

# THE ARGOSY

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## Black Cloud Peak.

BY E. E. YOUMANS.

THE dogs suddenly began barking fiercely, and a moment later a great racket was heard in the underbrush.

The boys paused, and with their guns held ready for instant use, waited to see what was coming. They were much excited; it was their first experience at deer hunting, and from the baying of the approaching hounds they were sure a stag had broken cover.

Oscar was the coolest of the party, but even he could not master entirely his agitation as he said:

"Be sure you take good aim; we must not—"

The sentence was never concluded, for at that moment the bushes before them were suddenly parted, and a magnificent deer burst into view with the dogs in close pursuit.

The boys were so excited that they forgot to shoot, and swift as the wind the game bounded across the clearing, and not until it had nearly reached the other side was any attempt made to bring it down.

Then Oscar recovered himself sufficiently to shout:

"Fire!"

At the same moment he leveled his gun and pressed the trigger, but the report of his own weapon was the only one heard, and the stag was seen to sway slightly, stumble, then recover itself and bound madly on.

The shot had not been wasted, but the aim was not sufficiently accurate to prove fatal, and the young sportsman turned to his friends, dejectedly:

"Why didn't you shoot? I told you to do so. If we'd all fired together we'd have brought him down. You're a fine lot of chumps anyhow."

"Don't be so fast," cried Sam Bolton. "You have nothing to boast of; you were so excited yourself that you almost forgot to fire."

"I did, eh? Well, I'll have that deer anyhow, and don't you forget it," continued Oscar with energy.

"I don't think you will," Sam rejoined doubtfully. "He's making straight for Black Cloud Peak, and that's a dangerous section to travel over."

"I don't care; I'm going over it, and if you fellows don't want to follow me you can go around the mountain, and meet me on the plains below."

"You'd better not," said Harry Uggar. "There's precipices and chasms in the peak which the deer won't be able to pass, to say nothing of a man."

"I'm going all the same. There's no use asking any of you to go along, for I see you're all afraid. Meet me on the other side of the mountain, and I'll have the deer with me."

Saying which Oscar, who had slipped a fresh shell into his gun, shouldered the weapon and started off. He was angry at himself for having become so excited when the game first appeared, and was fully resolved to secure another shot.

His friends made no further attempt to dissuade him from his perilous journey, and, after watching him till he had crossed the open and entered the brush, began making their way around and down the mountains to the point where he must come out, that is if he succeeded in crossing Black Cloud Peak.

Oscar gave no more attention to his friends, but pressed on through the brush in the direction the deer had fled. The baying of the hounds could just be heard far in advance, but this

did not discourage him; he would catch up in due course.

He knew he had attempted a decidedly dangerous enterprise in crossing the peak, but he was angry at the boys, ashamed of himself, and did not care particularly for personal danger.

A drop of blood on the ground suddenly attracted his attention, and he stopped for a moment to examine it. He knew now the deer was wounded, and perhaps it would become exhausted and be run down by the hounds.

He hurried on, and presently came to

When he came to another precipice, along which a narrow path led over a ledge of rock from which he could look down many feet, he drew back with a cry of alarm. But the deer had passed it in safety, for he could see the trail of blood, and, after several unsuccessful attempts, Oscar finally got himself started.

He kept his eyes turned from the frightful abyss, as step by step he picked his way over the ledge, and when at last the danger was passed, uttered a sigh of relief.

abandoned the course of the trail, and started straight down the peak toward the point whence emanated the baying of the hounds.

He appeared to have selected a comparatively easy route, and was making such progress in the descent that he began congratulating himself on his coming success, when he suddenly paused with a groan of dismay.

Another abyss deeper, wider and more frightful by far than the other yawned ahead of him.

This time there was no ledge by which to cross, and with a sinking heart he began to think he would be compelled to turn back, when, chancing to look some distance below, he uttered a cry of joy.

A small tree had fallen across the chasm in such a way that the top was suspended above the brink of the abyss on the opposite side. The youth was confident he could walk out on this and leap over without danger, and he hurried toward it.

There were little branches protruding from the trunk at convenient intervals, and it would be an easy matter to pass over by the aid of these. Oscar stepped upon the tree and made his way out cautiously at first, becoming more courageous as he found the tree scarcely felt his weight.

Suddenly he heard a peculiar noise behind him.

He started, looked quickly back, could see nothing to cause alarm, and began to advance again.

He had probably accomplished half the distance when there was another slight noise in the rear, and Oscar was appalled to feel the tree sinking under him. He turned swiftly to work his way back, but before he could take a step the tree dropped, and he clutched desperately at the branches to save himself.

Fortunately, however, all the roots did not part, and, being held by two or three tendrils, the tree swung to and fro like a pendulum with the horrified boy dangling from the branches.

The sensation was awful. Hundreds of feet below were the jagged rocks and boulders upon which he would be plunged to destruction if those few frail roots should separate.

He looked up with fear and trembling, and cried out in horror as he beheld the roots slowly but surely slipping away.

With an energy born of utter despair, he began climbing for life. It was the only thing he could do, and he realized it.

Would the roots hold two minutes longer?

The tree swayed with every motion of his body, and steadily those roots continued to slip.

Up, up he swiftly mounted, and now he had almost reached the top. Only one foot more, and he would be safe.

But now two of the roots had broken, the whole weight was sustained by one which threatened to snap each second.

He had just extended his hand to take the hold that would draw him to safety when the root broke, and with a yell of terror he seized the upper end, while the whole tree went plunging and crashing down to the depths below.

There, dangling over a horrible fate, was the form of Oscar, for the root being relieved from the weight of the tree, could support him easily enough, and with all his strength he drew himself upon the edge of the precipice and rolled a few feet away from the brink.

For a long time he lay there, scarcely able to realize his miraculous escape, and when at last he rose to his feet and began making his way along the precipice to a point where a crossing could



OSCAR WAVED HIS CAP IN TRIUMPH AS HE STOOD OVER THE FALLEN STAG.

another blood mark, followed by another a little farther on, and his excitement increased as he began to believe that his shot might prove fatal after all.

"I hope it does," he told himself. "The fellows will be surprised if I cross the peak and meet 'em with the deer."

The trail of blood was now well defined, and he encountered little difficulty in following it. It led directly toward the top of the peak, and in a few moments he came to the base of the elevation.

"Here goes," he cried with flashing eyes. "I'll have that deer, or know the reason why. The fellows don't get a chance to laugh at me now."

The next moment he was toiling up the steep incline, with the trail of blood still in sight. But the path was so rough and uneven that he soon began to wonder how the wounded game could make its way at all, and he was obliged to be extremely careful to prevent a serious fall.

Presently he found himself on the verge of a deep chasm, around which he had to slowly work his course with the greatest caution. He could no longer carry his gun, as he was forced to use his hands constantly in making the ascent, so he strapped the weapon to his back, where it was now resting.

Several times he was tempted to turn back as his course grew more perilous, but the dread of being laughed at after making such boastful assertions, prevented him from yielding.

"That was awful," he gasped. "I hope there won't be any more such places."

He was almost up to the top by this time, and the clouds seemed to be only a few feet above him.

In times of a shower they appeared to rest on the summit of the peak, and it was to this fact that the elevation owed its name. The thunder would roar down the chasms, and the vivid lightning play around the rocks in a way that was appalling to the beholder.

But Oscar had no time to think of this now.

He had already gained the highest point where the trail led, and noticed with keen satisfaction that it began to descend.

The baying of the hounds reached his ears at intervals, coming up from the base of the peak on the other side, and he was sure the deer had fallen at this point.

And now he was assailed by a new fear. Could the boys go all around the mountain, and reach the spot before he could cross the peak? He did not think they could, but he had lost considerable time back at the chasm, and the idea that they might do so made him somewhat uneasy.

"I must get there first," he cried. "To fall now, after all the danger I've passed, would be more than I could stand."

He pressed on, eager and excited. So sure was he that the game had been run down by the dogs that he









decided advantage in being all provided with shields, behind which they could screen themselves from the arrows and spears of the foe, while their own weapons would do effective work.

Tom and the captain watched the scene with the most intense interest. They could do this without fear now, as the entire attention of the besiegers was occupied with their new foe.

It was easy to see that their dread of the attack was extreme, and it was only by incessantly shouting encouragement that the chief succeeded in keeping them in order.

The strangers were soon close enough to commence hostilities, and suddenly a shower of spears, the only weapon they carried, were hurled into the ranks of the enemy. The next moment they came together, and the conflict began in earnest.

After the first dread of the meeting had passed, the attacked party seemed to be infused with new courage. They fought like tigers, and the occupants of the cave were the witnesses of one of the fiercest hand to hand encounters they had ever heard or read about.

For a few minutes the conflict was maintained with savage ferocity on both sides, and the besiegers, having the advantage in numbers, would surely have been victorious had it not been for the shields of the adversary. Thanks to these, the missiles of the foe were turned aside, and the weapons of the new comers created such havoc that the tide of battle soon began to turn in their favor.

When the besiegers saw the day was lost, they became panic stricken, and from this moment each seemed to be actuated by the one idea of personal safety. They scattered in all directions and fled from the scene, closely pursued by the enemy.

Some were overtaken and captured, while a few succeeded in escaping by climbing the steep banks of the ravine and seeking shelter in the woods above.

Our friends were first inclined to believe that this sudden turn of affairs would bring increased misfortune upon them, but soon Captain Bolt began to look upon it in a different light.

"If nothing unforeseen happens now," he said, "I think we'll soon be able to leave the cave. The new comers are already going, and it looks as if they don't know we're here."

"I hope they won't find out," returned Tom, though he was not quite so sanguine as his companion.

The next few minutes, however, proved that the captain was right.

