

# THE ARGOSY

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891.



THERE CROUCHED A BEAR, SURVEYING US WITH AN OPEN MOUTH THAT ONE COULD EASILY IMAGINE WAS WATERING FOR A DAINTY MORSEL OF BOY.

## A SPICY BREAKFAST.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

"COME on, Jack. It will be an experience of a lifetime. Uncle Ben always has the best of everything, and I tell you his roughing it will be of the smoothest possible sort. Besides, we were hoping that our vacations would come at the same time, and here is an opportunity that may never occur again."

This last argument clinched matters, and I told Tom I'd go. He was the oldest friend I had; we'd played and fought together as children, sat next to one another at school, and now we were both beginning at the bottom round of the ladder of business in the leather district. Tom's employer was his uncle, Ben Goodwin, while mine was a stranger whose advertisement I had answered.

I had begun work there the middle of June, as soon as I finished school, and somehow I did not expect any vacation. So when he called me up to him one afternoon in the latter part of August and said: "John, you may take your two weeks' outing beginning the first Monday in September," I was most agreeably surprised.

The one drawback to my rejoicing was the fact that Tom's vacation had been set for the last two weeks of the same month. And now, when he came to me with the announcement that his uncle,

who had been off in the Adirondacks, had fallen ill and wanted Tom to come up and bring a friend to occupy his camp till he recovered and got back, I strangely enough hesitated.

And for this reason. I had never been fond of hunting or of a hunter's life, and neither had Tom. We liked to row, bicycle, play tennis, baseball, and stump one another at athletic feats, but as for a gun and a fishing line, neither of these possessed any attraction for us. However, as I have said, the prospect of spending our vacation together finally decided me.

Mr. Goodwin had instructed Tom to draw a snug little sum for traveling expenses and we went up in style on the night boat, and through by drawing room car to Saranac. Here Mr. Goodwin's guide met us, for nobody thinks of venturing into the Adirondack forests without such a safeguard, and by nightfall we reached Hemlock Camp.

"How do you like it, Jack?" whispered Tom, giving me a nudge.

"Seems kind of spookey just at present," I replied. "I wonder if there are any bears around."

"Guess not," rejoined Tom. "They must have all been killed by this time by summer travelers."

Well, we got out, unloaded our traps from the wagon and then this was driven back to Saranac, leaving Tom and me and Buck, the guide, alone in the wilderness.

But Hemlock Camp was a very comfortable spot.

The tent wasn't as small as I had expected to find it, and there were actually sheets on the bed, which gave forth a most delicate odor of pine needles. Then there was a good deal of rustic work in the furnishing, in the way of tables and chairs, which we found out Buck had carved himself.

He was a very nice sort of a chap, about thirty, rather quiet, and not a bit like the guides you generally have in mind when you read about life in the woods. And what good coffee he could make, and fried potatoes! Tom and I feasted royally that night of our arrival, and then slept luxuriously on our pine smelling couch till far into the next morning, with Buck stretched out across the entrance way as a faithful guard.

The following day we lolled about on the ground all the forenoon, rejoicing in the fact that we had nothing to do.

"I suppose if it was some fellows," remarked Tom, "they'd have had themselves routed out at daybreak, shoulder a heavy rifle and tramp off through underbrush and swamp land for miles, under the impression that they were having fun."

"'Everybody to his taste,' as the old lady said when she kissed the cow," I rejoined. "Still I suppose dawdling about this way all the time would pall on us in the end. So we might as well plan to do something this afternoon. I wonder if there is any water near?"

"Yes; a lake, and Uncle Tom has a canoe on it.





over the City of the Sun, and no traces will be left of it."

Fast up a hill path, which seemed to have been preserved for their cavalcade alone, were the mules hurried, and faster, with a vague, undefined dread, the boys and the rest of the party followed.

As they reached, after a toilsome journey, the summit of the mountain, to their astonishment they heard a loud wailing cry, and perceived a halt among the inhabitants of the city.

To their surprise the white headed chief sprang forward, and with a loud shout called the attention of those who lined the hillslopes to him.

Then was heard a low, muffled roar, and a few dark forms could be seen striking eagerly at certain barriers at the side of the lake.

Hardly had a moment intervened when the pent up waters rose, and with one tremendous surge swept away tower and temple in their resistless course; a few clinging forms struggled up the mountain side, but by far the greater number were whelmed in the rushing torrent.

"Now, White Prince," said the old chief, "our city is destroyed, our wealth watched end, and we are at your service to escort the Treasure of the Cacique. How far are we to go? Will Puebla be near enough?—for the warriors of the City of the Sun are not to go nearer the haunts of the pale faces than is necessary."

"That will do for us," cried Arthur, with a glance at his brother; but before they arrived there they were destined to encounter some strange adventures.

#### CHAPTER XXIV. OLD FRIENDS REFOUNDED.

As the long cavalcade wound through the narrow defiles of the mountains, and at last emerged upon the open plains, it presented a strange and picturesque appearance.

In the van rode a strong body of Indians, carefully scouting and searching every coign of vantage, in which a foe might perchance find a secure ambush, while an equally strong party surrounded the White Prince and urged on the lagging mules.

Suddenly a slight commotion was seen among the advance guard as their foremost files pushed through a thick copse which stood upon the left hand side of the track, and the crack of a rifle was heard. Then a dash to the front was made by the Indians; another report was heard, and the advance guard fell back upon the main body, bringing with them two wounded men, whose hands securely bound behind them.

Before Bob and Arthur could push forward, a well known voice saluted their ears.

"Why, bless my heart, if it ain't the White Prince, a-avorting about with a heap of redskins."

"Joe!" cried Bob and Arthur in a breath. "What Joe, whom we thought dead and buried under the rapids of the St. Jacinto, alive and well!"

"Ay, alive, sure enough, but as for well, even this child, who is used to all the ways of the redskin, can't say as how he's well, with his elbows nearly meeting behind his back, 'cos of a painted Injin's larriat."

Explanations followed. A couple of horses were soon found for the late prisoners, and the cavalcade was again set in motion.

"But you haven't told us how you got clear of the rapids, Joe," said Bob; "for you were in a tight place when we saw you drifting down stream in that old ferryboat."

"We just were that, Master Bob, and if we hadn't got into a twist of the current that took us right under the bank, 'ere an emigrant train that was on the trail picked us up and tinkered the hot holes where our heads would have had more of St. Jacinto than is reckoned good for a natural born Texan stomach, let alone a Spaniard's inside."

"But how was it that you never joined us?" asked Arthur.

"I guess we followed you to the Alcalde's fort, but I guess I got left, and we might have struck your trail again if we hadn't come across those murdering thieves, Simon and Cifuentes."

"Did you really come across the villains?" asked Bob, his face flushing.

"We did, and have followed them for

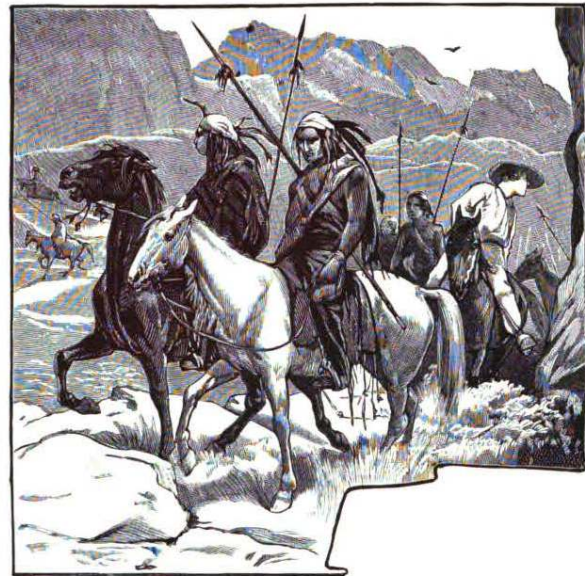
more than a week, but today we have missed the trail altogether."

"Close up to the escort, my Prince," said the old chief, riding up at this moment, "I see a cloud of dust upon our right, and the glint of weapons through it; it may be Apaches for all we know."

Nearer and nearer approached the cloud of dust, when suddenly there emerged from it the gay uniform of the lieutenant of Lancers.

"Lancers!" cried Lopes. "What are these doing here?"

A few words of explanation satisfied the lieutenant as to the array which accompanied the boys, and he informed



THE LONG CAVALCADE PRESENTED A STRANGE AND PICTURESQUE APPEARANCE.

them in return that he and his troop had been sent out in quest of a body of Apaches who were committing great havoc for many miles around.

"Have you any news of them?" asked Bob.

"They are, from all accounts, not two miles away," replied the lieutenant.

Arrangements were soon made; the treasure with the escort was to advance some four miles, where a halt was to be made and a camp formed. Lily was handed over to the charge of the old chief, and after a brief leave taking the brothers, accompanied by Indian Joe, Lopes, and some fifty of the children of the Sun, started off with the lieutenant and his Lancers in pursuit of the band of marauding Indians.

#### CHAPTER XXV. SCALPED.

FOR some four miles the troop proceeded at a sharp trot, without meeting with any signs of the marauders; but as they emerged from a dense portion of the chaparral through which they had been for some time advancing, they came suddenly upon a village which had evidently suffered severely at the hands of the plundering Indians.

The blackened rafters showed where the cruel fire had done its work, and the rolling smoke and the reddened embers were evidences of how recently the work of devastation had been accomplished. Here and there the bodies of the inhabitants who had been slain in the defense of their hearths and homes were lying weltering in their blood.

As the troop of avengers swept up at a gallop, and then halted in front of the scene of violence, a few of the miserable villagers who had managed to evade the researches of their terrible enemies crowded up to the Lancers, casting looks

of apprehension and terror at the bronzed countenances of the children of the Sun, who sat motionless upon their horses, apparently regardless of the cruel scene displayed before them.

Their story was a brief but pitiable one. Without the slightest warning, an armed band of Apache Indians had swept down upon them, killing all those who offered any resistance; had then fired the village, driven off the cattle, and departed, carrying away with them two travelers who had arrived in the village the night before, footsore and weary, and quite unable to proceed any farther upon their way.

His flight was but a short one. Almost simultaneously the lances passed through his body, and with a wild yell he sank in the dust.

Meanwhile one of the Indians had leaped from the saddle and stooped over the fallen man, a bright knife gleamed, and he wrenched his hand in the long hair of the prostrate form. A quick turn of the blade, and a wild, despairing, hardly human shriek from the victim, and the Indian had stooped over his horse and galloped after the retreating troop, shaking in derision his gory trophy at his pursuers.

The wretched man had been scalped by the savage.

The agony caused by the wound made him rise to his feet and stagger wildly along the road towards the boys. His strength, however, soon failed him, and he would have again fallen to the ground had not Bob leaped from his horse and caught the tottering form in his arms.

It was that of Halfhung Simon. The whole cavalcade came to a halt, and the Lancers swept by in pursuit of the Apaches.

"If they ain't raised the crittur's ha'r clean," muttered Joe, looking half pitifully at the miserable spectacle before him.

"Water, water," gasped Simon, and Arthur held a flask of the liquid to his quivering lips.

The wounded man drank eagerly.

"And this is the end," groaned he.

"Where is Cifuentes?" asked Bob, sternly.

"Cifuentes is having a worse time than I am," he gasped. "You'll find him in the ravine you passed, with the blasted pine tree at the entrance."

