

# THE ARGOSY

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## The Mystery of the Seven Cars.

BY T. S. HARNEY.

I STILL vividly recall sitting next the driver of the leading wagon of the train that took our family out to Utah thirty four years ago. Fortunately, the remembrance of the hardships and suffering of that tedious journey of many weeks is spared to me; but my mother, time and time again, used to recount the incidents of that memorable pilgrimage, and never fail to express her wonderment—to say nothing of her gratitude—that such a little chap as I should have ever survived that experience.

It took some months, I believe, to make the journey from Ohio to Salt Lake City. The transportation was done by a long train of Conestoga wagons that Eastern folks only see in old pictures nowadays—those long, deep bodied wagons with canvas hoods their whole length, supported on bellying hoops that swayed like a balloon in a gale of wind at every jolt.

It was bad enough on the prairie sections with the beating sun, the lack of water, and the fine, sharp dust that rose in clouds from the parched ground; but it was worse, far worse, when we approached the rugged ways in the Black Hills or had to traverse the sterile deserts of the far West.

Not until thirty years after did I have occasion to come East again, and then, what a difference! Instead of taking a northern route, by which we made our pilgrimage, I came straight across Colorado by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The way was even more formidable than the first one; it traveled over wilder and grander and more desolate country—but one had but to sit luxuriously, almost, in his railway coach while modern mechanism drew him at lightning speed over and out of the stifling deserts or dragged him up and over the most stupendous mountains and through the grandest scenery of the world, as I am ready to believe.

It is of the first stage of that journey, on the line of railway that I have mentioned, that I wish to speak. Through one stage of it I rode in the cab of the locomotive, the better to see and appreciate the thrilling features of that Colorado country, and I heard a yarn from the engineer that illustrates

some of the dangers and possible horrors of that travel, which is worth repeating.

The Rocky Mountains run north and south through Colorado in the middle of the State, and the railroad plunges into them and over them along one of the most marvelous causeways in the world

mountain sides, and seven times in all does it pass over itself in the effort to reach the giddy heights above at easy grades. I say "easy grades:" I mean, comparatively easy, for the usual grade there, four feet in every hundred, is itself remarkable, while on some branches of this many armed road, which taps innumerable and scattered mines, the grade is all the way from four to seven feet in one hundred.

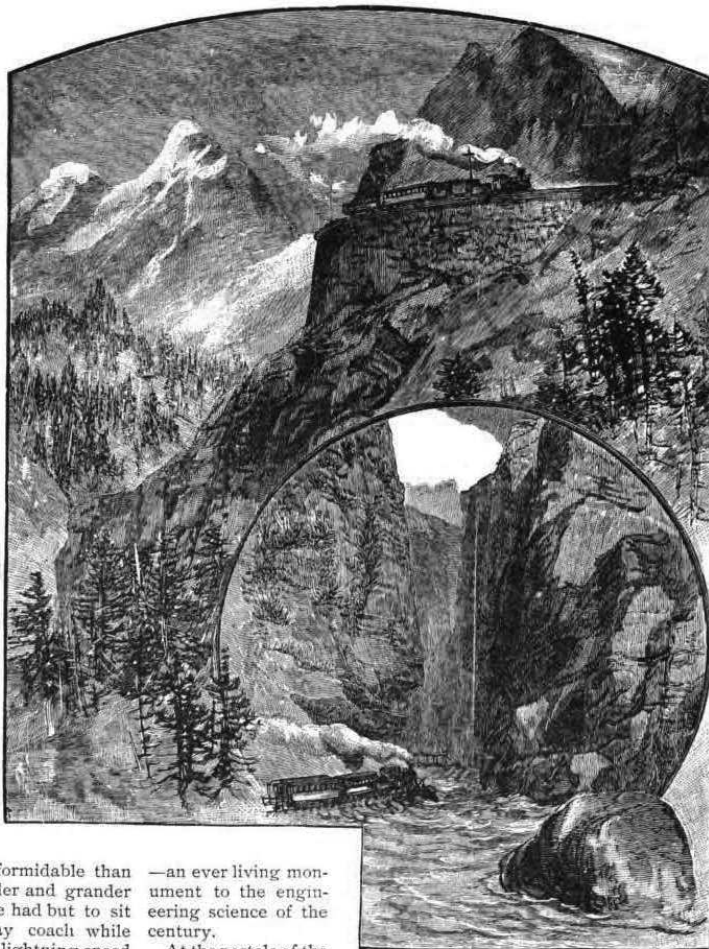
To make a bed for the railway through this canyon the solid rock along the little torrent had to be blasted out, foot by foot, and, at one point, the danger and difficulty of this was so great that the tracks were run over a short bridge that was suspended by chains from the apex of two iron rafters joined like an inverted  $\Delta$ , the two ends of which were planted in the solid granite walls of the opposing sides of the gorge.

All this had to be surveyed as a first step, and that was a terrific undertaking for the engineers, rod men, chain men and laborers. At some points, my friend of the locomotive told me, the surveyors found the gorge so impassable that they had to do their instrument work swinging in mid air, lowered from the top of the canyon a thousand feet or more.

This information I gathered while riding on the engine, and I have since seen it corroborated in a remarkable book recently published, on "American Railways." But here is a true story which I have never seen in print, though it cannot have failed to get into the newspapers at the time the tragedy occurred.

Our train had scaled the loftiest heights of the mountain pass and we were at that point where the passenger, traveling on the highest brink of the canyon, can look down the vertical line of the facing wall, down, down over half a mile! The rails lie within a few feet of the edge of the chasm, and the realization of one's nearness to death and eternity is thrilling. At the point I speak of, we met

a straight line grade of seven miles in length. Here the road descends, the walls of the canyon, decreasing in height until, at the end of the seven mile straight, a curve is met where the sheer fall is only about a thousand feet—just think, *only* three times as high as Trinity steeple.



THE CARS HAD SHOT LIKE A CANNON BALL FAR  
OUT INTO THE BLACK ABEYSS.

—an ever living monument to the engineering science of the century.

At the portals of the Royal Gorge begin the walls of a fearful chasm—a canyon whose walls run straight up, at some points over five thousand feet high. The road runs into the canyon, whose bottom is the bed of a brown roaring mountain stream. The railway constantly ascends and, leaving the canyon, it turns and twists in an open valley, crossing it and recrossing it, winding gradually up the

A through freight of thirty cars loaded with grain from Denver to Salt Lake City, was coming up from the East some few years since. On this train were the conductor's caboose and scattered over it, several brakemen, ready to jam the brakes down at the first sharp signal of the locomotives far ahead. It was night when they reached the curve that turned them into this long, straight grade, and they began the labored ascent amid a scene whose utter desolation and loneliness is softly cloaked by the darkness of the night.

The heavy, almost human puffing of the straining engines reverberated down the straight rock sides of the canyon, further and further as the train mounted higher, and that was the only sound that broke the silence of those bare, rocky fastnesses.

At last the grade was mastered, and the train stopped as usual in a safe place for inspection or water or fuel.

It usually required five or ten minutes for the conductor to come forward to compare notes with the engineer. That time passed and no conductor appeared. The engineer went back to find him; he could not be found. What could have become of him? Had he fallen off in the darkness and been dashed to atoms below?

It seemed to the engineer that the train appeared to be shorter than it should be. He counted the cars—twenty three! He was sure he had started with thirty; he consulted his way bill—thirty cars and seven were missing!

When the light came he ran an engine back over the road—down the seven mile grade, around the curve, miles further on. The seven cars had not been seen or heard of. The track was carefully examined; the rails were intact at all points, and no mark was found to indicate where the cars had jumped the track, if indeed that was the case. In fact that was the only theory that could account for this mysterious disappearance of seven cars, a conductor and three brakemen, suddenly swept from the face of the earth. Yet there was no sign left to mark the point of disappearance.

For two weeks search was made in the bottom of the canyon, but not a single trace was found. The search was abandoned and the tragedy became a sad and mysterious anecdote of rail-roading.

Months afterward a solitary prospector was crawling over the bowlders at the bottom of the further side of this canyon. Suddenly in a crevice between huge masses of fallen rock he came across a single railway truck. The point of the disaster was found. Some iron work scattered far and wide, a few splinters of wood—and that was all that remained of the seven cars and their contents, excepting some blades of wheat that sprouted from a few cranberries by the stony bed of the rushing stream.

Then it was seen that somewhere on the seven mile grade the twenty fourth car had broken loose; the seven had darked like lightning down the incline, striking the curve at the bottom, the cars had shot like cannon ball far out into the black abyss and had fallen down a thousand feet with a fall so terrible as to be ground to dust that left no trace.

And of the poor men who met a mercifully instant death, their only tombstone was a car truck.

**THE HAND THAT SHOOK THE PRINCE'S.**  
MORRISON—"Have you noticed how Stivey Winthrop always wears a glove on his right hand?"

JANSON—"Y'es. He met the Prince of Wales and shook hands with him in London, last summer. Hasn't washed his hand since. Has to keep it gloved."—*Life*.

#### MOUNTAIN PINES.

SEE, on the mountain top afar,  
Those lofty pinnacles that reach  
So near to heaven that a star  
Burns like a taper bright in each.

There, changeless all the season through,  
That green cathedral lifts its spires,  
The first to catch the morning dew,  
The last to hold the sunset fires.

Within its aisles no sound is heard  
While summer's service decks the nave;  
Its altar knows no priest; no bird  
Sings from the emerald architrave.

But when, wrapped in her shroud of snow,  
Beneath the roof lies earth asleep,  
A mournful music, measured, slow,  
Wakes in the summit of yon steep.

That solemn dirge of winter brings  
The heart to ponder thoughts divine;  
It is God's harper strikes the strings  
Stretched on the forest harp of pine!

—FRANK DEMPISTER SHERMAN.

[This Story began in Number 469.]

## A SPLIT IN THE CLUB;

OR,

### RALPH MORTON'S MUTINY.

BY EDGAR R. HOADLEY, JR.,

Author of "The Cruise of the Bianca," "One Boy's Honor," etc.

#### CHAPTER XX—(CONTINUED.)

ON BOARD LA LIBERTAD.

"YES; and that would be all the more reason we should catch the schooner," responded the ranchman.

The Ulysses was quickly under full speed on her way back to the city, and instructions were given to the chief engineer to "hurry her," that the least possible time might be lost in starting another pursuer after the schooner.

Fortunately the revenue tug was met coming down the harbor after Marshal Guard, and though it was now rapidly growing dark, they had no difficulty in identifying her by her signals.

The marshal hailed her, and instructed her captain to follow, overtake and capture, the Stars and Stripes at all hazards.

"Why not let us go with him?" interposed Uncle Dick, meaning himself and Brandon.

"It would do no good, Dick. They will surely overtake the schooner, don't you worry," replied the marshal. "Besides, I want your assistance in a little matter this evening."

"What is it?" asked the ranchman, trying to quell his anxiety and to believe his friend's assurance.

"One of my deputies is on that tug and the other is absent. I have instructions to seize that steamer, La Libertad, and I want to do it this evening if you will permit me to swear you in as deputy to help me."

"All right," asserted Uncle Dick, who did not object to the novelty of an adventure. "Can Brandon go with me?"

"Certainly; we'll need a little extra display of force."

"Now, Guard, tell us how you uncovered this man Carbine," added the ranchman.

The marshal briefly related how he had received information of the shipment of a large amount of ammunition to Brownsville by the insurgents' sympathizers; how he had gone there, and discovered that the contraband goods had been cleared on the schooner Stranger, Carbine, master, and how he had learned, from a fisherman, of the wreck of the Stranger on Lagoon Island and the transfer of her cargo, the next day, to the Stars and Stripes. Judging from the description of the commander of the war vessel La Independencia, and later, captain of the La Libertad, as given by the deserter on the coal barge, who insisted his name

was Felipe Fernando, the marshal was positive that the war vessel's commander and Captain Carbine were the same. To support this conclusion, he called attention to the fact, as given by the deserter, that the captain of the La Libertad had gone off soon after the latter's arrival in the harbor on some mysterious mission.

When the marshal had finished, the three indulged in much speculation as to what Captain Carbine would do with the schooner and her cargo if she should possibly elude the revenue brig.

"I don't think you need have any anxiety about the boys," concluded Guard. "It is no doubt as the two deserters state—that Carbine intends to put the yacht's cargo on La Libertad when she comes out, but, as we know, he'll not have the chance. Failing that, he will no doubt cruise about till he meets the man of war and transfers it to her. This, too, we know is doubtful, as the tug will surely catch him. So we have his guns spiked all around. No matter what he does, I am almost sure he has no intention of going to the Bahianas, or even near Cuba, for a Spanish war vessel would be sure to nail him and swing him to the yard-arm; and I'm equally sure no harm will be done to the boys."

"I'm not so sure of that," added Uncle Dick, as he thought of Ralph's recklessness and love of excitement, then the possibility of the injury or death of Fluster, whom he might afterward discover was really his son, occurred to him, and increased his anxiety.

In response to a question from his old friend, concerning the name of the deserter the Ulysses had picked up, Uncle Dick briefly related the story of his lost son and the recent developments concerning him. After expressing his surprise at the revelation of the ranchman's marriage, Marshal Guard tendered his sympathy, and repeated his assurance that the schooner would be overtaken. If the deserter was on board of her, as they had some slight reason to believe he would be, the revenue tug would bring him back with the others.

It was dark when the Ulysses reached the vicinity of the judges' boat, which was still at anchor awaiting the return of some of the yachts.

Before any questions could be asked concerning the strange conduct of the Stars and Stripes and the Ulysses, Marshal Guard, with Uncle Dick and Brandon, went on board the official's steam launch, which had been waiting for him. The deserter was left on the Ulysses, to be taken up to the city.

The launch was headed up the bay, and in a short time was alongside La Libertad. Before disembarking, the marshal handed each of his companions a pistol, which they stowed away out of sight, and he affixed to the ranchman's coat a silver badge, similar to the one he himself wore.

After being hailed, they steamed alongside a landing stage, and mounting the steps, were soon standing on the steamer's deck.

An officer met them, who said he was the commander, and gave his name as Erben.

Marshal Guard stated his errand, and with considerable surprise and some agitation he could not conceal, the officer led the way to the cabin.

