

# THE ARGOSY

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## DRIFTED OUT TO SEA.

BY MARCUS D. RICHTER.

In the little seaport town where I was brought up, there were several old residents—mostly retired sea captains, who had amassed a more or less comfortable living, or retired sailors who had amassed no competence at all.

These might be seen on any sunny day, wandering their way down the one crooked street of the town, in the direction of the several lonesome looking wharves which lined the water front: for even in my day the shipping trade had all gone to the larger cities, and our docks were left to decay.

On the wharves, from which vantage point the whole expanse of quiet cove and tumbling Atlantic breakers outside could be seen, these relics of the sea would sit hour after hour and smoke "niggerhead" and spin yarns about their own or their friends' adventures in many foreign climes.

We boys had our special likes among these ancient mariners, and upon Saturday afternoons and other holidays we would cluster about our favorites, like bees around a flower cup, and listen to the old salts' tales, and learn to make sailors' knots and talk sailor lingo.

One old fellow who, though past his seventieth year, was still a brisk, active little man, with a face burned to a deep mahogany hue, and whose coat was as blue as blue could be and as neat as a new pin, was our chosen companion.

He had a granddaughter to "look after" him, as he expressed it, and so he kept as "trim as a man-o'-war." Everybody liked Captain Ben Carver, but he was the particular friend of us boys.

His life had been as romantic as one could wish, and to listen to his tales was like reading a page out of one of Cooper's novels, and was far more entertaining to us, for we had the living hero of the story before us.

Once he told us how he first came to go to sea and of the marvellous adventures he had during his first voyage, from which he did not return until nearly four years had passed.

Long voyages were of frequent occurrence in those days, but aside from a whaler, no vessel remained away for such a length of time as that, and when he assured us that his first cruise had extended over forty-eight months, we were naturally surprised.

"What ship did you sail in, cap'n?" asked somebody, as we sat around him on coils of unused cable, old blocks, and other lumber which accumulate upon wharves of this kind. "Well," said Captain Carver, with a dry little chuckle at our evident bewilderment. "I sailed out of this very port one foggy afternoon in the month of May, in the Mary Alice."

"The Mary Alice—Mary Alice," I repeated, trying to place the name in my memory, for in those days I prided myself upon knowing the name and owner of every vessel of any size that had hailed from my native town for almost as many years as the captain was old.

I was crazy to go to sea myself, and that was denied me then, I tried to pacify myself by becoming a perfect walking encyclopædia of shipping and marine lore.

"Somehow, Cap'n Carver," I said, "I don't remember that name. Who owned the Mary Alice?"

He chuckled again as though he enjoyed my perplexity and answered:

"Well, Hiram Smith owned her—"

"That's my name," declared little Hi Smith, who hovered on the skirts of the crowd of larger boys.

"That's a fact," said the captain; "and

"At that time I came down here to this very town to visit an uncle—Uncle Jared—who kep' the store then. Mind you, I'd never seen a ship afore, nor in the few pictures I'd got hold of; but I was crazy for ships and the water at once, and spent most of my visit (till it was so queerly ended in the way I'm going to tell you of) about the wharves and shore.



JUST AS I STOOPED TO SEIZE IT A HUGE TIGER DARTED OUT OF THE JUNGLE.

'twas your grandfather, sonny, that owned the craft I speak of. But I won't bother you boys any more; the Mary Alice was a fourteen foot dory, an' the way I come to go to sea in her was this a-way.

"I didn't come o' seagoing folks—not I! My father was a plain farmer up country—a good forty mile back from the water—but for some reason the taste for salt water must ha' been 'born in me, for I took to it like a fish, though I never heard the old Atlantic roar till I was thirteen.

"I even wrote home in my scrawly schoolboy hand, begging my father to let me be a sailor—and that right away quick, too!"

The captain chuckled again at the remembrances of his youthful ambition, and then continued, seeing our interested faces turned toward him:

"But to come down to that same foggy afternoon I was telling you of. The village boys were at school (they kep' school later into the summer down here in those days than they did up in the

farming districts) and I was lonesome. So I wandered down by an old wharf that useter poke its nose out into the cove just south of this very spot, and there was your grandfather's boat, Hi, hitched to the stringpiece of the wharf.

"First I thought I'd go for a pull (for I'd learnt to row like an old hand) in spite of the fog, but then I see that old Hi had taken precaution to remove the oars so that no fool boy just like me, wouldn't come along and do just exactly what I wanted to do.

"Any way, I crawled into the boat and lay down on an old coat in the stern, and wished that school was out so that I could have somebody to play with. And while I lay there in that discontented frame of mind, first I knew I was asleep, and so sound asleep that 'twould ha' taken the mate o' a short handed coaster to wake me.

"Well, whether in fooling with the painter, when I first got aboard, or what not, the hitch come undone (while I was snoozing away like four o'clock), an' away went the dory, drifting out to sea with the tide, an' not a soul knowin' of it because of the fog. I didn't know it myself till it commenced to drizzle so fast that it wet through my clo'es and woke me up.

"Now I tell you I was in a pickle, and I didn't want to go to sea half as much as I had before. You see, when people are wishin' for things that they don't know much about, exceptin' from hearsay, perhaps, sometimes they get a good deal more of 'em than they want.