The wretched man faintered, and, in spite of all efforts on his behalf, he never rallied, and within a few minutes was dead.

(To be concluded.)

#### STRENGTH IN SHADOWS.

SUPERSTITION is oftentimes a very inconvenient trait. It sends a man out of his way to avoid passing under a ladder, causes the thirteenth member of a dinner party to go hungry till the twelve have got through, and otherwise incommodes those who are controlled by it. But in China superstition has done one thing which in this country the press, the law and the public demand united have as yet failed wholly to bring about. Says the New York *Sun*:

The telegraph wires in the Celestial Empire are placed underground, and if the company had not so disposed of them there would have been no telegraph lines in China to this day. Dead ancestors are held in peculiar reverence in this barbaric country, and the casting of a shadow upon the grave of an ancestor is looked upon by the Chinese as an insult not to be borne, and it is always resented with impetuous rage. Now there are no cemeteries or general burying grounds in China, but every family's ancestors, particularly in the rural districts, are buried on the family premises. Consequently, every yard or garden is a receptacle of ancestral remains, and as China is thickly populated, the revered bones of dead and gone Mongolian progenitors may be found resting beneath every fern and flower.

When the telegraph company went to work to put up the poles or which to hang its wires, the workmen were embarrassed every little while by wrathful protection, who would rush angrily upon certain poles and chop them to the ground, and warn the workmen to desist, on explicit threats that they would put them up again at their peril. The cause of this interference was unknown to the workmen, who were at last forced to discontinue their work, and the protection demanded by the authorities. Then it was learned that the poles that were cut down had cast a shadow some time during the day on the graves of revered ancestors of Chinese men, and the insult could be wiped out in no other way but by summarily removing the poles. It was found that the superstition was too sacred a one among the Chinese to be overcome by persuasion or bribery, and at last the telegraph company, as a matter of course, sought protection, laid their wires beneath the surface, where they have been ever since.

#### THE PUBLIC NOT TO BE DISAPPOINTED.

A BAND of tourists are being personally conducted through a castle on the borders of the Loire.

"This, ladies and gentlemen, is the room in which the Duc de Guise was assassinated—"

"But when I was here this time last year you showed me that room in another wing," objected a tourist.

"Very sorry, sir; but at that time this wing was being repaired."—*London Globe*.



"Do you mean it, Ben?" cried Arthur, in bewilderment. "Are you sure he is the fellow you saw in your room that night? I don't want any one else to suffer wrongfully."

"Don't worry, Art," Ben assured him "He's the identical chap, aren't you?" he asked, turning to Bob. "Didn't you steal from Mr. Hart? Answer me straight—no lies, mind you."

"Ye-es," gasped Bob in terror.

"What for?" demanded Ben.

"Cos I wanted to get even with Art Blaisdell, that's why," replied Bob, casting a vindictive glance at Arthur. "I put tartar-tartar—tartar suthin' er other 't the feller at th' 'pothecary give me, in the milk, so's the make folks sick 'n' drank it an' then he'd lose customers. I tried ter git it inter all the milk, but the darned old ice box was locked an' I o'd only get at two cans. I took the money and things cos I wanted 'em."

"This confession was made in a sullen, unpenitent spirit that was in keeping with the fellow's nature."

"I got scared 'r I'd dun wussn't that," he declared. "I thought I seen a ghost an' it give me a terrible start."

"Young Louey, here, most likely," said Ben.

"What else would you have done if you hadn't been disturbed?" inquired Mr. Cummings, looking at the young rascal curiously.

"None o' yer business," returned Bob.

"Slip a rope around him," said the detective. "He's the most hardened young wretch I know of. He doesn't deserve any mercy."

"I don't want none from Art Blaisdell," growled the youth.

"I shan't do anything to him," said Arthur, turning away. "He can go for all me."

"Well, old man Hart'll want him," added Ben; "we'll take him along with us and turn him over to the first constable we see."

"Mr. King lies right near the post office," suggested Annie, who had been a silent spectator of the scene.

"All right, we will take him along," said the detective. "We must be going, too. Two of us can ride in the wagon with these fellows," nodding toward Chess Gardner and his associate. "Mr. Dahlgreen, I shall have to ask you to remain here and guard the booty of these rogues. You know where it is?"

Blair nodded.

"I took a look at it while we were in the cellar," he said.

"All right. I'll send officers with a team out at once. Now which one of you young fellows will go with me?"

"I will," said Hal briskly.

"Then I shall have to walk back, eh?" said Arthur; but for some reason he did not seem particularly displeased.

"Somebody should see this young lady home, and I guess you will do very well," remarked Mr. Cummings with a quiet smile.

"This Gardner has a horse somewhere about here, I suppose. You can capture it and ride back to the city—when you get ready."

"Arthur appeared very well satisfied with this plan."

A great many things may happen in three weeks, and the three following ones were crowded full of incidents. In the first place, of course, was the preliminary trial of Chess Gardner and John Moriarty for burglary, and the delivering over to Major Van Slyck of nearly every dollar's worth of valuables he had lost. The major, although almost crushed by the discover, that Chess Gardner was a villainous fraud, was happy in the possession of his money again. He tried to force the reward of five thousand dollars upon somebody, but, strange though it may seem, he could find no claimant to it.

"How do you like that?" That turnout is yours for one hundred and seventy-five dollars."

"But I thought you said that was the price of the horse!" exclaimed Arthur wonderingly.

"That's all right," said Hi, coming around to his side and taking his hand. "I want you to take the carriage and harness from me, not as a gift, but in part payment for the way you stuck by me, Art."

"No," declared Arthur firmly. "Not that way; but as a gift."

"As a gift it is then," said Hi, and the two swung each other's hands with considerable feeling.

On his way home with his new possession Arthur met Hal Kenyon, who was as hearty

as ever in admiration for Arthur and wonderfully glad over our hero's good fortune. Bill Olney was one person he did not see during his short visit; in fact he never saw him again, as Bill left the vicinity for the West.

Hal Blaisdell, although he would not accept the reward Major Van Slyck had offered him, more than Arthur would, did feel at liberty shortly afterwards to ask for a position in the office of the Home Mutual, which the major was only too glad to give him. Hal found insurance just the business for which he was fitted and within three years he held the post of secretary of the company and was the right hand man of the major. The latter has frequently been heard to say that he never intends fully to trust any other person again, after his experience with Chess Gardner. But people who know, smile quietly behind the eccentric old gentleman's back, for Hal Blaisdell is far more trusted by him than ever the scheming Gardner was.

In due time Chess and his accomplice, Moriarty, were sentenced to a long term at hard labor. Bob Harris, too, received his punishment and after serving his time left that part of the country, it is hoped, with the intention of becoming more of an ornament to society.

The last Arthur ever heard of Joel Audubon Webb he had taken up the labor problem and had become an exponent of anti-capital doctrines. It would not be surprising to have him bob up serenely at any time in the character of a lecturer on woman's rights or as a Prohibition stump speaker.

With her husband where he ought to have been before, Mrs. Moriarty got along very nicely with Micky and "Jamesty." Micky had a taste for the "big game," and "Jamesty" dart like a pig, his mother said—and when Mr. Davidson rebuilt his residence at High Rock Micky was given the position of gardener and the whole family went there to live. At last "Jamesty" got his breath of fresh air and a chance to play in the dirt, and he grew well, and rosy, and fat, to the great joy of his mother, who seldom if ever is now heard to wish herself back in the "old country."

Mont Raymond became what so many occasional tipplers become—a drunkard, and died in a fit of delirium tremens. Society smoothed it over for the sake of his position and family, but, as the old physician who had attended him, declared, "it was a case of D. T. just the same."

Before Arthur had been on the *Journal* many months Mr. Jennings resigned his position and went to fill an opening on a Western paper. Mr. Coffin was immediately promoted to the post of managing editor over "Deliver the Meek;" but Mr. Deliver was unfit for the position, and anyway he was unused to such things. Arthur for a number of months was telegraph editor ("rushing the flimsy" it is called), while Horatio Guelph sat in the city editor's chair. After three years Horatio threw up his position and joined an Arctic exploring party—one of the first to penetrate into the interior of Greenland—and Arthur Blaisdell was awarded the vacancy at the city editor's desk.

The Harts are still in California. Ben Dahlgreen and his wife occupy the old homestead.

Arthur now owns a house in the suburbs of the city, in which he, with the lady who shares all his happiness (none other than the beautiful Annie Remington), cares for Little Mum in her declining years. Like other boys who have loved their mothers and have not been ashamed to show it, he has been successful in life beyond his expectations, and is honored and respected by his associates.

THE END.

SIX THOUSAND MILES IN THREE MINUTES.

IF we should take up the daily papers tomorrow morning and read that regular communication had been established with the planet Mars, we should most certainly draw in a deep breath of incredulity. And yet our ancestors of 1791 would have been equally as incredulous had some one told them that of the present generation, should take quite as a matter of course the ability to send a message across three thousand miles of ocean and receive a reply within five minutes.

Some details respecting the working of the great transatlantic cable were recently printed in the *New York Times*, from among

which we have selected the subjoined as likely to be of interest to the readers of THE ARGOSY:

Owing to the great length of the cables and to the impracticability of establishing "repeater stations" and instruments used in connection with the latter would be useless for the purposes of Atlantic telegraphy. Cable signals require some arrangement which should be capable of following and indicating or recording every change in strength of the received "current." Sir William Thomson, by his invention of the "galvanometer," was so constructed that it could fill this condition, has rendered submarine telegraphy commercially practicable.

This device is very simple and easily understood. A magnet, consisting of one or more small pieces of steel, watch spring, is attached to the neck of a light concave silvered glass mirror, about as large as a ten cent piece. The mirror is hung by a single fiber of cocoon silk within the coil—made of hundreds of turns of fine insulated copper-wire—and a curved magnet, which serves to counteract the magnetism of the earth, is carried on a vertical support in place. Opposite the galvanometer is placed a "scale." A beam of light from a paraffine lamp passes through a narrow, adjustable aperture in the mirror, and is reflected back upon the scale. This gives a well defined, vertical spot of light. The adjusting magnet enables the operator to bring the reflected spot right to the zero point at the middle of the scale.

When a current is passed through the coil the magnet is deflected, and since the magnet is fastened to the mirror, both are deflected as forming one body. The movement will be to right or to left, as the current is in the "right" or "left" direction, and by an arbitrary arrangement of "lefts" and "rights" letters are formed and read off by the operator.

A cross section of an Atlantic cable may be described as follows: In the center is a copper strand of seven wires; around this a gutta serena is surrounded by a service of jute, outside which there are two wires of what is called homogeneous iron, each enveloped in fine strands of manilla hemp. The weight of the cable is about 4,000 lbs. per nautical mile, in water, about fourteen hundred weight per nautical mile. A cable would weigh about seven thousand lbs. in water without breaking. The average length of an Atlantic cable is, roughly, 1,870 miles.

Stock brokers both in New York and London are fully alive to the advantages to be gained by a liberal use of the cables. How liberally these great lines of cable communication be understood from the fact that small fortunes are daily paid to the different cable companies by their American and British Stockholders. The accuracy and speed of the service and accuracy attainable today would, a few years ago, have been deemed impossible. It is a fact, also, that the fact of common daily occurrence for a message to be sent from New York to London, or vice versa, and answered inside of three minutes.