Here the marshal produced and read his documents of authority, and took possession of the steamer in the name of the United States government, which prohibited her leaving port until formally released.

Captain Erben did not permit the action without protest, but when it had been done he treated his visitors court-

eously, and placed his cabin and three staterooms at their disposal.

"Thank you," said the marshal; "but I won't remain with you tonight. I have to return to the city, and will leave my deputy and his assistant in charge."

In a few moments he had gone, and Uncle Dick and Brandon looked about them before going to bed. What they saw then, and after they had retired to their staterooms, was not calculated to make them satisfied with their situation. Could they have known what was going to happen, they would have backed out and insisted on being put ashore while they had a chance.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

THE SAILING OF LA LIBERTAD.

"I DON'T know as I like this business, Uncle Dick," remarked Brandon, after the departure of Marshal Guard, as he cast his eyes curiously about the cabin of La Libertad. "Suppose the captain of this vessel should take it into his head to up anchor and carry us off with him?"

The officer of the steamer, who had given his name as Erben, and who claimed to be her captain, had gone out a few minutes before.

"He wouldn't dare do that, Bran," laughed Uncle Dick in a low voice. "I know other nations haven't that respect for our government that they ought to be made to have, but it's all our own fault, as long as we won't improve our miserable excuse for a navy. But this fellow isn't going to defy our authority right in one of our own harbors."

"By the way, does this officer declare himself the commander of this vessel, when we know from the marshal's story he is nothing of the kind, and why didn't the marshal question that statement?" asked the nephew.

"Of course the officer has an object in passing for the skipper, and I suppose Guard did not think it in the line of his duty to reveal that he knew differently. But you can rest assured that this steamer will not turn a blade of her screw till she is released by the marshal."

"Ah, gentlemen," exclaimed Captain Erben, as he entered the cabin at that moment, "as the evening is young yet, I fear you will find it irksome waiting till bedtime. Won't you join me in a glass of wine—I have some rare old Amontillado sherry—and a cigar afterwards?"

"Thank you, captain, you're very kind," replied Uncle Dick, in tones of assent.

The captain of the Cuban touched a bell, and in a few minutes a decanter of wine, with glasses, and some cigars, were deposited on the cabin table by a dark skinned attendant.

Uncle Dick partook of the wine and lit a cigar, in which he was joined by the commander, but Brandon refused both. The young man could not help looking with suspicion on the drink so promptly proffered, though that was not the reason he had declined, for he never indulged in liquor of any kind and never used tobacco in any form.

Captain Erben became very loquacious, and seemed to exert himself to entertain his visitors. Though he talked on many topics, he took particular care to avoid a discussion of the troubles in Cuba, and of the mission of his two guests.

Then he proposed a game of cards, but as the ranchman cared to play nothing but whist, and Brandon did not play at all, the game fell through, and the conversation was continued in a desultory way.

"Whenever you are ready to retire, gentlemen, the two forward staterooms on the port side are ready for you," fin-

ally remarked the captain, when he had noted signs of sleepiness in the eyes of the other two, especially in those of Brandon.

"Thank you," returned Uncle Dick, rising and stretching his arms, "I don't know but what it is time to turn in. I'll smoke a cigar and take a turn on deck first, though. Will you go with me, Brandon?"

Brandon made his answer by rising and stepping toward the cabin door. There was no drowsy look in his eyes then; in fact, they appeared to be unusually wide awake.

The ranchman deliberately bit off the end of a fresh cigar, and lighting it, turned to follow his nephew.

"I—er—you will find a pleasant place to sit or walk on the starboard quarter, under the awning, Mr. Morton," said Captain Erben, an odd expression, possibly arrogance and disappointment on his face, as his visitors, with their backs toward him, passed through the cabin door.

"I tell you, Uncle Dick, they're up to something on this schooner," said Brandon in an excited whisper, hardly waiting till they were fairly out on deck. "We've just done what that captain didn't want us to do."

"I guess not," laughed Uncle Dick. "You're looking for an exciting adventure, Brandon, and are bound to have it."

"He didn't make himself so agreeable for nothing," insisted Brandon. "People don't generally treat the minions of the law, as they are called, with such courteous hospitality, when they are performing their duties. I tell you he didn't want us to come on deck."

"Oh yes they do, Brandon," returned the uncle, carelessly; "but we'll look around and see if there is anything to support your conclusion."

They sauntered forward, glancing keenly about them in the light of a number of lanterns, two lashed to the fore shrouds, and several near the foremast.

A group of men were clustered down under the bulwarks in the waist, who they decided were the members of the watch on duty, and a larger number were scattered about the fore-castle, standing and lounging in various attitudes.

As they advanced, some of the men, who were moving about, brushed against them, and glanced up with curiosity into their faces.

"A good many men, don't you think?" whispered Brandon, at a favorable opportunity.

"Not too many—no more than forty," replied Uncle Dick cautiously.

"There's a cannon," continued Brandon in low tones, nodding toward the port bow; "and I declare there's a stand of arms about the foremast."

A closer inspection revealed a small steel cannon, hardly as large as those on the Stars and Stripes, and a number of muskets and carbines in a rack.

"That cannon doesn't indicate anything—a great many vessels carry one—but this looks more like business," said Uncle Dick, as they stopped near the arms about the mast. "However, I don't think we need have any fear about being carried off, and we might as well turn in."

Though he tried to believe as his uncle did, Brandon was apprehensive that something was going to happen, and was so nervous he could not go to sleep when he sought the berth in his stateroom.

His room was an end one, on the port side, in the forward part of the cabin, and a square window opened from it toward the waist of the vessel.

As it was a warm night this window was up, and Brandon found a sort of fascination in watching through it

(which he could do from his reclining position in the berth,) the forms of the men as they moved about in the dim light of the lanterns.

Even when his nervousness had worn off in some degree, this occupation still kept him awake for some time.

Just as he was finally dozing off in utter weariness, the window was darkened, and a face peered in and was then almost instantly withdrawn. Brandon awoke with a start, hardly able to decide whether he had been dreaming, or had really seen a man's face at the opening.

But he was wide awake now, and watched the window with staring eyes. If some one had looked in, why were they watching him so closely, he asked himself? There was certainly something going to happen, he decided, and his old uneasiness returned to him in increased fold.

He had hardly reached this decision, when a face unmistakably *did* appear at the window, and its owner glanced keenly about the darkened stateroom, as Brandon could detect by the shining whites of the fellow's eyes.

Brandon was decidedly startled, but he made no movement, and had the presence of mind to half close his eyes, that the watcher should not see he was awake.

As soon as the face disappeared, he sprang softly out of the berth, and quickly arranging the bed clothes in the rough semblance of a human form, he hurriedly pulled on his trousers and took up a position in a dark corner nearest the window.

He had just done this, when he heard a commotion on deck, and deciding it was a favorable opportunity to reconnoiter, he peered cautiously around one side of the window frame.

He was just in time to see four figures follow each other over the rail, on the side where the landing stage and steps were situated. The foremost one carried a small box, with a handle on the lid like a medicine chest, and was evidently an officer, judging from his cap; the others had the appearance of landsmen.

When Brandon had fully noted them, mentally deciding that they had just come on board from a small boat, and wondering who the late visitors could be, he let his eyes wander about the deck between himself and the fore-castle.

He was fairly fascinated by what he saw, and if the fellow who had been watching him had appeared at the window then, it is doubtful if he would have made a move to conceal himself.

The deck was swarming with people, and it did not require a close inspection to convince him that there were twice as many men there as there had been earlier in the night. But the number of men did not startle him so much as the fact that most of them were armed with cutlasses and revolvers, while others were employed in hoisting a steel cannon out of the forward hatch, three of which he could see were already put in place on carriages.

To say that Brandon was tremendously excited, would be putting it mildly. He fairly shook with nervousness at the startling discovery, and his first thought was to acquaint Uncle Dick with what he had seen.

He hurriedly pulled on his coat and reached for his shoes, sinking to the deck to put them on.

While he was doing this, he heard footsteps on the deck outside near the window, and a voice which said:

"Did you bring the pilot off with you?"

"Yes, he's in the waist talking to the first officer, and trying to back out of the job."

"He is?" responded the first voice, with a soft laugh; "little good it will do him. We might as well get under way without further delay."

"I knew it," gasped Brandon, under his breath, as the voices moved off out of hearing; "we're in for it."

He quickly got his shoes on, and slipping to the stateroom door, opened it carefully on a crack, and looked cautiously into the cabin. Though the swinging lamp was turned low, there was light enough to show him that the apartment was deserted.

Opening the door swiftly and noiselessly, Brandon tiptoed to the door of the stateroom next to his, which was occupied by the ranchman.

Fortunately the door was not locked, and he lost no time in getting into the room and closing it after him.

The ranchman was sound asleep, and Brandon reached into the berth and shook him, saying at the same time, in a thrilling whisper:

"It is I—Brandon—Uncle Dick. Get up, quick; there's a crowd of armed men on the deck of this steamer, with four cannon mounted, and she is going to get under way at once."

Uncle Dick was instantly wide awake, and out on the deck, as he asked:

"How do you know this, Brandon?"

Brandon hurriedly told what he had seen and heard, and by the time he finished the ranchman was dressed. Then the latter opened the door saying:

"Come on, we'll see what this means."

They passed into the cabin, but they had hardly taken two steps toward the door leading to the deck, when it was opened and Captain Erben, followed by the man with the box Brandon had already seen, and two others, entered.

"What is the matter, gentlemen?" inquired the captain, showing clearly he was surprised, though his words did not indicate it. Do you find trouble in sleeping? Maybe the cabin is too warm."

"I understand you have an armed force on board and intend to put to sea at once," announced Uncle Dick, proceeding at once to business.

"Indeed," returned Captain Erben coolly. "May I ask if you and your assistant are armed?"

As he concluded he exhibited a revolver, and the men who had followed him into the cabin did the same.

There was no help for it, and Uncle Dick and Brandon handed over the revolvers which the marshal had given them, and which they had brought with them from their staterooms.

"Yes, Mr. Morton, we're going to sail, and we'll have to take you along for a short distance," continued the Cuban captain, as he took the pistols.

"What does this mean, Captain Erben?" demanded the ranchman sternly.

"See! this is what it means," returned the other, with a significant motion of his finger about his neck, to indicate a hangman's noose; "I have contraband goods on board, and this is life or death with me!"

## CHAPTER XXII.

### CAPTAIN CARBINE SHOWS HIS HAND.

THE crew of the Stars and Stripes lost no time in obeying Ralph Morton's order to get under way, after the discovery by Jack Neil that the revenue tug was approaching from the direction of the harbor.

The fasts were cut loose from the outer gabion, and in very short order the schooner wore around, and was flying before the stiff breeze which was still blowing. Her course was straight out into the Gulf, at right angles with the trend of the coast.

Right here, we wish to assure the reader that we do not approve of

Ralph's seizure of the Stars and Stripes, or of his hazardous venture, contrary to the wishes of his skipper and the other members of the yacht club. But we are compelled to tell the events of this story just as they happened, and must admit that if it hadn't been for this same action of the "uneasy spirits" we would not now have any story to tell, and could just as well place right here the word "finis." Ralph was afterward willing to acknowledge that, for some reasons, he was sorry, and for others, he was glad, he had engaged in the enterprise.

Slightly chagrined that he had not got rid of the obstinate skipper as soon as he thought he would, Ralph returned with Manly to the cabin for a moment, with his thoughts full of another matter. Fluster was left on deck talking to the stranger who had been taken off the gabion. Ralph's curiosity had been aroused by the words the latter had whispered to him, which had prompted him to let the man remain on board, and he wished to see and talk to the stranger at the earliest opportunity.

"I'm with you in body, if not in spirit," laughed Manly, seating himself when they reached the cabin.

"Yes; but not for long, Frank," returned Ralph. "We'll put you ashore so you can get in a landsman's bed before midnight."

"Then you'll join me, old fellow," chuckled the skipper captive.

"Why? What do you mean?"

"You'll never be able to run away from that tug, and we'll all go back together."

"I guess not; even if she catches us they have no authority to hold us," declared Ralph boldly, though there was not a great deal of confidence in his tones.

"You'll find that Uncle Dick or the fellows have had no trouble in fixing up a charge which will hold you," added Manly.

"That remains to be seen," said Ralph, for the want of a more undaunted reply.

He was really worried, for he did not see how it was possible for them to elude the revenue tug.

"Mr. Morton, may I beg of you the favor to untie these cords," spoke up St. Cyr. "They are far from comfortable, and as it is pleasanter to be at liberty, I beg to inform you that I cast my lot with you."

"Oh, you do," laughed Ralph; "that's very kind and considerate of you, Mr. St. Cyr."

"Very well; there you are," he continued, as he cut the exquisite's bonds; "but you can't remain below, as you might be induced to liberate the skipper."

"What do you take me for?" demanded St. Cyr, in fine scorn. "Have I not told you I was with you?"

"Take you for what you are, my hearty," chuckled Ralph. "Up you go on deck now."

The exquisite was about to ask further what he meant, when Ralph motioned him peremptorily up the steps.

When St. Cyr reached the deck, Ralph followed and closed the cabin slide after him.

Darkness had by this time begun to settle over the Gulf, and some of the crew were putting the signal lights in position. The tug astern had already displayed her red and green lights, and judging from these, Ralph saw that she was considerably nearer, and no doubt gaining on them. The sight of the other vessel's lights instantly suggested to him a plan to elude their pursuer, which he immediately put into effect.

"Take in those signal lamps, Jack, and put them out," was his order to young Neil.

This was quickly done, and he continued, as he again took his place at the wheel, relieving Barry Oakes:

"Get something from the cabin, Barry, to shade the binnacle lamp."

Barry quickly brought an old coat from the cabin, and it was wrapped about the binnacle in such a way as to leave the smallest possible hole through which to see the compass. Only a slender spear of light came through the opening, which could not be seen a few feet away from the wheel.

"Now, then, fellows," remarked Ralph with satisfaction to those about him when this arrangement was completed, "we'll show those on the tug a Yankee trick. We can see by their lights exactly where they are, and they could do just the same with us. Well, as the night gives every promise of being a very dark one in a few minutes, I'm going to double back on our course and pass her, just like Brer Fox does ashore, when he doubles on his trail. We'll then follow the coast to the eastward, while the tug will no doubt keep on straight out into the Gulf unless those on board of her find out their mistake. By that time we'll be so far away they can't see us."

