Number 439.]

ARTHUR BLAISDELL'S CHOICE.

BY W. HERT FOSTAKE.

Author of "The Treasure of Southlake Farm," "Down the Mountain," etc.

CHAPTER L.

IN WHICH BEN NORTON IS BEN NORTON NO LONGER.

"MRS. DAHLGREEN, allow me to present—" Mr. Shipp had begun, when he, too, like Hal and Arthur, was stricken dumb by the spectacle of Ben Norton clasped in the lady's arms, and Miss Fay clinging convulsively to his hand.

"When he crossed my knees, Ben Norton, or rather Ben Dahlgreen, as we must now know him, seemed a new creature. His face fairly shone as he exclaimed:

"Boys, this is my mother; and," turning to the younger lady and holding out his hand, he continued brokenly: "Fay, can you forgive me, too?"

But Arthur seized Hal's hand and hurried him away at the juncture, and therefore they did not see what followed, so I shall not chronicle it. But it is presumed that Miss Fay answered the question satisfactorily, judging from Ben's face when he appeared at the curtained doorway of the dining room half an hour later.

"Boys, mother and Fay want to see you both. Somehow or other they know you, Arthur."

"Disyere dinner 'sall gettin' cold," interposed the colored functionary who presided over the table. "Yo' tell Mis' Dahlgreen ter jest stop dis foolishness an' come out. I done ring de bell ten minutes ergo."

"We'll all be out in a few minutes, Snowball, and hungry enough to eat you and your dinner, too," returned Ben, at which remark the greatly privileged steward almost had a fit in his rage.

"Arthur, I am so glad to see you again," said Mrs. Dahlgreen, taking the boy's hand, "and this is your brother? It seems so altogether wonderful that you should both come here with Ben in such a strange manner."

Arthur could not resist the while Miss Fay stood by and eagerly drank in the story of the wreck of the brig and the subsequent adventures of the three youths.

"And now, mother," interrupted Ben, when Arthur had hardly finished, "please give orders to your captain to hitch on to the old Kaspar, for I don't intend the boys shall lose their salvage money. We must have further explanations some future time, for it is absolutely necessary for the boys to get into New York as soon as possible, and back to Providence, too, for that matter. Come, let us have dinner."

His suggestion was quickly followed, and in a short time the Psyche was steaming rapidly toward the metropolis with the brig in tow, while Mrs. Dahlgreen and her new found son, Miss Fay, Arthur and Hal sat down to the table in the dining room.

Toby, the darky steward, was inclined to snub Ben at first, but when he discovered that the handsome young man was Mrs. Dahlgreen's son, he became as obsequious as ever he had been in the old slave days. In fact, before the meal was over, Toby called Ben "Colonel" several times (to the great amusement of the

young fellow himself as well as Hal and Arthur, as he afterward explained to "stingy him fr'm Cap'n Benson."

In the course of the meal the three "shipwrecked mariners," as Fay persisted in calling them, found that the Psyche had left New York about six o'clock that very morning, and had intended running to Boston, where Mrs. Dahlgreen was to make preparations for her usual winter trip up the Mediterranean.

"You can take your trip just the same, mother," said Ben, from whose lips the endearing term seemed to fall very beautifully; "but I shall ask you to postpone your time for starting a week or two. I have particular business in Providence which will occupy my attention for some days," and he gave Arthur and Hal a significant glance.

"What did you mean?" inquired Arthur, as after dinner he and Hal walked the deck together with Ben, who had now constituted himself their host.

"What I mean is this," returned Ben gravely. "I think I can best explain the mystery of the robbery at Van Slyck's. For mother's sake I shall keep my name from being mixed up in the matter, but I'll give you fellows all the facts in my possession, and you can go ahead, capture the thieves, get the reward, and send that miserable wretch, Chess Gardner, to prison, where he belongs."

"Then he did do it?"

"He is the party most guilty," replied Ben. "I presume he did not take the things, but was an accomplice of his. He tried to get me into it, because it really needed two men to do the job successfully, and," added Ben, with a blush of shame, "I won't say that I was not tempted to fall in with him. But that's all past now. For mother's sake, I shall say nothing about it again. I think we can reach Providence before it is too late, although the trail is already a week or more old."

"You are the most wonderful fellow I ever saw," declared Hal. "You adapt yourself to everything so quickly. I believe that if you should suddenly be carried to the moon, you would do some commonplace thing at first, as though you were in your natural element. Now if I was you, and Hal stopped, rather at a loss to say what he would do, he had suddenly become a millionaire in his own right."

"Julius Verne says the moon is uninhabitable," returned Ben dryly, and then he went on with his previous subject. "I don't really know whom Chess got to help me do the job, for you know up to the last moment he expected I was in it. I was to meet the man near Van Slyck's house, he with a horse and team. We both had the pass word, a drawing of the house, and the combination of the safe. How the dickens Chess managed to get this last, I don't know, but he did. Funny, wasn't it? but the old major had used the scamp's name for a combination. Things happen strangely enough in this world."

"I should say they did," acquiesced Arthur. "The account of the adventures on the brig, rescue and all, was completed long before they reached New York, and in fact it was after dark when they arrived at the great port, and the Psyche with her tow steamed slowly to a pier at the foot of Morris Street, North River."

Under the pilotage of Ben, the two boys hurried ashore, telegraphed to their mother and to the *Journal* office, and sent the account of their adventures by the evening mail to Providence, where it arrived in safety, and appeared under particularly black headlines in the next morning's edition of the paper.

"Tomorrow morning," said Ben, as they wended their way back to the yacht, "we will start for Providence."

"The old Journal may come out ahead yet, eh, Hal?" said Arthur exultantly. "If I do get Chess and all the boodle, won't Mr. Davidson's eye snap? It'll be a mighty big feather in the *Journal's* cap."

"You fellows seem to have forgotten all about the salvage you're going to get on the Kaspar," said Ben, with a laugh.

"Pooh! one third of it won't be very much," said Arthur carelessly. "I'd rather see Little Mum than get half a dozen salvages."

"We'll see," replied Ben, and he smiled quietly.

CHAPTER LI.

MAJOR VAN SLYCK BECOMES GREATLY AGITATED.

THAT evening spent in the pleasantly appointed and cheerfully lighted saloon of the Psyche was one long to be remembered by all persons concerned. Hal and Arthur, with natural delicacy, intended to retire early in the evening, but the Dahlgreens would not allow it.

"No," said Ben, seconding his mother and Fay. "You and I have been through too many

perilous hours together, and strange as it may seem, our lives lately have been too closely interwoven, for me to have many things secret from you."

They talked far into the night. Plans were made for the future, and if either Hal or Arthur had agreed to it, Ben would have invited both young men to accompany him on the winter voyage of the Psyche up the Mediterranean.

"No, sir, you can't inveigle us into any such thing," declared Arthur stoutly, "not even if you agree to take Little Mum, too. We've both got our fortunes to carve out, and to tell the truth I want all the time I can get to carve mine, for the chisel I've got is mighty dull."

"I don't believe you will have any trouble," said Ben. "You have the making of a journalist in you and there's no doubt that you will succeed."

"If I can only find out who robbed the Herts I shall consider myself about even with the world," replied Arthur.

"I hope that mystery will soon be explained," said Ben, "but it does look hopeless now, that's a fact."

Before they retired Ben proposed that all should take a promenade on deck. Mrs. Dahlgreen excused herself on the plea of the dampness of the night air; but the young people all went up and viewed the wonderful metropolis of the Western world with its countless lights. Arthur and Hal walked forward alone, leaving Ben and Miss Fay a few moments in the shadow near the quarter. When they came straggling leisurely back they were treated to a tableau which wasn't put down on the bill. At their approach the young lady quickly extricated herself and hurried below.

"Boys," said Ben, without showing the least confusion, and seemingly in an exceptionally spirited state of mind. "I want you both up at the old homestead at Newton in about three weeks—just before we leave for Europe. I'd like to have you present at a little ceremony. We're going to have there."

"He'd do say anything further. It was not necessary for Arthur and Hal to inquire as to what description of a ceremony was liable to take place."

The following morning the two boys, with Ben and Captain Benson, went in search of the Kaspar's owners. They were not very hard to find, being a firm of large shipping merchants on Custom Street. The member of the firm they interviewed was a short, fleshy, nervous little man named Jenks, who jerked out his sentences as though he had a spite against them.

"How about it," snapped Mr. Jenks, when his visitors' business was stated. "We heard about the brig's going ashore. Papers got it that she'd sunk. We reckoned it dead loss. Glad enough to get it back. Want to settle or wait for the courts?"

"What will you offer us as salvage?" asked Ben, eyeing the little man sharply, while both Arthur and Hal showed a little interest in what he said. "We might be a few hundred dollars between them would have been a very acceptable windfall."

"Well," said Mr. Jenks, "I'll allow you twenty two hundred, and you can draw it any time after today if the brig and cargo are in good condition."

The two boys were dumb with amazement, but Ben was perfectly calm, and after a whispered conference with Captain Benson, agreed to the proposal.

"For Heaven's sake!" exclaimed Arthur when they were once more on the street, "did I hear straight or was I dreaming? Twenty two hundred dollars, did you say? Over seven hundred dollars apiece?"

"Yes, and he got out of it mighty cheaply," declared Captain Benson. "You could tell that by the way he snapped us up when we said agreed."

"Why—why," began Arthur.

"Don't be surprised," said Ben. "If we'd waited for the action of the courts we might have got over three thousand dollars, eh, captain?"

Captain Benson nodded.

During the afternoon the owners took charge of the Kaspar and the Psyche got under way for Providence.

Shortly after seven o'clock Friday morning one of the largest and handsomest steam yachts which had ever visited Providence steamed slowly up the river and dropped anchor just off the Wilkesbarre Pier and between that great dock and Fox Point. She was the wonder of all the loungers who happened to be about the water front that morning.

"Cap'n" Bill Somes (captain only by courtesy, for he had never been responsible enough to hold such a position, unless he was captain of his own little boat—a dirty, leaky old oyster tub), "Cap'n" Bill was the center of a knot

of idlers at the extreme end of Fox Point wharf. The "cap'n" removed his short black pipe from between his lips and slowly swept out the name of the strange craft as her stern swung round in the stream.

"P-s-y-c-h-e," said the "cap'n" ruminatively; "that spells *Psyche*, I s'pose. What foals them 'riscroaic folks be. They've even got ter spell words dif'rent fr'm what they usester by spell. F-i-s-h-g-r-o-u-n'd fr'm when I named my craft."

"That's a mighty hansom boat, jest the same," remarked one of the other loungers, "don't keer what her name is." "That 'ere craft," said Cap'n Bull deliberately, "was built down ter Portsmouth fr a smuggler. She wasn't named no *Psyche* then, you kin bet. They called her Th' Black Hawk and she did a slather 'o' smuggin' betwix Brunswick and the Maine coast. Fin'ly the government suspected an' grabbed her an' she was sold at auction ter some big boob who's fixed her over fr a pleasure yacht. She's fast, they say."

"Sh' looks so," acquiesced one of his hearers. "At that moment a long boat was put out from the side of the yacht, and, propelled by four oarsmen, shot up the river. Ben Dahlgreen, Hal, and Arthur Blaisdell occupied seats in the bow and stern, while Mr. Shippen held the tiller ropes.

Under the powerful strokes of the rowers the boat rapidly reached the wharf of the Continental Steamboat Company, where three young men landed and hastened to the *Journal* office. Hastily escaping from the enthusiastic greeting of the office clerks and Mr. Dolliver the young reporters, with Ben, entered Mr. Davidson's private room.

"Bless me!" exclaimed the old gentleman, jumping up from his arm chair at once on seeing the young men. "Why, boys, I never expected to see you again! I tell you we had a justification here night before last when your telegram was received," and he shook both the reporters heartily by the hand.

When he was introduced to Ben Dahlgreen and was made to understand that Ben was the third party aboard the Kaspar during their involuntary voyage, he welcomed him just as warmly.

"The *Journal* had a phenomenal sale yesterday," declared Mr. Davidson. "I don't know but what you'll all have to put yourselves on exhibition. You see, some jack of a *Telegraph* reporter was down at Charlestown and we course got a better account of the wreck than we did, so that miserable sheet almost ran us out the day before. But when your account of the wreck, by the way, *you* appeared in the *Journal* the *Telegraph* was nowhere."

"We have got hold of something else which may prove a bigger card for the *Journal* than even that," said Arthur, and then in a confidential tone, and with the assistance of Hal and Ben, he told the amazed gentleman all that the trio knew and suspected in relation to Chess Gardner's complicity in the Van Slyck robbery. "Why," gasped Mr. Davidson, "it is perfectly astounding! *It* had a villain that is low as low. Boys, you did just right in coming to me. You say, Mr. Dahlgreen, that you know where the stolen things were to be taken?"

Ben replied that he did.

"Then the quicker we pick up the trail the better. It is now ten o'clock," went on Mr. Davidson, consulting his watch. "I'll send for a detective at once to go with you."

"Hold on," exclaimed Arthur. "First of all Hal and I are going home to Little Mum. We'll do the other thing after dinner. And Ben is going with us."

"All right; I suppose you'll have it your own way," said Mr. Davidson with assumed gruffness. "He back by one o'clock. I'll have a note put in to Ben, and you must let the scoundrels get away with their booty."

"Come on, then, fellows," said Arthur, eagerly leading the way, and with rapid steps the trio turned toward the little cottage up town where the mother was awaiting them.

Mrs. Blaisdell had been almost crushed by the news that her sons had been lost aboard the Kaspar, but the boys found to her arrival that Mr. Davidson had been to see her as soon as he heard of the catastrophe himself and had left one of his own family servants to stay with her. The telegram the boys had sent from New York had reached her but a few hours after she heard of their supposed loss, and it was of course joyful news. Certainly the fact that Arthur and Hal had been very near death soothed her, and the little family together more closely than ever.

The boys thought it better under the circumstances not to tell their mother the nature of the business which called them away, but after dinner they told her that they had an appoint-

ment with Mr. Davidson and hurriedly departed.

They found the old gentleman impatiently awaiting them.

"I have told you all the facts in the case to Mr. Cummings here," said Mr. Davidson, as a quiet, well-dressed gentleman entered and greeted the young fellows. "He has all the power necessary to arrest the burglars or any suspected parties. Now for Heaven's sake, boys, don't make a slip up," and the old gentleman rubbed his hands together nervously.

"First of all," said Mr. Cummings, as they left the office, "we must get this Gardner. He appears to be by far the most important one."

"I should advise a trip to Major Van Slyck's office first then," proposed Ben.

"Just what I was going to suggest," said Hal.

But the office of the Home Mutual Insurance Company was closed. Without spending many moments in discussion, the party quickly made their way to the major's residence. Yes, the major was at home, but would see nobody unless on important business. The detective quietly passed up his card, and they were immediately ushered into the library. The major could not afford to refuse admission to a detective.

The major looked pale and worried. The loss of his valuables did not of course cripple him financially, but the papers which it would be impossible to replace had been taken with the other booty, and the major was too old a man to bear any such catastrophe with coolness.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he inquired, looking as though he did not exactly relish the interruption.

"These young gentlemen here," said the detective, "have got a very promising clew to the burglars."

"Pshaw!" interrupted the major. "There have been dozens of fellows here with promising clews in the past few days. You must see Mr. Gardner, however, as I might be not exactly relish the interruption."

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(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 453.]

NORMAN BROOKE;

OR,

BREASTING THE BREAKERS,

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "My Mysterious Fortune," "Eric Dane," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

ADRIPT.

"GOOD BY, Dorset."

"I went but to the typewriter and put out my hand."

"Why, where are you going? What does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"It means that I have been dismissed," I replied. "Not a long term of service, was it?" I added, with a little smile and a little laugh. "But then long enough for me to feel sorry that I shall not get to know you better."

"I can't seem to realize it yet," he returned, putting up his hand to rub his fingers back through his hair two or three times. "But you must come and see me at home; that is, if you will. It isn't much of a place, but we are all together and—here, I will write down the number for you on a piece of paper."

I put this memorandum of friendship carefully away in my card case, and then, with a hearty clasp of the hand, took my hat and hurried off. Rich and Larkin affected to be very busy with their work, and never looked round.

"Now, Norman Brooke," I said to myself when I reached the street, "you are a free man. The whole metropolis is before you from which to choose. What are you going to do next?"

I tried to imagine that I felt immensely relieved at escaping from the oppressive atmosphere of Tick's, but I made but sorry work of it. I was already hungry for my dinner; in the natural order of things I would be equally ready for my evening meal six weeks from this time. Would I then have any money left with which to pay for it, was the question I could not avoid putting to myself.

I had only about twenty five dollars all told. Seven of that must be paid the next Monday to Mrs. Max. According to Mr. Winkler, there is not a position to be obtained in all Boston; it seemed that it was only through influence that one had been secured for me in New York. How could I hope to find another? They would naturally want to know where I had worked last and why I left.