The survivors of the conflict who had been captured were now forced to march down the grotto toward the sea, and no further attention was devoted to the vicinity by the strangers, while the besiegers seemed to have been so terrified by their defeat and capture as to have forgotten the party in the cave.

The captain and his friend watched their departure with the keenest delight, for now the prospect of a speedy release from this dangerous locality appeared to be close at hand.

It was entirely dark by this time, and in a few minutes the savages were no longer visible. Still it was not deemed advisable to depart from the cave at once, for fear that some of the foe might yet be lurking in the vicinity.

But the captain was anxious to leave at the earliest possible moment, for it was uncertain how soon the savages who had been captured might tell of the presence of the whites in the cave, when swift disaster would follow.

"We'd better get on now," he said, "for if the prisoners should tell their captors that we're here a detachment would be sent back to capture us."

"That's so," Tom agreed, seeing the wisdom of this suggestion.

The things they had intended to take with them were hastily put on the outside, then the two men passed through the aperture. Noiselessly gathering up their effects, they turned away from the place that had come so near being their tomb, and began making their way up the grotto.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PERILS IN THE FOREST.

BOLT'S knowledge of the locality enabled him to make his way through the darkness without difficulty. Tom followed close behind

him, and in this manner they soon ascended from the ravine and entered the forest.

A little noise as possible had been made in the journey, for the woods were probably occupied by some of the escaped besiegers, and our friends had no desire to encounter them. As yet, however, no cause for alarm was visible, and after a short pause they started off through the forest in the direction Tom had suggested.

They had probably proceeded in this manner for nearly an hour, when they suddenly became convinced that all was not right. In fact this feeling had taken possession of the captain some time before, but he did not mention it until Tom, halting abruptly, touched his arm and whispered:

"I think there's something wrong."  
"My opinion exactly," was the quick reply; "but what makes you think so?"  
"Several times I heard a noise in the bushes, and twice I thought I heard footsteps near us."

"I caught the same sounds; and since we both heard 'em there can be no doubt about it," said the captain. "We're being followed, and we must be careful or we'll fall into a trap. If we could separate our chance for escape would be better, but that's out of the question; we must stick together."

They now changed their course a little, bearing farther to the left. After cautiously proceeding in this direction for some time, they halted and listened intently.

Not a sound was heard, and they began to think they had escaped the danger, when they were startled by a low, trembling whistle, like the notes of a bird, quivering on the air.

It was so close that they instinctively grasped their guns, expecting an attack, for they knew that the sounds were uttered by one of the savages in signaling to a companion. But they had made their way through the woods thus far with profound silence, and could not believe that their whereabouts was known.

So they stood perfectly still, holding their guns ready for instant use, and straining their eyes to penetrate the darkness ahead.

A minute or two passed, and the whistle was again heard, coming from a point a little further away, but still uncomfortably near. This time an answer was given in exactly the same manner, only a trifle to the right.

These signals between the savages were continued at intervals, as they began working their way toward each other.

Our friends soon discovered that they were in imminent danger, for the second savage was coming directly toward them, and would probably pass within arm's length of the place where they stood. Even now they could hear his cautious tread as he carefully picked his way through the forest.

"Hist!" whispered Bolt, and they both crowded close against the trunk of the tree under which they were standing.

The careful footsteps of the savage continued, and presently his shadowy outlines loomed up through the gloom, increasing in size as he cautiously approached. He was headed directly toward them, and they thought it would be a miracle if he passed without seeing them.

The next moment he reached the spot and halted under the tree.

Again the signal was sent forth, and was answered immediately from a point close by. A moment later the outlines of the other savage came into view, and our friends crowded closer to the tree trunk, anxiously awaiting developments.

The second savage joined his companion and the two began talking, standing so near the captain and his friend that it seemed impossible to avoid discovery. To be sure, each carried a loaded rifle and could have shot the foe on the spot, thus effectually ending all danger; but they had no desire to shed blood unless it was absolutely necessary for self preservation, and this point of the situation had not yet arrived, though it was liable to do so at any moment.

The savages, however, were too much interested in the subject under discussion to give attention to anything else, and though at first our friends thought they were cautiously stealing upon

them to make an attack, the idea was soon dispelled. It appeared as if they were only anxious to get out of the forest themselves, and leave the island without attracting the notice of their recent enemies.

The two natives continued the discussion for some time, then, having evidently come to a decision, began moving away. The fugitives experienced a sense of relief as the enemy retreated, and, if they had only remained quiet a few minutes longer, all would have been well. But they had hugged the tree trunk so closely that the position was extremely tiresome, and they now stepped out a little to ease their cramped limbs. In so doing a slight noise was made which reached the ears of the savages, and, grasping their spears, they wheeled around.

The two men crowded back into the shadow of the tree again, but it availed nothing. The keen eyes of the natives detected their outlines, and a moment later two spears sped through the darkness.

Bolt saw the motion as the missiles were hurled, and he quickly called out to his young companion:

"Down, Tom, down!" at the same time dropping upon the earth himself.

Tom sank beside him, and the weapons passed harmlessly over their heads, burying themselves in the tree trunk just above them.

They were on their feet again just as the savages had drawn their bows and were adjusting their arrows. The captain saw the danger, and quickly leveling his rifle, fired. A cry of anguish succeeded the report, and the two miscreants fled precipitously through the woods.

But the peril was not yet over. There might be more savages close by, and the fugitives did not attempt to move for the next few minutes. Then as nothing more could be heard, and after the captain had reloaded his rifle as well as he could, they turned and began picking their way in the opposite direction.

They paused every few minutes to listen, as there was no telling when and where one of the natives might be encountered. They had no fear now that the savages would purposely seek them, but if by accident a meeting should occur, they might not escape so easily as they had on the present occasion. The best way was to guard against all possibility of such a meeting, and they were doubly cautious as they proceeded on their journey.

On account of the darkness they found travel exceedingly uncomfortable. They occasionally stumbled over fallen logs and other obstacles, besides being switched painfully in the face at times by the low hanging branches and underbrush.

Presently they found themselves in a kind of thicket.

The low underbrush was so dense as to be almost impassable, and they turned back in disgust. All this time course was a great loss of time, and finally their patience began to give out.

"This is a confounded nuisance," said the captain irritably. "At this rate it'll take hours to travel—thunder!"

This last emphatic exclamation was caused by his suddenly catching his foot in a running vine, and pitching headlong to the earth. He was up again the next moment, but he had sprained his wrist badly in the fall.

His rifle was flung some distance away, and they had to search a long time before finding it. But it was not injured, and after the sailor had wrapped a bandage tightly around his wrist, they continued the tedious journey.

After a while they succeeded in getting out of the thicket into the more open forest. Here they could advance with less annoyance, and they took advantage of this opportunity to increase their pace.

Several hours they journeyed on steadily, but strange to say no indications of emerging from the forest were visible. In fact they seemed to be getting deeper into the woods. The captain was puzzled.

apparent until at last, coming to a halt, he turned to his companion saying:

"Tom, we're lost!"

## CHAPTER XII.

### AN UNLUCKY STAR.

ORDINARILY the captain's announcement would not have been so startling, but now, the forest teeming with enemies, and the possibility of meeting them at any moment, the prospect before them was dismal indeed. Still, up to the present time, nothing of an alarming nature had presented itself, and if this good fortune would continue to favor them there was no need to despair.

"We can't help it," was the philosophical assertion of the sailor, "and there's no use in complaining. The question is, shall we keep on, or wait till daylight?"

"I think we'd better keep moving," said Tom, "for we may succeed in finding our way out of the woods, while if we wait till morning that much time will be lost."

"All right then, we'll keep on," assented Bolt. "Do you see that star yonder?" pointing to a large one visible in the sky above. "We'll keep that for a guide."

With the twinkling little orb well in view, they resumed the journey.

The moon did not rise until nearly morning, so they could look for no assistance from that quarter.

The woods continued comparatively free of underbrush, and they could still keep up a fair rate of speed.

Steadily on they made their way, but no signs of the termination of the forest were discernible, and they began to be surprised. They were sure they had followed a direct course, for the star had been constantly kept in sight, and considering the distance they had traveled, the end of the woods should be near at hand.

They kept on, however, and at last noticed that the country began sloping away before them. This convinced them that they were coming down from the high land toward the coast.

"I thought it was pretty near time that we reached the sea," said the captain. "I began to think that we had lost our way again."

"We may have done so," answered Tom. "There's no sign of water yet."

"No, but I'm sure there will soon be," continued the sailor.

He was right. In a little while the roar of the ocean fell on their ears, and a little later the phosphorescent gleam of the water could be seen through the trees.

"This must be the eastern side of the island," said the captain, "and if so we're many miles out of our way."

"That's too bad," returned Tom. "We've tramped far enough as it is, without gaming anything, and the idea of another long journey is not at all to my liking."

There was no help for it, however, so they decided to follow the coast around to the place where the camp had been, for Tom felt sure that the boys must still be somewhere in that vicinity.

They pushed steadily on, and, as the woods grew thinner as they neared the coast, they were soon able to see the ocean for a considerable distance around them. Finally they reached the edge of the woods which terminated on a large expanse of lowland that extended down to the water.

They paused here to satisfy themselves that all was safe before venturing out from the cover of the forest.

A careful inspection failed to reveal anything suspicious, and they were about moving on when several fierce looking natives suddenly appeared and hurled themselves upon them with savage impetuosity.

The attack was so swift and unexpected that before they could recover themselves sufficiently to make a defense they were overpowered, disarmed, and their hands secured behind them.

The capture was complete, and the blacks now stood around them, grinning hideously at their evident discomfort. At last they were marched across the lowlands to the coast, where a number of other natives were gathered. They proved to be the same band that had attacked the besiegers in the grotto, for Tom and his friend recognized several

prisoners in their possession as those who were captured when the battle was lost.