"It was 'long about sundown when I woke up, but I hadn't no idee where I was—no more'n the man in the moon—and 'twas a good deal darker (owing to the fog) than it materially would ha' been.

"I bellered some for help, but like enough by that time I'd drifted a good bit beyond the wharves, yonder, and no one could have heard me from the shore.

"The tide was running pretty strong, and though there was no wind to speak of, it was surprising how fast I left the land behind me.

"The sea was getting rough, too, and it made a little chap like me shiver when the dory climbed up the side of one o' them green, white streaked waves, and then plunged down into the trough. I'd never been out so far in such a small boat.

"'Twas a mighty good thing for me that Hi Smith had left a broad bladed paddle in the bottom of the Mary Alice, and that I knew what 'twas for. With that fixed in the stern socket, and gripping the handle with all my might, I kept the boat's head to the sea, and wished that I was back on daddy's farm ag'in.

"'Twas only by a special dispensation of Providence, as Parson Wybrant said in his sermon las' Sunday, that the dory didn't spill me out long before morning; but it didn't, and when the sun come up there I was, drifting on the huge swells, out of sight of land, and the brisk wind taking me further out to sea every minute.

"Lucky for me it soon grew calmer, for I was so dead tired from my night's exertions, that I fell asleep again, and when I woke up, about as the sun got up to his highest p'int of lookout, I was that hungry I could have chewed a pair of sea boots.















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#### A NEW ALGER SERIAL.

Among the attractive features of the first (April) number of THE ARGOSY, ready next week, will be the opening chapters, and a good many of them, of

### The Island Treasure.

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

This is one of the very best stories this famous author has ever written. Guy Fenwick, the hero, will captivate all readers by his manliness, while the experiences that befall him in different parts of the world will serve to invest his career with a thrilling interest that will make "The Island Treasure" a gem indeed in the cargo of good things carried by THE ARGOSY.

Tell your friends about the new story, the new price (ten cents a number, one dollar a year) and that the other serials will be furnished with synopses.

### The First Iron Kettle in America.

By A. R. LEACH.

The kettle is of the design used by all the early colonists in America; the sort we see in pictures hanging over the first fire the pilgrim fathers built on the bleak Massachusetts coast when they left the Mayflower.

It holds about a quart, and it hangs in a glass case on the walls of the public library in Lynn, Massachusetts, with a suitable inscription under it.

When it was presented to the city the president of the American Bell Telephone made the address and the mayor of the city replied.

It was all about two pounds of rusty old iron, but it was an epoch maker in the history of America.

In 1856 Thomas Harriot telling the story of the second expedition to America, said that iron ore was to be found in the colonies. In 1608 the Jamestown colony was sending iron ore to England. Thomas Dexter and Captain Robert Bridges, two thrifty New England men, began in 1628 to consider the possibility of having iron works in New England.

Captain Bridges went to England and formed a company called the Undertakers of Iron Works. The site of the works was on the highway between Boston to Salem, along the road where the witch burners used to ride.

The exact site of the iron ore deposits we do not know, except that they were "in Adam Hawkes' Meadows."

The company went to the general court and asked that they might be granted immunity from import or export duties, and from taxation.

Captain Bridges seems to have had all the thrift which has made the name of "Yankee" famous all over the world. The act granting them all the above privileges is believed to be the first legislation for the purpose of protecting American industries. The great tariff question was born with the (first American) iron pot.

The works contained a blast furnace, in which bog iron ore was reduced by charcoal, using lime obtained from oyster shells as a flux. The iron from the blast furnace was run into straight trenches in the sand, and in this way made into long, triangular bars called "sow iron," from which wrought iron and steel were made.

The iron kettle was formed by letting the hot iron from the furnace run into a pool, dipping it out by a crucible, and pouring it into molds. These works were called the Saugus Iron Works, and John Winthrop, Jr., son of the famous Governor John Winthrop, of Massachusetts, was one of the owners.

In an old letter from John Endicott to Governor Winthrop, dated December 1, 1642, he says: "I wish to hear much of your son's iron and steel," so even then they must have begun making steel.

They did this by means of a charcoal fire about four feet thick, which they built in a blacksmith's forge. The end of the bar of iron was thrust into the fire, and in time a pasty mass of wrought iron would settle to the bottom.

Other portions of the bar would stop at the intermediate stage between cast and wrought iron.

This way of making steel is still used in the Oriental nations, and in the mountains of West Virginia and Kentucky.

These iron works also included a machine shop, and when on March 1, 1654, Boston held a town meeting and decided to have a fire engine, the Saugus Iron Works built it.

The works did a very good business. Governor Winthrop mentions in one of his letters that the furnace produced seven or eight tons a week. The chief article turned out was "bar iron as good as the Spanish," which cost twenty English pounds (about one hundred dollars) per ton. They made besides, many axes, and the farming implements used in those early days in New England.

When Governor John Endicott began to make the oak tree and the pine tree money, coins which collectors nowadays are so fond of hunting up, the dies for them were cast at the Saugus Iron Works.