A chorus of approval greeted the unfolding of this stratagem, and Captain Carbine said admiringly:

"You're a genius, young man. If these Cubans had a few like you they'd be worth more to them than additional vessels and soldiers."

"I'm afraid they'll have to get on without me," laughed Ralph, pleased at the compliment; and he added:

"Now, fellows, I don't want a light of any kind made on board, or any loud talking, and when we come about see that as little noise as possible is made by the shifting booms and tackle. Sound travels far on the water, you know."

Ralph's directions were followed implicitly. The crew talked in whispers, though they did not have much to say to each other, as they were too intently occupied in watching the pursuing tug, and waiting for the moment when they would pass her going in the opposite direction.

As Ralph had said, the night gave every indication of being a dark one. The clouds, which had accompanied the strong northeast wind all day, were still scudding across the heavens. They hung low, with black shadings underneath, as though they were the fore-runners of a rain storm, and there was no moon to pierce, with its beams, the light rifts between them.

Though the tug continued to gain on the schooner, it was soon so dark that nothing could be seen of her but her lights. Then, feeling confident their movements could not be seen by their pursuer, as they displayed no light, Ralph immediately put his ruse into effect. He lost no time in doing this, because he feared that, if the tug was allowed to get any nearer before making the move, those on board of her might be able to see the schooner's great white sails through the darkness, or hear the noise made by coming about.

"Haul in your sails slowly," whispered Ralph to Barry, and the order was passed to the crew.

As the sheet ropes were pulled cautiously through the blocks, with little or no noise, Ralph threw the schooner's head around to port.

The sheets were made fast, and the schooner darted off, making a great deal of fuss with the water as she careened over and plied the broken foaming waves in front of her.

Her course was now at an acute angle to that of the tug. The latter being on one leg of an isosceles triangle, the Stars and Stripes being on the other one, going in the opposite direction,

with the apex at the point where the schooner came about, and the base on the coast, it follows that the nearer the two vessels approached each other perpendicularly, the further they got apart horizontally.

After the schooner came about, and until she was well on her way on the back track, Ralph closely watched their pursuer. But the tug did not change her course, which indicated that those on board had not heard the noise of the shifting sails, and did not suspect the pursued ones had doubled on their course.

She kept on straight out into the Gulf, and Ralph waited in some anxiety and uncertainty till the schooner should pass the point where the two vessels would be directly opposite each other. He was not so sure that they would be far enough away so that those on the tug would not hear the noise the schooner kicked up in the water as she beat to windward.

The crew of the Stars and Stripes needed no word of caution to remain quiet, for they were as much interested as the sailing master, and hardly exchanged a whisper. Captain Carbine, too, did not say a word, but watched as intently as the rest the progress of the tug.

The schooner reached the danger point, and it seemed to those on board that the boiling, foaming waves on their lee sounded like a young Niagara. But she went sweeping by, the tug's green light disappeared, then her red one, and finally nothing could be seen of her but the swinging white light at her stern.

"We've done it," exclaimed Ralph, with a sigh of relief, "and you can tell 'em good by, fellows."

"Mr. Morton, that was very neatly done," exclaimed Captain Carbine, grasping Ralph's hand. "It takes a Yankee to beat the world."

"Yes, so England and several others have found out," laughed Ralph.

Ralph gave up the wheel to the mate again, and as soon as the light on the tug was hulled down with the water, and had all but disappeared, the schooner's signal lights were replaced, and a lamp was lighted in the cabin.

As it was long past meal time, one of the crew, who had volunteered as a cook, began to prepare supper from the limited supplies on board; for none of the vessels of the club ever started in a race without a small quantity of provisions, such as coffee, tea, crackers, dried beef, and other easily prepared viands.

They had more than once found this a wise provision, for during the progress of a regatta they were often delayed, or met with some disaster which kept them out late, and made the food very grateful to the ravenous young gentlemen.

While the meal was being prepared Ralph passed the word for the stranger who had been taken from the gabion to be sent to him.

Captain Carbine followed him there. Ralph did not like this, as he wished to speak to the stranger about a matter he did not care that the captain should overhear. However, he decided that, as soon as he had learned something of the man himself, (which he had no objection to the captain hearing,) he would request the skipper of the Stranger to retire.

Captain Carbine seated himself at the head of the cabin table, almost under the swinging lamp, while Ralph took a chair at one side of it. Frank Manly was half reclining on a cushion seat back of him.

"You're the only one of us who will sleep in a landsman's bed tonight, Frank," remarked Ralph with a smile, as he turned his head over his shoulder and looked at his skipper.

"How's that? Where's the tug?"

"Out of sight," began Ralph, but as a figure just then descended the cabin steps, and the sailing master saw it was the stranger, Manly did not receive the explanation he was no doubt anxious to hear.

The man stepped forward in the circle of light cast by the shade on the swinging lamp, and raised his cap, which he held in his hand, to his forehead in salute to those at the table.

Then, with staring and wide opened eyes, he fell back a step, as if inclined to retreat up the cabin stairs, and exclaimed:

"Captain Mauzum!"

"What do you mean?" demanded Ralph with curiosity, and some surprise.

"Him," responded the man, as if he already regretted the involuntary declaration, and he raised a trembling finger in the direction of Captain Carbine. "He is Captain Manuel Mauzum."

"Who is Captain Mauzum?" continued Ralph quickly, glancing toward the captain; but he saw on the latter's face only a look of mild surprise.

"He is the captain of the Cuban war vessel La Independencia, and lately in command of the insurgent steamer La Libertad," was the astonishing reply.

"Is this true, Captain Carbine?" asked Ralph skeptically, but still somewhat startled, as he turned toward the captain.

"The man is on the wrong tack," replied the latter with a careless laugh. "I never heard of Captain Mauzum before."

"You must be mistaken, my man," remarked Ralph to the stranger. "What makes you think he is Captain Mauzum?"

"Why, because he looks like him."

"What is your name and how do you happen to know Captain Mauzum?" asked Captain Carbine.

"Felipe Fernando," was the prompt reply; and, after some hesitation, he briefly added what the reader already knows—that he was one of the crew of La Independencia who had been transferred to the hold of La Libertad; that he had deserted from the latter, and that, after he had been picked up by a steam yacht, he had been put ashore at Bolivar Light, at his own request, as he hoped to get aboard of some outward bound vessel from the jetty.

"And what do you know about my uncle's son?" asked Ralph promptly, when the man had finished, though he had been intensely interested in the fellow's story.

Fernando hesitated again, and glanced at the others present in a demurring way, as if he did not want them to hear what he had to say.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Carbine," said Ralph, who had asked his question of the deserter without thinking of the captain being present, "would you kindly retire on deck for a few minutes? This man says he has some information of importance to my uncle."

"Certainly," replied the captain, rising and stepping to the companionway; but, unobserved by the others, he cast a keen and menacing glance at the deserter.

He had hardly disappeared through the slide at the head of the steps, when Fernando grasped Ralph by the arm, and said, in a thrilling whisper:

"That man is Captain Mauzum, for all he denies it so well, and he's up to no good here. How does it happen he is with you?"

Still skeptical of the truth of the assertion, Ralph briefly told of the wreck of the Stranger, and the arrangement made with Captain Carbine to convey her cargo to Galveston. He then added,

as an explanation of their present position, an account of the scheme of himself and friends to seize the schooner and carry the cargo to Nassau, thus getting a thousand dollars for the service and the coveted cruise in the bargain.

"Whew!" whistled Fernando, which meant either amazement or a premonition, for it seemed that what could be seen of his brown, weather beaten face, through his beard, was a shade paler. "You and your friends are in for it, and there are lively times ahead for you. That stuff in your hold is no more rock and mineral than it is blue mud. *Those boxes are full of cartridges and other ammunition for carbines and rifles.*"

"Impossible!" gasped Ralph, springing to his feet and thoroughly startled.

"It's easily proven," suggested Fernando. "A hatchet, and a little work on one of the boxes with it, will do the business."

Ralph did not want to say more, but started for the deck intent on satisfying himself as to the nature of their cargo.

Though he was as startled and frightened as Ralph was at what he had heard, Manly could not help calling after the latter, as he went up the steps: "I told you so, and now I hope you are satisfied."

Ralph heard the words, but they produced no impression on him in his present excited state; but, as he remembered them afterward, he said he could forgive Manly almost everything but his crowing, croaking "I told you so."

Without saying anything to his friends, Ralph hastened to the galley, and securing the axe there, and a lantern, prepared to descend the fore hatch.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Morton?" asked Captain Carbine, as Ralph was about to remove the covering to the hatch.

"I'm going to move some of those boxes that are bumping against the cabin partition," answered Ralph readily, who felt justified in the deception.

"Do you need an axe to help you?" demanded the captain, quickly and keenly.

Ralph was disconcerted, and before he could think of a plausible reply, the captain went on:

"No, you do not need an axe to move them, but you do need it to open one of them. I'll save you the trouble by telling you what you will find."

"What?" asked Ralph, amazed that the other should understand his intentions, and hardly knowing what to make of his cool demeanor.

"You will find munitions of war," was the startling, though corroborative, declaration.

"What!" gasped Ralph, now tremendously excited. "What do you mean?"

"I mean just what I have said," asserted Captain Carbine calmly, with a steady, determined ring in his voice. "Are you as ready as ever to make that thousand dollars, and put the stuff on board La Libertad, for that's where it goes instead of to Nassau?"

"It will never go there with my help," answered Ralph boldly. "We'll put back to Galveston as fast as we can get there."

"We'll see, young man," said the captain, drawing a revolver and cocking it. "If you dare to change the course, or give an order to do so, somebody will get hurt. I'm captain here now."

"Help! Stand by me, fellows!" shouted Ralph, gripping the axe, and swinging it over his shoulder in a defiant attitude.

Captain Carbine leveled the revolver at the sailing master, and there was a look of stern determination in his eyes and on his face.

(To be continued.)

## A PRECIOUS TALISMAN.

THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,  
Nor yet one half so dear;  
'Tis worth more than distinguished birth,  
Or thousands gained a year.  
It lends today a new delight,  
'Tis virtue's firmest shield;  
And adds more beauty to the night  
Than all the stars can yield.

It maketh poverty content,  
To sorrow whispers peace;  
It is a gift from heaven sent,  
For mortals to increase.  
It meets you with a smile at morn,  
It lulls you to repose;  
A flower for peer and peasant born,  
An everlasting rose.

A charm to banish grief away—  
To snatch the brow from care;  
Turn tears to smiles, make dullness gay,  
Spread gladness everywhere.  
And yet 'tis sweet as summer dew  
That gems the lily's breast;  
A talisman for love as true  
As ever man possessed.

What may this wondrous spirit be,  
With power unheard before—  
This charm, this bright amenity?  
Good temper—nothing more.  
Good temper—'tis the choicest gift  
That mankind homeward brings,  
And can the poorest peasant lift  
To bliss unknown to kings.  
—*Newsdealer and Stationer.*

(This Story began in No. 466.)

## BLAZING ARROW.

## A TALE OF THE FRONTIER

BY EDWARD S. ELLIS,

Author of "Boy Pioneer Series," "Deerfoot Series," etc.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## ALL TOGETHER.

BRIGHAM EDWARDS stopped short on hearing the signal of Kenton, and he and his wife held themselves ready to defend any attack from the Indians, whom they knew to be in the neighborhood. Red Crow did a little thing which won the confidence of the couple, who could not help regarding him at first with some suspicion; he placed himself directly in front, with his bow and arrow ready for use.

The little party was not kept long in suspense. From among the trees strode the athletic figure of the famous scout, who, at that time was in his magnificent prime. Directly behind him, walked Wharton Edwards and Larry Murphy. At the sight of her son, the mother forgot everything else. Dropping her rifle to the ground, she ran forward with the exclamation:

"Wharton! my darling boy!"

"O mother, my dearest mother!"

The lad, equally forgetful, flung aside his weapon and met his beloved parent more than half way, throwing his arms about her neck, while both wept with joy. The father smilingly advanced, and waited until the youth was released. Then he clasped the boy to his breast with a happiness and gratitude as deep and all pervading, though it was less demonstrative.

Larry stepped blushing forward, when the way was clear, and was warmly greeted in turn by the parents, for he held a warm place in their hearts. He was a dutiful and respectful youth, who appreciated the unselfish goodness those people had always shown to him.

Even the grim, iron hearted scout betrayed a suspicious moisture of the eyes at the affecting scene. He looked on in silence, while Red Crow gazed off among the trees, as though he saw something that interested him. What strange musings coursed through that warped brain is beyond the power of fancy to imagine.

"This 'ere looks sorter like a family reunion," remarked Kenton with a smile when the first flurry was over; "I

shouldn't wonder now, Brigham, if you and Margaret thar are summat glad to see the younkens agin."

"Indeed I shall always thank Heaven for thy mercies. Wife and I did not sleep a wink last night after we learned how bad things looked, and nothing could have kept us from hurrying to them."

"And how about 'you chaps?" asked the scout, turning toward the two happy boys.

"Neither of us can express our thankfulness," replied Wharton; "we have seen a good deal of trouble during the last few days, but our suffering all the time has been about them."

"'Yis," added Larry with a sigh; "it was meself that had not only them to think about, but Whart was on me hands, too, and there was times whin I was ready to give up entirely."

"Well, Simon," said the head of the family, "we have had good fortune so far, but I have had enough experience to know that we are not out of the woods yet."

"Not by a long shot," was the expressive comment.

"How do things look to you?"

"'Yer see that Blazing Arer and one of his varmint has gone ahead and are across the clearin out yender. They know that we have started to go round this part of the trail with the idee of comin' back agin beyend whar they're watchin fer us."

"And they will try to prevent us doing so?"

"That's it, and it's goin' to be a tough job, with the hosses to take care of."

"I've been thinking lately that the only safe plan is to abandon the animals and push on ourselves."

"That will give us the best show, thar's no doubt about that, but I hate powerfully to let the varmint get ahead of us even as much as that."