They were huddled together near by in an attitude of the most abject fear. Two large proas were drawn up on the beach and these the savages now proceeded to shove into the water.

The prisoners were forced to enter, after which the entire band embarked, and the island soon began falling rapidly astern.

"That was an unlucky star for us, Tom, my boy," grimly remarked Captain Bolt.

"Yes, and I suppose we can consider ourselves in for it now," answered Tom, with a sort of desperate resignation.

The savages did not bestow much attention upon them, and they were allowed to converse without molestation. But the prospect before them was so discouraging that they had no inclination to talk for any length of time, and they soon relapsed into a gloomy silence.

Meanwhile the natives pulled steadily at the sweeps, and the proa cut its way rapidly through the water.

Hour after hour passed, and at last the dawn appeared in the east. Soon the sun came up above the sea, and our friends began looking around them.

The island was no longer in sight, but something else was visible which caused Tom and the captain considerable uneasiness.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### A DARING PLAN.

**A**BOUT three fourths of a mile to the left another large proa, full of natives, could be seen, making its way along in a course parallel with their own. That they were friends of their captors the prisoners did not doubt, and they had evidently been traveling in the same direction all night, though their presence had not been discovered until now.

"That's bad for us, Tom," said the captain, as they watched the party in the other craft. "With so many against us our chances of escape will be decidedly small."

"I know it," answered Tom gloomily. "But maybe they'll separate after a while," he added, his face brightening a little.

"I hope so," the sailor replied, "for it has a depressing effect on a fellow's feelings to see 'em so near."

As time passed, however, it appeared as if the two boats intended to remain together, for they continued on in the same direction, and at intervals certain signals were exchanged between them, which did not escape the notice of the prisoners.

Finally, however, the party in the other proa got out a queer looking sail, which was soon hoisted, and as a good breeze was stirring, the boat containing the prisoners dropped rapidly astern. As the distance increased between them several signals were sent out from the receding craft which the captain appeared to understand, and the proa was turned a little to the west.

The course of the one in advance was altered at the same time, but the same distance between the two momentarily increased, and before noon the leader could just be seen far ahead on the ocean.

Some arrangement had evidently been made between the two parties, but what it was the prisoners were unable to determine. They had carefully watched the maneuvers of the savages, but found it impossible to interpret their meaning.

"It's certainly something in which we'll have to figure," said the captain, "and I'd like to know what it is. Those fellows have not sailed on in advance for nothing, and if we could be sure of what they mean to do with us, or where they intend to take us, we could prepare ourselves accordingly."

"Isn't there some way in which we can escape?" asked Tom. "I'm willing to risk almost anything that promises even the ghost of a chance."

"I've been thinking of that for hours," answered the sailor. "The only thing we could do is to suddenly attack and overpower them. There are only seven of 'em, and if we were free I think we could knock two or three of 'em overboard before they could prevent it. Our rifles are near; and we could seize them

and shoot a couple more, so that there'd be only two or three left for us to get away with. We'd have to act as quick as lightning, but it's the only thing we can do."

Tom listened with surprise as the captain unfolded his scheme. The enormity of it, and the courage required to execute it, was something that excited his admiration for the man who dared to suggest such a thing, while his surprise lay in the fact that the idea had entered the sailor's mind at all.

It was doubtful whether they could succeed, but once they had decided to make the attempt no time was lost in beginning operations.

The first thing was to free their hands, and this they set about doing. Owing to the haste with which they had been secured, the thongs were not bound as firmly as they might have been, and it was with feelings of satisfaction they finally discovered a possibility of extricating themselves.

But great care was required, as the savages were almost constantly looking at them, and the slightest suspicious movement would attract attention and ruin all.

In entering the proa, the besiegers had gone in first, the prisoners next, with the savages bringing up the rear, and the two whites were now in position to spring upon their captors if they could only succeed in securing the use of their hands.

It was impossible to make a move without being observed by the besiegers, and several times Bolt looked fearfully at them to see if he could detect any intention on their part to betray them. He was pleased to see that there was no cause for alarm from this quarter, for although they were aware of what was going on, they appeared to be so much depressed by their own unfortunate condition as to be entirely oblivious to everything else.

Convinced of this, he devoted his whole attention to watching the captors, and working at the thongs whenever he was sure he could do so without being observed by them.

He and Tom continued to talk unrestrainedly whenever they felt so disposed, for they knew the blacks could not understand a word they said. Besides this they had been talking considerably for the last hour, and the captain was afraid that a sudden cessation of conversation would attract attention.

"How are you making out, Tom?" he asked after they had worked at the thongs for some time.

"Better than I expected," answered Tom. "The bonds are loosely tied, and if nothing happens I can get my hands out in less than an hour."

"So can I," said his friend, "but we must be very careful. One mishap would ruin all. Watch them closely, and only work when you know they're not looking."

This caution, however, was unnecessary, as Tom knew only too well what the result would be if they were discovered. His whole mind was bent on success, and he did not intend to fail through any fault of his own.

Meanwhile the savages, all unconscious of what was being done, continued their work at the sweeps with such good result that the proa made its way through the water at a rapid rate. They seemed to be anxious to complete the voyage as soon as possible, and although the labor was causing the perspiration to roll from them in streams, they did not lessen their efforts.

Suddenly one of them stood up and began looking intently ahead. The two prisoners felt their hearts beat quicker as they saw the move, for they imagined he had noticed them working at the thongs on their wrists.

But he was evidently looking for something which he expected to see, and which must have met his gaze, for he turned to his friends and began speaking excitedly. Then he sat down again, and all bent to the oars with increased vigor.

A few minutes later Bolt uttered a low cry of satisfaction. He had contrived at last to free his hands, and he could hardly control his excitement as he said to Tom:

"I've done it! How are you making out?"

"Ten minutes more will see me free," was the reply.

"Careful, for heaven's sake careful,"

cautioned the captain. "To fail now, when success is so near, would be more than I could stand."

"We won't fail if I can help it," answered the boy, a light of stern resolve coming into his eyes.

Fortunately their position enabled them to conceal their movements considerably, otherwise it would have been impossible to avoid discovery. But they sat in the proa with their backs leaning against the sides, and by pressing against the boat, they could work their hands without the motion of their arms being seen.

Even under these favorable conditions the task was exceedingly arduous, and, as before mentioned, had the thongs been securely adjusted the attempt would have proved a failure.

Now that the possibility of success was before them they began to get excited, and the sailor had all he could do to control his feelings while waiting for Tom to work his hands free. He was eager to begin the attack, and longed to assist his young friend in removing the thongs that held his wrists, but he knew such a course would be disastrous, and governed his patience accordingly.

The savages were still continuing their labor at the sweeps with unabated vigor. They appeared to be a trifle agitated about something, for they would talk excitedly at intervals, and the one who seemed to be the leader kept a constant lookout ahead.

At last the dark outlines of land could be seen in the distance, and it was this that they had evidently been expecting, for the leader now gave utterance to an exclamation of satisfaction, and, settling back in his place, pulled steadily at the sweeps with his companions.

Now was the time to make the attack, and Captain Bolt looked anxiously toward his friend. The attention of the savages was so much occupied by the business before them that the surprise would be complete and success likely to follow.

Would Tom manage to extricate his hands in season? The minutes passed and still he gave no indication that he had slipped the thongs. Bolt's anxiety was steadily increasing, and he found it exceedingly difficult to remain quiet while so much was at stake.

"If you can only hurry a little, Tom," he said, trying to speak calmly, "our chances of winning will be almost certain. The attack now would be so entirely unexpected that they could not resist us. But for your life," he added, "don't make a mistake."

Tom Radcliffe had never been so excited, and never had the necessity for composure been greater. The slightest mistake would ruin all, and, although he struggled hard to control his agitation as he worked at the bindings on his wrists, his heart beat so tumultuously that he feared the savages would hear it.

Meanwhile the precious moments were passing. Would the thongs ever give way? How he longed to exert all his strength, and, with one prodigious effort, burst the bands assunder, but he knew this would undo all so far accomplished, and he controlled the mad desire by a mighty effort.

Suddenly he felt the thongs relax. Another move was carefully made, and his hands were free. He felt like shouting in triumph as the bands dropped from his wrists, and there was a thrill in his voice as he said to the captain:

"I'm ready!"

(To be continued.)

#### THAT ICE CREAM PAIN.

WHY, why? is the refrain of the small boy. And there are many older ones among us who would like to know the reasons for many things that it is not always convenient for us to find out about. Below you will find an answer to a mystery that has doubtless frequently puzzled you.

During the scorching weather of July and August, says the *Chicago Journal*, you often run into an ice cream saloon with the avowed intention of cooling your body to at least a few degrees below the melting point. If you are in a great hurry you are apt to make the first few spoonfuls of the cooling mixture rather large. This almost immediately gives you a violent pain in the temples or somewhere in the region of the eyes. One who has studied the physiology of the case says that it is caused in the following manner: The frozen mixture coming in contact with the nerves of the throat (the larynx, pharynx, etc.) temporarily paral-

yzes them. The sensation instantly shoots to the center of those nerves, which is in the brain, but finds there a side connection in the shape of the great facial nerve, which starts from in front of the ear and extends its branches over the sides of the face.

One branch of this fatal nerve, extending across the temple, is a "nerve of sensation," while the other branches are simply "nerves of motion," utilized chiefly to govern the play of the mouth. This great facial nerve sidetracks the pain which proceeds from the chill, throwing it out along the nerve branch which traverses the temple, the pain being most agonizing at the points where the nerve branches. If the irritation is extraordinary the "reflex" action which takes place may cause a violent pain in the eyeballs as well as in the temple, the eye pain being simply sympathetic.