HOW TO GET INTO ONE BRANCH OF THE NAVY.

THE ARGOSY is constantly in receipt of inquiries regarding the requirements necessary to enter this or that branch of public service, what pay may be expected in certain occupations, what age the applicant must be to be admitted to such a service, and so on. These queries, so far as they bear on vessels of the United States Navy now in commission, are answered in the following circular, issued by Captain Beardslee, of the receiving ship Vermont, and published in the *New York Tribune*.

Men enlisted for three years and all applicants "must pass a rigid examination, especially as to eyesight, have good teeth, and be free from hereditary disease. Applicants must be at least under twenty years of age, and may be enlisted with the legal consent of parents or guardians."

Men with a knowledge of sea life, over twenty-one and under twenty-five years of age, may be enlisted as landsmen; but if the applicant has a mechanical trade the age may be extended to thirty-four years. The examination is physical only, and the pay \$16 per month. For ordinary seaman the applicant must have been at sea at least two years, and must pass examination in reefing, steering, knotting and splicing, etc.; the pay is \$19 per month. The applicant for seaman must have been at sea at least four years, and must pass a rigorous examination in seamanship, the pay being \$24 per month.

A candidate for machinist must be a good workman, and it is desirable that he should be able to do rough blacksmith's or cooper-smith's work. He must, preferably, have served at least one year on a sea-going steamer; must thoroughly know the names and uses of all parts of modern marine engines and boilers, and how to care for them and their action under various and rigorous conditions likely to occur in practice; and must also understand enough arithmetic to keep a log-book, including the method of working of decimal fractions. The pay is \$70 a month.

A first class fireman, whose pay is \$35 per

month, must have had experience as a fireman on a steamer, and have knowledge about marine engines, boilers and their attachments and know how to oil the working parts of an engine, etc. A second class fireman must also have had experience in his line of work and know something of the engines, pumps, etc. The pay is \$30 per month. A candidate for coal heaver should, by preference, have had some experience at firing, and the pay is \$22 per month. All rates are entitled to one ration per day, equal to \$9 per month.

**ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR FIVE.**

If you happen to have a five dollar bill belonging to a particular series, there is a man in Philadelphia ready to give you a hundred dollars for it. The why and where-

fore is thus explained by the *Record* of that city:

A wealthy Tenth Street merchant has a collection of autographs which is decidedly unique. Every one of his autographs is worth at least five dollars, and there are upward of 50,000 of them. He began about five years ago to collect five dollar bills containing the signatures of the different national bank presidents of the United States. He has now nearly a quarter of a million dollars tied up in this queer scheme, and declares that his collection is not complete by many thousands of dollars yet. He is willing to give one hundred dollars for a five dollar bill bearing the signature of Walter Ross Craymond, who was at one time president of a short lived bank at Oberlin, Ohio. For some reason there were only five of the bills issued. No trace of them can be found.

Inquiry at the office of the Treasurer of the United States develops the fact that they are still floating about, if in existence.

**DESERT ISLANDS STILL IN STOCK.**

If you would like to be shipwrecked and go through a Robinson Crusoe experience for a while, you need not fear that there are no desert islands left for you to be cast upon. The ocean covers three quarters of the earth's surface and in this vast space there is plenty of room for patches of outcropping sand and rock which have as yet escaped man's conquest. Says the *Philadelphia Times*:

There are many islands, and even whole archipelagoes, as solitary as Juan Fernandez in the time of the Scotch Robinson.

The "Southern Orkneys" six hundred miles southeast of Cape Horn, are completely out of range of all regular steamer lines, and Amsterdam Island, half way between Cape Horn and Australia, is visited only by stray whalers, who find its population of penguins and gulls as tame as barnyard fowl, and evidently quite undisturbed by that dread of man, which has become an instinct of sea birds even on the loneliest coast islands of Northern Norway.

The island of Alexander Selkirk, the Crusoe of De Poe, on the other hand, has now a population of some sixty souls, and is visited once a month by steamers from Panama to Montevideo. The three islands of St. Felix, four hundred miles further northwest, are likewise inhabited, and are now and then gladdened by the arrival of a Peruvian fishing smack.

**ANOTHER AFRICAN TRAGEDY.**



I.

COL. JONES, the celebrated African explorer, discovers a splendid cocoonut tree in the wilds of Kikkamugwump-land.



II.

As he is running short of provisions and the expedition cannot climb well, Col. Jones thinks of another way of getting the cocoanuts.



III.

By a skillful throw of the lariat which he always carries in his valise, he succeeds in lassoing the top of the cocoonut tree.



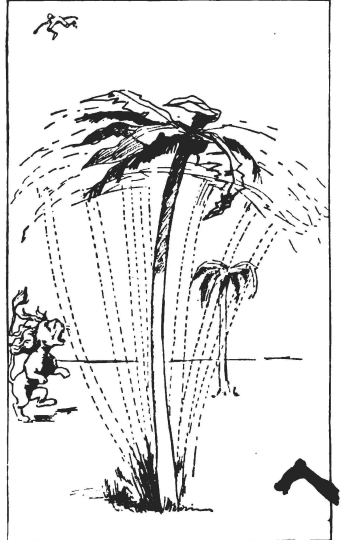
IV.

The united muscle of the expedition then drags the top of the tree to the ground.



V.

But at this critical moment, the expedition is alarmed by the sudden appearance of a lion.



VI.

The expedition runs for life, whereupon the tree flies up and sends Col. Jones on a bee line to the planet Mars.



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## WITH COSSACK AND CONVICT.

A TALE OF FAR SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

WILL COMMENCE NEXT WEEK.

*If we have readers who like stories that will make their blood move faster, that will picture accurately the despotism of Russia and the horrors of Siberia, that will awaken their sympathy and kindle their indignation—if such readers we have they will find, "With Cossack and Convict" the most thrilling story they have read in years.*

*The name of Graydon, the author, is familiar to the reader of THE ARGOSY. He did his first literary work for us and has continued to give us the best products of his pen. "I have never written so good a story as 'With Cossack and Convict,'" he writes. "The interest will grow as the story grows."*

*Readers of THE ARGOSY may expect much of this serial and they will not be disappointed.*

*Why not tell your friends of the story so that they can read it also?*

### SMALL BOATS ON BIG WATERS.

IT is about time a halt was called in these trips across the Atlantic in twenty foot dories. It was foolhardy enough when it was attempted the first time, although the voyager in that instance had the excuse of wanting to prove that the thing could be done, whereas his successors seek but to show that they, too, can do it.

But perhaps an incident that occurred not long ago will put a stop to these senseless undertakings. An iron buoy belonging to the United States recently rose loose from its moorings and pursued its bobbing course clear across the ocean, landing finally on the coast of Ireland. If such an insignificant thing as a buoy can find its way safely over three thousand miles of sea, what glory is there left for the dorymen?

### THE POWER OF THE PRESS AS RECENTLY EXHIBITED.

A GOOD deal has been said and written about the power of the press, and this year it would seem as if journalism had taken it in hand to prove that its strength was literal in the fullest sense of the term.

One of New York's evening papers is boasting of its life saving properties. On one occasion a baby fell from an upper window and alighting on a page of this valuable sheet, which a man chanced to be reading just beneath, escaped unhurt. Scarcely a month afterwards a foundling was discovered in the street and was at first supposed to be dead. The finder wrapped it in a copy of his favorite paper and carried it to the Morgue. Arrived here he was amazed to notice signs of life in the infant. That it died subsequently did not hinder the editor from claiming miraculous power for his journal.

Then the other day a bundle of newspapers fell under an elevated train in New York, delaying it for half an hour while they were being dug out with pickaxes.

### BANKRUPTCY AND BASEBALL.

BASEBALL and books do not seem to have much affinity for one another, and a bookseller is scarcely the man one would expect to find interesting himself deeply in the national game. But the recent failure of a large book house in New York has been attributed to the misfortunes of the League Club of the metropolis. The head of it was a stockholder in the club and the notoriously poor business of the season of 1890 subjected him to severe losses from which he was not able to recover.

Thus it will be seen that while baseball comes under the head of play it is pretty serious play for some people. To all of which we may attach the moral that while "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," an injudicious mixture of work and play is apt to make him a poor one.

### THE WEAKNESS OF THE STRONG.

THE past summer has been unhappily prolific in drowning accidents, and in many of these cases those who lost their lives were young men counted as especially hardy, and skillful in athletic attainments. And arguing from these facts it would seem that these are the very ones who need to be especially warned when they go for a swim. It is they who are the venturesome ones.

How rarely one seems to hear of non swimmers being drowned while bathing. They know their limitations and are naturally cautious, whereas the champion, the medal winner, thinks that he can do anything, go anywhere, and forgetful of that insidious foe, cramp, strikes out beyond the breakers far from any helping hand.

In this matter then it is the weak, and not the strong, who need to be warned. Carefulness is not cowardice.

### INTERFERING WITH NATURE.

"RAIN storms furnished at short notice" may be one of the sign boards the United States government can hang out in the immediate future. Experiments made under General Dyrenforth's direction during the latter part of last month in the arid regions of Texas were crowned with the most brilliant success. Oxy-hydrogen balloons, rackarock powder and dynamite were exploded one fine afternoon and in a very brief period the sky clouded over and heavy rain fell for six hours, over an area of a thousand square miles.

The official rain makers were wild with delight and did not hesitate to predict that they could do greater things yet.

But while we in America are experimenting with attempts to produce rain, over in Tarbes, France, they are trying to avert the destructive hailstorms with which the district has been afflicted.

This is being done by means of tall poles erected on the surrounding hills, each pole capped with metal and attached to wires. Whether or not these precautions will prove of use has not yet been demonstrated.

### EDWARD O. WOLCOTT,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM COLORADO.

THREE years ago Mr. Wolcott was a successful Denver lawyer, with a good practice and a large income, but no reputation beyond his own locality. Today he is known all over the country as a public man of remarkable ability and promise. In the short time during which he has been a member of the



EDWARD O. WOLCOTT.

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

Senate he has demonstrated the possession of talent and independence, and has made himself felt as a power in the political field.

He is one of the youngest United States Senators, having been born on the 26th day of March, 1848. His birthplace was the village of Long Meadow, Massachusetts, on the Connecticut River, a few miles below Springfield, but most of his life has been spent in the West. He is also one of the youngest veterans of the civil war, having served as a private in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Ohio regiment when he was only sixteen years old.

After the war he entered Yale, but before completing his course at the New Haven college he transferred his allegiance to her great rival, graduating from the Harvard law school in 1871. As the field for his professional career he chose Denver, the flourishing young capital of what was then the Territory of Colorado. Hard work soon brought success. He became noted for his skill in conducting criminal cases, and as an expert in railroad law—a very profitable branch of the profession. It is said that his income grew to reach the handsome figure of seventy five thousand dollars annually. Hence, in accepting a seat in the Senate, with the comparatively insignificant salary attached to its onerous duties, he no doubt made a considerable financial sacrifice.