"You and I, Simon, have tramped the woods long enough to know that we must take things as we find them. It's a hundred times better that we should leave the horses than to imperil our lives by keeping them with us."

"The man as would deny them sentiments is a fool, but we hain't got to that p'int yet."

"I notice that the ground is much more difficult to get over than where we turned out to avoid the swamp. Both the horses fell once or twice with their loads, and I had almost reached the conclusion that we would have to turn back or abandon them. They are the only animals I own and their loss would be a serious one, but it won't do to stop at that."

While this fragmentary conversation was going on, Arqu-wao, or Red Crow, held his position as motionless as before, and seemingly occupied with something among the trees, invisible to the rest. The boys noticed that he assumed his old attitude, which had caused them so much uneasiness before. But, inasmuch as there could be no misgiving now as to his intentions, they were certain that their former suspicions were unjust. When he surrendered to them in the early light of that breaking morning, he did so unreservedly, and had done his best to serve them. It was a great comfort to know this, but how much greater would it have been had they known it from the first.

He showed a quicker perception than any of his companions suspected, for he understood the doubt in the minds of the ranger and the settler concerning the horses. Turning about he said:

"Arqu-wao show way to settlement."

"But we know the way ourselves," said Mr. Brigham kindly.

"Show way for hosses."

"You mean by the trail yonder; we have come over that, but the Shawanoes

are on the watch, and we dare not follow it."

"Arqu-wao show way for hosses—Shaw'noe don't know—get dere quick—Shaw'noe don't see."

The pioneer turned to the scout.

"He means to say that he knows of a route to the settlement different from the regular trail, over which we can take the animals in safety."

"That's what the varmint is drivin' at."

"What do you think of it, Simon?"

The scout significantly touched his forehead and shook his head.

"I know that, but he has done well so far. He lives by himself in the woods and must be more familiar with it than any of his people. I'm inclined to believe there is something in what he says."

"I haven't much faith in a chap whose brain is twisted hind side afore, but I don't know as it will do any harm to try it; leastways we've stood here longer than we oughter."

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE NEW ROUTE.

SIMON KENTON had spent so many years of his life in the woods, and had been among the Shawanoes, so much that he spoke their language like a native. The reader need not be told that he was once a prisoner of the Shawanoes and was condemned to death by them, but was saved through the interference of the renegade Simon Girty, to whom the scout had done a kindness years before. This is the only instance of the kind known of that miscreant.

It had also fallen to the lot of Kenton to run the gauntlet, and he had had desperate scrimmages without number with members of that warlike tribe. His frequent association with them, his companionship with the extraordinary but unfortunate Deerfoot, had given him a mastery of the tongue used by those people.

Kenton now turned to Red Crow and addressed him in the language of his tribe.

"Arqu-wao, tell me why you wish to prove yourself the friend of the white man."

"Arqu-wao crept upon the pale faces; they ran away with his canoe; they came near his home, where the red and white man must not come; Arqu-wao was angry and sought to kill them; but they went away; they did not hurt his canoe; he followed them; he was about to kill them when they slept, but they awoke; they could have killed him, but they did not; they spared his life; then the Great Spirit whispered in his heart that he must be the friend of the pale faced youths; so Arqu-wao is their friend; he will give his life for them."

Kenton listened gravely to this singular statement. His knowledge of the Indian character assured him that every word was the truth. Red Crow did not show by his words or manner that his brain was not as clear as that of his brother, Blazing Arrow. The probability was that it was partially affected only by the injury received years before. It had led him to make a recluse of himself and to indulge in some whimsical performances. In other respects, as he had proven, his cunning and ability were greater than before.

All doubt of his loyalty removed, Kenton proceeded straight to the business he had in mind:

"Today you met your brother, and you had a quarrel."

The black eyes flashed.

"Blazing Arrow is a snake in the grass, that bites when you are not looking; he hates Arqu-wao; Arqu-wao hates him; some time one will kill the other; the Great Spirit has said so."

"But you quarreled," repeated Ken-

ton, wishing to hear the explanation of that wrangle.

"Blazing Arrow said to Arqu-wao that he had turned against his people; he said he had become the friend of the white man, and he said he would kill him."

"And what did Arqu-wao do?"

"He drew his bow and arrow," replied Red Crow, with another flash of his black eyes, "but Blazing Arrow said he would wait till he learned more; then he would kill him."

Kenton suspected this from what the boys had told him, and he plainly foresaw that the fatal encounter must come, sooner or later, between these brothers who hated each other with consuming hate.

"You said that you know a better way to the settlement, where we can take the horses."

"Yes—me know—me show," replied Red Crow with such haste that he unconsciously dropped into English, which he spoke ill.

"Where is it?"

The Shawano pointed behind him and almost in the direction of the lake, on whose shore he made his home.

"Ober dere—not far—show de way."

While Kenton believed in the truthfulness of the strange being, he was disturbed by the fact that he himself had traversed this section so many times that he was familiar with every portion, and he could not recall any part answering to the description of Red Crow. He feared that while his intention was honest, the thing itself was only a figment of the Indian's brain, and that he was liable to draw them into greater difficulties than before.

If this should prove to be the case, it would be better to abandon the animals at once, for the remark of Mr. Edwards about the forest being most difficult of passage was true. Not only that, but it grew worse until it became absolutely impassable for any quadruped as large as a horse.

The plan the scout had in mind was that of the whole party returning without delay to the block house and waiting till the danger passed. Inasmuch as there was no call for haste on the part of the pioneer in reaching his home, this unquestionably was the better course to adopt. But Kenton was curious to learn something more about this new route, for he saw that if it proved an actuality and was unknown to the Shawanoes, it was sure to be of vast value to himself and other rangers who were compelled frequently to pass back and forth between the two points. So, after a little more unimportant talk, he added:

"Well, Arqu-wao, we will follow you. Show the way."

It will be remembered that when the pioneer and his wife set out with Red Crow to find the boys, they left the two horses behind them. It was useless to bring them back over the route that had cost the animals so much labor, and which would necessitate the whole thing being done again. In order to carry out the plan of Red Crow, it was necessary to go to where the horses were or to bring them back to the party.

Kenton asked him which should be done, and he replied that they were to await him where they were while he brought the beasts to them. Accordingly the company assumed new positions on the ground, Wharton sitting close to his mother.

Before Red Crow left the boys restored to him his knife and tomahawk, so that he was as fully armed as before. The Indian smiled in his shadowy way, and showed that he appreciated the confidence implied in the little act which would have been performed before had it not been overlooked.

When the Shawanoë was beyond hearing, Kenton said:

"I shouldn't be surprised if that varmint had trouble afore he brings them hosses back."

"Why so?" asked Mr. Brigham.

"We've been talkin' and actin' as though that warn't one of them varmint in ten miles of us; but I haven't forgot that Blazing Arrow knows why you turned off the trail with the hosses, and if he hain't gone back himself he has sent some of 'em to larn how things are goin'."

"Why haven't they appeared to us?"

"We ain't in the hole they want to get us into," replied Kenton, who, in accordance with the custom of those of his calling, kept glancing to the right and left, on the lookout for the first appearance of peril. "They may have had a peep at us, and they will keep an eye on our movements, but they're more likely to watch the hosses. They ain't fur off, Brigham?"

"No; I didn't go far with them."

"Has Red Crow had time to reach the spot?"

"If he kept up the gait with which he started, I should say he is about there." "Now, don't speak till I give the word," said Kenton, in a low voice, "but listen with all your ears."

The entire party assumed attitudes of intense attention, and were rewarded sooner than they anticipated. Amid the profound stillness a sudden sharp twanging noise reached them, followed instantly by a smothered, gasping cry, and then all was still.

The party looked in one another's faces. No need of any one speaking a word, for all knew what those awful sounds meant.

Red Crow had driven an arrow into some dusky thief with such swiftness and force that he had no time to utter the proverbial yell of his race when he sank to the ground.

"Thar must have been only one of 'em," quietly remarked Kenton, "or thar would be more of a rumpus. He has started."

The sound of the animals laboring through the bushes and among the trees was plainly heard, and a minute later Red Crow appeared, leading the pioneer's horse while that of his wife followed close behind.

It was agreed that no reference should be made by any one to the tragedy that had taken place so near them. They waited for Red Crow himself to tell the story, but, though he was questioned quite closely he never told a word.

"Arqu-wao," said Kenton, in the Shawanoë language, "you have a single tongue; you are a good Indian; now lead the way; we believe in you and will trust you to the death."

For the first time since the Shawanoë had joined them, his painted face gave evidence of emotion. He stood for several seconds with his eyes fixed on Kenton, who calmly confronted him. He was on the point of speaking and once the boys who were studying his countenance with curious interest, observed a movement of the thin lips, but he changed his mind and no words escaped him.

Turning abruptly away, he held the bridle rein of the pioneer's horse in one hand, and with his long bow in the other began moving through the wood, which route may be roughly described as half way between that just followed and the course of the trail nearest them.

The work for a time was as hard as before and the animal showed so much reluctance that in addition to the tugging at the rein by the leader, he required some vigorous prodding from his master before he could do his duty; but ere long a pleasant fact became appar-

ent to all: the wood was so open that it was a comparatively easy matter for all to advance. If it should remain thus, they could push on with little more trouble than that encountered in traveling over the trail itself.

Of course, nothing was easier than for the Shawanoës to follow the footprints of the party, and it was to guard against any surprise of this kind that Kenton remained some distance behind the others.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### THE LAST HALT.

WITHIN the following half hour a pleasant surprise came to the little party.

"My gracious!" exclaimed the pioneer to his wife, "do you see that, Margaret?"

He pointed to the ground between them as he spoke and she nodded her head with a smile.

"We are traveling over a trail," he added; "Red Crow is keeping his promise; he knows what he is doing."

It was the truth. The path was faintly marked, but it was unmistakable and all knew the meaning. They were approaching one of those open spaces, known as "salt licks," which are quite numerous in Kentucky and Ohio. Naturally they are the resort of animals, who thread their way over long distances to the spots, where the brackish moisture, oozing through the ground, affords a taste of the mineral which is as indispensable to beasts as to human beings.

The bears, deer, buffaloes and other inhabitants, journeying toward one common point, gradually form paths through the forest, into which additional brutes turn, adding to the distinctness of the trails, which sometimes radiate outward from the common center like the spokes of a wheel, until they gradually lose themselves in the woods, as the brutes diverge from the route, whose individuality becomes lost like the course of the streams in the sandy wastes of Africa or the barren regions of the Southwest.

By and by the path was as clearly defined as the trail connecting the settlement and the block house. A short distance further and they arrived at the lick.

The favorite time for the wild animals to visit these places of refreshment is early in the morning, but when our friends arrived there, a huge wolf was lapping the ground, on the other side. They caught but a single glimpse of him, when he scurried off among the trees, vanishing in a twinkling.

The sight was a singular one, with the ground worn smooth as the floor of a barn by the licking of multitudinous tongues and its moisture glistened in the sunlight as if it had been oiled.

The horses showed their appreciation of the luxury by stretching out their necks and eagerly applying their tongues to the saltish surface. They were allowed to do so freely, and a few minutes later Kenton joined them. His handsome face expanded with a broad grin and he surprised all, especially the recipient of the compliment, by slapping Red Crow on the shoulder.

"Arqu-wao, you're a powerful good chap, and here's my hand on it!"

The Shawanoë, rather gingerly, allowed his palm to be almost crushed in that of the scout.

"He's doin' jes' what the varmint said he would," added Kenton, addressing the rest of the party; "if nothin' don't happen, he'll land us at the settlement all right, but we're going to be folloed."

"Have you discovered anything?" asked Mr. Brigham.

"Not as yet, but they won't let us

slip away in this style without some kind of a rumpus; we mustn't stay here too long."

Red Crow was of the same mind, for he tugged at the rein of the leading horse, who was reluctant to abandon his feast, while the pioneer had to work as hard with the other before he could leave the spot. The lick was skirted and another trail taken on the other side, so that the journey was continued in substantially the same direction as before. Inasmuch, however, as this path must soon dissipate itself, there was some curiosity to know what their guide would do when the point of vanishing was reached. Not a member of the party, however, felt distrust of his ability and loyalty to them.

Kenton, as before, fell to the rear, for there was every reason to believe that whenever the Shawanoës chose to make a demonstration, it would be from that quarter. As anticipated, the path grew fainter as they progressed until it was hardly perceptible, but the wood remained open and progress was comparatively easy.

For some minutes before this the whites had been sensible of a dull roaring sound, which at times was quite distinct, and then sank again beyond their power of hearing.

"I believe that is the stream where Larry and I had so much trouble yesterday and last night," said Wharton to his father.

"Undoubtedly you are right."

"I wonder whether he intends we shall cross it."

"If he does he knows the way."

"I guess we will not, for you know the regular trail doesn't take the other side."

"But if he means to follow a new course to the settlement it may be necessary."

The afternoon was well along, and none of the party had eaten anything since early morning. All were hungry, but though there was substantial lunch in the packs carried by the horses, no one spoke of it. They were too desirous of getting forward while the opportunity was theirs to pay any attention to their appetites.

They had not yet reached the torrent which was now close at hand, when Red Crow halted the animals and said to the pioneer:

"Wait here—Arqu-wao go head—won't stay long—want to see."

Mr. Edwards bowed his head, signifying that it should be as he wished, and the Shawanoë was off in a twinkling before Kenton, who was hardly out of sight to the rear, could come up. He soon appeared and inquired what had taken place.

"Thar's trouble," was his emphatic comment.

"How can you know that?" asked the pioneer with slight impatience; "you haven't seen anything."

"We're not far from where the young'un had the row yesterday; the lake isn't more'n half a mile up stream, and the reg'lar trail ain't that fur off in tother direction."

"Don't you think Red Crow is acting wisely?"

"No one could do as well. It ain't that, but I told you we wouldn't reach the settlement without a rumpus. He means to take us across the gorge. The other varmint may not know the course we've took, but they'll be smart enough to 'spect that we'll try to cross at this spot, and some of 'em will be on the watch thar as sure as you're born. Wait hyar whar ye be till I go ahead and larn how things stand. I think Red Crow is likely to need me."

The words proved true sooner than the sagacious scout suspected.

(To be concluded.)