"But there's Cameron!" I suddenly reflected. "He is indirectly the cause of my getting into this trouble. Perhaps he can tell me a way out of it."

I boarded an Elevated train and rode up town. Cameron's door was open as I passed his room, and not inside I went on up stairs and made myself ready for dinner. When I got down to the table Cameron was there, but the bow he gave me was of the most frigid description, and all through the meal he never addressed a word to me nor to any one else. He left me coffee was served, and I heard the front door close behind him.

I could not understand it at all, but I did understand that I had never felt so horribly lonely in my life. All around me at the table people were talking and laughing, making themselves comfortable, eating pleasantly, or speaking of episodes in business life—a life that was now mine no longer.

No one looked at me. I suppose my intimacy with Cameron the night before had made them all put me in the same category with him, and I was left severely alone.

I finished as soon as possible and went up to my room. This would have been bad enough, accustomed as I was to such a home life as I had lived in Lynnhurst, if I had not lost my situation. As it was, I felt as though I were running up against a great black wall, across which was written in white letters the word Despair.

I had seated myself on a chair by the window, my chin propped on my elbow, and my eyes fixed on the sky. Over and over in my brain I revolved various expedients. Whom did I know to whom I could go for advice? Plenty of people, to be sure, but now in summer they were all scattered—some in Europe, others at seaside resorts, still others up in the Adirondacks. I must depend wholly on myself.

It was suffocatingly hot in that top story room. I remembered that I had

when we were in Boston, used to walk across the Common at dusk sometimes, always bound either home or to some pleasant gathering. We often noticed the people on the benches, and once, when we passed a young man sitting alone, his arms folded and his head sunk, Edna had shrunk closer to my side and whispered, "Do you know, Norman, whenever I see a person sitting like that in one of these parks I think that he is planning to commit suicide."

Is it any wonder I started as these words were recalled to me now?

I lifted my head and put my hands in my coat pockets, and just then a girl and a young fellow about my age passed us, chatting away gaily.

"Just as Edna and I used to do," I reflected, and began to feel so utterly miserable and lonesome that I was on the point of saying something, anything to

not at first fathom, "I came out tonight determined to throw myself in the river and end it all. Keep me from it, won't you? I can't trust myself. It would kill my wife. There, excuse me. Now will you tell me what you were in?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE YOUNG MAN ON THE PARK BENCH.

THE woman who had occupied the other end of the bench had risen hurriedly and gone away when the man made his sudden movement toward me. There were no other seats near us, and but few people passing just then.

Still, I did not feel at all nervous. I guess it must have been the consciousness that I was too poor to rob that gave me this sense of security in my rather peculiar situation. Then again it may have been the very slight figure of the man, who, now that he had moved closer to me, had come in range of the light from a gas lamp, which showed him to be very young, not much over twenty.

But he was waiting anxiously for my reply to his question.

"I was what you might call confidential clerk to Mr. Tick, who is in the toy and novelty business in William Street," I said. "I believe he made room for me to oblige a friend."

"And how long were you there?" he asked, leaning forward still closer, and seeming to hang on my words as though they meant life and death to him, as indeed they might have done.

"Two days," and I almost laughed as I said it.

"Two days!" exclaimed the other.

"May I—would you mind telling me why you were discharged?"

I hesitated. How could I state the reason without entering into a longer explanation than I cared to make to a perfect stranger? Still, I had really done nothing directly of which I was ashamed, and refusal to answer would lead the man to think only worse of me.

"I was [dismissed]," I said, briefly, "because two other clerks in the office saw me piloting a drunken man home last night, and told Mr. Tick about it."

"Oh!" exclaimed my seat mate, when he found I went into no further details. Then, "Do you suppose there is any chance at all of my getting the place?" he went on.

"I can't say. I only imagine that Mr. Tick will not fill the post again," I rejoined. "It is work he has been in the habit of doing himself. Still, there can be no harm in trying," and I gave the address.

"Thank you ever so much!" the fellow exclaimed, fervently. "Perhaps this will be the turning point in my dark epoch. I—suppose it will do no good for me to mention your name?" and the first smile I had seen on his face appeared there now.

"It would rather have just the opposite effect," I answered, "and for that reason you had better not know it," and I rose to my feet.

"No. I didn't want to presume," he put in hastily, "but I want to tell you that Powers King will never forget you, even if nothing comes of this. You did not turn away when I first spoke to you and—and you have saved me from a crime."

Impulsively he put out his hand, which I took and pressed warmly. Then I walked hurriedly away, leaving him still seated on the bench.

Although not a single ray of hope had been shed over my own prospects, I felt decidedly more cheerful than I had fifteen minutes before. Surely this poor fellow with the high sounding name was much worse off than I was. He had a



"NORMAN BROOKE, WHAT A JOLLY SURPRISE!"

seen a park not many blocks away. I determined to go out and find it. Perhaps by sitting under the trees I might be able to think more clearly, and make some sort of plans for the future.

The front stoop was again filled with the boarders, and, as I passed the mother of the two young girls, I fancied that she drew her dress aside as if with a determination that even my trouser leg should not brush against it.

"So much for keeping bad company," I said to myself, and then the old problem came up in my mind. Is Cameron bad? Certainly not wholly so. But his actions at dinner had made his character more incomprehensible than ever, and I resolved to put him out of my mind altogether.

As I turned into Sixth Avenue and saw the stores, I recollected that I had not written to Aunt Louise or Edna since my arrival in New York.

"And I can't do it now," I told myself. "I must wait till I have something in prospect," and, crossing over to Bryant Park, I walked along the asphalt paths until I found a bench that was occupied by only two persons—a man and a woman sitting at either end.

I sat down between them, folded my arms, dropped my chin on my breast, and began to think. The next instant I started up with a suddenness of movement that caused each of the other occupants of the bench to shrink away into the remotest corners.

I had just recollected how Edna and I,

the man next me, if only to hear the sound of my own voice, when he spoke to me.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but do you happen to know of any work I could get to do? Anything except labor with pick and shovel, which I'm not strong enough for."

I could not see his face, but his voice was a pleasant one, with a refined touch to it.

"That's queer," I said impulsively. "I've just lost a position myself, and was wondering where I could find another."

"I'm sorry for you," went on the other, "but you are better off than I am, I take it. You haven't a wife and child to support."

"No, I'm all alone," I responded. "How long have you been out of work?"

"A month," was the answer. "The firm I was with failed, and it seemed utterly impossible for me to get in anywhere else. Every cent I had saved up has gone to pay for rent and food, and nearly all my clothes, too. It's lucky it's summer time," and he gave a laugh, in which it was easy to detect the bitterness. "I hope you won't think me presuming if I ask you what business you were in, and if there's any chance of my getting your place. A drowning man grasps at straws, you—"

He broke off suddenly and clinched my arm with a grip that frightened me. "Speaking of drowning," he went on in a pleading tone, whose drift I could

wife and child to look out for; I had nobody but myself.

"I wish I had asked him for his address," I thought. "I should like to know if he gets my place at Tick's. But then there's not one chance in a hundred that he will. However, he can have hope for his pillow for one night."

That is what mine was composed of. The air had become cooler, and I felt of myself inspiring and slept better than I had since leaving Lynnhurst.

"Now, the first thing after breakfast is to get a paper and study up the wants," I told myself the next morning while dressing.

Mr. Cameron did not make his appearance at this meal, where I spoke to no one, except to ask the waitress if I could have a latch key.

"You'll have to wait till Mrs. Max comes back," she told me.

So I went off, determined to go over to Bryant Park and see the advertisements, rather than ring to have myself admitted. There was a paper stand at the corner, where I decided to get the *World*. That was a cent cheaper than the *Herald*, and I felt that now every penny counted. But the woman had no *World* left, so I had to pay three cents for the *Herald* after all.

I gave no heed to the news sheet, but turned at once to the column headed "Help Wanted, Males," and read it as I walked along.

The first item called for "a bright lad" in an importing house, but then it went on to state that the applicant must reside with his parents, and must state where he had been last employed.

I dropped my eyes down to the next on the list, but did not linger here long, as the position offered was simply an agency in connection with the bar-room trade. Then came more agencies, liquor store positions, a demand for advertising canvassers, and other similar situations which I felt to be out of the question. But just under these was a notice calling for a bookkeeper who wrote a good hand, to whom a salary of ten a week was promised. I looked at this longingly. My handwriting had often been commended, the ten dollars a week was very tempting, but—having taken a classical course at school, I had never studied bookkeeping. With a sigh I was compelled to pass over this alluring prospect, for I could not but feel that Mr. Winkler had told the truth when he said that ten dollar a week salaries for inexperienced youths did not grow on a tree.

How I was to get along on less I did not know, but the present necessity was not a high salary, but a salary of any sort. I glanced anxiously further down the column, and my eye was arrested by a call for "genteel young man, 16 to 20, writing a fair hand, for office; salary moderate; references. Call after 4."

There were several points in these three lines that set my heart to beating hopefully. I was between sixteen and twenty, felt pretty certain that I was genteel, I knew I wrote a hand that was more than fair, and as it was now not yet nine, there was ample time for me to get to the down town address given before ten, and thus be assured that the position had not been already captured. But the reference requirement made me a little anxious. Most decidedly I could not mention Mr. Tick, and after what had occurred, I had some doubts about Mr. Winkler's willingness to act in this capacity. Still, there was my Uncle James. He was certainly well known in the business world, although there was the possibility of his death, which would not be accepted as security for my honesty and general trustworthiness.

The advertisement stated, too, that only a moderate salary would be paid, but half a loaf was better than no bread. "I've got plenty of time," I said to myself. "I may as well save the five cents and walk down."

The location given was, I knew, not far from the City Hall. I wondered what the business would be. But I would soon find out. I struck into Broadway at Thirty Third Street, and went on straight down that busy street till I reached the post office. Then I turned off to the left, and after continuing on down a narrow side street, glanced ahead and saw that the number at which I was aiming was on a paper warehouse—Milbank & Co. I also got something else—something that I would have given a good deal not to have seen.

This was the young man I had met in Bryant Park the night before. He had evidently failed to secure my place at Tick's, and had come here on the same errand as myself.

CHAPTER XV.

HOPE DEFERRED.

IT still wanted ten minutes to ten, and striking off to the other side of the street, I walked slowly down the opposite sidewalk, trying to decide what I ought to do. I could scarcely call myself acquainted with Powers King, for he did not know my name. I was therefore not under any obligations of friendship that would prevent my entering into competition with him for a position.

And yet I hated to do it. I felt that the man was desperate, and besides, when I had left him the night before he had promised to get me a job.

As I reflected thus I kept on walking until I reached the corner, around which I turned and continued along till I came out at the Brooklyn Bridge.

"I must look for something else," I muttered, drawing a long breath, and strolling out on the promenade. I kept on till I reached the first tower, where, seeing a bench that was in the shade, I drew out my *Herald*, and began to look through the list again.

I picked out one which I had thrown out before, that a hatter who wanted an extra man on Fridays and Saturdays.

"Perhaps I might begin that way," I decided, "and make myself so useful that by the time my money gave out he would give me a permanent position."

Stuffing the paper back in my pocket, I started for the New York end, and, after making an inquiry or two, succeeded in finding the store. It was situated on a busy corner, one street back from Broadway, and there were two customers inside when I entered.

A salesman came forward at once to wait on me, with his polite "What can I serve you with, sir?"

"I should like to see Mr. Fellows," I replied. "Is he in?"

"That is he, waiting on that gentleman," and the clerk inclined his head toward a youngish man whose face beamed with good humor.

I waited until he was at liberty, and then stepping up to him, began: "Mr. Fellows, you advertised for a man to assist you on Fridays and Saturdays?"

"I did," he answered, taking me in from hat to shoes in a swift, comprehensive glance.

"I should like to inquire what you pay?" I went on, doubtful of what to say next, and settling the matter by asking for information I was extremely anxious to obtain.

"But what?" I wanted to know. The hatter shrugged his shoulders and smiled, as much as to say that was none of his business, as indeed it wasn't, and fearing lest I might render him impatient with me, I went on:

"Do you think I would suit you for an extra man?"

"Ever worked in a hat store before?" he asked.

"No, sir," I answered.

"What sort of reference have you got?" he continued.

"I've got New York," I answered. "I came from Massachusetts."

"Oh," he said, and looked me over again, as though something in my replies had aroused his suspicions.

At that moment a gentleman whom Mr. Fellows knew entered the store, and he hurried from me to wait on him. I waited in a different sense, wondering what would be the result of my application.

I had stepped to the door and was walking up and down the street, when, as my head was turned one way, a hearty "Hello" hurried from me to wait on him.

"Norman Brooke, what a jolly surprise!"

I turned quickly and saw Arthur Steele, a Boston friend of mine. He was loaded down with satchels, and his sister stood just behind him.

I took off my hat and hurried forward to shake hands.

"We're in a tearing hurry to catch the train for Philadelphia," Arthur explained. "Can't stop to talk, but how are you?"

"Here, let me help you with some of those things, and I'll walk along with you to the ferry," I said, feeling so delighted to be put in touch with this reminder of the "happy days of old" that I forgot all about Mr. Fellows.

"Here! you're a brick, Norman," and Arthur passed me a bag and his umbrella. "We're going out to my cousin Oscar's place in Medford for a visit. You know him? Yes, to be sure you do. I remember now he invited you to come and see him. I wish you could come on while we're there. We'd have no end of a good time. Quick, tell me your address in town, and I'll get him to have you on now."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly come," I answered, "much as I would like to. But I'd like to have you write to me," and I gave him the number in Forty Third Street.

"I'll remember it for him," laughed Harriet. "Art's mind's too full of time table figures and railroad fares to hold anything more at present."

By this time we had reached the ferry, and wishing them a pleasant journey, and with Arthur's repeated "I'm going to get Oscar to write and you must come!" ringing in my ears, I turned back and retraced my steps to Fellows's.

"His friend had gone, and stepping up to me I recalled myself to his notice by saying, "Well, Mr. Fellows, do you think I would suit you as that extra man?"

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, my identity evidently now dawning on him. "Sorry, but I have just hired a man, not five minutes ago."

My encounter with the Steeles had been the cause of my losing this chance. I compressed my lips and hurried out of the store, which, now that I had no chance of getting in there, seemed a very bad place.

Mechanically I turned up to Broadway. I was beginning to grow discouraged. Fate seemed very unkind to me. She appeared to take a delight in thwarting my expectations by entirely new methods.

"I was passing a drug store, in the window of which a man was in the act of putting up a sign, 'Boy Wanted.'"

"I can't be forestalled now," I told myself, and hurrying in I walked up to the clerk, who was still pressing the square of paper against the glass.

"Who wants the boy here?" I asked.

"To whom shall I apply?"

"To that gentleman behind the prescription desk," he said, and a moment later I had offered my services to the proprietor.

"Yes; we want somebody to run the soda water fountain," he said, "and we pay five dollars a week. Have you had any experience?"

"No, but I think I could easily learn the duties."

"To be sure you could. You look like a bright fellow. Where did you work last?"

"At Mr. Tick's, in the toy business," I answered, wondering what was coming next.

"And you left because—"

"The drug man wanted for me to fill in the gap," I waited to think how to do it, and then "I guess you won't suit," he said meaningly, and I walked out, something very like despair beginning to well up in my heart.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST MEAL.

MOTHER—"Do not call every meal your dinner. I love. There are three meals—breakfast, dinner and supper. Now, what meal do you take first?"

LITTLE BOY—"Oat meal."

—Drake's Magazine.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

BROWN—"Shoplifting is a crime, isn't it?"

SMITH—"Of course it is."

BROWN—"Well, then, how would you proceed to lift a bicycle out of a country store sky high?"—Chicago Saturday Herald.

THE PRAISE OF HEALTH.

HEALTH, brightest visitant from heaven,
Grant me with thee to rest!
For the short term by nature given,
Be thou my constant guest.
For all the pride that wealth bestows,
The pleasure that from children flows,
What else avails me in this life,
That makes me covet to be great,
Whatever sweet we hope to find
In love's delightful snares,
Whatever good by heaven assigned,
Whatever pause from cares,—
All flourish at thy smile divine,
The spring of loveliness is thine.
And every joy that warms our hearts
With thee approaches and departs.

—From the Greek.

[This Story began in Number 450.]

THE CHINESE CONSPIRACY;

OR,

A Naval Cadet's Adventures in the Celestial Empire.

BY ENRIQUE H. LEWIS,

Author of "The Adventures of Two Naval Apprentices," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SHIFT AND A DISGUISE.

SEVERAL days previous to the events set forth in the last chapter, a small river boat sailed out of the harbor of Taku, the lower port of Tientsin on the Pei-ho. It was one of the ordinary flat bottomed craft, much used in inland traffic, and carried a single sail rudely slung to a low bamboo mast. The three men constituting the crew had easy work navigating their boat, and it passed along at a fairly rapid rate among the many vessels at anchor in front of the city.