These coins bore the name of "Massachusetts State," and no reference to England, and might be called the first act of independence in the colonies.

Joseph Jenks, the head mechanic of the Saugus Iron Works, invented a saw mill, and the General Court of Massachusetts gave him a fourteen years' patent for it.

This was the first patent granted in America.

This mechanic also invented the scythe, which was described as being "for the more speedie cutting of grasse."

He had only a seven year patent for this. Supposing his heirs could enjoy a royalty on scythes today, you may imagine their fortune.

One of the queer things concerning these works is the way it thus early brought out a popular opposition to what is called a monopoly.

The owners, the managers and the workmen were proceeded against for every conceivable reason.

Dexter, a fisherman, brought suit because the alewives would not come into his net below the dam at the iron works; and Hawkes, who owned the meadows, sued because the water overflowed them.

They taxed the company for pew rent in churches eleven miles away, and then called them to account in the stern Puritan courts because they did not attend service.

The works continued in operation until 1688, when the supply of bog iron gave out. The old iron kettle in Lynn is part of American history.

## The Evolution of The Argosy

### From Weekly to Monthly

### From Paper to Magazine

This issue of THE ARGOSY completes its 17th volume and announces the most important change in its extraordinarily successful history. A little more than two years ago, when we changed MUNSEY'S WEEKLY into magazine form, we stated that the day of weekly publications, in this country at least, had passed—that they had been driven to the wall by the modern daily, with its superb Sunday issues. The marvelous success of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE has amply attested the soundness of our judgment. With the confidence that what was true of MUNSEY'S will be true of THE ARGOSY, we now change it also from weekly to monthly; from paper to magazine.

And in its new form we shall have the scope for making a publication for boys and girls such as the world has never seen—a publication that shall retain all the best features of the old ARGOSY and have many new ones that will give it character and beauty. It will be a live magazine for live boys—not namby pamby, flat, childish.

**Price 10 cents** The price will be only ten cents as opposed to twenty cents a month, which would be the cost for four numbers in weekly form. And the monthly will contain more attractive material in each issue than was furnished by the weekly ARGOSY in four issues. There will be the usual number of serial stories and the instalments will be essentially four times as long as heretofore.

**Ready March 20th** The first issue in monthly form will be the April number. It will be issued about March 20th. The regular day of publication thereafter, however, will be the 15th of the month previous to date of issue.

**Important** If your newsdealer has not already ordered a supply of THE ARGOSY in its new form you should make sure that he does so at once. In the event, however, that he has failed you, you can secure it from the publishers on receipt of price.

**Yearly subscription, \$1. Single copies, 10 cents.**

FRANK A. MUNSEY & COMPANY,

Madison Square, New York.



## A WORTHY AMBITION.

Old Past, let go, and drop in the sea  
Till fathomless waters cover thee!  
For I am living, but thou art dead;  
Thou drawest back, I strive ahead  
The Day to find.

—Sidney Lanier.

## A Strange Midnight Episode.

BY E. E. YOUMANS.

As the planter awoke, disturbed by he knew not what, he heard a slight noise in one of the lower apartments. For a moment he lay still and listened, a distinct repetition of the sound convincing him that some one was cautiously moving around in the rooms below.

His wallet containing two hundred dollars was in his desk in the library, and the noise seemed to emanate from that apartment. Quickly getting out of bed he donned his clothes, and was in the act of taking his revolver from under the pillow when his wife awoke.

"Ssh," he cautioned her, as she was about to speak. "There are burglars in the house."

She uttered a low cry, but he quickly placed his hand on her mouth.

"Be still," he said. "You'll alarm them. I don't want them to escape."

"Don't go down, John," she pleaded; "they'll kill you."

"I'll risk that," he grimly replied. "I'll show them that John Bogert isn't to be trifled with."

He started toward the door. As he carefully pulled it open the noise again reached his ears, and he hurried out in the hall.

His wife followed close behind, and he had all he could do to prevent her from giving an alarm.

In a moment he reached the lower hall. As he did so a window in the library was heard to close, and he sprang toward the apartment, revolver in hand.

He entered the room; no one was there, and he crossed the floor to the window. The shade was raised and the blinds thrown open, the light from the library lamp, which the planter had just lighted, streaming across the lawn.

Glancing out, he uttered a cry, and hastily summoned his wife.

"Who is that crossing the lawn?" he asked. The lady joined him and looked out.

"I believe it's Robert," she said.

"That's who it is. What can he be doing going out at this hour. Can it be possible—"

He paused abruptly and went over to his desk. Pulling open a drawer, he fell back with a gasp.

"It's gone!" he cried.

"What?" asked his wife.

"My wallet and two hundred dollars," he hoarsely answered. "That young ingrate has robbed me."

"What are you saying, John? Robert Gordon a thief? Your own brother's child. Impossible!"

"What's he doing here at this hour then?" demanded the planter, pale with anger. "He shall be arrested in the morning."

"Calm yourself, John," cried his wife. "It can't be. Are you sure the money is gone? Look again."

"It's gone, I tell you, and that ungrateful boy has stolen it. His demands on me for money have been pretty frequent lately. He's getting on a trifle too high at the academy, but I'll prosecute him for this, sure as my name is John Bogert."