#### A GREAT INVENTOR.

MRS. HOGAN—"And fwy isn't the old mon a-wokin' now?"

MRS. GROGAN—"It's a invitor he is. He has got up a road-scraper that does the work of fwoive min."

MRS. HOGAN—"An' how minny min do it take to r-run it?"

MRS. GROGAN—"Six. It will be a great thing, fer givin' employment to the laborin' man."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## CORRESPONDENCE

G. M. A., Hokendanqua, Pa. There is no premium on the half dollar of 1832.

If the author of "Teddy, the Messenger Boy" will send his address to this office, the story will be returned to him.

W. H. H., Newark, N. J. If you will attend the annual auction sale at the Navy Yard you will doubtless find what you desire.

J. H. H., Highmont, N. Y. See article, "Our New Navy," in No. 332 of THE ARGOSY, for a description of the torpedo boat Cushing.

H. M. S., Hamilton, Pa. Electricity is taught in the scientific department of all the colleges, such as the School of Mines at Columbia.

L. H. G., Brooklyn, N. Y. The best way to obtain the information you desire would be to apply at the armories, or to some one who has charge of them.

A FAITHFUL READER. 1. In No. 558 of THE ARGOSY you will find a clipping on the subject of ice lenses. 2. We only answer questions of general interest.

BROOKSIDE, Ballston Spa, N. Y. We can supply you with indexes for the last four volumes of THE ARGOSY. Send a two cent stamp for each index to cover expense of mailing.

HAYSEED, Easton, Md. An editor should be familiar with all branches of knowledge. He must have an all round education; any good college would doubtless be able to assist you.

H. P. H., Winston, N. C. Matthew White, Jr. lives in New York City and William Murray Graydon in Harrisburg, Pa. Letters addressed to them care of THE ARGOSY will be forwarded promptly.

W. R., New York City. 1. A first class machinist gets \$3.50 per day. 2. Indexes will be mailed on receipt of a 2c. stamp for each one. 3. For information regarding the Concord address the Navy Yard.

P. C. W., Nokomis, Ill. The only testimonials we require of a writer's ability is the work he does. An editor is generally prejudiced in advance against a would-be contributor who sends in his MS. accompanied by a letter telling what people have said about his stories.

P. G. B., Sioux City, Iowa. 1. A serial by Mr. Moffat will shortly begin in THE ARGOSY, in which some of the characters in "Dirkman's Luck" will figure. 2. The main exposition buildings at Chicago are thirteen in number. There is also a building for each State, besides numerous others. 3. "The Lone Island" will be quite a long story.

CHAS. E. MAC, Kansas City, Mo. 1. Annie Ashmore has written four serials for THE ARGOSY, viz: "Who Shall Be the Heir," "Quiet Courage," "A Heart of Gold," and "The Hetherington Fortune." 2. Title and index for Vol. XVI is now ready. 3. In the October, 1892, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE you will find a sketch of Oliver Optic. 4. The electrophone is an instrument for producing sounds by means of electric currents.



PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE OF THE ARGOSY IS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND THE ARGOSY TWO YEARS. CLUB RATE—FOR THREE DOLLARS WE WILL SEND TWO COPIES OF THE ARGOSY ONE YEAR TO SEPARATE ADDRESSES.

DISCONTINUANCES—THE PUBLISHER MUST BE NOTIFIED BY LETTER WHEN A SUBSCRIBER WISHES HIS PAPER STOPPED. THE NUMBER WITH WHICH THE SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES APPEARS ON THE PRINTED SLIP WITH THE NAME. THE COURTS HAVE DECIDED THAT ALL SUBSCRIBERS TO NEWSPAPERS ARE HELD RESPONSIBLE UNTIL ARRANGEMENTS ARE MADE AND THEIR PAPERS ARE ORDERED TO BE DISCONTINUED.

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FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,  
Publishers,  
155 East 23d Street, New York.

### JAILED FOR LOSS OF TEMPER.

OVER in China, if a man loses his temper in public, he is liable to five days' imprisonment. This seems harsh, but certainly such a law should be salutary in its effects. A man who loses control over himself is capable of doing a good deal of damage. This is none the less to be deplored because a large share of this damage descends upon his own head.

A man over whom anger has gained the mastery is in almost as bad a case as the man whose brains have been stolen away by drink. He neither knows nor cares what he says. Such a person is indeed a menace to the community, and while we may not think it advisable to make the giving way to one's temper a punishable offense, the fact that it is so in one country ought to cause us to regard the failing in more serious light than we generally do.

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

### "MUNSEY'S" FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE new number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE, now ready, presents a splendid table of contents for the delectation of its readers. Mr. Graydon's thrilling serial, "In the Name of the Czar," describes vividly the horrors of the march to Siberia and brings the story to an exciting point in the unfolding of the plot.

"The Grandfather of Europe," Christian IX of Denmark, is described in a paper called, "A Remarkable Royal Family," which shows how the Danish throne is bound to some of the most powerful kingdoms in the world. The article is handsomely illustrated, as is also that on "The French Palaces."

The leading contribution in this number is that with which it opens, and which is adorned by nearly twenty pictures, the most beautiful the magazine has ever given.

There are the usual number of short stories, continuations of the serials by Mr. Munsey and Richard Mace, and The Stage department is embellished with charming portraits of Edna Wallace Hopper, Anna O'Keefe, Blanche Walsh and Georgia Cayvan. Don't fail to secure this issue and read the important announcement it contains. For sale by all newsdealers, price 25 cents.

### THE FASCINATION OF AUTHORSHIP.

WHY is it that so many boys are ambitious of becoming authors? Boys as a rule despise letter writing, and composition day is the most dreaded date in the school calendar. It seems very odd in view of these facts that editors should receive so many manuscripts from young men still in their teens.

Wherein lies the fascination of authorship? Is it in the putting together of words that are destined to raise up a series of pictures in the mind of the reader of which he has hitherto had no conception? Or is it because of the complete mastery it gives the writer for the time being, over a set of people whom he may compel to do his bidding?

We might be inclined to find the solution of the matter in this last theory did we not know it to be a fact that in many cases the author is not master of his characters, who sometimes lead him a pretty dance before the end of the story is reached.

If any of our readers can throw any light on this mystery of the charm of authorship, we should be glad to hear from them.

### EYE LANTERNS.

USING the eyes for lamps is a novel idea indeed, and yet an experimenter declares that in a perfectly dark room he was enabled to see the movements he made with his arm by the light of his own eyes. The journal *Electricity*, in commenting on the case, calls it one of the most remarkable experiments in the history of science, and believes that only a few men could succeed in repeating it, claiming that "the luminosity of the eyes is associated with uncommon activity of the brain and great imaginative power."

A German comic paper published the other day a picture of the appearance of city streets when each man should carry about with him his own little incandescent electric lamp, and lights in store windows and lamp posts would be no longer needed. But what a long step beyond this state of things would be the era when man had succeeded in so cultivating this luminous power of the eye that he would need no artificial means of illumination whatever!

### THE OUTLOOK FOR THE BOY OF TODAY.

NOT long since one of the New York morning papers printed an editorial entitled "Future of the Boys." The writer claimed that boys nowadays found it much more difficult to get ahead in the world than did their fathers and grandfathers before them. Then everything was in a stage of transition; forests were to be cleared, towns to be laid out, and men obtained to manage them after they were set going. The young man just entering life today finds few, if any of these openings; hence the conclusion of our contemporary.

But we think the journal in question was shortsighted in not finding any hope to throw out to the rising generation among its readers. It is as true now as it was forty years ago that there is plenty of room at the top. Let a merchant once be assured that a boy who comes to him in search of a position is trustworthy and intelligent, let him see that he takes an interest in the business not because he is paid to do it, but because his heart and soul are thrown into the work—let these factors be present, and such a boy need not fear but he will find standing room on the upper rounds of the ladder.

### How to Work Through College.

WHEN the roll of this generation of prominent citizens, business men, lawyers, and ministers is called, it will be surprising to see how many of them have worked their way through college. The fact is that if a boy is turned loose in the world with health and strength and no incumbencies, nothing to hold him back, no duties to tie him to wage earning for

somebody else, and he has the wit and the understanding to see that the more he knows the more he can do in the world—given all this, nothing can keep him from getting that education in the way he wants it. Rich men will send their sons to Harvard or Yale and pay thousands of dollars, while some poor boy is working his way along, defraying his own expenses from week to week, and by this very necessity, by the very struggle he is obliged to make, gaining an experience which means as much to him as the text book or the lectures.

The boy who has worked his way through college never stands around after his college days are over, and looks for "something to do." He has measured his resources almost hourly; he knows what he can do. He has been serving an apprenticeship in living, and the diploma the college puts into his hands is usually simply his final tool. It is not always a misfortune to have been born poor. It seems that the wheel turns pretty regularly. And in a republic like ours, a native born American boy, with his inheritance of native health and native wits, is a little more likely to die a prosperous citizen than the boy who lay in the soft places of life from his cradle up.

Many of the men who control trade, society and the courts in our cities were boys who came up from the farms and had a sturdy respect for all work which was honest. They saw in it no debasement; every dollar they gained by honest labor, was but another round in the ladder which was to lead them up to the positions they had set themselves to win with the same determination they used to have when they stood on one side of the field, looked at the other end of the potato row and realized that every hill had to be hoed by night.

It is always interesting to hear the story—the true story, with facts and figures of one of these boys—or young men. One of them has frankly, told his story, and here it is. It may give a hint to "the other boy," who has the longings, but not the knowledge what to do, nor the blind courage to spring into an unknown sea. It isn't every young man who could have this history, but individual cases make individual aids.