After a short tack across the channel, a course was shaped up the river, which here runs its crooked way for many miles in varying breadth. The wind served well and suited the changing curves of the course with but little swinging of the bamboo yard.

After the main portion of the city had dropped astern and only a scattered cluster of suburbs lined the shore, one of the crew betook himself to the little cabin, and, after a hurried glance at both banks, disappeared through the narrow doorway leading into the interior. The man at the tiller ordered his companion to "slew" the light cotton sail a little more to one side, and then, strange to relate, turned squarely around on the deck and continued his steering with his eyes directed towards the port from whence they had sailed.

For a good half hour he stood in this queer position, and then, apparently satisfied with his long inspection in that quarter, again resumed the general attitude of an upright and skillful helmsman. The boat had sailed on just the same, and the only rational reason for its doing so was the possible fact that the Chinaman was on the most intimate terms with the channel.

There was something of peculiar attraction in that point where the down-wind bow of the current disappeared from view, for when he faced the other way, the man with him, obedient to a few brief words, concentrated his attention there, and anon would even shade his eyes with both hands in minute search.

The Chinaman who had entered the little box, otherwise known by courtesy as the cabin, paused as he reached the floor and carefully hauled down a piece of thick matting which formed the only door. Then he crept forward a few feet and seating himself on a wooden bunk at the end, addressed a man reclining there, who had been a silent spectator of his movements.

"We are now out of sight of Taku," he said in the native tongue, "and I think there is little danger of being followed."

The person on the couch arose and, wearily stretching his arms, replied: "I believe your fears regarding that man

are groundless, Kai. I met him on the steamer and, in fact, became well acquainted with him. He is only one of the rich merchants traveling back and forth along the coast."

"You might think so," answered Kai, darting a shrewd glance at his companion. "But I know him. That man is Hong Li, the Tsan-fu, or Sub-Colonel of Foo Chow, and when I caught that glimpse of him before the passengers landed at Taku, I knew perfectly well that he was following you. To make sure that I am not mistaken in the man, let me ask you, has he a broad red scar on the right cheek?"

"Why yes," was the reply given in a surprised tone, and the speaker looked at his companion with renewed interest as he continued: "He did have a most unsightly blemish on the right side of his face. It appeared as if it came from a wound only recently healed."

"Then that is Hong Li," reiterated Kai emphatically. "He has learned something, and is watching you beyond a doubt." Did you give him your real name?

"Certainly, or at least he asked me if I was not Ensign Dalton, and stated that he had met me at my father's— that is on shore once." He ceased speaking almost abruptly and, sitting down on the edge of the bunk, buried his face in his hands. Kai gazed at him with a half contemptuous smile hovering around the corners of his mouth, then he placed one hand on a certain spot on his shoulder with a quick gesture and shook his clenched fist at his companion. The smile had changed to a look of ferocious hatred.

The little by play was of short duration, however—only a fleeting color in the ever changing kaleidoscope of human passions, and the Chinaman answered the ensign almost immediately. His voice was soft as he spoke, he tapped Dalton lightly on the arm.

"It will take all the Tsan-fu's in the Empire to stop us now, my friend, but we must get to work. It will require the best part of a day to use the stain properly. We had better commence now. Remember it is for the life of your worthy parent that—"

"Shut up!" exclaimed Dalton, suddenly rising to his feet, and turning a face white with rage towards his companion: "I have warned you before, you dog! Isn't it enough that I have consented to your infamous demands, consented to my everlasting dishonor and shame, without having you always reminding me of it? Now let this be the last time, and distinctly understand that I will do all said. I will get the information and exchange it for my father's life, but don't you go far."

The ensign moved away from Kai, who had listened in apparent humility, and walking towards the door, started to raise the matting. He paused irresolutely for a moment, then went back to the bunk.

"Come on now, if you want to commence this job," he said sullenly, then removing his upper garments, stood with bared chest while Kai rubbed a peculiar smelling liquid all over his hands, arms and face. The Chinaman worked quickly and with great care, as if engaged on a familiar operation. He used a soft wad of cotton, and after smearing the dye over the part, daubed it laboriously with the cloth. After two successive applications he waited for it to dry.

"Do you know, sir, you are too hard upon me!" he said to his friend. "I am only an agent in this matter, as you know very well. I have to obey orders, and yet you blame me for what others do. I am only carrying out the mandates of the Chief, he gave an involuntary salaam as he uttered the title, and otherwise I am your very good friend."

"Yes?" muttered Dalton incredulously; then he turned abruptly and added: "Look here, Kai, did you tell me the truth about Coleman?"

The Chinaman had resumed the daubing process and, at that moment engaged on the back of Dalton's neck, he smiled furtively at the question and replied: "Of course I did. Why should I lie about it? Before we had been in Taku three days I received word from Shanghai that he was released promptly after the steamer was wrecked, and he took on board this ship by the way. But this will do for the stain now. Sit down on the bunk and I will shave your head."

The ensign obeyed and Kai proceeded

a fairly good razor and a pair of scissors, with which he removed Dalton's close cropped locks and luxuriant mustache. He left a small spot on the top part of the head, and, with the skill of a past master in the art, fastened there a long and carefully braided queue. Then, after staining the rest of the skull, he stepped back and regarded his handiwork with complacent self-satisfaction.

"Ah! Wong Li," he exclaimed, "you will have a hard time recognizing your former acquaintance, Ensign Dalton, even if you do follow us. Now for the clothes."

Hauling an old chest from under the bunk, he opened it and took therefrom sundry garments, which his companion, not without several wry grimaces, proceeded to don in lieu of his own. When he was clothed throughout the transformation was complete. The officer, fastidious in dress and haughty in manner, stood revealed, a veritable Mongolian, and not a very pleasing one either. Probably it was the dye, or possibly the dress carried with it the subtle characteristic of some other man; any way the dark scowl on the face of the present wearer would have looked better on one not belonging to an officer of the American navy.

"Did you learn anything more about the uprising at Tung-Chow?" asked Dalton, as he placed his discarded garments in the old chest.

"Enough to know that it would be impossible for you to pass without me," replied Kai shortly. "I will take you to the sight of the gates at Peking, and will wait until you return. It should not take you more than two days." The words bore a quiet menace. "I will expect you then."

Dalton did not answer, but threw himself on the bunk and closed his eyes as if he slept thoughtfully. Kai returned to the deck, and after asking the two men if they had sighted anything yet, sat down on the roof of the cabin. His face had lost the sham of good humor and now bore its true guise of malevolent cunning. He ordered one of the men to bring him an ink pot and pen, and taking a roll of thin paper from his pocket wrote rapidly thereon for several minutes. Then folding the written manuscript carefully, he sealed it with a peculiar native wax and gave it to the helmsman. Several hours later the boat passed Tientsin without stopping and proceeded on up the Pei-ho river.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARLIE EXPLAINS.

TO return to the scene of the cavern. When the curtain was drawn aside at the opening leading into the outer room, Lawrence looked up hastily and saw that which caused him to spring to his feet with an exclamation of joy. The light streaming in from the doorway did not reveal to the astonished midly the form of Charlie Travis!

He was evidently a prisoner, as several guards were with him, and just as Lawrence started forward with outstretched hands, the curtain was again dropped, leaving them in the darkness. A few moments later the boat passed back in the gloomy depths of the cavern and he heard the voice and that was enough. Calling to each other, they speedily met, and the shaking, the clapping of fraternal hands on sturdy backs, and the many ejaculations of mutual pleasure indicated the bond of friendship between the two.

Mr. Dalton remained in the background and listened with sympathetic interest until Lawrence called him by name and explained his presence in a few brief words.

"What! Not the father of Ensign Dalton!" exclaimed Charlie in amazement.

"Yes; the naval ensign of that name is my son," interposed Mr. Dalton. Then he asked eagerly: "Do you know him, sir?" Can you tell me where he is now?"

Travis felt a significant nudge from Lawrence and hesitated before replying. He was quick enough to see that his friend did not want anything said that would lead the old man to suspect the truth, so he simply replied: "Yes; I am acquainted with your son. He was on board the steamer Tartar Khan at Shanghai, about two weeks ago. He was on his way to Japan, I believe."

"Then he continued on the trip?" ejaculated Lawrence, however not feeling very much surprised at the intelligence. He was certain by this time that the ensign was implicated in his abduction, and that that was all a vast scheme in which the ciphers played a no unimportant part. At the moment he involuntarily placed his hand over the little pouch slung around his neck and felt exceedingly glad that he still retained them in his possession. He had determined to convey them to Peking despite the efforts of his enemies to the contrary.

Mr. Dalton received the intelligence with resignation. He had lost all hope of receiving assistance from his son in his first talk with Lawrence. Now the presence of the two young men inspired him with a belief that they could aid him to escape, and he therefore did not regard Charlie's news as hopelessly as Lawrence expected.

The latter was eager to ascertain what had transpired since that night in the band and how Charlie had become a guest of the officers. He suggested that they sat down on the pallet and Travis commenced his story. The gloom of the interior was oppressive, and he spoke in low tones. Every now and then a clatter of arms came from outside or one of the coolies would stand up, long faint scratches of which were quite enough for the unwilling hearers in the little cave.

"Well, to begin," said Charlie, speaking in a matter of fact way. "I set out to find the mountain retreat of this band. I have found it, but I don't remember that, will you? This is only another instance where I have thoroughly succeeded in an undertaking, although, to tell the truth, it was less my own endeavors than the material assistance I received from some coolies and a sword passing him on the back. That's all you were carried away that time in Shanghai, I felt so deuced lonesome that I borrowed a steam launch and followed you."

"By Jove! you are a friend," exclaimed Lawrence, reaching over and patting him on the back. "That's all bosh about feeling lonesome. I'll wager I know just what—"

"Now, keep quiet, Larry, or I'll not say another word," interrupted Travis, laughing softly to himself; then, satisfied with the silence which followed his threat, he resumed: "After leaving the 'bund' we steamed past Woosung—where is your coat, Larry?"

"My coat?" answered the midly, surprised at the question. "Why, I—oh, yes, I left it on top of a junk's deck board. I have never seen it since." "That coat came very near being the cause of your rescue. If it hadn't been for a weak joint or something on the launch's engine, I would have had you out of there in a jiffy. Did you hear me when we were alongside?"

"I was very nearly broke my heart when we sailed on. I was bound hand and foot, and gagged, too. But what did you do afterward?"

"Got a 'tow' back to the city. Repaired the confounded engine, and then set out again. It took the workmen two days to get the junk together and to tear it apart and make a new piece, but when it was finished we made good time to Tungting Lake. I kept an eye out for the junk, but didn't see her anywhere."

"It wouldn't have made any difference if you had, as I was transferred to another the next day. But how did you know I was to be brought here? You have been talking as if you knew all about it."

Charlie briefly described the scene on the steamer, omitting his conversation with Dalton, and also related the disastrous loss of the most important part of the note.

"I have it with me," he continued, "and will show it to you when we get any light. What I had left of the direction was: 'Change to go three leagues west, then north—' Well, I went forty three leagues west, then north until I met a crowd of these robbers tonight and was gathered in."

"How on earth did you expect to do anything alone?" asked Lawrence, highly indignant, but exceedingly grateful, nevertheless.

"Well, I am blamed if I hadn't," frankly confessed Charlie. "I know of any clear idea how I would work it, but

I thought it would do no harm to make an attempt. However, here we are, three birds in a net and the hunter whetting his knife. How long have you been here, Larry?"

"Two hours."

"Well, did you just arrive? Well, I declare! I've been around this vicinity two days. Let the launch over a week ago. By the way, that reminds me, the launch will wait twenty days for me, and then if I don't return it will go back to Shanghai, if it can get there, and Consul Purcell, the owner, will notify the American government of the whole affair. He has already written Admiral Hewett about you and several other little things which we will talk about later on."

"Then the admiral knows it by this time. By Jove! what a row there will be," exclaimed Lawrence, suddenly recalling the effect his abduction would have on the flagship; then that led up to other thoughts concerning the secret mission, and he added: "Charlie, we must get out of here. We must try and contrive some means to escape. If I don't finish my part of the journey I will never return to the Benton. I can't explain, but it is absolutely imperative that I reach the destination I started for without delay. It will do no harm to tell you that it is government business of the greatest importance."

"I know it," replied Travis sentimentally.

"What do you know?" asked Lawrence, a little uneasily.

"Now, look here, Larry; I respect you and I respect your official secrets to yourself. It is your duty, but in this case I have learned what it is in rather a peculiar manner. You see, when I was captured I pretended not to know Chinese and they talked freely in my presence. When they jumped on me several fellows from the Benton came out, then and there, and findings some papers on my person telling who I was, they concluded to bring me before the chief to see whether it was worth while to keep me for ransom or feed the animals around here with some nice American food. Well, he decided that he would try the ransom act first. However, while I was before him in the ante-room of this inferno I overheard him talking to a high toned Chinaman who had evidently just arrived."

Charlie paused in a reflective manner for a moment, thinking over his next words, then he resumed, but his voice had grown very grave: "I will tell you what, Lawrence; there is a vast conspiracy on foot, and it deals with more than you are aware of, I think. The people that are talking about this French trouble are all endeavoring to involve the United States in a quarrel with China, also. They said something about the Langsiang affair and also spoke of certain ciphers taken from one of the 'Fankwei' captives. These 'ciphers' were to be used to blow away—"

"What! Ciphers? You don't—" Lawrence did not finish the sentence, but tore at his clothing in frantic haste. He hauled out the rubber bag, but this time the fact that it was bulged out with its contents did not reassure him. A terrible thought came into his mind, the middy when he heard the latter part of Charlie's revelations.

Lawrence opened the bag by tearing it with his teeth, and before the others had realized what he was doing, he scrambled over to the mat curtain and tore through the one side. A few rays of light confirmed his suspicions. The ciphers were gone, and only a wad of common rice paper occupied their place.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN INTERRUPTED CONFERENCE.

IT is the nature of some to experience disaster without loud outcry. The greater the blow the less display of emotion. It was so with Lawrence in this instance. The loss of the ciphers meant a great deal to him; in all probability more than the occasion warranted, but it must be remembered that he was young and a member of that corps with whom a faithful discharge of duty is next to religion.

As he torn pouch and its false contents, potent emblems of mockery, he read their meaning with dazed eyes. He saw failure and dishonor, the righteous indignation of the

admiral, and the ending of that career he loved so well—he cast the useless articles aside and silently returned to his companions.

Charlie and Mr. Dalton had jumped to their feet when they saw Lawrence open the curtain, and the former was on the point of starting after him, but hearing the middy coming back, he waited, half suspecting the truth. Lawrence did not sit down again, but leaned against the wall and gave himself up to bitter reflections. For a time there was silence in the cave. Mr. Dalton had realized, from the previous conversation, that some most important subject was involved, so when the middy returned from the doorway he said nothing, but awaited further events.

Presently Charlie moved over to where Lawrence was standing, and, putting his hand on the middy's shoulder with a friendly touch, asked quietly: "What is it, Larry? Anything I can help you in?"

There was no reply for a long time; then he heard a sound he could not define; it was curiously like a sob, and Lawrence answered: "It is nothing, Charlie, thank you; nothing at all," and that was the last he said on the subject for many days. It was not because he thought Travis unworthy of confidence which covered untold sympathy, and then commenced to talk about plans for escaping. The curtain had fallen again to its place, and the cave was once more in utter darkness, but they were accustomed to it by this time and moved about with comparative freedom.

"Well, my hearties!" exclaimed Charlie at last, "suppose we see what can be done towards getting out of here. I propose we form a committee of ways

and means, and we will elect you chairman, Mr. Dalton, without one dissenting vote. You have been here the longest and probably know how the land lies, as it were. Come, Larry, cheer up, old boy. We will get out of here and shout defiance in the beggars' teeth. Once free from this cave, we can surely find our way back to the launch; then, hey! for the river and the lake; and ho! for Shanghai and revenge. What say you; shall we mope or grope?"

His cheerful spirit was infectious, and both Lawrence and the old man forgot their woes for the time being. In the few brief moments since making his discovery, the middy had passed through several stages of emotion. At first he had surrendered to despair, then, as he thought it over, the calamity did not seem so great, after all. He saw, like a sensible lad, that the admiral could not blame him so much; it was an accident liable to happen to any one, and, although at the first keen throbs of grief all desire to leave the cave alive was gone, now the wish had increased a hundredfold. Only to regain freedom; to be able to unmask the ensign and bring him to justice, for that he would go through any peril.

"Yes, you are right, Charlie," he replied with feverish haste. "We must make our escape. Where is the launch?"