#### TOMORROW.

"THERE is an island full of pleasant places. For which men hunger as the day grows old, And thitherward they turn with lifted faces, Longing to rest them in its blessed fold.

"No grief, they say, may steal within its border;

There hurt wounds heal them swiftly of their smart;

While sweet forgetfulness doth stand as warder

To still the aching tumults of the heart.

"There, too, today's brief joys shall have great increase,

And all its longings shall find blessed gain, While to the toiler there shall come sweet succor,

For, lo! this island knoweth naught of pain."

Then one whose life had felt the fevered throbbings

Of great wounds gotten in the day's swift tide,

Turned, and gave eager question, touched with sobbings,

Unto the mighty chorus at his side:

"Where is this land for which with strong persistence

The men of every age and clime do long?"

And swift in answer, full of sweet insistence,

Uprose the strident echo of a song:

"Behold the island that is void of sorrow,

And for whose shelter men have long made quest,

We have not seen, but it is called Tomorrow—

The land within whose borders there is rest."

—Harper's Weekly.

#### THE MONITORS.

ON March 9th, 1862, the great ram, Merrimac, lay in Hampton Roads; she was on the point of seizing the two ships which the day before she had successfully battered into submission, when there came gliding in from the sea a most curious little vessel. It looked like little more than a plate deck on which was a circular tower and, afterward, some one appropriately spoke of it as a Yankee cheese box on a raft.

The story of the fight on that day between the Monitor and the Merrimac is one of the most sensational events in this country's history and is familiar to every boy in the land. It is mentioned here to remind them of what has been said in a previous paper—that this device of the late Captain Ericsson gave the suggestion that has modified the navies of the whole world. In every cruiser and battle ship of today are details of armor or other construction evolved from hints derived from the original Monitor.

This country has chosen well to preserve, with wide modifications, the type of the little giant of the Roads. The type is an armored vessel of exceptionally low free board (deck very close to the water line), with an impenetrable, circular revolving turret and with all the other essential parts of the vessel below the water line. The "cheese box on a raft" is an apt description of the type.

Five modern monitors were ordered to be built for harbor defense and one, the Miantonomoh, has been completed. It is a craft 260 feet long and little more than two feet of the hull appears above the water. This hull is protected with an armor belt of steel plates 7 inches thick, within which and below the deck are all the powerful machinery, the stores of fuel, a swarm of hardy men and their quarters.

Above the smooth deck appear the two circular turrets, protected by steel armor plates 11 1-2 inches thick and further protected by their circular shape, the effect of which is to make projectiles glance off on striking.

In the center of the deck rise a military mast, a smoke stack, skeleton bridges, mountings for rapid fire guns and other such light works, all of which might be shot away without seriously impairing the effectiveness of the monitor.

In each of the two turrets are two ten inch breech loading rifles, making four in all. These terrible engines of war are long (about 30 feet) slender, built up guns and will throw a five hundred pound projectile seven miles effectively or can drop them, by elevating the range, in a city thirteen miles away.

The two guns in each turret are separated by a partition dividing the compartment into two portions; if by chance a projectile should strike the small port through which the long muzzle of the gun protrudes, it might destroy that gun, but the dividing partition would protect the other.

The turrets revolve on the deck so that each pair of guns sweeps the whole horizon; the revolving of the turrets and the aiming of the guns is effected by tremendous hydraulic power, and all the machinery of this formidable vessel is bewilderingly complicated, but perfect in its action and the product of the most modern and talented invention.

The two pairs of great guns are not her only battery. There are besides two six pounder and two three pounder rapid fire guns, two Hotchkiss revolving cannon and two Gatling guns.

The duty of these monitors will be to protect the harbors—but not only to block the approaches; they are meant to sally out to meet an approaching fleet and endeavor to destroy or drive off such vessels as have no need of coming very near to a city in order to destroy it.

Being sunk below the waterline, the monitor is additionally protected by her watery element; there is little in range for the enemy's guns to destroy while she herself is provided with terribly destructive engines of war, and, like the little Monitor of Hampton Roads, should be able to cope in safety with a much larger foe.

**FEATS OF DARING.**

PROBABLY the most astonishing feats in the way of swimming are performed by the soldiers of the German army in what is known as the "swimming drill." It is performed in uniform, and the instruction is given under the direction of lieutenants, by under officers. It begins with the regular practice of the swimming strokes, the pupil being supported meanwhile by the so-called "fishing rod." When he has learned the movements well enough to be able to support himself above the water, he begins to swim on a loose line. Lastly comes the exercise of falling from high places into water, which is pictured here.

The above paragraph, from the New York Press, does not begin to explain the daring and danger of the last feat it mentions. The illustration that the Press publishes shows a stage fully twenty feet above the water from which soldiers fully accoutered with helmets, knapsack, boots, guns, etc., allow themselves to fall, keeping the body rigid through the descent and turning over and over before striking the water. The principal expertness lies in their ability to so regulate their position in falling that they will strike the water without injury and in acquiring such self control that they can meet the shock and still emerge without losing gun or helmet, or any other portion of their trappings.

**MUTATIONS OF BURNT CORK.**

THE celebrated lisping and stuttering minstrel, George Thatcher, writes an article for the New York Herald on minstrelsy, that reveals to us for the first time that his method is a character sketch in imitation of that celebrated humorist, Ward. Mr. Thatcher's sketch of the history of the minstrels is interesting to read.

Shortly after the war negro minstrelsy had a great vogue, both North and South. Old time minstrelsy was introduced to the stage in sketches as a reflex of the absurdities of plantation life. The eccentricities of the slaves were always a fruitful source of comedy, and the pathetic miseries supplied the sentiment; but as managers called

for burnt cork novelties, burnt cork artists next gave black face imitations of prominent public men, the name of the man thus burlesqued or imitated gave a point or reason for the existence of the sketch; thus the stump speaker of negro minstrelsy was instituted.

So it was I abandoned jig dancing and the darky sketch in favor of a black face imitation of Ward, that has brought me a great deal of money, and it is in that monologue that the public of today best know me, though there are but few who know its origin.

I have been identified with negro minstrelsy since the early days, and have seen the artistic representation of the natural plantation darkey, with his pathetic or comic song, sung to a banjo accompaniment and his unique, comic and oftentimes athletic dance, evolve into a black automaton, dressed in an impossible Louis XIV dress pushed on to the stage to mechanically execute a dance.

With each of these innovations I have observed the admirers of negro minstrelsy grow numerically less. The larger organizations, in spite of added numbers to their ranks and the increased outlay for special features, find they do not draw the money they formerly did with a great deal less expense and for obvious reasons.

Though minstrelsy itself has lost its grip, it has many distinguished graduates. Even Edwin Booth himself has plunked the banjo, but, for truth's sake, I believe he never did so outside of an amateur exhibition; but Tom Keene was a song and dance man.

**EARLY HISTORY OF DOLLS.**

THE dolls that our sisters cherish and which perhaps we ourselves have played with in our younger days have, like every article of commerce, served to put bread into the mouths of the poor. We print a description of how some of these are made and where, taken from the New York Sun:

It is an open secret that Santa Claus brings the greater part of his vast stock of Christmas toys from Europe, Germany being his favorite collecting grounds. But he encourages American industry in a few directions, notably in cheap mechanical toys. The tin railway trains and tin horses and steamboats that run when wound up with a key are made in great quantities in Brooklyn by machinery, and the cast iron toys of the same description are made principally in New York. When he desires an expensive mechanical toy, however, he goes to France for it; to Saxony for his Noah's arks and all the other carved wooden toys; to Nuremberg for his tin trumpets, and magic lanterns, and to Thuringia for his toy China tea sets.

Far more important than all other toys are the dolls, and nine dolls out of ten are little German girls. In whole districts of Germany the country people spend the winter in making dolls, tilling their fields in summer. The cheap wax doll, commercially known as "composition wax," such as may be bought at retail in this country for twenty five cents, furnishes perhaps the best idea of how dolls are made. A "molder," who has nothing further to do with the making of dolls, makes plaster of Paris models of the styles of heads and limbs most in demand, and sells them, singly or in sets, to the peasants who make the dolls. There are all sorts of faces among the models—pretty girls, smiling boys, old women, negroes, and crying babies. Throughout the winter father, mother, and all the larger children unite in making papier mache casts from these models, each cast being, of course, an exact counterpart of the models, but thin and light, and gray in color.

The legs and arms are dipped in flesh colored paint, and the painted shoes are put on with brushes. These various parts, together with the head, are fastened to a cloth body stuffed with sawdust, and dolly goes off to the factory, where the most artistic work is done. Her limbs have the propriety, her body is as true to nature as necessary, but her head is still bare, her cheeks are gray, and her colorless eyes express no intelligence.

An expert workman in the factory, holding dolly by the feet, dips her head and shoulders for a moment in melted wax, and she emerges from the bath the composition wax doll of commerce. When she is sufficiently dry she passes into the hands of a girl operator, who quickly paints the pink tinge upon her cheeks. Another girl adds the blue eyes, still another the eyebrows and eyelashes, and so she goes through the hands of a row of girls, one girl for each tint. Flowing locks of mohair are fastened to the head, and dolly is ready to emigrate to America.

The wooden stables, kitchens, groceries, butcher shops, and the familiar Noah's arks are all made by hand in Saxony. What wages these simple carvers make may be judged from the fact that small Noah's arks, containing more than a score of carved animals, can be bought at retail for five or ten cents. Even in cheap Saxony the peasants could not live by this industry alone. They have some other calling, and on winter nights the whole family gather about the blazing fire and carve out miniature lions and elephants. The children of these families often develop peculiar ability in making particular animals. One boy may make good horses and camels, while a younger brother may far excel him in the carving of lions and tigers.

So remote," says the German manufacturer, "are many of the German districts where dolls are made, that it is often necessary to send men out on six or eight hour journeys to get the heads and limbs, and in summer they can hardly be had at all, for the doll makers are at work on their farms."

**TWO TRADES CONTRASTED.**

A LOCAL Maine paper tells this story about a certain Lije Walker, widely known in that State as a swapping horse jockey and pre-eminent in the possession of that peculiar talent which has made the down East Yankee famous in literature the world over.

Just to give his boy an idea how to get along in the world "Lije" started from home one day on foot with nothing in his pocket but a jackknife. He was absent just one week, and returned driving a pair of horses harnessed into a top buggy. Hitched to the rear axle was another horse and a cow, while ahead was a dog. "See how your pap does it?" said "Lije" to his son, as he gazed at the time of day from a handsome watch. For a fact, he had got the whole turnout for his jackknife and swapping the proceeds into one thing and another.

We are indebted to the holiday panorama of a metropolitan dry goods store for calling to mind an old children's tale from the German, which is strangely in contrast to the above and has a moral of its own.

Hans, having served out his apprenticeship, receives from his master a lump of gold as a reward and starts homeward over the mountains.

He meets a stranger on horseback and buys the horse with his gold. But Hans finds he cannot ride; so, when he meets a

farmer dragging a large and squealing pig by a cord, Hans gladly exchanges his horse for the pig, and proceeds, much relieved.

But if any of THE ARGOSY readers have ever tried to lead a pig by a cord tied to his hind leg, or in any other way, they will appreciate why Hans was glad to exchange that prize for a fat goose that he met on the road struggling in the arms of a farmer.

But the goose proved heavy and restless, and the way was still long; so Hans eagerly accepted an offer of a whetstone for the plump bird, and, free as the air, he completes his journey and arrives at his home. Only one thing remains to weigh his mind. What shall he do with the whetstone? He has no knife, and it is useless. Happy thought! He thrusts it down the well, and, at last free of all his burdens, Hans is truly happy and thankful for his good luck.

The bright reader will not fail to see the moral.

**SARCASM AND REPARTEE.**

THE name of Mr. Henry Labouchere, the English *literateur* and politician is sufficiently well known in this country to make an anecdote of him attractive. He is particularly remarkable for his caustic wit and bitter sarcasm on occasion, and the *Harvester Light* recites the following examples:

Many of Labouchere's mots have been recorded. One or two will bear repetition. Once, in the House, he referred to the conduct of some political opponent as being "unworthy of a pettifogging attorney," and being called upon by the Speaker to withdraw this unparliamentary expression, did so, declaring that he was glad of having an opportunity of retracting it, "as it was a great injustice to the attorney." So, again, on being informed that a wealthy nobleman had bequeathed a very large sum of money to the church, he remarked that "it was the largest insurance against fire he had ever heard of."

On another occasion he was visiting a parvenu, who had a very exclusive library of the newest books. Labouchere had taken down one of these volumes which had never known the paper knife. The parvenu said: "Ah, you see, I am surrounded by my friends!" pointing to the books. "Yes," replied Labouchere, "and I am glad to see that you haven't cut them yet."

**RACE NO RESTRAINT.**

THE chance to excel that every body possesses has often been spoken of by THE ARGOSY and the following college note from the New York Tribune gives another of the countless illustrations of the fact.

The Amherst football team this year is said to be the strongest in the history of the college. This is largely due to two of its members, Captain William H. Lewis, and William T. S. Jackson, both of whom are colored men and natives of Virginia. Since Lewis has been in Amherst he has been the recipient of many honors. Last year he was elected to represent the junior class in the College Senate, and he is the president of the Hitchcock Society of Inquiry. He is a good student and a fine speaker and has recently been chosen as a commencement orator. Jackson is also a good student as well as athlete, and is very popular with the boys. Another first class colored football player is W. A. Johnson, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is one of the brightest students of the institute, and his unassuming ways and pleasant manners have made him a great favorite with his fellow students.

**SKETCHING IN TEXAS.**



ARTIST (to cowboy)—"Please turn your right side to me, Mr. Broncho Bob. I want to draw your gun."

"No yer don't! Yer can't git the drop on me that way—nobody draws this gun but me!"

CHAPMAN



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FRANK A. MUNSEY, Publisher,  
155 East 23d Street, New York.

#### ANOTHER NEW SERIAL.

In next week's number of THE ARGOSY we shall begin the publication of

### LUKE FOSTER'S GRIT;

OR,

### THE LAST CRUISE OF THE SPITFIRE.

By EDWARD STRATEMEYER,

Author of "True to Himself," "Richard Dare's Venture," etc.