"Won't you stop that angry tirade and look through your desk again?" asked the lady, pleadingly.

He did so. Every drawer was pulled out and the contents dumped on the floor, but the wallet could not be found.

Even his wife began to feel doubtful. Could it be possible that Robert, the nephew of whom she was so proud and liked so well, was such an ungrateful rascal? He had only been home a few days, spending a brief vacation from the military academy at West Point, and this was the way he had repaid them for what they had done for him.

A sob choked the woman's utterance as she faltered:

"I can't believe it, Robert can't be so base."

"We'll see," said the planter, angrily

proceeding to set in order the contents of his desk. "I'll wait right here for him to come back, and accuse him at once; that is if he see anything of him again," he added doubtfully.

He soon had his desk in order and rose to his feet.

"Go back to bed," he said. "I'll wait here till he comes."

She hesitated. She saw he was too angry to listen to reason, and feared he would be harsher with the boy than the circumstances warranted.

But she left the room and went up stairs. She did not go to bed again, but sat down and waited anxiously for Robert's return.

"It is strange where he has gone," she

"You'll find out what I mean, you young rascal. If you don't tell me what you've done with it, I'll have you arrested."

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said the boy, a flush of anger coming into his face as his uncle addressed him in these words.

"That is a falsehood," stormed the unreasonable and irate man. "However, to give you a full explanation, I'll tell you that a wallet containing two hundred dollars has disappeared from my desk, and I believe you know something about it."

The blue eyes of his brother's child looked upon him with such surprise and reproach that even the furious anger

now, why do you suppose I'd steal it when you'd likely give it to me for the asking? If this is a plot to get rid of me you may have saved yourself the trouble, for I can go at once."

Again he turned toward the window, and though the angry planter called for him to stop, he paid no attention.

He passed through and started across the lawn while his uncle, wild with passion, began shouting loudly for the servants.

But now his wife came into the room, and tried to reason with him. He would not listen at first, insisting on having the servants go in pursuit of the youth and compel him to return; but by pointing out the disgrace that would follow such



ABE HELD UP THE LANTERN WHILE OLD PETE BENT OVER THE DOG.

mused. "He has never left the house before at this hour, and it seems like a fatal coincidence that the wallet should be missed at the same time."

The window near which she had seated herself overlooked the lawn, and after a while she saw Robert coming toward the house.

He soon reached the library, and, rising, she went out into the hall just as the boy entered the apartment.

"Why, hullo, uncle! what are you doing up at this hour?" she heard him ask in surprise, and was conscious of the fact that the unexpected meeting did not disconcert him.

"The boy is innocent," was her joyful conviction. "No one who had done such a deed as Robert is accused of could act so free when taken off his guard."

Then she started and became exceedingly uneasy as she heard the planter reply sternly:

"Don't call me uncle, you ungrateful boy. After what you have done, I don't see how you can face me."

"After what I have done?" repeated the youth in surprise. "Why, uncle, what do you mean? I couldn't sleep and thought a quiet walk in the grove would help me. I've only been gone a few minutes."

"Is that so?" sneered the planter. "Well, will you be kind enough to tell me where you've secreted my wallet?"

"Your wallet? I haven't seen it. What can you mean by speaking like that, Uncle John?"

under which he was laboring could not give him courage to withstand the gaze.

He dropped his own eyes as he continued, trying hard to conceal his confusion by a fresh outburst of anger:

"You know you took it, and unless it's returned at once you shall suffer. Is this the way you appreciate my kindness, in taking you into my home, educating you, and treating you in every way as I would my own son? I tell you, boy, I won't tolerate it. Return the money, and leave my house for ever."

"I don't know what you're talking about," replied Robert with spirit. "I can't restore any money, for I haven't seen anything of it. As to leaving your house, I can do that at once. Good night, sir."

He turned toward the window, but had only taken a step or two when his uncle shouted:

"Stop, you ingrate! Not a step do you take from this house till that money is returned."

With a cry of anger the boy, now thoroughly aroused, turned and faced him.

"I have borne your insults long enough, Uncle John Bogert," he cried, with flashing eyes. "and now I want you to cease hurling them at me. I have told you that I know nothing of your money, and if you'd stop long enough to think of it you'd easily see that I have no occasion to rob you."

"You have never refused me money whenever I asked it, and, if I wanted any

an exposure, she finally managed to get him to suspend action till morning.

Meanwhile Robert, scarcely able to realize what had occurred, wandered on, anxious only to get as far away from the house as possible.

He had no place now to spend the night, but to this he scarcely gave a thought. He felt crushed and hurt at being so unjustly accused by the uncle he loved, and though he tried hard to excuse the man's insane anger, it was a long time before he could think of it with other than bitter feelings.

At last, however, he roused himself, and began to look about for a place to sleep till morning.

"Uncle will find out how mistaken he is ere long," he said to himself, hopefully, "and then he'll be sorry for the way he's treated me tonight. Now to find some kind of shelter."

At that moment a light twinkling in the distance proclaimed the location of a cabin, and thither he made his way.

He knocked on the door and was admitted by an old negro, who started in surprise at sight of him.

"What's up, Marsa Robert?" he cried.