"I left it a few miles below a place called Lungyang, just where the Yoon River empties into Tungting Lake. We selected a nice spot, almost out of sight of passing vessels, and there are two good men and a boy to defend it; but, I say, just before I came away, Que, the captain, told me he had heard there was a general uprising of the natives along the river almost to Shanghai. The natives are arming themselves, and all the foreigners in the cities on the Yang-tze-kiang are moving to the caves alive; but, I am afraid I am afraid we will find ourselves in a hornet's nest. Ah! but once aboard the American Eagle we will give them a warm reception."

"Well, we will try pretty hard," answered Lawrence grimly. "Now, Mr. Dalton, you know the country around here; about how far is it to the place Charlie has mentioned?"

The old man had taken no part in the conversation as yet, but had quietly seated himself on his bed, and listened while the others were talking; now, at Lawrence's question, he joined in and showed by his knowledge of their location and by divers shrewd suggestions that he would prove a valuable aid in their projects.

"It must be at least one hundred and fifty miles to Changteh," he replied, "and from there to Lungyang is twenty more, but there are short cuts in the mountains about here which would lessen the distance somewhat. The traveling is good after you pass Yungshung, and if we get that far

we can hire conveyances for the rest of the journey."

"That is," corrected Charlie with a laugh, "the natives don't want our lives instead of our money."

"Money?" added Lawrence, also laughing. "Who has any? I've been plucked clean, and I think you are in the same box."

"By Jove! you are right," replied Travis ruefully. "I haven't even a solitary cash left. However, we can manage away without it, and methinks muscle, both in the arms and legs, will be of more service. Now, Mr. Dalton, what about this place? Have you seen enough of it to know how to get out?"

"Yes; I think I have a pretty good idea, and if I had a light and something to draw on, I could give you the general outlines of the stronghold. You see they have allowed me to wander about in the daytime, probably thinking I was too old to do any harm, so I quietly improved the opportunity."

"Can you furnish the paper, and you can get a light by moving that curtain a few inches," suggested Lawrence, remembering the pseudo ciphers. "Now, what can we find that will answer the purpose of a pencil?"

"I think I have a stub of black lead somewhere," said Charlie, feeling in all of his pockets. "I generally carry five or six pieces stored in my clothes. Long ones I always loose, and the governor taught me the idea of keeping little ends strewn around promiscuously; then I always have one. Ah! I thought so."

As he searched, he fished out a fragment about one inch long from his "pistol" pocket, and they groped their way to the entrance.

Travis pulled the matting slightly to one side, and, assisted by the slender pencil, Lawrence soon found the paper he had thrown down. This, with the pencil, was handed to Mr. Dalton, who, using his knee as a table, managed to draw a rude sketch.

After he had finished, he crept nearer to the curtain, and explained its meaning to Charlie and Lawrence. He showed a wonderful knowledge of the subject, considering his opportunities.

"These caves are the result of some remote disturbance of the earth," commented Mr. Dalton, holding the plan so that they could see plainly. "They are a series of fissures in the rocky center of the mountain, and a better stronghold could not have been made to order. The whole mountain must have been split in twain by an earthquake ages ago, and parts have gradually filled in again, until the crack has formed into a series of caves and tunnels. In some places it is still open to the top, as in the one that is next but one to us; that is a split running clear up to a small, irregular shaped fissure at the summit, but the sides are smooth stone, and it would be utterly impossible to climb out. The cave we are in runs back a great distance, and ends at a mass of earth which has probably fallen in from time to time. No doubt there will be a like filling in of this part where we are now standing, unless the mass is so wedged in at the top that it forms a strong roof. There are other caves opening from the larger one next to us through which we must pass to the exit, but I have never been in them. It looks pretty hopeless, doesn't it?"

"It does that," admitted Lawrence; "but about these caves you just men-

tioned; isn't it possible there might be an opening from one of them?"

"Why, yes; that reminds me," answered Mr. Dalton, excitedly raising his voice; "I was in the large open space one day, and, on returning to the cavern just outside, saw a man whom I had not met before. He was talking to the chief, and appeared as if he had only just arrived. It struck me as queer at that time, as I know he did not pass me. There must— He stopped suddenly, and, with a cry of alarm, instinctively drew nearer to his companions.

(To be continued.)

A HOBBY FOR MAKING PEOPLE HAPPY.

The man with a hobby is usually considered to be a bore. He not only likes to ride it practically at every opportunity, but takes solid satisfaction in talking about it at all times and seasons. But there are hobbies and hobbies, and a few more of the nature of the one described below by a New York paper of the world could get along with very well:

A *Courier* reporter dropped into a furnishing and clothing store on Nassau Street the other day and saw one of the salesmen busily engaged with a well dressed, portly old gentleman of benign expression, who held a boy, ragged and unclean, by the hand.

A few moments later that urchin was taken into a dressing room, from which he soon appeared, clad from head to foot in clothes such as he had probably never dared hope to possess. Hat and shoes, necktie and handkerchiefs, completed the present to the little fellow, who was also given underwear enough to last six months.

The old man and the lad he had befriended disappeared, and the reporter asked for a little information.

"Why," said the salesman, "it is the delight of that man to clothe ragged street Arabs. I suppose he comes in here or goes into some other store down town two or three times a week with a poor boy in tow, who is soon transformed into a decent looking lad.

"It's his hobby, and a good one, too, I think. He can afford it, and I believe the solid enjoyment he gets out of his pet way of getting rid of some of his surplus money is much greater than the pleasure many a rich man finds in his yacht or his horse."

MINING FOR MOLASSES.

There is something fascinating about the very word mine. One is always inclined to associate it with richness. And here come people in Kansas, where they can't dig for silver or gold, who are determined to dig for something, so they propose to sink mines for molasses. At least so says the *Kansas City Star*.

Some Ellsworth people propose to bore holes in the earth for molasses as they have been bored for petroleum. Kansas City engineers and scientists have been consulted recently in regard to the matter. The proposition seemed so absurd that most of them thought it an attempt to "guy" them. But the Ellsworth people are in earnest, and propose to sink shafts for molasses. The project received its start when masses of a sirupy nature were penetrated in boring for salt in Kansas. There were indications that there was a great reservoir of the substance. It was unlike anything ever before found in the earth. Samples were removed and sent away for examination. The answer received was that the substance was what might be called crude sirup. The theory is that centuries ago vegetation in the form of rank sugar cane abounded, particularly in this portion of Kansas, where it is proposed to bore.

A DANGEROUS WEAPON.

"She waved her umbrella and caught his eye," said Hawker, "and I was lost."

"Did it put the eye out?" asked Smithers, who had seen women waving umbrellas before. —*Harper's Bazar.*

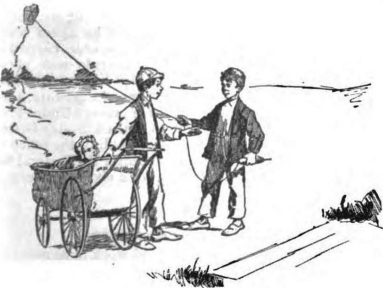
MINDING THE BABY.

A KITE EXPERIMENT THAT BENJAMIN FRANKLIN NEVER TRIED.



I.

JIMMY—"Hey, Johnny, just look at my new kite! It's a daisy, I tell you!"



II.

JOHNNY—"Say, Jimmy, tie the string to this perambulator, and it will save my wheeling it up the hill."



III.

JOHNNY'S idea works beautifully. The boys' attention, however, is distracted by a butterfly hunt.



IV.

And when they look back to the baby, they see a sight that astrophishes them.



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TIME SAVING TUBES.

WE Americans are apt to think that we have a monopoly on all the labor saving contrivances and devices for making short cuts in distances. It is therefore with some surprise we read that over in Europe they are sending letters between Paris and Berlin, a distance of several hundred miles in an hour and a half, sometimes even in thirty five minutes. This is accomplished by means of pneumatic tubes, a fact that suggests possibilities in the way of future rapid transit which, it may be, the United States will be the first to develop fully.

The only use of these means of communication in this country on anything like an extended scale is, so far as we know, the Western Union Telegraph Company's system of transmitting messages between its head offices in Dey Street, New York, and its branch at Twenty Third Street. These two points, distant about two miles and a half, are connected by a double pneumatic tube beneath the surface of Broadway.

The city of Paris is covered, or rather underlined, by a network of such tubes, with numerous stations at which messages are received and delivered. The special cards provided for this service by the French postal authorities are no doubt known to most of those who collect foreign stamps.

Those who appreciate good press work, fine illustrations and the best of paper will pronounce The Argosy peerless. It is the prince of juvenile publications—always alive, always clean, always interesting.

THE PORTRAITS ON OUR MONEY

AS our readers are doubtless aware, all the portraits on the stamps and paper money of the United States are those of the great men of the past. In the monarchical countries of the old world, the reigning ruler's likeness will generally be found on the country's currency, until, at his death, it is replaced by that of his successor. Our custom is the direct opposite. Portraits are placed upon our governmental issues not as a tribute to the authority of the living but as a token of respect for the dead. When a great American soldier or statesman dies, his memory is honored by the engraving of his features upon our paper certificates of value.

For instance, it was not until after the death of General Grant that the rugged lineaments of the great warrior's face appeared upon the five dollar silver certificate and the five cent postage stamp. Garfield's portrait, too, after his tragic end, was placed upon the five cent stamp and the five dollar national bank bills. General Hancock's likeness adorned the last two dollar silver certificate, and a new issue of that bill, now being prepared, is to

bear a vignette of the late Secretary Windom. Vice President Hendricks and General Sherman have been similarly commemorated, while the two latest one dollar bills have shown portraits of two less recent worthies—Martha Washington and Secretary Stanton.

Probably the next great American to be honored will be the late General Sherman.

ONLY A BOY.

"Only a boy," did you say?
Yes, but the boys of today
Shall be the men of tomorrow.
"Only a boy,"—true it is;
Ah, but the future is his,
Freighted with honor or sorrow.

Men that work nobly today
Sooner or late pass away,
Leaving their labors to others,
Sons for their fathers must stand,
Youth shall inherit the land—
Learn ye the lesson, my brothers.

Learn to be steadfast and wise,
Folly and shame to despise;
Be like the heroes of story,
Ready with perils to cope;
Ye are America's hope—
Be her defense and her glory!

VOLUNTEER NAVAL RESERVES.

FASHION is not always silly. It is largely to her behests that we owe the healthful interest in athletics which of late years has done so much for the health of city bred young men—and young women too. And now it seems that fashion has come to the rescue again—this time to give us an efficient body of volunteers ready to lend trained service in defending the metropolis and its vast shipping interests from the sudden attack of an enemy's fleet. We refer to the New York battalion of the Naval Reserve, which has been organized by the authority of the State and national governments, and has received valuable support from many of the public spirited owners of our white winged fleet of yachts. The battalion is being drilled in the handling of heavy guns, and will be equipped to serve in shore forts and floating batteries, and to manage those powerful weapons of marine defense and offense—torpedoes.

It is an encouraging sign of the times that plenty of excellent material should readily have been found for the formation of a volunteer corps of such undoubted usefulness and importance to New York.

BICYCLE CLUBS

SINCE our offer to give a fine safety bicycle to any boy or girl who would send us in one hundred three months' subscriptions to THE ARGOSY of fifty six months' subscriptions, we have received clubs of this sort from all sections of the country. We would be glad to have other readers of THE ARGOSY take advantage of this offer and secure one of our fine safety roadsters. These machines are giving the best of satisfaction. Without exception all who have secured the ARGOSY bicycles are pleased with them.

We will furnish you with subscription blanks and sample copies free. Simply write us for them saying you will get up a bicycle club for THE ARGOSY. In no other way can you earn a wheel so easily.

One week's determined work during odd hours will complete your club.

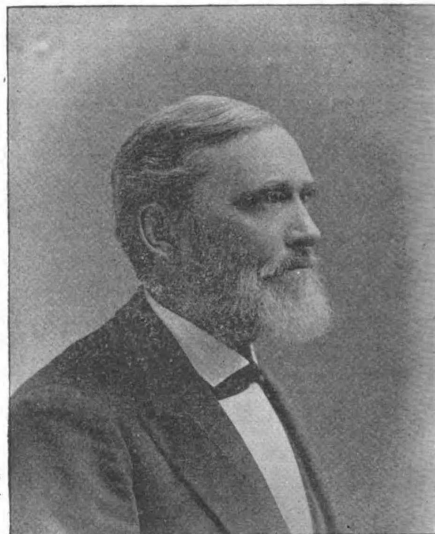
SHATTERED GLASS

STILL another old time belief has gone down beneath the relentless hand of modern revision. It seems that Cinderella's famous famous slipper wasn't of glass at all, but of fur. The mistake arose through the blunder of the man who originally translated the story from the French, where the slipper was described as being of *varr*, fur. Glass is *verre*, so it would seem that he was doing the work by dictation.

DAVID TURPIE.

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM INDIANA.

IN following the careers of men prominent in the public affairs of the day, we find that most of those to whom the conduct of our government is intrusted have, in the early part of their lives, passed through a course of law studies. The facts show, as might have been naturally expected, that a legal training is a valuable preparation for public life



DAVID TURPIE.

From a photograph by Bell, Washington, D. C.

—so valuable, indeed, that without it the candidate for legislative office is regarded as handicapped. Those chosen to frame our laws should be technically educated in legal science. If the majority, even the overwhelming majority, of our Representatives and Senators are men who have been called to the bar, it is as it should be. There is no justification for raising the hasty and ignorant cry that the lawyers are usurping an undue political influence.

Among the most practiced and experienced lawyers in Congress is Senator Turpie of Indiana. Born about sixty five years ago, he began to practice his chosen profession at Logansport in 1849, and rapidly rose to prominence. Four years later his fellow citizens elected him to the State Assembly. In 1854 the Governor of Indiana appointed him to a judgeship in the court of Common Pleas, and in 1856 to one in the Circuit Court, but he resigned both positions after a short tenure. Then he served another year in the Legislature, and in 1863 was elected to the United States Senate to fill an unexpired term.

This was very high political promotion for so young a man, but after his war-time Senatorship Mr. Turpie's public career was interrupted by several years of retirement. His party was in a minority in the State, and it was not until 1874 that he again sought public office. In that year the Democrats carried the Indiana Legislature, and Mr. Turpie was chosen speaker of the Assembly. In 1878 he was appointed a commissioner to revise the laws of the State, a task whose completion required three years. Under President Cleveland he served as United States District Attorney for Indiana, but after holding the office for seven months he resigned to reenter the Federal Senate, to which he was elected, for a six years' term, in February, 1887.

WHIPPING BY MACHINERY.

MACHINERY has replaced hand work in so many departments of industry that we are not, as a rule, surprised to hear of new applications in the line of automatic devices. It is somewhat of a shock to the sensibilities, however, to learn that in Russia a man has just completed a contrivance by which flogging can be administered "with neatness and dispatch."

A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

Author of
"Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck," etc.

CHAPTER V.

COMPARING NOTES.

"Is he dead?" Wentworth asked himself, with sudden hope, for the demise of Warren Lane would remove all danger.

He bent forward, to see if the sick man yet breathed.

"He's only fainted," he said to himself in disappointment.

Then a cunning scheme flashed upon him.

"Perhaps I can find the papers while he is unconscious," he thought.

He stepped hastily to the bureau, and opened the drawers one after the other, peering here and there in the hope of seeing the important documents.

It was while he was thus occupied that Gerald opened the door.

"What are you doing, Mr. Wentworth?" he asked in a clear, incisive voice.

Bradley Wentworth turned, and his face betrayed marks of confusion.

"Your father has fainted," he said, "and I am looking for some restorative—have you any salts, or hartshorn?"

Gerald hurried to his father's chair in sudden alarm.

"Father," he said anxiously, and placed his hand on the insensible man's forehead.

"Get some water," said Wentworth—"bathe his face."

This seemed good advice, and Gerald followed it. In a short time his father opened his eyes and looked about him in a dazed fashion.

"How do you feel, father? What made you faint?" asked Gerald.

"I dreamed that Bradley Wentworth was here, and that we had a discussion. He—he would not agree to my terms."

"He is here," said Gerald, and Wentworth came forward.

"Then—it is all real."

"Yes," said Wentworth, "but you are in no condition to talk. Let us defer our conversation."

"Alas! I do not know how much time I have left—"

"You can rely upon me to be a friend to your son, Lane."

"And yet—"

"Don't let us go into details. You are not strong enough to talk at present. I am sure Gerald will agree with me."

"Yes, father," said Gerald. "Mr. Wentworth is right. Wait till this afternoon. I want to come in and cook the trout. It is high time for dinner."

"You say well, Gerald," put in Wentworth. "I don't mind confessing that I am almost famished. If there were a hotel near I wouldn't encroach upon your hospitality. As it is, I admit that a dinner of trout would be most appetizing. And now, if you don't mind, I will go outside and smoke a cigar while your son is preparing it."