*This is a story with brisk, lively movement and plenty of incident, both on sea and shore. Luke Foster has a hard time of it, but he does not lose heart and the account of the way in which he triumphs over his enemies makes a narrative which we are sure our readers will vote to be one of the most interesting we have ever printed.*

#### THE FOUNDATION OF LIFE.

THE progress of the world—the whole human activity, past and to come, are nothing else than "hope," when reduced to their lowest terms. It is the inspiration of life.

We work in the hope of advancement or at least of a continuance of our income and the necessities it supplies. We go into business for ourselves in the hope of increasing our means and becoming wealthy; wealth attained, we invest our surplus in the hope of the enjoyment of its luxuries in comfort and security.

Cities are built on hope; enterprise is hope; ambition is hope; and he who does not hope becomes the suicide.

The exile to Siberia loses all hope and would be grateful for death instead. But even in that hard life the brighter days are hoped for when it is dark and—the greatest example of all hope—a glorious eternity, after a life of labor and strife.

*The Argosy at Three Dollars for two years is less than three cents a week. See standing notice at the head of this column*

#### THE NEWEST METAL.

IT has been announced that the specifications for the dome of the great City Hall of Philadelphia, have been changed so that, instead of cast iron, aluminum shall be used.

This is suggestive of the fact that there may be elements of the earth that remain for us still to conquer and convert.

It is within only a few years that metallurgists have known how to separate aluminum, which is never found alone but always in combination with other elements. Then for a long time its separation was found to make it too expensive a metal for very wide use; but as its splendid qualities were discovered, it was found well worth consideration and experiment.

The principal value of aluminum is its extreme lightness; thus, substituting it for cast iron as already noted, reduces the weight of the structure to the extent of four hundred tons.

It possesses almost as great a malleability as

gold and silver, and is very like the latter in color and appearance. It is not corroded by exposure to air as is iron, and its substitution in the dome means that it will not need the periodical coats of paint that would have been necessary to protect the iron from the gnawings of rust.

The metal is now being widely used, especially as an alloy for other metals, but ten years ago it was hardly known outside the chemical laboratory.

The price of Munsey's Magazine is \$3 a year. But to any reader of The Argosy who will send us \$2 for a year's subscription and \$2 additional—\$4 in all—we will send both Argosy and Magazine for one year.

#### INCREASE AND DECREASE.

A RECENTLY published work, aiming to be a census of the world shows that, while Asia, the largest of the continents has the largest population (825,954,000), Europe, the smallest, is second in rank (357,379,000), and moreover has the greatest number of people to the square mile of territory.

Europe finds one of her greatest drawbacks in this crowded state of her population: with 94 people to the square mile as against only 8 to the mile in the Americas, it is no wonder that Europe is endeavoring to unload her indigent and her criminal classes on a country where their squalor and their misdeeds will not affect so many people in the same acre.

Some day the keeping out of foreigners is going to be a live political issue. We always have welcomed, as we always shall welcome, the foreigner who comes to these shores carrying with him his art or his handicraft to soberly increase his own wealth and the country's too.

But wholesale, indiscriminate immigration is not useful now as it may have been when thousands of miles of wilderness needed to be opened and cleared by the pioneer. Since those early days the character of the immigration has changed almost completely. Foreign governments now "assist" their undesirable battalions to leave their shores. America has well been called the dumping ground of European poorhouses and, what was a generous asylum for the oppressed has now become the prey of the pauper. To such we shall some day shut our doors.

#### LOOKING DOWN

ON a clear day recently, the editor of THE ARGOSY made a trip to the observatory of the highest office building in the world and looked down on the great city from the height of three hundred and ten feet or thereabouts.

Even from such an altitude the end of the city could not be distinguished. The solid mass of brick and stone of the thousands of buildings stretched away miles and miles until they became indistinct and the eye confused.

The streets looked like deep ruts, like lines drawn in the sand with a sharp stick; and the people in the square immediately below looked like black ants teeming over the earth and hurrying to and fro as earnestly as do those little creatures.

The observer himself, high up above all these and still seeming to himself as large as life, looked down on these dwarfed creatures and realized more strongly than ever what little powerless things men were (himself included) in contrast to the great earth, the mighty works and forces of nature and the infinitely stupendous power that animated and directed all of his kind.

Man to man, an individual can be great or small, according to his mind's power and his works; but man to nature and God—the contrast is belittling to man and cannot be better appreciated than from the high places.

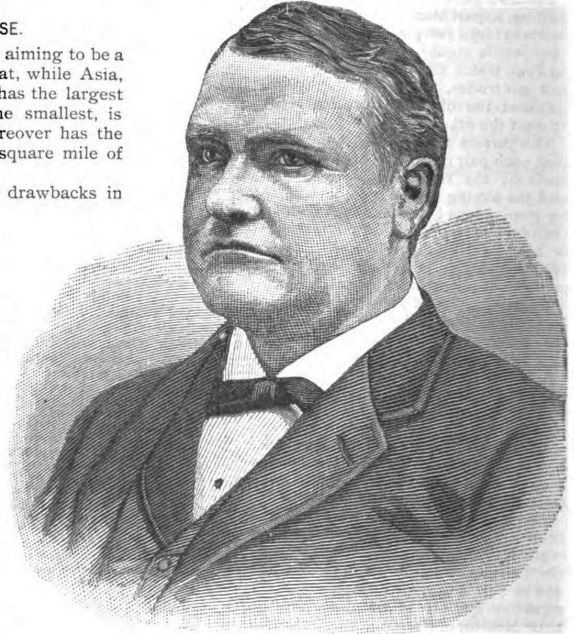
#### HON. STEPHEN B. ELKINS,

SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE new Secretary of War, the Hon. Stephen B. Elkins has risen to the place of Member of the Cabinet from the straitened circumstances of a boy working his way through college.

He was born in Perry County, Ohio, in 1841. At the age of thirteen he was put into a store, and he worked a year behind the counter for his board and clothing. At fourteen he was sent to the town school, where he was qualified for college, and entered the University of Missouri.

The war came, and with it came also financial reverses to his family. Mr. Elkins was thus cut off from



STEPHEN B. ELKINS.

all financial aid. He nevertheless managed to work his way through the law school, gaining admission to the bar in 1864.

Conceiving the idea that New Mexico was a promising quarter in which to pursue his profession, he went thither that same year. But a very large portion of the population were Spanish speaking people, and ignorance of that language loomed up as a formidable obstacle to his progress. Mr. Elkins set to work to acquire Spanish and was master of it in a year.

He invested his savings in land, which he saw was sure to increase greatly in value, and these investments were the foundation of his fortune. His advancement in his profession and in the general estimation of his fellow citizens was very rapid, and in two years we find him elected to the Legislature of the territory and appointed attorney general. He was soon appointed U. S. Attorney for the territory, and was more than once chosen as its member of Congress.

"In Congress his intellectual strength," says one who knew him well, "his hard sound sense, his generous nature, and high minded personal worth won him the friendship of the best men of all parties. This high regard, won by force of his own liberal merits, he has constantly kept, and it has changed only to be brightened by the lapse of time."

From the time of his arrival in New Mexico, Mr. Elkins has asserted his claim to success by meeting squarely and triumphing over every obstacle, by the ability he showed in his practice at the bar, and the clear and far sighted judgment that guided the investment of savings.

Later on he acquired some very extensive mining lands in West Virginia and is, besides, a leading director in many enterprises.

He has in no sense been known as a political office seeker or wire puller, though his connection with national politics has at times been very close. It was he who managed in 1884, the memorable campaign of Mr. Blaine, of whom Mr. Elkins is a warm personal friend. It is further stated that the very cabinet office to which he has just been appointed was offered to and refused by him months ago.

He is a very thoroughly educated man, an accomplished linguist, one of the most widely read of Americans in general literature, is always well up in current science, and has in every respect the tastes of a scholar.



## MOONLIGHT.

SWEET calm of lake and sky,  
Soft gloom of coming night,  
Peace gently waits upon  
The coming radiance white.

And lo! from darkened hills  
With mystic meaning fraught,  
With silver flood of light,  
The miracle is wrought.

—TEMPLE.

[This Story began last week.]

## BATTLING WITH FORTUNE.

BY MATTHEW WHITE, JR.,

Author of "Norman Brooke," "On Steeds of Steel," etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

A SPLIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE silence in the library was sharply broken by the clang of the front door gong, and presently the maid came up to announce "Mr. John Gray, from East Bridgewater."

"You must go down and see your uncle and prepare —" began Mr. Gray, but he got no further.

"I wasn't going to stand on ceremony with my own flesh and blood if it was New Year's Day," cried out a bluff voice in the doorway, and the hale looking owner of it strode into the room and slapped his brother on the shoulder. "Why, Howard," he went on, as the latter turned and looked up at him, "you haven't changed a mite in two years. How are you and all the little ones? Bless me, this young man isn't Russell, is it? Why, he's all of a head taller than my George, who's just the same age. Living in the country don't seem to do so much for a boy after all. But as I was saying, I just told Smantly I was bound to come down an' see you on the first of the year, Nellie, she says, 'Pa, don't you know it ain't fashionable to call on New Year's Day any more.' So I told her then of course I wouldn't bring her along. Ha, ha. I had her there, didn't I? But what's the matter? What are you looking so sober about? And where's Agnes?"

Mr. John Gray sank down on the nearest chair, breathless from his fast talking, while the brother took the opportunity to say, "Russell, go call your mother."

When the two entered the room three minutes later Uncle John was wiping his forehead with a red dotted handkerchief and muttering, "I never heard the like! I never heard the like!"

"Of course you can't keep your position down to the store, Howard," he said, after he had greeted his sister in law. "But then," he added the next instant, "you must have a heap of money saved up out of that big salary of yours. You ought to almost be able to live on the interest. I should think."

"No, John," replied his brother. "I have just had Russell helping me go over my accounts. When all outstanding obligations are met there won't be five hundred dollars left."

"W—h—a—t?" Uncle John's amazement was so complete that he could not recall any of the exclamatory expressions with which he was usually in the habit of emphasizing his speech. He fell back in his chair and let both hands drop limp to his side for an instant.

"What are you goin' to do?" he asked in a weak voice. Then, before any reply could be given, he went on, his tones growing stronger as he proceeded:

"But this is what I wanted to warn you against, Howard. I knew you must be livin' beyond your means when I came down here five years ago and seen the painters a putting cupids and posies all over the parlor ceiling and heard what it cost to keep to keep a box at one o' them operas Agnes was so fond o' goin' to."

"But, John," Mr. Gray here broke in, "I haven't been living beyond my means. My salary was amply sufficient to cover all these things you mention, enough to permit me to set aside several hundreds each year besides in premiums on life insurance. Could I count on being struck down in this sudden way?"

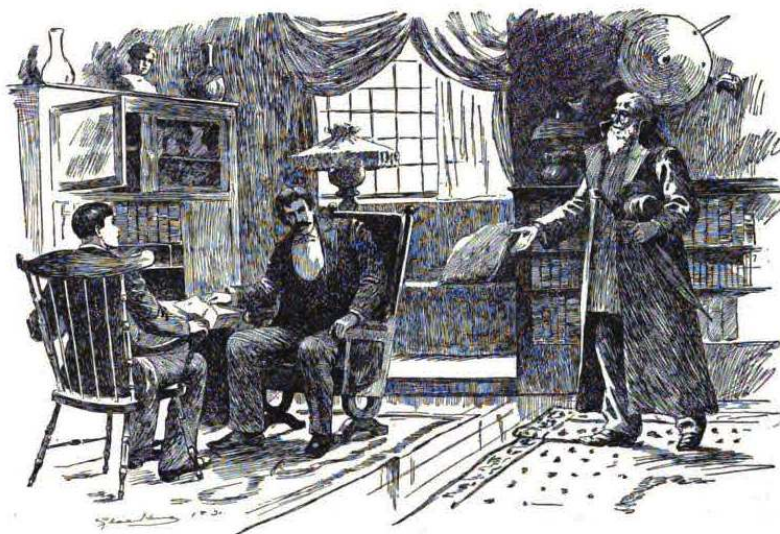
"But you've been extravagant, Howard, you must allow," persisted Uncle John. "I don't want you to feel no worse than what you do anyhow, but

way of putting it. I think both our boys can be more useful to us at home."

Uncle John sprang up from his chair as if a firecracker had been set off under it.

"This then is the return my generosity meets with!" he exclaimed. "It's for this I've risked Smantly's high words when I go back and tell her I've offered to take one of your brood. Very well, Howard. You've made your own bed, and now you can lie in it. I'm done with you. Remember that," and dropping his hat on his head there and then, the irate old man stamped out of the room and down the stairs. The next minute they heard the front door bang behind him.

"I'm afraid that's rather a poor beginning of our new life, my dear," remarked Mr. Gray, "but I couldn't stand to hear him speak about work in which you had had a hand in that way."



"I WASN'T GOIN' TO STAND ON CEREMONY WITH MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD."

the truth they say is always wholesome. And now I suppose you'll be wantin' me to help you?"

"I haven't asked you for any help, John," said Mr. Gray quietly. His wife had taken up her station close by his chair and was stroking gently the hair in which it seemed that gray locks had obtruded themselves during the night. Russ sat there by the desk, feeling that this was a scene at which ordinarily he ought not to be present. The recollection that his father had just confided in him made him feel old, and once he turned his head to glance in the mirror behind him to make sure that he still looked the same.

"I tell you what I'll do, Howard," went on Uncle John. "I'll take—yes, I'll take one of your boys off your hands."

"Oh, John!" This from Mrs. Gray, while her husband shivered slightly, and Russ wondered whether his uncle had himself or Bernard in mind.

"Of course it'll be some expense to me at first," the Bridgewater farmer went on; "but then I ain't goin' to let a few dollars stand in the way of my doin' my duty to my own flesh an' blood. An' then I can get some satisfaction out of him in killin' in him the extravagant notions he's got into his head from your bringin'—"

"There, that's enough, John," suddenly broke in Mr. Gray firmly. "Your offer may be well enough meant, but you have chosen a very unfortunate

"Don't fret over it, Howard. We can be independent yet. I think this very scene has strengthened me. I am sure there will be a way opened to us in these sad straits. I have already thought of one."