"You're out late."

"Let me stay all night with you, Pete," said the boy. "and I'll tell you about it."

"Fo' shuah. Come in."

The cabin was occupied by old Pete and his son Abe, who once were slaves of Mr. Bogert, and who now continued in his employ after "de wah." Abe was dozing in a corner, but he quickly woke up and







"Well, Kirke seemed to take a sort of shying to me. We used to go trout fishing together, whenever I got a day off from the farm, and one day he told me that the way I cast a fly would make a great hit in the play they were going to take out on the road the next season."

"Do you think I would stand any chance of getting a place in it?" I asked him eagerly.

"Could you put up any money for the opportunity?" was his reply.

"Well, all the money I had of my own was in the little iron bank that the uncle I was named for gave me when I was a baby. There wasn't much there; only about forty dollars, but it was to start me in life whenever I decided to strike out for myself."

"I told Kirke of this and that I sort of hated to touch it."

"Why, man, he exclaimed, 'your touching it is not going to cause it to vanish. It will be just like rolling a snowball to make it bigger. Think of Francis Wilson, and the \$300 a week he got at the Casino, and now owning a show of his own!'"

"To make a short story of it, I said I'd go if he would get me the position. He left the middle of August, and along about the first of September wrote me to meet him in New York."

"And did you tell your family where you were going?" Van Dorn wanted to know.

"I told them I was going to leave the farm and try something in the city that would turn in money faster. But they guessed what it was, for they knew how intimate I'd been with Kirke, and they begged me not to go. But I wouldn't listen and went off without saying good by."

"Kirke met me at the Grand Central Station here in New York and—"

"Clang went the front door bell at this moment, and Van Dorn sprang up.

"Hold on, Maitland," he said. "Don't tell any more till I get back. I suppose I shall have to open it myself. Our servants are all demoralized tonight. I'll be back in two shakes."

In fact Lloyd and Maitland had scarcely the opportunity to exchange half a dozen words when Van Dorn reappeared, ushering in ahead of him no less a person than Gordon Marchman.

CHAPTER XXVIII.  
HEALING THE BREACHES.

Before Lloyd could quite analyze his feelings at sight of the fellow who he felt had put such a great wrong on him, Marchman sprang toward him with a glad cry.

"Lloyd Abbott!" he exclaimed. "The fellow of all others I most wanted to see and the last one I expected to behold."

He paused half a second, looked at Van Dorn, next at Maitland, and then added:

"I've got something most important to say to Abbott, Van Dorn. Will you excuse us if we withdraw into the hall for a few moments?"

"No," replied Van Dorn, "because you can go right down into the library. I'll go on ahead and light the gas for you. Come on, Abbott."

As he spoke Van Dorn caught Lloyd by the arm and hurried him out of the room, whispering as they descended the stairs together:

"Don't give it away what you heard Aunt Laura say, will you?"

"Not unless I have to in my own interests," answered Lloyd. "I think it will not be necessary, however. He didn't come here to look me up, I take it, from what he said."

"No; he chanced to call in at Aunt Laura's because he said it was insufferably stupid at home, and learning that I had an evening on my hands, came over to ask me to go to the theater. I told him I had an actor to entertain, or rather who was entertaining me, and brought him up stairs."

"I suppose I can make myself scarce now," Van Dorn added, when he had lighted two burners in the library.

"We'll be up in a minute, Van," said Marchman.

Lloyd wondered what was coming. He was not kept long in doubt.

"My dear fellow," Gordon began, as soon as Van Dorn had left the room. "I have a terribly humiliating confession to make to you. You may despise us all when you hear it, but I must tell you, no matter in what spirit you receive it."

They stood facing each other just inside the doorway.

Gordon spoke in a subdued tone that was very impressive. He continued:

"My father was almost positive that you were innocent of the crime with which you were charged when you left our house this morning. The story of the whole thing begins before you arrived on the evening of the 24th. You noticed how unstrung we all were?"

"Yes, I did notice it," returned Lloyd, as the other seemed to pause for a reply.

"And do you know the cause?"

Instinctively Lloyd was about to say "Yes," when he remembered Van Dorn's pleading injunction. How strange it was to know just what Gordon was going to tell him!

And he already knew it all, for Mrs. Basset's story turned out to be closer to the facts than is usually the case with the gossip of the dinner table.

"We felt the disgrace keenly," concluded Gordon, "and I acted like a brute to you because I feared you would find out. That episode of the cravat pin, for instance, I never lost it at all, but took it off and put it in my pocket. I never stooped so low as that before. Can you forgive me, Lloyd? I know I don't deserve it."

There was silence in the room for quarter of a minute. Could he forgive the other for what he had done, Lloyd asked himself?

He could not decide at once. He asked a question instead.

"Where is your brother in law now?"

"We just had a dispatch saying that he had gone to his father's and that they had sent him back to the asylum at Morris Plains."

"Morris Plains!" exclaimed Lloyd. "You say he was confined there once before?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?" eagerly from Gordon.

Lloyd hesitated. He scarcely liked to remind Marchman of the incident on the front stoop on the night of their return from the theater, when his mother had checked Agnes for referring to a journey that took their past Willoughby.