It was on the 4th of March, 1889, that Mr. Wolcott entered the Senate. His speeches there have been few, but have shown much oratorical power, and when he rises he is sure of an attentive audience. At the last session he played an important part in the effort made by the Senators from the Western States to secure the free, or at least freer, coinage of silver. The silver question is so difficult a one, and one so complicated with partisan feelings, that THE ARGOSY cannot express an opinion upon the merits of the controversy. Suffice it to say that Mr. Wolcott is one of those who believe that the interests of his State and of the whole country would be greatly advanced by a law permitting the entire product of our silver mines to be coined into standard dollars. His ability as a speaker and his skill as a tactician have gained recognition among those who think with him, and as a leader of the "silver men" the young Senator stands with such veterans as Congressman Bland of Missouri and Senator Stewart of Nevada.

As will be seen from the accompanying portrait, Mr. Wolcott's physiognomy is decidedly handsome. He is a man of medium height, erect and firmly built, with a large head, brown hair, a light mustache, and a face that bespeaks energy and intellectual force. In his busy and successful life he has not as yet found time to marry.



## SIGNS OF APPRECIATION.

"At last I've found the place for me,"  
said Waggles at the shore,  
"For when I crack a joke the sea  
Duch dance and jump about with glee,  
And e'en the breakers roar."  
—New York Sun.

[This Story began in Number 456.]

## A DEBT OF HONOR.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.,

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

## CHAPTER XI.

## AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

GERALD had often thought vaguely of the time when he would be left alone. Between him and his father there had been an intimacy and mutual dependence greater than usually exists between father and son. Now that his father had passed away, a sudden feeling of desolation chilled the boy's spirits, and he asked himself what life had in store for him of hope and happiness. But youth is buoyant, and Gerald was but sixteen. He felt that he had something to live for. He would redeem his father's reputation, and instead of giving way to his feelings would fight manfully the great battle of life.

But how? To what should he turn? He began to consider his resources. First and most available was money. He emptied his pockets, and took account of his worldly wealth. It amounted to one dollar and sixty five cents, all told.

"That isn't much," thought Gerald. "I shall have to go to work without delay."

He prepared supper as usual, but had small heart to sit down to it alone. Little as he liked Bradley Wentworth he would have been glad to have his company till he could endure the thought of solitude. But he was not destined to eat by himself. Going to the door of the cabin just as his simple preparations were made, he caught sight of an approaching figure. It was that of a stranger, a strong, robust man of little more than thirty, with a florid face and dressed like an English tourist.

"Hallo, there!" called out the stranger, as he caught sight of Gerald.

"Hallo!" responded Gerald.

"Is there any hotel round here?"

"Not that I know of, sir."

"As I feared. I've been wandering round this confounded country till I've got lost. It's a beastly wilderness, that's what it is."

Gerald smiled. His experience of men was limited, and he had never met a British tourist before.

"May I sit down awhile?" went on the new comer.

There was a long seat built against the cabin, with the wall of the latter for a back.

"Certainly, sir. I shall be glad of company."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, sir. I have lived here for three years."

"I should think you'd commit suicide, I should, upon my word. Does no one live with you?"

"Not now," answered Gerald gravely. "My father died two days since."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, I do indeed," said the Englishman in a tone of sympathy. "It wasn't an accident, was it?"

"No, he had long been sick of consumption. I was feeling very lonely, for he was only buried today."

"I hope I don't intrude. I wouldn't do that on any account."

"No; on the contrary I am glad to have company. I was about to sit down to supper. If agreeable I shall be pleased to have you join me."

"Supper!" repeated the tourist with sudden animation. "It is the one thing I have been longing for. I haven't eaten a particle of food since morning, and didn't know where to find any, though my pocket is full of money."

"I can't offer you anything very inviting," said Gerald, as he led the way into the cabin. "I have some fish and potatoes, bread and coffee, but I have neither milk nor butter."

"Don't apologize, my young friend,"

The stranger drew from his pocket a card on which Gerald read the name:

THE HON. NOEL BROOKE.

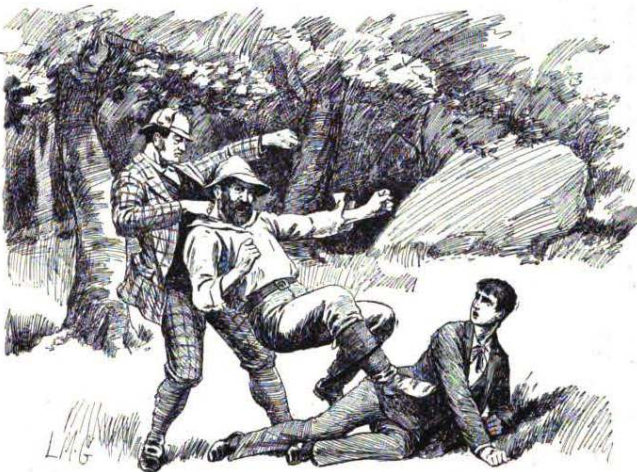
"I should be glad to give you my card, Mr. Brooke," said Gerald, "but here in this wilderness cards are not customary. My name is Gerald Lane."

"I am delighted to know you, Mr. Lane," said the tourist offering his hand cordially.

It seemed odd to Gerald to be called "Mr. Lane."

"If you don't mind, Mr. Brooke," he said, "please call me Gerald. I never thought of myself as Mr. Lane."

"I will do so with pleasure, and it will seem easy and familiar, for I have a Cousin Gerald. His name, too, is not unlike yours. He is Lord Gerald Vane, son of the Marquis of Dunbar."



THE ENGLISH TOURIST DARTED OUT OF THE CABIN AT THE RIGHT MOMENT AND SEIZED JAKE BY THE COLLAR.

interposed the Englishman. "It is a feast fit for the gods. I have an appetite that will make anything palatable. But where do you get your bread? There can't be any bakers' shops in this wilderness."

"There are not. I make my own bread."

"You don't say so! And upon my word it is delicious."

"It is fortunate that you are hungry," said Gerald with a smile.

"No, 'pon honor, it isn't that. It is really better than I often eat at hotels. You really have talent as a cook."

"I don't think so. I don't care for cooking, but have taken it up from necessity."

The tourist hadn't exaggerated his appetite. He ate so heartily that when the meal was concluded there wasn't a crumb left. All the dishes were empty.

"I ought to apologize for my appetite," he said, "but I have been rambled about ever since breakfast, and I find the air here very stimulating."

"Don't think of apologizing!" returned Gerald. "I am glad you relished my simple supper."

"Now, if I were only sure of a bed, I should feel quite easy in mind."

"I will gladly offer you a bed. This is the first night that I should have been alone, and the solitude depressed me."

"I will accept your kind offer thankfully. But you ought to know whom you are obliging."

"There is one essential difference," said Gerald. "I am plain Gerald—I can't call myself a lord."

"Oh, you are all sovereigns in America," laughed the Englishman, "and that is higher than the title of lord."

"Perhaps you are a lord also?" suggested Gerald.

"No, Gerald, not at present. My father has a title, but my elder brother will inherit that. However, that is of little importance here."

"Have you been long in Colorado, Mr. Brooke?"

"About a month. I was told it was the Switzerland of America. So after visiting your principal cities and having seen your famous Niagara, I pushed on out here, but I didn't reckon on there being no hotels, or I might have stayed away."

"There will be plenty of hotels in a few years. There are few settlements as yet."

"Just so. Excuse my saying so, but until that time comes I should rather keep away. And you have actually lived here for three years?"

"Yes."

"But why come here when there are plenty of places where you would have enjoyed greater advantages?"

"We came here on account of my father's health. He was in a consumption, and the dry, clear air of this region is especially favorable for any lung troubles."

"Did he experience benefit?"

"Yes; he lived three years, when elsewhere he would probably have died in twelve months."

"But now you won't stay here? You haven't got consumption."

"Not that I am aware of," answered Gerald with a smile.

"Have you formed any plans?"

"No; I have not had time."

"You ought to go to New York or Chicago. There would surely be an opening in one of those cities for a clever boy like yourself."

"Thank you for the compliment. There is one good reason, however, why I cannot follow your advice."

"Name it."

"Money is necessary, and my poor father was unable to leave me any."

"But this cabin?"

"That indeed belongs to me and the eighty acres adjoining, but it would be difficult to sell it, nor do I care to do so. Some day, when the country is more settled, it may be worth much more than at present."

"You are right, Gerald. But you are not obliged to remain here. The cabin and the land won't run away."

"That's true. I mean to leave it and go somewhere, but my plans are not formed yet."

"Then let me help you form them. I want to make a prolonged tour in this country, and I find it beastly dull without a companion. Come with me!"

"But, Mr. Brooke, I am poor. I have less than two dollars in my possession."

"My dear fellow, what difference does that make?"

"But I can't travel without money."

"I offer you a position as my—private secretary, with a salary of—I say now, I don't know how much to pay you. We'll call it four pounds a week, twenty dollars in your money, if that is satisfactory."

"But, Mr. Brooke," exclaimed Gerald in astonishment, "I don't understand the duties of a private secretary, and I can't possibly be worth that money."

"You won't find your duties difficult. I call you my secretary, but you'll only have to keep me company."

"I will do that with pleasure, Mr. Brooke."

"Then it's all settled, Gerald. Your hand upon it!"

The two clasped hands, and Gerald felt that this new friend would be a good offset for his powerful enemy.

## CHAPTER XII.

JAKE AMSDEN MAKES AN EARLY CALL, AND HAS A WARM RECEPTION.

THE next morning Gerald was up bright and early. He felt bound to entertain his new employer, who was temporarily his guest, as royally as possible. So he decided to make some fresh bread for breakfast, and this would take him some time. Still all his preparations were made, and breakfast all ready to be served before his companion awoke.

"He must be pretty tired," thought Gerald. "I won't wake him up, for his business isn't very pressing, and he will be glad of a good long rest."

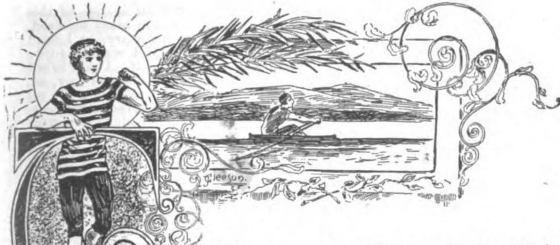
He ate a little himself, for he had been up long enough to have a good appetite, and seated himself on the settee in front of the cabin.

It was a charming morning, and as



## THROWING THE HAMMER AND PUTTING THE SHOT.

BY GEORGE R. BRADLEY.



HE great majority of boys—and of men too—would rather be tall than short, and would prefer to have broad shoulders and stalwart muscles rather than a slight and attenuated frame. Not that size is an unmixed blessing. The lot of the giant or the corpulent man is not an entirely happy one, and even those of good ordinary height and weight are in some respects at a disadvantage when compared with their smaller and slimmer competitors. The best runners are usually men who have not much avoirdupois to carry. In jumping, height is an advantage, but weight an obstacle. In most sports that require strength, the player who has fewer inches of latitude and longitude will as a general rule be found to excel. In long continued tests of endurance, too, the light, wiry man has at least an equal chance of outlasting a more heavily built competitor.

But in the sports to a brief description of which this article is devoted, the of large and powerful frame has an incontestable advantage. The best hammer throwers and shot putters have been, and must always be, athletes of great size and strength. A man of ordinary stature can, by means of practice, acquire some success as a handler of the weights, but he could never compete with a "giant" who had had as much training as himself. Small men can never become record breakers in this line.