"And what is that, Agnes?"

"To take in some boarders here."

"My dear, I would never consent to your making a slave of yourself for other people in that way. Besides there is no room."

"Oh, we can manage that, Howard," went on Mrs. Gray cheerfully. "Since the break with Uncle John she had seemed to have fresh courage infused into her. "Bernard can go in with Russell. We can give up this room and—"

"You must count on my being a paying boarder, too, mother," Russ put in. "I mean to find something to do at once. I'm going right over to the Stebbinses' now to see if they know of an opening. That is, unless you want me for something, father."

"No, my son; you have already lightened my load wonderfully."

Russ went up stairs for his coat and then hurried off. There was nothing like looking trouble straight in the face, he reflected. To be sure, no amount of contriving to give the family an income would restore sight to his father, but already Mr. Gray's spirits had been improved. Action was the great panacea, and at the thought Russ quickened his steps.

Although the sun shone bright, the air was cold and a brisk wind was blowing. Russ was crossing Columbus Avenue, his head bent, thinking deeply on how he should break the news to Jack Stebbins, when he was suddenly startled by something that flew past his face, just escaping hitting him in the side of the head.

It was a derby hat, and the next instant its owner came dashing up in pursuit of it. Russ, too, turned and gave chase, but before they could reach the flying headgear, it had been blown underneath the wheels of a carriage, which crushed it as flat as the traditional pancake, and then went rolling on, its driver quite unconscious of the damage he had done.

## CHAPTER V.

WHAT CAME OF LOSING A HAT.

RUSS was the first to reach the ruined hat.

He picked it up and held it toward the owner with a smile which it was impossible to repress. He recollected afterward that it must have been the first time he had smiled since he had entered his home at midnight.

"I wish I had seen it sooner," he said. "I might have been able to catch it."

"Oh, thank you just the same."

The other was smiling, too, but as he took the shapeless mass of felt in his hand and looked it over, the smile faded quickly. He was a good looking fellow, apparently about twenty three, with a small mustache and a crisp clean look about him. He was dressed very neatly, and as he talked, kept one hand on his head to keep his hair from being ruffled by the wind.

"I hope you don't live far away."

Russ said this after noticing that the other remained standing in front of him as if expecting him to make some further remark or suggestion about the mishap.

"That is just the trouble," the young man hastened to explain. "I live in Philadelphia. I just came over to New York for the day. I was going to call on a lady in Seventy Eighth Street. I suppose there aren't any hat stores around here; or if there were, they would be closed today. And I don't like to go about without anything on my head."

Russ recollected two extra hats of his own at home. He had been rather extravagant in that line of late.

"I live just around the corner," he said. "If you like you can come around and see if one of mine wouldn't do. Here, try this one for size."

Russ pulled off his derby and handed it to the young stranger. It fitted him perfectly.

"You are very kind," he said, "and I will avail myself of your offer on one condition: that you will let me pay full price for the hat."

Russ was about to protest at this, but suddenly recollecting the altered fortunes of the family, checked himself and said instead: "Well, I will be fair about it and let you give what you think it is worth."

"Perhaps you would rather I should not take this one. You said something about going around to your home."

"Yes; if you don't mind coming up to my room I can give you a choice of three."

"I'll come gladly," and the other passed the derby back to Russ, who at once led the way to the Gray residence.

"I hope you are a fair sample of all the New York fellows," said the stranger, as they walked along, "for I expect to live here after this week."

"Oh, do you?" exclaimed Russ. "You'll find New York a pretty nice place. Here we are," and he opened the door with his key.

"This is a queer sort of adventure," he said to himself, as he preceded the Philadelphian up the two flights to the third floor. "Still, I'm only doing as I would be done by. But I suppose now if a wagon was to crush my hat I'd have to have it blocked out some way and keep on wearing it."

"My, what a pleasant room you have!" exclaimed the stranger, as Russ threw open the door of his "den." "I hope I get as nice a one. Do you happen to know of any good boarding houses about here?"

Russ was fishing in the closet after the hats, and when he heard this question he dropped the box he held and faced about as if an electric charge had caused his movement.

"What did you say?" he asked.

He had heard the question perfectly, but a sudden idea had seized him, and he wanted time to consider it.

"I said do you happen to know of any pleasant boarding houses in this neighborhood?" repeated the other, picking up a book from the table and reading the title on the back. "As I told you I'm going into business in your town next week, and expect I'll have to rely on the advertisements in the newspapers for a stopping place. You see, I know only a few people here."

Russ wished he would go on talking longer. The thought flashed into his mind that possibly this fellow might like to board with them. Still he knew absolutely nothing about him, not even his name. In these circumstances it did not seem exactly prudent to suggest such a thing. And yet Russ hated to let a chance of helping along slip through his fingers. He picked up the hats and then stood silent, thinking deeply. This gave the other one opportunity to continue, which he did, as follows:

"Of course I know of any number of good hotels. My friend, Andy Witherbee—"

"Why, do you know Andy?" exclaimed Russ.

"Of course I do," was the reply. "I ought to. We were classmates at Princeton. Is he friend of yours?"

"Not a friend exactly, because he is a good deal older, but he's very intimate at our friends' the Stebbinses."

"Oh yes, I think I've heard him speak of them. Isn't there a young lady in the family?"

"Yes, Mollie, and I believe—"

Here Russ stopped short, while his eyes twinkled.

"So did I," laughed the other. "But Andy's gone to Germany for a year or two. By the way, did you ever hear him mention Hal Stewart?"

Russ shook his head. "But, then, as I told you," he added, "I didn't know him so very well. He has probably spoken of you to Jack, Jack Stebbins; I was going over to see him when I met you."

"That reminds me that I ought not to detain you longer. Let me see, which hat am I going to take?"

Russ extended two out to him, one in either hand. He chose the black Youmans derby and put it at once on his head, while he thrust one hand into his trousers pocket and drew out a five dollar bill.

"No, I shan't take all that," objected Russ. "That was the cost of the hat

when it was new. I have worn it three months. Two and a half will be plenty for it."

"Give me the change then if you insist."

"I haven't it here. Come down stairs and I will stop in the library and get it. And while I am about it I will ask my mother if she can tell you where to find that boarding house."

On reaching the second floor Russ told his companion to go on down and wait for him in the parlor. He himself burst into the library with the exclamation: "Can somebody change a five dollar bill for me? I've made two and a half."

"What do you mean, Russ?" asked his sister, who had been reading the paper to her father. "How have you earned money on a day like this? Was that Jack with you? Why didn't he come in?"

"No, it was a fellow from Philadelphia. He's down in the parlor now. I've just sold him one of my hats. He's heard of Jack, though, and is a sort of chum of Andy Witherbee's. By the way, mother, he wants a boarding house in New York. Can't I ask him to come here?"

By the time Russ had finished the family were in a profound state of astonishment. He was requested to explain himself more in detail, and when he had done so Mrs. Gray decided that as single young men were the most desirable lodgers, she would permit Russ to see what arrangements he could make with the Philadelphian about coming. His acquaintance with the Witherbees was a sufficient guarantee of his respectability. So, highly elated at the swift progress he was making at helping along, Russ descended to the parlor and amazed the young man waiting there by telling him that he could have the room he had just seen, with board, for twenty dollars a week.

"I can? Do you really mean it?" he exclaimed. "Why, I didn't know—"

"No, nor we didn't either till last night," Russ interrupted him to explain. "You see my father has had a terrible affliction befall him: has lost his sight, and we all have to do something. I was just going over to the Stebbinses' to see if they knew of anything for me. So you would like to come here?"

"Of all things. Will you be ready for me by next Monday evening?"

"Oh, yes. You know the name, don't you—Gray? I'm Russell. We shall expect you Monday then."

They had reached the corner of Columbus Avenue again, where they shook hands and parted.

#### CHAPTER VI.

##### A MYSTERY.

THAT was pretty sudden, wasn't it?"

This was the thought that passed through Russ's mind as he continued on his way to the Stebbinses'. And yet there seemed to be no reason why the whole thing shouldn't turn out to be all right. To be sure he would have to give up his room and go in with Bernard on the fourth floor. But then he must accustom himself to being inconvenienced now.

"That Stewart must be well fixed, to be able to pay twenty dollars," was his next reflection. "I wonder what business he's in. Perhaps Jack will know."

It was Jack who opened the door for him as his hand was on the bell.

"I was just coming around to see you, Russ," he said, as they shook hands.

"You poor fellow, what an awful blow you've had! Percy dropped in and told me about it a few minutes ago. He had it from Bern. Can't anything be done for your father?"

Russ shook his head.

"He is very brave about it," he said, "and we all try to be for his sake. But it is going to make a great difference to us every way, Jack. Of course he will have to give up his position at the store and—I'm going to quit school and find something to do. Do you know of anything?"

"You quit school, Russ! I didn't realize it would mean all that. It seems so terribly sudden. Why, it was only yesterday Mollie and I were talking about Clair La Farge. You've seen him, haven't you, Russ? He lives down at the Ecuador and has been blind since he was eleven. Mollie said it seemed as though we ought to have invited him for last night, but I told her I didn't see how he could have enjoyed it. And now to think his—his affliction comes home so close to us. But come on up to my den, where we can sit comfortably and discuss that opening you want to find."

As they entered Jack's cozy apartment Russ was reminded of the disposition that had been made of his own.

"Oh, Jack," he said, as he seated himself in the upholstered steamer chair, "I must tell you of the change that's going to take place at our house. We're to have a boarder next Monday, and he's going to take my room. I ran across him in the queerest way. He's a friend of Andy Witherbee's—Hal Stewart."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Jack, much surprised. "A Princeton fellow."

"Yes, and seems to be awfully pleasant," and then Russ proceeded to describe the episode of the lost hat.

"You don't mean to say Hal Stewart could wear your hat!" exclaimed Jack.

"Why, man, his head is twice the size of yours, I was going to say. His curls stand out fully two inches."

"His curls!" cried Russ, now amazed in his turn. "Why, what are you talking about? This fellow's hair was perfectly smooth."

"What color was it?" asked Jack suddenly.

"Dark brown, I should say. Why, what is the matter?"

For Jack was moving his head decidedly from side to side, with his lips tightly closed.

"That's never Hal Stewart then," he said. "His hair is light yellow and curly. I've seen him several times when I used to go over to Princeton to commencement with Mollie."

Russ looked blank and not a little anxious.

"Who is the fellow then?" he wanted to know. "I feel sure he told me his name was Hal Stewart. There can't be two of them, can there?"

"Hardly, and both classmates at Princeton, without my having heard something of it. Did this fellow say he knew me?"

"He said he'd heard of you, and he mentioned Mollie, too. It's very queer, and I don't half like it. Still, I don't see what reason he could have to deceive us. I believe I'll write and ask him to explain. Or, no, I won't; I haven't his address. Tell me something more about your Hal Stewart. Where does he live?"

"In Chicago, I believe. He's in the belting business out there. But how about a business for you? It's too bad father has retired, or he might take you in. What line do you want?"

"Beggars mustn't be choosers," quoted Russ. "I don't seem to have a bent in any one special direction."

"Yes, you have; in oratory. Didn't you just take the prize for declamation? Now I wonder if we can't find something right in that line for you." Jack thrust his hands into his pockets and walked to the window, where he stood looking out into the street for an instant or two,

as if he expected to find what he wanted there. And he did.

He had seen a carriage stop at the great mansion at the corner, and the footman spring down from the box to open the door for a lady, who handed him first a Skye terrier to hold and then allowed him to assist her to alight. She was dressed in the most expensive furs, and as Jack watched her ascend the steps he slapped his thigh with emphasis and turned to Russ with the exclamation:

"There, my boy, I believe I have you provided for!"

"Where? On the window sill?" inquired Russ with a smile.

"No, with Mrs. Kirkpatrick."

"What, that woman everybody says is a little—" and Russ completed his sentence by tapping his forehead significantly.

"Yes, but she isn't crazy, only queer. And maybe she is a genius, after all. I've read somewhere that some man thinks the ability to write stories and plays is only the result of a diseased condition of the brain, a sort of lunacy, you know."

"But what sort of post could you get for me with Mrs. Kirkpatrick?" Russ was just at present so absorbed in his own fortunes that he had no interest in discussing the astonishing view of authorship Jack had just quoted.

"I'll tell you. Mother calls there, you know, and the other night at dinner she was telling us some of the queer things Mrs. Kirkpatrick says. You've heard about her play writing fad, of course. That's lasted longer than her poetry and novel fever. She goes to the theater nearly every night, and has started work on a five act tragedy."

"Well, but where do I come in? I don't see yet."

"Curb thine impatience, fair youth," as Mrs. Kirkpatrick would say," responded Jack. "To proceed: She was telling mother about this, and was saying that she wished she had somebody with her who could speak the lines as she wrote them, so that she might know how they'd sound on the stage. Some one with elocutionary ability, she meant. She tried her maid, but nearly had a fit at the way she murdered the thing. Now why won't you be just the person for her?"

"Nonsense! What do I want with that boy?" she'd say," and Russ laughed.

"Nothing of the sort. Come over there with me now and show her what you can do. She knows me, or if she don't she'll remember the name on my card and let me in for mother's sake. And I can tell her mother told us about her need. Come on; we'll strike while the iron's hot, and who knows but she may make you her heir yet."

Two minutes later the boys were crossing the street.

(To be continued.)

#### A WATERPROOF LIGHT.

WOULDN'T it be convenient some time to have a light in your pocket? Not a match that rain might put out, but a glow that will resist dampness and last long enough to enable you to take out your watch, for instance, from under several thicknesses of coats, and see what time it was. A correspondent of the *New York Tribune* tells how to procure such a light.

Put some heated olive oil into a small bottle, drop in a piece of phosphorus, cork it up securely and put it in a safe place. Any time the cork is removed for a few seconds and then replaced, a powerful light will be given out by the bottle, which will last several minutes and be again renewed at any moment by pulling out the cork. A more convenient device for finding a house or a number in a street where there are no lights could scarcely be devised, as it will give off its light on the stormiest night, and if it gets out of order can always be got into shape again by aid of a little warmth. The mixture once prepared will last for some weeks with but a reasonable amount of care.



danger of explosion we would never have attempted to use the powder. How it happened none of us can tell. All of a sudden, without any warning, the stuff blew up and scattered all over the floor. We were so frightened that we got out as fast as possible, and then when we found out how serious a matter it was, we were afraid to say anything."