"When I left Boston for Cambridge I had forty four cents. I was a stranger in Cambridge. The first day I spent all but nine cents. I had one great help this year. The Price Greenleaf Aid had been awarded to me. This, however, I could not draw until Christmas. In order to buy books to begin my work, I pawned my watch and a few other things, receiving for them \$15.50. During my freshman year my receipts were: Price Greenleaf fund, \$250; pawned watch, \$15.50; typewriting, \$71.40; books sold, \$7.50; tutoring, \$160. Part of this year I was poor. My washing I did myself. About midyear I was so short of money that for nearly two months I ate but one or two meals a day."

During the summer he worked as a porter in a hotel and cleared \$118, entering his sophomore year \$92.77 in debt. In that year his receipts were: Loan fund, \$75; beneficiary funds, \$80; work for Professor James (taking sheep's brains from skulls for experiments), \$7.50; publishing notes, \$25.50; waiting on table, \$38.33; typewriting, \$70; outside jobs, \$22.15; total, \$384.48. In addition to his necessary expenses he spent \$151.60 on athletics, theaters, unnecessary books, subscriptions to college sports, charity, etc. During the summer he was clerk in a hotel and clerk in a hotel and cleared \$158.64. But he entered his junior year \$101.31 in debt.

In that year his receipts were: Scholarship, \$150; loan fund, \$75; beneficiary fund, \$15; odd jobs, \$7.13; publishing placards, \$18.10; advertising scheme, \$106.05; tutoring, \$267.50; typewriting, \$32.19; Professor James's work, \$2.45; waiting on table, \$16.11; total, \$689.53. His necessary expenditures were \$395.14. During this year he bought a typewriter worth \$100, and actually gave \$100 toward the support of men poorer than himself. For incidentals he paid \$85.60.

The next summer he cleared \$100.50 as a clerk, bought books and began his senior year with \$7.90. In his last year he managed to make \$1,021.21. He had learned what to do. When he finished college he left it with a fine record as a student and an athlete and with \$41.90 in his pocket. He paid his debts and passed out equipped for the world. During his course he had bought a typewriter and a piano, and had increased his library by several hundred books.

A prominent New York physician, who graduated in a famous class at Dartmouth, says that many of his classmates, himself among the number, worked their way through college by teaching school in the vacations. Some of them had to miss a year or two, working in the winter as well as in the summer, but they came through all right. He says that when he was eighteen his father called him one day and asked him to go with him about the farm. It was one of the rocky, hilly farms in northern New Hampshire, where the best blood and brain comes from.

They walked over the land for a mile or two, going back and forth discussing what was to be done with this field and that; the profits that might come under a certain set of circumstances and the loss that might come under others. Finally the old man said:

"James, my father left me this farm. He hewed it out of the virgin wilderness, working hard every day of his life. His wife worked, and we children worked. My mother knew nothing but the round of household cares. But when he died this farm was all that he had to represent his years of toil. I took it. I have worked hard and faithfully and so has your mother, and so have you up to this. I have nothing left but this farm. If I die and leave it to you, you will go over the same old life. You will have a narrow, shut in life, will be an old man before your time, and your wife will be an old woman. Now don't do it. Leave it. Go away, work your way through college and be a man. The farm will take care of your mother and me." And so he went.

The father lived to ride in his son's own carriage through city streets. The boy went away, worked in a college town, and studied, taught school, sawed wood, coached other boys through their lessons, and, realizing that his studies were his object, put every spare minute upon them. He left with the friendship and respect of every man in his class.

Another young fellow who was deft with his fingers, set up a shop where he cut the hair and shaved the chins of the pupils. There is nothing dishonorable in work like this and the student is never made to feel that there is anything derogatory in it. Many of the guards and the guides about the Exhibition grounds in Chicago, are young college students who are taking this opportunity of seeing the Fair and of earning sufficient money to take them through a next year's course. It is really a most excellent thing for everybody concerned. It would be impossible to find men of such varied information who would come and act as chair wheelers for those who are too ignorant or indolent to search out the subjects for themselves. These young men acquire in this way a stock of information such as they could only get by years of travel abroad. It ought to make, and it doubtless does make a Harvard man who has spent thousand of dollars during his years at college, a little warm to think that there are men who are almost starving themselves to get through.

But this world is full of compensations. Self denial counts in the long run in strength of character, singleness of purpose and hardihood. The man with no money except what he earns, who keeps his wits sharpened from morning until night, comes to the front, which he values as the result of so much hard work, with a mind tuned up and alert to lose nothing. He has no temptations to fight. He leaves no loose ends to be gathered up by "cramming." He goes out from college physically and mentally and morally strong, having gone through at this early and formative age one of the hardest ordeals in his life. He has passed in his thesis and had his degree given to him by the world as well as by his alma mater.

SAMUEL N. PARKS.



HOSPITALITY.

WHEN friends are at your hearthstone met,  
Sweet courtesy has done its most  
If you have made each guest forget  
That he himself is not the host.

—Century.

Gene's First Assignment.

BY JARED L. FULLER.

I.

"I'm glad to see you, my boy," said Mr. Oscar Coppleton, editor of the Camden *Daily News*, whirling about in his chair and offering Gene Travers his hand. "Your father is my oldest friend, and although I haven't seen him for fifteen years, I am only too delighted to welcome his son. You are much like him personally, Eugene."

"Thank you, sir," responded the young man, taking the hand to which Mr. Coppleton motioned him.

"Ha!" exclaimed the newspaper man. "So you are proud of your father's good looks, eh? He is a handsome man, Gene, and in this case, at least, handsome is that handsome does, for I know no truer friend than Bob Travers. Now by this note Bob writes me, I understand that you wish to go into newspaper work—enter upon a journalistic career, as they usually call it."

Gene laughed as he replied: "I've already made my debut in the newspaper world, Mr. Coppleton. I've had a year's experience on the *Charlottesville Advance*. That's a weekly, you know, and there's not much opportunity for a man to get ahead on a country paper. I thought that if I could get on the *News* it might be a stepping stone to a city daily some time."

"That's a very laudable ambition, but let me tell you, your experience on a country paper is not to be laughed at. It brightens up a young fellow's wits amazingly. I'm glad you have some knowledge of all round work, for in that case I think I can find something for you to do on the *News*."

Mr. Coppleton was silent a few moments and Gene waited expectantly.

"Now see here, Gene," he continued, tapping the desk thoughtfully with his pencil. "There is something which I was about to put into the hands of Mr. Murphy, my oldest man, but if you will undertake it, you can accomplish the object a great deal better because you are a stranger here. It is a bit of newspaper detective work—something which the *News* seldom has—and may prove a very interesting assignment indeed. If you make anything out of it, it will be a fine feather in your cap, too, let me tell you, and I will see that you get all the credit that is due you."

"That sounds promising, but what is it?" Gene asked with a smile.

"I'll tell you what it is and then you may take it or not, just as you wish," said the editor, becoming grave. "A farmer just out of town has been charged with something, which, if it is true, is a disgrace to our civilization and ought to gain the fellow a term in the penitentiary. It was brought to my attention by old Judge Burgess—he is part owner of the *News*—and the old gentleman begged me to investigate the matter."

"It seems that this man (his name is Howard—Dan Howard—by the way) has a bound boy out on his farm whom they say he treats with terrible cruelty. Now how much we are to believe of what they say I leave you to judge."

Judge Burgess has taken more than ordinary interest in the boy—John Andrews is his name—and although I never saw him but once I thought him a very nice, well behaved little fellow. But old Howard would never let him off the farm if he could help it and as the boy was a slight, delicate lad, I judge that he must have had a hard time of it with Howard and his son. They are both bullies and as such a space Indian."

"Howard has never been able to keep decent men working for him, because of this temper, and has to depend for extra help upon the three or four Indians who live over in the Hollow, about two miles beyond the Howard farm. They are pretty poor workmen, as I know to my cost, but they are the best Howard can do, I reckon. The judge tells me that young Andrews was afraid of his life among them all, and especially was he fearful of the old man and his son,

Hank. The boy will land in the penitentiary, if his father doesn't, you see what I tell you."

"The judge rather blames himself for not investigating the matter before, for about a month ago he saw the Andrews boy and knew by what he said that the Howards were treating him worse than ever. The next thing that we heard—and by 'we' I mean the outside public—was from the Howards themselves. Old Dan appeared in town one morning and declared that John Andrews had run away in the night, after half killing his boy Hank, and he hurried the doctor right out to patch him up."

"The doctor told me that Hank wasn't hurt very seriously, despite the great noise old Dan made about it. He had a scalp wound and was bruised a little about the shoulders and head, as though beaten with a club. The doctor had no particular love for Hank and thought that he had probably got no

Travers at once. "The story interests me, and if those Howard's are maltreating that boy, I'd like to be the one to run them down."

"All right. I'm glad you are interested in the case; you'll do better work. Take your time about it, and be sure you are right. Don't go into anything impetuously and make the *News* a laughing stock."

"Never fear sir. I'll use discretion," Gene assured him. "Now I've got to find a boarding place and I might as well get one out near the Howard farm as elsewhere. In which direction is it?"

Mr. Coppleton gave him the necessary directions and Gene started off at once with his valise.

II.

CAMDEN was not a large town, although it supported a daily paper, but being the center of a large farming country, it was the place of shipment to

"Excuse me, madam," returned young Travers. "I have nothing to sell. I stopped to inquire if you could refer me to any house near here where summer boarders are taken? Or perhaps you could take me yourself? This is a pleasant country and I expect to spend my vacation here."

"The woman opened the door a little wider and before she spoke Gene knew, by the expression on her face, that avariciousness was her ruling characteristic. Her eyes took in one comprehensive glance Gene's handsome outfit, as though she was deciding in her own mind how much the young man would be willing or able to pay."