As for boys, only those of good growth and considerable strength should meddle with the hammer and shot. Do those who are too young and slight, the danger of overtaxing their powers would be considerable, and the results might be serious. But the tall, sturdy young fellow of sixteen or seventeen may begin without risk of injury to try his skill with the weighty missiles, especially the lighter varieties of them—for hammers run from eight to twenty four pounds, and shots from twelve to fifty six.

The regulation hammer, according to the rules of the Amateur Athletic Union, weighs sixteen pounds, and consists of a shot fastened upon a curved handle, the total length of which is limited to four feet. Formerly the shot was made of iron, and the handle of a stiff, straight piece of hard wood. Nowadays the best hammers have a head of lead. That metal, being much heavier than the handle, makes a smaller and less cumbersome sixteen pound shot; and by thus concentrating the weight nearer to the end of the handle it increases the swing of the hammer and gives it a greater momentum when the athlete circles it around his head. The handle, too, is now often made of a pliable piece of hickory, which is considered to make its revolution more easy and swift.

Some athletes throw with hammers whose handles are made on a special pattern of their own designing. One of them is Wilson L. Coe, a favorite of the New York Athletic Club, who is a magnificent performer at the sport. His specialty is the one hand throw, and he holds the record of 121 feet 11 1/4 inches for throwing from a seven foot circle, holding the hammer with only one hand. Coe's favorite hammer has a handle bent at the extremity like

a shepherd's crook. Its total length is a little over the prescribed four feet, but as no part of it is more than four feet from the head it is interpreted as falling within the rules. It may be added that Coudon has thrown a twelve pound hammer, under similar conditions, 140 feet 7 inches, and an eight pound hammer 182 feet.

Michael O'Sullivan, of the Pastime Athletic Club, another New York organization, is also a one hand thrower who uses a peculiar hammer. Its handle is a piece of grape wood, with the irregular bends and twists characteristic of the vine. Defeated competitors have been known to claim that O'Sullivan's handle is not a legal one, on the ground that when he swings it around him its crooks are straightened out by the strain, and it becomes actually over four feet in length. Proof of the assertion, however, is not forthcoming, for when the celebrated grapevine handle is in action it revolves too rapidly to be followed by the eye, and it might be dangerous for any one to use a "Kodak" or "Hawkeye" get near enough to the athlete to take a snapshot view of his swinging hammer.

When compared with the records of throwers who use both hands, the distances accomplished by Coudon seem, at first sight, to be almost incredible. It should be remembered, however, that with one hand the hammer can be swung in a larger circle than it describes when held with both. This fact may easily be ascertained by experiments, which will show that while two hands grasp the handle one arm or the other must continually be more or less bent, thus shortening the diameter of the circle in which the leaden head is swung and lessening the momentum given to the hammer. But, of course, it needs a powerful athlete, with great strength in his arm, wrist and fingers, to grasp the heavy missile firmly and swing it swiftly and effectively with one hand. The difficulty grows greater as the weight of the hammer is increased. At weights above sixteen pounds, two hands are indubitably better than one. At eight and even twelve pounds, on the contrary, the longest throws are made with one hand.

There are two different methods of throwing the hammer—the standing and the running throw. In the former, the athlete plants himself firmly upon his feet with his back toward the direction in which he means to throw. Then he grasps the hammer and swings it around him as often as he desires and as forcibly as he can without throwing himself from his foothold. Finally, when he has worked up to its motion to the greatest possible degree of speed, he releases it and sends it flying over his left shoulder.

The recognized limitations of the other style of hammer throwing—the running throw—allow the athlete a circle of seven feet in diameter, in which to move about. Standing on one side of this space he swings the hammer several times over his head, as before, and then increases the force of the revolution by taking two or three quick jumps, turning his whole body completely around with each jump, and gradually approaching the opposite side of the circle. Before reaching the boundary he discharges the hammer over his left shoulder. Should he step over the line, which is marked upon the ground with whitewash, the throw is a foul and he is reckoned out.

The standing throw is the style in vogue at the intercollegiate games, and

consequently the one most practiced at the leading colleges. It is a young Hitz, of the P. Finley, belongs to the distinction of breaking all previous records with a throw of 108 feet 0 1/2 inches. The feat was accomplished at last spring's intercollegiate championships, and excelled Coudon's best performance under similar conditions by 6 feet. As Finley is quite a young fellow, and is said to have had little practice with the hammer, he may do better still within the next few years.

The best throwers from the seven foot circle are J. S. Mitchell, of the New York Athletic Club, and C. A. J. Queckbaurer, of the Manhattan Athletic Club. Mitchell, who is an Irish-American, holds the world's record with the sixteen pound hammer—133 feet and 8 inches. He has won any number of prizes and championships on both sides of the Atlantic.

Putting the shot is a less interesting and attractive sport than throwing the hammer. The "shot" is simply a round ball of iron or lead, which is supported in one hand and hurled forward with an overhead throw. Its weight, as has been said, runs all the way from twelve to fifty six pounds, this last variety being fitted with a short handle, the length over all being limited to fourteen inches. As with the hammer, however, the regulation weight for the shot is sixteen pounds, and there are two recognized ways of throwing it—the standing throw, and the throw from a seven foot circle. The best performances on record are those of G. R. Grey, who has done 47 feet 2 inches with a running throw.

(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 XIX.

THE HOUSE WITH THE DOORKEEPER.

L INKING his arm through mine, King led the way down Sixth Avenue, still talking about the lucky star I had proved to him.

"You didn't mention my name to Mr. Tick, did you?" I asked.

"How could I when I didn't know it? I merely said I had heard that there was a vacancy in his office. He was very cordial indeed. But haven't you found anything yet?"

"Well, you want to fall in with somebody who will be as good a mascot to you as you have proved to me," he replied. Then he added: "But I imagine being out of a place is not such a vital matter to you. But here we are at the corner."

He turned into a cross street, and not far from the corner ascended the stoop of a brown stone house. There was a sort of boxed up outer doorway, and on this he rapped softly four times. Instantly a sort of wicket in the door that I had not before noticed flew back, and a man in a white coat opened at us.

"It's all right," King said in a low tone. "Friend of Belford's, you know."  
"Stand aside a moment. I want to see that fellow behind you," went on the doorkeeper.

The next instant the door was opened and I was allowed to enter.  
"Queer proceedings for a man to have to go through to get into his own home," I said to myself. "King must reside in a pretty queer sort of a place for one in his circumstances."

"You didn't see him started up stairs, calling out to me, 'Right this way,' and there was nothing for me to do but follow. There seemed to be a great many men in the rooms we passed, then it suddenly came over me that King must have brought me, not to his home, but to some club of which he was a member.

At the head of the second flight I halted, gripped me hard by the hand an instant. "Wait here a sec and wish me luck, old fellow," he whispered, and then rushed into one of the rooms that opened on the hall.

Left by his time thoroughly mystified. What did the fellow mean by leaving me in this way, and what was that

he had said about luck? Could it be—my head seemed to stand still for a moment, and I was set to beating with quickened pulsations. The low raps on the door, the little wicket, the gatekeeper's hesitation about admitting me—all this came up before my mind in a new light. I knew absolutely nothing about this King. In what sort of a place had he brought me?

With sudden determination to find out for myself, I took three steps forward into the doorway through which he had disappeared, and then halted, transfixed by the scene on which I gazed.

In front of me was a table covered with green cloth, part of which was marked off into squares, each bearing a number. The other end was occupied by a sunken wheel, which was constantly whirling round, and about the edges of which were little pockets, each marked with a number corresponding to those on the table. But this was all I took time to observe. I only saw in addition that the crowd of men about the tables had piles of red and white chips in front of them, when the whole affair truth forced itself upon me. I was in a gambling den.

Directly opposite where I stood sat King, bending over the wheel with awful intendment.  
"Twenty three," called out a man in his shirt sleeves who stood behind the table.

King threw up his hands and turned around, and never shall I forget the expression on his face. Despair seems but a faint term with which to describe it.

He seemed not to see me, but staggered past in a while. I shrank away so that he should not touch me.

"Thirteen!" called out the same voice, while I still stood as if rooted to the spot.

A young man more fashionably dressed than any of the others, rose hastily and went to a handsome brown meeting in a heavy fur. He came towards the door so quickly that I had no time to step aside, and he ran against me.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, raising his hat and looking straight into my face for an instant. What cause I had to remember that look later!

I merely inclined my head and then turned and rushed down stairs as if the Furies were in pursuit of me. I did not feel that I could draw a long breath until I was on the sidewalk again, and under the pure stars that looked down peacefully from the heavens as though there was no such thing as sin and misery on the earth.

What a fool I had been to go so trustingly with a stranger! No doubt it was his passion for gaming that had brought King to the state of mind in which I had found him that night on the park bench. And now I understood what he meant by calling me his mascot. Because indirectly through me he had procured a position, he hoped that my going with him to the gambling house would bring him luck. He had evidently been in doubt about my approval of the thing, otherwise he would not have left me out on the stairs as he had done.

"Where had he gone now? Personally I did not care if I never wanted to see him again. But for his wife's sake and his child I hoped—

"Perhaps he has no wife or child?" was the thought that suddenly occurred to me. "How can I put any faith in such a fellow's statements?"

It was long before it was long before I got to sleep that night, and even when slumber did come it was only a sort of doze through which I seemed to be awake and see my cousin Edna's reproachful eyes looking at me through the spokes of a wheel that went whirling round and round, and that I should not see it. This experience left me in the morning with a splitting headache, and therefore not in a promising condition to stand the rebuffs that would probably be meted out to me in my search for employment.

I made out a list of places to try at from the morning papers, and having laid in a supply of ink, wrote to some and at others made personal application. But with these latter it was the same thing—filled already, no reference to my writing; there seemed to be abundant reason to show me not to see and not one why I should. Late in the af-

tearoom I made a try with the book again, but with no better results. I called at, I should think, a dozen houses. From some I was turned away at the door as a supplicant for charity when I inquired for the lady of the house; at others I was admitted and permitted to show the volume and encouraged to hope that I should find a dozen houses to discover in the end that my talk had only been listened to while away the dull half hour of a summer's day.

So Thursday night found me where Tuesday and Wednesday had—with the same prospects before me, which were no prospects at all. I could only hope that the morning's mail would bring some favorable replies to my written applications.

But when morning came there were no letters at all for me, and more discouraged than I cared to admit even to myself. I went out to purchase the papers and begin the weary round all over again.

While turning over the pages of the *Herald* I came to the "Want" columns, my eye caught sight of an item that sent the cold shiver down my spine. It was headed "Sought Death in the River," and my attention was arrested by the name Powers King beginning a line. The paragraph was a brief one, merely stating that a man had been seen to spring into the North River from the foot of Twenty Fifth Street late Wednesday night. An effort had been made to rescue him, but when picked up it was too late. Papers found on the body showed who he was and where he lived, and the case proved to be in the very first week in New York closed in, I was still without a situation. And, although I had made four or five efforts since the last failure set down in these pages, I had not succeeded in selling a single book. So I was still out the sum I had left with the publisher as a deposit.

Saturday morning I received a letter from my aunt in Cincinnati. It was addressed to me at Tick's and had doubtless been forwarded to my up town address by Dorset, who was the only one in the establishment who seemed to have expressed great concern at not having heard from me, hoped I liked my new life and begged me to write them full particulars of how I was situated in the metropolis.