"Oh, I merely imagined he might be there," Lloyd finally replied.

"But you haven't said yet, Lloyd, whether you are going to forgive us," Gordon went on. "Father has been uneasy about the thing ever since you left the house."

"I wonder if he suspects that the true facts have leaked out?" Lloyd said to himself. "In that case there would be a reason for his wishing to square himself with me. I'll see if I can't find out."

"Do you think any of the servants suspect, that I didn't take that money?" he inquired.

"I'm afraid for your sake, that they didn't," repeated Lloyd questioningly.

"Yes, the past tense is all right," responded Gordon. "Father called them together just before I left and told them that a mistake had been made; that the money had been taken by some one not in his right mind who had concealed himself in your room with the intention of throwing the blame on you."

"And do they suspect the identity of—"

"I dare say they do, but father has seen that that is of insignificant importance in comparison with the consciousness of having done the right thing."

Lloyd was satisfied. He put out his hand.

"It is all right, Gordon," he said. And Marchman's eyes beamed.

"Father is going to give you a position in the offices of the railroad company, if you will take it," he said. "Ten dollars a week to begin with and a chance to rise, although I don't refer to the daily habit, as the hours are only from nine to five. I was coming out to Willoughby tomorrow to tell you all about this."

"I'll let you know by New Year's whether I can take it or not. If that will do? And now shall we go up stairs and hear the story of the theatrical experiences of young Maitland?"

Unconsciously Lloyd was taking on a "high and mighty" air with young Marchman. But if he had analyzed this attitude, he would have felt himself justified in assuming it.

The Marchmans had certainly treated him very meanly, and it was great magnanimity on his part to be willing to overlook the fact.

Neither of the two had sat down.

"Oh, you've missed the best part of Maitland's story," Van Dorn exclaimed, when they presented themselves in his room.

"Can't we have an encore?" suggested Gordon.

"Shakspeare never repeats," laughed Van Dorn, adding, "but I will for him, and say that Maitland made a hit at every third stand, and as this was the average maintained by about every other member of the company, it wasn't long before they came to the end of their rope."

"He's completely strapped, isn't he?" Gordon whispered to Lloyd, under cover of adjusting his necktie for him.

"Completely."

"Well, I'm going to set him on his feet again if he'll let me," Gordon began, when Lloyd broke in on him.

"Oh, I know some one whom I wish—"

Then he checked himself. On the impulse of the moment he had been about to state the case of the sick man he had met in the Park. But he did not wish to pose as a suppliant to Gordon Marchman, of all people, so he promptly cut off his sentence.

But Marchman insisted that he should finish it.

"We've got to do an awful lot of good some way, to atone for the wrong we've done you," he said. "Please tell me what you were going to say."

"But it wouldn't do any good, come to think," rejoined Lloyd. "I don't know the fellow's address, nor even his name."

"Tell me all the same, please, Lloyd."

So Lloyd did, while Maitland was satisfying Van Dorn's curiosity about the mysterious region behind the scenes.

"I'll find that fellow!" Gordon exclaimed enthusiastically. "I'll advertise, and when I've got him I'll invent some pretext for sending him to Colorado. Then, when he comes home cured, I'll feel as if—well, as if his life belonged to me."

And as it turned out, Gordon did have this experience, so two people had Lloyd to thank for the trials he had undergone on that memorable Christmas Day, the other one being George Maitland, whom Van Dorn and Marchman united in setting on his feet in a business that was less precarious than that of trout fisherman in a rustic cotery.

All this was accomplished before Gordon went back to his college in the South the middle of March, by which time Myra Abbott had overcome her prejudice against him.

It is only fair to add that she never knew of her brother's trying experiences at the home of the millionaire on Christmas Day, for Lloyd never told his family of them. There was no occasion for him to do so.

He spent the night at the Van Dorns' and went out to Willoughby on an early train the next morning. He found his mother quite ill and in anxiety over this matter; there was no thought of asking him to give particulars of his visit.

Mrs. Abbott had fully recovered by New Year's, however, and when she heard that Gordon had procured a position for Lloyd, insisted on inviting him out to dinner.

The place at the railroad office proved to be much more desirable than the one Lloyd had filled at Streeter & Carr's, and Lloyd is perfectly contented.

He spent another night with Clement Van Dorn not long since.

"Oh, I must tell you the good news about the Murphys," Van Dorn said soon after he arrived. "I got the pater interested in them and when the man I dropped came out of the hospital we sent them to look after our country place, where he'll be out of so many temptations to drink."

"Mrs. Murphy was just tickled to death at the thought of getting away from the city and blesses the day I jabbed my hand against the jamb of the door."

Take it all in all, Lloyd has come to the conclusion that his friendship with Gordon Marchman, begun in such a strange manner, and fraught in its early stages with so many keen pangs, has indirectly proved of great worth to several besides himself.

And the oddest part of it is, that this would not have been the case

had it not been for the trials of that never to be forgotten Christmas Day.

THE END.

A DRAWBRIDGE OF WATER.

Although canals may seem to be old fashioned to our end of the century ideas, they are still being built, and some of the most ingenious devices of inventing minds are employed in bringing them "up to date." An odd one is to be found in the ship canal just opened in England between Manchester and the sea, thirty six miles in length.