"That will be best, Mr. Wentworth," said Gerald approvingly. "If you remain here father will be talking, and he has already exhausted his strength."

"I will take a little walk," said Wentworth, as he stepped out of the cabin,

"but I won't be away more than half an hour."

"Very well, sir."

When Wentworth was at a safe distance Gerald advanced to his father's chair, and said in a low voice: "Father, I distrust that man. When I came into the room he was searching the bureau drawer."

Warren Lane nodded.

"He was after the papers," he said. "He offered me a thousand dollars for them."

"And you declined?"

"Yes: I will not barter my son's inheritance for a mess of pottage."

"I would rather have you do that,

and the appetizing odors of the trout were grateful to the nostrils of the hungry man. With boiled potatoes, corn bread and coffee, the meal was by no means to be despised. Seldom in his own luxurious house had Bradley Wentworth so enjoyed a dinner.

"You have a son, too, Wentworth," remarked Warren Lane during the progress of the meal.

"Yes."

"How old is he?"

"Seventeen."

"Then he is a year older than Gerald—I remember now he was about a year old when Gerald was born. Is he living at home with his parents?"



"WHO ARE YOU?" DEMANDED THE OWNER OF THE LOG CABIN.

father, than have your last moments disturbed."

"I will not permit myself to be disturbed. But, Gerald, I have one warning to give you. When I am gone this man will leave no stone unturned to get possession of those papers. Don't let him have them!"

"I won't, father. You had better not let him know that I have them."

"I shall not, but he will guess it. You will need all your shrewdness to defeat him."

"I will bear that in mind, father. Now dismiss the matter from your thoughts. I know your wishes, and I understand the character of the man who is your enemy and mine."

Warren Lane breathed a sigh of relief. "That lifts a burden from my mind," he said. "I am glad I took you into my confidence this morning. It was high time. I have done all I could, and must leave the rest to Providence and your own judgment and discretion."

"That's right, father. You have taught me to rely upon myself. I am ready and willing to paddle my own canoe."

"I hope you won't make such a failure of life as I have, Gerald."

"Don't say that, father. Rather let me hope that when I die I shall leave behind me one who will love me as much as I love you."

Warren Lane regarded his son with affection.

"You have my blessing, Gerald. May God bless you as you have blessed me."

An hour later Bradley Wentworth re-entered the cabin. A table was spread,

"He is at an academy preparing for Yale College."

"Ah!" said Warren Lane with a sigh. "He is enjoying the advantages I would like to give my boy. Is he studious?"

"Don't ask me!" replied Wentworth bitterly. "He has developed a far greater talent for spending money foolishly than for Latin or Greek."

"Being the son of a rich man, his temptations are greater than if, like Gerald, he were born to poverty."

"Perhaps so, but his taste for drink does not result from the possession of money. He has classmates quite as rich as he who are perfectly steady, and doing credit to their families."

"He may yet turn out all right, Bradley," said Mr. Lane, for the moment forgetting their points of difference and only remembering that he and Mr. Wentworth had been young men together. "Don't be too stern with him. It is best to be forbearing with a boy of his age."

"Forbearing! I try to be, but only last month bills were sent to me amounting to five hundred dollars, run up by Victor within three months."

Warren Lane inwardly thanked God that he had no fault to find with his boy. Gerald had never given him a moment's uneasiness. He had always been a dutiful son.

"After all," he thought, "wealth can't buy everything. I would not exchange my poverty for Bradley Wentworth's wealth, if I must also exchange sons. Poverty has its compensations."

"You are still living in Chicago?" said Lane.

"No; I have my office in Chicago, but I retain my residence in Seneca."

"Do you still keep up the factory?"

"Yes. I do more business than my uncle ever did."

He said this in a complacent tone.

"How unequally fortune is distributed!" thought Mr. Lane with an involuntary sigh. "Still—I have Gerald!"

CHAPTER VI.

A COMPACT.

AFTER dinner Warren Lane complained of fatigue, and lay down.

"I will talk with you tomorrow, Wentworth," he said. "Today I am too tired."

"Very well," assented Wentworth with some reluctance. "But I ought not to remain here longer than tomorrow. My business requires me at home."

"Tomorrow, then!" said Lane drowsily.

"Shall we take a walk?" asked Wentworth, directing the question to Gerald.

"I don't think I ought to leave my father. He doesn't seem at all well."

"But you left him this morning."

"Yes, and perhaps he would spare me now, but I have a feeling that I ought to stay with him. I should feel uneasy if I left him."

"Oh, well, do as you think best," said Wentworth rather crossly. He found the cabin insupportably dull, and would like to have wandered around with Gerald as a guide.

"I am sorry. I am afraid you will find time hang heavy on your hands."

"It can't be helped!" said Wentworth dryly. "I came here at your father's request, and tomorrow I must start for home. I

will take a walk by myself."

He strolled out into the woods, taking his bearings, so as not to lose the way.

"Well, well, this will soon be over," he said to himself. "Warren Lane is doomed. If I could only get hold of those papers before he dies I would leave the place content, and would not care if I never saw him or Gerald again.

Where can he keep them? If the boy hadn't interrupted me as he did, I might have found them. Does he keep them about his person, I wonder?"

He sauntered along for half an hour in a different direction from the one he had taken in his earlier walk.

"Not a house, or even a cabin! I'm soilloquized. This is indeed a forlorn place. One couldn't well get more out of the world."

"Ha, here is a cabin and its owner," he exclaimed a few moments later as his eye lighted on a log hut in a small clearing. "It seems pleasant to see a living being."

The owner referred to was a man of sturdy make, very dark as to complexion, with coarse, black hair. He was roughly dressed, and was smoking a pipe. Wentworth coughed to attract attention, and the man looked up.

"Who are you?" he demanded, surveying his visitor with a glance half curious, half suspicious.

"I am a stranger—just arrived," answered Wentworth in a conciliatory tone, for he did not feel the most absolute confidence in this man with his brigandish look.

"Ha, a tenderfoot!"

"Well, I don't know about that. My

feet will be tender, though, if I tramp round here much longer."

"Humph! Where might you be from?"

"From Chicago."

"And what brings you here?"

Bradley Wentworth did not quite like the man's intrusive curiosity, but he thought it policy not to betray his feeling.

"I came to see a friend—a sick friend," he answered, after a pause.

"The old man that lives a mile east of here? He has a son."

"The same."

"So you are his friend?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"Yes. I've seen him, but he ain't much to look at. He ain't my style."

"I should think not," passed through Wentworth's mind, but he was tempted by curiosity to inquire: "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, he's uppish—puts on frills, and so does his boy. I went round to make a neighborly call, but he told me he didn't feel like talking, and left me on the outside of the cabin lookin' like a fool!" and the backwoodsman spat to express his disgust.

"So he seemed to feel above you, did he?"

"Looked like it, but Jake Amsden don't knuckle down to nobody."

"Of course not. Why should you?" said Bradley Wentworth.

"Stranger, I don't know who you are, but you're the right sort. I've got some whisky inside. Will you drink?"

"Thank you," answered Wentworth hastily, "but I am out of health, and my doctor won't let me drink whisky. Thank you all the same!"

"Oh, well, if you can't, you can't. You ain't puttin' on no frills, are you?"

"Not at all, my friend. If you'll make room for me, I'll sit down beside you."

Jake Amsden was sitting on a log. He moved and made room for the visitor.

"Have you lived here long?" asked Wentworth sociably.

"A matter of a few months."

"What do you find to do?"

"Nothin' much. I reckon I'm a fool to stay here much longer. I'll be makin' tracks soon. Goin' to stang long yourself?"

"No. I am only here on a short visit. I may go tomorrow."

"How are you fixed?" asked Jake abruptly.

"Well, I've got a little money," answered Wentworth cautiously.

"You couldn't spare a chap a dollar, could you?"

"Yes," said Wentworth, as he took from his pocket a well filled wallet, and after some search took from a roll of larger bills a one dollar note and handed it to his companion.

If he had noticed the covetous look with which Jake Amsden regarded the wallet, he would have recognized his mistake. But before he looked up, Jake cunningly changed his expression, and said gratefully: "Thank you, boss; you're a gentleman."

Bradley Wentworth liked praise, especially where it was so cheaply purchased, and said graciously: "You're quite welcome, my good man."

"I'd like to grab the plunder," thought Jake, but as he took in Wentworth's robust frame, he decided that he had better not act inconsiderately.

"I'm a poor man," he said. "I never knewed what it was to have as much money as you've got there."

"Very likely. There are more poor men in the world than rich ones. Not that I am rich," he added quickly, with habitual caution.

"Is your friend rich?" queried Jake.

"The sick man, I mean."

An idea came to Wentworth.

"I don't think he has much money,"

he answered slowly, "but he has some papers that are valuable."

"Some papers?" repeated Jake vacantly. "What sort of papers be they?"

"Some papers that belong to me; my name is signed to them."

"How'd he get 'em, then?"

"I don't like to say, but they ought to be in my possession."

"Then why don't you ask for them?"

"I have."

"And he won't give 'em to you?"

"No; though I have offered a good sum of money for them."

"How much?"

Bradley Wentworth was too sharp to mention the amount he had offered Warren Lane. He was dealing with a character who took different views of money.

"I wouldn't mind giving a hundred dollars to any one who would bring me the papers," he answered, looking Jake Amsden full in the face.

"I'd like to make a hundred dollars," muttered Jake. "Where does he keep 'em?"

"My friend, if I could answer that question, I should not require any assistance, and I would save my hundred dollars. But I think it probable that he keeps the papers somewhere in the cabin."

"How'd I know 'em?"

"Can you read writing?"

"Well, a little. I never went to no college," said Jake, with a grin.

"You probably know enough of writing to identify my signature. Do you see this?" and he took from his pocket a paper to which his name was attached.

"Yes."

"Can you read the name?"

Jake screwed up his face and pored over the signature.

"Brad—Brad—le-y, Bradley."

"Yes, you are right so far. Now what is the other name?"

"W-e-n-t, went—wo-n-t-h. What's that?"

"Wentworth. My name is Bradley Wentworth."

"I see, boss. I made it out pretty good, considerin' it is such a long name."

"Yes," answered Wentworth encouragingly; "you made it out very well."

"I'll think of what you say, boss. The money'll be sure, won't it?"

"Yes; it will be promptly paid."

"All right! You're my style. Shake!" and he extended a hand which was far from clean to the rich "tenderfoot."

Bradley Wentworth was fastidious, but he swallowed his disgust and shook the other's hand heartily.

CHAPTER VII.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

"HOW long is Mr. Wentworth going to stay here?" asked Gerald, when his father had awakened from his nap.

"I think he will go away to-morrow."

"What is his object in coming here?"

"I sent for him. I wished to see if he would act a friendly part towards you when I am gone."

"Do you think he will?" asked Gerald, dubiously.

"He wants to buy the papers which I gave into your keeping for a thousand dollars."

"So you told me."

"Shall I make the bargain, Gerald?" asked his father, earnestly.

"Remember, I leave you nothing except this poor cabin and its contents, and eighty acres of land which I pre-empted from the government. By the way, I must give you the paper attesting my ownership."

"Don't trouble yourself about me, father. I am young and strong," and Gerald straightened up, and extended his muscular arm. "I ought to be able to fight my way."

"I hope you can, Gerald. As you say, you are young and strong, and here in this Western country a boy has a better chance than in the East. Still, I should like to feel that you had some money to start with. Now, a thousand dollars would be a large sum to one in your position."

"It might be considerable for me to receive, but it would be too little for Mr. Wentworth to pay after all his obligations to you. No, father, don't take the money."

"This is your settled opinion, Gerald? You have considered carefully all the risk you run, all the inconvenience that may come from poverty?"

"Yes, father."

"I am glad you have no doubt on the subject. As for me, I have been in great uncertainty."

"You need be so no longer, father."

"Then when Wentworth broaches the subject again I will tell him, both for you and myself, that I decline his offer."

"Yes, father."

"I don't think he will increase it."

"Nor do I."

"Very well, Gerald. I see that you comprehend the situation. Probably Bradley Wentworth will return leaving you no better off for his visit."

"I have no doubt you are right, father."

"And yet you are not troubled?"

"No, father, except about you. I am worried about your health."

"It will be no good, my dear boy. I am ready for the summons that is sure to come soon."

Meanwhile Bradley Wentworth had left his questionable friend Jake Amsden, and had been walking about on a tour of observation. He was naturally a shrewd man, and had been forming an opinion about the capabilities and prospects of the out of the way locality in which he now found himself.

"I shouldn't be surprised," he reflected, "if at some day—not far distant—a remarkable how soon in this wonderful region the wilderness gives place to flourishing settlements. I suppose land can be bought here for a song."

He took a further survey of the neighborhood, and made up his mind that if a town were to spring up, Warren Lane's land would be in the heart of the future settlement.

"He has chosen his land well. I didn't think him so shrewd," thought Wentworth, "though perhaps it may have been mere chance. He was always a visionary." Still, the fact remains that his land is in the best location herabouts.

Then it occurred to Wentworth that it would be a good speculation to purchase the property. Doubtless Lane was unaware of its value, and would sell for a trifle.

"I could agree to let him occupy it as long as he lives," reflected Wentworth. "That won't be long, and it may be some years before the settlement starts. I think, upon the whole, I can make my visit pay, however the other negotiation comes out."

Now that there seemed a prospect of turning a penny, Wentworth began to find his stay in this remote place less tiresome. It was with a quick, brisk step that he walked towards Warren Lane's humble cabin, revolving the new scheme in his mind.

"I have been taking a long walk, Lane," he said, as he re-entered the house.

"Have you?" said the sick man languidly. "I wish I were in a condition to accompany you. I am afraid you found it lonely and uninteresting."

"Oh, no; it is a new country to me, you know. I have never been so far West before. In fifty years from now I shouldn't wonder if there might be a town located here."

"In much less time than that."

"I think not. This is 'the forest primeval,' as Longfellow calls it. It will be a great many years before a change comes over it. Probably neither you nor I will live to see it."

"I shall not."

"Pardon me, Warren. I forgot your malady—I am thoughtless."

"Don't apologize, Bradley. I am not disturbed by such references. I under-

stand very well how I am situated—how very near I am to the unseen land. I have thought of it for a long, long time."

"And of course you are troubled about your son's future?"

"Yes, I admit that, though he tells me he has no anxieties."

"He is too young to understand what it is to be thrown on his own resources."

"I think not. He is strong and self-reliant."

"Strength and self-reliance are good things, but a fair sum of money is better. That emboldens me to mention to you a plan which has occurred to me. You own the land about the cabin, do you not?"

"Yes; I pre-empted it, and have a government title."

"So I supposed. Of course it will be of little value to Gerald. I propose to buy it of you. How many acres are there in your holding?"

"Eighty."

"I will give you two hundred dollars for it."

"I do not feel that I have a right to sell it. It belongs to Gerald."

"Not yet."

"It soon will."

"Of course if I buy it I do not wish to interfere with your occupation of it as long as you live."

"No, I suppose not. There is no place for me to go. But I think the land will some time be worth a good deal more than at present, and I want Gerald to reap the benefit of it."

"I am offering you more than it is worth at present," said Wentworth impatiently. "Two hundred dollars for eighty acres makes two dollars and a half an acre."

"I cannot sell the boy's little patrimony," said Mr. Lane firmly.

"It seems to me you ought to be consulted. As you say, he will soon be the owner."

At this moment Gerald entered the cabin.

"Gerald," said his father, "Mr. Wentworth has offered me two hundred dollars for our little homestead, including the cabin and land. He thinks you ought to be consulted in the matter."

"I don't want to sell, father," said Gerald. "This place is the only home I have, and I don't want to part with it."

"But the money will be very useful to you," interrupted Wentworth, "and from what your father says, money will be scarce with you."

"I suppose it will," said Gerald with a steady look at the visitor, "though it ought not to be if we had our rights. But, be that as it may, I do not care to have the property sold."

Opposition only made Mr. Wentworth more eager. "I will give you two hundred and fifty dollars," he said.

"It is of no use, Mr. Wentworth. This humble home is all father has to leave me. For a time, at least, I wish to retain it."

Mr. Wentworth bit his lip, and was silent. He saw by the resolute face of Gerald, so much stronger and firmer than his father's, that it would be of no use to prolong the discussion.

The evening wore away. It was a question how the guest was to be accommodated for the night. But Gerald settled the question. He had a small single bed in one corner while his father occupied a larger one. He surrendered his bed to the guest, and stretched himself out, fully dressed, on a buffalo robe near the door. They retired early, as Gerald and his father usually did. Mr. Wentworth did not ordinarily keep early hours, but he had been fatigued by his walks during the day, partly because he had traversed considerable ground, but partly on account of the high altitude which made the air rarer, and exertion more difficult.

All three slept soundly. Though his bed was a hard one, Gerald was no child of luxury and rested peacefully.