"I dunno," she said slowly. "Boarders don't pay very well, an' so I haven't taken any this summer, though I've had em every season for eight years before. But—well, you step in an' I'll see what my husband says."

Gene endeavored to be outwardly un-



"DO YOU SUPPOSE HE KNOWS?" GENE ASKED.

more than he deserved, but he expressed to me his doubts that such a slight fellow as Johnnie Andrews was able to deal such blows."

"There was no sign of the boy's presence about the house, however, nor has he been seen by any of the neighbors since; but the judge believes that the boy is confined in the Howard house and is still more cruelly treated than before. His reason for this is that his gardener's boy refused to go by the Howard house on an errand after dark the other evening, because, as he declared, the place is haunted by Johnnie Andrew's ghost."

"Upon inquiry the judge learned that three or four nights after the bound boy was supposed to have disappeared, the gardener's son was near the Howard house and heard (as he avers) John begging and pleading for mercy with old man Howard, just as he used to do when the farmer was beating him."

"Now if that poor boy is confined over there and is being treated inhumanly, as these accounts would suggest, the people want to know and stop it, and the *News* wants to know it first. Several of the neighbors have made inquiries of old Howard about it, but he has such a temper that none of them have tackled him but once. Now if I should send any of my men up there, the Howards would be 'out on them' at once; but you're a stranger, Gene, and will not be suspected. What do you say to playing the detective in a good cause?"

"I'll do it gladly," replied young

the more distant cities and its tradesmen thrived prosperously upon the inhabitants of the outlying districts as well as upon those in the town proper. The *News* had the field to itself, and although strictly partisan in politics, the paper had few enemies throughout the region."

By the aid of Mr. Coppleton's directions Gene easily discovered the road leading past the Howard farm, and it being a cool day he briskly traversed the two miles lying between the outskirts of the town and the farmhouse. There was enough romance about his first assignment on the *News* to make him thoroughly in sympathy with his task, and as he strode along he rapidly sketched a plan of action.

When he reached the Howard house he saw, by a swift glance up and down the road, that there were only two houses in sight—one a large, handsome mansion, surrounded by well kept grounds, and the other a tiny brown cottage in the opposite direction and on the other side of the road from the farmhouse. With but little hesitation he opened the gate and walked quickly up to the side door of the house.

His rap brought a woman to the door almost instantly. She was a tall, muscular, and hard featured woman, dressed in a scant, figured dress. She glanced at Gene in anything but a friendly manner.

"We don't want to buy nothin' today, young man, so you kin go right along," she said, in a high, sharp voice.

conscious of her sharp scrutiny and followed her into the house. Instead of leading him into the sitting room Mrs. Howard gave him a seat in the kitchen and threw on her sunbonnet, preparatory to running out to find her husband.

Before she left the room, however, she hesitated before a door which Gene was certain led down cellar, and after darting a penetrating glance at her visitor, she locked the door and removing the key, left the kitchen by the back way. Her actions, coupled with what Mr. Coppleton had told him, were significant to Gene's mind; but remembering that he might be even then watched by some member of the family, he did not seek to discover what was beyond that door.

From the window he could see into the back yard and a few moments after Mrs. Howard crossed it on her way to the barn, he saw her returning in company with the farmer himself. Howard was a tall, heavily built, smooth faced man, with the most brutal expression of countenance which it had been Gene's fortune to see on any man. He could hear the man's rough words before he got to the house.

"I sh'd have thought you'd known better, Mirandy," he was saying. "You know very well that there can't be no boarders in this house now, any way. Like's not he has been sent here by some of those blasted busybodies to find out what he could about it. I know their ways, dern 'em! An' you've gone an' left him alone in there."









newspaper to his stock. He had taken a hundred, and when the young publisher went in now to inquire how they had sold, he hoped that he would hear as good a report as had come from Mr. Colburn without its unpleasant sequel.

But the first dash of cold water struck him when he entered the store and discovered Mr. Taylor in close converse with Missins, of the *Chronicle*.

His first impulse was to retreat, but he didn't want to seem to be afraid of a brother editor. So he walked on, and when he reached the two, said, "Good morning, Mr. Taylor."

The merchant had his back to him, and now he looked guilty when he turned around.

(To be continued.)

[This Story began in No. 55.]

## The Cruise of the Dandy.

BY OLIVER OPTIC,

Author of "Always in Luck," "Every Inch a Boy," etc.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

LUKE'S ROLAND FOR SPOTTY'S OLIVER.

CAPTAIN GUSTOFF was in excellent humor, as he had been the day before. He told Spotty that he was not quite satisfied in regard to the relative speed of the Dandy and the Saranac; and he wanted to try it over again as soon as possible. He invited his guest to the after cabin. The door was hardly closed behind them before Luke came out of one of the two staterooms opening into the cabin.

Spotty wondered if he had been invited into the cabin to meet the enemy. Captain Gustoff remained but a few minutes after the appearance of Luke; but if Spotty had been invited into the cabin, he had not been asked to come on board of the Saranac. The latter fact did not look as though a conspiracy had been worked up against him. But then Luke was doubtless a very cunning fellow, and he might have inferred that Spotty would come on board while waiting for his owner.

"I am glad to see you, Spotty," said Luke, very pleasantly. "How do you like your new situation?"

"First rate," replied Spotty, looking around him at the condition of the cabin; and he noticed that all the blinds of the windows were closed.

"I did not expect to see you today; but I am none the less glad to meet you on that account. You and I have a little unfinished business to attend to," continued Luke, as he seated himself, and invited Spotty to do the same.

"I am not aware that we had any unfinished business," replied Spotty, declining the seat by making a bow.

"I have told you what I wanted, and you were to consider it," added Luke, concealing as far as he could the interest he felt in the subject.

"I could not very well help considering it, whether I promised to do so or not," replied Spotty, looking towards the door of the cabin. "The most I said was that I might give you the ring and locket when I understood the case better than I did at that time."

"Take a seat and be a little more sociable, Spotty. I don't intend to hurt you, for you are my cousin, and have just as much interest in this business as I have."

"Your cousin!" exclaimed Spotty, unable to conceal his contempt for the liar in front of him.

"Didn't I tell you the facts in the case, and prove to you that your mother and mine were sisters?" asked Luke.

"You told me so, but you didn't prove it!"

"Wasn't the fact of my knowing about the ring and locket enough to prove that what I said was true?" asked Luke, rather warmly.

"I don't think it was. You said your mother was my mother's sister. I happen to know that your mother had no sister," replied Spotty, quietly.

"You happen to know it!" exclaimed the villain.

"Whether I know it or not, I believe it," added the captain of the Dandy.

"Of course this part of the story being without foundation, all the rest is pure invention. I wish to speak out plainly what I think."

"How do you happen to know that

my mother had no sister?" asked Luke, evidently astonished by the position taken by the captain, as well as greatly chagrined.

"I had it from one who knew your mother's family well; and I think there can be no doubt of the fact as I state it."

"But who is the person that told you? It may be some one that never saw my mother, for she has been dead nearly twenty years."

"It may have been, but it was not. I don't think it is of any use for us to talk any more about this matter. The story you told me had not a particle of truth in it," replied Spotty, as he moved towards the door.

"I don't think there is any one in these parts that knew my mother," persisted Luke. "Don't be in a hurry, Spotty. We might as well come to an understanding about this matter now as at any other time. It must be settled."

"I have come to an understanding about it already; and the sooner you do so the better it will be for both of us," answered Spotty, who certainly desired to have the matter disposed of.

"What understanding have you come to, Spotty?" asked Luke.

"That I will have nothing more to do with the matter, and I don't want to say another word about it. You deceived me before, or tried to do so, and—"

"I deceived you!" interposed the villain.

"You did; you told me that your mother was my mother's sister."

"And that is true. You are a cousin of mine. The only wrong I have done you was in trying to get the estate in England for myself, without sharing it with you. But I told you the last time we met that I would divide with you; and I am sure there could be nothing fairer than this. I should have all the trouble and expense of recovering the property. I should have gone to England by this time if you had given me the ring and locket."

Spotty could not help smiling, in spite of himself, at the matter of fact manner in which Luke still handled his fiction. Of course his uncle knew more about his mother's family than Luke himself, and Spotty was sure there could be no mistake in his information. He wondered in what manner Luke intended to get the two articles under the present circumstances.

"I think I have said all I have to say about the matter," said Spotty, walking over to the door of the cabin.

The captain grasped the handle of the door, and was about to open it and escape from the presence of one whose society was far from agreeable to him.

But the door was locked. He tried it two or three times and then he realized that he had been locked into the cabin by Captain Gustoff. The latter had been so pleasant and so magnanimous to him that it was hard to believe he had engaged in a conspiracy to entrap him. But the fact was before him and he could not evade it.

Spotty looked at Luke. That worthy was still seated in an arm chair, with a very diabolical expression on his face. If he had spoken, perhaps he would have said, "It is your next move, Spotty." But he did not say anything. He only looked at his prisoner and seemed to enjoy Spotty's astonishment and disgust at the situation in which he found himself.

Spotty could not help asking himself what these proceedings meant. He had been captured, and so far as he could see he was at the mercy of the enemy. He looked around at the windows. They appeared to be open, though the blinds were closed. But it would be quite impossible for him to escape through one of them, for Luke could lay hands on him before he could make his way out.

Spotty had no revolver with him this time, and it was possible that the villain was supplied with such a weapon.

"Well, Spotty?" said Luke, when the former had satisfied himself that he was a prisoner.

The captain of the Dandy looked at him, but made no reply. He was not alarmed at the situation, though he was sorry to find that Captain Gustoff had gone over to the enemy. The Saranac was still at the wharf, and within a few yards of the Dandy. If he should cry out he had no doubt that Tom would come to his aid, procuring all the as-

sistance that might be needed to make a successful onslaught on the boat.