"It wouldn't take many lines to do that," I murmured to myself, but it made up my mind to write the next day no matter what happened in the interim.

At dinner that Saturday night there was scarcely any one at the table except myself. Everybody seemed to have gone to the country for *over Sunday*. Mrs. Max was still away and I began to wonder to whom I should pay my board on Monday if she did not come back. Then I recollected that my engagements with La Farge for that evening would probably keep me out late and that I had no latch key.

I asked the waitress if she could not obtain one for me and she said I might have Mr. Luther's who had left that morning. So at quarter past seven I started for the Beacon street flat.

Clair was unaffectedly glad to see me. I use this term because he did.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," he said. "I always feel that way about my friends—or rather about the people I want to be my friends. It seems to me, you know, as if they had a little rather not be with me. But come—the carriage isn't ordered till eight and I shall have time to show you my rooms."

There were two of them, parlor and bed room, most daintily furnished and supplied with every thing. There were some exquisite paintings on the walls and books were everywhere.

"I'm very fond of reading," Clair remarked, as he ran his hand across a set of Dickens, "and he is my favorite.

Only," and here he sighed, "I know that Pierre doesn't take the least bit of interest in what he reads to me; I would rather be reading 'Dan Dykes, the Deadly Detective,' or something of that sort. 'Do you like Dickens?'"

I could truthfully say that he was one of my favorite authors, and then we sat down to talk about *Oliver Twist*, *Smiler Little*, *Neil* and *Steerforth* till a maid knocked at the door and announced that the carriage was waiting.

"Well, this is luxury for a fellow with only twenty dollars to his name and no prospects," I said to myself, as we rolled down Fifth Avenue in a hat and some brougham. "Let me see; I'm two days nearer that date I marked on my calendar. I wonder—"

But I resolutely cut off reflections in this line, resolved that I would give myself up unreservedly to that evening to the young fellow at my side. He seemed to take solid delight in my companionship and was very frank about telling me the fact.

When we reached Madison Square Garden he handed me the money to purchase the admissions and told me where to sit, and in a few minutes the next three quarters of an hour we both remained silent, enjoying the music.

Then came the first intermission and Clair turned to me suddenly with the question: "Mr. Brooke, I hope you won't mind my asking such a silly question on so short an acquaintance, but I would like to know how old you are."

"Why, I don't mind telling you in the least," I replied. "I'm eighteen."

"Only a year older than I," he exclaimed, and he seemed very much pleased with the knowledge of this fact.

"And you say you are living in New York?" he went on.

"Yes," I answered briefly.

"Are you in business or studying for some profession?" he continued.

"Neither," I replied, and then when he noticed that I did not say any more a shade crept over his face, and he looked down at the programme as though affecting to read it.

I saw that he felt I was offended at his asking the question and to counteract this I suddenly made up my mind to tell him the whole thing. But just then the musicians came back to their places and I had only time to say: "The music is going to begin again now, but at the next intermission I will tell you a story about some of the things you know you would like to hear it."

His face lighted up at once, and when the next pause came he turned to me eagerly with the words: "And now for that story. It's about yourself, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said, "and beginning at the garden party at Lynnhurst I went rapidly over all the incidents in my life for the previous five weeks just as I have set them down here, except that I made no mention of my meeting with Powers King. I preferred to regard that as a private episode in my career, believing that it could have no bearing on my future."

Clair listened intently. I could see that he was as much interested as though I had been reading to him, and when I finished he drew a long breath and said: "And you have nothing to look forward to now?"

"Oh yes," I replied. "I have everything to look forward to. You know the Sunday papers have more advertisements than all the rest of the week put together, and I want to find something to do me out of them."

"But you are not sure of anything yet?" he persisted.

"No," I answered, "but I try to reflect how much better off I am than I might be. I might have but one suit to my name, for instance, and that worn threadbare, instead of six; then I might have not a cent left, instead of a margin of twelve dollars to live on till I can find something that will bring me more; and—"

"You might be as I am," finished Clair softly, and just then the band struck up again, saving me the embarrassment of replying.

My companion seemed very thoughtful for the rest of the evening, except for the time we were in a restaurant on the other side of the Square, where he took me for some ice cream. Here he was very gay and told many anecdotes of his younger days, when he played baseball and tennis, and had quite a re-

markable sprinting record for a boy not yet in his teens.

When we re-entered the carriage he fell silent again, and let me do most of the talking, but just before we reached his home, he put his hand on my shoulder and said earnestly: "Brooke, I want you to give me your address when we get up to us and I assure you will let me know how bare accepting any position, I—may be able to put you in the way of something."

"You are very kind," I said. "You can't know what it means to me to have something like that to look forward to. I insisted that the coachman should wait and drive me home. The waitress was leaning over the area railing talking with the policeman when I reached the house, and I saw her open her eyes wide in amazement when she beheld me alighting from such a stylish turnout."

I passed a very quiet Sunday, going to a church in the morning where there were but few worshippers, and where the familiar words of the service reminded me so strongly of Lynnhurst that I almost wished I hadn't come. In the afternoon I had got up the Riverside Drive, and here I strolled along for an hour with my eyes fixed on the Palisades across the Hudson, and my thoughts busy wondering what Clair La Farge could have in mind for me.

On my return I wrote to my aunt, telling her that I had got my position at Mr. Tick's, and adding that now I had good prospects of securing another. In that morning's paper I had found a great many promising advertisements, and so on Monday I set out, strong in hope. By references, references was the demand wherever I went, and I came home at lunch time with only La Farge to look forward to. And I found the carriage at the door and him inside of it waiting for me.

"I was afraid you wouldn't come," he said when I had got up and spoke to him. "Get in here with me a minute and I'll tell you my proposition."

Then talking very fast, he explained how, when he had heard my story the night before, he had conceived the idea of getting me to be his companion in place of Pierre. And he had gone down to see his father at the office about it that morning and had obtained his consent to the change.

"And you are to come and live with me and get twenty dollars a week, and I will have been a great deal better off than I was twelve. That's I will be after father has seen you," and here his voice grew grave as he added: "You are to go down to his store and talk with him about it this afternoon at half past two. Of course this is only a form, but I don't expect you to do it. I want to trust the only boy in the family to a fellow he hasn't seen. It will be all right, though, and I shall look for you, bag and baggage, in time for half past six dinner tonight. Father is going to take Pierre in with him, so he won't have any cause to be angry. But I mustn't keep you any longer or you'll be late in getting to the store. Here's the address. Good by till night."

The carriage drove off and I went into the house feeling as if I ought to have weights to keep me from soaring into the air.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### WHAT I HEARD ON THE BALCONY.

IMMEDIATELY after lunch I took an early walk in Murray Hill, and I found the firm of which Mr. La Farge was the head, to be one of the largest china houses in the district. I sent my card into the private office and he saw me at once.

He was a much older man than I had expected to find him. Very tall, with a great head of iron gray hair, bushy eyebrows and lines about the mouth that showed he could be very stern when occasion demanded. But now he met me with a smile and shook hands cordially.

"The Clair between you and me," said Mr. Brooke, he began, "is, you must admit, very sudden. Let me see, you saw one another for the first time, I believe, on Thursday."

"On Wednesday it was, sir," I corrected him, not falling to notice that he, like his brother, overlooked the boy's infirmity in the terms of speech he employed.

"Well, either is a short enough period in which to form an estimate of character," Mr. La Farge went on. "But

my boy is exceedingly anxious to have you with him. Naturally I am always most ready to do anything that will give him pleasure, but you understand, of course, that in a case of this kind the utmost caution must be used, Clair has told me your story, so I need not question you. All I wanted to do was to see you for myself. I have heard you were about to be a business man, as far as antecedents go, you are all right. And now your personality satisfies me, so you may consider the matter settled."

Then he added some instructions about how to communicate with himself or the rest of the family in sudden emergencies, hoped that everything would run as smoothly as Clair was assured it would and then dismissed me.

While the position I had thus unexpectedly obtained was not such a one as I had ever hoped to get, I felt that it was just now like a feather in the wind, and that I was not wholly shut out a future for myself.

So while I was packing up at 107 I caught myself whistling, the first time I had done such a thing since leaving Lynnhurst. I felt that I had been through the mill of water and that only pools of refreshment lay before me. Well was it for me that I could not look ahead. This period of self gratulation was only giving me needed strength for an ordeal which would call for the rest of the atom of endurance.

When I reached the office, I had inquired if Mrs. Max was at home yet, and being told that she was, asked to see her. A slight, rather pretty woman answered my knock at the back parlor door. She seemed to know all about me, and did not appear to be at all surprised when I announced that I was going to leave. I did not mention Mr. Cameron's name, nor did she. He was evidently still away, and when I left the house that night at six I never expected to see him again.

Clair's objection of me was hearty in the extreme, and never shall I forget the first cozy dinner we had in the handsome dining room, just the two of us at table. My room was next to his, and a pretty one it was, and I felt that I could be happy in it, and I expected to be outside of my own home.

And so the week thus auspiciously begun went by, and I found nothing that disappointed me in the new life. Each morning before it grew warm, I took a walk with Clair, then I read to him till noon, and did not appear to be at all surprised when I should do just as pleased till four o'clock, when the carriage was ordered and we took long drives. In the evening we either chatted or read, or attended the concert, and one night we went down to Manhattan Beach. I wrote to my aunt and Edna, telling them of my new position and hinting that I might be out to see them in the fall, for Clair said that he had relatives West who had wanted him to visit them and that when the rest of the family came back we could probably manage to go out.

"And by the way, Norman," he added one night, in speaking of the matter, "one of my sisters will be here on Monday. She is going to Newport with an aunt, and she'll call here on Monday. It's Alice, the oldest, and she is engaged. You'll probably see the man, too—Mr. Willingham. He stays in town and will be sure to call. And I want you to tell me what he looks like and just what you think of him. I imagine he doesn't like me, but then I've a sight of not many people do. But somehow I feel that Mr. Willingham is especially prejudiced against me. You can tell probably by the way he looks at me."

I imagine he was myself rather concerned to know what Mr. La Farge would think of me. I had been shot into the bosom of the family like a cannon ball, so to speak, and I was not at all certain that the other members of it would take as

kindly to the fact as Clair and his father had done. For some inexplicable reason I had pictured the two Miss La Fargues as being like the two elder sisters in Cinderella, very supercilious and haughty in their bearing, and when Monday evening came and Clair introduced me at dinner to a sweet faced girl of twenty, who put out her hand cordially to take mine, I was almost stunned, so great was my surprise.

We were a merry party at the table, for Miss Alice had lots of bright stories to tell about her experiences at Lake George, while the aunt kept us laughing by droll anecdotes of life in the South, where she had passed the greater part of the preceding month.

Feeling that Clair might like to be alone with his family on this night of the reunion, I told him as we rose from the desert, that I would be out on the balcony that ran across the front of the dining room window.

I sat here, watching the gorgeous sunset and thinking how completely two months had changed the whole current of my life. And that one week in it—my first in New York! How far away that seemed now, although it lay only eight days behind me!

Suddenly I heard Clair's voice calling softly, "Norman."

I hastened inside and found him with his aunt in the library.