About seven o'clock Mr. Wentworth rose and dressed himself. Gerald was already up, preparing breakfast. All at once he was startled by an exclamation. Looking around he saw Bradley Wentworth examining his pockets in a high state of excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked Gerald.

"Matter enough!" returned the visitor. "I've been robbed during the night, and you," he added fiercely, with a furious glance at Gerald, "you are the thief!"

(To be continued.)

ON A SUMMER DAY.

A BEAUTIFUL maiden,
Reading a book;
A picturesque landscape,
A babbling brook,
A man with a kodak
In secret prepares
To picture the maid
As she sits, unawares.
Her two strapping brothers
Were chancing to pass,
Saw the man with the kodak,
And also the lass.
They rolled up their sleeves,
Threw off hat, coat and vest,
The man pressed the button—
They did the rest.

—Puck.

WILL'S WAY OUT OF IT.

BY PERCY EARL.

I WAS having just the jolliest summer I had ever passed. My brother Will and myself had gone up to the Adirondacks early in the season, as soon as the racks of the family started for Europe.

The only drawback to our complete enjoyment was the large sum of money each of us was obliged to carry. That may sound odd, but I do not mean that the spending of it bothered us; it was only the saving of it, for when we started from home in June we had to take with us enough in cash to see us through till September, as neither of us, of course, had a bank account. We tried to distribute it as equally as possible through our clothes, so that we should not lose it all at one swoop, and whenever we reached a hotel, we of course deposited all but a few dollars in the office safe.

But we were constantly changing from one place to another, for just as we met people and got well enough acquainted with them to begin to have good times, we found they were going to some other resort, which they declared was far ahead of all others. As we had nothing to tie us to any one spot, we of course decided that we would move too, and this involved fresh responsibilities in money carrying.

But as I said, in spite of this drawback, we managed to have lots of fun, and the first week in September, the last of our vacation, found us at Lorn Lake, which we both voted the prettiest spot we had yet visited.

I am not sure that all these attractions were natural—I mean connected with the woods, the hills and the water. It is necessary that I do say, however, that the second night following our arrival a grand subscription hop was to be given in the hotel, to which Will and I looked forward as the crowning event of our summer outing.

By this time our supply of money had dwindled till we had but little more left than would pay our fares back to New York and settle for our last week's board. I suppose it was the consciousness that the amount itself, however important it might be to us, was not large, that enabled us to be more careless in regard to its safe keeping than we had hitherto been. At any rate, we had hired a boat the evening of our arrival at Lorn, and were just starting out for a row, when I suddenly recollected that we had neglected to have our funds placed in the safe.

"Wait a sec, Will," I exclaimed, as he was about to step aboard and push off, "we must put our money away. I don't see how I came to forget it."

"All right," he returned. "Hand over! You wait here in the boat and I'll run up to the hotel with it."

I passed over my wealth and he started off. But he had not taken ten steps before he turned around and came back.

"I say, Charlie," he said, "don't you think it would be the proper thing for us to ask the Miss Kilburns if they wouldn't like to take a row?"

I noticed that as he spoke he was fishing through his pockets to get all his money together, so as to add it to mine, and thus have it all in one roll, ready to hand in to the clerk.

"Yes, ask them, by all means," I replied. "That was a happy thought of yours. But be quick about it, and don't lose that money. You'd better put it in your pocket."

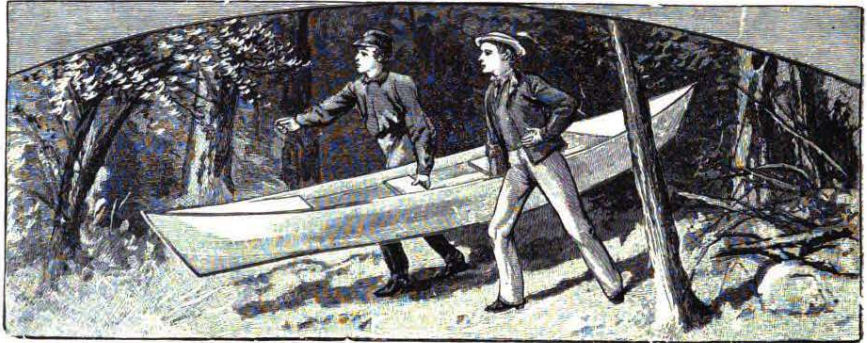
"Back in five minutes," he called over his shoulder as he turned and started on a run for the hotel.

I looked after him for a minute, then took up the oars and prepared to get the boat in convenient position for the ladies to board it.

* * * * *

"Charlie, quick, come out and help me!"

Could that be Will's voice? It was husky with anxiety.



I WAS UTTERLY DUMFOUNDED AT THE IDEA OF CARRYING THE BOAT THROUGH THE WOODS.

I looked up quickly and found him standing there on the landing stage, the picture of despair.

"Why, what's the matter?" I exclaimed. "And where are the girls?"

"I've lost the money," he replied, ignoring the last question.

"Lost it!" I ejaculated, dropping both oars with a crash. "Where?"

Why will everybody always ask such a senseless question in such cases? But Will seemed to understand what I meant, for he answered:

"Somewhere between here and the hotel. I put the wad in my pocket, as you told me to do, tripped over a root and fell headlong. When I got up and felt in my pocket, the money was gone. It had fallen out, and, though I crawled about on the ground for five minutes, I couldn't see a sign of it. Come up to the hotel with me till we get a lantern, and both make a search."

My heart felt as if it had suddenly dropped into my russet shoes. Why, there was almost a hundred dollars in that roll. With that gone, we had nothing but the loose silver change in our pockets.

I scrambled out of the boat in hot haste, and joined my brother in a race to the hotel. As we ran along I noticed with alarm that a strong breeze was blowing straight towards the lake. I very much feared that our money had been carried by it into the water.

And this seemed to be the only way in which we could account for its disappearance, for disappeared it had, utterly and entirely.

We got the lantern, Will simply explaining that he had dropped something on the path and wanted to search for it, and looked for an hour without avail. Several small boys joined in the hunt. One wanted to know if it was a diamond

ring and another inquired if it was a locket, so we had to tell them that we had dropped some money. I wondered what they would have thought, what the proprietor of the hotel would have said, if we had added that it was all the money we had.

Of course there was no rowing that night. It was a lucky thing Will had lost the money before he invited the girls to go with us.

It was nine o'clock before we finally gave up the search and retired to our room to talk over the situation.

It was a pretty serious one, whichever way you looked at it. Here we were over two hundred miles from home, with sixty seven cents between us, a hotel bill yet to pay, and—those subscriptions to the hop we were so anxious to attend, not yet handed in.

We couldn't send home for money, as there was nobody to send to, for the

take an oar and help me pull across to the other shore."

"Do you expect to find our roll of bills over there?" I asked.

"No, but I think it's extremely probable we shall discover another roll there."

It did not take us long to cross the lake, and arrive on the opposite side. Will sprang out and called on me to help him pull the boat out.

"Now you take that side while I take this," he went on.

"But where are you going now?" I cried, utterly dumfounded at the idea of carrying the craft through the woods, as it seemed to be his intention of doing.

"I'll tell you," he answered, "now we're far enough away from the hotel to be safe from competitors. The railroad bridge across Blue Creek burned down last night. I heard the men out at the stable talking about it this morning. It will take at least half a day to put up even a temporary one for passengers to walk over. Meantime there will be two

family wouldn't get back till the following week.

"We must find that money, Will," I said.

"Or raise the wind some way," he replied.

"In return for the way the wind raised our funds, I suppose," I added with a laugh that hadn't much mirth in it.

We neither of us slept much that night, and when I woke from the fitful slumber that came to me about dawn, I found that Will had gone.

"I suppose he's out looking by daylight," I thought, and got up myself to help him.

But before I was dressed he burst into the room, so much excitement in his manner that I made sure he had found the money.

"Hurry, Charlie!" he cried. "We've got a chance to raise the wind."

"Do you mean to say you haven't found the money?" I demanded.

"Of course I haven't found it," he rejoined. "And, what's more, I don't expect to, but I do expect to make some more. But come, hurry up, and I'll tell you how as we go along."

"Go along where?" I wanted to know. But he wouldn't explain any more then, but hurried off, bidding me follow him down to the boat house. Here I found him seated in the boat we had hired the evening before, oars in hand, ready to pull off the instant I stepped aboard.

"What on earth are you about, Will Cranston?" I exclaimed, when we had shot out towards the center of the lake. "The idea of hiring a boat when we haven't money enough to pay our board."

"Don't you worry about that," he returned, "but just listen to what I'm going to tell you pretty soon. Here,

or three trains along, and I thought if we could get a boat down there we might make something ferrying people over. Here we are now, and first on the grounds, too."

The bridge was burned to the water's edge, and there was not a boat to be seen. The creek was such a small one that, I suppose there had never been a craft of any sort on it.

Well, Will soon found out one of the railroad men and got permission to bid for custom, so when the first train arrived, he went up among the passengers, offering to take them across for twenty five cents a head.

To those that complained that the price was exorbitant for such a short trip, he explained that the boat had to be "imported" and business was soon brisk. I remained in the boat, in which I could carry three passengers at a time, and we were there all day, Will and I exchanging occupations when I grew tired.

There was a large hotel on the Lorn Lake side of Blue Creek, so we had all this custom, as well as that of those persons who wanted to take the train that had been backed up to make through connections, with the help of our boat.

We bought some fruit of a train boy, and this was all we had to eat till dinner time, when we took our boat back to Lorn with nearly seventy dollars in small coin weighing down our pockets. Nobody knew where we had been, and we did not volunteer any information on the subject.

The next night at the hop one of my partners said she thought she had seen me somewhere before, and couldn't quite place me. I didn't have the same trouble with her, as I remembered distinctly placing her in the stern seat when I was acting the part of ferryman on Blue Creek.

And after all, we found the money Will had lost. One of the bell boys discovered it in a split in one of the trees bordering the path up from the lake.

But we wouldn't have got in that hop if it hadn't been for Will's happy thought.

THE VALLEY OF SLEEP.

It lies in the west when the sun goes down,
Cradled by silver mountains of gold,
And its gaudy forests are never brown,
Its meadows gleam with a wealth untold,
Watered by crimson rivers of light.
Those shimmering waters a mystery keep—
First, we must hope, then love, then weep—
Or we cannot prize the pleasure deep
Of the beautiful distant valley of sleep.

[This Story began in Number 451.]

THE DEERSKIN TALISMAN.

A TALE OF MEXICAN TREASURE.

BY GILBERT CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XVII.

TWO AGAINST ONE.

AFTER leaving his brother to nurse his sprained ankle, Bob turned to that part of the mountain region where he had seen the track of the wild sheep. For a long time he searched in vain; tracks there were in abundance, but not a sign of the animals could be perceived.

Farther and farther he wandered from the camp until he almost began to fear that he should have to return empty handed. At last, feeling weary, he determined to sit down and eat some of the dried meat that he had with him, and wait until later in the day, when the wild sheep would be likely to descend from the summits of the mountains to feed.

Selecting, therefore, a convenient spot, with a smooth piece of rock against which to set his back, he sat down and commenced his meal. All seemed wild and solitary, and he imagined that, with the exception of his brother, he was the only human being within miles.

Every movement of his had, however, been eagerly watched by two gaunt, fierce looking men who had been lying hid in a cleft of the adjoining mountain. Their clothes were in tatters, and their looks showed that they were suffering from exposure and the want of proper nourishment; but their weapons, of which they had good store, were clean and in excellent order.

These men were Cifuentes and Half-hung Simon.

"There is one of the young spawn," cried the latter. "I told you we should come across him if we lurked about the mountains. I think we've got him now, and I can take revenge for the hole in my wrist." And as he spoke he touched the bandage which still encircled the lower part of his arm.

"Take care," answered his companion with a sneer. "I see the same rifle by his side, and you may mistake another of his bullets unless you speak lower for the young *caballero* shoots straight."

"Yes, I know it too well," replied Simon, with a snarl. "But, look you, I'll creep round and get on the other side of him. That line of brushwood will hide me; and, once between two fires, he is ours."

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed his companion; "quick, and we shall have him! But stay, he rises, and goes down to the rivulet. Look, he has left his rifle leaning against the rock and has turned his back, and secure it. I will shoot him if he attacks you!"

What the villain said was true. Bob, relying upon the solitude of the spot, had gone down to the stream to drink, leaving his rifle behind him; and as he returned to where he had left it he was confronted by Simon, who, with an evil grin upon his face, held his own weapon pointed straight at the boy's breast.

Bob started back, and felt instinctively for his revolver; but he had left it at the camp and had only his hunting knife with which to contend with the two well armed ruffians, for Cifuentes was descending the rocks towards his companion.

"Aha, my young friend!" cried the latter, with a scowl. "I think we have brought the game to bay at last, and you tall pine will serve admirably to hang you upon. Come, come, give up that toothpick; it won't avail you, and you shall have five minutes to pray in—quite as much as a heretic requires—before we settle accounts with you."

With the hunting knife still in his hand, Bob slowly advanced towards the two robbers. It seemed to him that the end had indeed arrived, and that nothing but an ignoble death awaited him. He blamed his own folly in parting even

for a moment with his trusty rifle, and as he neared his enemies he glanced round wildly in the hope of aid and succor.

"No good in looking about, young'un," cried Simon, brutally. "The eagles won't meddle with you yet, though you'll have plenty about you soon. Come, put down your weapon, and we'll make the strapping up as easy as we can. Oh!" he cried, bending, almost double in agony, for Bob, stooping suddenly, had picked up a large stone and dashed it at him, striking him with force in the pit of his stomach.

Cifuentes fired at once, but the sudden movement of Bob caused the bullet

in a very short space of time Simon had cut down and heaped up a large quantity of bushes in front of the cavern, and as soon as they were alight the wind blew the pungent smoke well into the depths of the tunnel.

For more than an hour the robbers waited eagerly, but no sign or sound came from the cave.

At last, they decided to go down to feed, subsided, which they had ceased to do. "He died game, at any rate," said Cifuentes. "Let us go in and bring out the body; he is past hurting either of us now."

But, though they carefully searched the cave, which ran back for some thirty

"The Great Father of Serpents," said he, in low, guttural tones, "is on our side; he has tracked the pale face stranger and held him until we could come up. And so he delivers him into our hand," he added, as the snake, alarmed at the near vicinity of the Indians, relaxed his coils and glided swiftly away, leaving Arthur still insensible upon the ground.

"The extinction of the sacred fire warned us that intruders were near," continued the chief, "and the Great Father of the Serpents watched over the children of the Cacique. Stand forth, Otan Hari, Priest of the Sun, and say what shall be done to the pale face who has come so near to the boundaries of the Sacred City."

As he spoke, a short, thick set Indian, whose temples were bound with a saffron colored fillet, moved forwards, and, striking a heavy mace, armed with sharp blades of obsidian, upon the ground, cried, in a harsh, strident voice: "Were the pale face stouter and more fit to do battle with the braves of the City of the Sun, I would say, let him be taken to the Stone of Horror, there to try the chances of battle; but he is weak and puny, and his senses fled at the grip of the serpent. Let him be sacrificed here, and let me read the signs in his heart, so as to guard against the enemies of our race."

The gray headed chief glanced sorrowfully upon the form of the senseless boy.

"Otan Hari has spoken!" said he. "Do you, my brethren, agree that the sacrifice be made?"

All the warriors bowed their heads in signal of assent, and directed the points of their weapons towards Arthur's breast.

"Stay!" cried the priest, striking back the points of the lances with a sweep of his heavy mace. "Let the sacrifice be consummated in due form, and let the magic inventions of the pale face perish with him. Collect stones and wood for the fire."

At a sign from the gray headed chieftain the warriors dispersed, and busied themselves in their cruel task. A rough altar of stones was soon erected, and a large pile of brushwood raised, then the tent was torn down and all the property was collected together in a heap.

"Priest of the Sun," cried the old chief, "your bidding is accomplished! Say what next you desire."

"Place the victim upon the altar, and lay bare his bosom; but first throw water upon his face, so that the spirit may return to him, else the omen will be of no avail!"

Water was thrown upon Arthur's face, and he began slowly to recover, but such was the shock his system had sustained that he was only dimly conscious of the figures surrounding him, and could neither resist nor utter a sound.

Meanwhile, in accordance with the cruel man's bidding, Otan Hari, the gray headed chief, was occupied in baring the boy's chest.

"What is this?" exclaimed he, as he drew out the deerskin scroll which Arthur always carried about with him.