"This is the after cabin of the Saranac," said Luke, with a satirical smile. "It isn't quite so elegantly fitted up as the after cabin of the Dandy, but it is the best cabin on board. I suppose she has a hole in the forward part such as that where you kept me all day. But I don't condemn you to such a place as that."

Spotty thought that silence was discretion, and discretion the better part of valor, and he made no reply to the remarks of his captor. He was not willing to discuss the subject which appeared to vex the thoughts of Luke night and day; and it was useless to provoke him by any strong talk. He saw that, for the present at least, he was in the power of the enemy, and that he had better follow the example set him by his companion, and submit to the inevitable.

"Spotty, all my future life depends upon the possession of the ring and the locket. They would enable me to right a fearful wrong, done to me as well as to you. You don't feel as I do, though you would if you understood it as well. I have been cheated out of my birthright, and others are reveling in the wealth that belongs to me."

"Let them revel," thought Spotty; but he concluded that it was not expedient to say so.

"You have the means of making me an honest, true, and good man, Spotty," continued Luke.

"If I had the means, I should certainly be very glad to use them for such a purpose," replied Spotty, who could not be silent over such an issue.

"Give me the ring and the locket, and the result will be achieved, not at once, but in due time," replied the villain, gently, as though he had found the weak spot in the nature of the captain.

"To make you rich is not to make you an honest, true, and good man," replied Spotty. "It often has the contrary effect."

"I would not wish me. If you give me those things I shall be restored to my birthright," added Luke. "With that my self respect will be recovered, and I shall be a true man."

"I shall not give them to you. They are the only memorials I have of my mother, except a portrait of her and the Bible she used to read. I am not willing to part with them, and I cannot see how they concern you, since the story you told me is all fiction. If I must speak, it was your uncle who told me that your mother had no sister, and I believe he knows more about the matter than you do."

"My Uncle Paul!" exclaimed Luke, springing out of his chair, his face red with anger and excitement. "You have spoken to him about this matter?"

"I have," replied Spotty, glad to find he had struck on a point where his companion was sensitive.

"You have talked with my uncle about my mother and her sister?" repeated Luke, apparently knocked out of his play by this information.

"I have, and your uncle assured me that your mother never had a sister, and consequently I know that your explanation was an invention made to satisfy me. I don't care to say anything more," replied Spotty, as he seated himself at one of the windows.

At that moment the propeller of the Saranac began to revolve. Lowering the blind, Spotty found that the boat was a mile from the wharf. He had Luke's Roland for his own Oliver.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

LUKE FINDS HIMSELF IN HIS OWN TRAP.

THE Saranac's propeller turned slowly at first, but presently Spotty heard the speed bell, and the boat was soon going at the rate of at least ten miles an hour. Precisely the strategy which he had played off on Luke had now been turned upon him. Of course the captain of the Dandy did not enjoy the situation.

A very sharp and short whistle from the pilot house of the Saranac attracted the attention of the prisoner in the cabin. It was not long enough to be a signal for passing steamers, but Spotty was not long left to conjecture what it might mean, for at the sound, Luke hastened to the door of the cabin, thus indicating that it was a signal agreed

upon to call him, or to apprise him of some fact or condition.

Luke tried the door; but it was as much locked when he tried it as when his prisoner did so. Captain Gustoff could not very well have locked in the one without rendering the same service to the other. In a word, both Spotty and his captor were prisoners in the cabin.

Luke uttered an exclamation of impatience when he realized the situation. He had no means of communicating with the captain, and the pilot could not leave the wheel, even if he knew the situation, to open the door.

Luke tried the door as many times as Spotty did so, but it was as obstinate as it had been when the latter found that he was a prisoner. The villain stooped down and looked into the key-hole. Spotty had done this, and found the key was in it on the outside. Luke discovered the same thing.

The prisoner who had imprisoned the other prisoner was certainly not so well reconciled to his captivity as his companion was. He began to exhibit his impatience by walking up and down the cabin. Spotty was afraid he might be so wrathful as to vent his ire upon him, and he looked about him for such means of defense as the cabin might afford. He was strongly averse to a fight of any kind, but he was not willing to be beaten without making the best possible resistance. There appeared to be nothing in the cabin in the shape of a cudgel; or if there was, he did not know where to look for it.

Walking did not improve Luke's temper. He seemed not to be able to walk off his wrath in that manner. It was useless to walk since he could not walk out of the cabin. At last he rushed to one of the starboard windows, Spotty being still on the port side, and with a desperate hand shoved down the shutter.

"Captain Gustoff! Captain Gustoff!" he called.

But the propeller of the Saranac was beating and hammering under the stern of the boat, and the water was surging so as to contribute not a little to the noise, so that the captain evidently did not hear the sound. Luke repeated his call several times in a much louder tone, but with no better success. Spotty wondered whether Captain Gustoff was really in the conspiracy, or was playing off a trick upon his companion in captivity.

It was no use to yell from the stern of the boat, for the propeller seemed to have a monopoly of the right to be heard. Luke gave it up; but he appeared to have no intention of submitting to his fate. From the window he rushed to the door of the cabin, which opened upon a little bit of quarter deck, which was two or three feet below the main deck.

The impatient prisoner took something from his pocket, and went to work upon the lock of the door. Spotty thought it not improbable that he had implements used by dangerous men upon locks, for he had known him to work upon a job of that kind.

Spotty had already taken the measure of the window, and considered how he could best put his mortal frame through it in the most expeditious manner. Luke was twenty three years old, five feet ten in height, and rather a large man. Doubtless he had considered the idea of getting out by the way of one of the windows, and it had not looked practicable to him. His judgment had served him a good turn, for the windows were small for the passage of a person of his size.

Spotty was not so large by a considerable avoirdupois. While Luke with his implement was intensely absorbed in turning the key in the lock, and forcing it out of its place, Spotty laid his body down on the sill of the window, and slowly worked his way through till his shoulders were on the outside, when he made a flying spring, and landed on his hands upon the main deck with but little inconvenience.

He was out of the cabin. Luke ran to the window he had opened, and shouted again. The pilot house was only open in front, but he had no back windows like those in the Dandy; and his impatient prisoner could not force the sound of his voice so that it would reach the ear of the captain.

(To be continued.)

**WARM WEATHER REMARKS.**

The blacksmith is shoeing the flies,  
His ardent son beams on a maid,  
While the dry goods dispenser is muslin his  
dog  
And the lamp chimney sits in the shade.  
Society's damsel departs  
To catch the fresh air by the sea;  
The heir with alacrity raises the wind  
The damsel's companion to be.  
The baseball is frequently hot,  
Quite 'orrid the duds young f—;  
The poem of passion is dreadfully warm.  
The editor only is cool.

**A Boy's Account of a Schoolship.**

In the past THE ARGOSY has given its readers many articles, some of them illustrated, on training ships and other marine schools, a subject in which the boy of today appears to take a perennial interest. Herewith we quote from the *Pittsburg Dispatch* the impressions of a young sailor on his first voyage, as conveyed in a letter to his home.

PENNSYLVANIA  
NAUTICAL SCHOOLS AT SARATOGA,  
AT SEA, June 5.

Dear Mother and Father,

I am going to begin now and tell you about the voyage, as I am apt to forget a great many things. There was quite a crowd at Philadelphia to see us off. The tug came alongside about 11:30 a.m. We were towed up the river about a quarter of a mile before we could turn round. When we had turned we came back with flying colors. Everywhere we passed the people cheered us and waved their handkerchiefs lustily while the ship dipped her colors. It is about 95 miles to the Breakwater, so it took us quite a while to go down, especially as we had wind and tide against us. About 4 p. m. a squall struck us in the river. The tug nearly capsized and we had to cut the hawser with an axe. We dropped anchor till it passed over. We then proceeded on our way. We passed into the breakwater at night, and when we came on deck the next morning we found ourselves at anchor in the bay.

There was Old Ocean in sight, while all around us were ships and steamers at anchor! We at once got under way and slowly passed Cape Henlopen, and then away, and away, out into the very ocean itself.

The starboard watch went on duty first at 8 a. m. and stayed on deck until noon. Then my watch, the port, went on deck, and remained till 4 p. m. Then comes the dog watch of two hours until 6 p. m. Then my time comes till 8 p. m. Last of all comes the starboard watch again until 12 m. The dog watch! Isn't it a funny name? A good one, too! It is so arranged that each watch will have eight hours off every other night. Just think of the time I used to sleep at home! Here I am supposed to get enough rest if I sleep four hours one night and eight the next. Unless the weather is bad we pipe down on deck, and on a warm night it is nicer to have eight hours out in the open. You used to be so afraid of my taking cold from wet feet and from exposure to damp weather! What would you think if you could see me now, lying down some rainy night, in water from half to two inches in depth? I sleep like a log for four hours at a stretch, and then get up and never feel any the worse for it.

I will give you an idea of our daily routine. If our watch has been eight hours in, we get up at 7 o'clock, go on deck, wash ourselves and then get our breakfast. We have no tablecloth, nothing but the clean, scrubbed boards to eat from. Each boy has a tin plate, a tin cup, a claspknife, a fork and spoon. There are no napkins and no style about our meals. We take all our courses at once, and as we wash our own dishes and all our linen, we can't afford any extra touches. We go on duty at 8 o'clock and remain at our post until 12:30, when we go below and have dinner. We have till 4 p. m. to do as we please, or rather as we don't please, for we have classes for about two hours. I am in the arithmetic class and am being drilled over again for the 99th time in decimals, as all navigation is calculated by them.