"What was the name of that overture we both liked so much at the concert the other night?" he asked. "I can't remember."

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," I answered, and at that moment Alice entered the room from the parlor, followed by a gentleman.

"Aunt Agatha," I heard her say, "I want to introduce Mr. Willingham."

I did not look up, but stepped back through the other door and returned to the balcony. I had sat here some ten minutes when a man's voice came distinctly to my ears from out of the parlor window, which adjoined the dining room.

"Alice, who was that fellow who stepped out of the library just as we entered it a moment ago?"

"Why, that is Mr. Brooke, the new companion Clair has," was the answer which I could not possibly help hearing. "Clair has taken a great fancy to him and—"

I was about to leave my position, feeling that I must not hear any more, when the man broke in with: "Get rid of him at once. He is not at all the proper person for Clair to associate with. I will see your father about the matter tomorrow."

I sat there on the stone balustrade dazed and horrified. What could the man mean and where had I heard that voice before?

(To be continued.)

#### A CAUTIOUS SCOTCHMAN.

From the days when King Alfred burned the cakes in the peasant's hut down to the present time, when even young writers, suddenly risen to fame, find it convenient to conceal their identity at times, monarchs and other potentates have mingled with "the common herd" incognito. The possessor of the appended anecdote was evidently under the impression that such people never traveled under their own names at all, imagining, no doubt, that this fact added special luster to their greatness:

A contributor to *Longman's Magazine* vouches for the truth of this little story about the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Stanley being mentioned as the writer's authority: On one of his latest visits to a certain country house in a Scottish county, Dr. Tait went alone to the post office to send a telegram to his brother. He wrote it out: "The Archbishop of Canterbury to Sheriff Tait," and handed it in. The sceptical old postmaster read it aloud in contemptuous tones: "The Archbishop of Canterbury!" and added: "What may ye be that takes this cognomen?"

The archbishop, taken back, remained silent for a moment. The morning was cold, and he had a woollen comforter wrapped round his neck; but on second view the postmaster thought he looked more respectable than on the first, and added: "Maybe ye're the gentleman himself." Tait replied modestly: "For want of a better, I am." On which the good old Scot hastened to apologize for his first suspicion of imposture, adding: "I might have seen you were rather consequential about the legs." Then he added words of cheer, which Tait did truly receive vitally Scotch: "I live as a son in London, a lad in a shop; and he gaed to hear ye preach one day, and was verra weel satisfied."

## The Defense of Blueberry Island

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

"YOU boys will get yourselves into trouble if you go campin' on Blueberry Island, I tell you," said Uncle Cyrus Sindall, as he stood in the door of his unpretentious hostelry and surveyed with a somewhat critical eye five ambitious young tourists who, together with their camping outfit, had just been deposited there by the morning train.

Uncle Cyrus's warning was a most unexpected disappointment. We—his audience—had been a whole year in forming our plans and saving our pocket money to put them into execution. After much discussion we had settled upon a

camp? I vote we go there and defy the usurper."

"Can't we find some other place to camp?" I mildly suggested, in the interests of peace.

"Not such a good one," said Jack. "Besides, I believe in standing up for our rights. There are five of us, and I don't think we ought to be afraid of the colonel."

"You'll get into trouble, I tell you," repeated Uncle Cyrus. "Young Henshaw has got his father to hire two game keepers, and rig them all out in what they say is the English style; and they do nothin' but prow around on the lake and in the woods all day lookin' for trespassers. So you'd best be careful."

But our young American blood was up, and the five of us voted unanimously to

too sleepy to get up and dry myself properly."

"Do you think we'd better row over to Sindall's and try to hunt up a doctor?" suggested Fred Parker.

"Doctor nothing!" said the invalid. "We've got plenty of quinine, and a few grains will set me all right by tomorrow. I'll have to lie around the camp and take it easy today, though. But you fellows go out on the lake and catch some fish for dinner. Don't you worry about me—I'll be all right."

So after breakfast the four of us—Jack Singleton, Fred Parker, Ben Wilson and I—got out our rods and rowed off on a fishing expedition, leaving Tom Rhodes curled up in a big bearskin rug in a dry, shady spot near the camp. Jack steered us over toward Barren Point, a great



"THAT'S COLONEL HENSHAW'S YACHT AND IT'S GOING STRAIGHT FOR OUR CAMP!"

camping trip to Blueberry Island in Cedar Lake as the best way of spending two weeks' holiday. One of us—Jack Singleton—had been there with an older brother two years before, and he declared that it was the most delightful and enjoyable spot in the world. So we had all been up before daylight that morning, and got our camping outfit on board the cars, intending to hire a boat at Sindall's and row our traps over to the island in time to have everything in proper order before night.

"What's the reason we'll get into trouble?" I inquired, in reply to his discouraging statement.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Sindall, "it's Colonel Henshaw—or at least I guess it's that young son of his that put him up to it. He's had notices printed an' nailed up on the trees sayin' that any one campin' or fishin' or huntin' on the island will be prosecuted. Only last week I hear he got hold of a feller from the city an' had him taken down to Morristown an' fined twenty-five dollars."

"But Colonel Henshaw doesn't own Blueberry Island," objected Jack Singleton. "I heard all about him when I was up here before last."

"Well, I don't believe myself that he's got any rightful title to it," said Uncle Cyrus. "He's just sort of seized it, that's what he's done. You see, he's a millionaire, an' everybody else around here is poor, and I s'pose he thinks he can do about what he pleases."

"He does, does he?" replied the courageous Jack. "What do you say, fel-

low, our plans in spite of Colonel Henshaw, his notices and his uniformed minions. Uncle Cyrus, who shrugged his shoulders and remarked that "it wasn't his funeral, any way," agreed to let us have his biggest rowboat for fifty cents a day, and we carried our things down to the water's edge.

It took two trips to get all our possessions—our tent, a diminutive oil stove, blankets and rugs, provisions, fishing rods, and three shot guns—over to Blueberry Island, which was about a mile distant from Sindall's. So we had all we could do to get our camp into anything like ship shape order before night. Indeed, we were so busy that we had not much time to think about the colonel and his claim of ownership. There was one of his notices upon the trunk of a big chestnut close to the landing place we had chosen. Fred Parker declared that the man who nailed it up had done quite right in selecting a chestnut tree. Jack Singleton had the audacity to tear down the offending proclamation and throw it into the lake.

During the night there was a heavy rain storm, and though we had done our best to protect ourselves against such a contingency, a good deal of water got into the tent. It was rather a trying experience for novices at camping out, and in the morning Tom Rhodes woke with a headache and no appetite for breakfast.

"It's a touch of the chills," he said somewhat lugubriously. "I got pretty wet in that shower last night, and I was

rocky headland that projected into the lake, beneath which he said we should find plenty of bass.

It was a glorious morning. The storm had passed away, and the sun looked down from a cloudless sky upon the silver mirror of the lake, whose forest clad shores were beginning to show the brilliant colors of the autumnal foliage. But it wasn't a good morning for fishing. The bass utterly failed to rise to the situation or to our flies. Jack suggested the piscatorial method known as "skittering," but we hadn't the proper bait for it. Then we decided to change our fishing grounds, and try the other side of Barren Point.

We had some distance to row, so the rods were unjointed and laid in the bottom of the boat. Fred and I took the two pairs of sculls, while Ben sat in the stern and Jack in the bows. We were nearing the point of the headland when Jack suddenly exclaimed:

"Look there! Right straight ahead of us!"

What we saw was a sloop yacht, handsomely built and rigged, which had just come in sight from the other side of Barren Point. It was sailing on a course at right angles to ours, and heading directly toward Blueberry Island.

"That's Colonel Henshaw's yacht—I'll bet a farm on it!" exclaimed Jack, oblivious, in his excitement, of the fact that he did not possess a farm. "And it's going straight for our camp!"

"Can you see who's in it?" I asked. "It's Al Henshaw, and somebody I

don't know," replied Jack. "Come, boys, let's row back to camp. There'll be a fuss there, sure."

The yacht was nearer to the island than we were, and though there wasn't much breeze still she was slipping through the water at a rate that was considerably faster than ours. Fred and I rowed our hardest, but we were a good half mile behind the yacht when she reached the nearest part of the island, which was on the opposite side of it from that where we had located our camp. We saw the two fellows on board of her hastily furl her mainsail and jib, and jump ashore, fastening their boat to a stump. Then, apparently not noticing that we were following them, they struck off into the thick wood that covered the island.

"They're going right over to the camp," said Jack, who had kept his eyes glued to the yacht and its crew. "Somebody must have brought them word about it."

"We'd better steer around the island, then, and we can get to the camp pretty nearly as soon as they will," I suggested.

"I've got a better scheme than that," said Jack. "Let's get hold of their yacht and tow it out into the lake a little way. Then we'll have them prisoners, and we won't let them off the island until they promise not to molest us."

"But we haven't any right to meddle with their boat," I remonstrated.

"No more has Al Henshaw any right to order us off the island," Jack argued. "We would only be meeting him with his own game, and of course we'd give him back the yacht all right."

So, right or wrongly, Jack's plan was adopted. We rowed up to the little sloop, unfasted her painter, and towed her out into the lake. We hadn't got more than a dozen yards from land, when we heard the breaking through the bushes that lined the shore, and two young fellows came out at the water's edge.

They were in a tremendous state of excitement when they saw that the yacht was out of reach.

"Help! Murder!" shouted one of them. "Bring the yacht back, or I'll have you put in jail!"

"All right, Mr. Henshaw," returned Jack, "we'll let you have the yacht if you'll promise not to interfere with us when you have no right to."

"You're a lot of thieves and trespassers!" yelled young Henshaw, who was in an unaccountable state of agitation. "I'll promise nothing!"

"For heaven's sake, Al," cried his companion, who was not less excited, "do anything—promise anything to get the yacht back! We shall be chewed up sure in another minute!"

"What in the world can be the matter with them? They've had some sort of a scare," whispered Jack to me. "The two young fellows were jumping up and down like peas on a hot plate, and peering into the trees behind them as if they anticipated the approach of some terrible danger from that direction."

"Bring back the yacht," Al Henshaw shouted, "and you can stay on the island as long as you want to! But for goodness sake take us off or we shall be killed!"

"All right, it's a bargain," Jack replied. "We'll give you your yacht. But what is it that you're afraid of?"

"I'll tell you," said young Henshaw, as Fred and I, with half a dozen good strokes, brought both boats close to the shore. "There's a whopping big bear on the island!"

"A bear! No! Where is he?" we exclaimed in chorus.

"He was squatting under a tree close by your camp. As soon as we saw him we—well, we turned back, but just as we got into the bushes we saw him going up, and most probably he's coming after us."

"A bear! What fun!" we shouted. "Let's go and get the guns!"

The prospect of a bear hunt was a delightful and unexpected variation of our camping trip. Fred and I were to receive the repeated assurance of young Henshaw that he would make no further attempt to disturb us, we rowed at top speed toward the other side of the island. Ben steered close to the shore, which we eagerly watched on the chance of catching sight of Bruin.

We had nearly reached our camp when Jack exclaimed in a stage whisper, hoarse with excitement:

"See over the list! There he is!"

And touching me on the shoulder with one hand, with the other he pointed toward a dark, bulky form, recumbent upon the ground under a tree not far from the lake.

"See over the list! There he is!"