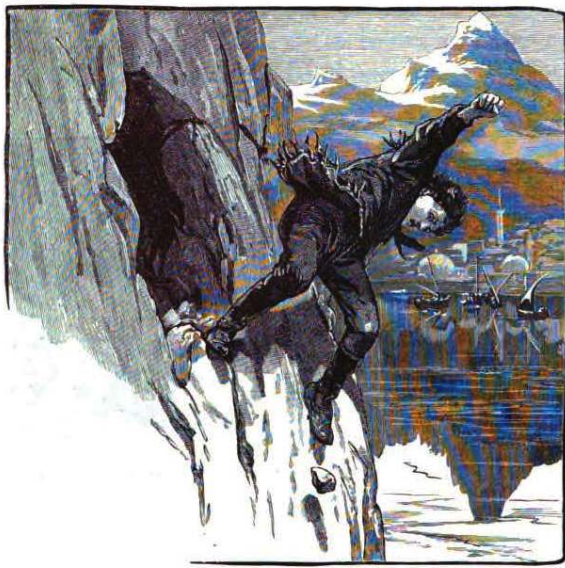
"Cast it into the fire with the rest of the pale face's sorceries, that they may all perish together," cried the priest, examining the edge of the obsidian knife which he held in his hand, and then advancing to strike his victim. Meanwhile the old chieftain was intently examining the scroll.

The knife gleamed above the boy's bosom, and in another instant it would have descended, when it was torn violently from the priest's hands, and flung to some distance.

"We have come near to committing a great sin," said the chieftain. "Do you recollect when the last of the Caciques left us to perform his weary penance, he told us that a White Prince should come to us, bearing the mystic scroll that our rulers always carried, and that to him, and him only, we were to surrender the treasures that we have kept such a careful watch over, and that then, our guard being over, we might leave the Sacred City, and mix again with our fellow men?"

"We remember," murmured the assembled warriors.

"There," continued the chief, "is the scroll of the Cacique, and here is the White Prince. On your faces, warriors! Do homage to your king, and hail him as Miko."



BOB PLUNGED DOWNWARD INTO THE WATERS OF THE STRANGE LAKE.

to sing harmlessly over his head; then, slashing at the robber, he dashed boldly through the stream and up the side of the mountain.

With cries of fury both the men pursued him, firing at him more than once; but the bullets either whistled harmlessly over him, or splintered the rock upon either side.

Onwards he went, running as rapidly as the uneven nature of the ground would permit; but he felt that his case was hopeless, as a chance shot from either of his adversaries might at any moment disable him, and leave him at their mercy.

Some hundred yards to the right he caught sight, however, of a dark spot on the face of the cliff, which he fancied would prove to be a cave, in which he might be sheltered from the fire of the robbers, and he made for it with all his speed. He was right in his conjecture, and, bending almost double, he entered the low archway, a bullet from the rifle of Cifuentes striking the side of the portal as he did so.

"The young vermin," panted Simon, as he and Cifuentes arrived a few minutes later before the cave. "A nice run he has given us, but he is fairly earthed at last. I owe him something extra for that stone that so thoroughly knocked the wind out of me."

"Let's scalp him and tie him to a tree to be eaten by the birds of prey," said Cifuentes, who was equally enraged at Bob's escape; "but come, man, he has no firearms. Creep into the cave and lug him out by the ears."

"Ay, and get another such a pretty slash as you have from his knife," answered Simon, with a sneer. "No, no, I know a trick worth two of that. You keep guard at the mouth of the cave, and I'll cut enough brushwood to bring him out smart, or else to smother him like a rat in his hole."

feet, they could find no traces of Bob's body; and, being as superstitious as they were cruel, they hurriedly left the spot, casting terrified glances behind them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WHITE PRINCE.

WHILE Arthur was still enlaced in the coils of the gigantic reptile, a strange looking party of men, to the number of perhaps a dozen, cautiously approached the little camp. At a glance it could be seen that they were Indians, but both in form and appearance they differed widely from the Apaches who haunt the mountains and plains of northern Mexico.

The newcomers were light in complexion, and dressed more fantastically than even Indians generally are; large lumps of what looked like gold, roughly pierced and strung upon wire, ornamented their necks and wrists, while the long feathers of the mountain eagle were twisted into their scalplocks and hung far down their backs. They were clothed in deerskin, beautifully dressed and ornamented with quaint designs in red and blue embroidered on the surface. In their hands they bore axes and lances, and in their belts knives; but all these weapons, though bright and serviceable to the eye, had no steel or metal in them, the heads and blades being composed of obsidian—a volcanic substance resembling common green bottle glass—ground to sharp points and edges.

Slowly and cautiously they advanced to the tent, and there the eye of the leader, a gray haired warrior, with a plate of gold rudely representing the rising sun suspended from his neck, raised his hand to enjoin silence, and pointed to the insensible boy in the folds of the snake.

All the warriors, including the priest, once prostrate, lay prone before Arthur; and, as he half rose from the ones upon which he was reclining, he saw the dusky forms stretched on the ground around him.

"What is the meaning of this?" cried he, unconsciously using the dialect in which he had been in the habit of conversing with the Cacique.

"The White Prince speaks our language," said the old chief, rising from the ground. "Prince, deign to receive the mystic scroll and come with me."

"But my brother will return, and will let me know whether I have gone," urged Arthur.

"Two of the young men shall await his return and conduct him after us," returned the chief.

"I am lame and cannot walk," said Arthur.

"In a very few moments a litter was constructed and Arthur placed upon it. Then for a few hundred yards they issued a rough mountain track, and in an halt was made at an opening in a hill half masked by rocks and brushwood. When these were cleared away a broad tunnel was discovered, into which the party of Indians with their loads immediately passed; and the entrance was then reclosed, torches, which were stored just within the entrance to the tunnel, were lighted, and they proceeded along a roadway which, from the clination at which it ran, seemed to add into the bowels of the earth.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TERRIBLE PLUNGE.

AS the smoke began to penetrate into the cave Bob felt that an hour had indeed come. He crept rather and farther on, but the suffocating vapor followed him closely, and on he began to experience a difficulty breathing.

At one time he almost made up his mind to make a bold dash on his adversaries; but then again he felt that, smug from the cave, half blinded by a smoke, he would have but little chance of escape, and would be beaten down in a moment.

All this time the smoke poured in thicker and thicker, and Bob's eyes began to smart, and his breath became very difficult to draw. The suffocating vapor now drove him to the extreme end of the cave; but the relief was only momentary, and he could hear a cruel laughter of Cifuentes and men as they exulted over their plan, and kept watchful guard at the mouth of the cave.

"All is over with me, I fear," cried Bob; and as the smoke poured in more noisily he turned his face to the wall and prepared in prayer for death.

Suddenly, to his extreme surprise, his mind slipped into a fissure in the rock, and feeling it eagerly, he discovered that it was about five feet in height, and almost wide enough to admit his body. With his hunting knife he endeavored to enlarge the aperture, and after a few moments' work a large piece of rock, which appeared to have been artificially placed in its position, slipped from its resting place, and with a crash Bob managed to get his body over the fissure, which seemed of some depth. Utterly regardless of the tears and scratches which the sharp edges of the rocks inflicted upon his face and hands, the boy pushed onward, for was not the deadly smoke still pursuing him closely?

By and by, however, as he proceeded thence, the suffocating vapor seemed to find another outlet, for it troubled him no longer, and a stream of cool air freshened his aching temples. Peeling his way cautiously, for the rocky passage was perfectly dark, and he greatly feared that every step might plunge him into some hidden pit, he pursued his way.

Occasionally the roadway was wet and slimy, and water dripped freely on him from the roof; but now far away, at a great distance as it appeared, saw a star which gleamed brightly through the darkness. A moment's reflection told him that this must be an opening at the other end, and that he was once again approaching the outer world. The welcome sight renewed his vigor and energies, and with fresh vigor pursued his way. Once or twice he might he heard the dread sound

which rattles the presence of the deadly rattlesnake, and occasionally his forehead was fanned by the wings of the loathsome vampire bats, which had apparently made a habitation of the cavern. Still, he pressed onward until, bleeding and exhausted, he reached a large opening in the rock, and, blinded by the sudden transition from darkness into light, he sank senseless upon the rocky threshold of the cavern.

But Bob's hardy nerves speedily recovered themselves, and in a few minutes he rose to his feet and surveyed with wonder the extraordinary scene that presented itself to his gaze.

In front of him a steep bank, composed entirely of smooth lava, stretched down to a lake of wide expanse, in whose blue waters were reflected the gilded minarets and domes of a city which was built around its margin. The buildings of the city were composed of some white substance, which, like the mountain, rose one above the other in a succession of terraces, while their roofs were adorned with gay flags and banners of all colors. It seemed as if some *fete* or gala was going on, for Bob could see many of the inhabitants, in brilliant colored dresses, dancing about, while strains of music struck faintly on his ears. Elaborately painted boats, gorged with gilding and ornate with purple sails, glided over the smooth surface of the lake, while all around the city, as if just then, were visible peaks, seemed to guard the city from the intruder's vision.

"Really," said Bob, to himself, "I do firmly believe that I have stumbled upon the City of the Cacique, and, in spite of Arthur and his wonderful scroll, have reached it before he has the first. But softly! I must not venture among the Indians without the mystic safeguard. I suppose I shall have to wait a reasonable time until the coast is clear, and then go back through the cavern, though I don't half like the idea, and return to Arthur with me as soon as his angel will allow of his moving."

But as Bob was making this excellent arrangement, an unforeseen incident upset all his plans. While too eagerly watching the strange scene, he had drawn very close to the sloping bank of lava, and, as just then his foot slipped, he fell, and began sliding down its polished surface. In vain he attempted to dig his heels and fingers into the lava to arrest his progress; all his efforts were fruitless. Faster and faster he slid down, and at last, losing his equilibrium, he rolled over and over until he plunged into the lake.

But more than one watchful eye had noticed the form sliding down the lava bank, and hardly had he touched the water when a score of boats shot out from all directions to the spot, and as they approached the surface, a pair of eager hands clutched him and drew him into a skiff. With much outcry, in a language which he did not understand, and with many a gleaming weapon brandished fiercely in his face, Bob was hurriedly rowed to the shore, where his eyes were bandaged and his arms bound behind him.

He could tell from the sounds that he was passing through an excited crowd; then he felt himself propelled up a flight of steps, and at last, on the bandage being removed from his eyes, he found himself in a vast hall, the walls of which were of glistening white, while a rude bed with skin coverings stood in one corner, and composed the entire furniture of the apartment. Then his captors unbound his arms, and one of them, bringing a few rude blacksmith's tools made of stone, riveted a set of light fetters on the boy's arms. A pitcher of water and some Indian corn bread were next placed in a corner, and without a word Bob was left alone.

As he recovered himself he glanced round the room, and then at the fetters upon his wrists, when he found, to his amazement, that they appeared to be of solid gold.

(To be continued.)

HE FORGOT MORE THAN HE KNEW.

THE late Dr. Hodge, of Princeton Theological Seminary, was asked a student for the definition of eternity. The student replied that he used to know but had forgotten it.

Oh, my, my! said Dr. Hodge; "what a pity it is that the world, who never knew what eternity is, has forgotten it!"

Moral—avoid that worn old excuse, "I have forgotten."

OLD BOOKS.

A THRESHING PRIME IS FATHER TIME;
WHEN HARVEST LEADS HIS WAGON;
HE BEATS THE BULLOW HUSKS AGRAIN,
AND HOARDS THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

A WINNER IS FATHER TIME;
THE CHAFF HE BLOWS AWAY;
THE SWEETEST SEED HE TREASURES UP
FOR MANY A YEAR AND DAY.

OH, VERY WISE IS FATHER TIME!
HIS FALL IS RATHER TRUE;
I LOVE THE GARNERED PILE OF BOOKS
HE'S WINNED THROUGH AND THROUGH.

—Literary World.

RARE COINS.

BY JOHN V. CONDIT.

COINS possess more or less interest for every one. They have a practical use that may be said to insure them a certain amount of respect and value as collectors' medals. But there most people value them only for what they will bring when passed over a counter, the coin collector sees in them something more than mere tokens for commercial exchange. To him they are miniature repositories of history, whose emblems present a series of graphic object lessons on the rise and fall of nations, their wealth, their art and their rulers.

Few collections are so interesting and valuable as a good and well arranged gathering of coins and medals. There are doubtless scores, and probably hundreds of ARGOSY readers who are forming one, and who regularly inspect the silver and copper pieces that pass through their hands in the hope of discovering a "rare date." Most of their collections are probably, practically limited to American silver and copper money. Foreign coins are difficult and generally expensive to get in anything like complete sets, and the same remark applies with still greater force to the ancient pieces of which some numismatists are so proud. The completeness is what every coin collector, and for that matter, every other collector, should endeavor to secure. It is better to choose some particular line, and aim at the acquisition of a full set of examples in that special department than to gather together a number of stray specimens of widely different kinds.

For instance, a complete series of American cents would possess a value and interest far above the intrinsic worth of the coins, and be more highly prized than a larger number of scattered pieces. Nor would the collector of pennies be limited to so very small a field. Besides the numerous Colonial and Continental tokens, the United States mint has coined cents for ninety nine years, and occasional changes of design make up the total number of its issues to more than a hundred. The stimulus of difficulty, moreover, would not be lacking, for there are several cents that are extremely rare—notably those of 1793, of which there are three varieties, all uncommon, 1794, 1804 and the nickel penny of 1856. Here, then, we would suggest, is a good field to be chosen as a starting point by the young numismatist who thinks of beginning a coin collection.

The finest collection in the United States is that in the Philadelphia Museum. It is open to the public and is inspected every day by a throng of interested visitors. In numbers it is excelled by some of the European collections, which are much older; but the arrangement of its specimens is remarkably clear and good. It is found everywhere quite recent times the rise of the arts and sciences among the Greeks, and their subsequent decline as the best days of Grecian history passed away. About four hundred years before the Christian era the Greek coins show a beauty and finish not to be found anywhere else.

Coins from Persia, Syria, and Egypt are also there, dating from 300 B. C., while the Roman moneys run from the earliest bronze pieces, made twenty four centuries ago, to the coins bearing the heads and names of the Eastern and Western emperors.

Here, as in other branches of art, China can show antiquities that date at least a thousand years before the dawn of Western civilization. In the mint collection there are some strange coins, one of which is ascribed by antiquarians to the reign of the Emperor Shun, who

ascended the throne as long ago as B. C. 2,354. This ancient token is shaped like a bowl, and has a notch like a small razor. The modern Chinese coins, as the reader probably knows, are round, with a hole in the center, supposed to symbolize the sun.

The most interesting of all coins are naturally those of North America, and especially the early issues. Some of these of the mint has a remarkably fine display, which young collectors might study with great advantage.

The earliest money made in the New World was struck in the mint that was built in 1535 in the city of Mexico. Since that date the Mexican issues have been very numerous, as every State of the confederated republic has issued its own coins. Bermuda put out a shilling and a sixpenny piece in 1612. It was forty years later than this when the American colonies first received authority to make and issue their own money. The first was set up in Boston, at which in 1652 were struck the Pine Tree shilling, and the New England shilling, sixpence, and three penny piece. Of the other colonial issues the "Kosa Americana" of 1764 is perhaps the best known. They were minted in England under George I, whose head appears on one side, with a rose on the other.

After the Declaration of Independence, American money was for some years in a state of great confusion. Besides the first already in existence, coins were struck by Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, and other States, while a great quantity and variety of tokens were manufactured and circulated by private individuals for their own profit or convenience. In those troubled times, already in existence of political and financial disturbance, coins were so frequently hoarded away that there was a general scarcity of money for the needs of trade.

Congress first authorized the issue of United States money by the act of April 22, 1775. At first there were not so rich in those days as we are now, and for the next two years no coins were issued except copper cents, which were much larger than the present pennies, and half cents. In 1794 there appeared our first silver dollars and half dollars, and in the following year the gold eagles and half eagles. Altogether there have been twenty different coins issued either regularly or temporarily by the United States mint: gold pieces of \$20, \$10, \$5, \$3, \$2.50 and \$1; silver pieces of a dollar, and 50, 25, 20, 10, 5, and 3 cents; nickel pieces of 100, 50, 25, 10, 5, and 2 cents; and one cent, and copper pieces of one cent, and half a cent; and the so-called bronze cent and two cent pieces, which are composed of an alloy of one twentieth nickel and nineteen twentieths copper.

It is true that our American coins do not supply a varied historical picture gallery like those of France or Spain, whose frequent changes of design bear witness to the instability of their country's government. Liberty was the central figure of "the dollar of our fathers" when those worthy ancestors first set up national housekeeping for themselves. It has remained so ever since, and, let us hope, will hold its emblematic place on our coins for countless generations to come. It will hardly occur to the patriotic to lament the monotony that may be the result in the engraving of his coins.

Between three and four years ago THE ARGOSY published a complete list of all the United States coins whose rarity makes them worth more than their face value. This list, which contains the list are now out of print, and so many inquiries are received from readers who think they have discovered "rare dates," that as a comprehensive way of answering many questions the following brief particulars are appended:

Dollar Eagles.—The only variety is that of 1849, the first year's issue, which will fetch about \$50.