There were few difficulties to be overcome in its construction, says the New York "Tribune," yet one of the novel features of the enterprise is so curious that it deserves passing notice. It is a very common occurrence for one railroad track to be carried over another; much less frequently we see one canal conducted across the line of another; but to have the intersections of two water routes provided with a drawbridge is still more unusual.

This, however, was found the most satisfactory way of dealing with the problem presented, where the route of Manchester's new highway to the Mersey ran up against the old Bridge-water canal, leading southward from Wigan, in Lancashire.

Just what reasons existed for not having a grade crossing do not appear; but it does appear that such a scheme was not deemed feasible; and hence the smaller channel was borne over the larger.

But a fixed aqueduct would have interfered with the masts, if not the smokestacks, of big ships, and therefore a swinging span, like that of an ordinary drawbridge was resorted to. Obviously, the stationary ends of the severed waterway needed to be, and they are, equipped with gates, which must be closed before the swinging span is opened. The latter structure is similarly furnished; so that it is possible to open the "craw" with a floating barge on it.

LEARN A TRADE. WHY NOT?

Until within the past few years an American boy, if he had no speciality of talent which directed him toward certain professions, could always start out in the world empty handed, and find a place. The great West was open.

An American boy could hardly be found who would spend the years of his youth learning to be a skilled mechanic of any sort, and consequently almost all those occupations have been taken up by foreigners.

It seems strange that parents do not see how great an opening there is in all trades for an intelligent, wide awake American. The American brain is clearer and cleverer than any other, and, combined with a skilled knowledge, is invincible almost anywhere. And yet Tiffany, the great manufacturing jeweler, offering every possible inducement, can not get American apprentices of the class he wants, although he offers to pay such boys a salary while they are learning the business.

SHE HIT ONE.

Mr. Binks (after an absence)—"And so you shot a burglar while here and unprotected? You are a brave little woman. What became of him?"

Mrs. Binks—"The other burglar carried him off."

Mr. Binks—"Which other burglar?"

Mrs. Binks—"The one I aimed at!"—Puck.

IN THE ISLE OF PALUZOZO.

First Cannibal—"Did those missionaries bring any bread along?"

Second Cannibal—"Er—I am not sure, but I heard something about some Georgia Crackers being in the outfit."—Indianapolis Journal.

A DOMESTIC EPISODE.

"I'll have to leave you, mum," said the hired girl to the lady of the house, who was finding the burden almost too much to bear.

"Thank heaven," she exclaimed, "you don't have to take me along with you."—Detroit Free Press.

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Fred—"What do you think of my argument?"

Will—"Sound—most certainly sound."

"And what else?"

"Nothing else—merely sound."—Boston Globe.



SOME QUEER MONKEY WAYS.

The monkey has always been an animal of extreme interest to man—to say nothing of the perennial source of delight he is to boys. At first regarded merely from the standpoint of amusement, he has now come to be a subject of profound study on the part of learned professors.

The lands where the monkey is native have anticipated the rest of the world in taking the simian seriously, for not only in India, but in all lands where monkeys go in packs, it is still an article of faith that they have a king, laws, and language, of course. Saving the first item, and duly limiting the others, the belief is sound, no doubt.

But then Babuta, tells us, on the authority of "pious persons" he met in India, that the king lives in state. Four noblemen always attend him with rods in their hands, and cooks serve him on their knees.

Nikitin, the Russian traveler of the fifteenth century, gives more details. The king has a train of "armed followers." When a subject is caught he contrives to send a message to the sovereign, who forthwith dispatches an army. "And when they come to the town they pull down the gates and beat the people; and their armies, it is said, are many."

This is not quite so ridiculous as it looks, for the sacred apes that frequent an Indian village will really gather to avenge an injury, and it is a common practice with them to destroy the hut when angered. But it may have occurred to Nikitin that his statement was too broad. He explains, therefore, how monkeys are caught with impunity.

They have a great many children, "and when a child is unlike its father and mother it is thrown out on the high road. Thus they are taken by the Hindus, who teach them every sort of handicraft, or sell them at night, that they may not find their way home."

He mentioned also that at Shabar, which appears to have been somewhat near Madras, people dare not travel at night in the woods for fear of monkeys—who certainly not exact, since other creatures never move after sundown; but if there be a foundation of truth in the legend, it is curious. We are not aware that any Indian apes at this day will attack a passer by unless gravely provoked. But there are plenty elsewhere that will.

When diamonds were first discovered in South Africa, Europeans flocking to that thinly peopled region became aware of an annoyance, not at first heeded, which they had not reckoned among the chances of the journey. Many a lonely kloof was frequented by a tribe of apes, which dwelt among the rocks above, and descended to feed—many do still, not only on the fruit of the fig, but on the tracks. In summer weather diggers camped out and started at sunrise, resting during the heat, and resuming in the late afternoon—the feeding times. As often as not the big male apes gathered promptly to defend the pass.

We never heard of a serious accident on authority, though plenty are reported. The brutes are less formidable in appearance than in fact, and when at a flight of stones, they charge, roaring and screaming, travelers are rarely so stupid as to face them.