It came from Ben Loud.

"Shut up, Ben!" said Jack angrily.

"What's the use of making a noise?"

"Why, you great booby," returned Ben, shaking his sides with uncontrollable merriment, "that's not a bear! It's Tom Rhodes, wrapped up in that old bearskin rug!"

And so it was. We laughed so loud that though Al Henshaw's yacht was fully a mile away by this time, I almost expected him to overhear us and come to see what had happened.

Our uproar aroused the pseudo-bear. Shaking off his rug, Tom got up and walked down to meet us at our landing.

"Hello, Tom, how do you feel now?" I queried.

"Better, thanks," he replied. "I had a good nap while you fellows were away. I thought I saw two men over yonder in the bushes a little while ago, but I guess I must have been dreaming."

But when he heard of our adventure with the two rascals, Tom laughingly declared that he had done more than the four of us to defend our camp against the Henshaw forces.

#### FEAR THAT MAKES MEN BRAVE.

IT SOUNDS odd to say that fear is at the basis of bravery, but that is the way a writer in the *New York Herald* accounts for many of the heroic deeds that have been done on the battle field and elsewhere. Here is the way he argues it out:

"It is pride that makes men brave—or, if you like to put it another way, the fear of being thought cowards by their companions. A man who is totally indifferent to what other people think of him, many people think that they are but they are not) would certainly run away the first time he is brought under fire.

I know that I am counted a brave man, but whatever reputation I have for courage I owe to pride and nothing else. But for that I should have displayed a more serious cowardice. Take the first thing that gave me a lift on the ladder of fame. A feint attack was to be made on the enemy's outlying fortifications to mask a more serious movement. A message had to be conveyed to the officer in charge of the men in the rifle pits so that he might know what we were up to and not withdraw his men when we retreated. To get to him one had to pass over 300 yards of level ground which was exposed to the enemy's fire.

I ventured to do it, not because I had any liking for the job—far from it—but because my comrades knew what I amounted to something. I give you my word for it that when I came to that level stretch and the bullets began to whistle round me and I realized that there were a lot of men who were trying to "pot" me, and whether I got through alive or not simply depended on the accuracy of my shooting, my hair fairly stood on end with fright and my knees played a bone solo.

"Thank God," I said to myself, "there's nobody close enough to see how scared I am!" If I could have done it without anybody ever knowing it but myself I would have turned tail and bolted at once. But I knew that my colonel had his field glasses on me and that all the men in my company, at least, were watching me, so I simply kept on. And I said to myself, "I'll run across this stretch they will think that I am afraid; therefore I'll just walk across." So I kept on walking until I was out of danger. Then when I had delivered my message I walked back and had the same sensations over again, only, if possible, I was a trifle more scared than before.

But when I got among my own comrades again, and my colonel, in the hearing of all of them, said that he had never seen a man risk his life more coolly, and other things equally complimentary, why I felt that I wouldn't mind being twice so badly frightened for the same reward.

#### INVINCIBLE INSECTS.

EVERYBODY has heard the story of the mouse that frightened the elephant, but this tiny animal is not the smallest creature that is capable of inspiring terror in the biggest beast that walks the earth. There is a species of ant in Africa, the beshikonay, which sends all the denizens of the forest skurrying before its dread advance. From the columns of a contemporary we quote some facts concerning this formidable insect.

It is the habit of the beshikonays to march in a long regular line often miles in length. All along the column larger ants, who act

as officers, stand outside the ranks and keep the singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, the heat of which they cannot bear, they immediately burrow underground and form tunnels. It often takes more than twelve hours for one of these armies to pass.

When they grow hungry, at a certain command, which seems to take place to the line at the same time, the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury that is quite irresistible. Their advent is known beforehand; the still forest becomes alive with the tramp of the elephant, the flight of the antelope or of the gazelle, of the leopard, of snakes, of all the living world.

The manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pincers are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives away. They even ascend to the top of the trees for their prey. This ant seems to be animated by a kind of fury.

Sometimes men condemned to death are made fast to a tree, and if an army of hungry beshikonays passes, in a short time only bare skeletons remain to tell the tale.

#### A PRETTY DEEP HOLE.

EVERY one in a while we hear stories of localities in the ocean where no bottom has been found, and the mind grows dizzy as one tries to picture a floorless sea. And here comes the *New York Sun* with an account of a similar spot on shore.

If the bottomless pit has not been located before, the Maine Central Railroad officials are willing to wager that they have found it at Lily Pond on the new Dexter and Dover branch. The track began to settle at this place about two months ago, and since then trains have been run around the spot on a temporary track, while efforts have been made to obtain a solid roadbed by dumping gravel into the swamp. The more gravel used, the more appears to be needed, and now, after 1,500 carloads have been dumped into the hole, there is still room for as much more. It is said that the waters of the swamp are inhabited by strange lizards and eyeless fish.

#### JOHNNY SMITHSON'S GREAT INDIAN HUNT.



I. Instead of returning to school he determines to go West and exterminate the Indians.

II. He invests his pocket money in the purchase of a suitable outfit.



III. He starts for the hunting grounds, and attracts a good deal of attention.

IV. On reaching the outskirts of the city he is surprised and put to flight by an unexpected enemy.



V. He is rescued from an uncomfortable predicament by the timely appearance of his father.

VI. Who takes him home and gives him some excellent advice on the subject of hunting Indians.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

H. R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. A new volume of THE ARGOSY began with No. 456.

A. G. S., Merrill, Wis. You can doubtless obtain maps and other information about South America by writing to Cook's Tourist Agency, in Chicago.

S. B. S., Thousand Island Park, N. Y. There are two weekly papers issued at Newton, Mass., the *Graphic* and the *Journal*, both published on Friday.

I. D., Pleasantville, Pa. No, we do not sell separate numbers of THE ARGOSY at the rate of three for ten cents, but you can get thirteen of the five cent series for fifty cents.

J. P., Elgin, Ill. The camera is not given as a premium to new subscribers, but as a reward to those who procure such for us. Consequently the answer to your question would be no. Read carefully the prize offer on last page of No. 457.

I. U. S., Rochester, N. Y. Frank H. Converse died two years ago. His last story in THE ARGOSY was "Happy-Go-Lucky Jack." It is possible that serials by the other authors named may appear in the future. 2. The last story contributed by Arthur Lee Putnam to THE ARGOSY was "Silas Snobden's Office Boy," appearing in Nos. 365-377, Vol. IX. Oliver Optic's latest was "Among the Missing," which ran from No. 372 to No. 389 in the same volume.

DICK WHITCOMB, North Adams, Mass. 1. You can take a civil engineering course of three years at Polytechnic Institute in Worcester, Mass. 2. An index for Vol. XII will be mailed to you on receipt of a two cent stamp. 3. No special injury would be done to a tent by being left out all winter, and by keeping it banked up with snow you might manage to make it passably comfortable to live in; but then one can't always count on having snow when one wants it in these days. 4. Young trees should be set out in the spring.

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**A LEADING QUESTION.**

QUESTER—"Hello, old boy! You look rather the worse for wear. What have you been doing with yourself?"  
JESTER—"Been off on a little piscatorial toot, that's all."  
QUESTER—"Yes, but what did you fall in with?"  
JESTER—"What did I fall in with? Why, I fell in with all my clothes on."—*Boston Courier.*

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**I.**  
MAN AT TELEPHONE (trying to find out who has rung the call)—"Hello, there, are you thirty seven?"



**II.**  
YOUNG LADY AT THE OTHER END (indignant)—"No, you horrid thing, I'm only seventeen!"

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**A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.**  
MRS. BACKBAY (to SERVANT)—"Bridget, go at once to the bakery and get me a Charlotte Russe. Do you understand?"  
BRIDGET (hesitatingly)—"Oh, yes, ma'am; Oi understand yet well enough; but Oi don't know what ye mane."—*Puck.*

**WANTED NO DEADHEADS IN THE ENTERTAINERS.**  
DICK (at seaside hotel)—"Where is Harry?"  
"We can't go without Harry."  
Tom—"He is up in his room, writing to his father."  
Dick—"Then never mind him. He must be broke."—*Puck.*

**HIS REAL CHARACTER.**  
"WHAT costume shall you wear at the De Peysters?"  
"I shall go as a fool."  
"Why, Mr. Peters it is to be a masquerade."  
Truth.

**HARD ON THE TAILORS.**  
DOGS and men both have summer pants; but a dog has a fit summer time's.—*Richmond Recorder.*

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**A TOO FAMILIAR CRY.**  
A RECENTLY arrived Italian did a rushing business in a Connecticut town the other day, selling watermelons at two for five cents. "Two for five" was the only cry he knew, as his employer had never before sent him out to sell anything except bananas.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

**A PROPER TERM FOR THE OFFICE.**  
"AND so you're married, Bridget?"  
"Yes, mum."  
"What does your husband do?"  
"An' shure, mum, he is a railroad director."  
"A railroad director? That's a very important place. Are you quite sure it is that?"  
"An' faith an' doesn't he sitund all day at the railroad directing people to the cars?"—*Boston Courier.*

**A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.**  
"I WONDER where that storm is that old Captain Hodges has been prophesying for so long?"  
"It's probably been postponed on account of the weather."—*New York Sun.*

**A SURE SIGN.**  
FIRST REPORTER—"How did the *Daily Get-There* obtain a report of the Highbu-Tiptop wedding? No reporters were admitted."  
SECOND REPORTER—"They sent a new man there, and he looked so scared that all the attendants mistook him for the groom."—*New York Weekly.*

**THE STERN CHASE.**  
YOUNG ASPIRANT (to EDITOR)—"I wish to pursue a literary career."  
EDITOR—"Well, young man, pursue it. If you ever catch up with it, drop in and let me know."—*Puck.*

**BUT NO CUR.**  
"YOU alluded to young Fitzpercery as a dog of war, I believe," remarked Larimer.  
"Yes, he's a pointer," remarked Dinwiddie.  
"A pointer?"  
"Yes; a West Pointer."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

**AN UNREASONABLE QUESTION.**  
DRUG CLERK (to a m., out of the window)—"Well, what is it?"  
CUSTOMER—"How the deuce should I know? I don't know how to read prescriptions."—*Puck.*

**A DEFINITE DATE.**  
"SO you're five years old, Nellie! Well, when will you be six?"  
"On my next birthday, sir!"—*New York Sun.*

**THE REASON WHY.**  
"ROBERTS fell off a thirty foot ladder and wasn't hurt a bit."  
"Not hurt? I don't believe it."  
"Yes, it's so. He fell off the bottom round."—*Brooklyn Life.*

**CALLED OFF.**  
It was on the train, and he was trying to read. There was the usual variety of passengers, among them a lady with a very sprightly little girl who had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold and an inquisitorial tongue. She plied him with questions and toyed with his watch chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He was becoming nervous, and turning to the mother, said:  
"Madam, what do you call this sweet little darling?"  
"The wondrously smiling enchantingly, and replied with a sigh, "Ethel."  
"Please call her then."—*Texas Siftings.*

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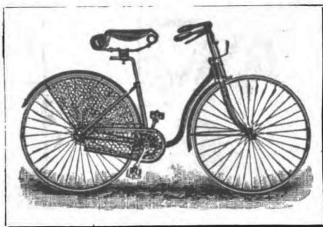
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