At 4 p. m. we go on duty again until 6 o'clock, when we have supper, after which both watches generally go on deck and have a good time. We can make all the noise we want to, and you bet 60 boys know how to do that! At 7:30 we pipe to hammocks—that is, we take them below and prepare them for

turning in. At 8 p. m. the watch below is piped down and turns in till midnight. They then go on duty till 4 a. m. At 7 a. m. we wash and stow away our hammocks, and the whole performance begins over again.

Some of the boys were very seasick, and one is still so miserable they talk of sending him home as soon as we make port. "Yours truly" was not even touched with seasickness in the least, and had the bulge on the other new boys, except a very few.

You ought to see the feed! It is mush, macaroni, salt horse, bean soup, oat tail soup, mock turtle soup, cheese, hard tack, spud hash, oatmeal, hominy, fried spuds, baked beans, butter twice a week, tomatoes twice a week, sugar twice a week, plum duff twice a week and rice pudding and "lasses" twice a week. Sounds nice doesn't it? You just ought to taste it! It must be eaten to be appreciated! The butter is not above suspicion; you would not use it for cooking! I tell you what we boys at sea can't eat, is not worth eating. The discipline is awfully severe. If we commit the least breach, into the "brig" we go on hard tack and water. The "brig" is a kind of wooden closet with iron bars in front. Sometimes we have to remain there three days at a stretch!

This morning we sighted a steamer and took mail aboard of her. I did not hear of her arrival in time, so you will receive no word from me. It has been either a calm or else a head wind for nearly a week. At present the sea is as smooth as glass. We see fish of some kind nearly every day, mostly "porpises," (excuse the spelling; they don't furnish you with a dictionary down here in the brig); they, the porpises, I mean, always swim with the wind and leap out of the water every few feet, and dart and circle about the ship like a streak of lightning.

We sighted some whales the other day, but could only see the blows. We also saw several blackfish, jellyfish and dolphins, and even saw the fin of a shark.

I am getting along finely. I have learned how to make a great many knots and splices and other things, and go aloft and furl and reef a sail. You don't know how hard it is to wash linen clean in salt water! Our maid ought to try it at home! It takes you three times as long as in fresh water!

Most of the officers are very well liked by the boys, who will do anything for them.

We have had a very pleasant trip, taking it all in all. We remain here in Fayal, Azore Islands, five days. It is a very odd place, and I see many remarkable things. I have not time to describe them, as the steamer by which this letter goes leaves shortly. From where I now am I can see Mt. Pisco rising abruptly for 7,613 feet from the sea. It looks down on Horta Bay, which is really the correct name for the town. It is commonly called Fayal. There was a gale blowing when we tried to go out and we were very nearly blown ashore. We had to drop anchor and wait for the gale to abate, which happily it soon did. We struck a three days' calm about five or six miles out of the channel, but after that we came in a kiting and made nine or ten knots for two days and a half. Coming up the channel we passed every sail in sight and even two or three steamers.

You talk of seeing the different countries while away on our cruise. I am afraid we shall only visit a few seaports, and the chief attractions lie inland. We are signaling the steamer. In haste I close to catch the boat. With love to all at home and my Pittsburg friends, I am as ever yours.  
C. K. R.

**The Cost of Congress.**

EXTRA sessions of Congress are not to be decided on hastily. It costs a good deal of money to oil the wheels of the machine that runs the country. The details of this vast expenditure are given by the Washington correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat*. The pay alone of members of the House amounts to \$1,800,000 a year, and they get \$130,000 extra for mileage. To help them transact their business they require a small army of clerks, doorkeepers, bookkeepers, pages, messengers, etc. The salary list for this force of assistants runs up to \$730,000. This does not include the office of the ser-

geant at arms, which is a sort of bank through which the salaries of the Representatives are paid. To run this financial institution an outlay of \$16,000 is needed. An additional \$26,000 provides for the support of the House post office, through which as much mail matter passes as comes into and goes out of a good sized city.

The number of Senators being much smaller, their annual pay amounts only to \$420,000, with an addition of \$45,000 for mileage. There is an expense of \$5,460 for employees in the office of the Vice President. The office of the secretary of the upper house, which does the banking and attends to much of the clerical business of that august body, costs \$64,500 in salaries. Clerks and messengers to the various committees draw \$163,500. The sergeant at arms, doorkeepers and other helpers get an aggregate of \$118,600. There are further expenditures of \$30,700 for the document and folding rooms, \$18,200 for the Senate post office and \$16,000 for stationery and newspapers.

This brief statement by no means comprises all of the expenses involved in running Congress. Among many things left out, which are paid for out of the contingent funds, is the item of salaries for the official reporters. These are the men who write out the reports of proceedings and debates which make up the daily publication called the *Congressional Record*. There are five of them on the floor of the House, who sit at a table in front of the Speaker's desk. It is their duty to report every word that is said from the opening of the adjournment. Being all of them rapid stenographers, they manage by taking turns. As quickly as No. 1 has got 1,000 words put down he holds up his thumb and No. 2 takes up the thread, very likely in the middle of a speech, while No. 1 goes down to a room on the floor below, where he dictates the 1,000 words he has taken to two shorthand writers—500 words to one and 500 to the other.

While the two shorthand writers are copying off their notes quickly in typewritten script, reporter No. 1 goes back to his seat in front of the desk. Meanwhile No. 2 has finished his 1,000 words, and held up his thumb to No. 3, who in his turn takes up the thread, while No. 2 goes down stairs and dictates—and so on until No. 5 holds up his thumb to No. 1, and the business goes on as before. This arrangement renders it possible to have a complete typewritten report of the House proceedings ready for the printer a few minutes after that body adjourns. It is the same way with the Senate. Thus each Congressman finds on his breakfast table next morning a copy of the *Record*, comprising a complete report of everything that was said and done in the National Legislature on the day before. These skilled stenographers get \$5,000 a year each. There are ten of them, and so it costs \$50,000 a year for the writing of the *Congressional Record*, the stenographers paying their own assistants. The printing of this interesting daily publication is done at an expense of nearly \$150,000 annually. During the last fiscal year it used up 325,000 pounds paper and 1,053 pounds of ink. For the titles and ornamentation on bound copies 150 packs of gold leaf were required, valued at \$1,009. Five barrels of flour were consumed in the shape of paste for binding.

During the session of the last Congress the outlay on the printing of bills and joint resolutions for both Senate and House was \$71,800. During the two sessions 10,837 such documents were presented to the House, and 4,056 to the Senate. Bills have to be printed and reprinted at all stages of their progress, so that a single one may have to be put into type a score of times before it becomes a law.

Among the advantages which a Congressman enjoys is the expectation of a certain obsequy in case he dies during his term of office. In such an event custom demands that his virtues shall be embalmed in book form at the expense of the government. During the last fiscal year nine Representatives and Senators were thus honored, at an outlay of \$46,462. The most extravagant of these publications came to \$10,812. The expenditures for eulogies runs from \$2,500 up. From 10,000 to 25,000 copies ordinarily are distributed. Fifty are presented to the family of the dead statesman; most of the others sooner or later



Mrs. Paisley.

**WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla I want to bow and say 'Thank You.' I was badly affected with Kezema and Scrofula Sores, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad. For nearly a year I was deaf. I took HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.**

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find their way to the junk shop. Each one must have a portrait, the engraving of which costs uniformly \$34.

Congressmen have caused great waste of the public funds by scattering the publications issued from the government printing office broadcast where there was no use for them. As a result of this practice thousands and thousands of volumes every year were sold to dealers in waste paper all over the country without having been taken from their wrappers. Compilations of statistics, produced at enormous expense, have excited the wonder and dismay of country constituents, while learned essays on "Tertiary Insects," or other equally abstruse subjects have astonished the untutored residents of city slums. This abuse has been done away with to a great extent by recent legislation. Among the materials consumed by the public printer in the last year, mentioned in his account, were three gross of fire balls, \$50 worth of eggs, eighty four yards of blue jeans, 206 gallons of benzine, \$16,177 worth of gold leaf, and \$2,095 worth of imitation gold leaf. Lithographed and engraved illustrations for the reports and executive documents of both House and Senate cost \$8,242.

Congress is fairly economical with respect to its expenditure on religion. The salary of the House chaplain is only \$500, while the chaplain of the Senate gets the same amount.

It costs a lot of money to run the building which Congress occupies for business purposes. The Capitol is under the charge of Architect Clark, who is allowed \$65,000 a year for keeping it in order. Seven carpenters are employed all the year round in making repairs, while six painters devote their exclusive attention to the many acres of wall surface inside and outside of the structure. Four plumbers do nothing but mend and renew the arrangements for water and gas, while a skilled coppersmith attends to the roof and sees that it does not leak anywhere. Half a dozen gardeners and a score of assistants are always at work on the surrounding grounds, while twenty five laborers are engaged every day of the year scrubbing the corridors of the great edifice, washing the steps, etc. All this has nothing to do with the keeping up of the two wings, so far as their interior arrangements are concerned. The care of these devolves upon the Senate and House respectively. Furniture and repairs require an annual outlay of \$18,000, to which must be added about \$35,000 for fuel and gas. The wages of engineers, elevator conductors, and workmen come to \$32,500 extra. The pay of the Capitol policemen is \$39,000 per annum.

**CLEARING HIMSELF OF THE CHARGE.**

**FIRST PEASANT** (to judge)—"Your honor, I lent my neighbor a milk pan; he hit home and broken it, and now I claim damages."

**SECOND PEASANT**—"Your honor, there's not a word of truth in what he says. In the first place, he never lent me a milk pan; secondly, the pan was already broken when he lent it to me; thirdly, the pan was whole when I took it back to him, and I am prepared to swear to each of these statements."  
—Tit Bits.

HE who grasps time by the forelock generally finds he has also laid his hand on the key to success.—*Troy Press*.

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