Eagles.—None are worth much more than their face value, but there is a small premium on the issues of each of the years from 1795 to 1804, and on that of 1856.

Half Eagles.—The rarest of the five dollar gold pieces is that of 1815, quoted at \$50. That of 1801 is priced at \$25, and those of 1795, 1797, and 1824, at \$10 apiece. On each of the other years up to and including 1834, a small premium is given; none later than that year

is scarce enough to be in demand with dealers.

Three Dollar Pieces.—These are seldom seen in circulation, being coined only in small quantities. They are, however, not rare enough to command a premium, except the issues of 1873, 1875, and 1876, for which a small extra price is paid.

Quarter Eagles.—Again not rare, although a slight premium is offered for most of the early issues, up to that of 1834. The most valuable are those of 1800 and 1801, rated at \$4 apiece.

Gold Dollars.—That of 1875 is valued at \$2; those of 1870, 1871 and 1872, at \$1.25 each.

Silver Dollars.—These begin with the issue of 1794, which is scarce, being worth \$25. Those of the following years, from 1795 to 1803, are more common, and command but a very slight premium. They come the rarest and most famous of all American coins, the dollar of 1804, of which only fourteen specimens are known to be in existence. About twenty thousand dollars were struck in that year, according to the records of the mint, but what became of the rest of them nobody knows. It is not impossible that more may be at any time discovered, and in that case the extraordinary value now attached to the coin would be much diminished. At present it is rated at \$50 in the dealers' lists, but there is none for sale.

The remaining dollars bearing an extra value are those of 1836 (\$3), 1838 (\$15), 1839 (\$10), 1851 and 1852 (\$20 apiece), 1854 (\$2), and 1858 (\$10). The issues of 1848, 1855 to 1857, and 1861 to 1865 are also scarce enough to command a small premium, if in thoroughly good condition.

Half Dollars.—The rarest are those of 1795 and 1797, worth about \$20 apiece. The issues of 1794, 1801, 1802 and 1815 are valued at \$2 each. Two patterns were issued in 1836, the design of one being lettered "U. S. of the other, "Millions." The former coin is not scarce, but the latter is rated at \$1.50.

Quarter Dollars.—The rarest are those of 1807 (\$3) and 1823 (\$15). Those of 1796, 1804 and 1824 command a small premium. Two quarters were coined in 1853, one having rays behind the eagle, the other no rays. The former is quite common, while the latter is worth \$2.50.

Twenty Cent Pieces.—Those of 1877 and 1878 are rated at \$1.50 each.

Dimes.—None are very rare; none later than 1866 are worth a dollar, whatever. The best are those of the years from 1797 to 1804, which are worth about a dollar apiece.

Half Dimes.—The rarest is that of 1802, which is priced at \$25. All the issues up to 1805 are more or less scarce, being worth from 25 cents to a dollar. That of 1846 is worth 75 cents if clear and bright, and that of 1864, 25 cents.

Silver Three Cent Pieces.—If in good condition, these little coins, issued from 1863 to 1873, are worth from fifteen to fifty cents. When rubbed and worn they are worth just three cents.

Nickel Five Cent Pieces.—That of 1871 is worth 15 cents; no others are rare.

Nickel Three Cent Pieces.—The only rarity is the issue of 1877, valued at 15 cents.

Copper Two Cent Pieces.—If in good condition, the issue of 1872 is worth five cents; that of 1873 fifty cents.

Cents.—Every issue from 1793 to 1814 is rated at a premium, the rarest being those of 1793 (\$1.50, or \$2.50 if bearing a head with cap), 1799 (\$5), and 1800 (\$10). The premium of some of the years mentioned is very small. After 1814, there are no rarities in the old fashioned copper cents until 1857, the issue of which, the last of the series, is worth 5 cents.

Nickel cents were first issued in 1866, and the "white penny" of that year, bearing the device of a flying eagle, is uncommon enough to bring \$1.50. None of the bronze cents is of any rarity.

Half Cents.—Most of these little coins, which were minted first in 1793 and last in 1857, are rated at a small or moderate premium. The rarest are those of 1796, 1836, 1842, 1843, 1847 and 1848, valued at about \$5 apiece. Those of 1840, 1841, 1844, 1845, 1846 and 1852 are worth from two to three dollars.

It should be remembered that all the pieces given here are taken from the coin dealers' catalogues, and that they must be taken as merely an approxima-

tion. Prices vary from time to time according to the supply and demand, while the lists of different dealers frequently give different figures.

It must also be noted that rubbed and worn pieces never, unless in exceptional cases, command a premium. Collectors of American coins desire none but those in first class condition. A slight defect makes a considerable difference in the value of a coin. One fresh from the mint is worth twice as much as one that has lost its brightness by being even for a short time in circulation; while there is no demand for those whose engraving has been obliterated or dulled by the long continued use that falls to the lot of most old coins.

WE SHAN'T TREAD ON AIR YET AWHILE.

With discouraged persistency man keeps hammering away at the problem of air navigation, which seems now not much nearer solution than when the first balloon was launched into space. According to a writer in *Science* all attempts at constructing flying machines on the bird principle might as well be abandoned once for all.

From the age of mythology to the present time man has attempted to unravel the mysteries of flight, and to imitate the bird in its easy conquest of the ocean above us. The study of the question has been left to cranks or semi-intelligent dabblers in science. Only last week, however, the usual rule was broken, as Professor Langley, who has a world wide reputation as an eminent scientist, entered the lists as a champion of the idea that a flying machine is practicable. We have been somewhat disappointed, however, on looking carefully into his scheme, and very much fear that he has only succeeded in more perfectly proving the impracticability of a direct imitation of the bird. Professor Le Conte, of San Francisco, in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly*, has summarized the arguments against flying machines, and his position certainly seems unimpeachable. These arguments may be briefly paraphrased.

1. We can never construct a mode of utilizing fuel or a source of energy which shall equal the bird.

2. We can never build a machine which shall have such perfect adaptation to flight in all its parts as the bird has.

3. There is a limit of weight, probably fifty pounds, beyond which a bird cannot fly. Obviously a self raising, self supporting, and self propelling flying machine to carry a man is impossible.

BASEBALL NOMENCLATURE.

THE ARGOSY has frequently been asked to suggest a name for some newly formed amateur baseball club. There seems to be a demand for titles that are original, picturesque, appropriate, and euphonious. A Chicago paper recently printed a list of local clubs, some of whose names are given below:

The array is headed by an organization known as the "Insolubles," which, of course, calls no games on account of rain. Other striking titles are the "Listlers," the "Never-slips," the "Young Rainbows," the "Peek-a-Boos," the "Silver Tips," the "Young Heroes," the "Fulton Babies," the "Young Danes," the "Lytic Stars," and the "Bullet Toppers."

Most of these names are certainly original and picturesque, some of them are euphonious, and a few are appropriate, but we hope we shall not hurt the feelings of our young friends in Chicago if we say that all four epithets can hardly be applied to any one of the titles quoted.

THE EARNINGS OF A STAR.

THE proverb which says that there is always room at the top is nowhere more strikingly exemplified than in the dramatic profession. While there is a superfluity of second and third rate actors and actresses, the great artists of the stage are so few and far between, that they command their own terms from theatrical managers and from the public, and reap a bountiful share of fame and fortune.

Few indeed are there who have earned as great sums as those received by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is recognized all over the world as a supreme artist in her line of acting. According to the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, her "takings" during the last twenty four years amount to about eight and a half millions of francs, or \$1,700,000 in American money. She has climbed the ladder of dramatic success from the lowest round to the highest.

When the "divine Sarah" began her career at the Comedie Francaise in 1857, says the journal already mentioned, it was at a very small figure—namely, 1872, at the Odéon, she earned only 200 francs a month. Eight years later she made 160,000 francs during a short tour in France, and in 1881 her first European tour, during which she played "Frou Frou," "Adrienne Lecouvreur" and "Hernani," brought her in 250,000 francs.

Then came the first American tour, whence she returned with a clear profit of the sum of 600,000 francs, and henceforth the flow of the hundred thousands has never ceased.

FROM FOREST TO PRINTING PRESS.

The famous German chemist, Liebig, declared that Holland was the most civilized of countries, because its inhabitants used the greatest quantity of soap. Edmund About, the French litterateur, suggested the sale of steel pens as a more reliable test. Another good criterion would be the consumption of paper, and this would undoubtedly place the United States at the head. Nowhere else is so much white paper used, and nowhere else has its manufacture been so highly developed and improved. The use of woodpulp, by which the cost of many kinds of paper has been greatly reduced, was an American idea, which has grown to great industrial importance.

The extent to which the woodpulp business has been developed in this country is not generally known, and nowhere else has its manufacture inroads on our forests, which its growing consumption involves, are enormous. So serious has this matter become, it is stated, that unless each State passes a law for the encouragement of tree planting, so that our woods can be replenished, there is danger of a national tree famine.

As giving an inkling of the magnitude of the general consumption of woodpulp, a correspondent states that for a single edition of a prominent daily paper, seventeen tons of blank paper was recently required. This was the product of sixty seven cords of poplar. In twenty two hours from the time of felling the trees, they had been turned into printed papers.

The process is thus divided with respect to a test case: Chopping 1½ cords of wood, 3 hours; manufacturing into pulp, 12 hours; transporting to printing office, 1 hour and 20 minutes; wetting paper preparatory to printing, 30 minutes; printing 10,000 copies, 10 minutes. This shows the rapidity with which raw material may be turned into a finished article.

When it is considered that the foregoing figures refer to only one paper in one city, and that almost every newspaper is printed from material consisting largely, and often almost wholly, of woodpulp, which is also used in the production of nearly all common and medium grades of paper for almost all uses, the magnitude of the consumption of wood pulp making becomes apparent.



"EDVINS," Hanover, Pa. There is no mention on the half dollar of 1822.

W. J. G., Philadelphia, Pa. Twenty six members of THE ARGOSY make a very nice book.

TEHACK, Brooklyn, N. Y. You will have; stick to English if you want to call your country Place Terrace View.

P. G., New York City. There are only a few copies of Vol. 3 left; the price has therefore been advanced to \$6, bound.

A CONSTANT READER, New York City. A notices regarding the formation of clubs or societies must be accompanied by the real name of the writer.

R. J. P., Burlington, N. J. Yes, a reader who buys THE ARGOSY from the news stand home, and procures mail subscribers for the specific time, can secure a camera.

PHILIP GLOCK, 44 Avenue A, New York City would like to purchase Nos. 209, 210, 211, 212, 215, 216, 221, 224, 225, 226, 230 and 240 of THE ARGOSY from some reader, as they are out of print at this office.

H. L. M., Kingsbridge, N. Y. The Adirondack region is about the best place in New York State for still water fishing. However there are lakes among the Catskills where if fishing is good. 2. Seabright or the Highland on the New Jersey coast, each afford fine opportunities for both surf bathing and still water fishing.

SNOWED UP, Elgin, Ill. Yes, No. 316, containing a portrait of Horatio Alger, Jr., as supplement and extra, and will be mailed to you on receipt of the price, ten cents. If biographical sketch appeared in one of the earlier issues, which is now out of stock. 2. We have never printed a portrait or sketch of Han Castleton. 3. Letters to both writers may be sent in our care.

A GOOD WORKER, Murphysboro, Ill. 1. Full directions for securing the bicycle, typewriter or photographic outfit are given in the number containing the offers—Nos. 442, 450 and 452. You can earn pocket money by securing new subscribers for THE ARGOSY on cash commission; on each two dollar name sent in you keep forty cents for your trouble in securing the new reader. Of course in this case no premium is offered.

VENUS, Pittsburgh, Pa. 1. See reply to Vol. 4 W. last week. Vol. V costs \$2. 2. There is strong probability that Mr. Munsey will write a story for the present volume. 3. Oliver Optic "Among the Missing" began in No. 372 and ended in No. 389; "The Tour of a Private Car," by Matthew White, Jr., ran from No. 3 to 38 inclusive. 4. You can doubtless obtain list of the real and stage names of prominent actors from either the New York Dramatic Mirror or the Spirit of the Times.

MILITARY MATTERS.

G. R. D., Washington, D. C. There is a charge for inserting notices in this department. Boys between 16 and 18, and 5 feet and over in height, wishing to form a military company in Philadelphia, may address Harry Mink Berlin, N. J.

LIEUTENANT HAL, Washington, D. C. The United States government could not assent to the formation of independent military organizations unless an act of Congress were passed authorizing it so to do.

H. W. L., The Sherman, Washington, as other cadet companies, of which you see mention in this column, are organizations of both young and men for military drill model on suggestions made in a series contribute to Vol. V of THE ARGOSY, by Lieutenant Hamilton.

A SUCCESSFUL SURPRISE PARTY; OR, LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.



I. WILLIE—"Say, Jack, here comes Bridget. Hide in this barrel, As the barrel contained molasses, Bridget is not the only one who gets a surprise.

To Build Up
Your System and restore
Your Strength
Invigorate your Liver and
Purify Your Blood
Strengthen Your Nerves and
Give An Appetite
Take that excellent medicine
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A MERCIFUL MAN.
NAUSICAA BROWN—"You are quite fond of athletics, I am told, Mr Little. Do you ever play football?"
LITTLE—"No. I—aw—wouldn't engage in the brutal spawt. Mi t kill somebody, don't you know."

A NEW KIND OF CANINE.
WHITE—"Is that new dog of Brown's a beagle?"
GREEN—"I don't know, I'm sure; judging from its midnight execution I should say it was a bugle."
—Harper's Bazar.

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ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL AFFAIR.
SMART YOUTH (to hand organ man)—"Garibaldi, how's business this morning? Don't you need a cashier?"
HAND ORGAN MAN (grinding away)—"No. One monka 'nuff."—Chicago Tribune.

NEVER KNEW HE HAD IT.
A MAN from one of the back counties of this State, who is filling some sort of an easy job about the National Museum at Washington as a testimonial of respect for his political services, was home not long ago on a vacation. He was talking to a group one evening, when one of them said:
"I understand you've got a snecure down there."
"Not that I know of," he replied innocently; "but they're getting in new animals every day or so, and maybe it's come in since I left. What paper did you see it in?"
Then everybody laughed, and the man wanted to know where the joke came in.—Detroit Free Press.

TOO THIN.
"How do you like my new suit, Maria? All wool and a yard wide, eh?" said Mr. Binks.
"Yes, that's the trouble," returned Mrs. B. "It's a yard wide, and you ain't more than twenty four inches across."
Why is a flannel suit like a small boy?
Because it shrinks from washing.—Drake's Magazine.

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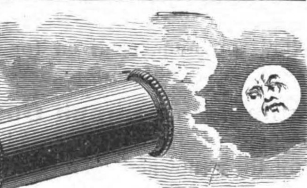
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FALSEHOOD WILL OUT.
"Did you tell that man I'd gone to San Francisco, as I told you to, James?"
"Yes, sir. I told him you started this morning."
"That's a good boy. And what did he say?"
"He wanted to know when you'd be back, and I told him 'after lunch,' sir."—Harper's Bazar.

CABBAGES AGAINST CANNONS.
FORWARD as they are, modern military appliances sometimes get the worst of the encounter with an apparently insignificant enemy. The Pittsburgh Dispatch tells how a troop of mounted artillery was recently routed by a farm wagon loaded with cabbages.
Near Amager, in Denmark, a farmer, going to town with his load of cabbages, ran into a troop of mounted artillery marching out to drill, and scattered panic in the ranks. The war horses ran away, leaving the guns in the road, and one of the artillerymen, who fell off, was dragged along by the stirrups. The farmer, who was as badly scared as the rest, was made prisoner and fined.

Uncle Sam: Wall, that's goin' one better'n reciprocity. That Mister True beats all. Yes, that's him. He got up there somehow and, why, bless me, he's a showin' the old man in the moon how ter get rich! He's been cuttin', and showin' a lot of my boys lately, how ter make money, and they are makin' a lot of it. Guess I'll take some lessons of him myself.
Mr. True: Matters are going along all right in the moon, and I will again address myself to the people of America. I am not going to buy this entire publication, in order to secure the space to explain here, but if you will write to us, all shall be made plain to you free; and you shall have our special personal consideration and attention. Money can be earned at our NEW line of work, rapidly and honorably, by those of either sex, young or old, and in their own localities, wherever they live. Any one can do the work. Easy to learn. We furnish everything. We start you. No risk. You can devote your spare moments, or all your time to the work. This is an entirely new line and brings wonderful success to every worker. Beginners are earning from \$25 to \$50 and upwards per week, and more after a little experience. We can furnish you the employment and teach you free. This is an age of marvelous things, and here is another great, useful, wealth-giving wonder. Great gains will reward every industrious worker. Wherever you are and whatever you are doing, you want to know about this wonderful work at once. Delay means money lost to you. **True & Co., Box 1287, Augusta, Maine.**



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