In 1871 there was a dellie in the district of Albania which had been closed by apes for several years. Neither Boers nor English settlers willingly believed the story, owing to a belief that they avenge themselves upon the crops of the aggressor. Unless Mr. Mansfield Parkyns exaggerated the intelligence and discipline of their kind-folk in Abyssinia this notion is not so absurd—if, as is always probable, the aggressor's crops were those nearer to the colony.

Mr. Parkyns says that he often watched them descending the rocks to feed. The old males go first—some of them scout on either flank, and all climb every cranny near the line of march to assure themselves that the route is safe.

After reconnoitering they give orders in such different tones of voice that each must have a special meaning. The elders are silent when advancing, but the main body, females and young, keep up an incessant chatter, playing and feeding as they go, unless brought to an instantaneous halt by signals.

Behind follows the rear guard of males, who drive loiterers on sharply. On reaching the cornfields the scouts take posts all around while all the rest fall to plundering with the utmost expedition, filling their cheek pouch as full as they will hold, and then tucking the ears of corn under their armpits.

Mr. Parkyns never saw a scout leave his place, where he cannot feed, until the foray is over and he resumes his duties on the homeward march. Evidently they must be allowed a share of the booty carried off.

An unerring instinct tells them where to search for water, and they dig for it with their hands, one relieving another if the work is prolonged. Leopards are the great enemy, but they seldom dare attack a full grown animal.

This species is not so pugnacious as the South African, perhaps because food is more abundant and they are more familiar with human beings. They withdraw at sight of men, though they attack dogs, and sometimes women, if alone.

Mr. Parkyns saw a striking instance of their intelligence at Kharoum. A soldier and his ape toward a basket of dates in the market. The creature never looked at it,

but while performing edged closer and closer. Suddenly he started up from the ground on which he was lying, stretched like a corpse, and uttering a cry of pain or rage, fixed his eyes full on the face of the date seller, and then, without moving the rest of his body, stole as many dates as he could hold in one of his hind legs. The seller, being stared out of countenance, knew nothing of it. This was reasoning unquestionably, and of a complex order.

HOW NAMES GROW UP.

A very interesting study is that on the derivation of names. Attention was recently called to the fact that in nearly all our large cities that border on streams the points at which filling in was begun can be detected by the names of the streets. For instance, in lower New York on the east side we have now along the pier line South Street, back of that Front, and a block still further in Water—the original "jumping off place." An article in "The Outlook" shows how geographical names grow.

We have become so accustomed to rolling the proper names in our geographies over our tongues as glibly as we do our own, that few of us ever stop to think how much of history, political, natural and religious, is wrapped up in a few syllables. How many towns do you know that end in "burgh," "burg," "burgh" or "borough"?

Take for the first one Edinburgh, for instance; how came it by that name instead of Stumptown or Hardscrabble? Let us take the "burgh" out of the name first.

"Burgh" means, in England and Scotland, a corporate town. All the English towns that end in "berry," "burrow," "bury," "borough," &c., have that ending from "burgh." In the German it means a castle or fortified town. So much for our "burgh;" then, in Edinburgh, it means the castle or town of whom or what? Here "Edin" is only "Edwin" shortened, and Edinburgh, the town of Edwin. Taking this one as a model, the study becomes easy and interesting.

Augsburg is the town of Augustus. Wurzburg is the town of herbs, or Herbtown. Ansborg is the town of eels, or Eeltown. Canterbury is the town or city of Kent. If you want to know what Marlborough means dig into the soil and turn up the marl.

So far, we are getting on famously; but suppose you take next the town of Schwarzenberg; if the front part of this name means black, then must the town be Blacktown? No; for here comes an exception.

The "berg" towns are named from a German word that means mountain instead of town or castle, and so Schwarzenberg is "Black Mountain town" and not Blacktown. How many others can you think of ending with "berg"? Newberg, New Mountain town; Adelsberg, Noble's Hill (or mountain) town.



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NO REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM.

A lady traveling through the South recently was very much distressed over the rheumatism of the "auntie" who did the washing.

"I've tried eberyting, ebery blessed ting in dis here Lord's worl," the old woman said despairingly. "Nothin' ain't neber goin' to do ne no good. Salvation oil an' prayer an' goose grease ain't none of 'em no count."

"Why don't you try electricity?" the lady asked. "The doctor here in the hotel will give it to you."

"I has!" replied the old woman. "Th' lighnin' done struck me a year ago, an' it never helped me a mite."

AN AWFUL WARM SEASON.

A college student, spending last month in eastern Massachusetts, lectured one evening in the village.

He dwelt upon the peculiarity of New England in having so many rocks upon her soil, and told his audience of farmers that it was owing to icebergs from Northern climes containing them, which when driven into the warmer waters then covering this region, melted and deposited the rocks.

"If that's true," one old man said, "it must have been an awful warm season when they crossed my farm."

CRUEL.

Martha—"Mrs. Skrimper was very thoughtful in inviting you to her house to supper last evening. You ought to make her some little present; something inexpensive, you know, but appropriate."

John—"How would a cookbook do?"—Boston Transcript.



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