"Why, you good for nothing young rascal!" cried the choleric colonel. "Do you mean to say that you have been to blame for this thing and have let that innocent boy shoulder it all without saying a word."

"No, sir. You are unfair, father. I did not know that he was suspected until this morning, and I have come at once to tell you the truth—"

"But the boy has been here four days—you have heard the talk."

"I knew that he was in the barn when the fire broke out—you told me that, but I did not know that he had seen us there and knew what caused the fire. I supposed that he had probably been sleeping until the fire awoke him. It was not until yesterday that I found out that he knew we were at the bottom of the trouble. I stepped into the room while you and Duncan Otis were talking with him. He saw me and recognized me—and he made up his mind at once that he wouldn't give us away. It was splendid of him, and—"

"Well, why didn't you tell the truth last night then, and save him from disgrace?"

"Well, father, perhaps I ought to have done that. But, you see I didn't want to do it unless I had to, and it seemed to me that the whole thing might blow over. I was sure that you didn't think Ware was guilty, and I thought it would all quiet down in a little while. But as soon as I met Amberg this morning, and found that the trouble was getting so serious, I came right back to tell you all about it. Ware has done a mighty square thing for us, and he shan't suffer for it if I can help it—"

The colonel's feelings at the moment would be hard to analyze. He was glad to think that his impression concerning Mark was correct, but it by no means pleased him to have the blame located so near home.

"Well, you can't help it," he said in a disgusted manner. "Yesterday was the time to speak. What can you do now?"

"Do!" exclaimed Herbert. "We can go to the town authorities, if it is necessary, and give ourselves up. I am ready to do anything—to go through anything to prove the innocence of the fellow who sacrificed himself to save us from a scrape."

Though the colonel scowled fiercely as he fixed his glance on his son's flushed face and kindling eyes, there was an almost irresistible desire stirring in the old soldier's breast to seize the boy in his arms and give him a good hug.

But his face showed no signs of softening.

"It is too late," he said severely. "Where is Mark now? Probably miles from here by this time, carrying with him a painful impression of our ingratitude. I was ready to do almost anything for him—to show him in every possible way how I appreciated his service to me. He has been driven away in disgrace like a chicken thief. He has not even the little money he had when he came. He will have to tramp his way somewhere else and make a fresh start. If he falls amongst bad people and suffers by it we will be to blame. We could have given him a good start in life—which is only what he deserves. Instead of that we allow him to be

hounded down as a criminal—and all because you could not tell the truth promptly. If you had spoken yesterday all trouble might have been prevented."

"Father, I—I am sorry. I should have spoken yesterday, I know, but somehow I couldn't. Forgive me. I meant everything for the best."

"Forgive you? Yes, when you have done what you can to repair the injury."

"I would do anything gladly—but what?"

"Find Mark Ware and bring him back here. He cannot have gone far. You may yet catch up with him. You must find him if it takes two weeks."

"But—suppose he can't be found?"

"When you have brought Mark Ware back here and made it right with him, we will talk of forgiveness—no sooner," said the colonel firmly.

"Then you must forgive him now, colonel," said a voice close behind them. Both father and son started with surprise.

In the doorway leading to the lawn stood Mark, his hat in his hand, a half mischievous smile on his lips.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### EXPLANATIONS.

FOR a moment the colonel could say nothing. He glanced first at Mark and then at his son. Fancying he detected a peculiar significance in the smile which both of them wore, his suspicions suddenly became aroused.

"Confound you two young rogues, you've been playing me a trick," he cried, shaking his fist at each of them in turn.

"Trick, colonel!" answered Mark in surprise. "What trick?"

"You've trumped up this whole thing so as—so as to—to—the colonel hesitated, not knowing exactly what to say next.

"No, father," said Herbert. "What I told you is all true. There is no trick about it. Mark's coming in just now was merely an accident—though a mighty lucky one for me."

"And has Amberg really been trying to arrest you?" asked the colonel, looking at Mark.

The latter laughed.

"Yes, sir. He tried real hard, too, but with the help of a house, a big Irish woman, a pail of whitewash, a door with a spring lock, and a back window, I managed to give him the slip."

The colonel and Herbert looked puzzled, but Mark hastened to explain, and his story was listened to with great interest and amusement. Explanations then followed from Herbert and the colonel, for Mark, of course, knew nothing of the former's confession. His delight may be imagined when, just at the time that everything looked blackest, he suddenly found all the doubts and misunderstandings dispelled.

"I was sure I recognized you yesterday," he said, clasping Herbert's hand. "And it's an out-and-out square thing of you to come out like a man and tell everything. But why did you do it? Wouldn't it have been better all around to have kept still?"

"And let you into a lot of trouble because of our scrape? No, sir," answered Herbert emphatically.

"Oh, I could have stood the racket all right. If the worst had come, I had nothing to lose. But you—well, what will you do now? I'm afraid you're in for it."

"I'll look out for that," said the colonel. "And I'll have matters straightened out mighty soon, too. Now that the facts are known there is no ground for criminal suit. The fire was caused by an accident—due to thoughtlessness, carelessness, prankishness, anything you choose to call it—but it won't start

a lawsuit between Miss Otis and me, you may be sure. We are too old friends for that. I'll stand responsible for all damages, and have the whole matter hushed. There won't be any trouble on that score."

"But how about Amberg?" asked Herbert anxiously.

"There's where I might have expected trouble if he had succeeded in arresting you, for the whole town would then have known about it. But luckily you slipped out of his hands. Stupid as Amberg is, he isn't likely to tell anybody how he got tricked out of a prisoner. I can quiet him easily enough. He has now no claim on Mark, while as for you, Herbert—well, he isn't likely to push matters in that direction. I can stop his mouth soon enough—but there's no time to be lost. There's no knowing how soon the story will get around town, and I mean to choke it off if I can. Just leave this whole thing to me. You two boys stay right here, while I look up Amberg. He's the first one to see. Then I'll go to Miss Betty Otis and explain matters there. I'll have the whole thing straightened out and be back in time for lunch."

While the colonel was talking he was hurrying about the room getting his cane, hat, and gloves. By the time he had finished talking he was ready to go.

"Don't leave the place while I am gone," were his last words as he opened the door. "It would be better and safer for you to wait here until I have seen Amberg."

A moment later, the colonel's erect, military form was seen passing the last tree near the street corner, where he became hid from view.

"Well!" exclaimed Mark, taking a long breath. "If this isn't the luckiest turn of the ivories I ever saw. It was only half an hour ago that I was making up my mind to clear out and try my chances in some other town or go back to New York."

"I'm mighty glad you didn't," answered Herbert heartily. "Father would never have forgiven me if you had—and for that matter I would never have forgiven myself. I ought to have told him the whole story yesterday. I wish I had."

"What's the difference? It's all right now—and as for the constable, well that was regular sport."

Herbert burst into a laugh.

"I would have given a good deal to have seen old Kate Brannigan sitting in the whitewash," he said. "I'll take you down some time and introduce you to her. She's a regular character here. If you want to have some fun just call her 'Kathleen Mavourneen' once. You want ten yards start though before you say it, for that's one of the few things she won't stand."

"Why, she didn't seem to have much fight in her this morning," said Mark.

"Oh no. She's all right—as good natured as you can find 'em, but the boys have rubbed 'Kathleen Mavourneen' into her so she can't stand it. If Amberg had only called her that once he would have had no trouble in getting that door open. The trouble would have been after the door was open."

While chatting, the two boys had stepped out on the side piazza, and seated themselves on the steps, looking out over the lawn toward the east.

"So you are the Grand Master," said Mark, glancing at his companion with a quizzical smile.

"I cannot discuss that subject with you. I am sworn to secrecy," said Herbert with mock solemnity and with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, I guess I know a good deal already," laughed Mark.

"You were a witness of mysteries you had no right to see. We trust to

your honor not to tell anything about it, and I know you can be trusted. As for talking about our society and its doings, it is our strict rule that our members shall make only one answer, and that was the answer I made you."

"Oh, all right," answered Mark good naturedly. There was a brief silence. Then Mark spoke again.

"There's the way I came up this morning," he said, nodding his head towards the woods that lay half a mile away. "It was down in those woods that I made up my mind to come back. How different it would all have been if I had gone the other way."

"Yes," answered Herbert, "and you'll feel the difference all the more as time goes on. Father intends to be a good friend to you. He will do all he can to give you a good start here, I know; and he can do a great deal more for you in that way than Mr. Meeks could. Nobody can prove himself a better friend than father. He's the kind to stick by you through thick and thin."

"I'm sure of it," exclaimed Mark fervently. "I don't half deserve all he has done for me already. I don't know how it is that all this luck should come to me. It pours in from every side. I can't understand it. An hour ago I thought I was in a terrible fix, but even that turns out handsomely for me. No matter what I do I seem to draw a trump card every time. It is regular out-and-out 'Dirkman's luck'."

"Dirkman's luck," repeated Herbert. "What is that?"

"Why, of course you have heard of Dirkman?"

Herbert shook his head.

Mark looked at his companion in astonishment.

"Never heard of Dirkman! Oh, say, you're joking."

"No, I'm not. Who is he?"

"Why, Dirkman is the most celebrated criminal in New York State."

"Well," answered Herbert with a smile, "I don't see that that is any reason why I should know him."

"Yes, but you must have heard about him—you must have read about him in the New York papers."

Herbert shook his head again.

"I don't often see the New York papers," he said. "But never mind. Tell me about him."

"Well, as I said, he is the most celebrated criminal in the State, and all because he's so slippery. He's been up to everything nearly, except murder, and they can never get him into prison. He slips out of it some way every time."

"Can't the officers catch him?"

"Catch him? Yes, lots of times, but the trouble only begins there. They can't keep him. The queer thing about him is that, criminal as he is, it seems as if some spirit or other was looking after him. We used to say in New York that it was some demon who was keeping and nursing him for a grand crash in store for him later on. However that might be, the law never seems to be able to hold him. One time they thought they had him safe in prison. A big thunderstorm came up; the lightning struck the prison and burned out the bars of his cell—never hurt him a bit—only stunned him a little. When he came to, out he climbed, and they didn't catch him again for a year. Another time he was shut up in an old shanty of a jail and it caught fire. The keepers had to open the doors, and while everything was all mixed up he got away. Once when he was caught two officers handcuffed him, and started out with him in a carriage for New York. On the way the horse got frightened, ran away and threw both officers out of the carriage. Then the horse ran on and carried Dirkman somewhere out into the country. Somehow he got rid of his





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 was a God-send to me, for I suffered continually." J. B. HORNBECK, South Fallsburgh, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

## BEHIND THE TIMES.

He stood and looked at the steam roller that was working on the asphalt.

"Great thing, isn't it?" asked a bystander. "Great nothing!" was the reply. "You must be powerful slow in these parts. Why, out to Siam Center they'd shoot an engineer that couldn't go faster'n that."—*Washington Star.*

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## EXCITING EXPERIENCES.

WHIPLING in lapland is among the earliest adventures of youth.—*Binghamton Republican.*

## STRANGE TALES.

IN these days of chemical science the assassin has often found that blood will tell.—*Lowell Courier.*

## COMPARATIVE IMPROVEMENT.

PAT had been suffering with a severe and prolonged attack of the grip.

"Well, Pat," said a friend, meeting him on the street, "I hear you've been having a pretty hard time of it."

"Faith an' I have," said Pat. "An' it's the right name they give to it, too, for when it once takes hold of a man it's no mind to let go. It took thraa weeks to fale better after I was intirely well."—*Harper's Bazar.*

## TRUE GRATITUDE.

We took out an accident policy last Monday and had the good fortune to break two of our legs ten minutes afterwards, for which we will get \$200.—*Billsville Banner.*

## TWO DESPERADOES.

"YES, I was a great desperado in my day," said the reformed train robber, shaking his head sadly and with much humility. "I once held up a whole train load of passengers single handed and alone."

"That was quite a feat," said the retired auctioneer, with a dreamy, faraway look in his eye, "but I once knocked down a whole railroad."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## HARD HEARTED THIEVES.

SYMPATHIZING FRIEND—"Your loss by that burglary was certainly very heavy, but you know what the poet says: 'Into each life some rain must fall.'"

MRS. DE LUGE (weeping)—"Y-e-s—and the mis-miserable thieves even took my um-umbrella."—*Puck.*

## SHOCKED AT THE EVIDENCE.

JUDGE—"Well, officer, who is this person and what is she charged with?"

OFFICER—"Sure, it's the 'Magnetic Girl,' your honor, and she's charged with electricity."—*Puck.*

## ALL HE WANTS.

ALL that the stranded actor asks is that people will give him a show.—*Puck.*

## WELL PHRASED.

"THAT was the stroke of a master hand," said the boy when the school teacher punished him.—*Washington Star.*

## HE GOT THE JOB.

"HAVE you an opening on your staff, sir?" asked a man as he entered an editor's office.

"What department would you like to work in?"

"I think I could make a great success of the 'Answers to Correspondents.'"

"Have you ever conducted such a department?"

"No, sir."

"Then on what do you base your belief that you could do that sort of work?"

"I have spent several months in answering the questions of a four year old child."

"I think you'll do."—*Home Guard.*

## STILL, NOT SQUARE.

I DON'T believe the earth goes round, Despite what books declare—

I'm sure it don't go round; because I never get my share.

—*Puck.*

## THE REAL THING.

PATIENT—"Doctor, I fancy, somehow, I've got a touch of the gout."

DOCTOR—"Fancy, my dear sir! If you had, you wouldn't fancy—you'd know."—*Comic.*

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## DEAD CERTAIN.

CLIENT—"What makes you so certain that you will be able to break the will?"  
LAWYER (in a whisper)—"I drew it."—*New York Herald.*

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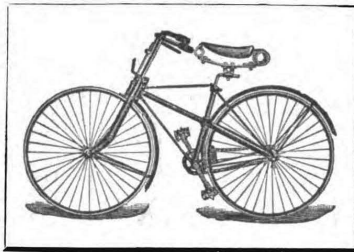
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